

The True Witness

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Correspondence intended for publica-
tion must have name of writer enclosed,
not necessarily for publication but as a
mark of good faith, otherwise it will not
be published.

ITEMS OF LOCAL INTEREST SOL-
ICITED.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1908

**In vain will you build churches,
I give missions, found schools—
all your works, all your efforts will
be destroyed if you are not able to
wield the defensive and offensive
weapon of a loyal and sincere Ca-
tholic press.**

—Pope Pius X.

Episcopal Approbation.

*If the English Speaking Ca-
tholics of Montreal and of this
Province consulted their best
interests, they would soon make
of the TRUE WITNESS one
of the most prosperous and power-
ful Catholic papers in this coun-
try. I heartily bless those who
encourage this excellent work.*

† PAUL,
Archbishop of Montreal

THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE.

Much has been written and more
said about the "Church of the Fu-
ture," as though it were to be some
millennial manifestation altogether
different from the historic Church, but
the church of the future, which is
not also the Church of the past and
of the present, can be no church; for
a true church must reach to the
ages back as well as to those before.

If the continuity is broken, truth
is broken and cannot be restored.

As for eighteen centuries there
have been no forms of civil society,
no calms or tempests in the moral,
political, social or religious world,
in which the Catholic Church has
not been true to the organic prin-
ciples of her divine life, even the en-
emy of Catholicity should admit—that
fact being granted—that the pre-
sumption is on her side that she will
be equally true to those principles
during the centuries that are to
come. He may deny that the Church
has been true, and, consequently, that
she will be true, but he will not
admit one proposition and deny the
other; he will concede both or deny
both. In other words, he will ad-
mit, equally with the friend of Ca-
tholicity, the identity of the Church,
past, present and to come.

Now, it will be impossible for a
friend or enemy of the Catholic
Church, from her beginning to this
very day to point an hour when she
was not a living Church; it is, then,
probable that she will continue to
be a living Church. But where,
since promulgation of Christianity to
this time, has existed a body of
Christian believers which, for the
quality of continual existence, has so
good a right to be called the Church
of Christ as the Catholic Church.

Considering her numbers, extent
and duration, that Church has pre-
eminently been the Church of the
past; considering numbers, extent
and duration, that Church is pre-
eminently the Church of the present;
considering all analogies and proba-
bilities, then the Catholic Church
will be pre-eminently the Church of
the future.

In truth, the vindictive anger of
the enemies of the Catholic Church,
in whatever form of opposition it
may be shown, proceeds from the
fact, not that she is the dead Church
of the past, as she is sometimes called,
for there would be no reason to
war with the dead, but because she
is, as she has been, and will be, a
very living Church.

The Catholic Church is hated, not
for being a dead Church but for be-
ing too living. She has seen the
birth and death of countless "im-
provements" of her principles, and
will see them, and she has received
with gladness into her fold many an
eager and conscientious inquirer who
when "the night was dark" and "he
was far from home," sought that
"new Church."

Her hand was tenderly stretched
forth to him when at last he had
reached an end of his wanderings
and a solution of his doubts in find-
ing, with tears of rapturous submis-
sion, that the "new Church" for
which he was seeking is the same
church which has stood for ages, ever
old, yet ever new, because represent-
ing Him who is alike the Living God
and the Ancient of Days she is ever
the same. The Catholic Church, so
frequently and unjustly denounced as
ever behind the age, or even as facing
the past, has been foremost in all
parts of the world. She has sent
her faithful soldiers of the Cross
where the spirit of commerce dared
not go. She was first in the East
and first in the West; it was her
lamp of divine light and devotion
which dispelled the gloomy terrors
of the barbarous north of Europe; it
was her sceptre of celestial beauty
which, under the guidance of heav-
en, transformed the political and
social wreck of Southern Europe into
order.

In what part of the world which
man could reach had she not planted
the Cross?
Where on the face of the earth is
the mountain whose craggy sides
have not, at one time or another,
sent back into the sounding air the
echoes of Catholic worship?

Daniel Webster gave a vivid pic-
ture of the extent of the power of
England, in what we think to be
one of the grandest sentences Amer-
ica has contributed to the common
treasure of English literature. He
said:

"The morning drum-beat, following
the sun, and keeping company with
the hours, circles the earth daily
with one unbroken strain of the mar-
tial airs of England."

That grand figure of speech may
be applied to the Catholic Church.
Yet it is not by martial airs, but
by hymns of praise and penitential
orisons and continuous sacrifice that
the Catholic Church daily celebrates
"from the rising of the sun unto the
going down of the same, from the
burning sands of Africa to the banks
of the majestic St. Lawrence and
beyond the triumphal march of the
Prince of Peace." How like "the
sound of many waters" rolls hourly
heavenward the anthems of Catholic
worship throughout the world!

