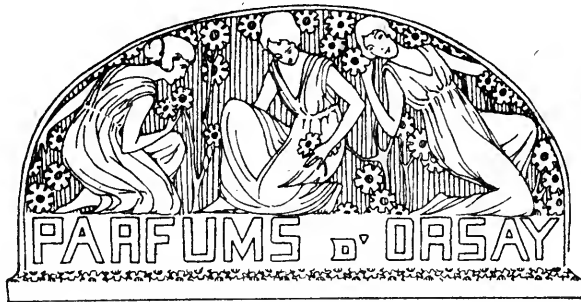


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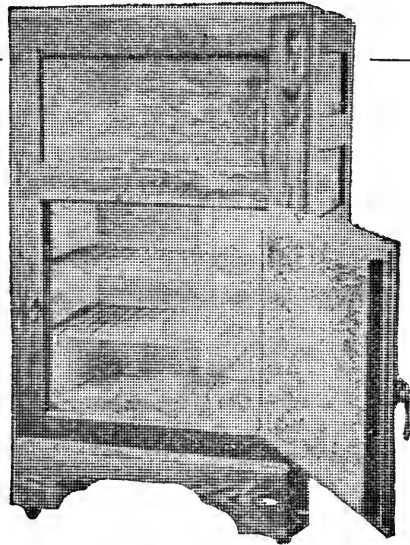
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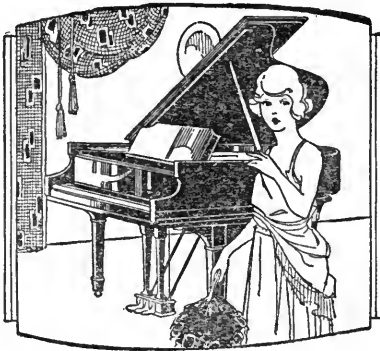
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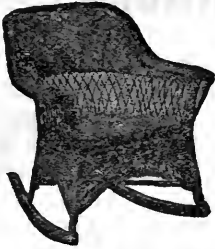
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VOL. XIII.

TORONTO, JUNE, 1924

No. 1

SIENA'S MARVELOUS PEACEMAKER

BY RT. REV. A. E. BURKE, P.A.

NO matter how true may be the celebrated saying of Aristides that whoever wants to see the world must either travel round it, or else pass some time in Rome, there are places in Italy, even outside the Eternal City, which well repay a visit; and, amongst them, none the devout student of religion and art will find more soul-arousing than the little town of Siena; once the centre of an ambitious contending republic; now subsided into a quiet provincial town. This once famous city then early caught up the inspiring flame of the Renaissance, and in painting and sculpture, in architecture and building, which are cognate, in the flowering of polite literature, which these other intellectual concerns always effect, it was long an important centre. Of course it could not escape the interminable contests of this discordant period of small States into which Italy was divided, and which invited much aggression and all sorts of untoward alliance from without.

Every political division in the world, even in this our own day of boasted peace principles and general war conduct, only adds to the prospect of martial conflagration. Nationalism we must have it, and it is desirable, too, within proper limits—but Nationalism run mad, is the bane of present-day civilization. Just think of the United States of America, for example, divided up into as many nations as it has states, each contending for sovereignty of language, commerce and political polity, and you can understand what I mean. And our rather positive and ill-informed leaders of thought might easily find some better and more charitable reason for this same

condition of affairs, when condemning so unreservedly, the temporal quarrels of the Papacy of this period and later. We will not stop to dispute what might have been best in those days, or what may be best to-day. What we aver is that there was certainly no other means in the world then, if there is now(?), no other practical weapon than force, to save the Church, its Head and Government, from the general fate of earthly kingdom and things. This is then, advanced, without prejudice, to interpret anything that may be said later and without further explanation.

Siena is a quaint, artistic and individualistic, rich city with wonderful Cathedral, municipal building, churches, palaces, libraries, terraces and fountains, all set round a sort of circus or great depression in the elevated terrain where the memorable horse-races were long holden; but grand and beautiful as they are, like the sparkling jewels, on a precious ring, it was not to see them that we went to Siena, or are now writing this article about it.

There lived at Siena, in the XIV. century a holy virgin, who although risen, as is generally the case, from lowly but honest parents, was so endowed by the Giver of All Good Gifts as to be destined to confound the strong and aggressive of a world of fiercest antagonisms, which were then completely unbalancing human society and dealing death and disaster to the nations, and to the religion which could provide their only stay. I went to Siena, then, to haunt the scenes of Catherine Benincasa, that ascetic and ecstatic maiden, who at the Saviour's bidding, threw off all maidenly bashfulness, and the natural restraints of a retiring disposition, to go forth fearlessly into the fierce lights that beat round thrones, and to meet and master the most astute statesmen and acutest finds of her day—to meet and master them, with the simple weapons of the spirit.

Born in atmosphere scintillating with the marvels of Francis and of Clare, Catherine Benincasa, at the first moment of discernment, unreservedly vowed herself to God, under the Gospel Counsels of poverty, privation and prayer. Her virginity she need not vow; it was as secure as the mountain

masses round her. There was a big family of the Benincasas, and Catherine was the twenty-fifth child, and a twin, but from the time she could toddle and talk, she gave evidence of a temperament very different from the rest, a mentality already envisaging the supernatural, and a modesty and sensitiveness amounting to a propensity. After the manner of the anchorites of the desert, she hid herself away in a little cell of her father's house, where, free from the world, and undisturbed even by the household she subsisted largely on heavenly meditation, and the sustentation of the Bread of Life. St. Francis said that when the soul was fed the body was easily sustained; and St. Catherine early learnt his difficult lesson, passing out to the poor the food offered her from the family table, and making it enough to supply her extensive clientele. At sixteen she became a Terciary of the Dominicain Order. They had organized this new socio-religious condition amongst pious people in the world, after Francis' own plan, for the world was still full of Francis' marvellous spirit and exhortation. But although they early made their own of this pious virgin they were always suspicious of her, and her manner of communing with the Bridegroom Christ. God's ways are not our ways, and even His authoritative representatives were not able to keep pace with the workings of Catherine's soul. At the age of twenty-seven we find her, then, at Florence, answering to charges which they made against her—stupid, idiotic, even devilish charges, which invade human minds not perfectly attuned to the voice of the Master.

But a plague broke out in Siena, and they were soon glad to have her back to minister to the sick and dying; and the services she rendered her disease-ridden people were certainly of a nature to attract the attention of all, and to assure them that she must be sustained by a superhuman hand. All Heaven was battling for her. Long had she had faithful followers, male and female, and now their number was greatly increased. At this stage she met another devoted follower and believer in her special mission, which was really much like the Pope's to-day—to bring the peace of Christ back to His King-

dom. Raymond of Capua became her confessor, annalist and biographer. This good, devoted priest did much to preserve to future generations, in the faith, the admirable things she had dictated first, and later written with her own hand, under the direct guidance of the Heavenly Spirit.

But the wondrous works of sanctity performed in a restricted sphere, were soon to be paralleled, if not excelled, in the wider sphere of the world. The Ruler, or what would now be the President, of the little Republic of Pisa, Piero Gambastori, invited Catherine to his capital, so she might arouse enthusiasm for the defence of the Holy Places of Jerusalem; and princes and peasants were alike urged by her to "join in the holy passage." But as many of the small states were immersed in petty quarrels amongst themselves, or leagued against the Pope she did herculean work to keep Pisa and Lucca out of the Tuscan League; and it was whilst engaged in this endeavor, and practising profoundest prayer and fasting that the sublime recompense came to her from the Crucified, in the way of the Sacred Stigmata, in the Church of St. Christina, the Fourth Sunday of Lent, 1375. At her request the marks of the Passion were not visibly disclosed. They were internal, but all the same, true stigmata. Even the British Encyclopedia speaking of this says, "there is no reason to doubt the reality of this power"; but adds; that as there was great rivalry between the Dominicans and the Franciscans, at the time, and as the greatest glory of the latter was the "Holy Seraph Piercings," the former might be willing to accept assurances, on slight authority. But they fail to mention that in his wonderful "Process of canonization all this had to be proved to the satisfaction of even the Devil's Advocate." It is no easy court to get by, either, this court of canonization. The Supreme Pontificate of the Church had now been 73 years at Avignon and seven popes had not lived in Rome. There was then a great longing amongst Catholics, and especially Italian Catholics, to see the Roman Pontificate restored. Dante had given vent to it, and so had many others, notably Petrarch to Urban V., but in vain. Naturally, St. Ca-

tharine ardently longed for such a consummation, in the interests of Christian peace and ecclesiastical order and direction and longing had she courage to take practical steps to bring it about. Such holy courage is always rewarded. She wrote to Gregory XI. and suggested peace with the Florentines (actually under interdict) as a preparation for his return. Then she went, personally, as the representative of the Florentines, to Avignon, and secured the Pope's consent. He crossed the Ligurian Sea to Genoa, and she came round by Land to meet him, and encourage him to continue his journey to its end in the Eternal City, which he did. Thus, through her the Roman Succession was happily restored, in 1376. St. Catherine was now employed in healing feuds all round, counselling kings and pontiffs, and doing the great work of mediator in the world, for the representative of the Prince of Peace. The marvellous advice she gave, its cogency and practicability, as well as its approachment to the Divine Counsels, struck all with admiration and surprise. The simple girl of Siena, unschooled, uneducated, uninformed, according to the world, knew more than all its sages put together! And all who came into contact with her went away convinced that she was favored with the Wisdom of Heaven; and thus were they turned to the service and glory of Him Who sustained her. Great, then, was the miracle of wisdom which the Lord worked in Catherine. Pope Gregory had entrusted her to treat for peace with Florence, as we have said. She had done so, but the Florentines were faithless. Still, nothing daunted, she sought the presence of the Pontiff herself and completed her plans. She reconciled the Maconi and the Tolomei, and this made Stefano di Contrado her life-long friend. The Salimboni feud was healed at Rocca d'Orcia. They gave her a superb castle which she quickly turned into a monastery. And she went forward joyfully directing all good men, and working feats of spiritual strength, which would have startled even Francis' day. Gregory met with difficulties in Rome. The real pontifical administrative swing, being lost for so long, could not be completely recovered in a moment. Some say the Pope became impatient,

and chided Catherine, for inducing his return. She took the situation in hand promptly and strongly, however, and wrote him such good counsel, not failing to say, too, that the spiritual side of his tremendous charge, not the temporal one, was the main concern, and he must not allow worldly difficulties to obscure his supreme pontifical vision. He took the admonition well, and sent her off to the Guelphs of Florence to urge peace upon them. His directions she was cleverly carrying out when the word came that the Pope was dead, and in the confusion and rioting which followed, she came very near losing her life, something she lamented ever after, as she had long sighed for the "red rose of martyrdom."

Peace came again, under Urban VI., and Catherine returned to her beloved Siena, to her austerities and almswork. But, with the New Schism, she was called back to Rome, by the Pope, and set out at once, though reluctantly enough, "with all her large family" of spiritual retainers, to give herself up unreservedly to his cause, by restraining his own impetuosity, compounding the differences of the Romans and writing to the princes and potentates of Europe, in support of the true Pope. And all this time she was a constant sufferer, still imposing great penances upon herself, and laboring unceasingly—sick, but always cheerful. On April 29, 1380, she died the death of a saint in the years of Christ and was buried in Rome amidst the lamentations and profound reverence of the people. Her comely head was afterwards sent to Siena, where it is preserved on the High Altar of her parish church, still tended by the Dominicans. Great miracles followed upon her intercession. She was shortly beatified and canonized within the century. Who can think of this remarkable woman and grand saint without coming to the conviction that she was ever under the directing influence of the Most High, and that the causes she upheld—all eminently Catholic causes—were causes which God had made His own!

I left the sanctuary of Fontebranda, for my last visit, in Catherine's loved Siena, and after venerating her relics, in the great empty brick church of the Dominicans, nearby found

out via Benincasa, formerly Dyers Street (for her father followed this trade) until I came up to the pretty little facade and portal (both of which are attributed to di Giorgio) with the Saint and two angelettes welcoming us from the architrave. The priest in charge of the holy place answered the ring, and though it was a bit late, conducted me within, and pointed out with meticulous care, the places and things connected with the Little Fontebranda Maiden, who modestly passed her childhood and early youth there, and in whose honor the Sienese had reconstructed, embellished and preserved it, as their most precious possession.

Nearly 100 years after her death, through the initiative of the men of the Contrada dell'Oca—all Siena was divided into districts with their special organization and insignia—the Dyers Shop and Dwelling was acquired and arrangements made for preserving the premises as a religious monument and a sanctuary in honor of the Saint. Later, a confraternity called "The Little Virgin of Fontebranda" was founded, and the work of reconstruction carried through a period of 175 years. The last of the paintings and frescos in the Chapel of the Crucified (the crucifix is here from which she received the stigmata in Pisa) were only commenced in the middle of the 17th century and finished in the beginning of the 18th. This chapel is on new ground, but adjoining the old. The original house was on the side of a steep hill, the vats and dye-shop underneath, and the kitchen and living room on the second story, now on a level with Via Benincasa. No description can do justice to the holy spot nor the embellishments with which tender piety has lavished it. We must then be content with saying that the most emotional part of it all is the Saint's tiny cell, separated from the Oratory of the Contrada, or old dyer's shop by an antique chancel. This cell is only a couple of paces large, but it was big enough on many occasions to contain the Great God of Heaven, Earth and all things. Here one sees the pavement on which the Virgin prostrated herself in constant prayer and the stone pillow, hallowed by her gentle head when taking scant repose. Here too is the blessed little

window through which she fed her numerous poor, and from which the bread and wine never ran out, in her multiplying hands. Opposite it is hung the silken sack in which her holy head was carried from Rome, her veil and some of the ashes with which she disciplined her tender body; the lantern and perfumes she used when out nights among the sick and diseased and the staff on which she leaned in picking her difficult way. All these rooms are gems in decoration, and flooded with sacred memories, but this is the apartment one wants to linger in and try to reconstruct as kind Providence permit the precious works the holy maid did here and the heavenly visitations not recalled on the painted sanctuary walls in the titles which now we must give so as to instruct and edify the reader's love and piety.

In the Oratory of the Contrada there is a precious altar, with richest carvings and basreliefs, and on the walls about Girolamo del Pacchia has run a series of fine frescoes, showing St. Catherine receiving the Sacred Stigmata, the Dominicans assaulted by highwaymen and delivered by her, St. Agnes of Montepulciano, though dead, offering her feet to the Saint to kiss, and Matteo Cenni raised from his bed of pestilence at her demand. On either side of the fine door, Bastiano has painted the "Gratitude of the Florentines towards St. Catherine," and her return to Sienna from Florence, whilst above is our Saint at Avignon, pleading before Gregory's throne.

The oratory just outside the Saint's little cell has been frescoed by Franchi (1896) in seven concepts: Catherine's mother, Lepa, amazed to see the Infant Jesus coming through the air to her praying child; Catherine shears herself of her locks to wed but Christ; the Saint surprised by her father praying in the room of her brother Stephen with a snow-white dove on her head; she gives a garment to Jesus in the person of a mendicant; Jesus offers her a crown of jewels or a crown of thorns and she joyfully chooses the latter; in prayer and fasting she searches the face of her Eternal Spouse, Christ's spirit breathed into her soul in precious gems; and, the Blessed

Virgin entrusting to her arms the Divine Child on Christmas eve.

The Kitchen Oratory has many beautiful canvasses, amongst which those of Manetti showing the Saint radiant with the Holy Ghost, her Canonization, by Vanni and exhorting the Romans to be faithful to Urban VI. by Cassolini are most noteworthy. Then on the fine altar of the Crucified is the miraculous Pisan crucifix from which our Saint received her holy markings, and Manetti has his wonderful Apotheosis of the Saint, behind it. Here on these walls too is the saint in ecstasy, receiving inspiration from St. Thomas, her charity for the poor and the assault of the Florentines, all excellent depictions. And in the symmetrical dome the glory of the Saint has been painted by Nisini. The whole sanctuary is a real armory of art and religion from which each may select what he likes best to increase his love of God and the great saint He raised up there.

This sketch is closed with an excerpt from the inspired pen of the Maiden Saint of Frontebranda, who so fearlessly, understandingly and eloquently admonished the Rulers of Florence, and the sentiments its breathes are as true to-day as they were when written :

“You know well that Christ left us His Vicar for the salvation of our souls, for we cannot find salvation anywhere save in the mystical body of the Church, whose head is Christ and whose members we are. He who is disobedient to the Christ on earth, has no share in the inheritance of the Blood of the Son of God, for God has ordained that by His hand we should be partakers of this Blood and of all the Sacraments of the Church which receive life from this Blood. There is no other way, we can enter by no other door, for He Who is Very Truth says, ‘I am the Way, the Truth and the Life.’ He who walks in this way is in truth and not in falsehood. This is the way of hatred of sin, not the way of self-love, which is the source of all evil. You see then, my dear sons, that he who like a corrupt member resists the Holy Church and our Father, the Christ upon earth, lies under sentence of death. For as

we demean ourselves towards him whether honoring him or disobeying him, so do we demean ourselves towards Christ in Heaven. I say to you with the deepest sorrow, by your disobedience and persecution you have deserved death and the wrath of God. There can nothing worse happen to you than the loss of His grace; human power is of little avail where divine power is wanting, and he watcheth in vain that keepeth the city, unless the Lord keep it. Many indeed think that they are not offending God, but serving Him when they persecute the Church and her pastors, and say they are bad and do nothing but harm; yet I tell you that if even the pastors were incarnate devils and the Pope the same, instead of a good and kind father, we must be obedient and submissive to him, not for his own sake, but as the "Vicar of the Lord, in obedience to God." Weighty, true, apposite words for our own day and generation!



Nature's Book

BY REV. J. B. DOLLARD, LITT.D.

Come from the city's crowds,

Come for a while with me,

From the din and the toil,

And the loud turmoil

Of Life's ever-troubled sea.

Come, and we'll seek the shade

Of the lone and lordly trees,

In some rustic dell,

Where the wild flowers tell

Sweet tales to the whisp'ring breeze.

Let us walk by the rippling stream,

And cast from our hearts all care,

As we bless that God

Whose benignant nod

Made the streams and the flow'rets fair.

Whose power made the mountains vast,

And the heavenly vault so grand;

And the thund'ring sea

That tumultuously

Sweeps into the welcoming land.

Let us breathe of the pure-blown air,

And list to the wild bird's note,

And the brook's glad song

As it wanders along

Where the water-lilies float!

Let us look into Nature's book,

And glean for ourselves a store,

Of the wisdom meet,

To direct our feet,

In the path to the Golden Shore.

Then we'll back to our tasks with joy,

And we'll trust in His goodness more,

Whom the rustling trees,

And the whisp'ring breeze,

And the streamlet's voice adore.

CATHOLIC PARENTS AND EDUCATION

BY RT. REV. HENRY G. GRAHAM, D.D., AUXILIARY BISHOP OF ST.
ANDREWS AND EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

WE should hardly need to remind Catholic parents that by the Divine and Natural Law they are bound to secure a good Catholic education for their children. The Fourth Commandment tells us that. The children have a right to it. The Code of Canon Law, recently revised and promulgated, lays down in Canon 1372, that "all the faithful must from childhood be educated in such a way that not only is nothing taught them that is contrary to the Catholic Religion and good morals, but that religious and moral training holds the principal place. Not only parents (as had already been stated in a previous Canon, 1113), but all who take their place, have the right and the most solemn duty to provide a Christian education for their children." The reason of this is, that intellectual education must never be separated from moral and religious education; that sound moral instruction is impossible apart from religion; and that therefore religion should be an essential part of education. "It should form," as has well been said, "not merely an adjunct to instruction in other subjects, but the centre about which these are grouped and the spirit by which they are permeated."

This being so, who has the right to teach religion to Catholic children? The Church has the right. It is part of her teaching office, contained in Our Lord's commission to her, to impart the knowledge of God and His true Religion to children as well as to adults, to feed the lambs as well as the sheep. And the chief means the Church uses are Catholic schools, taught by Catholic teachers, whom she trains and approves for the work. In exercising her duty and her right to give her children a Catholic education, the Church claims the right to

establish schools of every kind herself, as well as colleges and universities, and claims that in all schools the religious instruction of the young be subject to her authority and inspection. She tells Bishops that it is their right and duty to watch that in the schools in their territory nothing be taught or done contrary to faith or good morals; that it is their right to approve the teachers of religion, and books, and also to demand that in the interests of religion and morals both teachers and books be approved; and further, that they are entitled, either personally or by delegates, to inspect the religious and moral instruction in any school, orphanage, or such-like institution (Canons 1375-1382).

The parents, therefore, being under the gravest obligation of providing a Catholic education for their children, and the Church having the right to impart that education, and having established or approved schools and colleges for that purpose, it follows of necessity that parents are bound to send their children to such schools and colleges, and to keep them away from non-Catholic ones, in which a proper Catholic education cannot be had.

II.

The dangers and evils connected with non-Catholic education are clear, and are, or should be, known to all. In those schools our children are deprived of all Catholic instruction; they are daily under the influence of teachers belonging to the Protestant religion or to no religion, who may, even in secular subjects such as History, instil into the children's minds many things contrary to Catholic faith and principles; they are placed in the midst of surroundings hostile to the Faith and in an atmosphere that chills their religious fervor and tends to indifference; they are in danger of growing up with a weakened, if not a perverted faith, insufficiently instructed in their Religion and looking at everything from a non-Catholic point of view; and through their close companionship with non-Catholic friends, run the risk of lapsing finally into the evil

of a mixed marriage—fitting retribution of a career spent in the teeth of the Church's prohibition and fulfilling the Scriptural warning, "he that loves the danger will perish in it."

From all this it will be evident what in conscience Catholic parents are bound to do. They have a solemn duty which they can neither evade nor ignore. The Catholic Church, which is the supreme authority and teacher of faith and morals, demands that the Catholic education of all her children, no less than the instruction of adults, be under her control and supervision, and this it cannot be except in a Catholic school. For what is it to educate a child, in the Catholic sense? Is it to teach him to read and write; to furnish him with the knowledge he will need later on to attend to his temporal affairs; a knowledge of arithmetic, languages, geography, civics, nature, art, science, crafts? Is it to teach him politeness and civility, to train him in the usages of society, in the ways of the world, to make him, as they say, a good, respectable, law-abiding citizen? If that is all, then we might have saved ourselves the trouble of building Catholic schools. All these things are good, but they are the least important part of a Catholic education. They are not the education of the *whole* child and every part of the child. To procure a child these things will rear his body, but they will not train his soul; they will teach him to live for time, but not for eternity; they will train him for the world, but not for God, Who is his sole end, nor for Heaven, which is his true country; they will leave the child half-trained and half-developed, aye, less than half, and what is much worse than mentally deficient, morally and religiously deficient.

Over and above all this, then, to educate a child means to make God known to him, through the true Religion; to train his heart and his conscience and his will; to repress his evil inclinations and cause him to love virtue and piety; to form his judgment and so perfect his character; to bring out the best that is in him; to watch over him body and soul—in short, it is to afford him all the means requisite to acquire the whole

perfection of his being moulded after the pattern of Jesus Christ as taught by the Catholic Church.

Can non-Catholic teachers do this for a Catholic child? Can they educate it in Catholic faith and morality, and mould it to the Catholic type of manhood and womanhood? To ask the question is to answer it. Do parents imagine that a teacher's work is confined simply to "teaching the child its lessons," and that it goes to school in the morning and returns in the evening uninfluenced and unchanged in any other way? If so, they have but a poor idea of a teacher's responsibility and power. The child is being trained, moulded, formed after a certain type, and that not only by its teachers, but by its association with companions in the school, the playground, the street. And so it is that Catholic parents who send their children to non-Catholic schools may discover, when it is too late, that the weak faith, the ignorance of Religion, the non-Catholic type of character in their children has been too heavy a price to pay for the fancied worldly benefits and social advantages of a non-Catholic education.

And further still, these children when grown up will inherit false ideas as to the merits and value of Catholic and non-Catholic education respectively, will have no appreciation of the benefits of a Catholic school, and when responsible for children of their own, will probably follow the pernicious example of their own parents.

III.

Nothing will ever change the Church's rooted and age-long aversion to any but Catholic schools for her own children. She takes her stand upon the Divine Commission by which the lambs of the flock were entrusted to her care. She warns Catholic parents of their grave responsibility to see that their God-given children, baptized into the Catholic Church, and so bound to all the obligations of the Catholic Religion, are properly trained within its Fold. She knows by experience only too well the lamentable results of any other kind of education

—especially in these days when strange new kinds of morals have become the fashion and are actively propagated among all classes; and do as you will, no makeshift of instruction otherwise given, or by whomsoever given, can ever supply the want of the solid systematic catechetical instruction given daily for the space of one hour in our own schools by Catholic teachers, trained to teach and to mould the children in a Catholic way; the visits of the priest; the constant round of religious observances; the preparation for the Sacraments and encouragement for frequent and daily Communion; the Catholic pictures and statues; Catholic companions—in short, the “Catholic atmosphere,” all that goes to form an intense, Catholic training of the child in the truths and practices of its Religion, to saturate it through and through with a Catholic spirit and devotion, and to inspire it with a love and attachment for our Holy Faith and all that belongs to it. They will never go far astray after that in later life, and if they do, you can bring them back, because of their early grounding in the Faith. But if that is wanting, what have you got to work upon?

IV.

Our motto, if you like, our battle-cry must be, “every Catholic child in a Catholic school.” It may not be realized, it may not be possible to realize it to the full, but it is worth aiming at and striving for. At the present moment let us understand it well, all the world over the fight is for the child. As of old, St. Michael the Archangel contended with the devil for the body of Moses (Ep. S. Jude, verse 9), so now the Catholic Church is contending with the devil and the world and the flesh for both the body and soul of the child. It is round the innocent little children that the battle rages; both parties to the conflict well know that if they gain the children, they have gained everything. Look at those countries abroad where the State has enforced the education of the children in schools from which the Catholic faith is excluded, and you

see the effect on the religion of the people. It is no wonder that the Catholic Church is absolutely uncompromising when the education of her children is in question; it is not their education only, but their salvation which is at stake.

Now, as Catholics, we know that by Divine Law it belongs primarily to the parents to educate their children, and that if they delegate that work to the State, they have a right that it be done in conformity with their reasonable demands. And one of these demands, from Catholic parents, is that their children shall not be forced to attend schools where they cannot be educated according to their own religious beliefs, and more than that—that they shall be accorded at least equal rights in that respect with parents of other religions in the land. It is for us to keep alive this bed-rock principle and determine that it shall be acted upon from the first to the last year of the compulsory school age.

A Counsel

Sibi

Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.

—Paradise Lost, bk. 4, line 206.

And plating a crown of thorns, they put it upon his head.

—Matt. 27:29.

Seek thou not now the rose without its thorn:

It died the night that Eve's first child was born.

But with one thorn ten thousand roses buy

In our true Homeland, where they do not die.

RT. REV. ALEX. MACDONALD.

GERALD GRIFFIN

By E. R. Cox.

ONE of the great names identified with the history of the Irish Christian Brothers is that of Gerald Griffin, poet, novelist, dramatist, who at the moment when the world had at last begun to smile most assuredly on his efforts, chose to leave all earth's ambitions behind, to join the great educational Order founded by Rev. Edmund Rice. He was born in Limerick City, in 1803—that year which had also witnessed the birth of James Clarence Mangan—and his childhood and youth were passed at Fairy Lawn, Pallaskenry and Adare, amid that beautiful scenery that he afterwards made so famous through the medium of his poems, such as the unforgettable "O Sweet Adair."

Oh, sweet Adare, O lovely vale,
Oh soft retreat of sylvan splendor."

In Adare there are dismantled abbeys that yet recall the golden days of Erin's ecclesiastical splendor; and here the thoughtful lad often wandered, soul and eye alike being nurtured on the glories, natural and historical, of the place. The pastoral quiet of these youthful days remained with him, long after he had turned his steps away from them, to seek the world of men and letters beyond.

A wiser head I have, I know,
Than when I lingered there;
But in my wisdom there is woe
And in my knowledge care.

He wrote in that after-time.

No greater contrast to the depressing conditions of home-life that harried the youth of Mangan could be imagined than those which surrounded young Gerald Griffin. Blessed with a father and mother who were Catholics in the truest sense of

the word, and sharing in a family life where happy, loving and affectionate sympathy guided the conduct of the members, toward one another, he was fortunate indeed in the shaping circumstances of his character. Together with his brothers and sisters, a representative Irish family in their number, he had the advantage of being educated in his early years by a private tutor, who was an excellent scholar and encouraged the children to a great love for poetry, often himself reciting verse, inspiring and exalted to them. So encouraged, the children learned to know and love good literature; but it was Gerald who especially followed where the wise tutor led, and who, as he grew up, showed clearly that he too possessed the literary gift.

Of his love for reading at this time, an amusing picture has been left us by his brother, in his *Biography of Gerald*: "This love (for reading)," writes the brother, "would show itself by his sitting to breakfast or tea with a book before him which he was reading, two or three under his arm, and a few more on the chair behind him,"—all of which was a source of much good-humored merriment to the brothers and sisters. Then, too, it was known to this light-hearted flock that Gerald wrote poetry—certain surreptitious glances at his guarded secret drawer had established that.

But this happy state of affairs was destined to a premature finish. The father failed in business, and as a consequence he and his wife emigrated to the United States, in 1820, beginning life afresh there in Susquehanna, while their children, including Gerald, now seventeen, remained in Ireland. He, together with four of his brothers and sisters went to live at the home of their elder brother, a successful practicing physician. By this time Gerald's power for writing had become sufficiently well-known to make his stories and poems welcomed in the local press—which, however, implied no monetary gain on their author's part, as the proprietors made the plea—not unknown to aspirants for newspaper honors in our own time—that for such mere literary contributions they could not afford to pay.

At this time, John Banim, the brilliant story-writer and friend of Gerald Griffin, was making a success of his literary ventures in London; so quite naturally the thoughts of the younger man in Ireland, turned in that direction also. In his twentieth year he crossed the Channel, and for some two years after he had reached the modern Babylon, knew every pang of misery, drudgery and frustrated hope that may attend the efforts of the neophyte in the world of letters who depends solely upon his pen for his support. Throughout all that trial-time one thing, however, never failed him: his resolute courage, born of his faith in God.

Equally resolute was his determination not to let the dear ones in Ireland be troubled by his hardships. Not, even, though these at one time meant that for three whole days he was compelled to go without food; and at another, that so poor and shabby were his clothes that he was forced to refuse an invitation sent him by Banim to meet Maginn, the brilliant Cork litterateur. Meantime, with his-hearted courage, he persisted in his purpose, seizing such literary opportunities as came to him. Articles and poems of his were gaining acceptance in the magazines, but as he himself said, he found "much shuffling and shabby work when he called for payment." At one time he translated an imposing volume from the French, for two guineas!

So, on the forge of Struggle and Courage the soul of Gerald Griffin was sharpened to the high perfection of literary achievement with which to-day we associate his name. At the end of these first few years the struggle was practically over, he was a reporter in the Press Gallery of the House of Commons, and the recipient of cheques from several of the leading magazines of the day.

He had given much thought to the construction of drama, and indeed, cherished some idea, as he said himself, about "revolutionizing the dramatic taste of the time." Of the five plays which he wrote, but one, "Gisippus," which won high praise from Charles Kean, the famous Irish tragedian, survives. Notwithstanding the beauty of its language and the

art of its construction, the play did not achieve stage presentation until three years after its author's death, when, with Macready in the leading role, "it won a distinct triumph alike in London and in Dublin.

In 1827 appeared "Hollantide," the first volume of his collected stories, which so happily presented the old-time folk tales and customs of the Irish people—doing this in a way it had not been done before—that the book at once won such an ever-widening circle of readers, as to convince other publishers of the desirability of securing his work. Upon the publication of this volume, Gerald Griffin determined to leave London behind, and once more rejoin his brothers and sisters, now dwelling at Pallaskenry. Very eloquent of his feelings on that journey is the "Adieu to London":

Adieu! thou pestilential air,
Where death and pain reside —
Where every brow is dark with care,
And every eye with pride!
Where vapours change the maiden hue
Of winter's cloudless moon,
And man's unwinking eye may view
The burning sun at noon!

And welcome! welcome! O ye hills!
Bright skies and varied plain!
A rushing joy my bosom fills
To see your tints again.
Here no deceitful ruin lurks
Beneath the splendid show,
But God enrolls His glorious works
Around me as I go.

Back once more amid his own, his fruitful genius added new successes to that achieved by "Hollandtide." Here it was he wrote "The Collegians," pronounced the greatest of Irish novels by such authorities as Aubrey De Vere, Gavan Duffy and

Justin McCarthy. No mere description can do this great work justice. Nor can anyone truthfully claim an acquaintance with the first-class fiction of the world who has not read it. To those who have followed the tragic fortunes of Hardress Cregan the chief protagonist of the story, it will be of interest to know that at the trial of Scanlan, the original of Hardress both in character and crime, in the Court House of Limerick City, Gerald Griffin was present, taking notes of all the chief developments. Equally interesting, perhaps, it is to record that afterwards on the site of that Courthouse an Irish Brothers' School was erected, and that on the centenary of Gerald Griffin, the people erected a still more stately school on that spot. It was on the "Collegians" that Dion Boucicault based his play, the "Cooleen Bawn," which, though it achieved a far-flung success, did not at all equal in literary merit the novel. The popular opera, "The Lily of Killarney" is also based on the same theme.

But a deeper peace and a success beyond any the world of books or men could offer him, called to the soul of Gerald Griffin. He had written to his sister in 1829, at a time when all the London critics were vying in their laudations of his work, that to "**Be Content Here and Happy Hereafter is, After All, the Only Reasonable Rule of Human Conduct.**" A little later he had written in his note-book, of "the utter hollowness and nothingness of every human pursuit." At last—though indeed he was yet but in his thirty-third year—Heaven's call to a higher life rang unmistakably on his spirit's ear.

So, in the latter part of September, 1838, we find him taking up the life of an Irish Christian Brother, by entering the novitiate of the Order, in North Richmond Street, Dublin. In 1839 he was sent back to the schools of his beloved Cork, there to continue his studies as a novice, and win the commendation of his novice-master, who described him as being fervent, obedient and exact, as the ideally faithful religious should be.

He has left it on record himself, that he would not "exchange the peace of heart he had found as a Christian Bro-

ther for all the fame of all the Scotts and Shakespeares that ever strutted their hour upon the stage of life." Some years before he had written :

In the time of my boyhood I had a strange feeling
That I was to die ere the noon of my day ;
Not quietly into the silent grave stealing,
But torn, like a blasted oak, sudden away !

The presentiment voiced in that stanza seemed to have a literal fulfillment in the events leading to his early death. Stricken down by a malignant fever, less than two years from the time he had entered the Richmond Street novitiate, he passed on to a kinder land even than his dear Ireland, in June, 1840. He sleeps in the burial-ground of the Christian Brothers at Cork—surely of all hallowed spots in the world the one best fitted to enshrine the sacred dust of Gerald Griffin.

Of the many poems which have helped to keep his memory bright with the dew of an unfailling remembrance, perhaps his "Sister of Charity" still remains the favorite. While the poem in its entirety is too lengthy for quotation here, we set down a few of its most representative stanzas :

She once was a lady of honor and wealth,
Bright glowed on her features the roses of health,
Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold,
And her motion shook perfume from every fold ;
Joy revelled around her, love shone at her side,
And gay was her smile as the glance of a bride ;
And light was her step in the mirth-sounding hall,
When she heard of the daughters of Vincent de Paul.

She felt in her spirit the summons of grace,
That called her to live for the suffering race ;
And heedless of pleasure, of comfort, of home,
Rose quickly, like Mary, and answered : "I come !"
She put from her person the trappings of pride,
And passed from her home with the joy of a bride ;

Nor wept at the threshold, as onward she moved,
For her heart was on fire in the cause it approved.

Those feet that to music could gracefully move,
Now bear her alone on the mission of love;
Those hands that once dangled the perfume and gem,
Are tending the helpless or lifted for them;
That voice that once echoed the song of the vain,
Now whispers relief to the bosom of pain,
And the hair that was shining with diamond and pearl,
Is wet with the tears of the penitent girl.

Her down-bed a pallet—her trinkets a bead,
Her lustre—one taper that serves her to read;
Her sculpture—the crucifix nailed by her bed,
Her paintings—one print of the thorn-crowned head;
Her cushion—the pavement that wearies her knees,
Her music—the Psalm or the sigh of disease;
The delicate lady lives mortified there,
And the feast is forsaken for fasting and prayer.

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Behold her, ye worldly! behold her, ye vain!
Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain;
Who yield up to pleasure your nights and your days,
Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise.
Ye Lazy philosophers—self-seeking men—
Ye fireside philanthropists, great at the pen;
How stands in the balance your eloquence weighed
With the life and the deeds of that high-born maid?



TRUE PATRIOTISM

REV. K. J. McRAE.

PATRIOTISM is defined as love of country or fatherland. And Love is the impulsion and affection of the rational creature towards that which is first in the order of being, viz., Life. The primary cravings of all beings are towards life and the means of sustaining it. For the maintenance of life there are implanted in all organic beings certain automatic impulses, or sense emotions, or instincts, or rational motives, whose object is the life of the individual or of the species. The sum of these forces in the rational creature is Love. It manifests itself as self-love, conjugal love, parental and filial love, patriotism, philanthropy; and in a secondary sense, in reference to the means of life, we speak of the love of food, wealth, action, etc. God is the supreme Life in Himself, and the source of all life, the support of life, the fulfilment of life. He is the first necessity of every being. The tendency of all beings is then towards Him, either directly in Himself or indirectly through His creatures. Irrational creatures serve Him, rational creatures love Him, all require Him. 'The eyes of all hope in Thee, O Lord, and Thou givest them meat in due season' " (Ps. cxliv. 15; Belord's Meditations on Christian Dogma, Vol. II., page 176).

God is not only the source of all life in general, but He is also the source of our life, natural and supernatural; for He created our soul, by far our nobler part, immediately and directly, from nothing, the same as that of Adam and Eve. He raised our soul also to the supernatural life, by infusing into it sanctifying grace, in order to enable us to attain to our last end, heaven.

True Patriotism, therefore, as far as our soul is concerned, is love of heaven, its origin and last end. Our first duty, then,

as true patriots, is to love and serve God faithfully and thus merit heaven. And our second duty is to aid others, as far as we are able, to do likewise. Both these ends can be served by making use of the means that God has so abundantly provided in His Church, and securing these means, as far as possible, for others. This also we can accomplish by fulfilling our various duties towards our own parish, and by aiding the Home and Foreign Missions, by our prayers and the bestowal of our worldly means.

The Home Missions have been made pretty well known to us, of late years, by the Canadian Extension Society, but the most of us have had but little opportunity of knowing the vast extent, and the very great needs of the Foreign Missions till now, when we have our own Canadian branches of the great Society of the Propagation of the Faith, recently made practically a Department of the vast activities of the Universal Church.

One of the Canadian branches is for the French-speaking people, and has its headquarters in Quebec; the other is for the English-speaking people, and has its headquarters in Toronto, at 67 Bond St. Its Diocesan Director and Editor of its Organ, the "Annals of Catholic Missions," is Rev. Francis J. Flanagan. This organ is published (at the above address) every two months, for the present, and its first number, dated February-March, 1924, contains a great deal of information in regard to the aims and objects of the Society, conditions of membership, privileges, etc., etc. It reminds us of the appalling fact that even yet, after nearly two thousand years after Christ shed His precious Blood to the very last drop for the salvation of mankind, "About two-thirds, or one billion souls, are still pagan." It gives some statistics as to what has already been done, what is being done, for these poor souls in darkness and the shadow of death, but, at the same time, it shows also a very great amount to be done.

If we stand, in imagination, before the Cross of Christ on Calvary, we can fondly fancy that we see myriads of angels with golden chalices gathering up every drop of the Precious

Blood and immediately flying to the four corners of the earth to apply it, as a saving balm, to human souls; but this would be mere fancy, for that most glorious privilege was given to us human beings—not to the angels—to the Bishops and Priests to apply directly the merits of that Precious Blood to human souls, by means of the Holy Mass and the Sacraments, and to the laity—to aid in applying these merits through their prayers, the bestowal of their worldly means, and their propaganda work.

The almost continual cry of our Federal and Provincial Governments is for more and still more immigrants to fill our vacant place; and, similarly, the constant cry of the Church, God's Kingdom on earth, is for more and still more souls to fill the vacant places in her world-wide fold here below, and her "Many mansions" above.

And let us remember the fact that the best way to show our appreciation of the most precious gift of the true faith, which we have received, is to always keep it alive and flourishing, and, at the same time, the best guarantee that we will obtain the priceless grace of final perseverance is to aid as much as possible in securing these gifts for others.

Hence, the work of aiding the Missions, both Home and Foreign, is a glorious one, and true patriotism of the highest kind, as well as most meritorious.

Do we, then, owe nothing to our native land, or the part of the earth upon which we were born?

Most certainly we do, for God, through His laws of nature, formed our body from its dust, to serve as a material instrument with which our spiritual soul must fulfill its destiny.

But the best way by which we can show the truest patriotism towards our native land is, by living good Christian lives, to keep our body (the only part of that land over which we have direct control) always the temple of God the Holy Ghost (as it was made in Baptism), and thus meriting for it the greatest honour in time and in eternity.

In order, however, to lead such lives, the good order and peace to be found only under stable and just government, is

generally necessary. For this reason the Church commands us, "To obey the laws and respect the public officers, not only for wrath, but also for conscience's sake, for so is the will of God (I. Pet. ii.; Rom. xiii.). We should likewise pray 'For all who are in high stations, that we may lead a quiet and peaceful life' (I. Tim. ii.). 'Let every soul be subject to the higher powers; for there is no power but from God; and those that are, are ordained of God. Therefore he that resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God, and they that resist, purchase to themselves damnation'" (Rom. xiii. 1; Butler's Catechism, pages 57-8).

Supposing that, on the contrary, we lead bad lives, forgetting our duties to God and our neighbour, and strive most strenuously to secure a "Place in the sun" for our native land, in the usual worldly fashion (of the Super-men, and the visionaries) of slaughtering, burning, gassing, and otherwise destroying all opposition (no matter how just), what does it all amount to in the end? Dishonour and disgrace, at least in eternity where such counts the most!

Some, however, may suggest that, although the pious kind of patriotism may be all right in time of peace, it may be far otherwise in time of war.

But who, under God, won the great world-war? Was it not piously-living men like Foch, equally skilled in the strategy of prayer as in that of war; Petain, the hero of Verdun; the intrepid and indefatigable Cardinal Mercier and King Albert, etc., etc.

The following words from a recent address by the great Foch are significant:

"Those who courageously gave their lives with all the ardor of their soul and the energy of their convictions—we know from whence they drew their courage. Much is said of moral strength. Each one seeks it where he thinks he will find it. But we go very far, very high, even to Him Who is the Father, the supreme cause, the inspirer of all strength. Without Him our weak spirit would agitate itself vainly in a dense fog. It is He Who, when the sky seems heaviest and darkest,

sends those rays of simplicity and straight-forwardness which clearly point out the path of duty and which give courage for great responsibilities" (N.C.W.C., in Catholic Register, May 8, 1924).



To A Robin

O fairy of the bold brown eye,
O robin, friend of man!
What favour dost thou ask of me?
I'll grant it if I can.

He pecks the ground—he hops along
On brown and slender legs,
He pecks again, he looks at me,
A crumb he clearly begs.

I hesitate. With beak tight-closed,
Still warbles he a thrill;
So sweet a note, so soft and low,
What singer hath such skill?

“You have it there. You make me wait.
To pass the time I'll sing—
For come it early, come it late,
A crumb to me you'll fling.”

He stops, then pecks a withered leaf
And holds it in his beak.
Oh! see to what I am reduced,
These tactics seem to speak.

O Robin, thou hast conquered me!
Come quick and take thy cheese,
Thou knowest thou canst do with me
Whatever thou dost please.

CARDINAL VAUGHAN

BY REV. M. J. RYAN, D.D., PH.D.

THE building of the China Mission College by Father Fraser in the neighborhood of our Seminary, set my thoughts running upon the founder of St. Joseph's Missionary College at Mill Hill, near London, in Britain, and I have been reading over again the life of Cardinal Vaughan, and with all the more interest because he also established a branch of Franciscan Tertiary Nuns like our own Sisters of St. Martha, who deserve so much praise. And I purpose here to set down a summary of his life and character in the hope of exciting our young readers to make themselves acquainted with him and to give their sympathy and admiration to our own countrymen who are treading the same path.

Cardinal Vaughan is honored for this and other great works such as the rescue of Catholic children from proselytizing agencies, and for continuing the policy, which Manning began with Papal approbation, of perfecting the secular priesthood in proportion to its rank in the Church. He was, moreover, a man who under a somewhat cold exterior, had a heart of fire, and whose personal holiness was certainly extraordinary.

"Few men," says his biographer, "have known so well how to make others share in their own high and holy enthusiasms. He had a wonderful power of winning and keeping the allegiance of men. It was his lot in life always to have faithful and devoted friends, men whose loyalty to him became 'a fiery family passion' which no trial could touch."

The life by Mr. Snead-Cox is the work of an accomplished man of letters. Everything is in due proportion. We have not here the work of a "candid friend" like Purcell, turning everything wrong side out and upside down. Nor is the subject of the biography lost to sight amid a forest of details or

in the mists of controversy as Newman is hidden in Mr. Ward's lifeless book. We are not troubled with any crude and childish gossip such as Purcell gave us, nor with his pompous rhetoric. The style is, as it should be in a biography, simple, direct, and animated.

A Misunderstanding.

The book contains one confession of the writer against himself in favour of Vaughan which it is very pleasant to find: "Herbert Vaughan had the reputation of being, if not anti-Irish, at least opposed to Home Rule. I am afraid the fact that he was owner of *The Tablet* created a prejudice in this respect against him. It was a question which was outside his life, and had only the vaguest interest for him. He never voted against it, or wrote against it, or spoke against it in his life. He cared little for party politics and would have found it hard to interest himself in purely constitutional changes or readjustments of administrative machinery. He did care, and cared greatly, for legislative proposals which by affecting the environment of the lives of the people might affect their moral condition.

"He threw himself with eagerness into any movement which had for its end the bridling of the beer traffic (not, however, going so far as "Prohibition") or the improved sanitation of cities, or the housing of the poor. He was sincerely anxious to improve the social conditions of the working classes. But if by reducing the average of wages paid in a district, he could have made the people more chaste or more truthful, he would have voted for the reduction unhesitatingly."

He had wished *The Tablet* as a Catholic paper to be neutral on the question of Home Rule. It should not be anti-Irish; nor should it advocate the policy, lest it might appear to the Protestants of England that the Catholic Church was sectarian in its political sympathies and anti-English. He firmly refused to be drawn by Conservative noblemen into any show of opposition to Gladstone's measure. I know from other

sources that he never objected to the use of Catholic school-houses for Irish political meetings. "On one occasion," says Mr. Snead-Cox, "we were discussing the relations between British and Irish Catholics. He felt that we were constantly calling upon the Irish members to safeguard Catholic interests in this country, and yet had no opportunity of rendering any service in return. He then suggested that the Catholics of Britain might help their Irish comrades by signing and presenting to parliament a petition in favour of a Catholic University for Ireland. A few days later he handed me the draft of a petition he had drawn up."

Owing to certain personal deficiencies, such as short sight and a bad memory for faces and names, and an inability to pretend that he remembered people whom he did not remember, he was not very popular with many of the priests of Westminster diocese. But he got on with his Irish priests at least as well as he did with the English. "He was very tolerant of political opinions that were not his own. He wanted good and zealous priests, men willing to devote their lives to work among the London poor; and if he could get that, nothing else mattered very much. One eager and devoted priest, when he knew that Herbert Vaughan was to come to Westminster, decided to return at once to his own diocese in Ireland. The new Archbishop sent for him and begged him to stay, and as a last argument, said: 'In Ireland they are all Home-Rulers; stay here and work for Westminster, and you may have the whole diocese if you like, to convert to Home Rule.' Many a priest could tell how quick he was to do a kindness. On an occasion at the time of Gladstone's second Home Rule Bill, he paid a visit to the clergy-house at Willesden. The Liberal leader was a guest at the time at Dollis House. The assistant priest, aflame with love of Ireland and regarding Gladstone as her Heaven-sent deliverer, told the Cardinal how he had waited for hours in the roadway on the chance that he might see the great man pass. His hope had died away in disappointment. The Cardinal listened, perhaps wonderingly, at the enthusi-

asm of the naïf¹ youth. He said nothing; but later in the day his carriage was ordered round, and the young priest was invited to accompany him for a drive. When the order to the coachman, 'Drive to Dollis House,' was given, the curate understood; the English Cardinal was taking him to see the idol of his dreams. When they arrived at their destination and were invited into the garden, the Cardinal managed to pair off with the host, and so left the Irish curate to wander in Paradise—alone with Gladstone."

The Cardinal's acts of kindness were sometimes as spontaneous as they were unconventional. At the time of his last visit to Rome (1901), it was brought to his knowledge that an old man, an Irishman whom he had known well years before, was seriously ill in the Nursing Home kept by the English Sisters of the Little Company of Mary in the Via Castelfidardo. He was warned that the case was a distressing one because the patient's mind, from some financial worry, was wandering; he would lie for hours in a sort of stupor crying out at intervals for money. When the Cardinal stood by the bedside, the sick man seemed hardly to know him and refused to be comforted, and kept moaning as he tossed from side to side, 'Money, money—twenty pounds.' The Cardinal tried to soothe him, saying that he could have no need for money now, as the nuns would gladly nurse him back to health without payment. It was all to no purpose, and the same wail for 'twenty pounds' went on. When at length the Cardinal returned to the guest-room, he learned that the doctors took a hopeful view, on the whole, and thought the case would gradually yield, in time, to treatment. But Herbert Vaughan wanted a quicker way. He asked for a pen and paper, and wrote out a cheque for twenty pounds, and told the nuns to get gold and give it at

¹ Mr. Sneed-Cox makes the mistake which I notice because it is common, of writing naïve, which is feminine gender. It is the part of a critic to find faults; I will, therefore, notice also that this writer has mistaken the meaning of "A solis ortu usque ad occasum" in reference to the worship of God. It means from East to West, not from morning till night, and is a prophecy of the universality of the Church, in contrast with the Old Law which was confined to a single country.

once to the sufferer. It is pleasant to be able to add that the remedy was so efficacious that the patient fell into a refreshing sleep, and was afterwards able to leave the Home.”

It cannot be forgotten that his nephew, Major Vaughan of Courtfield, entertained Archbishop Mannix there at a time when the Irish and the British peoples were involved in a civil war by the intrigues of a foreign secret society which was the tool of Germany,² and that his brother Bernard dedicated his book on St. Joan of Arc to the women of Ireland.

Laical Prejudice.

There is one great fault in this biography which I cannot but notice—that is a tone of prejudice in the writer against Cardinal Cullen and Cardinal Newman, and indeed an unconscious laical bias or tendency to find fault with the clergy. It seems incredible that Mr. Snead-Cox should censure Cardinal Cullen for prohibiting the priests from attending Lucas’s “Repeal” meetings. As editor of *The Tablet*, Mr. Snead-Cox, against the judgment of its owner, obstinately opposed Irish Home Rule. His columns often contained censures on the politics of contemporary Irish priests and bishops. He could not conceal his exasperation against Gladstone and his English followers for proposing not “Repeal,” but Home Rule within the Union. Yet the English “Repealer” is held up to admiration, and the Irish Cardinal-Archbishop and Papal Delegate is censured for preventing the priests from giving official support to the policy. It really looks as if nothing that the ecclesiastical authorities can do is right.

Lord Acton.

The disposition to belittle Newman for his views at the time of Vatican Council (as if he were the only Inopportunist) is made all the more remarkable by an equal zeal to vindicate the orthodoxy of the first Lord Acton. Now, it is not my

² See the article by Hon. Patrick Egan in *The Forum* (New York) of August, 1916.

office to judge Lord Acton even externally. He died in the Church, and received the sacraments, and he expressed his sorrow to his son for his acrimonious pharisaism and the uncharitable language which he had habitually used concerning Popes and Saints and the Jesuits and the Dominicans. He told Cardinal Gasquet that his conduct during the Vatican Council was due to Doellinger's influence, and of course Cardinal Vaughan's confidence in his orthodoxy in his later years must weigh with us in our opinion of his character. But his statement in 1875 that "communion with the Church was dearer to him than his life," is indeed good so far as it goes, but does not go very far. Gladstone doubtless would have said the same about the Church of England. King Charles I. might have saved both his life and his crown if he would have abandoned Episcopacy and adopted Congregationalism as the ecclesiastical polity of the State. But neither Gladstone nor King Charles believed their church to be infallible or indefectible. Before this Life of Vaughan was written, a volume of Acton's private letters had been published. And those private letters confirm what his public writings show less clearly, that his principles concerning the teaching authority as well as the ruling authority of the Church were altogether erroneous—that his conformity to the Vatican Decrees was purely negative (i.e., to avoid excommunication, he did not publicly contradict), and that he was not a Gallican nor a "Liberal Catholic," but something very much worse. "Rosmini and Lacordaire, Hefele and Falloux," he wrote, "are to me no better than De Maistre, Veuillot, or Perrone." He was vexed with a friend who wrote an article in praise of Dupanloup after that great bishop's death. The Marquis of Ripon's becoming a Catholic a few years after the definition of Papal Infallibility annoyed him very much. For many years certainly he disbelieved the Infallibility of the Church, or only believed in "Branches," as the Anglicans say. He was on principle anti-papal, anti-clerical, and anti-dogmatic. Cardinal Gasquet has covered twenty years of his life with the charity of

silence. In truth he was farther away from Catholic principles than Pusey or Keble. The duplicity with which he professed friendship to Newman is disgusting. Mr. Snead-Cox doubtless had a good motive in maintaining Acton's orthodoxy. But whatever the reason may have been for vindicating such a layman and on the other hand disparaging a Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, that reason cannot have been either respect for the judgment of Rome or loyalty to the Church. In truth, this seems to be due to that tendency to criticize ecclesiastics and praise laymen of which there are other signs in the book. "Clericis laicos infensos oppido tradit antiquitas" is a saying none the less true because its speaker suffered for uttering it and was overwhelmed by an anti-clerical movement. Mr. Snead-Cox and any other laymen who are inclined to find fault with the clergy should remember that we have only the laity to choose from. If the laity would amend themselves, there would be better material for the priesthood.

The Vaughans.

The Vaughans were a branch of the great Herbert family that mingled with the descendants of the ancient Britons and became for a time Welsh or Britonic in language and received a Welsh or Britonic name. Vaughan is the Welsh equivalent of the English Young, which is sometimes spelled Yonge. The name of the first William Vaughan simply meant the younger of two Williams in the same family. James Vaughan about 1570 married the daughter and heiress of John Gwillim of Cillweh³ Fach in Llantilio Crossenny in Monmouthshire, who traced his line back to princes or chiefs, contemporaries of King Arthur. It is more certain that Cardinal Vaughan was descended from Blessed Margaret Pole, Countess of Salisbury, through the marriage of John Vaughan in 1705 with Elizabeth, daughter of Philip Jones of Llanarth. John Gwillim had by purchase in 1562 be-

³ The *w* is pronounced like *oo*. *Llan* means church. I suppose that Llantilio means Church of St. Tello.

come Lord of the manor and parish of Welsh Bicknor, which is in the South-West corner of Herefordshire in a horse-shoe bend of the river Wye, a few miles above the part which Wordsworth has celebrated. The family mansion which the Vaughans thus inherited was called Courtfield, having received this name because Harry of Monmouth (Henry V.) was nursed there in 1388. The Vaughans were staunch Catholics and suffered fines and unjust taxation and sometimes imprisonment, for the Faith. Rev. Thomas Vaughan, a younger son, died after "very hard usage" in 1650. They fought for Charles I., who was at least a less evil than Cromwell, and for "Prince Charlie" in 1745. Then they had to fly to the Continent, and their estates were confiscated. Richard Vaughan and his brother William entered the Spanish service and married Spanish wives. William rose to the rank of Field Marshal, and it is noticeable that the memorandum recommending him for the last promotion is signed "Terence Fitzpatrick." Richard died at Barcelona in 1795. His son, the great-grandfather of the Cardinal, returned to Britain and was allowed to possess the family estates. He never lived at Courtfield, but rented the place, and arranged that the chapel should be used by the neighboring Catholics.

The Cardinal's father, Colonel John Francis Vaughan, was an officer in the militia and volunteered for active service in the Crimean war. Three of his brothers became priests, and three of his sisters nuns. One of the priests was made bishop of Plymouth; one was a Redemptorist, and the other a Jesuit. Colonel Vaughan married in 1830 Eliza, daughter of Mr. John Rolls, of The Hendre, in Monmouthshire. She had belonged to the "Evangelical" school of piety, but became a Catholic shortly before her marriage. John Vaughan was a stern man, very reserved with every one except his wife and his eldest son. But his wife was a very sweet and gentle woman. She was very devout and zealous, and prayed that all her sons might be priests, and all her daughters nuns. King David in his psalms tells us nothing about his father, but of his mother

he says: "I am the son of Thy handmaid." Cardinal Vaughan says of his mother: "I used to watch her when in the chapel and love her. I used often to watch her from the flower garden, and marvel to see her so absorbed in prayer." The iron man who was her husband, in a private memoir written for himself after her death, says, "Oh I thought her exquisite in her pure human loveliness when I watched her beautiful face in prayer." I notice that she retained one fault from her early training. She would complain to her children of defects in their superiors which she wished them to avoid. No way could be more unwise. But her prayers for them obtained graces which counteracted any mistakes that she made in their training. Both parents taught their children the spirit of human brotherhood in practice. "My father," writes Bernard Vaughan, "insisted that we should take our places with the children of the village school when they were catechised on Sunday afternoon in the chapel, and the chaplain was encouraged to be especially severe with us if we did not answer correctly. Nothing pleased him better than to see his children trudging off with their mother, laden with good things for those who most wanted them. Her love of the poor was almost a passion. Washing the bed-ridden, changing their bedding, sweeping their rooms, was the sort of thing in which she took real pride."

Aubrey de Vere, who made the acquaintance of Herbert Vaughan in Rome in the winter of 1851-2, visited Courtfield in the following summer. "The other day," he writes, "I went fifty miles to make acquaintance with the family of a young man, Herbert Vaughan, with whom I lived much in Rome, who had given up a great position in his country and all this world calls happiness, in order to become a poor, despised priest in the more heathen districts of Wales. I have never seen such simply noble, generous, devout, and humble people. The beautiful mother of twelve children cannot feel satisfied unless all her sons become priests, and all her daughters nuns, though this would cause the extinction of one more of those

old Catholic British families which for centuries have held their own in stormier days." Another son was born afterwards. And in the event all the five daughters entered religious Orders; and of the eight sons six became priests, either secular or regular; and the other two entered ecclesiastical seminaries for a time, hoping they had a vocation.

Herbert Vaughan.

Herbert Vaughan was a youth of an ambitious and heroic temper. Indeed they all appear to have been very spirited, enthusiastic, intense, impetuous in disposition. I remember hearing from a friend in Rome that a certain Pope called one of them (whose name it would not be right to mention) "The Volcano." Herbert had great prospects in the world. His father wished him to be a soldier, and no doubt he would have made a splendid Colonel of the Life Guards, if he could have been contented anywhere but on active service.

He had a strikingly handsome face and knightly figure. Aubrey de Vere often described his own feelings at the first sight of Herbert Vaughan in his room in Rome. "Good Heavens," he said to himself, "if you are like that, what must your sisters be!" "Radiant" was the adjective which De Vere always used in describing his beauty in his youth. He was not at all indifferent to the world when he renounced it—not any more than Ignatius of Loyola was. He was passionately fond of shooting and riding, and sang a comic song very well. He was a man of action, never a philosopher or a scholar, though he came to be very widely and deeply read in spiritual and ascetic literature. In his seventeenth year, after a long and hard struggle with his natural ambitions, he made up his mind to be a priest. He went away from home to make a retreat, and when he came back, he told his mother. "I knew it, dear," she said. It was a hard blow to the natural man in his father. "Well," he said to her, "if Herbert goes, then all the others may go too." But he was too good a Christian to oppose a vocation.

Herbert Vaughan now spent a year as a student at Downside Abbey, and then went to Rome in 1851. He at first lived in lodgings, his health not being good, and attended the lectures of the Collegio Romano, or Gregorian University. De Vere, who was not "a young poet" then (as this Life says), but thirty-eight years of age, described him thus: "I like my companion better every day. He renounces prospects almost as brilliant as any man in Britain can command . . . and seems as happy as the day is long at his studies and devotions. He is very handsome and refined, and as innocent as a child. He sits up half the night reading Thomas Aquinas, and tells me the next morning that he has been dreaming that people had been burning him alive." For even in the day time Herbert Vaughan often dreamed of forsaking home altogether to labor among the heathen in Africa or Japan, and be martyred for the Gospel.

Manning.

Vaughan's first acquaintance with Manning arose in this way, as he used to tell the story himself: "In the autumn of 1852 I was returning to Rome in the company of Fathers Manning, Lockhart, and Whitty.⁴ I was a raw and restless youth of twenty, and no doubt very trying to the grave and solemn convert parson, as I then called him, who gently, and I fear unsuccessfully tried to keep me in order. So at Lyons I said to Father Whitty: "I cannot stand this old parson any longer; let us go straight on, and leave him to follow as long after as he likes." So they gave him the slip, and went on to Rome without him. "I remember Cardinal Vaughan saying," adds his biographer, "that what he found specially annoying was Manning's excessive fussiness (as it appeared) about the safety of his silk hat in the crowded carriage." Hence it is not correct to say, as the biographer does, that Vaughan first met Manning when he entered the *Academia Ecclesiastica*. Manning noted thirty years later: "Then came Herbert

⁴ Father Whitty was an Irishman, who was then V.G. of the Diocese of Westminster.

Vaughan. He served my Mass at six o'clock nearly all the time he was there. We became very intimate, and our affection has lasted and grown to this day. We little thought then of the great work which was before us in England." It may be said that Vaughan was the only intimate new friend, except Wiseman, of course, that Manning made after his conversion. When he founded the English Congregation of the Oblates of St. Ambrose, usually called, of St. Charles, Vaughan became his right-hand man. He could tell Manning his faults like a true friend. When he heard in South America of Wiseman's death, and that some were talking of Manning's prospects, he wrote to him: "I am sure you must be in a severe position just now. I hope you are not at all sharp or severe—or rather I should say, coldly reserved and ominously civil—with those who are opposed to you. When you are that, it stirs up all their bile; they hardly know the cause themselves, but it is in my two adverbs."

I have told in a former number of this magazine how Manning, a few hours before his death, gave to Vaughan the little manuscript book of prayers and meditations written by the young wife who had died fifty-five years before.

Vaughan's Sorrows.

During his years of study in Rome Herbert Vaughan trained himself in ascetic "detachment" from the home which he loved so well—to speak of them not at all, and to write seldom. His Irish friend, who talked daily with clinging affection of his home, and wrote constantly to his mother and sisters, could not believe that Vaughan felt so little interest in family ties as he professed. At last, Aubrey, being convinced, said in half-humorous indignation: "I do believe that if some one told you that your father and your mother and your brothers and your sisters were just burned to death in the next room, you would simply ring for the servant to clear away the ashes."

His detachment was soon tested. A few months after he entered the *Academia Ecclesiastica* his mother died, leaving a baby a few days old. "Oh, the sad, sad news which my father wrote me a week ago," he says in a diary which he then kept. "The Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away—*Sit nomen Domini benedictum*. I cannot weep. After the first hour that the news came, tears refused their aid, and the sorrow is heavy on my heart. But no man is tempted beyond his strength." He was tempted to think that he never could be happy again, and all missionary ambition seemed gone. "'Grieve not as those who have no hope,' says St. Paul. He means by this that we may grieve, but it must be a grief tempered with hope." He solaced himself with writing down his memories of her virtues and gracious ways. To his father he wrote: "The Blessed Virgin will now more than ever be to us a mother; and to you dearest father, she will be everything. Our Lord and His Mother could no longer keep so holy and beloved a spirit in this rough world." . . . "Your (second) letter has filled me with the fullest consolation. It is food and music to my soul. I am as confident about the happiness of our now glorious mother as you are. I often talk to her now, and I am sure she hears me; she answers me in whispers and spreads over my soul a great calm. What a blessing it is to have such a mother in the bosom of God. I invoke her as a saint; whenever I call upon one Mother, I call upon the other."

His health in those years was very bad; there was weakness in the heart; often he could not study; often he feared he should not live to be ordained a priest.

Eight or nine years later he again was tried by the death of two of his sisters. Teresa Vaughan, who became a Sister of Charity, had a three-fold desire, and it was fulfilled,—to die young, to die as a professed nun, and to die with all her faculties unclouded. Herbert Vaughan's letters to his father tell the story (in May, 1861): "I have this morning given Extreme Unction and Holy Viaticum to dear Teresa, and as I held the Blessed Sacrament in my hand before giving it to

her, she made her solemn profession. She took the name of Mary Magdalen, her favourite saint. Father Gallwey came down and heard her confession, and she is now as happy as it is possible to be. I have been with her all day, and shall stay with her till death. Kenelm came up this morning, as he thought to see her off to Paris; but her journey is further, and she is professed and ready.

“Teresa is gone, most calmly and happily, united to the Holy Family as their handmaid. Her last word was ‘Jesus,’ and she died most beautifully. My own sweet mother, I am sure, was with her. She is laid out now in her dress as a Sister of Charity. Kenelm, as he walked with me after her death up to Montagu Square, said he used to think that he should go mad if Teresa died, but that now he felt that he had good news to give. So consoling and even joyful an influence has dear Teresa’s spirit left behind her. The funeral will take place to-morrow at Kensal Green, and she will be buried simply as a Sister of Charity in the ground set apart for the nuns. Bayswater is on the way to the cemetery, and I shall sing a Mass for her here, and bury her. ‘I quite enter into your feelings about staying away. I should not myself go through the profitless pain of personally performing the burial or going to it, but that I have been told to do so. ‘I have a feeling of simple joy and refreshment which seems to be in strange harmony with a sister’s corpse and grave—yet so it is. She has herself left the feeling on me. The first of the thirteen has broken the ice; we may expect now to go one by one.’”

Clare Vaughan, who had just entered a monastery of Poor Clares, died eight months later, at Amiens, at the age of nineteen. Herbert visited her in her last days, and writes thus to the oldest sister Gladys,⁵ who had been a mother to the youngest ones: “I have seen Clare. She was brought into the church, carried in a chair—very thin and much changed in face. Her voice was very faint, but in other respects she was

⁵ This name was pronounced by them as if there were a vowel between the G and the L, as it is spelled in Welsh.

her old self, though very weak. She spoke about you and Teresa. Her eyes were all the time fixed on the Blessed Sacrament. I did not stay long, as I feared to tire her. Next morning I went into the monastery and gave her Holy Communion in her cell. She may yet live for several days. Her great mortification now is, not to ask for death, but to be resigned to God's will without asking to die. She is immensely happy; nothing could exceed her joy."

Blessed are the dead who have died in the Lord, for they rest from their labour, and their works follow them.

Friendship With W. G. Ward.

Vaughan held the office of Vice-President of St. Edmund's College for five years. His biographer tells us that this was his least successful work, and mentions several causes to account for this. But he does not notice what was, in my judgment, the principal cause; and as the omission of this, and the laying stress upon other circumstances seems to be due to that laical prejudice which I have noticed, I purpose to speak of it at some length. The chief cause of Vaughan's failure at St. Edmund's, as the reader will see, was the friendship of W. G. Ward.

Ward was both a good man and a clever man and a learned man. "To him no position in the world was equal to that of one chosen to form the minds and hearts of those who were to be the light of the world," says Vaughan quite truly. "His position as a great landlord, his social influence and political power were all simply contemptible to him as compared with the sphere and privilege of one who was thus closely associated with the interests of Christ in the formation of Apostolic men." He was a great metaphysician and dogmatic theologian. But, as a layman, a convert, a man who had never received any theological training, and a married man, his position as professor of dogmatic theology in a seminary was an altogether exceptional one, in which it behooved him to be modest and to mind no one's business but his own. Yet Ward

could not do this. His zeal, as it appeared to him, or his presumption and officiousness, as the other professors thought it, impelled him to "reform" the seminary, which was the lineal successor of Douay. He aspired to "reform" not only the studies—a subject about which he knew a good deal (though not quite so much as he thought)—but also the system of discipline. Yet what could he, a layman, a convert, brought up in a Protestant college and a Protestant University, know about the best methods of training youths for the priesthood? In later years, looking back on his meddlesomeness and impetuosity, he said penitently, "I did God's work in the devil's way." One who does God's work in the devil's way is just as likely to be doing, in effect, the devil's work. His son says: "If a rule or practice seemed to him out of harmony with his view, he did his best to get it changed. If the Faculty disagreed with him, he sometimes appealed to the Cardinal, who generally took his side. Quite without personal malice, if a professor appeared to be opposing the system he was attempting to promote" (i.e., defending the established system which Ward wished to "reform"), "he did his best to get him dismissed." All this was done honestly, openly, and above board. Archbishop Errington in his statement to the Propaganda, says: "He made no secret of his opinion that the President ought to resign in order that the Vice-President, or someone else, might take his place." He could not keep a secret. Errington relates this piece of folly. On one occasion the President stated to the Cardinal an opinion which prevailed (so he said) among the students about the Vice-President. Wiseman asked Ward, who had now left the Seminary, to find out if there were such an opinion prevailing. Accordingly, Ward visited Old Hall, chatted with the students, and sounded them. Making another visit six months later, he told some of the students that his former visit had been to inquire for the Cardinal into this matter. Those students, of course, told others, and it was not long till the story reached the President, and doubtless the Vice-President also. A few of the converts, and Ward was one of them, could not conceal their sense of the

intellectual condition of the old Catholics, who under a persecution physical and moral, of three hundred years, had become intellectually narrow and stiff as well as strong in soul. He said openly that the Catholics were to the Protestants as barbarians to civilized men. "The peculiarities of the old-fashioned Catholics, both priests and laity," says his son, "afforded him as much amusement and as many good stories for his friends as Dr. Jenkyns and the prim Oxford Dons had done in earlier days." He was always forgetting in his zeal the difference between the layman and the priest. Soon after he was made editor of the *Dublin Review*, the Bishop of Birmingham had to remind him that a layman ought not to censure publicly a priest's theology, and that Newman might bring a suit against him, if he wished, in an ecclesiastical court. Newman said: "I do not write on questions of dogmatic theology, because I think that a convert should not do so; but anyhow, I have had a training in Rome under Perrone, and that is more than Ward has ever had." He was addicted to contradiction and paradox. His mode of opposing any error was always to assert the extreme contrary in the most positive manner. Newman, on the other hand, said: "This I am sure of, that from the infirmity of human nature, a reaction is the necessary consequence in the minds of hearers, when able and eloquent men state truths in an extravagant or peremptory way. Men will not be put down without authority which is infallible. It is no new thing with me to feel little sympathy with parties—or extreme opinions—of any kind." Ward was essentially a partisan. He could not, for example, defend the men who condemned Galileo without asserting that "if ever there was a man who deserved all that he got, and more too, it was Galileo," a proposition which sounds very strange now when the Cardinal Archbishop of Pisa with Papal approval has erected a statue to Galileo.

At St. Edmund's, Vaughan became the great patron, or rather instrument of Ward, who was twenty years older; and Ward became Vaughan's friend and consoler. But is it any wonder that the friendship and alliance with a man so prone to

extremes and extravagance, so meddlesome, and so impetuous, should have deprived Vaughan of the support of the other professors, and should have encouraged tendencies in his own character which needed to be moderated? But I must not forget to say that Ward was very generous in his help to Vaughan's later works. His first contribution to Mill Hill was two thousand pounds, equal at least to five thousand now.

Characteristics of Vaughan.

"Herbert Vaughan, who is my greatest friend, and to my mind about the finest character I ever came across," wrote Ward in 1862, "is not intellectual, and with a self-knowledge truly rare, knows himself not to be so." Unfortunately this meant that he took Ward for his master, and adopted all his extreme opinions, especially his misconceptions about Newman in the following years. But Vaughan's character was a very noble one. The first feature which strikes me was his faith and his confidence in the power of prayer, especially the prayers of the nuns. He writes thus, shortly after his elevation to Westminster, to a nun who was daughter of his old friend: "You in your cloister are in the machine-room, working out of sight for the great ship of Peter, which moves steadily on. We are on deck, moving up and down as though we did it all, but the motive-power is below in the praying-chamber or machine-room. Remember me on deck; it is very cold and rough, and sometimes very dark; and give me your prayers." When he was collecting money in the United States for the foundation of the Missionary College, it was always the nuns' prayers that he relied upon to open doors and to smooth his way. It is needless to say what race he found his best helpers in the United States. "I have come up here to Maryville, Bishop O'Connell's diocese," he writes from California. "He was a professor of All Hallows in Ireland. I have found a large and warm heart in him. His diocese is very poor. I have got more than it was thought possible to collect here.

At one of the convents it was put into the head of a friend to give a thousand pounds in honor of the Sacred Heart.”

Rousseau and Kant compared the light of conscience to the star-light. But Vaughan would have said, after the Psalmist: “The sun-lit sky above, and the Law of God within.”

In a lighter mood, in his last years he writes to the Mother-General of the Sisters of Nazareth: “Please do not send me any more money. You ought to have a scruple in doing so, considering your pressing needs. I have a great mind to send the hat back, with an obedience to you to wear it yourself for a week. It fits me perfectly, and I thank you for it very much. I told Mgr. Dunn that my old hat would last my time, and so I did not get another, in Paris. But you are praying me into better health, and so keeping me out of Purgatory and Heaven. God bless you.” After his death, all the money ever given to him by Nazareth House was found in his desk with a direction that it should be returned with his “affectionate regards and his blessing.”

Vaughan was a thoroughly honest, sincere, direct, and candid man. He might have taken the old Britonic motto which Tennyson emblazoned on the threshold of his Sussex cottage—Y Gwir yn erbyn y byd—“The truth against the world.” His mind and his language, I think, might be described as blunt. He never used camouflage.⁶ His high and commanding spirit stood him in good stead, as for example at the public meeting in Manchester against slavery when the crowd were shouting for Stanley, the explorer (who was late and could not be found) and would not listen to Manning: “Herbert Vaughan had witnessed the outrageous treatment of the Cardinal, and as he strode to the front, at the request of the Committee, it was easy to see that he was thoroughly roused. His first words were flung out in a tone that sounded high above the din, and within a very few moments the abashed crowd was silently listening. When Stanley walked on the platform, half an hour later, the

⁶ As the proper meaning of this term seems to be generally unknown, I may mention that it is derived from a verb, *Camoufler*: to puff smoke in another's eyes—as we say, to throw dust in his eyes.

Bishop stepped back, feeling that his part was over; but the men who had shouted for Stanley now insistently called for the Bishop to 'go on.'"

"No one had a warmer admiration for the generosity with which the British public supports the great Protestant Missionary Societies in carrying a message of Christianity and civilization to the heathen. He believed it would bring a blessing to the country. Many of the Englishmen whom he found on their lonely ranches in Chile and Peru can have had little enough sympathy with the Catholic Church; but they gave him open hospitality and generally a parting gift. In his constant appeals to the Catholics of England he often gave point to his words by his statistics of the money annually spent by both Anglicans and Nonconformists. But he called for a type of missionary very different from those who had wives to cherish and children to settle in life."

Vaughan was ambitious to do great things and by nature ambitious of the power to do them. He says in his private memoranda that it was easier for such a nature as his to attain to a positive abhorrence of rank and honor than to an indifference about such things. His self-reliance was such that when he bought *The Tablet*, he edited it and wrote the theological articles for several years until he was made Bishop of Salford. (In his work on *The Tablet* he was assisted by a distant cousin, Henry Francis Vaughan, son of the owner of Humphreston Hall, in Shropshire, who claimed descent from the princes of North Wales). But he became a very humble man. "From the very beginning of my acquaintance with him, far back in the Salford days," says his biographer, "I came to the conclusion that he was one of the most genuinely humble men I had ever met; and this impression grew as I knew him better. But it was a humility that was of grace rather than of nature. He was the only person I ever had to deal with who thought his contributions to a newspaper were improved by editorial attentions. He seemed to assume that any friend could take his work and knock it about to its great advantage."

One of the natural faults which he set himself in early manhood to correct was a disposition to contradict and to be authoritative in his manner. "On one occasion while he was still a young man studying for the priesthood, he was spending some days with his uncle and aunt⁷ at Ince-Blundell, and a discussion arose at luncheon as to some question in geography. The governess had given her opinion, and it was questioned with some heat by Herbert Vaughan. That afternoon the school-room door was opened, and the tall form of this youth of twenty appeared. He had come to apologize to the governess in the presence of all the children for his rudeness in contradicting her."

When he was made Archbishop of Westminster, he took Mgr. Johnson (afterwards Bishop) for his confessor. Johnson after the first confession was astonished to find the Archbishop bending down and kissing his feet. The embarrassed confessor tried to prevent him from doing so, but the penitent said, "Let me do it; it does me good." Johnson foolishly continued to object. Vaughan said very plainly: "It is not you that I am reverencing."

His movements were swift and impetuous, and he might be praised by some as a "hustler"; when he was a Cardinal, someone in London who thought himself very witty, nicknamed him "The Scarlet-runner." In Rome, in the winter of 1894-5 someone told him that his hasty movements in the sanctuary were not edifying. A single warning was sufficient to change his ways. But he long grieved deeply over the thought that he had been irreverent and might have given scandal.

Mr. Snead-Cox says: "He was far too fond of 'prodding his neighbors' in his outbreaks of zeal, to be a comfortable companion."

He could, however, become all things to all men, and act as a man of the world. For a time he thought it his duty to

⁷ His father's youngest Sister, Teresa, married Thomas Weld of Lulworth (Dorsetshire), who changed his name to Weld-Blundell when he inherited the Blundell estates in 1840. Ince-Blundell is near Liverpool.

accept invitations sometimes and go into society. The late Mr. Wilfrid Ward remembered a dinner at the house of Mrs. Leo Agar-Ellis (afterwards Lady Clifden) in Green St. in London, about the year 1885, while Vaughan was Bishop of Salford. Gladstone was there and the late Duke of Devonshire, then Lord Hartington, and Mr. R. Holt Hutton, the editor of the Spectator. After the ladies left them, Gladstone and Hutton got into a theological discussion, which bored Hartington very much. It was stamped on Ward's memory by the fact that the Bishop resolutely would not be drawn into the discussion, but with Hartington moved off to some distance and chatted with him about shooting and racing and other mundane things. At a later time in his life he avoided social entertainments as much as he could.

In the last year of his life Vaughan had great bodily suffering from heart disease and dropsy; while the penances which he had practised for many years and his spiritual trials at the end were like those of which we read in the lives of the Saints. Perfect calm and peace came to his soul a few hours before death. He died, as it was his wish, on the feast of the Sacred Heart. Just ten minutes before the hour of midnight that brave, true heart ceased to beat.

**“I Have Thought Upon the Days of Old, and Kept in Mind
the Everlasting Years.”**

“He dwelt in thought,” says his Spiritual Director, “by preference much more in the past with the great Saints and Doctors of old than in the present; he loved the memories of his country while it was still Catholic, and those of the days of persecution with their long record of heroic deeds; he drew from them inspiration for himself, and he sought to impress on a younger generation the lesson of the glorious ancestry from which they sprang.” His own ancestors were among the most heroic, though in the West they suffered less than those who lived near the seat of Government. The patriotism of the English Catholics, proven against the Spanish Armada,

was rewarded, as Hallam honestly confesses, with a more severe persecution: "It would have been a sign of gratitude, after these proofs of loyalty, if the laws against the freedom of the Catholic religion had been either repealed or at least allowed to sleep; but on the contrary, the execution of priests and other Catholics (with obscene brutality) became more frequent. A new statue was enacted restraining 'Popish Recusants'—a distinctive name now first imposed by law—to particular places of residence and subjecting them to other vexatious provisions. All persons were forbidden by proclamation to harbor any one of whose conformity they were not assured. Between 1588 and 1603 one hundred and ten Catholics suffered death. Besides the Martyrs, many other Catholics in the reign of Elizabeth died in prison, of hardships, and many were deprived of their property." It is not wonderful that some Catholics then applied to Elizabeth and her government the language of the Apocalypse concerning pagan Rome—"the woman drunk with the blood of the Saints, and clothed in scarlet."⁸

The Blood of Martyrs Is the Seed of the Church.

Father Parsons wrote in an open letter to the ministers who had clamored for the death of Campion and Sherwin and their associates: "Their blood will fight against your errors and impiety many hundred years after you are passed from the world altogether. If they had lived, they might have done much service to God's Church, and much hurt to your cause; yet they never could have done it so strongly as they have done and are doing and will do by their deaths—the cry whereof worketh more forcibly both with God and man than any books or sermons." Enlightened Protestants such as Bacon recognized this truth. He addressed a Memorial to Elizabeth in 1583 to dissuade her from putting Catholic priests to death for their religion (since the government acknowledged to themselves that it was for religion they were executed) or

⁸ Froude honestly confesses that the scandals in "Leicester's Commonwealth" were not the invention of the author, but were the talk of the Puritans after the death of Leicester's first wife, Amy Robsart.

imposing the oath of Supremacy on Catholics: "We find by experience that putting to death does not lessen them; but . . . upon cutting off one, seven grow up, persecution being counted as the badge of the Church; and therefore they never should have the honor of Martyrdom in England, where the fullness of blood and greatness of heart is such that men will go bravely to their death even for shameful things, much more when they think to climb heaven; and this . . . seems to the people a divine constancy." Thirty-three years later, when there was a great outcry about "the increase of Popery," Sir Robert Cotton laughs at all the vulgar reasons assigned for it, such as what the ministers called "the royal clemency" and "the slack execution of the laws": "If we will with a better insight see how this great quantity of Popish spawn is multiplied, we must especially ascribe the cause thereof to their priests, who by their deaths assure more to their (church) than they could ever persuade in their lives. The number of priests who now (1613) come to a tragical conclusion is not great; yet as with one seal many patents are sealed, so with the loss of a few lives numbers of wavering spirits may be gained. The blood of Martyrs is the seed of the Church."

Bacon again in 1616 offered the same counsel to James as he had given to Elizabeth.⁹

The Vaughans had their grand religious tradition. For two centuries unjust taxation and fines kept them comparatively poor. Some of them suffered imprisonment for the faithfulness which was made treason. Father Thomas Vaughan of Courtfield, who died in the time of the "Commonwealth" or republic, after suffering "very hard usage," was "a martyr for his religion and his character" as a priest, in the judgment of Bishop Challoner in his *Memoirs of Missionary Priests*. And among them all there was not a more devoted, a more heroic, or a more saintly spirit than this man of our own time.

⁹ Bacon's Memorial to Elizabeth was at one time ascribed to Lord Burleigh, and thus gained a much better political reputation for that cold-blooded apostate and persecutor than he deserved. Even historians like Hallam and Macaulay were deceived.

VOCATIONS AND OUR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

BY REV. EDWARD F. GABESCHE, S.J.

FROM every side comes the cry that we must have more vocations to the religious life and to the priesthood. The multiplied and multiplying activities of Catholic life make separate and concerted demands for more consecrated lives for their upkeep and increase. Scarcely a religious community but finds itself at wit's end to maintain its growing enterprises. New demands are constantly coming in for further extension of activity and the overworked and self-devoted Sisters find their present forces scarcely able to sustain the already existing institutions.

Priests likewise are sorely needed. In some dioceses a hundred priests could be set to work to-morrow founding parishes, collecting scattered flocks, building up existing activities and starting needed new ones. So much depends upon a large supply of well-trained and fervent pastors. So great losses will ensue if we do not somehow manage to develop the vocations which already must exist in ample numbers.

Those who have much to do with our young folk are persuaded that many vocations go unfulfilled. There are many Catholic girls and boys to whom God has given that special aptitude for the priesthood or the religious life which is the first requisite of a vocation, and with whom His grace is quietly pleading to leave all and follow Him, to feed His lambs and feed His sheep. Neither the personal fitness and freedom from impediment nor the interior leading of grace is wanting, and these two things together constitute a vocation. Given the correspondence of the subject's will and the acceptance of a religious superior or of a bishop, and the vocation is consummated.

Why do so many of these suitable and promising young folk fail ever to arrive at the goal?

In helping the development of vocation we do a six-fold service. We greatly benefit, surely, the chosen soul which will never find in the world the opportunities for sanctification of self and of others which await it in religion or in the priestly calling. We help the Church whose very life and spirit depends upon fervent priests and devoted religious souls. We bestow a singular blessing on those of the faithful who will, in after years, profit by the ministrations of a soul entirely consecrated to Christ and motived by Christian charity. We effectively help the undermanned parishes and religious institutions. Finally, we secure a great increase of the Divine Glory which shines out so conspicuously in the lives of holy priests and fervent Religious, men and women. It is, then, very much worth while to give our best thought and effort to helping the development of vocations.

Our Catholic schools in particular are very intimately concerned with this urgent question. It is they who have the charge and responsibility of training the child during those very years when it is most sensitive to influences, most susceptible to help and sympathy. It is while at school that children develop the germs of a vocation and the momentous decision comes for most of them either just at the end or during the course of school.

From another angle our Catholic schools are primarily interested in the encouragement of vocations because they are to be carried on by new recruits to the army of priests and religious teachers. It is they who will feel most sorely any falling off either in quality or numbers of vocations. Even now they are severely handicapped by the dearth of volunteers in sufficient number, and their teachers are overworked and weary because each has to cover the ground and do the work which might be divided among several were there more who followed religious vocations.

Let us scrutinize the influence of our schools in developing religious vocations and the excellences and defects which they

show in this regard. We can profit by the one and the other consideration. It is always possible to make good qualities still more effective, and on the other hand our Catholic educators are the first to own that their system, like all things human, has its shortcomings which are the shadows of its virtues and that it is susceptible of greater and greater perfecting.

To take the virtues first, it is a truism that by far the greater number of vocations which are followed owe their blossom and fruitage to the sweet soil and kindly atmosphere of Catholic schools. Nothing is so powerful in its influence on youth as holy principles lived out in devoted lives. It is the quiet and daily self-consecration of priests and religious which turns the young thoughts to pondering vocation and fortifies young wills to make the sacrifice which others whom they esteem and love have made before them. So, by merely following the path of their devoted service, the teachers in our Catholic schools are effectively promoting the budding vocations of their pupils.

The Catholic atmosphere of the school is similarly powerful in kindling noble purposes and strengthening the desires for a religious or priestly life. The great obstacles to the following out of a religious vocation are obviously worldliness, selfishness, the love of earthly things, in a word those powerful inclinations of our fallen nature to what is natural, temporal, and present which the world, the flesh and the devil so sedulously flatter and augment. In proportion as the atmosphere of school is alive with a supernatural spirit, instinct with noble ideals, throbbing with Catholic life, in that proportion it will serve to inspire the pupil with the supernatural self-sacrifice which is a prerequisite for the following out of a vocation.

Neither must we overlook the influences of the Catholic school on the family of the student. Directly, sometimes indirectly, always by the very efficacy of the training which it gives to the child, the school should constantly exercise an influence for the better on the whole family circle. Some teachers have a particular gift of tact and skill in thus helping the home through the child. The greatest and most successful missionaries (St. Francis Xavier is a notable instance), have used children

as a means of reforming and converting whole populations. Many of our Catholic homes do not need to be converted and reformed, but they will be the better for any influence brought to bear upon them through the Catholic training of their children. In turn the Catholic atmosphere of the home will react powerfully in fostering a vocation in the child.

These things have always been true, but they have a pointed application at the present time. In former days there have been phases of Catholic society in which circumstances greatly favored the development of vocation. Then, the influence of Catholic principles permeated society, life was more serene and less distracted, the multifarious and organized amusements and pleasures of to-day, its frenzied pursuit of money and recreation, its rush and fury of co-operations did not exist or at least were present only in a subdued and tempered form. The world was not near so alluring, insistent, various, as now. Hence it was relatively easier for young folk to leave all behind them and follow Christ—because there was less to leave.

At present, in our land and age, life is immensely interesting, variegated, promising. Any young person, with the golden fancy and unspoiled illusions of youth, can look forward to equal opportunities in a country teeming with interest and pleasure. "Father," said a young priest to me, "I am from the Old Country, and since I have learned to know life in the United States I have a growing admiration for the young people here who leave their opportunities behind them and enter the seminary or the novitiate. They seem to me to deserve far more credit than we did in the old lands of Europe. There we had little to look forward to, small prospects, less to forego and surrender. Here in the United States, anybody can look forward to anything, and I think the merit of young folk is multiplied when they leave the world to follow Christ."

Of course the generosity of this young priest spoke in his words of appreciation. To leave any home, however poor or small in opportunities, is an heroic renunciation. The dreams of youth are always golden, everywhere. But we shall do well to realize the sober truth contained in his observations. One

reason why we do not have more vocations is that the self-sacrifice and fervor of charity toward Christ is sometimes not strong enough in the hearts of our young people to overcome the clinging attractions and extreme allurements of present-day life in the world. Life gives no prospect of growing less interesting and attractive. It is we who must multiply the aids to self-sacrifice and fervor.

The example of consecrated lives, the Catholic atmosphere of the school, the Catholic atmosphere of the home—these three, then, are of extreme moment in encouraging vocations. They are already to be credited with the training and development of hundreds of thousands of priests and religious who are carrying on to-day the work of God at home and on missions, or who rest from their labors after lives of sublime service. In proportion as we intensify and increase the efficacy of these three influences, we shall see more vocations blossom and bear fruit. The very circumstances that we must give credit here for the positive good achieved in the development of vocations leads us to look here also for any possible defects or, rather, shortcomings which may account for the fact that even more vocations for which God has done all His part are frustrated and come to naught.

It is our Catholic teachers themselves, with their devoted intimacy, with the details of their great and arduous task, with their interest in and eagerness for whatever concerns the welfare of the Church and of souls, who can best scrutinize their own work from the standpoint of the development of vocations and can most practically determine what is best to be done to improve their already effective and excellent endeavors. What we shall say by way of suggestion and remark is intended only to help them in their own expert survey of the situation, in some such way as a stranger, looking over a beautiful and well-ordered garden, can sometimes point out features and indicate improvements which, through too much knowledge and custom, have escaped the gardener himself.

On the first element of influence, the personal example of priests and religious, we shall not dwell long. Human imper-

fections cling even to the holiest character, and his saints themselves were not able to clear their lives of the dust of small defects so long as they remained mortal. "He censures God," said Edmund Burke, in a memorable passage, "who quarrels with the imperfections of man." "If God had wished us all to be angels," said St. Francis de Sales, in similar meaning, "He could have made us so. But He means us to be first good men and women." The defects which we cannot master are left to us for our chastening.

Still, the Catholic teacher will ever be on guard against scandalizing ever so little the least of these little ones. Sometimes defects of temper or lapses in justice have a disproportionately bad effect upon a child's sensitive feelings. It has happened that children have been repelled or prejudiced by such things against Catholic schools and against the vocation of Catholic teachers. Such instances, happily, are rare, and we may dismiss the subject with a mere mention. In general it is the patience, kindness, and general virtue of Catholic teachers that do most to foster vocations.

As to the atmosphere of the school, there is much to be said. The pressure of modern life, its variety, its restlessness, something even of its superficiality and worldliness, are felt even in Catholic classrooms and are continually seeking to invade even the Catholic schools. There is no congenial atmosphere for the development of vocations, and, in as far as it has succeeded in entering our schools, it makes distinctly against the spirit of self-sacrifice and fervor which strengthens souls to leave all and follow Christ.

Again, in the keen emulation which necessarily exists between our schools and other systems of education, the characteristically Catholic features of our training are likely to be subdued. In the effort to keep our classes at the level of other schools or even to surpass it, we find our energies largely engrossed. But the precise points of competition with these schools are all of a secular character. Thus the secular side of our education is likely to be stressed, and since our energies

are limited, the Catholic features of our courses are apt to suffer by comparison.

But the discussion of this danger to our Catholic schools and of the steps which they might take to guard against it and to ensure a strong Catholic atmosphere, as well as that other consideration of the service which our schools can render to vocations by helping to cultivate a distinctly Catholic spirit in our homes, would far exceed the limits of this paper, and we defer them to a future occasion.



SUFFERING

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D., Sc.D.

THE problem of the meaning of suffering and evil in the world is the greatest natural mystery that man has to face. It has raised the question as to whether life is worth living or not in some minds. It causes a great many people to be disturbed about the meaning of life and has led some sensitive people to conclude that there cannot be an over-seeing, all-wise Providence since otherwise He would surely prevent all the needless suffering there is in the world. Biologists, owing to their occupation with the thought of the struggle for existence in current theories of evolution, have been particularly inclined to say that they could not think that there was a Providence because there was so much of carnage in nature, so much ruthless destruction of life amid suffering for which it would be hard to find any satisfactory reason. There has been no little exaggeration in this view, for a calm review of conditions as they obtain in nature shows not so much of active contest as a healthy competition for the means of existence, in the midst of which death comes to the weakling without anything like the suffering so much emphasized.

It must not be forgotten that the supersensitiveness of the sedentary student must be taken into account in the appreciation of the significance of such a declaration, for the recluse scientist often shrinks from trials that the active outdoors man finds only a stimulus to action, which serve to develop powers and give satisfaction rather than any real suffering. The incentive to have life and to have it more abundantly which this affords to heartier natures makes the poet's expression, *forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit*, "perhaps we shall be glad to recall these hardships in the time to come," easy to appreciate. Life without suffering would lack that contrast

which saves it from the dull monotony that might tempt to waste of energy in dissipation.

Perhaps the best illustration of the actual benefit to man which accrues from suffering is to be found in the fact that one of the surprising results of the presence of the mystery of suffering in the world is that meditation over it has given rise to the five greatest dramatic poems that were ever written. Men contemplating it have been led to the expression of the deepest thoughts that have ever stirred minds. These great poems have come at longer and shorter intervals during four thousand years, from Job, the essential ideas for which probably date from about 1800 B.C., though its literary form is much later, through Æschylus' "Prometheus," Shakespeare's "Hamlet," Calderon's "The Wonder-Working Magician," down to Goethe's "Faust." Of these five dramatizations of the mystery of human suffering, recurring poetic impersonations of Hamlet's

"The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!"

the greatest, as conceded by all the critics, is not—as might be expected from the very prevalent impression that makes wonderful progress down the ages—the last one, "Goethe's "Faust," but is the first one, Job. No one has ever expressed so well the only reasonable attitude of mind that man must take in the presence of evil and suffering as this "man of the land of Hus whose name was Job and who was simple and upright and fearing God and avoiding evil," yet who had to bear some of the severest trials that man has ever been called upon to undergo.

Mr. H. G. Wells, in one of his thought-stimulating novels, shows us that verisimilitude of the most modern type could be woven into a story which followed the outlines of the book of Job very closely, so that far from being dead, even the novelty-seeking fiction readers of our generation have brought home to them the facts that Job is still a very living piece of literature. Job's answer to the mystery of evil is that man must

confess his inability to understand it, but he can trust the God who "thunders wonderfully with His voice" and "doth great and unsearchable things," "who commandeth the snow to go down on the earth and the winter rain," "who knoweth what ways the light spreads and heat divideth on the earth," "who joins together the shining stars, the pleiads, and can stop the turning about of Arcturus" and "who created behemoth and leviathan and can bind the rhinoceros and has fashioned the ostrich." All that Job can say is, "I know that Thou canst do everything and that no thought can be withholden from Thee," therefore for any impatience that he may have displayed over his suffering he reprehends himself and promises to do penance in dust and ashes;—"and after this Job lived one hundred and forty years and saw his sons and his sons' sons, even four generations. So Job died, being old and full of days."

In any consideration of suffering, above all in connection with the related subjects of health and religion, we must not forget that suffering has always been a badge of the race, the common lot of men, so that this very community of it greatly reduces human reaction toward it, since the sufferer cannot help but note that every one else must submit to it as well as himself. At times among those who fail to think deeply enough this may be doubted. The poor may even envy the rich because they suppose that they must by their riches escape suffering, but most physicians soon learn to appreciate very well that the mental discomforts of the wealthy, their disappointed social ambitions, their thwarted aspirations after greater wealth, their envy of their more successful neighbors, but above all their frequent disappointment in their children, though it is almost invariably their very wealth that has spoiled the children and brought their greatest griefs on them, are really the source of much more genuine suffering than the poor have to bear. The worries of life increase with possessions, not decrease, as is fondly hoped, and as the author of the "Romance of the Rose" said some seven centuries ago:

“And he who what he holds esteems
Enough, is rich beyond the dreams
Of many a dreary usurer,
And lives his life-days happier far;
For nought it signifies what gains
The wretched usurer makes, the pains
Of poverty afflict him yet
Who having, struggleth still to get.”

Suffering must ever remain a mystery, especially when we take into account the fact that all of us are profoundly possessed by the desire for happiness. We can never probe to the bottom of the mystery and know all its meaning, but at least we can readily understand that in the vast majority of cases, instead of being an evil, it is a good. Nothing so deepens and develops character as suffering. Take the case of our young men who went to the late war—so many of them scarcely more than boys, feeling but little of the responsibilities of life—and see how they came back matured by the hardships and sufferings through which they had to go. Thucydides said nearly twenty-five hundred years ago, “There is very little difference among men, only a few of them rise above the great mass because they have gone through hard things when they were young.”

It would seem as though we had changed all that, for we are deeply intent on making things just as easy as possible for the young, but a generation ago Gladstone repeated Thucydides' expression with heartiest approval, and some twenty years ago John Morley, writing the life of Gladstone, agreed with both of them. I wonder if there are two men in our time who have known men better than Gladstone and Morley.

In that sense suffering is no mystery, and it is easy to see how it is quite literally true that “Whom the Lord loves He chastises.” It is the chastisement of suffering that brings out the powers of men. Any one who has not had to suffer in life is nearly always a self-centered egotist without sympa-

thy, but above all without that fellow-feeling that comes only from having gone through similar experience. He who has not suffered has not really lived below the surface of his being at all, and he does not know himself. To "know thyself" is the most important thing in the world and the only way to know others. The men who have done great thinking for us have nearly always been men who had to suffer much. It was a blind Milton who wrote "Paradise Lost." When Camoens wrote what German and French critics think—and when Germans and French agree about anything there is probably a deep, underlying truth in it—the greatest epic in modern time, he was starving in a garret, and his old Indian servant was begging for him on the streets to secure enough to keep body and soul together until the great work was finished. Cervantes wrote what Lord Macaulay called "incomparably the greatest novel ever written" in a debtor's prison, out of which it seemed he might never be able to secure his release. Dante wrote what many think the greatest poem ever written during a long exile in which he learned "how bitter it is to eat the bread of other's tables." "*Poeta laudatur et alget*," "the poet is praised and starves," is as true in our time as when Horace said it three thousand years ago.

