

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXI.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1919

2128

THE MASTER'S VOICE

Speak low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet,
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss
Thee so;
Who are not missed by any that entreat,
Speak to me as Mary at Thy feet;
And if no precious gems my hands bestow,
Let my tears drop like amber while I go
In search of Thy divinest voice, complete
In humanest affection; thus, in sooth,
To lose the sense of losing! As a child
Whose song-bird seeks the woods for evermore
Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth,
Till sinking on her breast love reconciled,
He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

—E. B. BROWNING

LEAGUE OF CHURCHES

Floyd Keeler in America

When one thinks of the outbreaks of anarchy and Bolshevism which are now convulsing the world, it may sound strange to say that the day of disintegration is rapidly passing. But to one who will look beneath the surface, it is evident that this is true, for the present distress is but the death-throe of the anti-social and over-individualistic forces which had their rise in the sixteenth century revolution that is dignified by the name of the "Reformation." Men who know nothing whatever of the true animus of Luther and his followers, who would be shocked at the excesses of the reformers in any direction, but who still cling to their religious sects, are beginning to see that in social and political matters, at least, individualism is not the ideal policy.

The bathing of the world in blood for the past few years has demonstrated the need of some force bigger than the will of an individual king, emperor, or State which shall control each for the good of all and which will bring about such a measure of peace and harmony as will insure their co-operation for the common weal. The thought has been an attractive one to thinkers for many years. Even the critics of the scheme are willing to concede its possibilities and its advocates are boundless in the extent of their prophecies of the good it will work.

The thought naturally follows: Why, if nations can put aside their antipathies, their racial aspirations, and their individual schemes for the good of the greater number, cannot Christian people of various names do the same? It is true that Protestantism has a family history of division. It came about by means of a wilful cutting off of itself from the parent stem, and it has been unable to deny its children the privilege which gave it its own being. Time was when Protestants belonged very definitely to some particular sect. Even within the writer's recollection there were parts of the country where family ties were broken and friendships were disrupted over the relative merits of Calvinism and Arminianism. But here has been a great breaking down of denominational standards and beliefs through denominational barriers still exist. Many communities are face to face with a problem of empty church buildings and an unchurched population. Hitherto the attempt to settle this by the effort of a denomination to strengthen its hold in a particular neighborhood has been the signal for every other denomination to make advances there also, with the result that its last state is worse than the first. Recently appointed centers of unity, submission to the authority of, and communion with, the Vicar of Christ. This it has always meant, this it must always mean. False Christs and false prophets will arise to the end of time, they will "seduce" if it be possible, even the elect; but they can never get away from the one established fact that there is one way and only one that is right, one place and only one when unity may be had, one fold under one Shepherd, serving one Lord, holding one Faith, administering one Baptism, and bowing as a unit to the one God and Father of all.

PERVERSION IN PIETY

In some places the clergy complain that Sunday itself is less strictly kept than it used to be. For slight reasons people fail to attend Mass, and think nothing of spending the whole day in diversions, if it happens to be in the least inconvenient to go to church. Vespers, although generally followed by Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament, as a rule draws only a handful of attendants,—so few, in fact, that in numerous parishes the service is discontinued. And yet many Catholics who are thus remiss in attending church on Sunday are very pious—in their way. Persons have been known to

go to Holy Communion on the First Friday, to miss Mass the following Sunday, and then hurry off to confession on Monday evening to begin a series of Communions in honor of St. Anthony of Padua. This is plainly a perversion of piety, of which it would seem an sensible person could possibly be guilty of. Devotion to the Holy Ghost is not noticeably on the increase, though devotion to the Holy Infant of Prague is generally practised.—Ave Maria.

TESTIMONIAL

FROM A FRENCH ANTI-CLERICAL

In a recent issue, Les Nouvelles Religieuses reviews at length a remarkable and candid communication to L'Ecole de la Vie—an organ of the infidel "Ecole Laïque"—from one of its teachers in the French army, M. Tintignac, entitled, "The Priest and the Educator in the Army." It contrasts the moral status of the two parties, thus placed in false antithesis, and shows that the influence of the priest far exceeds that of the free-thinking State pedagogue. Opening with a tribute to the Clergy, the writer says: "Be not afraid. I am not about to write anything opposed to the rules of the Sacred Union (truce of parties). And yet in so acting I shall have no need to restrain myself. For were I to vilify the ecclesiastics I should be lying and committing an injustice. Those of the clergy whom I have come across have exhibited under all circumstances—and often they have courted the most perilous ones—a spirit of self-sacrifice, contempt of death, and smiling evenness of temper that everywhere evoked unqualified admiration. . . . I am anxious to offer them here the respectful homage of a laïque who has viewed them at close quarters and stands above suspicion of partiality.

Seeking out the causes of the brilliant and assured moral position of priests among the soldiers, he finds it in intelligent and methodical organization. There are "voluntary" chaplains as well as "divisional," and the wonderful co-ordination of effort suggests to M. Tintignac some sort of ecclesiastical general—or unity of command. Here, however, the Nouvelles makes a correction, pointing to the absence, in spite of representations, of any "episcopus castrensis" like Archbishop Hayes, and "the lack of all spiritual power" in the case of "some important units." Our "laïque" teacher respectfully recognizes the presence of "real Apostles," giving this illustration: "I owe it to a Jesuit Father . . . who honored me with his friendship, to testify that when he was killed in an advance which he shared with the first troop-wave—the crucifix for his only arms, attendance on the dying his sole object—his disappearance created a huge void in the regiment, and that everyone, friend and foe alike, joined in acknowledging that man for a saint."

There was also a press organ, The Priest in the Army, to strengthen clerical cohesion. Among forms of priestly "action" the writer mentions literature and gifts of "comforts" to the men. "They deprived themselves of superfluities, at times even of necessities, to serve and make themselves agreeable to their comrades." Conferences, intimate and sympathetic talks, formed another branch of priestly activity, to the marvellous effects of which the writer bears evocative witness. "May I be forgiven!" he exclaims, "but on seeing the men thus affected I began regretting my own inability to cause that brightness of interior joy to light up their countenances."—The Antidote.

CATHOLIC PRACTICE AND THE PRESS

Every now and then Catholic readers are astonished to read in the daily paper some item dealing with the practice or teaching of their Faith that is remarkable for its inaccuracy or its falsehood. The writer as a rule is neither a bigot nor a fanatic and has no wish to give offence to any class of readers. He merely wishes to write something that he considers "good copy," and without taking the trouble to inform himself on doctrinal points that may enter into his article he succeeds in attaining the ridiculous while endeavoring to reach the sublime. Less than a month ago a Paris correspondent writing to a New York paper told how much was being done for the moral welfare of the soldiers, and very gravely mentioned the special "Mass in English that was read for the American troops." More recently an announcement was made in some of our dailies that the War Department had dispensed the forces in the field from Friday abstinence during the period of the War. On the feast of the Assumption the New York Sun, after noting that the day was a holy day of obligation, seriously informed its readers that "it was also a day on which many of the faithful visit the beaches and enter the water as a preparation for religious duties. This form of ablution is practised in

many countries. It is believed that the Blessed Virgin releases many souls from Purgatory on this day besides granting favors to her clients."

The logical connection between the visit to the beach, the souls in purgatory and the Blessed Mother is rather difficult to find. If it were not for the mention of the Church of Our Lady of Solace and Coney Island that occurs in the next paragraph the Catholic reader would indeed be puzzled and the ill-informed non-Catholic would have another newspaper argument against Catholic practices and devotions. The real point of the article is Coney Island. Any item bearing on that well-known city by the sea makes "good copy" for a New York paper. So when the feast of the Assumption comes around in the yearly calendar, as there is a pilgrimage to the church and the church is at Coney Island, the public must be informed that "thousands of Catholics are entering the water in observance of an old custom in celebration of the feast."

Some day the wielders of pens in the paper stories of newspaper row may realize the fact that there is a great deal to learn about Catholic devotion and Catholic doctrine. When that day dawns there will be some shred of accuracy in the details of a newspaper item that has to do with a holy day or a pilgrimage, and even when Coney Island is in question we shall no longer be informed "that mothers may be seen at the beach leading their children to the water while beseeching in silent prayer some special favor." In the meanwhile a penny catechism would be a most appropriate gift to the editorial sanctum of our daily papers, or else space writers might be induced to consult a pupil in the fifth grade of the near-by parochial school for a sensible explanation of Catholic practice.—America.

APPEAL FOR MISSIONS SUCCESSFUL

At the Consistory recently Pope Benedict XV. delivered a short allocution to the Sacred College regarding steps taken for the protection of German missions, especially in former German colonies.

The Holy Father said that as soon as it was realized some of the clauses of the Peace Treaty infringed upon the rights and interests of Catholic missions he wrote to Peace Conference delegates asking them to modify those clauses in a spirit of justice.

More than twenty Cardinals, many Bishops and Archbishops and other dignitaries attended the Consistory. Msgr. John Bonzano, Apostolic Delegate to the United States, was in attendance.

The Pope at the Consistory appointed Cardinal Bosch as Bishop of Frescati and Msgr. Cadi, to be primate of the Archdiocese of the Gravel Melchite rite. He also confirmed all Archbishops and Bishops appointed by brief since the last Consistory.

Discussing the mission of Archbishops Bonaventura Cerretti to the Peace Conference the Pope said: "We sent to Paris the most distinguished prelate of the Roman Curia to look after the interests of the Catholic missions. Now I am very happy to inform you that owing to the spirit of fairness shown by the personages at the Peace Conference our requests in greater part have been satisfied. I hope these same personages will be guided by the same spirit of fairness in putting into execution the provisions which have been adopted concerning Catholic missions not only in the interest of religion but also in the interest of humanity and civilization."

As hostilities now finally are ended we implore the Divine Benevolence to grant our wishes, namely, that the blockade, which caused so much famine and distress, be raised immediately, that all prisoners be repatriated as soon as possible, and last, that all people and nations shall reunite in bonds of Christian charity, a spirit we have never ceased to inculcate and without which any treaty of peace will be valueless.

Genuinely concerned over the future of the Catholic missions in foreign lands, the Archbishop and Bishops of Germany recently sent a joint letter to the Pope begging for his protection. The Holy Father addressed a reply to the Cardinal Archbishop of Cologne, through the Papal Secretary of State, in the course of which the latter said: "As your Eminence will learn from Msgr. Pacelli, Apostolic Nuncio at Munich, the Holy See has sent pressing representations to their Eminences the Archbishops of Paris and Westminster, to the English Envoy to the Holy See, to the representative of the Japanese Naval Attache Yamamoto, and to Admiral Benevo, Commandant of the American Fleet."

"The Holy See now awaits a response to its efforts and in case they are unfortunately unsuccessful, intends to try what best can be done for the many missionaries of whom their field of labor has been deprived."

The exact situation may be summarized as follows: Article 122 of the Peace Treaty establishes that the local Governments can expel from their respective districts all residents of German origin and fix the conditions of their residence—this applies with equal force to missionaries. Article 125 establishes that the property of the Missions in general, which includes Catholic Missions, is to be administered by a Council nominated by the local Government, composed of Christians. The duty of this Council is to exercise vigilance so that the income finds its way to missions in general. In Canon 1350 of the Code of Canon Law it is laid down that all Catholic Missions, both as regards the personnel and the property held by them, depend exclusively upon the Holy See. It was argued that German missionaries might carry on a political propaganda, which these two Articles of the Treaty are designed to combat. This statement was met by the fact that no priest, whether a secular or regular, can exercise his ministry in the mission field without credentials from the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, which exercises full authority over him.—The Echo.

