

GERTRUDE MANNERING

A TALE OF SACRIFICE

BY FRANCES NOBLE

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED

Her companion had seen her shy and girlish alarm of himself, and it pleased him to see how soon he had been able to dispel both, and make her quite at her ease with him.

"But you have been here since the beginning of the season, have you not, Miss Mannering?" "Oh, no! not ten days yet. But it seems like ten weeks, because at home I am always so quiet."

"And in London you are so—what shall I say?—unquiet, eh, Miss Mannering?" And he laughed, but so very kindly that Gertry laughed too as she continued:

"Well, for me, you know, I have been very gay, because at home there are only papa and myself, and it is a very quiet, old-fashioned place where we live, where there is quite an event to go out even to a dinner or to a small party."

"Dear me! How ever did you manage to exist?" "Oh! very easily, without any managing at all, Mr. Graham. If you knew how sorry I was to leave it all!"

"How I envy you, Miss Mannering!" And Stanley Graham looked serious again now, as he tossed back the dark, somewhat long hair from his forehead. "I have been trying for the last ten years to find contentment like yours, and have been half over the world in search of it, and have never found it yet."

"Something in his manner made Gertry serious too, and she said rather timidly once more, but with a gentle sympathy in her tone: "Perhaps you go too far; perhaps, if you stayed at home, it would be easier for you to be contented when once you got accustomed to it. I—am sorry for you, Mr. Graham; it must be dreadful for any one to feel like that."

"He looked at her so quickly and suddenly that Gertry was afraid she had annoyed him by seeming to lecture him; but he only said very earnestly: "Thank you, Miss Mannering. You are right, I know; but unfortunately one does not always do what is right at once, until one has tried the wrong. I have only come back to England now from a kind of homesickness, I believe; and because, after all, though I think I am weary of it, London in the season has a charm I cannot always find elsewhere, a charm of its own for me."

"Yes, indeed, I am sure it must be like that for any one who knows it so well and has so many friends here as I suppose you have, Mr. Graham," Gertry replied gently. "Even I see how fascinating it is. I'm getting quite used to it now, and quite fond of it, really."

"Quite hardened in the ways of the world, are you not?" And Stanley Graham smiled once more, as he spoke with that gentle, persuasive voice which stole its way so surely to the girlish heart of his companion. "You have been to the opera, Miss Mannering, of course?" he added.

"No, not yet. I have been twice to the theatre, but we have always had some other engagement for the first part of the evening ever since I came, and this is only my sixth evening out, you know; because for the first two days in London I did nothing but go about sight-seeing with papa, and in the evenings we stayed in to rest. But we are going to the opera tomorrow night, I know, to see 'La Sonnambula.'"

really should not have been out at all tonight, most likely, only that I could not resist the temptation of your grace's card, which I found awaiting me."

The duchess bowed smilingly. "Well, then, I must blame Miss Mannering, I suppose, since you will not bear any reproaches. I assure you, Miss Mannering, you have done what few young ladies are able to accomplish, in keeping Mr. Graham so long at your side in animated conversation."

The duchess spoke merely in jest, or partly so, certainly never intending any meaning which could make her young guest feel uncomfortable for a moment; but poor Gertry in her innocent inexperience fancied there must be something of real earnest in the polite, smiling speech, and she blushed painfully, feeling as though she would have liked the earth to open and swallow her just then. Had she really been guilty of monopolizing Mr. Graham?

Had she kept him there at her side by talking so that he could not escape? Her own conscience acquitted her, for it was Mr. Graham who had sought her, and had drawn her on to talk to him; but still her confusion was hardly the less for the knowledge.

The young man saw her embarrassment, though the duchess did not, and came to the rescue at once, saying with a smile: "Pardon me, your grace. It is I who am to blame entirely, and I must apologize to Miss Mannering for having kept her from the last dance. I am afraid I thought only of my own pleasure, forgetting yours, Miss Mannering."

"Do not say so, please; indeed I did not mind; I did not care about the dance," said Gertry, thanking him with an earnest look of her soft eyes, but wishing the while that she knew just the proper thing to say at such times as these—that she had at hand some of those careless complimentary replies which she heard every night given by girls little older than herself.

"Poor Gertry! Poor little convent flower! Perhaps she would hardly have had such a wish if she could have known that the very embarrassment of which she was ashamed was a fresh charm in the eyes of her companion, who sat down again by her side as the duchess left them."

"Then prove it to me, Miss Mannering; prove your forgiveness by giving me a dance, if you have one to spare. I owe you one, you know, for the one I have robbed you of." And he tried gently to take her card from her hand.

She prevented him a moment, for she knew he had not intended dancing at all tonight. "Indeed I did not mind, Mr. Graham, I assure you, and I do not care at all about having missed it."

"But I care, Miss Mannering, and I am particularly fond of my own way." And he laughed kindly as he succeeded in getting the card, where he wrote his own name in one of the few spare places. Soon again now Gertry was claimed for the next dance, and Stanley Graham left her with a bow.

He came to her promptly when the time arrived, and Gertry's heart beat with that strange new feeling which had been over her for the last hour, making everything seem still brighter and more joyous than before; and still with a kind of restless wonder pervading it all, which clung to her through her dance with Mr. Graham, and which somehow made her rather silent and abstracted during the succeeding ones with her other partners.

She did not see much more of him for the rest of the evening, until the ball was coming to an end, and she left with her cousin and Sir Robert. The latter gave her his arm, and Stanley Graham, who came forward quickly, took Lady Hunter, who said to him as they reached the carriage:

"Then I shall expect you to dinner, Stanley, and you must be our escort to the opera."

give him up as cold and hopelessly unimpressible. He is considered a great catch, you know; for besides being so very attractive, he is very wealthy, and owns a large property in W—shire, where his family seat is situated, a beautiful place, though he is very seldom at it. He was an only son, and it was thought he would marry at once when he came of age, eight years ago; but he is quite an impervious old bachelor, and often drives his friends wild by taking himself off to the Continent right in the middle of the season, and not always coming back to his duty as he has done this time. He is highly intellectual, you see, Gertry, and has never cared for mere pleasure or frivolous amusements; indeed, I think his very pride has always kept him from the vices and follies of most other young men in his position. I hope you liked him, and did not find him formidable at all; for, you see, Gertry, I feel almost a motherly or, rather, elder-sisterly interest in him. I knew his mother when I was a girl, and remember how proud she used to be of her beautiful boy. Poor thing! she only lived until he was eighteen."

"I did not find him at all formidable, just after the first, Julia; he was very kind and polite," said Gertry, stooping a moment to hide the blush which her cousin might have seen even by the dim morning light.

"That's right, dear, for we are sure to have a great deal of his company during the rest of our stay in London. I have asked him to dine with us tomorrow, and be our escort to the opera. But here we are, love, at home, and I dare say you are tired and quite ready for sleep, aren't you?"

Gertry smiled in reply, feeling very far from sleepy, or tired either, just then, as was proved when she was quiet and alone in her bedroom.

She had dismissed the maid as soon as she was divested of her dress and outer finery, and now, instead of undressing further and going to bed as she had done on all previous occasions, she threw a soft shawl about her and sat down on the couch, to dream away another hour or two of the new existence which she had unconsciously begun that night. Without any deliberation in the matter she began to think over the last few hours, until she had gone over again every word of her conversation with Stanley Graham conjuring up his face in her imagination—the pale, beardless face with its piercing eyes and naughty features, and the dark hair thrown back from it, showing its perfect classical outline. As she thought of him and the strange new fascination which had come with his presence, it came naturally to Gertry to wonder what religion he professed, if any at all. Instinctively she knew he could not be a Catholic; she felt that, even from her own slight acquaintance with him, apart from anything her cousin had told her of his history.