Goldwin Smith brought out very clearly the fact that suffering and evil are really a necessity in the world if this is to be a place of trial, as every one believes, for of course such a belief represents the only satisfactory explanation of life as we have it. Man must have something to strive for and against if there are to be stepping-stones of our dead selves to higher things, and so it is not surprising that Doctor Goldwin Smith should have said:

"At the same time, so far as we can discern, character can be formed only by an effort which implies something against which to strive; so that without evil or what appears to us evil, character could not be formed. The existence of evil in fact, so far as we can see, is the necessary condition of active life."

Suffering has been with us from the beginning and it will

always be with us; instead of an evil it is one of God's great gifts to man, and yet it sometimes makes little souls bitter and swamps the efforts of those who cannot rise above its trials. Religion is the one element that is supremely helpful in this. Above all in the terminal sufferings of mankind, when there is no longer any question of pain that has to be borne in developing character for this life, the only consolation is that to be derived from religion and a firm belief in a hereafter and an acknowledgment of the fact that somehow God knows best and all is for the best. Without this the awful suffering from cancer which is increasing rather than diminishing, and which seems to be so rooted in human nature, as well as ever so many other chronic sources of pain that will never cease entirely until the end of life comes, become hideous specters for humanity, and suffering has very little meaning.

No matter what our attitude of mind may be with regard to suffering, there is no question but that we have to bear it under present conditions in this little world of ours. When we add up all the accidents in industry and transportation, all the wounds in war and civil life, and then add the affections which in one way or another cause mechanical stoppages of processes in the body, for these are the exquisitely painful conditions, it is easy to understand that we need consolation for suffering. An old medical axiom is that "the doctor can seldom cure, but he can often relieve and can always console." There are a good many physicians, however, who feel their ability to console sadly hampered by the fact that so many men and women in our time do not believe in an hereafter for which their suffering in this world can be a preparation, and that therefore the terminal suffering of existence, of which there is and manifestly always will be such an amount, can mean nothing for them except just so much pain that has to be borne without any good reason that they can see, except that somehow or other things were so arranged in this world that there is ever so much more of pain and suffering than of joy in it.

Two thousand years ago Cicero said in his own oratorical way that it was better for all of us to believe in immortality,

for if there was no immortality we should never live after death to know it—which comes very near being an Irish bull by anticipation—while if there was, and we had not believed in it, there would come a very rude awakening to the truth of things. Something of the same problem has been put in much more flippant and yet very expressive way in modern slang. “If there is no other world than this, then some one handed us an awful lemon when we were sent into existence.” That is, I suppose, one answer to the mystery of suffering so sure to come to all men in some way or other, and it is one that counsels us to seek the only real consolation for suffering,—that which is to be found in the religious feeling that somehow or other, somewhere, there is some one who knows and understands, and suffering has its meaning. “God’s in His Heaven, and all’s well with the world.” and in spite of the fact that “nature red in tooth and claw” works such sad havoc with her creatures.

What the belief in immortality and the feeling that this life is merely its portico can accomplish in giving a man equanimity in the face of disappointments and patient fortitude under even atrocious pain is very well illustrated by what Professor William James has to say of Thomas Davidson in his essay on him.¹ Davidson died of cancer at a comparatively early age, considering the length of life that many scholars enjoy, and for many years “he had prepared a large amount of material for that history of the interaction of Greek, Christian Hebrew and Arabic thought on one another before the revival of learning which was to be his Magnum Opus. Davidson was destined never to finish the work. Professor James, who had been an intimate friend and was so close to him in Sciences on Hurricane Mountain at the head of Keene Valley in the Adirondacks, had felt the possibility of this accident of destiny and had inquired of Davidson with regard to his great prospective work.

“Knowing how short his life might be, I once asked him

¹ “Memories and Studies,” New York, 1911.

whether he felt no concern lest the work already done by him should be frustrated, from the lack of its necessary complement, in case he were suddenly cut off. His answer surprised me by its indifference. He would work as long as he lived, he said, but not allow himself to worry, and would look serenely at whatever might be the outcome. This seemed to me uncommonly high-minded. I think that Davidson's conviction of immortality had much to do with such a superiority to accidents. On the surface and towards small things, he was irritable enough, but the undertone of his character was remarkable for equanimity. He showed it in his final illness, of which the misery was really atrocious. There were no general complaints or lamentations about the personal situation or the arrest of his career. It was the human lot, and he must ever bear it; so he kept his mind upon objective matter."

Only a profound conviction of personal immortality will enable a man who feels that he is cut off in the midst of his work to bear with patience the final ailment which by its very progress is precluding the possibility of accomplishing the task that he had set himself. Yet this interruption of their chosen labor inevitably comes to a great many men; for death, no matter how late it may seem to onlookers to occur, happens untimely to most of humanity, even though they may count up years far beyond the three-score and ten of the Psalmist.

The greatest resource in the midst of the suffering caused by the late war for soldiers and civilians was religion. It was sadly needed, but it was magnificently employed. Any one who saw how much their religion meant to the soldiers who really had faith will appreciate very well how valuable it was for them. Many a man who had given up his faith, and this was particularly true of the French, found a new power to dare and to do, and also to bear and to "carry on" in the religion that it had seemed they could so readily dispense with before.

Colton, writing a series of aphorisms in "Lacon," a century ago, declared that there are three arguments for atheism more effective than any others,—health and wealth and

friends. When we have our health and an abundance of money at command, besides many and powerful friends who seem willing to do everything that they can for us, we feel but little need of God, and then many men refuse to believe in Him. Necessity is a very precious thing, the mother not only of invention, but of reverence and many other good qualities. But when suffering comes, especially if wealth, and in that case, of course, friends, have disappeared, God is a very firm support to lean on. Many a man has found his faith again under such circumstances and has realized how flimsy were the veils which he had allowed to come between him and his recognition of his obligations to his Creator.

The presence of suffering and evil in the world has provided us with one of the most striking arguments for the existence of God and of an hereafter that we have. As Goldwin Smith said:

“This at all events is certain: if death is to end all alike for the righteous and for the unrighteous, for those who have been blessings and for those who have been curses to their kind, the Power which rules the universe cannot be just in any sense of the word which we can command.”

Doctor Carroll, in “The Mastery of Nervousness,” has summed up the value of suffering as a revealer of power and a bracer of strength in words that are worth remembering. “None knows his real strength till he has faced failure and tasted the bitterness of defeat. Physical and mental suffering and soul pain come to all that endurance may be developed, for without this the strength which conquers can never be. The master man laughs in the face of personal hurts; offenses fail to offend, insults fail to embitter; he turns with shame from the so-called depths of suffering; for him honor and majesty of soul are found upon the heights of suffering.” In a word, the really brave man does not let himself sink under the burden of suffering, but maintains his place and stands up firmly under it. Under these circumstances suffering, instead of being an evil, is a good. After the showing of mercy, man is

likest to God when he stands suffering bravely and brings good out of evil even as Providence does.

Adversity! thou all-subduing power,
'Tis thine to bend the stubborn neck of pride,
From fame and fortune, strip the thin disguise,
Instruct the selfish soul itself to know,
And teach submission to the Will Divine.



The Super-Philosopher

When dawn's blue pinions brush the cheek
Of rosy-lided, sleeping day,
I know a man whose two eyes burn
With the joy of a faun on a forest-way.
He laughs with the fields, like a babe at play—
The hill-brook chuckles to see him run;
Love's compass points the way he goes,
With Nature he is one.

To him each loafing lark in the grass,
Each leaf that peers from a faithful tree,
Is part of a world-wide serenade,
Which the mountains lead with their symphony.
He fondles the fire and mystery
Of life, whose rumblings shake the soul,
For love is in the draught he drinks—
It makes him whole.

With merry hands he bids adieu
To orchard-meads where wild things flower;
For him the workday of the world
Is but a fleeting banquet-hour.
And every task is as a tower
That he must batter to its fall;
The love that courses through his veins—
Through it he conquers all.

To men he seems to be all things
That bear a universal name;
A star—a seed—a force that drives
Earth's dust to leap to living flame.
He paints God's work in beauty's frame,
For beauty holds immortal themes;
But always Love, the architect,
Designs his dreams.

J. CORSON MILLER.

ST. PATRICK

(Continued)

BY REV. P. J. KIRBY.

II. The Saint's Birthplace.

“St. Patrick was born in Nemthur; this is what is narrated in stories.” These are the opening words of the Hymn of St. Fiacc. St. Fiacc was one of Ireland's official poets. He was also a *Breitheamh* or Judge. St. Patrick converted and ordained him Bishop. The 11th Century MSS. in Irish, name St. Fiacc as author of the Hymn. These MSS. of the Hymn are the oldest yet discovered.

It is necessary to discuss here, two objections of Professor Bury in his “Life of St. Patrick.” The objections are raised against accepting St. Fiacc as author of the Hymn.

1st objection: “The language of the Hymn points to a date not much anterior to A.D. 800.”

2nd objection: The expressions, “this is what is narrated in stories,” “this is what is narrated in writings,” as contained in the first and twelfth lines, respectively, “show that the sources of the Hymn were written documents.”

If the Hymn can be traced to St. Fiacc as its author, there can be no doubt that Nemthur is the place of St. Patrick's birth. In any case the more ancient it is proved to be the stronger the evidence for Nemthur.

Previous to a discussion on its antiquity, a few words on the contents of the Hymn may be of interest. The title is “*Genair Patraice*,” or in adequate translation, Patrick's Pedigree. The birth and corporal descent of the Saint are dismissed within four lines; the remainder is a synopsis of his life, a few words on his death, and has also an eulogium on his virtues. There may be sounder and stronger arguments for the Hymn than the following; if so, it is to be hoped that they soon see light for the settlement of an abstruse question.

Professor Bury admits that the monk Muirchu (of Wick-

low on the Eastern coast of Ireland); wrote a biography of St. Patrick, towards the end of the seventh century. He also admits that in the compilation of the biography; Muirchu drew material from previous writings on the subject "as well as from Stories that were known to him only from oral tradition." Muirchu is away ahead of this in generosity of admission, for in referring to this work and its sources, he says, "wonders so great which are elsewhere written and which the world publishes by trusted word of mouth." The quotation just read clearly indicates three degrees of antiquity: 1. Latin documents preceding the seventh century; 2. Gaelic documents of the latter part of the fifth and earlier part of the sixth century at least (fluent expression in Latin did not obtain in Ireland before then); and 3. Oral tradition independent of all documents. These three degrees afforded a series of records linking up with the days of St. Patrick.

The antiquity of Muirchu's material for his biography of St. Patrick vitally aids in refuting the objection that the Hymn did not exist, as we have it, before A.D. 800. Professor Bury admits that whoever wrote the Hymn MSS. "used either Muirchu or (part of) Muirchu's material. In either case the material of the Hymn came direct from the days of St. Patrick and St. Fiacc according to the quotation from Muirchu, "wonders so great which are elsewhere written and which the world publishes by trusted word of mouth."

If any portion of the Hymn was certain to have come unchanged, into the possession of an early writer, that portion is the basic line; it is also the opening line of the Hymn. It runs thus, "Patrick was born in Nemthur; this is what is narrated in stories."

Narrated in stories here means Oral Tradition. That such is the real meaning is shown further on in this article.

The opening line of the Hymn of St. Fiacc certifies itself therefore, as of widespread oral narration before A.D. 800. By the fact of writing the words "narrated in stories" the scribe testifies to the existence of the Hymn in Oral Tradition. The oral narration of songs preceded their committal to writing.

In earliest Christian Ireland and for many centuries after, the Bard sang forth in public. If the effort gained popular approval, the song and melody were treasured in memory and transmitted by voice and ear correctly. The few who had acquired the art of writing, including the Bard, might write it. Recall that the Abbot St. Fiacc was a bard; and having outlived St. Patrick, he would have honoured the Apostle of Ireland in song, among the brethren. The good brethren would diffuse the song.

No scribe would make serious innovations against popular tradition; nor would he falsify a popular Hymn. The detection of such would be speedy and would spell the destruction of the fabrication. The survival of the Hymn of St. Fiacc, into the present day, proves its popularity any way the matter is viewed. The early centuries of Christian Ireland were doubly redolent of the sanctity of St. Patrick. The Irish people then were, and many are to-day, intensely jealous and zealous of every genuine tradition concerning him. In those early times peoples' libraries were in the tips of their tongues. Their memories were more accurate than the memories of their descendants in general, are. The popular ear was then more keenly attuned to correct narration than is the popular eye nowadays; that ear was abruptly closed to inaccurate tradition of import. The erring narrator was summarily silenced.

The philological consideration that the language of the Hymn points to a date not much anterior to A.D. 800 does not prove that it originated in 800 A.D. nor in 1000 A.D. It is not denied by the severest critic that the material used in the 1100 A.D. MSS. existed at Sletty, where St. Fiacc was Bishop. If the material of the Hymn existed in the monastery where St. Fiacc ruled as Abbot and Bishop, it must have come down from his time. No scribe* of early Christian Ireland could, even though he were a first-class poet, attribute his own poetry to St. Fiacc. St. Fiacc was trained in the metrical art by Dubthach,

* The Irish scribe or copyist was a national asset. The profession was sacred, honourable and learned. Bishops, Abbots and Scribes were afforded equal legal redress against insult and injury.

Chief Judge and Chief Bard to Laoigaire, the Monarch of Ireland. Being therefore a reputable member of the Bardic Order, St. Fiacc's name and literary productions were safeguarded by that influential national organization. We may safely say that any Hymn which bears his name, was his. Any competent scribe would up-to-date the language. The second objection lodged by Bury against St. Fiacc's authorship is based on these concluding words of the first and twelfth lines, respectively,

“This is what is narrated in stories,”

“This is what is narrated in writings.”

These expressions, he says, show that the sources of the author were written documents. The trusty scribe recorded clearly the distinct sources of the Hymn, namely, oral tales and written documents. That does not prove the scribe to have been the author. It is rather a proof against his authorship of the Hymn. The Hymn could have lived from tongue to tongue and in documentary form concurrently. The scribe could transcribe the whole Hymn from the voice of a minstrel. In that case when he wrote the lines,

“Patrick was born in Nemthur, this is what is narrated in stories,

He read the Canon with Germanus, this is what the writings narrate,”

he would be simply testifying that the narrations concerning Patrick, who was born in Nemthur, were backed by oral tradition and documentary evidence. Voice and quill-pen would then be appealing to authoritative sources. The fact that a scribe wrote the words

“This is what is narrated in stories,

This is what is narrated in writings,”

does not prove that he or she consulted oral tradition and written documents and produced from those sources a new hymn and called it “The Hymn of St. Fiacc.” It evidences to the unwritten and written.

Where Is Nemthur?

In the Preface to the Hymn of St. Sechnall, St. Patrick's coadjutor, these words are written "As to Patrick his origin was of the Britons of Her cluaide." Rev. Dr. Newport White commenting on this, says "Ail-cluaide or Hercuaide is Dumbarton on the Clyde." In support of his view favouring Dumbarton, he states that in a note on the opening line of St. Fiace's Hymn (quoted above) explains Nemthur as "a city which is among Britons of the North, viz., Ail-cluaide." Dr. White cites Moran (afterwards Cardinal), agreeing with Dumbarton's claim, and quotes Usher and Hogan as identifying Banneuem with Killpatrick near Dumbarton on the Clyde.

Some of the objections against locating Dumbarton on the Clyde as the birthplace of Ireland's Apostle are as follow:

After 180 A.D. the Northern Boundary of Rome's Imperial possessions in Britain was the Wall of Hadrian. A straight line drawn from Solway Firth to South Shields approximately traces this wall. It was constructed for defence against the raids and inroads of Scots, Picts and Caledonians. Those doughty warriors-peoples after a century of conflict, wavering fortunes, pacts and parleys, had compelled the Roman Emperors to shift their first more northerly lines, to this position. The most northern line of defence established in Scotland, by Imperial Rome, was the line of forts from Clyde to Forth. It was constructed by orders of Agricola about A.D. 80. It is improbable that Dumbarton was included within this line. Dumbarton cannot be proved to have been practically within the bounds of the Roman Empire at any time. St. Patrick was born A.D. 368. It is clear from his writings that he was a citizen of the Roman Empire; since in the 10th paragraph of his Epistle against the soldiers of Caraticus he says that his father was a decurion. Every decurion was a municipal governor and land-owner. St. Patrick says in his "Confession" that the farm-stead of Calpornus, his father, was near Bonnavem Taberniae, whence he himself was taken captive into Ireland in his sixteenth year. It is argued that

Patrick's grandfather was the possessor of the homestead. If so, other considerations aside, there is sound justification for holding that St. Patrick was born near Bonnavem Taberniae. The investigators who endeavour to identify Nemthur with Bonnovemtabernia, do so on the strength of the following comment by Muirchu, on the name Bonnavemtaberniae. "Bonnavemtaburindec, not far from our sea, which village we have firmly and unquestionably discovered to be Uentre." Muirchu is mentioned above. They next identify Uentre with Nemthur, Nemthur with Her-Cluaide, Her-Cluaide with the Rock of Clyde, the Rock of Clyde with Dumbarton, and find that St. Patrick, who was born in Nemthur, was born in, or near, Dumbarton on the Clyde.

The Preface to St. Sechnall's Hymn, the scribe-note on Nemthur, Muirchu's testimony that St. Patrick was "In Brittanis" born, St. Patrick's repeated "In Brittanis," concerning relatives, are all evidenced towards establishing this conclusion. The evidence of credible witnesses is strongly conclusive, if applicable. Their terms must, however, be understood. Those terms must be directed to our objective. If not understood and so directed, the conclusion is as deceptive in reality as is the meeting of parallel railway tracks in perspective. It will be necessary to discuss this evidence further on.

Summarising the objection begun against Dumbarton, it is found that from A.D. 180 to the abandonment of Britain by the Romans, A.D. 407, Dumbarton on the Clyde was over 90 miles outside of the nearest point on the Roman frontier. St. Patrick, born A.D. 368; in Imperial Roman territory, was not therefore born in or near Dumbarton on the Clyde.

The counter objection to this conclusion is that the Emperor Theodosius in A.D. 369, regained all territory lost in centuries; between the Wall of Agricola (Clyde to Forth) and the Wall of Hadrian (Solway to S. Shields). The following quotation meets this counter objection:

"Patrick's father was a decurion, and we have no evidence that there were Roman towns with municipal constitutions in

Strathclyde. The truth is that North Britain was little more than a large military frontier. It is generally supposed that Theodosius in A.D. 369 restored Roman rule, which had fallen back in the north as far as the Wall of Antoninus, and that the district which he recovered (*recuperata provincia*; Ammianus, 28, 3, 7), and which was renamed Valentia (by Valentinian in compliment to his brother Valens), included the country between the Walls of Hadrian and Antonine.* There is, strictly speaking, no direct authority for this conclusion; Ammianus does not indicate the position of Valentia. The supposition that it was in the north, and that Theodosius restored fortresses as far as the line of the northern wall, is, however, not improbable. But there is no probability that it was colonized or became in the last half century of Roman rule anything more than a military district. The Rock of Clyde, at the extreme end of the Northern Wall, is the last place we should expect to find the villula of a Roman decursion; and the opinion that the home of Calpurnius was in that remote spot cannot be accepted without better evidence than an anonymous statement which we cannot trace to any trustworthy source." (See 323, App., Life of St. Patrick, Bury). The foregoing quotation is confirmed by the following passage taken substantially from Sir Bertram Windle's "The Romans in Britain":

"Finally by 180 A.D. the more southerly boundary of the Wall of Hadrian was adopted and retained till the end came."

The first paragraph of the "Confession of St. Patrick" appears to confirm the arguments against Dumbarton. These words of the paragraph are applicable:

"I was at that time about sixteen years of age and I was carried into Ireland into captivity with so many thousands of persons according to our deserts, because we turned away from God and kept not His commandments, and were not obedient to our priests, who admonished us for our salvation."

Thousands of the Faithful having been taken as human booty from the district of Bonnaventaberniae proves that

*The Wall of Agricola was the basis of Antonine Wall, A.D. 142. It was abandoned A.D. 180.

Christian community to have been very numerous. St. Patrick writing of his own life cannot be wisely accused of exaggeration. A well-tended civic community of Faithful is impossible on military outposts.

According to Fitzpatrick the Picts were in possession of London when Theodosius began his campaign of reconquest in A.D., 369. It was necessary to clear the country from London to Dumbarton. The Picts were no amateur warriors, as the Roman legions well knew from experience. Moreover, the Picts were reinforced by the more formidable Scots. We are also told in Irish History and Tradition that from 358 A.D. to 428 A.D. the Irish Monarchs continually hurled armies against Britain. Some of the Irish Kings did likewise. Whether those movements were concerted or not, is immaterial at present, as far as this argument is concerned. The purpose of those Monarchs was mainly political. Their aspirations were Imperial. The language of Ireland, or a dialect of it yet prevailed in parts of Britain. Western Gaul was still more akin to Ireland, in language. Wales was in greater part an Irish colony. Gaelic lived in West Scotland. The language tie implying blood ties, either immediate or remote, was to furnish one of the chief foundations on which the new Gaelo-Celt Empire was to be established. The language bond insures a mental bond as well as a strong sentimental one. The abstraction of human and other booty, by the Irish, in their incursions into Roman territory in Gaul and Britain, was a secondary consideration. It solved the domestic-labour as well as the commisariat problem; both of which were acute.

It may be well to recall that St. Patrick, with prophetic instinct, diverted the Irish mind from material Imperialism. The result has been the supernatural Empire of Ireland, within the Church.

After the alleged reconquest of all former Roman territory in Britain and Scotland there are said to have been fifteen years of peace—A.D. 369 to A.D. 383—when Maximus withdrew some legions from Britain. Within those fifteen years Roman organization as described, must have been thoroughly

established in the district around Dumbarton on Clyde, if Dumbarton on Clyde be the Bonnaventaberniae of St. Patrick's "Confession." Recall that Nemthur and Bonnaventaberniae are identical, hitherto. The years were nervous. The frontier too dangerous for rapid lay and church organization.

The tract of country between Dumbarton (said to be in or near the northmost wall), and South Shields on the southmost wall, is rugged and difficult. For centuries, when not a "No man's land," this extensive area was a veritable cockpit of contending armies. Since A.D. 180, it had been a favourite spearhead thrust against the advance of Imperial Roman legions. The Scots and Picts were ruthlessly scientific in guerilla tactics as well as in massed attack. Theodosius being wise, played safe below Hadrian's Wall. Summing up the arguments advanced in this article against Dumbarton on Clyde, one cannot reasonably hold that Dumbarton on Clyde is identical with Nemthur, the birth-place of St. Patrick.

In last March's issue of the Lilies the date of St. Patrick's birth was upheld as being A.D. 368. As Theodosius is alleged to have brought Dumbarton within Roman jurisdiction in A.D. 369, the writer of these articles cannot, very naturally, hold that Dumbarton on Clyde is the birthplace of St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland. Some other St. Patrick may have enhanced the beautiful "Land of the Thistle" by reason of being a native son.

(To be continued).





REV. ROBT. McBRADY, C.S.B.

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF OUR REVEREND CHAPLIN, FATHER McBRADY, C.S.B.

To the Rev. Father McBrady, C.S.B., St. Joseph Lilies extends sincere and heartfelt congratulations on the occasion of the year of his Golden Jubilee.

To live to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of one's ordination to the Holy Priesthood is a sacred privilege accorded to but few men, yet this is the crowning gift wherewith Heaven has blessed the long life of our revered Chaplain, Rev. Father McBrady, C.S.B., whose Golden Jubilee in the ministry of God we celebrated on May 30th of this year.

Born in Whitby, Ontario, seventy-five years ago, Father McBrady after completing the Grammar School Course in his native town, came as a young lad to St. Michael's College, Toronto, where as a class-mate of the late Very Rev. Dean Harris, also a Golden Jubilarian, he spent two years in rhetoric before leaving for the College of the Basilian Fathers in France. There he remained five years, mastering the French language, which to this day he speaks with fluency and charm. It was during these years too that he showed his marked ability in Ancient Classics, and more than once he was awarded a prize for the excellence of his Latin and Greek verse. But such a versatile mind as his was not satisfied with training in languages alone. Father McBrady also became a proficient scientist and mathematician, so that when in his twenty-first year he returned to Canada in 1869 as a member of the Community of St. Basil, his fellow-religious realized that a very brilliant young teacher had been added to their number. Having completed his theological studies, Father McBrady was ordained to Holy Priesthood in 1874 at Assumption College, Sandwich, Ont., where he was already engaged in teaching, and from that time on his activities as a teacher have been

divided between Assumption College and St. Michael's, Toronto.

Fifty years as a teacher is surely a remarkable record and even more remarkable still is the fact that Father McBrady is still actively engaged on the College Staff, displaying all the energy of body and fertility of mind that he did in his younger days. And like every successful teacher he is still a student, always interested in problems of theology and philosophy, always eager to read all the latest commentaries and views on Ancient or Modern Classics. But it is not alone as a teacher that Father McBrady's name is celebrated. His wonderful gift of oratory has ranked him among the best preachers in the Dominion. His exquisite choice of words, his well-rounded periods, his clear, convincing tone, for the past fifty years, have never once failed to hold the largest Congregations spell-bound, while even the simplest of his sermons at an early morning Mass has always revealed the same carefulness in preparation and execution, that many a renowned preacher reserves for outstanding occasions alone.

However, it is neither in the capacity of a famed teacher, nor learned scholar, nor even as a renowned preacher that the Sisters and pupils of St. Joseph's Convent have come to know and appreciate Father McBrady's true worth, but as our highly-esteemed and well-beloved Chaplain, who for the past eight years has offered daily, in our Convent Chapel, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, fed us with the Living Bread come down from Heaven, and raised the Sacred Host above us in Holy Benediction. Through him, too, each week have the pupils found the forgiveness of Christ, in the Sacrament of Penance, and have received beautiful and practical instructions on the life of Our Saviour and His Saints, as well as on the virtues that should adorn the soul of every Christian young woman. Always courteous and obliging, the memory of his kindness and patience will linger long in the hearts of the graduates of St. Joseph's, and he will always be esteemed by them as a true Father and Friend. Learned and renowned as he is, there is something greater and more precious far that has endeared

him to the hearts of all, who have been privileged to know him as we know him, and that is the seal of sanctity that marks him off as a "Man of God." He has learned many arts and many sciences during his long years of teaching-priesthood, but in one he has excelled more than in all the others,—the inexhaustible Science of the Love of God; for, mindful of the exhortation of his well-beloved St. Paul, his chief study in life has been "to present himself approved unto God." Long centuries ago the Psalmist cried out in yearning of soul, "Give me understanding and I will search Thy law: Yea and I will keep it with my whole heart"; so do we think did our dear Chaplain pray in the fervour of youth and so it would seem Almighty God had been pleased to hearken unto his prayer and with the understanding of Himself, He gave unto him all other good gifts in "measure heaped up, pressed down and overflowing." May Heaven continue to bestow upon our revered Jubilarian its greatest blessings of soul and body, and may he be spared to his Community and to his friends for many years to come. Then when his allotted days have run their course and earth hath no longer any joys or hopes to offer, may the reward of his edifying and beautiful priestly life here, be the Vision of Truth and the Kingdom of Life Everlasting, hereafter.



AUTHORSHIP AND SELF-DEVELOPMENT

“How the crucifix may be
Carven from the laurel tree.”

SUCH is the wisdom that some of the greatest authors have left us in masterpieces, the making of which had cost them a lifetime of struggle and suffering. Each one's life-work is a means of salvation, but authorship is not this only; it is also a means of attaining the highest development of character. The desire for fame, the earthly outlook, is a weakness of genius as well as of mediocrity, and the crown of effort has been for some the knowledge of God, of their own littleness, of the true end of existence; in this triumph, this attainment of salvation or redemption, they achieved that worldly “immortality” which they had learned to disprize. Shakespeare, holding “the mirror up to nature,” realized that truth alone could make his work great, and in adhering to truth in the creation of his dramas he came at last back to the simplicity of his boyhood-faith. Francis Thompson's “Hound of Heaven” is great because it is the story of a soul's redemption, the use of great power to sing the love and mercy of God. Dante, Tasso and Milton evolved their great works out of deep suffering. From the greatest to the least of writers, all that is worthy is coined from the universal human experience of suffering and trial.

Redemption from sin, in the fulfillment of powers, is one reward of authorship. Another, often as unexpected, is the attainment of the true faith by writers who follow the light of truth. Catholic readers who discover in the work of classical non-Catholic writers much that is in harmony with their own creed do not wonder to learn that the descendants of these writers have become Catholics.

Robert Louis Stevenson had a weakness for literary success, for personal distinction, as well as the love of truth. His

courage, cheerfulness and perseverance, developed in the effort to produce his books, led him out of the Calvinism of his fathers, to grope in agnosticism, to touch curiously upon Catholicity, and to write his noble defense of Father Damien and appreciation of the nuns serving the lepers. His approach to Catholicity is strongly suggested in the manner of his death among his Catholic native servants who gave him as much of Catholic burial service as they of themselves were able.

Not truth alone, but love, has been the beacon for others whose success in this direction has been complete. Father Marurin and Father Benson wrote for Catholics before their entrance into the Catholic Church; Joyce Kilmer's verse could not be distinguished from that of a Catholic writer for some time before he became a Catholic; Cardinal Newman's "Lead Kindly Light" still fits the needs of Catholics as it did his own quest for the faith. Father Tabb, Charles Warren Stoddard, Caroline Swan and Katherine Bregy are recent among those to whom the acquisition of the Catholic faith was the crown of endeavor.

For writers of ordinary capabilities who have already the true faith, authorship is a means of sanctification. The possibilities range from the youthful writer gloating over the sight of his own words and his own name in print to the contemplative in his cell listening to the Holy Ghost and writing as God bids. The natural motives of self-advancement, self-expression, personal distinction, are made use of by the Creator in the education of the writer. The delight of seeing one's self in print is succeeded by the ambition to equal or excel others, to win a certain rank, to wield power. To this end, study, research, observation, imitation and self-discipline are employed. The acquisition of knowledge, style, and force is a stage of self-development.

A writer puts upon paper an impression of himself of which he is unconscious. The more sincerely and forcefully he writes, the more does he reveal himself to others. His attitude towards life, his limitations of knowledge, his faults and his possibilities are combined to present a picture of the writer

as he cannot see himself until much later. When he does see himself herein as others have seen him, how often is he humiliated by the presentation of which he had been so proud. Or perhaps he is cast down by the revelation of an innocence and simplicity which have since been lost. In either case, he may turn his earlier work to his profit in greater self-knowledge and renewed aspiration. Authorship thus produces self-knowledge and humility, conditions of spiritual progress.

If we aim to eliminate our faults from this picture, the problem of what to write, how to write and why, begins to solve itself.

If we "live up to" the principles of our faith in literary work, we must put justice, or consideration for the rights of others, before the use of what may seem excellent material for literature. The weakness, the sins and the errors of those around us, the story of their lives, is not ours to use, except in the spirit of service and with the power to make them serve. The new writer who has grace keeps to conventional models in his sketches and stories until his knowledge and experience of life have made it safe to use the particular material life puts before him. The stories of miracles, conversions, vocations, which he first writes, have at least the impress of a new soul seeking its vocation. It is for the masters to unmask the lives that come under their observation, and to place them before the world, to fill their pages with pictures and emotions of a force that will break and heal and save. The masters are not only those whom critics select, but the many hidden ones who have fitted themselves to serve God and whose power reaches particular souls they are destined to help.

"Little is great, so loving He,
And great is little to His might."

The power of grace, hidden or visible, which enables one's written work to do God's will, is a reward which any writer may obtain. To carry consolation, peace, counsel to many or to one is inspiration sufficient for perseverance and highest effort. This is not always dependent upon the highest attain-

ment in art, but upon the highest in character. It is a product of virtue.

The poetry, for example, that beautifies the many Catholic annuals, quarterlies, and "messengers" of various works of mercy and charity, will not be classed as of high literary value, though the power of such simple lines of love and faith is immeasurable for good. They have encouraged drooping souls more often than have great classics; they have sown the seed of vocations, have lighted souls at a crossway in life, and they have pleased the heart of God. Writers who discover that they cannot compete in the strictly literary field, who will never produce a "masterpiece" or win "immortality" have still the privilege of authorship in this field where many with the greatest gifts have voluntarily and from choice hidden themselves.

Authorship means achievement. The product of an author's own experience is wisdom, which if not wholly new, is at least cast in the mold of the author's personality and has the force of his individuality. In much fiction, the author's philosophy, in running comment, raises the work and keeps the reader in the plane of the author's thought. A story by Rose Martin affords an example of authorship in this sense. "The Light of St. John's" is the story of a young priest who, after a perilous experience in mission work, gains great grace but loses the sensible enjoyment which his vocation had afforded him in his former station. He knows that he has lost the ecstasy and the natural joy of his work in the actual experience of the Cross that has been laid upon him; this ecstasy and joy he had immaturely considered "the light of St. John's." The reader feels that the author molded the story to illustrate a discovery of her own. It is an experience and a knowledge "ever ancient, ever new," and each one's perception of it means for her a step ahead. The fact that it is included in the "Imitation of Christ" does not deprive it of originality with Rose Martin who caught and utilized it in a story.

Another example of authorship in new and obscure writers

is a story by Joyce Dunne, "The Great Commandment." It tells how the exact observance of the first commandment of the love of God cured an epileptic and discovered to her her true vocation. The strength and worth of the story arise from the writer's purpose to serve some one's need. This intention has given tenderness and wisdom to a commonplace episode and situation. The charm of these qualities in the writer bring healing power and grace into the story. The author's personal knowledge of the efficacy of observing the first commandment is given out to the need of others, and is still her own possession.

With the grace of God as a ready and fertile source of good literature, there should easily be that strength and diversity which is expected in the work of Catholic writers. The intention to serve God is itself a spring of originality and strength. The "great commandment" is a rule and guide for authors. The utilization of all that has filled one's life, the sifting of it, and the interpretation of it, means the discovery of God's love and grace at every point of our lives; it means the placing of each experience in the light of his grace, not for our own minds only, but for others. "To those who love God, all things work together for good," is a most happy motto. The turning of bitter experience to sweet, the soul's triumph over adversity, has been cast into hundreds of beautiful literary forms. In Theodosia Garrison's lines it is:

Out of my work, I made a prayer,
Out of my grief, a song.

It will be written again many times, as new writers learn this truth and win this gift and it will always be new. It will in each case enrich literature, as another's soul's praise and testimony to God's goodness.

A higher plane than that of interpretation of personal experience is the turning away from self to contemplate God and His saints for themselves alone, the perception of His truth and His Word in Nature and in events. Thus Father Blunt's

Easter verses, "Consider The Lilies," take thought of the Blessed Mother's sorrows and joys:

Yestere'en the thorny sheaf,
 Yestere'en, the pain, the grief;—
 Ah, but lilies in a night
 Burst from swathèd bud to light.

And Father Dollard's sonnet, "Not Made With Hands," shows how understanding, in the light of Holy Scripture, follows natural perception and emotion:

When I behold some temple of the past,
 Its marble pillars tottering to their fall,
 Its idols shattered and its fanes o'ercast,
 Its friezes shredded on the crumbling wall—
 I can but mourn, I cannot stop my tears,
 To think that beauty so sublime must die;
 And all the woes of all the grief filled years
 Drive down upon me like a cloud-wracked sky.
 Ah, who is he whom ruin will not touch?
 Who hath not tried betimes to build some place
 Fit for the glory of his God—ah, such
 That there he might behold Him—
 face to face?
 Slowly upon me Christ's great light expands—
 O "many mansions!" O "not made with hands!"

The literature of adoration just illustrated brings to mind those models for all writers—the four evangelists, whose work is sacred. Faith and humility teach that all writers may aspire to imitate these, to so fit themselves for their work that some task from God, great or small, may be given to their pens. A study of Catholic literature reveals many of these gifts in the endless variations and presentations of truth, forming new volumes for readers who have much to read and for those who wonder that anything new can still be produced.

The author who, having seen and corrected his faults, discovers the gifts and graces that God has bestowed upon his

work, has a spur to further advancement. The ideals he has expressed in former work will renew a flagging spirit; the courage, wisdom and tenderness of bygone hours of toil will revive his strength; the sight of the beauty, harmony, and power that once was given him will reawaken dormant powers and call back lost graces. In trying to be at all times the self that he has expressed in his best work, he must advance steadily. He will not write brave lines and act a coward's part, nor sing of the love of God and live indifferent to it. Strong work has been produced by authors whose lives were not edifying, yet it is generally recognized that a book gains much from the good character of its author. St. Francis de Sales is with his books, as a saint aiding and enlightening the reader; Father Faber, too, is with his books, and the author of the "Imitation of Christ" is with his readers. Monsignor Benson's books gain power from the admirable correspondence of his life to the grace that flowed from his pen. The humblest writer may also strengthen his work by making it the foundation of his own spiritual advancement which will be one visible and substantial fruit of his labour. The influence of an author upon his readers is shown by the curiosity and interest with which an author's biography is received, and the force of example which everyone exerts on those whose lives touch his is greatly multiplied in the case of those who wield the pen.

Francis Thompson, whose fame rests upon the redemption of his life example through the worth of the literary work he finally put forth, has set a standard for authors who aspire to the highest. In "The Mistress of Vision" his oft-quoted lines mark out a course for those who seek after vision, which none but saints can follow; Canon Sheehan's masterpiece, "The Canticle of the Magnificat," which crowned both his life and his death with the sweet rewards of the Blessed Virgin has set a light before Her shrine which less gifted writers may

keep burning; and all singers who desire may use their gifts as does J. Corson Miller in "The Commission":

"Then sing Me still, the Way, the Life, the Truth."

Thus may we begin, in time, to realize the communion prayer, the paraphrase of some hidden poet:

"And bid me, Lord, come to Thee,
That with the saints and angels I may praise Thee
For all eternity."

Catharine McPartlin.



MY FRIEND HAMLET

BY BROTHER GABRIEL, F.S.C., B.A., M.Sc., DE LA SALLE COLLEGIATE,
TORONTO.

I HAVE never been able to think of Hamlet as a mere character of drama. On the contrary, he has ever been to me a real, living personality—a friend whose acquaintance begins long before the period that Shakespeare chronicles in his great tragedy, even to the time when as a boy he played with Yorick, the court jester, and aided him by his quick wit to “set the table on a roar.” I can fancy him as a youth, keen at sports, a brilliant scholar in the University of Wittenberg, a soldier and a courtier,

“The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers,”

in fact, the idol of the Danish court.

Though extremely popular, he has but few intimate friends and of these Horatio in his “soul’s choice.” He can take his part in all the gay amusements of the court, but prefers to be alone where he can give free scope to his strong, innate propensity for thought. Wrapt up as he is in his ideal world, peopled by books and fancy, he knows nothing of that real, physical world, of that world of intrigue and sham; coming into contact with it only in seasons of vacation and that for a short time. In those days college life was a real business and found in the prince a faithful exponent.

Suddenly this ideal world lies shattered at his feet and he is ushered with terrible abruptness into realities in which his former experiences are powerless to help him. He is summoned home in haste from the University of Wittenberg—his father, whom he idolized, has died suddenly, even mysteriously. So exceptional, in fact, is the condition of the late king’s body

that the interment has to take place before his son's arrival. It is the first shock in a life which has passed so smoothly. However, others soon follow. Scarcely a month elapses before the gay life of the court is resumed. His mother seems to have found another object for her love—even disgraces herself by an "o'er hasty marriage" with his much-hated uncle. This unexpected event causes the young prince to "doubt some foul play"—suspicions which are soon confirmed by an apparition of his deceased father divulging all the particulars of his unnatural death.

Bewildered, he stands helpless before a "sea of troubles" whose every wave threatens to overwhelm him. It is only the "dread of something after death" which deters him from putting an end to it all. He feels that the world is "out of joint" and that it has become his God-given mission to set it right.

What a task lies before him! A mere college graduate, inexperienced in the diplomacy of the court, ignorant of the ways of the world and prevented from decided action by a too philosophic mind, he is expected to cope with the crafty Polonius and the unscrupulous Claudius. He must revenge his father's "foul and most unnatural murder," redeem his mother from a life of shame and, hardest of all, sever those strong cords of love that mutually bind him to a nymph of exceeding physical and spiritual beauty, "the fair Ophelia."

In this dilemma, his fertile mind suggests the course of madness—a madness that is feigned to suit his purpose. On this point, much has been said. However, the generally accepted opinion seems to be that Hamlet makes use of this exterior as a camouflage behind which to mask his schemes. Certain it is, that Shakespeare did not intend it to be true insanity. Would it not be preposterous to think of him attempting to build his masterpiece around a creature deprived of that quality which makes of man the "paragon of animals; infinite in faculty, angelic in action, and god-like in apprehension?" However, it must be admitted that there are moments in his life when, overcome by the sudden turn of events, he

works himself up to a pitch where the tension snaps and he can scarcely be held accountable for his acts. Some author has described his madness—and, I think, very much to the point—as “intermittent compound-confusional insanity, involving morbid emotional and mental disturbance consequent upon shock.” He admits to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern that “he has bad dreams,” whatever may be interpreted by these.

His struggles with the innumerable problems which confront him present many interesting topics. Such for example are: his veneration for his mother, his love for Ophelia, his relations with Laertes, and his hatred for Claudius and his state Counsellor.

Gertrude has ever been his ideal of womanhood, as a mother always is to a deserving son. How is it possible that she has fallen so low? How could she, who but a few months ago hung on his father

“As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on,”

suddenly

“On this fair mountain leave to feed
And batten on this moor?”

Was she a party to his father’s murder or did she know of it? Thus he moralizes, and his soul is torn with anguish, for although his idol has crumbled before him, he still loves the ruins even to the extent of veneration. It is pitiful to see him trying to make her understand and that without entirely throwing off his mask. “He speaks daggers, but uses none.” If she is harsh to him he endures it and when she shows a spark of repentance, complaining that he “has cleft her heart in twain,” he pleads with her to

“Throw away the worsor part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.”

Hopeful that he had touched her conscience, he throws his arms around her with a love and earnestness that would have

moved a heart of stone and explains that he has been "cruel only to be kind." Then, with a fond good-night, he leaves her

"To heaven

And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge."

He has shown her the course—"Repent what's past, avoid what is to come"—but will she follow it? Alas his hopes are crushed! Poor Gertrude, she is more deserving of our pity than our scorn. She may have resolved but—"frailty, thy name is woman"—her "stronger guilt defeats her strong intent."

His mother's fall has undermined his confidence in the whole human race—"Man delights him no more, no, nor woman neither." Ophelia alone stands like a lily in an "unweeded garden that has grown to seed." But is she honest? Can she be superior to his mother? That he still loves her, and that ardently, is never to be doubted. Indeed,

"Forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up his sum."

Has he not called her his "soul's idol?" Yea, in his last letter he has pledged his love—

"Doubt thou the stars are fire,
Doubt that the sun doth move,
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt I love.

But now it must all cease. It is no longer compatible with his work—he is too busy now for love. In the hope of helping her to forget him and wishing to bear the dual wound in his own heart, he endeavours to render himself unworthy of her affection by feigned insanity and gruff remarks. When, later, in the graveyard scene, he finds that this very course, coupled with the unintentional and unfortunate murder of her father, has deprived her at once of reason and of life, he becomes frantic. There is no need now to conceal the truth and in a whirlwind of passion he protests the sincerity of his love.

The quarrel which ensues is the first shadow to darken the

otherwise friendly relations that have always existed between Laertes and Hamlet. However, they have never been intimate associates—their lots having been cast for the most part in vastly different environments. Laertes is a product of Parisian life and has become much imbued with its vivacity, while Hamlet has yielded largely to the phlegmatic influence of the German temperament. Yet, albeit their natures were becoming more and more opposed, they could have long remained within the pale of friendship had not misfortune and intrigue precipitated an untimely climax.

Taking advantage of Laertes' burning desire for the revenge of his father's death and of the incident which occurred at the burial of Ophelia, Claudius plans the consummation of his designs. With "witchcraft of his wit—O wicked wit that has the power so to seduce"—he poisons the unsuspecting mind of Laertes. A game is planned in which Laertes, "though almost against his conscience," requites his supposed enemy with a foil unbated and anointed with poison. Hamlet, perceiving that the thrust has made a wound too keen for a bated point, suspect foul play. Then follows one of those wild and whirling moments in which he passes over the border line of insanity. Enraged, he strikes the foil from his opponent's hand, forces him to exchange hilts and punishes him with his own treachery. Then, learning that the point is poisoned and that "the king's to blame," he accomplishes in a moment that which he has delayed so long—the revenge of his father's death.

And now, his passion ended, reason reasserts itself. Turning towards the prostrate Laertes, he beholds in him the semblance of his own cause. They are both innocent victims of the ambitions of others. Alas! it is only on the brink of eternity that the truth is known and friendship is restored. Realizing that he has been made an agent for the king's malice, Laertes begs Hamlet to "exchange forgiveness with him." Fortified by a reassurance that flows bounteously from the noble heart of the prince, Laertes passes to the great beyond, to

“The undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveller returns.”

Hamlet has accomplished his task. Around him lies the dead and dying; the even-handed justice is almost satisfied—but one more victim is required. In an effort to claim his inheritance, he staggers up into the throne, but alas the “potent poison quite o’er-crows his spirit.” He lifts his voice to proclaim the mysteries of his soul, but the “fell-sergeant, death, is quick in his arrest” and silence forever seals those lips.

Thus ends a life which in its morn was bright and full of promise, but whose eve closes on a scene of incarnate misery; a life in which each one of us can see the image of his own, a life so full of mystery, of such varied and opposite phases of character, a riddle that no one has been able to solve or “pluck out the heart of its mystery.” It is the creation of the mind of a genius—an inexhaustible source, an ever-flowing spring from which each one of us carries away only what his vessel can contain but never exhausts.



Our Pioneers



From land remote, by quenchless flood
There came the dauntless pioneer,
When keen adventure thrilled the breast
And roving manhood scarce knew rest;
When simple courage conquered fear
And dared the seas in ships of wood.

Adventurers—your pride and mine—
They raised the cross or tilled the soil,
Maintaining with their trust in God
A simple home upon this sod;
They thanked Him for their food, through toil,
And drank this vigorous air—as wine.

Priest, soldier—pioneers, they walked
These shores with rock and boulder strewn;
Braving the cold and wilderness,
They wrought mid hardship and distress,
Built farm or rugged altar, hewn
Oft where the wolf or wild deer stalked.

And where the Indian, crafty, crude,
Maintained his primitive abode,
And did his fierce and dreadful work
With hatchet, club or tomahawk,
Obtained the martyr's crown by blood
The priest, with love of God imbued.

Sacred our heritage of Faith,
Our racial ties, our patriot zeal,
And we should strive to imitate
The men who made this country great,
And, reading History's pages, feel
The beauty of their life and death.

Frederick B. Fenton.

UNCLE ZEBEDEE'S WILL

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

TWO gray-haired and gray-bearded men were languidly discussing things, sitting in front of Kelly's grocery in the village of Alton. They were rural magistrates, and as such had cognizance of many things. They were now talking over a bequest in Zebedee Johnson's will. It was not of great importance—merely the gift of six hundred dollars to build a chapel in some neglected, poverty-stricken place, where one was urgently demanded.

“Good thing enough,” drawled the elder of the two.

“Yes, if it didn't go to the Catholics. Didn't know that Zebedee had a leanin' that way.”

“It does look kind o' strange here in New England. But them pesky furriners roll down on us from Canady and I 'spose Zebedee thought it well to give 'em a church of their own kind.”

“Yes, any kind o' one is better than none,” remarked the other sententiously, and no more was said. The conversation would have meant little but for the fact that the elder speaker was the executor named in the will.

He had enjoyed sitting awhile in the spring sunshine, now beginning to fill with warmth the sharp New England air, and he would now have gone home, only he knew Ellie, his only daughter, would not be there.

She had gone for an outing in the woods. It was a sweet, dewy morning in early May. Bold red maples were shaking out their tassels, and willows, in favored places, changing their gray furs for a glow of golden queen.

“It is my last chance to get any,” thought Ellie Richardson, as she came to a clump in a deep hollow shadowed by fir-trees. But the pussy-willows thought otherwise. Their boughs were so tough that with her best strength she failed to break them.

She could not even twist them off. She gathered a few tiny twigs, to be sure,—gray, non-resisting Quakers, of their kind—but the handsome, tall shoots resisted. It was a great vexation; she had set her heart on these.

“I want them for my big, lovely, glass pitcher with the Lilies of France engraven on it,” she said to herself. “It would just hold these and they would fill the window.”

So, again, she strove to break the young limbs, which again made stout refusal. She had some of her father’s persistence, but her bruised fingers began to ache.

All at once a clear, well-modulated voice made offer of aid. An athletic young man coming down the road had spied her out. He was a stranger, but her need of help broke down barriers. Besides, he was handsome; a bright, frank, winning expression accenting the beauty of his dark eyes and rather delicate features.

“I beg pardon, but will you permit me to cut these?”

“With the aid of a sharp pocket-knife the boughs were soon severed, and he began to realize the extreme beauty of the girl before him. A wave of color had tinted with rose the rich creamy pallor of her complexion.

“Forgive me, but may I not venture to introduce myself?” said the stranger. “I am Kenneth Johnson and have just come from Minneapolis. I was sent for in connection with the settling of my grandfather’s estate.”

Yes, Ellie knew it all now. This was the heir. And she was glad to think he would find his inheritance a substantial one! She told him this, with a charming frankness that completed his subjugation.

All this was not lost upon one beholder. Tom Rathbourne, sauntering home from his work in a discouraged potato field, looked down to catch its meaning with jealous misgiving. Ellie had a new admirer. Tom’s “coign of vantage,” at a turn in the hilly road, gave him a full view of the couple, though he could not overhear what they said.

He was cut to the heart. Ellie! Was it possible? And this attractive stranger, whom could he be? He looked down on his

own rough working-clothes with sudden disgust, for he was in love, wildly in love, with Ellie Richardson. His whole heart had gone out to her.

To be sure, he was not yet engaged to her; but she had been so kind to him and smiled on him so sweetly that he had been blissfully sure of the outcome. This thing, therefore, both grieved and astounded him.

He finally saw Ellie start for home, the stranger with her in close attendance, carefully carrying her precious willows. He envied this new-comer, whom the necessity of labor did not seem to oppress.

Mr. Richardson gave Ellie's companion a warm welcome. This, then, was the heir, come to take possession of his inheritance. None knew better than this executor how substantial Uncle Zebedee's possessions were, nor was he at all displeased at the young stranger's open admiration of his daughter. "It would be a fine thing for Ellie," he said within himself, "if she could marry into that honey-pot! It is a big fortune."

His-wife had been dead many years, now; he had learned to depend on his only daughter for love and care; but no match-making mamma could be more eager than he to see her well married, to some good man who could provide for her. Now, this man seemed to have come, in the person of this handsome young Westerner. Prejudice yielded to the immediate force of self-evident fact. The father saw his New England notions sink out of sight.

When the two came to talk business, Kenneth Johnson was surprised beyond measure at the value of the bequest that had come to him. It would make him rich. The matter of the proposed chapel touched the tenderest depths of his heart. Poor old grandfather! who might not have it given him to see the good it had done! Yet, perhaps in the fair land whitherto he had gone he would know more fully than was possible here, as to the souls he had striven to save and the prayers that would arise for him, like a perpetual chain of roses.

"Indeed," thought the young man, "I will do my best—my

little best—to make this sanctuary a Divine boon to every worshipper it may gather in.”

It should be the first thing he would do. So, after all legal preliminaries had been duly attended to, he set out again for the West, somewhat to Ellie’s disappointment and her father’s chagrin.

But Tom Rathbourne rejoiced. He had suffered agonies of dread, distrust and jealousy during Kenneth’s short stay. His faith in Ellie was not destroyed, yet had received a blow, being thereby a trifle weakened.

As for Ellie herself, her natural light-heartedness rode triumphant over the whole situation. She did not—perhaps could not—comprehend her lover’s distress at all. To be sure, Kenneth’s abrupt departure had caused her a moment’s pettishness, like that of a child whose new toy has been snatched away; but, beyond this moment of pique, she really did not care. Her deeper feelings had not been stirred. Her father’s vexation was the biggest ripple on the surface.

“Father is cross—and Tom, what can be the matter with him?”

She asked this question, but sought no answer, merely setting herself to coax and soothe the malcontents.

The first thing Kenneth did after his return West was to consult his old friend and confessor, Father Roberts. He described Ellie and the events connected with the will of his grandfather. It was a graphic sketch. “Father Roberts is my oracle,” he often declared to his friend and chum, Leonard Winn. The priest looked at him gravely. “So love and wealth have come together, to test your vocation. Beware, my son.” Then, still more slowly, fell the Scripture warning, “How hardly shall they who have riches enter into the Kingdom of God!” Kenneth was startled. “The Master Himself thus spoke,” added the good priest.

But the young man had regained poise; he answered cheerfully, “The erection of this chapel will be the saving clause for me. The Lord will not shut an humble worker in and for His Church, out of His blessed Kingdom.”

Whereupon, the two fell into practical discussion of ways and means. "I think," said the aged priest, "that this little church should be built in New England. It is bitterly needed, as I happen to know! Your grandfather's home ties were all in the East and it should perpetuate his memory there."

Kenneth gladly assented. To him the East had become charming with the vision of Ellie.

So he went back. And Tom's trouble reappeared. One day, he met Kenneth at Mr. Richardson's and but for jealousy, would have praised his rival. The conversation turned upon the new chapel. It had been decided to build it at Alton, a town, where a bandful of Catholics had no means of their own and yet desired one. Tom was surprised at Kenneth's eager interest in it all. It would be a small affair; what difference did it make whether it were of wood or stone? But he dropped in a casual word in favor of the latter. Kenneth turned to him quickly with a radiant smile, beneath which Tom's sulkiness perceptibly melted.

"Is there a quarry near by where we could buy it, Mr. Rathbourne?"

With a mighty effort, Tom crowded down the hatred in his heart and replied frankly, "I am a bit of a stone-mason myself. Let me show you."

So, on the morrow they set out for the granite quarry. It was a long walk through a stretch of woodland, wild enough, and upon an ascending grade; for the ledge did not crop out at any point of easy access until about half way up the hill.

Kenneth thought the walk beautiful. The willows by this time had come out into leaf-buds, while the maples and birches were charming enough in their tender blossoming. This was all new to the stranger used only to the city parks and endless levels of the West.

Finally they reached a house near their objective point, where Tom stopped to order dinner. Then they made straight for the quarry, Kenneth picking up stray bits of granite by the way. The stone promised well; he was delighted with its color and fine grain.

"This will polish excellently," he declared. Tom smiled.

"Its hardness," he rejoined, "makes it a splendid building stone. It has, already, a quite distinctive reputation. In fact, Mr. Johnson, this is something really worth showing you."

They had now reached the top of the quarry, where by looking down into it they could see the whole excavation. It was not large nor very deep.

"The regular road for transportation of the stone is lower down at a point opposite to us and comes in from Alton," said Tom, in further explanation, knowing that this would facilitate Kenneth's plan.

As they neared the edge, Kenneth saw that the excavation had made little progress. Yet the steep hill on which they stood was almost perpendicular, so that they had an unbroken view of the whole. It sloped away at either side and they thus occupied the best vantage-point for general sight-seeing.

Tom was proceeding to give some account, in detail, of the men interested in the development of this industry, when he noticed that Kenneth was approaching the brink.

"Be careful, Mr. Johnson! Very careful! he cried. "There is loose earth here."

But Kenneth was excited and impatient; he thought the distance small and that he could easily scramble down. He was an athlete in his way and very proud of it.

"Oh, come on, Mr. Rathbourne! We can do this."

But, even as he spoke the loose earth gave way beneath him and he fell over the precipice. He caught at a young tree, to save himself, but that, too, gave way, and he fell headlong upon a mass of splintered stone below.

Tom stood astounded. He had given warning; but he could not blame himself. But he was dazed; what could he do? Then, his senses returned. He ran to the nearest place for a possible scramble down, tackled it at a big risk, got down safely and flew to Kenneth's aid.

It was as he feared. The fall had given a blow to the head and consequent stupor. "Lord, forgive us our sins!" he cried, thinking of his own wrath and this swift retributive outcome.

Then he looked about him. He dared not leave the sufferer for a moment nor attempt to move him. He had time for penitence. Alas! it might be too late for amends. The hurt was plainly severe; what if consciousness should never return? For the first time in his life he longed for faith, for trust in a forgiving God. For faith of any kind—a Catholic faith, even—to soothe his self-upbraidings.

He waited long—it seemed like worlds of time—then heard a voice, as if out of the blue. It fell from above, from the very place whence Kenneth had fallen.

The good woman at the house, whose dinner had stood waiting to no purpose, had said, at last, to her son, "Francis! They do not come. Something has happened—some accident. Go and see."

The lad was quick to act. Seeing a stone team approaching on the road below, he signalled to the driver and help was at hand. The unconscious man was borne to his mother's house, the only one near, and the lad flew for a doctor.

Kenneth was not dead, his heart still beats. This Tom knew. The prayers that had been, as it were, forced from him by an accusing conscience, had been graciously answered thus far; but the end none could foretell.

His better nature was victoriously struggling to the front. He stayed by the patient bravely. The latter had at last opened his eyes in response to the ministrations of a worried doctor, but his mind was not clear. He soon closed them, falling back into the stupor. The brain had received serious injury. Little could be done save to wait the very uncertain outcome.

Mr. Richardson came to see him, in the greatest anxiety, but failed of recognition by Kenneth. He did not know one man from another. Father Roberts, who happened to be in New York at the time, came also, but could only look at him and shake his head. Yet he lingered, in hope of better things, making friends with Tom, who was glad enough to see him and really needed the support of his presence. For Tom, as a self-constituted nurse, had a heart-rending task.

The observant priest, watching, felt his distress. One day,

a gentle question came. "What is it, my son? You are suffering as much as he."

The unexpected sympathy sank into Tom's heart.

"I would tell you, Father, if I belonged to your fold. But I do not. I have no right to burden you with my troubles."

"Why not come in with us, then? And let Holy Church bring you her comfort, as to one of her own?"

"Touched by this, for he was sensitive, he yet could say nothing. A staunch New Englander, of stern ideas—to him—how should all this come? The quick tears sprang to his eyes; the priest saw and knew he had not spoken in vain.

He turned away for a silent thanksgiving. Then, with a sudden impulse, turned again for a final word.

"The Lord bless you and keep you, my son!" And the soft benediction fell like dew on the troubled heart.

At home, alone, Tom thought it all over. None knew better than he the intensities of his own wrath and jealousy. "Yes," he said to himself, "I am guilty of all, of envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness! Smothered, to be sure, yet all there." In Father Roberts' Church lay forgiveness. "In Baptism," he had said, "for the remission of sins." That way lay peace of soul.

Meanwhile, Ellie Richardson had been left to her own devices and she was far from liking it. How good Tom was! This thought kept repeating itself. As for Kenneth, her father thought him a good match—but, his money and education—what good were they now? She was beginning to realize their futility.

"In emergency," she told herself, "Tom is the man to depend upon."

Then one day Kenneth found himself. Feeble and dazed still, to be sure, but consciously intelligent. The doctor was delighted! So now, they told the patient the whole story. He answered very gravely. His gratitude seemed beyond words. To the priest he said, "The good Lord has spared me for a life in His service." His vocation had come.

"It was a close call, my boy!" cried the other, tears of thankfulness blinding his eyes.

Through many weeks of feebleness Kenneth's resolve remained. The one offering he could make, the one sacrifice, out of his overwhelming gratitude to the dear Lord Who had saved him, was that of his love for Ellie.

"May He receive this, my thank-offering!" were his final words, as the priest, starting on his return journey bade him good-bye. "Pray that I may enter, body and soul, into His service and, if it be His will, receive the grace of His holy priesthood."

When Tom Rathbourne saw Father Roberts actually going, he found grace to say the supreme word. "Yes, Father! I am a great sinner, but may the Lord forgive and grant me entrance into your Fold!" And Father Roberts set out, rejoicing.

When Tom Rathbourne ceased to be needed as nurse, a second call came.

"Help me out still, my good friend!" cried Kenneth. "I am not strong yet. Help me in the building of Grandfather's Chapel. So Tom went to work, as a sort of general manager and superintendent. The site had been selected in the largest of the straggling villages which made up the town of Alton. The stone proved well adapted to the work—enough to begin with was already quarried—the architect's design having also proved both beautiful in itself and, for a small structure, wondrously dignified. As its walls arose, the people of Alton were full of delight. Tom's popularity naturally increased; his fellow townsmen began to appreciate him. Even Ellie's father owned that he was doing finely and opened his eyes in surprise at the salary he was receiving. The general applause likewise had an influence; he felt proud of "Uncle Zebedee," as he was called by the older villagers, and proud of being the executor of that will.

As for Tom, he was amazed to find himself earning more money than ever before in his life. He had always been poor, and his parents, now dead, had spent their lives in a perpetual

effort for daily bread. This was not his lot, now. He saved every dollar gladly. Was it not bringing him closer to Ellie? Was it not poverty that had kept them apart?

For Kenneth the new chapel rang with Divine voices. Were they not ever calling him—even him!—to richer and more immediate service of his Lord?

Ellie Richardson, too, was beginning to find her heart. "I believe it has been Tom's all along," she owned to herself, "only I didn't know it." And his pleadings received more gracious answer.

"You might do worse than to marry Tom," remarked her father, very soberly, "If he gets ahead."

And he did, being offered a partnership in the firm that owned the stone quarry. "He's a smart man," they explained, "and we want him with us. Can't afford to let him go against us!"

To-day Alton is a thriving, compact town. Tom has married Ellie and both are supremely happy. The church grows. The community is one of Christian people, and Tom one of its leading citizens. "And to think," said Ellie one day, "that all this should have come of poor Uncle Zebedee's will!"



A Song of the Sea

(For Seasick People).

BY RT. REV. A. MACDONALD.

O moaning sea, unresting sea,
Mirror of cloud and sky;
Thy rolling wave
Hides many a grave,
From thee I fain would fly
Where sickness is not,
And sorrow's forgot,
And death doth not enter in;
And decrepit old age
Is swept from the stage,
And every child of sin!

O sobbing sea, uncomforted sea,
Thine are the tears of things!
No joy is in thee,
No hint to me
Of hope that eternal springs;
But in spirit I soar
To a far-off shore
On which billows of time do not beat;
The golden strand
Of the Better Land
Where loving and loved ones meet.

A CAREER OF SERVICE

The Story of a Success That Came Through Self-Sacrifice.

Nathaniel Hawthorne gave to the world more than books and stories of idealism. He gave a daughter, Rose, and the idealism of the father's stories lives again in the life of his youngest daughter. For Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, daughter of this well-known American author, has dedicated her life, even the honored name she bore, to become a servant of the poor who are victims of incurable cancer. To-day she is known simply as Mother Alphonsa of the third order of St. Dominic, founder and Mother Superior of St. Rose's Home, New York, and of The Rosary, at Hawthorne, New York, the only free hospitals for incurable cancer.

To one or the other of these hospitals during the past twenty-six years thousands of friendless and penniless cancer victims have come to die. Among them were those who, because of the nature of their cruel malady, were no longer welcome at home and those who had faced the closed doors of all general hospitals and to whom special sanatorium treatment was prohibitive.

By the years of sacrifice, grace, service and dauntless courage of Mother Alphonsa, for the first time in months, sometimes in years, these sufferers have known the blessedness of expert care given sympathetically and ungrudgingly. In the cheerful sun-parlors of the hospitals, in the simple gardens, or in the beds, outcasts who were once alone in their terror find that life still holds some comfort and companionship.

Mother Alphonsa's hospitals are always full to overflowing. Every horror of cancer is represented here, yet it is horror magnificently ignored. Each patient quietly waits the end of his suffering. And it is only by virtue of one victim's release by death that another finds entrance. Three hundred

and fifty-five died in St. Rose's Home last year, one for almost every day in the year, and as many more were welcomed in.

'Some need only a few days' or a few weeks' sufferance; others remain for years. The old Irish woman of Catholic faith, the Protestant Scotchman, who should have been in his prime, the little blind Jewish boy of four, and the young negress who sits straight up in her bed, waiting for the end, all receive the same tender care.

In the world of her youth Mother Alphonsa was a vivid personality, the charming wife of George Person Latrop, once editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*. She wrote for magazines, traveled and entertained. She was beloved, admired and sheltered. But even from her life, sickness and sadness could not be kept out. She lost a child, and she was frequently called to the bedside of four of her very dear friends who died of cancer.

After the death of her husband, when she was forty-four, she decided to cast her lot with those who taste the quintessence of human suffering. Because she had had glimpses of the mental and physical anguish which cancer inflicts upon those loved and cared for in comfort, she could visualize what torture must be endured by victims in tenements without care, money or hope.

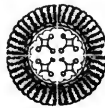
So she took a course in the cancer ward of the Memorial Hospital, New York City, and then went down to the slums. She rented three small rooms, which she herself scrubbed and painted. She became one of the poor; she examined their sores, she dressed their wounds, comforted them and gave them relief.

For a year and a half, until another joined her in the work, her nursing day was from half-past five in the morning until eleven at night. Often she sat up until two o'clock writing appeals for funds, for that first modest hospital, as well as its two present successors, was founded only on faith in humanity's response to so gripping a cause. Sometimes her larder was almost empty, but she was never afraid of the morrow. When she spoke as the herald of the helpless poor and the dying, she

felt that there was none who would not hear, and help.

Mother Alphonsa to-day is an old woman, past seventy, but her many years of service seem not to have registered as age. She can no longer stand the strain of constant nursing, but she still carries grandly the burdens of financing and directing her hospitals.

For herself she asks nothing but the strength to serve as long as life lasts. But for the thousands dying in America each year of incurable cancer she asks more hospitals like her own, where the doors are always open, so long as there is a bed, to the friendless and penniless of every color, race or creed. She asks, too, for others to take up the torch she soon must lay down, for nurses are needed in this ministry of extreme mercy. And she asks, finally, for gifts of dimes and dollars from all who are healthy and happy that she may help those destitute, in the shadow of a terrible death, who come to her for care.



Officers of St. Joseph's College
Alumnae Association



1923—1924



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ALUMNAE NOTES

Hearty felicitations to our revered Honorary President, Reverend R. McBrady, C.S.B., who on May 30th celebrated the Golden Jubilee Anniversary of his ordination to the Holy Priesthood. Ad multos Annos.

* * * * *

All members of the Alumnae are delighted to know that Miss Hart has quite recovered from the painful accident sustained in the early winter.

* * * * *

One of the most interesting and most enjoyed functions held at the College during Spring Session was the illustrated lecture given on English and Canadian Art, Tuesday evening, April 22nd by the distinguished Canadian Artist, Mr. E. Wylie Greer.

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On Saturday, April 5th, the Alumnae Association held its usual quarterly meeting in the College building, St. Alban St. Following the disposition of the regular business of the Society an interesting address was delivered by Mr. Joseph O'Mara. Basing his discourse on observations during his recent visit to Ireland, the speaker sounded a decidedly optimistic note in his address. In the achievements already to the credit of the Free State Government after so brief a trial, Mr. O'Mara saw great promise for the future prosperity and peace of the country under the same auspices. A vote of thanks to the speaker was moved by Mrs. H. V. Ferguson and seconded by Mrs. J. A. Thompson.

* * * * *

We are informed that Colonel H. J. Mackie, representative Canadian, while in Russia was one of the most powerful influences in obtaining the release of the Most Reverend Archbishop Zepliak from the Russian Soviet prison where he had been detained in solitary confinement since March, 1923, suf-

fering for Christ like the martyrs of old. The release followed after many interviews between Colonel Mackie and the Soviet leaders Tchitcherin and Rakovsky.

We are greatly delighted with this information, as Mrs. Colonel Mackie is an esteemed member of our Alumnae. Her nieces, the Misses Shannon, are at present ^{ll} pursuing their studies at St. Joseph's College. Sincere congratulations, Colonel Mackie.

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Bon voyage to Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Day, who are about to spend an extended holiday in Europe.

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Miss May Morrow is enjoying a visit with her brother at Fremont, Ohio, Mrs. James Malady holidaying in California, and Miss Edna Mulqueen in Europe.

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As in all charitable and philanthropic activities launched in the city, St. Joseph's Alumnae were well represented in the campaign for funds for St. Michael's Hospital. Our President, Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse, with Mrs. Thos. McCarron, ~~captured~~ ^{captained} the district allotted to St. Catherine's Parish known as District N. E. and turned in a handsome amount. Other energetic workers were Miss A. Heck, Miss Gilooley, Mrs. Almas, Miss I. Ryan, Miss E. McBride, Mrs. M. Lellis, Miss M. Orr, Miss O'Connor, Miss Edna Mulqueen, Mrs. Harold Murphy, Miss Loretta Meehan, Miss Breen, and Mrs. O'Connor.

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May 13.—Eight of the ten golf clubs that will compete in the series for the ladies' inter-club team championship of the city and the Mail and Empire trophy, played their first matches on this date. Among the players: Mrs. E. O'Sullivan, Mrs. S. Crowell, Miss Edna Mulqueen, Miss Francis Cassidy, Mrs. Thomas McCarron and Miss M. Elmsley—the latter two players winning their matches.

* * * * *

We have received the announcement of Miss Jean Isabel Irvin's marriage to Mr. F. Wilfrid Johnston at Tucson, Ari-

zona, and that of Miss Anna Maria Roche to Dr. Orlando P. Sullivan at St. Vincent de Paul Church, Toronto.

To these young couples St. Joseph's Alumnae send cordial greetings and best wishes for their future happiness.

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Congratulations to Mr. M. C. O'Neil of St. Michael's College winner of the John H. Moss Scholarship and to Miss Margaret Thompson of St. Joseph's Academy, who attained second standing in the 'International Essay Contest.

* * * * *

Mrs. Nutson (Gertrude Conlon) of Sault Ste. Marie, returning from Florida where she had spent the winter months, was a welcomed visitor at Alma Mater. Former teachers and many of her Toronto school friends were delighted to greet her again.

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Obituary.

The prayers of our readers are requested for the happy repose of Mr. John Hoolihan, Elizabeth Hynes, Vincent Tallon, Mrs. Notman (Isabel McGuire), Mr. Ambrose Hoolihan, Mr. Hugh McSloy, Mrs. LaFranier, Colonel Joyce, and Sister M. Scholastica.



COMMUNITY NOTES

Sister Mary Scholastica O'Brien.

Fortified by the consoling rites of Holy Church, in thanksgiving to her Sacramental Lord, her Viaticum, silently awaiting His welcome, Sister Mary Scholastica O'Brien entered into her eternal reward. Her death occurred Sunday, March 2nd, 1924, at our community house, St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, Kingston Road, Scarboro, whither she had retired some years previous to avail herself of the spiritual and temporal advantages the house affords the religious of declining years.

Sister Scholastica was born in 1839, being eighty-six years of age at her death, in the County of Cork, Ireland, of parents rich in the inheritance of the faith of the children of Erin, several of whose descendants consecrated their lives to God, at home and abroad, for the service at the altars of the Church or within the hallowed walls of the cloister. Sixty-two years of our dear Sister's life were given to God in holy religion. Strong in faith, deeply religious in sentiment and possessed of special aptitude for instructing the ignorant in the truths of Christian faith the good religious lent herself generously to the apostolate of the salvation of souls. For long years the class-rooms of the Separate Schools, notably St. Mary's, Toronto, was the scene of her strenuous labours until failing health forced her to retire. The remainder of her active service she most zealously devoted to the spiritual interests of the patients in St. Michael's Hospital, seeking the "lost sheep," reclaiming the erring and assisting the wayfarer on his perilous journey to eternity.

An abiding faith in God, trust in His Providence and submission to His Will bore our beloved Sister safely through the trials of her religious life that weighed heavily upon her. In her social relations whether with Community Sisters, children of the school, patients in the hospital or sick-poor in

their destitute homes, her amiability and sincerity, her gentle sympathy and tender devotedness won for her the respect and esteem of all. Requiescat in pace!

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Religious Ceremony at St. Joseph's.

As a fitting close to the solemn Novena which was being made in all the houses of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto, throughout Canada, a ceremony of Reception, at which five young ladies were clothed with the Holy Habit, was held at the Mother House, St. Alban St., on March 19th, the feast day of their glorious Patron. Those receiving the Holy Habit were: Miss Marguerite Emery, Penetanguishene, in religion Sister Marie Stella; Miss Mary O'Shea, Victoria Harbour, in religion Sister Mary Antonia; Miss Cecilia Heis, Little Current, in religion Sister Mary Seraphine; Miss Bernadine Kennedy, Orillia, in religion Sister Mary Bernadette; Miss Katherine Kennedy, Vancouver, B.C., in religion Sister Maria. It is many years since a ceremony took place on that day, but surely no more beautiful Feast could have been chosen, none more appropriate on which for young aspirants to take the initial step in consecrating their lives to God, under the patronage of St. Joseph, than the day set aside by Mother Church for that Saint's honour and glory. The ceremony was conducted by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Whelan, V.G., after a very forceful and expressive sermon, delivered by Rev. N. Roche, C.S.B., who took as his text the words, "You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you." In his own earnest and convincing way, Father Roche called attention to the wondrous condescension and love of the Divine Spouse of souls manifested in the words of Holy Scripture, and then went on to point out to the postulants the obligations that accompanied their response to the Divine Call, laying particular stress on the sacrifice of the Will—than which human nature cherishes naught more—which Religious Life entails; but that after all it is only the generous and free return to our Creator of His own gift, small indeed in comparison with the unnumbered graces

and blessings and the peace and joy of heart that God bestows on those who leave all to follow Him. Holy Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Barcelo, D.D., while the other clergy present were: Rev. Dr. J. B. Dollard, Very Rev. F. Forster, C.S.B., Rev. P. Malouf, Rev. J. Carberry, Rev. F. Pennylegion and Rev. S. Armstrong.

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Very cordial felicitations to the Right Rev. Monsignor Blair on his appointment to the Presidency of the Catholic Church Extension Society of Canada.

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St. Joseph's School, Winnipeg.

On Monday and Tuesday evenings, May 19th and 20th, the pupils of St. Joseph's School, Winnipeg, under the direction of the Sisters of St. Joseph, gave a delightful concert to a large and appreciative audience, the spacious hall being filled, both evenings, to its utmost capacity. Striking proof of the careful training and earnest effort which one finds in the school was evidenced by the grace, confidence and command of English which characterized the entire programme.

The entire school took part in the programme and from the little Kindergarteners who instantly won the hearts of everyone in the hall, to the Entrance Grade boys, who more than excelled themselves in their splendid rendering of "A Sea of Trouble," each one without exception played his or her rôle with the unconscious grace of experienced actors.

The instrumental and vocal selections so charmingly executed gave evidence of remarkable talent, and at the same time testified to the high degree of musical appreciation to which the pupils of the school have attained; while especially pleasing and worthy of mention was the perfect rendering of the three-part choruses by scores of youthful voices. Among the clergy present were: The Right Rev. Abbot Michael, Abbot of Muenster, Sask., the Reverend Fathers Hilland, Bernard, Primeau, Meehan, Heffron, Lynch, Rheaume, Zimmerman,

Meisner, Nandzik, Kierdorf, Czujak, Schimnowski, Twardochleb, Ducharme, Lizotte. The Rt. Rev. Abbot (Michael) addressed a few words to the audience, insisting upon the great privilege and blessing of having the Rev. Sisters as school teachers. If the concert did turn out so splendidly it is due above all to the great devotedness of the Reverend Sisters of St. Joseph. Their devotedness certainly found full appreciation from all who assisted at the entertainment. As a reward for their excellent performance the school children were granted a holiday by the Right Reverend Abbot.—Northwest Review.

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St. Patrick's Hall, Vancouver City, was filled last week at the performance of "Joan of Arc" presented by the senior pupils of the school. Their acting was a credit to themselves and to their good teachers. Mother Alberta, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, took great interest in the training of the pupils, and was assisted by her nephew, Dr. Wilfred Lavery, who, as stage manager, was untiring in his task of "coaching." The pupils themselves co-operated in every way, and gave a splendid performance. Bertha Allaire took the part of Joan of Arc, and Jack Hennessy played the Dauphin. Gertrude Howard presented the prologue, and the music was furnished by Bessie Kennedy.—Northwest Review.



COLLEGE AND ACADEMY NOTES

THE FRENCH CLUB.

To the ever-increasing list of societies at St. Joseph's has been added this year a French Club. It was organized early last autumn with the following executive: President, Blanche Laroche; Secretary, Isabel McCormack; Treasurer, Helen Kramer; Conveners, Kathleen McNally, Gertrude Quinlan and Ida Wickett. Meetings held twice a month throughout the year were conducted entirely in French.

Among those who kindly consented to address our Club were Professor DeChamps of the University of Toronto, and Reverend Father Rush of St. Michael's College. Both told us many interesting things about France, describing the country itself, the manners and customs of the people, particularly of the students, their amusements, their work—in a word—their life. A musical number rendered by some of the members would follow the lecture, and then an informal chat (in French of course) over the tea-cups.

At other meetings we enjoyed illustrated lectures, travelling with the pictures through quaint old Quebec and through Sunny France, lingering a while at places familiar to the Little Flower and to the life of St. Joseph's Community.

The purpose of the Club was to help us in our study of the French language and literature, to teach us something more about it than can be learned in books, and to give us an opportunity to hear and to converse with men to whom France is familiar. And now at the end of the year we feel satisfied that it has gone a long way towards accomplishing its purpose; we know that as it grows in years its interests and activities will increase and we hope that it may soon take its place among the most beneficial societies of the University.

Evelyn Burke, '24.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.

Pride and Prejudice is unanimously accorded the premier place amongst Jane Austin's novels, partly because it is full of that brilliancy and sparkle which are its author's great characteristics and partly because of the inimitable character of Elizabeth Bennet whose combined archness and intelligence captivates everyone. The truth is that Jane Austin seized on qualities which are frequently found in human nature, and developed them with such fidelity that nearly all of us feel we have met an Elizabeth Bennet.

"A chance word from Mr. Bennet" singles out Elizabeth from his other children and we are at once prepared to be interested in her and for her. Jane Austin liked Elizabeth the best of all her heroines. "I must confess (she writes to Cassandra), that I think her as delightful a creature as ever appeared in print."

Elizabeth is the embodiment of the heroine which so many authors have tried to draw. Witty without being pert, having a reasonable conceit of herself without vanity and a natural gaiety of heart that make her altogether loveable. Whether she is repelling the patronage of lady Catherine or chafing the sombre Darcy, she is equally delightful.

Her first scene with Lady Catherine embodies much character. ". . . upon my word," said her Ladyship. "You give your opinion very decidedly for so young a person. Pray, what is your age?" And then Elizabeth shows her wit: "With three younger sisters grown up, Your Ladyship can hardly expect me to own it."

Elizabeth's gaiety, high spirit and courage, wit and readiness as well as her good sense and right feeling, are set off and made individual and delightful by her humour, Jane's own humour which glances in every page of her writing, but is nowhere so fully exhibited in character as here.

Elizabeth is a real live character rather than a type. She is far from perfect. (Jane Austin liked characters with contrasts and faults). She was offended by Darcy's being too

proud to dance at the country ball, and in particular by having overheard herself pronounced by him to be tolerable, but not handsome enough to tempt him. She had a quick perception, a courageous temper and a ready tongue. Jane Austin's own observation of the foibles of her fellow-creatures was unusually sharp and her remarks not always kind, but like her own Elizabeth, she might say, "I hope I never ridicule what is wise and good, follies and nonsense, whims and inconsistencies do divert me I own and I laugh at them whenever I can."

Unlike the ordinary heroine Elizabeth is not so popular as her sisters; she feels the absence of Wickham at the dance and her evening is quite spoilt.

"Intricate characters are the most amusing," says Elizabeth herself. Her own character appears intricate because her mind glances swiftly and sees clearly. Many readers will agree with Jane Austin's estimate of Elizabeth as delightful a creature as ever appeared in print! Her impertinence need not be apologized for, for its unexpected a propos, its cleverness and penetration, make it one of her chief attractions, even if it is not always in perfect taste it is more engaging than the finest tact. She cannot resist the temptation to say out what was in her mind and was often unguarded and imprudent. She was unguarded when she attacked Darcy for coming to the pianoforte to hear her play, she was more than imprudent when in her indignation against Darcy for separating Jane and Bigley, she accused him of ruining the happiness of a beloved sister, and above all when she threw herself on his sympathy when she heard of her sister's elopment, thereby showing an impulse most natural for a girl more than half in love, tearing down her defences and exposing her soul to a man whom hitherto she had treated with severity and even rudeness. But she is a real person and we must see her as well as hear her speak.

It would be an outrage to hint that part of Elizabeth's temperament was inherited from her mother. Warm feeling, impulsiveness, hasty judgment and unconsidered speech were

common to both, but Mrs. Bennet's feelings, impulses and speeches were generally wrong and Elizabeth's right. There was as much difference between them as between a lively, sensible woman and a lively fool.

Elizabeth with her fine eyes, brown skin, light, graceful figure, nimble feet in dancing, nimble tongue in talking, is a warm-hearted, womanly edition of the father whose favorite she is. She has his love and intellect, although we cannot imagine her grasping abstractions or wrestling with theories, her mind being formed rather for practicalities and facts.

She possessed his strong, critical judgment, merely humorous and cynical in him, but in her preserved by natural gaiety and love of companionship from turning sour and bitter.

This laughter-loving girl, in spite of her natural hasty conclusions and rash judgment struggles so faithfully to be fair, is so candid in confessing her mistakes and submitting to pay the penalty when they are brought home to her; she is at once so frank and fearless, so dutiful, so unselfish and devoted in her sisterly attachments, so true a woman, so thorough a lady, that while we willingly respect and like the more faultless Jane, we do more—we love the more tempted and tried Elizabeth. In one of her letters Jane Austin says of her: “. . . how I shall be able to tolerate those who do not like her, I do not know.”

Kathleen Young, Arts, '25.

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ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE WOMEN'S DEBATING SOCIETY.

Greater interest than ever has been taken this year in Intercollegiate debating—the interest coupled with endeavour, that is certain to bring success.

The first debate was held at St. Joseph's College on November 28th, when St. Hilda's College went down to defeat under the powerful arguments of St. Michael's representatives, the Misses Eileen Dunnigan, '24, and Eleanore Murray,



DEBATING CLUB.

B. Larochele, E. Murray, I. McCormack, A. Kavanagh.

'24, who upheld the affirmative of "Resolved that the United States should cancel her allied war debts."

The same young ladies won their second victory when they argued with McMaster that "Government ownership of railways is in the best interests of the people."

The final debate took place March 20th, at Victoria College. The subject discussed was, "Resolved that India's demand for Home Rule should be granted at this time," the negative was successfully upheld by Misses Dunnigan, '24, and Blanche Larochulle, '25. So for the first time St. Michael's College is the proud possessor of the Women's Intercollegiate Debating Trophy. We are grateful to the girls who won it for us and we hope it will be ours for many years to come.

Evelyn Burke, '24.

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CONVENTION OF THE SOCIETY OF ST. GREGORY OF AMERICA.

The Sixth Convention of the Society of St. Gregory of America, which meets once every two years, was held in Toronto, May 7th and 8th.

At ten o'clock Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by His Grace, the Most Rev. Neil McNeil. Over two thousand children took part in the singing of the Common of the Mass the ("Cum Jubilo"—Missa B.V.M.) and the Responses. The Gloria was sung alternately by the boys of De La Salle, who were in the Sanctuary and by our pupils in the Choir. The Schola of St. Augustine's Seminary, who were on the opposite side of the Sanctuary to the Boy Choristers sang the Proper of the Mass—but in this again we were honored by being given the Alleluia to sing. It being the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, we were allowed to participate in this very special way as children of our dear Father and Patron.

Immediately after the Mass, Benediction Hymns were sung: The Gregorian "Adore Te," "Tantum Ergo" from the

Gregorian Pange Lingua and the hymn "Holy God, We Praise Thy Name." The children from Peterboro under the direction of Reverend Father Finn, sang "Salve Regina Coelitum," after the Adore Te, and surely nothing sweeter or more angelic has ever been heard on this earth than those little children's voices in that beautiful hymn. "Musical America" has this to say: "The effect of the singing was indescribably beautiful. There was a charm about the Chant in its unadorned simplicity that touched the hearts of all the listeners. Never had such an event taken place in Ontario, and the successful manner in which the young singers accomplished their task was the subject of enthusiastic comment on the part of all the music critics."

The fact that such a large number of inexperienced singers kept together in perfect unison without a single break or indication of hesitancy in attack speaks volumes for the preparatory work carried out by the religious under the direction of the guiding genius of the entire demonstration, the Rev. J. E. Ronan.

The children not only succeeded in surmounting the acoustic difficulties, but sang with a remarkably pure quality of tone. Such congregational singing is rarely heard on this continent. Father Ronan directed from the pulpit near the altar, and succeeded in obtaining full obedience to his every gesture." To Father Ronan, indeed, should much of the credit of the success of this immense undertaking be given. He was untiring in his efforts and his enthusiasm wholly contagious. He went from school to school, from college to college, directing and helping all during the days of preparation besides arranging and planning the many details of the Convention, not the least of which was the amalgamation and organization of the many parish choirs which sang under his direction at the evening concert in Massey Hall. The members of the Society of St. Gregory expressed their appreciation of our efforts in very flattering terms and felt that we had contributed greatly to advance the cause of the Revival of appropriate and devotional Church Music.

At the afternoon session the Ward Method Class of eleven children from Annunciation Parish School, New York, trained by Mother G. Stevens, R.S.C.J., of the College of the Sacred Heart, New York, demonstrated to the delight of the audience and proved the wonderful efficacy of this method of sight singing and its development of a true musical sense and appreciation of the beautiful in music.

After the demonstration, a paper on "The Modern Parish Choir, Its Normal and Practical Organization," was read by M. J. N. Charbonneau, Director of the Schola Cantorum of Montreal. It was an excellent paper dealing with the duties of the parish choir and ways and means of a practical nature relating to the formation and maintenance of the choirs. "Accompaniment to Gregorian Chant," by Msgr. Leo P. Manzetti, Baltimore; "Church Music in Modern Tonalities," by J. McGrath, Syracuse; "Boy Voice Training," by Nicola Montani, New York; "The Publisher's Viewpoint in Reform of Church Music," by George Fischer, New York; "The Organization of Local Choir Guilds," by Rev. J. E. Ronan, Toronto; "Church Music and the Beautiful," by Rev. J. F. Kelly, Mus.Doc., Detroit.

A Community Concert took place in the evening at Massey Hall. The combined Parish Choirs of the city, numbering five hundred voices (adult singers) sang under the direction of Rev. Father Ronan. St. Michael's Choir, directed by Mr. Peter Leon; St. Peter's Choir, directed by Mrs. J. Mallon; Our Lady of Lourdes Choir, directed by Signor Carboni; St. Patrick's Choir (Hamilton), directed by Miss F. Filgiano; Boys of De La Salle, directed by Brother Francis; Loretto Abbey Choir, directed by M. F. Coombs, and our own School Choir contributed to an evening of much enjoyment, exemplifying the fact that a vital interest and love of the proper kind of church music had been evoked and stimulated.

The Ward Method was again demonstrated by the New York children, as in the afternoon at the Cathedral Parish Hall.

During the Convention we were honored by the presence of Rev. J. M. Petter, St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, N.Y.; Rev. Father Brisson, St. Peter's Seminary, London, Ont.; Rev. J. E. Ronan, St. Augustine's, Toronto; Mr. Nicola A. Montani, Director of the Palestrina Choir of Philadelphia and Paulist Choir of New York; Mr. Theo. Heinroth, Director of Music, College of the Sacred Heart, Manhattanville, N.Y.; Miss F. Filgiano, Director and Organist of St. Patrick's Choir, Hamilton, Ont., as also many Religious from Rochester, Geneva, London, Hamilton and Peterboro.

The girls from New York gave a demonstration of the Ward Method under the direction of Mr. Theo. Heinroth, in our Auditorium, to the Sisters and pupils. They sang in unison, in two and three part harmony. They sang Gregorian melodies with the most beautiful rhythm and nuance. Their creative work in original melodies, to which is added a second and sometimes a third part which is immediately and correctly sung with real musical insight, is almost unbelievable, had it not taken place before our very eyes.

All this has but one purpose, to show what is being done and can be done through the Ward Method of child-training in music and how the goal of Church Music Reform may be attained.

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We are also deeply grateful to Reverend Father John Fraser, who kindly re-traced for us by means of lantern slides the scenes of his zealous labours in the vast mission fields of China, where during his twenty years in that densely populated country he instructed and converted to Christ thousands and thousands of Chinese men, women and children.

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We are grateful to our friend, Rev. Rector O'Reilly of St. Augustine's Seminary, who on March 18th gave us a most interesting illustrated lecture on the life of the "Little Flower," Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus and the Holy Face.

Operetta—Legend of the Woods by the Junior pupils of the Academy. On April 30th the stage of the school auditorium was transformed, pro tem, into a pretty woodland and the pupils of the Junior classes for the nonce were fairies, butterflies, etc., disporting themselves with all the grace, dignity and joyousness characteristic of the legendary nymphs of the woods in their moonlight revels, and apparently unconscious that they were giving their parents and friends who filled the Auditorium to its utmost capacity, a delightful evening's entertainment.

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 And as a monastery is thine home.
 Thou carest naught if thy small silent house
 Be raised 'neath poorest roof or highest dome.

In the one worth-while work of saving men,
 Thou hast allotted task and proper share.
 Thine hours are hours of patient, watchful love,
 Thine atmosphere an atmosphere of prayer.

But briefly dost thou visit with the world,
 And only when the needs of love compel
 Thy duty done, thou dost return content
 As some contemplative to well-loved cell.

Ciborium! when my unworthy hand
 Is called upon Christ's welcome to prepare,
 I doubt if even angels understand
 How I would change with thee if I might dare!

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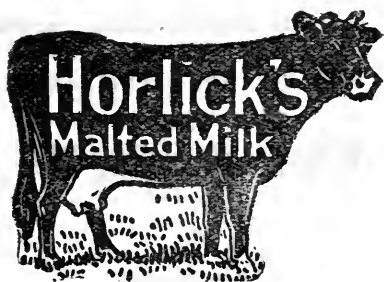
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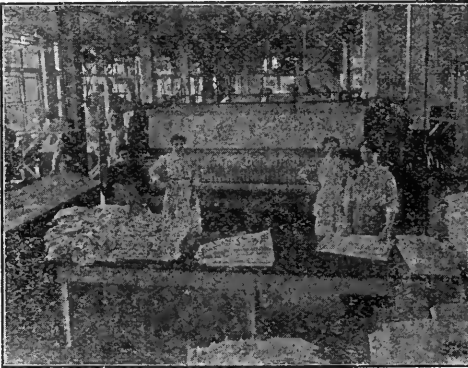


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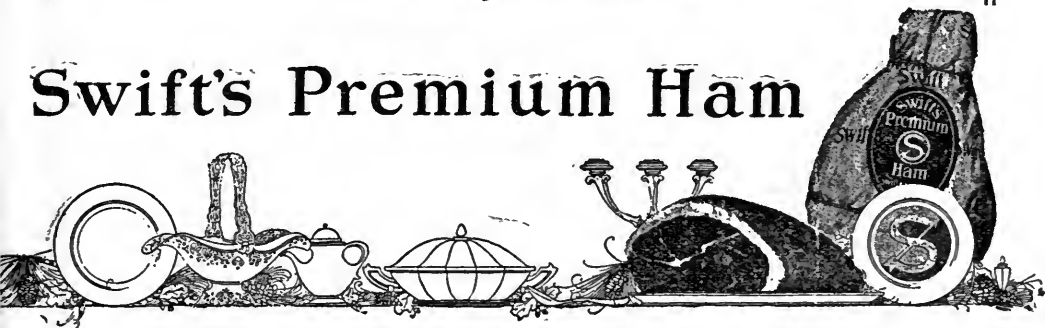
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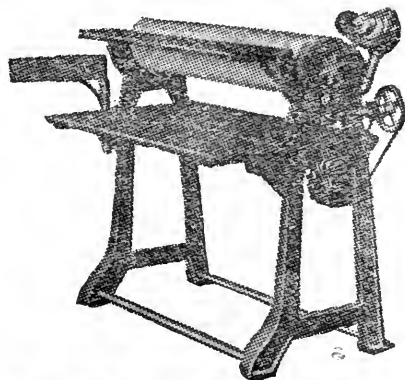
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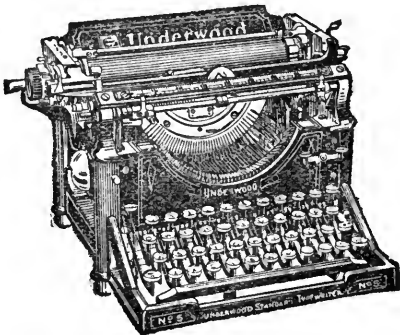


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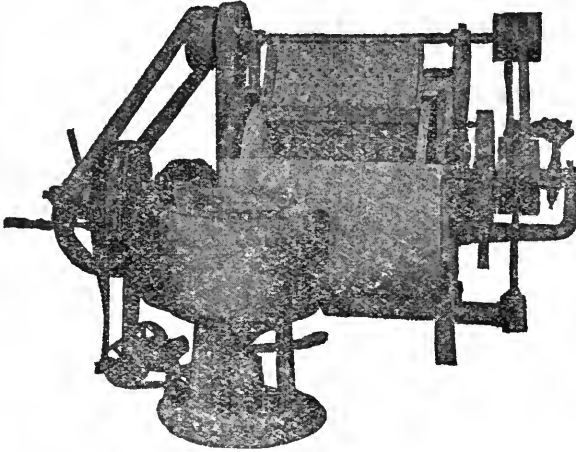
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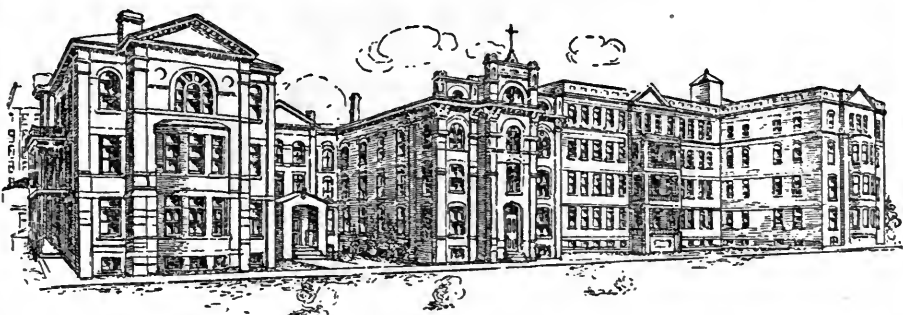
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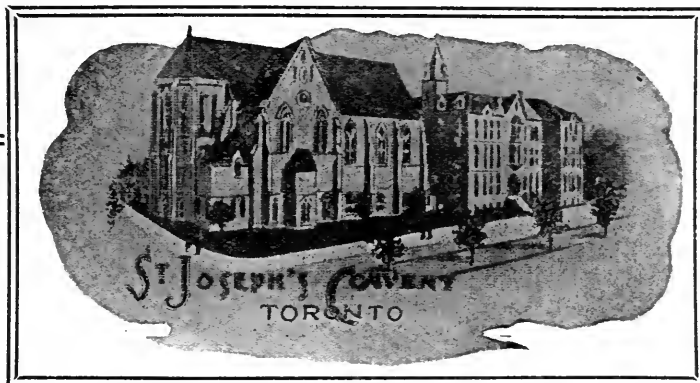
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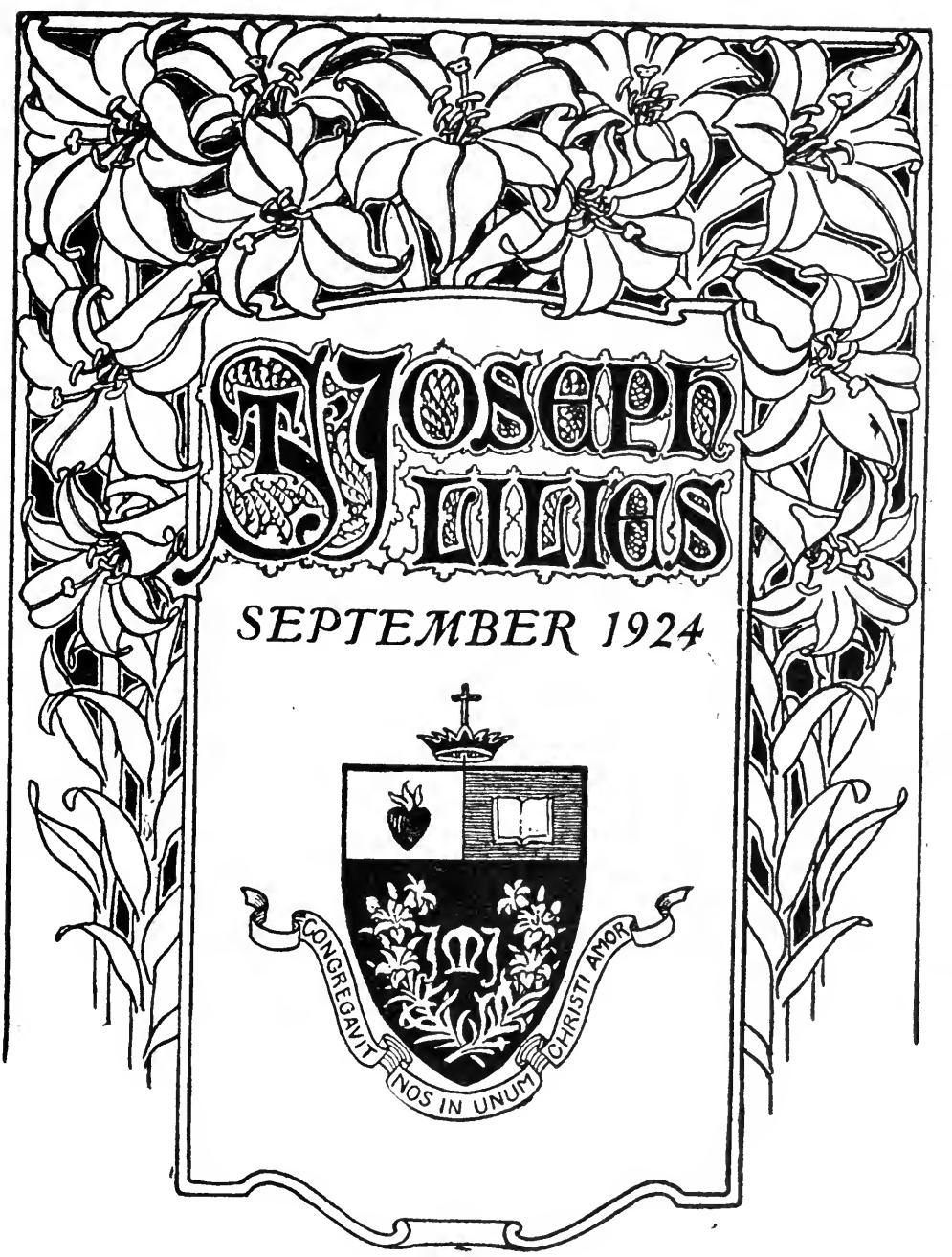
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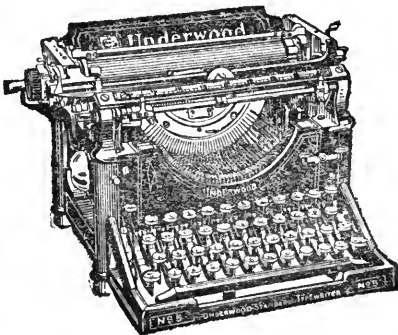


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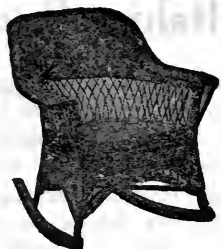
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Pius XI

Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

VOL. XIII. TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1924 No. 2

SOLEMNLY GRAND OCCASION

BY RT. REV. A. E. BURKE, P.A.

