

The Catholic Record.

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

1939

VOLUME XXXVII.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1915

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ST. FRANCIS

Some years ago Leo XIII. out of the abundance of his wisdom and zeal addressed himself in an official letter to the Bishops of the Catholic world in which he set forth his praise of St. Francis of Assisi and counselled the spread of the Third Order amongst the people. Non-Catholics are attracted by this gentle saint who walked hand in hand with his Lady Poverty. They call him a Great Democrat and chronicle in sympathetic vein his services to society. But his spirit eludes them; they know not the source whence came the love that blossomed into wondrous deeds that turned the faces of the men of his time towards the stars.

"The twelfth century had," as the Holy Father says, "its dark and its bright days. For example, John was King of England, and the country had only just been absolved from an Interdict placed upon it by the Pope, Innocent III., on account of John's tyrannical and lawless acts. Philip of France warred against England. There were struggles between rival claimants of the Empire in Central Europe and perpetual contests in Italy between city and city. The crusades were in full swing, rousing Christendom to a state of warlike enthusiasm."

The Bishops had perforce to occupy themselves with civil cares for the preservation of civilization, and the monks kept burning in monasteries the lamp of learning. But beyond the monastery and the palace there were the many neglected and ignorant with a clergy to whom the hold of holiness did not bring honor and whose learning was not such as to invite the confidence of the people.

A "MADMAN"

Belief in every Christian dogma was, as Leo XIII. said in his Encyclical on St. Francis, deeply rooted in the souls of the men of the thirteenth century. The heart but not the mind was wrong. They would, harness on back, fare forth, regarding neither danger nor death, against the Saracen, but they would not arm themselves against their passions. They would oppose a barrier to the tide of moral corruption. Never blind to the lights of heaven, they acted as if the earth sufficed to round out their desires.

Into the world came Francis of Assisi. Umbria in Italy was his birthplace in 1182. Chivalrous-minded, open handed, versed in the accomplishments of his age, he was the pride of his native town. But at the age of twenty-two he resolved on devoting himself entirely to the service of God in the exercise of penance and self denial and the practice of the most absolute poverty. He threw his money away and would be a poor man among the peasantry. His father thought him mad. But every man who runs counter to the world's idealized vision. These blessed madmen, however, who are proofs of what God's grace can accomplish, are the sages of mortals. They are the chevaliers of God, tilting for virtue in the lists of life. They are wedded to the things that pass not; their courage lashed the coward even as their heart, buoyed up with the hope of the unperishable crown, goes out to the despondent and the timid.

BIS MISION

Having made a voluntary renunciation of all that he was entitled to inherit he went forth to preach penance to a sinful and depraved world. He fasted by day and spent the night in prayer and kept close to his Master. As a last mark of resemblance to Jesus Christ he received on his Calvary, Mount Alvernia, by a miracle till then unheard of the Sacred Stigma, and was then, so to speak, crucified. For the first time in the history of the world the five wounds of our Blessed Saviour in hands and feet and side were by a stupendous miracle impressed on the body of St. Francis. Such miracles, says Leo XIII., worthy rather of the songs of angels than of the lips of men, show us sufficiently how great was this man and how worthy that God should

choose him to bring back his contemporaries to Christian ways.

The population was touched by his winning eloquence and sanctity of his life. He formed the many who placed themselves under his spiritual guidance into a religious community which is known as the Order of St. Francis. Three years afterwards, in 1212, he founded a Second Order, the Order of the Poor Clares. In 1220, yielding to the importunities of a tradesman and his wife who wished to know as to how they could better sanctify themselves in their position in life, he founded his Third Order. Suited to persons of every condition laden with the world's cares and responsibilities it was acclaimed by thousands of men and women of every sphere of life. Popes, Cardinals, Bishops, Priests, Emperors, Kings and Queens, the noblest of the land, the brightest intellects of the day, high and low, rich and poor, men and women of every class and condition deemed it an honour to wear the livery of St. Francis.

THE THIRD ORDER

The Third Order proved immediately after its institution a powerful factor in the revival of Christian morality and faith. The saintly lives of the Tertiaries were everywhere a reproach to sin and to the evil doer. They looked through darkness up to God to catch the harmony of heaven and to translate it to human ears. They worked joyfully and interestedly because they were brothers of Christ and were serving Christ's brothers. They believed in the Brotherhood of man because they believed in the Incarnation.

FOR OUR TIMES

What proved a source of healing and life will under the like circumstances prove so again. Hence Leo XIII. praises the zeal of those who already belong to it and exhorts all others to become members of the Third Order. And he foretells us the result of their doing so, the peace and salvation of the Christian world. It must be remembered that it is though not an Order in the strictest sense of the word, it is a real and true order, and in the eyes of the Church far superior to any other religious association of seculars. Its doors are open to all. Its rules are simple and well within the powers of all who are sincerely desirous of leading a good life. The Holy Father looks upon it as a mighty factor in cleansing and uplifting the world. Where the spirit of Francis is there can be found a disinclination to show and luxury; to the reading of the trivials that put the soul out of elbow, and a peace and happiness that are rooted in things eternal. There is also loyalty, filial and intense, to the Church and all that pertains to it. An unwearied solicitude for the suffering and the poor.

Just as the early followers of St. Francis purged the world of its corruption and irradiated whole countries with the light of brotherly love, so also in our days the Tertiaries cannot fail to raise the moral tone of their communities and to apply their principles to the solution of social problems.

HAPPINESS

Happiness may be "our being's end and aim," but surely the quality of the happiness we acquire ought to be the chief consideration of the pursuit. Parents and those who vicariously assume their responsibilities cannot be said to justify their calling if they fail to impress those who are to take their places as citizens with a deep sense of their boyish opportunity to gain not only knowledge but the wisdom that enables them to use it aright. Falling this, how little the world can endow them with?

A saying that long passed current, one that seemed to gather proof as so many precious youthful lives were broken off when they had but tasted the sweetness of love and life and fame, affirmed that "whom the gods love die young"—a questionable proposition on various grounds. But may it not be interpreted in a larger sense than even Milton and Shelley noted when they mourned the untimely deaths of gifted friends? It was a happy thought of Robert Louis Stevenson that the ancient Greek motto meant that the fortunate ones

were those who kept their youthful happiness and were ardent in spirit to the last. To outlive the crude ambitions of youth while retaining its glorious expectancy is to take the sting out of death.

STUPID AND INSOLENT

Comment on the action of any outside City Council may be presumption in a Toronto newspaper. We have troubles of our own. Yet the Council of Montreal, in granting \$1,000 for the aid of the French propagandists in the Province of Ontario, displayed a unique form of corporate insanity. It will be remembered that within the past month Montreal has been asked to cut down the salaries of its employees and stoppleading the streets in order to meet an inconvenient overdraft. Yet it emulates a drunken sailor in throwing away \$1,000 for an object imperfectly understood, and for an agitation based on falsehood and on falsehood alone.

The resolution with its seven Whereas's says: that legally French Canadians have the undeniable right to establish in the Province of Ontario, separate schools and to teach there the French language; that the restriction upon the teaching of the French language in the schools is one of the principal causes of discontent which reigns amongst the most loyal subjects of the British Empire; that we should have respect to the rights of minorities; and that the legal question should go to the Privy Council. While there was a studied avoidance in the resolution of the word "persecution" or the phrase "the wounded Ontario," it is apparent that the campaign of the Ottawa agitators has had convincing power, despite its appeal to imaginary facts, and its incitement to anarchy.—Toronto Daily News.

CARDINAL O'CONNELL

EXPLAINS CATHOLIC POSITION

Boston's newspapers were not wasting their space when they reported so fully the address which Cardinal O'Connell had delivered the preceding day in Somerville; for the Cardinal's speech was one that stated frankly the Catholic position, and appealed to the reason and common sense of the community at large. The Cardinal in the beginning of his address dwelt at length upon the difficulty which presents itself as in the present conflict in Europe, to those who are seeking the truth. How, asked the Cardinal, will historians with fairness, be able to disentangle the mass of contradictory evidence that pierces itself up as the days go by, concerning the war? "One has only to read each day," said the Cardinal, "the accounts sent out by the various war agencies, each paid and solemnly bound to set forth its own side only, to realize what a maze the historian of (two hundred) years from now will have to unravel to find the real causes of this war and the truth of the story of the case of Belgium."

WAR LEADERS MALIGNED

All the leaders of this war, on both sides, the Cardinal said, had been lied about in this war—the Kaiser, Kitchener, Churchill, Hindenburg, Van Kleeck, all had been maligned. Even the Pope himself had not escaped. "In a word," declared His Eminence, "there can be no possible doubt that to day it is next to impossible, considering the mass of assertion and contradiction to which we are all witnesses, for even the most fair minded and intelligent among us, to candidly and honestly make up their minds, unreservedly and absolutely, as to who is right and who is wrong in this world war, and, unless he has interests at stake or takes either sympathy or prejudice as his guide, it is difficult to see how he can decide the whole question, so as to say to himself: 'I know beyond the possibility of a doubt that this side is entirely right, that the other is wholly wrong.' Even when peace comes at last, it will require years to hear all the testimony; and even then a decision will not be easy to one absolutely unbiased."

WHAT THE CHURCH WANTS

That the lies now uttered about one side or other in this conflict will be believed in the years to come as sober history, there is not the least doubt; and so the Cardinal intimated, lies and inventions pass to day as truth about the Catholic Church, its priests and its people. "Until the true situation is understood, there will be no rest," said His Eminence. "We all want a peaceful, happy, law-abiding America. We Catholics are laboring for it with as much energy and good will as any of all others. We want no political union of Church and State here. We want harmony only between both. We have perfect freedom for the Church, the greatest freedom perhaps she has ever enjoyed. We want and will accept nothing else. We want to live side by side with you in peace and harmony. In religion you have a right to go your way, and so have we. We have at times some who, let us say, are not exactly saints. Well, so have

you. You wish it were not so. Well, so do we. If we were to try to change it, you would be the first to accuse us of interference, so we prefer to remain quiet, which we are doing."—Sacred Heart Review.

THREE IMPORTANT APPOINTMENTS

Word has been received from Rome of three important appointments to vacant sees in the United States. Right Reverend George W. Mandel, Auxiliary Bishop of Brooklyn, has been made Archbishop of Chicago, to succeed the late Archbishop Quigley. Bishop Denis J. Dougherty has been transferred from the diocese of Jaro, in the Philippine Islands to the diocese of Buffalo, N. Y., and the Very Rev. Ferdinand Brossart has been appointed Bishop of the diocese of Covington, Ky. Bishop Mandel was born in New York, forty three years ago. He studied at the Propaganda in Rome and was ordained there in 1895. He was made Chancellor of the Brooklyn diocese in 1898, was elevated to the office of Domestic Prelate by Pope Pius X. and later became the recipient of signal distinctions, being the first American honored with membership in the Ancient Academy of the Aedon. Bishop Dougherty was born in the American Colony at Rome. On his return to the United States he was stationed at St. Charles Seminary, Overbrook, Pa. In 1902 he was consecrated Bishop of Nueva Segovia and was thence transferred to Jaro in 1908. Very Reverend Ferdinand Brossart was born in Bavaria, in 1849. Two years later his parents emigrated to Cincinnati. He studied at Mt. Saint Mary's Seminary and completed his course at Loyola. In 1888 he was made Vicar General of the diocese of Covington, and rector of the Cathedral. During the vacancy of the episcopal see he acted as Administrator of the diocese.—America.

PRIEST AND HERO

FATHER KELLY RISKS HIS LIFE TO RESCUE FIREMAN

Montreal Gazette Dec. 8th

New York, December 7.—Father Joseph Kelly, assistant pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Grace, Hoboken, and chaplain of the Hudson fire department, who responds on the second alarm of every fire in Hoboken, was standing in Hudson Street, between Second and Third streets, to-day with his fire hose on, watching the flames destroy a riding academy and garage, causing a loss of \$150,000 when he saw a part of the roof fall in among the exploding gasoline tanks of seventy-five automobiles, carrying with it "one of his boys," Frank Dalton. The one standing far back from the explosion, and the flames thrown up by the explosions, and the fact that Father Kelly make a dash for Dalton, who was lying partly under the wreckage and could not move. "Look out, Father Joe," yelled a fireman in warning, "you'll get hurt." "There's one of the boys! Help me get him out!" he shouted, and with the aid of three firemen, Father Kelly carried Dalton to an ambulance in St. Mary's Hospital. At the hospital it was found that Dalton had a broken leg and three broken ribs. Father Kelly was not injured.

RELIGIOUS FERVOR KEEPS UP

PRINCE BORIS RETURNS TO CHURCH

One hears a great deal about the religious revival that has come about in France and Italy since the European war broke out. Naturally at a period in which death stalks abroad people must think of the next world pretty often; and those who have near relatives on the battle field feel bound to do all they can for their spiritual welfare since they are powerless to effect any change in their temporal concerns. Roman and Neapolitan churches are crowded with larger congregations than were seen before the war. From Lourdes come authentic accounts of scenes of piety on the part of people whom the war has rendered practical. Let us hope some of their prayers will be directed to obtain a little stiffening for their backbones so that they may bear themselves to carry through the candidates at the next elections. At Daravet, thousands of French Catholics are now venerating the bones of St. Hilarius, St. Agathon and St. Stannion, which were brought from Palestine to France under Charlemagne, and which are exposed to view every five years. It is hoped these peoples will not forget to ask among other graces, that the Lord may impress on their hearts the necessity of standing by their priests who are even now calumniated by petty tyrants.

Prince Boris has returned to the bosom of the Catholic Church after his apostasy of years. It was not the child's fault (who was baptized a

Catholic) that the Czar of Bulgaria at the bidding of Russia had the heir apparent re-baptized in the Orthodox Church. We are told when he grew old enough to realize the political game in which he had been made to play such a prominent though helpless part, he felt horror-stricken. Now what the political chessboard demands it, Prince Boris leaves Orthodoxy for Catholicism. He embraces, says La Liberté, one of the Oriental rites in communion with Rome, not the Latin rite which he was forced to forsake in his childhood.

We may well regard Prince Boris, who is now twenty-years old, quite sincere.—Denver Register.

