

The Catholic Record.

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

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MR. BELLOC'S ANSWER

PLAIN WORDS TO THE GLOOMY AND VITUPERATIVE DEAN

To the Evening Standard of December 20 Mr. Hilaire Belloc contributed an Open Letter to the Dean of St. Paul's in answer to his latest attack on the Catholic Church in that journal. We give here the greater part of the article:

You have often attacked (and defamed) the Catholic Church in these pages. In that effort you have introduced, among others, my own less significant name. I propose to answer you.

The task is the easier because your animosity leads you to declaration, and, unlike too many of your kind, you are sometimes led by exasperation to be sincere.

Your indictment against the Faith is in these articles: that it is foreign, that it is defined, disciplined, and one, that it is false—or (as you have written)—"an imposture." The first is a puerile, the last momentous. I will take them in their order.

THE CHURCH IS FOREIGN
The Faith is foreign. Certainly it has been alienated by force and fraud from the English—but since how long? You know that it made England, and in particular remade England out of barbarism as no other province of our civilization was restored.

You are a man cultured and acquainted with the sources. You know well enough that England only is because the Church made England after the chaos of the sixth century. You know also—as your readers do not—that all about us, pillar and arch and verse and law and reasoning, are from that Mediterranean antiquity which the Faith barely saved, and having saved nourished into Christendom.

This done, England so recovered, the Faith presided over all her being for a thousand years. It was not till three hundred years ago that the main of England doubted. It is not two hundred since the last body of English loyal to the Faith were crushed out. A hideous official persecution, violent beyond example and carried out in the interest of men newly enriched by the plunder of sacred things, took three lifetimes before it succeeded.

I find a contradiction in you here. An Englishman (you say) cannot be English unless he have in him some Manichean poison of the puritans. So Chaucer, Alfred, Bede are not English. But next I hear that this religion is a product of Englishry, so those thousand years were English after all—but took their thousand years to bear the perfect fruit which blossomed suddenly three hundred years ago. When Shakespeare wrote England was manifestly Catholic; when Milton no longer. Yet you would abandon Shakespeare with regret! First you define an Englishman by his religion—a true Englishman is of Shakespeare's mood, only of Milton's; then you turn round and say "No religion is not English."

IS CERTITUDE UNENGLISH?
The English groping for the light shall no longer be English for you if they attain it. They shall only be English in your eyes on the condition of groping still. Certitude and the light upon eternal things are a bar to your granting a certificate of English essence.

What is more, the answer to the most universal (and most important) of questions must be local, and truth must be provincial or ignored. Was ever such nonsense!

I have called it puerile—and so it is: a schoolboy's folly, to which all things not familiar seem ridiculous.

And how can truth have local boundaries?

MISTAKES UNITY FOR SERVITUDE
Your second objection is weightier. We of the Faith are not universal, but segregated. The world is not convinced (not you and notes (as do you) that we stand together, having one regiment. You mistake that unity for mere servitude and that bond for a chain. There is none of us but can assure you that only in the Faith does the reason reach a plenitude of freedom, nor any of us that has searched into ideas but will further tell you that we of the Faith may doubtfully admit some sceptics for our equals, but certainly no others.

You see that we are within walls. So we are. But they are the walls of a city. It is the secure City of God. You resent our unity.

In truth it is not the constitution you abhor, but the thing itself—little though you know that thing; just as men hate some strange country though they know not a word of its language.

THE MAIN ISSUE
Wherein also resides your chief, and only grave, indeed your one grievance: that what the Catholic faith lays down, that you do not believe.

You have written, "The Catholic Church is an imposture," thereby provoking all the past of Europe and challenging Ignatius of Antioch

and Augustine of Hippo no less than the least of our fellowship today.

I forbear to pin you to a strict explanation, whether that "imposture" be the Incarnation, the Eucharist, or any other of our structural mysteries.

Your office forbids you to reply, or to tell us whether at heart you do not agree with the half-instructed millions around you who make no doubt that religion is of man: a figment.

I will content myself by concluding with this: that there wholly escapes you the character of the Catholic Church. You judge it by indications dead and valueless, you have not—for all your detestation of it—experienced its life, not known it for what it is.

For what is the Catholic Church? It is that which replies, co-ordinates, establishes. It is that within which is the order outside, the puerilities and the despair. It is the possession of perspective in the survey of the world. It is reality. Here is promise and foundation.

WHAT WE ARE
Those of us who boast so stable an endowment make no claim thereby to personal peace; we are not saved thereby alone. But we are of so glorious a company that we receive support and have Communion. The Mother of God is ours also. Our dead are with us. Even in these our earthly miseries we hear always the distant something of an eternal music and smell a native air. There is a standard set for us whereto our whole selves respond, which is that of an inherited and endless life, quite full, in our own country.

You may say, "All this is rhetoric." You would be wrong, for it is rather vision, recognition, and testimony. But take it for rhetoric. Have you any such? Be it but rhetoric, whence does that stream flow? Or what reserve is there which will even such a man as myself with fire? Can your opinion (or doubt, or gymnastics) do the same? I think not!

One thing in this world is different from all other. It has a personality and a force. It is recognized, and (when recognized) most violently loved or hated. It is the Catholic Church. Within that household the human spirit is at home. Outside it, is the Night.—The Universe.

PASSION PLAYERS COMPLETE VISIT

LEFT WITH KIND THOUGHTS FOR NEW YORK PEOPLE

Tuesday night the Oberammergau village at the Grand Central Palace vanished with the old year. The little painted houses were knocked down; the wood carvings and pottery were laid in their cases; the lights were put out. But for years the thousand words Sunday, to the Grand Central Palace, crowding about the men from Oberammergau will remember those artisan-actors. And for their part the players say that the experiences of this great country will be unforgettable.

"The dear American people," a gentle smile played about the lips of Anton Lang—Christus as he lingered over the words Sunday, "I can never express my gratitude to them. From my heart I thank the New Yorkers for their cooperation and generosity. As for this great city, it is bewildering. The giant buildings, the ceaseless coming and going, the magnificent scale on which things are done, all are so overpowering that I can scarcely express an opinion of them. But none of this impresses me as does the bigness of the American people's heart."

Andreas Lang, sr., (Saint Peter), veteran of all the players, arose from his work bench and stepped out of his house. The shaggy gray hair and beard, the blue coat enveloping his sturdy figure helped the illusion that it was indeed the Saint upon whom the Church was founded who was speaking.

"I have a message for the American people. Tell them that we Oberammergauers came here with an unflinching faith in God. We came in our darkest hour to seek help and we have found it. He has helped us in our undertaking. We can no longer be doubting Thomases, for He is in our midst, and even as He bade Thomas lay his hand upon His wound, so He has proven the reality of His presence to us. We sought our Lord and have found Him here in a foreign land. His love has guided us here among these fine American people at whose kindness we have met with naught but kindness. We thank you, all our friends, those of you who have been so generous, those who have grasped our hands with such warmth, those who have helped us.

"And now a word for your city. Es ist grossartig—kolossal! The buildings seem higher to me than my beloved Bavarian Alps; only here it is easier to get on top, over here I must use my own feet. In New York it is generous, as a woman's hand that takes one up and brings one down to earth again."

Andreas Lang, sr., is an enthusiastic mountaineer and a licensed guide as the medals worn on his breast prove. "Your Wolkenkratzer (skyscrapers) are very practical. They provide light and air for thousands upon thousands to work in, and, too, they are beautiful. They are the only really new thing in modern art. To be sure they are based on the principles of Roman, Greek, and Gothic architecture, but all art is evolution. If you ask me what I have enjoyed most—mind you I am not saying what impressed me most—it was the performance of the Chester Mysteries at the Greenwich Village Theatre on Christmas night. Das war schon!"

"Oh yes, we have seen much," said Guido Mayr (Judas), "we have been to the top of the Woolworth Building, we have been aboard the greatest of your battleships, we have even penetrated the sanctum of your great wizard Edison. To me your America is like Fairyland. I felt it as I watched the buildings looming out of the mist when the Reliance steamed up the harbor. It seemed to me that magic hands had fashioned the buildings that raised their heads to the sky like towers in an enchanted palace. Next I saw Liberty. She held her torch on high to greet us. I better than all the rest for have I not played the role of the arch-betrayer? Can you understand and appreciate your great country that never betrays its freedom, its ideals, its friends."

The total receipts from their stay in New York was \$85,000.—Brooklyn Tablet.

NOTABLE ACHIEVEMENT OF A BLIND GRADUATE

Washington, D. C.—An unusual story of achievement and sacrifice by a young blind woman graduate of Trinity College has come to light here. Miss Louise Moore, who became blind at the age of six, was graduated from Trinity College in 1915, and until last March conducted a tea shop in the main building of the college. Having then made \$6,000 of the enterprise, she opened an establishment in Brookline.

She plans to increase her funds to \$12,000 to establish a scholarship in perpetuity which will pay every expense of one blind student throughout the college course. With Miss Moore are living her mother and brother.

The young woman, who has been preparing herself for a master of arts degree in psychology, does not believe in segregation of the blind, holding that a blind person who is otherwise normal has the same chance for advancement intellectually as others more fortunate and should be dealt with accordingly. She says that she learned just as readily as other girls through the use of embossed text and note books.

STATUE OF SAINT JOAN OF ARC AS SOUVENIR

Paris, Jan. 3.—The banquet offered by members of the French Government at the closing of the Canadian exhibition in Paris to the Canadian Mission which came to France to conduct this display, was the occasion of a manifestation which illustrated the spirit of faith of the envoys of the Dominion.

The French Minister of Commerce, M. Dior, with three other Ministers and two prelates, Mgr. Landrieux and Mgr. Baudrillart, presented Senator Beaubien, organizer of the exhibition with a statue of Joan of Arc. The presentation was made in the name of the Government, as a souvenir. At the feet of the statue were the sword and the helmet. The hands of the Virgin of Lorraine were joined and stretched toward Heaven.

When thanking the French Minister, Senator Beaubien emphasized these two features of the attitude of Saint Joan of Arc, declaring that he wished to see in them the symbol of the present situation: prayer and peace after combat.

"For France," he said, "we join our prayers with those of Joan of Arc."

FAMOUS CAROL SUNG ON FEAST

London, Jan. 3.—Into nearly two million homes in Great Britain the fine Christmas carol "On the Road to Bethlehem," written by the late Mgr. Benson found its way during the week before Christmas.

With special music for the carol by Sir Richard Terry of Westminster Cathedral, this Catholic carol was broadcast throughout the entire country by the Daily Mail, which has a daily circulation of close to two millions.

This is the most far-reaching piece of Catholic publicity ever achieved in the space of a single day in Great Britain, and the Daily Mail asserts that by reason of its beauty and charm, this carol (music and words) by prominent Catholics is destined to take its place among the time-honored songs of the English Christmas.

A NOTABLE CONVERT

LEADER OF "LOS VON ROM" MOVEMENT TELLS HOW THE MATTER CAME ABOUT

By Dr. Frederick Funder

Vienna.—When in 1897 the "Los von Rom" (Away from Rome) movement broke out in Austria, inspired by political agents and financed with subsidies from Germany, there appeared, among the numerous Protestant ministers who poured into Austria, the Rev. John Albani, D. D. He came from Saxony and boasted of being a descendant of the ancient Italian noble family to which Pope Clement IV. and several Cardinals belonged.

Dr. Albani was a passionate representative of the Protestant cause, and the Catholic journalists of Austria clashed with him repeatedly. He caused considerable mischief by his proselytizing activities among the liberal citizens of several towns who had long before alienated from the Catholic Church. On several occasions, parrying the "Los von Rom" movement, he crossed swords with this active and eloquent man.

FAILURE OF MOVEMENT
The "Los von Rom" movement failed pitifully in Austria. Some Protestant churches, built then and empty now, and a few thousand "New Protestants" who have nothing in common with their adopted religion except the mere name, are all that remain. Among those who have recognized that movement as a mistake, strangely enough, is its one-time fiery promulgator, the former Protestant minister, Albani. He who had been a passionate adversary of Rome has now become an adherent of Rome, a faithful and zealous son of the Catholic Church.

Dr. Albani has written a history of his conversion. After having been sorely disappointed during his activity in Austria because of the purely worldly character of the demagogic propaganda for Protestantism, he returned to his native Saxony to continue his pastoral work. But the impressions gathered in Catholic Austria gave him no rest. Thereafter, he occupied himself thoroughly with Catholic doctrine. He made a zealous study of the writings of St. Ignatius of Loyola, whose spiritual exercises he made the subject of a book.

