The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname)—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

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BISHOP FALLON

ELOQUENT ADDRESS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA

BEAUTIFUL SERMON DELIVERED IN ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH

On the 17th of May His Lordship Bishop Fallon visited the capital of the Dominion. The students of his Alma Mater, Ottawa university, took advantage of the occasion to give him a very warm reception. It was held in the rotunda of the institution. In the morning His Lordship administered first Communion and confirmation to a large number of children in St. Joseph's church. Of this church he was formerly the pastor. When Bishop Fallon, accompanied by the rector of the university, Rev. Wm. Murphy, arrived at the university, the hundreds of students gave him such a welcome as might be expected from young men going to college to one who was near and dear to them. The English address was read by Mr. J. Fanning and the French by Mr. O. Julien. It was most complimentary in terms and referred especially to the undaunted spirit of Catholic activity the Bishop fostered when at the Capital. We are glad to be able to print in full, from our own reporter, the following eloquent reply from the Bishop:

Rev. Fathers and my dear students,—You can just look at me, and can easily tell what may happen to any of you. At the same time, I tell you, from the experience of one who stood there at one time, and stands here now, that there is more fun in that semi-circle than there is in this. As I listened to all those wonderful things you said, I was anxious to have my old professor get out of this rotunda, because he might open up some closed books, and spoil the poetry of that address. I never hear a eulogy of that kind without thinking of a little story of a man who dropped dead, let us say in New York, and anybody who goes to New York, if he does not have to, deserves to drop dead. However, he dropped dead, and was picked up, and reported by the coroner as unknown. A lady came in to view the body, and claimed it as the body of her husband, and said "Give him the best possible burial, everything of the best." They got the most expensive undertaker in the city, got a costly casket and shroud, and he was being prepared for burial, when suddenly his jaw dropped. The supposed widow happened to see him, and said, "That is not my husband, take him away, I will not pay for the funeral." They had to take away the costly casket and rich clothing, and he was buried as a pauper in a $5 box. As the corporation undertaker came along, he said, "If you had kept your mouth shut you would have got a decent funeral." (Laughter). Now when I hear those eulogies, I say to myself it is better for you to go to a quiet corner; if you open your mouth, you will get the $5 box. At the same time, I am very glad to be here. I cannot help feeling, of course, though almost a quarter of a century has rolled by since I first entered the Ottawa College as a student, that not a single thing has changed in me with regard to the student body. I have been one of the boys from the beginning, and I dare say will be one of the boys to the end. (Cheers). There is nothing that I ever regretted more than having to leave the class room. Of course, the reverend professors may say that is nonsense, but I tell them it is true. There is nothing I regretted more than to be obliged to leave the class room. I loved the work, and I got along fairly well with the students, and I think perhaps the work done for them was not altogether to their disadvantage. However, it has pleased God to so fix my place that I am what you see here to-day. I do not like to be the subject of these demonstrations—I really do not. It is embarassing. When I am as old as some of the older Bishops of the country I might put up with it as they do, and are expected to do, but at present it is only embarassing. I want, however, to express my gratitude to the rector and the faculty of the University, and to you its students, for your kind reception. I am not going to make any promises. I do not think a graduate of an institution ought to be expected to make promises. I think he has no backbone if he has to make promises. Unfortunately, it is true of this institution, as it is true of all the Catholic colleges of Canada and the United States, that their graduates do not support them as they should. Their graduates do not give them either the moral or the material assistance that they could easily render and, as a consequence, I know of no work that is more trying, more discouraging, more disheartening, than the work of the professors of the faculties, who are endeavouring against criticism, against coldness, against a spirit of hostility where it should not exist—who are endeavouring by day and by night, for no salary, for the bit they eat and the rag they wear — who are endeavouring to keep up the cause of Catholic education, and that is the greatest cause in the world. I should like to have you young men meditate sometimes upon the sacrifices that are made for you. I should like to have you think sometimes of what it means for the religious congregations that are engaged in teaching, of what much more than it means for the Catholic people, to