

The Catholic Record.

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

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A VISIT TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

I take my leave, with sorrow, of Him
I love so well
I look my last upon His small and
radiant prison-cell;
O happy lamp to serve Him with
never ceasing light!
O happy flame! to tremble forever in
His sight!
I leave the holy quiet for the loudly
human train,
And my heart that He has breathed
upon is filled with lonely pain.
O King, O Friend, O Lover, what
sore grief can be
In all the oddest depths of Hell than
banishment from Thee?
But from my window as I speed
across the sleeping land
I see the towns and villages wherein
His houses stand.
Above the roofs I see a cross out-
lined against the night,
And I know that there my Lover
dwells in His sacramental
light.
Dominions kneel before Him and
Powers kiss His feet,
Yet for me He keeps His weary
watch in the turmoil of the
street;
The King of Kings awaits me where-
ever I may go
O who am I that He should deign to
love and serve me so?
—JOYCE KILMER in The Magnificat

PARTIAL CHRISTIANITY

That something is wrong with modern Protestantism, is a fact too obvious to require proof. The precise nature of the trouble, however, is a matter of opinion with some and a matter of theory with others; but widely as both opinions and theories differ, they appear to be, upon one point, absolutely agreed. It is, indeed, an indisputable truth that the Protestantism of our day has lost all hold upon what is popularly termed the "masses," while it is no less true that the vast majority of those who could scarcely be so classified, are distinguished for their general attitude of indifference to all religion.

Now this condition seems not a little singular when we consider the trend of recent Protestant thought. For if there has been one idea uppermost in the minds of their theologians of the last half-century, that idea has been to reconcile theology with what they are pleased to term the "age." This has manifested itself in the vast literature dealing with the relations of science and religion to which the Victorian era gave birth; practically all of which is now worthless, and most of which was worthless at the time it was written; and it has manifested itself in our own day by the equally vast though far more superficial literature of the "new theology." Between these two, however, there is a difference as important as it is interesting. The up-to-date theologian of a generation or more ago strove to reconcile dogma with the sciences then fashionable. The new theologian of today has adopted a scheme at once far cleverer and far more elastic. He proposes not, indeed, to reconcile, but to remove the very necessity for reconciliation; and that by the simple and highly efficient process of subtracting from Christianity every trace of dogma. Thus all possibility of conflict is at an end. Thus the Church is placed in a perpetually friendly relation with each and every day. Thus all grounds of opposition, whether they be social or philosophical or scientific, vanish forthwith. The positive side of this new conception is expressed in several axioms, which are within the comprehension of anyone however mythological, and which are apparently considered as being self-evident. One of these is the quite gratuitous statement that the message of Christ was, "not a religion but a life."

Another is more concisely expressed in the formula, "Deed not creed." I propose to offer a brief analysis of this theory, but before doing so it is necessary to understand just what it implies, and just what are its motives. According to the traditional view, Christianity has ever been considered in the double aspect of a teaching and of a life; and the belief has been equally insistent that between these two aspects there was a logical and necessary relation. The man, therefore, who mentally assented to the teaching, yet failed to practice the life, was merely a partial Christian; while the man who practiced the life in its highest sense, found in the teaching a motive, invariably adequate.

Now the new theology would utterly dissociate these two elements. Those indeed, who might be so inclined, could speculate upon the truths of religion without let or hindrance; but their speculations would be productive of no positive result for the simple reason that there would be no standard by which they could be measured or no courts to which they might appeal. It would be but guessing at an insoluble riddle; but while the new theologians admit that it is insoluble they are no less firm in their assurance that it is unimportant. Their

idea, in short, appears to be that any insistence upon dogma is a distinct distraction from ethics, and that we only require to destroy the one in order to bestow an indefinitely more abundant life upon the other.

We are, then, face to face with an interesting proposition. That part of religion which is chiefly mental is to be removed; while that part which is chiefly ethical is to remain. Just how this result is to be worked out is by no means clear, and the more the notion is analyzed the more obscure does it become. The new theologians are surely not ignorant of the fact that a motive must necessarily precede and induce an act; nor can they logically deny that this motive should be adequate to the act it induces. The adequacy, moreover, of the motives offered by traditional Christianity is attested by the entire calendar of saints for their sanctity rested invariably upon a background of dogma. All this, however, is to be now removed. It is essential, therefore, for the new theology to draft upon some other source. And as every source having its roots in the supernatural has vanished with the discarded dogma, it requires only a simple process of elimination, in order to see clearly that those which remain to us must be sought in the domain of the purely natural.

Now it is not a specially difficult matter to catalogue what may be called the motives of nature. Complicated as they oftentimes appear, they may, nevertheless, be roughly classed under two heads. Of these the first is most readily designated by the term "utility." That motives, proceeding from this source, may induce to a well-ordered life, is, to say the least, conceivable; but it is scarcely less apparent that they can never logically induce to sanctity of a very high degree. In no case can they be seriously considered as religious; and it is only justice to the new theologians to state that they are never invoked by them as such.

But there is another class of motives, which, although possessing a far greater diversity, may yet not unfairly, be described by a single word. The word which perhaps best describes them is, "complicity." This may assume many forms and masquerade under many guises. At one time it is found in the approving voice of conscience. At another in those peculiar feelings of assurance which Protestants experience when they "profess religion." It is as conspicuous in the revivals of Mr. Sunday as it was in those of Mr. Wesley; nor is it by any means absent from the professional philanthropist or social worker.

Now it is quite undeniable that what is really nothing more nor less than a pleasurable feeling, may be and often has been, a strong motive to high and upright living. The weak part of it all, viewed as a system of ethics, lies in two facts. The first of these is the constant temptation to measure the moral value of an act by the complacency which it evokes; and the second is the utter divorce of the whole scheme from all foundation in reason. And it is precisely because of these two facts which render the whole fabric of the new theology intellectually absurd. They hold up to me the life of Christ as a model eminently worthy to be followed; but they beg me not to dogmatize about His Divinity or His Sacraments or His Church. They admit that His injunction to love our enemies and His example of personal humility are immeasurably higher than any ethical conception uttered before or since; but they are particularly anxious to exclude from every rational motive for its imitation. They never tire of impressing upon me that experience and not logic is the proof of Christianity; but what they seem unable to impress upon themselves is the very elementary fact that this "experience" is in reality nothing other than complacency itself, and they forget that this complacency can be no more evident of the religion which they profess than of the sanctity of which they are assured.

That any of the pleasurable feelings which are so intimately associated with the faith should be looked upon as objects of suspicion, I would be the first to deny. They are great gifts, and to be used as such; but they are gifts not invariably given even to those upon a high plane of sanctity. In the annals of piety, desolation and consolation not infrequently alternate. It is reason which keeps the poise; which notes advance or decline; and which bids us in the words of Cardinal Newman, "in our height of hope ever to be sober, and in our depth of desolation, never to despair." To employ, therefore, such feelings, either as sanctions for acts, or as measures for virtue or as proofs for religion, and this under the pretence of conforming to the spirit of the age and purifying the Gospel of Christ, is simply to affront the intelligence of thinking men. It places Christianity upon an intellectual plane far lower than cultured paganism; for cultured paganism had at least reason in its ideals, and cultured pagans occasionally made rational efforts to follow them. The new theology makes sentiments alike the motive, the means, and the end. To it it sacrifices every faculty, and all

this in the wholly imaginary interests of spiritual and ethical progress, whose very existence is as chimerical as the foundation upon which it is supposed to rest.

We are accustomed to consider a man who mentally assents to the truths of religion, yet fails to live up to them, as a very imperfect Christian. The Christianity, however, of the new theologians, though in a converse sense, is every bit as imperfect. On the one side there are motives without corresponding ethics; on the other, ethics without corresponding motives. And from a purely intellectual point of view there is no choice between them.—J. D. Tibbits in America.

EDUCATION

RELIGIOUS TRAINING OF VITAL IMPORTANCE SAYS CARDINAL BOURNE

With the cause of public education in the foreground of discussion in many quarters, and with the future of our Catholic schools involved in the present controversy, an address recently delivered by Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, at Liverpool, gains special significance. The Cardinal devoted part of his address to the need of religious training in early youth and to the teaching of religion in the schools. While his remarks apply specifically to England, they contain much that is valuable to American Catholics also. The Tablet (London) gives the following summary of this part of the Cardinal's address:

A few weeks ago he was opening a recreation hut at a camp in the North of England. A distinguished general asked him, "What has been the effect of the War on the religious disposition of the nation?" He (the Cardinal) replied, that as far as he could understand from the reports made to him by chaplains, there had been a real awakening of religious feeling, and many men had returned to the practice of religion who had given it up. "My experience is absolutely the other way. I believe there is nothing of the sort," said the general. When he thought the matter out he came to the conclusion that the only adequate explanation of that contradictory explanation was this: Every man—there might be a few exceptions—who as a soldier was in the presence of death found a waking within him a sense of God, a dependence of God, which perhaps he had never felt at any other time. If that soldier had received any instruction in his youth enabling him to translate that innate and instructive turning to God to some definite action he did get nearer to God and religion than ever before. If, on the other hand, he had been taught little or nothing about God or religion, he stretched forth his hands instinctively and looked up to God for a moment, and then, not knowing whether to turn or in what words or action to express the outpourings of his heart, he sank back into himself, hopeless and contradicted—back into the old indifference out of which for the moment he had been aroused. He felt that there and there alone was to be found an explanation for the difference of experience to which he had referred.

RELIGION IN THE SCHOOLS

Other examples of this lack of definite principle were to be seen in the limitation of the birth-rate, divorce, and the attack (as in London recently) on the inviolability of human life. On all these points there was a definite Christian tradition enforcing the voice of conscience and the Ten Commandments, and that tradition went contrary to what had been publicly advocated by important and no doubt conscientious persons according to their own lights. The whole tradition has simply been set aside, and in its place was given a constantly changing public opinion. There was a danger of their children going forth from their schools and having to face these problems which affected the family life of the country and finding nothing to guide them. What was the remedy? They had in this country two schools of educational thought. One of these asserted that nothing dogmatic must be taught in the schools. He wished to speak with every respect of that school, for it embraced a very large number of persons whose views were worthy of every consideration. Their policy had been that anything definite in the way of religious teaching must be supplied either by the home or by the Sunday school or by some religious organization external to the school itself. The other school of educational thought had always maintained and had made many sacrifices to maintain, that the religious and moral influence must be carried into the school, where it had to be deepened if it were to have a lasting effect. He was bound to point out that since 1870 most of the privileges and favors had been given to the first school of thought. What had to be done in the future? He was not speaking from a purely religious standpoint—his own convictions in this matter were well known—but he would

speak from the point of view that it was necessary to impress on the hearts and mind of the growing generation definite principles of moral conduct.

EQUAL PRIVILEGES

He frankly admitted that it was impossible to get unity of feeling in this matter. The disruption of the sixteenth century would not have become so deep, so terrible, and, apparently, so irremediable were it not for the terrible German influence that intervened at that period. If we as Englishmen had been left alone, we might have arraigned in our national spirit of mutual understanding some way of healing the disruption of that century. He appealed most earnestly, not in the interests of any particular religion, but in the interests of the nation and Empire for fair play and equal privileges for both schools of educational thought. With our national characteristic of legitimate compromise, and with that fair give and take that ultimately prevailed amongst us, and of which Liverpool had given a conspicuous example, this ought not to be difficult. The welfare of our nation and the future of the whole Empire depended very largely, indeed, upon the true understanding of this most important and far-reaching and really weighty question.

This summary of the Cardinal's remarks emphasizes two points: the need of early religious training and the desirability of fair play and an agreeable understanding in the entire school question. The remarks contain wholesome suggestions for us also, not the least of which is that of fair play for the parochial schools of America. Catholics who maintain their own schools, should not be expected to make still greater sacrifices, such as the Smith Tower bill would demand of them. And with Catholics, all citizens should be spared the burdens which these bills would impose on them. These bills do not denote a spirit of fair play.—C. B.

RELIGION, THE MOST NECESSARY SCIENCE

This truth, Religion, the most necessary service, is one not always sufficiently known or acknowledged. In fact, among persons excessively devoted to social, financial or political advancement or prestige, it has become the fashion to ignore or to ridicule religion, and to speak of it as unnecessary and worthy only of notice by the lower classes and by the illiterate and superstitious.

It is quite possible that at times, some who call themselves Christians may be adversely affected by this supercilious attitude of unbelievers, and so much so as to minimize the necessity of religion or even to renounce it. To act thus is certainly dangerous and destructive to individuals and nations, say the Pilot.

To this class, may be given the appropriate rebuke related in the following anecdote. During a temporary sojourn in France, a lady of the nobility gave a banquet to some acquaintances. It happened that a conceited young man was present who was infested with the mental poison of the day and thought it a glory to be an atheist. Attempting to be witty he said to the noble lady, "Madame, I think I am the only one present who has the honor not to believe in God." The lady smiled and answered, "Sir, you are mistaken, you share that honor with my dog."

Science has been defined as the knowledge of principles and the correct applications of these principles to fact. If this definition be acceptable, it ought to be evident that accurate knowledge of the principles, otherwise called laws, which the Creator has made for the regulation of His creatures, ought to be regarded as of supreme necessity if creatures are to be held to obey these laws with due intelligence and adaptation, to the purpose intended by the Creator.

Disobedience to these laws, and principles, whether culpable or not, cannot be regarded as scientific because the disastrous and most dreadful consequences that follow it prove either the non-existence of knowledge of principles, or their incorrect application.

The only science that can clearly and intelligently teach these principles and correctly apply them to every fact and phase of human life, is religion. Its supreme greatness and necessity are a parent.

A recent eminent writer states: "if there be one thing upon which the wisest and just of all nations have been agreed, it is that there is distinguished from the law of political states, a higher law that in a very potent way affects and controls the destinies of men. Such a law is higher in a sense that, it is primal and fundamental. It is antecedent to all laws of the State, and indeed, the latter are but the imperfect, and partial expression of the higher law of morality."

Another great author wrote, "The word of God proves the truth of religion, the corruption of man proves its necessity, and government proves it advantageous."

The immortal Washington gives testimony that religion is the most necessary science. "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert those pillars of human happiness, those firmest of props of the duties of men and citizens." He adds, "Religion is as necessary to reason as reason is to religion. The one cannot exist without the other. A reasoning being would soon lose his reason in attempting to account for the great phenomena of nature, had he not the Supreme Being to refer to."

Our own splendid Browson writes "Reason does not dictate anything which Christianity does not suppose and include in her code. In so far as rationalists present truth, they present only what we already have. In so far as they insist upon moral virtues dictated by our Maker through natural reason, they only insist on what the Church always insist on with greater energy than they do or can and with supernatural sanctions."

"Let them understand that reason receives no wrong from revelation, and that we under the supernatural and under divine revelation have all the reason or nature they have or can have, and consequently there are no rights of reason or nature for them to assert or vindicate against us. All their labor against us in this direction is labor lost, for at worst we have all they have at best."

In other words, all the attempts of rationalists to prove that religion is not the most important, the most necessary and the most inflexible science, is labor lost. Outside of religion there is no correct answer to the most important, the most necessary question, "Why am I in this world?"—St. Paul Bulletin.

CHRISTIANITY AND DEMOCRACY

During the whole of the nineteenth century, writes Leon Garrigue, a keen struggle went on between Christianity and democracy. Christianity has produced our Western civilization and presided over the formation of modern nations; the democracy appeared as a "great political and social power, which, in its turn, is on its way to conquer the world and is resolved to remodel, regenerate and transform it. This struggle is going on constantly."

In the opinion of some, democracy is part of the very nature of things. "There is a radical opposition between the principles of the Gospel and the aspiration of democracy. No agreement is possible, the two must be in perpetual conflict." In the opinion of others the difference arises solely from misunderstandings, local circumstances, historical causes, all of which may disappear. There would thus be no necessary antagonism, no irreconcilable opposition between the old Christianity and the young democracy. The dream of a Christian democracy is not as chimerical as many are disposed to believe, and there is ground for hope that under the forms of popular government which the future seems to promise, religion will be free to carry on its work of education, peace and civilization.

There is no radical antagonism between Christian principles and the fundamental principles of democracy; whatever antagonism there may be between Christianity and democracy comes from other causes; and only as that antagonism disappears will democracy be able successfully to accomplish the great task it has undertaken.

None of these causes of antagonism between democracy and Christianity belong to the nature of things; they are all in historic order, and may consequently disappear like the local circumstances which give rise to them.

It has often been very justly observed that of all forms of government a democracy is that which demands the greatest number of virtues, and consequently the largest measure of Christianity. Civic or moral virtue can exist outside the Catholic religion; but this religion is better fitted than any other to teach the self regarding and social virtues, to lift man above coarse sensuality and narrow selfishness.

Though the following words of Taine may have been often quoted and may be known to all, they are so closely connected with our subject that we cannot resist the pleasure of repeating them. "Today," he says, "after eighteen centuries, in both hemispheres, Christianity is striving, just as it did in the workmen of Galilee, to change love of self into love of others. It still forms the strong wings necessary for lifting man above his lowly condition and limited outlook. Through patience, resignation and hope Christianity will lead him to the haven of calm. It will carry him beyond the boundaries of temperance, purity, and kindness, to the grandeur of self-devotion and sacrifice."

"Always and everywhere during eighteen hundred years, so soon as

these wings have drooped or were broken, the standard of public and private morality has been lowered; narrow and calculating selfishness has regained the upper hand; cruelty and sensuality have displayed themselves, and society has become a cut-throat and evil place.