SAVING THE MISSIONS

In the Bombay Examiner for Oct. 16, Father Hull tells what is being done to supply the places of the German Jesuits the British Government is sending back to Europe Orders to the Archbishop of Bombay and half a dozen aged priests and brothers were ordered to be ready to leave about November 1. As 95 out of 124 priests, scholastics and brothers working on the Bombay mission are Germans, Europe, India and America were appealed to for help. The German Province sent five acceptable Jesuits, four Fathers are leaving the Maryland-New York Province for Bombay, and the other Indian missions supplied secular priests and religious of various Orders to the number of 20 in all, so that now with shrewd management Father Hull believes the work of the mission can be maintained to a considerable extent. He writes:

"No better advertisement of the brotherly spirit and the principle of self-sacrifice for the general good could be exhibited than this noble list, which actually averts the immediate collapse of the Bombay mission. But of course it is not to be understood that in almost every case the men lent are men torn away from duties in their own mission which cannot well be foregone, so that each aid to the receiver is a crippling of the resources of the giver. It is a case of distributing our own local burden piecemeal over a large part of India. It is obvious that the supplies are altogether temporary, merely in order to fill in the sudden gaps and to give time for getting permanent substitutes from elsewhere. Still the main point is secured. In consequence of this accumulation of recruits the result is a happy one. It means that at the present no part of the mission enterprise falls to the ground. . . . In the schools it may be necessary to curtail the number of the boarders, orphans or pupils generally. But still it is the indomitable desire of the mission authorities not to give up any part of the work; not to abandon any mission station or close any institution."

The work of the German nuns in India will also be seriously affected, owing to the fact that the Government has interned them in their own convents.—America.

MANY CONVERSIONS

New York, Nov. 29.—Announcement was made yesterday by Stuart P. West, head of the Catholic Converts' League that an Episcopal convert of great prominence will withdraw soon from the Protestant Episcopal Church to become a Catholic, taking with him into the Catholic Church a large number of other Protestants, and that the person referred to is so well known that his conversion to the Catholic faith will create interest hardly less than that which attended the act of Cardinal Manning in England years ago.

Mr. West declined to reveal the name of the person, but said the public has no conception of the large number of Protestants, between 30,000 and 40,000 who are entering the Catholic Church every year. Although these converts come from mission lands, the larger number by far come from high church Episcopal ranks. Mr. West said. He more than hinted that the dissenation, which developed a few weeks ago at the meeting of the Episcopal Board of Missions, when Dr. William T. Manning, rector of Trinity and a number of bishops and clergymen opposed sending delegates to the Panama congress, had helped swell the movement toward the Catholic Church.

"I can not make public the names of possible converts," said Mr. West, "but there are rumors that many are coming from the Church of St. Mary the Virgin and from other churches and that this is due to the recent division in the Episcopal Church. Many of the converts are socially prominent. I have heard the name of one of the Vanderbilts mentioned."

"The utterances of high church Episcopalians have assisted the work of our League. Quite recently Dr. Manning of Trinity set forth in a sermon the exact doctrine of the Catholic Church on the subject of purgatory. His statement has great

weight with Episcopalians, who were wavering. The Rev. J. S. Huntington of the Cowley Fathers, has also helped us by his statements, although perhaps he did not mean to do so. Our newspapers will issue in December a special edition of 50,000 copies, containing the names of recent converts."

Mr. West said that among the leaders in the work of the Catholic Converts League are Mr. and Mrs. Francis Burrall Heman, Mr. and Mrs. G. Stanton Floyd Jones, Mrs. Henry W. Taft, Mrs. John G. Agar and John A. Locke, who was formerly an Episcopal clergyman. The treasurer of the league is Harold B. Atkins and the secretary is Dr. F. D. New.

The opinion has long been current in Protestant circles that dissenation between high church and low church parties in the Episcopal Church was likely to produce an irremediable schism and probably turn many high church clergymen and laymen to the Catholic Church.—Catholic Telegraph.

ENGLISH CATHOLICS LOYAL TO POPE

As an offset to the captious criticisms of the Holy Father which have been appearing in English publications, we find the Westminster Catholic Federation adopting at a recent meeting the following resolution: That we, the Members of the Council of the Westminster Catholic Federation, respectfully tender to our Holy Father, our dutiful homage and allegiance, and at the same time express our deep sense of gratitude to His Holiness for his unceasing and paternal solicitude for all those of his children who are engaged in the present war, and in particular we desire to record our great satisfaction at the success of the great efforts made by His Holiness for the exchange of disabled prisoners and for the alleviation of the lot of the other prisoners by obtaining facilities for the practice of their religion and the boon of the Sunday's rest; while it especially desires to acknowledge the success of the intervention of His Holiness on behalf of those ladies who were recently ordered to be shot by the German military authorities in Belgium.

Dr. M. O'Sullivan, (quoting his names) in seconding, said that despite statements to the effect that the Holy Father had done nothing in the present war, the Pope was, in fact, the only person able to do anything to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded and prisoners. Jurists and politicians who had failed in their efforts, had tried to build with out the cement of civilization, which was religion. "I venture to say," continued Dr. O'Sullivan, "that if we are going to have any convert on in the future, the Pope, the Father of Christendom, and his delegates will have to be taken into consideration."—Sacred Heart Review.

BIBLE STUDY

The question of teaching the Bible as an elective subject in the Public high schools of Indianapolis was recently tabled by the city's board of school commissioners. The reason advanced by the representatives of the Indianapolis Church Federation for introducing the question was that as they did not desire the Bible to be taught "along religious lines, but as a valuable contribution to English literature," the religious issue would not be involved.

Men have disagreed for years on the interpretation of some of the passages from Browning and Shakespeare, yet you would not think of throwing Browning and Shakespeare out of your curriculum. Astronomers for many years have told us there are spots on the sun, yet hundreds and thousands of people are perfectly content to go on enjoying the sun as a means of ripening the corn and the crops and to let astronomers discuss not these spots on the sun, and if there are, how large they are.

All this only goes to show either how ingeniously the real purpose of the promoters of Bible study in the High schools is covered by plausible arguments, or how completely the profound sense of the sacredness of the inspired writings has been lost to them. Even Browning and Shakespeare cannot be taught intelligently without touching the vital truths contained in their works. But some of the most vital truths of Scripture are the Messianic mission and the Divinity of Christ, denied by the Jews; and the fact of the establishment of His Church upon Peter, ignored by Protestantism. To treat the inspired writings, on the other hand, as a mere literary effort, criticising them from a purely human standpoint as conforming or not conforming with the teacher's conception of the canons of art, is to destroy reverence in the mind of the pupil. The Scriptures were not given the world as a literary study, but as the Word of God, to be read in humility and prayerful devotion and interpreted according to the mind of His Church.—America.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The catacombs of Rome contain the remains of about 6,000,000 human beings, those of Paris 3,000,000.

The \$40,000 mortuary chapel of Richard C. Kerins, in Calvary Cemetery, St. Louis, will be completed this month.

The new Rocky Mountain National Park is to have a Catholic Church. Rev. William J. Howlett, the pioneer Colorado priest, has charge.

"The Faith of Our Fathers," by Cardinal Gibbons, is the textbook for religion adopted for this year by the Leavenworth Catholic High School.

The Sisters of Loreto, who are the pioneer nuns of Colorado, announce that they will erect a \$250,000 college for women in St. Louis, Mo.

Mgr. Vincent Sage, of the Paris Foreign Missions, Auxiliary Bishop of South Manchuria, is the youngest Bishop in China, being only thirty-five at his consecration last March.

The most noted, as well as historical Cathedral crypt in our country is that under the Cathedral in Baltimore. It may be designated Archbishop's crypt.

An incomplete list of the churches, schools and other religious institutions of the Diocese of Galveston, Tex., that were damaged by the cyclone of August 16 shows a loss far in excess of \$100,000.

The Rev. Father Charles M. Charroppo, S. J., known internationally as an astronomer and formerly head of the department of science of St. Louis University, died October 17, of appendicitis.

The Archbishop of Utrecht, Holland, has issued a pastoral letter to his people, which was read in all the churches recently, calling on them to support by their prayers the efforts of the Pope for peace.

The Catholic Federation of San Jose, Cal., has shown the immense amount of good that can be accomplished by quiet, determined men. They have succeeded in eliminating all objectionable films from the theatres of the city.

As it is the wish of the Holy Father that the Catholic universities and other ecclesiastical schools in Italy should follow their usual course notwithstanding the fact that the country is at war, every effort is being made to carry out his desire.

Electricians examining the wreck of the United States submarine F-4, lost outside Honolulu Harbor on March 25, and now in drydock there, discovered that the fuses on all four batteries had been blown out, causing the disaster which resulted in the deaths of twenty-two men.

The Holy Father has fixed that the anniversary ceremony of his Pontificate coronation will be celebrated on December 22, date of his episcopal consecration received at the hands of Pius X. It is the day after the anniversary of his sacerdotal ordination.

The cornerstone of St. Joseph's Missionary College at Mill Hill, England was laid forty-six years ago. The growth of the institution has been satisfactory, and English missionaries, known as the Mill Hill Fathers, are now found in the remotest parts of the pagan world.

Anthony Comstock, for forty-two years secretary and virtual head of the Society for the Prevention of Vice and who in that time prosecuted more than 4,000 persons and confiscated 175 tons of obscene literature and pictures, died in his home at Summit, N. J. He was seventy-two years old.

While engaged in excavating the ruins of an ancient settlement of the Pueblo Indians at Pecos, near Santa Fe, the workers discovered amidst a number of skeletons, the remains of a Franciscan missionary. The priest's remains were in a coffin and were identified by means of a scapular and other insignia.

One of the principal approaching events in the English Catholic world will be the opening in London of the great school which has been projected and is now being carried to completion as a memorial to Cardinal Vaughan, who twelve years ago last month passed to his eternal reward.

Three sisters of St. Francis have left the mother house at Syracuse, N. Y., for Hilo, Hawaii, where they will take charge of a hospital which has been placed under their charge by the United States Government. All the Sisters are trained nurses and are fully equipped for the work they are about to undertake in their new life. The Sisters of the same community have charge of the lepers of Molokai.

The total population of Austria-Hungary was, in 1910 49,458,421. Of these there were 8,418,738 Roman Catholics, 5,442,508 Greek Catholics, 2,900 Armenian Catholics, 660,000 Old Catholics, 1,000 Armenian Orientals, 4,550,472 Evangelical Protestants, 2,987,163 Greek Orthodox, 74,296 Unitarians, 7,000 other Christians, 2,246,000 Jews and 42,458 of other religions. As shown by the above figures the Roman Catholics are in a very large majority in the empire.

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A ROMANCE OF KENTUCKY

BY ANNA O. MINOGUS
CHAPTER XXXV

Clay Powell succeeded in reaching Nashville, where he joined General Morgan, who, collecting a few soldiers of his own and other commands, proceeded to Richmond. On his arrival in that city Morgan was made the idol of the day. For weeks he was the city's guest, and military and civilian authority vied in doing him honor. In the spring following he was sent to southern Virginia to take command of the troops stationed there. He again proved his worth as a soldier and a general, and some of his most brilliant and daring exploits were performed during those last months of his life.

But the close had come. The man who had escaped the bullets of gallant enemies, who had passed danger in a thousand disguises, fell at length a victim of treachery the blackest that can stain a human heart—treachery against an unsuspecting guest. Marching somewhat in advance of his command, which he was leading against the Union forces at Bull's Gap, General Morgan, with Major Gasset, made his headquarters in the town of Greenville. Under the cover of darkness the younger Mrs. Williams hurried to the Union commander at Bull's Gap, and to him betrayed her mother's guest and her country's dauntless defender. A body of cavalry, a hundred strong, was sent to capture the defenseless man. When at daybreak they dashed into sight, a soldier, who was among the first to return to his General in Nashville, sped toward the headquarters with the intelligence. A bullet from the Union leader brought him to the ground. He staggered to his feet, and with almost supernatural strength ran on and succeeded in reaching the General's apartment. Morgan, who had risen early that morning, was pacing his small room, impatiently awaiting the hour set for him to start with his men for this battle, which, if victorious for him, would break the strength of the Federal forces in east Tennessee. The door was wrenched open, but on seeing his General the man stopped, drew himself up and saluted. Morgan, who never forgot a face, after the first glance recognized the soldier who had deserted from the command during the first Kentucky raid sooner than accept the punishment he had incurred for attempting to steal Lucy Menefee's gray horse.

"Sir!" gasped the soldier, and the blood came with the words from the blue lips, "the enemy is coming! Fly! Hide yourself!" With that he dropped to the floor. Morgan was instantly beside him, and lifted the dying man's head, while Major Gasset cried:

"For God's sake, General, come on! There isn't a moment to be lost!"

Even as he spoke, the sound of horses' galloping feet broke upon the morning stillness. The soldier made an effort to repeat Major Gasset's warning, but his voice failed him. He lifted the General's hand to his lips, smiled and died. The humane Morgan laid the dead soldier gently on the floor and followed Major Gasset, who had leaped from the window. But the garden and house were surrounded. Escape was impossible, resistance vain, and Morgan surrendered. Then and as this was the work of American soldiers all Americans must ever recall it with shame and sorrow—the Federal soldiers slew the defenseless prisoner. Breaking down the paling that surrounded the garden they dragged him into the street, and while he was tossing his arms in his dying agonies, threw him across a mule and paraded his body about the town, shouting and screaming in savage exultation.

So died General Morgan, a man whose patriotism rose above the touch of serf motives, whose integrity was never sullied by base connivings for place and power. His courage and dauntless heroism set him among the first of American soldiers, his military genius gives him rank among the great army leaders of the world, while his goodness of heart and his nobility of character entitle him to the respect and admiration of mankind.

Seven months later the cause for which Morgan and his men fought and died was lost when, on the 9th of April, General Lee gave up his stainless sword.

With the sad remnant of their once glorious command, Clay Powell returned to Kentucky. He found that fortune had strangely enough turned on him a smiling face. Mrs. Powell was dead, but the will she had promised Clarence had not been made, and her great property returned to Walter Powell. He had promptly disposed of the Park and its broad acres and bought back Willow-wild, which his friend Dupont, as Mr. Davidson, had purchased to hold for the rightful heir. So to Willow-wild, the home of the Powells for generations, their last descendant went, to be welcomed no longer by the stranger, but by his father. It was a solemn but not an unhappy hour, and as he sat on the wide, many-solomned veranda on the morning after his return he remembered the day that he and Mr. Davidson had ridden to the Park, and the words of the strange man returned to him like a prophecy fulfilled.

"Did I not say that God had not forgotten?" asked Mr. Dupont, joining the young man.

"I was even now thinking of those words of yours," was the reply. "It is very strange."

"Not to me," replied Dupont. "God can not fail to make good His everlasting word. He has given His promise to the righteous that they shall prevail over their enemies. That woman worked all her life to destroy your father's happiness, and instead she wrought unutterable woe to herself. She brought in a stranger to inherit her stolen property, who only helped to make her misery greater, more overwhelming."