ON Tuesday last (May 13th) there was held in the Aloysian Temple of St. Ignatius, Rome, one of these memorable functions which periodically arouse and impress the community, in the commemoration of the "Centenary of the Restoration of the Gregorian Pontifical University of the Roman College," and the feast of Blessed Robert Bellarmine, who awaits there the heroic miracles which will place him forever upon the altars of the Universal Church. There was an extraordinary attendance, for the Roman College is still the boast of our civility, and the Pope, a former student there, being unable to be present in person, delegated the first of the Roman Princes, also an illustrious alumnus, Cardinal Merry del Val, to pontificate the Mass and bestow a specially affectionate Papal Benediction.

This beautiful and spacious sanctuary, rich beyond expression in tombs and interior decorations, was specially decked and illuminated for the occasion, the whereabouts of Bellarmine's notable sarcophagus, beside the Aloysian chapel, having its gorgeous embellishment of flowers and lights, till it resembled a fairy grotto. The main church was full of Gregorian students in their particular uniform—over one thousand of them—and more than six hundred past students, now priests or prelates. The great mass of rectors, professors and friends filled all the other available space of the immense edifice. It was surely an unforgettable scene they constituted in themselves, a picture of the universality, greatness and power of a cherished Alma Mater and the Church which gave it forth. The magnificent golden altar and apse-choir were in special

festive attire, and the thrones and tribunes erected in the latter, for the Cardinal Celebrant, the other Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops, Abbots, Prelates and members of the Pontifical Court—all beneficiaries of the Gregorian—were filled to the last seat. In their rich vestments—the Bishops and Prelates were in cope and mitre—the Rectors of Universities and Heads of Colleges in their distinctive robes,—they constituted a picture not to be seen every day in Rome. And the Cardinal who is “the noblest Roman of them all,” carried himself in the midst of all this distinction with that thoroughly princely mien for which he is noted, pontificating the Mass and making so delectable a Homily as to compel everyone’s admiration. But I am not going to describe the function or enumerate those who took part in it, nor can I talk of the great seat of learning Ignatius outlined and Bellarmine made famous throughout the world in that dark morning of the Protestant Reformation; I am simply going to make a translation, as best I can, of Cardinal Merry del Val’s apposite Homily, and let it tell the story in its own inimitable way. Terce chanted, then, the Cardinal—who arrived as always, on the nick of time, and was met at the main portal by the prelatial cortege,—robed at the special throne of Aloysius’ Chapel and proceeded to the altar in stately procession, where the Mass was initiated, and proceeded with as in a poem, with celestial Palestrinan music, up to the end of the Gospel, when mounting his throne, he faced the expectant assemblage, delivering in the clear, modulated, sympathetic tones for which he is known in two continents, this truly patristic utterance:

The Cardinal’s Homily.

Leva in circuitu oculos tuos et vide; omnes isti congregati sunt, cenerunt tibi . . . Et videas filios filiorum tuorum pacem super Israel. (Is. 49, 18; Ps. 127, 7).

These joyous words of invitation and augury, uttered under the impress of Divine Inspiration by the Prophet Isaias and the Psalmist, with the vision of the triumph of Christ’s Church be-

fore them, seem to me particularly appropriate for this day's centennial celebration of the restoration of the Gregorian Athenaeum by the distinguished Company of Jesus; so we may apply them in due measure to the solemn recurrence which we are observing in this superb temple of St. Ignatius Loyola, in the very shadow of the ancient Roman College. For more than three centuries this institution founded by Gregory XIII. and confided to the wise direction of the Jesuit Fathers, now radiant in purest joys, now plunged into deepest griefs, has prosecuted its divine mission of extending to the whole world beneficent gifts, and to innumerable students of all races and nations, the inestimable treasure of true doctrine, preparing them, each in his own way, to become a herald of Catholic Faith-cultured and exemplary priests, intrepid defenders of the Church, faithful servants of the See of Peter.

Raise up your eyes, O fecund and venerable Mother, raise up your eyes and see; all these have hastened to come to thee, to extol to-day the benefits they have received; look up and see the phalanx of illustrious doctors who have taught in your halls, thousands and thousands of studious youths, the striking beauties of divine truth; look up and see the immense numbers of your disciples spread throughout the nations; there are humble workers in the mystic vineyard of the Lord, there are able writers, there are valiant defenders of the Word of God, there are intrepid missionaries in far-off lands, zealous pastors of souls, eminent prelates, and illustrious bishops; but especially look up and rejoice in seeing the heroes of Christian virtue, the saints and martyrs that have come out of thine bosom, and who now from the heights of Heaven bless thy name and intercede for thee before the Immaculate Throne of God Thrice Holy.

With the encouragement and the Special Benediction of the Reigning Pontiff, Pope Pius XI., proud even he of this Gregorian Institute, we rejoice, beloved brethren, yes, we too rejoice in the privilege of being sons of such a Mother, and we give praise to the Lord; for to Him alone belongs the glory acquired; to Him alone is due the splendor and efficacy of the

abundant fruits which have been garnered, and are still being garnered, along the highway of the ages—*Non nobis Domine, non nobis, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam!*

Therefore, on this recurring centennial, our hearts palpitating with joy, and prostrate at the foot of the altar, we put up the hymn of our gratitude, whilst those gone on before, through the silent grave, respond in chorus and present our garlands before the Throne of God, repeating at the same time, the glorious Song of Heaven: *Dignus es Domine Deus Noster, accipere gloriam et honorem et virtutem; quia tu creasti omnia et propter voluntatem tuam erant et creata sunt.*

It would be too difficult to try to remember all those who by their high genius and exalted virtue have made the Roman College and the Gregorian University illustrious, and have honoured the Church by their works, in even this last century of its existence; but it is our duty to commemorate one of the most eminent doctors of this Atheneum whose heroic virtues the Supreme Pontiff has recently proclaimed, enumerating him in the white light of the Blessed; I speak of Robert Bellarmine. By a happy thought it was decided to fix this centennial celebration on the feast of this illustrious champion of the Catholic Faith, in this church where his sacred remains repose, near the sanctuary of his angelic disciple, St. Louis de Gonsague. Learned amongst the learned of his time, he is one of the purest glories of the Roman College; and behold, in our days shines with new lustre before our eyes, the majestic figure of this grand Master, to demonstrate once more to the most incredulous, that revealed faith, far from being in conflict with true science, wonderfully confirms it, and that the Church of God encourages and crowns all those who acknowledge the limitations of human knowledge, do not allow themselves to be blinded by foolish pride, but employ the gifts God has given them to proclaim the glory of divine wisdom, and of eternal and immutable truth. We will search in vain for one word of condemnation of science as such; neither the Apostles nor the high defenders of the Gospel ever opposed themselves to the most intimate research of the facts and phenomena which present themselves in this

world, in which we live, but have ever raised their warning voice in condemnation and reproach against certain wise men of the earth, not because they are wise, but because using their knowledge to deprecate infinitely greater wisdom, and in the supernatural order, either by raising a sacrilegious hand against the Holy Arc which was never confided to their care, nor subjected to their fallacious and necessarily inadequate methods.

He who possesses the precious gift of faith and inclines before the infallible magistracy of the Church, follows without inquietude the indestructible progress of human wisdom, and its daring scrutiny. And when the enemies of God and those who know Him not, deceived by some new-found hypothesis which they exhibit as certain truth, pretend that the believer renounces altogether or modifies the revealed doctrine to the teaching of the Church, he can await with imperturbable security, with the firm assurance that the new postulates will quickly be dissociated from all that at first appeared to be against faith, and cannot fail to be rejected by even their very authors, serving only to augment the huge mass of rejected theories which the history of human research displays, like the ruins along the roads of Ancient Rome which remind pilgrims of the limitations of our intellect and the uncertainty of terrestrial affairs. Such wise men the Prophet Jeremias intended when he lamented: *Confusi sunt sapientes, preterruti et capti sunt, verbum enim Domini projecerunt et sapientia nulla est in eis.* (8, 9).

Against the deadly errors of his time Blessed Bellarmine was a fearless and indomitable fighter, and we may regard it as certain that if God has delayed to our day the final glorification of this wonderful Paladin of the Catholic Church, it has been the better to combat the errors, new and old, that confront us at the present. It is characteristic of error, writes the Angelic Doctor, to substitute its own opinions for the doctrine transmitted by Jesus Christ: *Non elegit et quae sunt a Christo vere tradita, sed ea quae sibi propria mens suggerit.*

Nor can we speak differently of the innovators of our own times who are likewise boldly propagating the most nefarious errors and principles most destructive of revealed truth. Rather

than subject their intellects to the Divine Magisterium they hastily accept the untenable doctrines of any irresponsible teacher, because he boldly gives the lie to the past, and repugns the supernatural order altogether. Every such ebullition of doctrine is called progress; and wallowing in the mire of sophism the present innovators, without constructing anything, are attempting to destroy everything by proffering problems which they cannot solve. These are the aberrations of a philosophy without foundation, which abandons the true principles of ratification, disturbs the mind and leaves it in the bonds of an exasperating and continual doubt; the irreverent and capricious result of an exegesis by which they pretend to find the fallacy of, the Sacred Scriptures, and by the same, to interpret them as any profane book; the sad deviations of a corrupting morality which justifies anything which flatters the passions and refuses the regular sanctions; finally, these are the dreams of a fantastic mysticism which is mere sentiment, if not purely and simply sensual.

But now new defenders are coming up, from all the camps of knowledge; and, following the example of their great master, Robert Bellarmine, they will well know how to dissipate the fogs of error by the force of their genius and the profundity of their studies. They will know well how to illustrate the immutable and ever true doctrines of the Church of Christ, and at the same time co-operate immensely, in the salvation of souls, by the edifying example of their virtue. They must be learned; but above all, they must be holy: *Qui ad justitiam erudiunt multos fulgebunt quasi stellae in perpetuas aeternitates.*

And you, oh youthful alumni of the Pontifical Gregorian University, who are disposing yourselves to assume the mission which God has assigned to you; you who are the hope of the Church, remember that you are the heirs of a glorious past, remember that upon you the duty devolves of holding high the honor of your Atheneum; therefore, never fail to preserve its best traditions. Without permitting yourself to be influenced by the changing novelty and disquieting spirit of the times, apply yourselves especially, with fervor and eagerness to the

study of the fundamental sciences of philosophy and theology, which by the grace of God, will preserve you from the danger of losing the right track, and guide you securely, in your efforts against the insidious adversaries of the faith. But especially ask of God wisdom of which He is the infinite source. Happy will you be indeed, if you can make your own of these words of the Wise Man: *Optavi et datus est mihi sensus et invocavi et venit in me spiritus sapientiae, et praeposui illam regnis et sedibus, et divitias nihil esse duxi in comparatione illius.* (Sap.) My dear young men, you are called to receive the unction of the Eternal Priesthood: *Vos autem sacerdotes Domini vocabimini*, and have a sublime apostolate to exercise: *Vocationis caelestis participes.* There are so many places, so long deserted, that you are called to enrich them anew, with the saving waters of divine grace. Great is the moral and intellectual ruin caused by the torrent of vice and error; yours the duty of rediscovering and renewing the beauties of the Kingdom of Christ. May it please the Gentle Saviour to apply to you the vaticination of the Holy Prophet: *Et aedificabunt deserta a saeculo et ruinas antiquas erigent et instaurabunt civitates desertas.*

Through the intercession of the Virgin Mary, Our Mother, may the blessing of God descend copiously on this Gregorian University, so that, following always in the traces of its traditional splendor, it may valiantly continue its salutary effort for the clergy of all nations, and see always the new generations coming more numerous of its faithful devoted sons: *Et videas filios filiorum tuorum, pacem supra Israel!*

O Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, receive these our vows and bless our auguries for the prosperous future of this Gregorian University, which all its sons, far and near, are so gladly making, upon to-day's recurrence of its Centennial: *Haec dies fecit Dominus, exultemus et laetemur in ea.*

Profound Impression.

The eloquent words of the eminent Prince produced the profoundest impression in that vast auditory, and when the preacher lifted up his hands in imploration to the Sacred Heart,

every other heart there thumped so audibly in its casement from holy emotion, that there was no mistaking its message. It was the utterance of a great and holy priest; one instinct with love of God and full of His wisdom; and it is to be hoped that it may produce the same salutary effect in its readers that it did in its hearers!



The Soul's Calm



Through the jar of human fretting,
 Passion-blare and bitter fears,
 Follies in their tinsel setting,
 Laughter close akin to tears,—
 Keep us quiet, unforgetting,
 Lord, throughout the troubled years.

Give us of Thy calm unceasing,
 Soft as snowy sea-bird's wing!
 Earthly hold needs Thy releasing
 To Thy mighty clasp we cling.
 Silence, 'mid the noise increasing,
 It is Thine, O Lord, to bring.

Keep us quiet, keep us lowly,
 Soul and spirit bowed to Thee;
 Vibrant in star-vigil holy
 May Thy Angels brood o'er me!
 Seeking, though I move but slowly,
 Life and song eternally.

SOME ROMAN BASILICAS

BY THOMAS O'HAGAN, PH.D., LITT.D., LL.D.

IT is a mere truism to say that Rome is richer in churches than any other city in the world. As the seat of the Papacy for nineteen hundred years, the Apostleship of God, resident in a succession of two hundred and fifty-nine Popes, has enriched the city with temples of divine worship worthy of that Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, into whose keeping was committed by Christ the salvation of the world.

With Constantine the Great practically began the building in Rome of Christian churches. His royal decree emptied the catacombs and inscribed the new faith on the banners of the Empire. Soon beauteous churches arose, in the building of which the first Christian Emperor of Rome took an active part.

“Old St. Peter’s”—the Basilica of Constantine, which lasted some eleven hundred and twenty-six years, that is, from A.D. 324 to 1450—was the connecting link with the Church of the Catacombs.

The New St. Peter’s took one hundred and eight years in building. On April 11th, 1506, the foundation stone was laid by Pope Julius II., in the presence of thirty-five Cardinals, the architect selected by the Pope being Bramante. In 1513 Pope Julius died and was succeeded by Pope Leo X., and in 1514 occurred the death of Bramante. Leo X. entrusted the work to a commission of three architects: Raphael, Giuliano da Sangallo and Giaconda da Verona, O.P. Giuliano da Sangallo died in 1517 and Raphael in 1520, followed by the death of Pope Leo X. in 1521. From the death of Leo X. in 1521 till 1546, the work had made little progress, when Pope Paul III. sent for Michael Angelo, then in his seventy-second year, and this great painter, sculptor and architect adopted Bra-

mante's plan, and began the dome from a design of his own. It is of Michael Angelo that Emerson speaks, where he says, "The hand that rounded Peter's dome wrought in a sad sincerity." Of course the model for St. Peter's dome Michael Angelo found in the dome of Santa Maria del Fiore, in Florence, the work of Brunelleschi, more than a century earlier. In 1564 Michael Angelo died, leaving the dome unfinished. It was not till November 18, 1626, that the Basilica of St. Peter's, the Mother Church of Christendom, was solemnly consecrated by Pope Urban VIII.

As to the architectural style of St. Peter's, it may be said that the great Basilica was built at a time when architecture was in a state of transition, when the classical ideal and the Gothic influence were warring against each other. Notwithstanding, however, that St. Peter's as a piece of architecture has defects, it is justly regarded as the most imposing and impressive church structure in the world. The cost of the building is said to have been forty-seven million scudi, or in American money, nearly fifty million dollars.

The piazza, with the great obelisk in its centre, and Berninis Colonnades on each side, form a striking approach to the Basilica. The ground which forms the piazza—so large that 200,000 men could be drawn up in line within its space—is sacred because of the blood of martyrs which consecrates it.

Over the middle entrance to St. Peter's is the balcony, where prior to 1870 the Holy Father was accustomed every Easter and Sunday and St. Peter's Day to give his solemn Benediction, and where the newly-elected Pope still continues to give his *Benedictio Urbi et Orbi*.

To appreciate fully St. Peter's, it is necessary that one should visit it several times. Its magnificence, with repeated visits, grows upon you. What sacred and historical associations are here conjured up! Within its walls the centuries pass before you as in a scroll. Here, in the centre of the floor, near the entrance, is a large round slab of red porphyry, where Charlemagne knelt on Christmas Day, A.D. 800, to be crowned by Pope Leo III.

Writing of St. Peter's, Rev. P. J. Chandlery, S.J., in his admirable work, "Pilgrim Walks in Rome," says: "Architecture, sculpture, painting, represented by some of the mightiest geniuses the world has ever seen, have done their utmost to make St. Peter's a worthy house of God, a temple of unrivalled splendor. On advancing up the nave under an arcade of stupendous arches, one is impressed by the beauty of variegated marbles underfoot, the splendor of the golden vault high overhead, the lofty Corinthian pilasters on either side, the richly-gilded entablature, the colossal statues of saints, founders of religious orders, the glowing mosaics above the altars. Everything is rich, colossal, impressive, overpowering; the eye is bewildered at this vision of splendor seen through the sunlit atmosphere, and gazes in wonder at the glorious lines of arch and roof that follow on and on to the distant choir. At certain hours of the day the brilliancy is wonderful; all the marbles and sculptures seem as fresh and new as though they had only just left the workmen's hands, and the atmosphere beneath the dome and in the choir seems laden with a mist of gold."

The dimensions of the Basilica of St. Peter's are at first not realized on seeing it. Everything is keyed upon so large a scale that the vastness of this beauteous temple is lost in its proportion and symmetry. It is sufficient to say that the nave is 613 feet long, 81 feet wide, 133 feet high, while the transept is 499 feet long. The dome towers to a height of 448 feet above the pavement, with a diameter in the interior of very nearly 140 feet. In looking up at the mosaic pictures of the four Evangelists, you think for a moment that the pen in St. Luke's hand is an ordinary pen; yet it is eight feet in length. The Basilica covers 240,000 square feet of ground, or about six acres, and will hold, it is said, eighty thousand people. It is the largest church in Christendom, the second largest being, we believe, the Cathedral of Seville, in Spain, which is the largest Gothic structure in the world. The writer remembers seeing, in September, 1900, forty thousand pilgrims kneeling in St. Peter's to receive the Benediction from the High Altar

above St. Peter's tomb, of Pope Leo XIII. of blessed memory.

The interior wealth of sculpture and paintings in the side chapels and altars of St. Peter's is so great that the limitation of this paper prevents any enumeration. The greatest of artists have consecrated their genius to this enrichment—Michael Angelo, Raphael, Domenichino, Guercino, Pollainolo, Carlo Maratta—all have contributed the splendour of their genius to the beauty and adornment of this great Basilica.

Here, too, have come, through the centuries, saints and pilgrims from every land to pray at the Apostle's Tomb. Here knelt in prayer, with eyes bedewed with tears, St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland, St. Dominic, St. Francis, St. Ignatius of Loyola, St. Philip Neri and St. Thomas Aquin. Prince and saint, king and peasant have knelt in its aisles and witnessed to that divine faith once delivered to the saints.

The Basilica of the Holy Cross, or as it is now known, *Basilica di S. Croce in Gerusalemme*, was founded by St. Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, and derives its name from the fact that here was deposited by its founder the large relic of the True Cross, discovered and brought by her from Jerusalem. Pope St. Sylvester consecrated the church on March 22, A.D. 330, and Galla Placidia and Valentinian III. adorned it with rich decorations in the fifth century. It was restored by St. Gregory II. (720), by Pope Benedict VII. (975), and modernized and reduced to its present form by Benedict XIV. (1745).

The Basilica of the Holy Cross is one of the seven patriarchal basilicas in Rome to the visit of which great Indulgences are attached, the other six being St. Peter's, St. Paul's, St. John in Lateran, St. Mary Major, St. Laurence and St. Sebastian.

Besides the large piece of the True Cross which St. Helena placed in this church the title that had been inscribed in Hebrew, Greek and Latin, "*Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews,*"

and fixed on the Cross, and one of the Sacred Nails are also preserved in this Church.

It is said that formerly the approach to the Basilica of Santa Croce was very beautiful, but the mania of modern building has robbed it of much of this. The splendid frescoes in the vault of the apse, representing the finding of the Holy Cross by St. Helena, and its recovery from the Persians by Heraclius, were painted by Pinturicchio in 1470.

There are many memorable events connected with the Basilica of Santa Croce. It was to Santa Croce that the Holy Father formerly came on Laetare, or Mid-Lent Sunday, to bless a golden rose, symbol of the joys of Heaven, purchased for us by the Passion of our Lord. This flower was usually presented to some Catholic prince or princess. Here in Santa Croce Pope Sylvester II. expired at the Altar while offering up the Holy Sacrifice, and to this church came barefoot Pope Innocent III. to implore the blessing of God on the Christian Armies in the Holy Land.

The Basilica of St. Lawrence, outside the walls, has perhaps undergone more changes in form than any other church in Rome. This church takes its name, St. Laurence or *San Lorenzo*, from the martyr St. Laurence, who was Archdeacon of Rome under Pope St. Sixtus II., and suffered in the persecution of Valerian, A.D. 258, being roasted on a gridiron over a slow fire.

Over the saint's tomb Constantine erected a noble basilica in the year 330. In 557 the tomb was opened by Pope Pelagius I. to receive in addition the body of St. Stephen, the protomartyr, translated from Constantinople. Restorations were made by Pope Pelagius II. in 578, who contributed the mosaics found in the inner side of the chancel arch.

In the early part of the seventh century a second and larger church was erected over the catacomb of Cyriaca, adjoining Constantine's church, and in the thirteenth century Pope Honorius III. removed both apses and connected the two edifices.

The frescoes inside the porch represent incidents in the life of St. Laurence.

The interior of the Basilica is impressive. There are some exquisite frescoes, the work of Fracassini and Grandi, executed for Pope Pius IX. about the year 1856. Many gifts were made to this church by the early Popes. St. Sixtus III. adorned the Confession, that is the Crypt Chapel below the high altar; Pope St. Anastasius II. further embellished the shrine with silver ornaments; and Pope John I. gave this church many of the presents sent to him from Constantinople by the Emperor Justin.

There have been many memorable events connected with this Basilica. Pope St. Gregory the Great here delivered several of his homilies, and in 1217 Pierre de Courtenay was crowned in this church, Emperor of Constantinople by Pope Honorius III.

Here, too, in the Basilica of San Lorenzo, the illustrious Pontiff, Pope Pius IX., lies buried, having committed in his will the guardianship of his tomb to the Capuehin Fathers.

The Basilica of St. John Lateran, known as *San Giovanni in Laterano*, derives its name from a rich patrician family, *Laterani*, who occupied the Lateran Palace before it passed into the hands of the Emperor Constantine, who erected a Basilica in one part of it.

St. John Lateran is the Pope's Cathedral, and therefore ranks first in dignity and importance, among all the churches of the Eternal City and the world. This historic church, known as the Lateran Basilica, Basilica Constantine, and St. John Lateran, was consecrated on November 9, A.D. 324, by Pope St. Sylvester. Constantine made magnificent gifts to St. Peter's, St. Paul's, the Lateran and St. Laurence. It will be noticed that the consecration of the Lateran Basilica took place twelve years after Constantine had won his celebrated victory over Maxentius at the Milvian Bridge. In gratitude to God for this victory, the first Christian Emperor presented the Lateran Palace to Pope St. Melchiades to be used as a Papal residence.

The Basilica of St. John Lateran has had many vicissitudes through the centuries. In the fifth century it suffered so much injury from the Vandals that it had to be restored by Pope St. Leo III. In 894 it was nearly destroyed by an earthquake, following which it was completely rebuilt by Pope Sergius III. In 1308, three years after the transference of the Papal Court to Avignon, the Basilica was almost totally destroyed by fire. In 1360 it was again burned down. In 1364 it was rebuilt by Pope Urban V. and its walls were frescoed by Giotto and the Umbrian painter, Tentile da Fabriano.

The interior of the Basilica is very rich. Behind the first pillar of the inner right aisle is the well known fresco by Giotto, which represents Boniface VIII. proclaiming the first Jubilee in 1300. In a corner of the right transept is seen the Turkish standard taken by John Sobieski at the battle of Vienna in 1673. Over the door, to the right of the sanctuary, is the tomb of Innocent III. In a recess above the Altar is presented the Sacred Table of the Last Supper, on which our Divine Lord instituted the Blessed Sacrament.

The following Popes were buried in the Lateran: Leo V., Sergius III., Lucius II., Paschal II., Calixtus II., Honorius II., Celestino II., and Innocent III.

At the Lateran lived St. Gregory the Great, St. Martin I., St. Gregory II., St. Gregory III., St. Gregory VII. (Hildebrand); and to the Lateran came in 1210 St. Francis of Assisi, and in 1215 St. Dominic. It was in the Lateran that St. Dominic first met St. Francis. St. Ignatius of Loyola said Mass at the Lateran, in the Chapel of the Relics, and here St. Aloysius Gonzaga receive Minor Orders in March, 1588.

Five Oecumenical Councils have held their sittings in the Lateran: First 1123, Second 1139, Third 1179, Fourth 1215, and Fifth 1512. St. Lawrence O'Toole, Archbishop of Dublin, was present at the Third Council, and both St. Francis and St. Dominic were present at the Fourth Council.

The Basilica of St. Mary Major, or as it is known, *Santa Maria Maggiore*, is one of the finest religious edifices in the

world. We should be careful not to confound this Church with *Santa Maria Sopra Minerva*. Next to the Basilica of Loretto, St. Mary Major is the greatest and most important sanctuary dedicated to Our Blessed Lady in the world. Its foundation dates back to the beginning of the fifth century.

Above the architrave and on the chancel arch is a series of mosaics representing scenes in the life of Our Blessed Lady, which were executed at the order of Pope Sixtus III. to commemorate the triumph of the faith over Nestorianism.

The interior of the church is very rich with its marble columns and entablature inlaid with mosaics of the Fifth Century. It is said that the first gold brought from America by Christopher Columbus and presented to Ferdinand and Isabelle was given by the Catholic sovereigns of Spain to decorate the roof of this Basilica.

The chapels, which are strikingly beautiful, are full of the splendor of art, the largest being known as the Sistine Chapel is the Borghese Chapel, which is rich and exquisite in its design and decorations. The Basilica of St. Mary Major certainly holds a first place among the churches of Rome.

St. Paul's Outside the Walls, or as it is known, *San Paolo, fuori le mure*, is one of the basilicas built and richly endowed by Constantine. This church, however, did not last long and was replaced by another about the year A.D. 388. This was known as the Theodosian Basilica and lasted till the year 1823, when it was destroyed by fire. Both churches were erected over the tomb of the great Apostle, who, together with St. Peter, suffered martyrdom for the faith.

The beautiful temple erected by the Emperor Theodosius and richly decorated by his sister, Galla Placidia, was reduced to ashes on July 5, 1823. It was a signal loss, for the Theodosian basilica was one of the wonders of the ecclesiastical world.

Under Pope Leo XII., however, the majestic edifice soon arose again. On December 10, 1854, the new superb basilica was consecrated by Pope Pius IX., in the presence of all the

Prelates that had assembled in Rome for the proclamation of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

The high altar, which is erected over the tomb of St. Paul the Apostle, was a Gothic canopy, the work of Arnolfo di Cambio, the architect of Santa Maria del Fiore in Florence. The interior of St. Paul's is very impressive, in some respects surpassing that of St. Peter's. It is true there is a certain bareness within, like that of the Cologne Cathedral, but as a church structure it takes rank with the best basilicas of the Eternal City.



ST. THOMAS AQUINAS

BY REV. J. H. POWER, O.P.

SAIN'T Thomas Aquinas, the prince of doctors and theologians, was born at Rocca Secca in the Kingdom of Naples, in the year twelve hundred and twenty-five. His father was the Count of Aquino and his mother, the Countess of Teano.

When but five years old, according to the custom of the times, he was sent to Monte Cassino to receive instruction from the Benedictine monks. His first biographer states: "Impelled by divine instinct, he longed to hear of God." The great theologian was to throw such light on the mysteries of God as none before or after him has ever done, early began his search after what was to be the aim of his whole life. "What is God?" He asked of his instructor, and though answered again and again that God is what human tongue cannot express nor angelic intelligence comprehend, yet he never desisted from repeating the question. The more puzzled the teachers became, the clearer did the very fact make it appear to the boy that God alone in His incomprehensible beauty and perfection, deserves to be known and loved above all things.

At the age of nineteen Saint Thomas received the habit of Saint Dominic at Naples, where he was studying. The people of the city wondered that such a noble youth should don the garb of the poor friars. His brothers hastened after him and seized him on his way to Paris, where he was being sent to study. He was detained for two years in the castle of Rocca Secca; but neither the caresses of his mother and sisters nor the threats and stratagems of his brothers, could shake his vocation. While he was in confinement at Rocca Secca, his brothers endeavored to entrap him, but the attempt only ended in the triumph of his purity. Snatching from the

hearth a burning brand, the Saint drove from his chamber the wretched creature whom they had there concealed. Then marking a cross upon the wall, he knelt down to pray, and being rapt in ecstasy, an angel girded him with a cord, in token of the gift of perpetual chastity which God had given him. The pain caused by the girdle was so sharp that Saint Thomas uttered a piercing cry, which brought the guards into the room. But he never told this grace to anyone save only Father Reginald, his confessor, a little while before his death. Hence originated the confraternity of the "Angelic Warfare" for the preservation of chastity.

Having at length escaped, Saint Thomas went to Cologne to study under Blessed Albert the Great, and then to Paris, where for many years he taught philosophy and theology. His brilliant talent for exposition drew around his chair crowds of students. His language was always clear and simple and rigidly precise, his method systematic and free from glosses and digressions; his explanations are short and to the point, minor considerations receive only the attention they deserve, so that his thought may travel straight and steadfastly toward its end, and to this end he made everything converge.

It is related of Saint Thomas that he was invited to the table of Saint Louis, King of France, but he excused himself as he was at that time engaged in writing his great "Summa." The King, however, would take no excuse. He obtained from the prior of the monastery at Paris a command for the holy master to dine at the royal table. Saint Thomas went immediately on the word of his superior, but full of thoughts that had occupied him in his cell. As he was sitting at the King's side, suddenly a truth flashed upon his mind, and he struck the table with his hand, exclaiming: "Now is the heresy of the Manicheans at an end!" The prior who sat next to him, greatly embarrassed, said: "Master Thomas, remember you are at the table of the King of France! Then he seized the Saint's mantle, and shook him until he came to himself. Saint Thomas, understanding what had happened, bowed toward the holy King and begged pardon for having been so absent-

mind in his presence. Saint Louis was filled with admiration, and thought only of recording the lights that the holy Doctor had drawn from divine inspiration. He sent for his secretary to take down at the Saint's dictation what the spirit of God had imparted to him.

The Church has ever venerated the writings of Saint Thomas as a treasure-house of sacred doctrine; while in naming him the Angelic Doctor she has indicated that his science is more divine than human. The rarest gifts of intellect were combined in him with the tenderest piety. "Prayer" had taught him more than study." His singular devotion to the Blessed Sacrament shines forth in the office, and hymns of Corpus Christi which he composed. To the words miraculously uttered by a crucifix at Naples, "Well hast thou written concerning me, Thomas. What shall I give you as a reward?" He replied, "Naught save Thyself, O Lord!"

In January, 1274, Saint Thomas set out for Lyons, whither Our Holy Father Pope Gregory X. had called him to take part in the deliberations of the General Council. He fell sick on the way and was taken to the monastery of Fossa Nuova. The Cistercians, wishing to have the last words of his teaching as a memento, begged him to dictate an exposition of the Canticle of Canticles, "Give me the spirit of Saint Bernard, and I will do so," he replied. Touched by their pleadings, he assented. At the eleventh verse of the seventh chapter, "Come my beloved, let us go forth into the fields," he fell into a swoon. When he revived he made a confession of his whole life to Father Reginald and received Extreme Unction. The Abbot brought him Holy Viaticum, and, as he lay supported in Father Reginald's arms he made his last profession of faith." If in this world there be any knowledge of the mystery keener than that of faith, I wish now to use it to affirm that I believe in the real Presence of Jesus Christ in the sacrament of Holy Eucharist, truly God and truly man, Son of God and Son of the Virgin Mary. This I believe and hold as certain and true. After receiving the Sacred Host he said in a clear voice, "I receive Thee, the price of my redemption,

for whom I have studied, watched, preached and taught. I have never willfully said anything against Thee, nor am I obstinate in my own opinions. If I have spoken wrongly of this sacrament, I leave it all to the correction of the Holy Roman Catholic Church in whose communion I pass from this life.

Father Reginald was in tears and could not believe that his holy friend would die so young. But Saint Thomas consoled him: "My son, do not trouble yourself about me. I might have made further progress in learning and have made my learning more profitable to others, but God has shown me that if without any merit of mine, He has given me more grace and light than other doctors who have lived a long time, it is because He wished to shorten my exile and take me, the sooner, to Himself, out of pure mercy. If you love me truly, be content and comforted, for my own peace is perfect. After his last farewell to his friend who had always clung to him so faithfully, the Angelic Doctor began to recite his great hymn, "Adoro Te Devote." When he finished he fell asleep, to awake in the white radiance of the Divine Presence, March 7, 1274.

In the Church, the esteem in which Saint Thomas was held during his life has not diminished, but rather increased in the course of the six centuries, that have elapsed since his death. The position which he occupied in the Church is well explained by the great scholar, Pope Leo XIII., in an encyclical "Aeterni Patris," he points out the benefits to be derived from a practical reform of philosophy by restoring the renowned teaching of Saint Thomas Aquinas. Pope Leo XIII. exhorted his clergy to restore the golden wisdom of Saint Thomas and to spread it far and wide for the defense of the Catholic Faith, for the good of society, and for the advantage of all the sciences.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS IN LITERATURE

BY REV. J. H. POWER, O.P.

THE recent action of the Church in conferring liturgical honours on St. Thomas Aquinas as the Patron of Christian Schools, has definitely consecrated him supreme leader of Catholic thought. It would, however, be a mistake to suppose that St. Thomas as an intellectual force in the world is exclusively church-property. In this respect admiration for his genius is world-wide. His fame, unlike that of most other Scholastic Doctors, is not confined to the schools. His works are widely read by layman and cleric. Lovers of the truth, and men who hate the Christian name, are alike fascinated by his calm, scholarly pages. Supporters of the most opposite doctrinal interests search his works for a confirmation of their views. The Rationalist sees in him a strong protagonist of the supposed rights of reason. The conservative Churchman opposes his teaching as a solid and impassable barrier to error, ancient and modern. While the Sovereign Pontiffs have for centuries issued decree after decree in praise of his traditional method, the most advanced school of religious thought in modern times has claimed him as the chief patron of its doctrines. He appears at once the most thorough of Traditionalists and in a true sense the most modern of the moderns. His teaching has even on occasion been freely quoted in a daily press far from Christian in its outlook. This wide appeal to men of such divided tastes and tenets would of itself argue some striking humanistic qualities emanating from the writings of the Angelic Doctor. It certainly cannot be explained in every case by interest in the religious subject-matter of his teaching. The attraction, even where it is deep and lasting, is so swift that it can only be traced to that literary charm which devoted admirers of the Saintly Doctor profess to find at least in his more important works.

This undeniable power of St. Thomas to attract the cultured mind is not hard to analyse. The limped clearness of his thought, the reasoned order of his propositions, the unencum-

bered diction, fascinate even where in the case of the prejudiced they fail to convince. In that classic of theological classics—the ‘Summa’—where the matured powers of the Saint are seen at their best, these qualities of really first-class literature are stamped on every page. The whole plan is on the noblest lines: the parts cohere with wonderful harmony; the diction, always accurate to a nicety, often attains to a sublimity which the greatest of his post-paragraphers has failed to surpass. The Saint disdains mere niceties of language. There is something colossal in his finest touches. His mighty purpose overrides all that useless play on words which characterize the decadent phrases of Scholasticism. He does not weary the reader by a conscious display of erudition. He is in a sense abrupt; but his abruptness is inseparable from a pregnancy of thought that will not be denied utterance. Thus, at times, his terse style gives the impression of ruggedness to minds accustomed to the stately flow of the classical language. The necessity for crystallizing thought and excluding unnecessary elements of the imagination is his sufficient excuse for that absence of an empty smoothness of phrase which is often considered adequate compensation for shallowness and obscurity of idea.

The great *Literateur* is one who knows the worth of words. In this sense St. Thomas has proved himself a “lord of language.” He is a master of word and phrase. Every page of his writings, every sentence shows a luminous grasp of the full and exact meaning of the terms he uses, and a subtle insight into the various shades of thought which they have been employed in human speech to express. He marshals his terms with a clear view of the conclusion to which they lead. There is no groping after exactitude of expression, no hesitancy in fitting the word to the concept. The easy progress of his thought appears like all the essays of genius—effortless. And because he had ever waited to weigh the value of words, he is never, in consequence, at a loss for a distinction to expose sophistry. The clear line of demarcation separating truth from error never escapes his notice.

S. Thomas was in no sense a word-coiner except where sheer necessity compelled. His vocabulary consisted of words which had passed into general scholastic use. It merely remained for him to precise their application in the higher sciences. Harmony of diction had no attraction for him where the sense was veiled or ambiguous. He realized that the use of words except as the vehicle of thought, denotes not merely lack of culture, but the certain sign of ignorance. This unique power of subordinating language to ideas is his chief literary glory. Even as editor of the 'thoughts of man,' this mastery of meaning never falters in its choice of texts. Mainly for this reason eminent writers have considered the "Catena Aurea" the most luminous chain of thought ever forged by the mind of man.

In the sphere of pure reason the average reader is naturally led to look for an unrestricted display of his rare literary gift. Here, as in the higher science of Theology, where the light of faith helped the Angelic Doctor to his conclusions, we find the same easy precision in capturing the loftiest and most abstract ideas. Concepts, transcending the normal capacity of the average thinker, are fettered in a phrase. Arguments are brought forward in such a clear direct fashion that they invariably enlighten while they convince. The source of the difficulty is laid bare in all its aspects. Objections are met straightforwardly and on their merits. Awkward questions are never shelved. One of the foremost English philosophers has submitted that "His (St. Thomas') analytic and synthetic powers baffle me." The note of superficiality is markedly absent. Depth of judgment goes hand in hand with simplicity of statement. St. Thomas' masterpieces never make heavy reading. He is the ideal teacher, "condescending," to use his own phrase, "To the intelligence of his disciple." Whether or not we agree with his conclusions, the issue is never in doubt. His terms are well defined, his arguments clear and powerful, his conclusion logical to the last degree.

And here we may note two other gracious traits which have won many admirers for St. Thomas. He never forces his own

authority on the reader, though he invariably calls attention to the authority of others. His respect for the Ancient Ecclesiastical writers is most noticeable. Where their opinions need correction, St. Thomas puts forward his own view with delicacy and humility. Where defence is possible, he goes out of his way to find a sound meaning that may be adapted to a seemingly erroneous text. And most touching trait of all is the princely courtesy with which he treats his adversaries. If I recollect rightly, only once in his writings does he refer to the opinion of another with a feeling akin to contempt. A certain David of Dinant had identified God with primary matter. St. Thomas quoted the opinion as "most absurdly taught."

Of the practical sciences, the literature of Ethics has benefited most by his genius. Some of the articles in the Second Part of the Summa are veritable poems of common sense. His articles on the minor virtues that play such an important part in creating social amenities, make delightful reading. In this connection I would refer the reader to the Questions on Ingratitude, Friendliness or Urbanity in the English Translation of the Second Part of the Summa. His eulogium of the nobility of the solitary life verges on the sublime. But here again there is a complete absence of empty rhetoric. There is no attempt at digression even when the point in debate is securely established. The chief difference between Aquinas Ethics and the modern ethicist is that he not only states his position, but he establishes it by convincing proofs. Our modern world has grown not a little weary of its self-appointed guides in matters of morality. Confused and contradictory statements, supported, if at all, by transparently shallow arguments, are to a great extent responsible for the indifference in matters of public morality shown by the great bulk of the people. The body politic is presently suffering from a spiritual anaemia that leaves it incapable as a whole not only of energetic action, but even of resolute protest. The moral works of St. Thomas are a potent tonic calculated to remedy such a deplorable state of affairs. What the public wants in the case is

to be sure of the line of action to be taken. There is no moral situation in which they may not safely apply to the Angelic Doctor for guidance. He voices the principles of Christian Morality and elaborates the teaching of the Church with an eloquence and logical consistency that ought to make an irresistible appeal to the rulers and people of every Christian State.

In the literature of Theology, St. Thomas' position is unique. He is the only Catholic Theologian whose teaching as a whole has received the positive approval of the Church. One of his ablest apologists has given us the reason in a brief but illuminating phrase, "because St. Thomas has trodden the beaten path of the Fathers." Hence his oldest and most glorious title of "Doctor Communis." His treatises bear ample witness to untiring labour in the wide field of the Sacred Scriptures and the writings of the Fathers. He has united the scattered testimonials of Tradition in a splendid doctrinal synthesis. On the other hand, in special tracts he has given an exhaustive analysis of particularly difficult points. His subject-matter, his terminology, and his method alike are classical. All things are viewed in the light of sacred and eternal Truth. His diction is woven by terms consecrated by a thousand years of Christian usage. His method unites the positive and speculative elements of theology in exquisite proportions. He is never tempted to travel the path of barren speculation. Scholasticism in its decline traded in empty formalities. It made frequent incursions into the realm of mere possibilities. It seemed to have taken pattern not by the busy and practical ant, but by the "spider web-spinning in the air." It appeared to consider positive research as the basis of speculation as so much labour lost. It was ambitious to achieve by its own creative powers something new in a sphere where everything is changeless and eternal. It lost itself in a maze of subtleties created by fancy rather than by reason. After all its efforts there is no marked solid progress. St. Thomas never makes the mistake of losing sight of ancient truth. He builds on the solid foundation of unchangeable principle. He brings forth out of

the doctrinal store-house of the Church, the treasures of truth accumulated by the labours of the Doctors who had gone before him. He is not ambitious to create, but to construct. In consequence the doctrinal monuments erected by his genius mark a period of definitely constructive thought. They synthesize the discoveries of the past, and put before us a solid model according to which we may labour, with profit in the sacred cause of truth.

Calm consideration has ever been the crowning feature of literary genius. St. Thomas wrote much. The large output of his labour amazes the modern writer. Yet no portion of his work gives the impression of haste. Every sentence appears to have been weighed thoroughly. Perhaps the general bustle of our modern life is responsible for the absence of this trait in many more recent productions even in the sphere of theology and philosophy. New branches of science have sprung up, complicating the outlook of the specialist. There is a feverish desire to impart every item of recently acquired knowledge. Men are inclined to write for the hour, and not for the ages. Works, destined to endure, are not written in this hurricane fashion. To accomplish thoughtful service to mankind, the busy activity of the analytic mind must at times yield place to the slower motion of synthetic genius. Careful synthesis will create its own atmosphere of calm. And the work it accomplishes is sure of a measure of literary immortality.

Modern philosophers who want to find much of real value may go with confidence to the writings of Aquinas. They will gain not only knowledge of the unchangeable truth, but a true idea of the man himself. For here the words are the man. Having followed the great Doctor page by page, they will close the book with a feeling of wonder if the future can produce a thinker capable of adding the sum of modern knowledge to the wisdom of the past in a synthesis of human thought worthy to rank with the twin *Summas* of the Angel of the Schools.

At the End of September

I saw the abundant beauty of the world
One full day hurled
In bank on bank of crimson and of gold;
It was as if Life's rosary had been told,
And no more prayers
And no more cares
Need follow us beyond those gates empearled
That opened in the sky when twilight came
With wonderful red flame.

All beauty fainted in the purple dusk,
And lay quite still
Upon each towering hill,
Lay in the arms of evening like a child
After the Summer, wild
With hum and joy and madness and delight.
There was no word to say;
It seems to me the day
With tasseled corn already in the husk,
And with its horn of plenty, the young moon,
Wished only now to swoon
Into the darkness, ere there came one sound
To break the spell that wrapped her sweetly round.

This was the hour of utter beauty; this
The royal moment when the Year fulfilled
Her marvellous slow march. Such bliss
Must have been known by those
Who went where no one knows,
Seeking a matchless prize
Where only danger rose—
Pale pilgrims with a strength that could not fail,
In their long journey for the Holy Grail.

Charles Hanson Towne.

MACBETH

BY BROTHER GABRIEL, F.S.C., B.A., M.Sc., DE LA SALLE COLLEGIATE,
TORONTO.

“I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erlaps itself
And falls on the other.”

The sage will have it that a man's greatest enemy is himself. Indeed, we are all of us infected by some mysterious, germ-like propensity which requires but the proper environment to initiate a struggle. In the drama, “Macbeth,” Shakespeare, by choosing an extreme type, has depicted one of these human tragedies—a stupendous conflict in which the powers of good and evil battle for the mastery of a great soul, a soul, alas! in whose depths the germs of an inordinate ambition have long lain dormant.

The background of this picture is dark; we may even say black. Nearly all the traditions of that day regarding witchcraft are to be found here and there throughout the drama. Some fourteen scenes, including the entire plot, are laid in the darkness of the night or amid the deep rumblings of the tempest. Indeed, it was these very aspects which particularly appealed to Shakespeare as he delved into Holinshed's “Chronicles” for the burden of his story.

In the midst of this gloom two figures stand out, a man and a woman. For the present, we shall focus our attention on the man, “the brave Macbeth.” As he is first brought to our notice by the sergeant, we imagine him to be a man of giant stature, a fearless soldier and a noble subject of the king.

“Brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—
Disdaining fortune, with his brandished steel,
Which smoked with bloody execution,

Like valour's minion carved out his passage
 Till he faced the slave;
 Which ne'er shook hands nor bade farewell to him,
 Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
 And fixed his head upon our battlements.'"

He is, indeed, deserving of such praise, even more. In fact, Shakespeare has availed himself of every opportunity to introduce his hero in the most striking light, and that wisely, since it is Macbeth's unsuccessful combat with the forces of evil—from within as well as from without—which forms the point of interest in the plot.

At the outset, there are two qualities which elicit our admiration for Macbeth—he is honourable and he is brave. Although the presence of Duncan “under his battlements” affords an excellent opportunity for gaining, without delay, what he has “esteemed the ornament of life,” yet his better nature revolts against such a “horrid deed.” His bravery, however, when closely examined, yields but one part true. If it is physical danger which confronts him he is brave, but in the face of a moral problem he is a coward. It will be interesting to note as we proceed that while his honour—by this I particularly mean conscience—dies a lingering death; his bravery, that is to say his physical courage, never deserts him.

People in whom the faculty of imagination is highly developed are often known to have a keen aesthetic sense. This is particularly true with Macbeth. What is it save his vivid imagination which conjured up the dagger with its blood-stained dudgeon, that makes his dripping fingers appear as monsters ready to pluck out his eyes and that finally haunts him in the form of the “blood-bolter'd Banquo?” How often, too, in the most critical moments, does he not seem to transcend himself and break forth in highly poetic language, as for example, in his apostrophe on life, evoked by the untimely death of his queen:

“To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day

To the last syllable of recorded time,
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
 Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
 And then is heard no more; it is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing."

To illustrate further let us quote two more extracts: his description of the murdered Duncan and his sigh of despair as the triumphant army batters at his castle gates.

"Here lay Duncan,
 His silver skin laced with his golden blood
 And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
 For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
 Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
 Unmannerly breech'd with gore; who could refrain,
 That had a heart to love, and in that heart
 Courage to make's love known?"

"This push
 Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
 I have lived long enough; my way of life
 Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
 And that which should accompany old age,
 As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
 I must not look to have; but in their stead,
 Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
 Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not."

But little scrutiny is required to discover that, combined with these excellent qualities, there are two evil germs, ambition and superstition. Long before the point at which the play opens these forces have been at work undermining the nobler virtues of his soul. The glowing victory and the rapid confirmation of the witches' promises, in no small way, tend to increase the growth of these agencies so that we are not alto-

gether surprised that before long the unfortunate Macbeth becomes their prey.

Each of these abstract tendencies, however, has its concrete complement. His ambition is fostered by the solicitings of his "fiend-like queen," while his superstition finds ample food in the various prophecies of the witches. For convenience, we shall consider each influence separately with possibly a longer discussion on the witches, not because they are more important, but on account of the various opinions concerning them.

It is not the beginning of Macbeth's relations with the spirit world when, on the "blasted heath," the three weird sisters hail him, "Glamis, Cawdor and king that shalt be." He is not affrighted at their appearance as Banquo is. He starts, it is true, but only because their prophetic tidings seem to re-echo the very secrets of his ambitious soul. When they are gone it is with an air of familiarity that he speaks of their strange behaviour. As a further proof of this contention let us recall the first line of his letter to Lady Macbeth—

"They met me in the day of success."

From this it appears that she already knows of the witches; else why does he not describe them. The most logical answer seems to be that all this has been done before. Probably on the eve of the battle they had appeared to him to promise him success and greatness in a general way. Maybe it was their assurance which made him "disdain fortune" and attack the enemy with such a brilliant display of courage. That he had previously written to Lady Macbeth in this strain is evident from her own words in greeting her victorious husband:

"Thy letters (plural) have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future is an instant."

Hence there must have been other letters, and in these he has spoken of the witches, their promises of greatness and his own intent to gain the crown. Does she not reproach him later:

"What beast was't, then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?"

However all this may be, it has ever appeared to me that the influence of the witches on the subsequent career of Macbeth has been over-estimated by some commentators. Certain it is, they are an external agency, but nothing more. They solicit him, advise him, but never pursue or compel him. Without that germ of ambition, which, let us say, they did much to foster, their work would have been in vain. It is, after all, his implicit credence which brings about his downfall. He never suspects the truth of their prophecies; he is concerned only with how they are to be fulfilled—"Stay you imperfect speakers, tell no more." In his difficulties he has recourse to them:

"I will to-morrow,
And betimes I will, to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know
By the worst means, the worst."

He acts upon their advice:

"But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate."

So confident is he in their prophecies that he scorns preparation:

"Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? *The spirits that know
All mortal consequences* have pronounced me thus:
'Fear not Macbeth; no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee.'"

He even carries his trust to absurdity. Although the first prophecy has been made void by the equivocal movement of Birnam wood toward Dunsinane, his deep-rooted superstition prevents him from doubting the other promise.

"But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born."

.

"Thou lovest labour:
 As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
 With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed:
 I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
 To one of woman born."

Only when it is too late does he realize that he has been duped; and that on account of his absurd credulity:

"And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
 That palter with us in a double sense;
 That keep the word of promise to our ear,
 And break it to our hope."

More potent than that of the witches is the impelling influence of his wife. While the former merely prophesy or advise, Lady Macbeth exhausts every artifice to gain for her husband all that is promised him. It is she who coerces Macbeth into committing his first crime, that crime which turned the tide in his life and opened the way for his other atrocities. True, she does not figure in the murder of Banquo and the slaughter of Macduff's family, but this only tends to bring out a trait in Macbeth's character:

"I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
 And falls on the other."

What he lacked was the impetus, and this she largely supplied. His subsequent life undoubtedly bears out the truth of his own assertion.

Yet, we must not attribute Macbeth's downfall to either of these exterior causes. That would be cowardly. Macbeth was a man, a man endowed with extraordinary gifts but, unfortunately for the lack of will power, he allowed his ambition to blind him. Like one who,

"Fiery hot to burst
 All barriers in his onward race
 For power,"

. leaps into the future chance,
Submitting all things to desire,"

he rushes madly on in a vain effort to "make assurance double sure." At first, conscience, which is to man what the wheel is to the gyroscope, and without which he cannot long preserve his balance, is stifled and then trampled under his feet. Of course, the result is tragic, but, before dwelling on the ruins let us review the process by which that stabilizing factor was lost.

From Macbeth's first appearance in the drama we can perceive that honour and ambition are striving for the possession of his soul. Shall he continue to be a loyal subject or shall he take advantage of his power and seize the crown? No sooner has the prophecy of the witches been confirmed than his whole being glows with ambition.

"Gramis, and thane of eawdor!
The greatest is behind."

.
"Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme."

Then follows a process of reasoning in which both sides are coolly considered and followed by the resolution—

"If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir."

Honour wins the day!

The elevation of Malcolm to the Prince of Cumberland marks the beginning of another encounter. As he leaves the Royal Palace murder seems to be his intent.

"Stars, hide your fires;
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see."

On entering his own castle there is evidently a change; and even if he then did pledge himself to his wife to do the deed,

as it is sometimes contended, yet, partly through fear and partly through honour, he shrinks from the act lest his "vaulting ambition" carry him too far. His conclusion seems decisive:

"We will proceed no further in this business."

Just then, however, the expelled demon returns in the person of his fiend-like queen, and "finds the house swept and garnished." Taking with her three other demons—pride, flattery and ambition—more powerful than herself, she begins a fresh assault before which Macbeth's scruples are swept aside and for once he is

"Settled and bent up

Each corporal agent to this terrible feat."

Yet, it is with a kind of half-hearted resolution that he goes about his work, "I go and it is done," as though it were a task that he must perform.

Although his conscience haunts him for some time after the murder of Duncan, Macbeth is nevertheless a changed man. The summit is passed and the decline is rapid—he has "o'er leaped and fallen on the other side." He plunges on from crime to crime until he is

"In blood steeped in so far

Returning were as tedious as go o'er."

The murder of Banquo, his bosom friend, is accomplished with little or no hesitation. True, he is terrified by the ghost of Banquo, but he expresses no sorrow for the deed. By the end of the banquet scene the transformation is complete. I can imagine him as he stands there, his giant form at full height, his look hideous, and his whole being actuated by the grim determination that "for his own good all causes shall give way." Across his arm lies the prostrate body of his queen—her work is done. It is a terrible picture, for evil has wrought its masterpiece.

There is a strange force which not unfrequently enters into the existence of mortals here below. The ancients called

it Nemesis—a goddess of retributive justice. It is not long before Macbeth experiences this same power. He finds no peace in the guilty possession of his crown—

“To be thus is nothing
But to be safely thus”;

the ghost of Banquo forces him to reveal his guilt to the assembled lords; his wife, the supporting influence of his life, is taken from him in the moment of greatest need; the thanes fly from him; and finally he is overcome in single combat by the “good Macduff,” the man who stands out in dramatic contrast as the exponent of all that is grand and noble.

Though fallen, there is yet one redeeming quality which Macbeth does not forfeit—he is still “Bellona’s bridegroom.” This point Shakespeare is careful to emphasize. “They have tied him to the stake; but bear-like he will fight the course.” Confronted by a man who in himself makes void his trusted prophecy, Macbeth loses none of his old-time courage. It is true, “his better part of man is cow’d” by Macduff’s strange intelligence concerning his birth—Macbeth’s defeat is largely due to this fact—but there is no taint of cowardice in the challenge:

“Lay on Macduff,
And damn’d be him that first cries ‘hold, enough!’”

They close in frenzied combat, blow upon blow until at length Macbeth is deprived of his sword. Nothing daunted, he continues to fight wildly with his hands, but soon receives the mortal thrust. Then, raising himself to all his height to make a last grand effort, he reels, plunges forward, and falls dead at the feet of his conqueror.

Thus Macbeth, like another Alexander, pays ambition’s debt; and time has added but one more example to that long list of misguided creatures; men who, forgetful of their maker, have trusted in their own power; men who have been great enough to conquer the whole world and yet not great enough to curb their own insatiable passion for conquest.

The Quest

BY J. CORSON MILLER.

I have not seen His Face; across my way
The pines are wooed to sleep by sunset-fire;
And I shall tarry here till break of day,
Mending my broken galleons of desire.

The road was rough, and stabbed my bleeding feet,
The sun spilt molten metal through my brain,
But I shall find to-morrow's dawning sweet,
And hear the larks sing silver songs again.

My eyes are sad for that I lost the road.
When Life's mad thunders smote me by the sea;
'Tis well; here shall I build my soul's abode,
And let the cloak of moonlight cover me.

I know when those great stars fade in the West,
And sunrise banners flame along the shore;
I shall arise and make the shining quest,
To meet and walk with Him on earth once more.



Miss Mary Hoskin

President of the Women's Auxiliary of the Catholic Church Extension Society of Canada, to whom His Holiness, Pope Pius XI. has graciously awarded the Cross Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice in special recognition of the valuable assistance rendered by her to the work of the Church Extension. Apart from the extraordinary helpful service given the Extension Society, Miss Hoskin since her conversion to the Church has given helpful and generous aid to every great work of charity launched by the Church in Toronto.

A monument to her zeal is the Monastery of the Sister Adorers of the Precious Blood on St. Joseph Street, the building of which she supervised, and financed by personal contribution, and funds raised by bazaars held annually by her for fourteen years.

To Miss Hoskin we, too, are indebted for many interesting literary contributions to this magazine. Very cordially then we unite with her numerous friends in tendering sincere felicitations on the singular mark of appreciation that has come to her from the Supreme Pontiff of Christendom—Pope Pius XI.

—*St. Joseph Lilies*

A BOOK TO PRESENT TO PRIESTS

BY REV. M. J. RYAN, D.D., PH.D.

THERE must be many among our readers who are often puzzled to find a suitable book to present to a priest at Christmas or on his birthday or on the anniversary of his ordination, or on any special occasion. If they go into an ordinary bookstore to buy an entertaining book for Christmas, let us say, they are practically at the mercy of a clerk who is quite at the mercy of the reviewers and critics in the newspapers. He offers a lady a book which, he says, everybody is reading, which is praised by all the reviews, which is in fact their best seller. He does not know what he is selling any more than she knows what she is buying. It has happened to the present writer to receive a pantheistic, almost atheistic novel at Christmas from one of the best women and truest Catholics in the world. At the present day, anti-Christian books are much more common than anti-Catholic. And many non-Catholic booksellers who would not sell an attack on the Catholic religion by a Protestant, will unknowingly sell an attack on the Christian religion by a modern pagan. As regards light literature and books of amusement and new poetry, even our Catholic book-sellers are to some extent liable to be made instruments of the anti-Christian movement, for they cannot examine carefully every book that they sell, and sometimes the poison is very skilfully disguised. Modernism—that of non-Catholics—is given in every kind of sugar-coating.

If any one wants a book that is both instructive and interesting for a present to a priest or an educated layman, I would recommend

“The Sacrifice of the Mass,” by the Right Rev. Alexander Mac-Donald.

This book has not only the imprimatur of the Archdiocese of Westminster in which it was published, and an introductory letter by the Most Rev. Monsignor Lepicier, who is now Apostolic Visitor to India. It also was examined, at the Bishop's own request, along with his other writings, by two Consultors of the Sacred Consistorial Congregation, who report that "these works defend and explain many truths of the faith to cultured people in a clear, elegant, and wholly accurate manner. The author shows profound affection for the Church and the Holy See, much learning, and a tendency altogether conservative These books must undoubtedly have done much good in America."

As a composition the book has received high praise from the London Times and other non-Catholic critics. Thus the Times says: "He writes as lucidly as the style of discussion permits, and defends his position with force and subtlety. He develops his thesis with copious references to the Scripture, the Fathers, and the maxims of Scholastic philosophy and theology."

The Jesuit Catholic Periodicals, *The Month* and *the America*, have reviewed it at length and in the most favourable manner. *The Month* has given more than three pages to the notice of it.

The introductory letter by Monsignor Lepicier points out that it is a truth of divine faith that the Mass is a true Sacrifice and that it is the same with the sacrifice of the Cross inasmuch as the Victim and the Principal Offerer or High Priest are the same, the manner of the offering and immolation being different. There are other points which are matters not of divine faith, but of theological opinion on which it is lawful for theologians to differ with due reverence for the subject and respect for each other. And of course it must not be supposed that an approval of Bishop MacDonald's opinion of such points amounts to condemnation or disfavor for others that differ. It is remarkable, however, that he and Father De La Taille, S.J., in his monumental work, have arrived independently at the same view.

Every philosophical or theological discussion should begin

with a definition of terms and an exposition of ideas; for only so can misunderstandings be avoided, and only so can two men be sure that they are talking about the same thing. Newman says that where disputants understand each other's meaning, argument is either superfluous or useless. The Bishop therefore begins with an explanation of the concept of sacrifice and sets forth its true nature as shown in the Sacrifices of the Old Law, which foreshadowed, under different aspects, the one Sacrifice of the New Covenant. Here he draws attention to the two constituents in the idea—offering and immolation or destruction. And here he explains that the immolation is, indeed, essential to a sacrifice, but is not its formal constituent, or as it were, soul; this is the oblation.

The Development of Doctrine and Opinion.

In his second chapter, the author shows historically (p. 14 and p. 27) that there are two periods in the history of theological theory concerning the idea of sacrifice and the manner in which the Sacrifice of the Mass is identical with that of the Cross. The dividing line is the so-called Reformation, really corruption, in the 16th Century. Before that we have simple, unquestioning faith in the Sacrificial character of the Eucharist and its identity with the Cross. But when the truth was assailed, then arose a period of controversy in which theologians sought in various ways to defend and illustrate the definition by which the Church in council rejected Lutheran and Calvinistic and Zwinglian corruptions of the faith. And here I must pause for a moment to dwell upon the Bishop's vast knowledge of the history of doctrine and theological theory. The Christian religion is for us a Tradition, not a fresh revelation; our knowledge of the Depositum, as the Vatican Council teaches, is a development. The history of that development is essential to the accomplished theologian, and without it the mere metaphysical reasoner is living in a vacuum and is always liable to diverge from the truth into some rationalism which may look plausible

enough in argument, to the human understanding. Cardinal Cullen's nephew, when he was Rector of the Irish College in Rome, used to tell us that the Cardinal, when he returned from the Vatican Council, informed the students in his Seminary that if he had his life to go over again, he would devote it to the study of the history of the Church, for he had found by experience in the Council that a knowledge of the history of doctrine and discipline and constitution was even more essential than the abstract reasoning of theologians, essential as this also was. Now this is the more remarkable because Cullen was one of the greatest theologians in the Council, and his proposal of a definition came nearer than any other to the one which the Council, under the guidance of the Spirit of Truth, finally put forth. If the Englishman Manning was the practical leader of the bishops towards the definition of Papal Infallibility, the Irishman was their intellectual guide. The judgment of such a man on the value of ecclesiastical history cannot be too highly estimated. Moreover, we know that Newman's book on the Development of Doctrine was placed along with the Summa Theologica of Aquinas on the table of the Council. In this branch dogmatic theology Bishop MacDonald is as proficient as in the metaphysical and scholastic branch.

Difference Between Controversy and Doctrine.

The Bishop here mentions the difference between controversy and purely doctrinal exposition; and this is a topic which it is worth our while to consider for a moment, for there is no more common source of confusion in thought and adoption of false opinions than when men mistake controversy and apologetics for doctrine or history, and swallow books that were never intended for them. The direct purpose of controversy is not so much to establish truth as to refute falsehood and silence opponents. The arguments of a controversialist are generally ad hominem arguments rather than ad rem. They are addressed to a particular state of mind and to a particular class of people. They convey truth relatively, not absolutely. They

do not assert the whole of any truth but that aspect of it which is denied, and they generally are marked by some exaggeration. When we have to straighten a crooked stick, we bend it in the opposite direction, and there is a natural tendency to excess in asserting that which is attacked. Now this may do good to those erring ones who are to be refuted and converted, and yet may do harm to those who are not in that error. In mental as well as physical matters, one man's meat or medicine may be another man's poison. Newman said of one of his books that was much misunderstood, that it was meant for one class of people and read by their opponents. The Jansenists ignored this elementary distinction when they quoted St. Augustine's controversial writings against the Pelagians as if they were dogmatic. This Saint in the course of controversy had to deal with two opposite errors—the Manichæan and the Pelagian,—and consequently had to assert different truths in different books. Against the Manichæans he asserted the freedom of the human will and the good dispositions in human nature. Against the Pelagians he had to lay special stress on the spiritual corruption due to Original Sin, on the weakening of the will, and on the Sovereignty of God, and man's dependency on His Grace. He shifts his front, but he does not really change his ground. The two sets of works agree in substance, but superficially have inconsistencies in the expression. To find his real opinions we must study both his anti-Manichæan and his anti-Pelagian works. For he does not expound the whole truth in either, but only that part of it which is assailed; and his whole opinion cannot be discovered from either alone. Thus in politics Burke's speeches on American Affairs pressed upon the Imperial Parliament that side of the question which it was important for them to remember. But if Burke had been a Colonist, he would have preached to the Americans conciliation with the Mother Country, as he did privately plead with them. His public speeches do not contain the whole of his opinions on the question nor the strict historical and academic truth. They were not at all intended for Colonists to read. Any Colonist who reads them

with implicit belief is only misleading himself; and any Colonial or "Over-Sea" teacher who prescribes them to his students shows that he has been miseducated himself. It is important for Catholics when studying theological questions to notice always whether the books they read are controversial or dogmatic. The Bishop then shows how a difference of opinion on the sacrificial aspect of the Mass arose in the 16th Century between Catholic theologians according as they followed controversialists like Bellarmine or dogmatic theologians like Cajetan.

He then proceeds to show how the Mass is a Sacrifice and how it is one with the Cross as a continuation of it. He shows (in Chap. VIII.) that the expression, "The Last Supper was the first Mass," is not strictly accurate, as in the Last Supper our great High Priest offered the Sacrifice indeed, but did not complete it, the immolation of the victim being made upon the altar of the Cross on Calvary.

"The Sacrifice begun in the Last Supper was consummated on Calvary, and is perpetuated in the Mass. As the action in the Last Supper is continued in the Mass, therefore the Mass is formally one with the Last Supper. But the action in the Last Supper was primarily linked with the death on Calvary. Its immediate effect was to clothe our Lord—and lay him out—in the guise of a Victim to be slain. The mystic slaying shadowed forth the real. When the real followed, the Bloody Sacrifice was consummated" (ch. VI. p. 97 sq.). "The first Mass was not celebrated till after the resurrection and ascension of our Lord. The Supper was different from the Mass. Our Lord in the Supper was mortal and passible; in the Mass He is immortal and impassible. The Supper was but a sacrifice begun, not a completed one. . . . If the Last Supper were a sacrifice complete and other than that of Calvary, the Mass would be a continuation of the Last Supper rather than of Calvary." (P. 125).

Mysterium Fidei.

Of course the author does not pretend by his theory and arguments to remove the mysteriousness of the doctrine. The unity of the Sacrifice of the Mass with the Sacrifice of the

Cross must always remain a mystery for us while we are in this world. Revealed truth must always be mysterious to our limited understanding. A religion without mysteries must be a false religion. There would be no merit in faith if the doctrines of our religion were not above our comprehension. Any theological theory which pretended to clear away the mystery from the Mass or any other doctrine of the faith and render it perfectly comprehensible to our human understanding would by its very presumption be proven false. The most that any theologian can do is to remove misconceptions, answer objections and show that the doctrine is not really contrary to reason, and illustrate it by analogies drawn from human practices and natural beliefs.

I wish that I had space for many quotations to give the reader a taste of the beauty of this book.

It will close with the words of Mgr. Lepicier to the author: "It may be that in some minor details, I should not entirely agree with the explanations given by your Lordship, but on the whole your thesis, beautifully worked out as it is, and brought out by the testimony of the best writers on the subject, makes the most wholesome impression upon the reader by bringing him to value according to its worth, that divine institution, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, which, foretold by the prophet Malachi, remains ever as the sun that illuminates and warms up the cold darkness of this land of exile, the unquenchable source of all good for man in his way to his eternal home in Heaven."

I have spoken of this book as a suitable present to be given to priests. But it is one of the good points in our time that the educated Catholic laity take an interest in the philosophy of the Catholic religion and the philosophical illustration of its doctrines; and this is a book which intelligent laymen also may read with pleasure as well as instruction.



THE CONSOLATIONS OF POETRY

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

THE highest privileges accorded to any soul on this lower earth is its power of ministry. Whether this be exerted in aiding one's fellow-beings as individuals, or collectively, through Church, State or other organized body, the underlying principle remains the same—an undying force of Christ-like beauty. In these days the drift toward organization is striving hard to kill individual effort, yet the whole history of the ages shows how futile that striving is. For the organizations themselves are sure to be dominated by a few choice spirits through the hundreds and thousands the unit makes itself felt; from it they originally sprang, to it, in ultimate results they return.

The great ministries of the world have been individual both before and since the day when the Son of Man came "not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many." His was plain, direct, personal service, in loneliness and lowliness of spirit approving itself divine. And to His voice the world still stands listening. No mountains of theology can shut it out; no wrangling of ecclesiasticism abate its sweetness—and if other voices be at all worth our hearing, it is that they have caught a little of that clear, immutable tone.

The receptive power of the listening crowd voices now precisely as it did in Jerusalem and Bethany. A man like Gladstone, for example, speaks to a nation collectively; that nation divides into parties, for and against his views. Some receive, some oppose, some are indifferent. A new school of art arises; some welcome the new Raphaels, the new Correggius, others linger in critical doubt. A reformer, a Savonarola, Luther or Huss, speaks the old world to the human soul, in sharper or fuller accents, and straightway there is "division because of him."

Yet all these speak merely to classes of people; the statesman to the men of his day—and usually to these only—the artist to the art lover, the musician to the musically gifted, the religious leader to his own flock. To all, everywhere and in all ages, the poet and he alone, can come. His mission began with the opening of world history. It is hard to find the epoch when poetry was not. The earliest records of Judaism abound with it. Miriam on the shore of the Red Sea celebrates her country's deliverance in the triumphant measures of Hebrew verses and thenceforth the music of impassioned song awoke deeds of warlike valor. Nay, more than this lay in the poet's gift. The sweet singer of Israel has solaced and strengthened a listening world throughout the centuries wherever Jewish law or Christian gospel have come and to us to-day is still declaring, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." The blaze of magnificence in this Hebrew verse cannot hide its tenderness. We wonder at the boldness of its flight, the awfulness of its visions, the immensity of its range, "as high as heaven," "deeper than hell"; but its inmost voice cries out even to us as to the sorrowing of old, "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people!"

The Hebrew poets, therefore, have a hold upon us, due to their divine message, which the classic writers cannot obtain. True, the latter give us visions of beauty and even of tender feeling, as in the parting of Hector and Andromache, together with a spirited uplift from their heroes and demigods. Deeper influences, too, pervade the Greek tragedies; we behold their solemn dealing with Fate and the unknown futurities. We see the Eumenides pursuing the guilty, Prometheus chained to his rock, divinities in council on Mt. Olympus. The problems of life and death, the daring struggle of humanity against super-human control, sober and overshadow us; and though supplying, perhaps, some motive to a strong and divine life, we are conscious that they miss the human touch. The feeling for our infirmities is never apparent; the Greek, the Roman, the Barbarian possessed it not. The quality of mercy, as Shakespeare perceives it, is simply outside their line of thought. Therefore, they never draw near us in any spiritual way—in their

beauty, their grandeur of bravery, nay even in their best estate of god-like calm, inevitably standing aloof. But the great Christian hymns of the Early Church evidence again this quality of sympathy. To this day the *Dies Irae*, with its intense pleading; the *Te Deum* and St. Bernard's "Celestial Country," meet our daily needs, proffering somewhat of strength to cling to.

Dante's "Divine Comedy" has a similar power. In unfolding and almost mapping out the actualities of a world unseen, in deepening the world's faith therein through the might of his own sublime convictions, in opening the eyes which skepticism had nearly closed, the stern Florentine did for men in mediaeval days what we need to have done for us in our moods of blind unbelief. He assures us of a Paradise whose brilliancy has actually flashed upon us. The earth saw it and was afraid. It is as though the barrier line of death had been done away or already crossed, and we ourselves, swept out into the splendor of God's eternities. Faith for once becomes sight and we drop our eyes, as He himself does in the twenty-third Canto of the *Paradiso*, before that blaze of white light. Like him we abase ourselves before the great throne and Him that sitteth thereon.

Yet Dante's world-message offers more than the consolation of faith, more than a glimpse of heavenly places, more than a fresh hope of abundant entrances therein; it has to reveal God's eternal justice. It re-affirms the whole code of His awful law, the sureness of its penalties.

An anecdote is current of Lord Brougham, when Chancellor of England, to the effect that he was once visited by the father of a young man who had just commenced his law studies and asked what books he would especially recommend to the beginner. "Tell him to read Dante," was the prompt reply. "But," said the astonished father, "my son is beginning law." "Yes," said the Chancellor, "and I tell him to read Dante, if he would be a good lawyer."

And sooth, in what better school could the youth study those eternal principles of divine law, whereupon all human statutes rest, with their outcome into reward or penalties as

broken or kept by mortals? Well for him if he has learned to cry out with the poet:

“O, the justice of God! the justice of God!”

To feel assured that infinite equity over-rules all the unscrupulous deeds of men; that their wrath shall praise Him “and the remainder thereof shall He restrain”—this is indeed our one consolation. In days of evil, in days of turmoil, we rest herein and know that the mediaeval poet has not walked heaven and hell in vain.

Our English Shakespeare has not missed his share in the great work of comforting humanity. Yet his methods are as far from Dante’s as the East from the West. He is Anglo-Saxon, to begin with. The fiery Italian’s imagination with its visionings of unseen realms has little fellowship with the clear, calm, common sense of Northern climes. Shakespeare had to face an audience of Englishmen, men not wont to dream dreams or see visions, yet none the less under the sway of poetry, none the less eager for the masterword of genius. And the master says: “Behold the men and women around you,—what they are, what they do, how they feel, what ideals they present. How the Divine shines out through their human environment! Consider Cordelia, Portia, Antonio, Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet! The strong, fair, spiritual life in such as these should teach you faith,—faith in humanity. The earth-side of that love which soars Godward. Be of good cheer! Love the brother whom thou hast seen, so shalt thou approach that God whom thou hast not seen. For Paradise is within you, even here and now.”

Moreover, the Anglo-Saxon has to meet the problem of destiny, like other men. So Shakespeare takes it up, with firm attack. In Macbeth he certainly indicates belief in a subtle spiritual environment, a great black world without, in which man’s little world is contained, as a wheel within a wheel. The evil man follows the evil trend of his nature, as the critics readily admit; but the voices that whisper to him are from out those awful, invisible depths. Hamlet cries, “Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!”—the better man touching another

side of the unseen influence. In the reality of the witch-creation, which the poet maps out in close detail after Dante's fashion, taking every care to make it actual,—he assents the solidity and force of his own convictions; evidencing to all but a few mole-eyed critics, his firm faith that they are well grounded. Whether our shallow age believes in a world unseen or not, Shakespeare did so believe and like Dante, bears witness thereto.

In treating the practical side of life and the final outcome of its deeds, good or evil, his trumpet gives no uncertain sound, vaulting ambition.

“O'erleaps itself
And falls on the other.”

Blood spots will not out; crime is hunted by conscience; love brings its own reward; death, coming to the good, is tragic, but only on its earthward face—it falls in touch, rather, with Horatio's lament for Hamlet:

“Good night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.”

In Milton's great epic, “Paradise Lost,” we find little of direct inspiration. Our homely lives are neither brightened by its grandeur nor soothed into calm. But through his wonderful sonnet of sonnets—the one on his blindness—runs a new strain of comfort. To sufferers of every type in the press of hurrying humanity, comes the precious assurance wrung in agonized truthfulness from his own sorrow—

“They also serve, who only stand and wait.”

The sonnet on “The Late Massacre in Piedmont” rings out like a battle-ery; and the sweetest expression of earth's Christmas joy falls in solemn white softness from his lips,

“But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began;
The winds, with wonder whist,

Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the wild ocean.
Who now hath quite forgot to rave
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The stars with deep amaze
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze
Bending one way their precious influence;
And will not take their flight
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer, that often warned them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake and bid them go."

Our moods of melancholy and mirth are powerfully voiced in the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*; while language has nothing finer to offer than the following from "Comus" in praise of purity.

"Mortals that would follow me,
Love Virtue; she alone is free.
She can teach thee how to climb
Higher than the sphyre chime;
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

Consider! Has any poet greater encouragement for us than this?

A new mode of uplifting humanity came in soon after with a newer school of poets. These men would succor the world through the higher impulses of their own souls, divinized by contact with Nature.

Addison begins with this superb declaration of Faith:

"The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue, ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

In point of fact, Addison is but the forerunner of a great line of bards who may be termed poets of the Macrocosm, the outer world. Cowper, Thompson, Wordsworth, Gray and Goldsmith are men who would check the turbulence of uneasy revolt against the law of God and the conditions of our earth-life by much calm, wise counsel, breathed in among the deep blue spaces and the utter silences of their rural haunts. Their gospel is that of inner peace.

Wordsworth, especially, dwells in a serene region whose lofty sweetness we never approach without a longing past words to express. The petty strife, the cares that weary, the details of dollars and cents never seem so trivial as when viewed from his upland fields of green and dew, near the unwearied stars. These landscape poets have their own message; a "still small voice" awes them into a sense of spiritual presence; they draw from unearthly springs in our behalf the "quietness and confidence" which is our strength.

In Goethe we face another and wholly different mode of greatness. He has a mighty utterance, like the sound of many waters, and at first we hardly know whether it be for peace or pain. In certain ways, pain it surely is. It comes to us from his intellectual side. His clearness is unsympathetic. We quiver in his grasp. He is dispassionate; we should like to get away from him. One is afraid, with a certain mental shudder. Presently, though, we begin to see this clearness as translucent, prismatic, fascinating, with a luminous pallor like nothing else where. His uncanny greatness wins us away from ourselves, out of our own sphere into his; we begin to apprehend his meaning; his purposes dawn upon us. The words of others grow stale, flat and unprofitable? The giant, who stood ready to crush us, reconciles the world with a smile and takes us in his arms.

For Goethe has really come to the world's help. He brings to the task a fearful mass of intellect, will and creative strength. Like Shakespeare, he recognizes an outside environment for man, whose invisible potency he makes clear in Mephistopheles. Less optimistic than Shakespeare, with less easy, serene surface

sweep, he dives with similar fearlessness into seas of passionate soul-struggle. He insists on the feebleness of human nature, tossed, tempted, distracted,—with more stringency than any other poet, yet more than any other poet does he perceive the existence of that Divine spark, that innate good, which nothing can kill or quench. It baffles Mephisto again and again. It brings to Marguerite penitence and pardon. And thereby Faust himself is saved, yet so as by fire.

With the growth of our modern civilization and the complication of its machinery poetry finds herself driven into the work of righting its wrongs. This is not her field, and the true singer knows it. He would not, of choice, be a fighting poet. Yet duty is paramount. To champion the masses, to aid the oppressed, to war against social wrongs and national crimes; to turn his lute into a clarion, may be his mode of service,

“Like as a star
That maketh not haste,
That taketh not rest,
Be each one fulfilling,
His God-given hest.”

Thus Carlyle translates Goethe. How should the poet shrink from this Divine call, lead where it may, even to strife and obloquy?

The great singers who in this wise obey it grow daily more numerous. Robert Burns led the way with his spirited songs, the keynote of present Republicanism:

“For a’ that, and a’ that,
Our toil’s obscure and a’ that,
The rank is but the guinea’s stamp,
The man’s the gold for a’ that.

For a’ that and a’ that,
Their dignities and a’ that,
The pith of sense and pride o’ worth
Are higher ranks than a’ that.”

Such a challenge to the spirit of aristocracy ushered in a new era and Europe rings with it still.

Victor Hugo, in his magnificent volcanic poems, hurls language in unequalled volleys of invective against the poor man's oppressors. Mrs. Browning in her "Cry of the Children" would aid the helpless and innocent victims of greed in benevolent England. Hood's "Song of the Shirt" was meant to benefit the sewing-woman; Coleridge preached the sweet sermon of his day, now reduced to practice by our "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"—

He prayeth best who loveth best
 All things, both great and small;
 For the dear Lord who loveth us
 He made and loveth all.

Whittier, too, in our own land, espoused the cause of the slave and poured vials of poetic wrath on the head of his owner. These and other poets of humanity have earned eternal place among the world's benefactors.

Fortunately for us, Whittier's work was not confined to the anti-slavery period. He had a vision of prophetic clearness, a mystic fellowship with spiritual issues, the last breath of dying Quakerism, which is the very thing needed by a people already swamped in seas of materialism. His trust in the Divine has the great sweetness of certainty. He says of it,

"I know not where His islands lift
 Their fronded palms in air;
 I only know I can not drift
 Beyond His love and care.

Secure on God's all-tender heart,
 Alike rest great and small;
 Why fear to lose our little part
 When He stands pledged for all?"

These are surely more "comfortable words" than anything else of the last century, though Tennyson strikes a similar thought, less decidedly, with daintier music, but in a more pensive way. For the melancholy of an age which doubts "whether life be worth living" did overshadow the great poet-laureate—despite his early ideals of knighthood and very evident endeavor to reach the sunshine.

In Robert Browning a stronger man arises, one of more robust mould, a virile soul, whose inspiration comes from within himself. Like the giant Antasus touching the earth, the coming in contact with him gives strength. Catching a trifle of his vigor, the modern world has been studying his words, despite their roughness, finding therein the tonic its effeminacy needs. We are not done with Robert Browning.

And, as the world goes on, other voices will duly arise for its support and comfort. The evidence of the past, thus sketchily indicated, becomes our confidence and strength. The future has its own voices of unexpected sweetness. They will be heard when their hour comes. The need summons the man; and as One bore witness for the truth on the hill-sides of Judea, so will others also bear witness, in their own feebler modes, unto the end of time.



ST. PATRICK, APOSTLE OF IRELAND

BY REV. P. J. KIRBY.

(Continued)

IV. A Word About Critics and Criticism.

THE PEOPLE of a delicately balanced sense of justice generally bristle into a hostile attitude upon adverting to the words critic and criticism. That attitude mars soundness of judgment. Those two words create repellent feelings in their tender bosoms. Many of those excellent individuals estimate critics as none other than waspish folk ever alert to sting, or else human crustaceans ever groping to chop and chew. Others dub them killjoys, grouches, ogres whose temper is pestilential. Kindly estimates!

To allay the susceptibilities of so desirable a class among human kind, it may not be harmful to hint on occasion that they too are critics. All the fallen children of Adam are critics; some are hypercritical. Every listener, every speaker, every writer, ever reader is a critic. Mind or tongue, pen or eye, busily record an estimate of the thoughts and actions of others. Criticism is an art common to all. It is a Fine Art with some oral critics.

On the other hand, few people, except perhaps saints elect, can sense the advent of mild criticism without betraying a sensation to combat.

Every normal human feels an impulse to excel and be first. In saints this impulse is sanctified and directed by grace. Saints strive to excel in doing the Will of God as indicated by His Church. The motive of the saints is not selfish and because of the Beatific Vision to come. The motive is to obey God. To obey God is the highest excellence on earth. They rejoice in the thought of the Beatific Vision to come because its be-

stowal is according to the Will of God. They obey God here and await the eternal outcome.

Saints welcome criticism. They find it invigorating. They say it steadies their efforts and outlook. However, they apply it charily to others.

The impulse to excel is used by sinners to exalt themselves. The Will of God is excluded from their minds. Their *Summum Bonum* is self-enjoyment. If they could, they would annihilate God and subject His creatures to the furtherance of their evil dispositions. Self-enjoyment is the Beatific Vision they desire. Criticism in Reason and Faith they would destroy. It points out their inferiority. Criticism of others makes them feel superior. They enjoy that. When they try to criticise they calumniate.

Those who may be styled Spiritual Inbetweens, neither saints nor sinners, worry over and dodge criticism. Their lives work on the see-saw principle. They incline now towards Heaven and now Elsewhere. The critic generally jolts them on the Elsewhere descent. The jolt tends to unbalance them. It gives the self-soothing swing of their wills an undesirable tilt. Oftentimes the tilt ruffles their tempers and then the atmosphere is not static. Numbers of such people have been transferred from the see-saw to Jacob's Ladder through judicious criticism. Collectively they do not object to criticism; they think it keeps the high-flyers at the average upward incline and affords them, individually, more leverage to ascend. On the same principle, they broadcast it generously.

Criticism is as various as characters and motives, subjects and objects. It must have been closely allied with condemnation in some periods of the World's history; the subtle definitions of lexicographers imply as much. They define a critic as "one who judges captiously." They equalize criticism and censure. The critic personally defines his art in action as, dividing knowledge from ignorance. Bumptious writers say he always proves his own ignorance.

There is a common feeling that "critic" and "criticism" smack of ill flavour. The lexicographers are aware of the fact

and for obvious reasons suggest "review" and "critique" as substitutes for "criticism." Pacifists reject "review" because of its military entanglements. Philosophers reject it on the grounds of suspected vagrancy; they say it sounds hoboish. The Populace ejects it as savouring of Publishing Houses and Libraries. Writers divide about it. There is something haughty, something affected about "critique." It taints of the highbrow and creates a furtive glance of interrogation as to the sanity of him who utters it. Besides, how would one name the author of a critique, else than a critic. No doubt they receive many peppery appellations, not publishable. Some of them, being peccable, respond warmly in kind.

Lexicographers have as an alternative meaning for "critic" "one skilled in criticism."

The solution is diplomatic. It does not place the onus of captiousness nor of censure.

Writers consider literary criticism a highly obnoxious form of criticism. It is as varied, naturally, as the branches of literature. Literary critics may be termed the Front Bench Opposition in the Parliament of Writers. There is no voting-in; they walk right in. They seat themselves unopposed. Their maiden efforts are their credentials. Generally speaking, they are as welcome to "The House" as a surgical operation is to any member on whom it impends. In some regions so many literary critics have been waylaid and cast into oblivion by Editors and Publishers that they have selected Editors and Publishers from their own class.

The genuine literary critic is equitable. In the agency of his art he knows not persons nor station. In the world of ideas he is what the surgeon is in the physical world. He is an idea surgeon. He diagnoses the corpus-of-thought-expressed, for symptoms of the various diseases and malformations paralleled in the physical body. Malign folks say that after an operation he salts the incisions; whereas he may apply soothing balsam. Young and nervous writers say he always removes the heart.

In the various grades of life people are rated according to

character, skill and knowledge. Literary critics are rated in their art according to their sense of ideas, their sense of words, the quality and quantity of their knowledge. Scholars of all degrees may join the ranks of literary critics, but they must guard against the sudden death or the unprovided old age meted out to some writers.

V. Dumbarton Is Not Nemthur.

A lengthy article on the birthplace of St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland, is available in "The Dublin Review," April, 1880. It exhibits quite a bulk of testimony and conjecture in the endeavour to prove that St. Patrick was a native of Dumbarton on Clyde. The writer of the article states that the question of the saint's birthplace is one of fact and like other historical questions, must be decided by the weight of evidence produced in its favour. The compilation is resourceful and of peculiar interest. Some have quoted it as decisive. It certainly cannot be overlooked in efforts to decide the question at issue and because of the varied pre-eminence of its author it demands keen study.

A survey of the proofs advanced in the article is here respectfully submitted. The author's subordinate deductions also stand or fall with his proofs. The Celtic etymology involved in the article might, from its intrinsic value, help in the location of Nemthur were N. Britain in the 4th Century; the only land whose local nomenclature was Celtic. It certainly was not the only such land.

The purpose of History is to record human happenings as known from age to age.

The purpose of the literary historical critic is to sift evidence values, to differentiate between History and Legend; to segregate Fact from Fiction, Truth from Falsehood; to claim proof that alleged occurrences happened so; not otherwise, or not at all.

As the value of testimony is not stronger than the truth and knowledge it carries, nor more acceptable than the char-

acter of the witnesses who give it; historical critics demand certain qualifications in those brought to give historical evidence, v.g.

1. Witnesses must be judicious and unprejudiced.

2. Their evidence on similar points must not lead to dissimilar conclusions.

3. Their evidence must agree with established facts in the case.

The author of the article in "The Dublin Review" capitulates his evidence under the headings of the Capital Letters prefixed to each section of this criticism. He departs from his order in Part II. Parts II. and III. do not certify his proofs, and where they identify Dumbarton on Clyde with Nemthur they are involved in the criticism.

Readers who have not the article in "The Dublin Review" will understand the assertions made therein by the refutations given, as follow A. to O. The ordering of material did not include letter J.

(A) St. Patrick did not style Britain his native land, nor did he make a specific distinction between Britain and Gaul as territories. "In Britannii" can also be rendered "among the Britons." The writer of the "Review" Article translates it "in Britain," meaning modern Great Britain. The gloss on St. Fiace's Hymn, which he quotes, gives "in Bretnaib," translated "amongst the Britons." The Britons occupied large territories of modern W. France, in the days of St. Patrick; as the article in "The Dublin Review" indicates. It is a historical fact anyway.

In the Epistle to Coroticus, the Saint made his distinction of "citizens" very clear. "I do not say to my fellow-citizens or to the fellow-citizens of the holy Romans, but to those who are fellow-citizens of demons because of their evil works."

"My fellow-citizens" meant the Irish people in general. Through office and residence he himself was a citizen of Ireland. His enemies in Ireland were on the alert to arouse peo-

ple there against him did he not exculpate the Irish in general, and civic authorities of Ireland in particular, from the seizure of his converts through external tyranny.

“Fellow-citizens” “of the holy Romans” were the general body of Christians in Roman Britain. They also were exonerated.

“Fellow-citizens of demons” were the soldiers of Corotieus, whether Irish or British. Some of them were Christians, hence the appeal, “and if my own know me not.” The words “my own” are used in the spiritual sense, as proved by the Scriptural texts quoted by the Saint.

(B) Simply contains the statement that St. Patrick was born in Nemthur.

(C) The gloss may also be meaningfully translated thus:

Nemthur, viz., the city of the ancient fortress of the Britons from the North, viz., from Aileluaid. This would distinguish (a) between the Britons in Gaul and (b) elsewhere and as Dumbarton-on-Clyde is the only North in contention, Nemthur could not be there. (The “Review” article identifies Nemthur with Dumbarton-on-Clyde).

The second gloss does not state that St. Patrick was born in Aileluaide. It states that he went from there on a visit. The “evidence” appealed to in this “authority” and the evidence of “authority” (G) are contradictory. The first states that Patrick’s father, Calpuirum, was wounded among “the Britons of Armorica Letha, where Patrick with his family was.” The second states that Patrick’s father, Calpurnius, was “murdered.”

In the “Review” article is read under “authority” G. “Whilst Patrick was as yet in his own country with his father, Calpurnius, and his mother, and with his brother Ructhi, and his sister, called Mila, in their city Arimuric, there was a great disturbance there; for the sons of King Rethmit from Britain laid waste Arimuric and the other neighbouring places, and murdered Calpurnius with his wife Concessa, and having led

off captives their sons Patrick and Ruchti, with their sister landed in Ireland.”

The writer in “The Dublin Review” cites that statement, in G, as proof that St. Patrick was born in Dumbarton on Clyde. 1. Observe that “Patrick was as yet in his own country.” 2. “In their city Arimuric.” 3. “The Sons of King Rethmit from Britain laid waste Arimuric and the neighbouring places, . . . and having led off captives their sons Patrick and Ruchti . . . landed in Ireland.”

Now, if Patrick’s “own country” were Dumbarton, or any part of N. Britain, it would not take him three days to return there, after setting sail from Ireland on his escape from captivity. The Saint says in his “Confession”:

“I heard a voice in my sleep saying to me, ‘Well dos’t thou fast; thou who are soon to go to thy native country. Lo thy ship is ready.’ So I fled soon after. And on the very day I arrived, the ship left its place. And after three days we came to land, and we journeyed for twenty-eight days through a desert.”

Had there been anything extrinsically eventful about the sail the saint would have noted it. The “Confession” does characterize the landing. Now, twenty-eight days of average travelling would have taken them from Land’s End to any part of the island of Britain, but it is inconceivable that so extensive a territory should prove to be a desert at any time since Julius Caesar’s invasion.

2. “In their city Arimuric.”

Arimuric should properly be written Armuirbheach, or at least Armoric, as a better approximate than Arimuric. The word is derived from “ar” or “air,” meaning “on,” and, m u i r b h e a c h, meaning the sandy sea-shore.

Of 2 . . . the correct reading according to the genius of Celtic speech is, “in their city by the sandy sea-shore.” The article in “The Dublin Review” makes “Arimuric” the name of a city. It names four cities in which St. Patrick was born, namely, Dumbarton, with which it identifies Aileluade, Ari-

muric, Nemthur. No city or citadel would be called by four different names in the same age. From the "Review" article we learn that there was such a city or citadel of importance in the Fifth Century, and that St. Patrick was born in it (or rather them!).

"The sons of King Rethmit came from Britain and laid waste Arimuric."

Attackers from Britain means that they were outside Britain when they made the attack. "Patrick was as yet in his own country" when the attack was made on him, therefore, his "own country" was not Britain. According to the "Dublin Review" article, modern Scotland was then included in Britain. It does not accept the name Britain as applying to any part of Europe at the time of St. Patrick's birth. The glosses quoted by the "Review" article, under heading C, are anonymous and untraceable to a historical source.

(D) The article in "The Dublin Review" assumes that Magh-Tabern, or the Clyde Valley, was in possession of the Romans at the time of St. Patrick's birth. Modern historical findings reject that assumption. See June Lilies, 1924.

The identifying of Magh-Tabern with "Campus Tabernaculorum" is conjectural only. (See Article Part II., 5).

E. The remarks applied to D apply to E.

F. Conflicts with the "Confession." The "dispersion" referred to in F is that in which St. Patrick was taken captive and led into Ireland, as he testifies in his "Confession." F Exhibits geographical ignorance also. The estimate of D above apply here.

G—See A and C above, also D.

H—"The Tripartite Life."

At the outset, The Tripartite Life precipitates the reader into a luxuriant jungle of legends and superstitions, interspersed with garbled history and pious references. It presents St. Patrick as a super-evoluted resultant of Paganism, Judaism,

and Christianity. The great servant of God is depicted as a despotic arbiter of souls and realms, a maledictive Bishop who curses opponents profusely, a Thaumaturgus, lavish of freak prodigies from youth to age. Heaven is made to appear an accomplice in spiritual absurdities. Hell is his Guard House for delinquent Pagans. The attendant Angel is not more than an Orderly. The Old Testament, the New Testament, Pagan Classics and Sagas, Fireside gossip and folklore are raked to embody a caricature St. Patrick; in the Tripartite Life.

In troubled times, the Irish people availed of "Fairies" on the principle that whistling by graveyards, in the gloom, keeps the courage up. Yarning about fairies helped them along. It stood them on the threshold of the world—unseen. When they spoke of fairies they thought of God and like the Psalmist of old, they were delighted. They reflected on the Power, the Mercy, the Love and Goodness of the Eternal God. They relied on the Justice of His Providence to dispose of all things aright. From stories about fairies they ascended to reverent meditations on God; then Faith and Courage were renewed and the burthens of life more cheerfully borne.

In a manner similarly comparable, some nimble-minded individuals in early Christian Ireland used "Fairy Tales" to purpose.

In MacNeill's "Phases of Irish History" the following is read:

"There are various things that indicate that professed Paganism continued to exist in Ireland in the second half of the sixth century, i.e., for a century at least after St. Patrick's death." (Page 224).

Here was a problem, a serious menace to the stability and mete progress of the Church, to the minds of neophytes in a hurry.

The religion of pre-Christian Ireland centered around the Irish Druids. Joyce in his Social History of ancient Ireland thus describes the Irish Druids:

"They were all wizards, magicians, and diviners. They were the only learned men of the time; they were judges, poets,

professors of learning in general. They were teachers, especially of the children of kings and chiefs. Their disciples underwent a long course of training, during which they got by heart great numbers of verses. They were the kings' chief advisers; they were very influential, and held in great respect, often taking precedence even of kings."

The people of Ireland had also their "giants" and "heroes" great from youth up. These they admired for awesome qualities, physical strength and prowess, all created by the imagination of wandering vendors of wonder-tales and by fireside lorists.

Christian heroism was indeed characteristic of St. Patrick, but he would discredit being hero-worshipped. After death had removed the guiding influence of his personal presence, some fanciful admirers attributed to him characteristics and labours of a grotesque nature. He was gossiped of as a Super Druid, a hero whose feats of spiritual legerdemain surpassed the vaunted exploits of competitors matched against him by the pagans. In that way the nimble neophytes made St. Patrick and his teachings look attractive to tardy and sceptical pagans. No doubt they salved their consciences by juggling themselves into the idea that if he did not perform the freak miracles they invented for him, he could have performed them if so minded.

The true St. Patrick is free of pagan incrustations. He is the St. Patrick canonized by the Church. The Church does not Canonize caricatures. The "Confession" and "Epistle" of St. Patrick probably afford the best pen-portraits of the character of St. Patrick and they are accepted as his own genuine testimony. They are established historical facts. The spirit of St. Patrick's writings is the spirit of a Saint wonderfully favoured by Almighty God. They witness to Irish Tradition of the Saint and the Tradition witnesses of them. The spirit of "The Tripartite Life" is in dire conflict with both of these. It is intrinsically irreverent because superstitious. The Tradition of the Church in Ireland that centres around St. Patrick is as reverent as the Church which canonized him.