support this network of institutions; and I should like you to be charitable to their shortcomings, if they have any. This institution had its shortcomings when I was here. The food might have been better (Laughter), but it was sufficient, and I do not notice that I have fallen away to a twenty pound skeleton yet. There is a good deal of nonsense talked on that subject, and no one knows it better than I, because I did a lot of it when I was here. I have no doubt, if we could have in this institution the unlimited resources of the State, there would be laboratories, perhaps, and libraries. There would be chairs of physiology, of biology, of paleontology, of assyriology, and all the other ologies, but the fundamentals are here, and are to be found in every other Catholic institution, nothwithstanding the sacrifices, notwithstanding opposition, notwithstanding the hostility, and notwithstanding the criticism. I am not going to make any promises. I am, and I always have been, as far as I would be allowed to be, and I always will be, as far as I am permitted, what every graduate of Ottawa University should be—its friend in season and out of season, its friend in sunshine, but particularly its friend in storm. I do not know what I shall ever be able to do for the institution. I know I owe to it all I have. Whatever there has been of success, whatever there has been of straightness, whatever there has been of manliness, whatever there has been of a desire to try and help others along the hard road of life in my career, I got that here in this institution from the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. (Cheers.) And the very least I can do is to offer to them to-day the tribute of my affectionate gratitude, and to say to them—and it was true in the days when I was associated with this institution—that no sacrifice was asked of me that I was not proud to attempt, no work was asked of me that I ever refused. There is no line on record—and it is not much praise either—but there is no line on record, or off the record, that will indicate that at any time during the years I was in this institution as a professor, any work that was given to me, or any work that was offered, met anything but a willing response, and was done to the best of my ability. I want to say now that no request that this institution can make of me, no kind of assistance that is within my power, will be denied it. It is my alma mater, my dear kind mother in the intellectual order, and I should just as soon be faithless to the mother who bore me in the natural order as be faithless to the mother who bore me in the intellectual order. (Applause.) I say here I am a graduate of this University; I have returned to the province in which this university finds its chief work; and if the rector of this university or its faculty can use me; if my services in any sense will tend to help and develop the work that is being done here, then I offer those services, and that work, and I can say this; that nobody can say that Dr. Fallon ever stepped forward and offered himself to accomplish anything, and retired without making good his offer. I have been perhaps too active in stepping forward; I have been so long in the forward line, so long in the scrimmage, that at all events I can say that (applause and laughter.) It may be difficult for me to sit back in the dignified position which a bishop is popularly supposed to assume, but which I do not pretend to assume. I do not feel one single bit different, except in thankfulness to God, but from a natural point of view I am no better, and I hope I am no worse than I was five or six months ago. I cannot take this thing as seriously as others do. It is no use; I never was serious (laughter.) You know I never was serious; my fellow students know I never was serious, but I think my fellow students know that with all my faults I tried to be fair and straightforward, and to do the right thing whether in the class room or on the athletic field, or in the other spheres of student life. (Cheers.)

At St. Joseph's Church

The following beautiful sermon was delivered by the Bishop of London at St. Joseph's Church, Ottawa, on the evening of Tuesday, May 17. It has been supplied us by our own reporter. The church was crowded to the doors, quite a few belonging to non-Catholic denominations being present, all anxious to hear a dignitary of the Church who is held in the highest esteem in the capital of the Dominion. The Bishop spoke as follows:

"I trust that it will not be necessary for me to attempt to express the joy with which I find myself once again in the pulpit of St. Joseph's Church in Ottawa. I desire to express my grateful thanks to the pastor, Father Murphy, for the invitation which he extended to me, and to the Right Rev. Administrator of the diocese, Monsignor Routhier, for the permission which he accorded so graciously that not only I might be privileged to appear before those of my old flock who are still residing within the parish, but that I might have the greater joy, the incomparable happiness of giving the body of the Lord for the first time to these little children, and of invoking upon them, in the holy sacrament of confirmation, the seven-fold gifts of the Holy Ghost so many of whom in the years gone by I received into the of faith through the sacrament of baptism.