"I dare say he has no religion at all, like Julia herself," she sighed. "I could fancy it is so. I wonder what he would have been like if he had been a Catholic. He might have done like Rupert, and have given up everything for God."

Then somehow the thought of her brother roused her from her reverie, and she started up, seeing by the time-piece that it was close upon four o'clock.

"It will never do for me to sit up like this every time," she said to herself, as she undressed hurriedly and knelt down to say her prayers, which somehow were said less heartily and earnestly than usual; not with any wilful carelessness, oh, no! but with a kind of weariness which she fought against, as she did against the ever-recurring image of Stanley Graham which haunted her thoughts. Even after she fell asleep at last, his pale face and rich, low voice mingled with her dreams, not only of that evening's brilliant scene, but of her father and her own quiet home.

TO BE CONTINUED

TO THE RESCUE

The day had begun auspiciously enough. Ernestine was scarcely seated on the ancient braided rug, the one bit of color in a very drab little room, for the more rapid lacing of her shoes, when from somewhere down the street a wheezy piano clicked forth the "Palm."

The alarming tempo, evidently reflected the renewed vigor in the arm of the grinder, and Ernestine laughed as she vainly tried to pull a lace in rhythm with the offering of this early musician. "Spring has surely arrived," she said with a little glow in her heart.

laughed till the tears came. "The funniest thing in the whole world is a little boy," she said to her happy image in the cracked mirror and with a pang of homesickness for the three younger brothers, still asleep at this hour, in Adrian. But the morning was too bright for regrets of any sort, so she banished even this slight one, as she planned on her close-fitting hat, whose sombre brown was relieved only by a tangle of coral feathery tufts, hanging low on its left side.

It was after 12 o'clock when she came through the swinging doors of the office building, in which she indexed endless cards or answered uncountable calls for what would have been a marvelous salary in Adrian, but in Chicago amounted to an extremely slender wage. Ernestine forgot that she was both hungry and tired, when the breath of growing things floated to her from across the park, where an old man was turning up the soil around the shrubbery. The consciousness, too, of the smoothly folded ten-dollar bill, nestling among a handful of dimes and nickels, induced her to hum the rollicking tune, which had been last in the piano-grinder's repertoire. "I wonder what the matter with Viola now? I hope she doesn't keep me waiting too long. That girl in the millinery was sweet as anything, but she can't keep the hat any later than 1 o'clock. She said she wouldn't dare, with next Sunday, Easter, and so few new models to show," she thought between her humming.

"Oh, there you are," Viola's voice was sulky and the glance she bent on Ernestine from beneath her too dark lashes, though meant to be pathetic, was sulky too. She was a tall, thin girl, overdressed and under-fed. Not the sort of a girl that Ernestine would have chosen for a friend, but whom the fact of their rooming in the same house had rather thrust upon her.

"Oh Viola, I have something to show you," Ernestine cried and then taking in the other girl's unhappy countenance, "What's the matter? You said to be sure and meet you. Don't tell me you have lost your place? That will make the third in six months."

"Thank goodness, no. Come on, let's walk along, there's always such a lot of gossip around this place. Have you had your lunch yet? Let me go over to that new place. Losing my job would be a joke compared to the trouble I have on my hands now," she went on, as they walked close to the fascinating shop windows, a riot of spring coloring.

"Mother is coming on the eight o'clock train tonight! Now what do you think about that?" "Why, how perfectly splendid! I wish my Easter was. To spend Easter with you? Oh won't she love to hear the Easter music with us?" Ernestine clutched Viola's sleeve in an ecstasy.

"Yes, it would be perfectly lovely." Viola's tones were hard and lifeless, "if I had any place in this hateful city to bring her to, tonight!"

"I don't see—what do you mean, Viola? Why can't she sleep with you in that great big bed, or on your couch? Your room is nearly twice as large as mine. I've always envied you in being able to afford it," said Ernestine.

"She can't for the simple reason that I haven't any room, or any bed or any couch." The girl stifled a sob. "I haven't paid my rent for five weeks, if you want to know, and last night old Dawson told me not to come back until I had something for her. She knows I'd pay her if I could, but what does she care? I ten dollars a week for an old dump like that, too!"

"Ten dollars!" gasped Ernestine. "But didn't you know it was that expensive when you took the room?"

"Of course I did, but with a lot of sofa pillows on the bed, I could turn it into a parlor anytime I wanted to have anybody up there, that's what I thought, but I've been going out so much that I haven't used the old place at all, except for sleeping and you can hardly do that on account of the cars."

"And your mother coming tonight—what will you do? Haven't you any money at all?" "Five dollars, and that's got to last me for car-fare and lunches until next Saturday, and besides I did want to use a little of it on mother."

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even if I have to do it a quarter at a time." She spoke faster now. "I can't walk the streets with mother—and I can't let her guess what I'm up against."

The folded bill in the shabby bag seemed suddenly to have gained enormously in weight. Ernestine fingered the tarnished clasp with an overwhelming sense of emptiness. What an ugly world it was! For a tense moment she said nothing.

"You can't of course! Well, I'm sorry I worried you. There's a man at the office, perhaps—"

"Perhaps nothing!" Ernestine snapped. "I have ten dollars and of course you may have it for as long as you need. What would your mother think of your even dreaming of borrowing from any of those strange men. Viola, how can you?"

"Well, I haven't yet! Ernestine you're the dearest thing I know. Oh, I don't think I can eat a bite, but we'd better try and you can give me the money when we're paying the checks. Oh, I could scream. I'm so happy. Here's the restaurant. Then afterwards you can show me what you wanted me to see."

"Oh, it isn't anything, really, and besides we won't have time." Ernestine bit her lip.

That there should be so pitiless a downpour of rain, that night, was quite in keeping with God Friday's solemnities and her mood. Ernestine felt, as she ran across the street and through two pools, in an effort to catch the infrequent car which would take her to the Tenebrae services. Wet umbrellas had rendered the floor of the car another pool, so she sat far back in the uncomfortable seat and tried to hold her feet above the soaking boards. She was glad that she was alone. Ordinarily a friendly little soul, tonight the chatter of any of the care-free girls of the office would have been unbearable. It had been difficult to escape them, for she had half promised earlier in the week to make one of a group that planned to hear the Tenebrae at some church, convenient to a car line.

"They'll never come away over here, so I'm safe. I don't want to talk and I don't want to hear them talk, about new hats and gloves and suits," she decided. As the car rattled over the river, Ernestine shivered. "But of course Viola had never dreamed of so dreadful a solution as that. Yet other girls—" she told herself and then the car had stopped before the great doors and she was trying to raise her umbrella in the teeth of the wind.

The great church, dimly lighted as yet, for having hurried away to avoid riding down town with Viola, Ernestine was among the earliest comers, held the odors of Holy Thursday's incense high up among its ornate arches. With every attempt of the boisterous wind to make entrance with a devotee occupied in closing his dripping umbrella, a soothing breath of air from the consecrated fragrance floated down, enveloping the girl whose exhausted body and soul clamored for help outside of her being, and brought her a sense of peace.

By the time the lights, not too many, had flared up and the seats as far as she could see were filled, Ernestine was able to meet the loving eyes of Raphael's Madonna and whisper, "It does not matter now. Nothing matters but this!" She had found the place in her Holy Week book, and even read the first Nocturn and two of the Psalms as she waited, but now as the opening tones came out of the sleepy silence, swelling, deep with penitential timbre, she closed her book and tired eyes, content to take the message through a single sense.