"What has become of Miss Sears?" asked Powell.

"She is the wife of Howard Dallas. What brought about such a union I can not say. Probably it was interest on her part, loneliness on his. His place is offered for sale. He intends to leave Kentucky."

"What of the Todds?" then asked Powell, and his voice was muffled, while a film hid the fire of his dark eyes, for the death of Hal was, and would remain, an unhealed wound in his loyal heart.

"The Judge had to sell over half of his estate to clear off the debt he had incurred during the war. He is one of the few who made no profit out of their patriotism. In the last battle in which his regiment was engaged, Thomas was wounded in performing a heroic act. This was him a Colonel's rank, and he was on the straight line for promotion when our great Robert Lee stopped this fratricidal war. Thomas's conduct, which had added new laurels to the name, is the only ray of light that new lies across my poor old friend's darkened path. Thomas intends to study law, and as he and Basie have made up their differences, in time I suppose they will marry. My daughter in law lost all her wealth except her landed property, and that you know is an expense to her now instead of a source of profit. But I was fortunate in investing in the Willow-wild plantation. I think I shall buy the Dallas estate. I love Kentucky."

"And—Miss Castleton?" asked Colonel Powell.

"At the name, the elder man sprang to his feet, and said, with his natural impetuosity:

"In other happier days, men stood at the name of Virginia Castleton to pay homage to her they called 'The Fair.' Now, I stand to pay my tribute to her, 'The Good.' Other women deserve the reverence they receive. She commands it of us. Through trials that sent men to their knees, she stood unmoved, immovable. In the face of danger that made men's hearts quail, she held her woman's weapon of steadfastness. In the hour of despair, her presence was the voice of hope. When anguish shook men's hearts and left them helpless, she was their succor, their solace, their strength. She has done for her friends what men would not do, and with them has sacrificed for her country all that she possessed. In this time of horror, fully as fearful as war, smitten though her own heart is with the sorrow we are bewailing, she utters no complaint, but gives herself for the help and alleviation of others. She is indeed the valiant woman of Holy Writ, whose price is beyond measure!"

There was a gleam on Clay Powell's dark face, as, standing also, he listened to this outburst of reverent affection and admiration. When Dupont ceased, he asked:

"Tell me where she is. I must see her once more."

"In Frankfort. She went over to the funeral and has not yet returned. I forgot to tell you," he added, "that the Judge had Phil McDowell's body brought home. Phil sleeps his last sleep in the place he loved so well—the Frankfort cemetery. And some time," went on the old man, the light of prophecy on his face, "we will bring also to that hill-top, from his unattended Southern grave, the sacred ashes of his chief, that glorious hero of two wars. And to the stainless name and dauntless fame of John Morgan, Kentucky will raise a monument to tell the future ages that she still nurtures sons who, when their country needs them, are ready to die in her service."

The spring day was nearing its close when Clay Powell's black horse bore him up the winding drive that leads to the Frankfort cemetery. It did not need the furled flag of the Lost Cause to direct him to Phil McDowell's new grave, for hundreds of feet had marked the path to it, over the young April grass. He went there first to visit his friend, and to assure himself that they had given the poetic child of nature the resting-place her favored son should have. As he was replacing his hat, after long meditation over the grave, he looked toward the west, and saw Virginia Castleton standing alone on the cliff that overhangs the Kentucky River. Her face was turned partly toward him, and under the dying light it showed the transparent whiteness of alabaster. Her hands were clasped before her, the tall figure was sorrowfully drooped, her eyes were fixed, with an expression of despair, on the light slowly dying in the west. As thus she dawned upon his vision he remembered how, listening to her words of high courage when they had parted four years ago, he had likened her to their well-loved South. Ah! a more eloquent picture of their country was she now—standing there with day's departing glory falling on her white face and black-robed figure.

As he went forward, she turned at the sound of his footsteps. In silence they clasped hands, and, still in silence, moved their eyes from each other's face to the sadly fading light. Then the man spoke:

"All lost! All lost! In spite of our enthusiasm, our courage, our hope, our determination, our last mad resistance that sprang out of despair—all, all lost!"

"Nay, not lost!" she replied. "Never lost while one tongue will tell how well you fought, one pen relate the glory of your deeds."

But he shook his head, and said: "Nothing gained! We sent forth the flower of our manhood; we called together the valor of our country; we sacrificed home and wife and child; we poured out our wealth and all we had—and gained nothing."

"Yes, gained much!" she answered. "Gained what men hold dearest, the esteem of all who love Liberty. Were we defeated in our efforts? It was not only we who suffered defeat, but Liberty with us. And the future shall learn this in a bitterness and humiliation compared with which ours shall be as a passing shadow."

"Nothing is left us," he went on sadly, notwithstanding her words. "Hope, courage, ambition, home, friends, fortune, and—oh! saddest, bitterest of all losses—our country and her independence, all gone! Nothing is left us!"

"Not so!" she cried. "Honor still remains, and in saving honor we have saved all! He who sleeps yonder, the boy resting by his mother's side in Georgetown, and the thousands and tens of thousands of the South's valiant sons, lying in their soldier-graves; you, and your hero-comrades, laid down your arms only at the command of your superior—these, living and dead, held this honor for us, and now return it to us the brighter for the blood spilled for it, the dearer for the losses suffered for it, the holier for the defeat endured for it! The honor of the South, in this hour, is the whitest of a nation ever lifted to the view of the world. And conquered, bleeding, crushed though she may be, she would not exchange this jewel with which her sons, albeit with dying hands, have crowned her, for the shameful victory of her foe!"

"And life still remains," she added softly, bringing her blue eyes from the sky to his face.

He took one of the small white hands that rested against her black dress.

"I would make this life of mine what you would wish it to become," he said. "Virginia, will you help me do this?"

"Yes," she answered.

And together they turned from the west, with its lost light, toward the east, over which another, perhaps a brighter, day would soon spread its glory.

THE END.

THE MAN WHO FOUND HIS CHRISTMAS

Had Reginald Van Coover Throllop been told that he was blessed with a Guardian Angel, no doubt he would have lifted his brows slightly and smiled an incredulous smile. Mr. Throllop, who always prided himself on being at least three months ahead of the fashion, surely knew that it was faddish to be skeptical. So, as he drew on his gloves impatiently and called with equal impatience for his valet, it never occurred to him that a heavenly spirit stood at his elbow eying him with sorrowful displeasure.

"Pierre," he said, as his valet entered with the air of a slave approaching his Rajah, "I'm going out for the afternoon."

Pierre, despite nearly twenty years of busy service to the longest pedagogue and largest bank accounts in New York had need of all his powers of dissimulation to hide an involuntary expression of relief. Mr. Throllop, with justice could pride himself on being possessed of a perfect valet.

"Shall I call your motor, sir?" asked the man, as one would beg a rare privilege.

"Yes,—no, I'll walk," was Throllop's ultimatum.

"Shall I order dinner served at any particular hour?"

"No," growled Throllop, petulantly. "I may not come back until late. The town must offer something more enticing to a man than a dinner all alone on Christmas day. Confound it, Pierre, stop smirking! I'm in no humor for that frozen smile of yours. It makes me angry to see every one else smiling, when I'm perfectly miserable. Confound it, every one on earth is happy to day, while I haven't felt the slightest spark of Christmas joy warming my heart."

The Guardian Angel, who all the while had been listening in melancholy silence, looked more downcast than ever at the perversity of his charge. In his heart he could almost wish that he had been placed over some poor little child of the streets, some offspring of poverty and palsy, rather than over this spoiled young man, whose life had been a long drama of wealth and pleasure and sad, sad disappointment.

Pierre, who, as a loyal servant, took the blame for everything and every body, felt called upon by his master's petulance to prefer some apology.

"No doubt, sir, your family felt obliged to undertake a journey to England for the holidays. They thought, perhaps—"

"Oh, I suppose so," sneered Throllop. "It makes very little difference to them that I am home alone and miserable on Christmas. Well, I'm going out and see if I can't find Christmas joy in doing good to some one. I've read that that's the way to do the thing, and the Lord knows I've tried everything else."

Stranger to say, despite this good resolution, the Angel did not look at all pleased. Perhaps something in the acrimonious, almost defiant, tone, pained him. Still, there was a gleam of hope furnished, if not by the words, at least by the well-filled purse which Throllop drew forth from his desk. So the Angel opened a long white scroll and waited expectantly.

"Mr. Throllop," said Pierre, a note of real appeal in his velvety voice, "since you are going out, may I spend the afternoon with my sister's family, perhaps? It's Christmas, you know, and with the servants away it will be a bit lonesome—"

"No," snapped Throllop. "I might change my mind and come back; in which case I would want you here. Take a day off this week; it will do as well."

At the door leading to the long hall Throllop paused and turned toward his valet, who stood averted with wrath and indignation. Perhaps a feeling akin to shame seized the young man, for, drawing the purse from his pocket, he crumpled a bill in his hand and tossed the precious ball to his servant.

"Merry Christmas!" he barked, and slammed the door. And as he passed down the deserted corridor the Guardian Angel sorrowfully marked the scroll with one large, black cross.

The grinning elevator boy of Throllop's fashionable apartment building displayed more than an ordinary array of teeth at sight of his wealthy passenger. The Angel, of course, passed without notice; he carried no placard of service.

"Merry Christmas, Mr. Throllop!" said the lad, instinctively unclasping a capacious palm. The very enthusiasm engendered in his youthful mercenary heart by the advent of a possible Santa Claus caused him to drop the elevator with more than wonted velocity. His pettish passenger gasped for breath.

"You little rat! Drop the elevator like that and I'll have you discharged," he thundered at the offending functionary.

In spite of the prevailing warmth of the elevator shaft, the boy's grin froze as he saw his \$5 gold piece dwindling into a possible deficit. At the ground floor he stopped the car within a sixteenth of an inch of the floor level, and waited for Throllop and his angelic companion to disembark. But the young man, standing in the open door of the elevator, mused:

"If I don't give him something, the little imp will tell every maid and man in the building that I'm as close-fisted as a story-book miser. I suppose in self defense I'd better—"

besides, the Christmas spirit demands some generosity."

So out of his overcoat pocket he grudgingly drew his purse, and, while the lad's eyes dilated to an abnormal size at sight of the figure on the corner, thrust a bit of crisp, crackling paper into his hand.

"Merry Christmas," he muttered, absently, and passed on, while the Angel with a gentle sigh, registered on the scroll a second black cross.

Outside it was snowing slightly, just enough to furnish employment for an old negro who was brandishing a dilapidated broom with weak, purposeless strokes. When his eye caught sight of Throllop's gloomy face looking out through the door, a new dynamic energy stirred his whole frame and the snow fell in panic flight before his fall like strokes.

"Merry Christmas!" he called, stopping long enough to raise his woolen cap.

Had Throllop been aware that the sanctuary of his innermost soul was shared by a silent but vigilant vigilance, his commencing might not have been so ironical. But, retiring into the recesses of his own mind, he felt himself ease, and mused cynically:

"If I were to translate that 'Merry Christmas' into the language of truth, it would express something like this: 'Here comes an easy chap with lots of money; I'll wish him a Merry Christmas, not because I hope he has one, but because if I do he will probably pay for my greeting in good coin of the realm.' His 'Merry Christmas' is a prayer at the altar of Dives, whom I, thank you, represent with tolerable accuracy. Still, it's Christmas, and I suppose he could use a dollar very nicely."

Out came the purse for the third time, and as Throllop passed down the avenue the negro was richer by one new paper dollar and the scroll poorer by one black cross.

Unfortunately for Throllop's incipient charity, New York, outside of the fashionable centers, was but vaguely known to him. Chauffeurs are paid to attend to matters of direction and location for one. A hundred orphanages and refuges would have rung with Christmas merriment at the advent of Throllop and his well-filled bill book; a thousand homes could have purchased Christmas joy with any one of the engraved sheets lying so neatly in his purse. But he pushed on aimlessly, disregarding, as usual, the suggestive directions of his Guardian Angel. Charity, however, never strays far from home without finding a claimant; and the particular claimant in this case was surely in need of a benevolent Santa Claus. He was a tramped of the meanest and most forsaken order. His coat would have shamed a self-respecting scarecrow. His feet were bound in rags and his poor, cold hands were thrust into the pockets of almost translucent trousers. Throllop, the very incarnation of Christmas charity, beamed benignly on the wayfarer.

An expressive gulp of surprise was sufficient answer. He had hoped for a coin or perhaps a half-smoked cigar; but the vision of possible gastronomic delights quite incapacitated him for speech.

The proprietor of the cafe was acquainted with Throllop, and concealed his surprise as he led the young man and his disreputable protégé, not to mention his unobtrusive Angel, to a secluded corner. The ordering of the dinner—carefully bronzed turkey, succulent vegetables, nectarious wines—brought Throllop for the first time something of the Christmas spirit, while an inchoate smile seemed to play about the features of his angelic companion.

Perhaps, thought Throllop, this poor creature may be some clever fellow gone to the dogs, but with a good story to pay for his dinner. Throllop had read of such things. He began to feel a decided interest in the lattered wreck who was, perhaps, a modern Villon, shielding genius under the cloak of silence and mendacity.

Sadly did the appearance of the steaming dinner crush his flimsy speculations. The wayfarer, without a word, seized knife and fork, plying them with fine vigor in their particular offices. The dissonance of his mastication caused a quiver of disgust to vibrate the patrician spine of Reginald Van Coover Throllop. Alas, it was only an uncouth, unhygienic tramp after all, lacking the least touch of the picturesque. Throllop, casting a last disdainful look on the energetic destroyer of food, rose.

"Stay as long as you like," he said, averting his face. "Your bill is paid, Merry Christmas!" And with a shudder of abhorrence he left the cafe. Another bill had passed from the purse and another black cross blotted the scroll.

In the shadow of the cafe, just out of the reach of the lights of the avenue, sat the quivering figure of an old, broken woman. The bundle of papers at her feet was half covered with snow, while the thin, ragged shawl about her shoulders was fast becoming white with the same cruel covering. Christmas had certainly passed her by unheeded. Not so, however, the vigilant Angel of Reginald Van Coover Throllop, who, by a mental nudge, called his charge's attention to this miserable outcast of womanhood. Throllop's feminine acquaintances surely would have been loath to recognize this wretched creature as one of their sex.

A quick glance sufficed to place beyond question the fact that the woman swaying back and forth in a lethargic sleep was nearly frozen to death. Throllop's first impulse had been to pass with averted face; but the pathetic spirit of ancestors long forgotten, conjured into action by the sympathetic Angel, deputed his advance.

"Manhood forbids you to pass her by unaided," cried the newly aroused spirit.