"Nothing but Christianity, then, can preserve in society gentleness and kindness, humility, honesty and justice."

In order that society may live and prosper two things are needed, an inheritance of inviolable truths and a superhuman principle of justice and love. Our Lord brought both these treasures to earth. He entrusted them to His Church, which has jealously guarded them and, increasingly offers them to mankind; but the world will have none of them and desires a civilization that owes nothing to a divine source. Hence the successive failures of all such systems. Neither is the list exhausted if men will persist in the attempt to build the future city on the shifting sand of changing truths, and on the barren soil of morality from egoism.

As M. A. Leroy Beaulieu observes: "The democracy would render its task much more intricate should it deliberately separate itself from the beliefs and traditions of the past. It will make its project of popular education and government all but impossible if it proceed violently to dissociate itself from the moral and religious ideas which have been closely interwoven in the course of ages. Above all, its condition will become desperate whenever it shall seek to expel God from the new city as a tyrant or a wearisome pedagogue."—Truth.

CATHOLICS IN ARMENIA

SUFFERINGS OF DEVOTED RACE

Darley Dale contributed to a recent issue of The Catholic American Quarterly Review an interesting article descriptive of Armenia and its people, their character and religion. The writer says: The name of Armenia was first applied to the country in history, in the fifth century, B. C. The first King of Armenia was Tigranes I., who lived in the sixth century, B. C., but the most renowned monarch of his dynasty was Tigranes II., called the Great, who lived from 90 B. C. to 55 B. C. From his days Armenia rose to be a great power, and her prosperity continued until the ardor of the Crusaders began to fail, when she was deprived of the assistance of Western Christendom to protect her against the two great Moslem nations of Turkey and Persia.

Under their oppression from 1395, when the last Armenian king died in Paris, her name as a nation was blotted out from history. From then down to modern times massacres, atrocities, tyranny, violence, persecution and oppression of every kind have been her fate. Yet through all these horrors and in the face of incredible sufferings the Armenians have clung to their faith with extraordinary tenacity.

Armenia was the first nation to embrace the Christian religion as a nation, Christianity was established as the State religion in Armenia before Constantine established it in his empire. The Apostle of Armenia was Saint Gregory, the Illuminator, who in the year 303 A. D. had a vision at a place called Etchmiadzin, in the Russian Caucasus, and he built a tiny chapel there to commemorate it. This chapel is still preserved by the walls of the Cathedral at Etchmiadzin which enclose it.

The patriarchal See of Armenia is at Etchmiadzin, which means "the Son of God come down," and this was the subject of Saint Gregory's vision. The Cathedral of Etchmiadzin stands in the centre of the quadrangle of a monastery and Saint Gregory's little chapel is considered by Armenians as one of the holiest places in the world. In this cathedral the head of the Armenian Church, who is called the Catholicos, is consecrated.

The Armenian Church is in schism, but there is a body of about one hundred thousand souls called the United Armenians, who are in communion with the Catholic Church. They are the only Eastern Christians except the Maronites who use unleavened bread in the Holy Eucharist as we do. They are governed by a Patriarch, who is styled the "Patriarch of Cilicia of the Armenians. He lives at Bezoan. The United Armenians were converted by Catholic missionaries and united with us under Pope John XXII., but many more conversions were made by the Jesuit Fathers later.—St Paul Bulletin.

CHRISTIANITY AHEAD OF TIMES

Christianity is always out of fashion because it is always sane and all fashions are mad insanities. The Church always seems to be behind the times, when it is really beyond the times.—G. K. Chesterton.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The Catholic population of Alsace-Lorraine is about 1,450,000 against only 446,000 non-Catholic population.

Branches of the Holy Name Society are now established in every diocese of the country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico.

A National Catholic Association for the Advancement of the Colored People has lately been organized. Rt. Rev. D. J. O'Connell, D.D., Bishop of Richmond, being at present head of the movement.

On July 13, His Grace Archbishop Casey of Vancouver, B. C., administered the Sacrament of Confirmation in St. Patrick's Church, to sixteen adult converts, recently received into the Church by the pastor.

The great Jesuit University of Innsbruck was founded in the days of St. Ignatius by the Blessed Peter Canisius, one of the original founders of the Society of Jesus, in 1562. Not far from Innsbruck is Oberammergau.

The estate of the Catholic University, Washington, is valued at \$4,127,214.68. Last year's diocesan collections amounted to \$100,719.10. Several prelates donated generous sums. The contributions of Cardinal Gibbons last year amounted to \$100,000, which included his Jubilee purse.

Cardinal O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston, fully appreciating that the work achieved by the nurses during the War has been on such an extensive scale and has been so advantageous to the world, has announced that he will soon call a meeting of the Catholic nurses of the archdiocese for the purpose of organizing a League of Catholic Nurses, the plans for which are now in the making.

After a stay of over eighteen months in the Vatican, the relics of St. Anthony of Padua have been conveyed back to their resting-place in the basilica called after the saint in the town of Padua. When the Austrian forces gained possession of Veneto, it was considered necessary to remove the body of St. Anthony, the treasures of the Basilica of St. Antonia and the principal works of art from Padua, the two former to Rome, the works of art to Florence, for safety. The inhabitants of Padua gave vent to lively manifestations of joy on receiving back the body of their special protector.

Formal announcement has been made of the appointment of the Right Rev. Joseph S. Glass, C.M., D.D., Bishop of Salt Lake, as a member of the administrative committee of the National Catholic War Council. Bishop Glass was named on the committee to succeed the Most Rev. Patrick J. Hayes, D.D., who resigned from the committee, when he was named Archbishop of New York. As now constituted the committee is headed by Cardinal Gibbons. Its remaining members are the Right Rev. Peter J. Muldoon, Bishop of Rockford, Ill.; the Right Rev. Joseph Schrembs, D.D., Bishop of Toledo, Ohio; the Right Rev. William T. Russell, D.D., Bishop of Charleston, S. C.

We are informed, says the Missionary, that seven hundred clergymen of the Anglican Church have formed what they call a Federation of Catholic Priests for the following purposes: "To maintain the doctrine of the perpetual virginity of the Mother of God, and the bodily resurrection of Our Lord; to promote the practice of the open and public reservation of the Blessed Sacrament; to uphold and to teach the invocation of Saints, the regular use of the Sacrament of Penance and the rule of a fasting Communion; to contend for Catholic order and discipline in the Church, and to combat all breaches of the same." Against this has to be set another organization which is setting out to demonstrate that there is a Center Party in the Episcopal Church in England, which does not belong to any sect, but to all!

Brother Joseph Dutton, who succeeded Father Damien, the martyr, at the leper settlement on Molokai, has refused to accept a pension from the Hawaiian territory. A bill in the legislature to give him \$50 a month for life has been tabled at his request. Brother Dutton said he was in good health and wanted no reward for his work among the lepers. He has not been off the island of Molokai for thirty three years and has contributed \$10,000 of his own money for relief work. Brother Dutton is a convert, and was about to take the Episcopal orders when he began to study the Catholic faith. He was received into the Church by the Dominican Fathers at Memphis, Tenn., April 27, 1888. In 1886 he joined Father Damien in his work among the lepers of Molokai and has lived there continuously since. Brother Dutton, who was born in Steves, Va., is seventy-seven years old. He was educated at the Old Academy, Janesville, Wis. In 1861 he enlisted in Company B of the Thirtieth Wisconsin Infantry and served through the Civil War until the final muster out.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

BY CHRISTINE FABER

CHAPTER XXIV—CONTINUED

"So that's what you were after?" he said, in a hurry to release the fallen old man; "reckon you'll get enough of the pomegranates before you ever get the chance to steal another. Oh, Maida, to the dog who slowly took his fangs out of Burchill's clothing."

Burchill seemed scarcely able to stand. He was not hurt, except his badly cut hand, for the dog's teeth had not penetrated to his flesh, but the shock had in some measure paralyzed him. When he recovered his voice, it was to beg for his release in piteous terms. But the gardener was a man too much after Robinson's own heart to be touched by any appeal that spoke alone to his feelings. Further, the theft was aggravated by the injury to the greenhouse; then his duty to his employer demanded the instant arrest of this aged thief. So to the house, despite every trembling protestation and entreaty, the poor old man was led, and Mr. Robinson left his gay company to repair to his study for a moment and receive the complaint of the gardener. The gardener did not deem it necessary to tell Burchill's pitiful tale of a sick granddaughter, nor did Robinson care either to see the culprit or to learn his name. He was indignant at the theft of his fruit, and simply ordered that such steps be taken as must insure to poor Burchill the full visitation of the law. Instead, therefore of returning to Mildred, the old man was committed to the lockup. The Hogans grew uneasy at his absence, and Dick that night scoured the village before he obtained correct tidings of him.

"Robinson again," he said through his teeth, when he heard at last, and he drew his hat over his face lest the man who had given him the information might see the ferocious scowl which overspread his features; but later when he told his wife and she wrung her hands in grief for the Burchills, tears stood in his own eyes, for his heart with all its surging passions of hatred and revenge, was tender as that of a woman.

"We must keep it from her," said Mrs. Hogan, motioning to the room in which Mildred lay, now being watched by one of the neighbors; they did keep it from her, telling her when in her intervals of consciousness she asked for her grandfather, that he was resting, or out walking. Hogan gained admittance to him, and he hardly recognized the feeble emaciated form. He strove to cheer him, but even the strong man broke down before the touching grief of the poor old creature. Catching Hogan's hands, while the tears coursed down his shriveled cheeks, he said in a low voice so cracked that the tremor which accompanied it made it the more pitiful:

"If they have taken me from Milly, I was never away from her since she was born."

But they continued to keep him from Milly, to keep him for his trial, which in those days followed quicker upon arrest than it sometimes does now; and when he was led into the little court-room murmurs of compassion broke from more than one spectator. The gardener was there to press the complaint in the absence of his master, who had gone to Boston the day before, and the charges, with all its grim array of aggravated facts, was presented to the court.

"But it was for Milly," spoke up the poor old culprit, who, quite ignorant of court proprieties, thought it allowable to press his own plea when he would. "Milly was sick," he continued, "and I stole it for her."

He was stopped then, but his own emotion would scarcely have suffered him to proceed. Even into the hard, unfeeling faces about him came an expression which showed how his plea had touched hearts that were rarely won by tender appeals, and the court with great leniency sentenced him lightly. He was to spend three days in prison.

"Three days," he repeated, looking about him with a dazed air; "three days more from Milly. Oh, gentlemen, I couldn't stand that."

But they hurried him away, and Hogan who had left his work to be present at the trial, dashed his sleeve across his eyes as he hurried out. On that very night Mrs. Hogan was obliged to tell Mildred the truth about her grandfather. She snuggled in the bed with seemingly supernatural strength when she heard it.

"Don't, dear," said Mrs. Hogan, trying to keep back her tears; "don't be trying your strength that way. Sure it will only be three days now until he's home to us, and Dick will try to see him between while."

But Mildred made no reply. She only continued to sit up in the bed until her exhausted strength compelled her to recline, and when Mrs. Hogan, frightened at the very silence of the young girl, and the evidently stern determination which would recover strength, remonstrated with her, she only shook her head and sighed heavily. That strange determination bore her through. She left her bed the next day, and on the second day, accompanied by Mrs. Hogan, she went to the old man's prison. She was admitted without much question, and there was a strange sympathetic look on the face of the man who conducted them to the little bare room in which Burchill was confined. He opened the

door, and they went in Mildred first. A woman was there, kneeling above some one who seemed to be extended on the floor—a woman who turned on their entrance and looked up. She had flowers in her hands, and flowers were beside her, as if she had been engaged in an arrangement of them about that which lay beneath her, and then Mildred saw, through a blinding mist of her own overcharged feelings, her grandfather stretched on a low pallet and above him Barbara Balk.

With one cry she was beside him, his dear old head in her arms, and her lips to his, but there was no response to her cry, and the lips she pressed were marble cold. Her grandfather was dead and the flowers were strewn about him.

CHAPTER XXV

Every day Mrs. Hogan sent or journeyed herself to the factory, to learn if Thurston had returned, the rumor among the factory hands being that he was expected daily. It was not for herself, poor warm-hearted creature, that she was anxious, but for Mildred. Overcome by the shock of her grandfather's death, and prostrated by the reaction which set in after so violent a use of her suddenly acquired strength, she was obliged to take to her bed again. She became wildly delirious, and the fever that she had been fighting for days, returned with increased force. She knew no one, but her ravings were constantly of her grandfather, and while she called so piteously for him his interment took place from the home of the Hogans. While he lay "waiting," Mrs. Hogan was astonished to receive a call from Miss Balk. Refusing to pass the threshold, she placed a little packet in Mrs. Hogan's hands, with the request that its contents might be used for the old man's burial; then she stalked grimly away. On opening the little parcel money enough was found to defray amply all expenses. The woman looked at her husband.

"What does it mean?" she said. "But I think I understand it. She was with him when he died. The man in the jail told me how she came there that morning, and after staying with him an hour, was back in the afternoon in time to see him die. Well, God bless her! Querer as people say she is, she has some soft spot in her heart—an opinion in which her husband fully concurred."

Thurston returned at last. He was at his old place in the office of the factory, and in answer to Mrs. Hogan's message desired her to be shown to his presence at once. He evidently expected some doleful account of her husband, but how was she startled to find that it concerned Miss Burchill. And such a tale! so full of grief and want; for the good woman concealed nothing that she knew of the poverty and sufferings of Mildred.

"Good God!" exclaimed Gerald, his face settling into that expression of sympathy which in a man gives evidence of rarely tender feelings.

"I was longing to tell you, Mr. Thurston," she resumed, "for it seems so hard to have the poor young creature wasting the way she is. She's just able to sit up now, but she eats nothing and she droops so that it would go to anybody's nerves. She needs better care and nursing than I am able to give her, and I thought that by seeing you, you might think of some way to help her."

Gerald did not answer for a moment; he seemed to be in deep thought. When he did speak, his voice had the troubled tone of one who is unhappily disturbed:

"Do what you can for her, Mrs. Hogan, and do not fear to call upon me for any money you may need, drawing his wallet from his pocket as he spoke, and taking from it a considerable amount. Then he continued, "I shall see today what further can be done."

"God bless you, Mr. Thurston! Sure the poor had always a friend in you," and she went away with her eyes and her heart full.

That evening found Gerald recounting to Robinson, with some bitterness, the sad story he had heard.

"The poor old man's theft might have been excused," he said. "It was brutal to make it a jail offense in his case."

Robinson's small, greenish eyes had dimmed, and even his large, ill-shaped mouth partially opened in his surprise, so that his yellow, tusk-like teeth were somewhat revealed.

"It's the first I heard of its being Miss Burchill's grandfather, Gerald," he answered; "and anyhow, I didn't know nuthin' about the case until the gardener told me of the greenhouse bin smashed in; that made me pooty mad arter all the privileges I gives the public on the grounds. Besides, Miss Burchill needn't have wanted for something to do if she'd come to me, as I told her mother a good spell ago. But an idea has just popped into my head. There's my niece, Cora, pining for the same woman folk to live with her, and studying all the books she brought with her from Boston. Why couldn't Miss Burchill come here and teach her? She could live here; the house is so big that a part of it could be set aside just for her and Cora. She needn't see anybody else, even at meals, if she squeamish about meeting us men folks. What do you say to that, Gerald?"

Gerald seized upon the idea also; it would be a complete change, not alone of scene but of life, for Miss Burchill, and affording the seclusion that Mr. Robinson offered, he felt that there was nothing in the proposition which could be repulsive to Mildred.

So on the instant, he wrote to Mildred, prefacing his note by a few most delicately couched expressions of sympathy for her recent bereavement, and then in a very simple manner he stated Mr. Robinson's proposition, after which the note continued:

"Your charge of this little girl would be, I think, from my brief observation of her, a higher work than that of the mere teacher. She is an orphan, and from her face has a disposition for great good. Mr. Robinson will give her quite up to your care, and in the moral training of little motherless Cora Horton, you may find, dear Miss Burchill, something to alleviate your own heavy sorrows and to compensate you for the charge you are asked to assume. It is Mr. Robinson's wish that you should take all the time you may deem necessary to come to a decision, immediately after which we shall expect to hear from you.

Yours sincerely,
"GERALD THURSTON."

Mildred was in Mrs. Hogan's little sitting-room trying to make some child's garment, when that letter came. The work had fallen from her weak fingers, and she had been obliged to recline frequently; but when the kind woman remonstrated with her, and faint would have removed the work, she said with such a touching smile:

"Please let me do it. I won't think quite so much while I'm trying to be busy."

She read the letter with a suffocating emotion of surprise until she came to the little girl's name; then it fell from her hand, and she exclaimed to herself, while her eyes filled:

"Oh, if it would be, and that it became my task to teach her! Oh, mother! perhaps your prayers in heaven are bringing this about."

She resumed the letter, a vivid flush dyeing her face as she felt more and more the delicacy and true kindness which inspired the writer. She read it for Mrs. Hogan, exclaiming when she had concluded:

"How did he know so much about me? The woman's guilty-looking countenance betrayed her."

"You have told him," she exclaimed, reproachfully.

"Don't blame me, dear, I couldn't help it; and see what it's brought about—a nice pretty home for you, such as you ought to have; you will go, of course, Miss Burchill, as soon as you're strong enough."