HOW HIS CONVERSION CAME ABOUT
"The outbreak of the War," he writes, "caused me to make a still more earnest examination of the condition of affairs and a thorough self-examination. How self-reliant the Catholic priests seemed at their Mass, in comparison with the Protestant soldiers depending on the sermon and measuring, according to it, the value of their ecclesiastical community. Also in the sphere of war superstitions and their suppression, the Catholic Church showed to advantage.

"When I gave the Lord's Supper from morning to night to an entire infantry regiment shortly before the march of my division toward Verdun, I was forced to look into many hundreds of downcast faces and but few cheerful ones. I must confess that there were not two out of two thousand men who had a positive and satisfactory conception of what they celebrated. It was then that I formed a firm resolution that, if God showed me the way, I would not restrain myself from going beyond the limits of my Church, if need be, in order to acknowledge the Divine Revelation without restriction."

Dr. Albani then tells how, returning from the War, he recognized more and more, through earnest studies, the dogmatic foundation of the Papal apostolate. It was difficult for him for a long time, he says, to detach himself entirely from the Protestant train of thought. The faithful Catholic, he writes, has no notion of how difficult it is for a sincere Protestant's teachings, to recognize his duty to join the Catholic Church. It is affecting to hear him tell of his happiness which he experienced when his struggles were finally over and his conversion to the Catholic Church had been accomplished.

CONSOLATION OF HIS FIRST CONFESSION
"The very first confession afforded me the greatest benediction," he writes, "and it was a help for me such as nobody had ever given me before. Thus from the very beginning Confession has not been for me a duty but a high privilege. In days of threatening external distress, I had, unexpectedly and undeservedly, the good fortune to become intimately acquainted with things to which my agnostic thinking had not previously extended. I mean communion with the Blessed Virgin and the Saints. It is all the same to me what my former fellow-believers may say—they may laugh at me. I found wonderful help, absolute help from the Saints in hours of distress. Since that time respectful Communion with them has become a consolidation of my life in the light of eternity. I enjoy their counsel when my will is vacillating. I have

their aid when my strength is growing weak. Thus my life has become a rich and ever richer gathering of the harvest."

The former "Los von Rom" enthusiast finishes the story of his conversion with the confession: "I believe in the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church; that is the real reason and the aim of my return to Rome."

RELIGION ALONE CAN SAVE THE WORLD

BISHOP SHAHAN GIVES HIS VIEWS TO THE PRESS

The failure of force, diplomacy and politics to restore the world to normal conditions of peace and prosperity is traceable to the materialistic theories of education which for more than a century have dominated the Western world. During this period its writers and publicists, its political and social agents, have ousted from every place of vantage or influence the older, more spiritual and more humane theories of education. They have drawn to their side the public funds, and through them have obtained the prestige of success. They have been as a rule hostile to all religious training of the young, and they are responsible, in last resort, for the conditions which, both before and since the Great War, have so grievously weakened the moral order as created by Christian faith and discipline.

What better evidence could be asked of the failure of this materialism in the higher phases of education than the alarming collapse of public morality now so patent to all? The statistics of divorce and suicide, of juvenile crime and personal violence; the growing contempt for law and its twin contempt of human life, are undeniable.

SPIRITUAL THINGS SUBMERGED
Letters, art, music and the drama once a noble pedagogy of the people, have become commercialized, and their once rich service to Christian civilization has greatly diminished.

Impurity, obscenity, moral corruption in many forms, with their consequent cynicism and pessimism, forerunners always of decadence, and destructive of all creative joyous energy, come daily more boldly to the front and defy criticism.

There is a remedy for these unhappy conditions. It is the religious training of the youth of the nation, undertaken with a whole-hearted conviction that the Christian life is the best asset of every individual, and that a great society based on the Gospel, letter and spirit, is more powerful for good than the learning of a thousand centuries. The Christian family with its code of rights and duties, consecrated by immemorial usage, offers the first elements of such religious training, and should be protected and encouraged in its exercise. When parents can no longer meet their obligations in this respect, they should be free to confide their children to teachers of their own choice, with the understanding that religious and secular training shall go hand in hand; that each of the child acquires regularly all that is necessary for the intelligent exercise of the duties and rights of citizenship, it shall also learn what God and the soul mean for the follower of the Gospel, what are the Christian views of man's nature and destiny, of human life and its proper uses, of the hereafter.

Such religious training, enhanced by the example of the teacher, would plant normally in the young and docile mind the true knowledge of good and evil, right and wrong, virtue and vice, sin and its penalties, justice and charity, and all the age-old moral truths on which our civilization, broadly speaking, arose, and which are yet its secure basis. Men and women in whom the moral sense had been properly developed from childhood would freely recognize their responsibilities as citizens. They would take an active interest in public affairs. And they would see to it that only those are placed in public office who are morally fit to make laws and administer justice.—Washington Post.

CHILDREN PRAY BENEATH RUINS OF CONVENT HOME

Bombay, Jan. 3.—A most touching incident is recorded by the Bombay Examiner apropos of the terrible earthquake in Yokohama. The beautiful institution of the Sisters of St. Maur was utterly destroyed, and death claimed many victims from Sisters and children.

Twelve Sisters were caught beneath the ruins of their house. From St. Joseph's College nearby two Mariamite Brothers rushed to their rescue, but with only their hands to clear away huge piles of

rubbish little could be effected. However they did save two Sisters and one child. The other Sisters were there as in a tomb, talking to their rescuers who could not cope with the superhuman situation. And then the flames of the conflagration, stirred by the wind, came nearer and nearer and prevented any further attempt to deliver the unhappy victims. The fire reached the ruins, and from beneath them were heard the innocent voices of the little ones, reciting with fervor the Act of Contrition. Those who heard them will never forget the sentiments evoked by the solemn prayer of those who were going so soon to God.

"And now," says the writer, "all that awful destruction must be repaired, lest the work of God suffer."

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OPENS THIRD YEAR

Milan, Jan. 3.—With the participation of the higher religious, civil and military authorities of Milan and a group of distinguished persons who crowded the great hall of the Catholic University of Milan the third academic year was solemnly inaugurated.

The Rector, Rev. Father Gemelli communicated to the vast audience news of the telegram sent by the Holy Father. The announcement was received with profound attention, followed by enthusiastic applause.

Father Gemelli recorded especially how the Catholic Atheneum is an advantage to the State and what the influence of youth formed in such a school is when they take their place in the ranks of the world's workers.

The new academic year finds an increase in the scholastic population. The first year the pupils numbered 104, of whom 41 students and 12 auditors were of the faculty of social science, and 26 students and 25 auditors of the faculty of philosophy. During the second year there were 117 students. Eighteen were in the first course and 32 in the second and 28 more auditors in the faculty of philosophy.

At the beginning of the third year there were 288 students with corresponding increases in the various courses.

Father Gemelli closed his interesting report in alluding to the touching benevolence of His Holiness, Pope Pius XI. toward the Catholic University of Milan.

The poet Giulio Salvadori, Professor in the new faculty of letters, read the inaugural address which had as its theme: "The pedagogical value of literary culture."

COMMANDER OF LEGION OF HONOR

Paris, Dec. 7.—In the presence of the entire garrison of Montauban, the prefect municipal officers, the General, commander of the post, placed the ribbon of commander of the Legion of Honor around the neck of Abbe Rollin. This ceremony might appear surprising (since the ribbon of commander is generally reserved for high ranking army officers) were it not known that Abbe Rollin is a former field officer, of the regular army, and that he fought through the War in the artillery with the rank of colonel, resigning later to enter the priesthood. He was ordained last year.

Following the presentation of the decoration, the troops filed past the new commander in accordance with the accustomed ceremonial for such occasions.

THE THREE BEST BOOKS

A pious old man, who lived in a poor, solitary cottage, had such a store of knowledge and understanding that he was able to give good advice and salutary instruction to every one who applied to him.

A learned man who visited him was astonished at the wisdom of his conversation, and said to him: "Where have you acquired this wisdom? I see in your cottage no collection of books from which you could have drawn so much good and beautiful learning."

"And, yet," replied the old man, "I have the three best books in existence, and I read them daily. These books are the Works of God above me and around me: Conscience within me, and the Holy Scripture.

"The Works of God, the heavens and earth, are like a great book opened before us; they proclaim to us the omnipotence, wisdom and goodness of our Heavenly Father.

"My conscience tells me what I must do, and what I must avoid.

"But the Holy Scripture, the Book of all Books, informs us how God manifests Himself to man from the creation of the world; how the Son of God, our Lord, and Saviour Jesus Christ, came into this world; and what He commanded and promised, what He has done and suffered in order to make us holy and happy."—Victorian.

CATHOLIC NOTES

According to the last Commonwealth Census, there are 1,172,672 Catholics in Australia, an increase of 175,868 since 1911.

By an Apostolic Letter, Iceland has been erected into a Prefecture-Apostolic. In recent years the Catholics of Iceland have been under the jurisdiction of the Vicar-Apostolic of Denmark.

New York has more Jews than any other city in the world. The number given is 1,648,012, or 29.88 per cent. of the city's population and roughly one-tenth of the estimated number of Jews in the world.

The Russian Church observed Christmas this year on the same day with the rest of the Christian world. Archbishop Tikhon issued a proclamation accepting the Gregorian calendar, following correspondence with officials of the church in Greece. The Gregorian calendar was adopted by the civil authorities of Russia several months ago.

Nice, Jan. 3.—Mgr. Louis Ricard, named by His Holiness, Pope Pius XI. as Auxiliary Bishop to Mgr. Chapon, Bishop of Nice, was born at Bondigoux, not far from Toulouse, November 24, 1868. He made his first studies in the community of Clerks of the Metropolitan See where His Eminence Cardinal Amette had previously studied.

Rome.—Florentine citizens are collecting money for a monument to Christ in the public square in atonement for blasphemy. The sponsor of this novel idea is the United Catholic League, a powerful Catholic organization. An appeal is being sent out asking everyone who used an oath to atone for his sin by making a contribution and pledging himself never to swear again. The monument is intended as a reminder that swearing is prohibited.

Excavations conducted under the direction of the archeologist, Dr. Fuchs, have brought to light the foundations of a Carolingian Cathedral very near to the present Cathedral of Paderborn. It is believed that the building is one of those erected by Charlemagne at the time of the Dioceses of Munster, Osnabruck and Paderborn were established for the Saxons who had just been converted to Christianity.

Out of gratitude for the protection accorded during the War to the valley of Massevaux, the notables of that district in Alsace have erected on a neighboring mountain a monumental statue of the Blessed Virgin holding the Infant Jesus. The statue is 12 meters high and is the work of the great French sculptor Antoine Bourdelle. It was the most important work exhibited at the Salon des Beaux Arts in Paris last year.

Sister Rosalie de St. Martin, a Little Sister of the Poor at the J. K. Mullen home for the aged, Denver, Col., who died recently in her thirty-third year, came from a family of nineteen children, six of whom were Catholic nuns. Thirteen of the nineteen are still living, and Sister Rosalie was the first of the six nuns to die. One of the boys of the family died while he was studying for the priesthood.

In no city of the United States has the growth of the Church in late years been more phenomenal than in Boston. Almost within the memory of living man a hidden church was known to the Bostonians as the "Irish chapel." And when that church had a schoolroom added to it, and the inscription "I. H. S." was carved over its door, Boston decided that these letters meant "Irish High School." Out of the original diocese founded in 1810, some four or five new dioceses have been carved, and yet the Archdiocese boasts today some eight hundred priests.

Mass has been celebrated for the first time on the peak of one of the highest mountains in the Pyrenees, the Pic du Midi, at an altitude of 22,877 meters. The orientation table placed there by the Touring Club of France was used as an altar. The Divine Sacrifice was celebrated by Abbe Soule, chaplain of the Catholic Youth of the Upper Pyrenees who had with him a number of young men from the neighboring town of Bagneres. Abbe Soule, who is an experienced alpinist, said it was the fifty-third time he had climbed the Pic du Midi.