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us.

Your Grace, dearly beloved brethren, it is the month of May, the blessed and beautiful month of our mother. Throughout the world millions of Catholics are gathered around her shrine, and up from their hearts there wells the grateful cry, the sacred invocation, Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death. It behooves us Catholics to have a reason to explain our reverent posture before the shrine of Mary. It is an obligation upon us that we should know the why and the wherefore of the deep homage that every Catholic renders only too gladly to the mother of God. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, was taught to us at our mother's knee. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death; may it be the invocation that the trembling lips of death in each of our cases shall speak as the final word of hope, of eternal consolation. Who is this Mary to whom we Catholics pray? O brethren, it might be said of her, as it was said of old of her divine Son, that she was set for the fall and resurrection of many, and a sign to be contradicted, because around the sacred name of Mary, the Mother of Jesus Christ, there has arisen a bitter and ceaseless controversy that seems most powerful in dividing those who claim to accept belief in the divinity of her Son; but in that controversy, brethren, there is nothing halting, nothing obscure, nothing uncertain about the position of the Catholic Church. Being accused of rendering too much homage, too great reverence to Mary, she answers emphatically that all human power extended to its utmost limits would fail to give to her the reverence, the honour and the glory which God Himself gave her when He made her, in His divine Providence, the Mother of His Son. There is nothing obscure, or uncertain, or halting in the answer of the Catholic Church. There is nothing obscure, or uncertain, or halting when questioned on any one of her truths. She speaks with the unerring voice of the ages resounding behind her; into her ears the divine Master spoke the command. To her was given the promise—"it is well for you that I go, for when I go I shall send the Paraclete, the Comforter, the Spirit of Truth, and when He shall come He shall teach you all things, and abide with you forever." But it is particularly in connection with the doctrine of the Catholic Church concerning the Virgin Mary that we have the amplest abundance of scriptural proof and of natural reason. Who is this Mary? Whence came she? What are her titles to our honour and our reverence? St. Thomas says, in answer to the question—could God have created things more perfect than He really did make them? Yes, he could have created them all more perfect, with three exceptions. He could have made this world more glorious and more beautiful, the celestial sphere and all its myriads of scenes more complete and more thorough; man himself, with his body and his soul endowed with higher understanding, stronger will, and nobler qualities, but there are three things which even God, with all His infinite power, could not have made more perfect than He did in fact make them, and those three things are the Incarnation of Christ, the happiness of Heaven, and the mother of God, and St. Thomas goes on to give the reason, deep and satisfying, why God Himself in all the infinite plenitude of His sacred power, could not have made the Incarnation of Christ, or the happiness of Heaven, or the Mother of God more perfect; and the reason is, because God Himself is so intimately bound up in each one of these creations as to become its very object, and there can be nothing more perfect than God. So there can be no more sacred perfection than Christ, because He is the mantion than Christ, because He is the mantion; so there can be no happiness more God; so there can be no happiness more perfect than the happiness of Heaven, because it is the possession of God, and so likewise there can be no woman more perfect than Mary, because she is the Mother of God. And she is the Mother of God. The Bible tells us so. Away back in the dawn of creation, in the recorded history, in the Book of Genesis, of the dealings of God with our first parents after their unfortunate fall, we read these words spoken by God Himself to the enemy of man's salvation: "I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and between thee and her offspring, and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel, and she shall crush thy head," and from that instant down through all the ages of the world's history in the days before the coming of Christ, the promises of the Messiah and the woman by whom He was to be given to the world, come hand in hand. Neither patriarch nor prophet, neither king nor judge under the old law ever attempted to separate the Messiah and the woman — the mother and the Son. The picture grows in beauty and startling clearness as the ages wear on, and the blessed day of deliverance approaches. For every Jewish mother there was one prayer, that her daughter might be the chosen lily of Israel, from whom redemption was to come! and every Jewish maiden had but one cry welling up from her heart, that she