The rain had lessened, when she emerged, a slight figure, almost lost in the throng that surged over the steps to the street and was still coming from the church. "The wind is not so bad. It isn't so very late. It's a little warmer, too. The top or even the inside of the bus would be better than that awful looking car," she said as she successfully rounded the corner of the street. But rounded it was all, for the next instant she was caught, and stood unable to go forward or back by the unexpected onslaught of a recreant gale. Not satisfied with turning her umbrella inside out, it tore the sober brown hat from her head and whirled it across the street, not neglecting to dip the tuft of coral feathers in five puddles on its way.

"Oh," cried Ernestine. This was the last straw. She grasped her umbrella by the ribs, without attempting to right its cover, and ran after the little hat. One step, and she darted back again to the comparative safety of the sidewalk, not daring to dispute the right of way with two luxurious horn-toting limousines.

"Here you are. I hope the color doesn't run. If it does my best hanky is ruined," said a laughing voice so close that she jumped.

"Well, suffering grasshoppers, if it isn't Ernestine Curtis! Were you at church? So was I. I promised your mother six months ago, that I'd look you up, the first thing, but I lost the address she gave me, honestly I did. And well, I really was ashamed to write and tell her so." He gave the druggled but still brilliant tuft of feathers a final dab. "And to think it was this cute little hat that—found you for me—or rather found me for— Well, what am I trying to say?"

Which way do you go home?" His laugh was infectious and as she pressed the "cute little hat," fortunately dry as to its lining, upon her damp hair, Ernestine smiled for the first time since she had known that her Easter hat must be sacrificed, and confidently thrusting her broken umbrella into the outstretched hand of the "boy next door" led the way to the misty lights of the boulevard.—Alice G. Hayde.

GOSPELS, CREEDS AND CHURCHES

Wilfrid Parsons, S. J., in America
What is the issue at stake in the present religious controversy in the Protestant Churches? It is indeed curious to see how many answers there can be to this simple question. To a Modernist like Dr. Grant the question is whether modern science or ancient tradition is to rule men's beliefs. To an independent like Dr. Guthrie the question is whether the Christian is bound by any authority in matters of religion. Dr. Manning assures us that the only issue in his Church is whether those who have accepted office as ministers of the Church are under obligation to teach the faith which that Church holds. To others still the whole question resolves itself into whether the Apostles' Creed has any binding power on men's minds. To a Catholic, however, looking on from outside, the whole dispute comes down to this: what ultimate foundation, if any, has the Protestant for the beliefs which he holds? Can he hold the Virgin Birth and the Divinity of Christ and still be a logical Protestant?

All the sermons, the manifestos, the interviews, the debates betray behind their false front of smiling assurance this haunting doubt: Are we sure that God gave a Revelation? and if so, whence comes that surety? Those who stand on the shifting middle ground of ordinary Protestantism must sooner or later step to one or other side, to Modernism which asserts there is no ground of certainty for knowing that God gave a Revelation, or to the Catholic Church which offers a firm and infallible foundation for being sure that God has spoken to man through Jesus Christ. An orthodox clergyman like Dr. Manning offers as the rule of the Christian's faith, the Apostles' Creed. But whence does the Creed obtain its certainty? Who guarantees it? What does it stand on? How do we know that it is true? To take one's stand on the Creed and then leave the Creed nothing to stand on is to commit oneself to a dizzy feat of dialectics. This difficulty, fundamental to the Protestant position, because there is no foundation for any intellectual position in their religion. Religion, say they, is merely an interior motion by which man goes to God. Doctrines, dogmas, theology, all these are not matters of religion at all, but matters of science. Religion for these men is merely a subjective motion, and truth in religion matters not at all. It is entirely logical in these Protestants to come to this conclusion because when Protestants denied the authority of the Church to witness infallibly Christ's Revelation, they took away all intellectual foundation from their religion. Religion is emotion. You can believe what you choose, if it helps you to realize that emotion.

Hence we are faced with three modern positions. The traditional Protestants are trying to retain all the great truths of the Christian religion. They have already rejected the Divinely guided infallible teaching body as the sure witness to that truth. They tried to hold on to the Bible as an infallible guide, but were not able to defend it against the attack of modern higher criticism. Besides, the Bible, a mere book, does not answer modern difficulties, nor has it any value except as guaranteed as a truth-telling book by the Church which sanctioned the book and presented it to the world as an inspired set of writings. Protestants then fell back on the Creed, or set of sentences setting forth various facts and doctrines for men's belief. But the Creed as the sole rule of faith has the same weakness as the Bible. Without the authority of the Church it has nothing to stand on, nothing to convince us it is true. The Modernists, more logical, gave up the task of seeking a foundation for religious truth, denied the authority of Church, Bible and Creed, and put religion squarely in the realm of emotion. Doctrines, they say, are constantly changing; science explodes the old truths and presents new ones. But they remain matters of science, and are outside religion entirely. You can be a good Christian without them.

The Catholic position is unlike either of these. Man is composed of body and spirit. The spiritual part of man has a will and an intellect. Religion is the homage given to God by the whole man, body, will and intellect. With man's intellect he does homage to God by believing in the

truths God has revealed. Though he may not understand these truths, he believes them on the mere word of God. He thus does Him the supreme honor we do man in a lesser sphere, when we accept him at His word. By man's will he does homage to God by loving Him for Himself alone, because He is the supreme good and object of all love. With the same will, he trusts to God through all the trials and pains of life in earth. He trusts to God's help to bring him through safely, if man does his part, to the haven of eternal happiness. With man's body he does God homage by the external acts of worship he performs either vicariously through a priest, or directly by assisting at public worship. Thus the whole man devotes acts of each faculty he possesses to God. That is religion. But it must be well remembered that the first in this series of acts is the intellectual act, the act of faith in God. Without that act no other of the acts could be performed. It lights the way. It guides all the other acts, necessarily, for without knowledge there is no reasonable act; and our service of God is a reasonable service.

Now observe how this bears on the present controversy. See what a ruin Protestantism brought into this harmonious system of religion, which the whole world once accepted. The act of believing is the first act. We cannot believe God unless we know that God has spoken, and what He has said. Since God does not speak to each one of us directly, we must find out what He has spoken and what He has said from someone else. It was Christ who brought this message from God. Christ confided this message to a socially organized body called the Church. This Church through some of her officials gave the world a set of writings called the Gospels. The purpose of these Gospels was not to present the whole of Christ's message from God; the Church performed that office both before and after the Gospels were written. The purpose of the Gospels was to present to the world the Person of Jesus Christ, to win credence for Him, and for those whom He sent to teach the world.

The first Protestants, finding themselves at odds with the Church, denied the authority of that Church to rule their faith, though Christ had clearly given that power to the Church. But the first Protestants did not deny all of the doctrines which the Church held. They tried to hold on to many of them. To do this they say they appeal to some authority guaranteeing those doctrines to be the true Revelation from God. This authority they declared to be the Gospels. But what good were the Gospels without the Church? It was the Church which gave the Gospels to the world. It was the Church which guaranteed them to be true statements of fact. The Gospels, moreover, did not pretend to give all of God's revelations; to do that, say the Gospels, is the function of the Church, a living teacher. There is no Scriptural warrant for saying that all of Christ's Revelation is contained in the Gospels. On the contrary, St. John distinctly says the opposite. (John, xxi, 25.) Take away therefore, the authority of the Church, and you take away all reasonable motive for believing not only those truths which the Gospels do contain, but also all the other truths revealed by Christ, and taught by the Church. Since then all reasonable motive for believing that God had revealed anything was taken away, the very foundation-stone of religion, faith, was taken away.

