

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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FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

The noble response which has been made to the CATHOLIC RECORD's appeal in behalf of Father Fraser's Chinese mission encourages us to keep the list open a little longer. It is a source of gratification to Canadian Catholics that to one of themselves it should have fallen to inaugurate and successfully carry on so great a work. God has certainly blessed Father Fraser's efforts, and made him the instrument of salvation to innumerable souls. Why, not dear reader, have a share in that work by contributing of your means to its maintenance and extension? The opportunity awaits you: let it not pass you by.

Previously acknowledged	\$3574 80
Wille Kennedy and friends, Bonne Bay	2 00
St. Peter's Sunday School, Dartmouth	10 00
Friend, Inverness	2 00
M. and M. St. John's	1 00
Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Sheridan, Margaret Man.	5 00
Friend, Gravenhurst	2 00
J. G. H. Smith's Falls	2 00
Ethel Mathewson, Arnprior	1 00
Mrs. M. A. Egan, Halifax	1 00
In loving memory W. Hamilton	1 00
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J. G. F. Harrison	1 00
A. B. Owen Sound	1 00
Friend, Antigonish	10 00
Friend, Orillia	4 00
Andrew Zettler, Walkerton	1 00

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NO AUTHORITY

A Churchman of the establishment which claims no inerrant authority to determine right or wrong, he must perforce pour the oil of honied words and of compromise upon the troubled waters and exhort his flock to meditate upon the beautiful comprehensiveness of Anglicanism. And that is the position of an Archbishop of Canterbury, who is the descendant of impugners and destroyers of the matrimonial Dr. Parker, who kept "his cradles going," and of others whose authority has been scoffed at by some Anglican divines. Perchance he may take heart of grace in remembering that Dean Stanley offered to throw open the Abbey Church to Nonconformists and proposed to found a National Church that would have no doctrines.

SCANT CONSOLATION

Some of the troubled divines console themselves with declarations that the faith inherited from the beginning, and written in letters of light upon the pages of English history, must be their safeguard and strength. That is the old story, frayed and worn, of continuity. It is a mere invention of those who will not look at the facts. Between the pre-Reformation Church, steadfast in its allegiance to Rome, and the Church which is a department of the Civil Service; between the Church resplendent with unity and the hundred battling sects marching under the banners of Anglicanism, is a gulf which no amount of verbiage can bridge. And, moreover, the "Fathers of the Reformation" repudiated all connection with the pre-Reformation Church. They scorned its ceremonial and ransacked the vocabulary of abuse to express their abhorrence of it. They denounced its dogmas as idolatry, sacrilege, blasphemy, etc. They saw More and Campion and Talbot and myriads of others dragged to the scaffold because they preferred to obey God rather than man, and professed belief in the Roman Church as "mother and mistress of all the faithful of Christ." But there is no connection between the Church which nurtured these men, which taught, as it teaches to-day, as one having authority, which smites any violator of her sacred deposit, and a Church which walks among men with bated breath, is destitute of authority and remains an object lesson of what separation from Peter entails. But then the Anglican Church has a few gifted individuals who are always ready to prove that St. Paul was wrong when he spoke of the Church as the pillar and ground of the truth.

TRUTH ALWAYS

When Christ established the Church he did not consult the civil authorities. They had dominion in their own sphere but not in the Church of God. His vicar preached the same doctrine. And so it has been during the ages. Straight and direct the Church has ever gone. Men may fear and hate her; they may think her obstinate; but they are con-

strained to admit that the long enduring battle of the centuries has been a consistent fight, in which she has always shown the same front, always fought under the same colors and always taught authoritatively truth and justice. What she taught in the past she teaches to-day. She reserves for herself the things of God, but the things that belong to Caesar—the practical methods of administration and government—she leaves to the State. Out of the fulness of wisdom has Rome instructed us exhaustively on this point. His words have circled the earth, and any man, no matter what creed may claim his allegiance, under-stands that the principles declared by Rome stand for justice and morality and are the very source of national vitality and prosperity. These principles have been often stated by Roman Pontiffs, who preferred misrepresentation and persecution to concessions that were incompatible with their dignity and responsibility, and that would inmolate liberty on the altar of ambition and despotism. And to-day Peter's voice is needed more than ever by the world. When men arrogate to themselves the privilege of drawing up new creeds—the most monstrous absurdity ever harbored by the human mind—they need the light of authority for their faltering feet. When a man, who can be mistaken, picks holes in revelation and bows down before little gods made in his laboratory or study, he should get hold of something more solid than shifting opinions. And when men assemble in conclave to arrange a programme, adapted to all denominations and poised on the thin ice of compromise and expediency, they have either hazy conceptions of the duties of Christian teacher or of the doctrines of Christ. No wonder that the religious anarchy which prevails has impelled many devout Protestants to lament that among them they have no recognized authority competent to define the truth and to demand from contending parties the acceptance of its definitions.

CHANGED TACTICS

Not so many years ago an editor who ministers to the religious needs of some of our non-Catholic brethren looked with ghoulish glee at the spoliation of the Church in France and had never a word of condemnation for the frenetic blasphemies uttered by the spoliators. They drove God from the schools; they boasted that they had erased the name of God from the sky, and, with an ingenuity born of hate, devised legislation to render the Church that had served France for centuries a mute and inglorious non-entity. Satisfied with their work, and mistaking the plaudits of a coterie of infidels for the approval of the world, these little pocket editions of Voltaire sat themselves down to witness the triumphs of a Christless democracy. But M. Briand, a former Prime Minister of France, and at one time a bitter-minded priest hater, is not so sure that the programme of spoliation and persecution can fascinate the voter. Not so long ago he was very confident, but the ever increasing away of the Church over the multitude has induced him to cry out: "The Republic cannot live on anti-clericalism alone." It is but a word of a politician who trims his sails to catch a breeze from any quarter and who sees that the Church which he tried to coffin and to bury is living and triumphant. It is the old story.

During his leisure hours M. Briand should, to recreate his mind, read the life of Bismarck. And he might with profit glance at the Church in Germany, erstwhile under the heel of the man of blood and iron, and now strong and potent and the mightiest bulwark of the Fatherland.

TROUBLE AHEAD

Our readers will remember that in last June the Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian missionaries, with the Anglican Bishop and clergy in British East India, held a conference for the purpose of formulating a plan of action against the spread of Mohammedanism. The basis of the plan was the delimitation of territory—that is, for members of one church to take a certain district and for all the others to keep out of that district. The sufficiency of the Bible and acceptance of the Apostles' and Nicene

Creeds were the requirements for co-operation. A prayer book, powerless to wound any religious susceptibilities, was to be prepared. When, however, the Anglican Bishops of Mombasa and Uganda administered Communion to the non-conforming delegates, the Bishop of Zanzibar denounced the action and charged them with heresy. He wrote the Archbishop of Canterbury demanding their impeachment as heretics, and thoughtful men are awaiting his decision. He may attempt to compromise and thus emphasize the fact that the Anglican church is the city and confusion. He may chide the Bishop of Zanzibar for departing from the amiability characteristic of the Church of England, that looks complacently upon mutually irreconcilable and incompatible opinions. He may decide in favor of a latitude of belief and teaching which is regarded by some divines as one of the glories of Anglicanism. He may attempt to put an end to disciplinary and doctrinal disorder. Should he approve the action of the Bishops in opening the communion of Anglicanism to Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian missionaries, the Anglicans who boast of the Catholic heritage cannot, if consistent, accept the decision. Canon H. Hensley Hanson has come out openly in behalf of the accused men, and has predicted a religious civil war and secession when the judges clear them of heresy, as he is certain they will. Then he says the Church of England will be pronounced uncompromisingly Protestant and all the High Church clergy will leave, to give their allegiance to the Roman Catholic Church, where, he adds, they rightfully belong.

The real difficulty, said Father Bernard Vaughan, commenting on the matter, with the Anglican Church, was that there were two conflicting parties within it, each of which had grown too strong to be tolerant of the other. To his thinking the Anglican Church was more like a restaurant, a la carte, in which you found no fault with what others were having at the table opposite provided you had what you wanted for yourself. At all events the Archbishop of Canterbury has to decide which party represents the Church of England. That, says a secular newspaper, is the problem that has to be solved. It is an old problem which has often been eluded in the past. We do not think it can be eluded again. Nor would it be eluded if the present incumbent of the see of Canterbury could say with St. Anselm, a typical English Archbishop: "I maintain my fidelity and subjection to the blessed Peter the Prince of the Apostles." "I will do all I can for peace and concord, preserving always due reverence and obedience to my Lord Urban who presides in the Apostolic See—and this is the usage of an Archbishop of Canterbury."

But, unfortunately, he belongs to an institution which was founded by Queen Elizabeth's Acts of Parliament and which concedes the principle that the State rules the Church. Pregnant are the words of Von Hartmann, author of the "Philosophy of the Unconscious." Knowing Protestantism he says: "If there should really be a church which leads to salvation, no matter how, then at all events I will search for an immovable sovereign church, and will rather cling to the Rock of Peter than to any of the numberless Protestant sectarian churches."

The great positivist Harrison speaks of the Church as the most "permanent form" of Christianity, compared to which "all the other forms are more or less perversions or transitional and morbid and sterile offshoots."

And, says Matthew Arnold, speaking of divisions as alien to religion: "I persist in thinking that Catholicism has from this superiority, that is, unity, a great future before it: that it will endure while all Protestant sects dissolve and disappear."

"The reason some people never put their best foot forward is because they reserve it exclusively for kicking purposes."

Good intentions are so pleasing to the Heart of Jesus that they have the power of introducing us into His Heart.

REBUKES DEFENCE OF "TANGO"

ARCHBISHOP GLENNON WRITES LETTER TO FATHER PHELAN ANENT HIS RECENT EDITORIALS ON THE NEW DANCE

The daily papers throughout the country gave much prominence during the past two weeks to articles written by Father Phelan, editor of the Western Watchman, of St. Louis, in which he defended tango dancing and waxed sarcastic at the expense of priests and Bishops who felt it their duty to condemn the new craze. When we first saw the statements, attributed to Father Phelan, we were inclined to think that he had been misquoted. But from the tenor of interviews published since then we learn that the press agencies did him no injustice. The expressions of the St. Louis editor created a furore in that city, and Archbishop Glennon has felt compelled to intervene in order to put an end to the turmoil. Last week, the Archbishop sent to the editor of the Watchman two letters in which he rebuked Father Phelan for his unguarded utterances on the "tango" and protested against the whole tenor of the articles published in the Watchman on the subject.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S LETTERS
The following are letters received by Father Phelan from Archbishop Glennon and published in the Globe-Democrat last Saturday. As Archbishop Glennon declined to give out the correspondence, it is presumed that it was made public by Father Phelan himself:

Archbishop House, St. Louis.

"Rev. D. S. Phelan.
"My Dear Father: I am sending the enclosed by Father Tannrath, in time to have it inserted in Saturday next edition. You will put it on the editorial page—and without comment—as I hope that its insertion will end the miserable turmoil the article has created. Anyhow, it will right me and will be an answer to the numberless letters I am receiving."

"Why do you continue your sarcasms at the expense of the hierarchy? Your best friends are asking why?"
"Sincerely yours,
"JOHN J. GLENNON, Abp.
"January 12, 1914."

"WITHOUT COMMENT"
The second letter which Father Phelan was directed to publish is as follows:

"Archbishop's House, St. Louis, January 12, 1914.—Rev. D. S. Phelan, Editor, Western Watchman: Rev. Dear Sir—I wish to call your attention to a recent editorial in the Watchman (issue of January 3) on the modern dance known as the 'tango,' which has caused and is still causing much scandal. Both in matter and manner it is offensive to the Catholic sense. It offers conclusions in matters seriously affecting the morals of our people, which are entirely contrary to the general teaching and direction of the Church. And in reaching these conclusions it introduces unnecessary and irrelevant references to priests, Bishops and Cardinals, altogether unworthy of a Catholic writer, and all the more so if he be a priest.

"The fact that the editorial was attributed to you and that the Associated Press so advertised it, only aggravates the scandal."

"Furthermore, it is to be feared that this editorial will furnish added material wherewith our enemies can continue to misrepresent Catholic teaching and Catholic life; for they are able to quote your position and at the same time claim that you represent the Church."

"I feel it my duty as chief pastor of this diocese, speaking to you, a priest of this jurisdiction, and the Watchman as a Catholic journal, published in this diocese, to utter my protest against this editorial, its inferences and its spirit, and I want you to give to this note the same prominence in your journal that you gave the article referred to. Respectfully,
"JOHN J. GLENNON,
"Archbishop, St. Louis."

THE EDITOR INTERVIEWED

When interviewed at his residence afterwards Father Phelan said:

"The Archbishop has ordered me to be quiet on the subject of the 'tango' and my defenses, and I will comply with his wishes. Next week, though, I will be free to converse again. I feel it my duty, not to do it, but to answer the Archbishop's letters."

"I am going to let the public know that there is indignity behind my statements that a young girl should become accomplished in dancing. I believe the 'tango' is just as refined as another dance. I do not think that any but evil-minded people would try to make anything vulgar out of it. I have never seen it danced but know that the girls who indulge in it are pure minded and innocent."

Archbishop Glennon refused to discuss his letters to Father Phelan. "The custom of withholding the nature of correspondence between priests and myself is one that I can not violate," he said. "Neither have I the right to tell what is in a letter

that I have written, after it has left my possession.

"I have not had time to form an opinion of the tango," said the Archbishop. "Is it the name of one dance or does the name apply to all of the new dances now in vogue?" He declined to say what action would be taken if Father Phelan persisted in his present public attitude on the subject of the dance.

THE CRY FOR CATHOLICITY

"In the great days of Catholicism one of the minor, but by no means negligible advantages enjoyed by the ignorant many was constant access to a higher and broader point of view," writes Dr. Charles J. Whithe, a non-Catholic, in the London "Academy." Continuing this line of thought, he says:

"The point I wish to make and to emphasize is that over and above its purely religious function as a consolator and inspirer of the souls of individual men and women, Catholicism exercised an enormous influence upon life as a means of bringing to bear upon everyday problems the point of view of a profound and wonderfully consistent philosophy. In the Middle Ages poets, artists, scholars and thinkers were attracted to the Church by an inevitable affinity. The Church assimilated the work of such men, wrought it up into a coherent and more or less harmonious whole, and thus became the organ and the mouthpiece of every form of culture."