- It contradicts the scepticism created by "The Tripartite Life."

Catholic Oral Tradition is an ever-living witness. The Cultus of Saints partakes of it. Like Faith, it is tested by Time, and Time cannot disprove it. Tradition does not need to be buttressed by oral and written whimsicalities nor by either of them. It stands apart from them and cannot absorb them. Being of the Faith, it has the discriminating heavenly spirit that inheres to the Faith. The discriminating Faith of the Irish detaches St. Patrick from the whimsical miracles and freak works attributed to their National Apostle in "The Tripartite Life" and other such writings. Those things have died from the memory of the Irish and therefore are not to be named traditions. The corrupt compilations that perpetuate them should not be called as witnesses to the history of St. Patrick. The real historical fact in the "Tripartite Life" is that there resided in Ireland some natives or foreigners endowed with a liberal output of perfervid imagination and nerve.

I. Marianus Scotus is at variance with St. Patrick's "Confession" regarding the titles of Patrick's father and grandfather. He conflicts with other "authorities" quoted in "The Dublin Review" article on that point also.

K. Conflicts with the "Confession" and other "authorities" quoted. Remarks on the "Tripartite Life" apply here.

L. Does not locate Nemthor.

M. Does not locate Nemthor either.

N. Is in conflict with "Confession" and St. Fiace.

The notice on Hurnia needs to be traced to historical source. Nemthor is stated in "authorities" in the "Review" article to have been the town where Patrick was born. This notice says "born near" Empter in the village Hurnia.

Remarks in D above apply to this.

O. Joycelin's "Life of St. Patrick" is in adaptation from former writings, particularly "The Tripartite Life." It is a fantastic compilation.

If the writer of the article in "The Dublin Review," 1880, had proved that the Nenthur introduced into the poem of Taleissin was included in the Empire of Rome in the Fourth Century, he might have advanced far in locating the birth-place of St. Patrick; but he would need to prove first that the hero Rederech and the Nenthur of the poem had an historical existence and not a poetic one alone.

As witnesses to history, the "authorities" quoted in the article in "The Dublin Review" do not fulfil the requirements. Those that give Aileluide as the birthplace of St. Patrick are traceable to a common source. This common source is a mutation and corruption of an earlier source which does not name Aileluaide as St. Patrick's birth-place. Those original sticklers for Aileluaide were merely Strathelyde propagandists. The others were mainly glossarists.

The article in "The Dublin Review" does not advance historical evidence that Nemthur, the birth-place of St. Patrick, is identical with Dumbarton on Clyde, no matter whether Nemthur be etymologised as Nemthor, Nemphor, Nevthor or Umpthor, or even Nenthor.

As there is no historical, acceptable evidence advanced to locate the birthplace of St. Patrick in Great Britain, the western coast of Gaul or Modern France may repay attention.

(To be continued).

Aug. 17, 1924.



THE LITTLE FLOWER OF THE ALPS

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MONS. LUIGI PELLIZZO.

“I watched the flower’s growth; so sweet it grew,
On not a leaf a stain”

IN the centre of a plateau where refreshing southern breezes delight to linger, stands the ancient City of Asiago. Privileged among cities, for within its walls stands an old mansion which had the singular honour of being the birth-place of Maria Bonomo—The Little Flower of the Alps. Her father, Giovanni Bonomo, whose noble and illustrious family dates back to the fifteenth century, was a rich merchant of deep and lively faith, but of an extremely irritable and violent temperament. Her mother, Virginia Ceschi, belonged to the old family Bargo di Valsugana. She possessed many admirable qualities of soul and body, her virtue was without affection, and although intensely pious, she devoted herself unreservedly to the duties of wife and mother.

On the morning of August 15th, 1606, the feast of the Assumption of our Blessed Lady the Bonomo home was the scene of intense anguish. Virginia, about to give birth to her child, lay dying. Giovanni, kneeling at the feet of our Lady, promised to make a pilgrimage to the Holy House of Loretto, if his beloved wife were spared. His vow was accepted and his prayer answered. Five days after her birth, the little babe was baptized in the parish church and given the name of Maria.

Nothing now seemed wanting to the Bonomo family to complete their happiness, since God had so blessed them. But the beauty, youth, gentleness and nobility of Virginia were not sufficient to satisfy the heart of her husband. Doubting her fidelity, his soul was inflamed with jealousy.



BLESSED GIOVANNA
The Little Flower of the Alps.

Unable to control his imagination and urged on by the demon within him, he threw himself upon the young man, whom he supposed was in love with his wife, and stabbed him in the public street. Returning home like a wild beast, he called his wife and reproached her for the fault, of which she had never been guilty. In vain she threw herself at his feet protesting her innocence, his fury but increased, and drawing a dagger, he raised his hand to strike her. At this dread sight, the little Maria of ten months, who had never yet taken a step or uttered a word, stood up in her crib and piteously cried out, "Oh, father!" At these anguished words miraculously spoken, Giovanni let fall the dagger and clasping their child to his heart, wept bitterly.

Virginia, understanding at that moment the precious treasure that God had confided to her care, poured forth her soul in fervent thanksgiving.

After this storm of passion Giovanni, humbled and repentant, began life anew and perfect happiness prevailed until the young man so unjustly accused and assaulted recovered and had Giovanni brought to trial and sentenced to imprisonment. Their little Maria with precocious intelligence understood all her parents' troubles, and during the weary months of her father's incarceration was as an angel of consolation to Virginia.

One night, when the child was in her fourth year, throwing herself into her mother's arms, she cried with great joy: "Be happy, mother dear, father is coming back soon!" "Poor child," said Virginia, "love makes you speak so. God alone knows when he will return." "No, no!" the child insisted, "believe me, mother, father will soon come; he is already free." The following night Maria wakened up suddenly, called her mother again and said: "Father will be home this morning." "It is a dream," said her mother, but Maria still insisted, "No, no, father will come soon, and will find us still in bed." And so it came to pass.

Worn out with physical suffering and mental anguish, Giovanni, very soon after his return, became seriously ill.

Nothing was spared to save him, but the doctors declared his recovery impossible. In his despair the dying father turned to his little one for help. Maria, taking a piece of paper, wrote on it the name of Jesus and placed it with her own hands around her father's neck. Immediately the sickness disappeared and Giovanni fell into a calm sleep to awaken entirely cured. Thus for the second time through the interposition of Maria, joy and peace were restored to the household.

This remarkable child early corresponded with the graces which were showered upon her soul so that her Divine Spouse with all the sweetness of His Presence was all in all to her. One day while assisting at Holy Mass, she had a vision of Paradise. All earthly objects disappeared, and her innocent gaze, concentrated on the Sacred Host revealed to her, not the appearance of bread, but the Divine Infant Himself, surrounded by light and adored by multitudes of angels. The vision lasted for a long time, while the Divine Son illuminated her intelligence so that Maria understood the fundamental mysteries of our holy faith, especially the Unity and Trinity of God, as well as the Incarnation of the Word. Returning to herself, she wondered why no one else had seen the celestial Infant. From that day, she says in her writings, she conceived an ardent love for the Blessed Sacrament and a yearning desire to assist at the Holy Sacrifice and receive her Lord in Holy Communion. After this vision Jesus showered on her pure soul His most singular favours. How moving it is, to see one penetrating the mysteries of God and ascending the steps of the mystic life, at an age when other children have not attained the use of reason.

Hardly had Maria learned to take her first tottering steps, when she manifested a great devotion to our Blessed Lady. She would retire from time to time to pray before her image, and when only five years old, she recited every day with great devotion, the Office of the Blessed Virgin. Who taught her to read at that tender age? The common belief is, that she received all this wisdom at the foot of the altar:

Maria was an angel of goodness and purity. Humanly speaking, one would think that for such a treasure the continuous care of a mother was most necessary. And yet it was not so decreed by Divine Providence. In 1612 Virginia, then only in her twenty-seventh year, became grievously ill. Every care was taken to arrest the violence and progress of her illness. The affectionate husband, who now knew well what a treasure God had confided to him, prayed earnestly for her recovery and besought his little daughter to pray also. Why should not a miracle be performed again? But this time heaven was deaf to all entreaties. Virginia's last hours were approaching and the fond father not wishing Maria to witness the agony of her dying mother, sent her to a villa in the little town near Canove. Though far away her child was ever near to the heart of the mother, who when her agony was approaching, called her husband, saying: "Giovanni, if our little daughter should in future aspire to the religious life, please do not prevent her. Once I had this great desire, but became your wife in order to please my father. Heaven grant that if it be Maria's vocation, she may give what I withheld from the service of the Divine Master." The pious desires of the good mother were later fulfilled. But meanwhile this recommendation of Virginia's reflects great light on her life of tribulation. It is the key which explains her slow martyrdom in the economy of Divine Providence—to suffer and pay the penalty for the mistake she had made in not following the call of the Spouse of Souls Who wanted her for Himself.

This is an eloquent lesson and a subject of deep meditation for those who do not know how to despise with holy fortitude even the desires of parents when they conflict with the call of God. Purified by her sorrows, the martyr-mother went to receive the crown of her virtuous and dolorous life. At that same moment, little Maria standing on a balcony of the villa of Canove, saw her mother rising above a white cloud on her way to heaven and blessing her as she ascended. The memory of this last blessing never left the heart of Maria; even in the later years of her life in religion, she was often moved by it

and from its remembrance obtained strength in her many trials. We may truthfully say that God confirmed in heaven the last farewell of the maternal heart. Oh, mothers, remember the value of your actions. Your sighs will be re-echoed in heaven. Your tears are eloquent before God. Your prayers are very efficacious. Bless your children always, this will be for them the sweetest gift; the remembrance of it shall never fail, even in old age.

CHAPTER II.

After the death of her mother the love of Giovanni for Maria waxed stronger every day, for already several prodigious facts proved clearly that his daughter was different from other girls of her age, and was more than a simple child. He therefore realized the great responsibility of his trust and accordingly wished to provide a proper education for her. At Asiago there was no suitable school in which to place her. On the other hand, it was hard for him to part with his dearly loved child. He did not hesitate a moment, however, to fulfil his duty. Although the sacrifice was great he made it promptly and generously. At Trent was the famous Monastery of St. Clare, where the pious nuns not only attended to their own sanctification, but also devoted themselves to the education of girls of noble families. It was to their care that Giovanni entrusted his little daughter. The choice was a very happy one. This was in March, 1615, when the future Saint was only nine.

The good nuns noticed immediately that they had received an extraordinary pupil. Her gentle manners, quick, precocious and versatile talents, and rare piety, won for her the tender love of the Sisters, and the esteem and sincere affection of her companions. In a short time she made great progress, but her advancement in virtue and piety was even more extraordinary. Exactitude in the fulfilment of her duties and in the observance of the rules of the school, love of prayer and retirement, devotion towards the Blessed Sacrament and our

Blessed Lady, were the means by which she advanced with giant strides along the way of perfection and sanctity. Her heart, alive with the love of God, was not satisfied with doing what even her most admired companions did, she wished to conform her life to that of the nuns already far advanced in the spiritual way. During the time that remained after the accomplishment of her duties as a pupil, she occupied herself in sweet colloquy with her God, Who ever infused into her soul new illuminations. In the silence of the night while nuns and pupils slept, she rose quietly and, prostrate before the grate of the choir, adored her Lord hidden in the Blessed Sacrament. It was here that she had to endure the first assaults of the Evil One who often tormented her with horrible illusions and fearful apparitions in order to disturb her colloquies. But she defended herself with the Sign of the Cross, thus preparing for the more terrible struggles which she would have to endure in the future.

At the age of ten we find Maria prostrate before an image of Our Lady, making a vow of perpetual virginity. But she asked herself, "Will my Vow be acceptable to Our Lady, devoid as I am of virtue and merits?" She prayed, "Grant me a sign, O heavenly Mother, that you have accepted my humble offering, and if it be pleasing to you, cure my poor teacher who is seriously ill; in that way I shall understand that you have accepted my sacrifice as an odour of sweetness." This Sister, it may be explained, was at the point of death, and at the prayer of the Blessed One, she was cured instantly. The joy of the servant of God could not be expressed. She recognized the acceptance of her gift, a presage of ever new graces and favours from her Mother in heaven. From now on this child was regarded as an angel of purity and thus she ever remained until her death.

Having given herself entirely to Jesus, the tender mind of Maria Bonomo was filled with an irresistible desire to unite herself to Him in the Sacrament of His Love. The innocent child begged again and again that so great a consolation should not be refused her, but she was considered too

young. She must wait—and yet what was wanting in this pious little girl? She possessed seriousness, good sense, purity, ability,—what more could be desired? The director of her soul did not judge that the hour had yet arrived—poor, thirsty dove to whom was refused the refreshment of this salutary water. Poor little flower which extended its corolla to receive the sun of life in vain, because a dark cloud intervened, the will of the confessor. This was a bitter deprivation, but it was only the beginning of others much more bitter which the pious child could not then foresee, but which were reserved for her in order to perfect her still more.—O great Pope Pius X., who condemning a custom which had lasted too long, hath called the little ones to the table of Jesus! Blessed forever be thy memory!—Finally the delay came to an end. Marie was examined as to her knowledge and she was enabled to reply with the utmost wisdom. The priest, astonished, could not understand how this tender child had acquired so much knowledge. He knew that only God Himself could have been the Teacher of this young soul. At last the day was fixed on which the desires of her ardent soul should be satisfied. Oh, the preparation of this angel! She made a few days of retreat, anticipated the heavenly moment with the ardent aspirations of her loving heart, and purified her soul by a general confession. Then her child heart, a living tabernacle, ornamented with the most beautiful virtues, received her Beloved. From that day her most ardent desire, the centre of attraction for the servant of God, was Holy Communion. Jesus was her treasure, her love, her all. She could indeed repeat with the Apostle, “It is no longer I who live, it is Jesus Who liveth in me.”

CHAPTER III.

From her earliest years the Voice of God had made itself heard in the heart of Maria, and she wished to hasten the years of her life in order to be able to follow the call of God, Who desired to make her His Spouse. Piety, so vivid and sincere, love of retirement, the exact observance of the rules of

the College, contempt for everything which could distract her from God, the spirit of prayer and penance, the vow of virginity, were the many proofs that Maria was not made for the world and its vanities, but for the religious life. When twelve years of age, not being able any longer to conceal her desires, she wrote to her father hoping to obtain from him his consent. But quite different were the intentions which Giovanni Bonomo entertained for his daughter whom he loved so tenderly. Who can say how many times he had dwelt on the joy of seeing her home from the College in all the splendour of youth and beauty surrounded by a crowd of noble and rich admirers, an object of envy to the companions of her own age. Maria's letter to her father was as a bolt from the blue. The castle of his dreams fell with a sudden crash. He did not wait to answer the letter, but went without delay to take the child from the College and rid her of what he called her melancholy ideas. The sighs and tears of little Maria did not influence him. The ardent supplications of her teachers and companions had no effect. Giovanni could not be moved from his decision. The separation from Trent was extremely painful for all concerned, but especially for Maria, who seemed to feel in her heart a presentiment that she would never return. Overcoming her feelings, however, she resigned herself to the ordinances of Providence and allowed herself to be taken back to that world which she had so long abhorred and which she had really renounced forever. But she made up her mind to keep faithful to Jesus with Whom she was mystically espoused, and Who would assist her to triumph in the severe battle which was being prepared for her.

During her absence of three years, some changes had taken place in the home. Her father had married for the second time. The little girl formed for her new mother a tender affection, and this affection lasted always, as we can see from the letters which she afterwards wrote from her Convent to her family. But the trial which now commenced for her was bitter indeed. Asiago and Vincenza, where she passed some time at the homes of relatives, were witnesses of the daily struggle; on one side the voice of God spoke clearly to her soul, on the

other the arguments of her father sought to deter her. "You are rich and noble and beautiful. You can be happy because a splendid future shines before you. Many lovers are anxious to win your hand and you are free to choose the one whom you think most worthy of your affection. Your present fervour is a transitory thing. After quiet consideration you will change your mind. Can you not save your soul in the world? Is it not possible to live with piety and devotion and at the same time fulfil the sacred duties of spouse, wife and mother? Is not matrimony a holy state blessed by religion?" These arguments and many more were used by Giovanni to dissuade his child, and he finally urged her by saying that a little child of her age was obliged by the law of God to obey her father. To this last argument repeated a thousand times, the little girl, like Agnes of Rome, gave answers worthy of an angel. "Another Lover fore-stalls. To Him only I will be faithful. It is God Who is calling me and I do not wish, I cannot neglect my vocation. It is necessary to obey God first, and afterwards parents." So the struggle continued, but Maria did not yield. She remained very docile, humble, patient, affectionate with members of the family, but especially with her stepmother; retiring as much as possible from worldly dissipation, assiduous in receiving the Sacraments, faithful to her usual practices of piety, given to fasts and penances, waiting in patience the hour in which her difficulties would disappear. Meanwhile God was preparing her soul, purifying her with interior trials not less terrible than the external struggles. Let souls opposed in their vocation to the religious life learn from this how to combat and win the battle of God and of the spirit.

For two years the struggle lasted, but in the end the victory was hers. One day Giovanni said suddenly to his daughter, "If you insist on your wish to become a Religious, go and follow your vocation." Maria raised her eyes to heaven and from the depths of her heart came forth a sigh of thanksgiving to Him Whom she so ardently desired. In accents of deepest gratitude she blessed her father. How did such a sudden change take place in the mind of a man of such strong determination

and iron character? He had just been present at a sermon on Vocations and the punishments meted out by God to those who opposed His designs. Giovanni afterwards confessed that the orator seemed to have his eyes fixed always on him as though reading his very thoughts. The grace of God blessed the fervent words of the Friar and they went straight to the heart of the rich merchant of Asiago and won it. The dream so long cherished by Maria could now become a reality. The little turtle dove, sighing, could reach the beloved nest. But it still had to be decided into which Convent she would enter. At length the choice fell upon the Benedictine Monastery of St. Jerome in Bassano. Her entrance was arranged for the twenty-first of June, 1621, the Feast of St. Aloysius Gonzaga, to whom she had great devotion. Marvellously corresponding to the wishes of the Most High, not even the least desires of this elect soul were lost, and its holy initiation was crowned with graces beyond all reckoning.

(To be continued).



Only A Word

Only a word and a passing smile;
But it sped a wayfarer many a mile,
And its brightness lasted the longest while,
 Though 'twas only a little word.

Only a word and a shrug of scorn,
Yet, in that instant, suspicion was born;
And a life of its honor and pride was shorn,
 Though 'twas only a little word.

Only a word: yet, who can tell
The weight of our words, used ill or well?
For some find Heaven and some reach Hell,
 Through the power of a little word.

AMY McEVROY.

THE SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH

BY ADAM C. ELLIS, S.J.

IT was on the feast of the glorious St. Theresa, in the year 1650, that the first Sisters of St. Joseph received the religious habit, at the hands of Mgr. de Maupas, the venerable Bishop of Le Puy. Close friend of St. Vincent de Paul, ardent admirer, faithful imitator and biographer of St. Francis de Sales, Bishop de Maupas was eminently fitted to become the founder of a congregation whose spirit and effectiveness were to help renew the face of the earth after the disastrous period of religious revolution had swept over the face of Europe.

Associated with this holy prelate in the foundation of the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph was a zealous Jesuit missionary, Father John Medaille, a contemporary of the great French missionary St. Francis Regis, and his successor in the mission fields of Southern France. Whilst engaged in his missionary duties Father Medaille met a number of zealous, devout windows and young ladies who were eager to devote themselves to the religious life, and who at the same time wished to labor for the welfare of their neighbor. Whilst preaching the Lent of 1650 Father Medaille communicated the desires of his spiritual children to Mgr. de Maupas, who eagerly entered into the good Father's plan of founding a new congregation in which the life of contemplation should be united to the service of humanity.

This idea had been uppermost in the mind of St. Francis de Sales when founding the Order of the Visitation. It was only five years after the Visitandines had been established that the saint, yielding to pressure from higher ecclesiastical authority, reluctantly enforced enclosure upon them.

The desire to establish a congregation which would take the place left vacant by the Sisters of the Visitation when

they embraced enclosure, led Mgr. de Maupas to enter eagerly into the project of Father Medaills. The saintly bishop took as the foundation of the rule for the new institute the rules first written for the Visitation Order. Father Medaille added some regulations of St. Ignatius, especially in regard to the vows. To these fundamental principles the founders joined some personal ideas which were to give individuality to the new congregation. Thus the three vows of religion are the foundation, as in all religious congregations, while the practice of humility and charity is the peculiar aim of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

After he had invested them with the religious habit Bishop de Maupas entrusted the first Sisters with the Orphanage of Le Puy. Other establishments followed rapidly. "Everywhere," says a contemporary chronicle, "the Sisters of St. Joseph are engaged most successfully in the instruction of children, in the care of the sick, and in procuring for their neighbor all the spiritual and temporal helps of which they are capable."

The Revolution of 1789, which devastated the Church, did not spare the Sisters of St. Joseph. Their convents were closed and their property confiscated, and the Sisters forced to return to their homes.

One of the last convents to be closed was that of Monistrol. The Superioress, Mother St. John Fontbonne, was a woman of extraordinary gifts. Calm and serene she met the emissaries of the Revolution, alone; and in the name of her daughters refused the required oath, saying with dignity and firmness: "It is unnecessary to bring the community before you; here the head answers for the members."

The convent was spared for a short time, but Mother St. John, seeing that the tempest was not likely to abate, soon afterwards advised her daughters to seek shelter with their families. She herself, her sister, Sister Theresa, and another nun, remained in the convent until an infuriated mob besieged it and forced the Sisters into the street. Then Mother St. John retired to her father's house, but it was not long

before she and her two companions were torn from the arms of their parents, handcuffed, loaded with chains, and thrown into the prison of Saint Didier, there to await the death sentence.

After a long imprisonment, in the course of which the Sisters had seen many of their companions summoned to the scaffold, the executioner at last entered their cells on July 27th, 1794, and cried aloud: "Citizens, it is your turn tomorrow."

"Deo Gratia," was the response of these intrepid daughters of St. Joseph. Mother St. John spent the last piece of money in her possession in having their habits washed and mended for the grand festival of the morrow. The night was spent in prayer. At dawn the prison door was thrown open, and the good Sisters started to their feet, prepared to go forth to the scaffold, when they heard the words, "Citizens, you are free. Robespierre has fallen, your chains are broken." At this news Mother St. John exclaimed sorrowfully, "Ah, my children, we were not worthy of the grace of dying for our holy religion."

For twelve years Mother St. John, with constant prayers and tears, kept the religious spirit aflame within her soul and sent supplications and ardent longings to heaven that God might take pity on his daughters and once more reunite them within the haven of their convent walls. Her prayers and tears were not in vain.

In the City of St. Etienne a number of young ladies and former members of religious orders had assembled together to consecrate themselves to the service of God to aid and mutually animate one another in the practice of perfect virtue, and to devote themselves night and day to the alleviation of human miseries, now multiplied a hundredfold by the ravages of the Revolution. Their plans had been approved by the Vicar General, Father Claude Cholleton. In 1907 Cardinal Fesch, then Archbishop of Lyons, strongly advised the Vicar General to transform the little association into a house of the Sisters of St. Joseph, not by erecting a new congregation, but

by restoring, as far as might be, that founded in Le Puy, but destroyed by the late tempest. Acting on the Cardinal's suggestion and with his consent Father Cholleton invited Mother St. John to St. Etienne for the purpose of training the new religious in the manner of life peculiar to the first Sisters of St. Joseph, and to impart to them that primitive spirit which she had so sedulously cultivated within her own soul. Needless to say, Mother St. John gladly accepted this opportunity of once more embracing the religious life, and soon we find her actively engaged in laying the second foundation of St. Joseph's Institute.

We may imagine the joy of the little community, when on July 14, 1808, laying aside the secular dress so regretfully worn, they were invested with the habit of the former Congregation of St. Joseph.

Up to the time of their dispersion in 1793 the different houses of the Congregation had been, like those of the Visitandines, independent of one another. When, after the restoration of peace, Napoleon permitted Sisters to resume community life, it was with the proviso that there should be a central or motherhouse responsible for those affiliated to it. Acting upon this mandate, and moved likewise by the thought of the greater strength accruing from united effort, the Sisters chose Lyons as the site of the motherhouse and Mother St. John as their Superior General. She took up her abode on the Hill of Chartreux, formerly occupied by the monks of St. Bruno, and in 1823 purchased the neighboring Chateau of Yon, which is still in use to-day. Numerous houses spread throughout France, all looking to Lyons for guidance. In a short time there were a hundred and fifteen houses in the Department of the Loire.

In the year 1834 Rt. Rev. Joseph Rosati, C.M., Bishop of St. Louis, visited France to obtain funds and laborers for the spreading of the gospel in the vast missionary fields which then constituted the diocese of St. Louis. During the few days spent in Lyons Bishop Rosati visited the motherhouse of the Sisters of St. Joseph, and earnestly entreated Mother

St. John to send some of her daughters to America. Mother St. John acceded to the Bishop's request and called for volunteers. Many generous young hearts offered themselves, among them Sister Febronia and Sister Delphine, the two nieces of Mother St. John. These two zealous women, with four others, were chosen to found the first American house of the Sisters of St. Joseph. Together with Father Fontbonne, a nephew of Mother St. John, and two seminarians, they set sail from Havre on January 17, 1836. The voyage was a long and stormy one, fraught with many inconveniences, but when, after forty-nine days of sailing, they sighted land, their joy was great. It was still further increased on landing by finding Bishop Rosati there to welcome them. He and Father Timon, C.M., afterwards Bishop of Buffalo, had traveled eight days from St. Louis to meet the Sisters upon their arrival. The little party reached St. Louis on March 25, 1836, and the Sisters were the guests of those devoted Daughters of St. Vincent, the Sisters of Charity. After they had rested a few days, Bishop Rosati installed them in their new home at Carondelet, at that time about six miles from St. Louis. We can scarcely realize what these good Sisters endured in that little log cabin eighty years ago. Accustomed to the warm climate of southern France, they must have suffered intensely from the cold and dampness. Again, these noble women, who had come from refined and educated families, were living almost in a wilderness, lacking many necessities of civilized life, to say nothing of its comforts. The sacrifices and heroic labors of these first Sisters brought down the blessing of God upon their work—a blessing which still remains; for the eight thousand Sisters of St. Joseph in the United States and a thousand in Canada are to-day reaping the golden harvest sown in poverty and privation by the first Sisters of Carondelet.

In the month of October, 1837, Miss Anna Dillon, the first American Daughter of St. Joseph, entered the novitiate at Carondelet. The only daughter of a prominent St. Louis merchant, she felt herself drawn to the Sisters because of the poverty in which they lived. It was the attraction of Bethle-

hem. Being thoroughly conversant with both English and French, Miss Dillon, or rather, Sister Frances Joseph, was a veritable godsend to the poor Sisters. Under her direction they soon mastered the English tongue, and the number of pupils in the recently opened academy increased.

But the missionary field was vast in those days, and soon demands were made on the Sisters for new foundations in various parts of the country. On May 6, 1847, three Sisters arrived in Philadelphia. To-day one thousand Sisters claim St. Joseph, on Chestnut Hill, as their motherhouse. The Sisters settled in St. Paul in 1851. Another zealous band opened a house in Toronto, Canada, that same year. Wheeling, W. Va., welcomed the Sisters in 1853, and New York State alone received four foundations before 1860. These were: Canandigua, 1854; Buffalo, 1856; Oswego, 1858; Cohoes, 1860. All these houses remained united by the bonds of charity and unity of spirit, but were independent of each other in government, being subject to the local diocesan authorities. In the early sixties, at the suggestion of Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, the Superiors of the various houses throughout the United States assembled at Carondelet for the purpose of organizing a general government and revising the constitution to meet the demands of the country and of the growing congregation. The revised Institute and Constitutions of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet were accorded the "Lauda," or first decree of commendation by the Holy See, on September 9, 1863; and on the feast of St. Ignatius, July 31, 1877, the Holy Father, Pius IX., signed the Brief of Solemn and Final Approbation.

The congregation of Carondelet at present numbers two thousand religious, and is divided into four provinces: The Mother Province and the seat of the general government is at St. Louis, and embraces those houses located in the Archdioceses of St. Louis and Chicago, and the dioceses of Marquette, Green Bay, Belleville, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Mobile, Denver and Indianapolis. The Province of St. Paul includes the Archdiocese of St. Paul and the Dioceses of Fargo,

Winona, and Sioux Falls. The Province of Troy embraces the Diocese of Albany and Syracuse, and that of Los Angeles, the Archdiocese of San Francisco, and the Dioceses of Los Angeles and Tucson.

The Superiors assembled at Carondelet in 1862 agreed unanimously to the new organization by which the different communities were formed into a general congregation subject to the Motherhouse of St. Louis. The communities of Philadelphia, Wheeling, Buffalo, and Toronto, however, acting on the advice of their respective bishops, preserved their autonomy and diocesan status. From these houses other foundations were made, which in turn, when their numbers permitted, opened new houses in various parts of the country.

The list of independent autonomous motherhouses thus established runs as follows: Brentwood (Brooklyn), N.Y., 1856; Erie, 1860; Cleveland, Ohio, 1863; Rochester, N.Y., 1864; Baden, Pa., 1864; Brighton (Boston), Mass., 1873; Rutland, Vt., 1876; Springfield, Mass., 1880; Watertown, N.Y., 1880; Concordia, Kan., 1883; Wichita, Kan., 1887; Nazareth, Mich., 1889; Tipton, Indiana, 1894; La Grange, Ill., 1899; Eureka, Cal., 1912.

The following motherhouses were founded directly from communities in France: St. Augustine, Fla., 1866; Augusta, Ga., 1867; Fall River, Mass, 1902.

The Sisters of St. Joseph in New Orleans, still governed by the motherhouse at Bourg, France, were first established at Bay St. Louis, Miss., in 1854. A novitiate was opened at New Orleans in 1863, and later one was established at Cedar Point, Ohio. The Sisters conduct establishments in the Archdioceses of New Orleans, Cincinnati, Dubuque, St. Paul, and in the Dioceses of Duluth, Natchez and Superior. An independent motherhouse was established in Superior in 1907.

The Sisters of St. Joseph of Philadelphia remained a diocesan congregation for many years, but a more detailed and definite organization was attained, and was approved by Pope Leo XIII. in 1895. The Sisters conduct institutions in the

Archdioceses of Philadelphia and Baltimore and in the Dioceses of Newark and Harrisburg.

In October, 1851, Mother Mary Delphine, with three Sisters from Philadelphia, founded the first Canadian house at Toronto, at the request of Bishop Armand de Charbonnel. This tiny seed planted by the four pioneer religious, has borne rich fruit. Vocations have been numerous, convents and schools and institutions of mercy have sprung up with marvelous rapidity, not alone in the Diocese of Toronto, but also in the neighboring sees of Hamilton, London, Peterborough, Ottawa, Pembroke, Sault Ste. Marie, Winnipeg and in the far-distant missions of British Columbia.

Independent diocesan foundations were made from the motherhouse, Toronto, at Hamilton in 1851, London 1868, and Peterborough in 1881.

In 1917 the Sisters of St. Joseph in the Toronto Diocese, with the missions in British Columbia and Manitoba, applied to the Holy See for pontifical approval, and since that time have ceased to be a diocesan congregation.

St. Joseph's College for Women, conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph in the City of Toronto, is empowered to prepare its pupils for the Bachelor's degree. On the completion of the four years' college course the students who succeed in passing their annual university examination receive their degree from the University of Toronto.

The Sisters engaged in the various works of the congregation in Canada number about one thousand.

To-day the Sisters of St. Joseph in the United States number eight thousand, working in eleven archdioceses and in forty-four dioceses. The variety of their labors is in accord with the primitive spirit of their founders, "To labor in the instruction of children, in the care of the sick, and in procuring for the neighbor all the spiritual and temporal helps of which they are capable."

The principal employment of the Sisters has been and is to-day the teaching of parochial schools, in which over two hundred thousand of our little ones are entrusted to their care.

Secondary education, however, is not neglected, for the Sisters have established about fifty academies for young ladies in various parts of the country. In the City of St. Paul the Sisters of St. Joseph conduct the well-known St. Catherine College, which ranks among the very best in the country. It enjoys the distinction of being the first Catholic College for women to be admitted into the North Central Association of Colleges. The orphans are also special favorites with the Sisters, and six thousand of these little homeless ones find mothers in the Daughters of St. Joseph. Finally, a work especially dear to the Sisters of St. Joseph is the instruction and care of the deaf mutes. St. Joseph is the Silent Saint of the Church—no spoken word of his has been recorded. It is very fitting then that his spiritual daughters should take care of these little silent ones. The Sisters have schools for these afflicted ones located in Philadelphia, St. Louis, Buffalo, and Oakland, Cal. The Buffalo School, St. Mary's Institution for Deaf Mutes, is recognized by the State of New York and receives an annual appropriation to assist in defraying the expenses of the institution.

The sick are also cared for by the Sisters in fifteen modern hospitals situated in as many large cities in the United States. In Canada the sick are cared for by the Sisters in eight modern Hospitals.

The same simple spirit of humility and charity characterizes the work of the Sisters of St. Joseph throughout the country. To care for God's afflicted, and to lead his little ones in the path of virtue and knowledge is the sole ambition of the Daughters of St. Joseph.—The Queen's Work.



COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

Given by MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP J. J. GLENNON, at
St. Joseph's Academy, St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

I desire to express my congratulations and good wishes to the graduating class of 1924 from St. Joseph's Academy. I have had the pleasure during these days of extending congratulations all along the line of Catholic education here in the city, but it gives me special pleasure to congratulate the graduates of St. Joseph.

The graduates of St. Joseph's have always shown a certain quality of training, and have afterwards shown that quality during their later years, and they deserve a special congratulation.

You have traditions here at St. Joseph's; the traditions which are expressive of labour and sacrifice, which can only be obtained by passing years, and only be obtained by consecrated souls. There is a certain value, however, in these traditions—it is almost impossible to-day to establish a university, school or college, and set it in motion and perfect it in its work of training souls. It requires years to develop traditions, memories and service—hence it is that we have modern universities in great numbers, yet none of the modern colleges or universities can do the work as well as those who have tradition back of them. We have the training in back of them, the names of great men and women that taught in these historic walls. We have greater universities here in America to-day and greater attendance in them than any of the old universities of Europe, possibly the attendance of the Columbia in the State of New York numbers more than any of the older universities, yet the European ones, substantial in scholarship and perfect training, outrate any of the American universities.

I could name a half dozen which, because of these traditions of learning to-day and distinction, still achieve greatness and results largely because of these traditions. They must

have this true value; they must have a competent staff, equipment and such. Now all this is in favor of St. Joseph's Academy. It has tradition, years and years of service, and it has still the competent staff to train the children of to-day and to maintain the traditions of the past.

This year especially I am pleased to be with you on this day because associated with the academy we have the great adventure of the Sisters of St. Joseph in establishing Fontbonne College for which we broke ground a few weeks ago.

This is a big work for the Sisters to undertake, but if it were not for the great spirit of sacrifice and holy recklessness of the Sisters of St. Joseph, who do not count the cost where the work of God has to be done, we could not expect them to build Fontbonne College. And now that they have commenced, it becomes the duty of one and all of us to rally to their support. I think that the very first after the clergy that should rally to the support of this college are the students, who in all these years have been benefited by the teaching of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

Their name, their fame and their souls are bound up with this new college, and they cannot afford to let it falter or fail. There are some who think that this is a work of supererogation. What do young women want with a college education? Well, I might agree if the college education is such as many of the colleges are giving the young women to-day. I might say that college education is perverting their minds, and while it may help to make them greater intellectuals, yet it has a very pernicious influence on their lives. But if you ask me should there be a Catholic College for women, I say certainly, certainly.

The Church has never differentiated any manner of imparting knowledge whether to men or to women. As far as the Church is concerned, and the acquisition of knowledge goes, it must interest women as much as men if we have Catholic Colleges for boys, we have the same right and duty to have Catholic Colleges for girls, one of the most essential means of to-day.

In the Catholic grammar schools, Catholic education was imparted to the children by teaching them how to join their hands in prayer, and training them in the knowledge of the fundamentals of Religion, Catechism and Bible History. Then a later wave of enthusiasm was developed for the Catholic high schools here, and the young boy or girl going through the years, sees all things around him from a new viewpoint. Of the secular or almost worldly tendency there is a strong appeal to them of everything around them—for their being for both good and bad is developed in rapid order, and we say just at that time the Catholic high school is a necessity. It is the parting of ways from the standpoint of the will to go right and the way to go wrong. The character of the youth is made during these years.

Now comes the Catholic College. You say, well, do you add that to the other necessities? Yes, my dear friends, I do, and the reason is that in the grammar schools and in the high schools, students, boys and girls, are studying mostly the things outside themselves. Geography, grammar, arithmetic and such like; these are external to them, and the same is true to a certain extent during the high school. It is a continuation of these studies, with more advanced geography, and mathematics, but when you come to college the dominant study then is not the things that are external, but rather the study reverts on the individuals themselves. They begin to study mental processes of the mind, its faculties. They are led directly to the spiritual and the soul that is within us. They have studied these subjects not like the external ones because they are incompatible to the things of the mind, and it is just at that point, my dear friends, that modern education has gone completely wrong. They have attacked the subjects with the belief that there is nothing in life except what has grown up from the earth, evolved, if you will; the development and perfecting of what is in its origin, material of the earth, with the result that they have in their efforts to study the mind and soul, gone from one excess to the other regarding this matter.

Down in the Southland they grow cotton—and the cotton field is very beautiful. There the flower becomes a plant growing up and the numerous flowers grow up until you see a pyramid of white, blue and red flowers. The cotton plant growing up is a delightful sight, and then the cotton itself is formed there from the seed, forming the flower, and while the cotton itself is blooming, along comes an insect, the boll weevil, who strikes at the very heart of the cotton flower forming in the pod, and kills it, and the flower in the field a few days ago was beautiful and white, has now turned black and after a short time the whole cotton field has broken down.

The application to this: That modern methods in the field of philosophy drive the sharp point into the developing soul down into the human heart, slacks its progress and kills. They have reached the origin of life, but they have produced death because they have taken away the sunshine of God. They have destroyed—and they have destroyed life itself by what they call the origin of life—they have thwarted the will of God; they have denied His creative power and have begun the destruction of souls.

A lady said to me the other day: "I am going to send my boy to one of the big universities." "I am sorry to hear that," I replied. "Why, what do you mean?" the good lady asked me. "I mean if you let your boy go there he will lose his faith, and when he loses his faith, he is lost to you and you have lost him."

The tendency of to-day is to destroy, to take from the individual all zest, inspiration and everything worth while. We have examples to-day of youth, from non-Catholic colleges, who can see no more reason for life; they have tried out everything and they want to kill themselves. Suicide is very easy for them. They strike at the very heart of existence; they have found no soul, no hope, no God, and we have had an example of this recently in Chicago.

Do you wish to see these flowers bloom? Then you should send them to Catholic Colleges, where the bloom of virtue will remain, and the love of God, which is light and life of the

soul, and this Christian philosophy is taught in the Catholic universities alone.

College is the continuation and training of the individuals. Afterwards they can select their vocation from whatever studies they take up, but the college deals particularly with the training of minds the study of the mind, of the soul, the philosophy of life, teaching the higher forms of poetry and seeing there the spirit of God, perfect in both body, mind and soul, and consequently, my dear friends, you can see how anxious we are for the success of the new Fontbonne College. We don't want the young women who are trained in the high schools, convents and academies, to be transferred to an atmosphere where the white flower of their blameless lives will be crushed out, and where they come back black. They may be intellectually sharp in those so-called psychology and biology and other branches which belong to the non-Catholic colleges. The professors in these schools, we will admit, speak to their classes about Catholic philosophy, but the probabilities are they spent the rest of the day or year teaching how false, and how foolish it is, until they have the child in this attitude of mind. With this point of view they return to their parents, who are religiously inclined, and say, "Oh, yes, we heard about the old gospel long ago. How false and antiquated and dead it is."

So my dear friends, we are very glad to hear of the Sisters of St. Joseph beginning a first-class college for women now in operation within these walls, but reaching its development out at this new location. We hope it will have the support of all present so that from its portals will come women of a higher and better life, which means that we shall have women of higher intellect of spirit and of faith, who will be able to stand for the right, and maintain the right, and who will be able to save us from the degenerate condition that is fast growing into the public life of America. When that degeneracy forms such proportions then the result will be the degeneracy of the nation itself. If the teacher drinks from the impure fountain, what the little children drink must needs be

tainted. We must preserve our youth from this taint, from decay.

I congratulate the graduates of this year and I hope they will preserve in their zest for life, for holiness to live and live rightly, which is the product of Catholic training, and no element of that moral decay. I hope you will preserve that beauty, faith, love and truth which you have learned here in St. Joseph's Academy.



FONTBONNE COLLEGE

On a fifteen-acre tract located at Pennsylvania avenue and Wydown boulevard, the Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet are erecting a group of buildings to be known as Fontbonne College. To it, when it is completed, will be removed the classes now conducted at St. Joseph's Academy, 6400 Minnesota Ave.

Fontbonne will be a four-year college, conferring the degrees of A.B. and B.S. The name perpetuates the memory of Mother St. John Fontbonne, the French Superior, who reorganized the Congregation of St. Joseph, dispersed during the French Revolution, and who sent the first band of Sisters of St. Joseph, six in number, from Lyons to America in 1836. In September of that year three of these Sisters established the convent and school in the village of Carondelet. Their building was a log cabin on the site of the present St. Joseph's Academy.

During 1840 the first wing of a permanent building of brick and stone was erected north of the log structure, and through successive additions at varying intervals since, St. Joseph's Academy reached its present capacity. It houses numerous departments. It is the Mother House of the Congregation, and the novitiate for the training of young Sisters. In addition to the Academy, which is affiliated to the Catholic University of America, the Missouri State University, and is a member of the North Central Association, St. Joseph's has, during the past year, maintained the first year of its college course. College and Academy, crowded out of their present quarters, will be given ample space in the commodious new buildings which comprises Fontbonne College.

The College is designed in the Tudor Gothic style of architecture, and will be constructed of Missouri red granite, with trimmings of Bedford stone. The group consists of five buildings: Administration, Science Hall, Music and Art, Gymnasium and Power House. The three first named are each 200 feet long by 60 feet wide.

The Administration Building is four stories in height, and contains the administrative offices, several large reception rooms, the main library, dormitories and individual rooms, a dining hall to seat 400, a cafeteria equipped to serve 250. Connected with this building is the chapel 60 feet by 100 feet, and having a seating capacity of 400.

The Administration Building is connected by one-story covered arcades with the Science Hall on the west and the Music and Art Buildings on the east, both three stories in height. The former contains 30 class rooms, two study halls, four science laboratories—botany, chemistry, physics and biology—and two lecture rooms. The Music and Art Building contains large reception and exhibit rooms, studios, reception rooms, libraries, class rooms and individual sound-proof music rooms. A spacious entrance leads through the first story to the auditorium, 60 feet by 100 feet, and with a seating capacity of 400.

The Gymnasium Building, 73 feet by 100 feet, and one story high, contains the gymnasium, 42 feet by 60 feet, a swimming pool, 32 feet by 60 feet, and a spectators' gallery. The power house, a perfectly equipped service plant, contains the laundry and living quarters for hired help.

The buildings are fire-proof, of reinforced concrete and structural steel, enclosed with granite-faced masonry walls; and from the standpoint of sanitation, health, recreation and educational equipment are the last word in up-to-date modern school building. To the south of the group of buildings is the athletic field, 300 feet by 500 feet in area, and the campus will be laid out in landscape garden effect, with drives and pedestrian walks.

The first unit of the college will accommodate 350 students and 100 boarding students, together with the large staff of teachers that will be required. The design and arrangements are such that when the group is completed, ample space will be left for additional buildings, so that the college will in time accommodate a much larger number of students.

RELIGIOUS CEREMONY AT ST. JOSEPH, TORONTO

On Friday, August 15th, Feast of Our Lady's Assumption, the semi-annual ceremony of Reception and Profession was held at the Mother House of the Community of St. Joseph, St. Alban St., Toronto. Six young ladies were clothed in the Holy Habit: Miss Alida Maurice, Lafontaine, Ont., in religion Sister Marie Aubert; Miss Florida Marion, Penetanguishene, Sister Irma; Miss Teresa LeGree, Toronto, Sister Mary Amadea; Miss Rita Shaughnessy, Barrie, Sister Mary St. Cuthbert; Miss Bessie Allen, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Sister Mary Aelred; Miss Ella McDonnell, Midland, Sister Mary St. Justin. Six Sisters took Final Vows: Sister M. Medard, Sister M. St. Rose, Sister Mary Eva, Sister M. Berenice, Sister M. Jane Frances and Sister Mary Alicie. At the Community Mass earlier in the morning two Novices also took First Vows: Sisters M. Caroline and Albertine.

The Ceremony of Profession and Reception at which Rt. Rev. Mgr. Whelan, V.G., officiated, assisted by Rev. Father McBrady, C.S.B., was followed by Holy Mass celebrated by the Rev. Father Hinchey, Hamilton, brother of one of the Sisters making Profession. Rev. Father Oswald, the Capuchin Friar who conducted two of the Community Retreats, delivered a very practical and enlightening sermon on the meaning and advantages of the Religious Life, pointing out that although it is a life of great sacrifice and self-renunciation, it brings with it a joy and happiness unknown to those who spend their days seeking self and pleasure in the world. Many friends besides the parents and relatives of the Sisters witnessed this beautiful and impressive ceremony, while the clergy of the city and other parts of the diocese were well represented in the sanctuary.

On the feast of Our Lady's Assumption, August 15th, Sister M. Emerita, St. Joseph's Hospital, Comox, B.C., celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of her Reception of the Holy Habit. The Jubilee Mass of thanksgiving was offered in the Hospital Chapel at which the Community and staff attended.

During the day the happy Jubilarian was the recipient of many tokens of kindly remembrance from her Sisters and friends. Ad multos annos.

* * * * *

With Very Rev. T. C. Hanley, C.S.S.R., Brooklyn, N.Y., directing, the first of our Spiritual Retreats this year opened on July 23rd and closed on July 31st, Feast of St. Ignatius. The second and third Retreats were conducted by the Rev. Father Oswald Staniforth, O.S.F.C.

* * * * *

Dr. H. C. Cassidy of Montreal, a member of the Hospital Visiting Staff of the American College of Surgeons, visited St. Joseph's Hospital, Comox, B.C., on August 5th, in connection with the Hospital Standardization movement. His report is most encouraging. For a small district hospital he finds it quite up-to-date and when a small laboratory is added the equipment will be complete.

Like other visitors he considers the location ideal, almost unequalled among the thousands of hospitals on his visiting list in Canada and the United States.

Dr. Cassidy was a guest at the Elk Hotel, where Doctors Butters and Briggs dined with him on Thursday evening.—“The Comox Argus,” Courtenay, B.C., Aug. 7, 1924.



Officers of St. Joseph's College
Alumnae Association



1924—1925



Honorary Patron—The Rev. R. McBrady, C.S.B.

Spiritual Director—The Rev. E. Murray, C.S.B.

Honorary President—The Reverend Mother Superior of the
Community of St. Joseph.

President—Mrs. J. A. Thompson.

First Vice-President—Mrs. Fred. O'Connor.

Second Vice-President—Mrs. James E. Day.

Third Vice-President—Mrs. E. Almas.

Fourth Vice-President—Mrs. C. L. Riley.

Fifth Vice-President—Miss Mary McGrath.

Treasurer—Mrs. H. Murphy.

Recording Secretary—Miss Helen Becker.

Corresponding Secretary—Miss Teresa O'Connor.

Out-of-Town Secretary—Miss Mary Brophy.

Press Secretary—Mrs. W. A. Wallis.

Historians—Miss L. Coffee, Miss Kelman.

Councillors—Mrs. J. D. Ward, Miss Hart, Mrs. Lellis, Miss
Julia O'Connor.

ALUMNAE NOTES

St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association marked the close of the fourteenth year of its existence at a high tea at St. Joseph's Convent on Thursday, June 19th. It then welcomed to its ranks its new recruits, the students graduated from the college in 1924, and after its social reunion transacted the business of its annual meeting.

The tea, served at prettily decorated tables in the spacious music hall of the school, brought together a congenial company of former pupils who found pleasure in reminiscences of their student years. Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse, the retiring president of the Association, was the toast mistress of the evening. Miss Anna Maloney proposed the toast to Alma Mater, to which Mrs. J. A. Thompson responded. Miss M. L. Hart extended greetings to the guests for whom Mrs. James Mallon replied. Dr. Aileen McDonagh proposed the toast to the graduates of 1924, and Miss Helen Barbara Monkhouse spoke on their behalf. Mrs. E. P. Kelly, governor of the Ontario branch of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, briefly discussed the work of the Alumnae Associations and the Federation. To the enjoyment of the evening, Miss Mary Orr, a graduate of 1924, and Miss Gertrude Bergin contributed by their performance of instrumental solos. Singing of familiar choruses brought the program to a close.

Officers for the year 1924-25 were elected at the business meeting which succeeded the high tea. They were: President, Mrs. J. A. Thompson; first vice-president, Mrs. Fred O'Connor; second vice-president, Mrs. James E. Day; third vice-president, Mrs. Edward Almas; fourth vice-president, Mrs. C. F. Riley; fifth vice-president, Miss Mary Magrath; treasurer, Mrs. Harold Murphy; recording secretary, Miss Helen Becker; corresponding secretary, Miss Teresa O'Connor; press secretary, Mrs. W. A. Wallis; out-of-town secretary, Miss Mary Brophy; historians, Miss L. Coffey, Miss M. Kelman; councillors, Mrs. J. D. Warde, Miss M. L. Hart, Mrs. Lellis, Miss Julia O'Connor.

Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse was selected as the Association's delegate to the meeting of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, to be held in Philadelphia, from October 17th to 26th. It was provided that, should Mrs. Monkhouse be unable to go to Philadelphia, Mrs. Fred O'Connor should represent the Association there.

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It now seems practically certain that the Association's delegate will be accompanied, for the first time, to the meeting of the International Federation by two members of the Community of St. Joseph. Officers of the Federation, in recent letters to the Association here, intimated that they would be much gratified if the Toronto delegation to the Philadelphia gathering should include members of the religious order. The idea commended itself to the executive officers of the Alumnae Association and to the Mother Superior of the order and may be given effect.

* * * * *

Miss Mary Hayes, who served as press correspondent for the Alumnae Association during 1923-24, has entered the Community of St. Joseph.

* * * * *

On June sixth, the graduates from St. Joseph's College and Loretto Abbey were guests of honor at a delightful dance arranged by the joint executives of the Newman Club and Newman Alumni, and held in the spacious clubhouse on St. George Street. The decoration scheme was cleverly carried out in blue and white, the Varsity colors. Dancing took place in the library, hall and drawing-room, and buffet refreshments were served in the dining-room. The grounds were gay with Chinese lanterns. The club and alumni presidents, Mr. Thomas Day and Mr. Frank McDonagh, were assisted in receiving the guests by their associates on the committee. Among those present were: Miss Elsie Irvine, Miss Sheila Irvine, Miss Margaret Bradley, Miss Avril Cavanagh, Miss Marion Sullivan, Miss Marie Campbell, Miss Madaline Roach, Miss Geraldine Coffee, Miss Pauline McDonagh, Miss Hilda Burke, Miss Agnes Pineau, Miss Marion Sharp, Miss Ruth Sheahan (of St.

Catharines), Miss Aileen Dunegan, Miss K. O'Neill, Miss Dallis Le Gris, Dr. Ross Harris, Dr. Pendergast, Messrs. Terry Robert, Jack Trepanier, A. Kelly, Jack Croy, E. Flaliff, A. Ferris (of Windsor), J. McGahey, O. Byrne, Fonce Page, T. Day and Frank McDonagh. * * * * *

At the Executive Meeting of St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association held on Thursday, Sept. 4th, 1924, the following standing committees were formed:

Entertainment Committee — Mrs. James E. Day (Convenor), Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse, Mrs. Fred O'Connor, Miss May Morrow.

Academic Committee—Miss Helen Becker (Convenor), Miss May Orr, Miss Helen Monkhouse, Miss Margaret Thompson.

Cemetery Committee — Miss Mary McGrath (Convenor), Mrs. Lellis, Mrs. Landry, Miss Kelman.

Spiritual Committee—Miss Teresa O'Connor (Convenor), Miss Hart, Miss Julia O'Connor.

* * * * *

The sincere sympathy of the Association is offered to the bereaved relatives and friends of Miss Margaret Harkins, Miss Josephine McDougal, Miss Gladys Patricia O'Connor, Mrs. Hermine Kiely, Mrs. Margaret Day, Mrs. F. B. Morrow, Mr. Michael Joseph Crottie, Mr. George Kidd, Mr. William Healy and Mr. Howard McNulty, recently deceased. Requisite in pace. * * * * *

St. Joseph's Alumnae heartily felicitate Miss Mary Hoskin, president of the Women's Auxiliary of the Catholic Church Extension Society of Canada, who has been honored by His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, with the Cross "Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice." * * * * *

St. Basil's Church was the scene of a very interesting and pretty wedding on July 1, when Catharine Josephine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Miller, was married to Charles Rowlands, of Montreal. Rev. Father R. S. Miller, of Grimsby, brother of the bride, assisted by Rev. Father Player, officiated.

Another very pretty and interesting wedding was solemnized at St. Mary's Church, St. Catharines, on August 12th, when

Theresa, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Haynes, was married to Edward S. Murphy. The Rev. F. Smyth, P.P., performed the nuptial ceremony.

At Our Lady of Lourdes, on July 26th, Miss Margery Power was united in marriage to Mr. Harry Cornish, of Port Atkinson, Wis., U.S.A. The nuptial ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Dollard, P.P.

At the Parish Church, Sturgeon Falls, the marriage took place of Miss Margaret Cecil Blagdon to Mr. Alexander B. Hood, on Saturday, August 23rd. The Very Rev. J. A. Le-cuyer, V.G., performed the nuptial ceremony.

At Los Angeles, on Thursday, June 5th, Miss Annie Philomena Scully, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Scully, became the bride of Mr. Herbert Emmett Englert. The Parish Priest performed the marriage ceremony and celebrated the nuptial Mass.

On July 2nd, at St. Helen's Church, Miss Jean McCabe became the bride of Mr. Frank Kelly. The Rt. Rev. Mgr. D. M. Wheelan was celebrant of the nuptial Mass and performed the marriage ceremony.

At St. Vincent de Paul's Church, on Wednesday, September 10th, Miss Mary Loretto Meehan became the bride of Mr. Farncis C. Meehan. The Rev. Father V. Reath, C.S.B., performed the marriage ceremony and celebrated the nuptial Mass.

To these young couples St. Joseph's Alumnae tender the best of good wishes for future success and happiness.

Arrived—At the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Nealon, a little daughter, Mary Patricia. At the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Flynn, a daughter, Margaret Isabel Joyce. At the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Murphy, a daughter, Mary Denise. At the home of Dr. and Mrs. C. F. Riley, a daughter, Rosalie. We congratulate the above parents and wish their new arrivals the blessings of long, prosperous and happy years.

* * * * *

Miss M. L. Hart and Miss May Morrow were guests at the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, July 19th, for reception and luncheon to meet the Earl and Countess Cossillis.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE RESULTS OF FINAL EXAMINATIONS FOR THE YEAR 1923-1924

As announced by the University of Toronto, the following young ladies have been awarded the degree of Bachelor of Arts:

In Modern Languages, with First Class Honours, Miss Averille Kavanagh; with Second Class Honours, Miss Evelyn Burke.

In the General Course—Miss Isabel McCormack, Miss Eleanor Murray, Miss Mary Dobell.

Third Year.

English and History, with Second Class Honours, Miss Blanche Larochele.

Modern Languages, with Third Class Honours—Miss Anna Hayes.

In the General Course—Miss Madelein Enright, Miss Catherine Kehoe, Miss Clare Moore, Miss Kathleen McNally, Miss Constance Shannon, Miss Kathleen Young, Miss Muriel English, Miss Anna Bauer, Miss May Benoit, Miss Grace Houlihan, Miss Helen Kramer.

Second Year.

In Modern Languages, with First Class Honours—Miss Pauline Blake. With Second Class Honours—Miss Gertrude Quinian.

In the General Course—Miss Grace Cooney, Miss Mary Coughlin, Miss Margaret Crummey, Miss Helen Kernahan, Miss Lillian Duggan, Miss Marie Foley, Miss Norma Duffy, Miss Helena McCarthy, Miss Ida Wickett, Miss Camilla Wright,



ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE GRADUATES IN ARTS, 1924

Miss Mary Margaret Dobell, B.A. Miss Eleanore M. Murray, B.A.

Miss Isabel M. McCormack, B.A. Miss Averille M. Kavanagh, B.A.

Miss Evelyn M. Burke, B.A.

Miss Monica McGinn, Miss Camilla Coumans, Miss Eleanor McCarthy, Miss Rita O'Grady.

A prize of twenty-five dollars presented by Senator Belcourt, for highest excellence in French in St. Michael's College, is awarded to Miss Averille Kavanagh, B.A.

First Year.

English and History—Miss Regina Harrison with Second Class Honours.

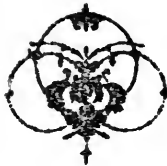
Modern Languages—Miss Norine Wylie, Eileen Young, Loretto Bradley.

In General Course—Misses Anna O'Brien, Dorothy O'Connor, Mary McNamara.

As announced in the University Calendar, but was too late for our last prize list, the Hughes Prize, the gift of Mr. Frank Hughes, of the value of twenty-five dollars, to the student ranking highest in Honour English of the Second Year, was awarded in 1923 to Miss B. V. Larochelle.

Also, the Mahon Prize, the gift of John Mahon, Esq., of the value of twenty-five dollars, to the student ranking highest in Honour English of the First Year, was awarded in 1923 to Miss P. M. Blake.

The University of Toronto has awarded the degree Master of Arts to Sister M. Perpetua and to Sister M. St. John, and the degree of Bachelor of Pedagogy to Sister M. Josephine and to Sister M. St. Fergus.



SEVENTIETH ANNUAL GRADUATION AND CLOSING EXERCISES AT ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY, June 18, 1924

On Wednesday, June 18th, the Annual Closing and Graduation Exercises of St. Joseph's College Academy were held in the college auditorium. The sixteen young graduates carrying sheaves of roses and attended by tiny children, presented to the numerous guests assembled a charming picture. Pupils of the senior school in black uniforms were arranged in tiers in the background, while the front of the stage was banked with June's sweetest and fairest flowers.

Under the direction of Maestro Carboni, a fine musical programme was presented, which demonstrated the progress made by the school as a whole, and also the talent of several individual pupils. A delightful cantata, "The Three Springs," sung by the entire school, the solo parts being taken by Miss M. Mahon and Miss C. Macnab, evoked loud applause, and a piano solo, "Etude en Forme de Valse," was played by Miss Rita Savard, whose brilliant technique and genius for musical expression drew from the audience a real ovation. A piano quartet by Miss May Orr, Miss Carmel Laforest, Miss Eva Wells and Miss Theresa Brown was marked by careful attention to detail and bespoke careful preparation on the part of both pupils and teachers. The school hymn, "Hail to Thee, Joseph," opened the programme, and seldom was the beauty of the National Anthem more apparent than when Maestro Carboni, at the conclusion of the proceedings, to a brilliant piano accompaniment, led the youthful choir through the familiar lines of "God Save the King."

The conferring of honours, the crowning of the graduates, and the awarding of medals took place between the musical numbers. Following the formal exercises the guests inspected the display of art needlework, drawing and painting, which was exceptionally large and of high quality.

Graduating medals and diplomas were awarded to Miss

Loretto M. Cerre, Toronto; Miss Audrey A. Dill, Detroit; Miss A. Imelda D. Halligan, Toronto; Miss Florence A. Hayes, Toronto; Miss Harriet R. Kelly, Toronto; Miss Frantz M. Kormann, Toronto; Miss Mary C. LaForest, South Porcupine, Ont.; Miss Catherine M. Loftus, Toronto; Miss Caroline M. McCabe, Toronto; Miss Mary C. McDevitt, Toronto; Miss Pauline M. McDonagh, Toronto; Miss Rose T. McQuillen, Toronto; Miss Helen B. Monkhouse, Toronto; Miss May Orr, Calgary, Alta.; Miss Margaret M. Thompson (valedictorian), Toronto; Miss Margaret T. Wright, Toronto.

The following medals were awarded:

Papal Medal for Church History in Senior Grades—Awarded to Miss Anita DeMontrichard.

Gold Medal, presented by the Most Rev. Neil McNeil, Archbishop of Toronto, for Church History in Lower School—Awarded to Miss Teresa McDonald.

By the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Whalen for Languages in Form IV., awarded to Miss Margaret Doyle.

By the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Kidd, for General Proficiency in Form IV.—Awarded to Miss Mary Fitzgerald.

By Rev. L. Minehan, for Science in Form IV.—Awarded to Miss Mary Hayes.

By Rev. Father Doherty, for Mathematics in Form V.—Awarded to Miss Margaret Cunningham.

By Ambrose Kent, for Languages in Form V.—Awarded to Miss Frances Johnston.

By Rev. Dr. Dollard, for General Proficiency in Form III.—Awarded to Miss Marie Crean.

By Rev. Dr. O'Leary, for Highest Standing in Form 11A—Awarded to Miss Catherine Fenn.

By Rev. P. J. Flanagan, for Highest Standing in Form II.B—Awarded to Miss Gladys Moffatt.

By Rev. M. Cline, for Highest Standing in Form IA.—Awarded to Miss Elsie Gordon.

By Rev. S. McGrath, for Highest Standing in Form I.B.—Awarded to Miss Helen Knowlton.

By Rev. Father Coyle, for Highest Standing in Commercial Class—Awarded to Miss Mary Williams.

By J. A. Knox, for Typewriting—Awarded to Miss Henora Hodson.

By Rev. J. J. McGrand, for Highest Standing in Entrance Class—Awarded to Miss Irene Baxter.

By Rev. Dr. Treacy, for Art in Form II.—Awarded to Miss Catherine Fenn.

By Rev. W. A. McCann, for Christian Doctrine in Elementary School—Awarded to Miss Frances Wright.

By the Heintzman Co., for Associate Grade in Piano Music—Awarded to Miss Rita Savard.

By Rev. J. McCandlish, C.S.S.R., for Associate Grade in Violin Music—Awarded to Miss Gertrude Bergin.

By Mr. F. R. Emery, for Intermediate Grade in Piano Music—Awarded to Miss Claire Chinn.

By Mr. S. A. Frost, for Vocal Music—Awarded to Miss Teresa Macnab.

By Rev. G. Kirby, for Proficiency in Theory of Music—Awarded to Miss Gertrude Bergin.

By Rev. E. McCabe, for Paintings—Awarded to Miss Nina Roque.

Gold Thimble for Art Needlework—Awarded to Miss Edith Roque.

Prize presented by St. Joseph's Alumnae Association, to Miss Margaret Thompson, who was chosen by the International Alumnae Association to represent St. Joseph's in the Essay Contest launched by that Association, and for which a prize of \$100 will be awarded to the successful contestant.

Special prize for Advancement in English among the French pupils—Awarded to Miss Alice Aubichon.

Special prize for Ladylike Deportment in Boarding School through the year, drawn for and obtained by Miss Jessie Hodgson.

Special Prize for Household Science, drawn for and obtained by Miss Hermine Kellar.

Special Prize in St. Cecilia's Choir, for Fidelity and Improvement, drawn for and obtained by Miss Catherine Fenn.

Special Prize for Fidelity to Music Practice, drawn for and obtained by Miss Florence Laroeque.

VALEDICTORY

She who sees further than others can give the world vision.
She who stands steadier than others can give it character.
She who forgets herself in doing things for others can give it religion.

For us, the graduates of 1924, this day will be remembered always—the day which terminates our school life and on which we enter the portals of a new and critical world, leaving behind us the care-free days of our life here at St. Joseph's. We feel, as have the graduates of former years, that a note of sadness creeps into the joy of the day—a sense of regret that the time has come to leave the friendly, sympathetic atmosphere, in which we have lived and moved these many years past.

No, dear Sisters, we shall not forget your helpful interest and self-sacrificing zeal. You have given us that true education of which the object as Ruskin says, is to make people "Not merely do the right things, but enjoy doing the right things; not merely industrious, but to love industry; not merely learned, but to love knowledge; not merely pure, but to love purity; not merely just, but to hunger and thirst after justice." Nor shall we forget the hours spent at study in the class-rooms, or at recreation in the gymnasium and beautiful grounds. Most of all, we remember the time spent in the chapel where aid and consolation for our petty troubles was never found wanting, where blessings were bounteously lavished upon us.

Spring at Saint Joseph's! Who could possibly forget it? When the very air seems to inspire one with high ideals! The budding orchards, the fresh green of the scenery, a certain feeling of excitement, the whispering breezes, all seem to breathe into our hearts noble aspirations and incite us to greater efforts.

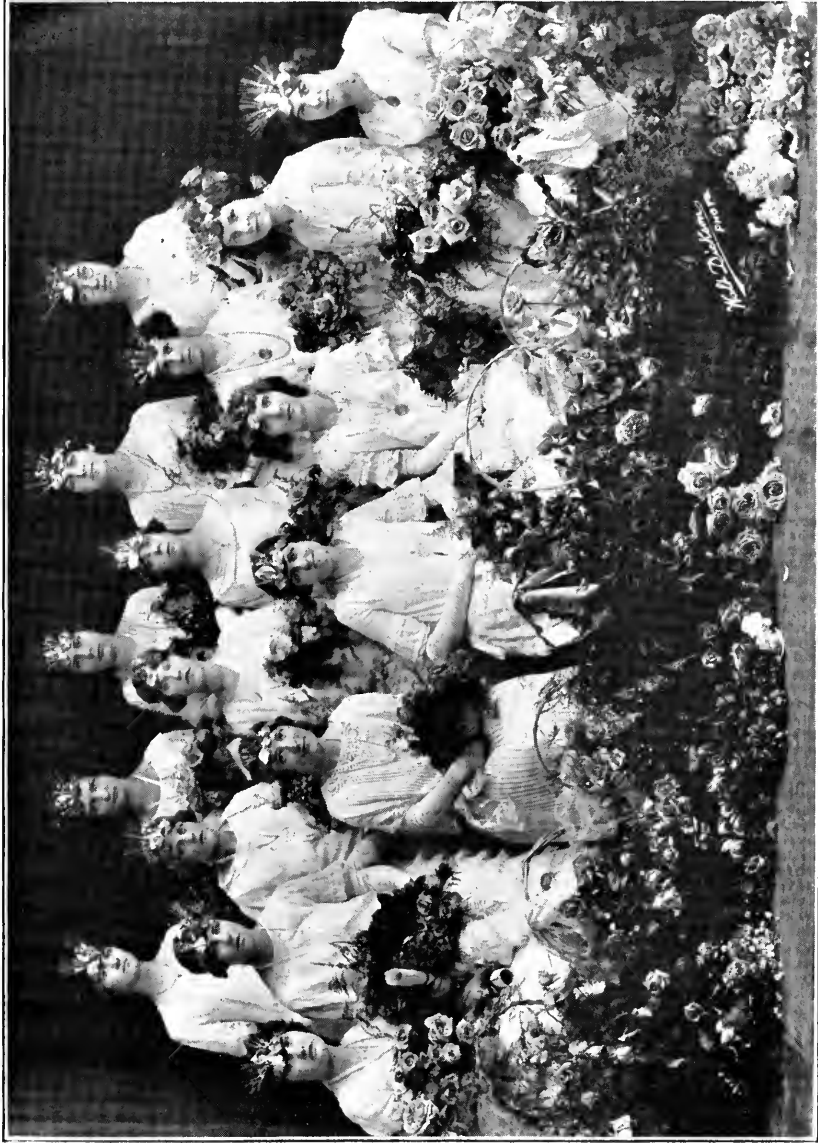
Yes, my classmates and I are well aware that we are embarking on a new life; that now, before our eyes is stretched a stranger, broader vista. And we know that God and Alma Mater expect of us, as staunch Catholic women, to be true to God, the Church and our school and always to be ready to do our small part in propagating a Christian spirit in the world of to-day. To Alma Mater, we pledge loyalty and sincerity and we promise that we shall always keep in mind that the world is ever ready to remark in a convent graduate what would pass unheeded in another.

Dear Sisters, we do not wish to say farewell. We shall not say "farewell." No, gladly and often shall we return to revisit the favorite nooks and haunts of our school days here, and kneel again at Benediction in our stately, peaceful chapel. So it is not "farewell," but "Au revoir," which the graduates of 1924 wish to say to you, Saint Joseph's.

"Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past which she cannot destroy,
Which come in the night time of sorrow and care
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.

Long, long be my heart which such memories filled
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled,
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang 'round it still.' "





ACADEMY GRADUATES, 1924

Miss Helen B. Monkhouse, Toronto; Miss Mary C. McDevitt, Toronto; Miss Margaret T. Wright, Toronto; Miss Rose T. McQuillan, Toronto; Miss May Orr, Calgary.
 Miss Audrey A. Dill, Detroit; Miss Catherine M. Lottus, Toronto; Miss Amelea D. Halligan, Toronto;
 Miss Loretta M. Cerre, Toronto; Miss Mary P. McDonagh, Toronto; Miss Carolyn M. McCabe, Toronto; Miss Mary C. LaForest, South Porcupine; Miss Franzta M. Kormann, Toronto.
 Miss Florence A. Hayes, Toronto; Miss Margaret M. Thompson, Toronto; Miss Harriet R. Kelly, Toronto.

GRADUATES, 1924— BIOGRAPHIES

LORETTA CERRE.

She is as kind as she is fair, for beauty lives with kindness.

After passing her Entrance at Holy Name School, Loretta came to St. Joseph's in 1920. During her four years of High School Course, she has won a host of friends by her thoughtfulness and kindness. Her sweet and amiable disposition has been appreciated by her teachers and classmates, who wish her every success in her chosen career.

AUDREY DILL.

Dear were her charms to me,
Dearer her laughter free,
Dearest her constancy.

Although Audrey's home is in Detroit, she has received all her education at St. Joseph's, from the Primer to Matriculation. Her teachers say that it seems but yesterday that she, herself, played the role of dainty little "angel" to another fair graduate, and her companions say the years have gone all too quickly since they first met her at St. Joseph's. The conclusion, of course, is obvious, that Audrey was a most satisfactory pupil and the best sort of friend a girl could find.

IMELDA HALLIGAN.

Imelda came to St. Joseph's as a little girl. As the years went by, it was perceived that she did not require to put forth strenuous efforts in order to advance on the pathway of learning. However, one of her chief delights was in taking part in the plays given by the students of the school. She also found great pleasure in out-door sports and was one of the most active members of the Athletic Club. Her bright generous manner will long be remembered by her companions and teachers.

FLORENCE AGNES HAYES,
Toronto.

Florence began her career at St. Joseph's in 1922 when she was in Second Form. Having passed her Lower School successfully she entered upon the Middle School Course. Last year saw her numbered among the resident pupils of the Academy, where her sunny disposition won her many friends. Her plans for the future have not been made known to us but both Sisters and pupils wish her every success in all her future undertakings.

RACHEL KELLY.

Earnest, gentle, kind is she. As true as any friend could be.

A 1924 graduate, yes; and one of whom we are all proud. As a very little tot Rachel entered upon her school career in St. Joseph's Academy, and advanced steadily in her work and into the hearts of everyone with whom she came in contact. She was the chosen angel of many graduates while in her childhood. This year her one ambition was realized when she was among those crowned.

True friend, and earnest pupil, we hope that your calling in life may be filled with joy and happiness and always marked with the one trait,

“A Graduate of St. Joseph's.”

FRANTZA KORMANN.

Strong in will, and rich in wisdom,
Supreme in judgment and in wit.

Frantza spent her elementary school days at St. Peter's. September of 1919 found Frantza at St. Joseph's, beginning her high school course. During these years she has obtained her Lower School, Matriculation and Honor Matriculation, carrying off the medal for general proficiency. Her sweet

smile and alluring ways have made her many friends, and we trust that Life will continue to show her the sunny side and bestow upon her every success.

MARY CARMEL LAFOREST,
South Porcupine, Ont.

“A friend is one who knows all about you, and loves you just the same.”

From Haileybury to St. Joseph's College in September, 1919, Carmel came to us a shy little maiden. She held many a heart in fealty and enjoyed always the best that true friendship could afford. Music and sports, too, had a keen fascination for this versatile little lady. May the highway of her life be strewn with happiness and success.

CATHERINE LOFTUS.

Catherine came from St. Mary's Parish when she entered upon her High School course at St. Joseph's. She made rapid progress in learning and proved herself as efficient on the green as in the class-room. She was an enthusiast in basketball and became an essential on the school team. In June she wrote her Upper School and Honor Matriculation. She now thinks of attending Normal and joining the ranks of the teaching profession. We would deem it a happy privilege to be one of her pupils.

HELEN BARBARA MONKHOUSE.

Calm, steady eyes, a very determined chin and a certain dignity of bearing were the first characteristics we noticed about Helen when she came to St. Joseph's in 1920. “That is an interesting personality,” we thought. “We should like to know her!” And know her we did, and like her immensely! For, we found the steady eyes were also kind and friendly, the mouth above that determined chin was often relaxed into

a merry smile, and Helen was never too dignified to enjoy wholesome fun. Indeed it was she who showed herself an enthusiastic and capable president of our Athletic Association Play, however, never interfered with Helen's work and in 1923 she was awarded the gold medal for highest standing in Form III. All who know her feel that in whatever walk of life Helen chooses, she will be successful and win hosts of staunch friends.

PAULINE McDONAGH.

“A spirit full of pleasant brightness.”

Pauline received her Primary and High School education at St. Joseph's. Her friendliness, bright manner and girlish love of fun has made her a host of friends. The social and athletic functions of her class have always found in her a strong supporter and a willing helper. Alma Mater extends best wishes to her on her pathway through life.

CAROLINE McCABE.

Now if you will tarry a moment or two
I'll tell you of Carrie so bright and so true
She's trustworthy and honest, kind-hearted and good
Behaves herself seemly as all maidens should.
She's happy and gracious, her voice never cold
So God bless our Carrie whose heart is pure gold.

Conscientious, diligent in her work, Caroline has won the esteem of all her teachers through her school life at St. Joseph's, while her kindness and thoughtfulness have made her a favorite among her schoolmates. We all consider her one of our truest friends and know that her future will be spent in performing those many acts of kindness which characterized her life at St. Joseph's.

CECILIA McDEVITT.

“Of every noble work, the silent part is best
Of all expression that which cannot be expressed.”

Cecilia came to Toronto from the beautiful city of Guelph and entered St. Joseph's as a pupil of the fourth class, where she won distinction by obtaining the gold medal at the Entrance Examinations. Of a retiring disposition, she became the confidential friend of her classmates and also won the favorable regard of her teachers, through her earnest application to study. As a result of her studiousness, she was a successful candidate at the Lower School Examinations and also at Middle School and Matriculation. During the past year she has been attending the Normal School. We wish her every success in her chosen profession.

ROSA McQUILLEN.

The world external knows thee but in part,
Can see and honor but what's least in thee!

Our Rose came to St. Joseph's in 1920. In her quiet, sweet way she has won for herself the love and esteem of her teachers and fellow students. A good worker is our Rose, and every day told its story of diligent work the night before, which is now rewarded by the great honor of being a St. Joseph's Graduate. In 1921 Rose wrote her Lower School examinations and was successful.

May the future be a reflex of the past and find its goal as safely and securely won.

MAY ORR,
Calgary, Alta.

May joined the ranks of St. Joseph's pupils five years ago, coming all the way from Calgary. Having passed the Entrance Examinations, she began the High School course. Last year, however, she continued only part of that course in order to devote more time to her music in which she excels, being the winner of both the silver and gold medals for piano. She has completed one year of a University Course in music, and

a hearty welcome awaits her return next year. During the time that she has spent at St. Joseph's, May has always been a leader in the different sports and many a recreation, which might otherwise have been dull, has been made pleasant by her playing. Alma Mater extends best wishes for a successful future.

MARGARET THOMPSON

“A smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires.”

Margaret has been in attendance at St. Joseph's since the beginning of her school career, and has proved herself a very earnest student. Throughout her Collegiate Course, she has shown a marked ability in the literary line, but that her talent did not lie in this one direction only was proven by her obtaining honors in nine of the twelve examinations required for Matriculation. By her industry, her consideration for others, her gentleness and her adherence to principle in all her actions she has endeared herself to teachers and companions. As valedictorian of her class, her sweet, simple unassuming manner evoked many favorable comments. Margaret intends entering upon a University course, and we predict a bright future for her.

MARGARET WRIGHT.

Her words, her smile, her movements told of womanly completeness.

Margaret came to St. Joseph's after obtaining High School Entrance at Our Lady of Lourdes School, and throughout her Academic Course has given evidence of those higher qualities of mind and heart that stamp a girl as a good student and an incomparably delightful friend. Her unselfish, unassuming ways made her a general favorite among her class-mates and her willingness to give her services in all social activities showed that her interests were ever one with those of her school. We hear that her Matriculation certificate is to be a passport to the nursing profession. If so, who would complain of being sick with Margaret in attendance?

RESULTS OF EXAMINATIONS AT ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY (COLLEGIATE CENTRE)

Note: The letter "C" written after a subject denotes that the candidate has obtained a pass standing, or between 50 and 59 per cent. in that subject.

III. stands for Third-Class honours, or between 60 and 65 per cent.

II. stands for Second-Class honours, or between 66 and 74 per cent.

I. stands for First-Class honours, or between 75 and 100 per cent.

Upper School or Entrance to Faculty.

Blanche Burns—Modern History C.

Margaret Cunningham—Literature C, Modern History II, Geometry II, Algebra II, Chemistry II, French Authors II, French Composition II.

Helen English—English Composition C, English Literature C.

Mary Fitzgerald—English Composition C.

Beatrice Harrison—English Composition C.

Alice Hayes—English Composition C, English Literature C.

Frances Johnston—Modern History I, Algebra II, Geometry II, Latin Authors I, Latin Composition I, French Authors I, French Composition I.

Margaret Jones—Literature C, Algebra C, Modern History C, Chemistry C, French Composition C.

Rachael Kelly—English Composition C.

Catherine Loftus—Literature C, Algebra C, Latin Authors C, Latin Composition C, French Authors II, French Composition II.

Kathleen Malone—Physics II.

E. McGahey—Literature C, Algebra C, Latin Authors C, Latin Composition C, French Authors C, French Composition C.

- Mary McGarvey—Modern History II, Algebra III, Geometry III, Latin Authors II, Latin Composition II, French Authors III, French Composition III.
- Helen Monkhouse—English Composition C, Literature C.
- Blanche Murphy—English Composition C, Literature C, Modern History II, Algebra C, Geometry C, Trigonometry C, Botany C, Zoology C, Chemistry II.
- Ruth Ridley—English Composition II, English Literature II, Modern History C, Chemistry C, French Authors C.
- Verona Ronan—Literature C, Modern History III, Geometry C, Latin Composition C.

Pass Matriculation and Entrance to Normal.

- M. Battle—Physics C, Latin Authors C, French Authors C.
- M. Burke—English Composition II, English Literature II.
- R. Burke—English Composition II, English Literature I, Algebra III, Chemistry III.
- M. Calvert—Physics I, Latin Authors C, Latin Composition C.
- L. Cerre—British History III, Ancient History C, Physics I.
- L. Clarke—English Composition III, English Literature III, Chemistry C.
- D. Costello—English Composition III, English Literature C, British History C, Algebra III, Chemistry II.
- A. Cream—English Composition III, English Literature C, British History III, Algebra III, Chemistry III.
- M. Cream—English Composition C, English Literature III, British History II, Algebra I, Chemistry II.
- H. Cronin—British History III, Geometry C, Physics I, French Authors C.
- H. DeRocher—Algebra C, Physics III.
- A. Devaney—Algebra III, Geometry C.
- A. Dill—English Composition C, British History III, Algebra II, Geometry C, Physics I, French Authors C.
- M. Doyle—Algebra III, Physics I, Chemistry III, Latin Authors III, Latin Composition II, French Authors C, French Composition C.

- M. Dreak—Chemistry III.
- H. English—British History III, Physics II, Latin Authors C, French Authors C.
- D. Enright—English Composition II, English Literature I, British History I, Algebra III, Chemistry I.
- H. Farrill—British History II, Ancient History C, Geometry II, Physics I, Latin Authors III, Latin Composition C, French Authors III, French Composition C.
- M. Fitzgerald—Ancient History C, Geometry III, Physics I, Latin Authors II Latin Composition II, French Authors C, French Composition C.
- M. Gearin—English Composition III, English Literature III, British History C, Chemistry C.
- J. Godemair—English Composition C, English Literature C.
- M. Greene—English Composition C, English Literature C, British History C, Algebra I, Chemistry I.
- I. Griffin—English Literature III, Algebra C, Chemistry III.
- B. Harrison—French Authors III.
- A. Hayes—Algebra II, Geometry C, Physics I, Latin Authors III, Latin Composition I, French Authors I, French Composition I.
- F. Hayes—Algebra III., Geometry C, Physics I, Latin Authors C, Latin Composition C, French Authors III, French Composition C.
- Mary C. Hayes—French Composition C.
- Mary R. Hayes—Algebra III, Physics I, Latin Authors C, Latin Composition C, French Authors III.
- H. Hetherman—British History C, Physics III.
- D. Hillary—English Composition I, English Literature III, British History C, Chemistry C.
- E. Hillock—English Literature C, Chemistry C.
- M. Jones—Ancient History C, Latin Authors II, Latin Composition III.
- H. Keller—English Composition III, English Literature C, British History C, Algebra C, Chemistry I.
- R. Kelly—Physics I, Latin Authors C, French Authors C.

- K. Kernahan—English Literature II, British History C, Algebra III, Chemistry III.
- P. King—English Composition II, English Literature II, British History C.
- M. Kormann—English Composition C, English Literature C, Algebra I, Chemistry II.
- C. Loftus—Ancient History C.
- E. McBride—English Literature C, British History C, Algebra II, Chemistry I.
- C. McCabe—British History C, Ancient History C, Algebra C, Physics I.
- P. McDonagh—Physics III.
- E. McGuire—Algebra I, Geometry C, Physics I, Chemistry I.
- M. McGuire—English Composition C, English Literature C, Chemistry C.
- E. McMahan—English Composition C.
- E. McMullen—English Composition C, English Literature III, Algebra C, Chemistry III.
- R. McQuillen—British History C, Algebra II, Physics I.
- F. Mogan—English Composition C, Chemistry III.
- H. Monkhouse—Algebra C, Physics II, Latin Authors III, Latin Composition C, French Authors II.
- O. O'Connor—English Composition C, English Literature C, Algebra II, Chemistry C, British History C.
- C. Page—Physics II, Chemistry C.
- B. Palmer—English Composition II, English Literature C, Chemistry II.
- L. Ponesse—English Literature C, Chemistry C.
- E. Quinlan—Algebra C, Chemistry II, Latin Authors C, French Composition C.
- M. Sampson—English Literature C, Chemistry III.
- B. Simpson—English Literature II, British History C, Algebra II, Chemistry III.
- M. Thompson—Ancient History C, Algebra I, Geometry II, Physics II, Latin Authors III, Latin Composition C, French Authors III, French Composition C.
- E. Warde—English Composition C, English Literature II.

- M. Webber—English Composition C, English Literature I, British History C, Algebra C, Chemistry C.
- K. Wiley—British History II, Ancient History C.
- J. Woods—Ancient History C, Algebra C, Chemistry II, Latin Authors III, Latin Composition C, French Authors III, French Composition C.
- Georgina Woods—English Composition II, English Literature C, Algebra I, Chemistry II.
- Grace Woods—English Composition C, English Literature C, British History C.
- M. Wright—Ancient History C, Algebra I, Geometry C, Physics I, Latin Authors C, Latin Composition C, French Authors II, French Composition C.

The Following Pupils Obtained Credits in Form II.

- Grace Benham—Physiography, Arithmetic, Art and Botany.
- Helen Breen—Physiography, Arithmetic, Art and Botany.
- Dorothy Burlingham—Physiography, Arithmetic, Art and Botany.
- Marie Caruso—Physiography, Arithmetic, Art and Botany.
- Elizabeth Cooney—Physiography, Arithmetic, Art and Botany.
- Augustine Cosentino—Physiography, Arithmetic, Art and Botany.
- Germana Donati—Physiography, Arithmetic, Art and Botany.
- Margaret Downey—Physiography, Arithmetic, Art and Botany.
- Marion Downey—Physiography, Arithmetic, Art and Botany.
- Teresa Duck—Physiography, Arithmetic, Art and Botany.
- Catherine Fenn—Physiography, Arithmetic, Art and Botany.
- Rita Halligan—Physiography, Arithmetic, Art and Botany.
- Katherine Harris—Physiography, Arithmetic, Art and Botany.
- Gertrude Heydon—Physiography, Arithmetic, Art and Botany.
- Adele Knowlton—Physiography, Arithmetic, Art and Botany.
- Helen Mahon—Physiography, Arithmetic, Art and Botany.
- Monica McGowan—Physiography, Arithmetic, Art, Botany and Zoology.
- Mary McKenna—Physiography, Arithmetic, Art and Botany.

Teresa McMahon—Physiography, Arithmetic, Art and Botany.
Loretto McQuillen—Physiography, Arithmetic, Art, Botany
and Zoology.

Marion O'Connor—Physiography, Arithmetic, Art and Botany.

Catherine Ray—Physiography, Arithmetic, Art and Botany.

Mary Roche—Physiography, Arithmetic, Art and Botany.

Foris Rose—Physiography, Arithmetic, Art and Botany.

Henrietta Willoughby—Physiography, Arithmetic, Art and
Botany.

Agnes Foley—Physiography, Art and Botany.

Lillian Koster—Physiography, Art and Botany.

Marion Roach—Physiography, Art and Botany.

Almida Chiappetta—Physiography, Arithmetic, Art and Zo-
ology.

Gladys Moffatt—Physiography, Arithmetic and Art.

Leona Scanlon—Art, Arithmetic and Botany.

Bonabelle Spence—Art, Arithmetic and Botany.

Margaret Madden—Physiography, Grammar and Zoology.

Mary Bandel—Art and Botany.

Mabel Brown—Arithmetic and Art.

Marie Hickey—Physiography and Botany.

May McIsaac—Arithmetic and Botany.

The Following Obtained Credits in Form I.

Abertine Asselin—Canadian History, Geography, Grammar and
Zoology.

Florence Bird—Canadian History, Geography, Grammar and
Zoology.

Vera Boyd—Canadian History, Geography, Grammar and
Zoology.

Josephine Breen—Canadian History, Geography, Grammar and
Zoology.

Rae Boyce—Canadian History, Geography, Grammar and
Zoology.

Mary Cunnane—Canadian History, Geography, Grammar and
Zoology.

Irene Deadey—Canadian History, Geography, Grammar and
Zoology.

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- Margaret DeRocher—Canadian History, Geography, Grammar and Zoology.
- Mary Dunn—Canadian History, Geography, Grammar and Zoology.
- Berenice Fischer—Canadian History, Geography, Grammar and Zoology.
- Stella Ferris—Canadian History, Geography, Grammar and Zoology.
- Margaret Gillies—Canadian History, Geography, Grammar and Zoology.
- Elsie Gordon—Canadian History, Geography, Grammar and Zoology.
- Margaret Guard—Canadian History, Geography, Grammar and Zoology.
- Nettie Greenham—Canadian History, Geography, Grammar and Zoology.
- Catharine Griffin—Canadian History, Geography, Grammar and Zoology.
- Dorothy Hayes—Canadian History, Geography, Grammar and Zoology.
- Helen Hayes—Canadian History, Geography, Grammar and Zoology.
- Marie Hetherman—Canadian History, Geography, Grammar and Zoology.
- Jessie Hodgson—Canadian History, Geography, Grammar and Zoology.
- Clare Kelly—Canadian History, Geography, Grammar and Zoology.
- Helen Knowlton—Canadian History, Geography, Grammar and Zoology.
- Alice Long—Canadian History, Geography, Grammar and Zoology.
- Viola Lyon—Canadian History, Geography, Grammar and Zoology.
- Teresa MacDonald—Canadian History, Geography, Grammar and Zoology.

- Nora McCann—Canadian History, Geography, Grammar and Zoology.
- Rene McGuin—Canadian History, Geography, Grammar and Zoology.
- Josephine McKenna—Canadian History, Geography, Grammar and Zoology.
- Gertrude Newton—Canadian History, Geography, Grammar and Zoology.
- Kathleen Peck—Canadian History, Geography, Grammar and Zoology.
- Lillian Sutcliffe—Canadian History, Geography, Grammar and Zoology.
- Adele Tremble—Canadian History, Geography, Grammar and Zoology.
- Loyola Wilcox—Canadian History, Geography, Grammar and Zoology.
- Isabel Woods—Canadian History, Geography, Grammar and Zoology.
- Mary Byrne—Canadian History, Geography and Grammar.
- Dorothy McSherry—Canadian History, Geography and Grammar.
- Edith Roque—Canadian History, Geography and Grammar.
- Dorothy Rosar—Canadian History, Geography and Grammar.
- Ella Coughlin—Canadian History, Geography and Zoology.
- Eileen Mohan—Canadian History, Geography and Zoology.
- Frances Keelor—Canadian History, Grammar and Zoology.
- Maldyn Long—Geography and Grammar.
- Nora McGarry—Geography and History.
- Norma McLaughlin—Grammar and Zoology.

SHORTHAND AND TYPEWRITING:

Honora Hodsin, Mary Williams, Marguerite Cummings, Theresa Lynch, Genevieve McSorley, Agnes O'Rourke, Margaret Black. Muried Tester.

BOOK-KEEPING:

Audrey Collyer, Margaret Jerou.

ST. JOSEPH'S HIGH SCHOOL

The Results of the Matriculation and Normal Entrance Examinations, 1924

Note: I. denotes First Grade Proficiency (75% or over).

II. denotes Second Grade Proficiency (66 to 74%).

III. denotes Third Grade Proficiency (60 to 65%).

Mary Adams—Geometry.

Teresa Boyd—Chemistry, Latin Authors III, Latin Composition III, French Authors.

Kathleen Boyle—English Composition, Literature II, British History.

Alma Brown—English Composition, Literature II, British History, Algebra, Physics.

Charlotte Chambers—English Composition, Literature III, British History, Algebra.

Dympna Crottie—English Composition, and Literature of Upper School, Ancient History, Geometry, Chemistry II, Latin Authors II, Latin Composition I., French Authors II, French Composition II.

Mary Crudden—English Composition, Literature II, British History III, Algebra, Physics.

Mary Curtis—English Composition, Literature, British History.

Ena Desaulniers—English Composition, and Literature of Upper School, Ancient History III, Geometry, Chemistry II, Latin Authors, Latin Composition III, French Authors II, French Composition I.

Rita Ebach—English Composition, Literature, British History.

Maureen Ellard—English Composition and Literature of Upper School, Ancient History II, Geometry III, Chemistry I, Latin Authors I, Latin Composition I, French Authors II, French Composition II.

Kathleen Francisco—Geometry, Chemistry III, Latin Authors, Latin Composition.

Ursula Garrity—English Composition, Literature II, British History II, Algebra.

- Eva Godin—English Composition, Literature, British History, Algebra, Physics.
- Gladys Graham—Geometry III, Physics, Latin Authors III, Latin Composition II, French Composition.
- Christiana Guerin—English Composition III, and English Literature III, of Upper School, Ancient History III, Geometry I, Chemistry I, Latin Authors I, Latin Composition I, French Authors I, French Composition II.
- Dorothy Harrison—Ancient History, Geometry, Chemistry II, Latin Authors II, Latin Composition I, French Authors II, French Composition III.
- Teresa Heffernan—Ancient History, Geometry II, Chemistry I, Latin Composition I, French Authors I, French Composition II.
- Catherine Horahan—Ancient History, Geometry, Chemistry III, Latin Authors, Latin Composition, French Authors III, French Composition.
- Lucy Horahan—English Composition, Literature, British History.
- Camilla Horan—English Composition II, Literature, British History.
- Ena Howorth—British History, Ancient History, Geometry I, Latin Authors I, Latin Composition III, French Authors II, French Composition I.
- Helen Laplante—English Composition, Literature, British History, Physics.
- Marion Lecours—English Composition, Algebra III.
- Margaret MacDonald—English Composition, Literature III, British History III.
- Eileen MacDonald—Ancient History, Geometry, Chemistry, Latin Authors, Latin Composition, French Authors.
- Florence MacDonald—English Literature, British History, Algebra.
- Marguerite MacKenzie—English Composition, Literature, British History, Algebra III.
- Helen MacMillan—English Composition III, and Literature III, of Upper School, Ancient History, Chemistry, Latin Authors, French Authors.

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- Alleen McBride—English Composition, Literature, British History, Algebra.
- Helen Mead—English Composition III, Literature, British History.
- Gertrude Molloy—Ancient History, Algebra III, Geometry, Chemistry.
- Marie Murphy—English Literature and Composition of Upper School, British History, Ancient History, Chemistry II, Latin Authors III, Latin Composition II, French Authors II, French Composition.
- Mary Kennedy—English Composition, Literature, British History III.
- Frances Boyle—Chemistry.
- Madeleine O'Callaghan—English Composition II, Literature, British History.
- Marie O'Connor—English Composition III, Literature.
- Marguerite O'Donnell—English Composition III, Geometry, Physics, Chemistry II.
- Margaret Parke—English Literature and Composition of Upper School, Ancient History, Chemistry.
- Elsie Payne—Algebra.
- Ada Pinfold—English Composition and Literature, Geometry, Chemistry III, French Authors.
- Dorothy Smith—Ancient History II, Geometry, Chemistry II, Latin Authors II, Latin Composition I, French Authors III, French Composition III.
- Winnifred Smith—English Composition, Literature, Algebra.
- Mary Stephens—English Composition, Literature II, Algebra.
- Geraldine Stubensey—English Literature, Algebra II, Physics.
- Margaret Sweeney—English Literature II, and Composition II of Upper School, Ancient History, Geometry, Chemistry II, Latin Authors II, Latin Composition, French Authors III, French Composition.
- Gertrude Whelan—Chemistry III, Latin Authors, Latin Composition.
- Mary White—English Composition and Literature III, British History.

Helen Woods—English Literature and Composition of Upper School, Geometry, Chemistry.

The Following Pupils Obtained Complete Lower School Entrance to Normal School.

Helen Allen, Eileen Berney, Kathleen Byrne, Anna Cavanagh, Mary Cowan, Florence Cuddabee, Gertrude Deysbury, Kathleen Downs, Loretto Driscoll, Rita Ebach, Eileen Farley, Constance Frigerio, Julienne Gauthier, Margaret Graham, Bernice Gray, Ena Harrington, Mae Jackson, Helen Kennedy, Gertrude Kenny, Cecilia Knaggs, Roñona Laplante, Faustina MacKenzie, Helen McEvoy, Elizabeth Miller, Winnifred Parke, Elsie Payne, Margaret Radey, Teresa Shea, Mary Sheridan, Madeleine Smith, Mary Smith, Eileen Williams, Kathleen Williams, Helen Woods, Georgina Morrissey.

Credit for Lower School Standing in Physiography, Art and Zoology.

Obtained by—Mary Attallah, Ruth Barnett, Nellie Barrack, Josephine Conlin, Leona Curtis, Inez Dolan, Marjorie Filby, Dorothy Forrest, Teresa Greenwood, Doris Keating, Winnifred Lawlor, Madeleine Ceauley, Evelyn O'Donnell, Jessie Riley, Laura Turner, Edna Wilson.

Other Credits (Form II.)

Violet Cain—Art, Zoology.

Teresa Greenwood—Canadian History.

Helen Grosse—Zoology.

Evelyn Richards—Physiography, Arithmetic, Zoology, Latin.

Dorothy Wheeler—Art.

Margaret Winnett—Zoology.

The Following Pupils Completed the Work of Form I.

(First Year High School).

Jennie Alimo, Blanch Bates, Doris Boyle, Gelsemini Capistesti, Rose Mary Clerkin, Anna Davidson, Marie Emond, Nora Faulkes, Pauline Gianvecchio, Dorothy Greening, Josephine Harrison, Mary Kane, Eileen Kelly, Jean Leonard, Mary Mc-

Quigan, Mary Marshman, Hazel Moreau, Margaret Murray, Annie O'Brien, Eileen O'Neill, Mary O'Regan, Gertrude O'Reilly, Catherine O'Rourke, Germaine Renaud, Cecilia Roach, Veronica Roach, Stephanie Sabota, Kathleen Scholfield, Catherine Shea, Patricia Smith, Rosamond Smith, Isabel Somerville, Marion Stubensey, Winnifred Tadman, Anna Tiffany, Marie Walsh, Mary White.

Credits Were Obtained for Lower School Geography, Arithmetic and Botany by

Arleen Barry, Dorothy Collinson, Mary Comper, Teresa Currie, Helen Farnen, Marjorie Godber, Bertille Kensella, Helen Locke, Mary Lynch, Bernadine McGovern, Norma O'Neill, Mary Sheridan, Margaret Talbot, Lenore Wilby.

Credits Were Obtained for Lower School History (Canadian), Geography and Botany, by

Marcella Boylan, Catherine Breen, Mary Cira, Agnes Cowan, Eleanor Fox, Helen French, Bessie Heffernan, Jean Hughes, Mary Kelz, Cecilia Labinski, Kathleen Lauria, Mary McKenna, Cecilia O'Boyle, Nora Power, Alice Ronan, Mary Whittaker.

Credits were obtained for Lower School History, Geography and Arithmetic by

Carmen Bell.

Credits Were obtained for Lower School History, Arithmetic, and Botany by

Rose Rocco.

Other Credits.

Sophie Belisky—Arithmetic, Botany.
 Frances Desourdy—History, Geography,
 Eileen Filby—Geography, Botany.
 Philippa Fitzhenry—Geography.
 Olive Fraser—Botany.
 Mary Haslan—Geography, Botany.
 Mary Heffernan—Geography, Botany.
 Alice Langley—Geography, Botany.