Miss Burchill's own heart inclined her to the proposition for more than one reason, and the next day Mr. Thurston had an answer of acceptance in simple terms her deep sense of gratitude.

Having the prospect of this new life before her she seemed to recover more rapidly, and in a week she was able to leave the house. But her first journey was not to Mr. Robinson's; it turned in the direction of Mrs. Phillips' dwelling. With a wildly beating heart she lifted the knocker, and to her request to see Miss Balk, she was shown into one of the little rooms that opened from the hall. Though neatly and nicely furnished, it was evidently not the parlor, for the open room across the hall, and of which Mildred had a full view from where she sat, was much more elegantly furnished. While she waited she heard a rustling sound as if some one were entering the parlor from another direction; in a moment Mrs. Phillips, resplendent in heavy black silk appeared. Seeing Mildred, she came hastily forward.

"You are Miss Burchill?" she said quickly.

Mildred bowed.

"And you wish to see me?" she asked, her voice trembling in her eagerness.

"No, Miss Balk."

"Miss Balk!" repeated Helen, betrayed by her surprise into an exclamation and look of singular astonishment.

At that moment Barbara was coming through the hall, and Mrs. Phillips hastily retired, not, however, without encountering Barbara. Each passed the other with a look of contempt. Mildred arose:

"I came, Miss Balk, to thank you in person for your kindness to my poor grandfather. I have been told that you were with him when he died," her voice began to tremble,—"and Mrs. Hogan has told me of your generous gift after his death. Her tears, now uncontrollable, suffused her eyes."

"It wasn't necessary for you to come and thank me," answered Barbara, in the same slow, cold tones she always used.

"I want to see the old man when I heard he was in prison, because he once tried in his own way to be kind to me. I have a wonderful memory, Miss Burchill," there was a peculiar significance in her last words—"a memory for good turns and a memory for bad turns; I never forget either."

"Will you tell me how he died?" Mildred ventured to ask,—"whether he died realizing all his sad surroundings, or—"

She was obliged to stop because of the sob which came into her throat.

There was a slight softening of the unfeeling tones, and a slight, very slight, tremor about the rigid mouth, as Barbara answered:

"He died easy enough; a little raving, I take it; but, for the rest, he wanted you."

Miss Burchill sobbed outright, and Miss Balk waited. The former recovered herself and said, while the tears glistened on her eyes and cheeks:

"I also, Miss Balk, never forget a kindness. Your charity, soothing as it did the last hours of a poor, friendless, imprisoned old man, has won my lasting gratitude. If, during your stay at my mother's house, there was anything on my part to cause you annoyance or displeasure, I beg your pardon for it. I am going to a new home to-morrow to enter upon new duties, and I felt that God would bless me more if I came first and discharged this debt of obligation to you."

A moisture seemed to come into Miss Balk's eyes, but it was tears that she disappeared too rapidly to allow one to be certain, and, instead of replying to Miss Burchill's speech, she asked:

"Where are you going?"

"To Mr. Robinson's to teach his niece."

A most peculiar expression broke over Barbara's countenance, one in which wonder and triumph mingled.

"To Mr. Robinson's?" she repeated, in her usual tones. "Well, Miss Burchill, you needn't charge yourself with any gratitude to me. And now, good day."

She did not extend her hand in any adieu, and she left Miss Burchill to find her own way out. What Mildred's sensations were as she made her exit, unattended by even the servant to the door, she was hardly able herself to describe. Certainly her regard for Miss Balk was not increased, but she kept repeating to herself:

"She was kind in his last hours to poor, old, lonely grandfather."

Barbara sought Mrs. Phillips:

"Did you know that Mr. Robinson had hired a governess for his niece?"

"No; has he?" in a tone of quiet indifference.

But her next remark was not so indifferently spoken when Barbara said:

"Did Miss Burchill give you this information?"

"Yes; she came to secure my good will before entering upon her new duties; perhaps to ask my blessing; if I'd given her any encouragement; no danger of her getting your blessing, is there, Helen?"

And Miss Balk laughed her old, hard, malicious laugh, while Helen only looked; but it was a look which told how all the worst passions in her nature were roused, and a look that turned to a glare as Barbara resumed:

"Pleasant prospect for your plans, Helen; the pretty, modest, and no doubt truthful"—with a significant emphasis on the last word—"Mildred Burchill under the same roof with Gerald Thurston. Of what avail will be your wiles when he has her before him?" And again Barbara laughed.

"I could kill you or kill myself!" shrieked Helen, her face wearing an expression that not alone robbed it of all its loveliness, but lent to it a horrible expression.

"I have no doubt of it," replied Barbara, with provoking calmness. "But I would advise you to step out of the world yourself; for, in the event of my going, there are documents to make certain exposures. Indeed, I don't know but it might be well, since you have so frankly expressed your murderous desire, to confide in Miss Burchill, she seems to be so amiable and so grateful."

Without waiting for the burst of passion which threatened in Mrs. Phillips' eyes, she left the room.

TO BE CONTINUED

A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE

The third day's ride was almost over, and at eight o'clock the following morning the long journey from Chicago to San Francisco would be ended. The twenty passengers who had lived together for many hours, exchanging pleasant greetings, and in some cases becoming very friendly would some separate, to meet no more.

As the sun set and twilight fell, Father Borice was thinking this,—"thinking it regretfully; for among the passengers there was a young man who from the hour that the train pulled out of the Chicago station, had been the centre of every group, the life of every game, and on intimate terms with every one else in the car. Father Borice had shyly spoken to him only once or twice; but had heard him say that his name was Frank Seymour, and that he was twenty-five years old, and a Catholic; this was all that he learned. But, having watched him as he talked to the other passengers and passed, nearly always humming or singing, up and down the aisle, he was longing to learn more, because he had grown almost fond of him.

As darkness closed in upon the last day of the journey, Mr. Seymour was riding backward, that he might talk with a pretty woman and her prettier daughter; and while the three fastively watched the young man's face and tried to overhear his merry talk, all the while amazed at himself for feeling sore at heart because it was for the last time. Soon Mr. Seymour rose, intending to go back to his own section. He took a few steps down the aisle, turned back for another word with his friends, and was passing Father Borice's seat when the car lurched

sharply as it turned a curve, throwing him to one side and making him strike Father Borice with his elbow.

Mr. Seymour began to apologize; but Father Borice laughed good-naturedly, saying that he was not hurt. Mr. Seymour then laughed with him; and in a moment everyone in the car was laughing, too. As the gale of merriment subsided, Father Borice, the shyest of men when he was with strangers, somehow found courage to say:

"Won't you—won't you sit down here for a few minutes?"

"I'd be delighted to, Father," Mr. Seymour replied, evidently pleased at being asked. "I have often wondered if I might talk to you. You were always reading or saying your Office or looking out the window, and I thought you wouldn't want to be bothered with a young fellow like me. I've been particularly anxious to know you, because the conductor told me that you had been in China and are going back."

Father Borice's face beamed.

"You are interested in China," he exclaimed. He had long before learned that few people are.

"Interested in it? I love it? My father was one of the Standard Oil Company's agents in China, and I spent three years there when I was a boy, and two years just after I left Fordham; and now I'm going back on business—business, with a fine time thrown in."

"I can well believe that you will have a good time," Father Borice agreed, smiling his approbation of the young fellow's light-heartedness.

Mr. Seymour laughed; and after some further conversation asked eagerly:

"Are you, too, going to sail to-morrow on the 'San Juan'?" Plainly he hoped that they were to be fellow-passengers for the long journey to the Orient.

"No, not on the 'San Juan,'" Father Borice replied. "My old mother lives in San Francisco, and I am to spend two weeks with her. I do not expect to sail before the twenty-seventh, and even then shall not go directly to China. I am to stop in the Philippines. I have business with the Archbishop of Manila. It will be late in July when I reach Peking, and August before I get back to my mission."

"Do tell me about your mission?" Father and I used to hear Mass from time to time in little, out-of-the-way mission chapels. I never could help laughing at the funny singing and the boy's queer surplises; but all the people seemed to be very much in earnest; and the priests—oh, everyone knows that you missionaries are all saints!"

Father Borice laughed heartily.

"I know one missionary who is not," he contradicted; and added, after a moment's silence: "You don't realize what you are doing when you ask me about my mission. When I begin to talk about it I never, never stop. I am in charge of a district, many miles west of Peking. Most of my villages are small and all are poor; but my people—there's no doubt they're the best in the world; so devoted and so docile, so grateful for—nothing at all!"

"How long have you been away from your mission?" Mr. Seymour asked when Father Borice paused.

"For three months. I came to the United States on business for my Bishop. It might have been arranged almost as satisfactory by letter; but, although I had not worked very hard, he imagined that I needed rest and a change, and he knew that my feeble old mother lives in San Francisco; so—here I am!" He laughed again, suddenly and without apparent cause; then hastened to explain: "I believed that Americans are made of money; that they have so much they don't know what to do with it. We all think so in the East. I planned to take home with me enough dollars to improve my church and to build a school, and to pay a catechist for some years to come. I have two catechists now, but they are not stationed in Nam Po, my own village. When I can afford another, he is, to help me at home."

"So you live alone?" Mr. Seymour explained. To him it seemed unaccountably dreary to be the only white man in a small inland village, poorly housed and of course ill fed.

"Live alone," Father Borice echoed. "Oh, no! I have my people. If I am ever lonely it's my own fault."

Mr. Seymour stared out the window, and Father Borice scanned his face, which was far more serious than he had yet seen it.

"And you didn't get money enough to build your school—and to do the other things?" Mr. Seymour said, after a time.

"No." And Father Borice laughed again. "I got a hundred dollars in all. I saw I'm a poor beggar—in more senses than one. I don't puzzle me now is whether to paint my house and chapel (they're rotting away for need of paint) or to lay the foundation of my school, or to engage a catechist for a few months, and trust to Providence that he'll work for love and live on air after the hundred dollars are gone. All three things are essential, so what am I going to do?"

And in his care-free way he laughed again; then went on to tell Mr. Seymour of the goodness of his people, and of the happiness of his life—a life of incessant hard work, hardship, endless privation, and nothing else, so far as Mr. Seymour could see. He humorously described his improvised school,—a field opposite his church, in which he gathered the children when the weather was

good, and his own house into which they crowded by relays whenever it was cold or rainy. "I'll be at home by the middle of August,—away only two months longer," he concluded longingly.

"The middle of August! Before that I shall have finished my work in Peking and be on my way to Hongkong. I'm going to have a fine time. They're giving me a splendid salary, and they're generous about expense money, so I'll live in style. And the work isn't going to be exacting. I can arrange it as I like, and go everywhere, and see everything; and it will be delightful. I can talk Chinese a little, so I'm a treasure to the Company. That's why I'm treated like Mr. Standard Oil's own son and heir. Have you ever been to Hongkong?"

"No; it doesn't lay in my way," Father Borice laughed.

"To Canton?"

"Not there either."

"That's too bad! Both are most interesting, and the country places are horrid. How much time have you spent in China?"

"Ten years, but I've seen only Peking and my own villages."

"Only Peking, and that unattractive, dull part of the country! It's too bad!" Mr. Seymour sympathized; and, very happy over his own prospects, he added rapturously:

"If I succeed, I think the Company will make me its agent for all China; then I'll take a house in Peking or Hongkong. There are always Americans and Europeans living in both places,—in the legations, and so on; finer intelligent men, with friendly wives and lovely children. And the dinners those fellows give! China is certainly the place for delicious fruit and fine fish and heaven-sent cooks."

For a few moments there was silence between them. Holy priest though he was, Father Borice was human and he was comparatively young, and the contrast between the life to which he was returning and the prospects that Mr. Seymour so enthusiastically described was great indeed.

"You will be sure to have a pleasant life of it," he said lamely, realizing at last that the silence had grown long. "And you are to sail to-morrow?"

"Tomorrow, on the 'San Juan.'" Mr. Seymour replied very quietly.

His mood had changed as swiftly and completely as Father Borice's; and, after a few rather lifeless remarks, he suddenly hurried back to his place; and, except when he came to say goodnight, Father Borice saw no more of him.

It was quite two months later that Father Borice reached Peking, to spend a few days there with his Bishop. Very unsatisfactory days they were. Somehow, his lot had seemed hard and uninteresting ever since his conversation with Mr. Seymour; and it had been with a heavy heart and a grim determination not to "give up the ship" that he had sailed from San Francisco, and with a heavier heart that he had set foot on Chinese soil. All would be well he believed, after he had a good talk with the Bishop. But he found his Lordship very busy, not very well, and apparently without special interest in the problems of Father Borice's corner of the vineyard. When he broached the subject of a school, the Bishop laughed a little, and protested that he had not a cent to spare; and as to a catechist, he explained that it was impossible for him to contribute anything toward the support of one for Nam Po. When he heard of the hundred dollars, most laboriously collected, he chuckled and said (hard-heartedly, Father Borice thought) that the money would provide some picnics for the children.

Although he was not inclined to imagine himself slighted, Father Borice was feeling hurt, as well as discouraged and disgruntled, when he began his long, wearisome journey inland. He traveled for two days in a dirty, slow-moving boat, and in a cart for two days more. As the hours wore away he tried to think of his prayers and his Office and of the lovely country through which he passed,—all to no purpose. Again and again there came before his mind's eye a picture of his hut, dusty and musty after being long unoccupied. He could not rid himself of a realization of the havoc, temporal—and spiritual, which his six months' absence was certain to have wrought among his flock; and it was with something like aversion that he thought of his simple, honest but hard-headed people, and pictured to himself the expression of their stolid faces when they saw his cart come into the village. They would be neither glad nor sorry to see him, who had thought of them every hour on land and sea.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when the driver, turning a sharp curve in a valley adjacent to his own, met an over-joyed Father Borice's choir boys, who instead of returning his hearty greeting, scampered homeward as fast as he could. Father Borice sighed, and then he sighed again.

A quarter of an hour later the cart rattled into the wooded valley of Tung Wang, in whose centre Nam Po struggled beside a muddy stream. Father Borice never had a clear idea of what happened or of what he said and did during the minutes that followed. He knew, however, that the village head was stationed near the first cabin, and began to play unearthly music as soon as he was seen; that the streets wore gay with flowers and green boughs and grotesque decorations; that children lined the way; and cheered and sung as the old cart lumbered by; that every shop was closed and the fields

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Mond's Pots &

for miles around deserted,—for in the narrow main street he recognized grocers and saddle makers, farmers and fruit growers. He knew that at last he reached his home—or what had been his home. He had left a dilapidated, two-room hut, to find a larger, new-looking one in its place. It certainly looked as if the chapel had been painted, and he thought he saw a bell hanging in its little tower. Across the road in the field that had so often served him as a school room there stood—or seemed to stand—a square building surmounted by a cross.

At his own door, Father Borice climbed down from the cart into the crowd that packed the road. He was trembling and tears streamed over his cheeks. He tried to speak to the people, but he could only bring them again and again—until a strong hand grasped his, and he found a way cleared for him, and the door of his house opened and closed behind him, and he was standing face to face with a tall broad shouldered, smiling man.

"Are you surprised to see me here Father?" the man asked.

"I—I can't understand!" Father Borice stammered.

"It's all very simple. You told me about your mission one evening on the train, and that night I could not sleep for thinking of what you had said. You were coming here to live in poverty and to toil for others; and I had been thinking only of having an easy, good time, and of getting rich as fast as I could. Before morning I had made up my mind. The minute we reached San Francisco I went to the Archbishop, who was a friend of my father's, and asked him to give me a flattering letter to the Bishop here. I telegraphed to the Company, resigning my position, and was ready to sail at noon, as I had intended. Your Bishop was rather hard to convince. He did not think at first that I am the right build for a dependable catechist, but—"

"A catechist! You a catechist!" Father Borice gasped.

"Mr. Seymour paid no heed to the interruption.

"But he gave in at last, after I had made a retreat and worn a solemn face for three interminable days. And he gave me permission to freshen things here, and lent me your plans for a school. We've worked day and night, and worn't ready for you until the day before yesterday. We were horribly afraid you would come too soon, and implored the Bishop to detain you if you reached Pekin before the middle of the month. I spent nearly every penny I had, but—I never was so happy in all my life! You—you'll let me stay?"

Father Borice clasped both his hands.

"Let you stay! I—why, I—I'm almost too good to be true!" Florence Gilmore in the Ave Maria.

Fighting and Believing France

The assertion is often made that though the French Government is hostile to the Church, the people of France, when the test comes, generally act like staunch Catholics. The fact that hundreds of appointed priests have died in the trenches with rifles in their hands and that the million French orphans that the Government is sending to the "ecole laique" are in grave danger of losing their faith would seem to indicate that France's Catholicism is not always of a strikingly aggressive type. On the other hand if the war literature written by French Catholic authors reflects faithfully the spirit of the country, there is little cause for feeling uneasy about the future of France. For that nation's soul seems to have been purified by the call to arms, by the suffering and sorrow the War has brought to the people, and it would appear that the bravest of France's defenders, whether at home or on the battle-line are also the most faithful of the Church's children.

No recent book shows this better than "A Crusader of France" (Dutton \$1.50) the appropriate title given a collection of letters written from the front by Captain Ferdinand Belmont, of the Chasseurs Alpins, who was killed in action, December 28, 1915. In the opinion of that discerning Catholic litterateur, M. Henri Bordeaux, who contributes an admirable preface to the volume, the letters are written in exquisite French, and owing to "their sincerity, their familiar and provincial flavor, their profound intimacy, their religious fervor" they deserve a place beside Mrs. Craven's "Le Recit d'une Soeur" and the correspondence of Maurice and Eugenie de Guerin. They are pervaded moreover by such a noble spirit of courage, patriotism and scorn of death that they express unmistakably a brave French Catholic soldier's mind and heart.