Throllop's features displayed the supreme loathing he felt for the dirty old woman at his feet.

"If you don't," declared the spirit, pressing hard, "do you think you can shirk responsibility for her death?"

The impulsive step toward the woman bespoke fear rather than pity. It was but a single step, for he almost instantly turned away. He could not—

"What would your friends think of one who feigned manhood and the virtues of manhood, deserting even this disreputable woman?"

The spirit of chivalry had called to his aid the more modern spirit of self-esteem and human respect. Beneath their combined assault Throllop faltered; and then the fresh allies snatched a dishonest victory from a betrayed foe.

"It's Christmas," muttered Throllop, masking his defeat under the semblance of victory. "I'll do it in the spirit of Christmas."

With all the incubus of a three hundred-year old name against him, Throllop's physical development was quite equal to the unpleasant task of lifting the haggard old woman from the door-step. A cobby slowly passing was hailed by the strange figure of a fashionably dressed young man who wore a bundle of rags out of the dark alley.

"Are you honest?" was the question which startled even the sophisticated Jehu.

"Sure," vowed the man with due solemnity. "I wouldn't take a nickel from a blind man if I was starvin'."

"Then," said Throllop, as he laid his burden on the musty cushions, "take this woman to the Providence Hospital. Drive as fast as you can make your beast move. It's a matter of life and death. Tell the doctor that Mr. Throllop wants her given the best possible care. Here," and he scribbled a few words on a card, "give them this. They will understand."

The bill that accompanied the card had a magic about it that made the cobby seize the latter in a manner almost enthusiastic.

And while the lights of the cab were whirling away into the veil of falling snow the Angel sadly marked the scroll with another black cross.

The remaining stations of this passage of Christmas charity were steps taken into a rapidly deepening shadow of soul and of surroundings. In vain it was Throllop's quest for Christmas joy. The tiny lad at the news-stand, the shivering girl selling wreaths, the belated Salvation Army outpost who stood guard at a windy corner, could not give it to this cheerless searcher, though he paid for their smile and Christmas greeting with green crackling bills.

At last the feeling of absolute failure crushed his name too buoyant soul. He had failed, miserably failed. There was no Christmas joy to be found or purchased in all New York. As he clambered into a taxi and sank back disgustedly, clouds of the deepest depression and gloom enveloped his drooping form. And one sorrowful Angel Guardian near him on the cushions added on the scroll a sum of eight fresh black crosses.

At the curb in front of his apartments Throllop drew the last bill from his purse and handed it to the cobby. The nurse, recently the emblem of placidity, now flapped in vainly in his hand. To think that he had spent so much and in return gained nothing! For once his wealth had lost its purchasing power. An impulse of mingled anger and disappointment was the impelling force that carried the empty purse into the shadowy street. It had been utterly futile to buy him Christmas joy.

Throllop, mounting the steps of his fashionable apartment building, was suddenly arrested by a sound as strange to his ears as the voice of prayer. It was a cry softly plaintive, yet unmistakably clear. Throllop lifted his eyes and dimly saw in the shadow of the great granite column flanking the blazing door a basket. Clammy hands though he was, it required but an instant for him to draw from the nest of warm rags and hold up to the light shining through the hall door, a pink-faced, miserably clad, crying baby.

"Poor little chap!" said Throllop, whose arms were finding it difficult to shape themselves into a cradle; "some one has deserted it on Christmas night."

His voice, usually so cold and reserved, took on for the moment a somewhat softer, gentler note. There was a bond of intimacy naturally connecting those two mortals; both were alone and unhappy on Christmas.

"Well, now, young fellow," said Throllop, in an awkward endeavor to soothe the baby's cries, "we're both in about the same fix. Christmas hasn't brought much to us, has it? I'm sorry for you, youngster, but you've fallen into poor hands. I certainly can't be bothered with a strange baby. I suppose I'd better call a cab and send you off to an orphanage. They'll take care of you there, and—"

In the midst of his speech he stopped and laughed awfully. Not one cent remained in his pocket to pay for the baby's transit. Even his purse lay in the slush of a gloomy street. There was nothing to do but to take the baby up to his apartments and get sufficient money to send him away; then—his musings were broken by a remarkably infantile phenomenon. The baby abruptly ceased crying and reached out from the meshes of his rags to grip with two sturdy wristless fists the pale cheeks of Reginald Van Coover Throllop.

Had there been other witnesses than a silent, sorrowful Guardian Angel, Throllop's surprise and alarm would have appeared extremely ludicrous. It is one thing to hold a baby and quite another for a baby to attempt to hold you. And it must be said to the youngster's credit that he was remarkably tenacious.

"No you don't," said Throllop, trying to shake off the baby's grip without at the same time hurting him; "you can't hold on to me like that. I'm a selfish old bachelor. There is no room for you here."

Once more he stopped abruptly. There was something so familiar in the words, "There was no room for you," that he almost started, while the Angel Guardian looked sadder than ever.

"There is no room for you here," he repeated slowly. "Wasn't that said—yes, by Jove, it was said to Christ on the first Christmas! No," he hurried on, in a sudden burst of self-reproach. "I've room for nothing and no one but Reginald Van Coover Throllop. How can a selfish creature like me hope to find Christmas happiness? By Jove, I believe if the Savior Himself had been left here instead of this baby, I believe if this baby were the Infant Christ, I would have told Him, 'There is no room for you here!'"

"Youngster," he said, addressing the warm, quivering bundle in his arms, "I won't send you to the orphanage. You're not the Baby Christ, but you're like Him. So tonight at least you'll stay with me. We'll keep Christmas together, you and I; and the world shall see that two poor, forsaken mortals can be happy. Youngster, I believe you've brought me the spirit of Christmas."

Yes, in very truth, from that little vibrant body, so close to his heart, the spirit of Christmas, the spirit of Christlike charity, diffused itself throughout Throllop's being. Joy, supremely beautiful, lighted his countenance. Joy, supremely satisfying, throbbed through his heart. And as he stepped into his warm building his Angel Guardian, triumphant and radiant, held up, not in the light of Heaven, an immaculate scroll. And across it in letters of gold was written the record of how Reginald Van Coover Throllop found in his own heart the happiness of Christmas that his wealth had failed to buy.—Daniel A. Lord, S. J., Extension.

THE NEW PHILOSOPHY OF D'SPAIR

"The vitality of the Church," is the title of an article in the Educational Review by George Hodges, Dean of the Episcopal Theological Seminary at Cambridge, Massachusetts. It is meant as an answer to certain articles which recently have obtained considerable notoriety by announcing to the world, with solemn assurance, the failure of organized Christianity. Mr. Hodges singles out for his direct opponents, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Schoonmaker, and Professor Carver. The attitude of the various writers deserves consideration as representing different typical phases of "modern religious thought."

Mr. Lewis, a former Congregational minister, astonished the "intellectuals" of his church by resigning the pastorate of the King's Weigh House Church at Clapham, and announcing that he could not reconcile his desire to be a "man of God" with his position in the Congregationalist community. The subject of his article, published in the Atlantic Monthly, was "The Failure of the Church." His tenets are those of Modernism. Religion, he holds, is in a constant state of evolution. At its present stage those who have the spirit of Christ have to a large extent worked themselves free of dogmas and formularies. Christianity evolved out of Judaism, and out of Christianity there now evolves a "Beyond Christianity." He himself, in common with the Modernists, has reached this latest and most enlightened position. The extent of this enlightenment he may best judge from the fact that he has discovered the germ of the failure of the Church to consist in its exclusion of paganism.

The view taken by Mr. Lewis is hopeful, however, compared with that presented to us in the Century by Mr. Schoonmaker. The former sees the possibility of the continued existence of "the Church" for thousands of years to come, though it will then, he tells us, either be entirely fossilized or no longer recognizable even in name. Mr. Schoonmaker has other visions of her. His ears have been deafened by the roar of cannon in the great world war, and he has marked the shrapnel statures on the walls of Reims Cathedral; but he has waited in vain for a cry of horror to arise proclaiming that the house of God has been attacked. There comes instead an outburst of wrath from enlightened lands, as the smoke clears away from before his vision, telling him that "a work of art" has suffered. The Church therefore is dead. The stately shrine of devotion is regarded as only an architectural marvel, a relic of departed glory. The Christian temple has taken its place such Karnak and the Parthenon. His message of despair. But still a third witness remains.

"What Ails the Church?" asks Professor Carver in the Harvard Theological Review. There was a time, he says, when it still preached a clear and definite gospel of salvation, "with damnation as the unattractive, though varyingly emphasized alternative; now it is not considered quite polite in the best religious circles to mention damnation, and since there is nothing very definite to be saved from, salvation has lost its meaning. He sees therefore "the Church," or as he should say, the churches, helplessly drifting with the current or "running around in a circle looking for some 'cause' to espouse, or something vaguely called 'social service' to perform." He too has his own substitute, his own "Beyond Christianity," which he calls the "Workbench Philosophy."

For the intelligent Catholic there can be no difficulty in dispelling the illusions of this latest philosophy of despair. It is ample for him to prove in answer to Mr. Lewis and the Modernistic school, that Christ sustains and will sustain until the end of time the one and only Church which He founded, as He foretold that He would remain with her and send His Spirit to abide with her forever. While the churches have constantly changed, the Church is ever the same, because truth and the Spirit of Truth are immutable. For this reason too she is adapted to every age, as her unceasing vitality shows. She may make use of new methods suited to different periods, but cannot alter her doctrines. She may advance into fuller light certain truths always possessed by her, but she cannot change them or invent new truths. Her mission is to preach until the end of time the doctrine committed to her, sure of the promise of Christ that He will be with her "even to the consummation of the world." (Matt. xxviii. 20) It is still easier for the Catholic to convince Mr. Schoonmaker, even were it against his will, that the Catholic Church at least is not dead, that she alone is now as over a vital, energizing force throughout the entire earth. No other argument would be needed than to point to the thousands in every land who, in the strength of their invincible faith, leave all the world holds dear to dedicate their lives to God, and to the service of their neighbor for love

of God. Nor has she, in answer to Professor Carver, ever finished from preaching in all its fulness the gospel committed to her, proclaiming without reservation the reality of those eternal fires prepared for the devil and his angels and awaiting the reprobate.

There is no difficulty indeed on the part of the Catholic; but what has Mr. Hodges to answer to the modern philosophy of despair? Under the name of "the Church" he includes, like the other writers, all the many mutually contradictory churches that in any way still cling to the name of Christianity.

The Church of Christ is the Church that teaches His doctrine, and that doctrine cannot be self-contradictory, or Christ would contradict Himself. To prove the vitality of the Church, as he sets out to do, he must therefore prove that there is one, undivided Church, holding the one, undivided doctrine of Christ, and that this Church has come down without any change of doctrine from the days of the apostles.

It is a tale that is old yet ever new, and year by year it thrills our hearts as we turn over in our mind those familiar pictures of memory: The parting of the midnight skies, nineteen centuries ago, by the gleam of an angel's wings "feathering soft their solitary beak" earthwards; the shining of a great light around some shepherds, and their flocks on the hills of Judea; the tidings of great joy which was to be for all the people; and the answering jubilation of the starry cohorts "Gloria in Excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis."

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They show that the Church possesses an invincible vitality. What peril has it not met, what might of adversaries, what treachery of false friends? Into what wrong roads has it not been misled, down what steep precipices has it not fallen! And yet, after all, undaunted, strengthened rather than disabled by hard experience, the Church has come on, slowly mastering the life of man.

This indeed would be the unanswerable argument the Catholic can offer, did the writer exclude his false supposition of weakness and error on the part of the Church herself. Such a false supposition denies the promise of Christ that the gates of hell shall never prevail against her, not even for a moment, much less for centuries, as Protestantism must hold. It denies His promise of the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, whom He was to send that the Church might be guarded from every slightest approach of error, as became His spiritual Spouse, that He might present Himself "a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish." (Eph. v, 27).

Hodges pleads, the one, undivided, apostolic, Catholic Church, and he will be able to prove convincingly her true vitality which cannot be possessed by the sects separated from her, divided among themselves as error ever must be, changing within themselves and ever uncertain of their tenets because adrift from the Rock whereon Christ built His Church.—Joseph Huseleir, S. J., in America.

CHRISTMAS JOY

Rev. James H. Monahan, D. D., in The Missionary Christmetide is again at hand, and presently we shall be invited by the strains of "Adeste fideles" to go over in spirit to Bethlehem, to see there born the King of the Angels. Into a world made white by the ministry of the snow to receive Him, we shall welcome in our midst the coming of that "strange Stranger." In the versicle and response read in the Mass of Christmas morn the shepherds being asked, "Whom have you seen?" (quem vidistis pastores) reply, "We have seen the New Born Saviour, and have heard the carols of the Angels." And so the notes of joy and gladness are the ever-recurring refrain of the simple pastoral of our Lord's Nativity.

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What we are more interested in now is what might be termed the answer to the charges, published fifty years after and by no less a personage than the son of the publisher, whose sentiments are strongly condemnatory of the principles and acts of the father.

In 1825 Solomon Southwick, son of A. Southwick, was editor and publisher of The National Observer, of Albany, The Truth Teller, of New York, August 19 1826, commenting upon an article entitled "Bigotry," by Solomon Southwick, states: "It has seldom fallen to our lot to persecute more liberal sentiments toward Roman Catholics than those expressed by Mr. Southwick."

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Who for us men and for our salvation came down from heaven, and was born of Mary ever Virgin. Hence every year as the anniversary comes around, clothed in the white garments of the spirit and with the lamp of vigil in our hands, we go over to Bethlehem to see there the new-born King of the Angels.

LIGHT OF HISTORY IS TURNED ON BIGOTRY

DR. GRIFFIN ANALYZES CONDITIONS IN THIS COUNTRY A CENTURY AGO

In these days, when a new wave of bigotry is sweeping the country, when ancient charges are twisted to meet modern conditions, when one receives personal letters from well-meaning, but deluded persons who are not in communion with the Catholic Church, begging one "to give up the errors of Rome before it is too late, and thereby win the crown of glory," it might be well to look a little into the past.

In 1774 there was circulated a book of some three hundred pages, entitled "The Master Key to Popery," written and published by A. Southwick. It was advertised as being "as cheap a book as ever printed in Europe or America, and highly necessary to be kept in every Protestant family in this country; that all may see to what miserable state the people are reduced in all arbitrary and tyrannical governments, and be thereby excited to stand on their guard against the infernal machinations of the British ministers and their vast hosts of fools, emissaries, etc., etc., sent hither to propagate the principles of Popery and slavery, which go hand in hand as inseparable companions."

