

THEY LISTEN TO A PRIEST.

A CATHOLIC IN CLASSIC HAR-
VARD'S PULPIT.

For the First Time the Chapel of the Old College is Occupied by One of the Roman Faith, the Rev. Father O'Callaghan.

For the first time in the history of Harvard University a Catholic priest occupied the pulpit in Appleton Chapel at the regular Sunday services for the students April 1. He was the Rev. Father J. O'Callaghan, of Boston, who has been a member of the class of 1888. His discourse was on "Rationalism in Faith," and was listened to by an unusually large congregation, which included Professor Eliot, the Rev. Dr. Peabody, Professor Palmer and a number of others of the faculty. Father O'Callaghan surprised all by the able manner in which he handled his topic and its freedom from any tinge of Catholicism. It was in its entirety an argument for greater faith, and was so well made that at the close of the services a number of those who had been crowded forward to congratulate him on his effort, among them President Eliot, it is expected that other Catholics will be called to address the students. Father O'Callaghan said, as reported in the Chicago Herald:

"The testimonies are become exceedingly credible." St. Augustine affirmed that he believed because that which he believed was credible. I once heard an eminent professor and author of works of St. Augustine say to a student, however, it was not credible for me to believe it. It is expected that other Catholics will be called to address the students. Father O'Callaghan's style, of which this sentence is thoroughly characteristic, is always absurd to hear when it is explained. The man of reason is the man of opinion. No doubt, if the words are credible in its most rigorous and extreme sense, it is impossible to believe that which can not be believed. Which credulity and faith are not the man of reason. St. Augustine would not be likely to hold to anything so foolish as what this professor would have him mean. The evident meaning is that truth about God is not to be believed, but to be known. That is, that reason can only fully grasp it. "He is that a searcher of majesty shall be overwhelmed by glory." "O the depth of the riches of wisdom and of the knowledge of God! How unsearchable His ways!" St. Augustine wished only to repeat in another form the words of the psalmist: "Thy testimonies are wonderful; therefore my soul hath sought them with all its desire." He was seeking them, hoping for the convictions of things which appear not. The necessity of faith comes not from the weakness of reason to grasp its proper object, but from the infinite character of God's works, which we can not comprehend, and how unsearchable His ways!"

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FAITH CAN SATISFY THE SOUL.

But in that banished soul there is an ever-present invitation to return to its lost treasures. Many times the soul may not appreciate the value of that invitation. It may be only after it has tried all things under the sun that it will be ready to admit that all is vanity. But whether at the expense of its own sad experience or from the teaching of wise men, it must sooner or later feel the truth which St. Augustine has expressed so beautifully: "Our hearts were made for God; and God made us for Himself; and all they find their rest in Thee." Faith is the evidence of those things which appear not, of God which we cannot see. And when the soul is like a bantling child-like who knows he has lost something great, but can not understand the value or the nature of what he has lost until he has received it back again. God made us for Himself; and all they find their rest in Thee.

FAITH CAN SATISFY THE SOUL.

I have purposely taken it for granted that the Christian soul has already accepted the aspirations of the soul, though I am fully conscious that I have not proved this. "Without faith it is impossible to please God." To St. Paul Christianity was the only faith. "One God, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all and through all and in all." And I might add that I am convinced that Jesus is the only master to whom the world will bend its stiff neck, if it bends it at all.

The act by which we accept the life of faith is a rational act, because it is an act which is necessary for the fullness of our souls. The act of faith is the most rational, because necessary for the realization of the soul's highest aspirations. Faith appeals to us by the presentation of its object to our souls. If the faith which we have is not rational, then it is not rational. The soul which is the reflection of itself, Man seeking to be a God, became a sinner and the origin of evil: "man when he was in honor did not understand; he is come to the senseless beasts and is become like to them."

MUST FEEL THE TRUTH.

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FAITH CAN SATISFY THE SOUL.

Too often we hide beneath a name inconsistency and shallowness. We bundle together many processes under a single name, and when we have labeled the bundle "theology," we are apt to forget that the bundle we call reason? Why is it so strong while faith is weak and childish? Why is it one pure reason while the acceptance of God is only a mere collection of suppositions of practical use? In my college days a classmate was very much worried over the seeming strength of my position of the solipsist. He went to the professor and asked him if he had not heard of the solipsist. The professor answered, "I jumped out of it." I doubt that that professor, who I think is a rationalist, imagined for a moment that a jump was in any sense an act of faith. No one can be an extreme atheist and seek to disprove the reality of the external world, or, rather, to show the law in the evidence for such reality—no matter how much he may sneer at Dr. Johnson's quaint argument that he could not jump out of his solipsism—he will return to common sense. Although faith, strictly speaking, is an acceptance of truth upon the word of God, it is not the same thing as superstition. Superstition, faith, as one is above and nature, and the manner of seeking its object is a path which does not come from the powers of nature.

The fact that there is a supernatural and a kindly need of God is the soul who maintains that nature is the all. We can not be convinced that our little world of nature is all there is of reality. We feel as certain of the reality of the unknown as we do of the known. We do not know what comes within the range of our experience. And to call all things nature is simply a queer over-word.

RATIONALISM IN FAITH.