Returning from a journey to the Holy Places with a hundred French pilgrims, Mgr. Baudrillart, rector of the Catholic Institute of Paris writes in La Croix that the Catholic faith is making progress in Egypt: "In Egypt, as in our country, the religious spirit is much more alive, especially among the young people, than it was twenty years ago. Remarkable conversions have occurred. The St. Vincent de Paul conferences are numerous and active. Finally, the Mohammedans educated in our schools appear to be striving to understand Christianity and are losing many of their ancient prejudices with regard to us."

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE

CHRISTINE FAHRE
Author of "A Mother's Sacrifice," etc.
CHAPTER LXI.—CONTINUED

His lip trembled, and he turned away in a moment, however, he turned back, and having taken a warm adieu of his newly-found brother, he departed to seek the nobleman, while Father O'Connor, as we must continue to call him, joined his friends. They returned to the hotel, and there the young priest told the strange, strange story.

"I felt it," said Father Meagher, jumping up with all the alacrity of a young man, and seizing the clergyman's two hands.

"My brother!" exclaimed Nora, every vestige of color flown from her face, and her large eyes looking larger and unnatural in the intensity of their wild stare.

"Do you swear to these statements?"

It was the interrogatory put by Lord Heathcote to Mortimer Carter, with Dennier as the solitary witness. Not a ruffle appeared in Carter's manner; not a deepening of his florid color, not even an instant's dropping of his eyes, but with all the assurance of well-imitated conscious rectitude, he stood firmly drawn to his full height, and his face expressing a bold triumph as he answered in a distinct, ringing voice:

"I do, my lord, swear most solemnly that all which I repeated to your lordship a short time ago in the presence of those who were there assembled is most assuredly and unqualifiedly true."

"Allow me to remind your lordship," interposed Dennier, "that the oath of a traitor is of little worth—this man must have already perjured himself many times in the despicable service in which he has been engaged, so that it required little effort for him to take a false oath now."

Carter affected to bear in silence the scathing imputation, waiting respectfully for Lord Heathcote to speak. His lordship said quietly, after he had turned over nervously some papers on the open cabinet before him:

"You have expected, I believe, as your reward for recent information as sum of money sufficient, if I mistake not, to purchase the estate of the prisoner, Carroll O'Donoghue?"

"I have had your own assurance of it, my lord," answered Carter, his eyes beginning to sparkle.

"Well, Mr. Carter," the nobleman arose, and placing his hands with careless gesture behind him, bent his sternest look upon the miscreant—"perhaps you are already aware that her gracious Majesty, the Queen, has pardoned recently some of these Fenians?"

He spoke very slowly, as if he would give his listener ample time to comprehend:

"Feeling grateful for the care which was given to my children by this O'Donoghue family, I have interested myself in behalf of the doomed prisoner; the result of my efforts reached me today—it is an entire pardon of Carroll O'Donoghue, and an order that his estate be purchased and restored to him."

The florid color of Carter's face changed to purple, becoming so deep that it threatened to end in an alarming blackness; the veins in his forehead and neck swelled—he was obliged to loosen his collar to give himself air.

"My lord," he gasped, "you do not mean that I am to lose my reward—I toiled for it night and day!"

"I regret, Mr. Carter," said the nobleman ironically, "that you are so little the Christian as to desire your reward at the expense of a fellow-creature's life—no diabolical spirit would indicate deliberate error in the matter of your sworn statements."

Carter bit his lip until the blood came in his effort to repress his baffled rage. "Am I, then, to have no reward for my work in behalf of the government, my lord?" he asked, his voice husky and trembling.

Lord Heathcote answered quietly: "None, Mr. Carter, save the testimony of your own conscience."

He touched the bell; an attendant entered, and baffled, discomfited, humbled Carter was obliged to leave the room without uttering another remonstrance.

The nobleman turned to Dennier, the anguish which he had striven to repress showing so painfully in his face that the young man could not bear to look at it. "Walter," he said, speaking with difficulty, "I shall do every justice to you all save that of making any public acknowledgment—my wealth shall be at your disposal; it will enable Mariette to bring a dowry to whom she has already given her heart; it will place within your reach affluence for the lady you would wed; and it will give to this young priest, whom my heart yearns, though I cannot yet entirely believe

that he is my son, enough to enable him to dispense his charities. For myself, my failing health has made me think for some time of resigning my onerous position—I shall now do so, and returning to England, I shall bury, in a life of quiet retirement, this heart which has sustained so many shocks."

"Father!" The young man knelt beside him: "Since your own voluntary act will give to her I would weel the protection of her brother and her home again, I ask no more. I shall devote my life to you, and my brother and sister will, I doubt not—"

"Cease!" interrupted the nobleman with something of his old sternness. "You do not understand me, Walter," his voice softening. "I shall go away without seeing again those who remind me of that unhappy, that guilty past. I shall bury myself in a solitude which they must not disturb. If you,—the sole one whom Marie left to me when she took her guilty flight,—if you choose to cheer my declining years,—I feel they will be few—I shall accept the sacrifice; understand, I place no restriction upon as much of the tale being told as may be necessary to make people know that my daughter is not the child of the degraded man who claims her as such. I only ask that my name be spared!"

"Do not fear, father," answered the young man somewhat bitterly; "in the pain which must result from the thought of the guilt which you still believe adheres to our mother, there will be little disposition to mention your name."

"Well, go now," said the nobleman wearily—"you say that you promised to join your friends—and come to me in the morning. I shall leave for London tomorrow."

Dennier took a hasty adieu, and hurried to the hotel, where his friends so impatiently awaited him.

What a greeting was his—what a welcoming upon every side! and as he stood, one arm encircling Nora, the other hand clasped tightly in both Father O'Connor's, and directly in front of him Father Meagher and Clare, and the whole party too excited, and too wildly joyful to do more than look at each other and give vent to their feelings by incoherent exclamations, he also gave himself, for the moment, entirely up to that unrestrained joy.

He would not tell them yet of the sadness which oppressed his own heart—in deed, he would whisper first into Clare's ear the story of her brother's pardon, and the restoration of his property. She repeated aloud the delightful tidings, and then, while joyous excitement again reigned, she seized his hands and cried her grateful tears upon them. He could not restrain the impulse to stoop and whisper:

"Have I made amends for all the past, Miss O'Donoghue?"

"Captain Dennier—Mr. Berkeley, I mean,—how can you ask?" he and her beautiful eyes turned upon him with a look which thrilled him.

At length Dennier's communication was entirely made—Lord Heathcote's determination and his own resolution. To leave them—to go back to England! not even to accompany them on their return to Tralee in order to congratulate Carroll on his wonderful good fortune! How Clare paled and quivered! and then for the first time he read the recognition of his passion. He extended his hand while he ventured to whisper:

"Clare—I may call you so this once—you will sometimes think of me—you will pray for me—you will hope with me that one day Heaven itself will interpose to rend this veil before my father's eyes, and that—"

She broke from him to conceal her painful blushes, but he had read more than enough to convince him of a very blissful fact.

He bade them all adieu, confiding his newly-found relatives to each other's care; and promising to write speedily, he tore himself away, hurrying to the quarters of Captain Crawford, though it was long past midnight.

THE MASS PATH

The little beads woman was silent for a minute of two, and I could see that she meant to tell me another story from her store of strange experiences before she let me take my way home that evening.

"If you're not tired out from listenin' to me, I'll tell you another story about an affair that took place years and years ago, when poor Johnny Maher that I was tellin' you about was alive and well, God rest his soul. It was he was travellin' with me at the time. Are you too tired to hear it, Missie?"

"Certainly not," I replied eagerly, adding, as I noted her thin shoulders and the pallor of her refined old face, "that is, if you are not tired yourself."

She shook her head, smiling up at me reassuringly.

"For all the little miserable looks of me, 'tis I that am well able to face more hardships than tellin' a story at my ease to a young lady that's pleased to listen to an old woman's raimics," she said, and then began her story.

"As I said, the story I'm goin' to tell happened one time that Johnny Maher was travellin' with me to a place in the West named Ardgreennan, where the Fathers from Dublin were to give a general mission. Johnny knew the place before, be-

cause he went there a few years back of the time I'm tellin' about, for a week when a retreat for the men of the parish was on, and he told me that the place was lovely, and the people very good an' innocent, an' the lodgin' for the likes of himself an' myself clean an' comfortable an' nothin' unreasonable in the charge."

"I was always glad to have poor Johnny's company on the way to a place I wasn't well acquainted with myself, for he was an obligin' poor man an' a great help in every way you could think of."

"It was a long journey, and by the time we arrived at the station in the fall of the evenin' we were cold an' hungry, the two of us, but Johnny knew where to go an' where to direct me to go, an' a convenient place it was, in a little country street just back of the church itself. Johnny Maher was only three doors away, so that if I wanted to see him about anything I hadn't far to step."

"I hope ye'll do well, ma'am," said the woman of the house as she put the teapot on the side of the hob ready to be hand and as much hot cake as a big man couldn't eat in a whole day in front of me.

"I hope so," said I, wonderin' why she said this, as to speak the truth, it is seldom that we don't do at least middlin' well at a big mission."

"'Tisn't a big town, I know," I said after a bit; "but the friend that was with me on the way down was tellin' me that the people from the outside places and the townlands will be flockin' in after the first day an' night. But, even if we don't make much, so long as the people come to hear the Fathers and make their peace with God—glory be to Him—we'll be satisfied."

"An', please God, He won't fail ye, either," she said. "But what I had in my mind was this: The Mass Path is closed, I hear, an', if that's thrue, I don't know how the mission will be attended by the people from Clonmona and Clasheragh; they have no other way to come here, as the road by the road would be eight or ten miles, while across the fields by the Mass Path a half-hour would bring them."

"The heart sank in me for a minute after hearin' that, an', though I said in my mind, 'What's the pleasin' to God is pleasin' to me, I had a minute's fear that I might be at a loss for comin' to Ardgreennan at all, a loss that I could no way afford."

"I suppose ye have a retreat for the men every year an' one for the women, too?" I asked her after a few minutes.

"We have, indeed, thank God," she answered. "But that's the reason I mentioned the Mass Path. The people about the place here, on account of the yearly retreat, are never hardly out of beads an' scapulars an' such things. But 'tis different with the outsiders. They come from long distances, and a few of them can manage the retreats; but, of course, a mission comes only once in a long while, an' the far-out people would do many a hardshipin' thing so as not to miss a few nights and mornin's at least, at it, an' makin' their confessions to the missionaries. Now, I'm afraid ye'll be without them customers this turn, for only a few will be able to come the long distances, and I'm afraid that 'tis only too true that the Mass Path is closed, after bein' open to the people ever since Cromwell's time, when there was only a rock in a little hollow for the priest to say the Holy Mass on unknown to the soldiers in the bad old times."

"Did the parish priest say anything about it last Sunday?" I questioned her then, knowin' that in the country places the priest would be likely to tell the parishioners about a thing like that an' the mission comin' on."

"He did," she said. He said to us before leavin' the altar at last Mass: 'I am afraid, dear brethren, that, despite all my endeavors, the gentleman who is now the owner of Rossreennan will close the path which leads through his lands to this church, thereby deprivin' a great many people of the benefits of attendance at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, an' only a certain number will be able to come here by the long round of the roads. The hardship is all the greater as we got no notice of this privilege bein' stopped an' the missionary Fathers from Dublin being on the way here already, an' all arrangements for a general mission havin' been made for some time we feel very deeply the loss to the people of Clonmona and Clasheragh, who are always so assiduous in their attendance at mission times."

"The poor gentleman seemed greatly distressed," she said then, an' no wonder. 'Me husband tells me though, that very likely they'll build a chapel of ease at Clonmona as soon as they can, but, owin' to the debt on our own church here, that won't be for some time to come. But God is good, an' maybe Atway Trooper won't have things always in his own hands."

"Is he the owner of the place where the Mass Path is, ma'am?" I asked her.

"'E is, an' a more bigoted man never stepped. Except in the 'Black North' above you wouldn't get the likes of him, I think. However it was that Mr. Pat Crilly sold it to him I don't know, acen' that he was a Protestant an' the Mass Path runnin' through his fields; for even an unbogoted Protestant in Rossreennan, through the means of that, would be

out of place, for, God help us, they haven't the light an' grace to know the value of the Holy Mass and the need of the convenience of the short cut to Catholic people."

