

## What Doth It Profit

Continued from last week.

The consciousness that you have been faithful to this duty will be your greatest consolation at the hour of death and your firmest ground of hope when you stand before the judgment-seat of God. Give up this dangerous project. Refrain from bringing your children to a home where there is neither Catholic church nor Catholic school."

"Father Tim, you mean well; but you priests do not know the world. I can recognize a bonanza when I see it. Twenty years in Centerville will make me and my family independently rich. It is a waste of words to tell me to let such an opportunity slip."

"What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?" said Father Casey.

Twenty years had passed. Father Casey would now have treated a case like Owen's with more leniency, though he sometimes wondered whether this was due to changed convictions or whether it was a weak yielding to the perversity of human nature.

A visitor was announced.

"The Rev. Mr. Casey?" queried a bright young woman, sparkling with jewels and dressed in the height of fashion.

The priest murmured an affirmative.

"I am Lella Ewan. You knew papa. He used to belong to your church. His name was Owen McEwan."

"Pardon me," interrupted Father Casey; "do I understand you to say that you are Owen McEwan's daughter, and yet you call yourself?"

"Ewan, Lella Ewan. We dropped the 'Mc.' So flatly Irish, don't you know." Then reddening slightly as she recalled that she was speaking to one who bore the tell-tale appellation of Timothy Casey, she hastened to add: "Not that we are ashamed of owning that our ancestors came from Ireland! I think it is such a dear, sweet, backward little place, don't you know?"

"And so you are back to visit the old home, which you left when scarcely more than a baby, Miss." He could not bring himself to pronounce the mutilated name, while etiquette restrained from inflicting upon her the discarded and despised "Mc." "I hope your father has accompanied you. I have heard nothing of him for well-nigh twenty years."

"Oh, sir, papa is dead!" The volatile maiden wiped away an honest tear. Father Casey liked her the better for it. "There is something of the 'Mc' about you that you can't clip off," he thought. "He was buried a month ago," continued Lella, "had been sick only two weeks. The doctor said it was overwork. His business had grown so large and he was so anxious to make it a success that he would often stay awake the whole night working out some scheme to increase his profits. We used to tell him he had made enough money and that he ought to stop working so hard and enjoy it; but he would say the business could not go on without him. Poor papa, now it has to go on without him. It was papa's property that brought me back here. There was some difficulty concerning the will on account of our—our—changing our name. We were told that you kept an authentic record of the birth of all us children. Papa's lawyers directed me to ask you for a copy of those records—if you would be so kind."

"You mean the baptismal certificates?"

"Yes, I believe that is what they call them—baptismal certificates."

"Why, child, I am surprised that you know so little about baptismal certificates! What sort of instruction did you receive in your holy religion?" From the girl's conversation Father Casey already saw the sad truth; however, he was determined to force a declaration.

"I beg your pardon, sir; we are no longer Catholics. We belong to the Congregational Church."

"Do you mean to tell me that Owen McEwan apostatized?"

"Oh, I guess papa remained a Catholic, but we children didn't. The Catholic religion wasn't at all popular out there. There wasn't even a Catholic church in Centerville. The nearest one was about fifteen miles away. While mamma lived, she and papa used to bring us there sometimes; they even had me perform the ceremony they call Holy First Communion—you know, with the white veil and all that. After mamma died we never went there any more. It was so far away and we didn't know anybody there, and papa was so wrapped up in his business that he had no time to bother about religion. My brother and sister, who are both younger, never made Communion at all. There were a few Catholic farmers in the neighborhood. A priest like you came there four or five times a year and celebrated the Lord's Supper in one of their houses. But they were rather vulgar people, and so we didn't care to go. And the priest was a crude sort of person—a foreigner of some kind. I was the only Catholic in my class at high school. I didn't like that; you know when you begin to make a deep study of history, you read so many things that are not at all complimentary to Catholics. All our friends were Congregationalists. The Congregationalists have a beautiful church in Centerville. We finally joined them. Papa made a regular scene about it when he first heard of it, but by and by he grew so he didn't mind it any more. I would sometimes try to tell him of the dreadful things the Popes and Catholics had done, for I read a great deal of history. But he would get so ugly that I made up my mind to let the matter drop. Of course I suppose you Catholics are different now; you all seem to be so nice."

Father Casey paid no heed to Miss "Ewan's" theological assertions. He was too deeply engrossed thinking what must have been the feelings of money-mad Owen when he awoke and found he had made apostates of his own children. He asked eagerly: "Did the priest come to see your father before he died?"

Continued on column five.



## NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS DAY

Virginia and Ned  
Went early to bed—  
'Twas the night before Christmas day,  
They knew good St. Nick  
So jolly and slick  
Would visit their home before day.

His treasures each year  
He piled over here  
By the fireplace where stockings hang  
high!  
But he skipped away  
Before it was day  
And they wondered what made him so  
sly.

He was good they both knew  
Or else why should he do  
So many kind things for the poor.  
But why didn't he stay  
To enjoy it next day?  
Some reason he had they felt sure

While they talked it over  
Came Sleep, the old rover,  
And stealthily closed both their eyes.  
Because Santa keeps  
Close watch on their "peeps"  
Before he slips in to surprise.

Both faces are smiling  
Lips must be beguiling  
With visions of reindeer and sled.  
A wondrous sight  
Seen only at night  
When tucked away safely in bed.

Now each deer seems to know  
Just where he's to go,  
And just where to stop on the way.  
And jolly Nick's clothes  
Are furs to his toes,  
So he must be warm in his sleigh.

But he's so very fat,  
Not a bit like a cat,  
And the chimney can't let him through.  
That's what they first thought  
But then they forgot  
He could stretch like an old rubber  
shoe.