Supposing the fact of revelation of the supernatural—can the acceptance of it be, in any sense, rational? Can there be any rationalism in faith? The faith I have shown to be in reason is a confidence in thought, to which we are not given to be very sensitive. However, if I would think at all, I must profess confidence in my thought. It is conceivable that a man might lead a brash life, without feeling the need of any confidence in his thought; he might not care what logic demanded, as long as his sensations were pleasant. But the man of thought must be a man of faith—his whole mental life depends upon man of faith.

I see that natural faith is an image of supernatural faith. The man of God is a man of faith. His whole spiritual life is one great act of faith. The need for God is in our hearts, and we are all sadly deficient in

we have it not. There has been no nation without at least some aspirations toward God. That aspiration may be sometimes faint and sometimes grotesque, but there it is, a universal testimony to the soul's need of God. Show me a people who have been led on, but not by atheism, on a nation which had been civilized by so-called rationalism, and then, and only then, will it be possible to argue in this matter. For, in order to prove the evidence of God, we have no evidence to show what so-called rationalism can do. We can not prove its value by the lives of individuals, for we can not undo the past, and the results of our atheist education and training are in the very marrow of our bones—the lives of many rationalists are testimony against rationalism. To eradicate the effects of religion upon humanity would be to brutalize mankind. It is directly or indirectly due to the influence of religion; but if we can not measure its exact amount it would be the height of absurdity to question its universal and almost omniscient influence.

Faith is essential for communion with God. The accept of faith, therefore, is the highest rationalism, because the necessary condition for our greatest enlightenment.

If evil communications corrupt good manners, holy thoughts and holy associations build up the edifice of sanctity. If good music, will, when perseveringly listened to, arouse the dull and unmusical to an appreciation of its charms, so will the contemplation of the works of God, and the association of the supernatural—the art of faith in God and His revelation—also a rational act? Perhaps this communion with God may not be derived from the earth, but rather that they allow nothing spiritual to trouble them. The lives of these are analogous to the lives of those unthinking men who care for nothing but pleasure, pleasure being the chief end of man.

There is no way of gaining such men. Reason can do no more than present itself, relying upon its charms for captivating men's souls. For who can convince a man that refused to accept the axioms of pure reason? The testimonies are wonderful, O, God, therefore have my soul under Thee. As the soul is with the thoughts of man, so my soul panteth after Thee, O God. My soul has thirsted after the strong, living God.

"Blessed are those who hunger and thirst after justice, for they shall be filled." And the rich treasury of God's ineffable truth.

May God grant to us much of that eye-salve by which we may see the blindness of our souls. And when He has filled our hearts with the brightness of His light, then we may give up greater love to Him. "If any man may love Me, he will keep My word, and we will come to Him and make our abode with Him." While we possess all that will be well with us, and if we keep our hearts clean—for the clean of heart shall see God—the dark glass of faith will reveal more truth to us than the deepest thoughts of philosophers, and God's "testimonies will become exceedingly credible."

THE APRIL PUZZLES.

Numerical Enigma—Wineglass—Hidden Poetry—Cube

The prize for March has been awarded to Miss Nellie Wales of 1367 North Illinois street, 291—Numerical Enigma.

I am sure a couplet of sixty-five letters from Mother Goose.

My 11—24—36—53—58—10—41—27—31 is a so-called disease common to elderly persons.

My 4—20—29—5—17—45—8—22 is an immense diamond.

My 64—23—41—29—15—35—49—33—55 is going from town to place.

My 21—26—64—14—28—50—7 is a very violent wind.

My 56—40—31—5—43—52—24—32—40—5 is a half globe.

My 25—59—12—30—63—51—41—20—65 is the first step to being in a house.

My 60—12—02—8—18—51 is a Chinese character.

My 47—35—26—34—7—40 is one oblige to do much labor.

My 16—22—20—40—48—38 is a dense growth of trees.

My 37—11—44—12—11—34 is the battle cry of success.

22—Wineglass.

X O X O X X
X O X O X X
X O X O X X
X O X O X X

X
X
X
X O X
O O X O

The bowl of the glass is a triple acrostic, and the three words taken together are a requisite for soap bubbles. Each cross word is formed of two words of four letters each—the last of one becoming the first of the other.

1. Separate widely and brings a report.

2. One of the United States and one of the Sandwich islands.

A place in Italy famous during the fifteenth century as a place of refuge for Christians fleeing from Constantinople, and sour pungent.

4. A very small quantity, and a domestic animal.

The upright down the center (9 letters) is a man-of-war stone.

The neck of the glass (letters 5 and 6) are found on the superscription of most envelopes. The last 5 letters of the upright is weight 14 pence.

The base of the glass is a pyramid.

1. A vowel. 2. A conjunction. 3. Topic. The central is a numeral. The diagonal on the left is a grain, and on the right a poem.

23—Hidden Poetry.

In the following stanza find a familiar nursery rhyme. One word will be found in each line.

There is a little maiden.

Who oft drops in on me,

To tell me of her trouble,

Her brother, land and sea.

This charming little maiden

Brings with her golden grains

Brings to feed the silly bairns.

That fly e'er sand and plains.

And tell me of her trouble,

And tell me of her trouble,