"The whole story of it is this. The Crillys were livin' in the Rossreennan for hundreds of years, an' before them again the MacMahons, an' the Rogans before them. Beyond them three families people can't go; but 'tis always said that from Cromwell's time the path was used to this day to take the round of the roads off of the people. About fifty years ago the Crilly divided their land, and part of it passed as a fortune to a Miss Crilly, who married old John Maher, who is still livin' in the upper part near Clasheragh, an' of course, the Path is always open in his place, just as the continuation of it was open in the Crillys' until last week, when the people came through for the last time, they were told."

"Two years ago, this Atway Trooper bought 'e place by private sale from Patrick Crilly, the last of the Crilly family who went away with himself, 'tis said, to Australia or some place like that, because some lady he had a fancy for would not marry him. He wasn't in need of money at all, but took some notion against the place after she refusin' him, an' made up his mind to leave the country for good. Everyone said his head must have turned when they found out who was the new master, an' indeed, no one was thankful to him for sellin' his fine old home to a bitter Orangeman."

"What harm if he was even a religious man in his own kind of belief, if he had one; but he hasn't an' goes nowhere on a Sunday, though there's a Protestant church just a bit beyond his gates, an' plenty room in it for above a hundred, although the minister has only four people along with the clerk an' his wife to be preachin' to, or whatever they does inside."

"God is more powerful than all the Atway Troopers in the world," says I when she was finished talkin'.

"An' who knows but between this an' Sunday—it was of a Saturday night we were speakin'—the Mass Path might be open again, with His Holy help?"

"Soon after that I went to my room, an' after sayin' my few prayers an' the Rosary, I went to bed as I had an early mornin' before me an' plenty to see about gettin' a good piece for my stall an' all the rest of it."

"When I was goin' to Mass in the mornin' who should I see comin' along toward the church but a big black-lookin' man with a terrible frown on him an' a ridin'-whip in his hand an' he givin' every eye at the people goin' in, as if he'd like to use the whip on them if he dared. I didn't expect to see one with a face like his goin' into the house of God; but, quare thing that it was, in he went, an' passin' me out where I was kneelin' at the back, went into a seat half-way up the church and sat down. 'Twasn't right of me, I know, but I couldn't help givin' a look at him every now and then as the Mass went on to see if he'd kneel down; but never a kneel! He sat down the whole time, and moreover, what made me put him down to be after losin' his senses, he kept his hat on his head as well."

"I met Johnny Maher a few minutes after I came out, an' the two of us went down to the little corner by the west wall of the church, where there was a good sheltered spot for us to put up our stalls, an' we marked them an' went back to our breakfasts then. As we were goin' away I asked Johnny did he notice the man with the ridin'-whip that sat down all the time in church an' kept his hat on like that, an' he stopped an' looked at me."

"Didn't you hear who he was?" he asked me.

"Indeed I didn't I answered him, for I was in such a hurry to see me own affairs that I didn't stop to ask strangers any questions."

"Well, then, Kate Madigan, he might be after makin' things very interestin' for your business, an' you not to know anythin' about it, not to mind the injury he's doin' thryin' in his mane way to do the Catholic religion by closin' the right of way that the people of these parts had since Cromwell's day to their Sunday's Mass an' the holy exercises of the mission. That was Atway Trooper, the man that closed the Mass Path this week so that the people of Clonmona and Clasheragh could neither go to Mass nor the mission except the well-off-ones that have their own time of their own cars, an' even only some of them same will be able to go, the way things are with the long round of the roads on them."

"I know all about that, Johnny," I said. "But if that was him, what took him into the church above? Twasn't the way he became a convert, anyway, from his way and he inside there?"

"Most likely impudence an' curiosity; an' I wouldn't be surprised either if he had an iday that some one of the men might tackle him for bein' so ignorant as to wear his hat in our church, an' then he'd have an excuse for doin' what he'd be glad to have a chance of doin', givin' some of us a taste of the whip."

"Maybe you're right, but I'm thinkin' the man isn't right in his mind," I said.

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After that I went into my lodgin' to have a cup of tea after the mornin', and then I went down again to the church, where Johnny and me self helped each other to put up our two stalls.

"I think I'll put out a few of them pictures of the Sacred Heart that I got for the women's retreat at Derygort awhile back," I said to Johnny Maher. "I sold a lot of them that time, an' I'm sure I'll be able to part with what's left of them here. An' that reminds me, I promised to give you a dozen of them instead of a few Blessed Sacrament beads until me own ones come on to me. I won't get them before Monday, I'm afraid."

"I nearly forgot about them," said Johnny.

"After a minute or two he gave me the little beads, an' I gave him the roll of pictures and one in a fine gilt frame to entice the people to buy. Not that any devout person would want more than a look at the face of that picture to make him want to have it. I never saw any picture so lovin'-lookin', an' I always sold a dale of them. I kept another few for myself, an' I was puttin' one in front of the other with things on my stall in readiness for the mornin' sermon, when I heard a voice at my stall sayin'—

"Where did you get that picture?" an' who should be there but the black-lookin' man of the mornin'—Atway Trooper.

"In Dublin, sir," I answered him, civily enough.

"'Til buy it," he said, and then, "How much?"

"One and sixpence, sir, without the frame," I began, but he stopped me, his two hard black eyes runnin' over with tears.

"I don't want the frame," he said roughly. "It's the picture; it has the face of a boy of mine, my son that died in America. That'll do. Roll it up."

"Well then, sir, if you had a son with a face like that, your own heart must be a kind one, an' I'm sure it isn't thrue that the people are tellin' me—that you won't let the Clonmona parishioners nor the people from Clasheragh go through your place to hear God's word. The father of a son with a face like that wouldn't do it, I'm sure."

"Take your money and give me the picture. Stop, though. What's this printed here?"

"He took out a pair of spectacles at that and, unrollin' the picture, read in a kind of whisper: 'Jesus, meek and humble of heart, make my heart like unto thine.' He shook his head sorrowfully at that, rolled the picture again and, without another word, turned away."

"Johnny Maher was like a stone image with astonishment for he was listenin' an' lookin' on all the while Atway Trooper was dealin' with me."

"God sent the picture may soften his heart. Maybe the poor man had his own thrials," said Johnny, an' it turned out that he was right for the next mornin' the priest gave out that the Mass path was open again.

"The woman where I was lodgin' told me all about it, for a niece of hers was working under Atway Trooper's housekeeper at Rossreennan, an' she was tellin' her the story after Mass. It appears that the Troopers were always a bigoted family, and when the youngest and favorite son became an artist and went to Italy to learn paintin' he was converted to our religion, praise be to God. An' not alone that, but he became a priest an' went on the American mission an' his Superior, who was given to paintin' holy pictures, put his face on a picture of the Sacred Heart some time before he died, an' there were copies of it goin' about the world, but the Protestant boy, who was after discoverin' his boy long years before, never saw one of these until the Lord put it into his head to notice the one on my stall the very night, he told the priests after, that he had a mind to set fire to the church because he hated Catholics so much—moreover, on account of his son becomin' one an' leavin' him to become a priest."

"He showed the picture to his housekeeper when he went to Rossreennan that night, for she was ever and always with the Troopers since she was a girl, an' remembered the boy that became a priest well."

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All she could say when she looked at it was: "This is a Catholic picture, sir. But isn't it Mr. Roger all out—if he was in heaven."

"Where else is he? How dare you think he isn't? he asked her, an' with that he walked out again an' down to the presbytery, as bowled as brass, an' asked for the Parish Priest."

"He wanted to know all about whether his son was in heaven accordin' to Catholics, and then—if it would be too late for himself to try to go there, too. In a week he was a good Catholic, an' thankin' God for it."

"Well, 'tis easy to guess the rest. That bowld black-lookin' man became as quiet as a little child, an' many a prayer I offer up for him that he may have a happy end, for he made many a one happy that was sad at first at the closin' and the openin' of the Mass Path.—Catholic Fireside."

PARDON'S THE WORD TO ALL

By Rev. C. Menais, D. D., in The Tablet

Shakespeare puts this jeweled phrase in the mouth of the mythical King Cymbeline. Had he never coined another sentence, these radiant poetic words, aglow with the fire of charity would have crowned him with the halo of immortality. They are the key to the plot of the play. They are more. They are the master-key that could unlock the gates of the earthly paradise where all men would live in fraternal peace and enjoy the blissful forestate of the better Paradise, over whose portals are graven in letters of gold: "Pardon's the word to all."

This high-souled poetic thought is the melodious echo of the angel's hymn, "Peace on earth to men of good will," which makes vocal the breath of the infant Saviour, on His Virgin Mother's lap, in the stable of Bethlehem. He came, not to wage war, or to avenge world old wrongs, but to sweeten the air of the world, with the promise of peace and pardon to all who would hear and heed Him.

The message and the mission of Christ, begun in Bethlehem, did not end on Calvary. It is universal in time and place, for all men everywhere. The message of Christ delivered through His Church, is one and the same with the message which fell upon the ears of the farmers and fishermen on the hills, and the lake shores of Galilee long ago. "He that heareth you, heareth Me; he that despiseth you, despiseth Me." There has not been and there shall not be a day nor place where these words, spoken of His Church, are not pointedly and poignantly true.

The confessional, the tribunal of mercy, could be fittingly adorned with the motto: "Pardon's the word to all." But the priest, personally has neither right nor power to dispense pardon. Officially, that is, acting as Christ's delegate, he exercises Christ's power. Christ speaks through him: "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven," (by Me.)

How gloriously consistent is the attitude of our Lord to poor sinners. When He spoke physically, He said: "Father forgive them. When He speaks officially, through the priest's lips, He says: "Go in peace thy sins are forgiven thee."

Magdalene and good thieves, Pauls and Publicans, without number have gone to Heaven through the gate of pardon, after stooping through the lowly door of the confessional. These blessed portals of peace are open like the outstretched arms of our Saviour on the Cross, repeating everywhere the consoling, eternal message of the Crucified: "Pardon's the word to all." The sweet flower of mercy is not indigenous here below. Heaven is its native health. Though exotic here it may be, as it has often been successfully cultivated. The fragrant odor of that divine flower can draw the angels down, and make them fraternize with men.

The story of David's military prowess is familiar, but the nobler story of his magnanimous refusal to avenge himself on Saul, his jealous, implacable enemy, is less frequently referred to. David attuned his soul to heavenly harmony when he composed his divine psalms. He made articulate the highest, divinest longings of the human heart. There was silence in Heaven when he sang of the bridal of the earth and sky. But the divinest psalm he ever wrote is jarring discord, compared to the Christ-like words of pardon with which he forgave his would-be murderer Saul. If his psalms make him immortal, his mercy makes him divine.

"The quality of mercy is not strain'd; It droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest: it blesseth him that gives and him that takes. 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: It becomes the throned monarch better than his crown."

When David returned from the defeat of Goliath and the Philistines, the women came out of all the cities of Israel, singing and dancing to meet King Saul, with timbrels of joy and corsets. And they sang as they played and said: Saul slew his thousands and David his ten thousands. And Saul was exceeding angry and this word was

displesing in his eyes, and he said: They have given David ten thousands, and to me they have given but a thousand. . . . And Saul did not look on David with a good eye from that day forward. The green-eyed monster of jealousy obsessed him and bred the demon of murder in his heart. He could not taste happiness till he had slain David. Providence not only protected David, but put the life of Saul into his hands. David graciously spared his life, and when Saul fell by his own hand, David's sorrow inspired a dirge like the lamentation of Jesus over the doomed city of Jerusalem:

"Tell it not in Geth. Publish it not in the streets of Ascalon. Lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice. Ye mountains of Gebloe. Let neither dew nor rain come upon you. For there was cast away the shield of the valiant. The shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil."

The force of divine magnanimity could no further go. Jealousy and the whispering tongues that poison truth, deform and degrade friends into enemies. And though to be wroth with those we love, doth work like madness in the brain, the epidemic of calumny grows and feeds fat on the beauty of human souls. 'Tis true, 'tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true, 'Most of the rancor that gnaws the human heart is the spawn of calumny and jealousy. The victims by the grace of God can smile and grow—as the air invulnerable. "Take up your cross and follow Me," who felt the sting of lying tongues sharper than the hissing scourge on my back and who prayed for my calumniators: "Father forgive them." Though wronged and cheated, though one's noblest deeds be set down as blackest crimes, the magnanimous soul of God will soar like an eagle above the dank fogs of revenge and say: "Pardon's the word to all!"