"In place of the Church we have the churches, with their innumerable conflicting aims and sympathies, their mutual bickerings and recriminations, their half empty pews and half-hearted ministers. * * * Catholicity! Catholicity! that is what we need, but where shall we find it?"—St. Paul Bulletin.

THE HOLY NAME

"The Khan" in Toronto Star, Jan. 26

I am jealous of my Catholic friends. Their wondrous organization and discipline fills me at once with admiration and despair.

There's too much cursing and swearing in the country. If our army in Flanders swore any more than we do, the circumambient air must have been a rich ultra marine, warranted not to fade in the wash.

And swearing is so unnecessary. There are quite a number of people in every community who never swear. The women—God bless them!—never, or hardly ever, express themselves in this way, and there are quite a few men here and there who set us a good example.

Our splendid language doesn't require it. It is full of tremendous words, sonorous words, words that boom, crackle, crash, rattle, snap and roar.

It is not necessary, as is the custom among some people, to invent innocuous cuss words like "Gosh all punkins!" "Gosh all punkins!" would slip off a balky horse's back like water off a duck. You couldn't start him that way in a thousand years. And that's why I'm down on those substitute curses. No matter how fluently and vociferously you may use them, they don't seem to do any good—now, do they? They don't fill the aching void. They are like pop and root beer—they don't hit the right spot like the real stuff, and one is tempted—and flesh is weak—one is sorely tempted to let fly a few bushels of the English language such as our ancestors—God forgive them!—were wont to use.

The Catholic Church has a Holy Name Society in this Province. They are not a suckling militia like the Boy Scouts, but a grand and potent army consecrated to keep that commandment which saith:

"Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain."

I hesitate to suggest any more young people's organizations in our churches—there are so many of them now. There are not days and nights enough in the week to go round as it is. But this Holy Name Society is a different thing. We have Mothers' Day, and Fathers' Day, and Babies' Day, and every dog has his day; surely we could have a real Lord's Day, on which at least once a year we could consecrate a vow to honor the Holy Name; for "at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow."

Let it be a great Catholic organization, Catholic in its dictionary sense, Catholic in scope and meaning, and behind it the fiery crusading Catholic spirit that made sacrifice a pleasure and a privilege. If anybody is afraid of getting a few drops of holy water sprinkled on him, he can carry an umbrella or come in out of the wet.

There's too much cursing and swearing in this country. There's not enough Job, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Shakespeare, Milton, Byron and Tennyson in this land to show people that it is possible to say tremendous things without blaspheming the Holy Name.

"All hail the power of Jesus' Name, Let angels prostrate fall. Bring forth the royal diadem And crown Him Lord of all!"

CURE FOR MIXED MARRIAGES

ARCHBISHOP GLENNON WRITES LETTER TO FATHER PHELAN ANENT HIS RECENT EDITORIALS ON THE NEW DANCE

A unique cure for mixed marriages was offered by the Rev. Father Hugh L. McMenamin, rector of the Immaculate Conception Cathedral, recently. He suggested that every youth or girl who intended to marry a non-Catholic consult the priests and have the bride or groom-to-be come to the rectory for instruction. He guaranteed a conversion unless the person be lacking in intelligence or was not morally clean.

It is the rule of the Denver diocese that the priests shall outline the marriage laws of the church on the Sunday the gospel about the marriage feast at Cana is read. This occurred Sunday, and sermons on marriage were given all over the diocese.

Father McMenamin, in the course of his talk, brought up the subject of mixed marriages. There were sixty-five weddings in the Cathedral parish last year, thirty-five mixed, but fifteen of the non-Catholic brides and grooms have been received into the church, having been under instruction at the time the ceremony occurred. This leaves only twenty real mixed marriages for the year. Father McMenamin said this was a gratifying record.

But there need be no mixed marriages, he declared. When marriage is contemplated, the candidate should tell his or her father confessor some time before the ceremony, and then should consult with the pastor. If the bride or bride-groom-to-be is a non-Catholic, he or she should be invited to take instruction in the Catholic religion, if for no other reason, to learn what the faith of his or her spouse is.

"Just so sure as there is a God in heaven," said Father McMenamin, "if the candidate has average intelligence or is not morally unclean, we can guarantee that we can make him a Catholic, if he is willing to take instruction from the priests."

"If his conversion is assured, there is no need for a mixed marriage. The wedding can be performed after baptism. If the candidate is morally unclean or does not have the average intelligence, and it is impossible to convert him, he cannot make the right kind of a husband. Therefore no Catholic should want to marry him."

Father McMenamin said that all Catholics in the parish would have to be married in the morning with Mass. All mixed marriages are to be performed at the rectory. He warned prospective bridal parties that they must inform the priests at least three weeks ahead of the ceremony, as in the case of Catholics the banns must be announced and, in the case of a Catholic and a Protestant, a dispensation must be obtained. It is not possible to obtain a dispensation within a day or two, he said, though persons who wait until the last minute sometimes become angry at what they term the indifference of the priests in causing a delay.

The rector reviewed the Ne Temere decree of Pope Pius about mixed marriages. He warned that no marriage between a Catholic and non-Catholic is considered valid in the eyes of the church unless it is performed before the parish priest and two witnesses. This does not refer, however, to marriages between two Protestants. When a Catholic and Protestant are wedded by a Protestant minister or a civil authority, and all children born of such a union are considered illegitimate.

The trouble with most marriages to-day, said Father McMenamin, is that the young people forget this step is a sacrament, which should be prepared for as rigorously as a priest prepares for the reception of Holy Orders. Marriage brings the same proportion of grace into the souls of the husband and wife as Holy Orders do into the priest.—Denver Catholic Register.

A TEMPERANCE LECTURE IN A LABEL

Albany, N. Y., Jan. 26.—All beverages containing more than 2 per cent alcohol will be labeled with skull and cross bones, and other poison warnings if a bill to be introduced in the Legislature to-morrow at the behest of the Anti-Saloon League becomes a law.

The plan is to have the skull and cross bones printed in red ink and under them a warning to this effect: "This preparation contains alcohol, which is a habit-forming, irritant, narcotic poison."

Furthermore, the bill sets forth just what size the type and the skull bones shall be. Here is the scale: Pint or less, eight point warning; half-inch bones; above a pint and less than a gallon, 10 point type, inch bones, and more than a gallon, such as a demijohn, 12 point warning, inch and a half bones. Caps are designed for the words "alcohol" and "poison" on all labels.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Cardinal Merry del Val, Secretary of State to His Holiness Pope Pius X., has been appointed Archbishop of the Basilica of St. Peter's in succession to the late Cardinal Rampolla.

Emperor William of Germany has donated the sum of \$2,000 to the building fund of a church which is to be erected in Brussels, Belgium, for the special use of German Catholics residing in that city.

Mrs. Nora Sullivan died at Potsdam, N. Y., recently aged one hundred and ten. She was born in County Kerry, Ireland, and was employed in the household of Daniel O'Connell, the Irish liberator, before coming to America seventy-five years ago.

It is reported that M. Combes, the former prime minister of France, who inaugurated the war on the religious orders in that country—which later developed, under Clemenceau, into a war on the Church itself—has become reconciled to the Church and will soon go to Rome.

Cologne, on the Rhine, has two famous osuery churches; the one is St. Gervon's Church, in which are the remains of the Pheban Legion of 6,000 martyrs; the other is St. Ursula's, containing St. Ursula and 11,000 Virgin martyrs, slaughtered by the Huns.

The Madras Government has sanctioned a grant of 1,000 rupees from the provincial funds to Father A. Steichen, S. J., professor of physics in St. Xavier's College, Bombay, towards the expenses of conducting experiments in connection with the radio activity of thermal springs in the Presidency.

Bishop Kelly, of Geraldton, Western Australia, recently handed to the Holy Father a batch of native letters written by little children, asking a thousand and one things from "the Pope of little children." His Holiness was greatly touched, and carefully looked the little ones' letters in his desk.

Lady Lyveden has entered the order of the Poor Clares at Edinburgh, Scotland, one of the strictest conventual orders of the Church. Lady Lyveden was Julia Emory, a salesgirl at Eastbourne, when she met the late Baron Lyveden, uncle of the present holder of the title. They were married in 1896. Baron Lyveden died in 1900. His widow has since lived in retirement.

Polish Catholics down in Texas now have an official organ. It will be issued weekly at San Antonio, and is called Nowiny Texaskie. The president of the publishing company is Mr. Theo. Magott, while the editorial chair is filled by Mr. W. Papava, formerly of Chicago. We welcome the new member to the ranks of Catholic journalism and trust the Catholic Poles of the Southwest will give it generous financial support.

Father Lebbe, the Chinese priest who has labored with such zeal and success as a missionary among his fellow-countrymen, recently gave a lecture to the Societe des Conférences, in Paris, on the influence of Christianity in China. He considers that the two main defects of the Chinese, lack of courage and feeling, can only be remedied by Christian influences, and he says that where these have been brought to bear on his fellow-countrymen, the transformation has been amazing.

From London comes word that the Right Reverend Bishop Amigo, of Southwark, has declined to accept the personal gift of \$500,000 which is being raised by the Duke of Norfolk and a committee of influential Catholics on the occasion of his silver jubilee, subscriptions to which have already been pouring in from America and all parts of the world. Bishop Amigo says he will not accept the gift, but requests that the funds be used for the redemption of debts on churches and institutions in his diocese.

The late John Bowe, a prominent Catholic of Albany, N. Y., has set an excellent example to the wealthy Catholic family in Albany and New York by leaving in his will \$80,000 to Catholic charities. The residue of \$70,000 will likewise ultimately revert to charity, this sum being set aside for St. John's church. The institutions Mr. Bowe remembered are as follows: St. Peter's hospital, \$10,000; St. Vincent de Paul's Male Orphan Asylum, \$10,000; St. Vincent de Paul's Female Orphan Asylum, \$10,000. The Central Federation of Labor's tuberculosis pavilion, \$1,000.

For the first time since its inception, says the Catholic Universe of London, Westminster Cathedral was the scene of an ordination service with High Mass, celebrated at the high altar. As a general rule ordinations are held at the diocesan seminary, and on occasions the ceremony has been held in the Crypt chapel. Much interest was attached to the ordination, for the dignity of the priesthood was conferred upon three former Anglican clergymen, whose names are Arthur Buckle, Philip Valentin, and Arthur Valentin (brothers). The subdiaconate was conferred upon Philip Oddie. The ceremony was performed by His Eminence, Cardinal Bourne.

AILEY MOORE

A TALE OF THE TIMES SHOWING HOW EVILS, MURDER AND SUCH-LIKE FANTASIES ARE MANAGED AND JUSTICE ADMINISTERED, IN IRELAND TOGETHER WITH MANY STIRRING INCIDENTS IN OTHER LANDS

BY RICHARD BAPTIST O'BRIEN, D.D., DEAN OF LIMERICK

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

The present volume is it headed to give a faithful picture of the social and religious condition of Ireland at present and during the last few years. The author is not aware that any writer of fiction has approached the subject, and he believes it to be one which ought to engage the attention of every man who wishes to fulfill the duties of a citizen, or who aspires to the character of a Christian. Suffering, on one side, is engendering feelings of hate and envy; and power upon the other is hurried on by hostility and misconception; religious fanaticism and hypocrisy seek their victims and agents among the partisans of each—so that a war, far more opposed to peace and progress than the wars of the past, is at this present moment raging in the country. To make the real state of the evil known is nearly all that persons like the author can accomplish, and to the effect so much this book has been written.

As will be seen, however, we have not confined ourselves to a narrative of mistakes and wrongs, and oppression and reaction. We have taken occasion, from the incidents which we narrate, to inculcate principles of great importance, and to correct errors of mischievous tendency, and at the same time to show the beautiful Providence that rewards patience, and the treasure of love and religion which dwells in the hearts of the poor. If the rich and great only knew the poor and humble, they would value their affections and devotedness more than the miserable gains for which they oppress them.

Regarding the facts of this tale, we beg to say that the history is substantially a true one. Almost every one of the facts of "Ailey Moore" has come under the personal observation of the writer. Some of them were among the last which dying lips narrated, and some have been the plea of misery which sought sympathy where none might gain it; the pictures of fancy—but, alas! they are only too real.

To many, no doubt, the character of "Shaun a Dherk" will appear highly colored. Let the reader, however, feel assured that "Shaun a Dherk" has been softened rather than exaggerated, and that his character has been drawn from life. Not only has the outlaw had an existence, but, unless he has died within the last eight years, he still lives; and without entering upon ground which we have forbidden to ourselves, we very much fear that the state of society in Ireland will for a time secure him success. Very likely there will also be found a class of readers to suffer disedification, by the record of one or two supernatural facts which are mentioned in the story. At all times people have been found who looked upon supernatural facts as "lies" and "imposture"—even as in the case of Christ and the Apostles, when the facts were before their eyes as well as indisputably true. The facts which we give we ourselves partly attest, and had we permission we could name the eye-witnesses to the portion which we have not seen. No more can be said, or at least no more ought to be said, at this moment for the satisfaction of those to whom our observations apply.

The author will, he hopes, be pardoned for having entered more fully into the "Roman Revolution." He had intended to write its history from the lips of its witnesses and victims, but found that his space was insufficient for many details. Enough, however, has been done to convince the candid inquirer that the partisans of Mazzini, St. Bernini, and their friends, are simply the partisans of spoliation and murder. The author has spoken to many Italians, and he never met one of unsuspected character who did not look upon the revolutionists as the enemies of their country and of God. English travelers, we know, get an abundance of sedition, treason, and even infidelity in Rome, because these are the commodities that sell in their market. But where is the use of informing such people of their mistakes? They will never believe that they are laughed at!

The only thing which remains to be added is, that, as the name on the title-page imports, the author is a clergyman. His services to his country may not entitle him to adopt the sentence which forms his motto, but certainly he can lay claim to much love for Ireland, and to some labor for her advancement. He may say, in conclusion, that if the ambition and rewards of authorship were the only impulses by which he was swayed, "Ailey Moore" had never been written.

CHAPTER I

SOME OF THE ACTORS

"Well met, Gerald—Of all the men in the world you were the most needed just now—though on my conscience, the least expected."

"Why, yes, I seldom indulge myself with a walk to the 'well' during business hours. The road is pretty familiar to you, I believe?"

"Quite true; I plead guilty. No more devoted pilgrim than myself—no more zealous worshipper of the

revered Saint Senanus! The wretched hour of evens or opening smile of morning always brings to my enraptured eyes such visions—angels of beauty, and—"

"Pray, my friend," replied the first young man, with a scarcely suppressed look of contempt, "pray my friend, select some other topic for your levity. It is hardly becoming, even in your mouth, to mimic wit at the expense of religion."