might be the elect of God who should give to Israel salvation. Down they come hand in hand, Messiah and woman, Mother and Son, Jesus and Mary. After all, who will separate the Mother from the Son? After all, who will deny the Mother that bore Him in the natural order, who can forget the long vigils of ceaseless care, who can forget the watchings and the warnings of early years, who will dare to separate the mother and the Son? Certainly the Catholic Church will make no attempt to divide Mary and her adorable Son, Jesus Christ. The picture of the Old Law, dim and dismal at its best, dark but full of promise, broke into a greater light and glory as Isaiah, the inspired mouthpiece of the Most High, cried out, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, "A Virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and they shall call His name Immanuel," that is, "God with us." But the old Testament is only the shadow, the New Testament is the substance. The Old Testament is only the figure and the promise, the New Testament is the reality, and O, the glory of the reality of Mary in the New Testament. An angel is sent from God to a humble village maiden whose name is Mary, and having come unto her he salutes her thus: "Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb." And Mary, the virgin, not understanding the words spoken to her, expresses her surprise, and the angel says, "Fear not Mary, because the glory of God shall overshadow thee, and the power of the Most High shall encompass thee, and therefore He Whom thou shalt bear shall be called the Son of God, and the Lord God, His Father, will make Him great, and He will give Him the Kingdom of Jacob, and of His reign there shall be no end, and He shall live forever and forever." There never was such a message in the world spoken to any creature as Gabriel spoke to Mary, an angelic ambassador, with all the power of divinity, sent from the right hand of God, to speak the will of God. In the day of hope to Mary, who was to give to the world its Redeemer, Mary said, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord. He hath done unto me according to His word," and rising up with haste, the gospel tells us, she went across the hilly country to visit her cousin, St. Elizabeth, who was then bearing the unborn child, John the Baptist. As Mary crossed Elizabeth's threshold that great saint began, under the action and inspired influence of the Holy Ghost, to cry out, "How is this, that the Mother of My Lord should come to visit me? Because when thou didst cross my threshold the Infant in my womb leaped for joy. Blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb." It was only then that Mary realized the awful grandeur of the vocation to which she was called. It was only then that she saw in spirit all the ages call her blessed, and lifting up her voice in grateful thanks to Him Who made her the Mother of Jesus Christ, she said, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God, my Saviour, because He has had regard for the humility of His handmaid, and will save from henceforth all those who shall call me blessed." There, dearly beloved brethren, in the Bible picture of faintest outline, is the Bible picture of the Virgin Mary. Let those who read the Bible give to Mary the Bible's due. Let those who peruse those sacred inspired pages render to Mary the things that Gabriel said were hers when he came, the Celestial messenger, to proclaim that she should be blessed by God Himself. "Blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb." Let them render to Mary the tribute of wonder and admiration spoken of by Elizabeth: "How is this that the Mother of My Lord has come to visit me," and let them accept the marvellous prophecy of that youthful child — for only child she was — "My soul shall magnify the Lord." Now, to magnify is to make greater. Mary had the divine audacity to declare that her soul made the Lord greater. Greater indeed it did make Him, greater in the beauties and abundance of her heavenly gift, greater in the marvelous humility of her soul, greater in the sacred benediction that rested on her as the woman who was to realize the hope, so long deferred, that was making the world's heart sick. Such, beloved brethren, again in faintest outline, is the Bible picture of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Let me deduce a few evident consequences from it. If the incarnation of Jesus Christ is the sole source of life and grace here, and of glory and benediction everywhere, what can be said sufficiently praising her in whom that mystery was first accomplished? If to touch the hem of the garment of Jesus was enough to cure the sick, what a great and blessed glory and power must she not have received who held Him in her arms, and enfolded Him to her breast, and caressed Him with her lips as only a mother does or can with the child she bears? If at the sound of Jesus' voice the winds were hushed and the dead arose, yea, and the demons fled away, has Mary lost some or any portion of that power? Mary, who heard that voice, day in and day out, year after year, during the thirty years of Christ's private life. If, again, to gaze for one instant upon the