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NEW "PROTESTANT REFORMATION"

Wilfrid Parsons, S. J., in America. It is surely to be regretted that just at the holy season of Christmas, the Protestant Episcopal Church should be torn with sudden dissension on the subject, of all things, of the Virgin Birth of Christ. On the Third Sunday of Advent Dr. Leighton Parks dramatically took off his vestments and proclaimed reason, as one paper put it. Dr. Guthrie has for several Sundays past conducted "services" which are frankly pagan in thought, word and deed. Dr. Grant, whose denial of the Divinity of Christ is notorious, agrees with Dr. Parks. Dr. Karl Reiland reaffirms his own particular position of independence of his Bishop. The Unitarians rejoice and hold out a friendly hand. On the same day Dr. Barry doubtless "said Mass" at St. Mary's and the Living Church, which came out a day later, restated the traditional Episcopalian position that denial of the Virgin Birth disqualifies a minister of the Church. To an outsider it looks as if whatever unity the Episcopal Church had is gone. Even the limits of its generous inclusiveness" have proved too strait.

Though the lid blew off with startling suddenness, the pot has been coming to a boil for a long time. The particular occasion for this latest of the periodical crises in this sect, was the pastoral letter of sixty Bishops on November 16, in which they unanimously declared that belief in the Creed and the Virgin Birth is essential for membership in their Church. They even went so far as to publish this declar-

ation to the world in an edict that seemed to have some stiffness in it, and the news of the consequent rebellion broke out all over the front pages of the newspapers, of the scandal and sorrow of sincere and simple Christians. For the first time in a long while on heard religion discussed in, the New York subway.

What is it all about? The newspaper reader knows it is a "fight to a finish" between the Modernists and the Fundamentalists. One paper calls it a new Protestant Reformation. One hears vaguely that the Modernists is the party of freedom and progress and the Fundamentalists that of tradition and reaction. The Modernists, as their name implies, make an appeal to the spirit of the age, to progress, to the results of science, and assert that new truths are constantly being revealed by God's Spirit in the Church. It seems to matter little to them that the "new truths" are merely old denials, that the progress they want is away from results solidly achieved, that science cannot discover the higher truths, that the age is in need precisely of more Christianity, not of a Christianity whittled down by ever new denials, to ever less and less of Christ's own religion. The enticing call of novelty will disturb and unsettle a generation that is accustomed to believe that what is new is good and what is "scientific" is true.

The Fundamentalists look on Christianity as a system, with the Trinity, the Incarnation and the Atonement as the central essential points, and they look on the denial of any of these points as an attempt to destroy the very system itself. And finally they see, as we do, that denial of the Virgin Birth is merely another word for denial of the Divinity of Christ and the rest of the Christian system. To the Fundamentalist, the Modernist, whatever he may call himself, is certainly not a Christian.

It has been made to appear that this struggle is for "liberty of conscience." That is certainly a slogan that ought to appeal to every good American, especially to those who do not know what it means. And as a matter of fact, we find the Fundamentalists, through the Bishops, trying to dictate to the others what they must hold in matters of doctrine. We find Modernists proclaiming their freedom, and the right of each one to follow the lead of his reason, whatever any man may command him to believe. But the root of the matter is, as was pointed out in these columns on September 8, that there is no real fundamental difference between the two parties. They stand on common ground. Each party starts from the same principle, a principle that not only destroys the stand of the other party but is self-destructive as well. It is the fundamental principle of Protestantism itself.

What is that principle? It has been variously described as the "right of private judgment," "free interpretation of the Bible," "freedom of conscience." Using this principle the first Protestants threw off the authority of the Church to which they belonged, but retained in a sense the authority of the Bible and of a creed. The new Protestants, using the same principle, have thrown over the authority of the Churches to which they belong, and that of the Bible and the creed as well. The Fundamentalists are striving to cling to doctrines which the first Protestants retained from the old Church. The new Protestants, the "liberals," are throwing away those doctrines, too; but this is the point, in doing that they are merely true to Protestantism. One might be tempted to say that the Modernists are the only true and logical Protestants. They see that there was no real reason for stopping at the first process of throwing over the old dogmas, and they are simply continuing that process to its predestined end. We today are merely assisting at a phenomenon which has reproduced itself all along the course of history, the progressive dissolution of the Protestant sects into ever new and smaller divisions. This dissolution is inherent in Protestantism itself. It arises from the fundamental principle of Protestantism, held by Fundamentalists and Modernists alike.

But there is something more sinister in these incidents than that. The Modernists brought up in Protestantism, have at last revealed to the light of day what always was at the bottom of the Protestant doctrine of private judgment applied to the religion of Christ. This principle, which has divided and subdivided Protestantism, is now seen to be what Catholics always claimed it to be, and what Kant in his philosophy proclaimed it to be, namely, the supremacy of the human reason over Divine Revelation, and the consequent denial of all supernatural truth. From this specter, which has always haunted Protestantism, and is now revealed clearly to men's eyes, the Protestant Bishops recoiled in horror and they attempted to exorcise it. The Modernists in their turn pointed out that in doing this the Bishops had exceeded their powers in seeking to impose by authority certain doctrines on a sect which by definition has a right to its own judgment on those very doctrines, that conservative men see what that principle leads to, the denial

of Christianity itself, they are alarmed. But one cannot have the cake and eat it, too; either each one is free in these matters, and then there is no Revelation, or the Christian is not free to believe what he likes, and then there is no Protestantism. In defying the authority of the Bishops, the Modernists have done the world a service. They have shown it what the Protestant principle, logically carried out, must come to. It is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole system.

If the Christian religion is a Revelation from God, it must come to us on authority that derives from Christ who made the Revelation. To assert that man must accept only what human reason can find out for and by itself, is of course to deny that we can know anything on authority, and thus to deny the revealed truths of Christianity. It is true that human reason has proved that a Divine Revelation is possible and can be known by men, and there precisely the whole Modernist position falls down. It is our reason, based on the historical facts, that brings us to see that a Revelation was actually made by Christ. Sound modern criticism science guides and fortifies this process. But after we find where that Revelation is and what it is, our reason is transcended. It is precisely the function of a Revelation to tell us what reason cannot find out for itself. The point of it all is this: we can know what that Revelation is only from a Divine Revelation, furnished with credentials by Christ, the test of the reason. But it is precisely that Divine authority which both the Modernists and the Fundamentalists have rejected. It is the same authority which keeps the Catholic Church one, holy, Catholic and apostolic. It is the presence of the Holy Spirit, infallibly guiding the successors of the Apostles, which has kept Christ's Revelation intact.

THE SACREDNESS OF MARRIAGE

The frivolous character of our age manifests itself particularly in its frequent attacks upon that which is most fundamental and essential in social life. Marriage is made the object of solemn attack by sociologists and scientists; it is made the butt of sneering ridicule by popularizers of knowledge and it is unscrupulously trifled with by legislators and by our courts. Thus it has come about that this momentous act is no longer regarded with the seriousness which the occasion demands, but is looked upon as a romantic adventure or a thrilling experiment, to be quitted for a time if the boredom of existence. This way of thinking is bringing society to the brink of ruin and becoming a menace to our civilization. With regard to the question of marriage, men and women must again learn to realize their grave responsibility and to think in terms of duty rather than in terms of selfish gratification and mere pleasure. Where marriage is subordinated to individual caprice, it has neither permanence nor stability and hideous divorce becomes the rule.

The instability of marriage threatens the home. Now, with the home, both the true progress and the happiness of mankind are intimately wrapped up. The home constitutes the cell in the social organism, and, accordingly, the health of the society depends upon the condition of the home. If a disease were to destroy the cells in our body, the complete disintegration of life would be inevitable. The same thing holds true of the social organism; if its cells break down, the whole organism will fall into dissolution. Every one plainly sees that unstable marriages make unstable homes, and unstable homes make an unstable society. The loss of happiness through the breaking up of the home is enormous. Nothing has yet been discovered by humanity capable of yielding such happiness as the home. It is a socialistic contention that other arbitrary institutions can take over the functions of the home and carry them on in a proper manner. The claim is so utterly devoid of sense that no further refutation is required. It is belied by the deepest convictions of the human race which has always associated true happiness with the home and pitied those who by some sad misfortune have been deprived of the shelter and the comforts of a home. Instability of marriage robs mankind of happiness, peace and contentment.

Only the permanent marriage is sanctioned by all that is noble and elevated in man. Divorce appeals only to sordid selfishness and sensuality. These however, cannot be made the norms of human conduct, because thus would be completely effaced the essential difference between man and the brute creation. It is a mockery of love to say that it is naturally of a transitory character and that it is essentially fickle. Love can be made eternal and it is the duty of those joined in holy wedlock to make it immortal. The trouble is that many think that love must take care of itself and that it is bound to survive without any effort on their part. This is a mistake. Love must be cultivated and not be allowed to die of inanition, as it is permitted, in many marriages, to do. In the same manner, happiness must not be expected to come automatically by the mere fact of being

married. It is a thing that must be striven for and that must be achieved by mutual adaptation and by the practice of self-control and self-sacrifice. A happiness that has been achieved by deliberate efforts is of a higher order and of greater intensity than that which has been bestowed by some fortunate circumstance over which we have no control. Those who take this view of marriage will find that the first glow of happiness with which they entered upon their married life does not fade; but that on the contrary, it takes on a richer touch of color and a more congenial warmth as they advance in age and grow in mutual appreciation and sympathetic understanding.

The argument of incompatibility of temperament advanced against the permanence of marriage is in reality no argument at all. Absolute harmony of disposition, as an initial state is neither to be expected nor to be desired. It is not to be desired, because it would make all efforts at self-control unnecessary; and marriage would have no meaning as an educational institution. It is not to be expected as an initial state, but to be sought as a goal. Congeniality is not a gratuitous gift thrown into the lap of those who are joined in matrimony. It is the result of voluntary adaptation. It is something that must be worked for and that is obtained only after years of heroic self-sacrifice. It is not a happy accident, but a splendid achievement of sustained moral effort and deliberate purpose. The common life gradually develops this mutual adjustment and harmonious congeniality, which, when finally brought about, will be a source of happiness that cannot be surpassed in this world. It follows that, whether marriage will be a splendid success or a dismal failure, depends upon no lucky chance, but upon the good, or bad, will of the contracting parties.—Catholic Standard and Times.

PROVING

Easy with breaths of duty fair To pay a worthy gift to God; To weave the wish and speed the prayer While stays the storm and spares the rod. Not this that proves thy metal true But courage in the bitter day. When clouds have swallowed all the blue And pain stalks threatening in the way. Forbid thy craven heart to weep, Compel thy soul to meet the pain; And bear unblenching up the steep, To drive thy stumbling heart and brain! —CARDINAL NEWMAN

A STORY APPLIED

All are familiar, I dare say, with the story of Androcles and the lion, a story that is well authenticated. Androcles, who was a slave, fled from his cruel master and buried himself in the forest. One day a lion approached him and, with piteous moans, held up his paw, which was swollen with corruption. Androcles, at once interpreting the cause of the lion's pain, extracted the thorn and thus relieved the suffering beast. The lion manifested his joy and gratitude frisking about and, at last, crouching at Androcles' feet. His gratitude and affection did not stop here. He began to share his prey with his benefactor. Some time after, Androcles was recaptured and condemned to be devoured by wild beasts. Imagine the astonishment of the spectators assembled about the arena when they saw the hungry lion, which proved to be the forest companion of Androcles, after bounding toward his intended victim, instead of seizing and devouring him, gambolled about him and, in every possible manner, manifested his joy on meeting again his benefactor. O what a lesson this king of the forest teaches us all! When we were groaning under the weight of our iniquities, our Saviour God drew the poison of sin from our heart at the sacrifice of His own life. He healed our wounds with His own Precious Blood. "He was wounded for our iniquities. He was bruised for our sins." He died that we might live. He became a slave that we might be free. How do we repay Him? Like the lion, we are seized by the cravings of hunger. Our hunger is ambition. Our hunger is anger. Our hunger is lust and avarice. Angels look on as spectators, to record the issue of our passion. We rush into the arena. We are met by our Divine Benefactor who shows us the Wounds He has received for us. He appeals to our gratitude. Our passions appeal to our personal gratification. We sacrifice our Benefactor to our hungry concupiscence. Gratitude gives way to appetite. We "crucify again the Son of God, and make Him a mockery." "Go to the ant, thou sluggard," says the Wise Man, "and . . . learn wisdom." He could say, likewise: "Go to the dumb beast, thou ingrate, and learn gratitude to thy Redeemer." —Cardinal Newman.