Not only is every moment of every
day consecrated by Catholic hymns
sung somewhere on earth; but how
proudly roll down through eighteen
hundred years the unbroken anthems
of Catholic devotion! Minute after
minute, hour after hour, day after
day, month after month, night after
night, year after year, century after
century the holy strains go on un-
ending. To the minds' ear seem
blended in one almost overpowering
flood of holy harmony the unnum-
bered voices which have sounded
from the very hour when the shep-
herds of Bethlehem heard the an-
gelic song to this very moment,
when somewhere, Catholic voices
are chanting praises to "Him who
was, and is and ever shall be," the
Lord and Saviour of men. And, in
this view, how literally has been ful-
filled that consoling prophecy,
"Henceforth all nations shall call
me blessed."

Wherever the Divine Son has been
duly honored, there also she, who
was remembered with filial love even
amid his dying agonies for a world's
salvation, has been remembered and
called blessed; called blessed from
that lowly home and from that
mount of sorrow in the distant east,
in millions of lowly homes and un-
der the shadow of mountains to the
farthest west; called blessed by mil-
lions of loving and imploring voices
through all ages since called blessed
in all languages that have been spo-
ken since that time in all the world;
called blessed in the rudest forms
of human speech and in the most
ecstatic music of voice and skill;
called blessed by the lips of the little
child that can scarcely speak the
name of mother; and by the lips
that tremble with age and sorrow;
called blessed by the sailor on the
deep, by the ploughman on the
land, by the scholar at his books,
by the soldier drawing his sword
for right and justice on the battle
field; called blessed by the voices
of peasant-girls singing in the sunny
vineyards, and by the voices of those
from whose brows have flashed the
gems of royal diadems; called blessed
in cottages and palaces, at wayside
shrines, and under the golden roofs
of mighty Cathedrals; called blessed
in the hour of joy and in the day
of sorrow and anguish—in the strength
and beauty of life, and at the gates
of death. How long, how ardently,
how faithfully has all this loving
honor been paid for so many genera-
tions, and will continue to be paid
for all generations to come, to that
sorrowing yet benignant one, who
bore Him who bore our woe.

The theory that the Church of
Rome, the Greek Church, and the
Church of England are equal arki-

co-ordinate branches of the one
Church of Christ has no foundation
as an historical fact, and is destruc-
tive of all true ideas of the unity of
the Church.

Is there on earth an institution
which schism, heresy and political
ambition have tried to destroy and
have tried in vain? There is; it is
the Catholic Church. Is there an
institution on earth which, leaving
out the regard of all its claims, has
had the quality of historical conti-
nuity for eighteen centuries? There
is; it is the Catholic Church.

How can the Catholic Church treat
with those who wish to make terms
before submitting to her authority,
on the basis of a positive untruth?
Catholicity is not an inheritance, to
be decided among claimants, no one
of whom has any right to be re-
garded as the sole heir of the
homestead; but it is an estate left
by the Divine Lord of the manor, in
charge of the Prince of the Apostles
and his successors, on the express in-
junction that it is to be kept one
and undivided, in trust for the ben-
efit of the faithful for all time. The
injunction has never been broken;
notwithstanding all defections from
the household, the homestead of the
Christian world remains in the hands
of the same faithful succession to
which it was committed by our Lord
Himself.

THE NEWLY CONVERTED MINIS-
TERS.

The diocese of Philadelphia is to be
congratulated. Six of the Episcopal
ministers recently received into the
Church will enter Overbrook Sem-
inary in September to study for the
priesthood. It was thought by
some that they would join a religi-
ous community, and we heard some-
thing of a purpose on their part to
institute a community life of their
own, for the majority of them had
lived like order-men, pretty austere-
ly, too, for several years prior to
their conversion. It seems that the
diocesan priesthood is their final
choice. The following is from The
Missionary:

Will these devout, earnest, self-den-
ying men accept a word of counsel
from an old missionary? It is that
they do not forget the needs of the
people whom they have left, aye,
the moral needs of the Protestant
people of America. Of our convert
priests in general we can only say
words of praise. Yet with this re-
servation, too many of them lack the
aggressive zeal of convert-making.
From many a one of them we have
heard words of bitter censure for
their erring separated brethren, not
exactly for their ordinary Protestant
defects, but reflecting upon their
good faith. Yet in the next breath
these priests would hotly affirm their
own good faith during the many toil-
some years of their journey from
darkness into light. As to joining a
diocesan Apostolate, or asking leave
of superiors to give non-Catholic mis-
sions, we find a singular painful
reluctance for such zealous works
among our convert clergy.