"Religion!"

"Ay, religion!"

"But in the name of all the gods at once, what is the religion of holy wells? Pshaw, Gerald, you don't believe it. Religion! to mutter beads by bundles over the brook; kill the young daisies by knee-march; and drink unmixed cold water. Gerald, you don't—"

"Pardon a second interruption. You will be good enough not to justify your jesting humor, by insinuating a belief that any Catholic participates in your views. Our fathers worshipped around these sacred places; and the record of simple faith is read in the only offering which poverty can make. The cup from which the traveler quenches his thirst—the crutch upon which the cripple leans for support—the simpler bit of linen that hangs from the bough—are all testimonies from the past, that homes had found happiness, and hearts had found peace, under the invocation of the servant of God, whose intercession is here prayed."

"Well, Gerald, I shall not lose my temper by your severity. The Naiaid-worship I shall leave to the soft-hearted. If ever I become serious, I protest I'll go and worship God himself—There now, no dark looks, as you love me."

"Ignorance, Boran—it is simple ignorance. 'Tis astonishing how enlightened some men become who find the restraints of faith inconvenient. Whoever taught you that to worship Saint Senanus, or any other saint, was not to go and worship God himself? You have learned your catechism ill, if you have not retained that the saints are honored only because God has chosen this as one mode of being honored. You will not be more wise in selecting the manner of approaching Him than He has been himself!"

"Controversy, upon my soul!"

"By no means—'tis merely holding a mirror up for folly to see itself."

"But the wells have been condemned in many places," said the other, in a rather subdued tone.

"Yes—the pilgrimages to them have been abused, as it appears you have abused that to the place where we are just going."

"Well, a truce. Of course I know the absurdity of the sectarian. I know, for example, that the old women are perfectly well aware that God alone is to be adored, and that the saints have only, as it were, 'the ear of the court.' I know they'd no more say an 'Our Father' to even Saint Senanus, than they would to Parson Daly. In fact, I heard old Biddy Browne, the beggar-woman, exclaiming Mrs. Salmer, the other day to me, 'I declare, ma'am, God told us to pray to 'em, an' I suppose He takes care they'll hear us; an' I'm sure, about offending him, He'll be as well pleased that I ax the Holy Virgin Mary (blessed be her name, ma'am, as the angel said) to pray for me, as for you to ax Mr. Salmer to pray for you, though he's a very nice man, indeed.' But Gerald, do you believe that Providence sends His blessings this road? Have you, yourself, ever known a supernatural result from the Holy Well?"

"Have?"

"Yourself?"

"The lame?—the sick?—the blind?"

"Pon my soul, I don't believe you're easily deceived, and I protest I'll give credit."

"The blind!"

"How now? You knew the person to be blind—to have recovered his sight here?"

"I was present at the time."

"You are not serious?"

"Always, when I speak of the works of the unseen world, by which it manifests itself in our midst—fools cry, they see not, and will not open their eyes."

"Well, suppose me quite moralized now—what did really occur?"

"A woman, sir, led a blind boy to St. Senanus's Well. She was holy and confiding—one who made faith a real active agent in life's concerns, not one who laid it by for death-bed use or weekly occupation. She was very meek and patient, and though she sought her offspring's cure with eager invocation and throbbing heart she would have thanked God, in her humility, had the boon been refused. The sun was setting when she reached the holy spot, and the boy said he felt how beautiful it was, for his face turned to the west, and the light streamed back behind his form, like a path for prayer to heaven. And the mother d'ray pray! He was her only son. I am sure the people round her felt deep pity, for they wept; and many a rosary was offered for the gentle young woman whose hands were raised to the sky, over the head of her first-born. Thus the evening was spent—"

"And—"

"The boy returned seeing—the well was his Sileah."

"You say yourself were present?"

"I said so."

"Oh, of course—yes; but pray are the people living?—are they palpable, discovered bodies? I would travel any distance to see that woman and boy!"

"Well, you might, indeed, to see that woman—happy for you if ever you shall—she is in heaven."

"And the boy?"

"Is now a man."

"And—"

"He tells you the story, sir!"

Gerald Moore was a young man of some four-and-twenty years. He had received a sound, almost a liberal education, and added to the cultivation of his intellect the self-possession, prudence, and firmness which are always so sure to sway such vitality as that of his companion. The latter, named James Boran, had once been intended for holy orders; but a brief collegiate experience proved to others and himself that neither his tastes, talents, nor dispositions were of the description to secure success. He was weak minded, impulsive, shallow, and pretentious; patronized every opinion for an hour, and abandoned it in the next; was fastidiously pious for a week, and almost an infidel for three months afterwards. Extremely decorous when a presiding mind governed, he was the creature of every excess when he himself could pretend to rule, or when he was allowed an impunity. He had been expelled from college for transgressions of all kinds, consummated by reading, during public devotion, "Don Juan," for a prayer book. We find him that kind of character which has no place in the world, and hardly a hope beyond vegetating, yet prepared for any mischief or folly that will minister excitement or kill time. The "Holy Well" was a frequent resort. He persecuted the young females who came thither for the purposes of devotion, and lied for a week after on the nature of his feats. He had been engaged in his usual mission when he met his neighbor and early school mate, between whom, however, and himself, for some years, no sympathy and little intercourse had existed.

Nevertheless, Boran had more than once had recourse to some important offices. His scapegrace practices had over and over again driven him from the shelter of the paternal roof, and truly or falsely loaded his name with suspicions of participation in deeds with which neither his honor nor his safety was compatible. The parish priest was for a time a willing intercessor with old Boran—a hard handed and, as malice said, a hard-hearted man. The frequency of the prodigal's relapses, however, exhausted the good clergyman's hope; and positive refusal on his part again to interfere had brought Gerald Moore to him as a surety and pleader. To a new exercise of his influence with the priest, young Boran alluded in the first words which he addressed to his companion. He had now lived for a week or more among the neighbors; that is, with the profligate, who made a tool of him, and the unfortunate, who dreaded some day of his return in good odor with his father to be made victims, or hoped to be rewarded.

While this matter of reconciliation was under discussion, and Boran wrapped his entreaty in promises of amendment, declarations of contrition, and accusations of his father, and older brother, whom he declared to be an "iron devil," they came to a turn in the road, which concealed a well, from which a stream of water was issuing. It was shaded by the old elder tree, that looked the protecting genius of the spot. A grey wall, of loose construction, embraced the well, and half concealed a large dark figure that bent down, as if to enjoy the luxury of a bath. The sound of footsteps attracted the stranger's attention, and he raised his head at the young man's approach. One moment—he pressed his worn forehead over his brow—a broad and daring one—his dark eyes glistened with intelligence, and his gigantic form stood in the mid-path. There, gathered up in a great coat that seemed the load of an ordinary man, and gently leaning on a staff that wore the appearance of many a long day's service, he waited their advance. Gerald was quite convinced he had never seen the man before. He examined him with attention, and the other met his inquiring eye with the calm self-possession of one who was quite unconscious of being an object of scrutiny. His whole appearance—the suddenness of the meeting, the bold, self-reliant look, the muscle, sinew, and the very gait of the new-comer, that raised suspicion and apprehension in the mind of a beholder. In fact, the heart of Gerald Moore, as he himself said many a day subsequently, knew that man.

"Fine mornin', gintlemin," said the stranger; "great crowds at the 'well' down," and he touched his apology for a hat.

"Fine mornin'," echoed the two young men, with one voice.

"Great doin's going to come to pass in these parts, they say. The new landlord will take up the property in a fortnight; an' many an' ould tenant will go to find a new berrin' place."

"You seem well informed, my friend," said Gerald, fixing upon him another look of interrogation.

"Wisha, yes, sir, Travellin' a good dale, an' meetin' a great dale, one sees the two sides of every one an' every thing," replied the countryman, yet retaining his totally impassable expression of features.

"May I be bold enough to ask, gintlemin, which o' ye is Mr. Boran?"

Boran thrilled to his soul's depths. At that moment the mysterious man's eyes rested upon him like a decree of fate.

"Mr. Boran—James," he continued "the student that was."

Boran bowed, muttering that he was the person, and indicating rather than expressing his wish to be informed of the cause of the question.

"Oh, sir I'm mighty glad to make your acquaintance. I have a word to say in your ear sir. Will you speak with me this way?" and he made a gesture directing Boran to retrace his steps.

"Speak on, my good fellow; I don't wish any concealment—he now spoke with some hesitancy—"from my friend here."

"Sha asthore—oh, yes; but you know, sayreets is sayreets, an' mine is only for Mr. James Boran; and he fixed upon the person addressed a look of such deep meaning that even Moore let it in his influence.

"Let me not interrupt you," said Gerald; "the man may have something of importance to communicate; and he walked on."

It was but for an instant—he caught the glance of the stranger in passing. There was a smile—a smile of conscious power,—and a light in the eye imperious and sinister, that spoke not only authority, but absolute command. As for Boran, he retired with the unexpected visitor, like a man governed by a spell. In a few minutes he returned to say that the man was right. Business of much importance called him to a little distance; he hoped on his return to find Gerald mindful of his half-made promise; and for his own part, he had resolved to lead a life for the future that should repair the follies of the past. Gerald bade him good morning, and pursued his way to his destination.

Much food for reflection had been contributed by the morning's walk. It was a glorious day in mid-summer, and the full risen sun looked down upon the glowing harvest and rich foliage with the ardent gaze of an artificer on some splendid works of his own hands. The road lay along the brow of a hill in the south-west of Ireland, overlooking a magnificent extent of well-cultivated table land, and commanding a distant view of the sea. The place we shall call Kinmacarra. The happy homesteads of humble life lay scattered over the plain, which here and there presented the dwellings of the more opulent, nestling amid trees, or surrounded by the whitened walls of comfortable farm yards, that bespoke the competency and security which accumulating wealth confers. Numerous rivulets watered the plain, and in their noisy progress, their tiny waves glancing in the sun, seemed to laugh amidst the beauties which nature had so profusely scattered around.

And the good people of Kinmacarra were reflected in their possessions. Strife had rarely found entrance to destroy their repose. The parson, to be sure, was of a new installation, and wished to signalize the youth of his pastoral zeal by irroads upon Rome; but the "old master," just now passed away, dissolved the chill of sectarian rigidity in a laugh, which the whole townland felt ringing through its happy heart; and ended every proposal of Mr. Salmer to commence aggression upon the consciences of his tenantry, by, "For the Lord's sake, sir, have sense. Let well enough alone. You'll sharpen your neighbors' scythes to cut some man's throat, and drown the country round in malice, if ever you have your way. Doesn't the old priest love his faith? Ay, does he, and the souls of men, too, as I saw in many an hour of hot epidemia. Old Father Quinlan and I have lived and loved together in Kinmacarra, men and boys, for sixty years—we shan't go down to the grave mouthing curses at one another—I'm hanged if I shall, friend. And more, he's a man whose acquaintance I'd like to renew on the other side, on my conscience."

But he had not been the education either of the mere animal man, or the mere man of intellect; his mind and heart had both been fashioned in harmonious subvency to the eternal designs of God. From the lips of his old guide, Father Quinlan, he had often heard the lesson, and by gradual but persevering advances had acquired the virtue, of active exertion to accomplish duty and absolute submission when exertion became fruitless. When a man can no longer impute failure to himself—his fate is the wisdom of heaven, and his fortune is regulated by a principle productive only of good. Let what will come, the soul's equanimity remains undisturbed, the Christian surveys things transitory from the centre of eternity, and is no longer deluded by their various disguises. Moore was always calm—not with the calmness of stoicism or insensibility. His fine clear eyes of blue looked out like an intelligence, and never shrunk; but it was not the daring of recklessness you read in his steady lustrous beam. You saw in all his features the lines of a soul that knew its mission and performed it. And, as he moved, tall, well proportioned, and graceful, his "spirit in his own hands," and his bearing marking the man of ever-steady design, "the image and likeness of God" was in your view.

Gerald's attention was now awakened by his proximity to the "well," and by the crowd of fellow-travellers, who, less preoccupied than he, passed rapidly by. Ailey Moore—the almost too much loved and only sister—waited his arrival, and, possibly, had been in expectancy for some time. Wagons filled with straw and bearing invalids, or cars more comfortably furnished with feather beds, and carrying some ancient woman telling her beads; old men and young, decrepit from age or from accident, and moving slowly on their crutches, while the eye suddenly uplifted and the spasmodic contraction of the lip denoted weariness or pain; young girls "dressed for all day," with laughing eyes and happy smile going to "make their rounds," for some old parent at home, or some lonely and helpless friend—for the dead it may be, or for the sick; and children in their mother's arms, that wondered with their great large eyes at the gathering so novel to them;—pursued their way along the road. Occasionally some ill-mannered and unaccommodating horse would deliberately turn from the wall side and make himself a perpendicular across the narrow way, to the great discomfort of the inactive and the absorbedly devout, but raising an innocent laugh among the youthful whose "bad manners to you for a horse," hardly saved them from the rebuke of venerable hairs. Sometimes, too, an itinerant piper was, on a nearer approach to the sacred fountain, found in a snug nook, puffing out his claim to the religious dole of the visitors, and an iron-lunged "bocagh" made the valley ring with his wants and prayers, and his blessings when charity ministered to his need. And now we approach the entrance to the "Holy Well," "more of the actors and some deeds" will form our second chapter.

THE TEST OF LOVE

TO BE CONTINUED

Constance graduated at the head of her class, and her essay, "Out of the Catacombs," roused the attention of even the most time-worn attendants at school commencements. It was a earnest and ungrilled plea for Catholic women to strive for the high places in the intellectual and business pursuits open to them, and to glorify God and serve the Church by their success. The stately Archbishop was grave and attentive. Constance took all the medals and honors for which the seniors could compete, nor gave sign, save by a slightly increased color, that she recognized the enthusiastic applause as all for her. At her seventh summons to the platform, as he laid the rarely won laurel wreath on her brown tresses, the Archbishop said softly: "My dear child, you have given us a right to expect much of you."

Even had she heard Mrs. Thompson's comment, "Certainly, Constance Russell has the plainest and cheapest gown in the class," it would not have troubled the girl. The serious compliment of one whose words of praise were so few and carefully measured would have neutralized any criticism. He should not be disappointed in her. She expected much of herself and her firm chin and confident outlook on the world suggested that she was not likely to miss her aim.