It is fair to say that for a time the Protestants did not see this fact. They went on believing they had a reasonable foundation for their faith. It remained for the Modernists to show them they had no such foundation. Protestantism had reduced the search of truth to a purely private affair, and religion became a matter of views, opinions, attitudes, positions, all of which words so commonly used show clearly the lack of any true certainty in those who hold those views, opinions, etc. These views, opinions and so forth were held by Protestants on the basis of each man's free interpretation of what he conceived to be the witness of the Gospels. The Modernists showed the world what on the old Protestant denial of authority in any Church this so-called witness of the Gospels was no witness at all, for without an infallible Church it had nothing to fall back on, no witness to show that in its turn the witness of the Gospels is a true witness.

What then is the present position of earnest God-fearing Protestants? With Bishop Manning they present to their followers, as basis for belief, the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds. But the creeds are merely formulas once drawn up by the Church as authentic statements of what the Faithful must believe. They have as much value as the Church which presents them as authentic. He who denies that the Church is an infallible authority denies also the infallibility of the creeds. Without an authentic Church, no creed is authentic. As a matter of fact, however, Bishop Manning seems to flinch from presenting the creeds as really binding with Divine authority. In his sermon in New York, reprinted in the Living Church for February 9, he seems to view the creeds much as we look on the platform of a

political party. He who subscribes to the plank of this platform, that is, the articles of these creeds can belong to the organization of the Church; he who cannot accept these articles must leave the Church. But the question is not whether this or that man can subscribe to the Church's platform, but whether that platform is or is not a true statement of God's Revelation. Taken in this essentially Protestant sense the creeds are undoubtedly a fair bond of union to all who accept them. But what sound reason has anybody for accepting them as true, as long as he denies the authority of the only witness we have for showing them to be true? Of what avail is it to subscribe to a set of articles, unless we know those articles to be true? And how do we know those articles to be true unless on the authority of her who received them from Christ, the living, teaching, infallible Church, founded by Christ? There is no escaping this argument, for it presents the only sound conclusion: that established by Christ Himself in the Gospels.

HIDDEN SAINTS

"Hidden are the saints of God; hidden are the world's benefactors," says Cardinal Newman. Not merely occasional acts were the noble acts of God's heroes, the saints. They followed in swift succession recurring day after day with no diminution of fervor, no lessening of a holy ambition, and with the high motive of pleasing God first of all.

Men of science have done much for us, especially in recent days. They have lessened the physical pains of mankind by their unwearied experiments and study. They have improved and perfected instruments and appliances of various kinds whereby man may live with greater comfort and safety, and may enjoy a fuller appreciation of the wonders of the universe. But men of faith have done even more for us. Now and again the icy hand of death strikes down one of these hidden saints who for years, it may be, has been plodding courageously on in hunger and privations through some far wilderness in order to bring the light of God's doctrine to starving and ignorant souls.

Only recently we had one such striking example. In the far reaches of ice and snow of the frozen North, a holy missionary took his way on errands of charity. This errand was singularly childlike and simple. He was going to carry some trifling gifts, picture cards and possibly a few sweaters to the little Catholic children of a distant orphanage in the wilds. He was striving in this manner to bring to their minds the memory of the little Christ Child who came on Christmas night to be our precious Gift.

The good missionary, we know, never reached his destination. The little children were destined to pass their Christmas without the added pleasure that the little gifts would have brought. But we feel sure that when the sad yet glorious news of the good priest's death reached them, it served as the best lesson that he had ever taught.

In the far Alaskan wilds this faithful son of St. Ignatius laid down the burden that he had carried so faithfully and long. With no one to assist him, to administer the Last Sacraments, his death was not unlike that of the great Apostle, Xavier whose brother in Christ he was. No murmured words of consolation or blessing there were when this valiant soul went bravely forth to receive his surpassing reward, but only a dumb companion, a dog, sent out into the icy wastes a long trail of sorrow for one whom he had loved and served.

Had are the Saints of God, said the Great Cardinal. But in death how glorious they are! Then it is that the whole world suddenly awakes to the astounding realization of how much some souls will do, and dare for Christ.

Then it is that men, reading the glorious accounts of the last moments of a martyr, feel within them the keen, swift and relentless thrust of a sword of shame, sorrow and regret. For within every man lies great possibilities of heroism, of sacrifice, of nobility . . . and yet the majority are content to plod along satisfied with the poor paltry glittering baubles that the world gives to him who serves its will.

The Holy Father, Pius XI., hearing of the heroic work performed by a band of missionary priests amid the ice-bound regions of the far North, no doubt recalling his Alpine experiences said, "Ah, the brave workmen! I have always thought that very great qualities, both physical and mental, are needed by our missionaries in such regions—a great valor, physical and moral."

Now and again we read that a noble nation, in recognition of some act of worldly heroism on the part of its sons, has decorated one or more of them with a medal "for valor." No such decoration adorns the lifeless breast of the dead priest in the Alaskan snows. But such would be superfluous. For it was not for this that he labored and waited, but rather for the eulogium of His Beloved Master: "Faithful servant! Well done!"—The Pilot.

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THE MODERNIST'S EASTER

By Rev. T. M. Schwertner, O. P. Indisputably New York is the big driving heart of America. The intellectual and financial blood of the land leaps up to it spontaneously and is then pumped back to every corner of the continent.

In most cases this is a fortunate thing since New York is about the only world city on this continent. But when men seek to bring in line with Manhattan ideals, those truths and institutions which by their very nature must be immutable, their action becomes a scandal to the land.

But at this present time New York is torn by a bitter struggle between the various Protestant sects. Just because "the dancing field" of the dispute happens to be America's core-city, the argument has found its way to the front pages of all our provincial newspapers.

Not long ago, a reverend gentleman who had been flirting with heterodoxy these many years interrupted his sermon long enough to ask anyone in his audience who still believed in the Apostles' Creed.

Farther downtown the Rev. William Norman Guthrie has been attracting large crowds of worshippers to the solemn sombre church over which he presides by the introduction of dancing, colored lights and jazz singing which the mad devotees of the sombre cannot find elsewhere on Sundays.

In his theology there is very little of the lurid glare of hell or any of the soft tints that steal down from above. It is probably for this reason that in order to demolish whatever dogmas his people still retain, he laid aside his clerical garb to appear in the quiet dignified robes of a professor.

What will Dr. Percy Stickney Grant do on Easter morning when called upon to discourse about the Resurrection of Our Lord to the miscellaneous congregation—for not only the newly made millionaires sit side by side there with the long haired dilettantes of Greenwich Village, but one can see also in the audience Socialists who should be wearing red shirts, and deacons

from backwater towns who look uncomfortably awkward in their gay raiment? Dr. Grant surely cannot invite his people to rejoice with the Christian world on Easter Day since in his mind there is nothing divine about the Christ. How can he assign sufficient reasons to his people for rejoicing over miraculous facts which filled men with gladness during thousands of years until the lean days of our modern rationalists?

What will Dr. Guthrie "pull off," in the forcible but inelegant slang of the day, in his church on the Bowery which by a strange coincidence is called St. Mark's. This at least should remind him that Mark, the Evangelist, gave us one of the best accounts of Christ's Resurrection.

What will Dr. Parks do on Easter morning now that he has completely killed the Christ with his bludgeon of false history and his sword of blunt logic. He has taken pains to wrap the God of his Christianity in a winding sheet of historical assumptions and foregone preconceptions which, no dozen philosophers could unravel in a lifetime.

A real Easter—even the truncated Easter possible in other Protestant churches of New York City—cannot be celebrated consistently in these three strongholds of the Modernists. No self-respecting minister, after taking the stand of these three reverend gentlemen, could in decency preside over a celebration commemorative of the Resurrection of Christ.