Captain Belmont was studying medicine when the War broke out, but he at once took his post as sub-lieutenant of the reserve. He seems to have been an ideal officer. One of his closest friends, the Abbe Genet, now a lieutenant in the French army, writes that he was "highly in the exercise of his authority but knowing how to be master of them [his men], knowing how to elevate their souls to the height his own had risen." He himself writes:

"To be a good officer you must possess many and very rare qualities: devotion, determination, courage, intelligence, common-sense, coolness and I know not what besides; as a matter of fact one must have all

qualities, be perfect—as in all callings when you would fill them properly. Consequently you must not count on yourself, but on the grace of God. . . . An Army officer a leader of men, must above all have character: his men must feel almost instinctively, that he is some one to be respected; everything which proceeds from him, their leader—orders, acts, gestures, or words, may even attitude, must bear the mark of moral superiority and elevation of mind. Moreover he must know how to be as kind as possible."

Judging by his intimate letters and from the testimony of those who knew him best, Captain Belmont seems to have attained the high ideal he set for himself as a Catholic soldier. He realized that sacrifice and suffering is the school of character and that the object of our life in this world is not happiness but perfection. He can see the fatherly Providence of God in all that happens to him and to his country; his resignation to the Divine will, even under the heaviest crosses is as beautiful as it is holy, and his sympathy with the men of his command and his admiration for them is another very attractive trait of his character. Like so many brave soldiers who are face to face with the enemy, Captain Belmont speaks of him without that bitterness that often marks the utterance of those who are farthest from the front. He admits that the Germans have taught the French the art of modern warfare but he regards it all as a combat not "of heroes but of decadents" and longs for the knightly warfare of his ancestors when battles were fought man to man with naked weapons.

It was at Holy Mass and in fervent prayer that Captain Belmont found the strength to live every day the life of heroic self-sacrifice he had resolutely set for himself. "What fervor and poetry and value," he writes, "those Masses celebrated in matter where on temporary altars by soldiers and for soldiers assume."

His unwavering trust in God's goodness enabled him to see in the War "the sheet-anchor held out by God to this drifting country, in order to bring it back to Him," and a "redeeming devastation permitted by God in order to efface the stains which soiled the eldest daughter of the Church."

It was his strong spirit of faith to the nervous this "Crusader of France" to bear with such fortitude the loss of his two beloved brothers, Jean and Joseph, who were slain in battle. Both were much like Ferdinand, it would seem, for Jean said on bidding his mother what proved to be a last farewell: "To die for a noble cause when one is young is a great blessing, and Joseph who left the seminary to enter the army, wrote to his parents: 'To be nearer danger and death is to be nearer God.'"

I am absolutely convinced that death is happiness, suffering a merit, danger and trial a splendid lesson in energy."

Ferdinand himself was not destined to survive his two brothers long. When he heard of Jean's death, which occurred the first month of the War, he wrote his parents a letter which fills two of the finest pages in the book. Then Joseph was killed in action almost a year later, and again Ferdinand tried to comfort the bereaved father and mother. Finally on December 28, 1915, this "Crusader of France" laid down his life for his country, after being twice mentioned in army orders for his "bravery, activity, coolness and authority," promoted to a captaincy and decorated with the Legion of Honor. Fatally wounded by a shell splinter at the Hartmannswillerkopf, he made a Christian soldier's end, for God found him ready.

The story of another French officer's military career which was cut short by a mortal wound received in his first battle is more fully told by his father, Hugues Le Roux, in a recent book called "On the Field of Honor" (Houghton Mifflin, 150). Robert was engaged to be married when the call to arms came, and the letters from the front to his intended breathe an admirable spirit of patriotism and devotion. He writes for instance:

"This morning I was thinking of you, following you in every act. You got up early, went to Mass. I saw all this in the blue sky for the plain where we are camping overlooks the valley of the Moselle, and the horizon is far, far away. Yes, my little Helen, I shall commend myself to God when I am under the enemy's fire for the first time. I shall think of you then, I don't feel like the somewhat cowardly person who is converted because 'One can never tell what may happen!' No, I have already spoken to you of this. I have faith, and it seems to me that if ever our lives are in the keeping of God, it must be at such times as those I am traversing. I have always prayed in the solemn moments of my life and I shall continue to do so now."

Lieutenant Le Roux's "warlaetted," as he expressed it, "just one-half hour and 300 meters." In this very first action, as he went to the assistance of the wounded major, he received a mortal wound which sent him to the hospital. Robert's sorrowing father and biographer, who was with his son to the end received the only comfort that endures from the young soldier priest who prepared the dying Lieutenant for Heaven. "O God, our Father," the priest prayed, "hidden from us beyond this world, this child whom You are taking, spoke Your name reverently, with faith. To shelter his young love, so pure, he longed for

Your Kingdom here on earth. He has responded without a murmur to the dictates of Your will. He has never spoken a word of anger against the enemy who shot him down and who rejoiced to see him fall."

The thought of Robert's impending death proved a severe trial to his father's faith, but after praying a long time before the altar, the author won the grace, to be fully resigned to the Divine will, and learned not to sorrow like those who are without hope. At his son's obsequies the bereaved father meekly unites his prayers with those of officiating priest and exclaims: "Peace and Light! This is what we invoke, O Lord, for those who leave us. This is Your promise to us after so much suffering in darkness."

In General De Castellau, whose distinguished career is sketched in the December Studies, France has a commander more than worthy even of such gallant subordinate as Captain Belmont and Lieutenant La Roux. This brilliant strategist who saved the day at Nancy and at Verdun has always been "a Catholic in the open," and the fear that the uncompromising profession of his faith might hinder his advancement by an anti clerical government never made him waver a hair's breadth from the path the Church traces for her loyal children.

The inestimable value of his services to his country has forced Castellau's enemies to respect his Catholicism. He trusts in God, seeks light in prayer and is a frequent communicant. Just before a victorious assault at Verdun he mounted his horse and addressing the troops called out: "We must again here, or there," and pointed with his sword toward heaven.

Like the father of Captain Belmont General De Castellau has lost three sons in the present War. The following account of how he behaved when the news came that his youngest boy had fallen, throws a flood of light on the General's character as a soldier and a Christian:

On August 20, 1914, in the heat of the action, Castellau is dictating his orders. He is interrupted by the entry of an officer with a report. General, the fourth Battalion of Chasseurs has repulsed the enemy after five hours fighting. Unfortunately the officer who was in command has been killed. His head was shattered by a bursting shell."

"What was the name of that officer?"

"Sub-Lieutenant Xavier De Castellau."

The General bows his head a moment in prayer. Then turning to his secretaries: "Gentlemen, let us continue."

It is from the high examples of faith and courage that shine out from the lives of such gallant soldiers as Captain Belmont, Lieutenant Le Roux and General De Castellau that the lovers of "gentle France," a land which still seems very dear to God, derive bright hopes that after the War both her government and her people will again be found acting according to the noblest Catholic traditions of the Gallic race.—Walter Dwight, S. J., in America.

THE PERPETUAL SACRIFICE

Do Catholics ever think that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is being offered in some part of the world every hour of their lives? When it is night in New York, Mass is being offered in the churches of Italy. There, ancient altars, at which Saints have knelt, are lit up with tapers, and the Vicar of Christ and thousands of priests are lifting holy hands up to heaven.

A little later and the bells of a thousand towers in France begin to sprinkle the air with holy sounds; and in every city, town and hamlet kneeling crowds adore the chastening hands of God, and pray for sinners who despise His ordinances.

Chivalric and religious Spain catches the echoes, and when it is one o'clock in New York, offers the great Sacrifice in countless splendid churches.

And then Catholic Ireland, the Island of Saints, which has during many centuries suffered for the Faith, rallies anew around the altars it would never forsake.

At two o'clock and after, the priests of the Atlantic—perhaps the Cape Verde—white-robed and stoled, and wearing the great cross on their shoulders, bend before the tabernacle.

An hour later a courageous missionary lifts up the chalice of salvation on the ice-bound coast of Greenland.

At half-past four the sacred lamps twinkle through the fogs of Newfoundland; and at five, Nova Scotia's industrious population begins the day by attending Mass.

And now all the Canadian churches and chapels glow radiant, as the faithful people, the habitant of the country, the devout citizen, the consecrated nun and the innocent, hasten to unite their prayers around the sanctuary where the priest is awaiting them.

At six how many souls are flocking to the churches of New York, eager to begin the day of labor with the holiest act of religion. Many young people, too, gather around the altar there at a late hour, like the fresh flowers which open with the morning and offer their dewy fragrance to heaven.

An hour later the bells of Missouri and Louisiana are ringing; and at eight, Mexico, true to her faith, bends before its glittering altars.

At nine, the devout tribes of Oregon follow their loved black-gown to

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their gay chapels, and California awhile loosens its grasp on its gold, to think of the treasure that rust doth not corrupt.

And when the Angelus bell is ringing at noon in New York, the unbloody sacrifice is being offered in the Islands of the Pacific, where there are generous souls laboring for our dear Lord.

And so the bells are ringing on, on over the waters, and one taper after another catches light of faith, making glad all the isles of the sea.

At two, the zealous missionaries of Australia are murmuring with haste eager for the coming of our Lord, "Introibo ad altare Dei." And all the spicy islands of the East catch the sweet sounds, one after another, till at four in the afternoon, China proves that there are many souls why are worthy of the name of celestial by their rapt devotion to the holy rite. Then in Tibet there is many a modest chapel where the missionary distributes the Bread of Life to a crowd of hungry souls.

At six, the altars of Hindostan, where St. Francis Xavier ministered, are arrayed with their flowers and lamps and the sacred vessels, and unwearied priests are hastening to fortify their souls before Him who is their life and their strength.

At nine, in Siberia, where many a poor Catholic exile from Poland has no other solace for his woes but the foot of the altar and the Bread of Heaven.

During the hours when New York is gay with parties and balls and theatrical amusements, the holiest of rites is going on in the Indian Ocean and among the sable tribes of Africa, whose souls are so dear to the Saviour who once died for all and who is now daily offered up by all.

At eleven, in Jerusalem, the holy city over which Jesus wept, where He wrought so many miracles, where He offered Himself a Sacrifice for the whole world.—Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

"THE GOLDEN HOUR"

"Next to the possession of our holy Faith and participation in the life of the Church," asks Brother Leo, F. S. C. in a charmingly written paper on "The Feeling for Literature" which is published in the current Catholic Mind, "where can we find for our boys and girls a more real, more satisfying means of happiness than in the love of books?"

Those fortunate children who leave school with their minds trained to discern and enjoy what is best in literature have undoubtedly received from their teachers a key of gold that will open in later years many a rich treasure house of intellectual enjoyment and make them proud heirs of that priceless literary heritage which the world's greatest minds have bequeathed only to those favored ones who know good books and love them. But no one, of course, can fire the hearts of others with a discerning love for what is best in literature unless he himself is an enthusiastic reader of good books. Just as saints, as a rule, can teach religion most effectively, and gentlemen of politeness, none but those who have themselves acquired "the feeling for literature" can successfully impart it to their pupils.

With the object of getting our Catholic teachers to make themselves thoroughly capable of filling with an unquenchable thirst for good literature the boys and girls committed to their care, Brother Leo earnestly recommends to our Sisters the daily observance of the "Golden Hour," a highly profitable exercise which he thus describes:

"Every day reserve one hour composed preferably of sixty consecutive minutes—for reading in one of the world's great books. It may be good old Thomas à Kempis or that Saint who truly had the feeling of literature, Augustine of Hippo; it may be a lyric of Keats or a novel of Thackeray, a play of Shakespeare or an essay of Ruskin; it may be a heart-ory from Sophocles or a chuckle from Lamb. But read it, live it, enjoy it, ponder it, cherish it, absorb it. And presently as the days roll into weeks you will find your self turning to the Golden Hour and taking refuge in its depth with something of the happy anticipation and tenderness that you are yours when the bells call you to the holy places, and as the weeks cluster into months you will find new power and new beauty in every day words and learn the way of them in written speech and relish the savor of them on the tongue, their music in the ear; and as the months fall into the procession of the years you will find your vision of life deepened and broadened and sweetened, and your philosophy of life more sympathetic and more sure; and as the years pass in serried order over your aging head you will find more of God's love and God's beauty

in the work of your hands and that work itself more fruitful, more profitable, and more pleasing. From time to time little birds of rumor will perch for a fleeting second on your shoulder and whisper in your ear of difficulties you have unconsciously dispensed, of blessings you have unwittingly bestowed; of little thoughts of yours flung idly out that have taken root in aching hearts and blossomed as the rose, of tired eyes that meeting yours saw something there that kindled anew the glow of gladness and the light of God's own face. And then, mayhap, as your wearied limbs bear you down the sunset-crimsoned hill that leads into the valley of peace, you may sing of the feeling for literature as Petrarch sang of the voice of his beloved Laura:

Let us but hear once more that breath of day, Sound in my ears as in my soul it sounds; Singing, it surely wounds And always wrath and disdain; its brooding note Quells all things vile and dark; like lighted bounds, Before that liquid gold they fly away.

Blessed is the Catholic teacher of whom the foregoing beautiful passage is true. For when as at last says her *Nunc Dimittis*, she will surely be comforted by the reflection that every pupil whom she has taught to like good books will always find in them a safeguard in temptation, a solace in sorrow, and a merciful fountain of innocent enjoyment.—America.

My son, thou oughtest with all diligence to endeavor, that in every place and action, and in all outward business, thou be inwardly free, and thoroughly master of thyself; and that all things be under thee, and not thou under them.—Thomas à Kempis.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1919

LLOYD GEORGE HAS ALTERED WITH THE IRISH

Lloyd George has officially shelved the Irish question. In a reply to Mr. Devlin, the Premier stated before the assembled Parliament that the British Government had tried already to supply the principles of self-determination by means of the Irish Convention but that the Nationalists were divided. Moreover, he stated, Ulster does not want self-determination.

So rests the Irish Question in so far as Mr. George and his colleagues are concerned. But these gentlemen are insincere and have been insincere in their Irish policy from the time of their inception into Office. They have labored under a dual fallday one side of which has insisted upon settling the Irish question by remedying the barbarous conditions of land holding; the other side which regards Ireland and its people as existing for the welfare of England, the governing class.

Now it is impossible to placate a Nation whose Parliament has been robbed by attempting to offer an inferior substitute in return. This is exactly what the Unionist party has endeavored to do since the passing of the Land Act in 1893. Moreover, it is entirely out of keeping with sane Government to act on the assumption that the governed class exist for the welfare of the governing body. This, likewise, is charged against the Imperial Government in the case of Ireland: Because Ireland would eventually become the Heligoland of the Atlantic; because she would possibly interfere with British commerce; because, as a nation, Ireland soon would be in a position to compete on a small scale with industrial England, the latter country has determined to hold in check any of such possibilities being realized. The apparent but officially unexpressed motive for this action is found in England's policy of Materialism and selfishness—a policy which curtails all freedom of action on the part of the Irish least, any freedom being granted, Ireland would be the cause of diminishing the piles of gold in London vaults.

Ireland's claim for freedom need not be reiterated here. Nor is there any necessity of justifying this claim. Both the principles of morality and the pages of even a prejudiced history have long since substantiated this claim. The law of reason and its directive force have lost all quality of persuasion with the paltering politicians of England. Their one guiding law is that of expediency—an expediency whose eyes are ever cast upon its own navel; an expediency of godless selfishness.

Of late it has been the custom of every Englishman to recall the hackneyed phrase: "Mind your own business." This word of advice has been cast at the United States from the lips of the highest and of the lowest politician; from Lloyd George to Carson. But the United States of America are intent upon minding their own business when they are interfering in Irish affairs. There is not one tenth of all Americans who have much sympathy for England. There are over ninety per cent. of business Americans who are anxious to curtail English commerce; who are glad to hear of the miner's strike; who take genuine pleasure in seeing England financially embarrassed as is she today. Americans are minding their own financial and national business when they are stirring up antipathy against England. On the other hand, Great Britain is blundering in her policy of expediency when she is alienating the good will of the few remaining Americans whose sympathy and religion are bound up with the principle of the rights to small nations.

Were Lloyd George not so navel-minded; so insular in his likes and dislikes; so blind to his own national shortcomings, he would be more conversant with the trend of affairs in the United States of America. United States is further moved from England today than was she in 1914. Americans, almost as a whole nation, are disgusted with the insincerity of England in the latter's dealings with Ireland, and they are anxious to see the commercial ruin of their only serious rival.

Let Lloyd George pocket his fine feelings towards the Americans. Although they are an admirable people; although they practice fair play while the paltering Englishmen preach it, nevertheless they have little sympathy for "perfidious Albion." It should not be that we strain our alliances with them to the breaking point. But this is surely coming if the English policy of Irish oppression is continued. England will save Ireland, perhaps, but will lose control of Canada.

