

beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!"

The Church takes man as it finds him, as Shakespeare found him. It says he has an immortal soul; it says he may enjoy the beatific vision forever.

I met a scientist last summer at Block Island. He was a graduate of Harvard back in the days when electivism ran riot there. He said that he never "took" anything there but science. He was the only member of his family alive. The others had all gone out by the suicide route. He did not know but that he might choose the same route. He had some virtues and almost a fatal charm. But he declared absolutely that he did not believe even in his own existence.

There is a saying of our Lord Jesus Christ to the penitent thief: "This day thou shalt be with me in paradise." I take it literally; and I am blood-brother of the penitent thief. I have sinned, but I hope to be forgiven and to be saved. The atheists sneer at my belief; the agnostics shrug; the rationalists manifestly sneer. But there is a clear voice saying, "*Some day thou shalt be with me in paradise.*"

Your correspondent doesn't like the Paulists any too well. He makes the usual slam at the Jesuits. Well, I imagine the Paulists and the Jesuits can take care of themselves.

But suppose your correspondent should find, when he digs down a little deeper, that the Paulists and the Jesuits, like Newman and Manning, and some others more recently, found more logic

on the other side—suppose it should be found, after all, that theology had a better right than "science" to make some statement as to what shall happen when we move out of the shadows and appearances into reality. May it not be possible that his pitying of the Catholic way is a little premature? Absolute truth as clear as the demonstrations of geometry is a rather scarce article. There is some proof that we are men; there is not much evidence yet that our ancestors were honest-to-God monkeys. There is some hope that we shall live beyond death. There is darned little light thrown on the riddle of existence by the heliocentric theory or the bent rays of Einstein. When it came to the final dissolution, my father, who could neither read nor write, looked on life at least as sensibly as the suicide chap who was at Harvard when the star of Eliot was burning most brightly. I think there was a more comfortable philosophy found in the saying of his rosary than there was in that kind of science. And, in conclusion, suppose the truth should be with the Paulists and the Jesuits and all the defenders of the Catholic method, in spite of what looks like queer antics to your correspondent. Suppose, in the last analysis, that the extreme caution of Catholicism against atheism and skepticism is justified by results. Possibly it adds as much to human happiness, and even to human culture, as the craze for every novelty that is labeled science.

CATHOLIC SCHOOL-TEACHER.

Rome, Methodism, and Intellectual Honesty

An Open Letter in Reply to the Methodist Pastor

IT seems to me that before one attempts to expose the "deceit of the Jesuits" in their so-called endeavor to appear sympathetic to Modernism and science, while at the same time adhering to mediævalism, as does your correspondent in the issue of October 21, it might be well for him to look within his own Church and there behold a similar device of shrewdness and cleverness. I wonder how many ministers of Methodism hold absolutely to a belief in every assertion of the Apostles' Creed, including the virgin birth, the resurrection of flesh (*sarkos*), and the descent of Christ into Hades, and how many accept these with "mental reservations." Do all who utter this confession of faith believe in the actual resurrection of Christ, or do some dissolve this mystery into a mere psychological experience of the disciples?

In other words, how many ministers resort to "mental reservations" and "interpretations" in order to hold their place among scientific thinkers, and yet by actually uttering the words of the confession lead the faithful within their churches to think that they actually believe what they say they believe when they confess the creed of the Church? This scheme among compromising, ambitious Protestants (who incidentally seek to emphasize the supremacy of *ethics* in religion) makes the so-called "Jesuitical subtleties" fade into a mist of insignificance! Does Methodism fear lest Rome may gather into the Papal fold and ecclesiasticism those thinking people whom its Protestant ecclesiasticism might hope to "get" if it had so strong a historic or intellectual justification for existence as Rome?

I am not defending Rome. I accept neither her theological nor her episcopal system. But it is utterly disgusting to find her criticised by men who seem to be reading their own methods into the action of the hierarchy. The brilliance of the Jesuit scholars is something that Protestantism has been foolishly ignoring. Modernism, puffed up with its intellectual conceit, has been willing to accept the dogmas of science instead of a "thus saith the Lord" as the criterion of faith, and at the same time wishes to give a pretense of faith in order to refrain from startling its conservative adherents.

The attitude of the Vatican toward Modernism is sufficiently definite to warrant no confusion in the thinking of people who wish to think. It is, moreover, as unfair to hold modern Rome responsible for mediæval blunders as it would be to reproach the modern Protestant churches for their former belief in witchcraft. It is true that Rome never changes, but this unchanging quality is confined to her theological and episcopal systems and to her thirst for dominion. Her views in other fields, however, are optional so long as they do not interfere with the essentials of her religion. She has sense enough to make religion paramount, instead of letting the Church fawn at the feet of men who are worldly wise. One may rest assured that every Roman priest and the sincere layman accept every article of every creed they confess with their lips, and accept them *without mental reservations!*

The death-knell of Protestantism and of all its ambitious, self-seeking sectarian organizations, with their human power and human authority and cleverly wrought out political scheming for attaining additional prestige and power, is being sounded. And this is fortunate for the cause of Christian faith. Sectarian ambitions have eclipsed the message and will of Christ and have aided to frustrate the prayer of Jesus that his disciples be all united in him. Protestants are challenged and dared to surrender their petty ecclesiastical ambitions and aspirations and their Pharisaical self-esteem, and in humility to bow before the absolute authority of Jesus Christ. If all Christians would overthrow the authority of the clergy (Protestant and Catholic alike) and accept the supreme authority of Christ alone, the glorious Church of Christ would be the mighty power that it should be and the kingdom of God would be realized on earth. Until this actually takes place the world is void of hope.