glorious face of Jesus Christ would be the highest form of happiness, is that to which we all aspire, what shall we say of Mary who looked into His blessed countenance, not for an instant, but for years and years in the tender helplessness of his childhood, in the boyhood that in so many ways was so like the life of other boys, in the manhood as it blossomed out with all its glorious promise, and still was overshadowed by the certainty of the sacrifice of the cross on Calvary, what shall we say of Mary who, during all those years, heard that blessed voice speak messages that were enfolded in her heart, and that shall be known to us only in the glories of eternity? If the precious blood of Jesus Christ has redeemed the world by blotting out the hand writing of that decree that was registered against us, is it not some glory in Mary's name that that precious blood has flowed in her veins? If Jesus Christ assigned so great a place to His mother, that even in the last hour He had her on Calvary's Hill, and His final words were spoken to her, "Woman, behold thy Son," is she separated from Him now in power, and are not we who were given to her then as children, her children, dearer still because the greater is our need? If to be a servant of God shall gain for us such a reward as eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived, what must be the glory of the position of Mary in the Kingdom of Heaven, who was not the servant of God, but the Mother of the Son of the Eternal God? If Mary had Jesus subject to her in the days of His earthly life; if, as a little child He obeyed her with the perfection that no other human child obeyed his mother, if as a boy his every step was in obedience not merely to her word or command, but to her every desire; if as a youth entering upon the public manifestation of His Divinity He performed His first miracle at her request by changing water into wine at the marriage feast of Cana in Galilee, if His heart broke, with a son's grief, as He saw His mother bending with her sorrows while He walked the way to Calvary, in God's Name, if all those things are true, as they are true, has Mary been separated from Him now that He has entered into the kingdom of His glory, and exercises His divine power without let or hindrance? Without question or opposition, without antipathy or hostility, does it not appeal to every man's common sense that Mary, the Mother of Jesus, Mary who guided Jesus the Boy, Mary whose requests were listened to by Jesus the man, and Mary who gathered up the last words of Jesus the Crucified, that Mary is the channel by which His divine graces still flow upon the world, that Mary is still that human being standing, as it were, for us midway between the earth and the deity, and letting the awful glory of God stream down upon us, of benediction all the more gentle through the medium of the mother's tenderness. Brethren I need not tell you that Mary is no mere ornament in the Catholic Church; she is a part of its essence, she belongs to it really and truly like her Son. Of course, she is only a creature, and He is the Creator; of course, she is only finite, and He is infinite, but while He is all powerful by His own right, she is all powerful through the mediation of a mother's intercession with her son. This is the picture of Mary, faintly, oh, so faintly put before you. It is no wonder that we love her, no wonder that we feel the exquisite beauty of the life that she led, and it is no wonder either that in all our troubles and all our afflictions we go to her whom we call our life, our sweetness and our hope. Two lives stretch out there before us. The one is present and in our possession, the other is future and filled with hope. Two lives stretch out there before us; the one is temporal, and oftentimes extremely wretched, the other is eternal and is filled with never ending happiness. Oh, for this latter life must we hope, upon it must we rest, in it must we find our consolation. We shall not be deceived. Our anticipations shall be realized, our hopes fulfilled, if we put our trust in her who was the mother of Jesus. It may cost us something to do this, but it will cost us incalculably more not to do it. It may bring with it difficulties and crosses in the future, but, oh, I beg of you to remember that after the cross comes the crown; that crown that shall be placed upon our brow in the blessed day of God when we shall put off forever the works of darkness, and take on the armor of light, and shall be received into the liberty and the glory of the children of God, and in that supreme day when it becomes too dark for our human eyes ever to see again, when our human lips shall no longer even tremulously pronounce the words of prayer, oh, let us hope that as at our mother's knee we learned the sacred invocation to Mary the Mother of God, so though the lips refuse to perform their office, there may be the strength of faith still left in the heart,—though men around us may say "he lies unconcious", yet we shall know that before God we are conscious still, and every throbbing heart to the end shall be filled with the prayer angelic, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death, Amen."