Helen Langley—Botany.
 Lilian Lynch—Geography.
 Jean McGahey—Botany.
 Lena Martin—Geography, Botany.
 Gwendolyn Mason—Geography, Botany.
 Catherine Minister—Geography, Botany.
 Mary O'Brien—Geography, Botany.
 Dales O'Connor—Geography, Botany.
 Kathleen Lavin—Geography, Botany.
 Catherine O'Mara—Botany.
 Mildred Purves—Geography, Botany.
 Vera Ryan—Geography, Botany.
 Madeleine Stanton—Botany.
 Lillian Sullivan—Geography, Botany.
 Muriel Whitecomb—Botany.
 Ethel Willett—Geography, Botany.

**Commercial Examination Results—St. Joseph's High School,
 Toronto, Conducted by Dominion Business College,
 Limited, Toronto.**

COMMERCIAL AND SHORTHAND—Gertrude Smith, Eunice McFarland, Betty Gravett, Florence Akrey, Helen Gariepy, Isobel Leonard, Laurette Mitchell, Helen Lecours, Velma Brown, Helen Sullivan, Anna Doyle, Isobel Miville, Mary Appleton, Edna Edgar, Dorothy Tomenson, Alice Lemyre, Irene Rose, Marion Burke, Grace McGinn, Margaret Corr.

COMMERCIAL—Nellie Wilbee, Evelyn Tracey, Rita Sullivan, Margaret Linehan, Gladys Heiman, Edna Gibson, Isabel Travers, Elsie McGee, Agnes Kurtinis.

SHORTHAND—Bessie Nealon, Antoinette Sirois.

**The Following Students Were Awarded Medals by the United
 Typewriter Company, Limited, for Speed Typewriting.**

Gertrude Smith, Betty Gravett, Florence Akrey, Eunice McFarland, Dorothy Tomenson, Mary Appleton.

August Nights

The beauty of an August night, inwrought with stars of gold,
Is a story that will never tire, a song to ne'er grow old;
Under the pearly, peerless vast we linger pensive, mute,
Awed by the grand, eternal truths that Time cannot refute.

Many a glory of Creation's hidden from the human eye;
There are mysteries stupendous that are not in earth or sky;
Baffled, we yet go searching on, reaping in wondrous fields
The joys that True Religion holds, the secrets Science yields.

The August nights—the lovely nights—they speak to you and
me,
And lift us to our higher selves, where we would always be:
Peace, purity and power we find—three precious gifts of God,
And in the Mind's bright corridors we walk where sages trod.

The world is young and the heart is young when the soul is
stilled in prayer;
Watchful and constant as the stars, let's be found faithful
there.
Thus we shall shed our halo too, and give a pure delight,
And, happy, wake such thoughts that rise on a peaceful August
night.

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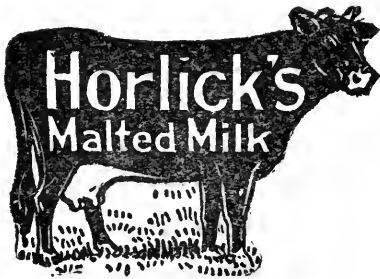
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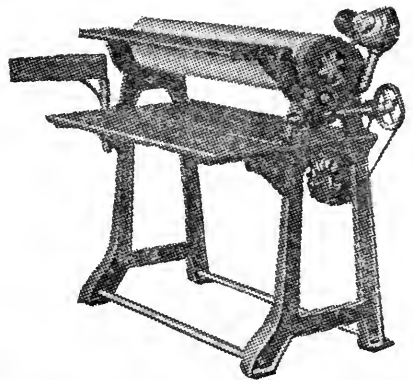
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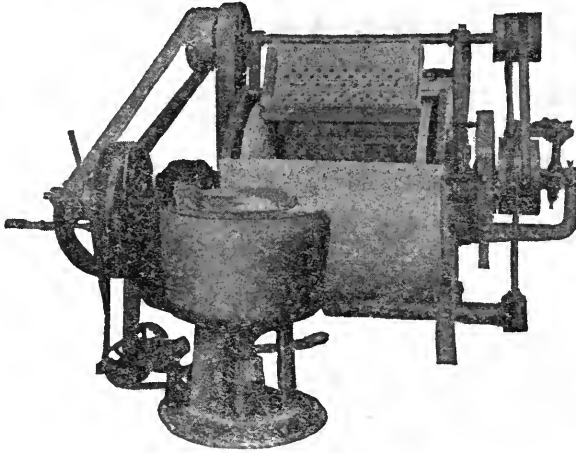
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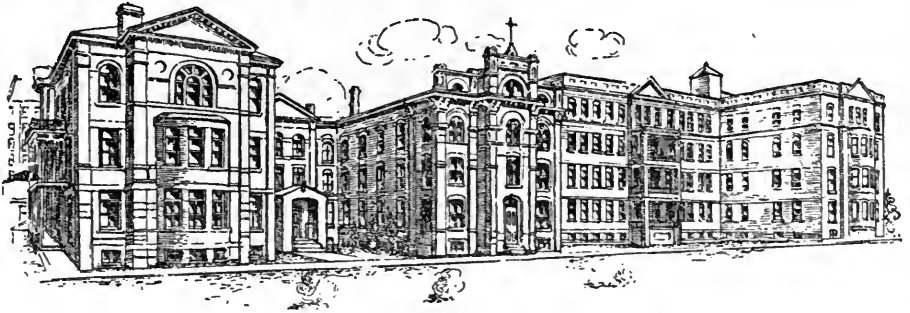
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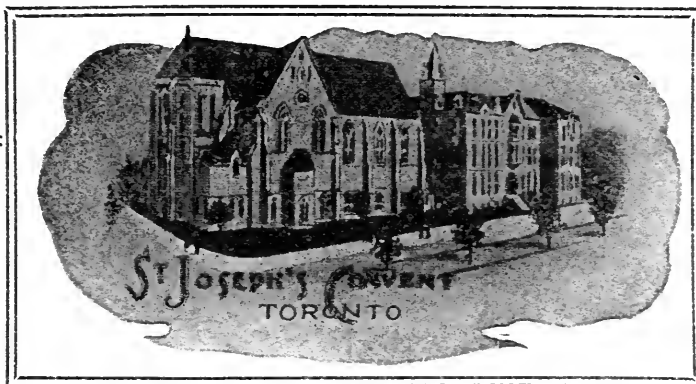
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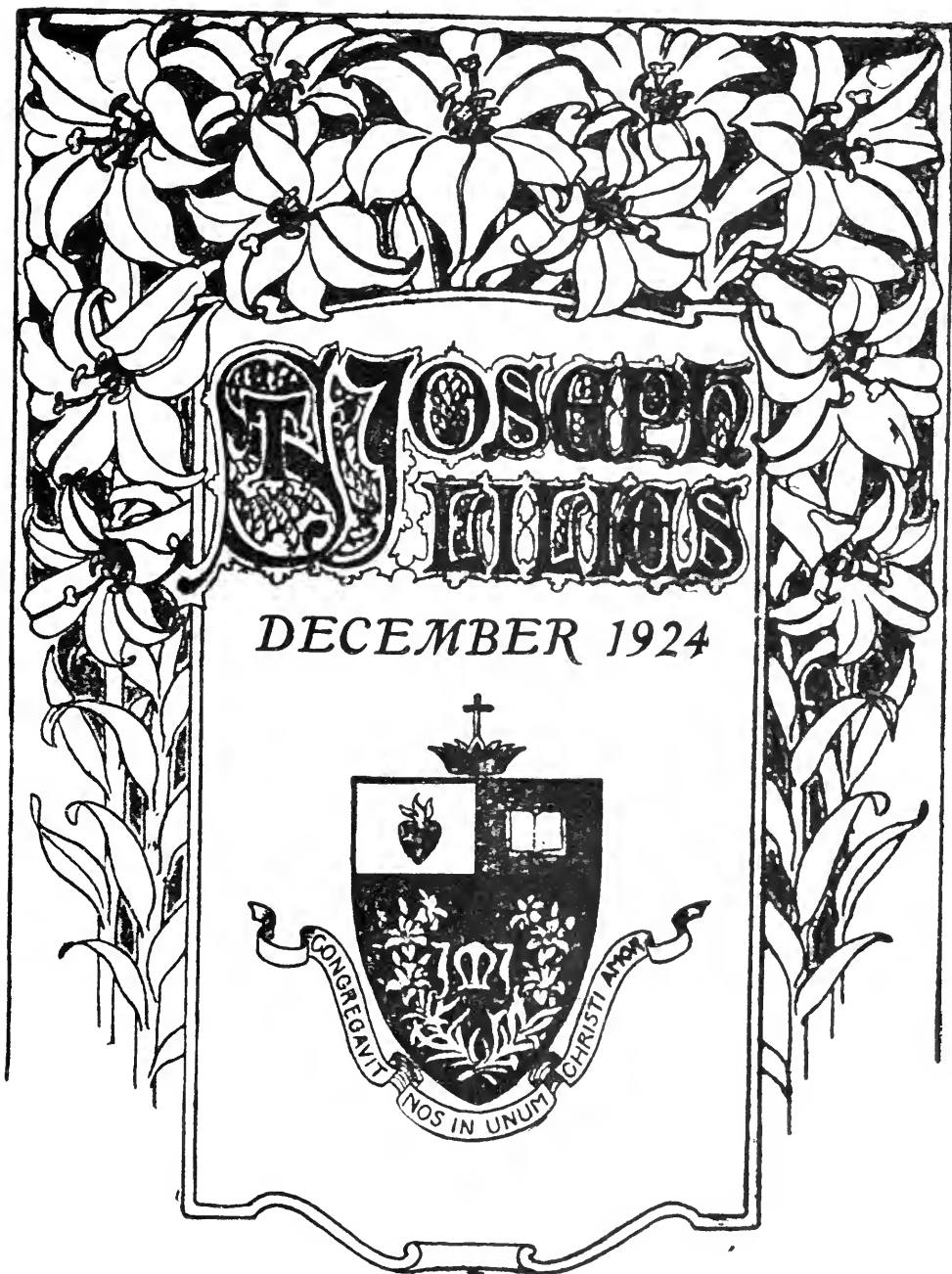
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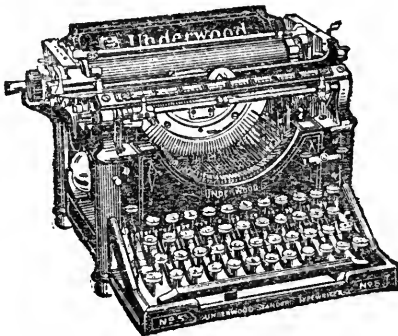


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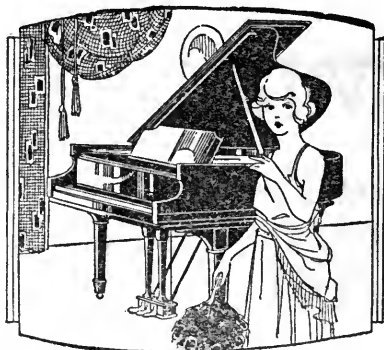
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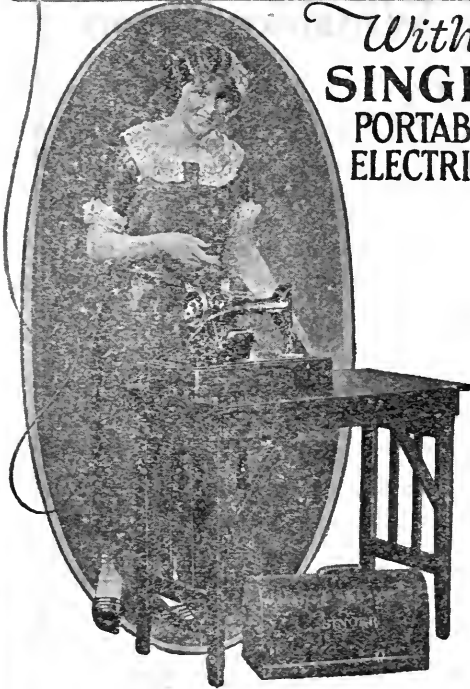
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VOL. XIII.

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1924

No. 3

Welcome Little King



Welcome! Welcome! Little King!
All the glorious angels sing
Exultant welcome to our King!
Snow-white hill and valleys ring
With greetings to our Baby King!
Stars their bright rays downward fling
In welcome to the Little King!
All His lowly children bring
Gifts of love to greet their King!
Earth and sky and everything
Shout welcome! Welcome! Little King.

R.H.M.

THE HOLY YEAR

The first Papal Jubilee was decreed by Pope Boniface VIII. in the year 1300; the second was in 1350; later on, Paul II. decreed that the Holy Year should be celebrated every twenty-five years, which—despite a few interruptions owing to wars or other commotions—has been the rule ever since. The Jubilee of 1925 will be the twenty-second held in the past 625 years.

In addition to the indulgences and other favours accorded to the pilgrims who go to Rome during the Jubilee, this great celebration has other and very important ends. It aims at stirring up Catholic fervour and loyalty. It is a year of pilgrimages. During 1925 it is expected that two millions of pilgrims, and probably many more, will go to Rome. The spectacle of loyal children of the Church, coming from every nation in the world, to worship at the shrine of the Apostles and to attend Mass in St. Peter's, and in other great historical churches of the famous city, is calculated to stir up intense faith and loyalty. The Catholicity, or universality of the Church is strikingly brought before the mind when contingents of Poles, Russians, Asiatics, Africans, Australians, English, Irish, French Germans, Hungarians, Jugo-Slavs, Slovaks, Spaniards, Northern and Southern Americans, Canadians and New Zealanders, and many others, join in the procession to the appointed churches, worship in the same sacred rites, and unite in their expression of love and loyalty to the Supreme Pastor.

Every pilgrim who takes part devoutly in the celebration of the Holy Year at Rome has his horizon widened and his enthusiasm kindled by the world-wide solidarity of the members of the Catholic Church, while the immediate contact with so many different nations joining with him in his faith elevates his mind to the spiritual links which bind all men in a universal brotherhood.

As we noticed at the election of the present Pope, a won-

derful interest was shown in the unique position of the Supreme Pastor of Christendom, not only by Catholics, but by Protestants, Jews and members of the oriental churches. This great interest was stirred up partly, we may suppose, by the after-war reaction from physical forces, partly also by the ever-increasing publicity which the press of the world gives to the election of the Pontiff, and partly by the sense of calm and unshakeable strength in an institute which continues to function, without a vestige of weakening in the midst of a disbelieving world. The fall of the Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns, and the Romanoffs, and the other royal houses, the alterations of national frontiers, and profound changes in the tone and constitution of society are commonplaces of present-day history, and tend to give an added interest to that mysterious spiritual kingship which exults in perpetual youth, and whose permanence through a perpetually changing world is one of the most arresting miracles of history.

It is highly probable that considerable numbers of non-Catholics will flock to Rome to witness the celebration of the Holy Year. His Holiness seems to have this aspect of the Holy Year strongly before his mind. And in the Bull which he recently addressed to the "Bishops, servants of God, and to all the faithful," he calls on them to celebrate the Holy Year, and he fervently prays that all non-Catholics should seek refuge in the true Church of Christ.

"In the perfection of charity, we desire that the churches which, through age-long and deplorable differences, keep far from the Roman Church, be joined to us. Nothing that could happen would be dearer or more pleasing to Us than that. If not collectively, many at least should pass to the one and only fold of Jesus Christ on this occasion of great jubilee. We would embrace them with special affection, numbering them among our dearest ones."

Moreover, His Holiness, whose great cry since his elevation to the Chair of Peter, has been for peace, hopes that the presence in Rome of so many pilgrims from the divided na-

tions, their spiritual elevation, and their renewal of fidelity to the Holy Father, will incline the hearts of the people towards peace, "the prime need of the world under present conditions."

Apart from the general intentions of the jubilee devotions, His Holiness proposed three special intentions, two of which have just been mentioned, namely, (1) that peace may be restored among the nations; and (2) that all non-Catholics may return to union with the Catholic Church; and (3) the third special intention is that a solution for the present controversies in the Holy Land may be found in harmony with the rights and interests of the Church.

The Pope concluded the Bull by inviting all who can manage it to come to Rome and visit the sanctuaries and receive the Papal Blessing. He expresses the hope that those who come will make the journey as pilgrims imbued with the spirit of penance, rather than as tourists. He urges that non-religious distractions be avoided, and that all the pilgrims display Christian modesty in all things, including dress. He recommends the Bishops throughout the world to organize pilgrimages to Rome during the Holy Year.

The Holy Year begins on Christmas eve of the present year and ends on Christmas eve of 1925. When the Holy Year has been celebrated at Rome, the privileges of the Jubilee will be extended to the rest of the world, and full details of the devotions and indulgences will be published in the churches and in the Catholic papers.

Meantime, His Holiness has many anxious desires about the Church at this time, which is one of the turning points of history; as he relies on the Jubilee to help in the fulfilment of those desires, let us pray earnestly that the Holy Spirit may pour out abundant lights and graces on the Church and on all mankind during the Jubilee of 1925.

Eustace Boylan, S.J.



On Christmas Eve



Dusky skies and gleaming stars,
World a-thrill with mystery:
Midnight ushers in the hour
Hallowed most in History.

Jesus Christ, our Sovereign Lord,
Comes to earth, a little Child;
Leaves His throne on high, to be
Born of Mary, undefiled.

He, Who made our world so fair,
Has no place to lay His Head;
Every door to Him is closed,
Save a poor and lowly shed.

When before Thy Crib we kneel,
Prostrate in humility,
Jesu, Lord, make Thou our hearts
Fitting shrines to shelter Thee.

Amy McEvoy.

THE HARMONY OF THE THE GOSPELS AND THE FAILURE OF THE HIGHER CRITICISM

BY REV. M. J. RYAN, D.D., PH.D.

"*Diatesseron seu Concordia Quatuor Evangeliorum cum notis ac dilucidationibus.*" Auctore Fr. Alexio M. Lepicier, O.S.M. Vol. 1. 30 lire Roma, Marietti.

"The Failure of the Higher Criticism of the Old Testament." By Arthur Phillips, M.A. London, John Bale, Sons and Danielsson, 83 Great Titchfield St., Oxford Street, W.I.

THE Most Rev. Mgr. Lepicier, who has lately been created titular Archbishop of Tarsus and appointed Apostolic Visitor to India, has long been distinguished both as a theological professor and writer and as an administrator, having been General of his Order, the Servites of the Blessed Virgin Mary. This volume of his is introduced by a most gracious letter from the Holy Father which recalls that Mgr. Lepicier's writings have been praised by three Popes before the present Pontiff, for the soundness of their doctrine and their tender devotion (*soliditate doctrine et pietatis suavitate*). The list of those works, which is long enough to fill a page, includes treatises on God, on the angels, on grace, on the Blessed Eucharist, on the Sacraments in general, on Indulgences, and various other subjects. One looks with amazement at the unflagging industry, the vast and deep learning, and the clearness of mind and sound judgment of the author. His great theological learning qualifies him specially for the work of expounding the meaning of the passages obscure to us in the Scriptures. In the great days of Scholasticism in the Middle Ages a Master in theology was called especially a *Magister Sacrae Paginae*, because undoubtedly the ideal for a theologian is, in the first place, to acquire the necessary knowledge concerning the Bible, then to master the science of theology, and finally, with a mind trained and

now stored with divine science to return to interpretation of the written word of God.

The composition of harmonies of the four gospels began very early, for in the first place different facts are recorded by different evangelists, one mentioning what another omits, and also they differ in their arrangement of the facts. Now there was a natural desire to weave the four together into one whole as a life of Christ. There are also some apparent discrepancies in some places; these do indeed strengthen the apologetic value of the gospels, as they show that we have four independent witnesses not conspiring to tell the same story nor copying from one another. At the same time we wish to show that there is no real contradiction in these superficial differences.

It is disputed whether the first author of a Diatesseron or Harmony of the Four, was Tatian, the Syrian, or Theophilus, Bishop of Antioch, who both flourished in the second century. I notice, however, that Professor F. C. Burkitt of Cambridge University argues that the first harmony of the gospels ever made was a Latin epitome for Latin Christians; he comes to a conclusion from his studies that all of the tradition which connects Tatian with the Diatesseron relates to the Diatesseron in Syriac, and that the Latin form of the Harmony is older than the Syriac.

Mgr. Lepicier gives first an introduction to the study of the gospels which is extremely pertinent, practical and useful. The gospels are historical works, although the imparting of historical knowledge is not their principal end. Catholics do not expect to find the whole of the Christian religion or of Christian doctrine in the Bible, for they are familiar with the principle that it is contained in written and unwritten Tradition; but they sometimes forget that the historical books do not contain the complete history. No history, of course, can give all the facts, but only a selection. The omissions in the Sacred histories, however, are often perplexing. The Pentateuch does not inform us that the Jews in the wilderness generally did not practise the Law but apostatized and worshipped the host

of heaven. We learn this from the prophet Amos (V. 5, and cf. St. Stephen in Acts VII. 42) and doubtless he knew it by tradition. (An apostasy might be inferred from Joshua V. 3).

St. John warns us that the gospels do not record all of our Lord's acts. And we must not assume in regard to any particular act that the whole of its circumstances are recorded in any one gospel or even in all together.

It is also to be remembered that the Evangelists sometimes indeed relate events in the succession in which they happened, but sometimes according as they remembered them by an association of ideas; sometimes they follow an order of time or of place, and sometimes they follow a logical order as when various words of our Lord on the same subject are brought together. This is especially common in St. Matthew, who wrote in the language of the Jews and after their manner, upon an ideal plan based on the sacred number seven, and grouped together seven miracles, or seven parables; and he divided the genealogy of our Lord into three stages of fourteen (or twice seven) generations in each. Mgr. Lepicier quotes the rule of St. Thomas for distinguishing the historical succession from the logical associations: "Where the Evangelists use any expression which shows the order of time, it is a sign of historical continuity. But where they do not use such an expression, it is a sign of a connection in their memory. For they wrote as they remembered." (*Ubi Evangelistae ponunt statum vel aliquid ad ordinem pertinens, signum est quod ad continuationem historiae pertinet. Ubi vero non, signum est quod ad continuationem memoriae; unde secundum quod recolabant, scribebant*). It is, of course, common enough in all histories to depart from the strict order of events. But while the ordinary or profane histories inform us when they are doing so, the writers of the gospels give us usually no warning of such departure. We must remember that it was not their principal aim to give historical knowledge. Mgr. Lepicier warns us that the words "Then" and "In those days" are sometimes to be taken indefinitely for any time in our Lord's public life, and need not always be referred immediately

to the date of the event related just before. A striking instance of departure from the order of time occurs in St. Matthew's account of the startling phenomena that followed the Crucifixion and death of our Lord, the sun being darkened, the earth quaking, and the old saints arising from their graves. St. Thomas teaches us to understand that they did not arise till our Lord did so, who was "the first-fruits from the dead." Likewise in his account of our Lord's predictions concerning Jerusalem and the end of the world, Matthew groups together prophecies which in St. Luke were given on various distinct occasions.

The Scriptures also need an interpretation. The Pentateuch speaks as if Moses received the Law from God immediately. Yet the speech of St. Stephen (Acts VII. 38 and 53) shows that the Jews knew that it was given through angels (Cf. St. Paul, Galatians, III. 19 and Hebrews II. 2, with St. Thomas, Summa Theol. Ima. 2dae q. xcvi art. 3 De Lege Vetere), whereas the New Law has been given by God-made-man.

In mentioning the differences between the Gospels Mgr. Lepicier points out that the three "Synoptics," as it is a modern fashion to call them, wrote chiefly about the Kingdom of God and about Jesus as the Christ, the Son of David, the fulfiller of the law and the Prophets, and they describe His Galilean mission in which He enlightened men on this subject chiefly. St. John wrote to show the divinity of Christ, which was revealed chiefly in Judaea, Jerusalem and Samaria.

The Plan of This Book.

The gospel narrative is divided in this work into short sections, and there is prefixed to each a short sketch of its contents and purposes. Then notes are added to any verse or phase that needs explanation or illustration. These notes are rich in learning, no mere dry science, but animated with practical reflections and fervent piety; while here and there we see signs of that warm sympathy with human nature and that goodness and kindness of heart which are so well

known to all who have the honor of Mgr. Lepicier's friendship. The notes on each section are followed by a series of questions and answers dealing with the difficulties, especially with the theological ones, that arise concerning any matter; and here he displays his intimate familiarity with St. Thomas and with the Fathers, his quotations from whom are particularly pertinent and enlightening; and these questions and answers render this book the most useful commentary on the Gospels that I have ever seen. They compel a student to recall and reflect upon what he has previously read, and they bring to his notice the ordinary difficulties that arise from the manner in which the Gospels are written. I have been studying the Scriptures continually for more than thirty-five years (not to speak of what I did in my Seminary time) and I am not ashamed to confess that I have learned something from Mgr. Lepicier. To give an example of the value of his notes: the inerrancy of the Scriptures belongs to its real meaning, not to that which any ordinary reader may think he sees in it; and our author warns us to be careful not to impose our own imaginations or conjectural interpretations on the word of God. If anything appears to us irrational or false, we must remember St. Augustine's warning: Either the text was corrupted or the translator erred, or you do not understand.*

Mgr. Lepicier informs us that when Achaz is said (in the genealogy of our Lord) to have begotten Ezechias, this may mean that Ezechias was his son by adoption and in law. He says, on St. John III. 24 ("for John the Baptist was not yet cast into prison"): "By this verse the Evangelist intimates that all the things which he has thus far related about the acts of Christ were passed over by the other Evangelists, for they

* Copyists and translators are not inspired and inerrant. But any one who has suffered from the mistakes of typewriters and printers will readily believe that there has been not indeed a miraculous superintendence, but a special providence, over the copyists of the Scriptures, or else the mistakes in the MS. would have been more serious ones than they are. I have in my time been made to identify myself with atheists (for theists), and on another occasion to call myself (for, himself) a defeated revolutionist and compare myself (for, himself) to the rebel angels.

speak of Christ as if he had not begun to preach and work miracles until after the imprisonment of John." Thus St. John is not correcting the Synoptics, as some have said, but is correcting a wrong impression which we might derive from them, and which some readers had doubtless derived from them.

I must not forget to add that this first volume which covers the time down to the second Pasch in our Lord's public life, is provided with its own index, and that the second volume will soon follow. I have noticed a few printer's errors. On page XI. of the Introduction the word *non* is omitted in a quotation from St. Augustine before the word *commemorat*. Mgr. Lepicier mentions a number of the Harmonies and Commentaries which he considers the most valuable, and among them I notice with pleasure one by a professor of St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, Dr. A. E. Breen.

"The Failure of the Higher Criticism."

This book deals only with the criticism of the Old Testament. But of course the books of the New Testament are much more defensible than those of the Old, humanly speaking, are; and therefore if the criticism of the Old be refuted, that of the New is *a fortiori* discredited. The author of this work is a layman (a lawyer of high standing), and a Protestant. No Catholic will expect any religious work by a Protestant to be perfectly free from mistakes; nor indeed will any one judge a controversial book by the strictly dogmatic standard. A controversial or apologetic work may hypothetically and for argument's sake admit opinions which would be unallowable in a dogmatic work. "It must be recollected," says Newman in the preface of a later edition of one of his polemical works, "that in controversy a writer grants all that he can afford to grant, and avails himself of all that he can get granted;—in other words, if he seems to admit, it is mainly for argument's sake, and if he seems to assert, it is mainly for an *argumentum ad hominem*. As to positive statements of his own he commits himself to as few as he can." Our belief in the inspiration

and inerrancy of the Scriptures rests, of course, upon divine revelation and the teaching of the Church, according to the celebrated saying of Augustine. At the same time there must be a rational foundation for our Faith. There must be *Praeambula Fidei*; there must be a *Praeparatio Evangelica*. The Scriptures are used as a human document in proof of the claims of the Church and of the Christian religion. We need, therefore, an Apologetic in defence of the credibility of the Bible as a human document. And I must confess for my part that while I have met Catholic defences of particular books, I have not met with any general reply to the Higher Criticism equal to this work. There is a particularly valuable chapter on the evidential force and worth of corporate and organic tradition.

Mr. Phillips points out that the Higher Criticism is based upon a false philosophy, a denial of the supernatural both in the utterances of the Sacred writers and in the whole course of the history of the Chosen People as well as of the human race. But he does not mention the origin of this false view.

Hegelianism.

I must therefore begin by stating these so-called critics are not really critics at all, but apriori philosophers—Hegelians—in disguise. The fathers of this “criticism”—Strauss and Bauer—were both Hegelians. “On his first acquaintance with Hegel’s writings,” says Acton, an unexceptionable witness in this case, “Strauss ceased to believe, and the motive of his book was to justify his disbelief with arguments derived from the scholarship of the day. But the soil that reared him was philosophic, not historic. His reason for rejecting the gospel was metaphysical, though his argument was historical.” Now the special characteristic of the Hegelian philosophy, even its philosophy of history, is the denial of all contingency. In its scheme there is no room for any contingent event. Consequently there can be no supernatural order, no miracle, no prophecy except natural shrewdness and guessing, and no revelation, especially there can be no Incarnation and no Virginal Birth of Christ.

“The real importer of Pantheism with its consequences in history,” says Acton, “the man who grafted Hegel on Ranke, was Strauss’s master, Bauer. He adopted with uncommon energy the view which denies the supernatural. He undertook the work of applying the Hegelian philosophy to sacred history as it had been applied to profane, and accomplished it with the aid of those whom he called the critical school, implying that all others are uncritical and, if they admit dogmatic motives, insincere. He postulates that the Gospels must be examined as profane books are, without presumption of their truth, and that Christianity must have space to evolve itself from the combination of exceedingly dissimilar elements.” (This is an application, or rather a misapplication, of Hegel’s law of thesis, antithesis, and synthesis). “According to Bauer the business of history is not so much with facts as ideas, and the idea, not the fact, of the Resurrection is the basis of the Christian faith; doctrines are developed out of notions, not out of events; he refuses to inquire whether the event is true or not.” That is, he denies it.

“In the Hegelian philosophy,” says Acton, “an ambiguous use of terms concealed the breach between Pantheism and Christianity so well that the most learned German Catholic layman of the time rejoiced at the coming of a new era for religion. In fact Hegel regarded Christianity as an episode in a natural process that began before the Christian era and continued beyond the uttermost boundaries assignable to churches, as one step among many to be taken by mankind. Hegel was always viewed by the historian, Doellinger, says Acton, as the strongest of all the enemies of religion, the guide of Tübingen in its aberrations, the reasoner whose abstract dialectics made a generation of clever men incapable of facing facts. He displays all history in a scientific unity as the manifestation of a single force whose works are all wise and whose latest work is the best. The propositions issuing from this view of religion supply the work of the Tübingen school; they ascribe the origin of the Christian Faith to the gradual action of antecedent causes, and they teach that it has accom-

plished its mission of providing fuel for the flame of a higher philosophy" (i.e., the Hegelian. Hence comes the theology called Modernism). These principles were applied still more strongly to the Old Testament.

Thus the very men who censure Aristotelians and the Scholastics for constructing physical science a-priori are themselves constantly composing histories a-priori, which is a thousand times more absurd. Mr. Phillips makes it very plain that the Higher Critics ignore the action of divine Providence, and that they not only deny all supernatural influence in the prophecies and other Sacred books, but also Providential government in the history of the Chosen people. He unmasks the prejudice, partiality, and inconsistency which the critics show in a thousand instances: "Criticism is far from impartial. It gives a prompt preference to ordinary and foreign and often hostile evidence over the testimony of Scripture even as to the history of Israel. It eagerly hunts for foreign inscriptions and documents which are taken at their face value, while Scriptural statements are ruthlessly dissected and rejected. . . .

"Their claim to treat the Bible like every other book, or even like any other book, is in fact a claim to beg the question and ignore at the outset all its distinctive claims. By their cry they mean that the Bible shall not be treated better than any other book, not that it shall not be treated worse than any other or every other book. Criticism eagerly accepts statements supposed to be favorable to its own theory, when found in Assyrian, Babylonian, Egyptian, or other records, with little or no scrutiny. In the case of Scripture, however, it embarks upon a minute, microscopic enquiry with a thinly-veiled aim of falsifying the narrative." Thus, "there is a Code of Moses, and a Code of Hammurabi. The critics place the Code of Moses a thousand years later than Moses, although in the Scripture narrative there is abundant and detailed evidence of the place and time of the delivery of the Mosaic Code to Moses himself. The date of Hammurabi is fixed by the allowed mention of him as Amraphael in Genesis, XIV. 1, that

authority which is discredited for the date of its own history; no further evidence is required for the date of *this* Code. The Higher Criticism asserts that laws made a thousand years after Moses were ascribed to Moses as the most famous and the most ancient legislator. Nothing is heard of this principle in the case of Hammurabi. So far as his code can be used to affect the Mosaic Code, no further question is ever asked by any critic."

The reason of this inconsistency and partiality is obvious. They reject the history of Moses and of his Code because they are called upon and are under an obligation to believe this history. They readily accept the history of the Code of Hammurabi because men will believe anything whatever if they are not obliged to believe it.

As to the Hammurabi Inscription, he shrewdly observes that "A statement inscribed on a stone or other durable material acquires thereby no greater claim to credit than a writing. The Pentateuch is at least a history which those who wrote it—according to the Critical theory—sincerely believed to be true; can as much be proved of monuments such as the Moabite Stone and many others?—of pagan tablets and many others? The Arch of Honorius in Rome was erected to commemorate the entire subjugation of the Goths, which was claimed by the inscription upon it. Yet the Goths were so far from being entirely subjugated that later in the same Emperor's reign they captured the city, but left the arch with its inscription untouched, contenting themselves with its practical contradiction. The arch with its inscription still intact survived till the 14th century. Even coins sometimes are misleading, for instance, the royal style on British coins included the claim to France down to the 19th century, although the last foothold on French soil was lost two centuries and a half before."

The Law and the Prophets.

Criticism lays down that the Judaic religion must be viewed like every other religion; its development must be studied as a purely natural thing, like the heathen religions which are

really corruptions of natural religion and of the truth revealed to our First Parents. At the same time Criticism asserts that in Judaism the Law came after the Prophets and their preaching of a moral law and of a moral religion. But in the history of the heathen nations we find that wherever a purer moral teaching was developed, as for example in Greece and Rome, this came later than their ceremonial laws of worship—not the ceremonial law after the moral teaching. Thus the critics will not even keep to their own principles of criticism, where their principles would tell in favor of the Scriptural narrative.

A common Critical argument against the Mosaic authorship of the Law is that the historical books and the sermons of the Prophets show no evidence (so it is alleged) that it was in force before the Exile. To this difficulty he shrewdly replies: "The history of the Ornaments Rubric in The Book of Common Prayer is an instructive analogy. This rubric, which regulates all the furniture and ceremonial of the Church (of England), became a dead letter practically from the time of its enactment until the time of the Tractarian Revival nearly three hundred years later. Yet there is no doubt that it has been printed in the Prayer Book continuously during all that time." (p. 151).

"The reason why laws are ignored or appear to be ignored cannot be assumed to be ignorance alone."

"Reference to laws is comparatively rare in any history even in modern times; and there is little occasion for such references except in the case of a violation or of some notable observance."

The obscurity of the Scripture arises from two causes principally. Sometimes it is due to the matter, since divine things must always be mysterious to the human understanding; and sometimes it is due to the difference between our modes of thinking and writing and those of the authors of the sacred books. We are doubly foreigners to them; for they were not only Orientals, but also Ancients. Mr. Phillips (p. 34-36) explains very clearly the effect of this foreignness. When we consid-

er the imperfections of style or of expression, and the lack of clearness or of precision often found in the Scriptures, we must remember that the Bible is not the principal teacher of religion. Our principal teacher is the Church. It is from the Church that we learn that there are inspired writings which are the word of God, and which these inspired writings are; and it is from the Church, in the last resort, that we learn the meaning of the Scripture in points of faith and morals. Nor were the Sacred writers always chosen by God for their intellectual power or their literary talent. The greater number of the Apostles were not educated men, for God chooses the foolish things of this world to overcome the wise of this world. St. Thomas says that the knowledge of foreign tongues which they received in order to preach the gospel was not such as to enable them to write in any language with perfection of style.

The Cause of the Spread of This Error.

If we ask how a system, a view of the Scripture so anti-Christian and at the same time so unfounded in reason, has come to prevail so widely among educated Protestants, we must first say that they have no teaching Authority to tell them what opinions are and what are not compatible with our faith in the inspiration of the Bible. But there was also a positive cause which our author notices. Their belief in not only the divine authorship of Scripture, but in its verbal inspiration too, led them to overlook the human element; they forgot that if the Scripture has God for its author it has also human instrumental authors for its various books, and therefore has human characteristics and often imperfections in the expression of what is the Word of God. Inspiration does not necessarily or as a rule alter the natural style of its human instruments or mouth-pieces. When these human characteristics and imperfections were forced on their notice, they rushed off to the opposite extreme and they forgot and at last came to deny the Inerrancy which is the consequence of divine inspiration.

Indeed I have known some Catholics who were in pretty

much the same state of ignorance and misconception and who in consequence were troubled with temptations when the apparent historical inconsistencies of various parts of the Bible first became known to them. Forewarned is forearmed, and it is better that people should first hear of the difficulties in the Scripture and the objections against it, from us who believe in it, since at the present day they will hear of them sooner or later from some one or other, perhaps in a magazine which they buy on a train.

Be Ready for Every One That Asks a Reason.

(1st Peter, III. 15).

In conclusion I must remark that there is a real need that defenders of the faith concerning the Scriptures should be fully acquainted, as Mr. Phillips is, with the case which its opponents make out. No one can set forth a doctrine or a principle with perfect accuracy so as to preclude misconceptions unless he knows the objections and difficulties against it. St. Thomas always begins his treatment of any question in theology or philosophy by a statement of the arguments against the truth and a *Videtur quod non*—"It should seem that it is not so." In his *Quaestiones Disputatae* it is a frequent thing to find twenty or more objections set out before he lays down the truth and proves it from authority or reason or both combined.

Nothing injures a good cause more than a bad defence, as when Philo and Josephus asserted that Moses wrote the account of his own death and burial in Deuteronomy prophetically. The great controversialists Bellarmine and Newman state the enemy's case at its strongest before demolishing it. No one should speak against Reuss, Wellhausen and Kuenen unless he has studied them as St. Thomas studied Averroes and Maimonides; for they are very able men though destitute of that wisdom which the Church alone can give, and enslaved to false principles and an unsound judgment. Moreover, it is a reflection of St. Augustine that there is no false system which has not some truths intermixed with it. Hence he says that leprosy

with its partial discolorations of the skin was a symbol of heresy. (See Lib. II. Quaest. Evangel. c. 40). For unmixed falsehood, like unmixed evil, would have no attraction for the human mind and heart, which though weakened and darkened by Original Sin, are not utterly corrupted and blinded. And while the evil and falsehood in a heresy appeal to the bad and the perverse, on the other hand what there is of truth and goodness remaining in the false system is apt to capture those who are only foolish and simple. It has been observed by Leibniz that usually the falsehood of a false system is found in its denials rather than in its affirmations. Thus, to take a ready example, the falsehood and evil of Lutheranism lay in its denial of the value of Works and Love, not in its assertion of the importance of Faith (or strictly, Faith and Hope, since *Fiducia* is hope).

It is very important, therefore, that in dealing with the Higher Criticism we should discriminate very carefully and not deny any particular true statements that may be mixed up in a system essentially erroneous, for to do so would only weaken our own hands and furnish the enemy with a weapon against us. This work of discrimination has been pursued systematically by the Biblical Commission and its Consultors with the assistance of the theologians of the Inquisition; and the Decrees of the Commission now furnish the student of the Scriptures with a light to guide him through the objections thrown up by scholars who have less wisdom than learning, and less of faith than of a philosophy that is false.



The Coming Year



Dear Sacred Heart, we give to Thee
 The year that lies before us—
 Each ray of sunshine on our path,
 Each shadow looming o'er us,
 The busy hours of every day,
 The silent hours of sleeping,
 We bring them all to Thee this morn,
 And place them in Thy keeping.

Each thought that in our minds will rise,
 Each word that we'll be saying,
 In busy mart, on dusty road,
 Or near the Altar praying.
 Each dream beside the glowing fire,
 Each impulse high and holy
 To battle for the glorious Right,
 To help the weak and lowly.

We give Thee all, dear Sacred Heart,
 The dark hours and the bright ones,
 The noble deeds, the petty fears,
 The wrong words and the right ones.
 O! bless them with Thy beauteous grace,
 And strengthen our endeavour
 To toil for Thee, to die for Thee,
 To live with Thee for ever.

Brian O'Higgins, T.D.



GIOVANNA BONOMO
Receiving Communion from an Angel

THE LITTLE FLOWER OF THE ALPS

From the Italian of Mons. Luigi Pellizzo.

(Continued)

CHAPTER IV.

If Asiago was privileged to be the birth-place of Maria Giovanna, not less favoured was the City of Bassano, for here it was this Little Flower diffused the perfume of her virtues and radiated her immaculate splendours during her religious life and at the time of her holy death.

Maria was scarcely fifteen years of age when she left her mountain home to enter the Benedictine Monastery of St. Jerome, there to love suffering and to suffer lovingly. Her father accompanied her and with paternal tenderness presented her to the Mother Abbess, who received her as a precious treasure. Giovanna embraced for the last time her father, who could not restrain his tears, and the great door of the Cloister was opened to the young girl, who joyfully entered to climb within those hallowed walls the Scala Sancta of perfection.

Rejoice, O Bassano, favoured city, for to-day Providence has bestowed on you the glory of receiving a spiritual daughter of St. Benedict, destined to be your celestial patroness and the generous dispensatrix of graces to your children. From the hills, from the mountains, from the plains, from the surrounding and distant cities pilgrims will come in untold numbers to pray, and to venerate the remains of this your adopted child.

It was on the feast of Our Lady's Nativity, in the chapel of the Monastery, that Maria, bowing her head before the Mother Abbess, requested her to cut off her beautiful, long hair, and clothe her in the simple and rough tunic of the Benedictines. It would be impossible to describe her joy on this occasion. Those present beheld her transfigured with her eyes fixed on heaven and heard her exclaim repeatedly, "My wishes are satisfied!"

The first years of the young novice's life were marked by

extraordinary fervour, by an exquisite gentleness of spirit and by a most exemplary observance of her rule, so that Maria became the model of her sister novices. Later the Divine Spouse willed to perfect her by means of trials, anxieties, afflictions of various kinds, the gall of vinegar as it were instead of the sweetness enjoyed during her novitiate. She herself tells us of the sensible effects she experienced in Holy Communion. "I felt at the moment of receiving," she wrote, "a delicious taste in my mouth, accompanied by a delightful odour and sweetness. After receiving the Most Blessed Sacrament I felt sensible, sweet virtue going through all my members, permeating my bones so that I felt lightsome as a feather."

At another time about to communicate she saw herself surrounded by angels and she heard a sweet voice saying, "Confide because the glory of Him will shine in you and He will renew Jerusalem."

Among numerous apparitions she mentions one in which Jesus, surrounded by immense light, addresses her, saying, "My dear Spouse, love Me, I entreat you." In that sweet invitation of Jesus was the compendium of the religious life of Giovanna. With what fervour she prepared for her final profession and how she desired the advent of the time when she would become by holy profession the consecrated Spouse of Jesus.

At last the happy day dawned, September 8th, 1622, the solemn ceremony of the profession taking place according to the custom of the Benedictine Order. Relatives and friends of Giovanna came from Asiago, Bassano and Vicenza to witness the ceremony. At the Offertory of the Mass the novice read in a loud voice the formula of solemn profession already written by her own hand and then signed with the cross at the altar. Giovanna began to read hers, but stopped almost instantly,—she was in ecstasy! Those present called her repeatedly by name, but she heard nothing. Twenty minutes later she came to herself and continued the reading, the assembly was thrilled when according to the ritual Giovanna

three times with the sweetest voice like an angel sang these versicles of psalm 118:

Uphold me according to Thy word, and I shall live; and let me not be confounded in my expectation.

Help me, and I shall be saved; and I will meditate always on thy justifications.

Genuflecting each time with her face to the ground, it was the Spouse letting flow from her soul and from her heart filled with Divine love the admirable canticle of the nuptials with the Immaculate Lamb. Giovanna through obedience told the vision she had during the ecstasy of her solemn profession. She saw our Divine Lord with the Blessed Virgin and St. Benedict, founder of the Order, followed by other saints and angels. Her Divine Spouse in accepting with great complacency the offering of Giovanna, put around her neck three mystic golden chains, telling her that she was to place in these the precious stones of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience, the triple ties of religion.

From that day this Spouse of Christ began indeed to enjoy under the sweet yoke of religion that absolute and perfect liberty of the children of God, being already free from the slavery of Egypt, multiplying marvels of ascension to the Lamb promised to the innocent and pure of heart, and putting into the triple mystic chain given her by her Spouse the precious stones of works of sanctity, fruits of her perfect correspondence to the graces of the Lord.

The three days immediately following her religious profession the holy nun passed in perfect retirement and constant prayer. The Divine Spouse lavished upon her His tenderest caresses and communicated to her soul extraordinary graces. Very often in rapture she enjoyed the bliss of heaven and received sublime communications on the mysteries of faith. One morning after Holy Communion she was wrapt in ecstasy. She saw her Crucified Spouse, Who said to her, "I am down in the clefts of the rock." After this vision she received the gift of tears which she shed copiously at the thought of her

great misery and unworthiness. At another time Our Lord appeared to her, saying, "My dove in the ruined caverns." And at the same time the Divine Spouse attracted her towards His Heart and imparted to her soul an excess of love and a knowledge of heavenly things. He said "See how I love thee." At these words Giovanna saw an angel with golden darts in his hand with which he wounded her with love. She had frequent visits from the saints who were her special patrons, St. Lawrence, St. Sebastian, St. Agnes, St. Catherine and St. Charles Borromeo. The conversation of the servant of God was no longer of earth, but of heaven.

In the twentieth year of her life Giovanna had already reached the Unitive life with her Spouse, Who showed her such finenesses of love as to be above our power of imagination. She was allowed to communicate on Sundays and other feasts only, but this could not satisfy the ardent longing of her heart for Jesus. One day while in her cell she had an extreme desire to receive her Divine Spouse. Our Lord appeared to her radiant with glory and said, "My dear Giovanna, what do you wish from Me?" "Ah, Lord, my Love," said Giovanna, "You know I desire only Thyself," and He, taking from the wound in His Heart a Host all stained with blood, gave It to her, saying, "Take, My Spouse."

Each week from the third hour of Thursday until Friday evening, she was so wrapt in ecstasy and all absorbed in God she did not know what was passing around her. Torrents of love and sorrow tortured her soul and her virginal body, at the same time filling her with joy and happiness. All the pain suffered by Jesus in His Passion was renewed in her in a mystical manner.

One Friday evening in 1632 she was seen by many of her sisters raised from the floor with arms outstretched and her feet crossed as if affixed to the Cross; her eyes were open, but she seemed as if dead. The Sisters in the choir saw then fiery rays piercing the servant of God in the hands, feet and heart, often causing intense pain. The Sacred Stigmata was visible for many years and the wound of the heart frequently

poured out streams of blood and water. Such marvels could not remain hidden—the Superiors of the diocese were notified, but all the while the humility of Giovanna suffered intensely. She wished to remain hidden with Christ. It was quite easy to discover that under the simple, coarse tunic of the Benedictine Sister was a great and privileged soul, so the fame of Giovanna's sanctity spread everywhere.

Almost all of Giovanna's life in religion was one of painful infirmities, but her physical pain was not to be compared to that of the spirit. Numberless times devils tormented her in cell, choir and corridor. They menaced her, laughed at her, despised her. Through God's permission the Sisters, her Confessor and the Bishop, who was misinformed, tormented the candid soul. The Confessor of the monastery, a man, conscientious and of very holy life, but obstinate in his opinion, caused intense suffering in this soul that he did not understand; he submitted her to all kinds of severe trials, showed himself incredulous in regard to her visions and extraordinary graces, he opposed her particular devotions, and for a long period of time, and this was her greatest trial, he deprived her of Holy Communion. Giovanna bore all with patience and resignation, saying, "The good Father does all for my good, and my greatest mortification is not to be mortified." To humble her the more, the priest would not even tell Giovanna when she must not receive Communion. Many times when she went to the grate to receive Communion with the other Sisters, she was turned away as unworthy. One morning in 1650 the priest prepared as many hosts to be consecrated as there were Sisters, Giovanna excluded. At the moment of Communion she went to receive, but the priest passed her by. She retired, humiliated and resigned, at the same time her heart longing to receive her God. The priest continued to distribute Communion to the other Sisters, but coming to the last one, to his great surprise he realized that one host was missing. Certain that he did not make a mistake in counting the number and convinced that he had not given two hosts to any Sister, he was much confused. When he finished Mass he decided to speak of the matter to Giovanna. The

humble servant of God assured the priest that she had received Communion that morning. "By whose hands? Not by mine, certainly," said the Confessor. Giovanna did not answer, until forced by obedience she confessed that being refused by him, she retired feeling intense hunger and extraordinary languor; then the most beautiful creature that she had ever seen took a host from the Ciborium and brought it to her. The veils were removed from the eyes of the priest and he realized that he was dealing with a soul extremely privileged by Almighty God.

The life of Maria Giovanna as a religious of St. Benedict is a beautiful answer to all enemies of religion and to all those who deem the institution of contemplative orders useless. We have seen her as a child teach prayers and the Christian Doctrine, deprive herself of food, shoes and dress to give to the poor of Jesus; we can understand, then, how these beautiful virtues grew as the servant of God advanced in years. Elected Abbess, she was given the title of "Mother of the Poor."

The fame of the pious virgin spread rapidly throughout Italy; Bishops, prelates, princes, ladies of rank, aristocracy of Bassano, Venetia, Vicenza, Padua and other places flocked to her for advice and counsel. It was the beautiful flower spreading about her the good odour of Jesus.

Hers was in truth a wondrous life, especially during the later years, when spiritual and physical suffering had reduced her body to a mere skeleton. So extraordinary were her sufferings that her physicians attributed them to causes beyond their skill to explain or alleviate. She alone knew the secret of them and the intense languor and exhaustion that made her feel as if her heart were melting. It was the Charity of Christ consuming her heart.

Several times during the last year of her life she uttered expressions which her Sisters did not understand, but which were explained after her death; for instance she said, "In St. Jerome's lives a Sister without a heart because she has given it to her Spouse Jesus."

Giovanna, the Flower born on the Asiago Plateau, growing for some time in the garden of Trent, transplanted to the banks

of the River Brents, had while growing to perfection adorned with its beauty and made fragrant with its perfume this Consecrated garden of St. Benedict, was now counted worthy to be again transplanted—this time to live forever in the Garden of the Spouse of Virgins.

The first symptoms of Giovanna's last illness appeared on Tuesday, February 18th, 1670, when she went to bed not to rise again. On the morning of the following Friday she appeared delirious, but it was a delirium of love in which she was speaking to the Beloved of her soul. On Saturday, March 1st, she received Extreme Unction, following without any effort the prayers of the recommendation of the soul. To the priest who asked her if she were willing to give him her soul that he might put it in the Wound of the Heart of Jesus, she answered with vehement love, "Oh, yes! yes! most willingly!" These were her last words. With her eyes fixed on the crucifix, her face smiling, this seraphic daughter of St. Benedict breathed her soul to God as the bell was ringing the Evening Angelus. God's Angel plucked the fragrant flower and carried it to the celestial garden. Maria Giovanna Bonomo was then sixty-three years, six months and fifteen days old.

On a poor couch the body of the servant of God took heavenly resemblance; her face was transfigured, her lips smiling. The perfume of Paradise permeated not only her cell, but the whole convent, so that all could perceive it. The walls of her cell become white as snow and shone as crystal, and at the moment in which the soul abandoned the body, exhausted by austerities, a very luminous globe was seen leaving the cell and going straight towards heaven. So the prudent virgin who kept always burning the oil of faith and love in her lamp, was admitted to the wedding feast of the Lamb.

O, innocent virgin of our mountains, Blessed Giovanna, give us the true love of virtue and sanctity, so that with you we may look forward to the hour of our death with gladness, which as a good friend will open for us one day the Gate of Eternal happiness, where we will be abundantly rewarded for the trials, sufferings and privations which we endure in this valley of tears.

“Thou Art All Fair, O Mary”

Hail! O Queen Immaculate!
Peerless is thy high estate,
Shade of stain hath touch'd thee ne'er,
Thou alone art Christ's All-Fair—
Thou alone wert ever His,
“White as snow thy garment is.”
Garment of mortality,
Flesh of stainless purity,
Stuff whereof the robe was spun
Bosra-dyed, of God's Own Son. . .
Of thy matchless soul to speak,
Help us now, O Mother meek!
“And Thy Face is like the Sun.”
Yes! for thou didst gaze on One
Who, the Light in darkness came.
“Sun of Justice” is His Name,
Thou didst first behold His Face,
Blessed Mother, full of grace!
He the “bright and Morning Star”
Seen by prophets “from afar,”
Was unveil'd to thy pure sight,
God of God and Light of Light!

Him within thee thou didst find,
 Like a lamp in crystal shrined.
 "Clothed in sunlight" to the seer,
 Thou in vision didst appear.
 Brightness of Eternal Day
 Darken'd not thy own pure ray.
 Thou the "spotless mirror" art
 Of His virtues and His Heart.
 "Signed upon thee" was His Light
 Walking in His splendours bright,
 All the day thou didst rejoice
 Thou the first to hear His Voice.
 What did Baby Jesus say
 First of all, sweet Mother, pray?

 Queen of Virgins, to thy Son,
 Draw us, after thee we run—
 Draw us by thy odours sweet,
 Where the moon beneath thy feet
 Robed in golden sunrays, thou
 Twelve-starred crown upon thy brow
 Reignest at the King's right hand,
 There before thee may we stand
 Every soul at last made fair,
 Draw us, lead us, Mother, there!

THE WONDER OF IT THIS DAY!

Impressions on the Spot at the Seventh Centenary of the Stigma

BY RT. REV. MGR. BURKE, P.A.

THE world is ever the same. Despite the conviction that all in it is finite and transitory, it lives always — and never more so than to-day—as if this were everything, and such goods as it possesses have to be acquired at any cost, or life were one vain failure. And when these things are acquired must they be held as if exclusive and absolute property of the holder, as though he had really created them and must cling to them forever? Have you money? Then, if not, you are not worth bothering about. Are you in popular attire, provided with most recent equipment and every latest appurtenance, commanding bands or armies of workers, even calling upon the state to notice your possessions and make exception of them in common process of administration. There is nothing worth the while but dollars, and when they are here in plenty there is still the foolish, inordinate desire for more. Worldly wealth whets appetite for wealth; so there is nothing but grasp for or struggle after it; and then, it is forthwith charged with our utter undoing; and death steps in to claim his rich victim, and finds him poorest of the poor.

St. Francis terms these wealthy possessions, and especially wealth in money, “flies,” and he hated flies, if he hated anything in God’s whole creation. The fierce wolf and the gentle lamb alike took refuge in his bosom, and were brothered there; birds flocked around him, perching on his shoulder, and soliciting the favor of his seraphic speech; the fishes left their watery element to listen to his praises of the Creator; and their strange attention and gracious hearing, was the marvel of men, who now also stopped anew and listened to the fruitful Word of God, and so were changed, made meek and humble

followers of the saintly one, and the Master he served so admirably.

Flies, the seraphic Doctor insisted, tainted matter, filling flesh with the maggots and fruits with corruption; and money had the same effect on those that handled it. But this was no new doctrine in the Saint's day. The Ancients had fully averred it; only Francis was not satisfied with saying it; he lived it in his life and ordered it to be lived in the great, wide-spread family he begot unto the Church of God.

When at the beginning of his period of grace he was praying in Saint Damien's, Christ spoke to him from the Cross, and said, "Francis, see how my house is falling into ruin; do you go and repair it?" And, without a moment's hesitation, he answered, "Yes, Lord, I will." And the tender hands of the youth raised in luxury began at once to fashion hard, rough stone, and with caustic mortar to fill the holes in the defective walls. For this purpose he thought money necessary at first, so appropriating a bolt of cloth from the shelves of his father's shop, he went off to Foligno and converted it into cash. His father, in high dudgeon, hunted him up, and he cast the money into a little window recess which we may still observe, and there, the grasping parent found it and carried it away. Further, wishing to restrain the zealot from his new way of living, which was considered anything but in keeping with the family dignity, he forced him back home, reproved him roundly, beat him, and binding him with thongs, cast him into utter exclusion. There Francis continued his communings with the Crucified, perfected his sacred mission and being released by his mother, ardently took up again his new work. The father further provoked by this, hailed him into the presence of the Bishop of Assisi, where, reproving him severely for deserting family fortunes, he declared that if he persisted in the way he was going he would have to relinquish his patrimony altogether. Nothing was easier for the Saint of Poverty; so, there and then, in the Bishop's Court, he threw off every stitch of the rich garments he was wearing; and, extolling the richness of his poverty so as to amaze and edify all,

he was wrapt in the charitable corner of the Bishop's robe, till ordered by the holy prelate, his steward brought a rough "beast" cloak of a farmhand for him, the which Francis marked with the sign of the cross, in chalk, and put on him, and thus, it became the honored habit of the Friars Minor, in all the world. No more money for Francis now, nothing that would separate him from profoundest contemplation of Christ and Him Crucified. The Gospel Precepts, pure and simple he adopted for his "Rule"; and these he preached to the world which now stood aloof, now embraced them with inexpressible love and willingness; and the same he, Himself, practised as no other man born into the world had ever done before. Wouldst thou be perfect, "Go and sell what thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in Heaven, and come and follow me." That was his instruction, that the beacon ever luring him on to the Haven of Eternal Love.

Complete immolation of self and completest obedience to the precepts of Christ, behold the source of Francis' power! Many other saints, yes, all of them recognized their own nothingness, and grounded their powers in the service of the Crucified. But even in these arduous undertakings—not nearly so hard as we think, and much harder than we comprehend—there are grades and degrees of conformity; there is the "good, better, best" amongst saints, too, in the wonderful providence of God. So it appeared, indeed it was proven by the countenance and force that God afforded him that Francis Bernardone was one of the "best," in the grand phalanx of holy men and women, circling His Throne in Heaven. He was the poorest of them all, so far as we can perceive, the humblest of them all, the most zealous of them all, the most confident in the success of the religion or ministry he had assumed; and the pure flame of Divine Love burned in him always like a seraph. In the wonders he operated, in the supernatural power he exercised, in the intimate and awful instances of formal approbation from on High, he never permitted the semblance of pride or exultation to cross his mind. "Would you know why everybody follows me?" he said to Brother Masseo; "then, I

will tell you, for I learned it myself from the Cross of the Most High God, which sees the good and the bad everywhere. Well, those holiest of eyes have never beheld anything viler, weaker or more sinful than I; and, therefore, to make this undertaking as wonderful as He intends, He could not find a viler wretch on earth, so He selected me to confound the nobility and grandeur, the force, beauty and wisdom of the World."

Francis was honest, of course, in this contention, though nobody that has studied his life intelligently, can be persuaded that he ever lost his baptismal innocence, even the little imperfections of life—the just man sins seven times in a day—were in his eyes, and because of proximity to Holiness itself, mountains of disorder. The defects of others he seldom noticed, and, if he did, was always ready to overlook, and forgive them, even to love more tenderly sinners who were truly repentant; in himself, or for himself, there was no condonation or quarter for the smallest infraction or imperfection. The people followed him, not because he was the vilest sinner, but because he was as contrite and repentant as if he really were. They followed him because he was the saint of holy poverty, the saint of profoundest humility, the saint of most ardent charity, the saint who forgave all men and all things; he who talked to birds and caressed wolves; the saint that never obfuscated them with abstruse dogma, but taught the plain, sincere words of the Gospel, joyfully, even stooping to the sprightly and jocose to remove the possibility of moroseness from his simple hearers; and, in this, being unlike those long-faced extremist preachers, who hover over the flowers of faith, making believe they are bees, when they are only wasps that make no honey.

This, then, is the holy man wrapt in God from his youth, who travelled all over Italy on foot, and to Spain, and into the land of the fierce Soldan of Babylon, preaching Christ and Him Crucified, and welcoming even the test of fire, with many heroic deeds in the supernatural order, to vindicate his mission. His first companions increased to twelve, like the

apostles of the gentle Christ (one of whom too betrayed him). He sent them forth to preach into the whole world. They lived in the open, wore the roughest apparel, were sustained on the poorest aliment; but any deficiency in temporal resource was more than compensated in the wealth of spiritual gifts they garnered.

Just think how the organized Church must have regarded these poor rude intruders! In our own day how far would they get, with their "eccentricities?" But even in theirs, they would not have gone far either, without the constant sustaining help of God. Francis drew up his rule on the Gospel councils—the things directly revealed to him from sortilege of the Missal. He had little real learning, at first, though not without foundation in letters; but, nevertheless, under the direction of Him he served so faithfully, he could compose the simplest, yet most comprehensive of religious rules, he could take a few companions and enter the august presence of the Vicar of Christ, and get this rule confirmed; first, *viva voce*, by Pope Innocent III., then by a Solemn Bull of Pope Honorius III., which is fortunately to the fore to-day.

He could direct his ever-increasing family which was in a short time to become the largest and most wondrous of the phalanxes of the Church, and inspire confidence, love and veneration, and the imitation of his own great virtues, in his followers; he could compound offences and differences, amongst families, or kings and potentates; he could soften the hardest hearts, and harden the softest wills to solid repentance and good works; he could comfort sinners, cure the sick, heal the leprous, restore the crippled and deformed; he could feed the hungry, clothe the naked, foretell the future, and procure the saving grace of God for all. He preached the Gospel to the poor; and to persuade them how reverently it should be heard, he addressed the gentle message to the birds and fishes and these dumb creatures gave example to neglectful men. He communed directly with the Lord, was rapt to the Third Heaven, like St. John; was indeed, in constant direct contact with Heaven, praying, fasting and mortifying himself till hu-

man endurance was long past the limit. Now, that he was so poor as to have nothing, and so rich as to want nothing, he had the assistance of many in the help of religion and charity. None of it ever attached to his fingers.

Francis founded the Order of Friars Minor, the "least of the family of Christ," the Second Order for holy women over which his faithful helper, Clare, ruled all her life, and the Third Order for people in the world who wished to lead a good life. All this great religious fabric he built up in a comparatively short span of years and he lived to see it flourish like a great green oak, for the security and protection of Christians. To his "religion," as he called it, he left a definite, practical plan of life. All his children he prayed for and sacrificed himself for constantly, that they might follow the Divine Will in all things, and materially contribute to the spread of Christ's saving Gospel. He preached like a seraph, for he was really one; no heart, no matter how stony, could resist his appeal; and he could read hearts too, and admonish them unto peace, and the practice of virtue. He walked the plains and mountains of his beloved Umbria and Abruzzi, as the Blessed Saviour had those of Galilee, simply clad, attended by humble brothers, begging the bite he ate from the common charity. He worked for the restoration of churches. We behold him repair three of them with his own hands. He certainly loved the beauty of God's house, but more so, God's likeness in the souls of men. And whilst his devotion to, and reverence for, the Holy Mother of God was of the tenderest, he declared to herself, when she appeared to him and solaced him, as did her Divine Son, that he would not hesitate to despoil her shrines to feed the poor, or cover the naked, stamped with the Creator's image; and Mary, Consolatrix Afflictorum, gave him fullest sanction.

Finally, was he so conformed to the life and spirit of Christ, and had so great compassion for Him in His Passion, that he was constantly bewailing it, apart in meditation, and living it intimately himself, so as to merit the marvellous imprint of the Stigmata. He was another Christ. Many saw the

wonders done in Francis, and these were the final weight in turning hardest sinners to salvation. The Church took the infallible proofs, and he was solemnly canonized by a Pope who knew him well, Gregory IX., within the two years following his death.

Is it wonderful, then, that the marvels of his short life-time (Francis was only 44 years on earth and 22 in religion) should be repeated through the seven intervening centuries, and be to-day recalled, as freshly, by a grateful Italian people, and the world generally, as when he walked amongst us? To the tiny chapel of the Portziuncola, or Little Portion, he asked the Saviour to attach great virtue so many sinners might be saved; for there, he had planned his Rule and commissioned his apostles. There assembled to consecrate the poor little shrine, eight holy bishops; and for confession and communion and visits there, one has full pardon of one's offences, and great helps in the remission of the sins of others, according to a promise made by the Lord to Francis, verified and confirmed by Pope Honorius III., who gladly applied to it the Treasury of the Church. It is covered over with precious marbles and paintings to-day, and protected by a great Basilica, but the people flock to the mystic little interior as of old; and there seek surcease from sin and troubling. It is most consoling indeed, to visit it, as it is consoling to enter Francis' cell alongside, his rich tomb in San Francesco's, his hermitage on Mount Alverno, the refuge he repaired for the Poor Clares, at Damien's, and so many other places, in and round Assisi, which recall his sweet life and benefactions.

Never a theologian, St. Francis explained the mysteries of religion so luminously that learned divines came to him with their difficulties; never a diplomat, he appeared before Popes and Kings, and spoke words that carried conviction and consummated causes; never a poet, he wrote the simplest and most charming verses in sacred literature. And all this he did through Jesus Christ, Who sustained him. Is it, then, a wonder that Christianity assembles in these sacred precincts, to invoke the Poverillo's spirit again, or obtain his favor? Is

it wonderful that they flock to his shrines as in those other days of intense faith—not the simple places Francis designed, but the great Franciscan temples of Christendom—and there the learned make his eulogy and the gifted sing his praise!

As I walked that holy land of Assisi methought I saw a shadowy throng of brown-robed friars passing along, as in the primitive days of their glorious ministry; I heard the little birds warble God's note in his joyous presence; I saw fierce beasts from the forest coming to lick their bare feet, and do them outward reverence; I heard glorious chanting of divine praises, gladdening again a parched and reluctant earth into new fruitfulness; I saw the lepers cleansed, the hungry satisfied, the naked clothed; and, oh picture more blessed than all the rest, the poor gathered closely round them, having the Gospel, in its purest sense, preached into them! Blessed life of Francis and of Francis' children, renewing again, as far as possible, the days of man's primitive happiness and innocence!

The great ecclesiastical spectacle before us at Assisi for this Seventh Centenary of the Saint's Stigmata is, in nowise, as divinely solemn as the simple sublime one in which Francis Berdandono himself made his first Crib at Greccio, and sang and explained the Gospel of the Angels, to a hushed and reverent multitude, never being a priest to celebrate the divine mysteries; but it is in fullest consonance with his heavenly glory, and that of the incorruptible body lying in the marble crypt below. Thanks be to God, then, for Francis! What would this poor, material world be without him, for does he not bring back again, and live over with us, the saving Passion and Death of Christ?



REVEREND FREDERICK DANIEL MEADER, C.S.B., B.A.

On October 6th the Master called another labourer to receive his hire in the person of the Reverend Frederick Daniel Meader. He had been in poor health for about a year, his condition having been at times serious, but in view of his youth and energy, never grave, much less hopeless, so that the end finally came with startling suddenness. In his death the staff of St. Michael's College has lost one of its most capable and experienced members, and the Congregation of St. Basil one of its most devoted priests.

Father Meader was born in South Bend, Indiana, in 1880. While he was still young the family moved to Orillia, Ontario, where he received his secondary education, and where subsequently he taught in the Separate School. Later he came to the University of Toronto and enrolled in Mathematics and Physics, from which course he graduated with first class honours in 1905. He then accepted a position on the staff of the University, which he gave up in 1906 to enter the Novitiate of the Congregation of St. Basil. At the conclusion of his year of Novitiate he began his associations with St. Michael's College, which, with an intermission of two years, remained unbroken during the remainder of his life. In 1911 he was ordained priest and appointed Professor of Ethics and Religious Knowledge. In 1914 he became Registrar and two years later the office of Bursar was added to his list of duties. In 1921 he was appointed Superior of St. Thomas College, Chatham, New Brunswick, where he remained in charge until the Basilians withdrew in 1923, when he returned to St. Michael's.

Father Meader had splendid gifts both as a man and as a priest. His amazing industry has been the subject of admiration and praise, and there is much truth in the remark once made that he always did the work of two men. This was true of him as a young student, when he worked to defray expenses while attending High School and University. It was true of him in St. Michael's, where he not only had the duties of a



REV. F. D. MEADER,
C.S.B., B.A.

professor, but also those of Bursar and Registrar. It was true of him in Chatham, N.B., where he was both Superior and Bursar.

Whilst discharging these administrative duties he found time to do a tremendous amount of reading, which enabled him to keep thoroughly in touch with current literature in Moral Philosophy, which he taught, and his students have often borne witness to the thoroughness with which his lectures were prepared, and the amount of erudition which he displayed.

I should like above all to stress the zeal with which he performed his priestly offices. It is indeed another tribute to his amazing industry that he found time to act as Confessor and Director to the students, as well as to the inmates of the Mercer and Good Shepherd. But to him this work was a labour of love and a recreation. I remember how he demurred when on one occasion an effort was made to lighten his burden by relieving him of the duty of hearing confessions outside the college. He loved this priestly work and begged permission to continue it. It is little wonder, therefore, that he was loved by his penitents, and that he exercised a great influence over those who came to him for spiritual guidance. In this connection it might be pointed out that in the two years during which he was at Chatham he sent nine young men to the Novitiate. It is likewise worthy of note that during the enforced rest which preceded his last acute attack, what distressed him most was the doctor's order that he should not celebrate Mass, and it is a tribute to his zeal, if not to his prudence, that he did not always obey.

Father Meader will be missed by his students, who admired his industry and his learning. He will be missed by his penitents, who loved him for his kindness. He will be missed by the members of his family, to whom he was tenderly devoted. He will be missed by the members of the congregation of St. Basil, to whom he was endeared by his gentleness, his quiet humour, and especially his charity. Indeed his confreres have repeatedly borne witness to the fact that they never heard him say one unkind word about another.

E. J. McCorkell, C.S.B., M.A.

THE SURRENDER OF GABRIEL MARCH

A Christmas Story

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

IT was a consecrated sisterhood of two—an unconscious one at that—which made it all the better. In an old-fashioned New England rocking-chair sat an equally old-fashioned spinster. Her eyes were black and bright, but kindly, her hair touched with grey, her cheeks red as an autumn apple. She was listening eagerly to a story the other was telling, the latter presenting a contrast to herself that would have charmed an artist. Stella Brereton was young, and the freshness of her beauty only accented Miss Mehitable's lack of it. A delicate figure and a thrilling voice marked Miss Brereton's distinctively—a voice just now alive with pathos.

"I wish you could have seen it all, Miss Mehitable, as I did! You would understand how I feel. Mary Ellis wanted me to go and look up some of her proteges of the Charitable Union—Mary was ill herself, so I wandered down into the dubious districts of Boston. Oh, the dirt and squalor of that street! You can have no idea, living here as you do in the country, in a region of blue skies and apple blossoms, what the tenants have to endure in those rookeries. I was almost afraid to set foot in this one; but Mary Ellis went and why not I? So I stepped on my cowardice and ventured.

"And, do you know, I found one clean room! And in it a little maiden—Swede or Norwegian, I fancy—with yellow hair like a stray patch of sunshine, and eyes blue as the sea. But she was very pale, her skin fairly translucent, so that she seemed like a vision of pearl and gold."

"Not half enough to eat, I dare say," said Miss Mehitable.

"In her window the white buds of a velvet-petalled geranium were opening to the sun, and a white rose had burst into bloom. It seemed exactly like her. Had it been a Jacqueminot

I might have been suspicious, but it was a little, honest, country rose, like those you have here."

At this Miss Mehitable smiled approval.

"It was such a pretty picture," pursued Miss Brereton, "that I stopped a moment near her open door to admire it. A few snowflakes began to sift down, and, going to the window, she peeped out with a sigh."

"No coal," said Miss Mehitable, "she was dreading the winter."

"Anyway she could not waste much of her time sighing. She went to find her work. I saw her shiver as she opened it. It was lace, my dear!—lace of most exquisite design. Its meshes hung in silvery films around her, a last touch of beauty. And then as she worked this poor girl began to sing. Only think of it! Why, I am sure there was not a loaf in her pantry! But she broke into a Christmas carol. She had a flute-like voice, pure and high which thrilled the little room and went straight to my heart. But it's not possible to imprison a voice like that. It passed on and out up into the skies:

'Lo! the stars rain their fires, and the beautiful sing,
For the manger at Bethlehem cradles a King.'

"Under cover of the carol I contrived to come forward and present myself. I found her shy and reticent."

"Not to blame, either," observed Miss Mehitable; "that reticence had kept her out of danger, my dear!"

"I had to move with much caution, I assure you. As to the lace, she had learned the art of making it from an aged French woman who had been taught in Paris.

"'It had been in the days of her youth,' said the young girl. The good Sisters trained her a long time at the Convent of Saint Perpetua. 'It is not easy to learn, madam—ah, no! But thereby one can earn much silver money. Mère Annunziata could trade wisely, but I—ah, I could not learn that.'"

"I dare say not," cried Miss Mehitable.

"I bought all the lace she had," pursued Miss Brereton. "I have brought it to show you." And she poured out the filmy mass in Miss Mehitable's lap.

“But there is more to tell,” she continued. “Before I had left I had so far won the girl’s confidence that she looked up in her pretty, shy way, she said that if Eric could only succeed and earn money they would be married one day, and that would be the end of her troubles!’ So I found out that love was singing there hopefully despite all the poverty and care!”

“Well, what next?”

“I left her room to do some more charity visiting in the same house, and, as one woman whom I wished to see was away, the landlady bade me wait. Soon a tall Swede stalked in; I said to myself that must be Eric. And it was. He had yellow hair, also—darker than hers though—and patient blue eyes. Now, Aunt Mehitable, what can I do for them? I left some sweets and grapes there—told her I needed the basket to take the lace home in—so she has a bit of something to taste of—but what more can I do?”

“Inquire where Eric works and who employs him,” said Miss Mehitable.

“I will. I did not think of that! She or the landlady will tell me. The poor fellow looked sad, as if things were not well with him.”

Indeed, such was really the case. The poor, shivering singer had recommenced her Christmas Carol, a little comforted. It warmed her heart, every note of it! The Christ-Child had come! His love had brightened this dark old world, had touched it with rose-light! And the Father in heaven, having given His Son, would not, with Him, also freely give us all things? The snowdrifts, yes, and the empty pantry, yes. But the good God, He knew. That was enough—. Then the door flew open, and Eric strode in. Dejection was in every line of him; he looked the picture of despair. A giant from Sweden, broad-shouldered with mighty muscles and the heart of a child, the world had only hard usage for him. This poor foreigner slenderly acquainted with the English tongue, was as helpless as his sweetheart.

Eric's face was piteous as he poured out his story in a torrent of Swedish:

"Tell me in English, please dear!" said his little lady love, in a voice whose every tone was comfort.

"The master said two of us would have to go; he could not keep so many hands. First he selected Tom Pottle, then he looked hard at O'Donovan—but behold my un-luck! It was just as if someone whispered in his ear, 'Eric! Dismiss Eric!' And Eric it was."

"Oh, dear, dear! No wages and no wedding!" cried the poor girl in a heart-broken way.

Then she saw the need of cheering him up. And pointing to Miss Brereton's dainty frosted cakes, on her one table, she described her charming visitor. The smile she finally elicited gave the giant's face an illumination of rare beauty. Finally she produced her small purse. "She bought lace and paid me much—see, Eric! The lace Mother Annunziata used to say was a gift from the Blessed Saints, and that it could be changed into much silver! But this is not silver, only the green banknotes of America!" And at this Eric smiled once more.

Stella Brereton's inquiries about Eric brought unexpected results.

"What do you thing, Miss Mehitable? Isn't it strange?" she queried one day, in high excitement. "Eric's employer was Gabriel March, my Uncle Gabriel—and the place he was dismissed from our own ironworks in Somerville."

"Why not ask your uncle to take him back?" inquired Miss Mehitable.

"I will. But uncle is a hard man, 'reaping where he has not sown.' He is coming next week, and I shall try him. It will take some courage, though."

Yet strength came with the need. His business associates knew that it was futile to bring pressure to bear on Gabriel March. But the power of love uplifted this pleader, its divine virtue went forth, conquering and to conquer.

Her uncle was fond of her—that she knew—and she coaxed with many smiles until she had made him clearly understand the plight of poor Eric and his own connection therewith.

“Do give him back his place, Uncle Gabriel! Please do!” pleaded the silvery voice. “Because Christmas is coming. Do, pray do!”

But the face of her auditor, which had grown severe, failed to soften. Its iron force yielded not a whit. He strode away in disdainful silence.

Her little seed had a hard chance. Thorns sprang up and choked it, paving stones crushed it—yet, after all, it worked its way down into the fissures between them. The hard man had a soft spot in his breast, and day by day the thing haunted him. The vision of the poor little lace-maker, her face white with hunger, rose up before him; it would not down or give him rest. His annoyance was great. “These luckless foreigners,” he cried, “I wish the immigration gates were shut on every one of them! What do these charitable women know about business? That great, lank, blue-eyed Swede, now, what can I do with him? Give him Watkins’ place? And promote Watkins? Well, Tom deserves it; he has been a faithful man—but I can’t afford it! Two salaries out of my pocket eating up the profits! It is ruinous!”

Thus Gabriel March fought with himself. He continued to be haunted by that white-rose face, which he had never seen. His wrath stirred again. “How absurd!” he said to himself. “That luckless foreigner wanting to marry a poor, half-starved girl! Just like those people. They have no sense. And then comes a brood of half-starved children!”

One thing was certain. His master could not forget Eric. One day the hard man melted a little. He thought of his own young wife and her early death—it was many years now since she had been laid to sleep under the daisies—and how tenderly he had loved her!

“With the poor it is just the same,” whispered his accusing conscience. “Ah, Gabriel, are you not ashamed?”

He spoke of it even to his niece. "Your Swede wants to get married, you say? But how can he take care of the girl?"

Stella Brereton laughed gently.

"You can help him, Uncle Gabriel."

Whereat Mr. March stalked away in a fresh fit of indignation. A permanent job, was it?

* * * * *

The December days flew by; the snows came whirling down; Gabriel March had done his duty, as he saw it, by buying presents for his daughter and niece with extra lavishness, yet he was not at peace. The family circle? "Surely!" he said to himself, "I know they all expect. But the Lord also expects—what? Was this case of the Swede his own special demand?"

"Forgive me, Lord, if it is!" he cried in sudden surrender.

"One of the least of these"—the Scripture passage came to his mind, and then he laughed—a rare laugh, which the good Lord surely forgave him—as he thought of that big, awkward, incomprehensible Swede! "Not least of all in point of size," he mummured, "a sort of Saint Christopher." But the smile did him good. "Well," he whispered, "it's a strange, clumsy Christmas offering, but may the Christ accept it! And save me from hardness of heart and contempt of His word and commandment!"

So it came to pass one day that Eric trudging doggedly along in search of work, his head down, the Christmas joy all clad in blackness for him, heard someone call him by name. "Here, Eric, my man!" It was his former employer, and poor Eric cowered in sudden fear. Was more evil in store for him?

Gabriel March saw the shudder, and it told him much. "Do my men feel like that towards me?" he asked himself, "Oh, Lord, I hope not!"

Then he flung on Eric a radiant smile which held some pity and a great deal of encouragement.

"Come, my man, we must have you back again. You are

a trusty fellow! Watkins is to be foreman next year, beginning in January, so his place stands ready for you, and his pay, if you will take it."

The swift, bewildered light that flooded the Norseman's dull face would have repaid Gabriel March for a far greater sacrifice than he was making. An effusion of broken English followed, whose heartfelt tones did more to bring master and man together than either would have believed possible.

"Well, well, my good man, that is settled then! You will come back," said Gabriel; "but you must learn English. Get your sweetheart to help you! I dare say she will." And he strode away, leaving Eric to wonder how the master knew so much about his affairs.

So there was Christmas rejoicing in many hearts that year, after all. A happy Swedish wedding took place afterwards in due time. It was a proud bridegroom who claimed the dainty little bride on that occasion—one whose outfit, thanks to Miss Brereton, Miss Mehitable, and their friends, though modest, was all that it should be, and had even a touch of elegance.

And of this Christmas joy not the least fell to the share of Gabriel March. His little act of self-surrender had brought him close to his Lord. A strange new peace fell upon him, in swift Divine response—a sense of blessedness—and the relief was extreme. He dreaded a return of his old angry willfulness, and looking about on his business and his many employees he cried in deep humility: "Now, what more? Lord, what will Thou have me to do?"



CELIBACY

BY REV. K. J. McRAE.

FROM time to time we read in the Public Press dire forebodings of over-population of the earth and consequent starvation, of the deterioration of the race, etc., etc.; but the remedies proposed, although expressed in such euphemistic terms as "birth-control," "eugenics," etc., are mostly, if not wholly, crimes and abominations condemned by the laws of God as well as those of Christian Governments. And, in regard to the limiting of the number of children in a family, in particular, J. J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D., states (in America, October 18) that "Dr. Robert Hutchinson, who comes of a very well-known English medical family that has made many contributions to medical science, declared (recently, before the British Medical Association) that most of the defective mentality which he observed in children occurred among the first born of families. He suggested that it would seem as though nature has to acquire practice, as it were, in the matter of birth and that the later born children in the families were much more likely to be possessed of vigorous intellects and the self-control which goes with them, than the earlier born of the same parents. And, commenting upon this, Dr Walsh reminds us that "Benjamin Franklin, for instance, was the fifteenth child. . . St. Catharine of Sienna, who was undoubtedly the greatest woman of her century and also probably the greatest character of that time and one of the supremely great women of all time, was her mother's twenty-fourth child. Ignatius Loyola, whose influence has been felt so deeply ever since his time, was the youngest in his family, the seventh, I believe, in number among the children. Many more distinguished men might be mentioned," but these should be enough.

In as far, however, as the evils complained of are real, and not mere figments of the imagination, a most effective remedy is the faithful practice of the infused virtue of Temperance—

not merely Temperance in the restricted sense (properly called Sobriety) commonly used in our day, but in its wider sense of a "General habit of self-restraint, the moderation of all the faculties, and the avoidance of extremes even in the practice of virtue" (Bellord's Meditations, Vol. II., page 228). But, as the efficient treatment of Temperance, in this wider sense, would require too much space, I will confine myself, in this paper, to one only of its manifestations, viz.: Celibacy, which is the practice of chastity in an heroic degree, and, therefore, an effective remedy in itself.

Bishop Bellord, treating of Celibacy (in work quoted above, pages 234-5) tells us that "Religious Celibacy and Virginitv may be called the apotheosis of Charity, which is thus raised to its highest term, and becomes absolute and permanent. Chastity, from being the guide and moderator of natural activity, rises to the highest self-abnegation and establishes the dominance of the spiritual over the material element in human nature. The maintenance of the specific life is indeed a primary law of nature; yet nature itself always provides checks on a too abundant multiplication. God has provided one in the case of man that is proportioned to his dignity and future prospects, viz., the voluntary and supernatural check of religious celibacy. In this condition men approximate to the state of the angels in heaven, who neither marry nor are given in marriage; and thus they represent new perfections of God in humanity. By calling some to an exceptional state God does not contradict His own general creative law; the exemption of some individuals from the command to increase and multiply is always necessary in the interest of the species. God gives only a counsel of greater perfection to a few chosen ones. When the Apostles suggested that 'It is not good to marry,' Jesus affirmed both the law and its exceptions. 'All men receive not this word but they to whom it is given . . . He that can take, let him take it' (Matt. XIX. 11, 12). How harmonious are the ways of Divine Providence! How beautiful is natural law carried out in the spiritual sphere!

“The state of religious Celibacy was too high for the carnal-minded Jews; it became possible only as mankind advanced, when the Son of God brought religion to the last stage of its evolution. In Himself, in His great precursor, in His Blessed Mother, and to some extent in His Apostles, He set before us examples of this higher life on earth. That life, preternatural, impossible but through Jesus Christ, has become the great glory as well as a distinctive note of His Church. During this life the fortunate few are brought into closer relationship with God. They that are married are solicitous for the things of the world, how they may please one another, and they are divided. The unmarried think on the things of the Lord, that they may be holy both in body and spirit (I. Cor. VII. 32-4). And as to the next life, it is said of them, ‘And I beheld, and lo a Lamb stood upon mount Sion, and with him an hundred and forty-four thousand, having his name, and the name of his Father, written upon their foreheads. And I heard a voice from heaven, as the noise of many waters, and as the voice of great thunder; and the voice which I heard, was as the voice of harpers, harping on their harps. And they sung, as it were, a new canticle, before the throne, and before the four living creatures, and the ancients; and no man could say the canticle, but those hundred and forty-four thousand, who were purchased from the earth. These are they who were not defiled . . . for they are virgins. These follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. These were purchased from among men, the first fruits to God and to the Lamb. And in their mouth there was found no lie; for they are without spot before the throne of God’ (Apoc. XIV., 1-5). How admirable is the state which possesses such privileges!

“The development of life is the great function of every being, from God down to the last grain of matter. The celibate and the virgins have not cut themselves off from this duty. There is a double stream of human life through the ages, the natural which is from Adam through ordinary fatherhood, the supernatural from Jesus Christ through spiritual fatherhood. There is an incongruity in the combination of the

double parentage in one individual; the duties of the natural father often conflict with those of the spiritual father. The work of God in souls requires a self-devotion and attachment to the Lord such as are possible only to those detached from domestic ties. The principle of the division of labour demands the separation of the two functions. In the case of her who was the Mother of the Redeemer and the Mother of men, the renunciation of natural maternity was a necessary condition of her Divine Maternity. In like manner, under the new dispensation, the propagation of truth and morality, the begetting of new generations to Jesus Christ has been committed to those who have refrained from begetting new descendants to Adam. Such alone have been able to do the work and reap the success of the Apostles. They have carried out on a higher plane the command to increase and multiply. 'Give praise, O thou barren one that bearest not, . . . for many are the children of the desolate, more than of her that hath a husband, saith the Lord.' " (Isa. LIV.).

Such, at later dates, were St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland, St. Columba or Columcille, the Apostle (at least to a great extent) of Scotland, St. Francis Xavier, the Apostle of the Indies, Sts. Cyril and Methodius, Apostles of the Slavs, etc., etc. And, in our own day, who are best fitted to convert souls to Christ from among the pagans, but these celibates who have, like the Apostles, left all things to follow Christ and engage in whatever work He assigns to them.

We, Canadians, have great reason to be proud of the promptitude with which our men volunteered for service in the Great War, as well as the glorious achievements of many of them in actual warfare.

There is now, however, a most earnest appeal gone forth from the King of Kings, through His recruiting agents, for recruits for the Great War against the world, the flesh and the devil, especially in the strongholds of these enemies in pagan nations. Let us hope that as many as possible of our young men, and young women too, will promptly volunteer for this Divine service, for, according to our Missionary journals,

many vast fields are ready for the harvest, but the harvesters are altogether too few.

But work on the Foreign Missions is not the only service Celibates can render to God; there are many kinds of work at home in connection with the supernatural life of souls, such as parish work, teaching, giving missions, the caring for orphans and the aged, etc., etc.; and those already engaged in these various works need help, and very much more than is yet offering in this country. Will those who are suitable and free to answer the call refuse? Must it be said that people are readier to volunteer for what is largely the destruction of life (such as war is), than for what is mainly for the imparting, preserving, and developement of the supernatural life?

The main qualifications and dispositions for this work are, "A clean heart, a good head, and a desire to show our love to God by a life of service and sacrifice" (You and Yours, Rev. M. J. Scott, S.J., p. 176). Surely, then, no young man or young woman will refuse to make the sacrifices necessary to serve under the Divine General Who shed His Precious Blood to the last drop for their salvation!

Many of the soldiers who do valiant work for an earthly king receive no adequate reward, but all who serve the King of Kings are certain not only of an adequate reward, but also of their continuance in the enjoyment of that reward for all eternity.



A MESSAGE AND A MISSIONARY

BY REV. P. J. HOLLOWAY, P.P.

IN June of the year 1921 I received a letter through the mail appealing to me to come to the aid of a family who, having left the city of Boston one year previously, began to yearn for that spiritual consolation without which the human heart at any time will become despondent and unsettled. This letter had its origin in a homesteader's shack, and from the very outset had a perilous journey to the station. When placed into my hands the envelope even looked as though it had torn itself apart in the anxiety to tell its message. A woman and her husband and four small children, who still wore on their innocent faces the smile that betokened Convent care, begged me to come to their modest home to offer up for them the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The mother had not left the clearing in which their log home stood, during twelve months, for the memory of that first ride from the station still haunted her. The memory of the dark night it was when the frame of the wagon was swept from beneath them by the turbulent waters of swollen streams and floods from the muskegs which stretched across their homeward trail. The memory of the dark night it was when the travellers, wet and tired and weary, and frightened, suddenly saw looming up before them a dark object among the trees. The smurky glow from a smoky lantern showed that it was a log hut and it seemed never more like home. This was the message that I so eagerly read. This was the message which proved to be the corner-stone of a Mission which to-day numbers forty souls who, ever since have heard Holy Mass once a month, and next spring we hope by the grace of God, to see erected the first and, let us add here, the only chapel of any kind, in the log-hut town of Birch River. The Sacred Heart of Jesus will sponsor the Mission and will set up His reign of love and mercy, truth and justice, over that wild and marshy land.

And now I will try to give you a description of my first visit to the Mission. This visit, vivid in my memory of incidents which I shall always remember, was, after all, but the common experience of scores of others who have long since trod, in the interests of the Saviour, the winding trails of the plains and the frozen "kegs" of the North. It was early June when I arrived by the tri-weekly at the log-hut town of Birch River, Manitoba. It was just that season of the year when the whole country round about was a floating lake and quagmire. There was an army awaiting me whose pestiferous strains of music I detected almost above the roar of the incoming locomotive. Little thin-winged creatures this army was that buzzed and annoyed more deadly than the menace from the bayonet of a human enemy. After stepping off the train I groped my way in the dark toward a dingy light which afterwards I perceived came from a lamp hung from the corner post of the "station-box." Curious eyes accustomed to the darkness of Birch River immediately were upon me as if their innermost thoughts could scarcely find an exit, through speech, and would have uttered if they could, "What manner of mortal is this." One more courteous than the rest, hearing that I was enquiring for a certain person, came forward and kindly conducted me to him in person. After an exchange of greetings I climbed into the rig, for other name than this I cannot now find for that vehicle drawn by a small brown pony. When I was comfortably seated—as far as comfort could be had—I was informed that a few mosquitos might be encountered on the way. The journey was to be one of seven miles due east, and I was further informed that at that particular time of the year the district was experiencing its period of floods. Mire, mud holes and, perchance an occasional bath would be in evidence. This knowledge was based on the personal experience of my driver during his journey to the station. All this proved too true. The mosquitos also. No sooner had the train departed than we were attacked. I had seen varieties of these pests before, but I think now that the Birch River variety are much healthier and more thirsty than others I have encoun-

tered. Unaware that this great host of almost invisible musicians were to accompany me to their forest home, I had not come prepared. Remarks of bystanders concerning the pleasant journey that I would have along with these buzzing creatures, was soon understood in my mind. However, with the aid of a handkerchief I managed to defeat an odd one less fortunate than his brethren. Saul slew his thousands and David his tens of thousands, and I slew my tens only, though they swarmed about me in as many thousands. All this happened before we had a chance to lose sight of the station, for progress was very slow even at this point of the journey. I should have mentioned ere this that we arrived at the station about ten o'clock at night, and it was now ten-forty. The real journey was about to begin. At this stage of our trip we turned due east—we had been travelling north—and came upon the edge of a large muskeg. Here our difficulties began. There were times when the horse waded up to his back in mud and there were other times when the rig itself was almost buried beneath the waters. The whole district was under water. Once I was obliged to stand on the seat while my driver went to the assistance of the pony. Wading up to his shoulders in muddy water, he helped the faithful creature to draw the rig through a veritable marsh. It was a task at times for me to keep the Mission outfit, which contained the vestments, etc., from being swamped entirely. All the time we were never out of the bush; trees were everywhere and nothing else could I see. Several times we passed close by a settler's shack, the dog barked and we passed on. It had now grown dark and was about eleven-thirty, and we were still dragging our way through the mud and water. All the while the mosquitoes seemed never to be far distant. A wolf set up an occasion howl as if intended that the monotony was to be broken even by his fierce cry. We had travelled about four miles when it seemed that the real test had come at last. Our rig had suddenly dropped into a large hole of some sort or other, for the moment we could not discern, for we had been not too

kindly jolted from our seats. Scrambling out, we both ran to the rescue of Dobon, who was making frantic efforts to extricate himself from a tangled mixture of mud, water and harness. Our brown pony was eventually freed from his difficulties and we proceeded on our way. Very little happened after that to mar our progress, but one more swampy marsh to cross, wet willows slashing in the face, mud circling around us and besmirching our clothes, and then at just twenty minutes to one we reached our destination—the homesteader's log cabin somewhere in the tall timbers. The cabin was twenty feet square, and was divided into four rooms. I was apportioned one and immediately went to bed, amid the incensing of smoke coming from burning pulp-wood in a can. This is a local custom even in the homes, devised to keep away the night raiders who buzz and buzz into your ears their pestiferous strains of weird music the night long through. Bright and early the next morning I arose to explore my strange surroundings. The view was not difficult to focus. There were trees and more trees and nothing but trees. The house stood in a small clearing and the blue sky was stretched above. At nine o'clock sixteen persons, comprising men, women and children, came to Holy Mass. The setting itself was unique. A sewing machine was pushed against the wall and served as an altar. The cruets were placed upon a stove beside it. It was the first time that the great God had come into this district to bless those kneeling creatures. About eight people approached the Sacraments that morning, and one was baptized. After the Holy Sacrifice was ended a modest breakfast was served in which the Missionary took part, at the same time enjoying the narrative of one who roughly described the experiences of life as lived in those parts of the North Land. The remainder of the day was spent in making visits to several families, thus covering a circuit of many miles.

And this is the little story, similar to which many a Missionary could relate, of an incident out of which sprang up many a mission, on the plains, in the bush, by frozen lakes.

On Friday next I leave to serve this outlying Mission, and it brings joy to my heart to be the heavenly-chosen means of imparting the grace of God to these simple-living folk. This has been a monthly trip for me ever since that memorable day in June, 1921. One entire family has been baptized into the Church from this Mission, the attendance has been good at all times, the number of communicants always good, and although the people themselves are very poor in this world's goods, we hope to see another never-to-be-forgotten day next spring when the Sacred Heart of Jesus will come to take up His abode in the little Chapel which we pray will be in readiness, adorned with the simple hearts of His people.



High Courage

A singing heart, that never stops for silence ;

A spirit strong—undaunted, undismay'd ;

Uplifted eyes that bravely look through shadows—

A tranquil soul—serene, and unafraid.

Amy McEvoy.





EUGENIE GILLIES
Graduate of St. Joseph's College Academy, 1908.

ANOTHER "LITTLE FLOWER" OF
CARMEL

"So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive,
Would that the little flowers were born to live,
Conscious of half the pleasure which they give."

—Wordsworth.

SINCE for the elect of God removal from this alien land but quickens the truer life in the abode of the Blessed, we may confidently say *our* "Little Flower" still lives and has become the more lovely, the more fragrant now, plucked from the earthly stem and reposing, as we hope, in still closer Presence of the Deity. That something of the exquisite odour of virtue, which exhaled from the expanding bud may reach the reader, I shall try to give here a brief memorial sketch of one who seemed to be not only a favored child of earth, but even more a chosen child of Heaven. This chosen one will be known to former pupils of St. Joseph's as one of our best beloved and most distinguished graduates,—our dear Eugenie Joyce Gillies, President of the class of nineteen-eight.

During the last month Mrs. Keenan, her mother's sister, who lives on Madison Avenue in this city, kept us informed of the little invalid's sufferings, intense, but patiently borne, and each day our prayers went up to Heaven for her. The despatch from Mr. Keenan to Rev. Mother on November 9th, brought no surprising message therefore, when it told us that Mother Eugenie of the Holy Spirit, religious of the Order of Carmel in Wheeling, West Virginia, had died. She had answered finally the longed-for summons of Death's bright angel calling her pure soul to celestial union with the Divine Spouse for Whose love she had made the offering of her life upon the altar of sacrifice in the Carmel cloister just ten short years ago.

This rare little spirit, Eugenie, was born in Baltimore, December 10, 1889. This being the feast of Our Lady of Loretto, she was consecrated to Our Lady by her pious and excellent

mother, who had no other child on whom to bestow her deep affection. At the age of six years she was sent to school at the Visitation Convent, Baltimore, where she remained until she came to St. Joseph's for her High School Course, which she completed with Normal Entrance and Matriculation honours in an unusually brief space of time. She was a keen and mentally well-disciplined student and possessed a remarkably receptive mind and quick, retentive memory. Although her preparatory course was made in an American school, where the educational system was very different from the plan adhered to in Canada, nevertheless she immediately adapted herself to the strange, hard methods and soon made astonishing progress in both language and science for which she showed equal taste and ability. But the chief desire of her heart was to advance in the science of the saints, the knowledge of God, whom she wished to love and serve most ardently.

With all these solid, studious qualities and with her strong attraction for religion and for all that tends to the culture and refinement of mind and soul, her disposition was particularly adapted for social and community life. She was sweet, gentle, amiable and gay, though with strangers she was timid, shy and elusively retiring. Her sudden flights from notice or attention were often quite amusing—unheeded, Eugenie, in the midst of things, would disappear. Above all else, she was unselfish, self-effacing, sympathetic and most charitable. Every little lonesome, tearful new-boarder was cheered and comforted by her. She would put her arm around the sobbing victim of nostalgia, tell her some little joke and lead her to a group, smiling. When some clumsy-fingered companion once let fall and break into pieces a beautiful plaque, which Eugenie much admired and had set up in her alcove as decoration, she hastened to press a kiss upon the guilty hand and to tell the offender with persuasive emphasis that it did not matter in the least, for she was tired of it anyhow. She possessed such self-control that it required a penetrating eye to detect the first sallies of nature, for she knew how to restrain her emotions before they were betrayed exteriorly. She prac-

tised virtues without affectation, ever avoiding all singularity or the slightest trace of self-righteousness. When her little cousin, then a child of tender years, once burst into tears at the shock of a cold water morning ablution, Eugenie instead of drying the tears, applied more of the ice-cold water, telling the little shivering stoic that she should think of how cold the Stable of Bethlehem was for the Divine Babe and love to suffer with Him. Thus with the utmost simplicity and sincerity would she inculcate virtue in others, even the youngest.