FREDERICK J. GIELOW, JR.

First Christian Church,
Springfield, Massachusetts.



Fort Pitt Ranch, near Calgary, owned and farmed by an An

IT was along in the elementary eighties that St. Paul, Minnesota, first invented the winter carnival of sports which has since become the annual renaissance of many communities that formerly hibernated from the first snowfall to the first crocus. St. Paul overdid it. She built palaces of ice almost as imposing as her State Capitol, and the whole town turned itself out in the costume that the Hudson Bay Company had for many generations found most appropriate to trap other furbearing animals in when the thermometer sulked below zero. The train announcer at the station and the progenitors of St. Paul "red caps" sweated freely in blanket costumes. The stenographer came to work in moccasins, carrying her snowshoes under her arm, and young and old patriotically skated and skied about their several businesses. St. Paul became for a winter interval every year one big Christmas card. And the newspapers and the magazines popularized the pictures. The good people of Minnesota overdid it; overdressed the part. The result was that, in those pre-flivver days, the rest of the world concluded that St. Paul must lie beyond the Arctic Circle and be inhabited by American Eskimos. People used to be more shy of the cold than they are now, and St. Paul figured out that its well-staged winter pageantry lost many conventions and tourists and investors and plants. Accordingly, they ceased to surrender themselves each year to the winter carnival spirit and became a standardized city like unto all other cities.

Calgary, Alberta, gets "Stampeded" annually in much the same thorough way that St. Paul, more literally than it knew, used to get frost-bitten. Everybody goes out and buys himself—and a great many of herself—a huge sombrero hat with or without accessories. "Every citizen in Calgary should wear a cowboy hat during Stampede week," so runs the municipal exhortation in the daily press. During the week that is given over to the

Stampede a lot of otherwise inoffensive citizens dispense with their collars and drape virulent bandanas round their necks; many of them go so far as chaps, and some unconscious Will Rogerses festoon themselves with meaningless rope. Calgary is nothing if not a unit in local patriotism. At the heart of all this masquerade lives and moves a kernel of verity in the cattle "outfits" which come in from Alberta ranches by cayuse and by wagon, but mostly by Ford, to see and to take active part in the competitive bronco-busting, "bull-dogging," "belly-aching," and free advertising of the week.

Representatives of these outfits, some of them actual pioneers, take part in the "grand parade, six miles long," which winds through the streets of Calgary by way of a picturesque curtain-raiser to the annual show. Crowds from other parts of Canada and the nearer States line the streets in holiday thousands to view a spectacle which is the utter expression of

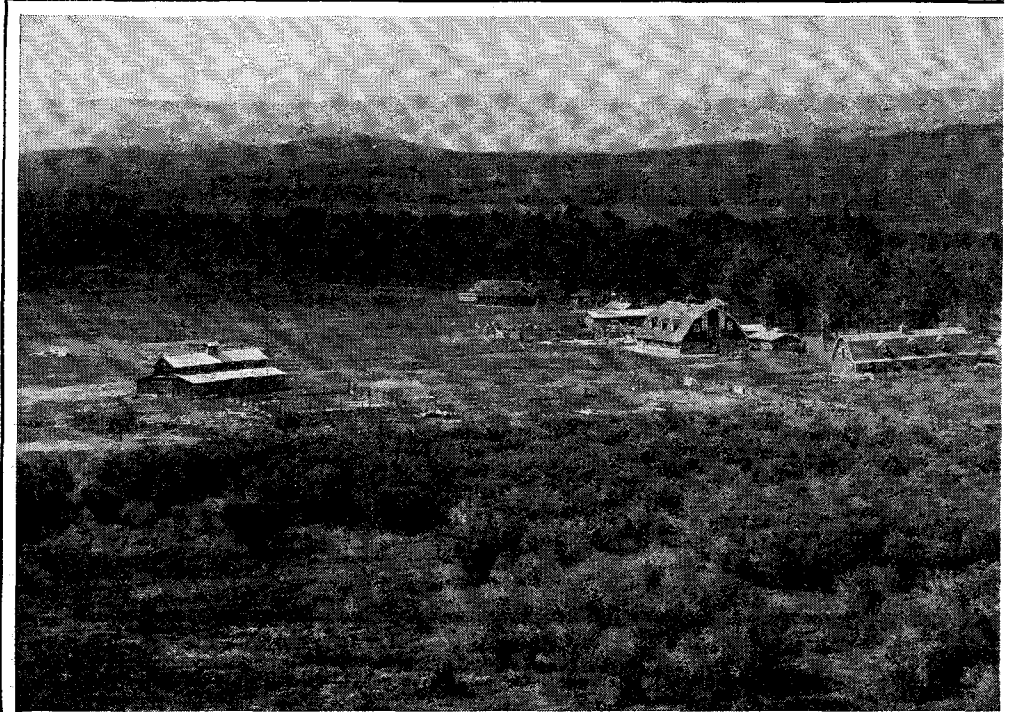
The Cavalr

By GEOR

The City of the Noi

this arriving city of the Canadian Northwest; a city holding on to the vestiges of the wilder Western life that has died out of the States of corresponding longitude, traditions, and occupations, a city entirely but differently American. The parade this year was especially large, represented an unusual outlay in properties, and was particularly commemorative. It consisted of four parts: an enormous amount of bad riding, a large amount of advertising, the story of Calgary told in historical floats, and the Northwest Mounted Police.

The bad riding and the prevalence of costume correspond to the abandoned theatricals of St. Paul's Midwinter



The ranch of the Prince of Wales, sixty miles southwest of Calgary.