SAYS BIBLE POINTS TO CATHOLIC CHURCH

Speaking to a large congregation of Catholics and non-Catholics at the Blessed Gabriel Monastery, Brighton, Father Alexis, C. P., said that the Bible points to the Catholic Church and continued: "One of the most deplorable conditions existing in the world today is the disunion of Christians. In this country alone there are 400 different churches, each one claiming to be the true Church of our Divine Saviour. We see one church antagonizing another, one church contradicting another, all churches manifesting the greatest disunion and the greatest want of unity."

"Necessarily this is bound to bring bad effects upon the individual and upon society. The enemies of religion use this conflict as one of the greatest arguments against religion."

"Nothing is dearer to the heart of the Catholic Church than union among all Christians, and the holy Mother Church is constantly putting forth her best efforts to bring about the day when all shall be united and the words of Christ will be literally fulfilled, that there shall be but the one fold and the one shepherd."

"Tonight I will try to prove to you that the Catholic Church is the only true Church of Jesus Christ. In order to make this plain let me begin first of all by laying down a few premises. First of all we will admit that Jesus Christ, both God and man, when He was in this world founded a Church. All Christians admit this fact. His first object in founding the Church was to perpetuate His holy religion, which He revealed to us in His infinite kindness and mercy."

"He tells us emphatically that His religion and His Church will exist unto the end of time. 'Behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world.' He tells us that He built the Church for all times, for all nations, for all peoples, and we must naturally conclude therefore that that Church is in existence tonight."

"Secondly, we must premise that all the 400 different churches are not the true Church of Christ. If the 400 were the true Church of Christ, then that would stultify Christ—for these churches teach different doctrines and have different tenets. Therefore as one contradicts the other, it is impossible for both to be right. It is impossible for the whole 400 to be the true churches of Christ. Only one can be the true Church—for Christ founded only one, and spoke of only one."

"There is one means which we may adopt in order to discover the true Church of Christ. Non-Catholics would use that means as well as Catholics, and that means is the Bible. Non-Catholics believe in the Bible, read the Bible and therefore know the Bible."

"Now then, Christ spoke of His Church, and what He said of His Church is indeed fully contained in the Bible. The Church of the Bible will be the Church of Christ. Therefore in order to know what the Church of Christ should be, in order to discover its nature, its object, its characteristics, let us take up the study of the Sacred Scriptures and find out what kind of a church Christ did establish. And then look around and see which one of the 400 different churches agrees with the description given us by the Sacred Scriptures."

"The Bible says that the first and most prominent characteristic in the Church of Christ was to be its unity. Long before Christ was born God prefigured the unity of the Church in the Old Testament."

"Again, from the very constitution which He left to the Church there must be a unity of teaching, unity of belief. The apostles had to teach what Christ taught, and not what they would like to teach. As the apostles all taught the same, the people all believed the same. Christ appointed Peter the head of His Church and said, 'Upon this rock I will build My church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.' Again, after His resurrection He said, 'Feed My lambs, feed My sheep.' Here Father Alexis cited passages from the Scriptures, and continued: 'Christ left authority' in His Church, the authority to legislate, the authority to judge, the executive authority to see that the laws were put into practice."

Here Father Alexis pointed out that the Bible says the church must be holy. It must be universal. It must not be limited by time or by nation. It must not be limited in any way. His Church must teach all things whatsoever He has taught, no matter whether the people like it or do not like it."

"That makes no difference," he said. "That Church must stand before the world as Christ stood when He preached His first sermon on the Mount. That Church must condemn divorce as Christ himself condemned it. She must teach all things whatsoever Christ has taught. She must not apologize for teaching it, for the moment she refuses to teach the things that are the true Church of the Saviour. The Church must exist from the day of Christ down to the present, and must continue until the end of time, for He declared that it would exist."

Father Alexis said that the only Church in existence today that answers to the description given in the Bible is the Roman Catholic Church. He said that "unity is the Catholic Church's splendor and grandeur. It is today as it was in the days of Christ. All preach the same, and why, because there is only one thing to preach, and that is to preach what Christ taught. No matter what part of the world you may visit, you will find the Catholic Church teaching exactly the same doctrine today that was taught by Christ. The same doctrine is taught in the humble chapel that is taught in the great cathedrals and historic basilicas.—Intermountain Catholic."

THE NAME "CATHOLIC"

To throw further light on the proper answer to the query, "Catholic or Roman Catholic?" which is ably discussed by Father Hull in the current Catholic Mind, the Bombay Examiner takes the following extract from "An American contemporary" to show how firmly the term "Catholic" is embedded in general literature:

"There can be no possible misunderstanding when people speak of 'Catholic Emancipation' or when Tennyson in 'Queen Mary' makes Elizabeth refer to Philip of Spain as 'the proud Catholic prince' or when Ruskin in 'Fors Clavigera' writes 'concerning these Arabian Nights and purely the ideal Catholic Church' or when Leigh Hunt says in his autobiography that 'Dante's heaven, is the sublimation of a Catholic church' or when Carlyle says that 'The ideas and feelings of man's moral nature have never found so perfect an expression in form as they found in the noble Cathedrals of Catholicism' or when Lecky in his 'Rationalism in Europe,' says that 'The Catholic reverence of the Virgin has done much to elevate and purify the ideal woman, and to soften the manners of men' or when Hawthorne says, 'I have always envied the Catholics their faith in that sweet sacred Virgin Mother' or when we say that Belgium is a Catholic country; or when Becherelle's Dictionary says that in French 'the word 'Catholic' is used only in connection with the Church in communion with Rome' or when the Turkish Government distinguishes between the Orthodox and the Catholics."

"In a word, the world has fixed the use of the word 'Catholic' to suit itself, and as that use happens to be in accord with the true meaning, it is useless to attempt to change it." We may add that in colloquial speech, not less than in literary English, the term "Catholic" is used with the same exclusive application to the Church which is in communion with Rome. "Are you a Romanist?" asked the land agent of Mr. Dooley. "A which?" said he. "Are you a Roman Catholic?" "No, thank God, I'm a Chicago Catholic!" "Tis the same thing," said the agent.

With the object, therefore, of teaching our non-Catholic fellow-citizens just what our name is, Catholics should avoid using the term, "Roman Catholic" and insist upon being called "Catholics" merely. It is not necessary to emphasize the Roman headship of our Church, for everybody is aware of it, and we should not accept from non-Catholics a name which was none of our making and which the Church does not use in her official formulae.—America.

CATHOLIC NOTES

In the Holy Land the Order of St. Francis has had 2,000 Franciscan martyrs.

The Central Verein convention, which was omitted last year on account of the War, will be held in Chicago in September.

The tradition of the East sets down Damascus as the oldest city on earth still inhabited by man. It was a capital before Abraham.

Seventeen hundred employment bureaus are now being conducted by the Knights of Columbus in the United States.

St. Thomas College, in St. Paul, Minn., has been empowered by the War Department to select three honor graduates from its class this year for admission to West Point.

The Catholic Guild of Israel—an association of converted Jews—will in the near future go on a pilgrimage to Paris-Le-Monial, Lourdes, and Jerusalem.

The Bishops of the United States have asked the Holy See for permission to introduce the League of Daily Mass into the dioceses of the country.

The provincial Council of Brabant voted a credit of 400,000 francs (\$80,000) to cover the cost of rebuilding the Palace of Justice at Louvain which was deliberately burned down by the Germans in August, 1914.

The Very Rev. Eugene Couet, Superior General of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, arrived in New York from Rome recently. Father Couet will make a visitation of all the houses of his community throughout the country.

A Eucharistic Congress will convene at Notre Dame University, Notre Dame, Ind., on August 5, 6 and 7. Rt. Rev. Joseph Schrembs, Bishop of Toledo, is Protector of the Priests' Eucharistic League of America and Chairman of all the Eucharistic Congresses in the United States.

Dr. Alfred Nerinckx, Mayor of Louvain, now in the United States, is of the Belgian family one of which, the saintly Father Nerinckx, one hundred years ago was a great missionary in Kentucky and founder of the Congregation of the Loretines in Kentucky.

A federation of Third Order members is to be organized in 1921. At a meeting of representatives of the three Franciscan Provinces, the two Capuchin Provinces and the Conventual Province of this country, the proposal to hold a national convention of Third Order was discussed. Blast furnaces have been started anew in the district of Liège. The famous Cockerill Company at Seraing, which is capable of producing 180 to 200 tons of metal, is one, and others are following suit though slowly. Belgium is arising from the ashes.

One year old, the New York-Washington airplane mail service has carried 7,720,840 letters, the post-office announced. Revenues from airplane mail stamps totaled \$159,700. Cost of service was \$137,900.06.

In the second precinct, thirteenth ward, Milwaukee, an unusual scene took place in the recent election. Eighteen nuns stood in line for hours to cast their ballots. In the first ward over 100 Notre Dame Sisters voted in one of the precincts.

The bishop of an eastern diocese has given instructions in accordance with which each year one young student for the priesthood in the seminary will take a course in journalism and after ordination will be assigned, in addition to his priestly duties, to supplying the official and general Catholic news on important occasions to the Catholic press and the daily press.

Paris, June 29.—The entire French Episcopate has issued a joint pastoral recalling to French Catholics and to all nations the essential principles on which our social order rests. The pastoral condenses the most elevated teachings on the subject of the duties of the society towards God, Jesus Christ, the Church and the family, and on the reciprocal obligations of State and citizen, employers and employed, and is a document of great interest and importance.

After many years, the Society of Jesus is now again established in Germany. Within the last two years they have opened houses at Cologne, Frankfurt, Bonn, Coblenz, Munich, Aschaffenburg, Bavaria, and at Aix la Chapelle, Charlemagne's imperial city. Engaged in the War were 78 Fathers as Army chaplains, 60 as hospital chaplains, 123 as lay brothers, and, as soldiers, in all about 400.

The Lazarists of East Che Kiang have had considerable success in forming native priests for their congregation. Father Beach, writing from Ningpo, gives these figures: "We are about to ordain two new priests, and there are besides eight students in the Seminary. As far the college, it counts ninety pupils. Therefore, we regard the future with a good deal of security as far as vocations are concerned."

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

BY CHRISTINE FABER

CHAPTER XXIII

The usual summer home advent of visitors was upon Mr. Robinson but among them was one who seemed to be not at all of them, a shy, homely little girl, not more than eleven years old, and yet bearing in her sallow face the appearance of far maturer age.

She stopped as she spoke and kissed the child. There was a sound in the direction of Miss Balk very like an exclamation of disgust, but when both Mrs. Phillips and Mr. Robinson looked hastily at her she was in the same erect, rigid position, not even a muscle of her face having changed.

Little, strange, shy Cora Horton shrank from the caress of Mrs. Phillips, while her great, dark melancholy eyes looked at the lady with an expression in which wonder and dislike were singularly mingled.

"Well, I reckon the thing's settled then," said Robinson; "we'll drive over for you about four. Come, Cora." He stalked out, the child clinging to his hand, and making his adieu to Barbara as brief as had been her salutation to him.

Robinson half rose. "Don't you believe it?" he said fiercely. "I tell you Gerald Thurston's just as lief hang himself as tell a lie. He thinks a wonderful sight of truth and honor, as he calls 'em, and I don't know but he'd throw any oath or contract in the country."

"No, I reckon that ain't it; but Gerald's given his word to come back, and I'll stake his word 'gin any oath or contract in the country."

"Why, Barbara, what else could I say? You are not a relative, and I am sure you are not a friend."

"You are afraid that I would expect the same attention as yourself, and an invitation to Mr. Robinson's, but don't be concerned, Mrs. Phillips; I shall not interfere with you, for I would not for worlds deprive myself of the satisfaction of beholding your downfall, and that will come speedily enough if you are left to follow your own plans."

"What do you want?" said the latter sharply. Helen made a deprecating motion with her hand lest the party within the room should hear, and trying to wave Barbara back, she entered. Miss Balk stalked in also.