Eugenie was firm in her opinion, especially when there was question of duty or conformity to God's holy will, yet she never maintained it with contention or obstinacy. She loved in God all those linked to her by ties of kindred and though no ill-regulated affection ever found a place in her heart, she was the most faithful, most staunch and changeless of friends and her early school-girl friendships she kept up even to the end. Her strong and most tender love for her good mother was beautiful to behold; all repression and decorous restraint went to the winds when a visit from her mother was announced.

It would be difficult to state the particular virtue in which Eugenie excelled, for she seemed to be the embodiment of them all. However, I may say that she possessed none of those brilliant qualities which naturally attract attention and win preferment, and if she did she would surely try to hide them. *Omnis gloria filiae regis ab intus.* Without enumerating all her beautiful traits, I have selected by preference only those which contributed most to make her a favorite among her companions, a perfect religious and a saintly Carmelite. If one stands out above the others it is perhaps her habitual practise of self-denial;—of things she would not do, of pleasures she would forego, of delicacies she would refuse, of attentions she would shun, of favors she would not accept, of desires she would not satisfy, of exemptions she would not allow herself. In this surely was the making of a saint.

I shall borrow the Master Poet's words to say my thought as I conjure up remembrance of this sainted one:

“The idea of her life doth sweetly creep
Into my study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her being
Doth come appavelled in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate, more full of life
Into the eye and prospect of my soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed.”

Here I must recall and relate a circumstance of that memorable graduation day. Mrs. Gillies, taking for granted the natural vanity of youth, asked Eugenie to name her some gift that she most desired, thinking that she would procure it in time for presentation as a souvenir of that happy day. There was only one thing that Eugenie desired and that she could not ask on such a day. On the morrow, when they should be alone together, she told her mother, she would mention this request. The postponement suggested something ominous. What could it be? Again the fond mother urged the revelation of this request, but the little white-robed graduate was firm in her refusal. The morrow came and on it the already long withheld secret of Eugenie's heart was revealed. She begged for her Mother's permission to become a religious, but she did not name the place. From teachers and most intimate companions, five of whom are now in this community, I should surmise that at the time, St. Joseph's would be the place, for she was certainly most happy here. Be that as it may, she later chose the more exalted contemplative life as the narrow road her naked feet should tread.

Though Mrs. Gillies, a profoundly pious lady, was not entirely surprised and did not wish to oppose the step her daughter wished to take, she would, if possible, procrastinate and put off the day of separation from her darling Eugenie, hoping that with a better knowledge of the world's attractions the little débutante's resolution might change, or at least that they might in any case enjoy each other's companionship for that fleeting present. It was deemed prudent to insist on a delay of two years during which time they would travel in Europe, visit the

Holy Land and grow better acquainted with the world and with each other by the way. So it was arranged between them.

In January, 1909, a farewell party was given for Eugenie by the undergraduates of St. Joseph's and soon after this the happy—pilgrims, may I say?—set out for Paris, where Eugenie became familiar with the French language, which she had learned to read with facility. They visited in succession, Germany, Switzerland, Rome and Palestine, taking in all the points of interest and shrines of devotion on their way. Lourdes made a deep impression on both.

When the two years were expired, they returned, and Eugenie renewed the request with the confidence of full acquiescence on her Mother's part. This time she elected to enter the cloister of Carmel at Baltimore and with her mother's consent, she made her application there. But being persuaded by some reason that it was the will of God she should join a new foundation of the Order in Wheeling, she finally entered there in November, 1913. Here, then, behind the veil of the cloister we shall leave this rare young "Flower" to ripen in the sunshine of God's love and unfold its crimson, velvety petals bedewed with the dear Redeemer's blood.

For one brief moment before I close this sketch, memory brings back to me the Alumnae banquet of 1912, when our loyal little graduate responded so beautifully, in such touching and affectionate terms to the toast of her Alma Mater. The theme, which she exhortatively and so well expanded, was—"We are the gems by which St. Joseph's hopes to shine." How truly was she herself a purest gem, whose refulgent rays as beacon-light may lead, even within the Gates of Heaven, a shining band! Her enthusiasm stirred the listeners. Her voice was so clear and sweet and her words so tenderly eloquent that every eye was riveted upon her and every ear was strained to hear, though the silence was intense, for in her modest, characteristic way she had seated herself remotely, at the very foot of the long, third table. Methinks I see and hear her still,—

“And in my heart,
White and still, peaceful and crystal-clear
The image, like a star, of one who dwells on high—
Most dear to all, most lovely in her ways.”

We can well believe that the sweetness of temper, which distinguished those happy, rosebud days became habitual as she approached maturity and finally ripened into that exalted principle of love towards God and the neighbor, which absorbed her soul towards the close of her hidden religious life as a Mistress of Novices and then Prioress in the little community of the Wheeling Carmel. She seemed to tread the earth as a spirit from the better world, and in bowing to the Divine Will, which has in mercy removed her from this land of exile after so short a trial, she has doubtless perfected the work which God intended her to do, and in a short space has accomplished a great labour. This ends my record of a short, sweet, delicate life into which was crowded more keen experience, more high aspirations, more heroic self-abandonment than it is given to many to know during a life of twice the length and of high vitality.

Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace
Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul repose
In rest eternal!





CHILD OF ST. JOSEPH'S—FLOWER OF CARMEL
REST IN PEACE

PORTIA, OR "THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE"

BY BROTHER GABRIEL, F.S.C., B.A., M.Sc., DE LA SALLE COLLEGIATE,
TORONTO.

"Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other, for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow."

What a meed of praise! Yet, how true is this eulogy which Jessica bespeaks concerning the woman whom Shakespeare has delineated for the glorification of her sex; this champion of Christian culture, this "lady of wondrous virtues."

So far is Portia superior to any of her prototypes that Shakespeare may truly claim her as his own creation, even though the incidents of the drama are not original. We find portions of the story, here and there, in many ballads and legends current in Shakespeare's day. The most remarkable of these is "The Voyages of Giannetto," which is described in "Il Pecorone." This fable contains the entire plot and many of the details says that here "the Lady," as she is anonymously called, is won in a manner which Shakespeare deemed unbecoming to his heroine. For this point he substituted, in all probability, the story of the caskets which he found in the "Gesta Romanorum." At least, in this story there are three caskets which bear nearly the same inscriptions as those over which Portia's suitors ponder, seeking to unlock their heart's treasure. A difference, somewhat remarkable, is found in the fact that in the old legend it is a princess, rescued from shipwreck, who is judged worthy to become the wife of the Emperor's son, by her judicious choice.

This lottery, devised by Portia's father, has been, I believe, the subject of considerable discussion, and will continue to be as long as this drama finds new readers. At first sight we sympathize with Portia who "cannot choose whom she

would nor refuse whom she dislikes." Yet, as we consider the whole plan more carefully, we cannot do otherwise than believe "that holy men at their death have good inspirations." In his wisdom, Portia's father, a member of that illustrious family, the Bellarios, foresaw many unworthy suitors for his rich and beautiful daughter. He, therefore, wishing to protect her, devised this test of love which none save a generous lover could solve, one who would be willing to "hazard all he had"; in fine, "one who should rightly love." At any rate, events proved the wisdom of the scheme. The half-dozen suitors mentioned in the first part of the drama, representing the fortune-hunters, are deterred from choosing by the condition that, in the event of failure, they must never woo another maid in way of marriage. How fortunate that they resolve not to choose, for who can find amongst them a fitting companion for Portia? She had entertained them in a manner befitting a lady and yet at least two of them lack even the common politeness to take a formal leave. Morocco and Arragon represent a better class, though the former, bewitched by the glitter of the gold, disdains to "give or hazard aught for lead," whilst the latter, filled with his own conceit, "assumes desert." Thus it remains for Bassanio, the repentant prodigal, who has learned that outward shows are often least themselves, to solve the riddle. True, his motive is not wholly good, but he, of all the suitors, possesses that one quality which enlightens him in his choice; he is a generous lover and can requite her love.

But let us come more particularly to the consideration of the central figure in this romance of love. Long before Portia makes her appearance in the drama we have built up, from Bassanio's feeble effort to describe her, an image which baffles description, yet, at the moment of her entrance we realize how far "this shadow doth limp behind the substance." Endowed by nature with every gift which she could lavish upon her and adorned by grace with virtues which render her more angelic than human, she seems to move about like some fairy princess sent to earth to lighten its sorrow with the lustre

of her virtues and the buoyancy of her spirit. From the first moment of her existence she has dwelt in an atmosphere of wealth and luxury, and like her environment she is the essence of grace and dignity. Never has a cloud of sorrow or disappointment cast its sombre shadow across her path, save when envious death has robbed her of a father's benevolent care. Indeed, this is a great sorrow to her for, never having known the tender affection of a mother, she has centered all her love in that one being who has become more of a companion than a father. This intimate association probably accounts for the alacrity with which she accomplishes her impersonation and the ease with which she conducts herself in the Trial Scene; she is but walking in the footsteps of her noble father, partner and guide. However, the grief which she experiences at his death has humanized her soul and thus she, who knew not sorrow, is taught to sympathize with her fellow-beings. This is strikingly exemplified by her tender solicitude for Bassanio in his deep distress.

Anyone who has made but a casual study of this play cannot fail to perceive that Portia is enamoured with life; joy is an essential condition of her existence. Happiness and sunshine seem to radiate from her very being so that her presence, as it were, permeates the atmosphere with joy. This, Bassanio has perceived, and very beautifully describes when greeting her upon his return from Venice.

“We should hold day with the Antipodes
If you would walk in absence of the sun.”

Nothing, not even the worries of the Trial Scene, is able to dampen her enthusiasm. Sorrows come only as sailing clouds which cast a shadow for a moment and as soon drift away. One moment she is sympathizing with Bassanio as he ponders over the “sad contents” of Antonio's letter, and the next she is exorcising his melancholy spirit by the exuberance of her own

“Come, away!

For you must hence upon your wedding-day:

Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer;
 Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear."

Her buoyant spirit manifests itself in her ringing laughter and sparkling wit which are always in evidence. Her description of the suitors, her chatter with Nerissa concerning her intentions of donning male attire, and the ring episode give ample illustration of this characteristic.

Portia's relations with Bassanio tend to bring out many other splendid qualities. From the first moment of their acquaintance, in the "fair speechless messages," they had plighted mutual love and lived in hope that love would find a way. In her first words—usually significant of some leading characteristic—she complains to Nerissa that her "little body is weary of this great world." She is not satisfied with possessing her immense fortune, she wants to share it with some one, and with whom if not with that "Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in the company of the Marquis of Montferrat?" This generosity is further shown when she gilds her husband with ducats to ransom Antonio; suffers him to return to Venice on the very day of their wedding, and goes in person—negligent of human respect—to plead for the life of her husband's friend. How admirable, too, is her fidelity! Even in the face of the awful possibility that Bassanio might choose the wrong casket, she still adheres to her father's ruling.

"I could teach you
 How to choose right, but I am then forsworn;
 So will I never be."

With what simplicity does she manifest her love for Bassanio, and all quite oblivious of her surrounding court:

"Beshrew your eyes,
 They have o'erlook'd me and divided me;
 One half of me is yours, the other half yours,
 Mine own, I should say; but if mine, then yours,
 And so all yours."

What humility and munificence is expressed in her colloquy

with the fortunate Bassanio, in which "all her treasures at his feet she lays," as though it were a mere nothing which she is bestowing upon him:

"You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account; but the full sum of me
Is sum of something, which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all in that her gentle spirit
Commits 'tself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king."

While Bassanio is thus enjoying his visit in Belmont, the "three months" are speeding away. For some critics they pass too quickly and as a result we have a good deal of unfavourable criticism lodged against Shakespeare on the grounds that he has not made sufficient allowance for their progress. I think the criticism very unwarranted and my great reverence for Shakespeare's genius leads me to an effort in the way of refutation. Nor do I deem it necessary to ask pardon for this aberration from the topic under discussion, because I think the explanation is so intimately connected with Bassanio's stay at Belmont.

To begin with, we must allow at least a week between the borrowing of the money and Bassanio's departure. During this interval, Bassanio has made himself ready for the journey and has prepared a great feast; Shylock and Bassanio have

spoken on several occasions, on one of which Launcelot's change of masters has been discussed; Shylock has somewhat mitigated his hatred for the Christians (for obvious purposes) and has accepted the invitation to eat with them; finally, Jessica has made preparations for her elopment with Lorenzo and has heard—so she tells us afterwards—at least on one occasion, her father and Tubal discussing Antonio's bond. Then there is the journey to Belmont for which we may allow something less than a week. Shylock's injunction to Tubal at the beginning of the third Act—"Fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before"—suggests that the bond is approaching maturity, but is not yet due. Roughly speaking, then, this leaves something over two months to be accounted for.

It is often good policy in matters of this kind to seek for the simplest explanation possible. Acting on this principle, let us suppose that these two months elapse between the second and third acts, during which time Bassanio "employs his chiefest thoughts to courtship and fair ostents of love." There is no reason why Bassanio should choose on the day of his arrival. In fact, everything militates against such a procedure. There was no condition regulating the length of time the suitors might stay before making their choice, albeit they must leave immediately upon choosing the wrong casket. Bassanio, we may surmise, is being entertained royally. Why, then, should he be anxious to jeopardize his happiness by making his choice? Is it not plausible that he should wish to enjoy her company as long as he can, especially when he knows that if he choose wrongly it will end it all? Besides, familiarity with Bassanio's character leads one to believe that he is not a man to take life seriously or to worry about anything much before the time.

The text itself contains many incidents in support of this explanation. Before discussing them, however, I wish to consider a couple of points which would seem to oppose it. At the beginning of Act. III. Shylock says to Solanio: "You knew, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight," as if her elopment has just been discovered. However, a moment later Tu-

bal tells of his return after a long search for the thief. The explanation seems to be that with Shylock there is no past, his trouble is always present to him. Again, as the curtain rises on the choosing Scene, Portia says to Bassanio:

“I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two
 Before you hazard
 I would detain you here some month or two
 Before you venture for me.”

Now it is well to observe here that Portia does not say: “I would detain you here some month or two,” but “I would detail you here some month or two *before you venture to me.*” Up till now there has been no question of his making the hazardous choice, but the time is getting short, the three months are nearly up, and so Bassanio, just previous to the opening of this scene, has begged that he might be permitted to make his choice. In fact, he has been to the temple and has taken his oath.

So much for the objections; now, something more pointed. On the night of his departure for Belmont, Bassanio tells Antonio that “he will make some speed of his return.” To this Antonio enjoins:

“Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
 But stay the very *ripping of the time.*”

What time can he mean if not the three months for which the bond is signed? At the close of Act. II. Bassanio has arrived at Belmont. (This surely has some dramatic significance) when we see him again in Act. III, Scene 2, he has “stayed the very *ripping of the time*” and is anxious to choose. This is what he means when he tells Portia that he “lives upon the rack.” When playfully she accuses him of treason he replies:

“None but the ugly treason of mistrust,
 Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love.”

He feels guilty for delaying so long. His conscience will not suffer him to continue in the enjoyment of her company at such a risk to his friend. He is confident of success and begs

leave to choose; then, he will "confess the truth." When the messenger comes with news from Antonio, he guesses the result. It is his sense of shame that "steals the colour from his cheek"—he has delayed too long. It is important to notice that in this same letter Antonio does not complain of any fraud on Shylock's part; it is merely a matter of not having sufficient funds before the expiration of the bond.

The evidences, so far enumerated, more directly concern Bassanio. There are several others. Gratiano has had time to win the love of Nerissa, on conditions. Tubal has had time to make extensive journeys in search of Jessica. He tells Shylock:

"I *often* came where I did hear of her."

Shylock complains:

"I know not what's spent in the search; why thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much and *so much to find* the thief." Besides, Tubal has learned during his travels a great many facts concerning Antonio's losses, and such tidings have even been discussed on the Rialto. This information has come from distant points. Now, when we consider that there were no telegraph systems or railways in those times and that the only channel for such information was messengers or gossip, we must conclude that it would require a considerable period of time before such news could become known. To cite one example. At the commencement of the third act, Solanio confirms the report that Antonio has "lost a ship of rich lading on the narrow seas"—the English Channel. It is well to bear in mind that it must have taken weeks for this report to reach Venice. Nor is this the only report. Does not Salarino pray that this may prove "the end of his losses?" In fact, on the eve of the Trial Scene, Antonio himself furnishes us with evidence that he has had many losses and that they have gradually worn down his constitution and even his handsome physique which we have formerly admired.

"These griefs and *losses* have so bated me
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor."

Finally, we have the peregrinations of Jessica and Lorenzo to account for. Because of the differences in religion there can be no haste about their marriage. Jessica's desire to become a Christian will not suffice; she must be instructed and formally inducted into the new faith. All this requires time. Then there is the honeymoon. If we are to believe Tubal's reports, it is certainly an extended affair. There are other evidences if we cared to summon them, but I think sufficient reasons have been put forward to show that there is no inconsistency so far as the "three months" are concerned and that, at least two months elapse between the second and the third acts. Without more ado let us take up again the thread of the discussion.

Like the skilful jeweler who arrays his precious stones in rich settings, Shakespeare has placed his pearl of great price in a time famed for its learning and in a city renowned for its culture. It is evident that he has intended Portia to be beautiful personification of both. It is quite logical to suppose that her father's court was ever the resort of the most learned men of the day, especially those of the legal profession. Hence his daughter has been reared in the society of books and noble characters. Being, as we can easily deduce, an apt scholar, her education is most complete. As an evidence of this, let us note that, beside her own language, she converses fluently in Latin and French, which by the way have always been diplomatic languages. As his guest, she has accompanied her cousin, Doctor Bellario, to the great courts of justice; and, as he himself says, they have "turned over many books together." Hence, she is exceptionally familiar with Venetian law, and all this, long before she knows Bassanio or learns of his friend's affliction. What is it, save her keen intellect and this exact knowledge of the law, which enables her to solve the enigmatical situation of Antonio's bond? From the details which she is able to get from Bassanio, in the brief interval following her husband's departure, her fertile mind soon conceives the quibble of the flesh without the blood. Having outlined her case, she sends Balthasar, her servant, in speed to Padua to her cousin, Doctor Bellario (Sarerio had told her that the duke had submitted

the case to his judgment) to seek his approval, his robes of office and a letter of introduction to the court. All is done as she desires save that the learned doctor advises her to use the quibble only as a last resort. Now, as there are two sides to every question, it may be argued that Bellario supplied this solution. However, if that contention be allowed, why then is Portia so eager to go in person to defend her husband's friend? Why does she *send* for the robes of office?

“And, look, what notes and *garments* he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed
Unto the tranect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice.”

And, finally, why is she so cheerful when divulging her scheme to Nerissa, *even before the servant's return*, when otherwise she should be clouded by anxiety and depression? It seems evident that her optimism is founded on the fact that she has already solved the case in her own mind and is confident of success.

Thus equipped, Portia comes to the Trial Scene to engage in an intellectual battle with the scion of the Jewish race. Her clever handling of the proceedings is a further proof of her mental prowess. How graciously she wins the favor of the Jew! Never once does he question her justice. Step by step she leads him on to construct his own trap, each part made so secure that there is no escape. Actuated by a high sense of justice, she makes use of every honourable means in her power to deliver Antonio from the envy of the Jew. First she appeals to his mercy. And what an appeal! What eloquence she wastes upon his cruel heart! Then she tempts him with money:

“Shylock there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.”

This effort failing, she makes a double appeal, at once to his avarice and his sense of mercy:

“Be merciful,
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.”

But so far nothing has been gained. Hoping to bring him to a

realization of the horror of his deed, she conjures up before him in weird detail; the naked bosom of his victim, the bloody knife, the scales, the surgeon at hand.

“To stop his wounds lest he do bleed to death,”

and, finally the merchant's touching farewell. “But all's too weak,” her effort but whets the hatred in his breast. Like the imprisoned monster that awaits but the opening of its cage to pounce upon its prey, he is insensible to all else save the accomplishment of his long-cherished design. Then Portia is forced to fall back upon her last resort, the quibble of the “pound of flesh” without the “jot of blood.” Shylock, who has hailed her as a “well-deserving pillar of the law,” cannot gainsay her judgment. Thenceforward, Portia becomes the stern administrator of justice, a role which Shylock's incessant craving for the law and his strict adherence to the wording of the bond forces upon her. The enigma is solved and thus love, symbolized by Portia, triumphs over hate of which Shylock is the very incarnation.

Now that the contest is over, the chief characters return to their respective environments. Shylock again enters his dull, sombre dwelling “to dream of money bags” and bemoan his lost treasures. No other creature will henceforth share his loneliness, no music cheer “his sober house,” save the rattle of his gold and silver. Such is the end of hate; love finds a happier lot. For a few brief moments we get a glimpse of a terrestrial paradise as Portia gathers her friends about her in the beautiful gardens of Belmont, enchanted by the “touches of sweet harmony” and bathed in the soft splendour of an Italian moon. The very atmosphere is permeated with love. It is God's message to the world. Who, then, looking on this scene, can refrain from crying out with Browning:

“Oh world, as God has made it! All is beauty;
And knowing this is love, and love is duty,
What further may be sought for or declared?”



The Eve and the Dawn



A dying day, a sighing wind;
A gusty street, a bustling throng—
The eager shoppers passing by;
A lone star in a snowy sky.
The mingling chimes from churches borne;
The vigil of the Christmas dawn!

A crowded aisle; a prayerful scene;
The saddened look and sorrowing heart;
Then comfort from a Sacrament
Wherein are peace and penance blent:
The solace of the tranquil breast,
The sense of pardon and of rest.

A morn whose very thoughts shed calm,
Commemorating One most sweet,
A quiet street new glossed with snow
And eyes with gladness all aglow;
A Sacrament of Love Divine
For you and me; for yours and mine.

F.B.F.

A TRILOGY OF "RELIGIOUS" NOVELS

Novels no longer cater only to the sentimental members of society—they portray an attitude toward life, they uphold some theory or "issue," they are, in fact, vehicles of propaganda.

A striking exhibition of this use of the novel is given in the season's output of religious novels dealing with the High Church Movement in England, and, outstanding among these religious novels one might quote the trilogy by Compton Mackenzie. This remarkable series began in "Altar Steps," published by George H. Doran in 1922, continued in "The Parson's Progress" of the following year, and is just completed by "The Heavenly Ladder," issued by the same publishers this year.

One remembers a jingle in which an Anglican friend, many years ago, summed up the English Church parties as:

"Low and lazy,
Broad and hazy,
High and crazy!"

the attitude then being "broad" with a tendency to "high." It would seem now to have reached the peak in high or ritualistic form, often called the Catholic Movement in the Church of England. This is the movement of which Compton Mackenzie's books treat, and we are introduced to Mark Lidderdale, the hero, when he, a seven-year-old mystic, lives in the Lima Street Mission, Notting Hill, where his father, Rev. James Lidderdale, was in charge of that out-post of English Catholic "man millinery," as Disraeli contemptuously called it.

Mark's mother was the daughter of the rector of St. Tugdual's, Nancepean, in Cornwall, and there our little hero friend spends many of his early years. His mystical nature is not understood by practical Cass Dale, son of the non-conformist local preacher, who says, "When you're a parson and I'm

a minister I'll bet every one comes to listen to me, and none of 'em to you." "I wouldn't care," said Mark, "St. Francis preached to the birds and St. Anthony to the fishes." "They must have been a couple of loonies," quoth practical Cass.

This is propetic, showing once more the truth of Wordsworth's statement, "The boy is the father to the man," for after following Mark through various windings of the path that led him higher, ever higher, in the maze of Church ritual adopted by the English Catholic party in London, we find him placed in charge of his grandfather's parish in Cornwall, where his "popish practices" offend the simple country people, and they go over to the "Chapel," where Rev. Cass Dale is non-conformist minister.

The awkward position of holding a church with no congregation is solved by the outbreak of the Great War. Mark enlists as a private, and, after many trials, emerges at the close of the war with strong doubts as to his future in the English Church. He writes a Benedictine Monastery and meditates on "The Heavenly Ladder," found in the rule of St. Benedict. He asks for instruction, and is given the penny catechism to study; so, on a groundwork of humility, he began to climb "The Heavenly Ladder."

One is impressed by the strivings of these earnest souls after truth, and reminded of Kipling's lines:

"The sins that ye do two by two
Ye shall expiate one by one,"

in considering the return of the Anglican Church to Catholicism.

One is also interested in seeing how many read this style of novel in our Public Libraries. In one City Branch Library, the first of the series, "Altar Steps," has had over sixty readers; the "Parson's Progress" has followed this record pretty closely, and now many are asking for this third of the trilogy, just placed in circulation. It argues well for the statement that people are looking for religious knowledge in even the novels!

Rose Ferguson.

ORIGIN OF CHRISTMAS CAROLS

BY W. H. GRATTAN FLOOD.

ALTHOUGH the immortal "Gloria in Excelsis" may be regarded as the first Christmas song, the actual song of the angel, as chronicled by St. Luke; and although it was not introduced into Rome until the time of Pope St. Telesphorus (125-136), who ordered its singing at the first Mass of the Nativity, its use on Sundays and the feasts of the Martyrs was extended by Pope St. Symmachus (498-514), but only in the case of episcopal Masses—priests being permitted to say it only on Easter Sunday and the day of their ordination. But, strictly speaking, the singing of the Gloria, nor yet the singing of the "Veni Redemptor" of St. Ambrose, cannot at all be regarded as the origin of Christmas Carols—which were extraliturgical hymns. It would be interesting to claim the Irish poet, Sedulius (Shiel), as the earliest of Carol writers for the Feast of the Nativity, but his celebrated hymn, "A Solis Ortus Cardine," was really an Office Hymn, which was divided into two parts, one being assigned to Christmas and the other to the Feast of the Epiphany.

According to the best authorities, Christmas Carols only go back to "the early years of the 10th century," and formed part of the choir-boy amusements which had then been in vogue for some little time, and "which developed into the Boy Bishop mummery and other Christmas revellings." This statement needs revision, and I have no hesitation in claiming for the Irish monks of St. Gall the introduction of Christmas Carols and of the other Christmas choir-boy amusements of Holy Innocents, St. Nicholas, etc. This important event may be dated long before the tenth century; in fact, we are safe in putting it as Circa 850. Thus the Irish origin of Christmas Carols may be taken as an established fact, and from St. Gall the vogue spread to all parts of the Continent and to Great Britain.

From the annals of St. Gall (San Gallen) we learn that Moengal (Marcellus) and his uncle, Mark, came from Ireland to Rome and thence to St. Gall, of which Abbey an Irishman, Crunmach (Grimvald) was Abbot, and ruled from 840-872. About the year 850 Moengal became Head Master of the Music School of St. Gall, under whose tutelage it became "the wonder and delight of Europe." His companion, Maelisu (Mark), was the teacher of Notker Balbulus (Stammerer), who developed Sequences. Another pupil of Moengal's was Tuathal (Tutilo of Toole), whose fame eclipsed that of his master, and whose Tropes are still sung, three of them being incorporated in the Kyries of the Vatican books, namely, "Fons Bonitatis," "Hodis cantandus," and "Omnipotens genitor." Tuathal's Hymn Book is still preserved, as is also that of Notker, and both of these musical monks of St. Gall praise the teaching of their masters, Moengal and Mælsiu. The latter died on May 14th, 871, and the former survived till September 30th, 890.

In one of the valuable Hymn Books of St. Gall, dating from the mid-9th century, there are beautiful specimens of Christmas Carols, and it is of particular interest to note that Tuathal alludes to dancing. A verse of one of these Christmas Carols, with the familiar Alleluia, may be quoted:

"Nos oportet celebrare, Alleluia.
Magni Regis in Natale, Alleluia,
Christum mundi salvatorem, Alleluia,
Sacro sancto sanguine, Alleluia."

Even a more beautiful Christmas Carol from the St. Gall Hymnarium, dating from 860, is the following, which, with its music, was published in the 'Ecclesiologist' for 1859, but, strange to say, its importance was overlooked at the time:

"Gratuletur orbis totus
Nato Christo Domine;
Qui pro culpa protoplasti,
Carmen nostram induit.
Ut salvaret quos plamavit
Dei sapientia.

Verbum Dei Caro factum,
 Nascitur ex Virgine:
 Non amisit Deitatem
 Formam Dei suscepit;
 Ut peccatum de peccato
 Damnet Omnipotens."

These Christmas Carols, introduced by the Irish monks of St. Gall, formed the nucleus of the Christmas revels organized by the choir-boys, and which developed into the Boy Bishop, the Triduum Procession at Christmastide, and the other "gaudes" associated with the Feast of the Nativity. More remarkable still, it would seem that the Irish monks of St. Gall may justly be regarded as not only the inventors of Christmas Carols, but also of the Choir-boy revels, from which actually sprung the Mediaeval drama. In the St. Gall MS. 484, there is a beautiful Christmas Trope, "Queen quaeritis," which, together with Tuathal's "Hodis cantandus est," became the starting point for dramatic evolution, as evidenced in the *Officium Pastorum*. The Trope got expanded into dialogue form by antiphonal singing.

Mr. E. K. Chambers admits that the earliest instances of these Troped dialogues, with Christmas Carols, is to be found at St. Gall, the invention being that of the Irish monks, and he tells us of the visit of King Conrad to this Abbey during the Christmastide of the year 911, a few years after the death of Tuathal, when the choir-boys mock ceremonies of Boy Bishop and Processions much amused the monarch.

It is to be hoped that future investigators will candidly admit the Irish provenance, not only of Christmas Carols, but also of the Troped dialogues which developed into the Mediaeval drama—a fact already admitted by such scholars as Professor Young, Professor Kretzmanse, Mr. E. K. Chambers and Professor Creizenach. —Irish Rosary.



BLESSED ROBERT, CARDINAL BELLARMINE, S.J.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN BY LILLIAN LATCHFORD, B.A.

ROBERT was born at Montepulciano, a smiling Tuscan city, on October 4th, 1542, of the patrician family of Vincenzo Bellarmine and Cinzia Cervini, the sister of Pope Marcellus II.

Slight and delicate in constitution, vivacious in wit and character, he passed his youth in the midst of the family, where he made rapid and remarkable progress in piety, no less than in learning. His father, who bravely made great sacrifices in order to educate his numerous flock, looked for an adequate recompense from Robert, his dearly loved son. He, alone by his genius and virtue was capable of bringing honour to the family and building up its fortunes.

But God destined Robert for nobler things and made him listen to His Voice, which urged him on, to the Society of Jesus.

He had to sustain a painful struggle with his father, who saw in this desire the overthrow of all his plans. His mother on the other hand, called and rightly so, "a most holy lady," not only placed no obstacle in his way, but gloried in his vocation. Although she would feel the separation keenly, for he was her best beloved son, and was dearer to her than life itself, yet, generously and joyfully she gave him to the Lord, "knowing that to Him we must offer our best."

All difficulties surmounted, and with his parents' blessing, Robert left home for Rome. Here in September, 1650, at the age of eighteen years he entered the Novitiate of Santa Marie della Strada. From this house, to-day called del Geau, he went to the Roman College to study philosophy.

Then, on account of his health he was sent to teach literature in the college of Florence and Mondovi, where his virtues

and singular oratorical gifts excited the love and admiration of all.

However, the Father General wished him to continue his theological studies, which he had begun at Padua, at the famous University of Louvain, in Belgium. Here, elevated to the priesthood, he continued his preaching, and was also commissioned to teach Sacred Theology at the above-mentioned University.

Failing in health, he had to return to the warm climate of Italy. St. Charles Borromeo, that great seeker of men illustrious for wisdom and virtue, learning of Bellarmine's fame, immediately wished to obtain his services as preacher in his Archdiocese of Milan, but it was not possible to grant his request.

It was God's will that the light of this, His wonderful servant, should be diffused especially from Rome. Indeed on November 26, 1576, at the Roman College, Bellarmine began his Controversy, directed against the heretics of the time. A work, truly ponderous, the fruit of eleven years of teaching, was printed by order of his Superiors. His lectures were admired and desired by all. These are the famous Controversies of Bellarmine, which form his principal work, composed of various volumes in folio, which had more than forty editions. Fluent in style, forceful in argument, overwhelming in power and in the vast number of editions, they hurl terror amongst the heretics who, in the words of Theodore Beza exclaim, "This book has ruined us." And not wrongly. According to St. Baronio, in the Controversies of Bellarmine the Church "possesses a bulwark," and St. Francis de Sales confesses that to convert heretics the only books needed are Sacred Scripture and the Controversies.

Bellarmino was not only a learned professor, but also a holy and prudent religious. Many very delicate charges were entrusted to him by his Superiors such as Provincial, Rector and Spiritual Father. In the latter office he had the happiness of being spiritual director to that angelic youth, St. Louis de Gonzaga.

The greatest Pontiffs had repeatedly shown their esteem for this humble religious, appointing him theologian to Cardinal Caietano of the French Legation, electing him to the Congregation of the Holy Office, making him an examiner of the aspirants to bishoprics and finally choosing him as Rector of the Tribunal of the Penitentiary. All this was only a prelude to higher honours; in 1599 Clement VIII. wished to elevate him to the dignity of Cardinal. On this occasion the humility of Bellarmine and the firmness of the Pope appeared in striking contrast. The Pope forbade him to present himself before the ceremony so that he might not hear refusals or excuses; Bellarmine, not yet conquered, attempted to adduce his reasons on the very day of the imposition of the red hat. But the Pope replied decisively: "In virtue of holy obedience and under pain of mortal sin, I command you to accept the dignity of the Cardinalate." Thus the humility of Bellarmine was overcome, but a change of habit in no way changed his spirit. He assembled those attached to his service who according to the custom of the time, were many, as in a religious community and periodically explained to them the truths of faith, using a little book formerly composed by him. This is the famous Christian Doctrine of Bellarmine which to brevity and clearness adds a wonderful dogmatic precision and which was adopted for the instruction of the people almost to our own days. It was his regular custom to take up this little book and explain the doctrines of faith to the people, in his Church of St. Maria in Via.

Clement VIII. himself consecrated him bishop in 1602 and entrusted to him the Archdiocese of Capua, to which he hastened, desirous only of sanctifying his people. Only three years he remained there, but they were more than sufficient to stamp his memory indelibly in the minds of the faithful and to cause bitter grief at his departure. For he loved his flock tenderly and his love was returned; his zeal, his ardour for the decorum of the house of God and of sacred functions, his disinterestedness in temporal things, his widespread charity, his preaching to the people and instructing the children,

throughout his large diocese, caused him to be acclaimed a holy Archbishop. Such a man his many ascetic works perfumed with *sauve* spirituality, portray him. They are the fruit of his meditations and the sincere expression of his heart inflamed with celestial love. Free from human respect he judged all with the frankness and simplicity of a saint. As a result Paul IV. wished to have him at his side in order to use him for the good of the Universal Church. Gregory XV. signed him an apartment in the Vatican so that he might the more easily consult him.

Twenty-two years had passed since he was created Cardinal and feeling his end to be near, in order to prepare himself for it, he asked permission to withdraw to the Novitiate of St. Andrew. Here, each year it was his custom to spend the month of September, devoting himself to spiritual exercises, and here on September 17, 1621, he piously breathed his last at the age of seventy-nine.

During his whole long life he not only preserved intact his virginal purity, but he never deliberately committed a venial sin.

Averse to all ostentation and with an almost childish simplicity he did not know the meaning of ambition and vain-glory. Indeed, he was so scrupulous of poverty that he would not incur the least expenditure for himself which was not absolutely necessary. Esteeming all his revenue as the patrimony of the poor. It is not to be wondered at, then, if the most eminent men of his time applauded him, in the words of Cardinal Del Monte, that as God had adorned the past century with the admirable figure of St. Charles Borromeo so he had adorned theirs with Cardinal Bellarmine.

Holy Church, who reserves to herself the right of forming definite judgment on the sanctity of her children to-day, solemnly approves the unanimous sentiment of the people, who

seeing Bellarmine on the streets of Rome, cried out, "Behold the Saint."

Prayer to the Blessed Robert Bellarmine.

O Blessed Robert, who so wonderfully united in yourself the fervor of all virtues, to strength and solidity of doctrine, love for souls to an implacable hatred of error and vice, the splendour of the purple to humility of life, obtain for us all, the grace to be your faithful imitators in the perfection of Christian life, and in zeal for souls especially through the apostleship of prayer and example, obtain for us also a death holy and tranquil like yours and meanwhile grant us the grace which we humbly beg of you, so that to the greater glory of the Church we may one day invoke you with the glorious title of Saint. Amen.



The World

The world's a garden, green and gold,
Where God—the Gardener—daily strays;
His gesture makes the dawn unfold—
A bloom of rose and chrysopease.

He takes the sunlight's roving beams,
And sprinkles all the world with fire—
The seeds that breed men's noble dreams,
By which they labor and aspire.

For robe. He dons the sunset's pall,
To wear across the fields of night;
The clouds are but His mansions tall,
For His contentment and delight.

Sometimes a rainbow glimmers sweet
To carpet soft His path awhile;
The stars are candles for His feet,
The moon's a mirror for His smile.

J. Corson Miller.

FRANCIS BARRAUD

An Appreciation by an old friend, London, England.

WITH the passing of Francis Barraud a gentle soul, freed from worldly cares and bodily pain, has gone to its rest. His death, after many months of suffering, took place on the 8th of August, at 107 Fellows Road, South Hampstead, the home of his old friends, the Dalziels. It is no exaggeration to say that Francis Barraud has always been an immensely popular man—beloved by all those fortunate enough to enjoy his friendship. He possessed not only a great charm of manner, but a singularly sweet disposition and a sympathetic heart. Many eyes will dim at the sad thought that his picturesque figure and genial face will be seen no more and that the stories he was wont to tell so well will become mere memories of this one-time joyous personality . . . No one could be braver, or more patient, or more grateful to the loving and devoted hands that tended and comforted him during his long, lingering illness. Always a devout Catholic, he derived great consolation and fortitude from the administration of his priest and in all humility and resignation, with perfect faith in the Hereafter, he closed his eyes and slept.

Francis James Barraud was born at 96 Gloucester Place, London W., on June 16th, 1856, the fourth son of the late Henry Barraud, an artist who painted many important pictures during the middle of the last century, some of whose works reproduced as engravings attained world-wide popularity—that of “The Choristers; We Praise Thee O Lord,” being especially successful. Francis received his primary education at Haverstock-hill; he then went to Ushaw for a year, and later with his younger brother, Philip, to St. Edmund’s College, Ware. A year in France completed his schooling. His mother was a Miss Rose, a member of a well-known Catholic family, and his uncle George Rose, who wrote as “Arthur Sketchley,” was quite celebrated in the “sixties” and onward as author and entertainer.

It was he who wrote the "Mrs. Brown" articles in "Fun," when edited by Tom Hood—a series of intensely funny adventures which caused much talk at the time of their publication.

Francis Barraud began his art training at Heatherley's. Later he entered the Academy Schools, where he took the silver medal for drawings from life. Among many of his fellow-students those who became eminent in later years was Sir J. Forbes-Robertson. Francis Barraud also studied at Beaux Arts, Antwerp, and with him were his two devoted friends, Walter Tyndale and Charlie ("Sonny") West. It was here in 1876-1877, that he was first nick-named "Bumble," a happy inspiration on the part of West—with the result that Barraud has been "Bumble" ever since to everybody! The writer of these inadequate lines has known Barraud for forty-four years, dating from 1880, when he and his friends, H. M. Paget, Sydney Paget—the first illustrator of "Sherlock Holmes"—Wal. Paget, Charlie West and Alfred Taylor, all worked together, as fond pals, in a large studio in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square.

As a painter Francis Barraud did much good work. He was a frequent exhibitor at the Royal Academy; at the institute of Painters in Oil Colours; and at most of the other important art exhibitions. He was a highly finished and accomplished artist, his pictures always showing that perfect drawing was a very important consideration with him. There was no sign of the "modern impressions" in his work; no "slapdash" or "mad eccentricities." A list of all his pictures would be a very long one. Mention, however, must be made of "An Encore Too Many," exhibited at the Walker Art Gallery. Another very fine example was "A la Sante de Madame la Marquise," and of far more recent date, "Officers and Gentlemen," an incident in the Great War depicting outrageous conduct on the part of German Officers in a French mansion, a truly thrilling picture! As a portrait painter Francis Barraud was admirable. He, unlike many of the modern men, always strove for a likeness with his sitters. That he succeeded his portraits of Cardinal Bourne, Admiral The Hon. Sir H. Kep-

pel, Prof. McColl and others, are ample proof. In this connection one must not forget Barraud's remarkable ability as a photographer. To this day his younger brother, Philip, does most excellent portraiture. The Barrauds have always been great photographers. Herbert, the oldest brother, long since dead, was quite eminent as an Oxford Street photographer, and later in Piccadilly, during the latter quarter of the last century.

During the "eighties" Francis Barraud did much excellent black and white work, notably in "The Pictorial World," an illustrated weekly run by the Dalziels. These were the days when the artist made his drawing direct to the wood-block. As a "Poster" artist he was very successful. The two designs he made for "Reid's Stout" will be especially remembered, for they appeared for months on every hoarding in the United Kingdom. The catch-lines read, "What is it the master likes so much?" and "What will the master say?"

But perhaps the achievement of Francis Barraud's life which will make his name remembered for countless years to come, is "His Master's Voice." It is an old story how it came about. The fox terrier was painted from "Nipper," a pet belonging to an elder brother, Mark Barraud, a scene painter of great ability.

It is familiar history how Francis Barraud sold his oil painting to the Gramophone Company, and how that enterprising firm produced the design as their trade-mark until it has become known in every quarter of the globe. Possibly no design has ever been skitted and caricatured more than "His Master's Voice," not only in the English publications, but in journals and magazines the world over. The idea was entirely Barraud's, as was the title. For some years past the Gramophone Company, in appreciation of the help this design has been to their business, have quite voluntarily paid a handsome annuity to the artist—a generous recognition of service rendered which has been fully appreciated by the recipient himself and by all who have taken an interest in his welfare.

Francis Barraud was one of the oldest members of the St.

John's Wood Art Club, and more recently a member of the Arts Club in Dover Street, W. Always very patriotic and conservative in politics, during the Great War when art was at a low ebb, anxious to lend a hand, he did a lot of very useful work.

In addition to the multitude of friends he leaves to mourn his loss are his brothers Willie and Philip, his sisters Isabelle and Peggy, and several nephews and nieces. By his affection and fidelity he endeared himself to every member, young and old, of his family, and a very sincere sympathy is felt for them one and all.

Now, dear old "Bumble," if only for awhile, good-bye. For nearly three score and ten years you have played your earnest part and played it well. You have fought the battle of life courageously and uncomplainingly. With such a blameless record you have earned a sweet repose. May you sleep in peace!

(Sister Agnes Barraud, who for some years has been in charge of the Art Department of St. Joseph's College-Academy, is a niece of the late Francis Barraud).



A NUN OF THE BATTLEFIELD

A very interesting ceremony took place on the grounds of the college of the Sisters of St. Joseph at Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, when on September 21st the graves of thirteen of the Sisters who had nursed soldiers of the Northern forces during the Civil War were decorated with wreathes, bouquets of flowers and American flags. Perhaps the most interesting part of the ceremony was the crowning of Sister Anselm, the fourteenth in this group of Civil War nurses and the one survivor. In spite of the three-score years that have passed since the war, she still remains active in her duties as a Sister at the age of over eighty-five. She had to listen, in her retiring modesty, to the words of praise spoken of herself and her companions for their noble-hearted work in solacing the sufferings of wounded and ailing soldiers. President Lincoln once declared that he had never witnessed anything like the wonderful consolation that the Sisters afforded the soldiers in the hospitals, and he may very well have been the witness of some of the work of the little group which was honored here.

Sister Anselm is a striking demonstration of the healthfulness of religious life, though many people are inclined to think of it as entirely too confining to promote bodily welfare. She was handicapped by what were considered to be rather serious drawbacks to health when she was younger, yet she survived far beyond the ordinary term of human life, until now she is one of the very few of those who nursed Civil War soldiers who are still alive. And this in spite of the fact that both of her parents died of tuberculosis, or consumption, as everyone called it then, when it was supposed to run in families, and therefore the outlook with regard to her own survival to long life was considered to be very dubious. She herself was thought to be a sufferer from the disease in her younger years and it was feared that her life as a religious would not be long, but the celebration found her still hearty

and active after all these years. More than three score and five years have been passed by her in community. She has never spared herself, and although she has been of a very gentle and retiring disposition, she is possessed of a vitality that still makes life a joy. It was manifestly disturbing to her modesty to be all alone to hear the words of praise meant for the heroic group of which she was one, but it was no less manifestly a pleasure that the noble work of the Sisters of St. Joseph was so thoroughly appreciated nearly two generations after its accomplishment.—America.



WHY AM I A CONVERT TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH?

As a Methodist I was not satisfied. I wondered why I was not interested in the work of the Church. Did not even have a desire to attend prayer-meeting. Then I became interested in the subject of Church Union and I hoped soon to find my appointed work.

I felt that the Lord had something to teach me and as I had had experiences of His grace formerly, in walking by faith, I gave myself to prayer and fasting, following my Lord into solitude and self-denial, confession of sin and withdrawing myself from the distractions of the world.

For our Lord says: "He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life," and "He that will do (that is live the life of obedience), he shall know of the doctrine . . ."

Isaiah says: "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of His servant, that walketh in darkness and hath no light, let him trust in the name of the Lord and stay upon his God."

I pondered long and deeply on a passage in one of my devotional books on "Waiting on the Spirit." I believe the Spirit of Truth is given to the obedient. Thus were the prophets and teachers, referred to in Acts XIII., 1-4, led, when they fasted and prayed for divine guidance in founding a new mission. So the same way of learning God's will is open to His obedient children at the present day. We may pursue our daily avocations as He would have us do and yet follow our Lord into solitude and fasting and prayer for divine guidance.

And though I was so ponderously and astoundingly slow, yet I believed the Lord was surely leading me. Little did I think He was leading me into the Catholic Church.

I withdrew from social affairs on the pretext that I wished

to study Church Unity and read Church History. I gleaned much useful information on the history of the Church from a reliable encyclopedia; presuming it to be the most unbiased source of information I could find.

Finally I arrived at the conclusion that there never should have been a separation in the Church. That separation is a sin and always was a sin—a deadly sin, for it deadens our spiritual faculties.

That heresy is breaking away from established authority in the Church. I believe in a united Church because of the great underlying principle of Christianity which is brotherly love.

How else could we interpret our Lord's high-priestly prayer before going out to die for His believing people?

Having arrived at these conclusions and having reached this stage in my Christian experience, I consider this conviction No. 1.

About Midsummer I became interested in the subject of transubstantiation. The thought clung to me. I could not get rid of it. I did not wish to get rid of it, if it were according to God's will. Years before I had made this covenant with my Lord, that I would do His will, let it be what it would, that I would obey His voice at any cost. At first I was very unstable, sometimes obeying, sometimes straying, sometimes stumbling, sinning to-day and repenting to-morrow, getting up and trying again like a child learning to walk.

As regards transubstantiation, I had an experience which gave me strong assurance that it was right. Then I began to ponder and pray as to what was my duty in the matter. After some deliberation I decided to go to my pastor and tell him my perplexities and that I wished to sever my connection with the Methodist Church. It was very hard to do. I was ready to go and stood still in my room with my hands clasped, wondering what I could do to gain strength, when the words, "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not," came into my mind. I knew where to find the passage in my Bible, and so "to strengthen the weak hands and confirm the feeble knees,"

I looked it up first and then being somewhat encouraged, went to call on my pastor.

He was much perplexed when I told him I was not a consistent Methodist, as I believed in transubstantiation and how it had been presented to my mind. I said as regards our actions we must be rational, but as regards our belief we must not reject the supernatural. Still he did not seem to understand me. Apparently he hardly knew what to say to me, but advised me to wait a while. I said I would. I meant wait a while before making any advances toward the Catholic Church. He thought I meant wait a while in the Methodist Church.

Concluding that the interview was over, he seemed much relieved, and as I did not wish to cause him any unnecessary pain, I withdrew, but could find no rest in my spirit. I had partially failed. I had not the courage to say I wished to sever my connection with the Methodist Church, and this smote by conscience.

I endured my accusing conscience for a week, then I wrote my pastor that I wished to be strictly undenominational, as it was the only way for me out of my perplexities. He, no doubt, was grieved, but as I told him, in conversation, that I must be honest and he was a gentleman, he respected my religious convictions. I feel grateful to him to this day. He did not worry me, at a time when I had much to bear, as I was coming through a crisis in my life.

This I consider Conviction No. 2.

Some people find it hard to believe in transubstantiation. The Jews said: "This is a hard saying." It would be much more difficult for me to believe that our Blessed Lord left His believing people in ignorance on this question of vital importance for fifteen hundred years and then gave the "Reformers" such meagre light on the subject that they not even agree among themselves.

Up to this stage, I had not allowed myself to come under the influence of Catholic books or Catholic teachers, but now, feeling satisfied that I had acted conscientiously towards my

pastor, I went to the public library and procured a copy of "Imitation of Christ" by Thomas a Kempis. I had for a long time wished to read the "Imitation," as several passages were quoted from it in my devotional books.

I dropped out of my own devotional books and into this one as easily as a child would lay down his primer and take up a book of a higher grade. I suppose it was the right spiritual food for my soul.

During the winter I read "Confessions of St. Augustine." In the early spring I received from a friend a copy of Cardinal Newman's "Apologia pro Vita Sua."

So I remained undenominational for six months. Then there came into my life a great prospective, temporal trial. I knew not how to deal with it. I had a longing desire to go for advice to a lady whom I had never seen. I knew she was identified with Catholics, but I did not know, until I met her, that she was a convert to the Catholic Faith.

The first time (Sunday) I called on this lady, she was not at home. I was told she was at Benediction service. I could have followed her to Benediction, but I hesitated, thinking everything would be so new and strange to me in a Catholic congregation, so I walked up and down a few times in undecision and then went home.

But I was very unhappy, and the next day I called on the lady in question and told her my story. I could hardly speak for weeping. She spoke very kindly to me and told me something of her own experience.

In leaving the Methodist Church I was not deeply grieved, because I was not deeply attached to it. But I was and am deeply attached to my loved ones, those who are near and dear to me, so my tears flowed freely, for I could see what was in store for me (if I entered the Catholic Church), as this lady told me something of her own trials.

The intense struggle began between my sense of duty and my natural affection.

Cardinal Newman said, under similar circumstances, "I had a literal ache in my heart. All the complaints of the Psalmist

were mine." As for me I felt broken and bruised in body and soul. (The breaking down must come before the building up can come). Hosea, VI., 1.

But this distress did not last long. My mind would have given way under the terrible strain if it had lasted long.

I had not the powerful intellect of Cardinal Newman, but God is very gracious—knowing my frailty, He made the way easy for me.

My friend said when I was leaving, "Pray to the Holy Spirit. Pray to the Blessed Virgin." I smiled to think of anything so improbable as the latter, but I went home somewhat comforted.

The next day the prospective trial was pressing me more sorely than ever, so in my distress I went to a little Catholic Chapel near by and stayed there a while and prayed. All that week I was grieved to think through my own hesitancy I had missed the benediction—I who was so much in need of a blessing. I tried to pray the Blessed Virgin to intercede for me, but my thoughts trailed off on a passage of Scripture: "An innumerable company of angels and Jesus the Mediator of all and the spirits of just men made perfect."

It was most trying to get over another week, but I resolved to go to Benediction the following Sunday.

After Benediction I asked my friend how to invoke the prayers of the Blessed Virgin, so I offered up a short prayer and the next day the great prospective trial was averted and I believed the Blessed Virgin to be a powerful advocate in Heaven. Moreover, the "Communion of Saints" was no longer a meaningless phrase to me.

Like Miriam of old. on the shores of the Red Sea, I could sing the song of rejoicing upon my Lord, for He had triumphed gloriously. The horse and his rider had be thrown into the sea and He had become my song and my salvation."

This I consider Conviction No. 3.

One would think surely my doubts and difficulties were over now, but even after this, when the stormy family interviews swept over my soul, I almost quailed before them. Once

I half hoped my Lord would find some way in which I could work for Christian unity, perhaps through some affiliation society, without my making a full submission to the Catholic Church.

I thought perhaps God was dealing with me as He dealt with Abraham, when, at the last moment, He said to him, stay thy hand, so that I might not have to cut to the heart one whom I dearly loved and who was intensely opposed to my entering the Catholic Church. This was the crucial point.

But God's thoughts are Heaven-high above our thoughts and His ways Heaven-high above our ways. I found no peace of mind or rest of soul at this stage. Again I was admonished from a passage of Scripture, "Cast not away, therefore, your confidence which hath great recompense of reward, for you have need of patience that after you have done the will of God, you might receive the promise. For he that will come, shall come and will not tarry. Now the just shall live by faith. But if any man draw back my soul shall have no pleasure in him. But we are not of those who draw back unto perdition, but of those who believe to the saving of the soul."

I saw I must go forward or a dreadful, hopeless, spiritual darkness would settle down upon me. I dare not sin against the light that had come into my soul. But I asked myself at times, "How can I accept all the teachings of the Catholic Church?" And the answer seemed to be, "It behooves us to fulfill all righteousness." And then followed that glorious word of promise: "And the effect of righteousness shall be peace, and the work of righteousness, quietness and assurance for ever."

And now I was faint and weary. My mind had been under conviction for over a year. This is the time when Satan comes up against us, when we are faint and weary, but I was not as ignorant of his devices as hitherto, so I shut the door in Satan's face by closing the bargain.

God gave me special guidance; not because of any special merit in me—far from it, but rather because of my extreme frailty and although the struggle at times was intense as my

God called me to fight the good fight of faith and as I had the light before I had refreshment—Bread of Life—to nourish my soul—(my fainting soul)—nevertheless He had a purpose in leading me so: Who knows but my experience may make the way easier for some one else.

On my first visit to a priest I told him how I longed for unity in the Church. How I was prepared to work for Christian unity. He was kind, but he brought me face to face with the fact, there could be no working for unity, in my case, outside the Catholic Church. I respected him all the more for it. There was no more difficulty for me on that score. I had already seen it. It had been my Waterloo, and believing it to be the will of God, I was prepared to yield to it.

He gave me good counsel. Told me to continue in prayer and abstinence, to attend Mass every Sunday, to take instruction from my friend and whenever I needed his help, to come back to him.

I did so for some time and then I became most desirous, almost impatient, to settle the matter, once for all, and enter the Church.

So I went back to the priest. He ascertained that I was well grounded on the fundamentals of Catholic faith and doctrine, especially transubstantiation. I could see so clearly now that transubstantiation was right, I wondered my brethren could not see it too.

I said to him, "No Protestant communion could or would take me in, since I believe in the Real Presence. Where would I go, father? I would have to say, "No man cares for my soul." The priest's eyes filled with tears, then he seemed to be thinking a while. And then he said in effect. He had no better proof of my conversion than the fact that I was concerned about my brethren.

Soon after that I went to Confession, received (conditional) baptism, and the way became smoother for me.

Meanwhile my Lord was preparing a blessing for me and also preparing me for the blessing. Arrangements were being made for a confirmation class (though I did not know it).

Converts were to be received and I was one of them, about a week before my departure from the city for my summer vacation.

Though I was "tempest driven into the haven" I am well content in the Catholic Church. I have escaped being tossed about by every wind of doctrine. I am slow and backward even yet. We have so much to learn and so much to unlearn, but the Church has not been exacting with me, as Protestants would tempt me to believe.

It is my custom, as it has been for many years, to read a portion of Scripture every morning. I am happy to say my Bible does not clash with my Catholic catechism.

Just before my confirmation, a woman came to me to try to dissuade me from my decision to enter the Catholic Church. She said emphatically, "They (referring to the clergy) will bind you down. I know. I came out from Rome myself."

I have not found it so. On the contrary, those with whom I have to deal have been most kind, considerate and thoughtful of me.

Of the beauty and blessedness of the Catholic religion the average Protestant knows nothing at all. He is blinded by prejudice. May we of the true faith give ourselves to prayer that this mountain of prejudice may be removed.

A Convert, Toronto.



Officers of St. Joseph's College
Alumnæ Association



1924—1925



Honorary Patron—The Rev. R. McBrady, C.S.B.

Spiritual Director—The Rev. E. Murray, C.S.B.

Honorary President—The Reverend Mother Superior of the
Community of St. Joseph.

President—Mrs. J. A. Thompson.

First Vice-President—Mrs. Fred. O'Connor.

Second Vice-President—Mrs. James E. Day.

Third Vice-President—Mrs. E. Almas.

Fourth Vice-President—Mrs. C. L. Riley.

Fifth Vice-President—Miss Mary McGrath.

Treasurer—Mrs. H. Murphy.

Recording Secretary—Miss Helen Becker.

Corresponding Secretary—Miss Teresa O'Connor.

Out-of-Town Secretary—Miss Mary Brophy.

Press Secretary—Mrs. W. A. Wallis.

Historians—Miss L. Coffee, Miss Kelman.

Councillors—Mrs. J. D. Ward, Miss Hart, Mrs. Lellis, Miss
Julia O'Connor.

Federation Hymn

Composed by Cardinal O'Connell.



Oh, Mary we hail thee, thou Virgin most mild,
Fair Spouse of Jehovah whose Son is thy Child.
The Angels of heaven thy glory proclaim
And all generations of earth bless thy name.

We wander adrift on life's turbulent sea,
In storm and in tempest we call upon thee,
Bright star in the heavens, thy radiant light
Illumines our pathway and banishes night.

Oh, Mother of God, in thy Son's holy love,
Protect us and guide us to His Throne above,
When Life's weary journey is over and past
Oh, lead us to Jesus in heaven at last.

ALUMNAE NOTES

On the feast of St. Matthew, September 21st, many members of our Alumnae attended the dedication ceremony of St. Francis Xavier's China Mission Seminary, Scarborough Heights, Toronto. This imposing three-story mission college is the chrysalization of the zealous Rev. Father Fraser's years of hopeful dreams. Very heartily we congratulate him and pray that God may spare him to see his heart's desires accomplished in the conversion of China to the One True Faith.

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At 7.45 p.m., September 23rd, the quarterly meeting of the Alumnae was held in the College Auditorium, Breadalbane St. After the ordinary business part of the evening's programme was disposed of, a delightful entertainment, given entirely by members of the Alumnae, followed. Among the assisting artists were Miss Frances Dawson, soloist; Miss Mae Orr and Miss Theresa Brown, pianists. Miss Bertha Clapp accompanied Miss Dawson.

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There was a splendid attendance of Alumnae at all the spiritual exercises of our Annual Retreat, held October 1st-4th, under the capable direction of the Reverend Aloysius O'Donnell, O.M.I., of South Africa.

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St. Joseph's Alumnae tenders heartiest felicitations to Mr. Justice Anglin on his promotion to the position of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada.

To Rev. Father J. O'Sullivan, of Port Hope, who was elected President of the Catholic Truth Society at the Annual Convention held in Toronto on September 18th.

To Mrs. Robert Devine on her appointment as Recording Secretary of the I.F.C.A.

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October 6th. In his characteristically charming style the Reverend Father O'Donnell, O.M.I., gave us a most interesting

description of Africa, its climate, vegetation, scenery, etc., illustrating by lantern slides the scenes of his thirty years' fruitful missionary labours among the natives of the Dark Continent. The large audience that attended the lecture left the auditorium in a spirit of thanksgiving for the blessing they themselves enjoy, and with, we hope, a determination to cooperate with the self-sacrificing religious who leave all most dear to them on earth to labour in strange lands for the salvation of souls.

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Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse was our representative at the Convention of the International Catholic Alumnae Associations held in Philadelphia, October 16th, 17th and 18th. Returning thence, she spent some pleasant days with relatives in New York.

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Members of the Alumnae are glad to know that Mrs. J. B. Warde is recuperating at Atlantic City.

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At the close of the season of the Lakeview Golf Club Mrs. Thos. McCarron was presented with the Ringer prize of the Bronze division.

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The Misses McBride gave a very lovely Bridge Party in aid of the building fund of St. Peter's Church. The Misses C. McGrath and Meaney were the winners of the pretty boudoir dolls.

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On Tuesday, October 9th, several members of St. Joseph's Alumnae made the Annual pilgrimage to St. Michael's and Mount Hope Cemeteries to visit the last earthly resting places of the deceased Sisters of St. Joseph, and to offer for their eternal happiness fervent prayers as a grateful tribute to their memory.

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One of the most successful card parties of the season was held in the Chrystal Ball Room of the King Edward Hotel on

Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 13th, in aid of the Library and Scholarship Fund of St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association. Mrs. J. A. Thompson, President, and Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse, received in the foyer, while Mrs. Jas. Day, Mrs. Fred. O'Connor, Mrs. Thos. McCarron, Mrs. M. Lellis, Mrs. Harold Murphy, Misses Julia O'Connor, M. L. Hart, E. McBride, Mary Brophy and T. O'Connor looked after the final and successful arrangements of the party. During the tea, which was served at the small tables, Miss M. L. Hart announced Mrs. B. McQuillan and Mrs. Margaret O'Neill winners of the euchre prizes, which were donated by Mrs. Ambrose Small and Mr. J. A. Thompson. The first prize for bridge, four box seats at Shea's, the gift of Mr. Shea, was won by Mrs. C. Hewitt. The second prize went to Mrs. Broadworth, and the third to Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, while the consolation prizes went to Mrs. Vincent McDonough. Prizes were also donated by Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse and Mrs. J. J. M. Landy.

Other organizations that took part in this bright function were represented by their respective presidents: Loretto Abbey Alumnae, Mrs. Jas. Mallon; Women's Auxiliary Catholic Church Extension, Miss Hoskin; Provincial Chapter of the Federated Catholic Alumnae, Mrs. Edmund P. Kelly; The Municipal Chapter of the I.O.D.E., Mrs. W. R. Jackson; The Local Council of Women, Mrs. Northover; St. Michael's Hospital Auxiliary, Mrs. J. P. Hynes; Rosary Hall Association, Miss M. Fitzgerald.

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Miss Frances Johnson, the winner of the Rev. Neil McNeil Episcopal Jubilee Scholarship, was the guest of honor at the meeting of the Catholic Women's League held in Columbus Hall October 17th. Miss Johnson is a pupil of St. Joseph's College-Academy. Miss Gertrude Lawler, M.A., President of the League, in congratulating Miss Johnson, expressed the hope of the executive and members that her university career would be crowned with every success. Miss Johnson was accompanied by her mother and grandmother.

The kindly and prayerful sympathy of the Alumnae is offered to the bereaved relatives and friends of: Miss Katherine Clarke, Mother Eugenie of the Holy Spirit (Eugenie Gillies), Mrs. Thomas Gould, Mrs. John M. Copeland, Mrs. Catherine Eppler, Mrs. Burke, Miss Ellen Mary Breen, Mr. Maurice Barry, Mr. Patrick Joseph Goodwin, Mr. Matthew Devine, Mr. Jordan, Mr. Thomas Morrow and Mr. Hubert Larkin, recently deceased. Requiescant in pace.

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Our President, Mrs. J. A. Thompson, informs us that the distinguished litterateur, Mr. Louis Wetmore, of New York, has accepted an invitation to deliver a lecture in the auditorium of St. Joseph's College, at 7.45 Friday evening, January 9th, 1925.

Quite recently Prince Alphonse de Bourbon, hereditary grand master of the order, created Louis H. Wetmore, secretary of the Catholic Converts' League, New York, Knight Commander of the Constantinian Order of St. George. This is the oldest and one of the most exclusive decorations in Europe, as there are but 200 lay knights in the world, of whom five are kings and eleven princes. Nine Cardinals wear the grand cross of the Constantinian Order, including their Eminences Pietro Cardinal Gasparri, Papal Secretary of State; Raphael Cardinal Merry del Val, and Victor Cardinal Ranussi dei Bianchi, the Cardinal Protector of the Order. Mr. Wetmore is the first American layman to receive this great honor.

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At St. Louis, Missouri, on the 26th of November, Rev. Gladstone Augustine Ellard, son of a venerated Alumna of St. Joseph's, was raised to the dignity of Holy Priesthood. Rev. Father Ellard had the extraordinary privilege of being ordained by a bishop of his own Order, the Rt. Rev. Louis Van Hoeck, S.J., D.D., Bishop of Patna, India. Another favour which was appreciated by our young priest was that of having his two aunts, Sisters Bertille and Iraenus of St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, present at his ordination. Hearty felicitations, Rev. Father!

At St. Catherine's Church, Toronto, Wednesday, September 24th, Miss Naome McConvey became the bride of Mr. William Clinton Gilchrist, the Rev. Father Pennylegion performing the nuptial ceremony.

October 2nd Miss Kathleen Moncrieff and Mr. Rudolph Francis Brazill were married in St. Francis' Church, Toronto. Rt. Rev. Mgr. John T. Kidd, D.D., uncle of the groom, performed the marriage ceremony.

At St. Joseph's Church, Toronto, Wednesday, November 19th, Miss Katherine Mary Brown, daughter of Dr. P. J. Brown, was united in marriage with Mr. Archibald Raymond McDonald, son of Dr. P. A. McDonald, of Penetanguishene. The Rev. Father Caulfield, cousin of the bride, officiated.

At St. Patrick's Cathedral, Quebec, November 26th, the marriage took place of Miss Elva Beale to Mr. George Keogh. Mass and nuptial ceremony by Rev. John Keogh, C.S.S.R., brother of the groom.

Cordial greetings and very best wishes of the Alumnae are extended to these young couples.

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The International Federation of Catholic Alumnae.

The I. F. of C. A. opened its sixth biennial convention at Hotel Bellevue-Stratford, in Philadelphia, Saturday, October 28th, with delegates and alternates from 455 Catholic High Schools and Colleges, representing over 60,000 trained Catholic women who are active members of this strong organization. Saturday, October 18th, and Sunday, October 19th, were given to the preliminary arrangements and entertainment of guests.

Monday morning, October 20th, the delegates and friends attended a Requiem Mass celebrated in St. Patrick's Church by the Rt. Rev. Michael J. Crane, D.D., for the deceased members of the Federation.

On the same morning at 9.30 o'clock the opening session of the Convention was held in the Ball Room of the Hotel Bellevue-Stratford, the programme being as follows:

Mrs. Harry M. Benziger, Visitation Alumnae, Baltimore, Md., President of the I.F.C.A., presiding.

Invocation—His Eminence D. Cardinal Dougherty.

Federation Hymn—Words and music by His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell.

Miss Kathleen A. Rowan, Chairman of Convention Music, presided.

Address—Right Reverend Monsignor Edward A. Pace, Director.

Address—"Pro Deo et Doctrina," Sister Mary de Paul Cogan, O.S.D., Co-Founder I.F.C.A.

Paper—"Are Catholic Schools Undemocratic?" Reverend Joseph M. O'Hara, Superintendent of Parochial Schools in Philadelphia.

Reading of Convocation Call—Miss Anna R. Ward, Recording Secretary.

Preliminary Report of Committee of Credentials—Miss Florence A. Colford, Chairman.

Report of President—Mrs. Harry M. Benziger.

Report of Committee on Rules—Miss Regina Fisher, Chairman.

12.45 p.m.—Luncheon, Hostesses; Alumnae of Seton Hill College, Greensburg, Pa. St. Joseph's Academy, Greensburg, Pa. Sacred Heart High School Alumni, Pittsburg, Pa.

"The Press"—Mrs. Eugene Fusz, Governor of Missouri Chapter.

"Catholic Education and Legislation"—Rev. Paul L. Blakeley, S.J.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

2.30 p.m.—Mrs. Harry M. Benziger presiding.

Prayer.

Hymn—Our Lady of the Federation. (Words and music by the Sister Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Villa Maria College).

EVENING SESSION.

8.00 p.m.

Prayer—Reverend Joseph A. Skelly, C.M., Director of the Central Association of the Miraculous Medal.

President's Address—Mrs. Harry M. Benziger.

“Proposing and Doing”—Right Reverend Monsignor Edward A. Pace.

At this session each governor gave a brief report of what her chapter had accomplished for Catholic Education, Literature and Social Service. At the session held Tuesday, October 21st, “The Ideals of The Catholic Educated Women” was the subject of an address by Right Reverend John J. McCort, Bishop of Altonna. Reverend William J. Kerby, acting director of National Catholic Service, addressed the delegates.

Wednesday, October 22nd, 7.45 a.m.—Mass at St. John's Church, 13th and Chestnut Streets. 9.00 a.m.—Session of the Department of Literature. At this session the Reverend John J. Wynne, S.J., gave an address on “The Importance of Our Catholic Press,” and Colonel Jason J. Joy took for the subject of his address, “What the Federation can do for the Motion Pictures.” The Right Reverend Michael J. Hoban, Bishop of Scranton, Pa., spoke on “The Influence of the Catholic Educated Women.”

St. Francis de Sales, Patron of Catholic Writers, was the subject of an address by Right Reverend John L. Belford, Ph.D.

At the close of this session the prize of “One Hundred Dollars in Gold” offered by the Federation for the best essay submitted by a Catholic High School or College pupil on “My Idea of a Genuine American Citizen” was presented to Miss Bernadette Dolan, pupil of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Brentwood, L.I. Then followed an address by Right Reverend Monsignor Edward A. Pace on “My Idea of a Genuine American Citizen.” Mrs. James L. Sheeran spoke on “The Possibilities of The Bulletin.” The closing address was by Mrs. Harry M. Benziger, President of the Bulletin Staff.

We regret space will not permit our printing in full the lengthy and very flattering report of this wonderful Convention, given us by our representative, Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse, who was charmed with the efficiency and courtesy of the Officers to whose efforts the Federation is indebted for the brilliant success of the Sixth Biennial Convention.

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In the Chapel of St. Joseph's Convent, St. Alban Street, Saturday morning, December 6th, by our reverend chaplain, Rev. E. Murray, C.S.B., a Requiem High Mass was offered the deceased members of our Alumnae.

Greetings, Little One

Greetings, little bright-eyed Baby
 While without the snow-flakes fall,
 Ah, I love Thy birth-place lowly,
 Blessed, lowly, cattle stall.

Master, take my birthday presents
 Which I've treasured through the year,
 Brightened up with love and service,
 For Thy birthday coming near.

I have weaved a robe of petals,
 Creamy white and rosy red,
 And I've banked a mass of lilies
 There to rest Thy little Head.

And I've wreathed my heart with violets
 Drooping low with crystal dew,
 Do you know what makes them sparkle?
 Love for Thee is shining through.

Greetings, little bright-eyed Baby,
 Snowflakes fall and stars gleam bright,
 Baby Lord, please take my presents,
 Play with them awhile to-night.

Lucille Bennett.

COMMUNITY NOTES

On Monday, August 4th, the Sisters of St. Joseph celebrated the second anniversary of their coming to St. Patrick's Parish, Vancouver, B.C. Rev. Father Forget referred to this happy event at all the Masses, and with graceful eloquence depicted the great advantages that had accrued to St. Patrick's during the short time the Sisters have been in charge of the school. The ever increasing attendance made it necessary to add to the teaching staff and provide more commodious quarters; in consequence the parishioners built and equipped a new school. Two years ago the majority of the children of St. Patrick's were receiving a public school education. To-day eight competent teachers and three hundred and fifty children are registered.

Recently we visited this school and would like to express the pleasures we experienced and bring before the eye of our Catholic public the result of the noble effort and sacrifice of a parish of Vancouver that boasts of neither wealth nor long years.

From the main entrance, Quebec street, a wide hall cuts a long corridor leading to the entrances used by the children. Among the pictures hanging in these corridors two especially attracted our attention—a large picture of the Sacred Heart and one of St. Joseph, on either side of a beautiful crucifix. Surely these sacred symbols have an influence on the minds of the children whose gaze is daily directed to them. A large gramophone is stationed at the cross halls and is used to assemble the children and sound forth a medley of marches as they proceed to their class rooms. There are four class rooms on the ground floor, large, well-lighted and well-ventilated rooms. These rooms are sound proof, have dark green hylo-plate boards; individual seat desks and large cloak and dressing-rooms in the rear.

On the same floor are the Principal's office and the music

room, where pupils are prepared for departmental examinations in piano and theory. Low, broad rubber inclines lead from lower to upper corridors, from which open four large, bright class-rooms, fitted similarly to the lower rooms, a medical room and library. We were interested in the splendid supply of reading matter—rows of carefully chosen books which gave one the impression that the library of St. Patrick's is used and appreciated. In connection with the elementary grades a continuation high school has been commenced, this fitting a child to continue his education from Grade 1 to Matriculation in his parochial school. The science rooms and laboratories are in the course of construction and the plans being carried out give every reason to expect a high school that can compete with any in the city.

Two large cement basements provide assembly rooms, play rooms and lunch rooms. The play grounds on each side of the school are of ample proportions. The ground used by the boys this fall received a flooring of sawdust—most appropriate for a playground in Vancouver's climate. Half an hour after the heaviest rain the grounds are in good condition for recreation and games.

It is a pleasure we anticipate to visit St. Patrick's School when the children are assembled—those children for whose welfare of soul and mind their parents find no sacrifice too great, and whose ready co-operation with their devoted pastor erected in so short a time a school of such proportions. As a result their children are receiving an education that will fit them to ably fill the ranks of to-morrow,—efficient, honorable citizens of Canada-loving, true members of the Holy Church. Meanwhile congratulations to the parishioners of St. Patrick's and to their zealous pastor.

—Vancouver Bulletin.

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The Guild of St. Joseph's Hospital, Winnipeg, Man., held a very successful Tea and Linen Shower at the Hospital, corner Pritchard and Salter streets. The guests were received by

the President, Mrs. J. F. Morrison, Mrs. Donald McKenty, and Mrs. Hayden, also Nurses Fitzpatrick and Nealon.

The artistically decorated table was presided over by Mrs. P. Shea and Mrs. Case; Mrs. Robt. Rogers and Mrs. R. W. Craig; Mrs. Sterling and Mrs. George; Mrs. Leitch and Mrs. Alves.

The following ladies assisted: Mrs. Franks, Mrs. Lorne Walker, Mrs. H. Lee, Mrs. T. J. Murray, Miss J. Barlow, Miss A. Ryan, Miss Moran, Miss Killeen, Miss Quinn, Mrs. O. Mar-
rin, Mrs. Whellans, Mrs. O'Meara, Mrs. Ingram, Mrs. T. Marrin,
Mrs. K. Barlow and Miss C. Lock.

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Doctor H. P. Millard, with Mrs. Millard and their clever little daughter, Christine, were cordially welcomed guests of our Community on Tuesday, November 25th. The Sisters who pioneered our Western Missions, four of whom are now stationed in Toronto, were especially delighted to welcome Doctor Millard, who has been on the staff of St. Joseph's Hospital, Comox, B.C., for some ten years. To his generous co-operation the Sisters attributed much of the successful work accomplished in that now flourishing institution.

Another esteemed friend from afar who was a welcomed guest was Very Rev. Canon Monk, of London, England, who offered Holy Mass for us in our Chapel and visited the Academy Classes, delighting the students by rehearsing his reminiscences of his early school days at St. Joseph's.



COLLEGE NOTES

St. Joseph's College Literary Society has been revived this year under an able executive consisting of Miss Blanche Laroche, '25, as president; Miss Anne Hayes, '25, as vice-president; Miss Katherine Kehoe, '25, as treasurer; and Miss Mary Coughlin, '26, as the secretary, is proving most successful. Its meetings are held each fortnight and its particular object is the study of modern poetry. Alice Meynell, Wm. Butler Yeates, Sir Henry Newbolt, Robert Louis Stevenson, Hillaire Belloc, Marjorie Pickthall, and Alfred Noyes, have already been discussed. The young ladies who have read papers are the Misses N. Wiley, M. Thompson, M. McNamara, N. Duffy, M. Enright, and A. Hayes.

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Two of our college members, Miss Madeleine Enright, '25, and Miss Helen Kernahan, '26, were during the past summer so fortunate as to see Europe, Wembley, the historic charms of old London; Paris, its squares, its gardens, its churches, its art-galleries; Brussels, the beautiful, were all very much appreciated by the girls. Miss Enright found her visit to the Swiss Alps the most delightful part of her journey, and counted as second "the land of the heather and the flood," with all its additional age-old romance. Miss Kernahan, however, most enjoyed her stay in Holland, where she found side by side the bustle of city and the quiet of a village where the inhabitants wear the quaint dress of past centuries. Since their return the girls have delighted their companions with accounts of their journeying and compared notes with Miss Grace Cooney, '26, who made the voyage a year ago.

The French Club of St. Joseph's College was organized October 8th, and the following officers were elected for the year 1924-25:

President—Helen Cramer.

Vice-President—Mary Benoit.

Secretary—Gertrude Quinlan.

Treasurer—Mary McNamara.

Committee—Norma Duffy, Grace Cooney and Camilla Wright. At the first meeting on the 21st of November Rev. Father Rush, C.S.B., gave a very interesting talk on the Passion Play of Oberammergau, and sketched briefly the development of this form of drama and the particular history of the Oberammergau.

Father Rush's description of the setting and procedure of the play, which he himself had seen in 1922, was very vivid and realistic.

After a most delightful violin solo by Miss Gertrude Bergin, refreshments were served and the meeting adjourned.



RONSARD

“Fameux harpeur et prince de nos odes,
Laisse ton Loir haultain de ta victoire,
Et viens sonner au rivage de Loire,
De tes chansons les plus nouvelles modes.”

It is the voice of this harper of which Du Belley writes, which comes to us across the centuries and breathes forth the inner soul of Pierre de Ronsard.

To understand Ronsard is to understand the Renaissance—for he was an embodiment of all the forces and confusions of his time. Hence it is necessary to sum up in brief, the cause and effects of this Revival. We know that dating from the year 1494, and continuing until about 1515, Italy was the pit in which Austria and France fumbled for the headship of Christendom. “Never before,” says George Wyndham, “had there been such contact of contemporary civilizations.” Italy for some reason or other, remembered most of the classic past—had always remembered it. Besides, since the invention of the printing press, many of the texts of antiquity had been recovered and printed. It was in Italy also that men having once listened to the songs of the loveliness of the gods of beauty began to unearth and piece together broken and buried idols. Classic literature and sculpture began to revive. In Europe during the Renaissance the outburst of poetry was greater in volume than at any time before or since. To again quote George Wyndham, “The modern world exploded in an ecstasy of song.” To obtain a full appreciation of Ronsard, therefore, it must be borne in mind that he was greatly subjected to the influence of this Italian revival.

He was born on the 11th of September, 1524, right in the middle of the Renaissance period. (The world is now celebrating the fourth centenary of his birth). The family occupied the Château de la Poissonnière, near Vendôme on the Loir, and his father, who was rather well to do, held a position at the court of Francis I.

Young Ronsard's education was carried on in a rather hasty fashion at the College of Navarre, and at the age of twelve he was made page to the Dauphin. After the latter's death the Duke of Orleans claimed his services, and later he was sent to Scotland as page to Madeleine, wife of James V. of Scotland. It was at her home that his passion for literature was awakened under the tutorship of a certain Master Paul. After a six months' absence, Ronsard returned to the service of the Duke of Orleans. At the age of fifteen he was sent on a mission to Flanders and afterwards (for the second time) to Scotland. While on the voyage, his vessel was wrecked and although he succeeded in saving his life by vigorous swimming, yet the accident resulted in the loss of his hearing—the one affliction of his life. This seeming misfortune ended rather happily—for it disqualified Ronsard for the life of a courtier and give us—the poet.

Although he had dwelt amid the noise, colour and activity of court life, nevertheless Ronsard ever retained a delight in lonely places, and a desire for solitude. This side of his nature probably did not impress his contemporaries, least of all his father, who delighted in the fact that his son was the darling of the court, a masterly rider and a tireless athlete. Though Ronsard's brilliant career as a diplomat was thus drawn to an untimely end, he did not give himself up to lamentation, but on the contrary he turned "with whole-hearted steadfastness to the authors who had fascinated him when he read with Master Paul in Scotland; and so the handsome, careless page became a passionate student along with Baif, under Daurat at Coqueret.

In 1544 Du Belley issued "La defense et Illustration de la langue françoise," and from the same year dated also, the *Pléiade*, with Ronsard as its leader. Ronsard, while revelling in the atmosphere of Greek and Rome, could not help contrasting the poverty-stricken French literature of the time with the magnificence of the classics. He felt that the French language ought to be enriched by translation and imitation, and he dear-

ly wished to see it possess something "of the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome."

Previous to Ronsard's time the French tongue had been used as a medium of expression for the lighter varieties of poetry—rondeaux and ballades—but henceforth it was to be the channel for more serious themes. There are two writers whom we must consider in relation to Ronsard—the one Pindar, the other Petrarch. It was not unusual that Ronsard at the outset of his poetical career should turn to Pindar, the Greek poet, philosopher and patriot. Possessing an intense admiration for antiquity, and steeped in its literature and mythology, he appreciated in Pindar that immense store of mythical and semi-mythical knowledge. Unique though his poems may be, he sang the praises of the great, and Ronsard wished to do likewise. In his first book there are about fifteen Pindaric odes, divided like those of the originator into strophes, anti-strophes and epodes. But he soon grew tired of this artifice and his subsequent works show the influence of the Latin poets from whom he borrowed extensively. In fact several of their most famous lines are translated word for word.

Ronsard did not escape the influence which the cult of Petrarch was exercising. Italy in the sixteenth century was the intellectual centre of Europe, and it was from Italy that the artists and courtiers of France sought to derive culture. Petrarch's work attained the summit of its influence shortly after the dawn of the sixteenth century. Ronsard took up Petrarch's theme, and as a result we have "Les Amours de Cassandre." This book has two hundred and thirty-four pieces; of these two hundred and twenty-five are sonnets. After reading some of his later poems which celebrate love, which is healthy and happy although pagan and unearthly, we cannot help casting "Les Amours" into the heap of conventionalities. Ronsard's greatest heritage from the Italian poet is to be found in the mellow beauty and felicity of his finest sonnets, in the complete conquest of that difficult and exquisite form.

The Cassandre of his poems was the daughter of Bernard

Salviati, an illustrious Florentine nobleman. Ronsard met her at Blois when he was scarcely twenty-one, "fresh from his study of the classics, his head full of Tristan and the Romaunt de la Rose." As a conclusion of this affair Cassandre married Jean de Peigné de Pray the following year, 1546. But she had served her turn, for she inspired in Ronsard some of his most beautiful poems. "Among them," says the London Times, "the pearl of Epicurean melancholy, 'Mignonne allons voir si la rose'" (which is comparable to Herrick's "Gather ye roses while ye may"). There were two other women who dominated Ronsard's sentimental life. The first was Marie, the daughter of an inn-keeper of Bourgeuil, whom he met some ten years after having parted with Cassandre. All his poems to Marie are written with a marked simplicity, free from the mythological pedantries which too often marred his sonnets to Cassandre. "By this time he had learned not to pindarize nor to petrarchize, nor even to ronsardize, for he had learned the true classic lesson:

Ni trop haut, ni trop bas, c'est le souverain style,
Tel fut celui à Homere et celui de Virgile.

But like Cassandre, Marie married a man of her choice who was not Ronsard. Some years later, hearing of her death, the poet wrote one of his most moving elegies, ending with the words:

Vous n'etes plus
Vous n'etes plus qu'un peu de cendre.

When Ronsard was about fifty, Catherine de Medici requested him to write a series of sonnets which would be free from the obscurity of the "Amours de Cassandre" and the artless ease of the "Amours de Marie."

It is quite probable that he looked about for an object of inspiration. This seems to have come to him in the person of Hélène de Surgères. On the part of Hélène the friendship was merely platonic, and in Ronsard, not passion, but the most respectful tenderness appears. In the case of the other two

women, there was much fancy and much mere convenience; here alone was an affair of intimate reality. There is one sonnet to H el ene which is among the loveliest in the French language—namely, “Quand vous serez bien vieille.” The theme is the same as that of the sonnet addressed to Cassandre (Mignonne allons voir si la rose), but it has a different, a more penetrating accent.

Ronsard says of himself, “Undaunted by toil, I have laboured for the mother tongue of France. I have made her new words, and restored the old. I have raised poetry to a level with the art of Greece and Rome.” And he says rightly! French, when Ronsard found it was (as I have already pointed out) in a deplorable condition. He gave it dignity and sweetness and vigour. In the place of the old ballade and rondeau he introduced the ode, the narrative poem, the didactic poem, the epic fragment and the elegy.

In the strict sense of the word, Ronsard is the classicist by reason of his cult for, and imitation of, the classics—his style didactic and oratorical, and thirdly, on account of his elevated conception of the poet,—as a man set apart. But the nineteenth century Romanticists also claim Ronsard, because he associates nature with man’s sentiments, particularly melancholy, the flight of time and death. The fulness, variety and colour in his poetry brand him as a Romanticist. Lastly, he felt himself inspired and he obeyed his inspiration. Could this be called Classicism?

And—having toiled for more than six and thirty years, to rehabilitate the French language, Ronsard died in 1585. The last line of his epitaph (which he himself composed) reads:

“Son ame soit   Dieu—son corps soit   la terre.”

To this may we add “Ses poemes soient immortelles.”

Loretto Bradley, '27.

Note: A special postage stamp has been issued by the postal authorities of Paris, France, to mark the fourth centenary of the birth of the celebrated French lyric poet, Pierre de Ronsard, who was born in September, 1524. This stamp, which is blue, bears the head of the poet, with the dates 1524-1924.

Hymn to St. Thomas Aquinas

Patron of all Catholic Schools and Colleges.

Lover of Jesus and Teacher Angelic,
Help us to love the great truths that you taught;
Aid us to guard them, O Patron and Master,
Through them to seek the one End which you sought.

Well hath the voice of Christ's Vicar proclaimed thee,
Angel of learning and Patron of youth;
Thou who kept brilliant thy purity's splendour,
Thou who wert ever the Champion of Truth!

Hear then the prayer that we make to thee trustful,
Let not thy kind ears be closed to our cry,
Help us to climb the steep ways that thy feet trod,
Be thou our Leader and Light from on High.

True son of Dominic and heir of his spirit,
Generous, and noble and zealous as he,
Give us that spirit of thine, O Angelic,
That we true lovers of Jesus may be. Amen.

Louis Irwin.

LYCIDAS

LYCIDAS, the best of his early poems, was Milton's contribution to a volume of memorial verses composed by his friends, in memory of Edward King. It is an advance on all Milton's previous work and it fitly closes the poetic labours of his youth. A pastoral elegy, it is perhaps the greatest in English literature.

In "Lycidas" Milton has followed very faithfully the Greek idylls and Latin eclogues, with an introduction and epilogue and, between them, the monody of the shepherd who has lost his friend, He has even borrowed from Theocritus, pastoral names, manners and pagan beliefs. Theocritus' idylls are light, fantastic, sometimes almost artificial in expression, but the nature he describes is quite truthful. He knew and loved his Syracuse—"the greatest of Greek cities, the fairest of all cities"—with its southern shepherds, fishermen and rural people. The sorrow in these idylls, for the most part, is hardly more than a gentle melancholy except perhaps, in Thyrsis' Song, "The Lament for Daphnais." This pastoral hero had won for his bride the fairest of the Nymphs. Confident in the strength of his passion, he boasted that Love could never subdue him to a new affection; and in revenge Love made him desire a strange maiden. To this temptation Daphnis never yielded and taunting his implacable Aphrodite, with his last breath, he was taken down to Hades, while the cattle and wild things of the wood all mourned his loss. This poem served, later, as an inspiration for the three great English Pastoral Elegies—Adonais, Thyrsis, and especially Lycidas.

The classical allusions, pastoral images and drapery are all here. Under the guise of one shepherd mourning for another, Milton portrays life at Cambridge, his relations with Edward King, his character and ambitions.

Lycidas.

"For we were nursed upon the self-same hill
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade and rill

Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
 Under the opening eyelids of the morn
 We drove a-field, and both together heard
 What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
 Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
 Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
 Towards Heaven's descent had sloped his westerling wheel.
 Meanwhile the rural ditties, were not mute.
 Temper'd to the oaten flute;
 Rough Satyrs danced, and Fawns with cloven heel
 From the glad sound would not be absent long
 And old Damoetas love to hear our song . . .
 But, O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
 Now, thou art gone and never must return."

It is not a poem of passionate sorrow, but of admiration and regret, expressed with careful art.

However, through the whole poem there runs a serious undertone which breaks out unexpectedly in two degressions. The first of these is a complaint against the poetry of his own time and the fate of worth-while poets whose works were not appreciated because public taste preferred lighter things.

"Alas! what boots it with incessant care
 To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade
 And strictly meditate the thankless muse?
 Were it not better done, as others use
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade
 Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair?"

He has hardly checked himself and resumed his lament for Lycidas when he bursts out again into what was evidently a greater grief to him than the death of his friend—the condition of the Anglican Church which he regarded as corrupt in itself and as in league with the despotic tendencies of the political power. All the higher strains of the Ode are inspired by a stern indignation towards the time-serving ecclesiastics whose unworthiness as shepherds of Christ's flock he sets forth

in the burning denunciation attributed to St. Peter, as the type of true episcopal power. In the death of Lycidas he images the death of a pure priesthood.

There is a combination of pastoral mourning, classical imagery, Christian religion and pagan mythology in such passages as:

“For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;
So sinks the day star in the ocean bed
And yet anon repairs his drooping head
And tricks his beams with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves.
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love
There entertain Him all the saints above . . .”

This would be rather incongruous were it not that the genius of Milton weaves them together into a harmonious whole. He has carefully wrought out the metrical structure and harmonized it to the thoughts. He has “fairly mastered his style—mastered the organ-music of speech.”

From “Lycidas” Shelley took his idea for “Adonais”—a pastoral elegy on the death of Keats. He, however, is especially indebted to Bion’s *Elegy on the death of “Adonis”* and Moschus’ “*Epitaph on Bion*,” both for general hints and for individual phrases and passages. Like Lycidas, Adonais is not an expression of personal sorrow, and it is somewhat artificial in expression. Shelley says himself, in the Preface, that he did not know the circumstances of Keat’s death until his *Elegy* was ready for the press. However, the beauty and power of the poem do not lie in the truth and intensity with which the feeling of grief is depicted. No strong tie of affection bound the poets together. In it Shelley contemplates and embodies his own lot if cut off in the immaturity of power and fame. In another’s fate he weeps his own. It is this

personal note which leads the needed sincerity and pathos to the highly wrought and sometimes rather fanciful expression of the poem.

Arnold, also, modelled his "Thyrsis"—a lament on the death of Arthur Hugh Clough—after Theocritus, but the images are from his own observations. The poem gives an idealized picture of university life. It has not the variety and uniform merit of *Lycidas*, nor the loftiness and poetic quality of *Adonais*. Clough was a more intimate friend of Arnold than was King of Milton, or Keats of Shelley, and so his grief was not expressed in such elaborate, fanciful terms, but with reticence, and restraint and greater sincerity.

Gertrude Quinlan, *Modern Languages*, '26.



Those Precious Little Things

Be careful of the little things you do,
 For oftentimes they echo back to you
 Across the years;
 The tiny note you sent one sorry day,
 The coin that helped the beggar on his way,
 Ah, always take the time to stop and say
 The word that cheers!
 There little deeds may never bring you fame,
 But yet the world will learn to love your name
 Because of tears
 You died for others. And when this life is through
 Perhaps the little deeds you, thoughtless, do,
 Will gem a radiant diadem for you
 Through countless years.

Louis Irwin.

ACADEMY NOTES

On Friday, September 12th, Form 1B held its first meeting and elected class officers for the year:

President—Miss Margaret Kelly.

Vice-President—Miss Catherine Sheedy.

Secretary—Miss Helen McGrath.

Treasurer—Miss Beryl Walker.

Class representatives for the Mission Crusade:

Miss Margaret Lyon.

Miss Margaret Kelly.

Our Lady of Perpetual Help was chosen as Patroness of the Class.

“Consideration for others” was chosen as the class virtue.

On September 27th the class held its second meeting. Our President, Miss Kelly, was in the chair. Miss Catherine Sheedy, Miss Helen McGrath, and Miss Beryl Walker were also on the platform.

After the meeting was formally opened the minutes of last meeting were read by the Secretary and approved.

Clever addresses by the class officers helped to make the occasion a success. Miss Kelly spoke on “Class Spirit.” Miss Walker on “The Necessity for Discipline.” Miss McGrath, “The Responsibilities of a School Girl.”

* * * * *

Catholic Students' Mission Crusade.

Far, far back before and during the reign of Richard Coeur de Lion, the word “Crusade” held perhaps more significance to the world at large than it does at the present day. Looking back, we see it all, a world pregnant with an indomitable spirit of Christianity, a land dear to all Christians dominated by an un-Christian people who ravaged the very spots which marked the epochs in the life of Christ—and then—a gallant band of

men, the Crusaders themselves, clad in shining armour, on which stood out as the emblem of their willingness to fight and die in a good cause—a blood-red cross.

We have no cause to go in brazen greaves to fight for the deliverance of the Holy Land from the hands of the Turk. Nevertheless, we are crusaders. Our battle-field is at home, our ravaging Turk, the lack of religion in foreign lands. Our weapon is prayer.

The object of the Crusade is to educate the students to the needs of home and foreign Missions and to help the heroic men and women who are giving their lives to propagate the Holy Faith.

The movement was organized in 1918 in the United States and has been approved by the Holy Father and many other Church dignitaries, which fact tends to make us believe in the future success of the Crusade. Its admirable motto is "The Kingdom of the World for its King and Lord."

St. Joseph's was enlisted in the Movement during the winter term of 1922 and since then has been an enthusiastic ally, entertainments being given at frequent intervals to raise funds to assist home and foreign missions.

This year our interests and sympathy for the missions have been intensified to a much more fervent pitch than before, owing to the opportunity given us of attending the Catholic Truth Convention held in Toronto on September 16th, 17th, and 18th, and learning from the Bishops, priests and laymen who addressed the several meetings, the urgent necessity for co-operation in the work of saving souls; and by the illustrated lectures which our own Rev. Father Fraser has been generous enough to give in our College Auditorium from time to time.

Perhaps at no other time since we organized did the spirit of the Crusaders so move us as when we assembled at Scarborough Heights on September 21st, to witness the dedication of the St. Francis Xavier China Mission Seminary.

Early in September the St. Joseph's Unit of the Students' Mission Crusade reorganized. Each class elected two representatives. Miss Denise Phelan was elected President and Miss

Eugenie Plouffe as Vice-President for the unit. All have given active co-operation and the interests of the missions have been frequently put before the members.

In anticipation of the opening of the China Mission Seminary, a week of self-denial was undertaken, the fruits of which were offered to the Seminary. On the bulletin board in the gymnasium a thermometer registered the temperature of our zeal until the last day it reached the maximum of twenty-five dollars. We are sure the acts of self-denial were permanently registered by the recording angel.

During the month of the Rosary each class was asked to make a novena of rosaries for the success of a certain missionary work. A record of fifty-eight hundred rosaries was made.

On the feast of St. Francis Xavier all the classes assembled in the auditorium, and many interesting essays treating on the missions were read. Pupils responded generously to the request to bring toys, books, etc., to be sent to the children of the Western Missions. Our work for the missions will surely teach us self-sacrifice, both because of our practice of it on behalf of the missions and because of the example of the missionaries, whose labours are thus brought to our notice.


* * * * *

On Sunday evening, October 5th, the annual election of the officers of the Sodality of the Children of Mary was held in St. Joseph's Academy Study Hall. The following members were elected:

- President—Miss Marguerite Cummings.
- Vice-President—Miss Hermine Keller.
- Secretary-Treasurer—Miss Catherine Fenn.
- First Chorister—Miss Eugenie Plouffe.
- Second Chorister—Miss Helen Mahon.
- First Councillor—Miss Albertine Asselin.
- Second Councillor—Miss Josephine Godemair.
- Third Councillor—Miss Helen Cronin.
- Fourth Councillor—Miss Clare Kelly.
- Sacristan—Miss Marie Simpson.

On Thursday afternoon, October 30th, the resident pupils of the Academy attended the Bazaar at St. Patrick's Parish Hall. At four o'clock we, forty smiling girls, accompanied by some of the Sisters, left the Convent and in quick time arrived at our destination, the scene of attractive booths filled with all sorts of pretty things and very useful ones too. We tried our luck at the raffles, made the hall merry with our laughter and chatter, creating an appetite which we certainly satisfied at five o'clock, when we were ushered into the daintily decorated tea room, where the tables were laden with all kinds of delicious viands. Having spent a delightful time with delightful people, we returned home, tired, but thankful for the pleasant outing.