But in every Catholic Church Easter day will be celebrated with the greatest solemnity. The believing faithful who during a week had followed the Christ through the bloody stages of His Passion and death will rejoice with Him in His triumph over Satan, sin and the world.

On Park Avenue—which vies with its next door neighbor, Fifth Avenue, for fashionable preeminence—there is a gentleman who has grown tired of the sombre colors of the clerical cloth, or better still, has grown tired of the sombre colors of that form of religion which he has been preaching these many years.

What will Dr. Percy Stickney Grant do on Easter morning when called upon to discourse about the Resurrection of Our Lord to the miscellaneous congregation—for not only the newly made millionaires sit side by side there with the long haired dilettantes of Greenwich Village, but one can see also in the audience Socialists who should be wearing red shirts, and deacons

"for thirty pieces of silver" but for the facile applause of the world.

OPENING OF HOME OF PAPAL NUNCIO

By M. Masland (Paris Correspondent, N. C. W. C.) A brilliant reception, attended by over a thousand guests marked the opening of the new home of the Papal Nuncio in Paris. The new house will be the permanent Nunciature. Until the present time the Embassy of the Holy See, even before the Separation, did not own the building it occupied.

When relations were renewed between the Republic and the Vatican in 1920, the Archbishop of Paris had bought a building. But this building had been in use, since 1918, as a hospital for blind victims of the War, and when these unfortunate men had learned their way about the house no one could think of moving them. Mgr. Cerretti has occupied three private houses in succession. These houses were leased or loaned to him for a limited time, for the housing crisis in Paris is so acute that owners do not dare give up for a long period a house which they need for their personal use.

At last, the Papal envoy is now at home in the fine house on the corner of the Avenue Wilson and the rue Freycinet. The Holy See has bought the building which was the former residence of Prince Albert of Monaco. The facade of the building was riddled by fragments of a bomb dropped by a Taube on September 28, 1914.

It has been frequently observed that the very brilliant reception given by the envoy followed closely the definite agreement between Paris and Rome on the status of the French Church. Consequently prelates, diplomats and political men took advantage of the opportunity respectfully to congratulate Mgr. Cerretti and the members of his staff on this brilliant success.

As there was an important session of the Chamber on the day of the reception, the members of Parliament were unable to attend. The President of the Council was represented by the Minister of Agriculture, M. Cheron, and during a suspension of the session, the Catholic deputies were able to spend a few moments at the Nunciature.

SYNAGOGUE REPEAL BILL

Boston, Mass.—The preamble of which is known as the Synagogue Repeal Bill recently passed by the Massachusetts House of Representatives has caused considerable discussion in leading newspapers, several of which are urging the Senate to reject the measure.

WHERE EASTER BRINGS JOY But in every Catholic Church Easter day will be celebrated with the greatest solemnity. The believing faithful who during a week had followed the Christ through the bloody stages of His Passion and death will rejoice with Him in His triumph over Satan, sin and the world.

That the "National Church" is a failure is now admitted even by the "Liberal" press of Czechoslovakia which has ardently supported the institution up to the present time. It is now generally admitted that the religious revolution which the "liberals" hoped, would follow the political revolution of 1918 has not materialized. The "Liberals" had counted on something which they described as being in harmony with the "Hussite tradition" of Czechoslovakia.

Orthodoxy is in its nature more rigid than the Catholic Church. That part of the population of Russia and the Ukraine which has a higher cultural development is slowly showing a liking for Roman Catholicism. This is to be noted in Western Ukraine, East Galicia, and Karpatho-Russia where a constantly increasing section of the Orthodox population is coming to a recognition of the authority of the Holy

duce the Public Library very nearly to bare walls, and would play awful havoc with the Museum of Fine Arts, which is surely a public building. Our Pilgrim Fathers, who came here in order to be able to worship God according to their own consciences, could never in any public decoration be shown kneeling in the wilderness, nor could Christopher Columbus be shown making his landing under the shadow of the upborne cross.

IRISH CATTLE SALES LIKELY TO TAKE BIG JUMP From her exports of cattle Ireland derives about \$200,000,000 a year. For many months the Irish live-stock export trade was interrupted in consequence of restrictions imposed by Britain owing to outbreaks of foot and mouth disease in that country.

What is a Burse? A Burse or Free Scholarship is the amount of \$5,000, the annual interest of which will perpetually support a student, till he becomes a Priest and Missionary in China. The sum itself is securely invested, and only the annual interest is spent for the training and education of a candidate for the priesthood.

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CZECH "NATIONAL CHURCH"

Vienna, March 24.—The "National Church" of Czechoslovakia, sectarian offspring of the 1918 Revolution is fast approaching its end. It has lived for five years. A part of this sect has given up entirely the hopes once entertained of forming a separate ecclesiastical institution, and, under the leadership of "Bishop" Gorazd Pavlik, has affiliated with the Serbian Orthodox body.

As for the other division of the "National Church," that led by the "Patriarch" Dr. Farsky, the hard cruel fact is that its existence is being terminated because it is no longer a paying institution from the financial standpoint. The initial enthusiasm which induced adherents of the sect to contribute to its support is now a thing of the past.

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WEEKLY CALENDAR

Sunday, April 13.—St. Hermenegild, Martyr, was the son of Leovigild, King of Visigoths. He was imprisoned by his father because he refused to accept Arianism and won his martyr's crown in prison.

Monday, April 14.—St. Benezet, a shepherd, was inspired by God to build a bridge over the Rhone at Avignon at a place where many people had been drowned. He obtained the approbation of the bishops, proved his mission by miracles and began the work in 1177. He died when the difficult part of the undertaking was over in 1184. His body was placed in a chapel built upon the bridge and when the coffin was opened five hundred years after his death, the body was found without the least sign of corruption.

Tuesday, April 15.—St. Paternus, was born near Poitiers about the year 482. He went to Wales where he founded a monastery and later lived as an anchorite in the forests of Seicy. He converted many from the Druid religion and induced them to destroy one of the largest of their pagan temples. He died in France in solitude about 650.

Thursday, April 17.—St. Anicetus, Pope and Martyr, was remarkable for his extraordinary virtue and religious fervor. He reigned from 165 to 178.

Friday, April 18.—St. Apollonius, a Roman senator, was beheaded by decree of the Roman Senate after he had refused to renounce his

Faith when publicly accused of Christianity by one of his own slaves. Saturday, April 19.—St. Elphege, Archbishop, was born in the year 954 of a noble Saxon family. He was captured by the Danes who expected to collect a large ransom for his release. When he refused to permit a tax upon the people of the diocese for the payment of the ransom, he was killed on Easter Saturday, 1012.

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BURSES TO HARNESS SHANNON RIVER FOR ELECTRIC POWER

The development of water power in Ireland, mooted for years, has at last become a question of practical importance. No fewer than three schemes for harnessing the river Liffey, flowing through Dublin had been prepared by different groups of citizens including leading Catholics in Commerce and the professions.

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Now Siemens-Schuckertwerke, the great Berlin electrical firm, has come forward with a scheme to develop electrical power from the river Shannon for the needs of the whole of southern Ireland. This concern which has executed several hydro-electrical schemes in various

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FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOUDY, D. D.

PALM SUNDAY

THE PASSION OF CHRIST

"At that time Jesus said to His disciples: You know that after two days I shall be crucified... (Matt. xxvi. 1-2)

Wisely does the Church put before us on this Sunday the history of the Passion of our Divine Lord. It is true that she wishes us to have it ever before our minds; but especially so, now toward the close of the season which is intended as a preparation worthy to recall Christ's sufferings, and to celebrate gloriously His Resurrection.