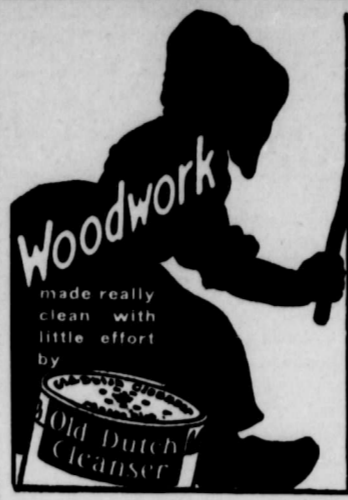
The book contains most violent and outrageous charges against the Church and Pope. What we are more interested in now is what might be termed the answer to the charges, published fifty years after and by no less a personage than the son of the publisher, whose sentiments are strongly condemnatory of the principles and acts of the father.

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To say nothing against persecution sustained by the Quakers, which in some cases was horrible, the contrast between our former opinions of the Catholics and those which now prevail forms a curious item in our history. I understood when a child that our countrymen had been taught, from the War of 1766, to look upon a Frenchman as a natural enemy and a Catholic of any country as a monster rather than a man. Our pulpits teemed with anathemas against the "Bast," as the Pope was called, and our presses groaned with denunciations of all who acknowledged his spiritual authority.

I well recollect seeing the Pope burned in effigy on the 5th of November—the last time that ceremony was ever performed in my native town of Newport, although I was not old enough to comprehend the meaning of that solemn farce; and about the same time my father, who was a printer, published a book entitled "The Master Key to Popery," in which the most wonderful stories were told of the trials, rack, tortures, gibbets and other hellish inventions of the Papists to



commit the Protestants or destroy their root and branch, and besides all those gloomy portraits the Polish priests were represented as the vilest wretches, guilty of all sorts of crimes and fit only for subjects of pandemonium instead of ministers of the altar of Christ.

Such were the opinions our ancestors held of Frenchmen and Catholics, and these opinions were in full force until the era of the Revolution. Then it was that a new light burst upon us. The Catholic King of France took part with the Protestant rebels of America. He sent his Catholic armies to fight our battles, and his Catholic subjects at home were taught to reverence our cause. We found that Frenchmen were not our natural enemies, for they came to befriend us in our struggle for freedom. We found that Catholics were no monsters, for those very Frenchmen who came to fight our battles were Catholics. The Rochambeaus, the LaRozes, the Lafayettes and the DeGrassés of France mingled at our festive board with the Washingtons, the Franklins, the Jeffersons and the Hamiltons of America. The soldiers of the Catholic King and those of the rebellious Protestant provinces went hand in hand together to the field of battle and often often joined together in worshipping their common Creator.

I saw the whole French army under Rochambeau go to a grand Mass in a bay, and never did I behold a more sublime spectacle. Then it was that our prejudices against Frenchmen and Catholics were obliterated and renounced at the altar of liberty.

There is indeed one fact that deserves to be recorded to the eternal honor of the Catholic army. It marched through the United States, it encamped in almost every State, and yet those monstrous Catholics were never known to commit a solitary deprecation on the persons or property of our citizens, either male or female; they robbed no farmyards; they trod down no cornfields; they trespassed upon no orchards or gardens; but everywhere they marched was a track of morality and their banner, the emblem of that justice for which they fought and which they practiced in camp.

This grand era of mutual danger in the field and mutual toleration in the camp and church of a Catholic and a Protestant army ought never to be forgotten either in this country or in France. It should ever be realized by our orators on the annual jubilee of our freedom; it ought to be impressed upon the minds of the people as a proof that the more mankind know of each other, the less they will be disposed to worry and persecute each other for differences of opinion.

Before I conclude, let me ask is not the venerable Carroll the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence, a Catholic? And did any man risk more than this holy patriarch by signing that imperishable document? It is certain that all good and wise men are the friends of civil and political liberty; and sure I am that all men who truly reverence God are the friends of unlimited religious toleration, for to God alone belongs the power of chastising infidelity; and the man, therefore who reverences Him will not attempt to usurp His authority.—William L. J. Griffin in Catholic Sun.

CATHOLIC PRESS

IS FULFILLING ITS MISSION NOBLY "If the Catholics of America realized, as does the editor of any Catholic paper whose duty it is to go carefully through his exchanges, what priceless storehouses of sane, solid information and judgment are to be found on the editorial pages of our Catholic weeklies the question as to the fullest development of the Catholic press would be solved forthwith." Thus writes the editor of the Rosary Magazine; and he says "that the fullest development" is lacking, not because of any lack in the Catholic press itself, but because of lack of co-operation on the part of the Catholic public. He says: "Circulation is all we need for the present. If our Catholic papers were appreciated by the laity as they should be, and enjoyed the circulation they eminently deserve, further improvements in editorial management might safely be undertaken. No editor, however, unless he is a fool—and of course no one likes to think of himself in that light—would voluntarily assume heavy financial obligations without at least a reasonable prospect of being able to discharge them. As

a matter of fact with the scantiest kind of appreciation financial or otherwise, all of our Catholic papers are giving, week by week, the very best of their command. And, bear in mind that this 'very best' is of the quality that would win instant recognition and generous remuneration in any other field than that of Catholic literature.

"DON'T KNOW HOW TO DIE"

PROTESTANT PLEADS FOR CATHOLIC PRACTICES

Notwithstanding all her Voluntary schools—and we must admit that, aided by Catholics, she made a good fight for the principle of Voluntary or Church schools—the Church of England seems to have a good many adherents of her Communion who have no real grip of Christianity. Such at all events is the impression conveyed by Rev. Walter J. Carey, one of the librarians of Pusey House, Oxford, in his article, "What's Wrong with the Laity?" in the Church Times of October 28. "I do not mean at the moment," he says, "our more or less ecclesiastical laymen, but the large mass of baptised and confirmed people who are the Church of England, but do little to justify their assertion by their works. Is there anything more disheartening than the spectacle of this unweaned mass of so called Church of England people? Don't I know them well. 'What are you in religion?' Roman Catholic, Church of England, or what? 'Church of England.' 'Have you been baptised and confirmed?' 'Yes.' 'Do you ever go to Communion?' 'No.' 'Do you ever say your prayers?' 'No.'"

CANNOT PRAY

"And sometimes there's an accident, and you are called in. The man is badly hurt, silent attendants hover in the background with bandages and basins. You kneel down and ask gently, 'Well, sonny, how are you?' 'Can I do anything for you spiritually?' 'Do you ever pray?' 'No.' 'Isn't it appalling?' 'When I hear it's altogether the fault of the clergy. Two or three clergymen live amid ten thousand people; they do their utmost, possibly, yet there are hundreds of homes who do not admit them, hundreds of children whose parents will not send them to Sunday school, thousands of grown ups who will not come to church, and don't mean to come to church, and Christ Himself couldn't bring them to church because of their unbelief, their denial of the promptings of natural religion within them.' He speaks of the "great mass of boys and men" who are "simply muddled over religion; they do not deny it but don't know how to live by it, and are hopelessly ignorant as to how to die in it."

"DON'T KNOW HOW TO DIE"

Mr. Carey declares the great enemy is vagueness, and the cause of the situation is "mainly in the Reformation and the Prayer Book. The Reformation was largely a revolt from over-concreteness and over elaborateness, and, as usual, the revolt went too far, and we became over vague." Then the Prayer Book is too dignified, more suitable for "educated and statesman like persons" than for the ordinary mass of people. "You want something simple, more direct, more affectionately concrete. The Romans (sic) seem to have, right enough. For prayer there's the rosary, for dying there's the crucifix and the Last Sacraments. Our boys don't know how to die Christianly, though they die like men all right. So that my remedy for vagueness is concreteness." Thereupon the rev. gentleman makes some concrete proposals among which is one that the people should be taught to "wear a crucifix round their neck, so that in the hour of danger or mortal agony they can take it out and kiss it." Another is, "Let the Church of England issue an official Church of England Catechism, the exact equivalent of the Roman 'Penny Catechism.'" Then, he argues, the clergy could go to work and instruct the people in "the functions of clergy and laity alike."

AN APPEAL TO THE BISHOPS

"Do they know these things at present? No, they do not. Their idea of a priest is a good chap, and their ideal for themselves is 'not to do any harm to anybody.' Hence they live vaguely and they die vaguely, and we are all in a helpless muddle. O Bishops, if this catches the eye and conscience of any of you, do stop pondering how to reduce Ritualists to order, and don't even waste too much time on Welsh Disestablishment. There are hundreds and thousands of your English boys who don't know how to live and don't know how to die. Give us something concrete; something more definite than prayer book for their poor little prayers, something they can learn instead of the Catechism which they can't. Speak to them officially and affectionately; let us proudly give them their little Prayer Book in your joint name. Let them know that their Bishops want to help them to die as sincere Christians should—for at present they don't know how."

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LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1918

THE MEREDITH JUDGMENT

Comparatively few of our readers are very much interested in the Meredith judgment in so far as it is limited in its application to the local situation which affects the schools of the city of Ottawa.

Assuming that the intelligent reader has before him the text of the judgment which we published last week, we shall proceed to show that the fears aroused by such misleading summaries are entirely groundless.

The clauses in the British North America Act which give, with certain limitations and reservations, to the provincial legislatures the power exclusively to legislate with regard to education, do not oblige them to maintain any system of State schools whatsoever.

While not pretending to any competence in matters which pertain to the technical interpretation of the law, this opinion seems to be entirely in accord with cold common sense.

When we come to the question of just what is the status of Separate schools we shall find that it is based entirely on the assumption of a system of State schools.

Now let us get back to the rights of parents with regard to education. Mr. Belcourt's contention based on parental rights goes to the unqualified extreme.

The State, as well as the parents, has its rights and duties in the matter of education. Just now we are not concerned with defining the limits of either.

In so far as it is expressed or embodied in the Separate Schools Act of 1868, the rights of the State are acknowledged quite as freely as those of the parents.

Advocates of State rights are restrained just now by the consideration of the fact that Germany goes to the extreme in such claims.

It is evident that the difference between Roumanians and their neighbors who surround them on every side is not a reflection on the intelligence of our readers.

With regard to the teaching of French it is quite possible for Orange and Catholics to agree. In the long run under our system of government it is the opinion of the people that ratifies or rejects any law or regulation of the government.

The whole principle of the Separate Schools Act of 1868 assumes and concedes the rights and duties of the State in the matter of education. Therefore we are not surprised to find that there is a clause in that act which concedes unreservedly the right of the Department of Education to make regulations which shall govern both Public and Separate schools.

Nevertheless we cannot concede that any and every regulation is in keeping with the spirit of the clause which concedes Governmental regulation of Separate schools. The letter killeth and the spirit giveth life. It could easily happen that an unfriendly administrator, taking literally and unfairly the meaning of this clause, might kill the whole spirit by adhering to the letter.

Just as soon as any individual official gets away from the democratic ideal he is likely to get into a position which, though it may be justified by the literal interpretation of the law, is contrary to its spirit, and subversive of all real democratic control.

There are, perhaps, other features of the Meredith judgment that call for comment; but we shall await the requests for explanation which we know will be forthcoming if explanations are necessary.

More intimately concerned than he could possibly be we feel no hesitation in saying that we find Mr. Justice Meredith's decision marked by unusual clarity of judgment and lucidity of expression. And while we surrender no jot or tittle of the right of the people to demand explanation and justification of all educational regulations we find the judgment of Mr. Justice Meredith eminently satisfactory.

Quite to the point in so far as it affects the agitation against the laws and regulations of the Ontario Government, is the learned judge's distinction between those who make laws and regulations and those whose duty it is simply to interpret them.

In view of the uneasiness felt by many with whom we have spoken we shall be glad to answer any questions which may be suggested by the much discussed Meredith judgment.

ROMANIA

"Jur de pazi legile Roumaniei, d'a mantine drepturile sale si integritatea teritorialului." Romania is a young country. Carlos or Charles its first king, is only recently dead: his wife, under the name of Carmen Sylva, is known to many of our readers.

Racially and linguistically the Roumanians form a Romanic island in a Slavonic ocean. Small, wiry, alert, the Roumanians stand out in striking contrast with their large-bodied, heavy and phlegmatic Slav neighbors, including the Bulgarians.

It is the first thing to be learned about the Roumanians. During the first century after Christ the Eastern provinces of the Roman Empire were frequently ravaged by incursions of powerful barbarian tribes.

The downfall of Turkey two years ago marked the beginning of great ambitions in the Balkan States which now with some degree of justice regard themselves as nations. With this glimpse of Roumanian history it will be easy to discount the press despatches which tell of Romania's imminent entrance into the War on the side of the Allies.

The present situation and the future, so far as may be divined at present, give no ground for any such hope but ample reason to fear that when Roumania strikes it will be on the side of the Central powers.

Long ago Christ laid down this principle: no man can serve two masters. Suppose we had been amongst the crowd who heard Him enunciate this principle would we have dared to challenge it? And yet, how many of us do challenge it in every day life?

NEUTRALS

Long ago Christ laid down this principle: no man can serve two masters. Suppose we had been amongst the crowd who heard Him enunciate this principle would we have dared to challenge it? And yet, how many of us do challenge it in every day life?

No man can serve two masters. But as we are not attempting the impossible when we refuse to give ourselves wholly heartily to the service of God? Is not the Church's minimum the maximum of our effort? Do we not anxiously seek out what is of obligation, and then weigh and measure even the obligatory things to discover how little will be enough?

From what has been said it will be seen that the Roumanians have no racial affinity with either Russia or Bulgaria. They are a Romanic people, akin to the Italians and French; but their kinship with these will probably weigh lightly compared with their national interests which are remote from those of their relations amongst the Allies.

Prince Charles (later King Charles) Roumania's first ruler, having established order and discipline, and reorganized the army, offered his aid to Russia in 1877 in the Russo-Turkish war. This was haughtily refused and Charles was told that his country could only exist under the shadow of the Russian armies.

More attendance at Sunday Mass, and a Communion two or three times a year, will never build up a robust Catholic faith. And yet many Catholics, and especially many Catholic young men, never have any ambition to do more.

Let us never voluntarily dwell upon the faults of others when they present themselves to our minds; instead of dwelling on them let us at once consider what there is of good in these persons.—St. Teresa.

NOTES AND COMMENTS ARE WE near the end of the world? That is a question which has been profoundly exercising many minds for the past sixteen months and which may exercise them still more profoundly ere this great War is over.

With Austria Hungary, also, relations became cordial and intimate. Roumania's foreign policy was modelled on that of England. Just as England bent all her efforts to maintain "the balance of power" in Europe, Roumania's sole desire was to maintain the balance of power in the Balkan Peninsula.