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attitude, eyes and head bent downward, and her face bearing the expression of tender melancholy which she had practiced so often that its assumption now seemed quite natural, my mourning precludes me from participating in the festivities from participating in the festivities...

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uttered in his loud shrill tones, being often heard above every other voice, and Helen found herself drawn into a lively debate with some of her neighbors. A chance remark had reference to Thurston.

"Yes," said the person to whom the remark was addressed; "I saw the name in paragraph of English news the other day. It seems that he has astonished some of those business men on the other side by his valuable ideas."

"Who is that?" chimed in another voice. "Gerald Thurston? I tell you, Robinson, you secured a mine when you got hold of that young man. And they seem to be appreciating him on the other side. I shouldn't be surprised if they make him such an offer that he never returns. What then, Robinson?"

"I'm not afraid of it," answered Robinson. "Why?" resumed the voice that had previously spoken. "Are the terms of his engagement with you so good that no better offer can be made?"

"No; I reckon that ain't it; but Gerald's given his word to come back, and I'll stake his word 'gin any oath or contract in the country."

"Model young man!" came in a half doubting tone from the other end of the table.

Robinson half rose. "Don't you believe it?" he said fiercely. "I tell you Gerald Thurston's just as lief hang himself as tell a lie. He thinks a wonderful sight of truth and honor, as he calls 'em, and I don't know but he'd throw any oath or contract in the country."

"No, I reckon that ain't it; but Gerald's given his word to come back, and I'll stake his word 'gin any oath or contract in the country."

"Why, Barbara, what else could I say? You are not a relative, and I am sure you are not a friend."

"You are afraid that I would expect the same attention as yourself, and an invitation to Mr. Robinson's, but don't be concerned, Mrs. Phillips; I shall not interfere with you, for I would not for worlds deprive myself of the satisfaction of beholding your downfall, and that will come speedily enough if you are left to follow your own plans."

"What do you want?" said the latter sharply. Helen made a deprecating motion with her hand lest the party within the room should hear, and trying to wave Barbara back, she entered. Miss Balk stalked in also.

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and passing his shriveled hand over his face as if he was in undecided and troubled thought. At length, conquering his indecision, he went on with as much speed as his age and trembling limbs would permit, never pausing until he reached the part of the grounds where lay the greenhouse,--row upon row of them,--their glass sides glistening in the sunlight and the delicate plants within showing plainly through the crystal panes. While the old man looked in some bewilderment about him, a gardener appeared from one of the paths that wound among the shrubbery. Accustomed to see strangers on the grounds, the man would have passed without any remarks, but Grandfather Burchill hailed him.

"Have you any pomegranates growing here?" he asked in his quaking tones.

"Yes, a whole greenhouse full of 'em," was the answer given quickly and with a true Yankee nasal twang. "Like to see 'em growing?" he continued. "Just look here, and leading the way for a few steps, he pointed to a greenhouse, through the glass side of which the luscious fruit could be plainly seen. Indeed, one of the pomegranates seemed within a hand's reach of the passer. The old man's fingers twitched nervously, and his eyes seemed to devour the fruit, while his lips moved in a futile effort to speak. At last he clutched the gardener's arm:

"I've a sick granddaughter at home. Would Mr. Robinson sell or give me just one pomegranate for her? She likes them and I think it would make her better."

"The Yankee face became repellent at once," said the gardener. "No one's allowed to touch any hot-house fruits but Mr. Robinson himself, and I reckon old man, you'd ask a good while before he'd sell or give you any."

He turned away, rapidly disappearing down the path which continued to wind through the shrubbery.

Poor old Burchill cast another longing look at the fruit, and turned away also. But his granddaughter's face rose before him; he seemed almost to feel the fevered breath from the parched lips which a pomegranate would so refresh and the again stood irresolute. The sun was setting, not a sound was to be heard save that of the insects which gave to an evening in the country at certain seasons of the year such an indescribable peculiarity. Not a person was in sight. The temptation became stronger. With one rapid look around he dashed his hand through the glass and seized the pomegranate, the blood from his cut fingers dyeing the fruit; but in the same instant there was the deep bay of a dog, and in another moment the old man was down and firmly pinioned by the fangs of a hound. The gardener, not far distant, heard the cry of the dog and hastened back.

TO BE CONTINUED

CHAPTER XXIV

A gnawing, hidden anxiety, combined with insufficient food and rest, produced its effect upon Miss Burchill. She was prostrated at last with a slow heavy fever. Then came into activity all the kindness which lurked in the hearts of the men of Hogan's. Mrs. Hogan was as constantly at the sick girl's bedside as the care of her own little household would allow her to be, and from her table poor old Grandfather Burchill was supplied; while Hogan himself, learning from his wife of the sick and destitute condition of Mildred, cheerfully devoted part of his week's earnings to aid the Burchills. He actually exerted himself at his work in order to feel that he was entitled to the amount that he received.

The poor neighbors about were all concerned for the young girl; most of them had received kindness from her in some way, and many and frequent were their offers to share Mrs. Hogan's vigils. To the little old grandfather, who hung above her bed in mute woe, their warmest sympathy was extended.

Hogan had brought a doctor who pronounced the case not serious, but one which required the most tender care, and which must necessarily be tedious. So days and nights passed, Mildred sometimes delirious, and in her delirium repelling the fond old face that hung in such tender solicitude above her own, and again, in an interval of consciousness, trying to clasp her arms about the withered neck, and whispering:

"Darling grandfather!"

One evening Mrs. Hogan came in with a pomegranate. Dick got it she said in the shop. Some gentleman had been seen up to see Mr. Robinson, who, in taking him over the grounds had given him a couple of pomegranates, with other fruits, from one of the hot-houses, and the gentleman coming directly to the shop on business, and not being partial to pomegranates, gave one to the employer and the other to Dick, who happened to be in the office of the shop at the time. Dick thinking of Miss Burchill saved it for her. The poor sick girl seized it with avidity and put it to her parched lips. Her enjoyment of it appeared to bring her strength; for the moment, and her grandfather watching her with delight turned sorrowfully away when, having devoured it all, she seemed to wish for more.

"Can't they be bought anywhere?" he asked Mrs. Hogan.

"No," was the reply; "it's only Mr. Robinson that has them in his hot-house. They don't grow here."

"Would he sell any, do you think?" the quavering tones asked again.

"Oh, dear no!" They say he doesn't even let the gardener pick the hot-house fruits for the table, that he always picks them himself."

He turned away with a sigh, but all that night and the next day the thought of the fruit haunted him. Poor Mildred's parched lips seemed to crave it from him, and as he remembered the avidity with which she ate the one given her, he was tormented by the thought that a few more might make her well. Late in the afternoon, when Mrs. Hogan came to resume her watch in the sick-room, and at the same time entreated him to take a turn in the air, he did not refuse with such determination as he was accustomed to do; and after a little while as Mildred seemed to slumber and her kind-hearted attendant quietly watched her, he put on his hat and left the house. He took his way to "The Castle," pausing when he reached the outskirts of the grounds,

and passing his shriveled hand over his face as if he was in undecided and troubled thought. At length, conquering his indecision, he went on with as much speed as his age and trembling limbs would permit, never pausing until he reached the part of the grounds where lay the greenhouse,--row upon row of them,--their glass sides glistening in the sunlight and the delicate plants within showing plainly through the crystal panes. While the old man looked in some bewilderment about him, a gardener appeared from one of the paths that wound among the shrubbery. Accustomed to see strangers on the grounds, the man would have passed without any remarks, but Grandfather Burchill hailed him.

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TO BE CONTINUED

AN IDYLL OF MAY

The pine wood was enchanting and enchanted. The light of a May afternoon was upon it, and the solemnity of a vast cathedral at the hour of Vespers. A stranger slowly threaded its aisles. Imagining himself alone he thought aloud. Lines of Keats and fragments of Ruskin might have been heard if a listener had been abroad.

There was such a listener, and the startled stranger stopped suddenly as his eyes met those of a boy who was sitting on a cushion of bright green moss at the foot of a tall pine. The boy rose to his feet and lifted his cap.

"Good day, sir," he began. "My name is Dunstan Hasop; I'm twelve years old. My mother lives in the cottage on the far side of the wood. So does my aunt. I go to school every day and learn Latin and things. Today's a holiday. And--well I think I have answered all your questions."

"But, my boy, I hadn't asked you a single question," exclaimed the smiling and astonished stranger.

"No, sir, but you would have done, so I saved you the trouble, you see."

"Do all strangers ask you questions?" asked the man, trying to hide his mirth.

"Every one of them," replied the boy promptly. "But why do you laugh at me? I'm not laughing at you."

"Oh, I rather thought you were. However, though I am prepared to laugh with you, I could not laugh at you if I tried. You are much too serious a person to laugh at."

"That's what they all say. Just because I don't giggle like a girl."

"Let me assure you that I don't object to seriousness, and that I'm not in love with giggles. But now don't you want to put some questions to me?"

"It's not for a boy like me to put questions to a stranger."

"Then I'll be as frank as you were. I'm Audrey Field. I was forty-three last birthday. People call me a poet--but that's only their fun. I am a journalist. I live in London and I wish I didn't."

"Audrey Field!" exclaimed the boy, his clear hazel eyes growing big with astonishment. "The writer of May Madrigals?"

"The same. But you don't mean to say that you have heard of me?"

The boy stood straight as a ramrod, hands behind his back, a soft-brimmed hat shading his white forehead and rosy cheeks. Pausing a little before he answered, his mouth expanded into a smile as he said:

"Mother has all your books. Some of them she's read to me, some I've read to her. And we like you just awfully."

"But how nice of you!" exclaimed the pleased poet. "Don't you think I might shake hands now?"

"Sorry mine isn't cleaner," he said as he put his small brown hand into the poet's white one. "I suppose you couldn't call and see my mother? She'd be so tremendously glad to speak to you, I know. Our cottage is quite close."

"But if you think I might take such a liberty--"

"She wouldn't think it a liberty, sir; 'twould be a pleasure to her."

"It would be a great pleasure to me, I assure you."

"Then we'll make a bee-line through the wood."

Dunstan led the way, sturdily crashing through the undergrowth, stamping down every obstacle under his heavy tanned boots, dexterously holding back a long briar for his companion's passage.

"It's a bit rough, I'm afraid," he called back. "Mind the brambles, sir, they tear your clothes. That's why I wear corduroy and leather leggings. The boys at school call me 'Game-keeper,' and the 'Iron-clad'--that's because of my boots--but I don't care."

"I'm wondering what your mother calls you?" said Dunstan as a capital name for a boy, but--"

"Oh, she calls me D. D. That means Dinnie Darling, not Doctor of Divinity. You see, I'm her only one and she's very fond of me. My father died before I was born. He was a commander in the navy. If I hadn't to take care of mother and auntie I should go into the navy, but mother can't spare me. Oh, here we are!"

The cottage was on the very edge of the wood and was built of pine logs. Creepers completely covered its front, and a veranda ran round the entire building. The front door opened into a small hall which had been turned into a book-room of a most inviting kind. Audrey Field sunk into a low chair and looked round with a smile of appreciation as Dunstan disappeared in quest of his mother.

"Sweetheart!" he heard the boy call in his high treble. "Where are you? There's a visitor. You can't guess his name if you try. It's Mr. Audrey Field, the poet."

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Almost immediately the portiere was lifted and the two appeared, lover like, she with an arm about his neck, he clasping her waist.

"This is an honor and a pleasure," said Mrs. Hasop when her son had made the introduction in his own way, after which he retired to wash his hands.

"For me it is both," bowed the poet. "I was fortunate in meeting your son in the wood. He put me at my ease at once by anticipating any question I might ask him."