Of course, this is not the universal
rule. But it is all too commonly the
case. Our foremost convert makers
should be men who are themselves
converts. Who can pilot a ship over
a dangerous reef so well as one who
has himself all but suffered ship-
wreck there? Who should be so
deeply interested in the trials of souls
seeking for the truth, as one who has
spent years painfully groping in the
same darkness of error?

We venture to call attention to
Father Hecker's example. He wrote
in 1838: "The blessings of God upon
our missions to Catholics were most
evident and abundant, and my share
in them most consoling, as usually
the most abandoned sinners fell to
my lot. But holy and important as
is this work, still it did not corre-
spond to my interior attrait, and
though exhausted and frequently
made ill by excessive fatigue in these
duties, yet my ardent and constant
desire to do something for my non-
Catholic countrymen led me to take
up my pen—since circumstances hin-
dered my engaging in giving them
missions. One day alone in my cell,
the thought suddenly struck me how
great were my privileges and my joy
since becoming a Catholic, and how
great were my troubles and agony of
soul before this event. Alas, how
many of my former friends and ac-
quaintances, how many of the great
body of the American people were in
the same most painful position. Can-
not something be done to lead them
to the knowledge of the truth? Per-
haps, if the way that divine Pro-
vidence had led me to the Church
was shown to them, many of them
might thereby be led also to see the
truth. This thought, and with it
the hope of inducing young men to
enter into religious orders, produced
in a few months from my pen a book
entitled "Questions of the Soul,"
and later on "The Aspirations of
Nature."

We do not mean to suggest that
our convert missionaries should write
books, though we hope God will in-
spire some of them to do so. But we
do insist that every one of them
should, at his ordination, have ready
a number of well-prepared lectures,
proving the truth of the Catholic
Church the same way it was made
evident to them during the process of
conversion. One of these lectures
might well be of a personal nature,
and called "Why I became a Catho-
lic," giving a plain history of the
doctrines chiefly attractive to the
lecturer, and the outward circum-
stances of a controlling nature in
bringing about his conversion.

PROFANITY.

We spoke strongly last week, and
not more so than necessity demanded
—concerning the all too prevalent use
of irreverent language in our streets.
In this connection we would urge
upon parents in every rank of life
the extreme importance of speaking
to their children on the moral dan-
ger of profanity. Forewarned is fore-
armed. A young boy—impressionable
and imitative—on the threshold of
entering on his after-career, may be
saved from the catastrophe of heed-
lessly acquiring the habit of evil
speech from others by a few timely
words from those he loves and re-
spects.

To those who once mentally grasp
the conception of speech as a divine
trust, even ordinary conversation as-
sumes a new and higher importance.
The effect of a single word, whether
good or bad, is never lost. It is a
seed, and produces its own fruit.
Therefore discourtesy, impoliteness,
unkindness, inconsiderateness in
common talk are not matters of lit-
tle moment. Were this borne in
mind the daily life of our great city
would be all the sweeter, and the in-
termingling of its busy workers ren-
dered more pleasant and happier.
Care would be more enduring, worry
less irksome, to many a toiler, if the
"cloud" of business anxiety were
brightened by the "silver lining" of
thoughtful, sympathetic or charitable
words of others.

HASTENING TOO QUICKLY.

With the commercial activity of the
day is mingled a demand for appar-
ently undue haste. The cry of the
moment, imperative and increasing,
is for "Rush." At all costs—so far,
at least, as all matters outside mere
money-earning are concerned—a har-
assing, unceasing hurry is to be main-
tained. Business and trade exigencies
of our great cities all demonstrate
this. The discarding of any methods
which do not mean speed; the univer-
sal adoption—as an inevitable aid—
of the wire, the 'phone, and the type-
writer, indicate the present-day trend
of high pressure. "Hustlers" are ad-
vertised for, as synonymous with
"workers"; and the very phrase
"Quick Lunch" has its significance as
a straw which shows which way the
wind is blowing.

With the causes which have con-
duced to this development we are
not now concerned. The question,
however, as to its results—physical-
ly and morally—on the average work-
er, or is a most serious one. Men are
not mere intellectual machines, to be
driven at the fiercest speed. Nor can
the nerves of the bravest-spirited work-
man stand a maximum amount of
continual strain. There must be a
break-down—in both cases—some-
time, if the demands of nature for
rest, reasonable leisure, and recrea-
tion are ignored.