The admiring respect of all her teachers and the warm affection of some of them. But one of these latter, who knew the girl best and loved her most of all, often murmured to her own heart:

"Oh, if my dear child were a little less determined and ambitious! She seems bent on getting the best of earth and heaven as well, and can one have both? Of course, she can't help succeeding and attracting, and if only she keeps up her high motive but the world, the world!" Then Sister Gertrude, who would have willingly given her life for a soul, began a new novena that in the pursuit of temporal success her darling might not forget the reward everlasting.

Of course, Constance was pre eminent in the Normal College, distinguishing herself there, as at the convent, in literary studies. She was named immediately at the conclusion of her course to an out-of-town training school, and after two years' apprenticeship was recalled to take a place on the faculty of the Normal College. Only twenty-two years of age, she had grown gray in the service at 9000 a year, as they noted the phenomenal beginning of this young girl who would soon be drawing her maximum of \$1,000, and they marveled what further heights, professional or social, awaited her easy conquest. With her beauty it would be her own fault if she had not made a brilliant match by twenty-five.

There was covert opposition, it must be admitted, to giving this place to a girl who had received all her training antecedent to the Normal College in a Catholic convent but the master, whose choice she was, notified his friend, Frederick Warden, and arranged a meeting with Constance for the fractious members. As usual, she came and saw and conquered.

The families of the faculty made much socially of the beautiful, gifted and unassuming girl, but this affected not her exceedingly level head. She was not aware of the condescension which some of her old friends saw in these attentions. Her profession always came first. She saw the advantage as well as the pleasure of meeting the eminent teachers and the literary lights, resident or visiting in the city of her home. She was a tireless student, but so unostentatious that only her master and a few unusually observant persons realized her advance, "unobtrusive, unassuming." Her beauty and her native social sense suffered not from intellectual development. Her toilettes were above criticism now, for she was able to exercise her taste, which was as fine here as in all things else. Many a pleasant and well-remembered bit of revision or translation came her way, and with her duty to her family generously done, she had still—for she remembered earlier poverty—a steadily growing bank account.

Reserved force, wisdom, tact and distinction were more and more evident in Constance Russell, and her righteousness proud of her. She spent a week of every summer vacation with them, was faithful through the season to her sodality meetings, and was always ready with any service in her power. The rector of her parish, the Cathedral, spoke to the nuns with much satisfaction of her exemplary attendance at the sacraments. Yet Sister Gertrude's heart was not at ease.

"Ah, me," she said, "I know the day is near when Constance will have to choose. It is impossible that a soul like hers should not be tested. God keep her faithful, be my sacrifice what it may!"

A few words at the social hour following the April Sodality meeting had roused the nun's solicitude afresh. She was the centre of a group of young matrons, her old-time pupils, when one of them, at sight of Constance on the other side of the assembly room, exclaimed:

"Perhaps you have heard that Mr. Warden has fallen under her spell."

"She has always got anything she wanted so far," commented another; "and if she wants him, she'll get him, too, but not entirely on her own terms, I fancy. He's a millionaire three or four times over, but he hates religion like a French infidel."

"That may be only gossip," rejoined the first speaker. "Anyhow, Constance can take care of herself and her religion, too."

Sister Gertrude, with a chill at her heart, moved away from the group. An older woman, who had been silent through the brief conversation, followed her into the corridor.

"Sister," she said, "I know how you care for Constance. I fear it is worse than Mrs. Wallace says or suspects. I know three or four young men whom Mr. Warden has put on their feet in a business way, and every one of them has dropped his religion. Oh, you would never suspect anything. He is very generous and very plausible, but I fear he gets the price of his help in every case."

"Let us hope there is no truth, then, in the rumor of his interest in Constance," said the nun. Her bell summoned her for a moment. She had the delicate sense of fitness which nuns keep, as it always jarred upon her to hear of the woman as the hunter and the man as the game in the matter of marriage. In that, rumor certainly was unjust to Constance. But this man of position and wealth, this enemy of Christianity, was the seeking Constance, while she had never named him to her best friend? Well, her old teacher was not afraid to "break the ice." She sent the portress for her young friend.

"Constance, you can do something for me if you will spare me an hour or two. Sister Charlotte will bring you up your supper and I will be free at half past six."

"Surely, Sister dear. You know I am always glad when you want me." The bright eyes were as direct and confident as ever. The business was soon dispatched, and a moment of silence fell between them as they sat together in the soft spring twilight in the prime little dining-room reserved for secular guests.

"Constance looked up expectantly. 'Who is Mr. Warden, my child?' The nun's tone was incisive, peremptory, and she kept her eye on the girl's face. Was there a faint rising of color? The light was not good. Perhaps Sister Gertrude was mistaken.

"Our head master's distant relative; a very wealthy man, who gives all his time to philanthropy and education. He holds no office, but he is a sort of power behind the throne. He has travelled everywhere, has many good ideas and enjoys working them out."

"What is this man to you, Constance?"

"A very kind friend, Sister," said the girl after a slight pause.

"But you know he hates religion." "I know nothing of the sort. He has never discussed his opinions with me. If he hates religion, why should he serve a Catholic, and with a quick lifting of the head, "one who has never feared to keep her flag flying?"

"But why have you never mentioned him to me? Don't you know that his attentions to you are a matter of comment?"

"I must at least have named him among those who supported Mr. Gray's choice of me two years ago. But for Mr. Warden I would not be where I am. As for his attentions, it is like his irreligion—gossip pure and simple. He is not married, it is true, but, after all, I am only a working woman, and if he sought a wife she would be in the circle to which he has been born."

"Was there a faint wisdomfulness in the girl's voice? Sister Gertrude saw that it was not wise to pursue the subject further.

"You know, Constance, the retreat begins Wednesday week. I shall look for you at it."

"When have I failed to attend as much of it as possible, Sister? This year, fortunately, it comes during our spring vacation, and I can have it all."

It is disagreeable to be suddenly confronted with a spiritual mirror and compelled to gaze into it. But Constance had a brave soul, and she would not close her eyes.

"What is this man to you?" The question rang out insistently as she sat alone in her room in the dark

was an invitation from Frederick Warden to join him and his sister in a box party at the Grand Opera the following evening.

She deliberated. If his occasional calls at her abode and his evident pleasure in meeting her elsewhere had become a subject of comment, what might she not expect if she were seen with him as a member of a family party?

A woman used to men's admiration, generally knows the signs of that which is not merely a passing fancy. "I may as well see it to the end. He knows I am a Catholic and no weakling."

Presently she mailed two letters at the nearest box. "It must be well with one," she mused, "on those heights, untroubled by the strain of daily labor and insistent money demands."

Half a dozen of her Sociality friends looked up from their places in the orchestra circle the following evening with smiling recognition as she sat throned above them beside Frederick Warden, and a few days later her prompt appearance at the opening of the retreat caused interchange of significant glances. But Constance was unperturbed as ever, and handsome in her suit of sober brown, which brought out so beautifully the exquisite fairness of her skin and the golden glints in her hair.

"It must have been a rash judgment about Mr. Warden," whispered Mrs. Wallace nervously. "Constance would never—" But the Mass bell was the signal for silence. He was a strenuous son of the great Loyola, this preacher of the retreat, with the keen sight and the sure hand of the expert spiritual surgeon for weak and diseased consciences. Yet there was little of terror or denunciation in his instructions. He preached Christ, the crucified, the risen. He demanded conformity to Christ's example in every life, the first place for Christ in every heart. To Constance it was like a fresh revelation. She saw Christ as He walked among men, she heard His voice. Was He really first in her heart?

"Oh, father, I hope it is not wrong, but I wish our Lord had not done quite so much for us nor set so high a standard," she murmured after her brief confession. She was not a stranger to the priest, and he marveled at the outburst in one usually so self-contained.

"If you are called to choose between the two standards, my child, you will never be able to plead ignorance in excuse for a wrong choice. But, very gently, you will not make a wrong choice."

"Father, pray that He gives me my heart's desire. It is for His honor."

"I will pray that you may see His will and do it. That is safer, my child."

Sister Gertrude held her moment at the convent door. "Constance, I feel the test is coming. I would rather die than see you fail."

The girl kissed the nun silently and passed out under the budding elm trees. She carried the fragrance of the lilies with her and the vision of Him Who rose again. Was Christ first in her heart?

"They have both spoken of the choice and the test. What do you know of Frederick Warden?" Then Constance remembered uncomfortably his ramored connection with a publishing house whose sole mission seemed to be the sending forth of books subversive of religion. She had heard it but yesterday. There might be no foundation for it. "I will ask him when we meet again."

She had not long to wait. His card was brought her a few moments after she had left the dinner table. Constance had chosen her city home with a private family of refinement, so there was nothing to offend the fastidious taste of Frederick Warden in the quiet library in which his young friend joined him.

He was nearly fifteen years older than she, and he had not moved to the decisive action which he contemplated to night with the unreasoning impulse of love's young dream. He understood Constance fairly well also. "Not a mere money or society seeker," he had judged. "She is too fine for that. I believe she loves me for myself, but she loves power and place, and so do I; so it is an even thing. I could not love her if she was not fit for me. A Catholic! She hasn't had a fair chance for development. She will outgrow her creed in her life with me."

He thought Constance had never before looked so fair and stately, and there was a withdrawn and mysterious air about her which gave the finishing touch to her charm. The consciousness of a fateful moment was on both, and there was no preliminary talk for talk's sake.

"Constance, you know you are the woman I love and would make my wife, and I believe you love me enough to trust me with your happiness."

The mystic eyes, the mantling blush as he raised her drooping face for the betrothal kiss were eloquent answer, but she went white as his touch and stayed him with gentle hand.

"It is true," she murmured; "but there is another claim. You know I am a Catholic."

"And what is that between you and me, my dear one?" he smiled. "I wouldn't care if you were a sun-worshiper."

"But it is true," still withdrawn from his claiming hand, "that you hate Christianity and work against it? That you are the mainstay of the Trisulcus Company?"

"The man's face changed fearfully. "If you mean am I a hater of the un-

natural self-suppression, the abeyance of reason before impossible doctrines, which Christianity means in its fullness, an uncompromising opponent by word and book of everything which stands between men and the joy they can get out of the only life they have any certainty of, I must answer yes. As for your own private belief and practice, Constance," his voice softened, "so long as you love me I respect your mental freedom. I could not, of course, have your creed perpetuated in my family. But, dear girl, you are far from your full mental stature yet. When your eyes are cleared you will know that this Christ, this resurrection myth—"

"Hush, you speak of my God! I shall I argue with you against the honor of your father and the virtue of your mother?"

"Was this Constance Russell, the lover of place and power?"

"This Christ," she went on with blazing eyes, "your Maker and mine, your Judge and mine?"

"Constance," he cried "will you let Him part us? He comes first who has set only hard paths for your feet! And I have been your friend, and I hold even now your future in my hands."

From afar she heard the voice of Pilate: "Know you not that I have power to crucify you and power to release you?"

"God has ordered it so. Do what you will, I cannot stand with him who stands against my God."

"Oh, Constance, I was ungenerous. But He never conquered me before. I want to raise you above work and care, but I cannot have Him in my home life or my love."

"Then you cannot have me."

"Good-bye, Constance. If ever you change your mind—"

"Good-bye, Mr. Warden." He was gone.

She was kneeling at her window again, her eyes upon the rippling waters. But she saw them not. Instead she saw a garden in the Orient, with the dewy dawn over the palm trees and a shining One come forth in His strength and beauty from the tomb, whose seal had broken before Him and whose guards lay at His feet as dead men.

She grew faint with the joy of it. "Oh, Christ, Thou hast proved me. Thou art first, and there is none beside Thee."

The glory faded, but the joy stayed on, though she saw before her the wreck of all her hopes and dreams for this world.

"I will tell Sister Gertrude tomorrow. She was right. The test came, and through God's mercy and her prayers I have not failed."

For the Mass which closed the retreat next morning the priest came forth in black vestments. "Remember Sister Gertrude in your communions," he said. "She passed away very suddenly last night."—Katharine E. Conway in The Republic.

SERMON ON THE FIRST BEATITUDE

BY VERY REV. THOS. N. BURKE, O. P.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

We are come together to consider the things that regard our eternal interests—to consider what we owe to God, to our neighbor, and to ourselves. We meet to reflect on the Divine law, the reasons and the extent of its obligations, and our fulfillment of them.

In all this we have not to seek for the truth, but only to reflect upon it, and apply it to ourselves. We have an infallible guide in truth—the Church—the pillar and ground of truth. We are not forced, thank God, to fall back upon our own judgment, like those of whom St. Peter speaks, "blind and groping." But to you I say, in the words of the same Apostle, "I will begin to put you in remembrance of these things, though indeed you know them and are confirmed in the present truth; but I think it meet to stir you up by putting you in remembrance."

Not so with others, to whom an entrance has not been ministered into "the everlasting kingdom of Our Lord Jesus Christ." They are obliged to inquire into everything, to attempt to prove everything, even first principles and the mysteries of revelation, and they are tempted to reject even the holiest truths of God, which are discussed before that most fallible tribunal—the reason of man.

Of such, a great man formerly intimately connected with your university, complains, whilst yet a Protestant, in the introduction to one of his works. "Unhappy is it," he says, "that we should be obliged to discuss and defend what Christian people were intended to enjoy; to appeal to their intellects instead of stirring up their pure mind, by way of admonition; to direct them towards articles of faith which should be their place of starting, and to treat as mere conclusions, what in other ages have been assumed as first principles."