KING EDWARD'S VISIT TO LOURDES

SET NOTABLE EXAMPLE OF REVERENCE A FORTNIGHT BEFORE HIS DEATH

Little more than a fortnight before his death the late King Edward set a notable example of reverence for the religion of his Catholic subjects.

On April 21 his Majesty visited the famous shrine of Our Lady at Lourdes. He arrived in a motor car just at the moment that one of the first processions of the Blessed Sacrament of this year was passing. His Majesty got out of the motor car and went to the entrance of the basilica. He then went down the northern flight of steps, and when the Blessed Sacrament was borne by the place where the King was standing bareheaded he bowed respectfully. His Majesty then went to the grotto. On his way there he met the Bishop of Tarbes and spoke a few words to him. When King Edward arrived at the grotto he again stood bareheaded, contemplating with much interest the rock, which was at one time so unknown in a locality both quiet and solitary, but which has become so famous, and to which journey so many visitors of all nations. The respectful attitude of King Edward throughout this visit to Lourdes made a very favorable impression upon the pilgrims who were assembled there at the time.

VISITS MONASTERY OF NOTRE DAME AT ANJLET

On Saturday, April 9, King Edward visited the Monastery of Notre Dame at Anjlet. He was received by Mother Isabelle and Canon Etchebarne. His Majesty was most anxious to know all the details of the community life, and was extremely kind and gracious in his manner. The Reverend Mother showed the King the chapel and the work-rooms where embroidery is so skillfully executed by the nuns. The Mother Superior interested the royal visitor also by exhibiting various articles in fur, made by the Sisters after directions given to them by the late Queen Victoria when she visited the convent. Her Majesty then remarked the fine white rabbits of which the community possessed such a large number, and she inquired what was done with the fur of these animals. Rev. Mother Isabelle said it was sold as a thing of little value, whereupon the Queen herself gave the community full instructions as to how the fur could be converted into most useful articles suitable for wear. Since then the nuns, by following these directions so kindly given to them, have been most successful in manufacturing ties and stoles out of the fur of the rabbits.

WITH THE BERNARDINES

At the conclusion of his visit to the Monastery of Notre Dame his Majesty walked across to the convent of the Bernardines, which is situated at a distance of about six hundred yards from the Monastery of Notre Dame. When he arrived at the Chapel of St. Bernard, the place where Queen Victoria knelt to pray was pointed out to him. There is an inscription on the wall as a souvenir of her visit. The King read this, and then remained for a few moments thoughtful and silent, as if he were making a short meditation.

On the occasion of Queen Victoria's visit to this convent she arrived exactly as the nuns were going to Vespers. She assisted at the office, and was so impressed by the chanting of the Litany that she asked the Sisters to send her a copy of the music. She then visited the chapel, known as "La Chapelle de Paille," and prayed there also. A tablet recalls this memorable fact, and it also states that the chapel has been likewise visited by the Emperor Npaoleon III., the Empress Eugenie, the Infants of Spain and Queen Natalie of Servia. The Reverend Mother asked permission to have a slab placed on the wall as a memento of King Edward's visit, and he gave his consent at once.

The Sisters of the Bernardine community were then presented to the King. Canon Etchebarne explained to his Majesty the rule they follow, and that they observe a perpetual silence. At the conclusion of the royal visit the canon addressed the nuns as follows:

"The King of England has graciously come to visit you to-day, dear Sisters. I know you will pray for him and for all his family."