We say emphatically that until
there is some modification of this
"rushing" system, so long will hu-
man lives be embittered, maimed and
prematurely shortened, and we be-
lieve the testimony of any physician
would confirm this. The needs for
physical culture, intellectual improve-
ment, adequate amusement, are these
to count for nothing? Can they be
enjoyed fitly and properly at the close
of a day's work—plus "hustling"?
Above all, can the privilege of wor-
ship on the day of rest be entered
upon calmly and profitably when
mind and body are alike jaded? Work
is inevitable for the great majority;
money-making, within due limits,
justifiable; but we are paying too
high a price for "hurry."

Apropos of a short leader which
appeared in last week's issue in re-
ference to a good work being assisted
by Mrs. Martha Moore Avery, former-
ly one of the leaders of thought
among the Socialists, but now a de-
vout Catholic, the Rev. Martin Cal-
laghan gave us the following inter-
esting item: It appears that the
daughter of Mrs. Avery came to Can-
ada a little over five years ago and
entered a local convent to pursue her
studies. Becoming filled with the
desire to enter the Catholic Church,
she sought instruction from Father
Martin, who was only too happy to
satisfy her earnest wish and in due
time he baptized her. Answering a
call to the religious life, she entered

the Congregation of Notre Dame and
is now a most fervent member of that
order at St. Joseph's Academy, Kan-
kakee, Ill. Thus one more good act is
added to the many the good Father
Martin has already accomplished; one
more soul added to the number he
has been instrumental in bringing into
the fold.

Napoleon and Ireland.

In Lecky's first edition of "Leaders
of Public Opinion in Ireland," in a
chapter which has, no doubt in the
interests of the Union, been eliminat-
ed from later editions, an anecdote
which should not be forgotten is told
of a conversation between Napoleon
when a prisoner at St. Helena and a
Capt. Watson, a naval officer in
command of a ship of war, who
touched at St. Helena, and who vis-
ited Longwood to pay his respects
to the "General," as the fallen Em-
peror was scrupulously called by his
captors. Captain Watson, who was
an Irishman, a member of a well-
known family of Limerick.

The moment Napoleon heard he was
from Limerick he spoke with the min-
ute knowledge of the towns of
Tarbert, Foynes, Kibbush, Scattery
Island, and, above all, an eminence
overlooking the Shannon above Kil-
bush. Capt. Watson naturally ex-
pressed his amazement of a locality
he had never seen, and the Emperor
immediately explained the origin of
his interest in this remote quarter of
Ireland. He said that he had studied
the whole district for strategic pur-
poses, and that it was the cardinal
mistake of his life that instead of
making a descent on Ireland he had
undertaken the Egyptian expedition.
"Had I acted," he said, "as I now
wish I had done, the history of the
world would have been changed."

The Sunday Yellows.

The Katzenjammer Kids, Buster
Brown, Mugsey and the rest of the
moral teachers of the Sunday secular
press are doing splendid work in de-
stroying parental authority and re-
spect for age. Having successfully
ridiculed the civil authorities until
one is safe from their shafts of
disrespect, and having, as a rule,
belittled the regard which is natu-
rally and rationally due to the teach-
ers of religion, the Sunday supple-
ment is attacking now the last evi-
dence of civilization—respect for
parental authority. There is no nation
on earth that does not exact filial
love and respect from children for
their parents. There is no nation,
savage or civilized, where the au-
thority of the parent is not recogniz-
ed without question, and the secular
press—in its vulgar Sunday supple-
ment—has nearly killed the child-
ish regard for parents. Some one
has said there are no children in
America—either infants or men, and
neither matured or maturing. An-
other vicious tendency suggested and
taught by the comic supplement is a
disregard for elementary politeness
on the part of children. Only last
week a boy unable to read an Eng-
lish paper, but with a capacity for
absorbing stupid illustrations, placed
a lighted paper under the bench of a
working girl who was resting in one
of the New York parks, set fire to
her clothing and caused her death.
On the Sunday previous in a comic
supplement Mugsey set off a fire-
cracker under somebody and made
five dollars by the operation. The
little foreigner saw his Sunday pa-
pers, absorbed Mugsey and is now a
murderer. The Sunday supplements
ought to go. They should be de-
stroyed by decent people. They are de-
moralizing and degrading, and of
interest only to fools or perverted
minds.—Pittsburg Observer.

A Strange Custom in Spain.