"Surely life is not long enough to prove everything which may be made the subject of proof; and though inquiry is left partly open, in order to try our earnestness, yet it is in a great measure, and in the most important points, superseded by revelation, which discloses things which reason could not reach—saves us the labor of using it when it might fail, and sanctions thereby the principle of dispensing it;" but he adds, "We have succeeded in raising clouds which effectually hide the sun from us; we have nothing left but to grope our way by reason as we best can—our necessary, because our only guide. . . . We

have asserted our right of debating every truth, however sacred, however protected from scrutiny heretofore; we have accounted that belief alone to be mainly which commenced in doubt, that inquiry alone philosophical which assumed no first principles, that religion alone rational which we have created for ourselves; and the end, my brethren, "loss of labor, division, and error have been the threefold gain of our self-will, as evidently visited in this world—not to follow it into the next." Such was the testimony of a singularly deep and candid mind, even before it was yet enlightened by the pure rays of divine truth. But for us, we seek not to find out what is the truth. That we have already found. Our great Mother holds it, and proclaims it, and we say to her in the words of the Apostle, "I know whom I have believed, and I am certain that she is able to keep that which hath been committed unto her," (Seio cui credidi et certum sum quia potens est depositum meum servare.) the sacred deposit of all truth. But we inquire, "that we may be able to comprehend with all the saints, what is the breadth, and length and height, and depth of that divine truth." To know also, "the charity of Christ, which surpasseth all knowledge" i. e., to pursue the truth into all the details of its practical teaching in the moral law, where our faith reveals itself in charity unto all the fulness of God." This is the great object of the Catholic preacher, after the example of Our Divine Lord Himself; for it is worthy of remark, that His first Sermon on the Mount, in which we might naturally expect an exposition of Christian dogma, was a moral sermon, sketching out the great features of the Christian character, by which His followers should be individually known amongst men to the end of time. Let us consider them:

First—"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

The first word spoken by our Lord was, "Blessed." "Much people followed Him," says the Evangelist, "from Galilee, and from Decapolis, and from Jerusalem, and from beyond the Jordan, and seeing the multitude, He went up to a mountain; and He sat down, and He taught them, saying, Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Now, Christ our Lord, by redemption, made us the sons of God; and He gave them power to become sons of God. As such we must be different from the old, the natural man, in spirit—i. e., in thoughts, in desires, in affections, in views, in conduct. This the Apostle clearly points out when he says, "the first man was of the earth—earthly; the second man from heaven—heavenly. Such as is the earthly such also are the earthly, and such as is the heavenly such also are they that are heavenly. Therefore, as we have borne the image of the earthly, let us bear also the image of the heavenly." But before we can thus put on the image of the heavenly man, so as to be made conformable to the Lord Jesus Christ—in a word, before we become Christians, we must cast away from us the old man, the human spirit, and hence poverty of spirit is the beginning, the foundation, of the Christian character. Faith is "the substance of things to be hoped for," consequently, future blessings; "the conviction of things that appear not consequently, things not to be apprehended by the senses; for, says the Apostle, "Per fidem ambulamus et non per speciem." The man of faith is he who has views and desires beyond and above this world and sense, who makes not the things of sense the last and great object of his wishes and desires; who uses not at all the things that are, when they cross or impede his eternal interest (in other words, when they are sinful), and in the things which he uses has something in view beyond what is seen, and makes all that is created subservient to the uncreated, all that is temporal conducive to that which is eternal, all that is of earth serviceable for that which is heavenly. Such is the man of faith. Oh, glorious man, like to the Son of God!

Second—"Blessed are the meek and lowly in spirit, for they shall inherit the earth."

Mark that Christ begins with the spirit. First because "God is a spirit, and they that adore Him must adore Him in spirit and in truth." Hence, the apostle says: "God is my witness Whom I serve in my spirit." And secondly, because the spirit or seat of the affections is that portion of man's soul which guides and influences all the action of his life. There are two great portions—divisions—first, the apprehensive or intellectual; and second, the effective or appetitive. To the first belongs the memory; and the office of this first great portion of the soul is to apprehend and preserve ideas, and from them to form knowledge. The second great division of the soul, which we have called the spirit (for the very word "supraire" signifies desire), contains the intellectual appetite or will, the affections and desires; and as this will of man, which is led not only by the intellect but still more forcibly by the passions or desires, according to the saying of the poet, "trahit sua quisque voluptas," determines his every act, for that act alone is human which proceeds from it, it follows that the portion of the soul which holds this will and these affections and desires is the source and spring of all moral life in man. Christ our Lord, therefore, began with the spirit, because He wished to change the face of the earth. "Send forth Thy spirit, and they shall be created, and Thou shalt renew the face of the earth." The Spirit of God was to go forth and to take the place of the human spirit, and Christianity was to effect this, that men should no longer be led by their own spirit—i. e., their own natural affections and desires—but by the Spirit of God. According to the word of the apostle, "Whosoever are led by the Spirit of God they are the sons of God," and thus they should "put on the Lord Jesus Christ; for if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His." But to Christians he says, "Know you not that you are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" Blessed,

then says the Saviour, are the poor in spirit. Some commentators apply this word to those who are really poor, either by privation in the world or by the high voluntary poverty of holy religion which we find in the cloister. That the text bears such an application is abundantly proved from St. Luke, who adds in the context, "Woe to you who are rich, for you have your consolation." Still, the text bears a much more extended application, and, therefore, others interpret poverty of spirit to mean humility, the foundation, and at the same time, the crown of all virtues. This interpretation is also true, and the most adopted by the holy fathers. But we can find even more in this beatitude than the annotation of humility. As it was the first feature of the Christian character propounded by the Saviour, so, upon reflection, we find in this beatitude the first foundation of Christian life—namely, Faith, for truly the man who is poor in spirit means the man of faith. What is poverty? Poverty means privation—an emptiness—an absence of something—a casting away from us and a renunciation of something. Poverty of spirit, then, would mean a casting away of desires—affections—appetites—seeing that the spirit of man is the seat of all these. But does Almighty God demand of us a relinquishing of all affections and desires? In other words, does He demand of us a destruction of that great portion of our being? Certainly not. God is not a destroyer, nor is destruction pleasing to Him. It is not, then, so much the destruction as the transfer of our desires, hopes, affections, which Almighty God demands of us by poverty of spirit. There are two kinds of possessions—the temporal and the eternal—the visible and the invisible—the things of the present and those of the future—the goods of sense and those of faith. Now, man is naturally inclined to seek the things of the world rather than those of the world to come. He depends so much upon his senses, even for the things which belong to the soul, such as knowledge and even faith; he is so completely surrounded by sense that he is naturally inclined to rest in sense, to seek his happiness in the present enjoyment of sense, and to put away from him all consideration of future and unseen things. Much more are we unwilling to make any sacrifice for the sake of the unseen—to relinquish the visible for the invisible—to deprive ourselves of present enjoyment because of blessings to come. We all love ourselves faithfully—intensely. We love ourselves better than anything else—better than our neighbor—than virtue—than God.

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Third—"Blessed are they who mourn, for they shall be comforted."

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Fourth—"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

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The Catholic Record

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION

Mr. Thomas Coffey, Ottawa, June 13th, 1905. Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit.

University of Ottawa, Ottawa, March 7th, 1905.

Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your estimable paper THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1914

THE CULTURED CHRISTIANITY OF MEDICINE HAT

The ranting of an Orange bigot is not as a rule worth noticing. We are disposed, however, to make an exception in favor of a letter, with clippings from the Medicine Hat newspapers, containing an account of an Orange meeting in the Council Chamber, presided over by Mayor Brown and addressed by the Rev. A. E. Davis, Rev. J. W. Morrow, Rev. E. J. Hodgins, Rev. R. J. Blundell, Rev. A. Tuttle and Captain Oakes of the Salvation Army, as well as by the speaker of the evening, the Rev. Harvey Moore, of the Orange Grand Lodge of Alberta.

The Morning Times gives its account of the meeting with a direct quotation from Mr. Moore's address: "Under the rule of the Roman Catholic church in South America there is not one girl in a thousand over 11 years of age who is pure," said the Rev. W. Harvey Moore at the city hall last night, "and under their rule statistics show that 80 per cent of the children born in South America are illegitimate. The customs followed there are such that I could not begin to tell you about many of them, but let me say that these statistics given are the result of only a couple of men that I can tell you about. Protestants must get together in a political, non-partisan organization, if they are to combat the awful work being carried on by the church of Rome."

That is a sample of the remarks of the principal speaker, in which five Christian ministers and a Salvation Army captain sympathetically concurred. Where the speaker got "the result of a couple of men of his statistics" no one inquired. It might not be safe in that pious congregation of charitable Christians.

We have given from time to time information, reliable and authentic, about South America; this it is impossible to reproduce here, but we shall add an extract or two from a book we have just read, "South America of To-day," by Georges Clemenceau, former Premier of France, and world-famous not only for his anti-Catholic sentiment, but for such active political warfare on the Church as should endear him to Canadian Orangemen. This famous anti-clerical journalist and statesman published his book after a recent extended visit to various South American countries.

With regard to South American morals, on p. 22, "South America of To-day," M. Clemenceau says:

"But let us say at once that in these countries where the blood is hot, misconduct is rare. Men marry young, and the demands of a civilization as yet untouched by decadence leaves little energy for pleasure that must be sought elsewhere than in the straight path."

Speaking of the poor districts of Buenos Ayres, where Italian immigrants find their first refuge before making their way into the life of the

new country, he thus speaks of Argentine charity toward the newcomers:

"As generosity is one of the leading traits of the Argentine character, much good is done in this way. There are no external signs of feminine degradation that disfigure our own public streets." (Op. cit. p. 35 6.)

Again:

"In their family relations the differences between the social ideals of the North and South American are plainly visible. The family tie appears to be stronger in the Argentine than, perhaps, any other land. The rich, unlike those of other countries, take pleasure in having large families. Everywhere family anniversaries are carefully observed, and all take pleasure in celebrating them. The greatest affection prevails and the greatest devotion to the parent roof-tree."

"All that can be seen of public morals is most favorable. The women—generally extremely handsome in a super-Spanish way and often fascinating—enjoy a reputation, that seems well justified, of being extremely virtuous. In the Argentine family, love's dream is realized in the natural, orderly course of events. Even if otherwise it is to the highest credit of the women that in their role of faithful guardians of the hearth they have been able to silence calumny and inspire universal respect by the purity and dignity of their lives." (Op. cit. pp. 150 152.)

Speaking of the character of the people generally M. Clemenceau notes that abuses provoked keen intelligence and determination and he sums up his conclusions thus:

"A race that can show the development of intelligence and character that so struck me in the course of this journey can afford to await with tranquil courage the solutions of the future."

A few missionaries from South America to the Canadian West would make it difficult for the clerical representatives of Protestant culture to approve and endorse the savage and filthy calumnies of the Rev. Harvey Moore. Decent Protestants have a way of protecting themselves from such ministers—they stay away from their churches. Who can blame them? The fact of their absence is often cited as an evidence of the decay of religious sentiment, but it may be an evidence of something quite creditable to the large and growing majority of non-church-going Protestants.

The Rev. Dudley Oliver Osterheld, pastor of Greenpoint Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, preached a sermon, the other Sunday evening, against anti-Catholic preaching. We give an extract from it in order that our readers may not forget that there are Protestant clergymen of a different type from those of Medicine Hat:

"I find no command in the Holy Scriptures to preach against the Catholics," said the Rev. Mr. Osterheld. "When God led me into service for Him, when God led me up to His holy place He anointed me, not to preach against the Catholics, but He anointed me to preach the truth, His Word, the truth and the light as I may perceive it."

"The acute prejudice against Roman Catholics is a relic of past days," the clergyman said; "still we find some societies among the Protestants are clinging to the prejudices of the past ages."

It would be much better, of course, to preach the Word of God, the truth and light as you perceive it, but if that leaves too much time on your hands, Reverend and Christian Ministers of the Gospel, try to have some regard for the amenities or at least the decencies of civilized life. Draw the line at lying scurrility and cowardly calumny. Our readers will hardly believe that this Orange chaplain, with the approval and sympathy of five other Protestant ministers (a goodly proportion surely of the moral guides of 5,000 people) could be so depraved as to slander the devoted women who consecrate their pure lives to the service of God in the benevolent activities of the religious life. Yet this is what Mr. Moore did in terms so foul that it would pollute our pages to repeat them. The character of the audience may be inferred from the fact that there was no one there with manliness enough to resent his blackguardism. Evidently self-respecting Protestants stayed away.

Probably to justify his filthy language, which would disgrace a fifth rate bar-room, he said that "the Catholic Church states that the Public schools are cess pools of iniquity and nurseries of Hell," giving, according to the News, at the same time "quotations from one of the leading Catholic bishops of the country." The Catholic, bishop or layman, who would use such language would bring himself down to the level of Mr. Moore and his five clerical backers. That the News did not believe the

worthy lecturer is evident from the fact that it gives no name to the Catholic bishop. That would leave the News open to a libel suit. It is quite safe to sling mud in a general way, but getting down to specific charges is dangerous.

The Protestant historian, W. E. H. Lecky, in his "History of European Morals," Vol. II, pp. 82, 91, pays a tribute to the religious orders:

"The greatest things are those which are most imperfectly realized; and surely no achievements of the Christian Church are more truly great than those which it has effected in the sphere of charity. For the first time in the history of mankind it has inspired many thousands of men and women, at the sacrifice of all their worldly interests, and often under circumstances of extreme discomfort or danger, to devote their entire lives to the single object of assuaging the sufferings of humanity. It has covered the globe with countless institutions of mercy absolutely unknown to the pagan world."

Mrs. Jameson, the distinguished English Protestant writer, strenuously advocated the founding of sisterhoods in the Church of England. She lived to see her desire realized. In her "Sisters of Charity," p. 38, she says:

"I know that many well meaning, ignorant people in this country entertain the idea that the existence of communities of women, trained and organized to help in social work, from the sentiment of devotion is especially a Roman Catholic institution belonging peculiarly to that Church. . . I conceive this to be altogether a mistake. The truth seems to me to amount to this: that the Roman Catholic Church has had the good sense to turn to account and assimilate to itself, and in form with its own peculiar doctrines, a deep seated principle in our human nature—a law of life which we Protestants have had the folly to repudiate."

Referring to the fact that Protestants "appropriated the beautiful old Cathedrals which our Roman Catholic ancestors built," she asks why not also use Sisters of Charity:

"And let me say that these institutions of female charity to which I have referred, institutions which had their source in the deep heart of humanity, and in the teaching of the religion of love—let me say that these are better and more beautiful and more durable than edifices of stone reared by men's hands."

On page 119 she says: "Why is it that we see so many women carefully educated going over to the Roman Catholic Church? For no other reason but the power it gives them to throw their energies into a sphere of definite utility, under the control of a high religious responsibility."

Such appeals and the influence of Catholic examples finally led to the foundation of Anglican sisterhoods. The Rev. James Okey Nash, M. A., in the article on Modern Anglican Sisterhoods, in the Britannica, notes that after Henry VIII. "the Anglican Church was left without sisterhoods for three centuries."

"In 1845 the impulse of a strong Church revival aroused a body of laymen, among whom were included Mr. Gladstone, Sir T. D. Acland, Mr. A. J. Beresford-Hope, Lord Lyttelton and Lord John Manners (Chairman) to exertions which restored Sisterhoods to the Church of England. . . Their number is believed to exceed 3,000, and the demand for their services is greater than the supply. . . In most essential respects they follow the ancient traditions. They devote themselves to the cultivation of the virtues in common, and observe a common rule of prayer, fellowship and work. Government is by a sister superior assisted by various officers."