"I hope you did not think him rude?"

"By no means. I suspect the wood has many visitors, and that he is subjected to much impertinent chaffing."

"You are right. Painters come here all the year round, and small wonder. Some of them are gentlemen, but some are not. D. D. has suffered from the curiosity of the latter."

Tea was brought in by a nice old woman in black. She was soon followed by Dunstan and his aunt. The conversation took such a severely literary turn that D. D. was content to listen to it, and to eat home made cake with much appetite.

When Mr. Field had taken his leave the two ladies discussed him at some length. Both were very pleased with his visit and were glad to know that he was not leaving the neighborhood immediately. Both were cultured women, devoted to books, and delighted to meet an author whose work they appreciated. Aunt Helena seemed particularly impressed by the poet's manner and speech.

And a good Catholic, too, I'm sure, she went on after remarking some of his qualities. "Only a devout Catholic could have written May Madrigals. I'm so glad you asked him to luncheon on Sunday."

Now to D. D. it was the most natural thing in the world that somebody should be invited to Sunday luncheon. Father Neale often came, and so did the doctor and his wife. But when the weeks went by and Mr. Field came to luncheon or tea nearly every day, and once or twice to dinner in the evenings D. D. became thoughtful and a little suspicious. So one evening when he accompanied the poet to the outer gate, instead of bidding him good-by, he said to him abruptly, "Mr. Field, do you mind my asking you a question?"

"Not at all, my son," was the cheery answer.

"But I'm not your son, Mr. Field, I don't want to be. The question is--do you want to marry my mother?"

"Well, D. D., that's a very straight question indeed."

"It is. And I want a straight answer to it please."

"Then let me set your good little heart at ease by saying no. But tell me now, have you any objection to my marrying your aunt?"

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fell from a tree or a piece of wood, coal or coke from a passing wagon, that was not gathered up by professional scavengers.

It all struck Americans as needless economy. We failed to realize then that the people over there had learned in a very hard school that economy was a condition of life. The profusion of meats, bread and sugar customary in this country was never known over there. Sugar was always a luxury and used sparingly. The candy and sweets that are a part of American life were almost unknown. The Italian people in particular ate little candy or the sweet desserts and pies that are here a national institution. Indigestion was also practically unknown.

Little as the average American likes to admit it, we have of late been forced to recognize that Italian and French cooking have their merits, that they are the product of long generations of skill and management on the part of frugal and alert people. The European never went quite to the extreme of simplicity in household furniture that is the rule in Japan. Europeans, however, never thought of spending money on the gew gaws that most Americans seemed to consider necessary for their happiness. Articles were purchased for their usefulness and durability, not because they looked attractive.

Each nation has its own peculiar genius and customs, but a wise and forbearing people are always willing to borrow a good custom from others. The times are hard and the necessities of life are scarce. Let us accept things in the best spirit and use our gifts and ingenuity in the line of frugality and sensible thrift. This will help our country and ourselves. —A Looker-On in Boston Pilot.

THE DIVINITY

ONE PERSON AND TWO NATURES IN JESUS CHRIST

The union of the two Natures, Divine and human, in the one Person of Christ, gave rise in the early ages of the Church to much discussion. And as a result of this discussion, there sprang into existence no small amount of error in the form of erroneous opinions and doctrines. Some held that Christ was no more than a man who had been adopted by God for the special work of redeeming His people; others, on the contrary, insisted that there was nothing human about Him. He was God, purely and solely. And so the conflict waged and with each new investigation new ideas came into being. For several centuries this continued until the Church finally defined the doctrine and gave the final word, closing the doors to any further controversy.

These discussions of this very important truth had their bad results, it is true; still on the other hand, they were not without their good ones. If there had been no open discussion there would have been no final decision, for the question would never have been brought to the point where it could be said that all possible views had been examined and that God had finally enlightened His Church to put its stamp of approval on what is undoubtedly the only true one.

The final definition of what we know as the hypostatic union was collected from the findings of three different Councils of the Church. In conclusion, it was decreed that the union of the Word of God with human nature was a real, substantial union, made according to person, the both natures remaining whole, entire and unmixed even after the union. In other words, the two natures are united so as to form one Person, the Person of the Word, which has not changed, but has ever remained the same even after assuming human nature and supplying it with its personality. This matter is difficult of comprehension and requires lengthy study and consideration before we can hope to grasp its true meaning. For us, ordinarily, it suffices to remember that in the one Person of Christ there are two natures.

We derive our knowledge of this truth from the words of Holy Scripture. We have already seen that Christ was often spoken of as man and that He performed the ordinary actions of a man.

THE DIVINITY AND HUMANITY OF THE SON OF GOD

Again, we have investigated His claim to be the Son of God, Himself God, and we have found that it stood the test. We found that He performed the works of God and man. He was not God acting as man, nor man acting as God. He was not God one day and man the next. He was God and man at the same time. For that reason He has been called the God-man. In Him there are united, and yet kept distinct, the two natures, human and Divine, so that being man He could perform the works that only a God could do and as God He could perform the ordinary works of man. In His every operation He acted in the Person of Christ as true God and true man.

He was conceived and born as man, and yet before the time of His Birth the angel announced that He should be called the Son of God. As man He was baptized in the river Jordan, and at the same moment He was proclaimed by Heaven to be God's Beloved Son. He fasted in the desert as man, but was ministered unto by angels as God. While performing the ordinary everyday actions of man and toiling as any



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other child of Adam, He was working the works of God by curing the sick, raising the dead to life and even absolving sinners from their sins. Upon His entrance into the Garden of Gethsemane He confessed to the favored three that His Soul was sorrowful even unto death. He was resigned to the subject helplessness of mortal man and yet a short time afterwards, while He was in practically the same weakened condition, we find Him healing the ear of Malchus that had been served by the sword of the impetuous Peter. From the Cross He called out in what might be misinterpreted as the agony of despair: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" He was man seeking comfort and consolation from His God. His was the cry of a suffering, almost breaking human heart. And yet immediately after He died, and such a human death, all Natures revolted and showed her displeasure as she would never have done at the death of a mere man. Considering these different incidents in His Life, we feel justified in saying that the one Person of Christ was responsible for both sets of actions, human and Divine.

St. Paul assists us in the forming of this conclusion. Speaking of the Son of God humbled Himself for us, he gives us an idea of the union that resulted when the Word became flesh. "Let this mind," he says, "be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus Who being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but emptied Himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men, and in habit found as a man. He humbled Himself, becoming obedient unto death even to the death of the Cross." From these words we learn that Christ was in the form of God, having all the marks of Divinity, and equal to God. Then He received the form of a servant becoming man, so that afterwards He was existing not as man dwelling in man as in a temple, but as God and as man in the one Person of Christ. —The Tablet.

CARDINAL MERCIER

Cardinal Mercier's long cherished project of a visit to America seems about to be fulfilled.

The Cardinal's greatest desire is to convey the thanks of his compatriots to all Americans, irrespective of race or religion, who have contributed so generously during the War toward the relief of oppressed Belgium, and, as head of the University of Louvain, he wishes to thank the great American college that have offered hospitality to many Belgian professors since 1914.

A prelate of the Catholic Church in Belgium, the Cardinal will naturally visit the American prelates, and will wish to assist at some religious functions in their churches; he will undoubtedly seek occasion to ask a blessing upon the numerous Belgian settlements that have grown up in several of our states.

The career of Desiré Joseph Mercier, Cardinal Archbishop of Malines, offers an extraordinary example of the power of highly cultured intellect to perfect the character of a man apparently not destined by birth or antecedents to deeds of heroism. Born November 21st, 1851, from peasant stock on a farm a few miles south of Brussels, he attended in his early boyhood the local parish school, later following the courses at the Seminary, preparatory to entering the priesthood; he was still very young at the time of his appointment to the Chair of Philosophy at the University of Louvain, but he immediately began to introduce improved methods.

At the outbreak of hostilities in 1914 there was nothing to suggest that Cardinal Mercier was cast for a brilliant part in the world drama. In August he was attending the Conclave in Rome, called to choose a successor to Pius X., and before he was able to get back to his diocese, Malines, which is not far from the outer defenses of Antwerp, had been bombarded by the Germans and had suffered considerable damage.

The Cathedral itself was struck and even to-day one of the naves is withdrawn from divine service.

With the retirement of the Belgian army, the field of intensive military operations moved away from these regions and Cardinal Mercier immediately hurried back to the capital of his diocese. The first of his famous "Pastoral Letters" to his priests, that of Christmas, 1914, entitled "Patriotism and Endurance" was issued from the Archbishop's Palace in Malines with instructions that it should be read from the pulpits of his churches. In this letter he described and defined the just moral attitude of the Belgian people toward their oppressor.

soul and conscience you owe it neither respect nor attachment, nor yet obedience.

"The sole lawful authority in Belgium is that of our King, of our Government, of the elected representatives of the nation.

"We are temporarily overcome, but we are not conquered." These proud declarations infuriated the Germans. They dared not arrest the Cardinal but they forbade him for a time the use of his motor car and he became practically a prisoner in his residence. At the same time they forbade the priests to make the letter known to their parishioners and they proceeded to seize the pamphlets in the presbyteries—a proceeding as useless as it was ridiculous; many of the priests had made manuscript copies of the letter, and some had even learned it by heart. A secretary of the Cardinal, who had the whole document committed to memory, was able to escape to Holland with the message in his head, so to speak, and in that way made it known abroad.

During the entire War Cardinal Mercier's proudly disdainful bearing toward the invader never varied. Restored to a limited liberty, he traveled untiringly throughout his diocese, bearing solace to the most sorely tried parishes; everywhere sustaining by his inspired words and his example the fortitude and patriotism of all Belgians, Catholics and non-Catholics alike, pouring out to all the same heartfelt sympathy. He embodied in his own person the motto which he had chosen for his first pastoral letter, "Patriotism and Endurance."

The stoutness of his courage cowed his enemies; they dared not lay hands on him again, but they resorted to the meanest insults and pin pricks in their official correspondence with His Eminence, whom they affected to treat as "boy." Seeing that they could not curb his indomitable spirit they turned their wrath upon his followers and admirers. The leaders of the educational institutions of the Cardinal's diocese were frequently arrested whenever a student of one of these colleges escaped across the border to Holland in order to join the Belgian army in France. On some occasions, when the people who were watching for the arrival or departure of the Cardinal's car about some church in Brussels where he had officiated or

preached could not refrain from acclamations in praise of his patriotism, the Huns would arrest a number of on-lookers and fine the city some hundreds of thousands of marks, arguing that the local police should have dispersed the crowds and repressed the enthusiastic outbursts.

The Huns took care to warn the Cardinal that innocent parties would be made to pay for his behavior, and of course the Cardinal tried to make people understand the risks they were running by their persistence in

crowding around him, and in acclamating him whenever he appeared in public. But his example had so steeled their hearts against German threats that they simply disregarded the danger of arrest, imprisonment and fine. —Belgian Bulletin.

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Captain Crawford, the "poet-scout," who is not a Catholic, says of our religious Sisters: "On all of God's green and beautiful earth,

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there are no purer, no nobler, no more kind hearted and self-sacrificing women than those who wear the sombre garb of Catholic Sisters. —Catholic Transcript.

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\$100 invested in Morgan and Wright Tires is worth	\$24,000
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(Taken from Poor's and Moody's Manuals)

Jas. Couzens is said to have borrowed \$100 from his sister to invest in Henry Ford's "dream company," as it was called a few years ago. That hundred dollars has drawn over \$47,000 in cash and it is now worth over \$50,000.

Geo. Westinghouse is said to have offered a half-interest in his air brake for \$2,500. In the fiscal year ending July 31st, 1917, Westinghouse Airbrake earned six and a half million dollars.