A writer in the Pall Mall Gazette
speaks of the curious custom which
is remarked by all tourists in Spain
—that of boys dancing before the al-
tar in the Cathedral of Seville dur-
ing the octave of the Feast of the
Immaculate Conception and on Cor-
pus Christi. The custom prevails no-
where else in the world, and is very
obscure in its origin and significance.
"The Seville Cathedral," says the
writer, "is the largest Gothic Catho-
dal in the world. It is lit by no
fewer than ninety-three windows and
is a veritable museum of art, but the
crowning glory of this venerable pile
is its fifteenth and sixteenth century
stained glass, the designing of which
is upon doubtful authority ascribed
to Raphael, Titian and Michael An-
gelo."

"The dance is performed by two
rows of choristers or seises, number-
ing ten or twelve (formerly it was
six), wearing plumed hats and
dressed as pages of the time of
Philip III.; the colors of the clothes
vary; for the octave of Corpus Chris-
ti they are red and white, while
blue and white are worn during the
Immaculate Conception. To the slow
music of violins this solemnly per-
formed, devoid of all irreverence and
levity."

"An interesting legend relates that
a certain Archbishop of Seville about
200 years ago wished to suppress
this ritual, but the citizens together
with the canons, gave such opposi-
tion that there was quite a tumult,
and the matter was referred to
Home. The Pope of that time wish-
ing to see the dance, the choristers
were taken to the Eternal City,
where they performed before the
head of Christendom, who merely
laughed, but to please the Archbishop
and at the same time to appease the
canons he said the dancing might
continue until the clothes were worn
out; so avoid this the dresses, which
are of striped silk, have always been
partially restored at a time, and
they now bid fair to last forever."

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us a call, lots of room.

Death of a Pi-

The Ursuline
Ost., has lost one
and most deeply
by the death of
tate, which oc-
curred, July 21
morning, July 21
falling health for
about six months
with paralysis.
The deceased, who
was Jane Frances
native of Troy, N.
educated at the
afterwards gradu-
Willard Seminary
1862 she joined the
pioneer laborers in
action in Chadwell
that time her pa-
intimately identifi-
and progress of the
in that city. Her
marriage addition
nized, and the mor-
of trust, and respo-
sibility for several
filling of a deposti-
of the school, she
ed superior of the
ing that office dur-
and at the time of
been for two years
prior.

Her work as an
ly be over-estimated
of her heart were
than her mental
amiable, genial dis-
position in every
last illness was b-
ful patience and a
spirit of faith and
in the mercy of C-
on death without
pleased to grant
graves to temper
last dread hour.
Mother Mary Ba-
sixty-seventh year
the forty-fourth of
fession.

The funeral took
convent chapel at
morning. Solemn
celebrated by Ver-
nier, administrator
diocese, with Rev.
cure, as deacon.
rent, Tilbury, sub-
Basil, O.P.M., Ch-
ceremonies. A large
were present in the

Father T.

The many friends
B. Tabb and all w-
priest because of
ings, will be pain-
gited author has be-
one of the keenest
man can endure—
says the Catholic
Tabb, who of late
from an incurable
cancer, totally blind
man's left leg
for their summer
ing personality, a
ents, has won
friends without lin-
tion of the entire
the novitiate, who
foundly with the
cause of the severe
fallen him.

An Irish Day

July 14, at the
called an "Irish day"
of the afternoon of
where the Pope gave
large audiences, was
sent from Ireland
honor of the jubilee.
The room seemed
transformed for the
of clothes and ves-
cles numbered over
comprised all kind-
ly, episcopal and
worked by loving
vents, glittering v-
er embroideries
shining ornaments.
the Irish college,
students, displayed
which the Pope fore-
was intent on ex-
and praising. Re-
est thanks. His Ir-
Ireland as one of t-
staunch supporters
the Papacy.

The most import-
Cope of Irish po-
embroidered, the
men, headed by Mr.
of Dublin. The P-
wear the cope on
sion. The Society
Working for Mis-
hundred articles, in
of Mass vestments,
lace albs. The Tri-
rity sent over sev-
including thirty-two
four copes, five hu-
fourteen lace albs.
of Dublin sent a be-
taining portraits of
bishops and Bisho-
were exhibited in
the Papal library.
ained and admir-
them, expressing t-
faction. His Hol-
O'Riordan to war-
riors, to whom he
Benediction.

Prominent J.

The Rev. Denis
J., formerly of De-
later president of
lege, Philadelphia,
20th at the Col-
Cross, Worcester,
staying for the he-
He had celebrated
about the college
Some six years a-
Boston to be one
the Church of the
copious College. D-
service, there he
tireless workers in
diocese. He organ-
Alumni Society, at