This sad closing of the life of Our Saviour, besides being our spiritual wealth, is also an example and encouragement for us. It easily is recognized as such, if we consider what our life upon earth is. It is not a paradise, it is not free from worries and sufferings, it is not a satisfaction to our nature in its present condition; it is a warfare from day to day.

overcoming the weakness of his will. What a proof of God's goodness and love for us! The mightiest and the minutest of benefits have been granted us.

Let us realize well that it is an essential duty for them to think often on the passion of Christ. In no other way can they fully learn the grievances of sin. Many a worldlyling today imagines that this earth is offering him and he is enjoying, all that nature can expect to have. When it is so, sin never is absent.

Upon earth was Christ's Calvary for sins committed upon earth. There alone can be learned what in truth earth's pleasures are; and the serious, earnest Christian will desire to suffer his Calvary here where sin is committed, and not enjoy his paradise here and his Calvary—oh, terrible it is to say it!—where his paradise ought to be.

ALL FOODS SHOULD BE SEALED

The medical profession very generally advocates that all food products should be sold in sealed packages. All cities rigorously inspect butcher shops to prevent meat from being infected, many prohibit milk from being sold in bulk and gradually this will come with everything.

"Salada" was the first to introduce the package idea as regards tea, coffee, etc. two years ago, and "Salada" is still a little purer and a little better than other teas. It has by far the largest sale.

MISUNDERSTANDING

By Rev. J. Elliott Ross, C. S. P., Ph. D., in The Missionary

Probably there are some Catholics who look under the bed at night to make sure there is no Klesman there. Just as there were some men afraid to buy an aspirin tablet during the War for fear that the Germans might in some way have poisoned the supply.

Of course, I deplore the bigotry that is abroad in the land today. It is un-American and un-Christian and foolish. But no good purpose is served by constantly harping on examples of bigotry until we get a case of nerves ourselves. There are some people who see a bigot everywhere, and bigotry is everywhere.

Much the wiser attitude is to meet it with a deep Christian charity and a cheerful optimism. That sums up the whole situation—love and confidence. This is taught so plainly by Christ that it is a wonder anyone calling himself a Christian and a Catholic could ever have any other idea.

And lest we should limit the love to those who have been good to us, Christ went on to tell us that even the pagans do this, but that He expects His followers to return good for evil. Do good to them that hate you, He said. When He was dying upon the cross, He prayed for His persecutors, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." St. Stephen, when he was being stoned to death, uttered the same prayer. Surely we are not worthy to be called followers of Christ unless our hearts are filled with Christian charity.

If we do possess this sweet charity, then we shall meet the situation with cheerful optimism. There will be no room for fear. We shall refuse to be stamped by a few calamity howlers, refuse to lose our sense of humor or proportion. Why, the Catholics who faced the lions under Nero, or the rack and gibbet under Elizabeth, would laugh at us for calling the present experience persecution!

would not have turned a tree stump into one.

Something of the same thing happens in regard to bigotry. People whose imagination is working, whose nerves are on edge, who have been talking and thinking about bigotry, run up against a great big grizzly bear of prejudice—as they think. And the first thing they do is to scream "Bear!" But if they would only look this thing steadily in the eye they could see pretty soon as the light of reason rose higher in their mind, that it isn't the bear of bigotry at all, but only a huge bear, an old stump that they imagined was a bear.

Much supposed bigotry is really due to a misunderstanding by Catholics. For instance two mature school teachers came to me once with the assertion that a professor in a State university had accused the Jesuits of violating the seal of the confessional. The Jesuits in France in the seventeenth century, so ran the story, had been confessors to most of the prominent political personages, and they had used the information they got in the confessional to direct political events.

The women who told me that were intelligent, mature, truthful. I might have believed them, and have written a nice little article for some Catholic paper on how we are being maligned in our state institutions. We did it partly by Catholic taxes. We did it mostly by a splendid text! But instead of doing this, I went to the man himself. And I have no reason to disbelieve his statement that he did not say this at all. Or rather, that he did say it all with the exception of one word—but a word that changes the whole meaning.

He said the Jesuits used the personal influence they acquired by being confessors to direct political events—which certainly would not be a violation of the seal of the confessional. This is merely typical of probably half the examples of bigotry we hear and read about. We are seeing that back of actions motives that the persons concerned never thought of. And as we can frequently appreciate such a thing better if we are not concerned, I shall give an example about a Jew. One summer some repairs had to be made on a public high school, and they were not finished in time to commence school at the regular date in the fall. The superintendent, therefore, announced that classes would be held on Saturdays, too, in order to make up this lost time and close on the date appointed.

Jews are a very small minority in this community, and the superintendent never thought of Saturday school interfering with the religious duties of any of the children. But the Jewish Rabbi represented the matter to him, and another way was found to make up the lost time. This was not a case of bigotry, I but of thoughtlessness. And if we will only make representations when we think that we are being wronged, we shall find that in many cases the other fellow simply hadn't thought of us. And he hadn't thought of us because frequently we have held aloof too much.

After we eliminate the supposed cases of bigotry that are simply due to our misinterpreting the conduct of others, we shall find that much of what is left ceases to be bigotry, if we only put ourselves in the other man's place, if we try to see through his spectacles. Charles Reade has a novel called "Put Yourself in His Place," and he calls this the great "transmigratory" art. It is a great Christian art, for that is merely another way of saying "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," or rather it is merely one phrase of that broader principle of Christ. For we all want other people to put themselves in our place before they judge us. The best way to deal with the present wave of bigotry is to discount much of it, put ourselves in the other man's place, and take the best interpretation of what looks like bigotry. In that way we shall be practicing Christianity more perfectly, coming closer to Christ, than if we were continually judging our neighbor as guilty of bigotry.

And even where bigotry exists, there is this peculiarity about it, usually it is general. Personal. By that I mean that even men who are bigoted and prejudiced against the Catholic religion, or Catholics in general are not bigoted against the individual Catholics whom they know and who are worthy of respect. It is very, very seldom, I should say, that a good Catholic suffers because of his faith. For a number of years I was stationed in a section of the country that is looked upon elsewhere as being one of the most bigoted States in the Union, yet it was my observation that Catholics almost always got a square deal.

Of course, there are some professional Catholics who complain of discrimination against them. But if you can get at the facts, you will often find that if there is discrimination it is because of some defect in them that warrants such conduct. They are trying to excite sympathy among their co-religionists by posing as martyrs, when in reality they are merely failures. And in some cases you will find that the discrimination is faked. It is not unknown for politicians to distribute handbills attacking a candidate as a Catholic in the hope that enough Catholics will rally to him on this ground to elect him.

Because most of the prejudice that exists is general, not personal, and because of the sense of fair play existing in America, this anti-Catholic campaign offers us a wonderful opportunity. I don't believe there has been more opportune time for non-Catholic missions since the old A. P. A. movement collapsed than this right now. We are getting an immense amount of advertising out of this. Instead of whining and whimpering about bigotry and persecution, we ought to be busy reaping the harvest. There isn't a town in the South, probably, with a resident priest where a mission for non-Catholics would not be a big success.

Not long ago I gave a mission for non-Catholics in a little Texas town, and I have never had better attendance or greater interest. The church was crowded every night, and chairs were necessary in addition to the pews. Sometimes we had to put benches in the sanctuary, and even had them sitting on the altar steps. The last night there were crowds listening at the open windows. And all during the mission the greatest interest was manifested in the Question Box. There were so many questions that all preliminary prayers, and all hymns, had to be omitted to answer them. Yet in this town the Catholics are a small minority, and they could not fill the church if everyone went. About half the people who came were non-Catholics. You can judge to some extent of their spirit by the fact of two Baptists taking charge every night of the music for Benediction.