The infantile statements emanating from the British premier such as: "Ireland is not one nation in race, religion, temperament or anything constituting the essentials of a nation"—these and such statements discredit the intellectuality of Mr. George. He might have remarked that there is no nation on the face of the earth, and, especially, England herself that is one and undivided in these essentials which constitute a nation. Let him put aside these pretenses which he offers as an excuse from further dealing with the Irish question. Let him revise his policy of expediency and see if he can discover why Ireland should be free, at least in the sense that Canada is; why United States with its thousands of Irish and Germans and English haters should not be stirred against us; should not discount our Canadian money; should not hold mass meetings attended by Government authorities to devise ways and means of combating selfish England. If the British Government is wise, even materially it will treat Ireland not as a serf but, at least, as a colony. When this day dawns, then and not till then will the Americans cease plaguing England.

Moreover, the pretext that the Irish will not agree among themselves, will not benefit the British Cabinet; it will not excuse them from manfully settling the Irish question. Mr. Wilson, the friend of England, soon will be out of office. In his place there will be found a man more in accord with the present American Senate and Congress; more opposed to England. Before that day arrives let the hitherto paltering Englishmen put on the cloak of sincerity and do their share in keeping up the relations which now exist between Great Britain and America. At present they are merely straining. Soon they will break.

Other letters of appreciation for services rendered by the Catholic Army Huts have been written (and made public) by Major-General Fielding and by Camp-Commandant Colonel Hill.

Supposing that Mr. Trumper were asked to prove his damning charges, could he do it? Supposing that he is expected, in the name of a gentleman, to make public apology for his unwarranted statements, will he do it? In the meantime we shall be content to take the word of General Turner and of thousands of our returned men who have experienced the hospitality, the free cigarettes, etc. (which have been administered by those in charge of the Knights of Columbus Huts. As for Mr. Trumper, he should know that Christianity demands of him to undo the harm which either his prejudice and malice or his ignorance has been responsible in creating.

K. OF C. MIS-APPROPRIATING MONEY!

By this late date the Orangemen have pocketed their prejudice for another year and are prepared to listen to reason. On July the Twelfth their ears were filled with a loathing, calumnious discourse which had been prepared in the unclean scullery of prejudice and which was served up by Reverend Mr. Trumper with ignorance a la mode. It is not intended to give notoriety to this pulpiter. Rather, it would be more charitable to cloak his name with the garment of silence and to offer our sympathies to his parishioners who on occasional Sabbaths sit out his sermons and listen to his personal explanation of the Scriptures, which, we surmise, are as carefully prepared as was this eloquent address delivered at Exeter, Ontario.

On first thought, there was the temptation to become vulgar; to stigmatize him with the short, sharp rooseveltian sword. But on consideration it is evident that no man can formally tell a lie without knowing that he is doing so. In other words a mendacious man must have knowledge. At least, he must know that what he is saying is false.

Now in the case of Mr. Trumper, there is no one who is rash enough as to say that the Reverend gentleman is guilty of a falsehood. It is downright ignorance which is troubling him. But it is inexcusable ignorance of such a type that his harm can be measured by no short newspaper article.

However, it is better to quote from the Reverend Gentleman's address and allow our readers to judge for themselves. He says, in a speech delivered at Exeter:

"Although an elaborate appeal was made towards the last of the War for the Knights of Columbus huts, not a dollar of that money ever reached France. Mr. McKegney, who has been a chaplain, will bear me out in that. The money was used by them for propaganda work in Canada. Etc. . . ."

This excerpt is found in the London Free Press of July 14.

Now it is a fact that the Knights of Columbus spent money to erect and to maintain the Catholic Huts in France. If the Reverend Mr. McKegney spent less time in investigating the condition of affairs in Ireland and more time attending to his chaplain's duties, it would be possible for him to substantiate this statement.

But Catholics are not dependent upon him to sustain their honor in the matter of Catholic Huts. Nor are we content to imitate Mr. Trumper in making categorical statements without presenting facts to uphold them. At the risk of drawing fire upon General Turner and having him called a Catholic bigot and a liar, we shall append a letter received by Colonel (Rev.) Workman and since made public property. The letter reads as follows:

Headquarters of Overseas Forces of Canada, Argyll House, 246 Regent St., London, W. I., 19th June, 1919.

My Dear Colonel Workman:—As I understand you are issuing a final report on the work of the Catholic Army Huts in England, I wish to place on record my high appreciation of the magnificent work you have done in this connection. The three Clubs in London and those in Bramshot, Witley, Seaford, Ripon, Rhyl, Epsom, Bexhill and Cooden have been a God-send to our men, and I feel sure that I am voicing the opinion of the people of Canada when I thank you on their behalf for providing their boys with such facilities during their absence from their own homes.

As you know, I have at different times visited your Clubs and have been much struck with the liberal way you have furnished them. The men I know have appreciated the writing paper, cigarettes and other comforts which have been provided. I also want to thank you for the assistance you have given us on the transports by providing free cigarettes, games, chewing gum and writing paper.

I can assure you that your hints have been the means of gladdening the hearts of thousands of Canadians.

Yours sincerely, (Sgd.) R. E. W. TURNER, Lt. Col. W. T. Workman, C. B., M. C., A. D. C. S. (R. C.), Oxford Circus House, W. I.

This letter received from one who holds such a distinguished office in the Canadian Army proves that the Catholic Huts were in operation Overseas; that cigarettes and other things were distributed free of charge. Now it is not possible to set down such an organization in the Old Country without having spent some money to do so. But, still withal, Mr. Trumper has said what amounts to a contradiction.

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Supposing that Mr. Trumper were asked to prove his damning charges, could he do it? Supposing that he is expected, in the name of a gentleman, to make public apology for his unwarranted statements, will he do it? In the meantime we shall be content to take the word of General Turner and of thousands of our returned men who have experienced the hospitality, the free cigarettes, etc. (which have been administered by those in charge of the Knights of Columbus Huts. As for Mr. Trumper, he should know that Christianity demands of him to undo the harm which either his prejudice and malice or his ignorance has been responsible in creating.

THE BOY WAS FATHER OF THE MAN

By THE GLEANER

Among the many chaplains who served in the Allied armies at the front there was perhaps none who by his works and his personality called forth such a volume of praise from all classes as did Father Frank Duffy of the old Irish Catholic Regiment, the 69th of New York. He was guide, counsellor and friend to the "boys" and is now the beloved of their parents whom he has consoled, the idol of his own people, the hero of the populace and, if he chose to be, the lion of society. The Colonel of his regiment declares publicly that should there be another war he would be pleased to serve as corporal

under Father Duffy. He speaks a few words in the dining-hall of the Hotel Belmont and in a few minutes three hundred thousand dollars is added to the national treasury. The question naturally suggests itself: Was this man raised aloft on this unprecedented wave of popularity by some fortuitous causes, or was the honor paid him due to intrinsic merit? Was it that his association with such a well known regiment merely focused the popular vision upon him and surrounded him with a halo of glory, or was it that the strong light but made his exceptional qualities as a man and a priest stand out in still bolder relief?

Among the multitudes that welcomed him back to his parish in the Bronx was a venerable priest who was quite competent to answer that question. The success of "his boy" was no revelation to him, however much the American manner of enthusing might have been: That priest was Rt. Rev. Mgr. Murray, pastor of the Canadian parish at Cobourg—for be it known that Father Duffy and that other hero, Vice-Admiral Sims of the American Navy whose name is a household word, spent their boyhood days in the old towns of Cobourg and Port Hope respectively. When Father Murray came to Cobourg forty years ago his first Mass in that parish was served by the little lad whose fame is now heralded abroad by the press of a continent. At the age of sixteen Frank Duffy had obtained his first class, or what is now known as senior leaving, certificate at the local High School. He then entered St. Michael's College, where, as at home, he was facile princeps in the academic arena. It was within those old familiar walls that the writer first made his acquaintance. In those days a very large percentage of the pupils were American. The result of this was occasional rivalries that sometimes threatened to disturb the peace of the student body. In those contentions that arose from time to time no one even among the faculty exercised a greater influence in the cause of peace and order than did the philosophy student who has since shown himself so efficient in the government of men.

From St. Michael's the young ecclesiastic went to St. Francis Xavier College in New York where he was taught for a time. Here his ability as a disciplinarian and as a teacher came under the notice of the late Cardinal Farley who was at that time Vicar-General of the Archdiocese. At the latter's solicitation he applied for exeat from the diocese of Peterborough and entered the old Seminary of Troy to complete his theological studies. He was ordained in the home of his boyhood by the late Rt. Rev. R. A. O'Connor. The day of his priesting, the first public ceremony held in the present edifice, was a memorable one for the good people of Cobourg for it marked the culmination of their hopes for one whom they all loved and in whom each entertained a pardonable pride. Father Duffy was early appointed to a professorship in the new seminary at Dunwoodie where he taught with marked success and contributed frequently to the pages of theological reviews. But craving for pastoral work led him to ask Cardinal Farley for a parish. "I have nothing fitting to offer you," said the Cardinal. "Are you not opening up a new parish in the Bronx?" said Father Duffy. "Yes," replied his Bishop "but it has neither church nor presbytery nor school." "Give it to me, your Eminence," said the zealous young priest. To-day there is a church, priest's house and school with nine hundred pupils attending.

These facts give an answer to our opening question and prove that in Father Duffy's case, as in most similar cases, the boy is father of the man, and that abiding honors come not fortuitously but as the result of zealous persevering efforts.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE FINDING IN TEXAS of the skeleton of a man eighteen feet tall will, if verified, give rather a rude jolt to those pseudo-scientists who never tire of descending upon the "fables" of Old Testament history. Archaeology and anthropology are yet only on the threshold of the ante-diluvian world, and there are mysteries innumerable yet to be solved. As Champollion proved generations ago, the more science learns by investigation and legitimate deduction, Bible history and chronology are proportionately vindicated.

THE TORONTO Globe's editorial sermon of last week treats of "Christ

and the Nations" as manifested in the international controversy over the efficacy or non-efficacy of the new League of Nations. The article is thoughtful and reverent throughout, due allowance being made for the extremely hazy conception of the Divine Person of the world's Redeemer which prevails today throughout all Protestant Christendom, and is especially noticeable in this article.

THIS LACK of apprehension of Christ's divinity is seen in the comments of the Globe writer on certain words uttered by Senator Borah during the course of the debate on the League in the United States Senate. "If," he said, "the Saviour of mankind should revisit the earth and declare for a League of Nations, I would be opposed to it." These words according to the Globe "reveal a remarkable state of mind," but what to "old-fashioned" Christians is still more remarkable is that they are treated as a debatable point throughout the article. Instead of being shocked or appalled by so manifest a repudiation of Christ's authority and, necessarily, of His divinity, they are dealt with simply as evidence of a "serious mentality" on the part of Senator Borah. This to the thoughtful reader tends to nullify what otherwise would be the force of his argument and brings into the strongest relief the essential lack of apprehension on the part of the writer of the meaning and purpose of the Incarnation.

IN SPITE of the Bishop of London's prohibition, Miss Maud Royden, described as "assistant minister of the City Temple," preached the "three hours service" last Good Friday in a church of the metropolis. The rector himself, we are told, introduced the lady, who "looked very pretty in a surplice," supported by a choir of ladies wearing "purple cassocks with white surplices," who also "looked very pretty." This innovation of women in the pulpit, which was very strongly combated by a section of the Church of England, but at the last Convocation was supported by at least three bishops, has therefore come to stay. The Bishop of London is helpless to stop it, as of authority he has none. Every rector of a parish is, as the incident proves, a law unto himself in such matters. Where will it all end? A French writer calls it an "elegant solution to the poor church problem;" the vicar would appoint his wife curate, and his children would serve at the altar, the revenues thus remaining in the family.

MEANWHILE HOW many of those who attended this "Three Hours Service," adopted not only by Anglicans but by other Protestant sects in England during the War years, stopped to reflect that they were but borrowing once more from "Rome," and, not only that, but from the Jesuits. The "Three Hours Service" described is but an emasculated reproduction of the Three Hours Agony or the Seven Last Words long annually commemorated in Catholic churches throughout the world. If the same zeal was but manifested by Protestants for the underlying realities of these beautiful devotions the church-union question would soon reach a solution—the only solution.

Fiume, the Austro-Italian port on the Adriatic which is so much in the world's eyes these days has had an eventful history. It was a town during the Byzantine Empire, was ruled by its own Dukes in the ninth century, and in 1471 passed into the possession of Austria. It was declared a free port in 1738, and in 1776 was united to Croatia by Empress Maria Theresa. In 1809 it was occupied by the French, re-taken by the British in 1813, and restored to Austria in the following year. Ceded again to Hungary in 1822, its wanderings among the nations were not yet ended, for, after the revolution of 1848-49 it was annexed to the Crown lands of Croatia, under which control it remained till it came again in 1870 into the kingdom of Hungary. Now, after a thousand years and more, whose, permanently, is it to be?

Be troubled at nothing, not even at your defects; be humble on their account but correct them peaceably, without being discouraged or cast down.

If you are faithful in doing the will of God in this life, your own will shall be accomplished throughout eternity. The Heart of Jesus is at least worth yours. Leave all and you will find all in the Sacred Heart.

THE COMMON GROUND OF RELIGIOUS UNITY

Though the founders of the new American Church agree that accidental beliefs—trifling matters like sin and the Scriptures and the Providence of God—are of so slight an import that the new religion need hold nothing definite about them, they are convinced that unity in essentials will be easy of accomplishment. Indeed, there is a bond already existing between the sects because "our roots are all set in the same soil."

Put concretely by Dr. William T. Ellis, who is writing of the religion of the soldiers: "They find themselves comrades with one God, one Saviour, one heaven." Dr. Miller, in the article before quoted, thus lays down the essential doctrine of the unified Church: "Of course we must believe in Jesus before we are fit candidates for His Church." Belief in Jesus, then, is the sole essential in the eyes of one minister; belief in God, a Saviour, and heaven, the sole article of Dr. Ellis's creed. Surely here is an easily accessible ground on which all the sects may meet and agree. Here is justification for the assertion that all denominations have their roots in the same soil, and that, by waiving unessentials, they can clasp firm hands on what is of really vital import.

Can they? Not many years ago a certain group of ministers from a single religious denomination met in conference on just one of these essentials: "What think ye of Christ?" The result was a sad shock for those who felt that there was a common bond of belief between the members of at least a single sect. Some of the convention believed that Jesus was true God, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity. Some believed Him a man raised by adoption to a Divine sonship. Some believed Him merely man, the greatest of the prophets and like them called the Son of Man. The convention adjourned without coming to any decision on just what the denomination as a body really believed about Jesus Christ. The truth was that between them there was no real bond of belief.

Now if one determination had such diversity of belief in Christ, what could be expected as the essential belief in Jesus common to all the sects? Let it be stated at once; there is no such common belief. Dr. Miller admits as much: "Of course, we must believe in Jesus before we are fit candidates for His Church. But a belief is personal, heart-deep, determinative of conduct. Believing in Jesus means accepting His teachings and His standards, living in the spirit of His life. You must not interpret that universal life just as I do, but if we are both honest and sincere and conformed to His life, we belong together under the banner of our common King."

This may all be very clear to the Protestant accustomed to accepting a Christ hazy and indistinct as a figure seen far off in the distance. To the Catholic it will seem a simple evasion of a difficulty. To believe in Christ, he rightly maintains, is to hold something pretty definite about Him; and it makes a decided difference whether, for example, that something pretty definite is a belief in His Divinity or not. If I believe that Christ is Divine, I can and should offer Him the honor due to God alone; I am forced by my faith to kneel in prayer and adoration before Him. If I believe Him merely man, such adoration is simply idolatry. Can other than a slovenly idealism see an essential bond in such contradictory beliefs?

As for accepting His teaching and His standards, that principle applied in the Protestant fashion, has been precisely what broke the sects into a thousand fragments. As an aid to unity, which Dr. Miller evidently intends it to be, it must strike anyone acquainted with history as supremely ridiculous. The High Church Episcopalian who holds that Christ taught the Real Presence in the Eucharist is separated by a clear line of cleavage from the Congregationalist who regards such a belief as rank idolatry. And certainly there can be said to be little in common between the Quakers, the members of the Salvation Army, the Unitarians, and the Christian Scientists, all of whom "accept His teachings and His standards" just as they personally interpret them.

The same fundamental differences hold where heaven or the doctrine of a Saviour are concerned. The title of Saviour can be referred to Jesus in only the most vague and indeterminate way unless we look on Calvary as the sacrifice of a Divine Victim to wipe away the debt that stood out against us. Are all Protestants united in a common belief on this point? Do they, furthermore, all look forward to heaven as a certainty or do some of them think even in this day that perhaps heaven is the reward of those who have lived justly, and that there may be a hell for those who incur the Divine wrath?

plitudes are at variance with actually existing facts, that he can take for granted agreement in essentials. Thanks to the Protestant principle of private interpretation, the sects have reached a point where only in a single fact, the name Christian, do they seem to possess even an apparent unity.

No one will wonder, then, that almost every writer praising the great American Church goes very slow when he comes to just what religious doctrines that Church will hold. He knows very clearly what it will not hold; it will not be creed-bound; it will discard dogmas as irrelevant; it will ask but little in the way of faith. Further than this, it will insist very little on creeds; for, after all, it is not faith but deeds that count in God's sight. Protestantism has surely turned turtle since the days when Luther, banging his pulpit, denounced those who proclaimed that good works were of any necessity, and taught that faith without works was the only road leading to justification. Once faith was all important; works worthless. Now the same Protestantism teaches that works are all important; faith matters not in the least.