You must accustom yourself to seek Him with the simplicity of a child, with a tender familiarity and a confidence to so loving a Father. —Fenelon.

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BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOUY, D. D.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY

THE SANCTITY OF MARRIAGE

"At the time of these wedding in Cana of Galilee; and the Mother of Jesus was there. (John 11, 1.)

The very presence of Jesus was sanctifying; no one in any sense disposed toward grace could be near Him and not come under His influence. The attractiveness of Jesus brought souls to Him in all their purity; in fact, it was only the pure, and those who, though once stained, were repentant, that were attracted by Him. The wicked, at the time He walked the earth, as today, scoffed at Him and approached Him only from wicked motives. For this reason they neither gained His favor nor received His sanctifying grace. No one can be an enemy of God and receive His divine grace while continuing in sin. There must be a complete change before grace can abide with the sinner; for it expels sin as the sun does darkness.

But Christ by His presence did not sanctify people only; for places and things were sanctified by Him as well. What places are more hallowed today than the scenes of Christ's life and passion? What earthly object is more sanctified than the cross upon which He died? We see the effect of the power He instilled in things, especially in the sacraments. In all of them there is something material, some visible sign which, when placed as ordered by Him, is the means of life-giving grace flowing into our souls. In the Gospel of this Sunday, the Fathers are wont to see an instance of the sanctifying presence of Jesus at a wedding-feast. By His presence at this marriage, the contract received a sacredness which He had pronounced belongs to it. And it was not this marriage alone that He sanctified, but all Christian marriages.

Marriage was not a sacrament in the Old Law. Nay, it even had lost its primal sanctity. God permitting exceptions to the rule He established regarding it, because of the wickedness and hardness of heart of so many of the people. But this lenient permission of God in the case of marriage, as in many other customs and ceremonies of the Old Law, was not to last. When the fulness of time would have come, marriage would not only be made as it was in the beginning, but it would receive an additional dignity—it would become a sacrament. This work Christ was to perform, and He clearly made it known that He did so, and indicated evidently, that it must be monogamic. The husband and wife, united in lawful marriage were to be husband and wife as long as they both lived. It was only the death of one that could permit another marriage of the other. There would be times perhaps when they would separate—specifically if one of the parties were guilty of adultery—but neither of the parties could enter into a new marriage as long as both were alive. Nothing but death severs the ties of matrimony—a union that God has made and sanctified—"what God has joined together let no man put asunder."

Alas, how much the world has separated from this law of God, and set up one of its own! What city is without its divorce courts, where men and women daily attempt to sever the links that God has eternally welded? We cannot exactly blame these courts for their existence; but we must blame the people who have brought it about that their presence is required. Upon what slight complaints and petty grievances of the one and the other these sacred ties are pronounced broken! What a mockery to have said to take each other for better or for worse! Above all—and this is the greatest of all divorce evils—what a defiance of God's law, that law that is wise, that is eternal! What a disobedience to His commands!

The principal ends in matrimony are mutual help and the procreation of children. The possibilities of a divorce proceeding destroys them. Rather than mutual help, we see disgusting egotism; rather than the procreation and education of children, we see marriage used for the lowest end man and woman can propose to themselves, and children roaming the world parentless and homeless. It has gone to such extremes in many cases that not even the existence of angelic little ones—the rich fruit of a union—will hold man and wife together. The home is being replaced by a room in a hotel or a little quarter in an apartment house. And, unfortunately, the lesser the homes, the greater the crimes! Would that the family hotel were a true word. We must not be skeptical of all bearing this name, but there is poison in the combination. Divorce has brought about this about as it bids fair to play yet greater havoc among people.

Certainly, humanly speaking, incompatibility sometimes exists, but it is not an instantaneous production. In almost all cases it existed when the marriage vows were pronounced; that it comes about afterward is nothing more than a manifestation of its presence. Mutual help is the parasite to its very existence. Where there is egotism, there is marriage stripped of all its qualities, or marriage

should be of compatibilities and not of foolish future expectations. They who marry their kind, for the real ends of marriage, will never know there is such a word as compatibility in the language, at least, from experience.

But how is one to know his or her kind? It is to be learned from the laws of the Church. Every Catholic is acquainted, or should be, with the chapter in the Baltimore Catechism on matrimony. There the wisdom of the Church—greater than which no other exists—is set before those considering marriage. The Church, too, is speaking with the experience of almost two thousand years to her credit. The Church predicted the only preservation of the home, and the Church today is the only preserver of the home. She has seen all the incompatibilities of today, the compatibilities of yesterday, and she is seeing them yet where God's grace is present. The Church alone puts before people the ends for which they marry. Will you doubt that, if people married from the proper motives and with the right ends in view, there would be no divorces? Must you not admit that day after day, by the hundreds, couples are marrying at an age when a bud that would otherwise some day blossom is spoiled forever? You need not call it crime. Call it imprudence if you will. But we may ask, who is to blame? Alas, in most cases it is the parents! Many of them did likewise. What is to be done? What can be done with a perverse society? Nothing, unless God and His Church be obeyed.

Catholics, fortunately, as a whole, are faithful to the Catholic law. But there are many cases where even they have followed the path of divorce. Of course, where they have done so, they have abandoned the work of their salvation, and defied their mother, the Church. Say what they will, their excuses are vain. Christ, who made the laws of marriage severe and stringent, has given to all who come under them grace sufficient to enable them to obey. In the Old Law, it was different. Marriage, not being a sacrament, had not the grace attached to it that is united to it in the New Law.

Customs of countries and of peoples can never justify Catholics in any divorce proceedings. Such customs, since they are contrary to God's eternal law, cannot lawfully exist. They are a continual defiance of God's wise, eternal legislation, and unless abolished in time will bring a retribution that may call what will remain of man to a realization of his folly. What God has established, man must obey. He is not bound to do so physically, but his moral obligations are eternal. Divorce, if you will; physically speaking you can do so, but God, who united you, holds you yet bound together, and worse of all, will make you render an account for your sin, which is one of the gravest of the grave. But rather than fear have for a motive love of God's law and obedience thereto. Then you will obtain the grace to overcome difficulties even of a married life that is not the most fortunate.

MY RETURN TO THE TRUE FOLD

A TRUE STORY OF CONVERSION BY MONICA

Being orphaned early in life, I was reared by an old fashioned grandmother. A strict Methodist. At the age of nineteen, I married a Catholic. There was some opposition on the part of my people, as we were married by the priest. When my baby came a year later, the question of baptism had been settled by my marriage agreement. My husband was an indifferent Catholic, never attended Mass, and never gave any encouragement in the matter of religion. The first practical Catholic with whom I came in contact was an old lady, my nearest neighbor. If I happened in, while she was saying her Rosary, she paid no attention to me, but finished her devotions without either excuse or embarrassment. Naturally this interested me, particularly as her life measured up to her profession, and this led me to investigate what I had been taught to believe was "a priest-ridden system of ceremony and superstition." Without telling anyone where I was going, I called upon the priest who had married us, and stated my case; several months later I was baptized. It is not my intention to go into detail of my life, but for a period of twenty years I lived a practical Catholic, loving my religion, and practicing its precepts under most discouraging conditions. Conditions which should have drawn me close to the Sacred Heart, but which, unfortunately, I allowed to deprive me of my Faith, and all else that I held dear. I do not wish to excuse what follows, by attaching blame to another, but eventually, after a series of misunderstandings and mistakes I allowed myself to question God's dealing with me; and after the death of my youngest son, and the seeming harshness of those to whom I looked for consolation and sympathy, I, too, became hardened and indifferent and finally left the Church.

My children married out of the Church, and have substituted the Lodge for religion. While not identified with the Church they themselves Protestants. My son is Master Mason of his Lodge. In

February, 1922, my husband, from whom I had long been separated, sickened and died, suddenly. That he should have been given the Sacraments, he had so long ignored, and died with thoughts of God, and repentance in his heart, duly impressed me, although I would not admit it, I realized that no other Church would have been such a tender mother to a wayward child.

In my Church relationship, I was respected and looked up to, taking part in its various activities, but never quite content, always seeking something satisfying and permanent. I studied my Bible, but could not agree with what others found in it. That the Virgin Mother became a natural mother, always called forth a deep protest in my heart. That divorce and re-marriage were compatible with Bible teaching, or Christian living, was absolutely impossible of belief to me. As house superintendent of a hospital, I came in close personal contact with followers of many creeds—Christian Science, Theosophy, Russellism, Mormonism, Adventists, as well as the evangelistic churches, the Episcopal Church which, with a divided Ritual, calls itself Catholic—all claiming to be right and quoting one common authority—the Bible. These facts set me thinking, and I withdrew from church membership in that City of Confusion, Protestantism.

The only people who died all were Catholic. The most patient and resigned were Catholic, and all of this made its impression upon me. Also the manner in which the priests ministered to those pitiful cancer cases, which are so offensive and hard to care for, which the Christian workers from the Protestant churches rarely visit.

With others I planned, about the first of last December, to attend the Midnight Mass at Christmas. About a week or ten days before Christmas I met a priest in a railroad station, whom I had known years ago. After the greetings were over I said, "You know, Father, that I am no longer a Catholic." He replied, "No, I do not know that; I have heard it, but do not believe it." He asked me if I ever said my Rosary and I told him that "Presbyterians did not use a Rosary, but a Bible." In an instant came the question, "Where did you get it?" I never have had anything strike me so forcibly. After I reached my room I sat down and made a thorough examination of my life. The result was a letter to the Reverend Father telling him all about the events and conditions that had hardened my heart. How I had often wished for the consolation of the Confessional, but had lost all belief in the Real Presence in the Sacrament of the Altar. I admitted that I was unhappy and dissatisfied. The answer to that letter was a call from Father, coming some distance, from another town. He talked it all over with me. Told me just where I had failed and why. Before leaving he said he would send me a Rosary. I told him I would promise to keep it but I would not promise to say it. I also told him that if I could again believe in the Real Presence I would return to the Church, regardless of what it might cost me. He promised to remember me in his prayers and told me to say from my heart, "Lord, open my eyes," which I did frequently.

A few days before Christmas the mail brought my Rosary. I immediately became possessed with a desire to use it. Before night I had said the fifteen mysteries and have never missed a day since. At Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve I said my Rosary on my knees, asking for the gift of Faith and before Mass was over I was honest. I wrote the good news to Father and under his direction, by prayer and visits to the Blessed Sacrament, made preparation to return to my Father's House—I faced loss of children, position, friends, and that side of it looked dark. On the other side was the consciousness of duty, of God's ever ruling power, with the words of Jesus continually in my ears. "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me, is not worthy of me," and also "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?" Oh what exchange shall a man give for his soul? Four of my very intimate friends reconstituted with me in no uncertain terms, when they learned of the anticipated step, but to each I made the same reply: "When you know what you are talking about, I will gladly discuss the matter with you, but I absolutely refuse to talk with people who are not only bigoted, but ignorant. If I wish to know the character of a person I interview his friends, not his enemies. When you investigate the teachings of the Church from a Catholic source, you will understand what now seems inexplicable. I will gladly help any honest seeker of the truth, but I will not be insulted nor allow the Church to be maligned, not even from those I love."

My children protested, my daughter less emphatically than my son, who wrote me a heart-rending letter, in which he said, "I should prefer my infant daughter to remember her grandmother as a member of the Salvation Army rather than a Catholic," and also, "I would rather see you laid away than to return to the Catholic Church." My reply was that dearly as I loved him and his family, I loved God

more, and must do what I knew to be right, and that I would never again visit his home unless by his request. In reply to what his "brother Mason" would think of my Master Mason with a Catholic mother," I assured him that one thing they would never think or say was that his mother was either a hypocrite or a coward. My letter has never been answered. Being human, all of these things hurt, but the compensation has exceeded all seeming loss.