That experience could be duplicated all over the South. There is some bigotry among us, it is true, but not nearly as much as some Northern papers try to make out. Personally, I am tired of such phrases as "The bigoted South," "Southern bigots," and so on. I doubt if there is as much bigotry in the South as in the North, and I wish that Northern Catholics would give this tune a rest. What I do know is that I have never had any but the most courteous treatment in the South, and I never expect anything else. I gave a mission once on the corner lot next the church. Persons walking along the street never did anything the least rude, and people across the street who would be playing and singing until our services commenced would stop immediately we started. Can you beat that in the North?

No, good Catholics have nothing to fear. There isn't nearly as much bigotry as some people think, and what there is has created a powerful interest in the Church. This anti-Catholic campaign isn't something to be afraid of. So far from hurting us, it is actually helping us. I am convinced of the fairness of the American people, and I am convinced we have a wonderful opportunity if only we live up to it. I wish we had the machinery to throw several hundred missionaries into the South. They could get an intelligent, interested audience wherever there is a resident priest. The fields are white unto harvest. Pray, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He may send laborers into His fields.

But in addition to priests lecturing, each layman ought to be a missionary. He is bound to hear certain charges voiced, to be asked questions, and he ought to know how to answer them. If he will read a book like The Question Box and a few pamphlets, he will be fairly well prepared. All he needs in addition is enough zeal to use his opportunities. Let him once get the missionary attitude, and everything else will be added unto him.

And that missionary attitude implies that one should not be irritated at a bigot because he is just to us, but interested in him as a possible convert. The bigot has taken the first step towards entering the Catholic Church—he has noticed her. He is much easier to convert than the man who pays no attention to her whatever, who is simply indifferent to all religion. But there is an indirect apostolate that is just as important as the direct, and needs to be neglected. The chief reason for bigotry in this country is not religious, but national. It is based on the conviction that the Catholic Church is a foreign organization and that Catholics are not good Americans. To the extent that Catholics are responsible for this prejudice, it is within their power to remove it. Catholics ought to be in every non-sectarian society that is worth while. The parent-teachers' associations, the Red Cross, American history clubs, and innumerable others, furnish us a splendid opportunity. The Catholic who fought in the War isn't doing his whole duty to the Church unless he keeps that fact before the public by membership in the American Legion. To be thoroughly American is one of the best ways of defending the Catholic Church, and it is within the reach of everyone.

And so I say that though there is a wave of bigotry sweeping over the country, it will be a good thing for us provided we meet it properly. And the proper way is to soft-petal the whining, to be cheerful, optimistic, friendly with non-Catholics. Never see bigotry until you have to, and then meet it with a smile. Don't step to yourself. Go out bravely into the great currents of American life.

MENACE TO NATIONAL AND FAMILY LIFE

A noted jurist recently made a plain statement of a very complex problem. He said that divorce is disintegrating the family life of the country. There is nothing new or startling in this utterance. It has been made a thousand times before. Its significance lies in the fact that it was uttered by a man with wide judicial experience, of balanced judgment, and of intense love of country, and that it is an additional voice added to the loud chorus of warning that leading members of the bench and bar are sending up against the growing prevalence of divorce.

We have had innumerable examples of judges, sick at heart from hearing divorce cases, raising protesting and warning voices to their fellow citizens against the awful price that America must pay for the present divorce evil. This is nothing short of the destruction of home life, the disintegration of the family and the breaking down of private and public morality. The consequences are plain to these discerning minds. The remedy is not so clear to them. They advocate for the most part some restriction of divorce laws, a tightening up of the grounds necessary for divorce, or the passage of a uniform divorce law. All these proposed remedies are merely palliatives not cures, for they admit the inadmissibility that divorce itself is moral.

Until legislators and jurors face the plain facts of the case and add to the denunciation of divorce as a social evil, the further condemnation of divorce as a direct violation of God's law, we can have no relief from the peril of divorce. What we need is not a uniform divorce law that will make divorce harder to obtain, but a uniform divorce law that will make absolute divorce unobtainable at all. The stand of the Catholic Church upon divorce is the only logical, moral, and safe position in the world today.

That position is stated in unequivocal terms in the Pastoral Letter of the Bishops of the United States: "Of itself and under normal conditions marital love endures through life, growing in strength as time passes, and renewing its tenderness in the children that are its pledges. The thought of separation even by death is repugnant and nothing less than death can weaken the bond. No sane man or woman regards divorce as a good thing; the most that can be said in its favor is that under given circumstances it affords relief from intolerable evil. Reluctantly the Church permits limited divorce; the parties are allowed for certain causes to separate though the bond continues in force and neither may contract a new marriage while the other is living. But absolute divorce which severs the bond, the Church does not and will not permit."

"We consider the growth of the divorce evil as evidence of moral decay and a present danger to the best elements in our American life. In its causes and their revelation by process of law, in its results for those who are immediately concerned and its suggestion to the minds of the entire community, divorce is our national scandal. It not only disrupts the home of the separated parties, but it also leads others who are not yet married, to look upon the bond as a trivial circumstance. Thus through the ease and frequency with which it is granted, divorce increases with an evil momentum until it passes the limits of decency and reduces the sexual relation to the level of animal instinct."

"This degradation of marriage once considered the holiest of human relations naturally tends to the injury of other things whose efficacy ought to be secured not by coercion but by the freely given respect of a free people. Public authority, individual rights and even the institutions upon which liberty depends must inevitably weaken. Hence the importance of measures and movements which aim at checking the spread of divorce. It is to be hoped that they will succeed; but an effective remedy cannot be found or applied, unless we aim at purity in all matters of sex, restore the dignity of marriage, and emphasize its obligations."

"BOHEMIAN BRETHREN" OF TODAY NOT SECT OF SONG AND STORY

There has been some confusion recently regarding the activities of the religious body known as the "Bohemian Brethren," due to the fact that this name is the same as that adopted by a sect which grew up in Bohemia at the end of the Hussite wars in 1457. The historic organization of this name has been more or less idealized in story and song and the name has a certain traditional popularity among the Czech people.

The present-day "Bohemian Brethren," however, are in no way related to the older organization. The "Brethren" of today came into existence after the Revolution which overthrew the Austrian Empire in 1918. They are purely Protestant in origin, teachings, and characteristics. They represent a combination of Germanic Protestant elements including adherents of the Augustan and the Calvinist creeds.



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MONSIGNOR O'CONNOR BLESSES NEW BELL

A unique ceremony, seldom witnessed in Chatham, took place in the Blessed Sacrament Church, Victoria avenue, when the new bell of the church was blessed by the Right Rev. Monsignor Dennis O'Connor, Vicar-General of the Diocese of London. Clergy from many points in Western Ontario were present for the occasion and special music was provided by the choir of the church.

A feature of the ceremony was the seventeen sponsors for the bell, provided from members of the congregation who comprise seventeen different nationalities. The colors of the countries represented were worn by the sponsors in the form of a sash. The sponsors are: England, Percy Cornfield; Ireland, Edmund O'Mara; Scotland, Mary Freston; Wales, Francis Bevan; France, Stanley Trudelle; Belgium, Elsie Dewalder; Germany, Elizabeth Blonde; Spain, Anna Rodriguez; Iceland, Margaret Ericson Mindorf, who is a native of that country and a fluent reader and writer of the ancient language; Denmark, Anna Lund; Poland, Sophie Porcyniak; Russia, Olga Nikoloshan; Africa, Fred Turner; Syria, Joseph Bernida; Bohemia, Angela Bealey; American Indian, Fred Bell; Luxemburg, Jack Wildgeon.

The weight of the bell and equipment, together with clappers and ringing apparatus, is two tons. The bell after the ceremony was installed in the bell tower. It has the tone of "E" flat.