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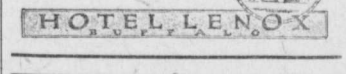
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Advertisements for teachers, situations wanted, etc., 50 cents each insertion. Remittance to publisher in advance. Where Catholic Record Box address is required send 10 cents to cover postage on replies. Obituary and marriage notices cannot be inserted except in the usual condensed form. Each insertion 50 cents.

Approved and recommended by Archbishops Pelton and Shevett, late Apostolic Delegates to Canada, the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough and Oshawa, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1919

CATHOLICS AND HIGHER EDUCATION

Some time ago there appeared under this editorial section an article which endeavoured to stimulate more interest in the education of our Catholic boys. It was pointed out that there is at the present time a deficiency in the number of those graduating from the Entrance class who are entering the High School departments. Not more than ten per cent. of our Catholic youth take advantage of Secondary education.

Passing from this subject of Secondary education to that of Higher Education, or, as it is commonly called, University education, it is worth while realizing our defects in this field. Not more than five per cent. of the non-Catholics in attendance at High Schools in Canada pursue their studies into Universities. Granting that these figures are approximately correct, it would be rash to maintain that more than five per cent. of the Catholics at our High Schools take up a course leading to some professional degree. In other words, there are on an average about sixty young men graduating yearly from our recognized Universities—Catholic young men who are marked to be the leaders in our laical life.

To determine the cause or causes of this low average is no easy matter. However, there is at hand an article by the Very Reverend H. Carr, C.S.B., President of St. Michael's College. In it he treats of this subject. To quote him, he has this to say:

"What are the causes of this low state of Catholic education? We are no longer in the realm of facts but of speculation and may very easily go astray. My opinion is that there is more or less indifference on the part of Catholics. This may and probably is caused or at least increased by the fear and distrust on the part of both laity and clergy of the danger to faith at a non-Catholic university. If we couple with this the assumption or conclusion of those Catholics who do go on for Higher Education, in the great majority of cases we shall have sufficient cause to explain the phenomena described. That the latter reason is real is my own conviction. It is unfortunately true that the almost universal reason for pursuing a university course is from a motive of worldly ambition to succeed in life."

Perhaps, then, it has been Catholic instinct which has been the chiefest cause in withholding our youth from the secular University—an instinct which provisions the loss of faith. After all, the Catholics have been doing very satisfactorily in graduating some sixty or so boys each year from these seats of learning. But more is expected of them in the future, and more can be accomplished without endangering the most precious of all gifts—their Catholic Faith.

It was mentioned above that it is worth while realizing our defects in the field of Higher Education. As far as attendance of students is concerned, there is not much of a defect. In fact there are some well informed educators who at present are much pleased with the noticeable advance and progress made in attendance at the University of Toronto. On thorough information, it is certain that there are on last year's roll at the University a percentage of Catholics in the Art's Course, in Dentistry, in Medicine which outnumber the proportionate percentage of non-Catholics for the Province of Ontario. In other words, last year the Catholics of Ontario have done better in the matter of Higher Education than have non-Catholics.

There is no reason for alarm. There is no necessity for worrying

over this statement and connecting it with a quotation found in the excerpt from the Very Reverend Father Carr's article. Those Catholics now in attendance at the University are not endangering their Faith any more than they would were they in attendance at some Catholic College. The explanation of this is obvious enough. The vast majority of the Catholic students now in attendance at the University of Toronto are under the supervision of Catholic influence. More than this: All those who are reading philosophy; over three quarters of those studying the Arts; most of those in Classics; many of those in other branches are students at St. Michael's College.

Many people will hardly understand this statement because it is difficult to realize how St. Michael's College and Toronto University are for Catholics one and the same thing. Bear in mind that the University of Toronto is composed of several sectarian Colleges. In these Colleges, each has its Latin professor; each has its professors of Greek, of English, of History and so forth. But all combine to grant the identical degree under Provincial supervision. There is only one common non-denominational college. This is called the University College. For Catholics, however, it is nearly correct to say that the University of Toronto is St. Michael's College.

The above statements do not take into consideration the Faculties of Medicine, Dentistry, and Engineering. These are really separate non-sectarian colleges attached to the University. However, last year the President of St. Michael's made arrangements whereby students attending these Colleges of Dentistry and Medicine—at least a limited number of them—could board and lodge in the annex of St. Michael's College.

From the statements made in the above paragraphs, it is easily gathered that the Catholics of Ontario and of English-speaking Canada have an inestimable opportunity for Higher Education. The door is open to them to enter into the largest University in our midst. There is the opportunity to win a universally recognized degree in any profession without endangering their Faith.

Therefore we can safely encourage Higher Education. For Catholics in Ontario there is not the risk of losing one's Faith. Ottawa University grants degrees which are recognized by the Government. St. Michael's College, as it is ordinarily known, is an integral part of one of the largest and most efficient Universities in the world. In Quebec we have Laval University which enjoys no mean standing.

In all we are not so badly off. Where we have been negligent is not so much in the patronage of our Universities. It is rather in the sphere of Secondary Education where we have been remiss. For the time being, then, let us make an extra effort in this field of High School education. Encourage our Entrance class graduates to pursue their studies. In this manner we will be building firm our edifice of Higher Education.

METHODISTS AND THE THEATRES

There is a current notice in the daily Press to the effect that the Methodists have launched forth upon a new endeavour. It is the purpose of this sect to produce theatrical performances with the view of popularizing religion.

Already they have a drama prepared for the footlights. Reverend Doctor Crowther is the author of "The Wayfarer," a religious morality play whose theme is the triumph of Christianity.

No doubt, the elder generation of Methodists experienced a telepathic eruption when this decision was reached by their spiritual legislators who have just held session at Columbus, Ohio. Ever since the days of the founder of Methodism theatre-going and card playing have been in the same category. Both have always been labeled "Anathema." Now, however, these erstwhile amusements must submit to modern usage: the legislators have divorced them! Exempt Mistress Dance and Master Card Playing! Exempt, likewise, all the older generation whose crutches fail to keep pace with the more agile feet of their younger brethren!

This new departure has created no great surprise outside of Methodist circles. Methodism is a thoroughly modern religion. As such it must evolve; it must not run counter to the spirit of modern times.

Rather, it aims at closely following the blazed trail of up-to-the-minute methods. Consequently the surprise which befalls us is that dancing and card-playing were not likewise endorsed.

Nevertheless, those who are opposed to such "social vices" as card-playing, dancing and the like are more in keeping with the original Methodism of the Eighteenth century. During that enlightened epoch these amusements had degenerated into actual vices. It was at this juncture that Methodism was inaugurated. But its founder never intended it to be a religion: it was his purpose to remain a staunch and loyal Anglican and, at the same time, to preach down gambling, lust, and drinking which then were worshipped so universally. It was his progressive disciples who fashioned the religion of Methodism.

Among their primitive moral tenets were the commandments to refrain from dancing, carding, gambling and the like. Theatre-going was considered an abomination. Even in America those Methodists who wished to be in good standing with the elders of the church were admonished not to attend theatrical performances.

To repeat: Methodism is a thoroughly modern religion. As such, it must take unto its bosom all modern questions. Be these political, sociological, historical or what not it is left to the Methodist pulpit to dogmatize on all of them. This explains why often their pulpits are turned into political platforms where the thesis "How to Vote and Why" is fully expounded; this explains why the Ministers and their flocks are imbued with the idea that a Methodist nation can legislate souls out of the bar-room into Heaven.

Now it is the object of these Methodists to convert certain theatres into churches and thereby further the work of salvation.

At the risk of not minding our own business may we suggest that the Brethren turn their churches into churches. Keep the theatres for theatrical purposes; preach politics from the political hustings. But let us have an end of those interminable pulpit politicians who advertise their wares in the Saturday evening papers.

This end will be achieved if, added to their theatrical venture, the modern Methodists will likewise establish political halls.

CARRSON, THE LOYALIST

Sir Edward Carson again has threatened to call out his Ulster Volunteers. On the fourteenth of this month he delivered himself of a speech, the purpose of which was to convince his audience that Dominion Rule for Ireland would be unjust.

Before he arrived at any logical conclusion he discovered that his effort lacked sufficient grounds to substantiate his statements. Reason had deserted him. But, true to form, he snatched up the Hun weapon of debate—Force.

Now there is nothing remaining for him to do but to produce the rifles and ammunition which he smuggled from Germany; to muster his rebel synopsists; and to show the world that he is not a bluffer.

The London Times puts it mildly when it remarks that by this speech Carson has conferred a charter of lawlessness upon others who dislike the present state of things. What is more to the point, the Manchester Guardian is of the opinion that his utterances could draw upon him a heavy punishment under the Defense of the Realm Law.

Although the Toronto Mail and Empire has referred to Sir Edward as a loyal British subject, nevertheless his loyalty is of a species yet undefined. Were it of the common and accepted type he would exercise more care lest his public statements should stir up more strife in England which already is greatly disturbed by radical and unreasonable agitators.

THE OLD READER AND THE NEW

BY THE GLEANER

The neglect of the study of the ancient classics, which I discussed in a recent issue, may not be of universal interest, but a subject that, or at least that ought to be, of interest to all is the gradual elimination of even our English classics from our school curricula. A comparison of the Fourth Reader used in our Public Schools with its predecessor of thirty-five years ago affords an example of this devolution. It may

be that I am prejudiced in favor of the old text book because it has about it the poetry of the associations of youth. Be that as it may, in my judgment, it is far superior to the one now in use.

An examination of the contents of the two volumes reveals a striking contrast not only as regards the literary excellence of the selections but in the matter of the religious element in both. In the new reader many of the old classic passages, which the school boys and girls of thirty-five years ago can still recite by heart, have been replaced by inferior selections from the same authors or by quotations from modern writers who will never hold a permanent place in our literature, but whose ephemeral effusions are nevertheless inflicted upon the pupils of our schools. It is praiseworthy to give preference to native authors, provided that their works are models of literary excellence; but everyone will admit that the poems of Roberts, Lamman and F. G. Scott are not in the same class with those of Burns, of Longfellow, of Goldsmith, of Gray and of the celebrated Canadian poet. There is a charm, a sweetness of rhythm and withal a virility in the old authors that one seeks for in vain in modern poetry. They were closer to the fountain-head of Catholic tradition from which they drew inspiration. Hence beauty is reflected from every page of their writings. The best test of their worth is that passages after passages sticks in the memory, while the wispy-washy, sentimental, skim-milk selections that have usurped their place hold no attraction for the normally healthy child.

Although there are more Canadian authors represented in the new reader than in the old, yet the latter breathes a more truly patriotic spirit. Some of these authors, though born in this country, are more imperialistic than Canadian in sentiment. This would seem to be the reason why passages from their works have been chosen; for from the standpoint of literature there is little to commend them. There are two selections in the new reader from Charles MacKay, a Scotch poet, and why they were inserted it is hard to understand. "The Giant" is a grotesque absurdity, while "The Sea-King's Burial" is so anti-Christian that it might have been written by the author's adopted daughter, Marie Corelli. The Sea-King, wishing to die in not in battle at least on his native element, is at his own request placed upon the deck of his ship with his limbs sheathed in mail, a purple garment draped about him and a crown upon his head. A fire is then started in the hold of the ship which is steered into the open sea, and thus the old pagan commits suicide with these words upon his lips:

"I am coming, great All-Father, Unto Thee, Unto Odin, unto Thor, And the strong, true hearts of yore,— I am coming to Valhalla. O'er the sea."

What a beautiful picture this is for the edification of Christian children!

Only a little less pagan but equally vain-glorious are some of the verses in "Rule Britannia." This one for instance:

"The nations, not so blest as thee, Must in their turns to tyrants fall, While thou shalt flourish great and free,— The dread and envy of them all."