The present situation and the future, so far as may be divined at present, give no ground for any such hope but ample reason to fear that when Roumania strikes it will be on the side of the Central powers.

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WHAT is this great phenomenon which with the remainder of its possibilities Puisseux seeks to startle an already distracted world? He finds that instead of condensing and shrinking little by little, as has heretofore been supposed, the Sun is constantly dilating more and more, and reaching the point of bursting.

Will the Germans and Bulgars be content to expel the Allies from Serbia, or will they follow the Franco-British army over the Greek frontier and lay siege to Saloniki? If they do continue to attack the Allies on Grecian territory will the Greeks warn them off? Will King Constantine at the same time insist upon the evacuation of Saloniki by the Allies so that the Germans and Bulgars will have no cause to cross the Greek frontier?

THE TRUTH that man is more than flesh or blood is a reminder that in regard to his earthly existence there is a whole range of subjects with which Science has nothing to do, such as joy and sorrow, hope and charity, and the like, and that even in regard to those subjects which are its legitimate province its limitations are clearly marked.

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Science presents to us a universe of matter, and that matter in motion, it can never tell us how matter came into existence or how set in motion. It is to revelation we must look for such knowledge in this direction as finite intelligence can comprehend.

THIS is the Christian solution of what an unbeliever has termed the "riddle of existence," and to the properly trained scientific mind it is, as against the materialistic, the easier to believe. It was one of the foremost students of science, the late Lord Kelvin, who said that science positively affirmed creation. Or, to make use of the words of an eminent Catholic scientist, Sir Bertram Windle, to affirm the opposite theory—"science, itself, poetry, philosophy, which emerge from the brain of man, not to speak of all the minor things of the universe, must have sprung by blind chance from a nebula which was eternal and, so we must argue, sentient."

FURTHER, Sir Bertram Windle goes on, by blind chance must have arisen those orderly series of occurrences which men call laws of nature. It seems difficult to imagine how laws could exist without a law-giver, and this has been admitted even by persons of an extremely materialistic bent of mind.

ON THE BATTLE LINE The Balkans continue to be the chief centre of interest but the news from there gives little or no reason for optimism. The general retirement of the Allies from Serbian Macedonia continues. Late despatches indicate that the British troops in the Lake Doiran region are now holding lines located on Greek soil.

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BEYOND THE BALKANS Constantinople, Dec. 10.—"The enemy's resistance is decreasing sensibly. Our troops repulsed all British sorties with heavy losses to the attackers. Six aeroplanes which were captured have been repaired, and are now being used against the enemy."

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T. P. O'CONNOR

DISCUSSES CONSCRIPTION

LONDON, Dec. 11.—The reception of Mr. Wilson's message in England was excellent, particularly as it shows that Americans realized the kind of enemy the Allies are fighting. The best specimen and epitome I can give of the British view of the document is in sentences from the Westminster Gazette, which says, "We, meaning Great Britain, are acting with our Allies for what we conceive to be the interests of civilization in both worlds and through we ask no favors, and may, perhaps, look for little forbearance, we make appeal to the American people who realize from their own experiences what is going on in Europe. And if they are unable to help us by positive assistance they are not to hinder us by asserting neutral rights or commercial interests to prejudice our naval power. This week closes in a darker glow of war than for weeks. All kinds of rumors are prevalent and each contradicts the other, everybody feels that momentous events are going to appear immediately but it is impossible to forecast their nature. There are rumors of German preparation for a big offensive on the western front but it is impossible to reconcile them with Germany's necessity to keep a big army on the Russian front and to make a big effort to attack the Allies in force at Saloniki before they become sufficiently strong to entrench for the winter."

It is equally difficult to discover whether the Allies mean to continue their efforts at Saloniki in the face of tremendous forces that have been released since Serbia's overthrow. Interviews with the Greek king confirm the view that he does not mean to give a particle of assistance to the Allies beyond what his engagements to the Kaiser permit. This and the Mesopotamia setback make the week-end an anxious one. But the temper of the British people and the Allies is now so solidly determined for a long, decisive war that all passing events have come to be regarded as the inevitable ups and downs of war, without influence on the final result.

During a week-end visit to my constituents in Liverpool I found this spirit more pronounced than in phlegmatic, silent London, especially among the Irish. Social events have been organized to send Christmas comforts to the famous Liverpool Irish regiment who at Festubert added a new chapter to the story of Irish valour. Liverpool has also joined other British cities in expressing horror of the Armenian atrocities.

Emphasis also has been laid there upon the splendid part the American philanthropists have taken in educating and otherwise helping this oppressed people. There are two schools of extremists on the issue of Conscription. On the one hand there is the body which looks on Conscription as the beginning in England of Prussian militarism and all the hideous brood of evils which that internal system has inflicted on the world. On the other side, there are the men who followed Lord Roberts in his passionate campaign for National Service and who insist that this War, with England's unpreparedness, has proved the unwisdom of the country in resisting the late old soldier's appeal. Between two such bodies there can be no compromise, and if the issue come to be fought on the floor of the House, they will fight each other very resolutely.

But between these two schools there are a great many men who look on the issue as one mainly of fact. The first fact on which they want information is as to the exact number of men who are required, and how far the present supply falls short of that demand. It is a question on which it is very difficult to get information—largely because definite information, it is supposed, might be useful to the enemy. Nobody can say even in round numbers how many men we have at this moment in France, but it is generally assumed that they are about a million. Then one has to add to these the men detached for service on the other War fronts, in Saloniki, in Gallipoli, in Egypt, in Mesopotamia. The men still training in the country are put down as something like a million and a half. The men whose tendency is against Conscription maintain that it is unfair to ask the country to send many more in addition to the gigantic numbers. Men, on the other hand, who have a leaning towards Conscription, speak of numbers up to half a million—some even go as far as a million—to complete the work of conquering Germany. The question unfortunately has got into the refracting atmosphere of party passion. I do not mean that the Liberals are all on one side and the Conservatives all on the other. The question cuts across ordinary party lines; for there are a great many Liberals who are at least as keen for Conscription as the most violent Conservative Conscriptionist. The leader, for instance, of the Conscriptionist group in the Ministry is Mr. Lloyd George; on the other hand, it is generally reported that the most powerful memorandum against Conscription was written by Mr. Balfour.

But all the same the question has got into the atmosphere of party again, and accordingly it is difficult to ascertain the facts. There are one or two facts however which one can definitely state—namely, that the Irish Party will oppose Conscription to the end. It is a curious indication of the egotism of the

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British Conscriptorist that at an early stage of the struggle they intended to the Irish party that they were quite willing to compromise on land; but this was a compromise at which the Irish party refused to look first, because they regarded it as a betrayal of the British Democrats, to whose loyal assistance next to Irish effort and tenacity they attribute the victory of Home Rule. Secondly, because the Irish party realize that such an exclusion of Ireland, especially if done with the approval of the Irish party, would be used as a weapon against Ireland when the time comes to put Home Rule into operation.

But how far the uncompromising attitude of the Irish party will be backed up by the Liberals is a question of still disputed fact. Two things are possible though not probable, and without these two facts Conscriptorism would be met by the opposition of the bulk of the Liberal Party. The first of these conditions is that a Conscriptor Bill would be proposed by Mr. Asquith. The second is that the House of Commons—and especially over the Liberal Party is still astonishingly strong. I say astonishingly, considering the many disappointments of the War, and considering the hurricane of attack to which he has been subjected by Lord Northcliffe in his various organs. But it is still doubtful if Mr. Asquith will ever consent to propose a Conscriptor Bill. All his prepossessions are against it, and he has laid down a condition which binds him, namely—that the Bill should be received with practically universal assent.

Which brings me to the second condition which is necessary for Conscriptorism to have any chance; and that is that Mr. Asquith should propose it with a united Cabinet behind him. There can be no united Cabinet on the subject—barring one thing which may upset all calculations, namely, a series of bad disasters in the East. If that should come, nobody could tell what would happen. But leaving that out of account, Mr. Asquith could not hope for a united Cabinet for Conscriptorism. Three ministers would certainly resign, Mr. Runciman, Mr. Harcourt and Mr. Birrell. Mr. Runciman a comparatively young man is the son of a great shipowner; he spent several years of his life as a shipowner himself, and has shown, as President of the Board of Trade, very remarkable gifts of organization. Like his father, Mr. Runciman is a life testator; has the patient and healthy complexion that belongs as a rule to the life testator, and also the power of incessant work which is possible to the man whose energies are not in any way sapped by alcohol. He would be a loss to the Ministry. Mr. Harcourt is a man of consummate ability; can make one of the most powerful and cutting speeches of any man in the House—being a genuine wit; was an excellent Colonial Secretary, and altogether a notable man. His fortunes are easy, for he is married into the great American banking house of which Pierpont Morgan was the head; lives in a house in the fashionable quarter of Berkeley Square; has a historic mansion at Nuneham near Oxford, and is allied with all the great aristocratic families of England. But he is delicate in health; has never tried to be a great popular figure; and is more powerful accordingly in the House of Commons than in the country. Mr. Birrell's hostility to Conscriptorism is largely because as Chief Secretary he has such a profound knowledge of the Irish people and such a profound affection for them. "I'm not going to drag Irishmen with policemen away from their homes after they have sent the bravest troops in such large numbers to win our battles already," he said once to a friend.

But the loss of even these three ministers would not necessarily mean the downfall of Mr. Asquith's Ministry and the end of Conscriptorism. The man on whom to a large extent the fate of both the one and the other depends is Mr. Reginald McKenna, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. After years of disparagement, Mr. McKenna has come to his own. He was constantly assailed by the Tories before the war as a man with the mind of a clerk and the bearing of a prig, and during the militant suffrage campaign he was assailed by the Pankhursts and their followers as the man who tortured, starved and even murdered women, and both he and his wife and children had to be protected from assassination and violence by constant guards of police. As Chancellor of the Exchequer he has come to his own. In his veins there is the blood of two generations of stiff North of Ireland bankers, and when he came to deal with figures he showed an immediate mastery of them that has taken everybody by surprise. His gifts are solid rather than brilliant, but they were just the gifts that were required in an hour of such gigantic financial stress. He has carried a big budget with consummate patience, good temper and promptitude of argument; and in short he is regarded as the man of the hour. Add that he has great courage, a will of iron, rigidity of opinion, and you will see that he is a formidable man.

If he left the Ministry on Conscriptorism it would give a shake to the Ministry and to Conscriptorism which would not recover. For his objections are founded on solid financial grounds. The truth is that even already the amount of recruiting has produced some grave financial and industrial results. Take the export of cotton goods; they form the great

est of England's products, so much so that cotton exports make up one-fifth of the entire export trade of England. But already that industry is reduced by 25 per cent. of its output by the number of men who have gone to the front. It cannot bear any further reduction without seriously embarrassing the financial resources of the country. One hears the same tale of diminished output for the same cause in agriculture, and the importance of a maximum food production in a War like this need not be insisted upon. I find that many big business men, altogether irrespective of party, are very anxious about this industrial side of the War, and if their forces be rallied—and they could be rallied by such a leader as Mr. McKenna—then Conscriptorism could not pass.

Altogether, then, though I thought otherwise a short time ago, I do not think that Conscriptorism will be ever proposed, or that if it is proposed, it can be carried—unless again as I have said—there is a series of big disasters which might produce a panic feeling when all things are possible. But panic seems to be the last thing to be expected from the British people in their present mood. They can be charged much more with the happy-go-lucky feeling, which is the strength and the weakness of the race. They are not yet economizing as they should; they spend too much money on drink—though the closing of the saloons by the new Licensing authorities is diminishing that. Few rich people drink champagne, unless when they are entertaining a young officer home for a brief holiday from the trenches. But life goes on too much as if we were in peace time. The next great departure if the war continues will possibly take the form of some stringent and compulsory legislation to produce greater thrift. It is the British purse which will be the ultimate factor in deciding the War—that purse has been terribly drained by Britain and by her Allies; she is at last beginning to realize that it is not hot money, and she doesn't mean to get to the bottom until she has beaten Germany.

LETTER FROM FATHER FRASER

Catholic Mission Taichowfu, China, Oct. 31, 1915.

Dear Friend,—Last night I had a very trying experience which might have proved fatal. I was shipwrecked in the middle of a big river whilst descending from Siensu and for several hours did not know whether I was doomed to death or not. For the past week I have been superintending the building of the first Catholic Church in that city and region. I am glad to say the work is progressing, the facade being already 20 feet high. I intended to return by sedan chair but all the chair bearers were engaged to carry "flower chairs" (the pretty portable carriages in which the bride is borne to the nuptial feast) it being a favorable day for marriage according to the Chinese calendar, and I was obliged to return by boat. Early in the morning I boarded a small boat rowed from the stern and manned by two sailors. We were three passengers, myself, my acolyte and the boss mason on the Siensu Church, and had forty miles to make. Everything went well till the evening, though the boatmen had to work hard all day against a head wind and in the pouring rain. We got over many rapids and around many rocks successfully. Just as dusk was coming on there was a thud, the boat stopped, and the planks on the bottom cracked and broke open. A submerged tree had ripped a big hole in the boat. Happily the tide was running out and the hole in the boat was some higher than the surface of the water, but the hole got bigger and bigger as the boat posed more heavily on the stump, which now protruded half a foot through the bottom and rendered the boat immovable. The two boatmen began to cry like children. I asked what would happen. "There was no hope," they said, "when the tide comes in again the boat will fill up and sink and we will be drowned." "But will no boat pass this way and pick us up?"

"No, we were the last to leave Siensu and no boats will come up from Taichowfu till next morning." What a dismal outlook! Night came on. The place was very lonely. The river was wide and deep. There were mountains and gloomy woods all around but not a sign of life with the exception perhaps of the far-distant sound of drums and music of a marriage feast. They were merry making and we were in anguish. I thought of St. Paul's words: "thrice I suffered shipwreck; a night and a day I was in the depth of the sea, in journeying often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, and felt consoled. We sat there in the dark, for our lights had burned out, discussing means of escape.