The origin of the bells is lost in dim antiquity. In the Book of Exodus xxviii., 35-36 "bells of gold" are mentioned as being attached to Aaron's robe that "his sound shall be heard when he goeth into the holy places before the Lord." Large bells were introduced by Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, in Campania, Italy, in A. D. 400. Pope Sabianus, in A. D. 604, prescribed their use for the universal church. The first record of bells was one of five bells which were presented to King's College, Cambridge, England, by Pope Calixtus III. in 1456. The ceremony of blessing a bell dates from the seventh century and is closely akin to the baptismal rite.

STUDENT CRUSADERS

Catholic Students have not forgotten the heroic work accomplished by the Crusaders of old, who went forth to dethrone the Turk from the tomb of Christ. They have not forgotten that Satan sits enthroned in the hearts of millions of Pagans even at this late hour and just as those heroic men of the past courageously set out to conquer the Mohammedan so do students of today rally forth to assist by prayers and works the Missionary in his effort to conquer the Power of Evil and Darkness.

They are not clad in a suit of mail, nor armed with sword and shield—no, their efforts are centered on the "Crusade Way" of accomplishing big things in a big way for the Missionary activities in our Home and Foreign Missions.

Over two thousand students have enlisted already and are throwing themselves with all the strength and energy they possess, heart and soul, into this Mission Movement, are enrolling themselves as Mission Crusaders in the army of Jesus Christ for the salvation of souls, for the defence of truth and justice, for the protection of the Church of Christ.

Student reader will you not interest yourself, your institution, in this great nation-wide Crusade. Further information will be gladly given by the C. C. S. M. C., St. Augustine's Seminary, Kingston Road, Toronto, Ont.

HOPES AND HINDRANCES

In us human people, common, everyday sinners as we are, there yet seems to abide an unquenchable hope that some day we are going to do much better than we are and to do much better than we do. No think otherwise would be intolerable. The torch of hope for a holier life is always shining before us.

Let us for a moment consider what are the hindrances towards the fulfilment of our hopes. Mostly it is the little frets of every day that clog our steps upward. There are perhaps financial worries, money cares that corrode the soul. There

are disappointments that actually seem to cut away the very ground from under our feet. There are anxieties and uncertainties to steal away our peace. How can we be good, with all this to hinder?

To achieve the overcoming of these hindrances, the serenity so far removed from our daily habits of thought, we need for a time to drop everything else, and devote ourselves to the study of more excellent ways of daily living. Exactly for this training and schooling were the Cenacle Convents of New York, Newport, Boston, Chicago and Lake Ronkonkoma founded. Here, in a few days of silence and tranquillity, of religious conferences, or spiritual reading, of quiet walks in the convent garden, of close, very close intercourse with the One Who loves us the most in the world, Who will most surely help us when we seek Him, here is the place to learn. When we leave, His presence will go with us, we shall know how to win from Him the strength and help that will lift us over the hard places and set our feet securely on the ascent towards the greater perfection that we hope for, the closer walk with God, the nearer vision of Him, the more obedient heart and life. Send for a list of 1924 Retreats to: The Cenacle, 628 West 140th Street, New York City.

McKIM'S DIRECTORY

There are 1,499 newspapers and regularly published periodicals in Canada, against 1,553 a year ago. Daily newspapers have decreased from 121 to 114; semi-weeklies from 34 to 30; and weeklies from 1,022 to 975. On the other hand, a small increase has taken place during the year in the number of monthly and semi-monthly periodicals.

These facts are shown in McKim's Directory of Canadian Publications, under which name the Seventeenth Edition of the Canadian Newspaper Directory has just been issued. It is the only complete directory of the publications of Canada and Newfoundland, giving accurate, physical and circulation details of each publication.

At the back of the book are several lists of publications arranged for convenience by the advertiser, such as the condensed list arranged by Provinces, the list of daily newspapers, the newspaper list arranged by counties, the classified list of general and special publications, and a list of publications in languages other than English or French, with statistics as to the populations they reach.

Information on the geography, population and industries of each Province is given, as well as detailed facts about each city, town and village where a newspaper or other publication is issued. McKim's Directory thus is a valuable compendium of information commonly required by those whose business demands a general or specific knowledge of Canada.

A. McKim Limited is the publisher. In the preface it modestly states that it is only because of the service it renders to advertisers that it has become and remained the largest Advertising Agency in Canada.

The price of McKim's Directory of Canadian Publications is \$3. Copies may be had from the McKim offices at Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Hamilton, and London, England, 6 Norfolk St. W. C. 2.

STATUE UNSCATHED IN WAR DESTROYED BY ACT OF VANDAL

Paris, France.—An act of sacrilegious vandalism has caused general indignation in the district of Montdidier. Near Cantigny, where the first attack of the American troops was made in 1918, the village of Grivesnes, which was the scene of furious infantry combats, had its church horribly mutilated, but, as though by miracle, an ancient statue of Saint Aignan, which was particularly dear to the faithful of the parish, remained intact in the midst of the ruins.

This statue has just been broken by a stupid act of destruction. A workman who had been engaged to mend the roof of the restored church, amused himself by throwing bricks from the roof at the statue which had gone unscathed through bombardment and fire. He finally succeeded in upsetting it. Arrested and brought before the court, the vandal declared to the judge that he had "done it for fun." He will be brought to trial.

WOMEN OF VARIOUS NATIONS TO HONOR CARDINAL

The Federation of Belgian Catholic Women, an organization founded by Cardinal Mercier, is planning to make the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the ordination of His Eminence next month, a brilliant occasion. To obtain widespread cooperation the federation is appealing to women outside Belgium to show their admiration for this illustrious Prince of the Church by joining with their Belgian sisters.

A money contribution of one franc is being asked of each woman to raise a jubilee fund which will be presented to the cardinal. Each foreign country will have a special page in the album also to be given His Eminence, preceding which will

be an illuminated page giving the approximate number of organizations and religious communities which have answered the appeal and the total amount subscribed. A day after Easter will be selected on which Catholic women will offer their acts of merit and of prayer for the cardinal.

NEW BOOK

"Her Little Way." Blessed Therese of the Child Jesus, "The Little Sister of the Missionaries." By Rev. John P. Clarke, cloth, cover, illustrated, and with picture on cover, net \$1.25.

This little volume is an expression of the sublime sanctity of the character of Blessed Therese, and a tribute to the power of her pleading before the throne of God. It points out the way of "The Little Flower"—the way of beauty, of happiness, of truth.

Although Father Clarke records her life, his treatment is not biographical. Taking the outstanding events, he interprets them in the light of her motives, and offers them for the guidance of all who would share with Therese her close union with God. Her own writings are liberally drawn upon throughout the book.

The fact that she is of our own times, is sufficient incentive to follow her. Through her, Communion of Saints, "the cornerstone of the Church," is given fresh and effective exposition, and the ascetic life renewed justification.

Father Clarke has made this book a labor of love. Realizing the salutary effect of her teachings on modern life, he has produced a volume that is sure to spread the knowledge of "Her Little Way" still farther among the faithful.

For sale at THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.

DIED

BARRY.—At Seaforth, Ont., on March 19, 1924, Miss Margaret Barry. May her soul rest in peace.

O'BRIEN.—At St. John's, Nfld., on Saturday, March 1st, 1924, Mr. William O'Brien, a native of Tipperary, Ireland, aged seventy-five years. May his soul rest in peace.

OVINGTON.—In Kitley Township, on March 11, 1924, Mrs. John Ovington, in her sixty-eighth year. Funeral from St. Philip Neri Church, Toledo, on Friday, March 14th. May her soul rest in peace.

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