After three hundred years of Protestant sterility the establishment of Anglican sisterhoods is the sincerest possible tribute to the wonder-working devotion of our Catholic nuns who have "covered the globe with countless institutions of mercy" and conduct institutions of learning which are the admiration and despair of spiritual-minded Protestants. Everyone knows that there is hardly a convent school in North America without Protestant students; and these are from families whose position enables them both to judge and to choose the best.

The gross and ignorant prejudice which makes the scurrility of a Moore taste sweet to the clergymen of a Canadian city must be our excuse for emphasizing facts that are known to educated Protestants as well as to Catholics, whose dearest relatives are amongst those whom an ignorant Orange fanatic villainously traduces in the Council Chamber of the city hall with the Mayor presiding.

If love gives all the graces of beauty in the eyes of men, it is just as true that it makes them beautiful in the eyes of God, love it is that makes all good that is in us well pleasing and acceptable to Him.

PAX ROMANA

When two weeks ago we referred to the Pax Romana we assumed that most of our readers were familiar with this historic term, and that any who were not could easily obtain the necessary information. Apparently we were mistaken. L'Action Sociale of Quebec, editorially referring to our article and carefully ignoring its point and purpose, after a couple of tiny jockeys, thus defines Pax Romana for our special benefit:

"There is, however, a notable difference which the RECORD could not have noticed. The Pax Romana was a Catholic peace protected by the mutual good understanding and co-operation (entente) between the Pope and the Catholic emperor (chef d'empire catholique), a peace which supposed and recognized the authority of the Church of Christ."

Had our esteemed contemporary insisted that *civis sum Romanus* means 'I am a Roman Catholic' it could not have surprised us more. However, its remarkable criticism of our article 'The Church and the English Language' removes a suspicion that we were unwilling to entertain. We no longer suspect L'Action Sociale of wilful misrepresentation; we must allow for—misunderstanding.

Those of our readers to whom *pax Romana*, the Roman peace, is as familiar a term as *Magna Charta* will pardon us if we explain what is meant by that historic term. There are always some who are learning for the first time what is a familiar story to their elders.

The *pax Romana* or Roman peace begins with the settled reign of Augustus (27 B. C.—A. D. 14) and lasts two hundred years more or less in its completeness and two hundred more in its decline.

An English writer who quotes and condenses from Champagny, *Les Césars*, vol. III, Dollinger and others, thus describes the *pax Romana*:

It is hard to conceive adequately what a spectator called "the immense majesty of the Roman peace." (Pliny) Where now in Europe impatient and uneasy, a group of half-friendly nations jealously watches each other's progress in power, and the acquisition of a province threatens a general war, Rome maintained from generation to generation, in tranquil sway, an empire of which Gaul and Spain, Britain and North Africa, Switzerland and the greater part of Austria, Turkey in Europe, Asia Minor, Syria and Egypt, formed but single limbs, members of her mighty body. Her roads, spreading as a network over this immense territory from their common centre, the golden milestone of her Forum, under the palace of her emperors, expressed the unity of that spirit which she ruled the earth, her subject, levelling the mountain and filling up the valley, for the march of her armies, and the easy flow of her merchandise, and the even sweep of her legislation. . . In all an army of 340,000 men, sufficed not so much to preserve internal order, which rested on other and surer ground, but to guard the frontiers of a vast population. Thus for instance the whole interior of Gaul possessed a garrison of 1,200 men only. Again, Asia Minor had no military force; that most beautiful region of the earth teemed with princely cities, enjoying the civilization of art and industry, in undisturbed repose. And within its unquestioned boundaries, the spirit of Roman rule was far other than that of a military discipline, or a bureaucratic and a police pressing with ever-watchful suspicion on every spring of civil life. The principle of its government was to leave cities and corporations to manage their own affairs themselves.

Under the peace of so vast an empire, guarded rather than by the majesty of the Roman name than by the amount of force employed, the inhabitants of three continents had unexampled facilities of commerce. The public tranquillity being maintained at so slight a cost, this vast dominion was free from a large part of that burden of taxation which presses on modern industry. Far indeed was the *pax Romana* removed from that armed jealousy of rival nations, the sole resource of its spiritual unity, which is termed the balance of power. From the Rhine and Danube to the deserts of Africa; from utmost Spain to the Euphrates, no war, no suspicion of war, could arise. Of such a period Tertullian wrote: "The world itself is opened up, and becomes from day to day more civilized and increases the sum of human enjoyment. Every place is reached, is become known, is full of business. . . The island has lost its savagery, the cliff its desolation. On all sides are government and law. . . Nor must we here forget the great-est gift which the Roman Empire bestowed on the human race—a system of equal law; a system which, in spite of force from without, that at last broke from the empire, still lived on, was first the admiration of the barbarian conqueror, then instructed him, and finally subdued him to a willing homage. And that Roman law should thus have broadened out into an universal

system of equal rights for all, is the more wonderful because at the beginning it treated the most elementary and necessary rights of man in society as in the strictest sense national, or rather civic privileges. . . Under the ceaseless labor and thought of philosophic jurists, applying general principles, the science of right was gradually formed.

Rome was not merely the mighty conqueror, but the skilful assimilator of the human race. Her reign would not have acquired and deserved the name of a majestic peace but for this. . . Greater than Athens, Antioch, and Alexandria, in the material order, Rome excelled them yet more in this, that she had at once the will and the power to communicate to others that which was the most precious of her possessions, in the eyes of her subjects, and in the eyes of posterity: her political and civil rights, her citizenship. Her great instrument in the government of men, her great means of preserving that majestic peace which was the true glory of her empire, was the gift of imparting her own rights in various degrees to the conquered."

So far from being a Catholic peace protected by the mutual good understanding and co-operation of Pope and Emperor, the *pax Romana* covers the period of the persecutions when the blood of St. Peter and many of his successors mingled with that of countless thousands of Christian martyrs; and it was already beginning to disappear at the time of Constantine's edict of toleration. Nevertheless this Roman peace is regarded by Catholic Church historians and Catholic writers on the Philosophy of History as the positive providential preparation for Christianity. In many striking ways the comparison of ancient Rome with the modern British Empire, the *pax Romana* with the *pax Britannica*, will suggest itself. But the subject is so interesting, so replete with practical lessons for the present, that we shall give it further consideration.

SECRET SOCIETIES

Winnipeg, Jan. 28.—A new turn was given to-day to the evidence before the royal commission inquiring into the escape of John Krafchenko, when John Westlake, charged with aiding in the escape, declared that J. H. Buxton had told him that Krafchenko was a Free Mason, and that he (Buxton) was high in the order, and for that reason Krafchenko was being aided to obtain his freedom. . . Masons, Buxton told Westlake, did not believe in the noose, and for that reason he was working to save the desperado from the gallows. Westlake told the commission that he did not want to harbor Krafchenko, but that he was forced into doing it by threats.

We have here exemplified one of the chief reasons why the Catholic Church condemns Freemasonry and similar secret societies. Such societies place the interest of their own members above the interest of the community, and even above the absolute right of society in general; or they may, at any time do so while their obligation of secrecy is absolute. We boast that all are equal before the law and before the tribunals of justice. But where is the equality if societies, under cover of an obligation of secrecy that recognizes no higher obligations, may interfere to thwart the administration of justice when their members are concerned?

Again, we quote from the Toronto Globe:

These are further findings of the Civic Survey Committee's experts who investigated the works department: Toronto is mortgaging its assets to pay for repairs to roadways. A large part of the \$1,884,420 expenditure on track allowance pavements in the past five years has been absolutely wasted. Continuation of present construction methods will need \$500,000 a year to keep streets even in passable condition. During the past year the average maintenance cost of track allowance pavements in Toronto was nearly 40 cents per square yard, twice as great as the highest pavement maintenance cost on any class of roadway pavements ever known in the borough of Manhattan, New York, where the average traffic is very much heavier than in Toronto. As compared with 39.98 cents in Toronto, the cost of maintaining stone block pavements in the borough of Manhattan was only 12.1 cents, and on the streets occupied by the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company less than 8 cents per square yard for the entire year of 1913. Nearly \$2,000,000 was spent on repairs and construction of railway track allowance pavements during the last five years, which is over \$3 for every square yard of track allowance pavement in Toronto. With proper construction methods every square yard of track allowance pavement could have been reconstructed in the last five years and the cost of maintenance reduced to practically nothing. On the other hand, after an expenditure of nearly two millions of dollars, Toronto is

to day burdened with a railroad area which will necessitate the expenditure of approximately two millions of dollars more in order to place it in a proper condition. The present condition of the railroad area is a disgrace to the city. Toronto is notoriously lodge-ridden. Many have begun to find the yoke irksome; they will soon realize that it is also expensive. From time to time we see it openly charged in the press that the administration of civic affairs in Toronto is controlled by secret or political organizations; but with the exception of one futile attempt by an alderman, no one seems disposed to undertake a serious fight for freedom. The same press frequently makes sanctimonious references to Tammany. Well, Tammany has governed New York most of the time, and if Tammany is so bad what shall we think of the city where last year's average maintenance cost of track allowance pavements is twice as great as the highest pavement maintenance cost on any class of roadway pavements ever known in the borough of Manhattan, New York, where the average traffic is very much heavier than in Toronto? Or of this: 39.98 cents per square yard in Toronto; 12.1 cents, or even 8 cents, in New York?

Societies that do not subordinate their aims to the general good, but consider the interests of their members of first importance, are evidently more costly luxuries than political organizations which must give satisfactory results in civic administration or surrender control. Note the dignified restraint with which Toronto expresses its indignation over the civic survey exposures.

"AS ONE HAVING AUTHORITY"

Read Cardinal O'Connell's address to the men of the Holy Name Societies of Boston. It is a masterpiece. Briefly, but with the skill of an artist, he depicts the new paganism of decadent modern society; with the stern contempt of the divinely commissioned teacher he brushes aside the false and crude futilities of the 'intellectuals'; with the fearless zeal of an apostle he proclaims God's truth 'eternal and immutable'; and with the 4,000 men who listen feel that the great heart of the man before them is charged with human sympathy because he knows real men and understands real human life.

A NEW CATHOLIC LIBRARY—CANADA REPRESENTED

No more significant sign of the advance of Catholicism has come to our notice of late than the announcement of a new Catholic Library. We have frequently brought to the notice of our readers the fact that Catholic literature required more attention than it has usually received, and we are now glad to draw their attention to a venture which we believe will be crowned with success. The Catholic Library—under the general editorship of Rev. Father Goodier, S. J., Manresa House, Roehampton, England, will issue twice a month a volume of 40,000 words on subjects of interest to Catholics—devotional, historical, biographical, scientific and theological. The volumes will be got up in first class style and will cost only 30 cents each. They will be written by experts in the several branches, whose names are well-known. Among those who have volumes in hand for the library are Mr. Hillaire Belloc, Monsignor Hugh Benson, Father Ricaby, S. J., Father Thurston, S. J., Dom Bede Cam, O. S. B., and Professor W. P. M. Kennedy of the University of St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish, Nova Scotia. We are glad to notice that St. Francis Xavier's new professor has been asked to write, and it speaks well for the historical work done in that university that one of its faculty is selected for such important work.

We need not say that the CATHOLIC RECORD wishes the new Catholic Library every success. The times are more than ripe for Catholics to advance along the best intellectual lines. Catholic progress not only demands wider and more accurate reading than heretofore, but to a large extent it can be helped by it. Catholics have frequently found it difficult to meet abuses and slanders against their faith owing to the want of reliable and moderately priced literature, which would provide more information than a pamphlet and yet avoid the technical details of a large and expensive book. The Catholic Library will admirably meet this want. We respectfully draw the attention of our clerical readers to it, in order that they may bring it before their people. This is

a venture which deserves the support of every sincere Catholic. When we consider the enormous task of reconstruction that the Church has had to undertake in England, and the marvelous success with which she has accomplished that work, it is perhaps not surprising that such an undertaking has not been launched before. And great as has been the progress of the Church on this continent, her energies have been absorbed to a great extent in providing for the pressing needs of a population whose rapid growth is unprecedented in history. There is no false modesty in the admission that England is better equipped for the proposed work than America. We are informed from England that Canadian agents for the Library will shortly be announced; meanwhile the editor will be very pleased not only to receive orders but suggestions. The publishers are Messrs. Herder, 68 Great Russell St., London W., England, and St. Louis, U. S. A. The Catholic Library carries with it the best wishes of the CATHOLIC RECORD.

GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM

He was christened James O. Hannay, afterwards blossoming forth as the Rev. Canon Hannay, rector of Westport, Mayo, Ireland. Now, Westport being a "plague spot" of Romanism, Canon Hannay, with only half a dozen souls to look after, found time hanging heavy on his hands. Unlike the foolish old Bishop who thought a one soul parish enough for a saint, Canon Hannay sought a larger theatre for his genius, and, despairing of the conversion of the Romanists, he determined to write about them in books. It was then that, following biblical precedent, he changed his name. And so George A. Birmingham appeared in the Irish literary firmament.

He had all the qualifications for his self-imposed task. For wasn't he a Protestant rector, and everyone knows an Irish parson thoroughly understands the workings of the Celtic heart and can fathom the depths of the Celtic soul. What if he be alien to the people in everything? This is his highest qualification, for it enables him to see themselves as others see them. Small wonder, then, if even Catholic critics should hail him as another Canon Sheehan? A Protestant parson who writes "sympathetically" of priests and people is not to be met with every day, so George A. Birmingham is placed on a pedestal, and learned editors write long laudations of this rare avis who has broken with his class, has thrown caste to the winds, and publicly champions the very people whom his predecessors sought to win over to the ways of "enlightenment" by means of "soup and hairy bacon."

As for ourselves, however, at the risk of being considered a literary heretic, we are going to challenge this view of the Rev. Canon Hannay. We are well aware that some well-meaning people will pity us for our presumption, but when the libeller of Catholic Ireland is being boomed by the Catholic press it is time to utter a protest. We are not of the number of those who think it truly meet and just to chant Te Deums because a parson attempts to patronize our Church and people. Patronage or contempt from such quarters leaves us equally unmoved.