At last we decided that one of the boatmen must risk his life and get over to the bank somehow or other, by wading and swimming. He tied his clothes on his head and started off. How earnestly we prayed that he might not be carried away by the swiftly running water. He arrived safe and then journeyed to the nearest place where boats could be had, two miles away. He ought to have returned in an hour, but two hours passed and three and no sign of him. Every now and then his mate would stand up and call out his name in a plaintive tone at the top of his voice

but the only answer was a faint echo from the distant hills, and then he would settle down to bawling out the water. The situation was getting serious. In a few hours the tide would be in and we would be lost. I promised a Mass for the speedy beatification of the Little Flower if we were saved. "Have you said the rosary to day?" I asked my acolyte. "No, I forgot." "Then say it to ask God's protection." He did so and I joined him. It is wonderful what a fervor a little flight puts into prayer. I can now understand the spiritual general taking place in Europe. But why has not the man returned. All sorts of dark and gloomy thoughts passed through our minds. Perhaps he has deserted us. Perhaps he cannot secure a boat for love or money. Perhaps the villagers will not believe him and think he is leading them into robbers' hands. Perhaps he has escaped for fear he will be held responsible for the loss of the boat, for as he was rowing it when the accident occurred, I learned from his mate that he was very poor and had neither wife nor children. "But he will come back," he said, and with that called out again in a still more plaintive voice. The long desired answer came at last: "I am coming." "And have you a boat?" "Yes," came the joyful news. How eagerly we clambered in and left the old wreck! When I was paying the unfortunate boatmen my mason remarked that a pagan would not have paid them a cent but "cursed them to death." We arrived at Taichowfu after midnight but found the city gates closed and no means of getting in, so we decided to pass the rest of the night in the row-boat. How thankful we were to God and the Little Flower for our rescue! I fulfilled my promise by saying Mass for her beatification this morning (Sunday) and told the people to join in our thanksgiving.

Yours very sincerely in the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary. J. M. FRASER

PROGRESS IN RELIGION

During the last four centuries religion outside the Catholic Church has progressed from three independent branches to six hundred; it has progressed from the rejection of all authority in religion to such dilated private judgment as asserts the right to select, teach and govern the teachers. Progress has reduced the Redeemer to a man, a creature, and, therefore, to no Redeemer at all; progress in religion has wiped hell off the chart of revelation, and asserted that on judgment day—if there be one—the sinner must fare as well as the saint; progress has altered creeds or thrown them overboard, and hence, virtually repudiates the observance of the Golden Rule, and hence has enthroned man in the place of God; it has obliterated the supernatural in religion; it has reduced the Bible to a book of history and literature; it has occasioned all the indifference in the world to-day and made Christianity a babel of confusion to the unconverted on-looker.

Which of the six hundred sects, now speaking so discordantly in the pure (?) evangelical church of four hundred years ago? Which of them now can prove itself to have the "pure and unadulterated Word" which is now taught in the theological colleges, in the great universities, in its original purity? Is Germany as Lutheran, Switzerland as Calvinistic, England as Episcopalian as they were a few centuries back? Has a single non-Protestant nation been converted since the birth of the new religions? Are the six hundred sects making noticeable conquests in this land, where they have the best chance on earth? Observation exhibits only one kind of progress—a progress in casting off, in denying, in losing.—Our Sunday Visitor.

CHRIST ALONE ADORER

The claims of Christianity to the belief of the world would rest on the divinity of its Founder. In studying the life of Christ there is no difficulty, at least in proving the supernatural, the superhuman character of His life. It is historically demonstrable that His life was superior to the age in which He lived. His demands on all His followers were those of God. He was not satisfied with steadfast faith and immortal love, but He furthermore exacted adoration, which is the annihilation of oneself before a Supreme Being. Let us not disguise the fact that all men more or less desire to be adored.

This innate thirst for adoration is the mother of all tyranny and despotism. Persons sometimes wonder that kings and princes should weave together numberless intrigues in order to emancipate themselves from human and divine laws, that they should add violence to cunning, shed torrents of blood and march onward to the extermination and destruction of mankind. Naturally we ask ourselves why they act thus. It is for the very object of being adored, of seeing every thought subject to theirs, every will, in conformity with theirs, every right and every duty emanating from themselves. But mankind, in the meantime, concealing its secret indignation within itself, awaits the inevitable day of the tyrant's weakness and turns upon and tramples under its feet the proud, weak creature, that dared to claim adoration. Thus, whoever has been adored will sooner or later be hurled by the hand of the people from the lofty summit of divine majesty usurped to the execration of eternal abhorption. Such is the verdict of history.

But in spite of history, however, Christ is adored. A man mortal and dead He has obtained adoration which still endures, and of which the world offers no other example. What emperor has had His temples, His statues? What has become of all the gods created by adulation? Their dusts have no longer exist, and the surviving remembrance of them serves but to excite our wonder at the extravagance of man and the mercy of God. Christ alone, through and after twenty centuries, remains standing upon His altars, not in a remote corner of the world, but over the whole earth, and among the noblest and most cultivated of our race. The greatest monuments of art shelter His sacred memory, the most magnificent ceremonies assemble under the influence of His name, poetry, music, painting and sculpture exhaust their resources to proclaim His glory and to offer Him incense worthy of the adoration which twenty centuries have consecrated to Him.

And yet upon what throne do the nations adore Him? They adore Him upon an ignominious cross, and under the mean appearance of bread and wine. Here thought becomes confounded. It would seem that Christ has taken delight in rejecting all human means, in abusing His strange power and in insulting mankind by prostrating them in wonder before empty shadows. Having by His crucifixion descended lower than death, He made even of ignominy the throne of His divinity, and not satisfied with this triumph He willed and commanded that mankind should acknowledge His supreme essence and eternal life by the adoration which is a startling contradiction to our senses. Why, but God, could have confounded the wisdom of the

"MY MOTHER"

Children, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by that hand! Make much of it while yet you have that most precious of all good gifts, a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes; the kind anxiety of that touch and look, however slight your pain. In after-life you may have friends, but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in the struggle with the hard, unfeeling world for the sweet, deep security I felt when of an evening, nestling in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale suitable to my age, read in her untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep; never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old choultry; yet still her voice whispers from a grave, and her eyes watch over me; I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.—Macaulay.

FROM A CONVERT

TO THOSE WHO SEEK TO ENTER CHRIST'S FOLD (By Margaret Mary Alexander in the Lamp) I am going to ask the Editor if he will allow me in this number to say a few loving, heartfelt words of encouragement to the souls who, like myself, have been given grace to see the light—to know the right way—yet who are held back perhaps by considerations that make the great step seem an impossibility to them. To them, yes, indeed, it may be, but not to God! He, and He only, can; but He will give strength for that supreme test He sends to a human soul.

I have a most earnest word to say to any of you who are hesitating—Don't turn back! Do not on any account—whatever it may be—give up the battle, fought with God's help. You cannot imagine those of you who are outside the Fold—who you will lose if you do not come in. You cannot imagine the blessing you will gain if you do. It might, indeed, be the Lord's will to withhold a sense of blessing for a time, but never mind—if that were so, even if it were always withheld—it would still be yours because you had been true because you had followed where God called. But, on the other hand, when it is His holy will to grant the full sense of blessing and peace; oh, if I could only tell you what it is; what is waiting for you when your battle is won! I want to say a few words out of my own experience. I am thinking of you who are mothers, who have to make that highest and most supreme sacrifice, estrangement from your children in Church ties. 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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. P. FEFFERS

FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT

"Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight His paths" (Luk. iii, 4)

The words "Prepare ye the way of the Lord" were addressed by St. John to the Jews, but they are addressed also to us. We are called upon to do what we can, in order that Christ may come by grace into our hearts and fill them more and more with it. We ought to do this now, more than at any other season, for Christmas is close at hand, and it behooves us to pray earnestly day by day, surveying our sins and shortcomings and striving to correct them, whilst we think often of God and try with all our might to do His will. If we take pains to offer willing hearts to our Lord, we shall deserve to be cleansed, strengthened and sanctified by His grace at Christmas. Then this great festival will bring us all the benefits that the Church intends, for the festivals of Holy Church are profitable to us only if we prepare our hearts for them by true purposes of amendment, and not if we look forward to them with careless indifference.

"Prepare ye the way of the Lord." Let us remember St. John's admonition before each of the great feasts, and let it remind us to prepare for its celebration by fervent devotion and renewed efforts to lead a virtuous life. There is, however, no season of the year when it is not our duty to prepare our hearts for the Lord. Every day that dawns ought to bid us prepare His way, and bring us nearer to Him, and pour His grace more abundantly into our souls.

As we have already seen, the practice of making pious meditations will help us greatly in our efforts to prepare the way of the Lord. We considered last week the importance and the manner of making meditations, but there is one point connected with the matter that requires further study. Some one may ask what subjects we ought to select for meditation.

There are innumerable subjects that, if we meditate upon them, will supply us with holy thoughts and will suggest good resolutions, for, as the Psalmist says: "The heavens show forth the glory of God, and the firmament declareth the work of His hands" (Ps. xviii, 2). All nature in her wonderful beauty furnishes us with abundant material for meditation, and our Lord Himself has condescended to nature when He said: "Behold the birds of the air, for they neither sow, nor do they reap, nor gather into barns, and your heavenly Father feedeth them" (Matth. vi, 26). "Consider the lilies how they grow; they labor not, neither do they spin. But I say to you, not even Solomon in all his glory was clothed like one of these" (Luk. xii, 27). There are other passages, too, in which our Lord refers to the sparrows on the roof, and to the hairs on our head, in order to stimulate our feelings of confidence, gratitude and love of God.

Yet, although Christ Himself referred frequently to nature, natural objects ought not to form the usual basis of our meditation, since the human heart is more influenced by the truths made known to us by divine revelation, and especially by the infinite, incomprehensible love with which God so loved the world as to send His only begotten Son into the world, and give us with Him all salvation, all truth, and all the means of grace, without which it would be impossible for us to reach heaven.

The ordinary subjects of our meditation should be Jesus Christ, His revelation and the gifts of His grace, and we ought, as St. Paul says, to desire to know nothing save Christ crucified. Following therefore the holy Apostle's example, let us take as subjects for meditation, not the wonders of nature, but rather the truths belonging to the order of grace. Although nature in her manifold outward manifestations seems to raise our thoughts to things above, but can only point us to things unseen, she cannot rise above herself, but can only point us to the way to God from a distance, and even then she is no infallible guide. Meditating on the beauties and wonders of nature may flatter the imagination, but it does not supply strength and comfort to the heart or encourage it to make good resolutions. Such meditation may suggest beautiful thoughts and sentiments, but it cannot inspire us to perform actions demanding mortification and self denial. It may give rise to the exalted flights of the intellect, but it does not enable a man to bear with patience his lot in life if it is hard and wearisome. Yes, unless we have previously learned how to meditate upon the unchanging truths of divine revelation, mere contemplation of nature can only too easily become an opportunity for indulging the lust of the flesh, the desire of the eyes and the pride of life.

Nature worship led the Pagans of old into idolatry and suggested to them the mad idea that it was possible to serve their gods by means of crimes. Even in our own day the study of nature by a sensual mind, devoid of all higher light, often results in the worship of nature and of self, in unbelief and in the immorality to which unbelief gives rise.

It is impossible, therefore, to say that nature ought to supply us with our chief subjects for meditation; it cannot supply us with any at all unless they are regarded from a truly Christian point of view. The mysteries of God's revelation are, above all things, the subjects upon which we ought to meditate with humility of heart. But they are very numerous—choose of them ought we especially to choose?

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Some of them are calculated to awaken our hope in God or our fear of Him; others tend to stimulate our gratitude and love. To the first class belong the solemn truths regarding death, judgment and hell, and, when we meditate upon them, we are deeply moved and impelled to despise the things of earth and to set our desires upon those of eternity. To the second class belong the mysteries concerning the life and Passion of Christ, and God's infinite perfection, for we cannot contemplate His majesty, goodness, wisdom, etc., without feeling love, thankfulness, joy and admiration. Finally, there are other meditations also belonging to the order of grace, in which we base our reflections upon the acts, the self surrender, the victories and triumphs of some particular saints. Above all, one of our favorite subjects should be the life of the Blessed Virgin Mary, a life containing many examples for us all of purity, humility and obedience, and full of faith and confidence in God and of love.

For all Christ acts, with no distinction of age or position, are those connected with our Lord's Passion. He displayed as in a mirror all the virtues pleasing to God and truly heroic, and from Him we derive consolation in all the circumstances of life and strength to enable us to do right. The Cross of Christ was the book constantly studied by the saints, from which they learned the way to heaven. They never were weary of regarding themselves in this mirror of souls. Let us form the habit of saying to ourselves on every occasion: "This is how Jesus behaved; this is how He spoke, judged and acted; such were His dispositions in circumstances resembling my own. Thus would He think, speak and act, were He in my position."

If we keep the eyes of our mind fixed constantly on Him, our great and holy Example, we shall see plainly enough how we may prepare the way of the Lord, and which path will lead us to heaven. May He guide us on our road and may we follow Him faithfully. Amen.

TEMPERANCE

THE "STOCKHOLM SYSTEM" Sweden has adopted a new and original method of dealing with the liquor problem. Its inventor is Dr. Ivan Bratt and it is known as the "Stockholm system." Its purpose is to place a limit to the amount of intoxicating liquor allowed to any individual. Citizens in good standing can thus partake of such beverages within the bounds of moderation, as officially interpreted for them, but are prevented from falling into excess. Dr. Bratt, as might be expected, has been accused by some of being too moderate and by others of being too extreme in his reform. The fact is that the system is to no inco effect for the entire Swedish nation after the first of January. Hitherto it has already been in operation in thirty-one of the one hundred districts into which Sweden is divided, and during the past year is said to have decreased the consumption of liquor from 5,004,542 liters to 2,979,682 liters. DRINKING DOESN'T PAY

A well known novelist, who was for years a moderate drinker, writes his experience in McClure's Magazine. He found in the end that it did not pay. "I should be born in mind."

For Sprains, Lame Muscles

Absorbine, Jr., brings quick relief. Keep it always at hand for instant use. Athletes use Absorbine, Jr., for the muscle that has been strained for infection; for the abrasion that pains and the limbs that are stiff and lame from over-exertion.

Walter Johnson, the famous pitcher of the Washington American, says: "Absorbine, Jr., is a first-class liniment and rub-down for tired muscles. I have used it myself to advantage and can heartily recommend it to ball players everywhere."

Absorbine, Jr., is a concentrated antiseptic liniment only a few drops required at an application. It is safe and pleasant to use—leaves no greasy residue. Sold by most druggists, \$1.00 and \$2.00 a bottle or postpaid. Liberal trial bottle for 10c. in stamps.

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he says, "that I am not dealing with confirmed drunkenness, drinking that has become an organic necessity, tuberculosis, and must be so considered and treated. I am dealing with the custom of drinking as it is practiced by the great majority of men who drink at all. And, for that very reason, I think that testimony like mine should be suggestive and valuable. I have absolutely no prejudice against the custom; and yet, though I never abused it, socially speaking, and am still a worshipper of Dionysus from afar, I do not hesitate to declare that moderate drinking does not pay."