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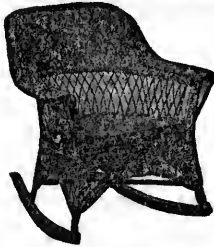
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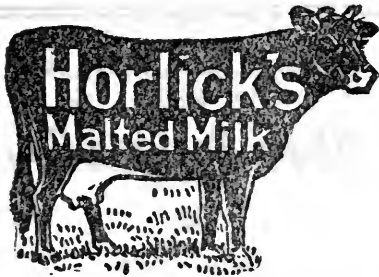
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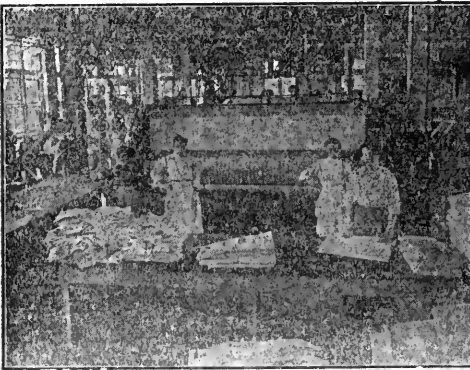
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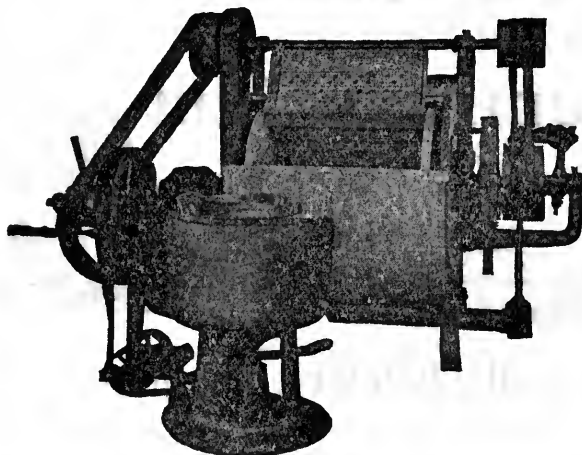
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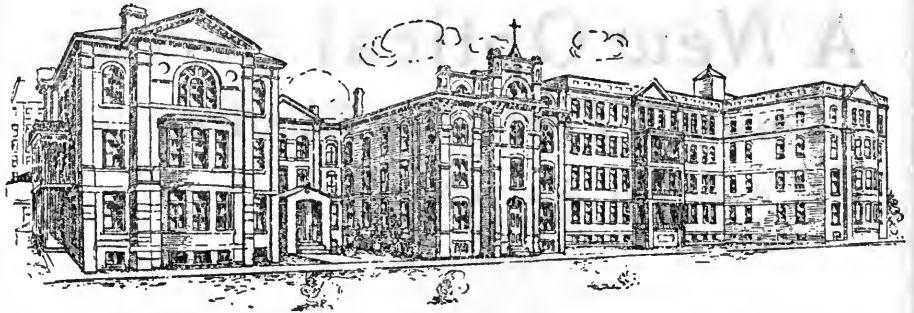
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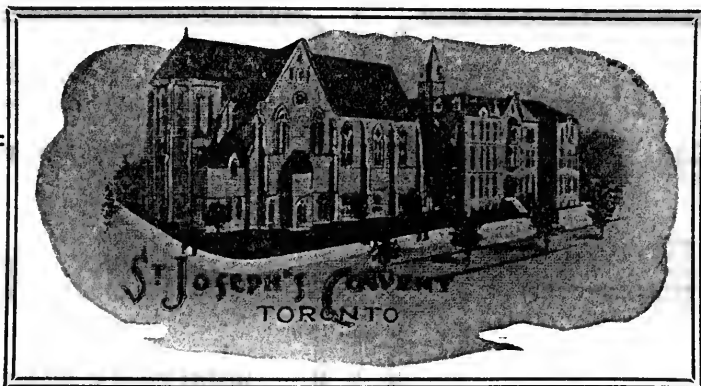
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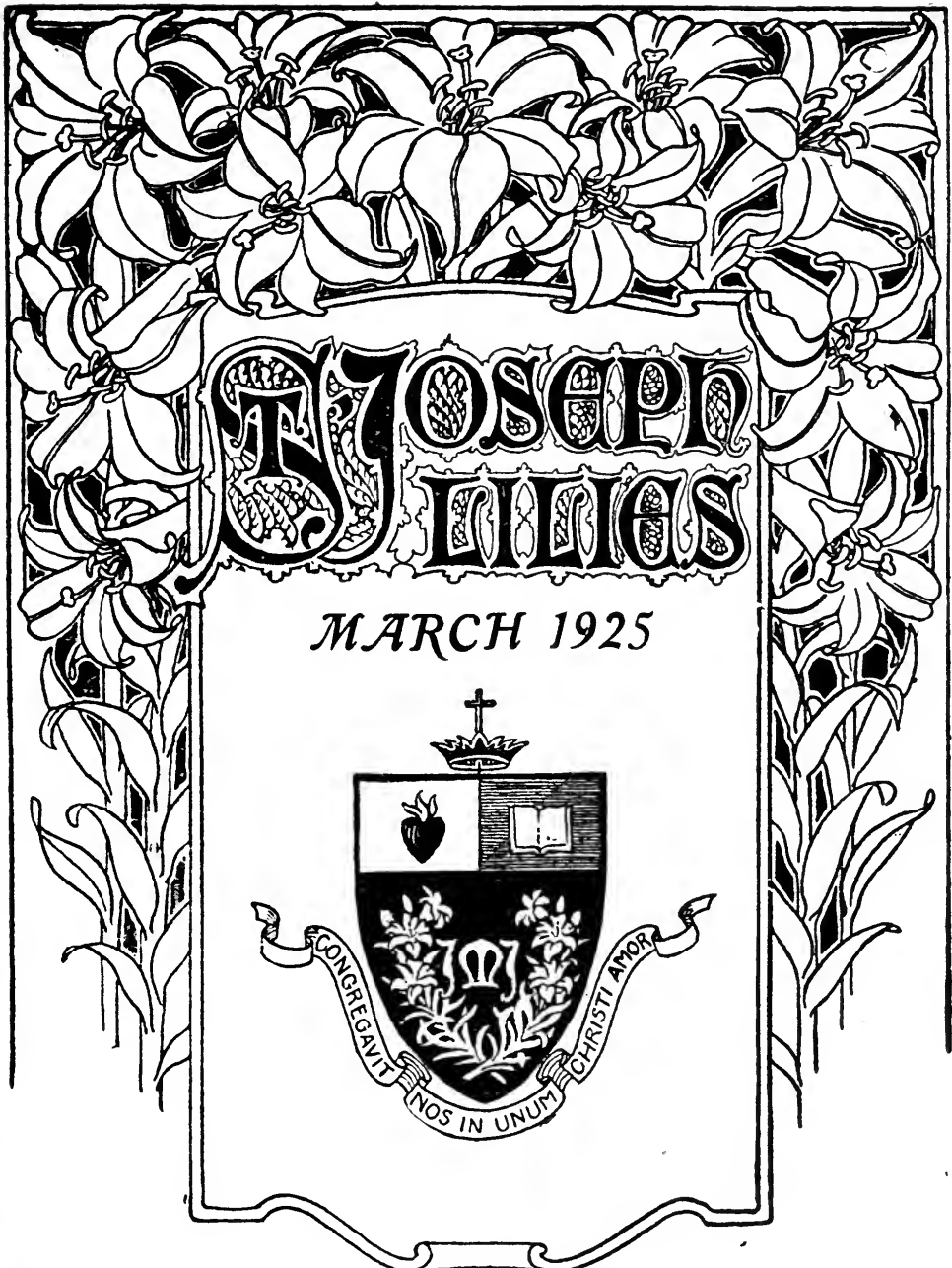
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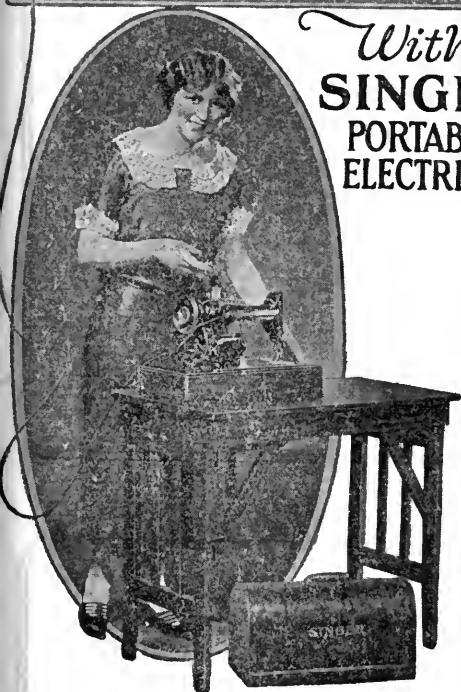
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OPENING OF THE HOLY DOOR OF JUBILEE
DEC. 24, 1924

Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

VOL. XIII.

TORONTO, MARCH, 1925

No. 4

SUPREME PONTIFF OPENS HOLY DOOR

Aperite Portas Aeternales.

WERY few see this sight twice; few indeed, in the world, ever; but that few can never forget it; and even when, in virtue of it, they enter Eternal Mansions, the memory of it will better show forth the glory of their Permanent Home. The Holy Year of Jubilee was a grand event in the Old Law; it is grander, much grander still, in the New. Not strange, then, that the whole world watched, with intense interest, and the Faithful something more, with consolation and earnest of surcease—the simple, but all the more affecting, and impressive rite, of opening the Holy Door, in Rome, on Christmas Eve, 1924.

In the few but solemn words with which the Sovereign Pontiff prefaced the *Venia*, or permission accorded the Protonotaries, to promulgate, for the second time, the Bull of Jubilee, he declared that we all had need of a period of redemption, peace and holy joy, after the anguish endured in these recent times. And the same thought pervades his reply to Cardinal Vanutelli's Christmas Greetings, when he says that by a special dispensation of Providence, the Holy Year has come about now, to make up for the years, in which we had to witness so many wicked things—*pro annis quibus vidimus mala*.

Who can describe the beauty and solemnity of the opening scene? From early morn great streams of humanity are pouring into the great Piazza of St. Peter's, all bent upon securing posts of vantage, in the colonades and porticos, whence to view the lines of the invited, passing through—the prelates in

their purple, the priests and religious, in distinctive costume, the nobility with all the markings of state, the officers of the numerous military corps, in dashing uniforms, the ambassadors and attendants, and those invested with civil or military orders, with glittering decorations upon their breasts. Then came those who managed to secure tickets, to enter the restricted area of the Basilica (some 10,000) and were hurrying early to their places.

In the Vatican apartments, adjoining the Basilica, the various grades of ecclesiastics, and the chamberlains and attendants, were assembling, and robing, up to ten o'clock. The bishops, vested in cope and mitre, gathered in the Pauline Chapel. The Cardinals, Prelates, Officials and attendants on His Holiness, in the Aula dei Paramenti. What a dazzling scene it made! The white and gold of the Princes of the Church, the purple and ermine of the Protonotaries, the blazing scarlet of the Chamberlains of service and the many Caudatarie, the resplendent Knights and Military, the picturesque Mae, Symbol Standard, Canopy and Chair-bearers, and the plain and sombre vested bearers of Cardinals' birettas, all combining, like colors in a beautiful picture!

At half-past ten precisely, the Holy Father, in pure White Silk Cassock and Zuchetto, and wearing the red stole and Mozetta over a rich lace rochet, preceded by cross-bearer and acolytes, and flanked by the deacons-of-office, the chiefs of the Papal Guard, the Vice-Chancellor, Major Domo and Maestro di Camera and the Noble Assistant at the Throne, Prince Colonna, entered the Aula dei Paramenti from his apartments. All knelt for his blessing, and he passes quickly to the compartment aside where the seated Cardinals rose to receive him. Here he assumed the Falda and the precious vestments himself, and preceded by the Prelatial College and surrounded by his Court, passed through the open lines of the long-formed procession, to the Sistine Chapel, where the Blessed Sacrament was already exposed. Having prostrated, the Pontiff incensed the Sacred Host, assisted in this by the first Cardinal of the priests, Merry del Val, and the first of the Deacons. Bis-

leti; and then, in a strong, clear rich voice intoned the *Veni Spiritus*. The initial strophe completed, he arose, put fresh incense in the thurible, and the great procession being already formed, moved majestically towards the Basilica, by way of the *Scala Regia*, all the clergy bearing flaming wax tapers. At the foot of the stairs, near Constantine's statue, the Holy Father entered the *Sedes Gestatoria*, and, in the midst of fan and canopy-holders, his Chapel round about him in full shape entered St. Peter's Vestibule, and proceeded at once to the great red throne, on the far side of the Holy Door.

This immense vestibule was filled with tribunes for kings and potentates, ambassadors and representatives of state, the Pope's own relatives, the Cardinals, prelates, chapters, generals and procurators of religious orders, and other dignitaries of high and low degree. It had presented an animated scene for hours before; but now with the Supreme Pontiff's presence, quite another element invaded the restricted ambient; the Vicar of Christ was there and all was hushed to silence which the Frenchman says, undoubtedly "made itself heard," so pent up were everybody's feelings.

The ten thousand within St. Peter's, unable to see what was going on outside, still in some imperceptible way felt the thrill of the Pope's presence, and they, too, were hushed and silent.

If I attempted to even mention the divisions of the dignitaries composing this great scene, I should have to fill pages; and I cannot and must not do this. I merely attempt to describe on indescribable ceremony briefly. The Pontiff is now lowered from the *Sedegestatoria*, and ascends the high, red damask throne and is seated, the Cardinals and Prelates filling the tribunes before him. The last strophe of the *Veni Creator* finished, he rises, takes the decorated candle in his left hand, and slowly advances to the Holy Door. He passes the candle to Cardinal Bisleti and taking the massive golden gemmed mallet from Grand Penitentiary Cardinal Georgi, mounts the steps to the portal. Now has arrived the solemn moment, when by opening the door to the Treasury of Indulgence he would

pour out upon all men of good will the choicest blessings of God. Raising high the glittering hammer, Pius XI. strikes the first blow upon the central (metallic) Greek cross, of the great marble door, chanting at the same time, in tones firm and confident—*Aperite mihi justitiæ: Open to me the gates of Justice: and the chanters respond—Ingressus in eas confitebor Domino, I will confess the Lord through them. Then he gave a second and harder blow, chanting—Intribo in domum tuam, Domine: I will enter into Thy house, O Lord; and the cantore sing: Adorabo ad templum sanctum tuum in timore tuo: In Thy fear will I adore Thy holy temple. Striking the third and last blow, even stronger than the others, and raising his voice still higher, he cried out: Aperite Portas quoniam nobiscum Deus: Open wide the Gates, for the Lord is with us, and the cross, shattered by the impact, falls in pieces to the ground. The choir responded—*Qui fecit virtutem in Israel, as the Pontiff and his attendants returned to the throne, whilst the Grand Ceremoniare touched a little bell to apprise the masons inside that the rite was completed. Then down came the huge piece of masonry, controlled by strong blocks and tackles which was quickly borne off on a truck, whilst the bells of the Basilica and of all the city churches announce to the world in uproarious peals that the Door of Jubilee and Condonation is open again for all!**

Returning to the throne the Supreme Pontiff relinquished his candle and mitre, and standing, chanted, in Ferial tone, the versicles following the *Veni Creator*, and the prayer, *Actiones nostras*, etc. He then sat down, and resuming mitre and candle, the Cantores initiated and sang throughout the Psalm, *Jubilate Deo*, during which the masons cleared away the debris about the door-frame, and the Penitentiaries washed its threshold with Holy Water, wiping it dry with clean linen. This accomplished, standing at the throne, without mitre, he chanted, in the same tone as before, the versicles and this prayer, symbolical of the rite performed: O God, who through Thy servant Moses, didst institute the Year of Jubilee and Remission for the Jewish people, grant us, Thy ser-

vants, this Year of Jubilee by Thy authority constituted through which Thou hast decreed that this Door should be solemnly opened for the prayers of the people passing through it; which now happily begun, may be the means of affording Indulgence and that complete remission of sins to all, so that when the hour of dissolution arrives, we may, by this gift of Thy mercy, obtain the full enjoyment of Thy glory, through Christ, Our Lord. Amen. This solemn prayer, fervently uttered, the Pontiff assumed the mitre again, and carrying the waxen candle in his left hand, advanced solemnly to the steps of the open door, where mitre and candle aside, and the staff of the processional cross firmly grasped in his right hand, he knelt on the carpet-covered door-sill, and in exultant voice sent up the *Te Deum Laudamus*, which the assemblage continued joyfully, to the end. The first strophe over, the Holy Father fervently kissed the threshold, and alone, passed over it, into the Basilica. The illustrious attendance followed the Pope's example. Then, restoring the cross to the bearer, and resuming his mitre, Pius proceeded to the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, where seated on an improvised throne, he received the Chiefs of the Sodalists of Rome, who this year are to guard the Holy Portals, and admitting them to the kissing of the foot, he admonished them in warm and fatherly accents of the responsibility and honor of their office.

This over, and when the Cardinals, Bishops, Penetentiaries and Prelates had filed into the Basilica, in one long line, he ascended the portable chair again, and was borne in grand procession, and with the flare of trumpets, to the Chapel of St. Petronilla, accompanied by the Evivas of the thousands that crowded the course and filled the numerous balconies. At the chapel he descended and adored the Blessed Sacrament there reserved, and when the strophe of the Hymn, *Te Ergo Quaesumus*, was reached, he reverently bent the knee with the rest. The Hymn finished, the candles were extinguished and the Pontiff taken in procession again to the clerated platform, or Podium, placed before the Confession of the Blessed Peter, where high upon his chair, and facing the commoved and ap-

plauding multitude, he assumed the beautiful Milinese Tiara, and the cross planted before him, sang out strongly, the *Sit nomen Domini benedictum*, and gravely imparted the triple Pontifical Benediction. The cardinal Deacons who then ascended to his side by improvised ladders, published the Plenary Indulgence in the usual form of the Church, both in the Latin and Italian languages. Amidst continuous huzzas was he then borne back to the vesting-hall, accompanied by the Cardinals and his immediate Camera, where he relinquished the sacred vestments, and resuming the mozetta and red hood, after a handshake and a genial word with the Cardinals, especially the venerable Cardinal Mercier, returned to his apartments, blessing those before him as he went. Then everybody went his way, still hushed and meditative.

This is the briefest and most exact description which can be given of the Opening of the Holy Door, by Our Most Holy Father, Pope Pius XI., gloriously reigning, who with God be thanked for the concession of inestimable graces, which for this Sacred Year of Jubilee and Condonation, will be poured out copiously, upon all men of good will. *Ea qui potest capere, capiat!*

Rt. Rev. Inq. Burke P. A.



The Soul's Springtime



Lord, when my tongue shall serve Thee well,
When all my thought is clean for Thee,
And in my heart pure Charity
To welcome Thee shall daily dwell,

I shall be changed as earth in spring—
As skies when dawn light lifts its spears,
Time shall not mar, nor fleeting years,
The fadeless Youth Thy graces bring.

Each morning in Thy glory dressed,
Each sunset, crowned with service new,
Prayer of the lips at heart made true,—
Thus are all days supremely blessed.

When should this be? Oh, Changeless Friend,
Now, now and ever, is Thy Will,
With this Thy grace my life to fill,
And Thou be with me to the end.

Catharine McPartlin.

IMPOSITION OF THE NAME OF JOSEPH

BY RT. REV. ALEXIS MARY LEPICIER.

“Joseph is a growing son, a growing son, and comely to behold.”
—Gen. xlix., 22.

IT was a custom among the Hebrews for parents to impose a name upon their new-born children on the eighth day after their birth, that is on the day on which they were circumcised. In accordance with this tradition, the child that was destined to be the Spouse of Mary and putative Father of Jesus, received the name of Joseph on the day on which he was circumcised. This also happened through a special design of Providence, for the name which this privileged child received on this occasion was signified of his future greatness.

In fact the name Joseph in Hebrew signifies “one growing”; and truly no other name was more becoming him, whose life was to be a continued ascent towards the summit of sanctity. As the holy child Joseph was destined for a dignity which comes next after that of the Mother of God, so it was meet that he should make continual progress in the acquisition of grace and in the practice of virtue. Likewise God had decreed that, in course of time, his fame and glory should be the object of ever new and more splendid manifestations, until he should be proclaimed by the Vicar of Christ the Protector of the Universal Church.

The venerable name of Joseph had first been bestowed upon Jacob’s saintly son who, from a humble shepherd boy, had been destined to become the viceroy of a large nation, passing from the dark cell of a dungeon into the superb halls of an imperial mansion. With still greater propriety was this name given to that incomparable saint who, from a simple artisan, was by the mercy of God raised to the sublime dignity of Spouse and guardian of the Queen of the world, and of tutor and defender of the Word Incarnate.

The name of Joseph is not only expressive of the singular greatness of the chaste Spouse of Mary, but also, when invoked with faith and devotion together with the holy names of Jesus and Mary, it possesses a special efficacy to incite us to good and draw us away from evil.

In very truth while this glorious name causes us to reflect on the greatness of him who bore it, it incites us at the same time to the imitation of his virtues, especially of that wonderful chastity, humility and fervour of devotion which distinguished him. Likewise if this name be invoked with reverence, it becomes a powerful weapon of defence against the temptations of the evil one, who many times has been forced to flee on the simple perception of this name.

Wherefore many good Christians are wont to add to the invocation of the sweet names of Jesus and Mary that of the glorious St. Joseph. They make it a point to call upon these holy names with faith and devotion, at least as often as they hear the clock strike or when awaking at night. But it is particularly at the hour of death that we should strive to invoke frequently these three holy names, that we may at that dreadful moment obtain the assistance of Jesus, Mary and Joseph. Happy indeed is he who in life has acquired this laudable habit; but thrice happy is he who breathes forth his soul, uttering, if not with his lips, at least in his heart, the tender and soothing names of these three holy persons.

As the name Joseph is expressive of the singular greatness of the foster Father of Jesus, so also it conveys to our minds the fact that his special prerogative is that of being the Patriarch of the New Law. A Patriarch is one who is the father of a son or of more sons, from whom a large and illustrious progeny proceeds. Now we may say in truth that St. Joseph deserves to be called a Patriarch in the full sense of the term, having had as his putative son Jesus, who is the Father of all the redeemed.

The ancient Fathers are called Patriarchs, but only imperfectly and as it were in figures in as much as of them and their descendants Jesus Christ, the Father of all the faithful.

was to be born in the course of time. But as the Old Testament is but a shadow of the New, and as the reality surpasses the figure, so St. Joseph, who was foreshadowed by those ancient Patriarchs of old, is called Patriarch by excellence, because from his holy Spouse was born the promised Messiah, to whom the Father gave a progeny as vast as is the company of the elect. Wherefore this glorious Saint is saluted by the faithful not simply as a Patriarch, but as a glorious Patriarch.

To him also may be applied the prophetic vision of the ancient Joseph when he saw the sun, the moon and the stars bow down to him in adoration.* Indeed he was revered in this life by Jesus, the King of Glory, and by Mary, His Holy Mother; and now he received in Heaven the respectful homage of all the Angels and Saints.

The Venerable Father Eymard.

The venerable Father Peter Julian Eymard, founder of the Congregation of the Most Holy Sacrament, nourished a particular devotion to St. Joseph, whom he considered as the first worshipper, with Mary, of our Lord Jesus Christ. He was glad to have an occasion of speaking of this great Saint and in his sermons he would often extol his virtues and privileges.

He also consecrated himself to him during the spiritual exercises which he made at Rome in 1865. "Our Lord," he wrote, "has given me to-day a singular grace. He has inspired me to dedicate myself in an especial manner to St. Joseph, as to my father, leader and protector. He will be the spiritual director of my interior life, in order that I may lead that same life with him, hidden with Jesus and Mary and with his own self. I will imitate him especially in his silence regarding himself." . . .

"I dedicated myself to St. Joseph as to my leader and master in all my duties as superior, so that I may fulfil these duties as I should, being meek and humble of heart, as he

* Gen., xxxvii., 9.

himself was, endeavouring to be meek of heart with my brethren, humble with myself, and simple before God. I have chosen this good Saint to be my counsellor and bosom friend. I have taken him for my protector in troubles and difficulties, and for the protector of my Congregation, as being the little family of Jesus. I have not asked him to free me from my crosses and trials, but only from that self-love which spoils them and turns them into arguments of vanity."

"I have prayed to Our Lord," adds the same venerable Father, "that He might give me St. Joseph for a Father, as He had given me Mary for a Mother; that he might put in my heart that devotion, that confidence, that filial love of a client, of a devotee of St. Joseph. I trust the good Master has heard my prayers, for I now feel greater devotion to this great Saint, and I am full of confidence and hope."

Indeed this Servant of God always confided in the protection of St. Joseph. In all his trials, in his sorrows, in his anxiety as to the future prosperity of his Congregation, the venerable father Peter Julian Eymard never ceased to have recourse to the glorious Patriarch, bearing in his heart the assurance of always being heard by him.



Under the Olives

Following are a group of poems written in St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto, during a protracted illness, by P. J. Coleman:

Under the little gray olive leaves
 My Lord lay prone;
 And the olive tree in the darkness grieves,
 And the leaves make moan.

Never such dew before was seen
 'Neath the olive boughs;
 Red blood ran on the grasses green
 From my Lord Christ's brows.

Ruby-red from the Heart of Love
 It dripped and fell;
 And the little leaves sigh on the boughs above,
 Inconsolable.

Crimson waters to wash us clean
 In the Lord God's sight!
 And the little gray leaves and the grasses green
 Grieve in the night.

The Crucifix.

Here Patience counts the throbbing pulse of pain
 And Suffering marks the weary hours go by,
 While 'neath the olives where the winds complain
 I share in thought my Lord's Gethsemane.

Dusk rounds to day, the laggard day to dark,
 The dark to dawn, while to the far-off chime
 Awake, down night's dim corridors I mark
 The ghostly footsteps of retreating time.

But from the wall the Crucifix looks down
 And in its uncomplaining Christ I find
 Of pain the solace, recompense and crown,
 And quaff its chalic'd myrrh and gall resigned.

The Nun.

Pain yieldeth to her gentle hand
And hope illumes the sufferer's face
When by his side she takes her stand
With smiling eyes and touch of grace.

I watch her glide from bed to bed
And think of Him, the tender Lord,
To Naim's sad mother from the dead
Her stricken darling Who restored.

I think of Christ of Nazareth
Who went His round of gracious days;
With love who vanquished sin and death
And walked in mercy's gentle ways;

Who healed the blind, the halt, the lame,
The leper cleansed, the sick made whole;
The weeping sinner from her shame
Who raised and made her white of soul.

O little nun in wimple white!
When death shall dim my closing eyes
Be near with your sweet smile to light
My trembling soul to Paradise!

Nocturne.

In at my window shines the harvest moon,
A pale gold moon that glorifies the night.
The phantom city lies as in a swoon
In dim ethereal beauty 'neath its light.

With luminous touch of soft caressing beams
It shines upon a thousand thousand homes.
To one low roof, to one dear house of dreams
On wings of love my longing spirit roams.

Midnight.

Counting the minutes as they go,
I mark the city's mellow chime
With deep sonorous stroke and slow
Beat out the ponderous pulse of time.

The slumbering city holds its breath
And peace and calm upon it brood,
Within are silence as of death
And hearts that beat in fretful mood.

Was it a vagrant fancy's whim,
A waking dream, a vision wild,
That thro' the door in moonlight dim
A Mother entered with her Child?

The Blessed Mother of our Lord,
Her little Boy by hand she led,
And glimmered thro' the sleeping ward
And softly passed from bed to bed.

A hooded shape, a drifting shade,
Beside each pillowed brow she stood
And bent above and thereon laid
Her palm and soothed its fevered blood.

Was it a fantasy of thought?
A dream or figment of the brain?
Ah! wondrous things by prayer are wrought,
For never was there prayer in vain.

And who shall say that mantled Wraith,
That vision of the Boy Divine,
Rewarded not some simple faith,
Some trust more pleading far than mine?

'Tis sweet to think from her high home,
Compassionating human grief,
Our Lady in the night doth roam
And brings to breaking hearts relief.

Patience and Pain.

Whether we wake or sleep
 There be bright angels twain
O'er us their watch who keep—
 Mild Patience, grave-eyed Pain.

Beside us from our birth,
 With unrelaxing care
Our pilgrimage on earth
 From day to day they share.

Pain with her bitter cup
 From whose sharp taste we shrink;
Patience that bids us sup
 And to the dark dregs drink.

Patience with gentle art
 Who makes us strong and wise;
And Pain, the shuddering heart
 From self who purifies.

The Nurse.

Grave, tender, sympathetic, sweet,
 With heart from pain that never swerves,
 In her the Gospel sisters meet
 And Mary loves and Martha serves.

A halo lights her braided locks
 As, to the call of duty fleet,
 She breaks her alabaster box
 Of love on Suffering's holy feet.

Soft wings of angels round her beat
 As, in the poor of earth abhorr'd,
 She draws the sacred winding-sheet
 About the body of her Lord.

Mother and Child.

A mother watching o'er her child
 In grief that gives no outward sign!
 Here Heaven with earth is reconciled
 And human love becomes divine.

O miracle of woman's love!
 O mystery of woman's heart!
 Hath any plumbed the deeps thereof?
 Nay, 'tis of God's own self a part.

Bid Death, Thine angel, sheathe his sword
 Nor part these twain! But closer bind
 Fond life to life, O clement Lord,
 In love compassionate and kind!

She folds her babe in soft caress
 With joy surcharged of grief and pain.
 In His deep heart of tenderness
 Christ in His mercy folds the twain.

Flowers.

Roses white and roses red,
How they cheer my lonely gloom!
On my solitude they shed
Friendship's delicate perfume.

Blossoms lavender and white,
In their loveliness they bring
Hints of summer meadows bright,
Fragrance of the fields of Spring.

With the forest's freshness fraught,
With the breath of grove and glade,
Every leaf a lovely thought
Of the gracious God Who made.

Of remembrance redolent,
Odorous with balm of love,
Father! on the hearts that sent
Shower Thy blessings from above!

Gift of little children dear,
Souls unstained by earthly dust,
Father! keep them close and near
To Thy heart in tender trust!

Fresh and fragrant as their flowers
Be their lives, kind Heaven, grant!
Till to Thy supernal bowers
Thou shalt them one day transplant!

Benediction

In temple court and gay bazaar,
By rippling lake and reedy shore,
His people flocked from near and far
To hear the Master's words of yore.

They brought the blind, the sick, the lame
Where they with Him might intercede
And call upon His Holy Name
For grace and comfort in their need.

Nor any sought His aid in vain,
But with compassion for their woes
He looked on them and, free from pain,
The leper walked, the lame arose.

No more in Sion's holy place
He works His miracles divine;
A little chapel's meagre space
His sanctuary is and shrine.

No more by Galilee's blue wave
He walks as in the days of old;
But in the Mystic Bread He gave
The same sweet Christ our eyes behold.

The same benign and gentle Christ
Who taught by blue Genesareth,
On Calvary was sacrificed
And rose triumphant over death.

Upon His eucharistic throne,
'Neath veils His Godhead that obscure,
He comes again to bless His own,
The clean of heart, the meek and pure.

The children of affliction, we—
 In flesh and spirit wounded sore—
 Lift supplicating hands to Thee,
 O Christ, Thy mercy to implore!

The world is dark with sin and woe,
 With carking sorrow, poignant grief.
 O speed Thy Kingdom here below
 And to Thy children grant relief!

We lift our suppliant cry to Thee
 From lips in speechless anguish dumb.
 O, heed our pray'r and hear our plea!
Da robur, fer auxilium!

A ROSE FROM THE LITTLE FLOWER.

With God she hath her dwelling place
 And droppeth thence upon the world
 Sweet flow'rs of mercy and of grace
 With dews of Paradise empearled.

Amid the Virgin choir she stands
 With Christ for us to intercede,
 And scatters from her pitying hands
 Blossoms of love for whoso need.

"I will let fall a heavenly shower
 On earth of roses white and red,"
 She vowed in death. "O Little Flower!
 Let fall one rose on me!" I said.

"Let fall on me one blossom white,
 One petal pure, one heavenly leaf
 Culled in God's gardens of delight.
 To heal my hurt and give relief!"

The next day came a little maid;
 She brought a rose of crimson red,
 And on my pillow shyly laid
 And smiled and "All for you!" she said.

A winsome maid, a little child,
 A flawless flower as angel fair,
 Beside my bed she stood and smiled
 And brought the answer to my pray'r.

"A man—he gave it—on the street"—
 Her candid eyes were clear as dew,
 Her lips were as her rose as sweet,—
 And "Take it!"—pleading—" 'Tis for you!"

Let those who have no thought o'er earth
 Nor faith in unseen Powers Divine,
 Deride and doubt; at its true worth
 I take from God the proffered sign.

From innocence thro' innocence
 The answer to my pray'r was given.
 Faith draws serene assurance thence
 And lifts my heart in hope to **Heaven**.

Sweet Amaranth of Carmel's bower!
 White Rose of spotless Innocence!
 Lily of Lisieux! Heavenly Flower!
 Thy fragrance to our souls dispense!

O little Almoner of Grace,
 Me at the throne of Christ befriend!
 With thee mine earthly needs I place,
 And to thy care my Soul commend.

A GREAT ARTIST—TENNYSON

BY REV. M. J. RYAN, D.D., PH.D.

TENNYSON was a true poet and a great artist. He used to say that a poet is born and also made. Aubrey de Vere says that "the importance of poetic form was perhaps more appreciated by Tennyson than by any other writer since the days of Greek poetry." This is no doubt an exaggeration, since we must not overlook Virgil and Catullus and Tasso; but it is an exaggeration which could not be uttered at all if the subject were not really distinguished for his artistic care about form. To illustrate his solicitude for perfection De Vere tells that "one night after Tennyson had been reading aloud several of his poems, all of them short, he passed one of them to me and said, 'what is the matter with that poem?' I read it and answered, 'I see nothing to complain of.' He laid his fingers on two stanzas, the third and fifth, and said, 'Read it again.' After I had done so, I said: 'It now has more of consistency and totality about it; but the two stanzas you cover are among its best.' 'No matter,' he rejoined, 'they make the poem too long-backed, and they must go, at any sacrifice.'

'Every short poem,' he remarked, 'should have a definite shape like the curve assumed by a severed tress or the rind of an apple when flung on the floor.'

'I remember an incident connected with 'The Gardener's Daughter.' The poet had corrected it as carefully as he had originally composed it in his head, where he was in the habit of keeping more than one poem at a time, before he wrote down any of them. I found him one day in James Spedding's rooms. He showed me the MS. and said, 'The corrections jostled each other, and the poem seemed out of gear. Spedding has just now remarked that it wants nothing but that this passage, forty lines, should be omitted. He is right.' It was omitted.'

In a letter written in 1834 to Spedding, Tennyson mentions Alcaeus and Simonides as his models. For he now recognized that the fault of his early poems had been a tendency to overcrowd his composition with imagery and to dwell on sensible luxuries—splendors, harmonies, perfumes, and banquets—a tendency from which the French critic, Taine, imagined that the poet's youth had been spent in costly comforts. The artist is known by his self-limitation. was a favorite saying of his, as his son relates. He was fond of quoting Hesiod's apophthegm, that the half is more than the whole.

Difference From Other Poets.

His son states that "he would often rally Browning playfully on the length and obscurity of his poems and on his harshness of rhythm. The reply from Browning would be that he could not alter himself; that the public must take him as they found him. My father would repeat his usual dictum about literary work: 'An artist should get his workmanship as good as he can, and make his work as perfect as possible. A small vessel built on fine lines is likely to float further down the stream of time than a big raft.'" He described Browning as "a true genius without art."

It would have been well if Browning could have taken his advice. For assuredly the pure gold in Browning is often hidden by the mass of crude ore or dross with which it is mixed. For example, how much more effective would that grand poem be—"Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came"—if it were shortened by one third. Some indeed of Tennyson's later poems were thought to be too much works of art, polished until the life and force were gone from them. But his art became such second nature that some of his most perfect things, and living too, came from him almost in a flash. "Crossing The Bar" was written in less than ten minutes. He said, "Perfection in art is perhaps more sudden sometimes than we think. But then the long preparation for it, that unseen germination, that is what we ignore and forget."

De Vere says: "The only poet I ever heard him criticize

roughly or unfairly was himself. 'Compare the heavy handling of my workmanship,' he once said to me, 'with the exquisite lightness of touch in Keats.' He used to say about Milton,

'. This is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather; but
The art itself is nature.'

Contrasting Byron's rhetorical diffuseness with the simplicity and terseness of Greek poetry, he would say that, in the long passage (thirty-two or thirty-three lines) beginning,

'He who has bent him o'er the dead,'

the idea was too beaten out: "A Greek poet would have conveyed it by a single stroke; he would have said, 'The face of the land is as the smile of the dead.'" Much as he admired Wordsworth, he felt that this poet sometimes is "thick-ankled." He said early in his life: "First the workman becomes known for his work; afterwards the work for the workman; but it is only the concise and perfect work that will last." Speaking of editions of the old poets, such as Spenser, he said, "I delight rather in the consummate flower of a writer than in the whole of him, root and all, bad and good together."

"I felt certain of one point then," he said, talking of one of his own poems composed between 1830 and 1842; "if I could make any mark at all it must be by shortness (and conciseness); for the men before me had been so diffuse, and most of the big things except King Arthur had been done." "The two poems, 'You Ask Why, Though Ill at Ease,' and 'Of Old Sat Freedom on the Heights,' are of an extraordinary strength and majesty," says De Vere. "Their massive grandeur results mainly from their brevity and the austere simplicity of their diction, which belongs to what has sometimes been called the lapidary style. Each might indeed have been carved upon the entablature of a temple; and I remember hearing an aged statesman exclaim that they reminded him of what he had

felt when, driving across the lonely plain of Paestum, he found himself confronted by its two temples. Their power consists largely in that perfection of poetic form with which each of them is invested. In this respect they may be profitably contrasted with a third poem, 'Love Thou Thy Land.' That poem in thought and imagination is equal to the former two; yet it bears no comparison with them as regards weight and effectiveness, because the same perfection of form was forbidden to it by the extent and complexity of its theme."

Not a Mere Artist.

De Vere affirms that "Tennyson was a true artist because he was not an artist only. He understood the relations in which Art stands to Nature and fact." De Vere suggested to him that as the "In Memoriam" had a part of sorrow and a part of consolation and peace, he should add a third part of triumph and joy—A Paradise. He answered, "I have written what I have felt and known; and I never will write anything else." (Might we not say that the Introduction to it is its third part, and read it at the end). "In the 'In Memoriam,'" says De Vere, "Poetic Art finds its aptest opportunities, for each of the pieces, while it constitutes part of a great whole, is itself so brief that it admits of the highest, most palpable perfection of shape."

It is very remarkable that De Vere recognized Tennyson's genius from the very first. For generally, as Coventry Patmore says, "poets are the slowest judges of other people's poetry. I found numbers of commonplace understandings admiring Tennyson sincerely when I could see little in him, because he was not aiming at the same kind of perfection as I had in view myself." De Vere was both a true poet and a true critic. Sarah Coleridge, who knew him intimately, used to say that he had a poet's nature more entirely than any of the great poets whom she knew, even than her own father. I understand this to mean, not that he ever soared above the heights of ecstasy and magical power which Coleridge sometimes attains, but that De Vere's thoughts and feelings were more

habitually poetical. Wilfred Ward says that "the friend whose saintliness most completely had Tennyson's sympathy was De Vere. Aubrey's simplicity and deep piety were as remarkable as his keen perception and close knowledge on the subject which most interested Tennyson. I wish I had seen more of the intercourse of two men whose friendship was almost life long and showed Tennyson in conversation at his very best." Tennyson's affection for De Vere was not lessened by the latter's conversion to the true Church.

Among Moore's poems Tennyson's favorite was "The Light of Other Days." (Oft in the stilly night). And Moore was a great admirer of Tennyson. In his last days a friend wrote: "This darling old poet is only just alive. X. goes over frequently to see him and read him your poems, which he delights in and cries over."

Indeed I seem myself to find a certain affinity of spirit between Tennyson's youthful poetry and Moore's, though I have not space here to try to define it more accurately.

A Religious Wife.

Tennyson in his childhood had been in contact with an unlovely religion, and in his youth at Cambridge he was entangled in the latitudinarian, anti-dogmatic * school of thought. And it was fortunate for him that he found a wife who was pious. During their honeymoon, at a house in the Lake Country, lent to them by a wealthy friend. De Vere and another friend called upon them one evening. They chatted for about an hour with Tennyson after his wife had retired. And he, after puffing at his pipe for some minutes, spoke like one thinking aloud, "I have known many women who were excellent, one in one way, one in another, but this woman is the noblest woman I have ever known." No friend who had then heard him, says De Vere, could have felt any further anxiety about his domestic happiness. De Vere writes to a friend soon after: "You will be glad to hear

* See Appendix to Newman's Apologia, Note A.

that the poet's wife is a very interesting woman, kindly, affectionate, and above all, deeply and simply religious. Her great and constant desire is to make her husband more religious, to conduce to his growth in spiritual life. In this she will doubtless succeed, for piety like hers is infectious, especially where there is an atmosphere of affection. Indeed I already observe a great improvement in Alfred. His nature is religious, and he is remarkably free from vanity and sciolism . . . He has an unbounded respect for his wife as well as a strong affection, which has been growing stronger since his marriage. That marriage was equally creditable to his judgment and his heart, and I doubt not it will be attended by a blessing." A few years later, after De Vere had become a Catholic, he writes to the same friend: "Certainly Tennyson has been greatly blessed in his marriage; and he deserved it, for he seems to have been guided by the highest motives . . . She is a woman full of soul as well as mind; and in all her affections, it seems to me that it is in the soul and for the soul that she loves those dear to her. I have no doubt she would make any imaginable sacrifice of her happiness to promote the real and interior good of her husband. I regard her as one of the 'few noble' whom it has been my lot to meet in life; and with a nature so generous and with so religious a use of the high qualities which God has given her, I cannot but hope that the happiness accorded to her after so many years of trial may be more and more blessed to her as the days go by."

Towards the close of his life, the then Duke of Argyle was visiting Tennyson at Aldworth. "Your mother," writes the Duke to the biographer son, "had been at dinner and had bidden us good night as usual. When your father took me up, about an hour later, to his smoking-room, we were surprised to find your mother there, lying on the sofa. Your father said, 'My dear, you ought to have gone to bed long ago.' Her kind reply was, 'Oh, I wished to say good-bye to the Duke again, as he leaves in the morning.' At that moment you entered and carried your mother off. Your father, somewhat moved as I thought, occupied himself with putting fresh

coals on the fire. Then turning to me he said, without mentioning her name, 'It is a tender, spiritual face, is it not?'

Coventry Patmore, who saw them soon after their marriage, writes: "The more I talk with Tennyson the more I discover I was right in thinking that he has given a defective notion of his faith in the 'In Memoriam.' He is far above all the pantheistic humbug about 'a religious faculty' that taints so many half-geniuses in this day; and I am sure he would be horrified if he knew that any such men had been led by 'In Memoriam' to count him as a fellow-heathen."

"In 'The Palace of Art,'" remarks De Vere, "the root of the evil is found by the poet, not in the Sense but in Pride, a greater crime, the sole expiation of which is Humility:

'Make me a cottage in the vale, she said,
Where I may mourn and pray.'

Nor was it only preaching in poetry. When his boy at school was in danger of death from pneumonia, the headmaster, Bradley, recorded that "at the crisis he said humbly, 'I have made up my mind to lose him; God will take him good and pure, straight from his mother's lessons; surely it would be better for him than to grow up such a one as I am.'"

And he was not self-indulgent. "However many easy-chairs there might be in a room, he always chose the hardest with the most upright back." When he was ill in his old age, "the doctors who attended him were surprised at the simplicity of his bedroom."

In the Metaphysical Society some of the members who called themselves Agnostics were annoyed at the profound respect which Tennyson showed to Cardinal Manning and they spoke to him about it. "I did it," replied he, "because Manning is the distinguished head of a great church." Some people, who inherited prejudices from the lying "reformers," said that Catholics were untruthful. "That is not my experience," said Tennyson; "the most truthful man I have ever known is an Ultramontane." He was indignant at the expulsion of the

Religious Orders from France, called Paul Bert roundly 'a beast,' and angrily asked, 'what is left for poor people if you take away their religion?' He would repeat in his rich voice, chant-like, the hymns of the Breviary; his delicate ear particularly revelling in the sonorous roll of the 'Ave Regina Coelorum.' "

Race and religion did not prevent him from thinking Manzoni's "Cinque Maggio," the poem on the death of Napoleon, the finest poem of the century, or from deriving the inspiration of his Ulysses, from Dante, not from Homer.

Tennyson was not only a poet, but also a man. Thus Coventry Patmore wrote after knowing him for four years: "In the society of the nearly tip-top men like Thackeray and Carlyle I feel an inferiority only of the means of expressing myself. . . . But in Tennyson I perceive a nature higher and wider than my own, at the foot of which I can sit happily and with love. It is a great good to me to find that I have my superior, which I never have found in the company of any one else." In later years, when there had been a misunderstanding and an estrangement between them, Patmore said: "I never heard him make a remark of his own which was worth repeating; yet I always left him with a mind and a heart enlarged."

Aristotle observes that men of genius are subject to melancholy; Tennyson certainly had his moods of low spirits. Yet he seems to have been easily manageable. In Ireland Aubrey de Vere gives some entertaining reminiscences: "In the year 1848 Tennyson felt a craving to make a lonely sojourn at Bude (on the West Coast of Cornwall) where he had heard that there are larger waves than at any other part of the British coast. I persuaded him to come also to Ireland, where there are waves far higher, and cliffs that often rise to 800 feet, and in one spot to 2,000. He passed five weeks with us at Curragh Chase before we sent him on to Valentia—delightful weeks to us. . . . One night we turned his poem, 'The Day-Dream,' into a charade, the poet himself taking the part of the Prince. Another night there was a dance which he de-

nounced as a stupid thing, while a brilliant and amusing person, Lady G., who was accustomed to speak her mind to all alike, scolded him sharply: 'How would the world get on if others as well as you went about it growling at its amusements in a voice as deep as a lion's? I request that you will go upstairs, put on an evening coat, and ask my daughter Sophia to dance.' He did so, and was the gayest of the gay for several hours, turning out, moreover, to be an excellent dancer. He was liked all the better for saying always what came into his head . . . We sent him to our cousin, Maurice Fitzgerald, Knight of Kerry, who lived at Valencia, where the waves and cliffs are seen at their best. On his way I led him to the summit of Knock Patrick, the farthest spot in the South West to which Ireland's Apostle advanced, where he gave his benediction to the land . . . Tennyson soon wrote that he enjoyed Valencia . . . Afterwards he visited Killarney . . . The echoes of the bugle on that loveliest of lakes inspired the song introduced into the second edition of 'The Princess':

'The splendor falls on castle walls.'

. . . It is marvellous that so many of the chief characteristics of Killarney should have found a place in a poem so short.'

The musical setting of this lyric, by Sir Herbert Oakely, also was composed at Killarney.

This visit to Killarney was not Tennyson's first. He had paid a flying visit there in 1842, and wrote to De Vere, "I have been obliged to give Dingle up, from want of time, though I much wished to see it, and I am afraid I must forego Glengariff likewise. I have been to your Ballybunion caves but could not get into the finest on account of the weather." "My father," writes his son, "then made within one of the caves the following lines which occur in 'Merlin and Vivien'—

'So dark a forethought rolled about his brain
As on a dull day in an ocean cave
The blind wave feeling round his long sea-hall
In silence.' "

Tennyson wrote in 1882 to Dr. Dawson of Montreal, who had published a study of "The Princess": "There was a time in my life when—as an artist takes rough sketches of landscape in order to work them eventually into some great picture—so I was in the habit of chronicling in four or five words or more whatever might strike me as picturesque in nature. I never put these down, and many and many a line has gone away on the north wind, but some remain, e.g.,

‘A wild wind shook—
Follow, follow, thou shalt win.’

I was walking in the New Forest. A wind did arise and

‘Shake the songs, the whispers, and the shrieks
Of the wild wood together.’

The wind, I believe, was a west wind, but because I wished the Prince to go South, I turned the wind to the South, and naturally the wind said ‘follow.’ ”

The painter Horsley said that Tennyson is the painters’ poet.

Tennyson’s politics might be described generally as “Liberal.” Though he was opposed to Irish Home Rule, yet he was a just and humane man. Once he sent to Gladstone in 1868 a volume by an Irishman entitled “Lays of a Convict”: “My Dear Mr. Gladstone, the enclosed has been sent to me, possibly to you also; if not, read it now; it seems to me a terrible cry. I don’t assume the accuracy of it, but I wish you, who enlightened us formerly on the Neapolitan prisons, to consider whether here, too, there be not a grievous wrong to be righted.”

He as well as his wife was always very kind to the poor and to servants. His son says: “The severest punishment he ever gave me, though that was slight, was for some want of respect to one of our servants.” He used to tell with great glee anecdotes of remarks made by his servants. A lady came on a visit to them, and brought her maid with her. Before they de-

parted, the maid asked a housemaid (a new one) of the Tennysons, "what do you think of Mrs. Tennyson?" "Oh, she's an angel." "And what do you think of your master?" "Oh (with an air of supreme contempt) he's only a public writer." He was not worth forming an opinion about.

Tennyson was very sensitive and took no pains to hide it. "I know it would be more dignified if I encased myself in a crust like Goethe; but that is not my nature."

Mode of Composition.

"My father's poems," writes his son, "were generally based on some single phrase like 'Some one had blundered' (a sentence in the Times) and were rolled about, so to speak, in his head before he wrote them down, and hence they did not easily slip from his memory." The first lines composed of *Guinevere* were the 375-377th.

"Maud," says Aubrey de Vere, who was with him when he was composing it, "was written, as it were, backwards. He had accidentally lighted upon a poem of his own which begins 'O that it were possible after long years of pain'; it was suggested to him by Sir John Simeon that, to render the poem intelligible a preceding one was necessary; and this second poem when he wrote it also required a predecessor, and so the whole was written." This poem has a misleading title and was misunderstood by the writers in the newspapers during the reaction after the Crimean War. It is a work of great ability and power. But of course a dramatic monologue of such length by a diseased mind cannot be always interesting. Tennyson understood very well the truth that, as William Watson says—

"Song is not Truth, not Wisdom, but the rose
Upon Truth's lips, the light in Wisdom's eyes."

And his best work is, as Patmore says, "a miracle of grace and finish." Patmore was himself a true poet. But most of his early poems are degraded by an unworthy metre; his versi-

fication was perversely based upon false theories; and it would have been well for him and for us if he had yielded at once to Tennyson's good-natured, playful attempt to set him right. But Tennyson, of course, is not faultless; and sometimes his critics have taken his faults for merits. He was a close student of nature, and sometimes he is too bent on showing us how much he knew about birds and trees. Thus in Gareth and Lynette, the noble damsel shows the knight a cavern where a supper has been left for him—

“Nigh upon that hour
When the lone hern forgets his melancholy,
Lets down his other leg, and stretching, dreams
Of goodly supper in the distant pool.”

Now, this neither informs us nor illustrates, nor adorns. It would be suitable in the mouth of a game-keeper, but not of a poet. And the vast majority of the human race neither know nor care when the bird lets down his other leg. If the passage excites any feeling at all, it is laughter. So, too, a maiden's auburn hair is

“In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell
Divides three-fold to show the fruit within.”

The word “three-fold” makes this description too scientifically accurate for poetic feeling. Such faults need not be noticed if eminent critics had not represented them as beauties. But now let us see how beautifully he can describe even objects that are not beautiful. Here is a poem about a wet day at a village on the coast of Lincolnshire to which his parents used to take their children every summer:

“Here often when a child I lay reclined,
I took delight in this fair strand and free;
Here stood the infant Ilion of the mind,
And here the Grecian ships all seemed to be.
And here again I come, and only find

The drain-cut level of the marshy lea—
 Gray sand-banks and pale sunsets, dreary wind,
 Dense rain, dim shores, and heavy-clouded sea.”

What gives the beauty to this word-picture of an unbeautiful place? The feeling of the poet and the form of the expression. It is worthy of notice that in the first copy the second line ran, “I took delight in this locality,” which is defective both in diction and in melody.

Simplicity and Directness.

He said that “Simple poems with simple thoughts and in simple language are the most difficult to write. I might say that in blank verse the easiest things are the hardest to be done.” He disliked inversion in a sentence very heartily. Speaking of Gray’s line,

“And all the air a solemn stillness holds,”

he observed how seldom Grey seemed satisfied with this inversion of the accusative and the nominative (which is a Latin construction) and how he himself as a rule endeavored to avoid it. He said of a line in the “Paradise Lost” (XI. 491), “I hate inversions, but this line (after the many mighty lines about the many ways that lead to Death’s grim cave’) is strong in its inversion—

“And over them triumphant Death his dart
 Shook.”

Many attempts were made in his time to compose English Hexameters for use in the translation of Homer and Virgil. He considered the quantitative hexameter in English only fit for comic purposes; he did not like accentual hexameters much better; and he always used the blank verse of five feet for Homer and Virgil. Indeed Arnold spent a good deal of time discussing the metre for the translation of Homer; yet the critics now agree that his own “Sohrab and Rustum” gives us the best likeness of Homer’s manner. Tennyson had a still stronger aversion for German hexameters than for English.

Blank Verse.

Tennyson said that the song "O Swallow, Swallow," was first composed in rhyme; and he maintained that the use of rhyme would have made the composition of "The Princess" much easier, for though this poem contained some of his finest verse, it was very difficult in blank verse to give descriptions and at the same time maintain poetic elevation. Most poets or versifiers would say that rhyme gives more trouble than blank verse. Yet it is certain that in our language good blank verse is rarer than good rhymed verse. For Tennyson's blank verse it must be said that, although we are now so habituated to the luxury of rhyme, yet his long poems in blank are not tedious. *Enoch Arden* contains many fine passages, but as a whole is remarkable for cheap sentiment, weakness and meanness and disbelief in the Sacramental character of Matrimony deluding itself with the pretence of heroic unselfishness. The poem has always been a favourite of the uneducated and the half-educated and the mis-educated. The public, he used to say, think that blank verse is the easiest thing in the world to write, as if it were mere prose cut up into five-foot lines; whereas it is one of the most difficult."

Yet "Tears, idle tears," flows so musically that most readers do not notice that it, like Collins' *Ode to Evening*, is without rhyme. "In a blank verse you can have from three up to eight beats; but if you vary the beats unusually, your ordinary newspaper critic sets up a howl. The varying of the beats, the construction of the feet, of the emphasis, of the extra-metrical syllables, and of the pauses, helps to make the greatness of blank verse. There are many other things besides; for instance a fine ear for vowel-sounds, and the kicking of the geese out of the boat (i.e. the exclusion of hissing sounds) but few educated men really understand the structure of blank verse. I never, if I can help it, put two 'ss' together in any verse of mine. My line is often misprinted and misquoted,

'And Freedom broadens slowly down';

but it is 'slowly broadens.'

"Trench was the only critic who noticed in my first volume 'what a singular absence of the 's.'"

In the "In Memoriam," paragraph XL., stanza 5, the line "In those great offices that suit" was originally "In such great offices as suit." He said, "I hate that; I now would almost rather sacrifice a meaning than let two S's come together." He remarked that Gray's line is often misprinted as

"The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea."

"People confound accent and quantity and spoil English verses by scanning when they are reading." He complained that the critics thought that the first syllable of sunny* was "long" in English because the consonant is doubled; but in English this makes the preceding vowel short. The truth is that we should not talk of "Longs" and "Shorts" in English verse; for as a rule English verse is measured by accent or stress, not by "Long" and "Short," which are terms signifying quantity. Compare, for example, the two words "Below" and "Bellow." In "Below" the first syllable has a long vowel without accent or stress, which is on the second. In "Bellow" the accent is on the first syllable, but the vowel is short precisely because this consonant is doubled. But in Latin or in Italian, this doubling of the consonant would make the first syllable of "Bello" long because the two consonants would be pronounced with a distinction between them. Hence we should not properly speak of Longs and Shorts in English verse; and if we speak of Iambic and Trochaic verse, we should understand and make others understand that such terms are applied to English verse only by an analogy. Tennyson said of "Locksley Hall": "Mr. Hallam said to me that the English people like verse in Trochaics; so I wrote the poem in that metre." As the tendency in English pronunciation is to bring

* In a quantitative line made by Tennyson, "Dream not of where some sunny rose may linger"; in a translation of Horace's, "Persicos odi, puer"; into "Sapphics," by Hallam Tennyson.

the accent towards the first of the word, one might suppose "Trochaic" verse to be the natural and vernacular English measure; and so it would too, perhaps, if it were not overpowered by the spirit of imitation of classical and of foreign models.

Alliteration.

The poet observed to his son: "People say, how studiously alliterative Tennyson's verse is. Why, when I spout my lines first, they come out so alliterative that I have sometimes no end of trouble to get rid of the alliteration." It was this instinctive tendency, acting without his consciousness of it, that caused him to write "Two-and-thirty years ago" for one-and-thirty, in "The Valley of Caunteretz." Mr. Montagu Butler, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, relates that Tennyson was once reading this with some other poems to please his guests, for he was a fine reader of poetry. "He had read the third and fourth lines in his most sonorous tones:

'All along the valley, where thy waters flow,
I walked with one I loved two and thirty years ago.'

And then suddenly, in a changed voice, he said gruffly: 'A brute of a (reviewer) has discovered that it was thirty-one years and not thirty-two. Two and thirty is better than one-and-thirty, isn't it? But perhaps I ought to alter it..'' The poet's son relates that he would have altered it from a scrupulous regard for accuracy, but he was persuaded to leave it alone, as two-and-thirty is more melodious and the public were now used to it. Speaking of a song in "The Foresters"—

"Long Live Richard,
Robin and Richard!"

he said, "Robin and Richard—did you notice that I would not say 'Richard and Robin?' It would not sound so well."

When he was first writing the "Idylls of the King" he thought that the "E" in "Enid" was pronounced long like double E and wrote "Wedded Enid"; when he found that E

was pronounced short, as if the name were spelled "Ennid," he altered this to "Married Enid."

From the Ridiculous to the Sublime.

"Tennyson's truly great simplicity led him to accept criticism which he felt to be honest and just," says Wilfrid Ward. "I recall his reading to me and another friend 'Vastness' before its publication. The stately couplets were given with grand effect until he read this one—

'Love for the maiden crowned with marriage
No regret for aught that has been,
Debtless competence, comely children,
Happy household sober and clean.'

We smiled very visibly at the last words. He looked up: 'Why are you laughing?' 'If we laughed,' I said, 'perhaps others might laugh.' 'True,' he said, and closed his book. Next day he called us and read:

'Love for the maiden crowned with marriage,
No regrets for aught that has been,
Household happiness, gracious children,
Debtless competence, golden mean.' "

Some ignorant shallow critics objected against Tennyson that some of his thoughts and sentiments seemed to be taken from older poets. The objection is hardly worth answering, for it might be made against all modern and most ancient poets. A Chinese scholar discovered the two lines,

"The Peak is high, and the stars are high
And the thought of a man is higher,"

almost word for word in a Chinese poem never translated. But in truth it is only a very foolish reader who feels anything but positive pleasure and admiration when he finds the same thought in different forms in several poets, e.g., when he detects an affinity between the last stanza of Keats' "Ode to

upon Tennyson, through his friends, that the poet should write an Idyll about the Holy Grail.*

It is curious that a poet from the most Teutonic part of Britain should have been so attracted to the ideals of the Kelt.

And it is impossible not to think of a parallel between the Arthurian Idylls of Tennyson and Spenser's—for Spenser's "Legends" which he politically entitled *The Faerie Queen*, are idyllic, not epic, in their tone and spirit and manner. The modern poet is as superior in art, in taste, and in judgment, as the older is in native genius and in power of versification.

We must not quarrel with a poet of one kind because he has not the excellences of another kind. We do not despise the maple-tree for not being an oak, nor turn up our nose at a violet because it is not a rose. The poet's fame will rest at last upon a small number of poems that are above and beyond all criticism. Some lyrics, such as the "Crossing of the Bar" and the "Bugle Song," with a half dozen more,—as many elegiacs, a few reflective and philosophical poems, some of his "English Idylls," and some of the Arthurian Idylls—Gareth and Lynette, the Holy Grail (especially the lines 760-850, in which Lancelot tells the story of his quest), Guinivere, and the Passing of Arthur—these will be the mainstay of his memory. The most magical of his poems to me seem those in which philosophical thoughts are poetically felt and poetically expressed. Of course such lines as

"Infinite Ideality,
Immeasurable Reality,
Infinite Personality,
Hallowed by Thy name!"

have not the nature of poetry though they have religious merit. But the poem which he called "The Higher Panthe-

*It is very remarkable that, as we now know, this legend had some slight historical foundation. For there was a Grail at ancient Glastonbury, which was discovered some years ago during some excavation of the ruins.

ism," in which Berkeley's theory of the Universe is set forth, seems to me simply perfect as to its expression. And again "The Voice and the Peak," composed in the Val d'Anzasca in Switzerland, after listening to the sound of the stream at night, and looking up at Monte Rosa and the Matterhorn in the dawn, acts like a spell and raises the mind to a sort of intellectual ecstasy. Not in the highest rank with Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare, but somewhere in the second class, he will remain, in spite of all the changes of fashion, one of the immortals. In the art of expression, no other English poet is so Greek.



SAINT DONATUS OF IRELAND AND ITALY

BY ELEANOR ROGERS COX.

HOW many of us casually encountering the name of St. Donatus, would be inclined to credit it to the ancient Isle of Saints and Scholars? Like many another distinguished names of Irish origin, its Latinized form would seem to assign it to Latin Europe; but fortunately there is no difficulty at all in establishing the Irish birth and upbringing of the great ninth century Bishop of Fiesole, Italy.

In the Chapel of Fiesole Cathedral hangs a beautiful painting of St. Donatus, clad in his episcopal robes, and beside him an Irish wolf dog. Among the shrines of Irish saints scattered over the continent of Europe, there are few in which the traveler boasting the heritage of Irish blood may linger with more home-like emotions than here.

There is yet a very moving interest in the story which tells of the coming of the Irish Saint to the old Italian city. At the close of the eighth century, when the hordes of invading Northmen had spread black ruin and devastation over Italy, the ancient city of Fiesole was thrown into special desolation and confusion by the death of its Bishop, whose loss in the panic consternation pervading every home, could be ill supplied. In their sorrow the people besought God that He would send them one who would be to them what the dead man had been; and in answer to that united prayer a Bishop and Saint was sent to them—a Saint from the cradle-land of Saints—Holy Ireland.

And now the story of St. Donatus takes us back from the beautiful shores of the Arno to the not less beautiful shores of the Shannon. For there it was Donatus was born in the last decade of the eighth century. His parents seeing the holy inclinations of the child placed him in his early years in that

celebrated nursery of piety and learning—the Island of Inniscaltra of Lough Derg. Still is that spot, though desolate and uninhabited, known as “Holy Island,” and still are the ruins of its seven churches discernible, while from their lonely surroundings rises one of the typical memorials of Ireland’s faith—a stately pillar tower. Here was the site of the celebrated school of St. Columba of Ferry-glass.

Now while Donatus grew there in all wisdom and grace, there came to him, as to so many other holy ones of his race, a longing to visit the tombs of the Apostles, and to see with his own eyes the glories of Rome. His desires were shared by another of his fellow-students, Andrew, who was later to be known among the Saints of Italy as San Andrea of San Martino. Forth they started, undaunted by the difficulties and hardships which marked the pilgrim’s route in those disturbed days, and after a journey extending over months, reached the Eternal City safely.

Having visited all the holy places which had so long filled their dreams, and paid their devotions at the shrines of the Apostles, they again set out for home, through the fair land of Tuscany. Entering the ancient, beautiful city of Fiesole, they decided to rest there a space. As Divine Providence would have it, it was just the time when the dismayed citizens were pouring out their anxious prayers that a bishop might be vouchsafed them to be a stay and refuge in their trouble.

It is told that they had assembled in the venerable church of the Abbey one evening, when in the stillness of the sacred place a mysterious voice was heard by all, saying: “Receive the stranger who approaches—Donatus of Ireland—take him for your shepherd!” Just then another manifestation of the Will of God occurred, for the bells of the city began of themselves to peal a chime of gladness, and the oil-lamps of the thoroughfares to gleam with an unusual radiance.

Donatus and Andrew were at the time descending the road that leads to Fiesole, wending their way to the church to offer their evening’s thanksgiving before seeking shelter for the night. As they entered the church they wondered at the vast

congregation whom they believed at first to be celebrating some high festival of devotion. The appearance of the two pilgrims attracted attention, and an old man made inquiry as to who they were and whence they came. To this Donatus made reply: "I am Donatus of Scotia (Erin), and my companion, Andrew, of the same country—we are returning from a pilgrimage we made to Rome."

Immediately the old man, remembering the Divine voice he had just heard, made proclamation aloud:

"Fellow-citizens, the man is here of whom the Lord has spoken!" Saying which, he clasped the pilgrim in his arms and drew him towards the altar. Then the eager people crowded around, crying with one voice: "Hail, Donatus, God-given father, thou must ascend the bishop's throne."

Donatus, surprised as he was, sought to reason with the assemblage.

"Do not," he exclaimed, "vainly strive to turn a pilgrim from his homeward journey. Why compel one so unworthy to become your pastor and who hardly knows your language or the manners of your country?"

But the more he protested the honor they would entrust him with, so much the more vehemently did the people of Fiesole insist on their choice. At length, their entreaties overcame the Saint's resistance, and he was forced to allow himself to be enthroned as Bishop of Fiesole. For forty-seven years he ruled there, at a time when temporal calamities of the gravest kind beset his spiritual children and himself. Like his countryman, St. Frediano of Lucca, he was often called upon to mediate with aggressive rulers, many a time averting the arm of persecution from his people and securing them rights which had otherwise been arbitrarily denied them.

From the traditions which linger of him in that fair Italian land, St. Donatus seems to have displayed in high degree those characteristics common to all Ireland's early saints—love of learning and love of county. While, as we learn from the writings of Ozanam, Donatus encouraged the study of Greek and Latin, and left many evidences of his skill as a scholar of

gracious culture, his heart always turned with unforgettable devotion to the dear mother-land so far across the seas. The lovely lines of Donatus, describing the Ireland of his times—the ninth century—are but seldom quoted in the Latin in which they were written. We give them here for our readers of St. Joseph Lilies:

Finibus occiduis describitur optima tellus,
 Nomine et antiquis Scotia dicta libris;
 'Insula dives opum, gemmarum, vestis et auri,
 Commoda corporibus, aere, sole, solo:
 Melle fluit, pulchris et lacteis Scotia campis,
 Vestibus atque armis, frugibus, arte, virisi
 Ursorum rabies nulla est ibi, saeva Conum
 Semina nec unquam Scotica terra tulit;
 Nulla venena nocent, nec serpens serpit in herba
 Nec conquesta canit garrula rana lacu;
 In qua Scotorum gentes habitare merentur,
 Inelyta gens hominum, milite, pace, fide.''

As it will be observed, a dozen lines constitute the whole poem. By scanning its text we see that Ireland was yet called Scotia, as indeed for some hundreds of years she had been called by Latin writers, a custom which prevailed even up to the twelfth century. At this later period the name was enlarged to Scotia Major to distinguish Ireland from Caledonia or Scotia Minor, which had been conquered and colonized by the Irish Celts. However, it must be recorded that the Irish people themselves did not favor this name for their country, and it was undoubtedly an external appellation bestowed by the Latinized Continental nations. Unfortunately, the name has led to some confusion among superficial scholars who are disposed to credit to Scotland some of Ireland's most glorious early happenings.

The poem of St. Donatus also confirms the fact of Ireland's old-time wealth in the possession of gold; whose truth is yet proven by the magnificent array of golden treasures in the Dublin Museum of Antiquities. And as will be seen by the fol-

lowing translation (which first appeared in Ware's Irish Writers published in 1745) many other references are there which still strike a resounding echo across the centuries.

“Far westward lies an isle of ancient fame,
By nature blessed, and Scotia is her name;
An island rich, exhaustless is her store
Of veiny silver and of golden ore;
Her fruitful soil forever teems with wealth,
With gems her waters, and her air with health;
Her verdant fields with milk and honey flow,
Her woolly fleeces vie with virgin snow;
And arms and arts her envied sons adorn;
No savage bear with ruthless fury roves
Nor raving lion through her sacred groves,
No poison there infects, no scaly snake
Creeps through the grass, nor frog annoys the lake;
An island worthy of its pious race,
In war triumphant, and unmatched in peace!”

Donatus died about 840 A.D., and in the Diocese of Fiesole his festivity is kept with high solemnity to the present day. His remains were interred in the old oratory of St. Romulus (whence they were afterwards removed to their present destination in the Fiesole Cathedral chapel) on the slope of the hills outside the city. Below, as it were but a stone's throw, stands the City of Florence, with its terraced gardens, its storied shrines. Happily, in the National Gallery of London, the picture of the old oratory, where once rested the great Irish Bishop, is preserved in the background of Botticelli's "Assumption," one of the loveliest examples of the Italian school the world has known.

We regret that it has not been practicable for us to here give the Irish version of St. Donatus' poem, which happily still exists, as it was written, in the beloved Gaelic of the Saint's birthland.



A TRIBUTE

BY REV. JAMES T. FOLEY, D.D.

“There seems to be a power peculiar to goodness. I mean that apart from intellectual vigour or attainments, apart from force of character or charm of personality, or any other quality, simple goodness radiates an influence all its own.”

Something to this effect the present writer once said to the late Professor Edward Kylie. “Of course there is,” was the emphatic answer, as though it was the most obvious and least disputable thing in all the world. We confess to having been just a bit startled. This remarkable Catholic layman had nearly everything that could explain the unique and wholesome influence he exercised over all who came into contact with him. But we believe that everything, force of intellect and of character, scholarly attainments and zeal for education, personality and everything else, were enhanced, intensified by the goodness of his life. Of goody-goodness he had not a trace. But a simple, virile goodness, virtue—in all the vigour of its etymological meaning—shone down to his intimates all other qualities however brilliant. We were speaking of a certain priest when he gave such forthright assent to the peculiar power of goodness.

Now it come back when another old and dear friend has been called to his reward. If ever in the flesh we knew a good priest it was the late Father Joseph McCarthy. They did not know each other, these two, but in the heart and memory of the writer of these lines, the priest and the layman will ever be close together.

Bad priests there have been and will be. The 'Iscariot was amongst the chosen twelve. We can partially understand the mystery; but still the bad priest is always the saddest of life's sad mysteries to the good Catholic. And how, on the other hand, the Catholic heart goes out to the good priest. Good



REV. JOSEPH McCARTHY, S.J.

priests there are by the score, within the circle of everyone's acquaintance. But there are degrees of goodness, from the negative goodness of the busy priest whom the breath of scandal has never reached, to the "saint" not in the calendar of the Church, but canonized in many grateful Catholic hearts.

For years he was a professor in the bilingual college of St. Mary's in Montreal and afterwards in Loyola College, which the Jesuits now conduct for English-speaking students. Later for many years he was chaplain to the Royal Victoria Hospital. Occasionally we have come across old pupils and hospital patients who have met exactly our expectations in the warm terms of affection, esteem and reverence in which they have spoken of Father Joseph.

On Christmas eve he was called to the hospital, where he anointed a patient after midnight. Arising the same morning, as usual. At 4.30 a.m., he went to the chapel for morning prayer and meditation. Returning to his room he collapsed. The priest next door heard him fall, rushed in and found him alive, but unconscious. So the priest who had zealously ministered to so many received the last sacraments before entering the valley of the shadow of death. Well might his heart sing the psalmist's words: "I will fear no evils, for Thou art with me."

Fifty-six years ago next May day we two started to school at old Number 6. Asphodel, in Peterborough county. Our fathers had gone into the bush, cleared the land and made comfortable homes. There was then no government coaxing or coddling. The pioneer worked or starved or drifted away. The stout-hearted persevered and reaped their reward not only in fertile fields and homes of frugal comfort, but in the heritage of sturdy self-reliance, independence and self-respect they passed on to their children.

Self-respect was the outstanding characteristic of the home that was the first and best school of the future Father Joseph McCarthy. His father was a man who minded his own business—but minded it thoroughly. His mother was the valiant woman of Proverbs in whom the heart of her husband trusted.

One cannot think of one without the other. They governed their family with never a doubt that God had given them their parental authority for so doing. It was a Christian home where religion, as a matter of course, dominated all else, and leavened life, life's outlook and life's ambitions. Two sons became Jesuit priests and one daughter a St. Joseph's sister. A zealous and learned priest of Chicago, Dr. Murray, is a grandson.

Throughout these years since first we started to school together the friendship between the writer and Father Joe not only remained unbroken, but grew with the years.

There were intervals often of years between meetings, but the years interposed no barrier to the old intimate union of hearts when we did meet. Just a few months ago we had a glimpse of our old friend's zealous work. A young man in whom we are interested, is studying medicine at McGill University. For these young Catholic students there is no protecting religious influence or atmosphere in such institutions. Yet, be it said in passing, our professional men as a rule are staunch and loyal Catholics. The medical student aforementioned told us that Father Joseph McCarthy, S.J., was now his confessor. Many Catholic students had been Father Joseph's penitents and from one to another the word passed that there was a great confessor at St. Mary's College; so our young friend also went to Father Joseph for spiritual guidance and priestly administrations. It would hardly be fair to say further what our young medical student disclosed. But we felt, felt deeply and gratefully, that our young friend would be led gently, firmly, with a Christ-like love and zeal through what might sometimes be dangerous places.

Had father Joseph been given the choice of the manner of his death he would have refused to choose. That will be understood by those who have some knowledge of the indifference to all things and the perfect submission to the holy will of God which is a Jesuit ideal. And Father McCarthy was a good priest and a good Jesuit. We feel as certain as we do of anything that were the choice offered him his answer from

the heart and in all humility would be: "Not my will but Thine be done."

But to have died working hard to the very end, in his passing to have caused no one the slightest bit of trouble—that is just the death that Father Joseph would have gratefully welcomed.

As far back as memory carries, we remember our dear friend, in childhood, in adolescence, in youth, as possessing a singular natural refinement. Anything coarse grated harshly; anything bordering on the obscene or profane, he kept rigidly outside his life. We have always thought of him in connection with that wonderful line of the poet-priest, Father Ryan:

"My heart was born with priestly vestments on."

And that divine call to the priesthood, discerned, dimly perhaps, yet afar off in the days of childhood, profoundly influenced his whole life both before and after ordination. It was one of the graces that kept him always pure and humble of heart.

We, his friends, his relatives, his penitents, cannot help feeling sorry for our own loss, but we can feel no sorrow for the good priest gone to his reward.

The glorious privilege of the Communion of Saints is ours. Let us pray for him and to him. May he still with true sacerdotal zeal watch over his loved ones and may we still feel the presence of his spirit in our lives.

Eternal rest give unto him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him.—The Catholic Record.



— Shylock —

BY BROTHER GABRIEL, F.S.C., B.A., M.Sc.

“This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips.”

FEW plays have held such widespread approval as has the Merchant of Venice. Nor is this difficult to explain. Simple language, clearly delineated characters and a host of varied elements, each with its own appeal and admirably interwoven, make of this drama an ideal production for the stage. The story has always found favour with both young and old. For the former, who never question the monstrous or impossible, it is a tale from fairy-land with Shylock, the ugly villain, pursuing a lordly merchant, and Portia, the rich and beautiful princess, who saves Antonio just when all hope is lost. But for the latter it has a special claim which lies hidden beneath the surface. All the world hates a double-dealer. It is Shylock's “merry bond,” designed with diabolical skill to seek, under cover of the law, the very life of his competitor, but which “returns to plague the inventor,” that, after all, has made this story live from generation to generation. Like Shylock's hopes our interest is momentarily built up and sustained until it culminates in the strange situation developed in the trial scene. Then, even as we have closed our eyes lest we should behold the horrid deed which seems inevitable, by a superb stroke of genius, the tables are reversed and the spell is broken. We breathe a sigh of relief and welcome the comedy which follows. Although the title of the drama is derived from Antonio, the merchant, the character which stands out by pre-eminence is undoubtedly Shylock, the Jew.

At the mere mention of the name, Shylock, what a strange image arises before each one of us! To me, he is a man of sixty, tall but stooped and leaning on his ivory-headed cane; he is clothed in a rich gabardine with the characteristic oriental girdle, and a close-fitting black cap, which covers his partly-bald head but yet reveals a wisp of his iron-gray hair; his fingers, which are long and thin, are bent, ever twitching as though they feel his gold filtering between them; his face is yellow, and furrowed by deep wrinkles; his beard is gray and scraggy; his eyes, small beneath the heavy eyebrows, are piercing and filled with hate, cunning and suspicion—

“an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.”

It is difficult to determine which of the two passions, avarice or revenge, predominates in Shylock's character. It is not without significance that his first words should concern money:

“Three thousand ducats.”

May we not even say that the “ancient grudge” he bears Antonio is one of finance as well as of hatred. Indeed, might not the whole scheme of the “merry bond” be designed with the aim of getting rid of Antonio for business purposes as well as for motives of revenge? And, from Shylock's standpoint, would it not be a good stroke of business to get rid of a rival at a sacrifice of three thousand ducats, or even more? It was not the first time that he had resorted to such an expedient. This Antonio himself reveals:

“Let him alone:
He seeks my life; his reason well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.”

It would seem that Antonio was "the rat" which troubled his house and that he was "pleased to give ten thousand ducats to have baned." He hates Antonio, it is true, "because he is a Christian" but does he not hate him

"More for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice?"

When the elopement is discovered, it is not his daughter's loss, nor even that she has fled with a Christian, mark you, that pains him so much as the fact that "the thief is gone with so much and so much to find the thief." The tidings of Antonio's losses brings a kind of diabolical joy to his heart—someone is going to pay for it all; that will be his "satisfaction," that will be his "revenge." In the trial scene, when he stands ready to take the pound of flesh his whole countenance is aglow with fiendish delight. But what is the motive? Is it the satisfaction of revenge, revenge for all his wrongs and those done to his nation or is it not rather the thought that when this man, his only obstacle, is "out of Venice he can make what merchandise he will?" When, at length, he sees his purpose defeated and his victim elude his grasp, does he not eagerly seek to have the bond "paid *thrice* and let the Christian go?" Yet, in the hearing of Jessica he has declared

"That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the bond
That he did owe him."

In the vindictive retort which he hurls in the faces of Salarino and Salanio it would seem that revenge was the supreme motive, but then we must remember that at the same time he was camouflaging the other and probably more weighty motive. Thus these two passions gnaw at his heart until finally the last vestige of humanity is destroyed, and we are almost led to believe Gratiano's analysis of his nature:

“thy curish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hanged for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou layst in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infused itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starved and ravenous.”

But is there any justification for Shylock's hatred for Antonio? Some. To Shylock, Antonio represents Christian oppression, both religious and commercial. It is not only to Antonio that he complains:

“You spit upon my Jewish gabardine
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold.”

Evidence seems to show that the Jews generally were despised and persecuted. And why? Simply because they were Jews. The Christians, alas, who could so beautifully expatiate on the “quality of mercy,” were sadly lacking in the practice. There was no incentive for the young Jew to make friends with the Christians and live on brotherly terms. Such a thing was impossible. Hence, the Jews from childhood looked upon the Christians as their enemies, and, being excluded from trade in merchandise, were driven to traffic in gold and silver. This form of commerce in time became profitable because the Christian merchants often had need of ready money—there were no banks at the time and besides money was rather an elusive thing with such gentlemen as Bassanio and his associates. Thus, certain of the Jews, like Shylock and Tubal, amassed great wealth. However, although we may excuse him for lending money at a rate of usance—it was the only means of livelihood left him—yet, we can never forgive him for the exorbitant rate and the means too often employed to achieve his ends. If the harsh treatment which Shylock receives in the trial scene, when the Christians have him in their power, is characteristic of the times, then we have an

additional justification for the Jew. One can never forgive Antonio for the bitter dose he administered to Shylock by imposing Christianity on him, and by giving half his wealth

“unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter.”

Shylock had told Salanio in what Christian example consisted and Antonio exemplified it. By way of charity, however, let us suppose that there was no intention on the part of the Court to impose the first condition unless Shylock should give evidence that he had not learned his lesson.

If I have been lenient toward Shylock on the score that the Christians were partly responsible for his vindictive character, I can say very little that is favorable from the standpoint that he was a good Jew, that is to say, religiously. He would like to make himself believe that he is doing a service to his “sacred nation” by getting rid of Antonio; but does he not, at the same time, desecrate the synagogue by making of it a meeting-place in which to devise the infamous bond? He thanks God for the losses of his fellow-citizen—commerce and religion come dangerously close in Shylock’s philosophy. I am inclined to think that he “helped God” by his cunning to bring about the delay of Antonio’s ships. Whenever he quotes scripture it is for the sole purpose of justifying his usury. Bassanio is right:

“The devil can quote scripture for his purpose.”

He throws up his hands in horror at the thought of “smelling pork” or eating with the Christians and yet he does smell pork and “feed upon the prodigal Christian” when there is question of forwarding his design. When affliction comes, does he think of his “sacred nation” or of himself? “The curse never fell upon our nation till *now*.” But why? *He* “never felt it till now. He has a sacred oath, he tells Portia in the court, an oath in heaven,” an oath to take the life of his fellow-being. How absurd! He will not lay perjury on his soul, “No, not for

Venice''; but yet he will commit murder for the mere *commercial supremacy* of Venice. In the light of these circumstances, I hesitate to place his religious patriotism as one of his redeeming characteristics. Is it not rather a hypocritical exterior behind which he masks his schemes?

Mention has already been made of the trial scene, which fact usually awakens a storm of legal criticism. Judged by our standards the whole thing is a farce. The bond was not valid because it contained a condition that was unreasonable, and therefore good only for the sum for which it was secured; the official tender of the three thousand ducats as a substitute made the bond void. It is doubtful if the laws quoted ever existed. It is true, law has passed through a long series of evolution since then, but it is equally true that Venice was not a barbarous country at the time but the very centre of civilization and part of that land whose legal code has become the basis of all law. The idea of flesh, at least living flesh, ordinarily includes the idea of blood, since one cannot continue to exist without the other. If Shylock had the right to take a pound of flesh no law could prevent him from taking less if he had wished to do so. However all this may be, if this weakness really exists, no one would be more willing to admit it than Shakespeare himself. I have too much esteem for the great dramatist to think that he was trusting in its legal aspect for the excellence of the trial scene. His idea was to confront Justice, it appears to me, with a seemingly impossible task and then invent a solution. Law is made to uphold the right; it is tragic when a scoundrel makes use of it to gain his ends. Now, this has been done in the course of human events and Shakespeare merely chose a striking example to be a precedent for the on-coming generations. It was cunning matched with cunning; it was genius against genius more than the proceedings of a court of justice. Portia prevailed because her intellect was keener. If there was one thing that Shakespeare admired in Shylock, the Jew, though not openly for fear of the Christians, it was the sharpness of his understanding. Like a giant he walks rough-shod over Salanio, Gratiano, Bassanio and even Antonio. Their arguments yield like straws

before him. Yet, he must bow before the more adroit mind of Portia. How cleverly she makes him construct his own trap! It was Shylock who insisted on the letter of the bond and thus gave some justification to the quibble which defeated his purpose. Portia did not condemn him because it was the law. He was contented with her decision—

“I am content”—

because he was wise enough to realize that he had made the condition himself. He also knew his bond was legally weak, but he was so confident of success that he had not figured on any alternative. The result was crushing. His trick had failed and he was stupefied. Before he could recover, the law had wound its tentacles about him and rendered him helpless. Like the Jews of old he had prayed, “my deeds upon my head.” His prayer was answered.

It is a mistake to think that any man is wholly bad. Inhuman as Shylock may seem here is at least one bright spot in his character.

“Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal:
it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah
when I was a bachelor: I would
not have given it for a wilderness
of monkeys.”

What a revelation! That one outburst of affection, like an eruption through the crust which cupidity and hatred have formed over his hardened heart, shows that in its very centre there still glows a spark of love. For a brief moment our thoughts revert to a time long since when Shylock, in the may-day of his life, plighted his love to Leah. Nor can we altogether forget the impression which this picture leaves on our minds even though time and circumstances have wrought such changes in his soul. At least, he has been faithful to his pledge of love by preserving so sacredly his wife's first gift. His love for Jessica is not so ardent and yet there are evidences of true paternal

love, even more than she deserves. He warns her against the riotous mask, impresses upon her forehead the kiss of peace, and leaves, trusting her with the keys of all his treasures. But alas! Jessica,

“Thou hast with cupidity infected
The very sweetness of affianced,”

Who, then, can blame Shylock for his gush of anger and indignation:

“I would my daughter were dead at my foot and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot and the ducats in her coffin!”

He is in a passion of rage and is not accountable for his words. William Winter tells us that Henry Irving, that actor who so perfectly understood Shylock's character, in his later days used to beat his breast after this imprecation and add poignantly:

“Oh, no, no, no, no.”

Indeed, such an interpretation is not without foundation, for if he loved his wife he needs must love the link that bound her to him.

Yet, this lonely virtue will never be able to retrieve his character; nor will the pseudo pity which we feel for him as he leaves the court, a broken man, be anything more than momentary. He will always be the despised money-lender; the cunning contriver, whose ingenious scheme returned to “plague the inventor”; and the merciless creditor, who ignored the golden rule:

“Do unto others as you would
have them do unto you.”



THE SPIRITUAL COMBAT

REV. K. J. McRAE.

A CONSIDERABLE time before this comes under the eyes of its readers they will have heard or read the solemn warning of St. Paul, "Know you not that they that run in the race, all run indeed, but one receiveth the prize? So run that you may obtain. And every one that striveth for the mastery, refraineth himself from all things; and they indeed that they may receive a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible one. I therefore so run, not as at an uncertainty; I so fight, not as one beating the air; but I chastise my body, and bring it into subjection; lest persaps, when I have preached to others, I myself should become a castaway" (I. Cor., ix., 24-7).

And why this warning? Because "I see another law in my members, fighting against the law of my mind, and captivating me in the law of sin, that is in my members. Unhappy man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" (Rom. vii., 23-4). Or, as Holy Job said long before, "Man's life is a warfare upon earth" (Job vii., 1).

Now, in order to understand this warfare, or spiritual combat, we must recall to mind the fact of our dual nature and the effects of the fall of our first parents. We are composed of an animal and a spiritual nature, so united as to form but one person. In our animal nature we resemble the beasts of the field or forest, so much that the physician can acquire the greater part of the knowledge necessary for curing our diseases by examining and experimenting with the bodies of animals, such as guinea-pigs, dogs, etc. These, and other animals, see as we see, hear as we hear, smell as we smell, taste as we taste, and keep themselves alive by eating and drinking as we do. And, to our still greater humiliation, we have the same inclinations or instincts as the lower animals. But, alas! these instincts do not serve us as sure guides, in our fallen state, even in the natural sphere (see *Lilies for December, 1921*, page

77), as they do for the lower animals. The instinct of self-preservation, in as far as it impels us to prepare for and ward off danger, degenerates easily into the passion of anger, often fatal to ourselves and others, and in as far as it impels us to partake of the necessary food and drink, easily degenerates into the equally fatal passion of gluttony. And the case is similar with regard to the instincts for the preservation of the species. "Like all other impulses, these, too, may be perverted from their proper use so as to frustrate their natural aim and transmute themselves into vices hostile to man's natural and spiritual evolution. The deluge, the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrhah, the extermination of the Canaanites, the putrefaction of great nations in ancient and modern times, in fine the greatest part of human calamities on earth and in hell are due chiefly to the fact that 'All flesh had corrupted its way upon the earth.' " (Gen. vi., 12; Belord's Meditations, Vol. II., p. 232).

Besides the instincts which God gave to man, in common with the lower animals, He also attached a certain amount of pleasure to the performance of certain necessary or useful actions as an inducement to their faithful performance. For instance, God made it pleasant to eat and drink to induce all to eat and drink enough to sustain life, otherwise there might be some people too lazy to perform these necessary functions, for there are certainly many too lazy to earn their food and drink. But, alas! there are some who eat and drink (especially drink) solely or almost solely, for the pleasure attached thereto and thus often injure or destroy life instead of sustaining it.

On the other hand man, in his soul or higher nature, is the image and likeness of God Himself, spiritual like Him, immortal like Him, and endowed with the noble faculties of intelligence and free will like Him. Viewing man in his soul, therefore, we may well cry out with the Royal Prophet, "What is man, O Lord, that Thou art mindful of him? Thou hast made him a little less than the angels, Thou hast crowned him with glory and honour" (Ps. viii., 5-6).

Now, this superior nature of the soul was given complete control of the inferior or animal nature, at creation, for we read that God made man right (Eccl. vii., 30). But, when man rebelled against God by eating the forbidden fruit (see the Lilies for Dec., 1921, p. 77), his inferior nature also rebelled against his superior nature. As St. Augustine remarks, "This punishment was greatly due to man for his disobedience to his Creator, that by God's just judgement his flesh should also become disobedient to himself, and that this rebellion should cause in him a continual war" (*Lib. conra adv. legis et pr. cap. 14*). And this is precisely the war that St. Paul had to wage, and in which each and every one of us has had to engage in, from the dawn of reason, and must continue to carry on till the very end of life.

Therefore, the all important question for us is, which of these two contending natures is going to subdue the other? Are we going to allow the inferior nature, which, as we have seen, we have in common with the beasts of the field and the forest, to domineer over and enslave the superior nature by which we resemble God and His angels? God forbid! How, then, are we to enable our superior nature to win the victory?

1. As the animals of the field must have their food regulated for them, and sometimes reduced in quantity and kind, in order to reduce their strength, and thus render it easier to tame and train them for the different purposes for which they are employed, so likewise must man's inferior nature be disciplined by fasting and abstinence to serve as a fit instrument for the soul's work. Besides serving, thus, as a mortification, fasting and abstinence are also necessary as a penance, that is, as a punishment we inflict upon ourselves to satisfy the Divine justice for our sins, in order, as St. Paul says, "To fill up those things that are wanting in us of the suffering of Christ." (*Col. i., 24*). We must remember that although the atonement made by our Divine Saviour for our sins is not only abundant, but also superabundant, there still remains the application of that atonement to ourselves individually and personally; and this we do by doing penance.

Hence, "The Law, the Prophets and the Gospel have been

followed by almost every system that can be called a religion, in prescribing days of fasting and abstinence. Moses, Elias and the Lord Jesus Christ observed the fast of forty days which has become the law of Christendom; and the day of Christ's death is commemorated every week by abstinence from meat" (Belord, Vol. ii., p. 231). Christ not only fasted Himself, but He also gave rules for fasting to His followers, saying, "And when you fast, be not as the hypocrites, sad. For they disfigure their faces, that they may appear unto men to fast. Amen I say to you, they have received their reward. But thou, when thou fastest anoint thy head, and wash thy face; that thou appear not to men to fast, but to thy Father Who is in secret; and thy Father Who seeth in secret, will repay thee" (Matt. vi., 16-18). And that these rules were to continue for all time is evident from His words on another occasion: "But the days will come when the bridegroom shall be taken away from them: and then they shall fast in those days" (Mark ii., 20). This was evidently well understood by St. Paul, who, as said above, "Chastised his body, and brought it into subjection," etc.

2. Then the soul itself must be freed from sin, and slavery to sin, through the sacrament of Penance and amendment of life.

3. Besides all this, the soul must be fed and kept in a vigorous state of supernatural life by means of frequent reception of the Bread of Life of the Blessed Eucharist. (See Lilies for June, 1922, p. 68).

4. Finally, no matter how strong the spiritual combatants may feel, they must carefully avoid the occasions of sin, and especially the proximate occasions, that is, those on account of which they almost invariably fell before, or those of a specially ensnaring nature. In this connection they must always remember the sad falls of Solomon, the wisest man that ever lived, Sampson, the strongest man, David, the man "After God's own heart," the loving, but impetuous, Peter, etc.

If the spiritual combatants faithfully carry out these prescriptions throughout their lives, their victory is certain, and, even in the face of death, they may cry out exultingly with St. Paul, "O death, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?" (I. Cor. xv., 55).

THE YOUNG TRUMPETER OF THE SAN DUOMO

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

A SILVERY wave of laughter, rippling away through a grim old Florentine palace falls on the startled ears of a visitor just admitted to its lower hall. A sober Englishman, gazing up the antique staircase, catches a glimpse of a rosy face, a mist of golden hair, a vision of mischief—then down on his head comes a shower of scarlet blossoms. Then, the voice of reprimand.

“Grace! Grace, how can you? Mother, it is Lord Ellerton. What will he think?”

Very little does Grace Tressilian care what he thinks. Down go the fiery petals again, like stars from a Roman candle; and, as for the pelted victim, every blossom sinks into his heart. Hugh Ellerton deserves sympathy. This little lady from America who blends the three Graces in one, has no fancy for being worshipped. She has no idea of being in Europe, in Florence, the beautiful, with Italian skies overhead, to be kept as closely as she was in Philadelphia. A stiff aunt and a priggish lover might be all very well; she had no wish to disobey the one or torment the other, contriving none the less in most captivating fashion to worry them both immensely.

“Don’t tease Lord Ellerton, Jane!” she cried, flying past her prim cousin, light as thistle down.

Up another staircase through a long corridor and she was safe in her own room before anyone had time to protest. She was a picture of pouting prettiness, as she sat there in a big, old-fashioned arm-chair, surveying the scarlet wrecks of her pomegranate bloom. Then she gravely tore them in bits. Plainly Lord Ellerton’s chances were going with them.

“I suppose a weak girl would melt under all this and sim-

ply drift, little by little, into the harbor of matrimony. No, I don't!" she added. "I am like a rubber ball. When they had me there, I should just bounce back again. I don't drift and I won't be drifted."

Strangely enough, her thought found answer. A burst of music sung up from the street below, ringing up into that fierce sapphire of glittering sky, piercing it as with a wedge. Then a single trumpet spoke out like a human voice, its vibrant energy fraught with sweetness that was almost pain. She had heard the same voice before. Whenever the band of the Gardes Royales came within hearing, she would listen for it as it said, in its own way, words of strength, and felt intelligible comfort.

A military procession was filing down the street, accompanied by its band. She leaned out of the window, eager to identify the wonderful soloist. It was the affair of a moment. The one voice ceased, the other instruments burst in with a grand flare—a pale face like carven alabaster looked up to her window and a red rose tossed in the air hit on the balcony below. She drew back quickly enough; and then she smiled. The face had pleased her.

Presently Giannetta, the Florentine maid servant, glided into the room on some pretext, gliding away noiselessly as she came, but in a slender vase, empty before, burst a red rose.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Tressilian had framed suitable apology for the wilfulness of her orphan niece, but Hugh Ellerton scarcely listened and took his leave as soon as civility would allow. "I am glad he is gone," said Jane, piqued at her own failure to win attention. "A sulky Englishman is intolerable."

This one had been hovering about this perilous locality for some time, repeating the old tale of the moth and the candle. He was really a fine fellow; a trifle slow, perhaps, and clumsy enough to prove himself a true Briton, but thoroughly generous and good-hearted. Grace had dazzled him with her golden brilliancy, but he failed to recognize the blind admiration did not suit her.

She had kept the little matter of the rose a profound secret

—what was the use of worrying her aunt and Jane?—yet one evening brought its sequel. An American artist appeared among their usual visitors—a stranger to all present except her uncle. His name was Guy Hensen. A man of wide thought and much originality, he was not long in making his mark and Grace found she had a champion.

Then she glided to the piano, where Lord Ellerton was standing in stiff disapprobation. He wondered what new whim had seized her. Music, music, she would talk of nothing else. And at last the kernel of the whole proved to be a vagrant musician, some poor foreigner in one of the city bands. He caught himself wondering how much training it would take to bring this undisciplined beauty within the lines of British propriety. What a task for his dignified mamma!

“He is like a mowing-machine. Jane swings a scythe fairly well, but she is distanced now.”

He awoke from these thoughts to find he had lost her. She had danced across the room and was smiling on a wrinkled Professor from one of the Universities. Her little stratagem had failed. But it was not wasted on her fellow-couuntryman. He had not lost a note of the pure, ringing voice at the piano.

“I like what you say about music,” he spoke in a matter-of-course way, as if the whole had been addressed to him—“and my friend, Otto Rulof, is a wonderful performer, highly esteemed in musical circles. We are going on a pleasure-trip through the studios soon, and, if you like, I will ask him to join us.” Grace assented, yet scarcely knew what to think. Events were hurrying on.

But what the American had heard, Jane had overheard. She questioned Lord Ellerton, to no purpose. He would not betray Grace. She attacked Giannetta, but the pretty waiting-maid would not comprehend the Signora’s English. Grace would have no scruples about making friends with a wandering musician, if he happened to please her. It was her duty to warn the authorities.

Yet the fates were against them. Else why was Jane

prostrated by a severe headache on the very morning of that Art-expedition?

“Tres-embarrassant, isn't it, dear?” whispered Grace softly.

Mrs. Tressilian was herself an invalid, unequal to the fatigue of such rambles, so Grace was placed under the care of an old lady, who soon left her to her own devices.

It was a lovely day. The sky wore its most ethereal azure; the clear light was perfect for pictures. Yet what so picturesque as Grace herself, in a dainty costume of fairy-like texture, a bewitching combination of snow and gold and scarlet pomegranate bloom?

“We can never reproduce that, till we can dip the brush in sunshine,” said a Florentine artist, with the Italian facility in compliment.

But the stranger she had expected to see was not of the party, and, despite her disappointment, she felt a curious relief.

They visited several studios filled with art-treasure, finally arriving at one more spacious than the rest and far more elegant. Its owner was a friend of Hensen's. There was a peculiar quality in his paintings here. One of them had a singular fascination for Grace. It presented a sweep of Scotch heather, a monotone of desolate grays, purple on the moor, and murky in the upper sky—a pale thread of amber light breaking forth at the horizon, yet even this unreflected, unrepeated by stone or pool below.

It is all in the shadow, Monsieur,” said Grace, “like some lives.” Then she turned away to examine some small water-colors in the English manner, which pleased Lord Ellerton.

But she soon came back to Hensen and the Scotch picture.

“Some sky-tones affect us more than others,” said he. “The creamy tint of early dawn, for instance.”

“And the brighter ones have beautiful things to say,” she added, her eyes fairly shining. “Only we stand bedazzled.”

“And fail to grasp them. The strong chromatic chords

answer to certain thoughts in music. And that reminds me—my friend, Rulof, was to meet us here. He can tell you about music; he lives in it. Ah, there he is now.”

As he spoke, the stranger advanced from behind an immense easel. It was the same face Grace had seen in the street, yet some indefinable change had touched it. Some shadow had flown, a new illumination had come. The presentation took place, she scarcely knew how; she was only conscious of a sweet and a frank, boyish smile. “Come with me!” said he, abruptly—the tone was playfully imperative—“I have something to say to you.” Then he looked at Hensen, who nodded assent. Opening a door behind them, he beckoned to Grace.

“See, Mademoiselle Tressilian! The little Paradise!” It was a nook sacred to the master of the studio. It had the coziness of a pet retreat. Soft easy-chairs, gems of cabinet painting on the golden-gray walls, delightful as these were, served only as a foil for something brighter. In the window a marvellous acacia-tree swept its feathery boughs against the ceiling, its yellow bloom a very incarnation of tropic sunshine. Grace uttered one cry of delight and darted in among the blossoms.

Otto Rulof stood in the doorway, enjoying the picture. He had often seen it before, this languid droop of golden bloom, but never when the effect was so magical, so resplendent! Then he laughed merrily, till Grace looked up and laughed too. Neither of them could have told why; but if any barrier of strangeness or restraint had divided them, it melted away then and there. They understood each other at once. Hensen had frightened Grace a little. His intellect had a keen, powerful quality, which she admired because it overmastered her own; yet she shrank from collision with it. But this young Rulof—she would never be afraid of him. His straight figure, in marked contrast to Hensen’s magnificent frame, his delicate features with none of the ruggedness which belonged to those of his friend, told of mental and moral differences just as striking. The two men were opposites. She liked this one.

"Tell me," said he, in his coaxing way, "what has Hensen been talking about?"

"The sad colors, semi-tones and half-tints."