The Bernardines then knelt down and kissed the ground, a custom of the order when the members leave the presence of a superior. This act of humility touched King Edward very visibly, and many of his suite were also deeply moved and impressed.

IN THE NUNS CEMETERY

Before leaving the convent enclosure the King visited the cemetery, which is situated in the midst of the sands, and where the graves, placed in a straight line, are simply marked by a small black cross, upon which the name of the dead nun is not inscribed.

This little cemetery, located in the midst of a vast solitude, surrounded by pine trees and cypresses, which gently sway in the soft breeze from the sea leaves a very solemn and a lasting impression upon those who visit it.

King Edward very kindly bought some souvenirs of his visit to the convent from the Bernardine nuns in the shop where their work is sold. When taking leave of the Reverend Mother Superior he expressed the great pleasure the visit to the convent had given him, and regretted that he had not come there earlier during his sojourn at Biarritz.

THE SEVEN GIFTS

The "seven gifts" of the Holy Spirit, the Third Person of the Most Holy Trinity, are these: Wisdom, Understanding, Counsel, Fortitude, Knowledge, Godliness or Piety, and the Fear of the Lord. Now Bishop Hedley tells us, in his helpful book of meditations for a retreat, (the book is called "A Retreat"):

"The peculiar characteristic of a "Gift" . . is that it brings the soul into communication with the Holy Spirit as a listener with a speaker, a learner with a teacher, a disciple with a leader, a friend with a friend. . . .

The gifts substitute for a soul's merely natural activity an activity which has its spring and origin in the Holy Ghost; not because the Holy Spirit paralyzes the powers of the soul, and acts in their stead, but because, retaining all their own vital energy and variety of action, they conform themselves to the sweet influence of His direction, and are reinforced with the mighty force of His resistless strength."

These are very helpful thoughts for those hours that only too often come to us, when we are tempted to gloom and discouragement. We are the temples of the Holy Ghost. He abides with His servants, as truly as our souls abide in our bodies; He is there, nearer than any earthly friend however dear or wise.

In the hurry and turmoil of our daily life, let us accustom ourselves to turn, often and quietly, to that sacred cloister of our hearts where the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Wisdom and Love, abides. Let us ask Him to guide us, who know not how to guide ourselves. We must not expect to hear an audible voice speak to us, from that tranquil cloister within us. Instead, however, if we place ourselves, mentally, in an attitude of prayer and faith before Him, we may surely expect that, in His omniscience and omnipotence, He will gently incline our minds to choose the right way, and give our wills the strength to follow it. Says Father Saint-Jure, S. J.:

"The Holy Spirit is continually calling the soul inwards, continually inducing recollection and the concentration of the thoughts; continually prompting it to act, both interiorly and exteriorly, with great peace, in a manner devoid of passion, yet not simply reasonable but divine.

And our Blessed Lord has Himself declared:

"If you then, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your Father from heaven give the good Spirit to them that ask Him?—Sacred Heart Review.

If we loved others as our own souls, we should most earnestly long for their conversion, and our lives would be, as it were, one continual prayer for them to the God of joy and peace. But prayer means hope, and without hope our prayers will be of little avail.—Dr. Brownson.

DEAR UNSELFISH DAN

'Most everyone that knowed our Dan
Agreed he was the kindest man
They ever see. He had the knack
Of takin' on his own broad back
The burden an' the slaps and pokes
If anyone was in distress
An' went to Dan, he'd say and guess
We'll pull you out all right, let's see.
Suppose you leave all that to me."

Was nothin' finer than the way
He cared for poor old Uncle Jay,
Who was the most unlucky han'
For havin' trouble with his lan'
'Bout taxes, or the early spring
Plowin,' or some other thing,
That plumb upsot the poor old man.
Then, in the nick o' time our Dan
Steps in and sez, "Don't fret," sez he.
"Suppose you leave all that to me."