If the founders of the great American Church are seriously bent on unifying the sects, they have only two courses open to them: either all belief, even in the so-called essentials, must be regarded as unnecessary for membership in the new Church, or some person or body of persons must be appointed to determine just what essential beliefs shall be required.

The first course will make the great American Church a huge farce; a purely negative thing, teaching nothing, affirming nothing, asking of its adherents nothing, offering them nothing. The second course could easily be made to tickle the fancies of every body who is humorously inclined.

Protestants years ago threw religious infallibility and the one person in the world claiming infallibility overboard as decidedly non-essential. This is, in consequence, rather a late day in which to look for some one competent to say with authority just what is essential and what is unessential in matters of faith.

But let us suppose that a committee of ministers is chosen from among the sects to draw up a platform on which all the members can take a common stand. They set themselves to the grim task of procuring a creed that any of their sects will be willing to accept. The meeting is called to order, and within half an hour they find that their conflicting dogmas nullify one another in a fine series of cancellations. The Unitarian will not allow the new Church to teach the Divinity of Christ, while the Episcopalian refuses to consider a Church that pronounces Christ to be mere man. Resultant: The great American Church can teach nothing whatsoever of the nature of Christ. The Baptist will not belong to a church that rejects all the Sacraments; the Presbyterian declines to hold communion with a body that makes them an essential. Resultant: The great American Church has nothing to say on the matter of Sacraments. The Congregationalist representative believes that the Church should teach that hell exists, whereupon frenzied protests are flung at the chairman's head. Resultant: The great American Church declines to say whether or not there is a hell.

Where will it all end? In a dismal, stricken silence on every thing supernatural. There is no spiritual common denominator for the sects as they now stand, and a church built to accommodate them all cannot pronounce a single doctrine without alienating at least some of its members. Once more the great American Church turns out to be a negative thing, a thing of denials and silences.

Let me ask the reader what the spiritually hungry will find in such a church but doubt and difficulties and conflict of opinion? They will find a question, but not so much as hollow echo comes back in answer. It can tell them much, very much about what they need not believe; but on the fundamentals of the supernatural life, it can say just nothing, simply because it has nothing to say.

Unity it may get in this way, the unity of a patchwork or of a non-counting or of a seeing nothing; it will obtain it by renouncing all right to voice a definite opinion on any of the supernatural truths for which the world waits eager-mouthed. It cannot answer a single question awakened by the war in the minds of our soldiers. We may call that unity if we wish; but it is unity bought at the price of everything worth having.—Daniel A. Lord, S. J. in America.

THE CENTURY OF THE PEOPLE

"Cardinal Manning of England—"The Cardinal Democrat" whose work in behalf of the laboring classes can not and should not be forgotten, was frequently charged with leaning to Socialism, in fact was named as a Socialist. In writing to Count de Mun of France, he once wrote, "My letter has caused irritation in England. I, like you, am charged with Socialism. But here, Socialism is little studied—it is a party cry. The coming century will belong neither to the capitalists, nor the bourgeois, but to the people. If we win their confidence, we can counsel them, if we oppose them blindly, all good may be destroyed. I hope much from the

action of the Church, whom all governments depol and reject. Her true home is with the people. It hears her voice."—Catholic Columbian.

CHURCH UNITY

THE CONCORDAT OF EPISCOPAL AND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES

By Rev. Walter Elliott, C. S. P., in The Missionary. Our readers will thank us, I hope, for offering them another article on the proposed Concordat between the Episcopal and Congregational Churches...

The main thing is the effect of this projection of political religious polity among Christians, hitherto decidedly—aggressively—non-political. And as I write, the daily press reports the election of a layman as Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church...

The following statement of fundamental Episcopal doctrine is by Mr. George Wharton Pepper, a distinguished lawyer of Philadelphia, and perhaps the leading lay Episcopalian in the country. It is taken from a powerful and truly eloquent discourse which he delivered at a recent General Convention of his Church...

"This Church has peculiar responsibilities in this matter because of our present great opportunity. By its great comprehensiveness and openness the Episcopal Church is especially qualified to lead the way [to the union of churches]...

I have italicized the words "comprehensiveness" and "hospitable." Paraphrased, Mr. Pepper's summary statement means this: The Episcopal Church welcomes to its membership and ministry adherents of any of the churches which are generally considered worthy the name of Christian.

This doctrinal stand is practically identical with the famous Quadrilateral, or four-fold profession of faith, officially adopted by the Episcopal Church of America and the Church of England, in the eighties of the last century...

Such is the comment I have to make on the statement of some Catholics, that the Concordat will be the final word of abdication of the Catholic position hitherto claimed by High Churchmen. Nothing of the kind. The Concordat must not be called a Broad Church inspiration. It is inspired by honest Episcopalianism as America knows that denomination among the many other Protestant bodies serving our people's religious needs...

"I. The Holy Scriptures of the old and new Testament, as containing all things necessary to salvation, and as being the rule and ultimate standard of faith.

"II. The Apostles' Creed, as the Baptismal Symbol, and the Nicene Creed, as the sufficient statement of the Christian faith.

"III. The two sacraments, ordained by Christ Himself—Baptism and the Supper of the Lord—ministered with unfailing use of Christ's words of institution and of the elements ordained by Him.

"IV. The historic Episcopate locally adapted in the methods of its administration to the varying needs of the nations and peoples called of God into the unity of His Church.

Now it is upon the layman's Unilateral affirmation of the doctrinal openness and comprehensiveness of the Episcopal Church, as well as upon that Church's official Quadrilateral of irreducible orthodoxy, that the Concordat rests—as a medium by which it is proposed to extend the Episcopal priesthood among Congregational ministers and parishes. It seems to me that the Episcopal Church would not herein act inconsistently; and I am certain that she may herein well claim to hold sound Christian doctrine as Episcopalian, almost universally, are minded. Low Churchmen and Broad Churchmen make up the vast majority of Episcopalianism, both clerical and lay; and no one will question that their practically unanimous doctrinal position is what I have stated. The average Episcopalian is as firmly convinced of the doctrine of Comprehensiveness as he is of Christ's divinity.

enforces the Concordat: "I call myself a Catholic and embrace fully all Catholic tenets and practices, strongly believe in a sacerdotal order, that the Mass is the only proper principle service on the Lord's Day, and in the use of such Catholic devotions and forms as the Way of the Cross, confession, holy water, incense."

"However, I find myself in strong accord with the proposer. My reading has been limited enough, but no one can read Gore's Roman Catholic Claims and not realize the pity and the sin of schism. Further, I believe no sincere Christian can impute all the blame for past schisms to the separated bodies.

"If by Baptism we are one, how much will God know us to be separated? He is infinitely beyond us. Then, by strict mathematics, how much to Him are these factions which we wrangle about? Christian Churches not accepting the Episcopal order have been used by the Holy Spirit. Of course they have, for in God's eye their difference from us must be infinitesimal!"

Close observers have always felt that this candid writer practically avows: High doctrines are usually held by Anglicans rather as religious opinions and views than as articles of Christian faith; they do not hold these sacred truths and follow these venerable doctrines in anywise as do our Catholic people.

Tolerance of doctrinal differences (comprehensiveness and openness), clearing the way down to the principles affirmed in the Quadrilateral, is notoriously the working creed of the Episcopal Church. Now the Concordat would offer an arrangement by which any reputable Congregational minister, who accepts that doctrinal basis, may be ordained an Episcopal priest and continue his ministrations in his congregation; a little fraternal diplomacy will smooth away all minor difficulties. A sort of *ambrosia quadrilateralis*, and yet really organic union is thus to be secured between the two denominations.

As it was to be expected, some High Anglicans, mostly clergymen, are showing violent discontent with the Concordat. Yet none of them is a better type of high doctrinal belief than is Dr. Manning, of Trinity Church, New York; he has set his name to the proposal of the Concordat. He has done so because he firmly believes in comprehensive tolerance of doctrinal differences; he undoubtedly represents the High Anglican sentiment. In fact all High Churchmen are continually taking their places in Church organic assemblies side by side with ministers who believe the Quadrilateral doctrine should be made yet further reducible, not hesitating to preach to their people to that effect, indeed some bishops are to be placed in this class. If all these may be, yes, must be thus tolerated and comprehended within the Episcopal communion, why should not fairly orthodox ministers be drawn from without and affiliated by "historic" orders to the "Catholic Church" as it is "locally adapted to the varying needs of the people of the United Church by Protestant Episcopalianism?"

Such is the comment I have to make on the statement of some Catholics, that the Concordat will be the final word of abdication of the Catholic position hitherto claimed by High Churchmen. Nothing of the kind. The Concordat must not be called a Broad Church inspiration. It is inspired by honest Episcopalianism as America knows that denomination among the many other Protestant bodies serving our people's religious needs. That Church is, as a matter of fact, just what it is thought to be by its adherents and all others—a form of Protestantism making rather persistent claims to be also Catholicism. With the Concordat effeteated, they will hit on to their "Catholic" chariot a Congregationalist inspiration.

Memorably also that it must be said, to anyone but a latitudinarian doctrinal comprehensiveness is compromise with false doctrine. The Quadrilateral, with its "terms of intercommunion" and its "essentials of Christian faith," is a signpost pointing to the broad way condemned by our Saviour in His Sermon on the Mount (Matt. vii, 13).

In conclusion I beg the Catholic reader to peruse the following extract from The Living Church, published with the first promulgation of the proposed Concordat. I have seen nothing on the subject more intelligently stated on the Episcopal side. Bear in mind that this tentative approval is part of a leading editorial article:

"It may be admitted that the Church takes a certain risk in ordaining a priest and sending him, with neither vestments nor liturgy, back into a Congregational relationship, among people who may be entirely unsympathetic with his desire to add the authority of episcopal ordination to that ordination which he already possesses. Episcopal ordination is only worth having in that it makes a man a deacon or a priest when he was not a deacon or a priest before, and that implies a desire on his part to perform diaconal or priestly functions.

"We have in the past urged the immorality of any proceeding whereby a man should be made a priest unknown to himself. This concordat and the appended canon seem to protect both him and the Church from this danger. The minister could not fail to recognize that he had been made a priest.

"And yet, once started, we believe a movement toward unity will re-

ceive a surprising impetus. Our London letter in this present issue tells of a plan tentatively worked out between the Bishop of London and certain Wesleyan ministers. We understand that English Moravians have also made overtures seeking to find a basis for unity. The essential things are, first, that we all preserve a truly sympathetic attitude, and, second, that we insist unfalteringly that unity can be reached.

"It means very much for men of the age and standing of Dr. Smyth and the dignity of his associates to be willing to go so far in seeking to bridge the old, old, chasm between episcopacy and non-episcopacy. It is because we recognize that unity is desired that we are anxious to find a way to meet it. And it is certain that only the graver and more serious of his fellow-ministers would be likely to take the step which these are willing to take, while our bishops, on the other hand, would be able to treat each candidate solely on his individual merits.

"We commend the concordat to the thoughtful consideration of Churchmen. It is easy to criticize it. But it may be better to take the risk of accepting than the greater risk of refusing it."

THE ONE TRUE CHURCH

HOW PROTESTANT SEEKERS HAVE FOUND THE HAVEN OF TRUTH

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

"As I look down the course of history, I find that there is only one Church which has existed from the beginning of Christianity to the present, teaching one faith, and being under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of Rome. This is established beyond doubt by Scripture, tradition, patristic writing, and by all history. Those words were written a few years ago by the Rev. W. Farmer, an American Methodist, who further expressed the sound opinion that only a mind of 'wonderful inconsistent, illogical, and unhistorical agility' could jump from the Council of Nicea to the times of Luther, ignoring in its prodigious leap eleven centuries concerned with the most important spread of the Christian Faith. But the 'sons of the Reformation' do not quite ignore those centuries; they assert that during that period the Church went astray, became corrupt, so that it was necessary to begin again, and establish new churches; and so they ground the 'Reformation' on a falsification of the Divine promise, contradictory to the words of Scripture and of Our Lord Himself. Mr. Farmer pointed out that the 'reformers' in their desire to purge the Church of abuses, ended by attacking the Faith itself, and attempting to give to many of its ancient formularies and practices a new meaning entirely perverted of the original and true contents of Christian revelation. The Church from the beginning was compelled, and she had the Divine commission and authority to define faith and reject error if truth were to be preserved incorrupt. Hence the definition of many fundamental doctrines and the condemnation of heresies, Arianism, Montanism, etc. She defined the dogmas of the Trinity, the Divinity of Christ, the Incarnation, and so on, which Protestantism accepted, and which many Protestants still hold. To admit her decisions then surely makes it logical and imperatively necessary to admit them now, for she still stands in an unbelieving, critical, and materialistic age as a mighty bulwark against the disintegrating and corrupting forces of modern rationalism, and as a source of the true Faith and practice. It is not surprising to read in the journal which records Mr. Farmer's observations that he has been received into the Church whose authority he even then recognized."

Sunday Visitor, 27th April. The same journal records the remarks of another Protestant minister, the Rev. C. Harbord, of Kansas City, who, after studying the entire history of the Christian religion as written by both Catholic and Protestant historians, arrived at the following conclusions as the results of his research: (1.) That the Catholic Church has an unbroken history back to the first century, whilst between that century and Protestantism there is a gap of 1500 years. (2.) That the history of the Catholic Church has been one of unity of faith and doctrine, and that of Protestantism one of division, strife, contention and unrest. (3.) That there is not a single truth that is taught by any Protestant body that is not taught by the Catholic Church, who teaches many vital truths that are not taught by any Protestant body. (4.) That the great doctrines of the Catholic Church have ever been the same, while Protestantism is always changing. (5.) That there is in the Catholic Church a spirit of reverence and devotion that is largely wanting in Protestantism. Every Catholic is taught that the Church is the House of God, and to behave therein with reverence, 'while too often the Protestant churches are turned into club rooms and play houses.' This gentleman also has followed the light, and entered the One Fold of the One Shepherd. The Philadelphia Record, (8th April), prints a summary of an address by Mr. R. A. Cram, a leading Episcopal layman of Boston, of whose conversion we may hope to hear, as he advocated Church unity on the basis of a return to the Catholic fold. He emphasized the divi-

sion of the churches, their scattered efforts to solve the great problems of reconstruction, and after calling attention to Catholic doctrines, insisted that the Sacraments were indispensable in the preservation and practice of the Christian Faith. He declared that without a doubt his Church had to go back to the tenets of the Middle Ages when Church and State, hand in hand, insisted upon the indissolubility of the marriage tie, and when it taught that the Sacrifice of the Mass was the greatest and highest religious service, and that the forgiveness of sins in the Sacrament of Penance was essential to regaining the grace of God; the arguments for the Catholic doctrine of Transubstantiation were not, he said, to be challenged, and the doctrines which had been set up against it—most of which had been thrown aside—were not in accord with the spirit of Christ. He concluded by saying that the frequent efforts made by Anglicans towards a union with the Roman Catholic Church had never been effectual because they were always concluded with certain provisos; certain Anglican bishops would have liked their authority ratified by communion with the Church, with the right to teach and to do pretty much as they liked, but the Anglican bishops and clergy would have to realize that they must, in joining the Catholic Church, be- side upon, devoted priests in the ministry. The study in contrast afforded by the words of these different persons recalls what Kinglake wrote of the Church: 'The universal aptness of a religious system for all stages of civilization, and for all sorts and conditions of men, well besits its claim of Divine origin. She is of all nations and of all times, that wonderful Church of Rome!'

"Eothen," ch. xl. And Schlegel confesses 'Protestantism was the work of man, and it really appears in no other light even in the history which its own disciples have drawn of its origin.' ('Philosophy of History.') Other signs of the times are found in letters published in the New York Sun, the one from an Anglican, the other from a non-church-goer. The first writer opines that though Protestantism may have brought forth freedom of thought and speech, these have bred doubt of the Word of God, doubt of the Resurrection, doubt of Himself. 'The Protestant says I think.' The Catholic says I believe.' According to the second writer there is an onward, unmistakable movement towards the Catholic Church. 'The creeds and the churches are going back home. The real Protestants are the devotees of materialism and all other godless isms, who prefer hobbies to that home. The religions of the future will be two only, atheism and the Church of Rome.' And in that contest we Catholics know who will be victor, know that again will be seen the fulfilment of the Divine promise: 'The gates of hell shall not prevail.' Over and over again in the history of the world, great tempests have arisen so that Peter's boat was covered with waves; but after each storm has come a great calm, and the unerring unfaltering Voice has been heard. It will be so even to the consummation of the world.

MOTHER

There is nothing more beautiful or Christ-like in the character of the young than a mother's love. They, whose steps are slowly descending life's sunless slope, have only one consolation as the years speed by them—that is, they look for kindness and consideration from those upon whose lives the beauties of life's morning are just breaking. Age is a season of physical infirmity, mental retrospection, shattered dreams and earthly disappointment. No more, for the old, is there glamor in the stars, a freshness in the spring, a triumph in the years. The old and melodies that you and I hear, sound far, far off to them. The thousand beauties that you and I see, they see through eyes long since dimmed with tears shed over the graves of old loves. Treat them gently, young men and women, for by their sorrow and their sacrifice, you have not only existence, but much of the happiness you too often forget. Of all the love affairs in this world, none can surpass the love of a young man for his mother. Any young man may fall in love with some fresh faced girl and the young man who may be gallant to the girl, may forget the tired and weary wife. But the young man who loves his mother in her old age is the truest type of knighthood and he will love his wife as dearly in the autumn as he does in the springtime. Never mind if she is old and feeble and her dress or bonnet not up-to-date, she is your mother, and she looks to you—as does your father—to keep them in their old age, to aid their tottering steps, to be gentle, kind and patient with them.