What claim has Canon Hannay to be considered an Irish writer? It is no doubt true that he was born in Ireland, and lived there until he took to gallivanting round the world disposing of his literary wares. Geographically, then, Birmingham is an Irish writer. But there is an Ireland which is not to be found in the geography books, which is bounded not by four seas, but by history, religion and tradition, and of this Ireland Canon Hannay knows about as much as he knows about Mars. An author must have the gift of "understanding." And nothing short of a miracle could make the class to which Canon Hannay belongs understand the Irish people. It may be urged that he has broken with his class and has thrown in his lot with the people, but there is a great difference between being "with the people" and "of the people," and the man who would interpret the people's soul must be both. He must know them from the inside as well as from the outside; he would arrive at complete comprehension. And circumstances over which he has had no control have made it impossible for Canon Hannay to ever attain the deeper and more intimate knowledge that

is begotten of the kinship of the soul. This literary parson may be well-meaning enough, but we cannot subscribe to the theory that the intention covers a multitude of faults. And, consciously or unconsciously, we maintain that Canon Hannay's books are little better than libels on the Irish name. We have lived in Ireland. We were "of the people," mixed with the people, and know the "inside" of Catholicity as it is lived in Ireland. It is not at all like the Canon's picture of it. We do not blame the Canon, but we would remind his champions that a rectory window is calculated to give a distorted view of Irish life. Irishmen are humorous, generous, kindhearted, but it will take more than the Canon's testimony to convince us that they are also liars and prevaricators, and to read his pages is to make the astounding discovery that Truth is not a Catholic virtue, at all. If Birmingham is to be accepted as an authority every Irish peasant is a firm believer in the famous Jesuit (?) dictum that the end justifies the means. We suppose the Canon believes the Jesuits really subscribe to this principle, and if the Jesuits why not the Irish peasants?

But it is when he attempts to depict the Irish priesthood that Canon Hannay displays his utter ignorance of his subject. According to him the Irish priesthood is tyrannical, greedy of power and money, and yet of pure and high religious emotion, as if the two things could be united. We quote the author: "The Irish priests have schemed and lied, have blustered and bullied, have levied taxes beyond belief upon the poorest of the poor; but they have taught the people a religion which penetrates their lives, and which, in its essential features, is not far from the spirit of Christ. Such religion is not to be taught by words. The man who imparts it must first understand it and possess it within his own soul. This is the most wonderful puzzle in Irish life. Some who try to understand Ireland see the priests and what they do. Then they curse Ireland and despair of her, or hope only that her people will some day cease to be Catholics. Others see the people and love them for their goodness. They shut their eyes to all the evils of the prevailing priestcraft. None of them sees Ireland whole or understands her. It remains for some one, a prophet, to see the good and evil, to know where each comes from, and to divide them the one from the other." As one who knows the Irish priesthood intimately we would only say by way of comment on the above that we would much rather accept Canon Sheehan's picture as the reality. Birmingham poses as a maker of paradoxes. Sheehan, looking at things from the inside, saw no paradoxes. We, too, have seen things from the inside, and we can truthfully say that the only paradox we know of is the paradox of Canon Hannay attempting to write about that of which he knows nothing. The Canon says the Irish priests have levied taxes beyond belief upon the poorest of the poor. Will the Canon kindly tell us if the poor were never taxed for the support of the parsons, and from what source he derives the income that enables him to go play-acting round the world, writing ridiculous novels and libelling a people whose unforgivable sin has ever been that they refused to change the priest for the parson? Yes, if you like, there are paradoxes in Ireland. George A. Birmingham is himself a paradox—and his acceptance as an authority on Irish life is the crowning paradox of it all.

COLUMBA

NOTES AND COMMENTS

WE REPRODUCE elsewhere in this issue some impressions of the Holy Name Society penned by that widely-known scribe, "The Khan," which should be of general interest. "The Khan," needless to say, is not a Catholic, but just in proportion as he is a hater of shams and humbug, so is he also the warm friend of earnestness and devotion wherever he sees them. This tribute then on part of Mr. Kernighan, expressed in his characteristic vein of mingled gravity and jocularly, will be accepted as the verdict of a shrewd and competent observer.

THE CONVICTION lately in St. Thomas of one charged with selling liquor to Indians, recalls the early efforts in Canada of both government and ecclesiastical authorities to prevent the debauch and demoralization of the aborigines caused by the traffic in "fire-water." Seeing the great evil wrought by this unholy

trade the early Governors did all in their power to prevent it, but were continually hampered and defeated by iniquitous traders whose greed for gain entirely disregarded the welfare of the native races. Governor Simcoe in particular was zealous and painstaking in the measures which he took in this regard, and was most precise in his orders to his officials to leave nothing undone which would tend to lessen the evil. And in this he had, as was right and fitting, the unwavering support and co-operation of the clergy, both Catholic and Protestant.

WE WILL devote a paragraph to the experiences along this line of the pioneer Catholic missionary of Ontario since its opening up for settlement. We refer to Vicar-General Edmund Burke, who, after many years' arduous labor among the Indians, was transferred to Nova Scotia and became eventually Vicar Apostolic of that maritime province, and its first Bishop. In 1794, at the earnest solicitation of Governor Simcoe, Vicar Burke left Quebec for the then distant settlements on the Detroit and Raisin Rivers. On his arrival there everyone, he wrote, sold liquor, but after a few months residence he was able to write again that no one was doing so. "Possibly," he said, "fear of the Government rather than ecclesiastical authority, has produced this effect. Even if it be so, what it does signify? The good is accomplished, which is everything."

THE DIFFICULTIES of the situation with which this pioneer missionary was confronted in what is now Western Ontario and parts of the States of Michigan and Ohio, are graphically outlined in the letter from which we have made this excerpt. He encountered, as he tells us, greater obstacles from the vices of the civilized than from the ignorance or cruelty of the savages. His determined fight against the sale of rum to the latter made him many enemies, who hampered him in his work and tried to poison the minds of the Indians against him. He frequently refers to the evil done by this traffic in rum, and to the intrigues by which dissolute white men, "more debased than the savages," sought to maintain it. But by the influence of his priestly character, backed by the undoubted authority of the civil governor, he was able to restore something like order where on his advent everything had been disorder and turmoil. When, then, by the Treaty of Utrecht, the boundary between the United States and Canada was first defined, and Detroit passed under the dominion of the former, (the territory at the same time passing by an old decree into the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Baltimore) Father Burke, upon his withdrawal from the mission, was able to look back upon much good accomplished and especially upon the consoling fact that the Huron Indians resident there who had been enticed from their spiritual allegiance, had under his guidance returned once more to the practice of their religion, and had in great measure abandoned their dissolute habits.

WE HAVE reverted to these experiences of Ontario's pioneer missionary, as they exactly describe the experiences of those who came after him, and of the white man's relation to the Indian in the time that has intervened. Successive governments have wisely maintained the regulations then put in force in regard to the sale of liquor to the Indian, and have heavily penalized any infraction. For, whatever individual opinion may be as to the legitimacy of the liquor trade generally, or of the use of intoxicants as a beverage by the white man, there can be no two opinions as to their harmfulness to the Red Man. Under the influence of alcohol the Indian reverts to his savage state for the time being, and becomes a menace to those about him. It is well, therefore, that there should be no relaxing of the law in regard to his position in this respect, or no mitigation of the penalty for its infraction. The North American Indian seems in danger of extinction under the stress of civilization, but that is all the greater reason why his welfare should be vigilantly safeguarded.

SOME TWENTY years ago Professor Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, convinced, after years of study and observation, that the solution of the aviation problem lay along the line of close approximation to the flight of birds, constructed a machine which in due time was tested on the Potomac. The disastrous

result of these tests brought down upon the inventor's head a torrent of ridicule from the press of the country. Langley's claim that this failure was due more to the defects of his launching device than to any defective principle in the machine, or to faulty construction, served only to intensify the general derision, which the Professor took so much to heart as to hasten his death, which occurred shortly afterwards. Since then his machine has been among the curio exhibits in the museum of the scientific institution with which he was connected.

THE SUBSEQUENT development of air navigation has gone a long way to vindicate Langley, and (as the Mail and Empire expressed it, "to point him out as the Moses who led the way to the promised land of mastery of the air, while not himself permitted to enter it.") A distinguished present day aviator, Mr. Lincoln Beachy, who has examined the Langley machine, has given it as his opinion that all it lacks for successful demonstration is a modern motor, and he has asked permission of the Smithsonian authorities to make this substitution and give it a test. Should the authorities agree, and the issue be successful, it will be, as it has been well said, a noble vindication of Langley's genius and foresight, and may fix his place in scientific annals as the real father of the heavier-than-air machine. It will not be the first time in history that genius, whether in scientific, artistic or any other sphere, has been so vindicated, and if mankind were prone to learn so needful a lesson, the path of discoverers might become less rugged than it often has been in the past. While human nature remains what it is, however, one need not be sanguine of any change in this particular. The fickleness and instability of humanity in the concrete points the other way.

AN ANGLICAN minister of Toronto, the Rev. Lawrence E. Skey, has been lecturing on Ireland and telling his congregation that the population of the Emerald Isle has been depleted because of oppression and extortion on the part of the priests. Mr. Skey is a little shady in his history studies, and would do well to revise them, in the light even of hostile historians. Or why not pursue a little enquiry among the Catholics of his own city, for many of whom he professes "great admiration"? He would then find that the Catholics of Ireland have substantially the same relation to their clergy as their brethren in Ontario, and that both are free from that peculiar species of espionage and social tyranny which prevails among the sects—Mr. Skey's not excepted.

TWO IDEAS occur to us on reading Mr. Skey's deliverance as reported in the daily papers. One is that wanton insinuations such as he is, we understand, in the habit of giving vent to (his professed friendship for his Catholic neighbors notwithstanding) are evidently inspired by a species of envy. He sees the Catholics of every municipality in Canada erecting churches, schools and institutions, and carrying on works of religion, charity and social service to an extent that overshadows the achievements of all the sects combined. It is unnecessary to remind him to what extent the Catholics of English-speaking Canada are, at the same time, in the minority. It is, we repeat, the wonder of their neighbors, and in small minds, such as Mr. Skey's, this sometimes develops into an indefinable sort of envy. The contrast cannot be put out of sight, and, in the absence of accurate information and largeness of mind, these little people fly at once to deductions that are as ridiculous as they are untrue.

THE OTHER idea that occurs to us is that these men must have very little respect for themselves and very little to do to spend their time and their energy in concocting idle tales such as we have referred to. We have been accustomed to give the Anglican clergy generally credit for better sense, better manners, and a higher idea of their calling. Mr. Skey, we are informed, enjoys the reputation among them of being more than half a Methodist. Certainly, if we may judge by this his latest utterance, he is well in the running with the Toronto Methodist preacher who, a year or more ago, got much notoriety and a quantity of free advertising in much the same way.

CARDINAL O'CONNELL ON THE NEW PAGANISM

BLAMES PROTESTANTISM FOR FLOOD OF FOLLY AND INDECENT DRESS

Boston, Jan. 18.—In a sermon delivered at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross this afternoon Cardinal O'Connell called attention to what he called the decadence of the Protestant faith, the disregard of the decency by women in regard to dress and the present craze for new dances. The Cardinal contrasted the growth of the Catholic faith and the decline of all other sects. He also drew contrasts between Catholic and Protestant women and took a covert rap at Dr. Charles W. Eliot on account of the latter's "new religion."

The sermon was delivered at the union service of the Holy Name Society of all the parishes of Boston. About four thousand men were in the congregation. Cardinal O'Connell said:

"What a spectacle to behold, this vast Cathedral thronged with the hosts of Christians of every walk of life, of every nationality, of every avocation. This is the true democracy which the Christian faith alone can plant and nourish."

"Look abroad and behold the contrast. The temples of other creeds are deserted and forsaken. Every day we see new proofs of a disintegration of sects and denominations, once numerous and influential."

"A mere handful sits in the chilly churches which once housed flourishing congregations. Millions are growing up without even an intelligent knowledge of God, of Christ, of religion of spiritual life. The press, the stage, the street, are flooded with living proofs of a spiritual decadence which can bring only social and national ruin."

COMMON DECENCY DISREGARDED

"The play, the magazine, the ball-room, all give evidence of an ever increasing disregard of even the rudiments of common decency of dress, of deportment, of conversation, and of conduct."

Little by little the bars have been lowered, letting out the few influences which held society in restraint and letting in a very flood of folly, of insatiable greed for amusement of any and every kind, until what even a few years ago would make a decent woman blush to see in others has become so common that even decent women now accept as a matter of fact for themselves and their daughters.

"We need be neither prude nor Puritan to see and to realize that something is passing in the heart and the mind of the women to-day which is leaving them hard and unwomanly, and that year by year, this transformation goes on until, if it continues, there will be neither home nor family, nor normal womanly nature left."

If this is the new woman, then God spare us from any further developments of an abnormal creature. Certainly this is not the Catholic woman who is true to her faith and is not easily influenced by these modern fads of a new paganism. She has her standards and she stands by them unchanged.

"And what, in the last analysis, is the cause of all this moral degeneracy, evident on all sides? Why it is simply the natural result of the decay of even the external semblance of Christianity outside the Church. For fifty years we have witnessed a host of evils against all these principles which held together what was left of Christianity among those who had deserted the true faith."

PULPIT CONTROLLED BY THE RICH "The preacher was derided, his sermons plucked to pieces, the Bible was dissected and torn page by page, until nothing but the cloth cover is now left. The rich controlled the pulpit and the sermon did not attract the poor, and without the poor there never can be a church."

The minister was paid starvation wages to preach sermons which extolled the virtues of coal barons and steel kings and oil emperors. Even royal salaries cannot produce sincerity in a preacher. And now he goes on for long leaving out of his sermon the only thing his soul longed to say—that Christ came to bring justice to the suffering and that riches are oftentimes the result of injustice to some one.

"So the poor deserted these temples of a cold respectable creed where the pews were owned by stockholders and the pulpit controlled by wealth."

"Without sincerity in the pulpit and poor in the pews, there never has been, there never can be any moral influence in any church. And now wonder the few sincere men doubtless in good faith, struggling still to keep alive the little spark of Christianity left in their congregations, are disheartened."

"But if the Bible is nothing but a bit of oriental poetry, if faith is only superstition, if, as again and again we have been told by some of the intellectuals, miracles and magic are all the same, and God is an electric current, then what wonder that the churches are empty and what wonder that men are few to think any more of God, or of religion or of moral law!"

"The leaders of this false and crude intellectualism have lost all that is best in life. They have killed the heart in men because they themselves have no heart."

"What do they know of real life,—they who have never for a single day

lived among the poor, the laborer, the struggling artisan—they whose whole existence has been spent among chemical formulas or in the prim sedateness of a university board meeting where an error in grammar is a mortal sin, and where a soft voice passes for conviction and principle?"