On the first anniversary of my husband's burial I was received into the Catholic Church, and a heart at peace is a priceless possession. Of my friends, one has remained loyal. When I have time off duty I visit Our Lord in the Tabernacle. On several occasions when she has wished me to spend my afternoon with her, I have explained that after my visit I would meet her. She asked me if she could go with me, and, of course, I gladly consented. I have never asked her to go with me, never mentioned the subject of religion to her, but I stormed Heaven with prayers for her conversion. A few weeks ago she came to me asking what I meant by the "Real Presence," which I most gladly explained; she admitted that from the first she had been conscious of an atmosphere in the Catholic Church never met with elsewhere; she also said she was very much upset, and attributed her unrest to my prayers. At her request I gave her Father Scott's book, "God and Myself," and the "Question Box," following them up with "Rebuilding a Lost Faith." She then decided she would like to be instructed for baptism. I gladly introduced her to one of God's priests, a saintly man who I knew would be able to help her, and when this is before your eyes on the printed page she will have had the great joy of being her sponsor. She insists that my attitude and example have been the cause of her conversion. It seems very wonderful that God should have chosen one so unworthy and proves what He can do with old rusty instruments once they are yielded to His Will. I have written this in obedience to the request of the Vicar-General of the Diocese where I belong. His tender sympathy and understanding as well as his priestly ministry made my home a very wonderful place. I am now helping another discouraged one—to lead a prodigal home, or to warn the careless Catholic, and bring to him renewed faith and devotion, I shall feel well repaid for the effort it has cost me. May the dear Sacred Heart use it for His glory and for the glory of the Holy and Apostolic Church.

WORTH REPEATING

Nearly a century ago when Archbishop John Hughes of New York lost his fight at Albany for State help for parochial schools, he returned to his people and told them to build a school near every church. And now the new Archbishop of Baltimore reiterates the words of advice; he even goes further in his insistence on the necessity of schools.

"Where there is a doubt," said the new Archbishop, directly addressing his priests, "as to which we will erect a stately church or a spacious school—let us have no hesitation in making our choice; the school."

"The battles of the past were fought on the fields of dogma. Out of the fray came the Church with the teaching of Jesus Christ, pure as it was in the catacomb days. The field has been left to her. The battles of the future will be fought on the fields of education."

"I need not tell you that if we of the Faith are to save our children to their religion, if we are to instill into their young lives moral principles that will stand them in good stead in life's fight, if we are to make them worthy of their citizenship in the Church of God and in this republic, then we must see to it that close to the church stands a Catholic school."—The Monitor.

IN THE COMING YEAR

SUPPOSE WE TRY TO BE MORE CONSIDERATE TOWARD OTHERS

Standing in the doorway of the New Year we wonder, as we look into the future, what it has in store for us. Perhaps it is well that we can only wonder. It is in kindness to us that Providence hides what the future holds. Yet we are after all not entirely in the dark. We know that 1924 will be very much what we make it. If we firmly resolve in our own hearts and purpose in our minds that we will do our best to make the year happy for ourselves and for others, we can go far. If our lives are in accord with God's law we will harm none, deal honestly with all, be kind and considerate of others, lighten their burdens, cheer and encourage them in trials—then, the New Year will be filled with blessings for us that come as virtue's own reward.

It is not impossible for most of us to advance in virtue during the coming year. We can overcome many faults of character that are a source of much unhappiness. We can, for instance, cultivate a cheerful disposition, and strive always to avoid a grouch. We can be more considerate of our neighbors, more

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willing to do others a good turn, less prone to transgress the laws of God. It is not necessary to make many resolutions. To attempt quietly to correct the little mistakes will count as well. It will be a real charity to consider them. It will be a charity, too, that begins at home. Suppose we try treating others there with more consideration. Suppose children try to show themselves worthy of all the care and cost that their parents have lavished on them. Suppose those who are "united in matrimony" try to bear one another's shortcomings more pa-

tiently. Suppose the husband try to show a little more consideration for his helpmate in life. Suppose the wife try to be somewhat more affectionate toward her husband. Couldn't we be a trifle less selfish or impatient in our dealings with others in the family circle? Couldn't we make life less burdensome and more joyous for others. It seems that we could. Suppose we try it, but try earnestly.

Here is the secret of the season: in seeking the happiness of others we will find happiness ourselves, and surely then it will be for us a happy New Year.—The Echo.

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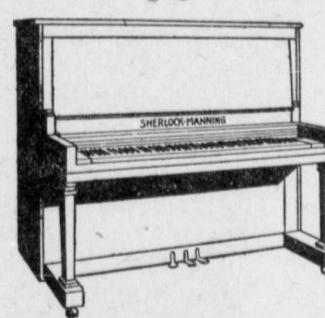
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Sore Throat



It aches and throbs with pain. The tonsils are so swollen that it hurts to swallow. And the chest feels "as tight as a drum."

If you follow these simple directions, you will feel better—very much better—in a short while. Get a bottle of

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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

Make a gargle of 1 part Absorbine J. to 9 parts of water and use three or four times a day. Also bathe the outside of the throat with full strength Absorbine J. Absorbine J. is simply invaluable for those subject to attacks of sore throat and colds.

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Solve this puzzle and win a C.A.S.I.I. P.R.I.Z.E. There are 6 faces in the picture besides the two Campers. Can you find them? If so mark each one with an X, cut out the picture, and write on a separate piece of paper these words, "I have found all the faces and marked them" and mail same to us with your name and address. In case of ties, handwriting and accuracy will be considered factors. If correct we will advise you by return mail of a simple condition to fulfill. Don't send any money. You can be a prize winner without spending one cent of your money. Send your reply direct to:

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"Her Irish Heritage" is a very creditable piece of work. The characters are so well conceived, and the narrative develops easily and naturally. The story will be acceptable to a large circle.

Price \$1.50
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The Catholic Record
LONDON, CANADA

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

DON'T YOU WORRY TOWN
There's a town called Don't-You-Worry.

On the banks of the River Smile;
Where the Cheer-Up and Be-Happy Blossom sweetly all the while.

Where the Never-Grumble flower Blooms beside the fragrant Fry,
And the Ne'er-Give-Up and Patience.

Point their faces to the sky.
In the valley of Contentment,

In the province of I-Will,
You will find this lovely City
At the foot of No-Fret hill.

There are thoroughfares delightful
In this very charming town,
And on every hand are shade trees
Named the Very-Seldom-Frown.

Rustic benches quiet enticing
You'll find scattered here and there;

And to each a vine clinging
Called the Frequent-Earnest Prayer.

Everybody there is happy,
And is singing all the while.
In the Town of Don't-You-Worry,
On the banks of the River Smile.

—L. J. BARTLETT
OPTIMISM AND SUCCESS
Optimism is the kernel of the nut,

not the shell.
It's the fine traits of your friend,

not his faults.
It is the flowers on the hillside,

not the dead leaves under the snow.
It is the opportunity in your job,

not the grip.
You choose the kind of world you

will live in—and you paint its hue
golden or drab, as you will.
Optimism in a word is the eye of

the soul.
It is the color of your vision that

makes you see the fine beyond
the coarse, the best beyond the worst.

The only Pessimism that may be

justifiable is dissatisfaction with
your own inefficiency. So long as

you have faith in yourself, the
facts around you will justify that

faith.
If you have done your best—for a

day, or a week, or a lifetime—you
have a right to feel your best—for

you are at your best.
The job well done should be the

measure of your hope for the future—
the true mirror in which you see
the world no less than yourself.

For in doing good work you are

creating your own life.—The
Tablet.
THE DEBT WHICH A BOY

OWES TO HIS PARENTS
So you are twenty-one.

And you stand up clear-eyed,
clear-minded, to look all the world

squarely in the face. You are a
man.
Did you ever stop to think, son,

how much it cost to make a man
out of you?
You have cost your father a con-

siderable amount of money, many
hard knocks, and there are as a con-

sequence some gray streaks in his
hair. And your mother—oh, boy

you will never know. You have
cost her days and nights of anxiety,

and wrinkles in her face, and heart-
aches and sacrifices.
It has been expensive to grow

you, but—
If you are worth what we think

you are, you are well worth what it
cost—and much, much more.
Be sure of this: While father

does not say much but "Hello, son,"
way down deep in his tough staunch

heart he thinks you are the finest
ever; and for the little mother she

simply cannot keep her love and
pride for you out of her eyes.
You are a man now. And some

time you must step into your
father's shoes. He, your father, like

you to call him old, but just the
same he isn't so young as he used

to be. You see, young man, he has
been working pretty hard for more

his country, saved his people from
bloody strife and restored to the
nation a measure of prosperity. He

has, moreover, found imitators
in other countries. An utterance
from his lips, consequently, ought

to carry considerable weight with
our contemporaries.
On the occasion of a recent inter-

view, the Premier of Italy has gone
out of his way to pay a compliment

to the Catholic religion. He is
quoted as having said that Catholi-

cism virilizes a people. This from
the man, who in our days is the

most consistent exponent of virile
methods, comes with a degree of

authority. If anybody has the
right to pronounce authentically on

virility, it is the man who has
broken the backbone of a revolution

and who has by the power of his
personality steadied a tottering

throne. The compliment coming
from such a source is not without

meaning.
But aside from any external

authority, there are intrinsic
reasons that bear out the conten-

tion that Catholic training makes
for true manliness and that it

produces a moral texture of the
strongest fibre. The insistence on

self-denial and continual discipline
forges moral stamina of steel-like

temper. The emphasis on never
flagging vigilance trains the Catho-

lic to alertness. The continuous
call to heroic effort creates vast

resources of moral energy that are
available when an emergency should

arise. The Catholic element is,
therefore, a valuable national

asset that stands the country in
good stead both in war and in peace.

—Catholic Standard and Times.
OUR BOYS AND GIRLS
GOING TO BE A NUN

(AN IRISH MOTHER'S FAREWELL TO
HER DAUGHTER)
Child o' mine, you're bent on goin'

An' my thoughts are sweet an' sad;
Never heed if tears be flowin'—

No! the heart o' me is glad!
Sure, I feel it when I ponder

An' the tears come for a while,
But I know that 'way up yonder,

Angels look on you, an' smile,
Child o' mine, child o' mine.

Up there is the Blessed Mother
With her Child, the Son of God—

Sure, we're partin' from each other
Just to tread the path they trod,

Child o' mine.
Oh the face o' you so tender,

An' the shinin' eyes an' hair,
All o' you, so fine an' slender,

Will find sheltered harbor there.
Where the gales o' life beat

faintly
On the big grey convent wall,

An' the nuns, calm-browed an'
saintly,

Heed, like you, God's whispered
call.
Child o' mine, child o' mine.

Sure, He wants you to be makin'
Just the vows His Mother made,

An' the heart might know sad
achin'
If His call was not obeyed,

Child o' mine.
Think o' me when you are prayin'—

Child, the moments will be few
That the wind will not be strayin'

From the work at home to you.
Ah, I know the intercedin'

That will reach God's throne for
me;
Sure, I see you, rapt an' pleadin'

With bowed head an' bended knee,
Child o' mine, child o' mine.

boil! There are sentries for every-
body: the President of the Republic
has four; the General two; the
Colonel one. Surely the good God

is more than they—and not one
sentinel for Him! And what when
I'm off duty, I come to mount

guard before Him. And never was
post more agreeable."
It is a beautiful idea for our

visits to the Most Blessed Sacrament.
—Sentinel of the Blessed
Sacrament.
NICE MANNERS

"Can you write a good hand?"
asked a merchant of a boy who had
applied for a position.

"Yess, was the answer."
"Are you good at figures?"

"Yess."
"That will do; I do not want

you," said the employer curtly.
"Why don't you give the lad a

chance?" remonstrated a friend,
when the applicant for a position
had left the store. "I know him to

be an honest, industrious boy."
"Because," replied the merchant

decisively, "he hasn't learned to
say 'yes, sir' and 'no, sir.' If he

answers me as he did when
applying for a situation, how will

he answer customers after being
here a month?"
There are thousands of young

men today who, like this youth, are
handicapping their efficiency and

queering their chances of success by
their rude manners.
Perhaps nothing besides honesty

contributes so much to a young
man's success in life as a courteous
manner. Other things being equal,

of two persons applying for a position,
the one with the best manners
gets it. First impressions are

everything. A rude, coarse manner
creates an instantaneous prejudice,

closes hearts and bars doors against
us. The language of the face and

the manner are the short-hand of
the mind, easily and quickly read.

Thousands of professional men
without any marked ability have

succeeded in making fortunes by
means of a courteous manner.
Many a physician owes his reputa-

tion and success to the recommenda-
tion of his friends and patients, who

remember his kindness, gentleness,
consideration, and above all, his

politeness. This has been the
experience of hundreds of successful

lawyers, clergymen, merchants,
tradesmen and men of every class
and walk in life.—The Tablet.