On the occasion of a recent reception to the Duke of Devonshire I heard the school children sing this, and I was struck by the little enthusiasm that was evoked by this rousing ballad which was wont to call forth so much applause five years ago. One needs not be a close observer to note that a mighty revolution of feeling has been brought about by the revelations of the years that have just passed.

Space permits but a brief reference to the religious contrast. The gradual elimination of the supernatural is quite evident. In the new reader the Biblical passages are sermons from the Mount has been left out. Neither it nor the Ten Commandments would harmonize with the new international diplomacy. Charming selections like "The Psalm of Life" and "Resignation" by Longfellow, "The Death of Little Nell" by Dickens, "The Deserted Village" by Goldsmith, "Lead Kindly Light" by Cardinal Newman, "Jacques Cartier" by McGee, "The Lament Of The Irish Emigrant" by Lady Dufferin, "The Elegy" by Gray, and other classic gems that have fascin-

ated generations of boys and girls, have been replaced by that weird dream of an opium eater "The Ancient Mariner" or such hypocritical boldness as this:

"Strong are we? Make us stronger yet; Great? Make us greater far; Our feet anarctic oceans fret, Our crown the polar star: Round Earth's wild coasts our batteries speak, We stand as guardian of the weak, We burst the oppressor's chain."

It is right and proper that sentiments of loyalty to their country should be instilled into the minds of the children in our schools; but the proper medium for this is not the literature lesson but the history and geography class. The natural beauty and wealth of our land and the romantic charm of its history are well calculated to inspire sentiments of love and admiration. These things are ours exclusively, but our literature is the heritage of English-speaking peoples in every clime. We owe it to our children to place before them only the best literary gems that have been enshrined in the English tongue, irrespective of when or where the author lived.

I understand that it is the intention of the Education Department to issue a new series of readers in the near future. Let us hope that the compilers will be men of culture, connoisseurs of literary art, that they will be imbued with the true spirit of Canadian loyalty and with reverence for God and the youth of our land.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

NOW THAT the Methodist Church in the United States has formally embarked in the play-producing business, the Theatrical Trust, controlled and operated by Jews, though it be, may as well go into liquidation without further ado. American Methodists have started out to raise something like one hundred million dollars for mission purposes: if this is one way they propose to do it the Trust's prospects of dividends vanish into thin air. So does John Wesley's conception of evangelical religion.

THE APPOINTMENT of Lt. Col. Amyot as Deputy Minister of the new Dominion Department of Public Health is one of the best that could possibly have been made. Dr. Amyot's (to give him his more familiar title) entire training and experience have been along lines leading up to the important post to which he is now called, as virtual guardian of the health and physical well-being of the people of Canada. His later achievements as Director of Sanitation to our forces in the field, and as A. D. M. S. of the Second British Army have, taken in conjunction with his previous experiences, placed him so far as Canada is concerned in a class entirely by himself. We may be permitted to doubt if there is another man on either side of the Atlantic equally endowed as regards training, experience and personal character for the particular office to which Dr. Amyot has now been appointed.

THOUGH A pure-blooded French Canadian and a Quebecer by birth, Dr. Amyot is by residence since childhood and by training, an Ontario man. His education begun in the Separate Schools of St. Thomas and at Assumption College, Sandwich, was completed at the University of Toronto. He has since held important posts in the service of the Province, being at the time of his departure for overseas Professor of Hygiene in his Alma Mater. It was, however, as Director and Bacteriologist of the Laboratory of the Provincial Board of Health that he did the work and developed the qualities which have given him a reputation extending far beyond the boundaries of the Province or the Dominion. It is safe to say that in his new office that reputation will be still further extended.

THE SELECTION of Dr. Amyot for the post mentioned recalls an incident that happened in Toronto a few years ago. Without his knowledge or solicitation his name was put forward for the directorship of the Medical Health Office in that city, then vacant. A deputation of several hundred physicians waited upon the City Council and urged Dr. Amyot's appointment. They pointed out that to secure a man of like qualifications for the office it would be necessary to go to Europe, and that even then,

the knowledge of local conditions possessed by Dr. Amyot would be lacking. But that the selection of a French-Canadian or a Catholic for such an office by the enlightened elements in control of the city of Toronto was unthinkable. Dr. Amyot's name was quickly pigeon-holed and another selection made. His advent now to a much more responsible office in the wider circle of the Dominion simply brings into the limelight the capacity for narrowness and self-stultification which for half a century or more has been Toronto's predominant characteristic.

HELGOLAND, WHICH in an evil hour was ceded to Germany by Lord Salisbury's Government, and which so vastly complicated the situation for the Allies throughout the War, was, but for German military ambitions destined to disappear. Like a decaying tooth its life was prolonged by the application of "filling"—in the little island's case, with ferro concrete. Eleven hundred years ago its circumference was 120 miles; five centuries later it had shrunk to 45. It is now a question of acres, little more than 200, or the size of a good Ontario farm. Left to nature it would soon have disappeared, and may do so, even yet, as the proposal has been seriously made to remove the German "filling," and let nature take its course. Whether or no, as some one in authority has said, no man can estimate the degree of suffering which this example of German dentistry let loose upon the world.

AS AFTERMATH of the War many such experiences as the following will be remembered. The extract is from a letter written by a British private, during the occupation of the Rhine frontier. We reproduce it, slightly abbreviated, as we find it in an overseas contemporary:

"Every place we have been in here in Rhineland is Catholic. Wayside shrines and crucifixes are at the entrance of every village. The people all seem to be daily-Mass attenders. On Palm Sunday all the Catholics of our battalion attended Mass in the convent chapel. Our C. O. is a Catholic and always serves Mass on Sundays. Our chaplain, Captain Galbraith, a Scots priest, said the Mass, and whilst he read the Gospel in Latin, our C. O. read it for us in English. Needless to say, this deeply impressed us all, and I, for one, will always remember my Palm Sunday in the Army in Germany."

THE FOLLOWING particulars regarding the Apostolic Process of enquiry into the virtues and sanctity of Ven. Bernadette Soubirous (in religion Sister Marie Bernard) will be read with interest on this continent. To Venerable Bernadette's memorable experiences as a child at the now famous Grotto, the subsequent history of the spot is due. Lourdes has since become a world shrine, and the scene of innumerable manifestations of God's mercy and compassion for suffering humanity. The Process regarding the virtues and miracles of Venerable Bernadette is now terminated, and her body will lie undisturbed until such time as the ceremonies of beatification take place, when it will again be brought forth and exposed for the veneration of the faithful.

THE OFFICIAL account of the recent exhumation and examination of the body of this humble Messenger of Our Lady is as follows:

"In conformity with the instructions of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, the Ecclesiastical Tribunal, presided over by the Bishop of Noyers, visited the tomb again during April, and proceeded to the recognition and examination of the body, accompanied by experts, workmen sworn in, and a few witnesses. The primary ceremonies, taking of the oath, etc., took place in the chapel of the community of St. Gildard, and then the cortege proceeded to the little chapel in the enclosure of the Mother House where the tomb is situated. The Bishop read the excommunication against any one, who dared to remove from the coffin or the body any object placed within, above or beneath as relics. Then the workmen removed the coffin to an apartment near and opened it. The body appeared in its integrity, rigid and somewhat mummified. The conditions in which it was replaced in the tomb in 1909 explain why it was not found in the same state of freshness as ten years ago. The Doctors present, however, said that it was rare to find a body in such a state of preservation after forty years of burial. The Sisters present divested the body of the robes impregnated with damp in which it was clothed, and replaced them with fresh robes. The body was then replaced in the coffin, which was resealed and carried back to the tomb."

MGR. WM. H. COLOGAN

THE CATHOLIC PRIEST IN A PROTESTANT COMMUNITY

GENESIS OF THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY (1849-1918) (By James Britten, K. C. S. G.)

The subject of this notice—the youngest son of John Bernard Cologán and Teresa Villita—was born in Corfu on December 8, 1849; early in 1851 he came to England with his parents. He was educated privately until 1861, when he went to Oscott, where he remained for five years. After this he attended University College, London for a year or two; he had been intended for the Consular or Diplomatic Service, for which he had received a nomination, but his vocation to the priesthood was so manifest that the intention was abandoned, and he was sent to the English College established by Sir John Sutton at Bruges, of which he was one of the last students. Here he completed his studies and received his Orders up to the priesthood, which was conferred on him by Archbishop (afterwards Cardinal Manning) at Archbishop's House, on September 30, 1873. Among his fellow students at Bruges were the late Dr. Schöbel and Dom Gilbert Higgins, the latter of whom delivered an address at his grave.

From his earliest childhood William Cologán showed the qualities of piety and gentleness, generosity and unselfishness, which characterized his whole life. At school as at college, he was regarded as an example of edification, but there was nothing of the prig about him, either then or at a later period; he enjoyed fun and promoted it in others.

Father Cologán's first missionary work was at Homerton, with Canon Akers; then he went to St. Scholastica's Home at Clapton. Both at the Home and at Homer Row, where he went when he left Clapton, his youthful appearance attracted notice, not always favorable—the old woman in the work-house refused to go to confession to "a boy"; another, having accepted his ministrations with equanimity, blessed him and prayed that he might live to be a man! While at Homer Row a severe attack of typhoid, the seeds of which were sown at Clapton, incapacitated Father Cologán for work; on his recovery he was sent, in October, 1877, to Stock, where the remainder of his missionary life was passed. Here he lived twenty years at Lilystone Hall, then in the occupation of the brothers Gillow and their sister, to whom, besides being priest of the mission, he was chaplain; and it was here that the Catholic Truth Society may be said to have originated.

Stock and its neighbourhood had been familiar to me from early childhood as the residence of relations with whom my holidays were sometimes spent; and it was one of these, who was slightly acquainted with Father Cologán, that invited him to meet me at her house. We soon discovered that we had much in common, and acquaintance rapidly ripened into friendship. Among the subjects we were wont to discuss our not infrequent meetings was the need of cheap Catholic literature, to the production of which Mr. Alfred Newdigate, through the Art and Book Company which he had established at Leamington, had given an impetus. By degrees we interested a few others in the matter, and it was decided to form little Society having the promotion of such literature as its object. The support of Bishop (afterwards Cardinal) Vaughan was secured, and at his suggestion we adopted the name of the Catholic Truth Society, founded by him some years before, which had fallen into abeyance; later, at one of our Conferences, his Eminence referred to this as a coach which he had built, but which "did not move until Mgr. Cologán and Mr. Britten came to draw it along." The early history of the Society is told in a paper read at the Conference held in Manchester in 1909 in connection with the silver jubilee of the Society which has been published by the C. T. S. in pamphlet form; for the present purpose it is sufficient to say that the Society was formally established on November 5, 1884, with Dr. Vaughan as President and Father Cologán and myself as Honorary Secretaries.