"Why all this in all sham. How can men who know nothing of hearts, nothing of feeling, nothing of the trials of poverty, of affliction, whose whole creed is a conceited notion of their own importance and whose whole life is a sort of flawless cycle, know anything of real life, of real need, moral and spiritual, in fact what can they know of real men?"

THE NEW RELIGION

"If they would confine themselves to chemistry we should have some respect for their opinions. But when they invent a new religion each year—a thing which is as old as error and has nothing of religion in it, they simply make themselves ridiculous."

"Let them all drop the fads and trills of a false social and moral standard of life and get down to the hearts of men and of things. We are tired to death of theories which never solve anything and only breed confusion. The world is being talked to death with a new sociology and a new religion and a new system of pedagogy at the end of every public dinner."

"Amid all this riot of talk who can really think? It is thought, not talk, that is most wanted and most needed. It is consideration of old and eternal truths, truths eternal and immutable, that will bring back to those even outside the true Church respect for Christian principles and Christian ideals."

"ARE EPISCOPALIANS CATHOLICS?"

This is the heading of an article quoted in last week's RECORD from the Intermountain Catholic. The latter answers the question in the negative, and gives as proof the fact that the Mass was abolished at the beginning of the modern Church of England. Many Anglicans to-day would reply that Parliament had neither the right nor the power to abolish the Mass, and that they have restored the Mass in Anglican public worship, at least in large numbers of Anglican churches. Therefore they claim the right to be called Catholics. Both the Intermountain argument and the Anglican reply are beside the question at issue. The Russian Church has the Mass in all its Churches, and yet the members of it have no right to be called Catholics.

The usage of the world does not call them Catholics, and neither the theological meaning of the word "Catholic" excludes them. It is well worth while to call attention to this, because the Anglican claim to the title of Catholic is becoming very insistent, and because few Catholics reflect on the real meaning of the word. The fact that a Catholic paper makes use of an argument which has no connection with that meaning suggests what is probably the case, that we use the word habitually as a mere appellative or proper name without advertence to its significance. And when we turn to books of instruction for a statement of its significance, the result is not usually satisfactory. The meaning given is not clear-cut. It is stated, for instance, that the Church is Catholic because spread over the greater part of the known world, or because it is more widely diffused than schismatical or heretical bodies. I saw it stated to-day in one of the daily papers that the Protestants of the United States and Canada contributed \$60,000,000 for foreign missions during the year 1913. I do not know how many millions the Protestants of Europe gave for the same purpose, but the aggregate must be large. It is not difficult to go to any part of the inhabited world these days, and as a result of the vast sums spent by Protestants their missionaries are in fact making converts in nearly all heathen countries. Geographical diffusion is not alone sufficient. Catholicity as such,—I mean the particular feature of the Church which entitles it to be called Catholic, is the organized and enduring manifestation of a supernatural power, described in the fifth chapter of the Apocalypse thus:

"Thou wast slain, O Lord, and hast redeemed us to God, in Thy blood, out of every tribe and tongue, and people and nation, and hast made us to our God a Kingdom and priests, and we shall reign on the earth."

In so far as we fail to be good Catholics in the strict theological sense of the term, as individuals, we do not much like that definition of St. John. We do not naturally like to rub shoulders with "every tribe and tongue and people and nation." And as a people or nation, whatever people or nation we happen to be, we are still more inclined to hug our isolation and assume that we are the "chosen people," the "elect nation." As to our national governments, they positively hate the very thought of a spiritual power claiming jurisdiction over the people without their consent and perversion. The "supremacy of the State" is a powerful cry in all countries. St. John tells us, in the words of the "New canticle," that Our Lord "made us to our God a Kingdom," not in some figurative sense like the "vegetable kingdom," but a kingdom that has "reign on the earth." This is the Church of Christ, and since He made it to be the Church of Humanity, and not the Church of a particular tribe or tongue or people or nation, as the

previous kingdom of God had been among the Jews, this Church soon came to be called the Catholic Church, to distinguish it from any local, national, sectarian or other group breaking away from it and calling itself a church. The test of Catholicity is not geographical expansion, but the power of remaining an organized kingdom under one Church government while embracing every form of civil government which peoples of "every tribe and tongue and people and nation" may select for themselves. Try to imagine the Protestant Episcopal Church remaining organically united with Canterbury after the Declaration of Independence in the United States, or try to imagine the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople exercising effective jurisdiction in Russia or Greece or Bulgaria or Serbia, and you will realize that there is a fundamental difference between the Catholic Church and the most coherent groups of Christians separated from the Catholic Church. The latter possesses a uniting power which the others lack, and this power is most conspicuous in the wonderful feat of holding the peoples of various independent, widely differing, and widely separated national governments. What is this power? Is it a form of organization? Mere organization is of itself quite powerless. It is like a machine. It can only do work when connected with a source of power.

In the case of the Church the source of power is the Holy Ghost dwelling in the Church, "because the love of God is poured forth in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, who is given to us."

The meaning of the Catholic name is a good subject of study and meditation these times. Peoples are mixing up on this continent, and words sometimes get mixed up too. In a Catholic paper of this week a correspondent says "The Greek Catholic will give the glad hand to the Roman Catholic but in his heart he hates him." These geographical distinctions are confusing. The writer may mean by "Greek Catholic" a Catholic of the Greek rite or he may be using the term incorrectly to mean a member of one of the Orthodox Greek Churches. The better way is to learn what the word means and then keep strictly within the lines of that meaning.

The Anglican Church is the Church of a particular people. To call it Catholic is to say that it is the Church of the whole human race, which is absurd. No Anglican claims that his Church is the Catholic Church. The most he claims is that his church is a branch of the Catholic Church. Since this branch connection is not of the visible kind required for a legitimate part of a visible kingdom, and is rejected by all non-Anglicans who have any claim to the title of Catholic, it follows that the claim is untenable. St. Paul was very tolerant in the matter of natural differences among men. He did not care whether a man was a Jew or a Greek, a Roman or a Spaniard, a capitalist or a slave, a barbarian or a civilized man. As converts to the faith they were all baptized into one Body, and what St. Paul would not tolerate was the tendency and the temptation on the part of converts to bring their racial, national and social differences into that one Body. "There is neither Jew nor Greek," he told them, "neither bond-slave nor free, for all are one in Christ." Anglicans take the opposite course. They make much of natural differ-

ences. Empires, governments, language,—these are vital. "Comprehensiveness" is reserved for differences of doctrine and other ecclesiastical matters. A. B. Jan. 28, 1914.

THE CHURCH IN MEXICO

Rev. Dr. Edwin Hart Jenks, in a sermon delivered recently at the First Presbyterian Church in Omaha, said:

"In spite of Paul's statement to the Greeks, that God made of one blood all the nations of the earth," declared Dr. Jenks, "it is said the Mexican race is not fit to live or govern themselves. And they are not, because the individual man is bound down by ignorance and superstition—not the religion of Jesus Christ, the truth seeker, but the creed of temporalist tradition, neither inspirational nor progressive. The church in Mexico has misinterpreted its mission on earth. It should not be authoritative, but inspirational."

Dr. Jenks' remarks called forth the following comment from the editor of The True Voice:

"It is easy to say that the individual Mexican is bound down by ignorance and superstition—not the religion of Jesus Christ. But the statement is simply not true. The vast majority of Mexicans are Catholics. They may not be exemplary Catholics. That is, perhaps, not their fault so much as it is their misfortune when we consider what has been the condition of the church there for the past seventy years. Mexican laws practically prohibited religion during most of that period. The church has been oppressed by legislation emanating from the so-called Liberal party. All the churches were confiscated, the religious expelled, and to wear the clerical costume in public was made a crime. This was not the action of the Mexican people, but a little clique of politicians who secured and maintained the upper hand."

"In spite of penalties placed upon it, however, the church in Mexico continued its work under many advantages. It was barely tolerated under the Diaz regime, yet it did what it could for the vast population of Indians and mixed bloods that constitute fifteen-sixteenths of the people of that country. It is certain that the comparatively small number of Indians who are under Protestant influences in the United States have made no greater advance in civilization. We have two or three hundred thousand Indians in a population of over ninety millions; in Mexico the proportions are nearly reversed. Yet when a preacher does not find the same standard of education and civilization in Mexico as in the United States he waxes eloquent about the responsibility of the church for such conditions."

"In characterizing the religion of the Catholic Mexicans as superstitious Rev. Mr. Jenks, by implication, slurs the religion of all Catholics in the United States as well. The Catholic religion is the same everywhere—because it is the religion of Jesus Christ and because it teaches by His authority. That authority she cannot divest herself of, deny, even to please a modern disciple of Calvin and John Knox, who has abandoned all belief in authority because 'his own' church possesses none."—Truth.



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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

OF USE TO OTHERS

We all dream of doing good. We think that, if we had plenty of money, we would use a good portion of it in philanthropy.

Strangely enough, it is not our fortunes, so called, but our misfortunes which chiefly are turned to account for our fellow men.

Anyone who studies his own life, or the lives about him, will find that the disposition and the power to be of use to others are a growth of the dark days rather than of the bright days that come to us.

Much of the meaning of our sorrows and disappointments, our sorrows and temptations, lies here, and it is a thought that should make us strong to endure.

HELPLESS AND UNSELFISH

We want to commend to all, and especially to the boy, the following extract from an editorial in the Rochester Democrat:

"The higher law of remembering the interests of others is quite as fruitful of good results in business as in politics. The boy who starts out in life with the record behind him as having been helpful and unselfish in the home is pretty sure to win in his battle with the world.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

There was a priest in the accident ward of the State Hospital. He had just given the last sacraments to a dying patrolman; and as he passed to the door between a row of beds, he saw on one of them a little ghastly chap, so blood stained and bandaged that he looked like a small wounded soldier.

The priest fell on his knees beside him. He had studied in Rome, and spoke Italian.

type of humanity. Heroes, the great inventors, the wise men who make the world better and more worth while for living in it never come from such countries.

"I envy your chance," said a young graduate to his classmate, a few months since. "We both are going into the same profession, but you will have to fight your way and win your place, while my father's money will be back of me all the time.

He was old enough to feel that his father's wealth, always ready to supply every need, was a handicap to his best effort, and he was not yet wise enough to realize the possibility of so using it as to make life a grand success.

THE LIGHT OF A CHEERFUL FACE

There is no greater every day virtue than cheerfulness. This quality in man, among men, is like sunshine to the day, like gentle renewing moisture to parched hearts.

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A BIT OF BOYISH KINDNESS

A man, leaning heavily on his cane, dragged himself painfully along a crowded street. Reaching the curb he paused, fearing the attempt to cross the roadway.

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MOTTOES FOR BOYS

The School of Printing at the North End Union, Boston, produces large cards suitable for framing, bearing effective mottoes for a boy's life today.

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C. A. Hawkins, of the State Normal School at Maryville, tells of an answer to a question in geography.

"Oliver Cromwell was an Englishman. He was a great warrior. He got mad at his king. He cut his king's head off.

LOUIS PASTEUR

REMINISCENCES OF A GREAT CATHOLIC SCIENTIST OF FRANCE

The Times of London recently printed a leading article on "Pasteur and Lister," in which, apropos of the seventeenth anniversary of the death of Pasteur, it insisted on his place "on the heights with Darwin."

"In this attitude my leg debarred the newsboy from his box of merchandise. I made haste to let him pass when I observed that he was coming; but I was busy with a book, and so once or twice he came upon me unawares.

OLD PAGANISM

President Emeritus Eliot of Harvard University still poses as the prophet of a new religion. He is one of those who are dubbed by old infidels like himself; to himself he is a god.

How A Clever Girl Helped Her Mother



DEBORAH, MAN. I must tell you about my mother. She thinks there is no other medicine, as good as GIN PILLS, for Backache.

WIT IN THE SCHOOL

In England a schoolboy's blunder is called a "howler." Why, nobody seems to know. The public school teachers of Missouri assembled in St. Louis recently exchanged samples of their pupils' brilliant sayings.

questioned discovery, acclaimed success, and admired beneficence. He healed the flocks and herds of France. He saved the life of the silk worm; that little spinner lived to spin the innumerable threads of a national industry again.

But over the last twenty years of that courageous life a very war of controversies has raged. He did the things just named. But has he safeguarded men, women and children from the worst of deaths? There is no one bold enough to answer.

But we do not end here. The scientific men of France are not always to be found among the sons of the Church. Perhaps Pasteur himself was not wholly in sympathy with little movements on the surface of French Catholicism; and that he did not repeat the shibboleths of some of the journalists is probable enough, since he was from time to time the object of their criticism.

When Pasteur went to London, a few years before his death, he had a great reception at the Medical Congress. But delighted as he was with the enthusiastic sympathy of his English colleagues in the art of healing, he was still more delighted by the opportunity he then had of sitting at a banquet beside Cardinal Manning.

OLD PAGANISM

President Emeritus Eliot of Harvard University still poses as the prophet of a new religion. He is one of those who are dubbed by old infidels like himself; to himself he is a god.

From the very nature of religion, which is a golden band binding the soul of man to his Creator, the fantastic Harvard president must, in his grey-haired infamy, undo God to make place for his own divinity. Oh, the blasphemy and madness of it all! In a few years his bones will be dust and his queer brain will be a playground for wriggling maggots, while the great God who gave us truth will serenely reign in His undiminished and everlasting glory!

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—you could buy all the lumber for your home in wholesale quantities, in markets where it is cheapest—suppose you could cut it in a mill with every time and labor saving device known, and without waste—and then just put it together in a jiffy, with no expensive labor, on your ground—don't you see what a saving you would effect in its cost?

In addition, suppose that home were designed by a clever architect (without any extra cost) who made it really a "thing of beauty."

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Just use a little Panshine sprinkled on a damp cloth, and let your cutlery be as dirty, greasy, grimy as it may, Panshine will make it glistening, sweet and clean in a jiffy. For an easy shine, use

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Large Sifter 10c. At all Grocers



Suppose

—you could buy all the lumber for your home in wholesale quantities, in markets where it is cheapest—suppose you could cut it in a mill with every time and labor saving device known, and without waste—and then just put it together in a jiffy, with no expensive labor, on your ground—don't you see what a saving you would effect in its cost?

In addition, suppose that home were designed by a clever architect (without any extra cost) who made it really a "thing of beauty."

That is what SOVEREIGN'S Readi-cut Homes mean for you—an actual saving of 1/3 and a more beautiful home. Every cost that adds nothing to the value is cut out.