HOW TO FACE THE
NEW YEAR
In many respects Christianity has

transformed man's outlook upon
life and given to his whole way of

thinking an entirely new orienta-
tion. This is nowhere more strikingly

evident than in his completely
changed attitude towards time.
Before the advent of Christianity

man lived under the oppressive
spell of the dead past: since its

glorious entry into the world he
lives under the liberating spell of

the living future. As a result of
this fact, the chief characteristic of

the Christian is undaunted resolu-
tion; whereas that of the pagan

was sad resignation. The Christian
is determined to remake this world

and to mold it into a thing of
transcending beauty; the pagan

was satisfied to leave it as it was
for he had no vision of a better

world and no entrancing ideals to
guide his efforts.
Pagan thinking was focused upon

the past and, as an inevitable con-
sequence, the pagan world ended in

stagnation. The golden age, accord-
ing to the non-Christian interpreta-

tion of human history, lay in the
dim past which could not be brought

back, but from which the world

drifted farther away. Consequently,

the relentless march of time

ROYAL YEAST CAKES

Good home-made bread is the finest food on earth—the one food that everybody eats—and that agrees with everybody.



MADE IN CANADA

Such a fundamental change of
attitude is deeply significant and
must have a far-reaching influence
on the whole of life. It makes all

the difference in the world whether

we are looking backward or for-

ward. The future summons us to

action; it urges us onward; it

inspires us to new enterprises, and

calls us to new achievements. But

if we fix our gaze on the past, we

remain frozen and fixed to the spot.

The contemplation of the past

paralyzes; the contemplation of the

future quickens and energizes.

That is the reason why Christian

civilization overflows with activity

and why non-Christian civilization

tends toward stability and rigidity

and finally ends in death. There is

always something exuberant about

Christianity; it is instinct with will

and vitality.
That is the way to face the New

Year. The golden age does not lie

in the past. It is not dead and

gone. It is not forever lost and

irretrievably forfeited. No! It is

coming to life; and it can be won.

The forces that will hasten its

coming are with us. It is our privilege

to utilize them and to co-operate

with them. The more seriously we

work, the nearer do we bring the

kingdom of God. The past may

have been ugly; the present may

be black; but that is no reason why

the future should be ugly and black

also. If we will, we can shape the

future after nobler and finer

patterns. Thus the Christian al-

ways strikes a note of optimism

even in what seem to be the most

hopeless situations. For him time

brings us nearer to the goal and

not farther away from it. The

time-process is not a vain and futile

movement that leads nowhere and

reaches no goal; it is a series of

mighty acts; of God that tend

towards some glorious consumma-

tion.
Herein lies the inspiration of the

Christian and the secret of his eter-

nal hopefulness. All his thoughts

are bent upon the future; for the

kingdom of God, the golden age,

has not yet passed; it is still com-

ing. It may not burst upon us with

all its dazzling splendor in this

year; but still this year is bound

to bring it a little nearer. God is

building His kingdom in the midst

of us and He expects us to co-oper-

ate with Him in His work. If

many hands are busy and many

hearts enthusiastic, we will see it

grow as the years come and go.—

Catholic Standard and Times.
ON CONTROLLING OUR
TONGUES

In the book of Proverbs there

are observations about avoiding

quarrels, and Solomon says: "A

word fitly spoken is like apples of

gold in pictures of silver."
Be discreet in words. Don't

swell upon bygone troubles. Don't

talk of ill health or sickness. Noth-

VIROL has saved thousands of lives



VIROL
This is not a mere claim. It is
authenticated by doctors, who employ
Virol in over three thousand hospitals and
clinics, as well as in their private practice.

Virol is a food apart. It is quite
different to other preparations and often,
when Baby has been "given up" and all
other means have been tried, Virol has
proved to be the one thing which Baby can
assimilate and which can preserve a
precious life.

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ROMAN MEAL
Keeps the family fit

Roman Meal? I should
say so! I never refuse
Roman Meal. Its de-
licious and keeps me
happy, peppy and fit.



Keeps the family fit



"My Back Aches"

IT is not much wonder that the mother
in the home has backaches and head-
aches when you think of the multi-
plicity of work and worries she has from
morning until night and from week to
week.

But pains and aches come from poisons
in the system and if the kidneys and liver
were doing their duty as filters of the
blood the poisoning would not remain
there.

This is why it is usual to blame the
kidneys and the liver for backache, head-
ache, rheumatism etc.

The way to get rid of such pains and
aches, then, is by arousing the action of
the kidneys and liver and this is most
promptly and most certainly done by the
use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

By using this popular medicine you can
usually obtain relief in a few hours.
You will realize then the advisability of
using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills once
or twice a week so as to keep these vital
organs active and ensure that the poison-
ous waste matter is promptly removed
from the system.

In most homes this medicine is kept
constantly on hand for use in case of
emergency. Not a bad idea, is it?

You will notice that while the price of
Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills has been
increased to 35 cents, the box now con-
tains 35 pills instead of 25 as formerly.

Likewise Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is
60 cents a box of 60 pills, instead of 50
cents a box for 50 pills. Edmanson,
Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Advertisement for Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, showing two boxes (Old Box 25 Pills and New Box 35 Pills) and the product name.

OBITUARY

ELIZABETH C. DEWAN

The funeral of Mrs. Elizabeth Costello Dewan was held Wednesday morning, December 19th, from the family residence, Lot 2, concession 8, London Township, to St. Peter's Cemetery. She was born in Caradoc Township, seventy-eight years ago, and has resided in London Township for the last fifty-three years. Mrs. Dewan is survived by her husband, Michael D., and six sons, John of California, Patrick, James, Michael, William and Francis, all of London Township; two daughters, Sister Christina and Sister Raymond, in St. Joseph's Community, London.

Mass was celebrated in St. Michael's Church at 10 o'clock by her nephew, the Rev. Father Costello of St. Thomas, assisted by Father Forster as deacon and Father Tierney as sub-deacon. Services at the grave were conducted by Father Tierney, R. I. P.

The pallbearers were: John Howe, Walter Costello, Thomas Fallon, Thomas Jordan, F. Lewis and W. Costello.

WALTER SCANLAN IS COMING TO GRAND

For those who are fond of the Irish drama, with its songs, its wit and merriment, there is a treat in store when the clever young singing actor, Walter Scanlan, makes his seasonal appearance at the Grand on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, January 24, 25, 26, with Saturday matinee.

Mr. Scanlan is practically a newcomer in this field, having entered it but a few years ago, but his suitability for the interpretation of those romantic lads who abound in the Ould Sod was so marked that he scored an instantaneous success and, although the youngest of all the Irish romantic stars, is easily in the lead in popularity. Manager George M. Gatts, who has directed his career in Celtic stardom, presents him this season in a new play from the pen of Edward Elmer, the author of a myriad of successes. The play is called "The Blarney Stone," and Mr. Scanlan plays the character of a young composer of music. This naturally gives him an excellent, as well as a natural, reason for the introduction of several fine songs during the progress of the play, all of which are new and are written by Mr. Scanlan himself.

DIED

SULLIVAN.—At Kingsbridge, Ont., on Saturday, December 1st, 1923, Mrs. J. E. Sullivan, youngest daughter of John and Catharine Finn, aged seventy-four years. May her soul rest in peace.

ROBERT.—At the home of his son-in-law, Mr. H. S. Jones, Margaret Street, Sarnia, Ont., on January 7, 1924, Benjamin Robert of Lambton County, aged eighty-six years. May his soul rest in peace.

At the Mother-House of the Grey Nuns of the Cross, Ottawa, Ont., Wednesday, January 9th, 1924, Sister Mary of the Annunciation, (Bridgid Dunning) in the sixty-fifth year of her age, the forty-ninth of religious life. Requiescat in pace.

KENNEDY.—At the residence of her mother, on Sunday, Dec. 30th, 1923, Irene Mary, dearly beloved daughter of Mrs. Catherine Kennedy and the late Michael Kennedy of Forest, Ont., and beloved wife of Mr. D. L. Scott of Detroit, Mich., aged twenty-six years. May her soul rest in peace.

HONORED BY HIS HOLINESS

George C. Hennessey, a son of the late Michael Hennessey, who for sixteen years has been Superintendent of Chapel Car work for the Catholic Church Extension Society of the United States of America, has been honored by His Holiness, Pope Pius XI. in a signal way. Mr. Hennessey has been made a Knight of the Holy Sepulchre and given the decoration corresponding to the dignity. There are several pontifical orders of knighthood, one of which was given to Mr. Charles Dalton some years ago because of his benefactions to St. Dunstan's College and his interest in the care of tuberculosis patients. Mr. Hen-

nessey's distinction comes to him for long service in an original form of missionary work in newly settled sections of the West and South of the United States. He has had three Chapel Cars under his charge and was always personally on one of them. The distinction comes immediately after Mr. Hennessey's withdrawal from the work to go into business in Portland, Oregon. He is now a member of the firm of McEntee, Hennessey & Cherry. The new Knight of the Holy Sepulchre has several brothers and sisters living in Charlottetown, who naturally will be delighted at this mark of appreciation from such a high source.

The saints, the happiest of mortals, found that the sweetest happiness comes not from love, but from sacrifice, from the effort to forget ourselves in order to make others happy.

TEACHERS WANTED

QUALIFIED teacher wanted for S. S. No. 15, Emily County, Virginia. Duties to commence Feb. 1st. Salary \$1,000. Apply to Joseph Connett, Sec. Treas., Downsville, Ont., Phone Dundas, 2261-10.

ENGLISH speaking teacher wanted, holding second class certificate. Address M. J. Powell, Box 108, Sudbury, Ont. 2362-2.

WANTED qualified Catholic teacher for Catholic Separate, Lanark, Ont. Salary \$600 per annum. Apply to D. P. J. Tobin, S.-c., Lanark, Ont. 2362-1.

CHILDREN FOR ADOPTION

FOSTER homes are desired for the following children: 2 boys of two years, 1 boy of five years, 3 boys of seven years, 4 boys of nine years, 2 boys of ten years. Applications for the above children will be received by William O'Connor, Children's Branch, 183 University Ave., Toronto, Ontario. 2362-4.

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The Royal Bank of Canada GENERAL STATEMENT

Table with columns for LIABILITIES and ASSETS. Includes items like Capital Stock Paid up, Reserve Fund, Dividends Unclaimed, Deposits not bearing interest, Current Loans and Discounts in Canada, etc.

NOTE—The Royal Bank of Canada (France) has been incorporated under the laws of France to conduct the business of the Bank in Paris. As the entire capital stock of The Royal Bank of Canada (France) is owned by The Royal Bank of Canada, the assets and liabilities of the former are included in the above General Statement.

H. S. HOLT, President; C. E. NEILL, General Manager

AUDITORS' CERTIFICATE: We report to the Shareholders of The Royal Bank of Canada that we have checked the cash and verified the securities of the Bank at the Chief Office at 26th November, 1923, as well as at another time, and we also during the year checked the cash and verified the securities at the principal branches.

S. ROGER MITCHELL, C. A., W. GARTH THOMSON, C. A., JAMES G. ROSS, C. A., of P. E. Ross & Sons, Auditors.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Table showing Profit and Loss Account for 30th November, 1923. Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 30th November, 1922: \$1,007,514.19

Table showing Appropriated Assets as follows: Dividends Nos. 142, 143, 144 and 145, at 12% per annum: \$2,448,000.00

H. S. HOLT, President; C. E. NEILL, General Manager

Montreal, 26th December, 1923.

Bargain List For January

- Eucharistic Tabernacle Safe \$250.00
Vestry Cabinet 33.50
Funeral Truck 33.50
Complete Votive Outfit for the home at the price of \$1.00, comprising 1 Brass Stand, 3 Colored Glasses and 1 Doz. Candles.
Order While Sale Lasts Phone Adel. 0166 J. J. M. LANDY 16 Dundas St. W. Toronto

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THE Webber Hospital offers a three years course to young ladies between the age of 19 and 30 desiring to become professional nurses. Text books and uniform are furnished by the hospital. Student nurses receive board, room and laundry and an allowance of \$10.00 a month for 2 years, and \$12.00 for third year, to cover incidental expenses. For detailed information address, Superintendent, Webber Hospital, 30 Elm St., Biddford, Maine.

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