Be kind to the old and God's blessing will follow you down through the years. You girls and young women, let me speak to you of your mother. Every day should be 'mother's day.' So every day should be a day of remembrance. Perhaps you noticed the care worn look on her face lately. Of course it was not brought there by any act of yours—but its your duty to chase it away. Get up tomorrow morning, get the fire started and the breakfast on the way and when mother comes down and expresses her surprise, go right up to her, throw your arms around her neck and kiss her.

You cannot imagine how that love kiss will brighten her dear face. Besides, don't you think you owe her a kiss or two after all these long years? Away back in those days when you were a little girl, she kissed you when no one else was tempted to by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not as attractive looking then as you are now. And all during those childish years of sunshine and shadow, mother was always ready to cure, by the magic of her kiss, your dirty little hands when they were injured in your first fights with this rough old world. Then the goodnight kiss with which she sent you off to bed and the midnight kiss with which she chased away your wild dreams as she smoothed your pillow—all these have been on interest many long years. Of course, mother is not so pretty as you are, but if you had done your share of the household work in the past five or ten years—the contrast, perhaps, would not be so marked. Mother's face has more wrinkles than yours, yet if you were sick that face would shine like an angel's as she leaned over your sick bed and waited on you.

Dear girls, that good mother of yours is going to leave you one of these days. Unless you or some one lifts the burden she has been carrying all these years that burden is going to break her down. Have you no interest? Don't you care? Don't all this make any difference to you? Don't grumble about the work you have to do in the home. Don't grumble about the little more work you may have to do than your sister. Remember all you do in the home you are doing for your mother. It's helping mother. It's giving her a chance to sit down and rest. It's saving her steps. It's adding years to her life and these years she is going to spend with you. Don't you care? Some day, it may be soon, these rough hands that have done so many unnecessary acts of kindness for you during all the years past, are going to be crossed on her lifeless breast. Those neglected lips that gave you your first baby kiss will some day be closed forever and her sad, tired eyes, that lit up with love light, at the mention of your name, will close in Death's long, long sleep and then you will appreciate your mother, but then—it will be too late. Don't wonder if her dress is old and threadbare and her hair made over from last year's style—remember mother is only a girl grown up; she likes nice things as well as you do, but she goes without them and makes over her dress and hat, so you can have the nicer and newer things to wear. O, some day, in the midst of all your round of pleasure, stop and think of mother! Watch her face some evening when you think she is not looking and see how tired it looks. Then surely you will resolve to share her burden, lessen her steps and brighten her remaining days. Don't wait until it's all too late. Think of her now while you have her to love and cherish.

Home without mother is a lonely place. The world without mother grows more dreary, day by day. Every story told, every picture painted, every life lived without the thought of mother in it, is incomplete. Do you recall Christ's beautiful story of the Prodigal Son? I believe the Master meant to teach us the lesson of an absent mother. The story tells us of the fine home, the wealth and influence, the good father, and dutiful son, but there is no mention of a mother—had a mother been there, the world might never have heard of the Prodigal Son. All life and love, all services and duty circles around the thought of mother. You cannot escape her influence. She is life's first teacher; she is life's last teacher; she is life's truest friend. Whenever you see a man kneel down to pray, whenever you see a man do some kind deed or say some kind word, remember some good mother first taught him how. The finer marks of her love are all over your home; the seal of her love is on your very heart. Yet who really loves her or cares for her or thinks of her—unless one wants some favor or needs some true friend, then we go to mother, that willing slave of love—mother—who lives all alone in a land of lonely hearts. Love your dear old mother. Time, perhaps, has scattered snowy flakes on her brow and plowed deep furrows in her cheeks, but, in spite of all that, is she not beautiful? Her lips may be thin and shrunken, but those lips have kissed away many a hot tear from your childish cheeks. Her eyes are growing dim—you notice she cannot thread her needle as well as formerly—yet those same eyes glow with the soft radiance of holy love, whenever she thinks of you. Ah, yes, young men and women, she is a dear old mother—that mother of yours. The sands of her life are nearly run out, yet she will go farther and reach lower down for you than any one else in life. You cannot walk in a midnight haunt where she will not see you; you cannot enter a prison whose iron bars can keep her out; you cannot mount a scaffold so high that she cannot reach you, that she may kiss you and mark you as a proof of her deathless love. When the world shall despise you and forsake you, when the world leaves you by the road-side to die unnoticed, that dear old mother of yours will gather you in her arms and carry you home and tell you all your virtues, till you almost forget you have sinned your soul by sin. Love her tenderly! Cheer, as far as in you lies, her declining years, and mark my word, God, who loved His Virgin Mother, will bless you.—Rev. E. E. Cuniff, in True Voice.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

ALMS-DEEDS

A soul is the masterpiece of the works of God, framed to His Own likeness and redeemed by the blood of His only Son. Because the soul is so precious in the sight of God we may never permit ourselves to be unconcerned about its welfare. The Church, the mouth-piece of God, gives us for our direction in this regard a list of duties known as the spiritual works of mercy. All true Christians regard the spiritual works of mercy as a duty imposed upon them, and a duty, too, of vast import.

The inspired word reminds us that "To everyone Thou hast given the charge of his neighbor."

We know that millions are daily running to eternal destruction; that millions are on the brink of the infernal precipice; that many, many Catholics destined for heaven are falling away from the saving doctrines of Christ and the practices of His holy religion in many cases without any fault on their part.

Have we done, are we doing, anything to save or to help to save those in so desperate a way? Have we even prayed for them or bewailed their misery?

It is not too much to conclude, that if we have neglected to pray for the salvation of our Brethren in Christ, we have likewise sacrificed very little of our worldly goods for the spiritual welfare of their immortal souls. Yet, almsdeeds ought to accompany our prayers when at all possible. Even the poor are urged to give a little from the little they have. Dives was lost, not because he did not believe in God, but because he was hard-hearted and miserly to the poor. The world we are taught by Christ shall be judged and the definitive sentence on the wicked shall be: "Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, because I was hungry and you gave Me not to eat," etc. If a sentence so severe and awful shall be pronounced on those who neglected to feed and clothe the bodies of their fellow-men, how awful and terrible shall be the pronouncement by an angry God upon those who have never lifted a finger to clothe and feed the famishing souls about them?

God is our Lord, to Whom we must pay homage. He has declared that mercy is most acceptable to Him. Let us not then throw away in vanity or in satisfying the cravings of an extravagant heart the good things given to us by a bountiful Providence! We are after all only God's stewards, therefore we are under an obligation of spending His goods for His glory and for the supreme welfare of our neighbors, as the supreme law, charity, commands.

Were Jesus Himself to appeal to you for His missions, for succor for His neglected and impoverished churches and priests we know, you would unburden yourself at least of all your superfluous wealth to meet His desires. Don't forget these words "Whatever you have done to one of the least of these my brethren, you have done it to Me."

What an unspeakable comfort it will be for us when the multitude of souls we have aided by our aims through The Extension Society of mercy to His suffering Church and demand mercy for us in return! Bountiful mercy shall surely be our return, for it is not written "Mercy to him who hath shown mercy."

Donations may be addressed to: Rev. T. O'DONNELL, President, Catholic Church Extension Society, 87 Bond St., Toronto.

Contributions through this office should be addressed to:

EXTENSION, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

Table with columns: DONATIONS, Previously acknowledged, and amounts. Includes names like Duncan Chisholm, E. G. P., Ottawa, E. O'N., Lindsay, A. B., Lindsay, Friend, Paris, Reader, Blacks Harbor, N. B., Friend, Ottawa, Mary Dobson, Chicago, Ill.

FORTUNE TELLING

CONDEMNED BY THE CHURCH

Father Hull, S. J., writes with his usual clarity of thought and style on a subject curiously interesting to many persons. He says in the Bombay Examiner in reply to a query: "We have often answered questions on this subject; but can satisfy our correspondent as follows: 'The Church condemns palmistry and astrology, not because its pronouncements frighten people when they are bad, but because they are superstitions, and according to our theology, no human mind can know the future, except so far as it can be rationally calculated from the present. For instance, I can see that a barrel of powder will explode as soon as the burning fuse reaches it. I can know that certain vices will undermine health and bring disease. I can know that the sun will rise tomorrow (unless the last judgment intervenes), because nature works in certain regular lines. But this is merely calculation from cause to effect. I cannot fore-

see anything future which is not written in causes present before my eyes. I cannot foresee that 50-and-so will propose at the age of twenty-one and be refused; or that he will be killed by lightning next year but one; or that he will meet with financial ruin at the age of forty-two. If man cannot foresee such purely future events, neither can any created mind, angel or devil, do so either. God alone with His infinite mind has the power of knowing the future, because the past, present, and future are equally in His consciousness.

"Any claim contrary to this principle must be a fraud or delusion, and therefore superstition. There is no conceivable way by which such future events can be written in the stars, or in the man's palm. Hence these arts are condemned by the Church, because they assert a form of knowledge which does not exist, and interpret the universe in terms contradictory to those in which God has created it.

"If anyone pretends to acquire this knowledge by dealing with occult spiritual beings, we answer: 'Such things can only have that knowledge if God has revealed it to them.' It is contrary to God's ways to reveal such knowledge, except to His own accredited prophets—who must prove that they are sent by God. If spirits pretend to have such knowledge, they must be evil spirits trying to deceive mankind; and all dealings with evil spirits is treason against God, and forbidden by His Commandments.

"Therefore, if these arts pretend to be purely scientific, they are to be discredited as frauds and deceptions. If they pretend to rest on communication of spirits they are not only fraudulent (since the spirits do not possess such knowledge) but also criminal and offensive to God."

A PETITION

I ask thee not for riches, O my God! I ask thee not for honors or for fame; Nor for the fleeting pleasures of this world, Too often purchased by a lasting shame. But, in the dust, I tremblingly adore Thee, While heart and flesh with reverent rapture thrill— God of my soul! I fervently implore Thee, Teach me to know and do Thy holy will! —ELEANOR C. DONNELLY

FATHER FRASER'S CHINA MISSION FUND

Almonte, Ontario

Dear Friends,—I came to Canada to seek vocations for the Chinese Missions which are greatly in need of priests. In my parish alone there are three cities and a thousand villages to be evangelized and only two priests. Since I arrived in Canada a number of youths have expressed their desire to study for the Chinese mission, but there are no funds to educate them. I appeal to you charity to assist in founding burses for the education of these and others who desire to become missionaries in China. Five thousand dollars will found a bursar. The interest on this amount will support a student. When he is ordained and goes off to the mission another will be taken in and so on forever. All imbued with the Catholic spirit of propagation of Faith to the ends of the earth will, I trust, contribute generously to this fund.

Gratefully yours in Jesus and Mary, J. M. FRASER.

I propose the following burses to be subscription.

Table with columns: SACRED HEART BURSE, Previously acknowledged, and amounts. Includes names like Presque, Nfld., May G. Tuff, Lamaline, Nfld., M. J. M., Harbor Maine, Nfld., Friend, Antigonish, N. S., QUEEN OF APOSTLES BURSE, Previously acknowledged, ST. ANTHONY'S BURSE, Previously acknowledged, IMMACULATE CONCEPTION BURSE, Previously acknowledged, COMFORTER OF THE AFFLICTED BURSE, Previously acknowledged, ST. JOSEPH, PATRON OF CHINA, BURSE, Previously acknowledged, BLESSED SACRAMENT BURSE, Previously acknowledged, ST. FRANCIS XAVIER BURSE, Previously acknowledged, HOLY NAME OF JESUS BURSE, Previously acknowledged, HOLY SOULS BURSE, Previously acknowledged, LITTLE FLOWER BURSE, Previously acknowledged.

In order to imitate our Lady, let us select some virtue, which will make the home happier, the one which will make us, individually, more lovable and which will lessen the demands that we make on the forbearance of others.—obedience, patience, kindness, charity.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

By Rev. M. BOSSAERT

EIGHTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

THE DAY OF RECKONING AND OUR PREPARATION FOR IT

It is quite plain in today's Gospel that the rich man in the parable is a type of God, and the steward is man. Yes, God has appointed us all to be stewards of the goods that He has entrusted to us, but only for a certain time. When that time is over, He will call us to account for the use that we have made of His property. If we are good and prudent stewards, we shall prepare our account beforehand; so that at the day of reckoning we may not have to dread God's omniscience and justice. Today's Gospel teaches us all this, reminding us of the last great day of reckoning and of our preparation for it. Let us take these truths as the subject of this meditation.

1. God's summons to come and give account of our stewardship will be heard by us all without exception, as soon as our time here is over. He calls us often during our life on earth, by conferring upon us many graces and benefits, by sending us trials and suffering, by the voice of conscience encouraging us to do right and avoid evil, and finally by the words of His priests. All these are preliminary calls, that should remind us of the last decisive summons awaiting us, and warn us to think of the judgment to come, and of what lies before us. When the last summons is heard, each of us will have to cease doing either good or evil, and render His account, for he will be steward no longer, as he must appear before His Lord and Judge. Each of us will hear this summons at the hour of death, and at the terrible moment when the angels sound their trumpets and call all mankind to the last judgment. Of the steward in the Gospel we are told that His lord called him and said: "Now thou canst be steward no longer." Of each of us the same words will be said: "God called him, and he laid down his stewardship, and died; he has appeared before His Judge." We know that this will happen, but we know not when, for it is written that man knoweth not his end, and our divine Saviour said: "You know neither the day nor the hour when these things shall come to pass."

2. We shall all have to render our last account to God Himself. "Give an account of thy stewardship." Thus will He speak to each of us, when we appear before His judgment seat. Here on earth the great and mighty and those under their protection may perhaps avoid giving an account of their actions, or they may deceive those entitled to call them to do so, but such is not the case with God. He passes over none, and none can rely upon his own power, or bribe or deceive that Judge, before Whom there is no respect of persons. He will call upon all to give account of their stewardship. He will ask the rich and powerful how they have used their wealth and high position; priests, how they have cared for the souls entrusted to their charge; parents, how have brought up their children; and children, how they have observed the fourth Commandment. All will have to answer for every thought, word and work; and also for the use made of their senses, for the obedience paid to all God's Commandments, for all advantages of body and soul, for all graces bestowed, for all the Sacraments received, and for everything done and omitted. In accordance with all these things you will be judged and requited each according to his works.

With such a reckoning before us, how ought we to act? We must follow the prudent example of the steward in the parable, who, when summoned by His master, said: "What shall I do? . . . I know what I will do." As Christians we too should know what to do, that we may give a good account of ourselves when we stand before God's judgment seat. It will then be too late to beg, to dig or to labor, for the night will have come, when no man can work. Now we still have time and grace, now we can daily appear as suppliants before the throne of God's mercy, begging for grace to do right; now we can dig, i. e., work in the service of God and for the salvation of our souls, showing ourselves zealous in paying loyal obedience to the Commandments of God and His Church; now we can make friends, i. e., we can love righteousness and lead honest lives; we can show pity to the poor and pass our days in obedience, patience and peaceable behavior. Why should we do all this? In order that the friends thus acquired may receive us into everlasting habitations, that we may not die unprepared but may have a reason to fear God's call, and may find Him a merciful Judge on the last day, when we appear as faithful stewards before Him. Amen.

It is not enough to cultivate mere tender feelings and vague desires of imitating our Lady. We must go further, and the simplest way is to choose some definite virtue and to endeavor to practise it.

Loving children instinctively imitate their mother. Love tends to produce union and resemblance. So we, who profess to love our immaculate Mother, must endeavor to imitate her virtues in our feeble degree. But our imitation must take a practical form.

CHAINED BIBLE OF FICTION

We have heard much during the past few months of the "unchaining of the Bible." The cutting of the cable is an event that has been duly extolled for the glory of the liberators and for the shame of those who put shackles upon the Book.

The revilers of the Catholic Church have so industriously spread this story that they have got themselves and thousands of others to believe it and to cast due reproach on the system of religion which has kept the world ignorant of the revelations set forth in the sacred pages.

Not long ago Bishop Brag, false to his name as well as to the anti-Catholic tradition, told the good Protestants of Christiana, Norway, that before the British Bible Society got under good headway—which was not till the middle of the nineteenth century—all attempts to spread the sacred volume met with little success.

Bishop Brag further informed his northern brethren that all that could be attempted was to provide each minister and each church with a copy of the Bible. The cost was so high that it was judged impossible to furnish a book for every family. In Norway, two hundred years ago, a Bible cost as much as a good horse.

The first Norwegian Bible, says Bishop Brag, was printed in 1819. This fact and its date are worthy of remembering, for the Protestant Reformation which had so much to do with the "unchaining of the Bible," was introduced into Norway in the year 1536. Thus, so far as the freeing of the sacred volume affected Norwegian Protestants, it took 283 years for them to enjoy that glorious emancipation. Slow work! Then how tantalizing what a mockery indeed, for hardly had a sacred text reached the benighted Norwegians than its propagators and champions set to work to discredit it as the reliable record of God's dealings with the race of man.

The British Bible Society, which has been splendidly instrumental in spreading the Bible throughout the world, did not, according to the preface quoted above, succeed in publishing the entire Bible until 1819. It would be ungracious indeed to discredit the Society for not placing the divine pages before the people until that late date. The fact that it succeeded in doing so even then is an evidence of its good-will and high purpose.