Although, as we shall see, Mgr. Cologán had many other claims upon the gratitude of Catholics, it is with C. T. S. that his name is most generally associated, and, it is not too much to say that such success as the Society has attained is largely due to his co-operation. Such a work could not have been set on foot without the active concurrence of a priest who, without neglecting his ordinary duties, could devote time to its development—a priest who should be well read and capable of taking part in literary work, tactful in manner, popular with his brother clergy, and able to work in association with the laity; all these qualifications Father Cologán possessed in no ordinary degree, and our relations from the beginning were of the most cordial nature. For many years we were accustomed to send each other all the letters we received relating to the Society's work, and we frequently met to discuss plans and developments. In connection with C. T. S. he made many converts by correspondence, some of whom came to him to be received into the Church; his instruction was very thorough, and in this lay the secret of his success. He was rarely without some one under instruction; "Father Cologán is a dangerous man," said one of the

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

By Rev. M. FOSSAERT

SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

GOOD AND BAD FRUITS

"Every tree that bringeth forth good fruit, shall be cut down and shall be cast into the fire." We read these words of our Saviour's in today's gospel, and they contain condemnation not only of those who have had dispositions, but also of those who show no zeal for good, and fail to do what they can in the service of God. The tree that is cut down is one that bears no fruit at all. Neither a bad nor a barren tree is wanted in an orchard, and what is true of a tree, is true also of a man. 1. Whenever the love of God ceases to glow in a man's heart, and his childlike fear of God departs, whenever he ceases to think of God, and takes no more delight in prayer or in reading and hearing God's word, whenever he begins to neglect the Sacraments and feels no enthusiasm for God's honor and the welfare of his neighbor, then his heart is exposed, defenceless to all the temptations of the world, the flesh and the devil, and cannot resist them. Disorderly impulses soon get the upper hand and develop into passions, and the unhappy man becomes their slave. When once his passions have acquired absolute dominion over him, they impel him to despise and transgress God's law and to commit numerous sins.

What is true of individuals is true also of communities. Wherever lukewarmness and religious indifference prevail, wherever private and public worship are neglected or performed in a slovenly and irreverent manner, wherever no interest is taken in the word of God and the Sacraments are seldom received, there every kind of ungodly and debauchery will occur, men will give themselves up to disgraceful amusements, robbery and malicious injury to public will be common offences, quarrels and lawsuits will abound, the young will refuse to submit to their parents' control, and will treat them with contempt and disrespect, whilst idleness and neglect of duty will be rife amongst the population as a whole. In short, whenever a nation turns away from God, it will deliver itself to sensuality and vice, and will sink deeper and deeper into the mire of moral corruption.

2. But on the other hand, evil disappears in proportion as good increases. When men have their hearts filled with genuine love of religion, living faith and firm hope, their whole life is affected, and the greater the scope is given to what is good, the more surely will the enemy of souls retreat, be baffled and conquered. Where true piety and fear of the Lord are increasing, and where people show zeal in attending public worship, in prayer, in frequenting the Sacraments, etc., immorality and vice disappear, and Christian honesty and morality prevail.

Every well-disposed person amongst us no doubt wishes with all his heart that all sins and vices, as well as all bad habits, could be banished from our midst. Let us therefore all make this our aim, and all work together these in authority, parents, as well as young people; let us do our best to promote a good spirit and an interest in whatever raises and benefits our community in the sight of God and men. Such a spirit will quickly overcome all that is evil. May our parish become a garden, in which there is no tree cumbering the grounds and bringing forth no fruit, may we be all good trees bringing forth good fruit, and finding favor before God! Amen.

THAT WAS CONCLUSIVE

"I have sometimes heard it said that the Celt was more Catholic than the Pope. I took the statement to be Celtism. But the other day I came upon a case in which the Irishman was actually a surer test of the faith than all the Supreme Pontiffs. Here is the fact as it happened in one of the Catholic hospitals at St. Louis. "A poor Greek had been carried all mangled and torn from a mining accident into the hospital. When the chaplain came to his bedside, the following conversation ensued: "Are you a Catholic? (in English and Greek.) "I am (in Greek.) "Are you a Greek Catholic or a Roman Catholic? "I am a Catholic and I am a Greek. This sounded bad to the chaplain. "Do you believe as the Pope of Rome believes? "I believe as all the Popes do. As the Greeks often call their priest Popes, this reply was worse. "The chaplain was about to retire, not being able just then to think of any other simple test of the faith, when the Greek, seeing him moving away, rose to his elbows and called after him: "I am a Catholic like an Irishman." That was conclusive.

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The glad priest administered all the sacraments, and the Greek's "going off" was full of consolation."

HUGHEY CAMPBELL'S CONVERSION

"A few weeks ago the writer of this reminiscence happened to pass, on a ferry boat, a big, rusty looking steamer crusted over with salt. From the tugboats along side of it, a swarm of young fellows in the uniform of U. S. N. were climbing aboard. At the ferry landing another batch was in ranks awaiting the tender - and the writer thought of old Hughey Campbell.

Hughey was one of the three or four constant attendants at daily Mass in a little town in the north of Ireland. He was around eighty years of age, and this old professor was the little boy who served Mass - a pair of friends, though I was young and Hughey was seventy-two. Hughey was a pensioner; had served twenty-one years in the British Army when a young man. He had a scar on his hand from a wound which he received at the battle of Waterloo.

"He was a Scotchman and served in the 92nd Highlanders.

"Once I asked him, 'Hughey, what made you become a Catholic? Was it Rosy?'"

"No indeed, Master James - I'll tell you, and I never told anybody else. I was born and bred a black Presbyterian; an' I hated the Papishes. Well, when the 92nd got orders to embark for the Peninsula we went to Liverpool; an' it was a dark, wet, coull' mornin', when we were standin' on the dock waiting to go on the troop ship. We got four 'baps' apiece. (Bap is Scotch for a small flat loaf.) And the quartermaster said that they would have to do us till we got through the Bay of Biskay. "Then a poor Irish woman came along with four children, and says she, 'For the love of God give me some bread for these starvin' wenas.' I pulled round my knapsack, and gave her two baps. Jock laughed at me and said: 'Mind, you needn't ask any o' mine, when you run short.' And the woman fell on her knees in the gutter and said, 'May the Mother of God bring you safe home.' "Well, Master James, every time we were in battle, I could hear through all the firin' the words, 'May the Mother of God bring you safe home.' And she did, an' that's what made me turn Catholic."

"For many years, in the little churchyard, where he used to sit on a tombstone waiting for Father Slane to appear for 'Mass', the grass has been growing green over all that was mortal of Hughey; and there is no presumption in feeling assured that the Mother of God has brought him safe home." - R. C. Gleener in Catholic Columbian.

CONVERTED BY "ACCIDENT"

GOD'S GRACE WORKS IN PECULIAR WAY

One of the most unusual conversions that has ever happened in Denver brought a man into the Catholic Church recently. If anybody asked him how he happened to turn Catholic, he would be compelled to answer: "By accident." But the case shows that many persons can be won by getting over our timidity in talking about religion. Father Joseph J. Gunn, C.S.S.R., the missionary, was called to a hospital to hear the confession of a Catholic who had not received the sacrament in years. The clergyman misunderstood the directions and got to the wrong bed side. He sat down and began to talk earnestly to a man about the necessity of repentance.

"It is ten or fifteen years since you have been to confession, isn't it?" he asked. "Longer than that," said the patient. "Perhaps twenty-five or thirty years?" "Longer than that."

"Maybe you have never been to confession?" "No, I haven't."

Then the priest realized that he had made a mistake; that the man was not a Catholic who had sinned for him. "Are you baptized?" said the priest.

"No I'm not," said the patient. The priest apologized, told of the mistake that had been made and went to find the man who had sent for him.

Two weeks later, the non-Catholic sent for the priest. "I have been doing a good deal of thinking as a result of what you said to me," declared the patient. "I would like to look into what your Church teaches."

The priest, surprised and delighted furnished the man with several good popular treatises on Catholicity, including Cardinal Gibbons' "Faith of Our Fathers" and a catechism.

A week later, he returned to see the man. The patient had learned the catechism from cover to cover. The priest could not puzzle him in any question. The man was convinced that Catholicity is the only true religion of Jesus Christ and was brought into the Church.

A rather odd thing about the conversion is what most forcibly appealed to the man as a mark of genuine truth in Catholicity. It was not infallibility, the Real Presence, confession or one of the other deeper truths that so often swing people into the Church, but the fact that Catholics adhere to the doctrine of St. Paul that women cannot occupy our pulpits.

Infrequently, however, as this doctrine is brought up to day as one of the outstanding differences between Catholicity and Protestantism, it is a fact of Catholic history that the Fathers of the Church often used it in showing that certain heresies of the early Church were heresies. Apostolic Christianity, the Fathers proved, had no women preachers or priests. - Denver Register.

THE BIBLE AND ITS AUTHOR

In a recent talk on "The Bible and its Author," Rev. Walter Drum, S. J., said in part:

"We have shown that the Protestant accepts the Bible, when he accepts it, by a mere emotional act of faith. His reason does not enter into this act of faith. If it did, he would realize how hopelessly unreasonable is the Protestant position in regard to the Bible as God's own word. Who tells the Protestant that the Bible is God's own word? No one. No one, unless the Catholic Church or Martin Luther. If the Protestant reasons about the thing at all, he has to come to one of those two conclusions. He believes in the inspiration of Scripture either because the Catholic Church had this belief before Protestantism began, and Protestantism borrowed the belief from the Church; or because Martin Luther said that the Bible was God's word, and all Protestants accepted the infallibility of Martin Luther in preference to the infallibility of the teaching body established by Christ.

"This is the opinion of that loyal Presbyterian, Dr. Dods, Professor of New College, Edinburgh, in his Dross Lectures, delivered at Lake Forest College, the stronghold of Presbyterianism in the Middle West. Dr. Dods says 'If you ask a Protestant why he believes that just these books bound up together in his Bible are canonical, and neither more nor fewer, I fear that 99 Protestants out of 100 could give no answer that would satisfy a reasonable man. The Protestant scorns the 'Romanist,' because he relies on the authority of the Church, but he cannot tell you on what authority he himself relies. The Protestant watchword is the Bible, the whole Bible and nothing but the Bible; but how many Protestants are there who could make it quite clear that within the boards of their Bible they have the whole Bible and nothing but the Bible? This is plain, honest speech from a Protestant leader. He admits that Protestants cannot give a reason for the faith that is in them. There is no reason for that faith. That faith is not of the reason at all; it is entirely an emotional acceptance of that which reason makes no attempt to establish. At best, it is reasoning as one of the Two Gentlemen of Verona is made by Shakespeare's discursive-ly to dub of the feminine gender: I have no other but a woman's reason: I think it so, because I think it so."

"And how does Professor Dods, the great Scripture scholar satisfy his reason as to the nature and content of the Bible? By Calvin's test. God reveals to the reader of the Bible that this is the Bible: 'The Protestant accepts the Scripture as the Word of God, because God tells him so.' The Protestant believes it to be the Word of God, because through it God has spoken to him in such sort as to convince him that it is God who here speaks."

"Out upon such an assumption! It has led to the blasphemous of Protestant professors in our great universities. Take Yale as an instance. It has its school for Biblical surgery. In the clinical department of that school is one Dr. Torrey, a Baptist. He is Yale's Professor of Evangelicalism or the Evisceration of the Gospels. At first he was satisfied to vilify the Gospels. Now he has taken up Acts. Harvard publishes his laboratory musings. He thinks he has discovered just where Luke erred in Acts. The original of the first part of Acts, thinks this wisacre, was a Palestinian Aramaic. Luke did not know Palestinian Aramaic; he had not studied at Yale; he was inspired by the Holy Spirit, and not by the infallible Torrey. So Luke mistranslated his document. And for some nineteen hundred years the Church has never

been aware of this ignorance of Luke, and of this slipshod work that Yale's blasphemous Baptist assigns to the Holy Spirit. At last the world is led true. Torrey has got back to the original Aramaic of St. Luke's source. He has translated that Aramaic into Greek. And now, if we prostitute our reasons down to the low grade of Yale's School for the Dissection of the Gospel, we may sit back in a Morris chair, and blow out rings of smoke in dainty pursuit of each other, the while we congratulate ourselves in knowing what Luke should have written in Acts if he had not been misled by God, the Author of Sacred Scripture.