It got to be that uncle Jay
He couldn't git along no way
Without our Dan, an' our Dan he
Jest cared for him unselfishly
An' when the old man come to die,
Our Dan, o' course, was right close by.
Sez Uncle Jay: "I'm worrit, Dan,
'Bout what's to come of all my lan'
An' all my money out at loan,
An' in the bank, when I am gone."
Then Dan, he ups an' sez, sez he:
"Suppose you leave all that to me."

—T. A. DALY.

CATHOLIC NOTES

It is proposed to introduce at Rome the cause of canonization of Bernadette Soubirous, whose name is honored in connection with the Lourdes apparitions.

Rev. Father Carre, the zealous chaplain of the Seaman's Haven, New Orleans, gave all the sailors who approached Holy Communion on Easter Sunday an Easter dinner.

Announcement was made on April 11 that the University of Denver, a Methodist institution, will confer the degree of doctor of laws on Father Wm. O'Ryan, a Roman Catholic priest of Denver.

Three hundred and twenty-five missioners and one hundred and thirty Sisters are at work in the Congo missions, where at present are 35,270 Christians and 74,080 catechumens.

Rev. Father Vorst has built a little chapel for the Hungarians at Benchonzie, Sask. It is 40x20 and contains a room for the priest to live in. The poor priest has been obliged to build it himself with his own hands.

Judge Edward Osgood Brown, who has just been appointed a member of the Board of Visitors to West Point, is a Chicago convert, a graduate of Harvard, and a writer of ability on historical and legal subjects.

Switzerland's largest Catholic College, the Mariahilf, located near Schwyz, with the church library and valuable scientific collection, was burned April 3. The 510 students and professors had narrow escapes.

Who would believe that ninety-eight years ago there was no Catholic church in Ohio; and still it is the truth. Now there is one archdiocese and two dioceses with a Catholic population of about 619,000 and about 613 churches.

Charles J. O'Malley, editor of the New World, died at Alexian Brothers Hospital, Chicago, on Saturday, March 26. He had been ill for three weeks, following a stroke of paralysis. He was an editorial writer and a poet, and had as friends many literary men.

In New England the non-Catholic population shows no increase the last sixty years, is the statement of William Sidney Rossiter of the census bureau. In 1906 355 persons in every thousand in Massachusetts were Catholics; in Rhode Island 400; in Connecticut 298 and in New Hampshire 277.

The Osservatore Romano says that the Pope has conferred upon Thomas Hughes Kelly of New York the Great Cross of the Holy Sepulchre, and on his wife the gold decoration of Bene Merite, for their many benefactions to the Church in America. Mr. Kelly is a papal chamberlain and prince of the Holy Roman Empire.

A Scottish Catholic exchange tells us that since the advent of the Sisters of Charity to Dundee, some four years ago, several works of great social benefit have been inaugurated among the working classes. A home has been provided for working girls, a day nursery for the benefit of working mothers established, besides a social club for girls and a beginning of a working boys' home.

His Holiness Pius X. recently received representatives of the Biblical institute, and in reply to an address which was read, delivered a speech warmly encouraging the study of the sacred writings. Catholics, he said, should exert all their ability to repel the enemies of Christianity who were carrying on a terrible warfare against the Holy Scriptures.

In addition to the $20,000 gift to the St. Louis Newsboys' Home, Ambassador R. C. Kerens gave $20,000 to the St. Louis University, in charge of the Jesuits, before his departure for Austria. The money is intended as an endowment for beds in the Hospital of the Medical Department of the school, where poor patients may stay without cost while they receive the attention of the eminent physicians of the University.

A remarkable pilgrimage group will visit Lourdes from Italy this year. It will consist of sick poor, desirous of making the pilgrimage, but unable to pay their own expenses. The expense will be borne as a diamond jubilee gift to Bishop Graselli of Toscanella, Italy, who last year observed his anniversary by heading a pilgrimage of his countrymen to the grotto of Lourdes and there celebrating Mass. It was decided by his friends to endow a fund to take a company of poor sick from Italy every year as a jubilee gift.