After recalling what Bishop Brag has to say one may readily understand why the Catholic Church did not succeed in placing the Bible in the hands of millions of her disciples. It is fair to charge her with the desire to keep her people ignorant of the enlightenment contained in the sacred pages, simply because the Bible was not placed in everybody's hands? The Christian religion, or, if you will, the Catholic Church, antedated the invention of printing by fourteen or fifteen hundred years. The Bibles that were in use prior to that time were published under the direct inspiration of the Catholic Church and were copied letter for letter by her patient and ill-requited monks.

Were it not for the Church there could be no Bible in the world today. If she were opposed to the Bible she could have gotten rid of it simply by holding aloof and without practicing vandalism of any kind. Her encouragement and her patronage were for centuries necessary to the existence of the sacred pages.

It is worth noting that the claim that the Bible is the sole rule of faith looks rather foolish when set down side by side with the impossibility of supplying the volume to every believing Christian. Such a necessity, anecessity so impossible of fulfillment, would argue that the Lord was rankly unfair to those of whom He would require stewardship. It was Pharaoh and not the God of Mercy who forced the helpless to make bricks without straw. Even if there were a Bible for every Christian, how few of them could have read it! This very fact is likewise charged up against the Church and set down as one of her designs against the progress of human intelligence.

The enemies who so eagerly urge this charge are as devoid of imagination as they are of honesty. They live within an exceedingly narrow mental horizon. If they were able to translate themselves beyond the ignorant present and travel back in fancy to the days when conditions were wholly different from those in which they drone out their existence they would perhaps realize that the old communities that antedated the invention of printing were exceedingly slow in learning the art of reading. There were no special inducements to force them to spend long years in the acquisition of an accomplishment so unusual and so unnecessary for what they deemed their highest happiness either in this world or in the world to come. Their forefathers had got along very well without books, and they were perfectly willing to take their chances with the ancients. There were no quick deliveries, no morning papers, no telegraphic service, no divulgations of the gossip of the day or the program of events to come. It was hard to lift the people out of the old manner of life. It was not the Church's business to do so. It was hers to preach the Word as it was given to her, in season and out of season. She did so with a success that probably does not appeal to the critics of the hour, but which has received the benediction of the Lord in whose service she labored for so

TORTURED BY RHEUMATISM

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" Brought Quick and Permanent Relief



MR. P. H. MCHUGH, 103 Church Street, Montreal.

"I was a great sufferer from Rheumatism for over 16 years, I consulted specialists, took medicines, used lotions; but nothing did me good. Then, I began to use 'Fruit-a-tives'; and in 15 days, the pain was easier and the Rheumatism was better. Gradually, 'Fruit-a-tives' overcame my Rheumatism; and now, for five years, I have had no return of the trouble. Also, I had severe Eczeema and Constipation, and 'Fruit-a-tives' relieved me of these complaints; and gave me a good appetite; and in every way restored me to health." P. H. MCHUGH.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent post paid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

many fruitful centuries.—Catholic Transcript.

THE "CHURCH AT HOME"

Mary Dixon Thayer in America

The article in the January Atlantic Monthly by Harry Emerson Fosdick, entitled "The Trenches and the Church at Home," presents to the Catholic reader a vivid portrait of Protestantism as it exists today in all the weakness of its inconsistencies, in the division of its multitudinous sects, in its bewilderment before the "new era," its stinging doubt of its own competence, and its querulous groping after a "new Christianity" that, adapted to the spiritually awakened minds of our returning soldiers—made ever, as it were, according to their demands—will appeal to them and hold their respect and attention. Without, we feel the sincere desire of the Protestant sects to rise equal to the great task, to emerge from this period of struggle united and powerful. Says Mr. Fosdick:

"While the soldier's judgment often is abrupt and fallible, we know well, when we cease politicking our conscience with soft complacency that any impatience of the soldiers with our belated sectarian divisions is justified. For a long time now we have been concocting excuses for our lamentable situation. We have grown fluent with historical explanations of present ills, and with comforting analogies of other institutions' similar misfortunes. The day for this pleasant dalliance is over. White-wash cannot forever support rotting timbers. The hour of the Church's (Mr. Fosdick seems here to have wrongly placed his apostrophe, since he refers to a distinct Protestant) crisis and of her splendid opportunity has struck. . . . Let the Churches proclaim social aims worth fighting for, not a mere selfish gospel of safety; let them lift up the central faiths of the Christian life, with the fringes hanging how they will [why allow the fringes to hang at all if they be admittedly unnecessary? Let them (the churches) make ethical negotiations only the shadows cast by the great light of positive ideas; let them practise as well as preach fraternity; and, doing these things, let them draw together in one common cause, because they have learned how much they all agree and how insignificantly they differ! They need not fear the return of the army, if they will do that."

Splendid advice; but we wonder whether Mr. Fosdick is quite aware of the consequences innate in the realization of his proposal. Were our various Protestant sects to "draw together" in reality, and, emphasizing their central dogmas, allow the others to "hang as they would," there would emerge a doctrine, or code of life, or whatever they would in session arrayed agree to call it, perilously resembling that of the Catholic Church. For this particular "denomination" happening, strangely enough, it must seem to Mr. Fosdick, to have existed for fourteen centuries before any of the others, constituted, indeed, the well of truth from which all later sects derived whatever they were to retain as pure and unadulterated doctrine.

All else was mere protest against existing belief, rejection, formal enunciation of what they refused absolutely to accept and what, in its mere statement, is witness to the fact of the previous existence of a faith attesting the truth of precisely all they would deny. Mr. Fosdick, coun-

selling that emphasis be laid upon the positive ideals of the various sects, and that ethical negotiations be relegated as shadows only, of these ideals, is robbing the Protestant sects of their fundamental *raison d'être* which was negation in its most virile form, and to which the name itself of Protestantism eloquent testimony. It is, of course, negation that constitutes the chasm between Protestantism and Catholicism, and just so far as this chasm is bridged by substitution of assertion for negation just so much the nearer will be these two great factors of modern Christendom. It is indeed strange that Mr. Fosdick, and other intelligent Protestants of the present day, who see in Catholicism the negation of the myriad sects of Christendom, do not observe with interest upon closer examination, the remarkable uniqueness of this particular "sect" in its fundamental, easily perceptible and clearly verifiable strength, age, unity and magnitude as compared to all others.

What Christian denomination except the Catholic dares enumerate as her children 200,000,000 souls? Not even the combined strength of divided Protestantism could boast such a vast multitude. And this multitude of every race, of every nation of the world, supports a universal priesthood, acknowledges a universal "head," and attests a universal and identical creed.

"For generations writes Mr. Fosdick the churches have been calling men to fight the world's worst; their present task is first, to see if they can somehow become once more the rallying point of the world's best. Urgently we desire these men of the army to accept Christianity; but before we succeed, many our of churches will have to get a type of Christianity that is worth the real man's while to accept."

What, exactly, does Mr. Fosdick mean in this paragraph? Plainly, that the churches are no longer the "rallying point of the world's best," and that the primal Christianity has become so adulterated, so falsified, that, in its present state, it is not "worth the real man's while to accept."

For those Protestants who still cling desperately to belief in the Divinity of Christ the admission of such a fact must be bewildering, humiliating, indeed. Who was Christ but a mere man, if the religion which He professedly came into the world to found has disintegrated, in time, into such a turmoil of conditions that is not "worth the real man's while to accept?" Who was He, in deed, but an impostor, a madman, if what He foretold has been utterly contradicted, and what He prayed for has been left unfulfilled?

Verily, if Protestantism represented all that was left of Christianity we should be justified in seeking a "new" and purer form, or, I think, with more reason, we should be justified in forsaking it altogether. "Atheism or Catholicism," there is no middle course; "there is no middle course," that truth is forced vividly upon us from the very lamentations of those who, having followed the "middle course," see in it themselves only a maze of byways among which they are, by their own admission, hopelessly lost, as they blindly wander down devious paths.

Thank God that we, who possess the only true Faith, the only Christianity in the completeness of its Divine perfection, unity and beauty, are spared the pathetic realization that, if our religion is to survive at all it must be "made over!"

Christ's sublime prayer for the Church of which He was the cornerstone is fulfilled gloriously, through all ages, in the Catholic Communion.

And now I am not in the world, and these are in the world, and I come to Thee, Holy Father, keep them in Thy name whom Thou hast given Me, that they may be one as we also are. . . . These things I speak in the world, that they may have joy filled in themselves. I have given them Thy word and the world hath hated them because they are not of the world; as I also am not of

the world. "I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldst keep them from evil. . . . And not for them only do I pray, but for them also who through their word shall believe in Me. That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, in Me and I in Thee; that they also may be one in us that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me. And the glory which Thou hast given Me, I have given to them, that they may be one, as we also are one. I in them, and Thou in Me; that they may be made perfect in one, and the world may know that Thou hast sent Me and hast loved them, as Thou hast also loved Me."

Would that Mr. Fosdick and our other Protestant friends who are so much concerned over the cracks in the structure of their religion, and who are frantically attempting to prop up its foundations ere the whole tottering edifice crash in pieces about their heads—would that they, gazing upward with the eyes of sincere seekers after truth, might behold that vast city that is builded upon a mountain, that "One True Fold" which cannot be hid, that kingdom which is undivided and which alone emerges undefiled, triumphant, after nineteen centuries of persecution, in which the sublime prophecies of Christ are manifest, and to which were addressed these words: "Behold! I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world!"

St. Bernard, being one day on a journey, was joined on the road by a peasant with whom he entered into conversation. Whilst chatting together the saint asked the peasant among other things, if he loved God. Whereupon the other answered simply: "Oh, as for that, Father I think I love Him with my whole heart."

"Do you often pray to Him, and do you try to pray with attention?"

"Oh, yes, Father! I never have any distractions."

St. Bernard saw well that the man did not know what it meant to be distracted. Compassionating his ignorance, he made use of a singular stratagem to enlighten him.

"Well," said he, "my friend, let us make a bargain. If you are able to say 'Our Father' all through without distraction, I will give you the horse I ride."

"Agreed, Father, the horse is as good as won."

And the man began his "Our Father," full sure that the horse was going to be his. But he had a scarce got half through when he stopped, and, addressing the saint, said: "But, Father, will you give me the bridle, too?"

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"Neither one nor the other, my friend," answered St. Bernard, smiling. "There, you see, you are distracted."

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

WHY DO THE IRISH LOVE IRELAND?

Why do the Irish love Ireland? Arrah, an' you never'll know! You've got to be born to feel it, You've got to be borned to do so; There's a sweet little boy and the horse...

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

WORTH HAVING

If a string is in a knot, Patience will untie it; Patience can do many things, Did you ever try it? If two would go to buy a shop, I should like to buy it. But you and I must find our own, No other can supply it.

BENT NAILS

"Draw the nail out carefully, my boy. Be careful not to bend it." "I could straighten it, if I did bend it, couldn't I?" The carpenter smiled into the earnest face of the young man who was learning the trade under his teaching.

That love is a love that's deeper Than all of the world beside, That's why we'd give our heart's blood, An' sure it is not denied! Give it to save and place her With the smile that she had before When she sat like a queenly virgin The harp soundin' on the shore; Our love will be never wantin' The tender touch it should know, Sweet as the summer's fragrance, Soft as the winds that blow! Just the bond that binds, would we sever? Ah never, while Ireland's green! Should she sink in the sea forever She'll be still in our memory green.

JOIN THE PAY UP CROWD

John D. Rockefeller often referred proudly to the fact that when he was making \$25 a month he made it a point to pay all his bills promptly. He also managed to save a little, money that later became the foundation of his great fortune.

SELF-MASTERY

Self mastery is the work of a lifetime, and it must begin in small ways. The following suggestions towards its accomplishment are offered by Father Wilberforce, O. P. In general strive to learn to refuse to nurture everything not necessary. Strive to give to self everything he would refuse without reason, through whim or mere inclination.

PERSONALITY COUNTS

What is personality? It is a commodity very difficult to define. Some persons repel us—to others we are strongly and instinctively drawn—and often the reasons for the repulsion or the attraction baffle analysis. Certain vulgar and disagreeable traits at once establish some whom we meet as undesirable—with others the qualities that are distasteful are more subtle, and for a space of time they may be hidden, till some accident brings them out. Commonly, we learn to care for those who, in an amiable sincerity, manifest an affectionate solicitude toward us. Most of the world is impersonal. It deems us ruthless hard knocks. It does not ask us how we like to be treated, and when it has bowled us over and bruised us it does not call at our door to inquire how we are this morning. It maintains (or so we feel) a studiously cold and calculating indifference.

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Faster and faster they ran, Bunny gaining, perhaps because he had Right on his side. Little Sister was getting tired and out of breath. Just then Jack called out, "Come on! I can't wait all day for you. You're too much of a baby to go so far, anyway."

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constitution and spirit of the Catholic Church, and with the laws constitution and spirit of our country. And we emphatically declare that there is no antagonism between them."

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Indigestion, Stomach Disorders, Appendicitis and Kidney Stones are often caused by Gall Stones, and misled people until those had stood for hundreds of years as monuments to the zeal of French clergy and the piety of a French people were confounded by an infidel government. When persecution was at its very worst, war was proclaimed. France entered the war. No sooner was the call of country made than Catholics rallied to the tri-color. Priests entered the ranks of the army, and nuns who had been driven out almost as the point of a bayonet, came back to nurse the sick and wounded. All thought of the days of persecution had vanished. The past was forgotten; they were all Frenchmen, all willing to give up their lives for La Belle France.

It is not essential to the purposes of this article to emphasize that in every European nation engaged in this war, Catholics have gloriously responded to the call of their government. As regards our own country, it is scarcely an accomplished thing when the archbishops of the United States met in Washington. Their resolution of firm and uncompromising loyalty, in which they pledged not only their own devotion but the devotion of every Catholic in the United States, called forth from President Wilson a letter of appreciative thanks. Since we have entered the war there has never been a question arising from the attitude of any Catholic priest. From every pulpit in the land there has been preached but one gospel, the gospel of unswerving loyalty. Every congregation of nursing sisters offered its

services to care for the sick and wounded. Our universities placed all their equipment at the disposal of the Government. The service flags that hang in the vestibules of our churches, or from the top of our schools, show how the young Catholic manhood of America offered itself to defend our flag and uphold the honor of our country.

A few figures may be illuminating. To fully get their significance we must bear in mind that Catholics constitute about sixteen per cent of the whole population of the United States. In a statement issued September 22, 1917, regarding works of organizations at military training camps, Secretary Baker said that the Catholics constituted perhaps thirty-five per cent of the army. A few days later the Director of Publicity for the Knights of Columbus Committee on War Activities put the proportion much higher. He declared, on the statement of navy chaplains, that the United States Navy today is sixty per cent Catholic and that the Regular Army has been in the past as high as twenty-five per cent Catholic. This does not mean the percentage in the army that was created by the selective draft, but means those young men who volunteered to defend their country. While there are no complete statistics at hand, from those available it would seem conservative to compute that, taking both the army and the navy, Catholics have a representation of about forty per cent—not a bad showing considering that we constitute only about sixteen per cent of the population.

But not only are Catholics furnishing approximately forty per cent of the fighting force on land and sea, and in the air, they have given to their country in the hour of its need everything that a people can possibly give. No group, no class, has done more than the Catholics of the United States. They have bought Liberty Bonds and Thrift Stamps. They have enrolled in the Red Cross and in the League of Conservation, and responded to whatever official call was made on the nation, as generously, and in as large a proportion, as three fellow citizens. But that was to be expected—for every Catholic school in the land is a nursery of patriotism, every pulpit is a gospel of loyalty, every altar is a plea for sacrifice.

In our war with Mexico, with a country whose people were Catholics, American Catholics did not fail. The first American flag that was borne into the City of Mexico, when the capital was carried by a regiment under command of General Scott, was commanded by John Barry, father of the American navy. The first master-master general of the Revolutionary War was Stephen Moylan, while John Fitzgerald was secretary to George Washington. Catholics gave to the Revolution all that man can give.

At the outbreak of the present European War, Catholic patriotism was put to a severe test in one of the warring nations. For many years the French Government had persecuted the Catholic Church. Priests had been driven from their monasteries and nuns expelled from their convents. The care of the sick was taken from their hands, and the little orphans to whom they had been both father and mother were practically driven into the streets. The churches and cathedrals which had stood for hundreds of years as monuments to the zeal of French clergy and the piety of a French people were confounded by an infidel government. When persecution was at its very worst, war was proclaimed. France entered the war. No sooner was the call of country made than Catholics rallied to the tri-color. Priests entered the ranks of the army, and nuns who had been driven out almost as the point of a bayonet, came back to nurse the sick and wounded. All thought of the days of persecution had vanished. The past was forgotten; they were all Frenchmen, all willing to give up their lives for La Belle France.

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But not only are Catholics furnishing approximately forty per cent of the fighting force on land and sea, and in the air, they have given to their country in the hour of its need everything that a people can possibly give. No group, no class, has done more than the Catholics of the United States. They have bought Liberty Bonds and Thrift Stamps. They have enrolled in the Red Cross and in the League of Conservation, and responded to whatever official call was made on the nation, as generously, and in as large a proportion, as three fellow citizens. But that was to be expected—for every Catholic school in the land is a nursery of patriotism, every pulpit is a gospel of loyalty, every altar is a plea for sacrifice.

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