"In all the Protestant sects the leaders of thought have gone the same way of reading all manner of stupidities into the Bible. Dr. Sunday, Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford, Anglican Canon of Christ Church, says that 'The Song of Songs is just an idyll of faithful human love, and nothing more. . . . What are we to say of such a book? There can be no question of inspiration.' He admits the beautiful Canticles into the canon of Scripture merely to show that nothing human is foreign to the Bible. He throws out Judith and Tobias and Esther as pure romance. And yet he is doing just what Dr. Dods allows any Protestant to do with the Bible." - St. Paul Bulletin.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

MISUNDERSTANDINGS

They seem as very trifles, yet they have a pow' malign; They enter, oft unnoticed—as it were, without design; They creep, like Eden's serpent, pushing beauteous buds aside; They poison Friendship's flower which the strongest blasts de-

DEVELOPING MEN OF CHARACTER

What sort of men do we want our children to turn out?—that is the first question hundred people would give a hundred answers according to the limited standpoint of each. The business man would say: "I want my son to become a successful merchant;" the cultured man would say: "I want my son to become a perfect gentleman;" the religious-minded man would say: "I want my son to become an upright Christian;" the Catholic would say: "I want my son to become a model Catholic."

This is a fairly good summary, but it does not quite meet our requirements. What we want is something more radical—some sterling thing or other which lies at the root of the best in human nature, and embodies it. Our boy may become a very Hercules of physical health and strength, and yet a perfect dolt. He may be as clever as the devil—and yet as wicked. He may be as good as gold and as pious as a saint, and yet a flabby, pink creature. He may be the pink of aesthetic refinement and yet a sensual libertine. He may be a perfect genius and yet as fantastic as a goblin.

The first thing, therefore, we look for is a certain balance of parts—everything in its proper weight and measure. There may be coruscations of excellence besides—now in this direction and now in that; but these do not count for much unless there is a substantial building up of the main structure proper to a man. There must be no glaring deficiencies, at least so far as training can prevent them. We look first for the substantial in each department—a fair equipment of knowledge, a fair intelligence, a fair judgment, a fair amount of moral strength and stamina, of energy and enterprise, of refinement and culture in due proportion to the status to which our family belongs—a golden mean, at least, in every part. This is so far pretty obvious, but it does not go deep enough. The thing we really want is character.

But the word needs defining. In common parlance we speak of all sorts of character—some of which we certainly do not want. We speak of good and bad character, strong and weak character, stable and unstable character, odd character and no character. In this we are quite etymological without knowing it. For originally the world meant merely the mark impressed on a coin or seal, indicating its nature and value, and distinguishing it from others; and thus in its applied sense character comes to mean marked individuality. Experience shows that people can be both good and bad, weak and strong, with or without a marked individuality—and therefore with or without character. Now the end and aim of our training is not merely to make our children good and strong, but to ensure and develop in them a character which shall be good and strong. Parents and trainers of the young are of course fully alive to the idea of turning out their subjects good and strong; but often enough they plaster goodness and strength on from the outside in the hope that it will stick, quite regardless of the structure underneath. Plastering will last no longer than the wall which it overlays; if the wall be of mud it will be preserved for a time by the veneer; but before long it will crumble away, and down comes the house, plaster and all.

What we want is not a mere plastering business, but strong walls of cut-stone which need no plaster, and will stand till the day of doom. And this solid cut-stone structure spells "character."

I define character (in the sense required) as life dominated by principles. The terms are pregnant. Life comprises thoughts, words and actions; but the question is, how are thoughts, words and actions determined? Directly and immediately they spring from the spontaneous vitality of the organism; but what is the ulterior cause which sets the organism going, and determines its direction and results? The man of no character thinks, speaks and acts just as the impulse seizes him, whether for good or bad; or, if there be anything of reasoned

motive behind, this is determined by chance or circumstances rather than by any reflex and stable purpose. If there is any consistency about his life, this is due simply to the fact that his impulses or his circumstances are more or less the same all the year round, or because he has got into a groove, and lacks initiative and originality. The life of such a man may be good or bad according as good or bad impulses happen to predominate externally. Possibly he may do nothing very wrong, either because he has not enough spirit to be really wicked, or because he is afraid of being caught, or simply because he feels no inclination that way. He may be an innocent creature enough, but he will not rise to anything worthy of the name of virtue, still less to anything like eminence in virtue. He is, in short, more or less what he finds himself—the passive instrument of his internal dispositions and his outward circumstances, and their comfortable (or uncomfortable) slave. His life consists of a succession of thoughts, words and actions following each other more or less at random—a series of phenomena strung together loosely, or not at all, and so promiscuous that they cannot be reduced to a unity or summed up as a whole. Such is the man without character.

On the contrary, the life of a man of character is a decided unity—something knit firmly together into a consistent whole; not rigid or unelastic necessarily, but still a unified structure. The man of character has his impulses, and his circumstances too, both of which try to dominate him just as in case of the "other fellow." But his attitude towards both is different. It is the attitude of a master, not a slave—a dominating, ruling, directing attitude, which uses both impulses and circumstances as amenable to his own purposes, and makes them his tools. There is a calculation, a deliberateness about him which the creature without character has not got. He may be a good man or a bad man, but he will be masterfully good or bad. He may indulge his evil impulses as the "other fellow" does; but if so, it is with deliberation and set purpose. He may also restrain his impulses; but if so, this will not be with the weak fear of being caught, or a dread of unpleasant consequences, but out of deliberate policy and set purpose, because he has an object in view. In other words, the man of character is a man ruled not by impulse or circumstances but by internal motives—in short, his life is dominated by principles. These principles may be good or bad, right or wrong. But there they are; and it is due to their presence that he is what he is, and consistently what he is. That is what we mean by a man of character.—Rev. E. R. Hull, S. J.

but dead mice. This is the way the poor things get there. And this is the lesson that they teach; we may keep everything for ourselves, or we may share things with others, especially those in want. But if we follow the mouse's example, we shall meet with misfortune in the end.—Ave Maria.

GOITRE SUCCESSFULLY TREATED

WRITE or phone us for free copy of booklet giving history of first and only successful remedy for goitre and enlargement of the neck. Read about the cases already successfully treated—cases right here in Ontario. People who have suffered 15 to 20 years from this repulsive disease are now in the best of health and their necks are perfectly normal. No trace or scar remains. Gu-Solvo has done this. The name means goitre dissolver, and that is what it does. It is taken inwardly, acts directly through the blood, softens the goitre, dissolves it and casts it entirely out of the system. No cases cured have shown any return of the disease, and in some of these it is four years since the growth disappeared. Every bottle of Gu-Solvo sold has done wonders. We have kept record of every case. Often one bottle is sufficient, and it seldom requires more than three, even in cases of long standing.

Using the pieces. Some years ago, a great artist in mosaics lived and worked in Italy. His skill was wonderful. With bits of glass and stone he could produce the most striking works of art—works that were valued at thousands of dollars. In his workshop was a poor little boy whose whole business it was to clean up the floor and tidy up the room, after the day's work was done. He was a quiet little fellow, and always did his work well. That was all the artist knew about him. One day he came to his master and asked timidly: "Please, master, may I have for my own the bits of glass you throw upon the floor?" "Why, yes, boy," said the artist. "The bits are good for nothing. Do as you please with them." Day after day, then, the child might have been seen studying the broken pieces found on the floor, laying some on one side, and throwing others away. He was a faithful little servant, and so year after year went by and found him still in the workshop. One day his master entered a storeroom little used, and in looking around came upon a piece of work carefully hid behind the rubbish. He brought it to the light, and to his surprise found it a noble work of art, nearly finished. He gazed at it in speechless amazement. "What great artist could have hidden his work in my studio?" At that moment the young servant entered the door. He stopped short on seeing his master, and when he saw the work in his hands a deep flush dyed his face. "What is this?" cried the artist. "Tell me what great artist has hidden his masterpiece here?" "Oh, master," faltered the astonished youth, "it is only my poor work! You know you said I might have the broken bits you threw away."

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS. Let us seek an illustration of what our fathers did by taking the persecution and death of four martyrs. The first martyr was St. Stephen, who was stoned to death. Then we turn to St. Bartholomew, who was stripped of his skin. Can we realize the terrible agony which he must have endured by this awful form of suffering. Next we have St. Lawrence, who was not burned but roasted slowly to death, on a gridiron. So too we remember the lingering torments of a St. Sebastian; and then we turn to the early Christians—men, women and children, who were placed in the arena to await on their knees, praying to God for help the horrible death which confronted them, by being torn limb from limb by wild beasts. These are only some of the persecutions which our forefathers had to suffer for their faith. What was it that gave them strength to face these dangers? It was the Blessed Sacrament. Such was the faith of our fathers. Now let us come to our own day. We have no persecution to dread, we have no spies to fear or death to face for our faith. Our churches throughout Christendom are open all day. In every Catholic church Mass is celebrated, yet how few—and I speak especially of week-days—how few there are who fully appreciate the great privilege which the gracious God has bestowed upon His people! I have travelled over a great part of the world, and as I constantly go to Mass on week-days, I cannot fail to observe the small attendance, and the very few who go to receive Communion, and of this number the smallest proportion are men. Why should we stay away? Are we so much better than the women that we do not want spiritual help to carry us through the day? Is religion an effeminate practice, that must be left to the opposite sex? We are the heads of the family, and we are responsible for our wives and children. We have a great question before us in these days, and that is education question. We must leave no stone unturned, but remember that the stone which the builders rejected became the corner-stone of the edifice. It is to that stone that all must look. It requires no physical force to remove it, it will fall back easily to disclose to us a great treasure—the treasure of treasures—the Blessed Sacrament. The Almighty implores us to accept this wonderful proof of His love for us. Our only remedy for the wounds caused by sorrow and affliction, and the only help we can rely upon in our conflict with the powers of evil is the Divine Redeemer. By this devotion to the Blessed Sacrament we shall learn to live in, and so be prepared to die for, the faith of our fathers.—Sir Charles Santley in The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. BABY JESUS. First I kiss the eyelids sweet— Little eyes that soon shall know All the dark of human woe— Peace that comes when sorrows seize us, Fill the dreams of Baby Jesus. Then I kiss the little feet— Hard you may say, and sharp and fierce Little feet that ne'er shall pierce; Hope that lifts and Faith that frees us, Guide the feet of Baby Jesus. Then the kisses I repeat On the hands in slumber curled— Little hands that hold the world— Love whose circling arms appense us, Cradle softly Baby Jesus. —From St. Egidio's Lullabies.

THE MOUSE THAT LOOKED OUT FOR NUMBER ONE. Once upon a time a mouse, having come of age to leave home, started out to seek his fortune. The first thing he came to was a tall tree, up which he nimbly climbed, and at the top he found many large nuts. "Here is food plenty," he said, "if I can only get inside." He gnawed through the rough husk, but then came to the hard bark of the nut. "Perseverance will overcome all difficulties," he said to himself; and soon he found a small soft place in the bark, and quickly made his way through it. There before him lay a most delicious feast of milk and sweet white coconut meat. Now, this mouse might have hurried out and told his relatives and neighbors of the feast he had found, enough for all for many days, and invited them to join in it; or he might have stood in the hole and passed out meat to his friends, who could carry it to other mice that lived at a distance, many of whom might be in hunger. But our mouse did neither of these things; he said, "Look out for number one," and, "First come, first served," and repeated some other similar proverbs that he had been careful to remember. So he stayed inside the nut and ate and ate and ate, till he had eaten it all up; and then he said, "I will now take a good sleep, and then go out and find another nut for tomorrow." But alas! when he would go outside, he could not possibly squeeze through the hole, his stomach had grown so big; and he could not gnaw the hard shell, he was so weak from overeating; so he had to stay inside till he died. And when the coconut gatherers came they found one nut too light to be good; and, cracking it open, lo! it was the tomb of the unfortunate, selfish mouse. It is quite a common thing to find large coconuts with nothing inside

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