"I'll promise! That is just like him. What made him worry you with that? Why didn't he tell you of love and roses? Or of grand, exultant colors, scarlet brilliancies of flame? You would never be content in his shadows. No, do not say a word! I am sure of you. Let him have his sparrows and clouded skies. We love golden acacias and sweets and humming birds!" Grace laughed. He went on, audaciously: "Nature has put them here for us, don't you see? You are no sparrow, but a gay Southern oriole, all a-twinkle. Just the bird for the blossoms. That is nature's harmony—her melody,—the only music-theory I believe in!"

"Your compliments belong to my hat," she answered, "and not at all to me; I will take it off; then, your bird will fly away." She laid her hat on the table, very soberly. It was a wonder of graceful curves, accented with a pointed wing of blue and green, radiating changeable lustres.

"Now fasten the pomegranates in your hair," he added. "There! that is well."

Her beauty was not of the insipid kind that calls for pale blue ribbons. It sparkled and glowed and flamed.

"It is the evening-red," said her companion approvingly. "And not for the bon-bons."

A tiny box of Parisian sweets had appeared all at once, as if by magic. "Did you put them there, Monsieur?" queried Grace in bewilderment. "Where did they come from?"

"From fairy-land, by express!" laughed Rulof; and when Hensen came to look for them, he found them eating sugar-plums, like two happy children.

Lord Ellerton also caught a glimpse of the picture and stalked away without a word. Hensen followed him. "I may as well keep out of their sunshine," thought Guy, with a touch of bitterness. "Life never gave me anything bright like that."

Otto Rulof never knew, to the end of his days, how unselfish Hensen had been during those few hours.

Grace was the first to awake from their enchanted dream. "Mr. Hansen," she cried, "where are the others?"

"Just across the street looking at marine views. There they come now. Mrs. Hall promised to call for you."

Their frolic had come to its end. And Grace took a bold resolution; she was quite capable of it. "Now for a stroke," she said within herself, "I hate secrets. I will just invite Mr. Rulof home and present him to my aunt."

Otto Rulof accepted this invitation at once, though he noted a mischievous gleam in her pretty eyes and had misgivings as to its purport. Mrs. Tressilian received him with what she meant for crushing civility, but to Grace's delight, he remained uncrushed. If she had intended her stroke as in any sense a test of her new acquaintance, she had reason to be well pleased with the result. No prince of the blood could have borne himself more composedly. His demeanor even held a touch of languid condescension.

His audacity reduced Mrs. Tressilian to stony silence. Jane, who had partially recovered from her headache, felt unequal to an organized attack on the intruder. She had favored the company with one or two solemn performances on the piano, heavy enough to remind one of Atlas upbearing a world. Then, a certain gay Madame G. asked Rulof to play; she fancied he looked like a musician.

He went to the piano without gainsaying. A hush ensued as the pure notes shone out, one by one, like a chain of golden stars. Then they began to twinkle, dancing swiftly,—a sweet eerie glamour of elfin wedding-bells. A thrill of surprise quivered through the staid party. It seemed pure magic, an outburst of electric fire.

"It is charming, Monsieur!" cried Madame G. But the player had vanished. Under cover of the applause, he had taken leave of his hostess and glided away.

This startling action on the part of Miss Grace not only brought reprimand from her aunt, but made Hugh Ellerton resolve to end his wooing. If she promised to marry him, he

would have some right to warn off these impertinent Bohemians.

So he startled her one day with an offer of marriage, made in due form. And she replied with a properly worded refusal containing all due professions of esteem. Then, one glance at his face made her relent. She wavered; she was tempted to say something kind,—but just then down the street rolled a billow of trumpet sound, clear, brave, decisive as martial music. Lord Ellerton knit his brows, his eyes flashed, but Grace Tressilian had gained courage. "I cannot modify what I have said," she declared gravely. "I wish I could. But truth is the first thing. You ask for love and I have only friendship to give." On this ground she stood firm.

Hugh Ellerton went away bitterly disappointed. His long courtship had found a sharp close. He had no music in his soul for many days after and no special good-will towards any young musicians.

That day Mr. Tressilian had to take his share of the family troubles. His wife poured out her grievances in a boiling flood on his head. Grace's refusal of Lord Ellerton, her ground of complaint. Mr. Tressilian was a sensible, straightforward man, fond of quiet but quite capable of speaking his mind when occasion demanded. He did this now. "Certainly, my dear, I sympathize with Grace. I say she did right. She does not seem to like young Ellerton."

"And if she should take a fancy to some starved Bohemian in a garret, that would be all right, too! Mr. Tressilian, I am ashamed of you!"

"Yes, dear," said Mr. Tressilian, meekly.

"I shall take Grace home to Philadelphia at once, She has seen enough of these foreign musicians. It is high time for a change in the program."

"Very well! Do just as you like, of course. I think you are a little mistaken on some of these matters, but never mind! The mistake won't hurt Grace."

Mrs. Tressilian made one last effort. "Why can't you talk with her and just advise her to be reasonable?"

"I have talked with her. She is pretty decided about Ellerton—says she had rather marry the Cardiff Giant!" and Mr. Tressilian went away, laughing.

But his wife was as good as her word, and almost before Grace realized it, they had left Florence. The voyage proved tedious and New York wore its dullest aspect on their day of arrival. A heavy fog gloomed over the harbor, the cold sun glimmering through it in faint mockery of Italian brightness.

A long winter ensued, a hard one for Grace, for letters from Florence brought no tidings of Hensen, no word of Otto Rulof. She could only think they had forgotten her, but something must have happened. It might be illness, it might be death. So she worried persistently. Her one consolation lay in a serious study of music.

But early spring brought some fair weather and a grand reception to a visiting celebrity.

Jane thinks you should wear your pink organdy to that affair, Tuesday," observed her aunt. "Rose-color is always becoming."

"No," was the swift retort, "I shall wear black—for dear Lord Ellerton. How can you laugh, Jane? I mourn for Auntie's buried hopes." And some of the old frolic flashed into her eyes.

But her costume proved to be the frailest of black lace, over a snowy surface of satiny sheen and shimmer. It was a vision of moonlight. She might have passed for a spirit of some story world and the white roses in her golden hair for the growth of celestial gardens.

She was moving through the figures of the second dance with a sober old gentleman, a friend of the family, when she caught a sudden change in the music. The clear notes seemed speaking of Rulof.

Presently, the dance over, her uncle came across the floor, chatting, affably enough, with her Florentine lover. In that one instant Philadelphia became Italy and the next waltz described blissful circles of Dante's Paradise.

"Hensen told me to come," he whispered in her ear, "and

what else could I do? You know how madly I love you! I need not tell you again." And her answer was the sweetest song earth ever sang to her young musician.

Otto Rulof had not taken their separation so quietly as Grace had done. Hensen missed him for some time; then, after a vain search of many days found him prostrate under a malarial fever, brought on by exposure and anxiety. His recovery had been slow; then other events occurred to detain him in Europe. He became depressed and discouraged to such a morbid degree that but for Hensen's exertions he would scarcely have sailed at all.

Meantime, Mrs. Tressilian was going through a singular experience. Her husband had contrived in some way to form the acquaintance of the Austrian Minister, Count Wikander, an honor which Mrs. Tressilian was eager to share. On this occasion the long-sought opportunity presented itself. But after a formal introduction, the stranger, a tall, dignified man, decorated with ribbons innumerable and a small galaxy of stars and crosses, opened the conversation with this unwelcome remark: "I am told, Madame, that you know my young friend Rulof, of Frankfort. Such an excellent young man, the sole representative of a family the most honorable!"

Mrs. Tressilian was confounded. A travelling musician, playing in a band! There must be some mistake; she ventured a hint of the kind.

"Ah, my dear madame, it is well that young men should see the world. It gives them a certain polish, a savoir faire which is indispensable. And when our friend has settled down into a grave magistrate of Frankfort like his highly respected father, it will prove an advantage to have travelled in his early days and seen this wonderful country of America."

He put the case in its new light with an ease which proved his diplomatic skill. "Yes, madame," he continued, "the family are most wise. The young have their caprices—precisement comme nous autres. It is not well to be too severe."

Thus the musical transgressions of Otto Rulof were condoned and politely swept out of sight with one inimitable touch—

a courtier-like bow completing it by way of emphasis. Just then Otto and Grace circled by in the dance.

“The charming young lady with whom he dances—is it Mademoiselle Grace, of whom I have heard? Your niece, madame? I congratulate you! She is elegance itself. I am sure that an Americaine so attractive would be well received by the relatives of my young friend, if he should choose to marry her. His great-aunt, Madame the Baroness Von Altorp, would be graciously disposed, I am quite convinced! It is beyond a doubt.”

Mrs. Tressilian was annihilated; a family into which her niece must be introduced deferentially, and a stately great-aunt, who was a baroness! The stranger had one touch more, however. “You object to the band, the music madame? I beg pardon—but here in America, as far as I have observed, every man seems to be his own trumpeter.”

Presently Otto Rulof felt a friendly hand on his shoulder; and behind him stood Count Wikander, a representative of home restraint and home disapproval. He drew back, instinctively,—but the Count smiled. The voice of discipline took a very mild tone.

“My dear Rulof! Delighted to meet you here.” Then after a suitable presentation to Grace, some slight news from Frankfort and a few compliments scattered about like sugar-plums, it continued: “By the way, if I do not mistake, I have just done you a service with Madame Tressilian. My young friend, you are too modest for this latitude! You must tell people who you are.”

Grace laughed. “He should be labelled, at length and very plainly, like a foreign plant at a flower-show.”

“Justement-precisely! And, as for this masquerading, this farce of the strolling musician, we will have no more of it.”

Otto Rulof acted on this advice without delay. His wandering life had been a source of anxiety to his parents for several years—and now, the thought of Grace involved a reconciliation with Frankfort. To do him justice, he was really too fond of her to hesitate.

Mrs. Tressilian slowly withdrew her opposition and after a quiet wedding the young couple said good-bye to Philadelphia. Grace won friends in her new home, as she won them all her life before, and Madame the Baroness petted her beyond measure.

Sometimes, amid her happiness she would find leisure to pity Lord Ellerton; but when she learned of his marriage to a sober Englishwoman—an event which had followed hard upon his disastrous Italian campaign—she pitied him no longer.

Her choice was made; she had no real cause to regret it; yet the grander qualities of manhood in their best estate belonged to Guy Hensen, silent, unpitied, uncomplaining—the man whom she passed by.



ST. PATRICK, APOSTLE OF IRELAND

BY REV. P. J. KIRBY.

VI. His Birthplace (Continued).

Historians do not agree in indicating the location of St. Patrick's birthplace. They disagree as to whether his native country is England, France, Scotland, Wales, or some other land. Clearly, there is little satisfaction historically in assuming that St. Patrick was born in the district of Bonnauem Taberniae, if the locality is claimed by countries from the Tiber to the Tay.

Let the saint present his own evidence as to which country is his native land. The evidence of early witnesses will also be given to substantiate the deductions made from the saint's remarks. All should prove sufficiently, that St. Patrick was born in *European Gaul, nowadays France.

After locating the saint's native land it must prove easier to settle the question of his birthplace.

St. Patrick relates in his "Confession" that when a slave in Ireland, he heard on a certain night, a voice saying to him: "Well dost thou fast, thou who are speedily to go to thy native country. Behold thy ship is ready."

He informs us that soon after this heavenly admonition, he fled, reached the appointed ship, and set sail.

The ship mentioned must be considered the principal earthly factor in conducting the saint to his native land. Otherwise, one must deny the saint's evidence, implying as it does the sincerity of Heaven and his own obedience to supernal arrangements. The "Confession" of St. Patrick is accepted as historical evidence. Needless to say, saints believe in the sincerity of heavenly promises and avail of them, else they would not be saints.

If a person is told officially that a ship is ready to transport

*Wales was also named Gaul in ancient times.

him to his native land, that ship is bound for that land, or at the very least, to within easy distance of it.

It may be asserted that the words "native country" were intended to be understood spiritually, as applying to the Church; from which the youth was exiled so long. The best interpreter of the words is the saint. He did not, in his writings, use them in any sense other than that ordinarily understood, nowadays. For example, "whence to me afterwards that gift so great, so saving, to know and love God, but so as to lose fatherland and parents." No reasonable person would construe from those words that the saint came to the interior knowledge of God by becoming lost to God's Church.

Did the words "native country" mean the Roman Empire of which he was a "freeborn" citizen? If so, his birthplace could have been in Great Britain even though the ship of escape conveyed him to Europe. The terms "Native country," "fatherland," etc., were never applied to the Roman Empire. The Roman Empire was a Political State, not a nation. It included the native countries of many different peoples. The term Roman Empire was political, not racial.

As applying to those born outside the City of Rome, the terms "Roman" and "citizen" were also political, not national or racial, v.g. In Chapter XXII., Acts of the Apostles, it is related that St. Paul said:

"I am a Jew, born at Tarsus in Cilicia."

"And the tribune coming, said to him: Tell me, art thou a Roman? But he said: Yea.

"And the tribune answered: I obtained the being free of this city with a great sum. And Paul said: But I was born so."

In the Fifth Century, all peoples aligned to the Empire of Rome could carry the title "citizen,"—of Rome.

It is manifest, therefore, that the words "native country" addressed to St. Patrick, by the nocturnal heavenly voice, are to be understood in their every-day sense.

The data given in the following paragraph from the saint's "Confession" is worth analysis. It affords conclusive evidence

that the ship in which the saint escaped from captivity in Ireland, brought him to the coast of Europe, after three days.

“And immediately we set sail, and after three days we came to land, and we journeyed for twenty-eight days through a desert, and food failed them and hunger oppressed them. And on a certain day the ship’s ruler began to say to me: ‘What sayest thou, O Christian, thy God is great and omnipotent? Why, therefore, canst thou not pray for us, for we are in danger of starving—it will go hard with us ever again to see any person.’ Then I said to them, plainly: ‘Be converted in faith and with all your heart to the Lord my God, to whom nothing is impossible, that He may this day send you food on your way until ye be satisfied, for He hath abundance everywhere.’ And with the help of God it so happened. Lo, a herd of swine appeared in the way before our eyes, and they slew many of them, and they remained there two nights, and they were well fed, and their dogs got their fill, for many of them were left half dead by the way.”

The tenor of the expression “and after three days we came to land” shows that in the mind of the writer the voyage was not subject of untoward incident. He considered it a steady, even, and unimpeded sea voyage. All for shore landed safely.

A three days’ sail of the kind intimated by the saint would not be needed to reach the farthest Roman port in the Island of Britain. Even had the ship come to land at the utmost point in that island, the afflicting journey of twenty-eight days could not be possible. A week’s travelling through Great Britain would have brought the party to some centre of population.

In the days of St. Patrick a ship would require longer than three days to move from Ireland to the farthest sea-limit of Roman Empire. This ship of escape must have sailed within the Roman fringe and the vastness of the wilderness traversed after the three days’ sail, indicates that the landing-place was on the coast of Europe.

Again, the captain, or ship’s master with followers of his and the humble saint, journeyed inland, followed by the com-

pany of dogs. The captain's objective was far inland, else he would have turned back to port before general hunger threatened death to all. Despite privations and dangers he kept the caravan forging ahead, thus showing that his objective was afar. He evidently knew the commercial route and hoped to find relief at some relay station. He had not counted on the extreme devastations of war which confronted him on this expedition. "If the whole ocean had poured its waters into the fields of Gaul, its vasty waves would have spared more than the invaders." The quotation is from a Gallie writer of the period. It may prove explanatory for readers who have forgotten their history or may not have read the first instalment of this series.

The captain of the caravan consulted the young saint on the crisis of their journeying. The words of the saint, "on your way," as used in his reply, reveal that the captain had previously determined to reach a settled destination onwards from the coast. Incidentally they show also that the saint's ultimate destination was not the captain's.

The caravan certainly journeyed far from the coast before the dogs gave up. Strong dogs do not collapse within a week of hardship and only strong ones were committed to a lengthy route overland.

It is obvious that the number of dogs was great. The saint remarked in writing that many dogs were left half dead by the way. Many so conditioned, suggests that there were many more in the company not so conditioned, making in all a goodly total.

The number of men was not insignificant. The saint recorded that many swine were slain. It would require many men, aided by many of the dogs, to round up and despatch many from a herd of foraging swine. The manner in which the saint qualified the slaughter of those swine discloses the fact that a large number of men and dogs were sadly in need of sustenance.

A capacious sea craft was needed to transport so large a concourse of men and dogs. The inference is a deep sea

voyage. And when the time and quality of that voyage are considered with the extent of the wilderness, the conclusion is inevitable that the ship in which our saint escaped from Ireland, carried him directly to Europe.

The dogs were valuable animals; otherwise so large a company of them would not have been assembled and transported so far overseas. Ireland was famed particularly for the cultivation of superior canines of many kinds. In the days of St. Patrick some countries of Europe were infested by wolves and other noxious wild beasts. To cope with the rapacity of those pests, Irish wolf-hounds were especially in big demand. The native Irish wolf-hound was a superlative specimen of the canine species. He was gigantic, lithe, very swift, powerful and admirably adapted for the chase. For ample information on the qualities of the animal, dog fanciers are referred to Rev. Dr. Hogan's book, "Irish Wolfdog." Meantime, a few extracts suffice to prove the export value of the dog.

Symmachus, a Roman Consul, acknowledging a present of seven Irish dogs which his brother Flavianus had sent him, remarked in writing of them, "All Rome viewed them with wonder and thought they must have been brought hither in iron cages." (A.D. 391).

Rev. Father Campion, S.J. (1591), wrote in his short History of Ireland, "They (the Irish) are not without wolves, and greyhounds to hunt them, bigged of bone and limme than a colt."

During the eighteenth century wolves became extinct in Ireland. The Irish wolfdog not being needed there, gradually disappeared from the island, chiefly through mass-export to Austria. He is still found in the latter country in best repute.

The Celts of European Gaul trained dogs to fight in battle. The Irish wolfdog was admirably adapted for such training. The captain of the ship referred to in the "Confession," whether he be considered a master-merchant or a warrior-chief, had through Gaul and the regions of The Black Forest particularly, ready demand for the dogs.

The foregoing data and deductions point clearly to Euro-

pean Gaul as the land directly reached by St. Patrick, after his escape from captivity in Ireland. Did he remain in Gaul as the promised destination, or did he proceed further onwards? If his exit from Gaul were not reasonably immediate, it must be concluded that his native home should be sought for there. Persons who claim the saint as a native of Great Britain, may object that the saint, like The Magi, made a long detour to avoid trouble, and took shipping back to that island. There is nothing to warrant so amazing an evolution of escape, in this case; therefore human credulity is not weak enough to accept the objection. "Well dost thou fast, thou who art to go quickly to thy native country." Behold thy ship is ready," said the angelic voice. The saint was admonished to go at once to the ship. "So I fled soon after," he wrote, "and I reached that ship." All this celerity indicated that he was not only "quickly to go" to his native land, but that he was to get there soon. Moreover, there was but one ship in the case. No reasonable conjecture can be made that the saint returned to that ship after disembarking.

Conclusions deduced from historical data are strengthened by the testimony of early witnesses and in turn confirm that testimony.

The conclusion deduced from the saint's words above, that European Gaul was the land to which he directly escaped from captivity in Ireland, is confirmed by Probus, his biographer (A.D. 940). Probus, an Irish monk, testifies that the ship in which St. Patrick escaped from slavery in Ireland, landed at Bordeaux. He also supplies the important information that after journeying twenty-eight days through the desert mentioned, "the blessed Patrick arrived in Tours and joined Martin the Bishop, with whom he remained for four years, receiving the tonsure and admission into the clerical state."

Authorities admit that the sources of Probus's historical information are traceable to the days of St. Patrick.

It is evident from all this that the birthplace of St. Patrick is in France.

(To be continued).

PRAYER TO ST. PATRICK.

O God who didst send among us Thy servant St. Patrick, to instruct and save us, and didst infuse into his heart so great a share of Thy own tenderness, charity, and zeal; listen, we beseech Thee, to the prayers which we now offer up in union with the prayers of our glorious Patron and father in Heaven, and grant us, through his intercession, a lively faith, a firm hope, and an ardent zeal and charity.



Peace Time in Belgium



When Spring returns with soft blue skies
 To Belgium, now, how calm it lies
 Bathed in the warming April sun,
 No more the desecrating gun
 Disturbs the gentle robin's ear;
 In peace, the homes stand sacred, dear.

By strath and shrine, in stately streets,
 Nought, now, alarms; no summons beats,
 As when, to arms, on every hand,
 Men rose up for their fatherland;
 But monument and statue tell
 How patriots fought, how brave men fell.

While tower and church again upraise,
 As in the former peaceful days,
 Steeple and cross to starry dome,
 And well won honours grace the home;
 So, above hatred, war and shame
 May hearts of men be raised the same.

Frederick B. Fenton.

THE DE BURGHO CHALICE

From time immemorial—long before the Christian era—the Irish people were famous for their skill in the art of working gold, silver and bronze.

In the “Annals of the Four Masters” and also in the “Annals of Clonmacnoise,” reference is made of a famous goldsmith named Uchadan, who worked for Tighearnmas, a king who ruled Ireland 1,550 years before the Christian Era. Uchadan was the first to convert gold and silver into cups, brooches, pins and other articles of personal adornment. As early as 1,300 years before the Christian Era the Irish Kings, Princes, and Chiefs wore collars, chains and rings of gold as marks of rank and distinction.

This primitive art was brought to great perfection in Christian times, and about the 10th and 11th centuries had attained a very high standard of perfection. Then, as now, the Church was the great Patron and Protector of art. Very few countries in the world can boast of such marvellous specimens of finely wrought work as the Ardagh Chalice, the Cross of Cong, the Tara Brooch, and the Shrine of St. Patrick’s Bell, besides the many beautiful Croziers, Crosses and Shrines preserved in the National Museum in Dublin.

Owing to the general disorganization of the country, consequent on the Danish and Anglo-Norman invasions, aided by the civil discord and disturbances which pervaded the country, literature and arts generally had greatly retrograded. This decline of native art continued as long as foreign influence was paramount in the country, but about the beginning of the 15th century English power and influence were on the decline and rapidly dwindled into complete insignificance. Very soon native art and craftsmanship began to assert itself, and again flourished until swamped by the terrific social and religious upheaval which succeeded the Reformation.

The De Burgho Chalice is particularly interesting, as being perhaps the only extant specimen of Irish Church Plate of the period between the Anglo-Norman invasion and the Reformation. While deficient in the elaborate ornamentation of similar articles of the 10th and 11th centuries, the design of the Chalice is perfect, and the ornament is very chaste and artistic. As its history may be of interest to our readers, we give it here.

In March, 1897 the Very Rev. Hugh Behan, P.P., of Tullamore, King's County, sent the Chalice to Messrs. Smyth & Son, Church Plate Manufacturers, Wicklow street, Dublin, to have it repaired, gilt, and made fit for use. Messrs. Smyth have been for many years taking and collecting photographs of all the old Chalices which comes into their hands for repairs, and have a very fine collection of these photographs of Church Plate, ranging from the 14th to the 18th century. Being experts in antique silver generally, they at once saw that the Chalice before them was a solitary specimen of the period of its manufacture. They wrote to Father Behan to say the Chalice had a very considerable value as an antique, and that any repairs done to it or renovating it in any way would depreciate this value. They also asked for some information respecting it, and learned that Father Behan received the Chalice from a family named Dowling, of Tullamore, who had the Chalice for many generations in an old, worm-eaten box with a set of vestments and a missal. There was a family tradition that the box and its contents came to them from a family of the Galway Blakes, with whom the Dowlings were related, and that it should be religiously preserved in their family.

On the base of the Chalice was an inscription, "Thoma de Burgho et Grannia O'Malle me fieri fecerunt, Anno Domini, 1494," which in English means that Thomas De Burgh (Anglice Burke) and Grace O'Malley had this Chalice made in the year of our Lord, 1494.

The Thomas De Burgh referred to was a descendant of the famous Norman family who came to England with the Con-

queror, and subsequently came to Ireland in Strongbow's van. The family received large grants of land in the West of Ireland, and is represented at the present day by the the Marquis of Clanrickarde. The O'Malleys were an equally famous Celtic family, one of whom was the famous Connaught chieftainess, popularly known as Grania Uaile, whose exploits form the subject of many stories. There were frequent inter-marriages between the Celtic and the Norman Irish, and the names in the inscription are those of husband and wife. This is an example of an old Irish custom of a woman retaining her maiden name after marriage, and survives in many parts of Ireland even to the present time.

The Chalice was returned by Father Behan to the person from whom he received it, and after some time it found its way to Christie's auction rooms, where it was purchased by Lord Swatbling for, we understand, a sum well over one thousand pounds.

Copies of this Chalice were made by Smyth & Sons for presentation to His Holiness Pope Pius X. on the occasion of his Jubilee.

Ten to order of Lady Louth from the Ladies of Ireland.

Two to order of the Countess of Kenmare.

One for Ladies' Association Perpetual Adoration, Merrion Square, Dublin.

One from the family silver of two ladies.

One for a lady who does not wish her name mentioned.

One of these Chalices is now the treasured possession of the Rev. Dr. Ryan, Prefect of Studies and Professor of Ecclesiastical History at St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto.

This valuable Chalice of ancient Irish workmanship was sent, richly encased, to Rev. Dr. Ryan last December, as a Christmas gift from his distinguished friend, the Most Rev. Dr. Codd, Lord Bishop of Ferns, Wexford, Ireland.



A SACRED WISH REQUESTED AT LAST!

BY RT. REV. A. E. BURKE, P.A.

WE had a nocturnal funeral here in Rome, on October 28th, which surprised and deeply moved the world.

That there should have been surprise at a thing so natural and provided, adds but another to the numerous anomalies of history; that the intimate feelings of Christendom should have been deeply touched, is only another proof of the divinity in things, and the instructive affection between the Head and Members of the Mystical Body of Christ. And there is a strain of natural piety in us all which helps fulfill the desires of our forebears as regards sepulture. These all centred in the transfer, after 22 years' waiting, of Pope Leo XIII.'s remains. There were other considerations also.

Rome is the centre of the World. It is not strange, then, that her deepest emotions, quickly attain to the circumference. It was ever thus. It was the way when her Imperial Edict ran coterminously with the known world. It was so too, only to a greater extent, when Constantine brought the Church out of the Catacombs, and bestowed upon its Pontifex Maximus the Lateran Palace of his family, which quickly became what it is to-day, *Omnium Ecclesiarum Mater ea Caput*; and, whilst she has had many ups and downs since then, because of conflicting interests of men and governments; and despite the lamentable differences in the Christian family, Rome is still the only real spiritual centre in the world; and this implies the only centre of everything, for the transcendent quality, do what we may, predominates everything in the end. And this Rome must remain as long, at least, as the High Priest of Christianity, the *Summus Pontifex*, the successor of Peter the Fisherman, is here; for *ubi Petrus ibi ecclesia*.

Peter was Christ's Vice Regent amongst men, he was First Pope and Bishop of Rome; his it were to feed the lambs and sheep of the Blessed Redeemer, and watch carefully over the deposit of His faith; and, in one unbroken succession of 261 Popes has the Church He builded upon them and commanded us to hear, been ruled marvellously and well. Thousands of years have fled since this mission was confided to her, and the Church is as fresh and fair to-day as when she issued from the Cenacle; and we have nothing to convince us, says the non-Catholic Macaulay, that when the New Zealander stands on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's, she may not be just as fair, youthful and vigorous as now.

A Pope is the highest personage on earth. All in authority over others have their authority from God; but the Pope is always with us, and exercises here the plenary power of Christ. The Pope then is everything; all the world. He is the Vicar of Christ, and acts for Him with men; therefore, he is the same Jesus Christ living in His Church, which is the kingdom of God on earth. He is the living Peter in the Sacred Cathedra, continuing the great gesture of representing Christ, of observing His Law and of interpreting and applying it to the affairs of men. He is the Sun of Truth and Justice; the True Light of the World; the Father, Pastor and Infallible Teacher of all that believe in Him.

Roughly, this is the Pope; but he is more than this, if his name is Leo XIII., whom Providence prepared from afar, by long and difficult labours in the midst of profoundest study and the exercise of an arduous apostolate, to take his place in Peter's Chair, in times difficult and calamitous; and by his profound learning, sincere piety and unconquerable courage to brighten a world, sitting in darkness; to dominate it by his great moral figure; and conduct it unto the haven of faith and Justice.

And why, you will naturally ask, was the remains of such a Pope deprived of a fitting resting-place till this day? *Quare fremuerunt gentes et populi meditati sunt anannia.* It is the same old way with the world. He spoke Christ's word to them

and they would not hear him. They took up stones and cast at Him. He went apart and hid Himself. The Jews wanted a greater ruler, an earthly king. They refused the King of Kings. They knew not the day of their visitation. The sects and Masons and infidels, with the weight of governments behind them, which the Jews had against Christ, desired no curb to their cupidity, no thong on their sensuality, no restraint upon oppression of the poor, or undue acquisition of worldly goods. The devil was abroad taking the word of Truth from the hearts of men, blaspheming the name of Christ and His Vicar, by the pens and preachment of those with a little worldly learning, or wisdom, but no virtue to save it from danger. There had been a long sustained conspiracy against Truth, from Luther's and Henry's day, especially; and the Golden Calf was set up where the Saving Cross stood before; and the multitude fell down and adored it. But God has never forgotten His people no matter how they may have sinned against Him; and so He raised up Prophets and Teachers in the old time, before He himself walked the earth; and since then, in the wonderful line of vicars He has given us, (men fitted to the exigency of their times) to guide us, vicars who never in one single instance, abated by jot or tittle, the Sacred Deposit of the Faith.

The temporal possessions of the Pope were seized upon by Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi. Pius IX., their latest administrator, sank into a sorrowful grave, with the Patrimony of Peter in sacreligious hands. He could, perhaps, have saved it; but declared its defence not worth a single drop of human blood. His soldiers then, after it became only a matter of great slaughter on all sides, to defend, reluctantly, and at his word, laid down their arms. The Church retired to the Vatican. All its goods the invader controlled. It was a sad and ugly world, from all sides, then, that Papa Pecci had to face, but after taking the name of Leo, he faced it like a lion. The world was out of joint. The Church was in a new sphere. There had to be fittings and adjustments, in the natural order of things. What we cannot cure we must endure. So the

great Joachim Pecci, Pope Leo XIII., stood up in Peter's Throne and spoke to Peter's Church, which is the world, in lofty, inspiring, practical terms which amazed the self-constituted wisdom of the world, encouraged all disposed to divine service, and compelled the adventurous and lawless into paths of sanity and moderation. Then this foolish world, which by Masonic mouths had declared the Papacy at an end with Pius IX., fairly gasped before the length and breadth and profundity of Leo's wisdom, and began to have doubts about the undertakings it had made. Leo laid down firmly, the rights of nations and the peoples that composed them; of Caesar and of Christ; of capital and labor; of every interest known to his day; and his dicta are now the basis of all sane modern administration. He reproved vices, pointed out dangers, defended Faith and its conservator the Church; condemned the subtle designs of Darkness, through Masonry and sectarianism, and courageously recalled all Christianity to the practice of true religion. He renewed the major devotions in the sanctuary, and encouraged Catholics to the observance of God's commandments, and the practice of the Gospel counsels. He stood as one alone, but as one so strong that the phalanxes of evil could not attain to him; tiarra on head, cross in hand, teaching, proclaiming, counselling, commanding all to the practice of the religion of Christ; and, so, after a long pontificate, and in more than the patriarchal years, like Daniel's teacher, he passed to his shining pinnacle in the celestial firmament. When he died even his enemies said: "A great man has fallen this day in Israel; his children bewept him for a great Father and Pastor and Pope; Learning and goodness lamented a friend and master."

But Leo never passed away. He was here with us always, though Pius X. governed, and Benedict XV. pontificated, and, now, Pius XI. rules gloriously. They all invoked his doctrines, purely those of Christ; they all upheld his politics, if such the norm of church government may be called; they all kept applying his remedies to the changing political and social conditions of the times. No day passed and Leo was

not talking by the mouth of Pius, or Benedict, or Pius again; so we often went to St. John's to look upon him, above his glorious tomb, still teaching, exhorting, commanding, till every word of his magnificent encyclicals were burnt into our souls, and we said: "Let us go and fetch him from his prison, and raise him up here, where his great soul will exalt in Todini's marble and his spirit quieten the righteous in all the war-tossed world."

But it was unsafe, in the experience of Pius IX.'s transference to St. Lawrence's and the outburst of Nathan hatred that followed his own demise, which he had so signally embellished and endowed. They made him a tomb—the most beautiful in Rome, city of grand tombs, I think Todini's unquestioned genius reproducing the real Pontiff, so that all were in admiration before it. But it was long like a well without water, a furnace void of fire; it was empty of the remains of him it so admirably configured. Latterly, since a better era dawned on Italy, and Benito Mussolini discovered that the effete principles of sectarianism and superbity in national life were vain, noxious, corroding; and after he had said that a people without religion, and that the holy Catholic religion, could fill no adequate destiny; and when he restored faith to education, and the cross to its honored position in Christian society; after crying a halt to socialism, communism, bolshevism, with a special condemnation for Masonry, which had obscured the spiritual ideals of the nation and could encompass its ruin ultimately,—there had been some talk of Leo's transference to the Latern. There need be no trouble about it now most people thought so what Pius X. could not do, nor Benedict XV., the present Pontiff, Pius XI. considered it well to do, but to do prudently, if solemnly, as becometh a great Pope's recognized rests. So, behold, few knowing ought about it, in the mystic hours of night a solemn pontifical procession, conveying these sacred remains through the thoroughfares of Rome, starts out from St. Peter's and covers the length of the city, to the Cathedral of Peter's successors, on the Latern heights; and all this historic gest duly certificated

at both ends, they give the venerated corps suitable religious honors, in a magnificent Capella Ardente, and lying-in-state for three days, commences. There, on St. Severina's altar, for three days Masses and constant prayers were said—hundreds of thousands of pious men and women, youths and children filed past the chancel daily, and thousands and thousands of seminarians, students and congregationists said there aloud their *De Profundis* and other convenient prayers; and prelates and superiors gave silent absolutions, till we felt that if ever Pontiff were blessed with grateful supplication and the refreshment of suffrage that one were surely the Immortal Leo! And although he needed them little, his great soul seemed to joy in his people's homage; and, anyway, we know that they will never be lost in the saving custody of the Church, but may be applied to the needful, in the communion of the saints, even our own souls. Touching, consoling, truthful, Christ-like doctrine of the Communion of the Saints!

In the presence of the Great Leo's remains, who could forget to pray for one who had so well pointed the way to us all and told us that if he wished to procure our salvation and that of society, as well as the Church's triumph, we ought always to pray. We make supplication then in these precincts and as he directs in his great pastoral, to the end that the Lord may save His people, cause religion to return to the hearts and minds of men, and particularly to the enemies of the Faith, so they may cease from their iniquitous war, make Christianity to increase and prosper; have the Church vested with all necessary liberty; the wondrous return to the field of salvation, error give place to truth, and vice to virtue everywhere.

For the final ceremonies of interment, the Pontifical catafalque which had already stood for three days in St. Severina's Chapel, was carefully removed to the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, on Sunday evening (26th), where it stood in the centre of the right transept, the entire area of which was converted into a mortuary precinct; and at 10 o'clock precisely, Monday morning (27th), the restricted assemblage

consisting of a bench of Cardinals, another of Bishops and Prelates, another of Ambassadors to the Holy See, and still another with a full representation of the noble Pecci family, consisting of the Pope's nephew, Count Richard Pecci, and his sister, Countess Maria Maroni; the children of the Count Stanislaus with his consort, Baroness Ubin de Servin, Countess Babiella and Countess Agnes, with the latter's husband, the Marquis Louis Canali; the sons of the two deceased nephews, Louis and Camille, Counts John Baptist and Joachim Pecci, and the Countess Anna Blunt,—had taken their places. Cardinal Pampilj, the Archpriest of the Latern Basilica, and Vicar-General to His Holiness, Pope Pius XI., officiated; and upon attaining the verge of the transept, intoned the ritual prayers, which the students of the Roman College took up at once, executing the Gregorian Chant so marvellously that there were few dry eyes amongst the attendants, and the venerable Cardinal Vanutelli, Dean of the Sacred College, and the only one present of the three living Cardinals of Leo's creation, was visibly and deeply moved in the circumstances. The last absolutions were solemnly imparted, all the Cardinals participating; the prayers said and responses made; then the solemn Act of Interment, which a Prothonotary Apostolic had drawn up, at a table nearby, was duly signed, by the presiding Cardinal and his colleagues, as well as by other necessary witnesses and members of the Pecci family. This completed, the assemblage filed through the Sacristy entrance, to the space behind the monument, all this time outwardly covered, with black draping, when workmen removed the wooden outer envelope of the heavy zinc casket, with the arms of the Pecci and this inscription upon it:

Leo XIII. P.M. Vixit annos XCIII., mens. V.
Ecclesiae Univers. Praefuit An. XXV. m. V.
Obiit XII. Kal. Aug., MCMIII.

and verified the seals it carried. This done, the Prothonotary published the Act solemnly, and enclosed it in a metal cylinder; the wooden case was again restored and the cavity

being blessed by one of the Canons, the coffin was adroitly slipped into place, and the cavity closed with a plain marble slab bearing the simple words, "Leo XIII." Thus all was over in less than an hour, but it was the most touching hour's ceremony ever seen. Sunday the Papal Requiem took place with an immense assistance of churchmen and laity and the fullest funeral pomp and ceremony.

Now that Pope Leo XIII.'s remains are finally in their beautiful marble tomb, under the noble vault of the Mother and Head of all the churches of Christendom; and the temple which the Immortal Pontiff himself formally designed for his last resting-place, a sigh of relief and gratitude to God will escape every honest heart; for this appropriate gesture is all-consoling to the Faithful, and evident in the secret designs of Him whom he represented on earth, and Who doth all things well. *Requiem aeternum dona Ei, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat Ei!*



DEATH OF M. LE CURE P. LAMARCHE

Rev. Father Phillippe Lamarche, founder of Sacred Heart Parish, Toronto, died at St. Michael's Hospital, December 21st, in the seventy-second year of his age and the forty-second of his priesthood. In the death of this valiant priest, the members of Sacred Heart Parish lost a most devoted Pastor and Father, the clergy, a well-beloved member, and a large number of souls who had learned what balm for the sorrowing and hope for the dejected his Christ-like charity held, an esteemed friend and counsellor.

Père Lamarche was a priestly priest, worthy of the title. Born at Ste. Esprit, Quebec, in one of these truly Christian families where the love of God and of religion is the ruling principle, he learned early the precious lessons of faith which were destined to give colour to his whole career. On the day of his first Holy Communion, he prayed for the grace of a vocation to the priesthood. Later, when serving Mass, one day, he got a glimpse of the celebrant, Père Charron's face as he was elevating the Sacred Host, and an indescribable longing to share his Parish Priest's privileges took possession of him. All other prospects grew dim in the light of the hope of becoming a priest. He entered Joliette College, where he successfully completed his classical course, which was followed by theological studies in Montreal. The longed-for day of ordination dawned at last, and on May 17th, 1883, at his first Holy Mass, Father Lamarche, in his turn, held in his newly-anointed hands the Sacred Host and elevated on high, in a spirit of gratitude, the Holy "Chalice of Salvation."

It might well be said that Père Lamarche's distinctive trait, as a priest, was his striking devotion to Holy Mass. In this holy act, he found his consolation for the trials of life and derived the courage and zeal he evinced in the discharge of the manifold good works of his ministry. Unfailingly, Father Lamarche made his way to his little church at 5.30 a.m. to

prepare himself, by an hour's meditation and other prayers, for his offering of the Lamb of God. Nor could he be persuaded to omit saying his Mass in order to take some rest when his health was failing so noticeably. "I do not feel weary in the morning," he would reply to those who urged the need of rest to him; "it is a grace God has given me to feel refreshed and fervent at my morning Mass."

Having spent four happy years as a priest in Montreal, Father Lamarche was chosen, in 1887, to found Sacred Heart Parish in Toronto, where a small circle of French-Canadians, desirous of preserving their allied legacy of faith and language, had pleaded for a priest from their natal Province. This mission to a distant city in an unknown Province, entailed among many sacrifices, that of leaving his own relatives and intimate friends. However, the spirit of missionary zeal was not lacking in our young priest, nor could anyone with ordinary courage have struggled as successfully and fruitfully, through the difficulties and hardships of this new foundation. But, relying on God, Whose Holy Will he strove to fulfil in all things, Father Lamarche organized his little Parish, which he placed under the protection of the Sacred Heart, preserved the faith pure and fervent in the hearts of his parishioners and spent himself in dispensing charity to all; the sick, the poor, the erring whom he sought with untiring quest, the sorrow-laden,—no one belonging to his scattered flock was forgotten. Indeed, even separated brethren oftentimes came to seek counsel and instruction from him and, in numerous cases, he had the consolation of receiving them within the pale of Holy Church. His energetic zeal astonished his friends and parishioners. During thirty-seven successive years he labored without respite—not knowing repose. His was a magnanimous soul whose delight it was to work for God and souls. His was a relentless courage which resembled that of the martyrs. Often, in his Catechism classes, he would show his admiration of them by speaking of these heroes of God, who counted it joy to give up their very lives for Him whose love of us calls for a return.

“L’Action Populaire,” December 31st, published a scholarly and touching tribute to Père Lamarche from which we quote: “This charity which made Father Lamarche so tender towards all the suffering members of Christ was due, no doubt, to his natural kindness of heart, but more, to his spirit of faith. To speak of Our Lord and of His Passion, of the zeal of the Apostles, of the devotedness of missionaries, gave him real pleasures. He liked to discuss, without passion, but with sound judgment, intricate questions of spiritual topics. In the midst of many business cares as well as sacerdotal duties, Père Lamarche found time to keep his manuals on theology reviewed, so that it was surprising to verify the extent of his knowledge of theology. In other words, Father Lamarche’s faith was enlightened; his convictions were clear, vigorous and even ardent.”

Père Lamarche, in whom a most kindly gentleness blended so beautifully with robust, manly strength, bore a great love to little children. Teaching catechism to them was a pleasure, which he unfailingly enjoyed during a full hour every Sunday as well as several times during the school week. If the pupils recited a prepared lesson clearly, or otherwise gave intelligent answers, the good Priest chuckled with delight and became so enthusiastic that his class could not but feel the glow of his earnestness and his love of the spiritual. Nothing gave him greater pleasure than to draw out their childish thoughts about God or to hear their naive argument on spiritual subjects. Then he would terminate his lesson by speaking to them in fervid, touching words, of the merciful love of the Sacred Heart for men, of the dazzling purity of the Angels, or of the heroism of the Saints. When he touched on the subject of Our Blessed Lady his countenance beamed with love, or when he urged his little ones “to ask Our Lord to keep a place for them in His beautiful Heaven,” his smile was radiant with hope.

In his own language, Reverend Father Lamarche was gifted as a speaker. Deeply convinced of the holy truths of our faith and well-versed in theology, he spoke with remark-

able clarity and charming sincerity. The beautiful, rich tones of his pleasing voice helped, in no small measure, no doubt, to make a deep impression on his hearers. But it was principally the "spiritual nosegay" that refreshed the soul and made it desire to turn to God and serve Him faithfully. Somewhere in the sermon, no matter how practical and forcible the lessons inculcated might be, Father Lamarche had the gift of bringing to light the beauty of holiness and the happiness of serving God. This lingering perfume, this delicate touch, often helped to inspire hope in weary hearts.

We cannot but attribute his love of souls and his influence for good to his devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. Unless duty called him away from home, he made use of every opportunity, seized every spare period to go to recite his breviary or his rosary in the Sacramental Presence of our Lord. How touching is the fact related of him that, upon returning home after some evening sick-call or after attending a meeting of the Separate School Board, Père Lamarche would rest at the foot of the altar, his eyes often wet with tears, fixed on the Holy Tabernacle: It was thence he derived his consolation, armed himself with courage to fulfil his sacred works of mercy, and receive the lights his charity dispensed to his flock.

His memory will be cherished long and reverently in the hearts of the people who were the recipients of his benign, efficient ministry. For his parishioners and many others, the torch of hope lit by him will never be extinguished. His name will be a household word in their families, the mere mention of which will cause the eyes of even stalwart men to grow dim, but the treasured memory of his holiness will ever encourage them to "raise their hearts" and press on to Heaven, to which he taught them to aspire continually. May his gentle, priestly soul rest in peace!

S.M. St. C.



NEIGHBOURS

HIGH in the air above the fallow field two peewits gamboled in the March sunshine.

They were celebrating their return to their spring and summer quarters—a quiet stretch of ploughed, fallow and pasture fields on the outskirts of a wood—and, naturally, they felt more frolicsome than usual.

The joy of re-awakening life stirred in the budding trees around, sang in the breeze, and trembled in the brake and the grass. Over all the still landscape the fresh gladness of spring seemed to hover, thrilling the happy peewits with a sense of exhilaration in their playground up in the clear, pure air.

Round and round the field they dashed; up and up they soared, now side by side, now doubling, crossing, twisting, turning, with a certain quaint rhythm and grace, as if they were threading the figures of some ethereal dance, to their high-pitched, arresting call “tloyee, tloyee”—as it sounds to me, or “peewit” as most people call it,—formed a fitting accompaniment.

“Glorious! Glorious! Glorious!” they seemed to be shouting in their glee. “Isn’t it perfectly lovely to be a peewit, to be free to wheel round and round and fall and turn somersaults in this lovely spring air just when we please? Isn’t it? Isn’t it? Isn’t it? And when we’re tired, there are all those cool, clear little pools in the sopping grass just across the hedge to dip and wade in.” And down they fell, turning over and over in the air as though to show off, now their glossy, dark-green backs, now their snowy, gleaming white necks, breasts, and under-wings. Then they skimmed through the pasture field till they reached some inviting little pools formed by the spring rains of the preceding days.

“There they go, the mad creatures!” croaked the solemn old Missel Thrush to a Blackbird, as they stalked along and

pecked at the roots of stubble. "Did you ever see such crazy creatures as those peewits?"

"Well," said the gentle Blackbird, at present they are doing a very sensible thing, I should say, in taking a bath and a wade, for, after their wild frolics just now, they must be pretty hot."

The Missel Thrust raised his head, and a few yards off, he beheld the peewits running swiftly along between two pools. For all his peevishness, he could not help noticing what handsome birds they were, with their elegant black crests, and their glossy green backs gleaming with metallic tints. They ran along very fast, every now and then stopping to touch the ground with their beaks, as though to recover their balance. Then they stood stock still for a few minutes, looked sharply all round, and finally executed a series of wriggling dips into the pools, afterwards shaking out the water from their feathers in a thousand sparkling drops.

"How long will they be quiet, though?" answered the Missel Thrush. "It worries and annoys me to have them careering about with their everlasting 'tloyee, tloyee' and how peaceful and contented we have been all the winter, when you and I and the Song Thrush, and the hares and rabbits had the field all to ourselves."

"For my part, I like to see birds gay," answered the good-natured Blackbird—who also felt the thrill of spring-tide coursing through her veins, and in whose brain sweet visions of nests in leafy corners were already suggesting themes for new evening songs—"and after all, it is only in our field season we come across them; they never visit the woods and shrubberies where we shall spend the next few months, now do they?" From the clouds above poured down a flood of wild, sweet melody.

"Just listen to that Lark!" went on the Missel-Thrush, "how he does love the sound of his own voice! Upon my word, I think he's nearly as mad as the peewits; and, really, to watch him as he goes singing right up into the clouds, makes me perfectly dizzy."

“Chrr-rr-rr” said the Blackbird, merrily. “These lively creatures are all evidently on your nerves to-day. Think of something else, dear Missel-Thrush. Tell me, where are you going to make your nest? I’ve thought of such a splendid place. I shall have the prettiest, snuggest, safest nest in all my race this year.”

“You ought to know my methods by this time, Blackbird,” replied the Missel-Thrush loftily, yet visibly softened by the Blackbird’s courteous manners. “I always choose the hollow in the fork of a stout tree where the branches first spread out from the trunk; a place as sturdy and strong as myself; nothing flimsy would suit me. As to those silly peewits, I never can make out how they are not trampled out of existence altogether. Just imagine any bird being so foolish as to choose some little hollow in the ground, and lay eggs where they can easily be seen by every passer-by. Even that madeap Lark has more sense; he makes some sort of an attempt at concealment behind his tuft of grass.”

There was a touch of bitterness in the tone of these last words, for, in spite of his assumed contempt for the Lark, he would often have been very glad to have come across his nest—which he had never yet managed to do—in order to make a meal of the eggs; but that tuft of herbage, of which he spoke so condescendingly, had hitherto quite baffled him.

“Why, dear Missel-Thrush,” said the Blackbird, “you really are quite upset to-day. I hardly think the peewits are so silly after all; their eggs are such a safe colour, you know, they really look like leaves or pebbles. I have sometimes almost stepped on them without seeing them, till I perceived the parents in the neighbourhood. And mind that you beware of Magpies when you fix your stronghold in those stout, forked branches.”

Now the Missel-Thrush is a quarrelsome bird. In an instant the Blackbird marked the sudden stiffening of his body and the fierce gleam in his eye; so she went on hurriedly:

“But, dear me, what am I doing, gossiping here like this? I must be off to my husband. I heard his call just now, so

good-bye." And with a delightful chuckle, away she darted through the plantation, and in a few minutes had alighted on the far side of the hill, close to the garden of a country-house.

The Missel-Thrush, too, at once betook himself to his fastness in the depths of the wood where, from the topmost twig of an oak tree, he shrilled a loud, defiant challenge to all the Magpies of the neighbourhood.

The weeks flew swiftly by. Day by day, spring left ever fresh tokens of her gracious handiwork, and marked changes were noticeable in field and woodland. The buds on the trees grew and swelled, and burst into leaf and blossom, the green veils and specks on the purple hedgerows broadened into tufts and patches, the grass became greener and longer, the primroses, violets, speedwells, and anemones starred the woods with living gems, the air rang with a myriad melodies, and every wood and coppice was astir with throbbing, busy bird life.

Our friends of the field were as active as any, and the Missel-Thrush was one of the very first to start building operations. He had, after much prospecting, pitched upon a fork in a certain beech tree. Now this tree overhung a walk running through a plantation which on one side skirted the pewit's field, and on the other abutted on the wood. The wood was as dense as a jungle and full of all kinds of birds, among them his sworn enemies, the jays and magpies. But, true to his ancient name of "Pen-y-llwn" or "master of the coppice," he was a veritable "cock-of-the-walk" and kept his territory quite free from these invaders. He was now to be seen perpetually flying to and fro, busily occupied in collecting the materials of his nest; moss, hay, straw, twigs, dry leaves, and wool—of which there was a plentiful supply in the adjoining pasture-field and various other odds and ends. With these his mate compacted a substantial structure and then lined it with mud, to which was added a layer of dried grasses. But there was something very untidy about the exterior of the nest. Little shreds of wool and bits of hay and straw hung down on all sides, so that it could be seen a long way off; for

the Missel-Thrush never troubles himself to wait for the leaves to hide his home. In this nest were laid five greenish-blue eggs marked with reddish spots and while on them the mother-bird brooded, from a branch above, our friend lifted up his clear, rich voice in never-ending song, to cheer and soothe her in her weary, patient task.

About the time the peewits had lit upon a saucer-like depression in the middle of the fallow field, and had there made their apology for a nest by lining the hole with some dry grasses. It now contained four greenish eggs, blotted and spotted about the thicker end with brown and black. They were very round at one end and very pointed at the other, so the mother-bird arranged them very nicely with all their points toward the centre. It was not so easy to find them as it might have seemed, for they looked rather like pebbles or small clods of earth, so common in such places. It was the business of the father-bird to divert attention, and to decoy passers-by from the neighbourhood of the nest. This he did by wheeling round and round the fields, calling our "tloyee, tloyee" and performing all manner of strange gymnastics.

Deep in the wood, and high on a rather bare tree, the Magpie had woven his thorny dwelling, floor, sides and roof, it was a mass of sticks and thorns, matted so close that save for a hole in the side, it offered no entrance to man or bird. In due course the baby Magpies appeared; and as they were endowed with prodigious appetites, the parents were hard pressed to meet their clamorous demands for food. It chanced one day that from his look-out at the edge of the wood, Mr. Magpie caught sight of the Missel-Thrush's fledgings stirring in the fork of the tree. There and then he doomed them to furnish a tasty meal for his own greedy brood. With him, to resolve was to act; and in a trice he was hovering with extended beak over the nest, when, like a bolt from the blue, something struck him from above, and he felt the stab of a sharp beak and the tearing of strong claws. It was the father-bird, demented with rage and horror at the sight of the threatened atrocity.

The noise of the struggle and the harsh, shrill chatterings of the combatants roused the attention of every bird in the plantation. It even reached the ears of the peewits in their quiet field, and made them thankful to the kind Providence which had cast their lot far from the perils of the woodland and the discordant din of these angry brawlers. Their little quartette would soon be able to leave the nest; and besides it was not likely that the Magpie would scour the fields for young birds when the wood was so full of all kinds of nestlings.

The high-spirited Missel-Thrush held his own successfully on this occasion; and the Magpie was driven off defeated, yet, strange to say, not disheartened. What he had failed to do single-handed might be and should be accomplished by concerted effort. For, though I cannot account for it, there seems to be ever a reserve of Magpies on which their fellows can count in time of need. For instance, if a mother-Magpie should chance to get killed while sitting on her eggs, her mate will always be able to find a second, or if need be, a third one, who will take to the nest and eggs as if they were her own. So this Magpie flew off, chattering volubly, and determined to bide his time.

Meanwhile what had become of our Blackbirds?

Two fields away from the plantation, and close to the mansion, a beautiful white stone statue of the Sacred Heart stood in the midst of a little grove—the cherished haunt of wrens and gold-crests—planted with great ivy-clad trees, tall firs, and murmuring aspen poplars, and surrounded by a tall hawthorn hedge.

Grasses, ivy, mosses and creeping plants covered the earth, while the little rustic sanctuary was gay with flowering shrubs, daffodils, primroses, violets and forget-me-nots, and anemones.

In this peaceful spot, on a rockery hidden beneath clustering trails of periwinkle, had the Blackbird built her nest. It was entirely made of skeleton poplar leaves—multitudes of which lay in the field outside—cemented together with mud,

and lined with dry grass; and you have no idea how sweet it looked amid the glossy dark green periwinkle leaves and blue star-shaped blossoms. She had laid one egg—bluish-green speckled with brown—and was just beginning to feel very hungry, for it was quite an hour since her mate had brought her a morsel of food. He was generally so attentive. What could be keeping him?

When at last he alighted beside her with an unusual flutter, she saw with annoyance that he had nothing in his beak.

“Oh, dear, I am so hungry,” she began—but stopped short as she noted his agitated appearance and panting breath.

“Oh!” he said at last, “there has been such a dreadful scene in the plantation. The very thought of it makes my flesh creep. I was busy looking for cock-chafers by the hedge when I heard a great swishing of wings and a wild hubbub of voices. I flew across the hedge and what should I see but a whole flock of Magpies besetting the Missel-Thrush’s nest! He and his mate were fighting with desperate courage, and for a time, actually succeeded in keeping the fiendish hords at bay. I flew thither and thither, chattering as loudly as I could and uttering notes of alarm to attract the attention of other Missel-Thrushes, but all to no purpose. There was a rush and a swirl, and the nest disappeared in a smother of struggling birds. It was soon over! Then I saw the dangling corpses of the young Missel-Thrushes carried off to the wood to make a morning meal for the baby Magpies. It was only then I could tear myself away, so spell-bound had I been with horror!”

“Oh! how dreadful! how horrible!” said the tender-hearted Blackbird mother, shuddering, all her hunger forgotten. So overcome was she that for a time she could say nothing. Then she went on sadly, “and to think of its being his babies that were carried off, after all his confidence in his own strength and wisdom! My poor dear cousin, Mrs. Missel-Thrush! How I feel for her! I cannot help thinking how when we were in the field in the early spring while the peewits were madly dancing about overhead, the Missel-Thrush despised them for

what he called their careless ways in laying their eggs on the ground though by now I daresay their chicks are almost able to fly and get out of harm's way."

"He certainly was too cranky and fond of finding fault with other people," said her husband. "In my opinion, every bird is right in doing what its parents and elders did before it, and we have no business to want them all to be alike. What on earth would happen if all birds insisted on living and nesting in woods and shrubberies? We ought to live in peace with our neighbours and let each of them be happy in his own way, though we may not always see the sense or reason of it, and be of use to them when we can."

"But now, my dear, if that is what you think, and I quite agree with you too, don't waste time talking here, but go and see if you can be of any immediate use to the poor things. If they can listen to reason, you might suggest that it is not too late in the season to make another nest."

"But you, you poor dear, you must be starving," said her mate," so the very first thing I will do is to find a fat worm for you."

When he was gone, she said to herself:

"What a wise bird he is, really. Next winter I shall certainly find an opportunity of telling the Missel-Thrush,—very nicely and tactfully, of course—what he has just said. We should all be just nice, friendly neighbours."

Sister M. Emmanuel, O.S.B.,

Princethorpe, England.



The Annunciation

An Angel, bright with heavenly light,
Stood in a cottage door.
"Oh, Angel, fairest of all things,
Why have you come on radiant wings?"
"Nay, not the fairest thing by far;
This maiden, shining as a star,
And loveliest of all things that are,
I come to bow before."

A graceful lily, tall and white,
Sprang up, and bent its head.
"Oh, Lily fair, why bend so low,
With petals pure as driven snow?"
"I bow before this lovely maid,
With wondering eyes and heart afraid,
With trembling lips and soul dismay'd,"
The graceful lily said.

"What was that most melodious strain
A-floating through the air?"
"That was the Maiden's whispered word,
The sweetest that was ever heard.
And ev'n Heav'n was hushed to hear
That gentle maiden, answer clear,
'God's will to me is ever dear,'
And then resume her prayer."

Oh, Mary-Maiden, full of grace,
Thou art the sweetest sight
That ever graced this world of ours,
And lovelier than the rarest flowers.
Thou art the light of darkest days,
Thou art the Guide of all life's ways,
To thee be ever prayer and praise,
In which all tongues unite.

Amy McEvoy.

Book Review



Short Character Studies from the Merchant of Venice. By Brother Gabriel, F.S.C., B.A., M.Sc. Longmans, Green & Co., 210 Victoria St., Toronto. 25c.

Reverend Brother Gabriel in his graceful literary style has given us an ideal interpretation of the two chief characters of this drama. He has collected, presented and analyzed all the related facts in such a way as to make the characters live before us.

We see "the scion of the Jewish race" urged on by two strong passions, avarice and revenge. Allowance is made for the treatment which has aggravated his vindictive character, but on the whole he is accredited with but one lonely virtue—faithfulness to his pledge of love to his wife.

The character of Portia, which to the casual reader is more obscure, has been very skilfully built up by fitting together the scattered fragments. She stands before us a learned and cultured woman, but, above all the personification of love in her intellectual battle with Shylock, "the very incarnation of hate."

The author's views are in every case supported by explicit reference to the text and while they may not always convince, they will at least start a train of profitable thought.

We venture to suggest that the digression with regard to the lapse of three months, which is included in the sketch of Portia might better be given as an appendix.

This book will be of valuable assistance to the students of Shakespeare.

Officers of St. Joseph's College
Alumnae Association



1924—1925



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Julia O'Connor.

ALUMNAE NOTES

On Saturday morning, February 21st, our venerable and beloved Chaplain, the Rev. Edmund J. Murray, C.S.B., was stricken with paralysis and is gradually growing weaker. All our Alumnae are united in fervent prayer for him.

* * * * *

Executive of Toronto Number Two Subdivision of the Catholic Women's League of Canada.

President—Mrs. James Keenan.

1st Vice-President—Mrs. Emma O'Sullivan. *Alma?*

2nd Vice-President—Mrs. A. L. Smith.

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Councillors—Miss Sheila Irvine, Miss Margaret Keenan, Miss Helen O'Neil, Miss Gladys Smith, Miss May McGraw,

Miss Kathleen O'Connell, Miss Helen Dawson, Miss Kathleen Hickey.

* * * * *

The sincere and prayerful sympathy of the Alumnae Association is offered to the bereaved relatives and friends of The Rev. Joseph O'Reilly, C.S.S.R., Mrs. Mary Bridget Dunn, Mr. D. J. Egan, Mrs. Mary Ann McDonough, Miss Helen M. Glionna, Mrs. Sarah Garrity, Mr. John A. McGregor, Mrs. Joachim Guinane, Mrs. Margaret Ridout Milne, Mrs. M. Griffiths, Mary Dunn, Frederick Sutherland, Mr. John Lawrence Coffee, Mr. Charles O'Connor, Mrs. Marie Lecourt and Mrs. O'Sullivan. Requiescant in pace.

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Weddings.

On January 19th, at St. Mary's Church, St. Catharines, the wedding took place of Amy Catherine, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Haynes to Nicholas James Treanor of New York. Rev. Father O'Neill conducted the ceremony. The bride was given away by her father. Her sister, Miss Marguerite Haynes, attended her. The groom was supported by Mr. Edward S. Murphy. A reception and wedding breakfast at the home of the bride's parents, Mountview, followed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Treanor left on a trip to New York, and on their return they will reside in Buffalo.

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On January 22nd the wedding was solemnized at St. Catharine's Church, by Rev. Monsignor Morris, of Mary Eloise, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John J. McLaren, and Albert Edward Harold Fair, second son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Fair of Midland. The bride was given in marriage by her father. Mr. Arthur Fair of Toronto, brother of the groom, was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Fair left for New York. On their return they will reside at 12 Ontario street south, St. Catharines.

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On Wednesday, Jan. 28, at Holy Family Church, Toronto, Rev. Father P. J. Coyle officiating, the wedding took place

of Charlotte, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Ramsperger, to John B. Scanlon, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Scanlon. The bridesmaid was Miss Nellie Sandford, and assisting the groom was his cousin, Mr. Henry J. Beck. Miss Angela Breen presided at the organ, and during the nuptial Mass and signing of the registrar solos were sung by Mrs. Schriener. A wedding breakfast was afterwards held at the home of the bride's parents, Callendar street. Mr. and Mrs. Scanlon left later for the States.

* * *

On Saturday afternoon the home of Mrs. John Pickett, 411 Parkside Drive, was the scene of a very pretty trousseau tea given in honor of her daughter, Miss Sady Pickett. The rooms were gay with Valentine decorations of scarlet and white and spring flowers. Mrs. Pickett received with her daughter, and the tea hostesses were: Mrs. Frank Haines of Chesley and Mrs. C. R. Moore. The assistants were: Misses Mary Brophy, Nora McDonagh, Kay McDonagh, Edna Mulqueen, Margaret Shaw, Dorothy Lynch of Barrie, Peggy Newstead and Mrs. Ralph Beck.

Among those who entertained in honor of Miss Sady Pickett were: Mrs. O. P. Sullivan, a bridge; Mrs. T. A. Brown, a bridge; Miss Mary Brophy, a bridge and kitchen shower; Misses Nora and Kay McDonagh, a bridge and cup and saucer shower; Mrs. C. R. Moore, a china shower, also a luncheon and bridge on Wednesday by Miss Edna Mulqueen.

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On Monday, Feb. 23, a quiet but very pretty wedding was solemnized in St. Vincent de Paul Church, Roncesvalles Ave., when Hugh Wilfred, son of Mr. Hugh Brophy, and Sady Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Pickett, were married. The ceremony was conducted by the pastor, Rev. L. Minehan. Mass was celebrated by Rev. M. J. Pickett, brother of the bride, with Rev. H. Carr and Rev. V. McFadden in the sanctuary.

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On Monday, Feb. 23, a quiet wedding was celebrated at

St. Mary's Church, when Helen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McNerney, became the bride of Francis J. Murphy, of Lansdowne Avenue. The bride was given away by her father. Mr. Arthur McGinn, Jr., acted as best man. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Trayling; while Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Francis J. Lane, of Elmira, N.Y., cousin of the groom. After a reception at the home of the bride's parents the happy couple left for a short honeymoon in the U.S.A. and on their return will establish their new home on Roselawn Ave., North Toronto.

To these young voyagers we heartily wish good luck and fair sailing.

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On the evening of March 1st the monthly reception of the overseas teachers was held at the Women's Art Association Galleries, when the exchange teachers from England, Scotland, New Zealand, Australia and Vancouver were guests of the eague of Empire. Mrs. H. S. Strathy was hostess, and Mrs. Leo Smith gave a number of violin solos, with Eugenie Quehen as accompanist. Vocal solos were contributed by Miss Fischimeier. Miss M. L. Hart gave a talk on the pioneer women of Quebec and Upper Canada.

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Mr. and Mrs. Patriek Ronan of St. James' Parish, South Adjala, celebrated the Golden Jubilee Anniversary of their Marriage on Sunday, February 8th. When they were surrounded by almost all their descendants—nine children, thirty-four grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. Solemn Mass of thanksgiving by Rev. John Edward Ronan, a son, Professor of Liturgical Chant at St. Augustine's Seminary, assisted by Rev. Robert Walsh, pastor, and Rev. Thomas Hayden, C.S.B., as deason and sub-deacon. Rt.Rev.Mgr. Kidd, bishop-elect of Calgary, preached the sermon and congratulated the happy couple and their family upon the many blessings which Providence had bestowed upon them.

The St. Joseph's Alumnae felicitate Mr. and Mrs. Ronan on the attaining of this golden anniversary.

COMMUNITY NOTES

This annual retreat of St. Joseph's Novitiate in preparation for the religious ceremonies to follow in the early days of the New Year, was held at the Mother House, St. Alban St., under the able direction of the Rev. J. J. O'Donnell, O.M.I. The fundamental motive of the whole retreat was an appeal to the young Religious to fulfil with devotion and earnestness the obligations they had assumed in the service of God, and to seek help and strength for their great work in the Sacramental Presence of their Divine Master, and in the Holy Mass and Holy Communion.

At the community Mass on the feast of the Circumcision, immediately before receiving Holy Communion, sixteen of the Junior Professed Sisters made solemn renewal of their holy vows with expression of their fervent desire to observe their sacred pledge to their Divine Spouse not only for a year, but during their whole life.

The close of the ten days' retreat on Monday, Jan. 5th, was followed by the solemnly impressive ceremonies of Profession and Reception when eight Sisters pronounced their perpetual Vows; nine First Annual Vows, and fourteen Postulants were clothed with the holy habit of the Sisters of St. Joseph. The Rt. Rev. Monsignor M. D. Whelan, V.G., as representative of His Grace, the Archbishop, officiated. As is usual on such occasions, the ceremonies were witnessed by many of the reverend clergy and by a large number of the relatives and friends of those being received. The sermon was preached by the Reverend Director of the Retreat, and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered by the Rev. L. Hodgins, whose sister was among the candidates for reception.

The Sisters who made Perpetual Vows were: Sister M. Olivia, Sister M. Delphia, Sister M. Helena, Sister M. St. Matthew, Sister M. Antoinette, Sister M. Veronica, Sister M. Angela and Sister M. Philip Neri.

The young ladies who received the holy habit were: Miss

M. Tadman, Toronto, in religion Sister M. Felicia; Miss M. Biss, Winnipeg, Man., Sister Mary Paul; Miss P. Myers, Simcoe, Ont., Sister M. St. Fabian; Miss R. Treacy, Alliston, Ont., Sister Francis Marie; Miss M. Clark, Barrie, Ont., Sister M. Giovanna; Miss M. Duggan, Prince Albert, Sask., Sister M. St. Eligius; Miss E. Allen, Vancouver, B.C., Sister M. Emile; Miss A. L. McDonald, Montreal, Sister M. Agnita; Miss F. Hogan, Montreal, Sister Mary Harold; Miss B. Trombley, Bell Ewart, Ont., Sister Marie Reine; Miss M. Hodgins, Toronto, Sister M. St. Leonard; Miss K. McManus, Campbell's Bal, Que., Sister M. Rita; Miss M. C. Hayes, Toronto, Sister Mary Edward; Miss K. Bulger, Eganville, Ont., Sister Mary of the Cross.

On the same day at St. Joseph's Convent, College Ave., Winnipeg, one of the Mission Houses of St. Joseph's, Toronto, after a ten days' Retreat, which was conducted by Rev. J. Kane, C.S.S.R., Sister M. St. Simon and Sister Mary Oswald had the inestimable happiness of pronouncing their Final Vows of Consecration.

In the absence of His Grace, Archbishop Sinnott, Rev. P. Hilland, O.M.I., was the officiant of the ceremony and was assisted by Rev. Fathers Soos and Twardochleb, O.M.I. Rev. Father Kane, C.S.S.R., delivered a very practical and enlightening sermon on the signification of the oblation which is made by those who consecrate themselves to the "King of Kings," and the "reward exceeding great" promised to those who give up all and attach themselves to Christ by the Vows of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience.

The fragrant flowers and colored lights which decked the Altar in the little Convent Chapel seemed a very reflection of the fragrances and heavenly light and joy which filled the souls of the two chosen "Brides of Christ," who, having offered at His Feet their hearts' best treasures, were assured that,

"He, as their Lord and Master accepted their love and their vows, and gave in return His riches, and made each, in truth, His Spouse."

Amongst those who had the privilege of witnessing this inspiring and touching ceremony, were Mr. and Mrs. H. Lee and Mrs. L. Walker, cousins of Sister St. Sinon, and also Mrs. John Biss, whose daughter, Mary, received on the same day, the holy habit of the Sisters of St. Joseph, at St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto.

* * * * *

Sister M. Anthony, Superior of St. Alphonsus Convent, East Kildonan, Manitoba, and Sister Zephyrinus, Superior of St. Joseph's Hospital, Comox, B.C., celebrated on January 5th the Silver Jubilee of their religious profession.

On January 7th, at the Monastery of the Precious Blood, Portland, Oregon, was held the Silver Jubilee celebration of Sister Imelda's (Etta Johnston) consecration to God as a Sister-Adorer of the Precious Blood. Ad multos annos!

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Very heartily do we congratulate our good friend, the Rt. Rev. Mgr. John Kidd, on his promotion to the Episcopate and pray that as Bishop of the extensive diocese of Calgary that God may grant him length of days and bless with success his every undertaking.

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OBITUARY.

Sister Mary Cecilia Garner.

Solemn Mass of Requiem was celebrated in St. Joseph's Convent Chapel, St. Alban St., on the 2nd of March, for the repose of the soul of Sister Mary Cecilia Garner, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, who died fortified by all the rites of holy Church, at the Mother House of the Congregation on Friday, Feb. 27th, in the 72nd of her age and the 50th of her religious life.

The celebrant of the Mass was the Rev. J. Player, C.S.B., the Rev. J. Trayling deacon and Rev. Gerald Todd, C.S.B., sub-deacon, many others of the clergy assisting in the sanctuary.

The more active years of Sister Cecilia's religious life were devoted to the arduous duties of the class-room in St. Joseph's

and St. Mary's Academy, Toronto, and the Separate Schools of Toronto and St. Catharines. She will be affectionately remembered by her many pupils to whom she endeared herself by her amiability and gentleness, her zeal for their advancement and her interest in their spiritual welfare.

As a religious she edified her Sisters by her exactitude to the common observance, her child-like devotion to the Blessed Virgin, our Immaculate Mother, and her lively faith in, and ardent devotion to our divine Lord in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar—the Chapel was her delightful trysting place where she spent hours in spiritual communing with her Divine Spouse, awaiting the call to join His elect followers to sing with them the new Canticle of the Lamb. A victim of "angina pectoris," she bore her sufferings patiently and cheerfully, long awaiting the coming of the Bridegroom, Who with sudden call and summons swift found her nigh unto the "midnight hour" with her "lamp trimmed" to enter with Him into the heavenly nuptials of a blessed eternity.

The relatives present for the obsequies were the surviving members of the immediate family of the deceased—Mrs. E. Gearin and Miss M. Garner of Toronto, and Mr. J. Garner of Thorold; also Mr. W. Gearin, the Misses Camilla and May Gearin, Mrs. Kahnertand, Miss Irene Garner, Miss Margaret Garner, nephew and nieces. To all, the Community offers its sympathy in their bereavement.

* * * * *

In the death on Jan. 10th, 1925, of Sister Mary Hilda McCormack, and Sister Mary of the Incarnation Cokeley, the Sisters of St. Joseph, Peterborough, Ontario, mourn the loss of two of their oldest and most beloved members.

Sister Hilda—Catherine McCormack—belonged to one of the oldest families of Belleville, and entered the religious life at St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, in 1880. In 1885 the Sisters were requested by the late Rt. Rev. Bishop Jamot to assume the arduous and responsible charge of caring for the Indian children at the Jesuit Mission of Fort William, and among the many who offered their services, Sister Hilda was one

of the heroic little band of six chosen to go. The little party reached Port Arthur by boat and crossed the river by ferry to their lonely mission. Great were the difficulties in the West in those early days when dog-sleds were the only means of travel in the long winter months. How eagerly they watched for the first boat in April which brought them Christmas messages from the Mother-house in far off Toronto! Yet, notwithstanding these hardships, when, in Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Connor's time, the Peterboro Community was founded, Sister Hilda generously volunteered to remain at her post.

Later, St. Joseph's Convent, Lindsay, was the scene of Sister Hilda's humble devotion to duty for almost twenty years. In the midst of her many occupations she found time to visit the sick and poor and numerous are the families in town and country who can bear witness to Sister Hilda's kindly ministrations of charity in time of sickness and sorrow.

Sister Hilda laboured also with equal devotion at Mount St. Patrick in the Diocese of Pembroke, and at Almonte. Of late years she has resided at the Mother-house of Mount St. Joseph and during her last illness at St. Joseph's Hospital, where she edified all by her patience and cheerfulness in the midst of suffering.

Of a sunny disposition and filled with the spirit of self-sacrifice, Sister Hilda was deeply loved by all her Community, but most especially by the sick and ailing members, who recall her many cheering words and acts of kindness. Besides the Community her loss is mourned by her two sisters, Mrs. O'Hara, of Chicago, and Miss McCormack, of Toronto.

* * * * *

In 1877 Catherine Cokeley, hearkening to the call to consecrate her life to God, left her home in Boston, Mass., to enter the religious life in St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto.

Thirteen years later, when volunteers were asked for the new diocesan community of Peterborough, Sister Incarnation responded, filling the office of Superior at Cobourg, Fort William Indian Mission, and later at St. Joseph's Convent, Fort William. It was there in 1919 that a stroke of paralysis in-

capacitated her for further active duty. Retiring to the Mother-House at Mount St. Joseph, she devoted her remaining strength to the making of beautiful needlework for the altar, and her appreciation of every moment of time was a constant source of edification.

Sister Incarnation was especially beloved for her devotion to the sick and the poor, and since unable to perform these active works of charity, her cheerfulness and spirit of prayer endeared her to all in her declining years.

May their gentle spirits rest in peace!





ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE

COLLEGE NOTES

There is an old saying to the effect that all good things are three; and, whilst the converse may not be true, that all three are good, nevertheless we venture to assert that St. Michael's, Loretto and St. Joseph's, which comprise St. Michael's College as a whole, might be compared to the three leaves of the shamrock, and the University of Toronto the stem to which it is joined.

St. Michael's College proper, though established some 73 years ago, did not come into its present relationship with the University until 1907. It was founded by the Rt. Rev. Dr. de Charbonnel, then Archbishop of Toronto, and was placed under the direction of the Basilian Fathers.

Owing to the principal of segregation maintained at St. Michael's, there was need of an institution which would afford Catholic women the same advantages as those enjoyed by the women of other denominations, and so, in 1911, St. Joseph's and Loretto were incorporated into St. Michael's, each with the privileges of a residential college, affiliated to the University of Toronto. Though they became part of the University only in 1911, these two colleges grew out of schools, which were founded 74 years ago by the Sisters of St. Joseph and the Religious of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, respectively.

St. Michael's College as a whole differs from the other branches of the University in that it regards religious instruction as a necessary part of the students' education. This characteristic should then—if we avail ourselves of Ruskin's views on architecture—be apparent in the architecture of its buildings.

The spire on the chapel of St. Michael's would seem to bear out this theory, whilst the almost severe simplicity of the residential section hints of the erudite and the scholastic. Though not a purely Gothic type of architecture, the structure

fulfils the purpose for which it was built, which, from an architectural point of view, is most important.

St. Joseph's College, too, is characterized by solid and simple lines, and like St. Michael's, is built of stone and brick. Loretto College is a comparatively modern red brick building, but still the prevailing tendency to simplicity of line is noticed.

It is fitting at the close of this article to draw attention to the rather unique position of the College in that each of its three branches has its own Faculty and its individual college spirit and yet each remains loyal to St. Michael's College as a whole.—The Varsity.

* * * * *

On the evening of January 20th, the second debate of the inter-college series, in which women from St. Michael's College took part, was held at Loretto Abbey College. The question under discussion was, "Resolved that there is more individualism in the world to-day than in the time of Queen Elizabeth." Miss Josephine Phelan and Miss Norma Duffy supported the affirmative side of the subject, while Miss Marie Tremaine and Miss Isabel Creighton from Victoria College spoke for the Negative. The judges—Professor Will, Miss Reid and Mr. Smith—awarded the decision in favour of the affirmative. Several musical numbers were also enjoyed by the audience. Those taking part in the debate, together with the judges and officers of the Women's Debating Union, then adjourned to the common room, where refreshments were served by the Loretto Literary Society.

The final debate of the series, in which the shield will be contested for, will be held on March 13th at Trinity College. Miss Norma Duffy and Miss Nora Storey will represent St. Michael's College. Having once enjoyed possession of the shield, we hope that this debate will bring it once more to our college.

* * * * *

It was a delightful function, our "at home" held in Columbus Hall, Sherbourne street, on February 9th, when 160 present

and past collegians met to spend the evening hours in song and dance and merry mood. To the committee—the Misses Helen Kramer, Grace Cooney, Alice Hayes, Camilla Wright and Dorothy O'Connor—is due credit for the well-arranged and greatly enjoyed programme.

Our kind patronesses were Mrs. A. J. Thompson, President of our College Alumnae Association; Lady Windle, Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, Mrs. W. J. Kernahan and Mrs. J. H. Wickett.

* * * * *

On the evening of Feb. 13th the Arts students of the College presented "The King's Whipping-Boy," an historical drama of the reign of Charles II. It dealt with the fortunes of Edward Coleman, the King's secretary, whose fidelity shielded the cowardly Charles from the results of his intrigues with France and finally cost him his life.

The part of the King was ably taken by Miss Kathleen Young and her acting was always restrained by a fitting dignity. Miss Marie Foley was excellent as young Coleman and much credit must be given her for the sympathetic rendition of a difficult rôle

There is no doubt but that Miss Mary Coughlin, who took the part of Mrs. Roger Coleman, the typical gay woman of Charles II.'s reign, showed the greatest histrionic ability of the whole caste. Her original and highly amusing interpretation of the character greatly delighted the audience.

Miss Norma Duffy as Mistress Tyrwhit made a graceful old lady; and Miss Helen Kernahan as her niece, Madge, was charming both as the young girl of Coleman's boyhood dreams and as the wife who shared his sorrows.

Special honours go to Miss Helen Kramer as the stolid Roger Coleman, a pensioner of the King, who fancied himself a wit and could say nothing but "s'please yer majesty"; and to Miss Loretto Bradley as the tragically comical Miriam who styled herself Arabella "when I talks to myself." Miss Bradley has real talent as her present performance and a previous one have shown.

Misses Grace Cooney and Eileen Young deserve mention

for a clever character hit. Misses Mae Benoit, Madeleine Enright, Muriel English, Constance Shannon, Katherine Kehoe, Kathleen McNally, Clare Moore, Ida Wickett, Camilla Wright and Margaret Crummey, made up the remainder of a large and particularly able caste, and in all, the production was a decided success.



“THE GREATNESS OF JOHNSON”

When Boswell was taking tea one day with Tom Davies, an ex-actor, the latter was caused to start suddenly from his chair and, in the “Look, my lord, it comes!” manner of Horatio introducing the Ghost to Hamlet, announced to his friend that Samuel Johnson was about to enter. Thus contrary to his own remark that “all perhaps are willing to honour past rather than present excellence,” the greatness of Johnson, of the central figure of the club that met weekly at the Turk’s Head in Gerard Street, Soho, and boasted of such illustrious names among its members as those of Reynolds, Burke, Goldsmith, Garrack, Fox, Adam Smith, Sheridan and a host of others, was as evident in his own day as it is in ours. Poet, essayist, pamphleteer, traveller, critic, biographer,—the literary dictator of his day—his talents found a multitude of ways for their expression. This variety of talents may account for the scanty and inadequate remains left us of his genius, yet despite this limited quantity and handicapped by a style characteristic of his age and of himself—ponderous and wearisome, with its continual use of the abstract for the concrete, its overabundance of too-big words—as he said himself, “you must borrow Garagantua’s mouth to use them”—a habit of balancing his sentences, resulting in a monotonous rhythm; despite all this, which is redeemed in part by a masculine directness—the two centuries that have elapsed since his birth have known and loved the man for himself and for his greatness of soul.

The thirty years’ struggle with bitter poverty grounded him in a philosophy that influenced all his writings. He is inseparable from his morality; it appears in his biography and in his criticism. Boswell found a passage from “The Rambler” that illustrated this and it thrilled him anew at each reading—“I think there is some reason for questioning whether the body and mind are not so proportional that the one can bear all which can be inflicted on the other; whether virtue cannot stand its ground as long as life, and whether a soul

well-principled will not be separated sooner than subdued." His periodical essay was unpopular—he lacked the light grace that distinguishes Addison, yet his knowledge of the human mind is deeper, more subtle, more curious than anything contained in "The Spectators" "tea-table morality." "We are too often apt to let Boswell's hero, the sober, the pompous, the king of his little court, obscure the man we could find in those musty, time-worn copies of "The Rambler"—a man "full of impulses and whim, quaint in honour, passionate in feelings, warm in imagination, and above all, original."

His literary prominence is best founded on his ability as a critic, if we disregard for the moment his position as compiler of the Dictionary. As a critic he is guided by sound judgment and good sense which enable him often to override the prejudices of his age. His edition of Shakespeare is superior to those of Row, Pope, Theobald, and Warburton, his contemporaries. It is arranged after a masterful and laborious system—a complete collation of the early editions; the tracing of Shakespeare's knowledge to its sources; careful elucidation of obscurities; and was published in 1755 with a Preface which Adam Smith styled "the most manly piece of criticism that was ever published in any country." Although not an Elizabethan specialist, Johnson was a master of English, and guided by his wide knowledge of human nature and his ability to delve into the true meanings of the often rapid and confused syntax, his work is a worthy edition of the greatest of classics, and the twentieth century is recognizing this as the romantic fever has waned. For we must not depreciate Johnson's criticism because we find it in no flights of unbounded ardour embellished with many superlatives; he states concisely the great playwright's faults as he does his merits, but we must not overlook the sincere appreciation of the "transcendent genius" which we find everywhere through the notes and which is the result of a lifetime's attachment to the supreme poet.

His other great achievement in literary criticism was his "Lives of the English Poets," which shows us his prose at its best; more than a mere collection of facts, it is "a book of

wisdom and experience, a treatise on the conduct of life, a commentary on human destiny." On the whole it is a fair judgment of the worth of England's poets and as time goes on, the places grow fewer where Johnson's prejudices appear to influence the criticism. All through the "Lives" he has the happy faculty of summing up tersely the true significance of an author's work. His descriptions of the purpose of Addison's "Spectator" is a splendid example of this—"to teach the minuter descencies and inferior duties, to regulate the practice of daily conversation, to correct those depravities which are rather ridiculous than criminal, and remove those grievances which, if they produce no lasting calamities, impress hourly vexation." His book is a philosophy of letters—he did not admire Gray yet his praise of the "Elegy" is almost adequate. He can recognize Milton's genius and at the same time cause the romantics to cry out at what he says about the falseness of "Lycidas." There is something to be said on both sides. He disliked blank verse, but defended Milton's and Thomson's use of it. In short, the fifty-two "Lives" encompassing an immense amount of work, have afforded him an excellent opportunity for his matured powers and the result is a book broadly conceived and written with a firm grasp of the essentials. The portraits are lifelike, and the judgments on the whole are fair.

But the true greatness of Johnson does not lie in his literary achievements, but in the man of whom we meet glimpses everywhere in his works, of the mind we see when we read between the lines. The man who for thirty years knew want and privation and went often without food because some waif told him he was bungry; who, buffeted by fortune, kept on striving, remembering One who also was despised; until in the time of his success, he found himself greater than his works. On this account his position in the distinguished republic of letters is a unique one. More than any other of the great men whom we honour there, he is worthy of his own utterance regarding what is truly great in literature—"Books without the knowledge of life are useless; for what should books teach but the art of living?" Mary Coughlin, '26.

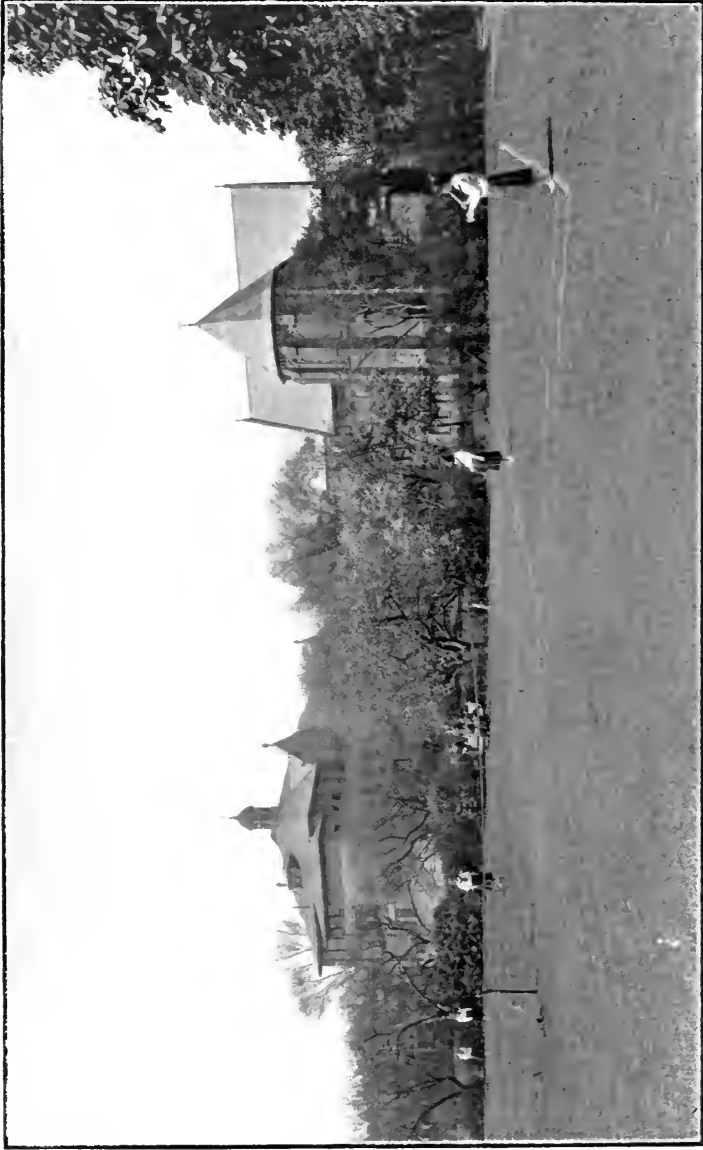
ACADEMY NOTES

The Annual Retreat, always considered as the most important exercise of our School Term, was held this year from February 5th to Feb. 9th. Reverend Father McCaffrey, S.J., of Guelph, Ontario, the able Retreat Master, in his instructive conferences, followed the spiritual exercises of St. Ignatius by a simple method, applying his teachings to the needs of every-day life in a way that was at once practical and deeply spiritual. Throughout his instructions, the zealous Master emphasized the unbounded love of God for humanity and continually pointed to the humble Crucified Saviour as the model of strength along every walk of life—for all who are of His Kingdom. A very impressive feature of the retreat was the Holy Hour, during which Father McCaffrey very feelingly dwelt on the greatest of miracles, the Blessed Sacrament—a lasting testimony of the Divine Love that could not leave us orphans. The Retreat, which was brought to a fitting close by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, followed by the Papal Blessing, will long be remembered and will undoubtedly bear much fruit in the lives of the young exercitants.

* * * * *

On the evening of January 16th Mr. Louis H. Wetmore, a noted lecturer and literatist, gave us an interesting talk on "Present Day Literature." He acquainted us with four great literary men and gave a short sketch of their work in general. Those reviewed were the satirical George Bernard Shaw and the self-contradicting Mr. H. G. Wells in contrast with Mr. Hilaire Belloc and the original and forceful novelist, Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton.

Of George Bernard Shaw, the Irish dramatist, novelist and critic, Mr. Wetmore emphasized the fact that this writer endeavoured to solve the social problems now before us. He wrote against the hypocrisies of society and his satire was often stinging. He is very fond of paradox and sometimes one mistakes this for humour in his writings.



ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE TENNIS COURT

Next the views of Mr. H. G. Wells, the modern historian was shown, in his atheistic conceptions to be far behind Mr. Belloc with the latter's high ideals.

Mr. Wetmore considers Mr. Belloc the foremost writer in the literary world of to-day and that his inspiring influence would redress many of the existing social wrongs. He seems to have been our lecturer's favourite, but he also told us of his friend, Mr. Chesterton. This poet and novelist and most influential writer in England to-day, seems now to be well known to us because of Mr. Wetmore's realistic description of him. We thoroughly enjoyed the humorous stories of Mr. Chesterton's great forgetfulness and we admired him as seen through our glimpse of his home life. With these great men placed before us as literary incentives Mr. Wetmore left us, leaving also an impression of his charming manner and keen insight which added greatly to our interest in his learned lecture.

Teresa MacDonald, Form II.

* * * * *

March 4th, Rev. Father Daly, the zealous Missionary, who works so earnestly for the Church in Western Canada, gave an inspiring and instructive talk to the young ladies of the Academy on Home and Foreign Missions. In many places in the West, he said, spiritual conditions are deplorable, especially in the country districts, and exhorted us to assist in improving these conditions by offering fervent prayer and taking part with enthusiasm in all missionary activities.

* * * * *

Lecture by Dr. James L. Hughes.

In our Auditorium, Wednesday evening, February 18th, we enjoyed a very interesting lecture on the author, Charles Dickens. Dr. Jas. J. Hughes, a noted educationist, made clear to us the great aims of the novelist and the original means that he employed to further these. Dr. Hughes showed us how vital was the influence Dickens had on child-training and

education, which he illustrated by means of numerous references to the author's works.

This great reformer never taught school nor advocated any special system of education, but he thoroughly reformed the many abuses existing in the schools of his day. To do this he embodied them in his characters and placed them in a more or less exaggerated form, before the public. The evils of cramming were brought out in "Dombey and Son," and in "Hard Times" a complete criticism of the methods of child training. He accused parents of robbing children of a real childhood and preventing the free development in them of God's great and sublime gift, the imagination.

Our lecturer emphasized by a realistic portrayal of some of Dickens' characters, the humour ever depicted in that author's stories. He pointed out the absurdity in the custom of choosing the vocation for the child in its infancy, instead of allowing it to develop along natural lines and also the disastrous results to child development in the exercise of coercion such as Squeers adopted towards his helpless charges. Dr. Hughes has not only a thorough knowledge of Dickens and his influence as an educator, but he has made a practical application of the author's ideas in his wide experience in the bettering of our educational system. It has ever been his desire to educate the child by allowing a free development of its special powers and to fulfil, in perfect detail, the lesson taught by Dickens in his words; let children be "the merry young robins God made them."

T. MacDonald, Form III.

* * * * *

On Monday evening, February 23rd, through the kindness of Rev. Brother Gabriel and Mr. Kennedy, the Sisters and pupils spent a delightful hour in the Auditorium. Motion pictures were screened, the first of which was a comedy, "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp," that brought forth a continuous stream of laughter from the entire audience, and immediately followed the picture proper entitled "The Girl of the Limberlost" taken from one of the most popular and widely read no-

vels of the noted writer, Gene Stratton Parter. We hope that our kind patrons will favour us with another treat after the Lenten Season.

Mary Sampson, Form IV.

* * * * *

St. Francis de Sales Literary Society of the Academy gave their initial entertainment on February 26th. The first number on the programme was a "Scene from Hamlet" cleverly presented by the Misses B. Palmer, H. English and L. Griffith.

A vocal solo, "The Sunshine of Your Smile," was sweetly rendered by Miss G. Moffatt.

Then followed the debate. "Resolved that Higher Education is advantageous to Women." Supporting the Affirmative were Miss Denise Phelan and Miss Margaret Korman. The Negative was upheld by Miss Agnes Foley and Miss Helen Mahon.

The judges liberally praised the debators on both sides, but gave the decision in favour of the Negative.

While awaiting the decision of the judges, a clever parody on the Sleep Walking Scene from MacBeth was given by Misses E. Plouffe, M. Gearin and T. Griffin.

Hermine Keller, Form IV.

* * * * *

Owing to the careful preparation given to the bed of the rink during the summer, Jack Frost found a large pond ready for his work and our rink this year has proved a perfect success, affording the Academy pupils many happy recreations. To make a good thing better, the skating supplied all with appetites for a most enjoyable weiner roast given during January in aid of our China Missionary fund, at which we cleared about thirty dollars.

Catherine Fenn, Form III.

* * * * *

On the afternoon of Saturday, January 30th, a number of the students had the pleasure of being present at a presentation of Shakèspeare's "Merchant of Venice" given in Massey Hall by the De La Salle Dramatic Society. A pleasing fea-

ture was the music furnished by the De La Salle Orchestra. Much credit is to be given to both directors and actors, this being merely another of the many proofs of what De La Salle can do.

Marguerite Cummings, Form IV.

* * * * *

Easter Thoughts.

Jesus! My soul rejoices at the dawn of day.
 Ah sing, sweet world, and join my happy lay.
 The Son of God hath risen from the dead
 And sin's dark night from off the earth hath fled.

Jesus! The thought that Thou didst die for me
 Doth fill my soul with deep love of Thee.
 I grieve my sins which caused Thee so much pain
 Ah, let me never wound Thy Heart again!

And so, sweet Jesus, on this Easter morn
 With peace, and joy, and innocence reborn,
 Take Thou my heart and make it all Thine own
 Until, sweet Master, Thou dost call me "Home."

And then, my Jesus, on that last great Day
 When all the world shall stand in dread array,
 Ah, hear my prayer, and do Thou grant it me—
 To bid me rise again, sweet Lord, with Thee.

Marguerite Cummings, Form IV.



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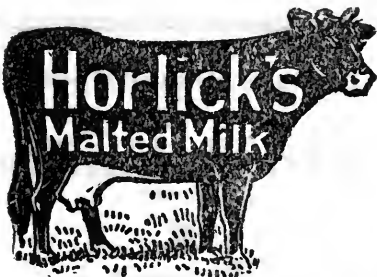
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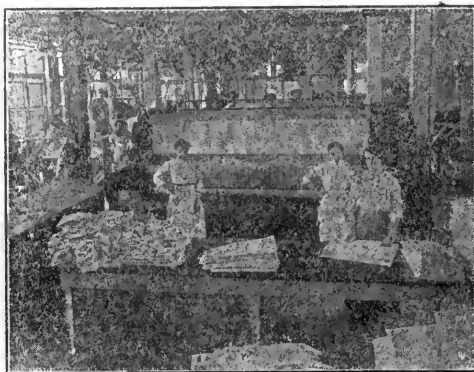
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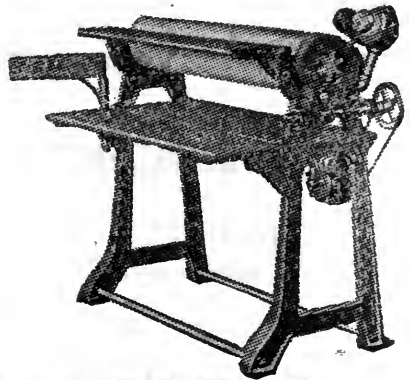
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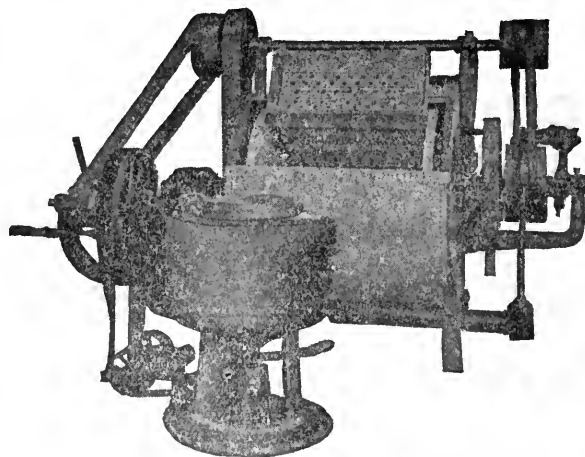
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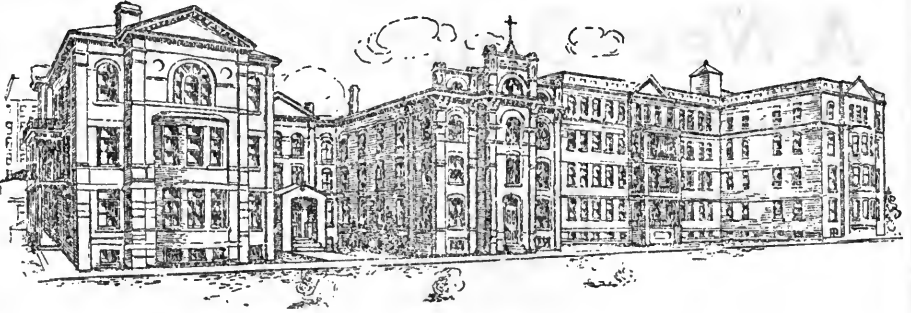
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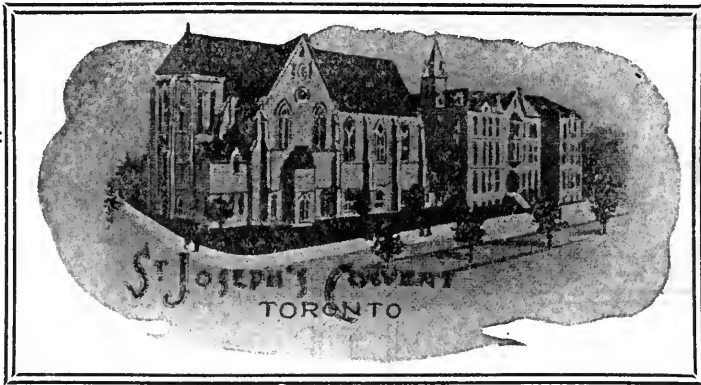
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