Down he came with a bump  
And their hearts gave a thump  
As he stood there grinning in fun.  
Toys by the score  
He piled on the floor,  
From dolly held high, to a gun.

With a nod to the bed  
'Merry Christmas,' he said  
'You're good little children, I see.  
'That's why I stop here.  
'I'll stop every year  
'You're deserving a visit from me.'

Up he went like a flash  
Through the chimney, and crash  
Went the snow crust under the roof.  
The bells tinkled gay,  
His deer sped away  
'Till back came no patter of hoof.  
—S. E. Hampton.

"Why, the priest never even knew that he was sick. Papa did want us to send for the priest, but we just kind of put him off, don't you know. We had three of the best doctors in the state, and they gave him up. Therefore, of course, the priest couldn't do him any good. My friends told me that if the priest came he would just try to frighten papa and get a lot of his money."

Lella Ewan's visit caused no small stir in St. Mary's parish, especially when an enterprising reporter got in touch with Centerville and learned that her father's will disposed of more than a million in gilt-edged securities.

Indolent ne'er-do-wells shook their heads and spoke of "some folks' luck." Shrewd business men who had climbed themselves, candidly admitted that they weren't in the same class with a man like that; mammas and daughters speculated on whether the girls would go abroad and who they would probably marry; but as for Father Casey, he could not banish from his mind the picture of Owen McEwan lying on his deathbed and vainly asking his apostate children to send for a priest to help him make his peace with God. "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul."—Rev. C. D. McEnery, C.S.S.R., in The Ligourian.

## Late News of Ireland

Cork

Midleton U. D. C. passed votes of sympathy with their chairman R. Fitzgerald, P.P., on the death in action of his nephew, Lieut. Walsh with Mr. Murphy, J. P., Cloyne, on the death of his son, Capt. M. Murphy, R. A. M. C.; with Mrs. Mulhall, Midleton, on the death in action of her husband, Lieut. F. R. Mulhall, R. G. A., and with D. O'Shea on the death of his wife.

Kerry

M. J. Nolan, J. P., auctioneer (chairman of County Kerry Agricultural Committee), and William McDonald, J. P., ex-chairman Cory County Council, have been appointed as "Farmers Representatives" on the "Southern Oat Committee."

Limerick

Michael Considine was accidentally struck on the head while playing in a hurling match between Croom and South Liberties at Limerick and died a few hours later in the County Infirmary.

Mayo

Mr. Fitzgibbon, M. P., writing to Archdeacon Kilkenny, says he does not intend to seek re-election, private circumstances obliging him to take this course.

Tipperary

Mr. Louvada, the new Master of Tipperary Hounds, has purchased 176 acres at Ballyvaughan for £5,200, and 114 acres at Doon brought £3,700.

Waterford

Thomas Power has refused to withdraw his resignation as chairman of the Waterford County Council. It was the unanimous wish of the Council that Mr. Power should return again.

Wicklow

J. Byrne, secretary, Wicklow Committee of Agriculture, is missing and some of his clothes have been found near the sea.

At a meeting of the Bray Branch of the National Union of Railwaymen a resolution was unanimously adopted calling on Mr. Shortt, Chief Secretary, to have Mr. Birrell's promise to the House of Commons during the debates on the Irish Intermediate Education.

## Foreign Mission News

The Propagation of the Faith Society  
348 Lexington Ave., New York City.

### JAPAN'S RELIGIOUS ATTITUDE.

The following remarks are taken from an article entitled "The Great Obstacle to the Evangelization of Japan," which appeared in a Roman Catholic journal of Paris. There is no doubt that our religion is seriously menaced in Japan, and this extract is another note of warning:

"The means adopted by the Japanese Government for inculcating in the minds and habits of the population the practice of the national cult are partly hidden from us by the secrecy enveloping certain Ministerial instructions, which are addressed to military officers, to schoolmasters, and to Shinto and Buddhist priests.

"The accumulation of testimony from various quarters is sufficient to convince one of the existence of these instructions, and though their precise tenor cannot be learnt, the facts indicate its tendencies sufficiently. It cannot be denied, at least, that the custom, established during the last few years in all the schools subject to official direction, of taking the children to the temples of local tutelary deities or to the national temples on days when the spirits of the soldiers who die for their country are honored, proceeded from a word of command emanating from a high quarter.

"It is known also that, besides the gathering of representatives of the three religions already referred to, where the Home Minister enjoined each of the religions to serve the cause of the Imperial House, several assemblies of Buddhist or Shinto priests, officially convoked, have been held at Tokyo, and one may suppose, without fear of error, that the representatives of these two religions received detailed instructions."

### Catholic Short Notes.

The Cathedral High School of Milwaukee has 220 students.

At last accounts in the cemetery of Mount Valerian, Paris, were found 280 of our American soldiers who have died in the Paris hospitals.

Father J. J. Sullivan, one time pastor at Tuckahoe, N. Y., now pastor in France, makes the rounds of his extended parish in an airplane.

Rev. Peter Carr, C.S.S.R., was found dead from apoplexy, at South Beach, Staten Island, where he was giving a mission.

Mosaic Stations of the Cross from Italy have been erected in the Covington Cathedral.

The Catholics of Reading, Pa., in a procession three thousand strong greeted the new Archbishop of Philadelphia, and tendered him a reception.

The War Department has appointed the Rev. Dr. Peter Guillard, associate professor of American church history in the Catholic University of America, Washington, one of the three assistant educational directors of the regional district comprising Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware and the District of Columbia.

The Philadelphia Catholics contributed \$13,201 to the Irish Mission in China.