"I have tried it. I know. No one can tell me anything about its joys and satisfactions. I have also tried total abstinence. As a consequence I feel better, sleep better, work better, enjoy life more, and have increased my usefulness as a citizen."

A NEW EXCUSE FOR DRINKING

In Springfield, Mass., the other day, a man arrested for drunkenness added a new one to the many reasons or rather excuses, given by men as to why they drink. We all know about the man who drinks to drown his grief, and the other man who drinks to celebrate his joy; of the man who drinks to keep cool in summer and the one who does the same thing to keep warm in winter; of the man who takes a drink in the morning to start the day right, and the man who drinks at night to compose his nerves and induce sleep—and so on. But this fellow in Springfield invented a new one. He said he was compelled to take whisky to cure him of lameness! Most people who drink discover that their potatoes interfere with their powers of locomotion, but this Springfield man declared that unless he drank, his powers of locomotion did not function well at all. He had been struck by an automobile some little time before, he said, and was so injured in the left leg that unless he took whisky he could not walk without a limp.—Sacred Heart Review.

THE LURE OF THE FIRESIDE

The Christmas season seems to be the proper time to call the attention of Catholic parents to one of the many factors that are quickly and surely breaking up the home. It is not true that the dullness which only too often characterizes the modern Catholic home drives the children to the omnipresent "movie" house, the club and, worst of all, the Y. M. C. A. ? Is it not true that the indifference of Catholic parents to the amusements of their children is the root cause of much of their estrangement from the fireside?

Children will always be children. They love noise. They must make noise, if they are normal and healthy at all. The boy who never plays a prank or never lets out a whoop should be taken to the doctor, for there is something fundamentally wrong with him. You cannot keep the little ones at their books from the hour that follows immediately after supper until bedtime. Children learn quickly—and especially their lessons—and with the "study periods" which have been introduced into the modern schools there are long stretched hours in the lives of the children which may be filled up one way or another.

Of course the father, wearied with a long day's hard work dreads the pandemonium of the fireside. He has been thumping all day to the sound of hammer or machine. He desires peace, and he can easily forgive him—a few hours of quiet in which to think or read the daily papers, or hold converse with his wife. And she, just as anxiously as her consort, wants a few moments of silence after the day's anxieties and labor. Most mothers' nerves are quite on edge by nightfall. No wonder that she is willing to do almost anything—even if it need be to tuck the youngsters into bed—in order to have a few moments to herself.

Now, Catholic parents lose a glorious opportunity of binding the affections of their children to them for ever when, in a moment of weakness or weariness, they try to rid themselves of the company of their little ones in the evening. The children whose nights are always spent at the "movies" soon lose a taste for the pleasures of home. Boys and girls who are driven night after night to athletics in order to while away the long hours, may be sewing in themselves that which will sooner or later break down their physical fitness and their mental balance.

The desire for excitement which has become so characteristic a mark of the growing generation is due in large part to the lack of recreational amusement at home. Such games as dominoes and checkers, which were good enough for our fathers and mothers, and served admirably to distract their minds from the day's worries and at the same time helped to sharpen their mental powers, should be rehabilitated in the home. There are a dozen other forms of amusement which have gone out of date because of the rush of our modern life. It is a remarkable fact that with all America's inventive genius, the production of children's games for the home has fallen off noticeably, as the records of the Patent Office in Washington clearly show. Still, withal, there are some games to furnish recreation and amusement to the growing-up generation, if they were but put to use. It would not be a bad Christmas investment for Catholic parents to

procure one or several games for the home. First of all, it would keep the youngsters amused indoors, a much safer place for them than even the "movies," since even the most strictly censored films frequently contain suggestive and doubtful scenes and episodes. The dark streets, the dance halls, the cabaret shows, the pool rooms, the cigar stores and saloons, where the boys learn to smoke cigarettes and listen to shady stories—all these our young folk will be able to avoid if parents succeed in making home interesting and the long evenings not intolerably dull.

In the second place, the introduction of reputable games in the home will give parents an opportunity of creeping closer and closer to the hearts of their own. For the healthy young boy will always enjoy playing a game with father, if he has a chance to beat him at it. And if father takes his "trimming" with good grace there will be established between them and camaraderie which will be the surest protection for the boy against the appeals of our modern artificial life.—The Rosary Magazine.

ONE SURE SOURCE OF PREJUDICE

Appropos of the K. of C.'s investigation of the sources of prejudice against Catholics in this country, the Monitor says: "We have not yet seen a full statement of their deliberations; but we look for a very interesting and important document. In the meantime, we would like to submit to the Catholic public one phase of the bigoted situation which we are all prone to more or less overlook. In many cases the prejudices which exist in the minds of non Catholics against the Church, is created, fostered and perpetuated therein by the disgraceful and discrediting conduct of Catholics themselves. Every Catholic who becomes intoxicated is an argument to the uninstructed non Catholic that the Church does not consider drunkenness a crime. Every action of deceit, dishonesty or other disgraceful proceeding entailing sin upon the Catholic soul, creates a hatred against our holy religion in the hearts of those who only know its dogmas through the conduct of those Catholics whom they see around them. Good example on the part of many practical Catholics has led millions of souls to embrace the true faith, while the bad example of loose moral Catholics has made well meaning Protestants shudder at the religion that is professed by so many who morally sin against God by their habitual vices."

TRIBUTE TO THE PAPACY

BY A PROTESTANT SCHOLAR When the Hague Peace Tribunal was established and it was predicted that war would be no more, the Holy Father was not allowed admittance to the portals of the Peace Temple. But the irony of history has asserted itself, for the present moment, while the world conflict rages, the pretentious Hague Peace Temple stands like another Tower of Babel—a monument to man's overweening presumption while the spurned Prisoner of the Vatican looms up as the greatest peace factor. Thanks to interposition of Italy, the Curia was excluded from the deliberations. In the Hague in coming peace negotiations as the exponent of neutral nations, if not a more important task will be assigned to it.

This statement quoted does not emanate from a Catholic source, but it has as its author Professor Walter Kohler of the (Protestant) theological faculty of the university in Zurich, Switzerland, and it is to be found in an article "Die Christliche Welt" (The Christian World), an angelical organ intended for the educated classes. The article, "The Papacy and the World War," is so replete with sound, judgment and impartial analysis that we translate portions thereof for our readers.

"All differentiations along national lines," says Professor Kohler, "together with their attendant manifestations, are, in their last analysis, only social coincidences, and it is the universal structure of the Catholic Church rears itself aloft over such accidental conditions and her adherents, though scattered by the chance contingencies of national states, are simultaneously members of the supernatural Catholic Church. This abrupt precipitation from nationalism to universalism produces singular results. One cannot refer to the fact that the German and English Protestants, besides belonging to the German and English nations, are supernationally Protestant. He who contends thus overlooks the fact that Catholic supernaturality is a compact sociological body, whereas that of the Protestants is merely one of community of ideas. And how thin, how alarmingly thin, this common Protestant feeling of solidarity is, in view of the political realities born of national sentiment, we have learned to satisfaction. Protestantism knows no sociological church, only churches, national churches, and even their names reveal the closest adherence to national interests. Catholicism combines all its members, regardless of nationality, into one universal body, whose head is the Pope in Rome. Obviously from this standpoint the national coherence of Catholicism is, therefore, less pronounced than is that of Protestantism. This is no reproach, but

lies in the nature of things; adherents to the international body thus tends to assert itself in the national framework, and occasionally makes anti-national claims, whereupon the political world speaks of "ultramontanism." The latter has not occurred in the present war, but that this tendency is recognized, as a natural right, reveals the cultural necessity of making concessions to national contingencies. The Church, as such, as custodian of supernatural revelation, will not pronounce in favor of a war of nationalities; she has carried on the struggle against infidelity herself and is still capable, for she is thereby protecting herself; but her universality and supernatural character will preserve her from the world war."

Paying a glowing tribute to the peace efforts of Pope Benedict XV., Professor Kohler continues: "The Law of Guarantees, in the turmoil of the world war, has been abrogated; the Pope no longer feels secure in Rome, and has all reasons therefor. Spain has invited him to migrate to its neutral soil; the Benedictine Abbey, the Maria Einsiedeln, had hopes of harboring Pope Benedict XV. as guest; but a transfer of the Curia from Rome has a different aspect from that of the departure

from Italy of a German or Austrian to neutral territory. It is more than questionable that such a step would really remove the difficulties. . . . However, it is conceivable and justifiable that there should be a desire to see the Pope represented at the coming peace congress, and that the Roman question be solved.

"Thanks to the interposition of Italy, the Curia was excluded from participation in the Hague deliberations. Perhaps it will appear in the coming peace negotiations as the exponent of neutral nations, if not a more important task will be assigned to it.

"Powers who have hitherto held aloof, like England and Holland, have sent accredited representatives, or propose to do so. Whether or not a solution of the Roman question will be effected is to be left to the future. The problem of the legal status of the spiritual sovereigns, the rest of territory is so complicated that every prediction is hazardous. It is to be hoped that the establishment of peace, as in other respects, will bring about, particularly in this case, a permanently satisfactory condition of affairs. This would lend a new perspective to the relation between the State and the Catholic Church in general."—Truth.

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THE VILLAGE "MOVIES"

Much has been written about the moral dangers inseparable from the film-halls in cities and towns...

The chief patrons of the moving pictures in our cities could of course do the same, for it is computed that three-fourths of the 8,000,000 people who attend the country's 18,000 film halls are women...

But it is the sex that is considered the more refined, modest and exacting of the two which makes up for the greater portion of the spectators thronging our film halls...

CATHOLIC CHURCH

FORBIDS HER PEOPLE TO READ THE BIBLE

We have answered this question a dozen times in a manner that should have brought conviction to our readers...

Rev. E. Catts, D. D., in "Turning Points of English History," pp 200-201: "There is a good deal of popular misapprehension about the way in which the Bible was regarded in the Middle Ages..."

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clergy keep no Bibles from the laity but such translations as he either not yet approved for good or such as he already approved for naught (bad), as Wyclif's was...

The Quarterly Review, October, 1879 says: "The notion that people in the Middle Ages did not read their Bibles is probably exploded, except among the more ignorant or controversialists..."

THE DIMINISHING OF VOCATIONS

French priests on the firing line receiving much attention in ecclesiastical circles, as we have noted heretofore, remarks the Catholic Sentinel...

But it is the sex that is considered the more refined, modest and exacting of the two which makes up for the greater portion of the spectators thronging our film halls...



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Will you let us send you a sample, free? Address LUX Dept., Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto. All grocers sell LUX 10c. Won't shrink Woollens

will be much greater now that hundreds of priests and seminarians are dying on the field of battle.

DEATH OF MR. THOMAS WALSH

On Saturday, Nov. 20th, Mr. Thomas Walsh passed peacefully away at his home on Garland Ave., Detroit.

The deceased was born in Adelaide Township and lived for some years in Seaford and Parkhill. Only four years ago he moved to Detroit.

Besides his wife he leaves behind eight children, six daughters and two sons. Of the daughters two are religious, Mrs. James Henley, Mrs. T. Hickey and Miss Catherine Walsh, all of Stratford.

The funeral took place on Tuesday, Nov. 23, to Mount Olivet cemetery, Detroit. Solemn High Mass was celebrated at St. Bernard's Church, Detroit, by his son, Father Jos. Walsh, C. S. B., assisted by Rev. Fathers Rooney and Zigley of Windsor.

Among those who have been making themselves prominent in denouncing the decree "No Temere" is the Rev. Dr. Barrett. We also found that it was the subject of vitriolic denunciation from time to time by anonymous writers in The Manace.

War Toll of the Missions A mission journal referring to the losses sustained by the Catholic missions owing to the war gives some interesting statistics of the number of French religious of different Orders serving under the colors in various capacities.

THE LATE JAMES QUINN

After a lingering illness extending over a number of months there passed to his eternal reward James Quinn in his sixty fifth year. The late James Quinn had lived all his lifetime on the 8th, of Peel Township, his father having owned the farm adjoining him. In the year 1878 he married Mary O'Donnell and the happy union was blessed with twelve children, three of whom predeceased their father.

The funeral, which was largely attended, took place on Oct. 13 from St. Martin's Church, Dayton, Ont., where Requiem High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Arnold. The remains were interred in St. Martin's Cemetery beside those of his parents.

He leaves to mourn his death, his beloved wife and family, Edward and Ambrose of Arthur, Ont., William of Hamilton, Ont., Joseph of Dravton, Ont., John and Leo at home; Sister M. Cyril of St. Joseph's Convent, Bradford, Ont., Elizabeth and Amelia at home, also two brothers, John of Florida, Ont., and Edward of Crosswell, Mich., all of whom have the hearty sympathy of their many friends.

THE "NE TEMERE" BUGABOO

One of the most dreadful of the accusations which M-nace mal-contents use as a weapon against the Catholic Church is the decree on Matrimony and Espousals promulgated by the late Pope Pius X. It is referred to as the "No Temere" decree, and always with affected horror as though it were some dreadful invention of moral torture for the punishment of non-Catholics especially.

As a matter of fact, it concerns directly none but Catholics, since those outside the Catholic fold are not bound by what is laid down for Catholic guidance. In "The Ecclesiastical Review" for the current month appears a very serviceable synopsis of the provisions of the decree, in relation to the question, "Are Non-Catholic Marriages Valid," signed "Jus. Sellinger." It is one of the ablest and most thorough examinations of the decrees against the regulations of the decree would take the trouble to examine the explanations therein given, they would perhaps admit that there is little basis in fact for the protests that have been raised against the document. The article cites the decision given by the Rota

in the Gould-Castellane case. One of the questions examined by the Rota is the indissolubility of the marriage contract. It finds that, even though marriage is outside the Christian Church and not a sacrament, it is still indissoluble. It is laid down that...

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MARRIAGE

OVEREND-MARONEY.—At St. Ignace Church, Windsor, on Wednesday, November 24th, 1915, by the Rev. Father Duggan, S. J., Mr. James J. Overend, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Overend of London, Ont., to Muriel Elizabeth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Mahoney.

DIED

SHERIDAN.—At St. Sebastian, Que., on Oct. 23, 1915, Mr. Thomas Sheridan, aged seventy-one years. May his soul rest in peace.

RYAN.—At his late residence 2615 St. Pambroke, on Tuesday Oct. 26, 1915, John Ryan, aged sixty-nine years. May his soul rest in peace.

EGAN.—In Udney, Ont., on Dec. 4, 1915, Patrick James Egan, son of Frances and Mrs. Egan, 61 eight years and ten months. May his soul rest in peace.

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