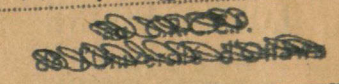


The Catholic Record.

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

Don de *A. N. O.*


VOLUME XXXII.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1910

1641

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1910

A LITTLE PARABLE

Many years ago Geo. Wm. Curtis wrote a little parable which had a meaning for many. When requested to meet a rich man he asked one of his friends: “Will he give me any of his money?” To allay the perplexity of his friend he said that from the man of letters, the artist, the social leader, the reformer, he got inspiration, pleasure, the charm of courtly manners, information. In other words, every man gave him that which he had most. The rich man had only money, and that, thought Curtis, he would get from him. The essayist doubtless had in mind the rich who squeezed the dollar out of employees, or made it by means which are daily falling more and more into dishonour or deemed its quest the noblest that could enlist human endeavour. As a man who wrought in the things of the spirit he had a repugnance for the rich, who, bedizened with all that stood for money, strutted the world’s highway, mistaking the cackling of the press for the voice of fame, and blind to the vulgarity of the performance. But the “money that is character” can tell stories of thrift, foresight, stern self-discipline—stories that, though lacking in brilliancy, are of permanent value and not without beauty. We have no respect for money that spells nothing that any right-thinking citizen can be proud of. A young man may seek it through saloon-keeping, but we pity him because he is thereby bartering his life with all its possibilities and dignity. He may be a worker instead of a dawdler, a contributor of good instead of ruin. However humble his lot, and however bereft of earthly goods, he can front the stars and feel that he has occasioned no tears. We are aware that there are estimable citizens in the business. But how they can be in it year after year passes our comprehension. It must be maddening betimes, a bar-room, reeking with the fumes of liquor and resonant with the sordid utterances of its supporters, to the man who owns it. It calls for neither brain nor brawn: it inspires no noble thoughts, and its memories blast and burn. Hence it is not surprising that the best friend of the saloon-keeper advise him to use his powers in other ways more befitting a man.

WE CANNOT SEE IT

We pay little attention to correspondents who lament the exodus of young men into the desert of infidelity. We admit that here and there there are some who have succeeded from the Church; but that they are so numerous as our correspondents declare, needs, so far as we are concerned, a more solid proof than mere assertion. We view with levity, pardonable it seems to us, the attempt to show that this is due to the inability of the Church to keep pace with the times. It is easy to give defection the veneer of apparent respectability, but it is difficult to make it stand the light of investigation. The experience of the past warrants us in saying that it is not the mind but the heart that is at fault. When the sixth commandment is forgotten the descent into hell is easy. The men who are seeking new lights and new skies need not argument but prayer, not books but the confessional, to take off the scales from their eyes and to cleanse and purify them.

THE MIDDLE AGES

A subscriber writes us about a lecture given recently by a professor on the Middle Ages. We may say that no reputable scholar calls them, at this day, “Dark Ages.” It were impossible to even outline within the space accorded to us, the characteristics of the Middle Ages—their inventive genius and love of the fine arts—the skill with which they transformed rude dialects into polished and expressive languages. We know that for many these ages have been “a land of mist and darkness,” but then, as a humorist says, “it is a good thing not to know many things than to know many things that ain’t so.” Professor Brewer and others have shown them to be what they were—ages of intellectual activity and enduring progress. There were abuses. We can hardly admire all that has been said and done, but taken in the aggregate, viewed by the light of all their difficulties, and judged by the standard of their day, they cannot but compel our respect. It should be remembered that the conditions of these times were far different from our own. Civilization had not as yet smoothed the coarseness of barbarism, and the hot blood inherited from Goth and Hun pulsed fiercely

through the veins of the men of these ages. True, they could not claim the material civilization which we possess, but the best test of civilization is not the crop or the census, but the kind of man the country turns out.

Dazzled by the glamour of material progress we are too apt to forget this, and hence to pay little attention to the constituents of national life. But we should not forget that neither in military power nor the trophies of the mart is the source of permanent nationhood, but in the honor and virtue of men and women in the impartial administration of and reverence for law. A nation poor in material resources may be in a high plane of civilization.

THE SUPREME AFFAIR

For the men of the Middle Ages religion was the supreme affair. The world beyond the stars was to them an ever present reality. Religion, says an old writer, was not separated from morality, nor science from life, nor were words from deeds. It brought joy and contentment to the heart even as it enhanced the clearness of the intelligence. This is why many a simple monk has given solution to world problems, has accepted as first principles truths which are to-day shrouded in obscurity by our “leaders of thought,” and has written books which hold pent-up within them the life-blood of a master-spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. Because intellect and heart were illumined by the light of faith and purity they had the keen vision to see a defect and the judgment to know when and how to apply a remedy. They had the strength of a Gaius, because the pure heart penetrates even heaven and hell.

TO BE REMEMBERED

We do not deny that many in the Middle Ages were illiterate. There were no Carnegie libraries in these days, no first and easy steps to knowledge, no over-stocked school programmes, but it is well to remember that many a peasant, though illiterate, may not be so ignorant as they who laugh at him. In the tenth and eleventh centuries, especially, men were too busy in defending their homesteads or following the standard of barons to give time to the cultivation of the intellect. But here and there in sequestered nooks, in mountain glens, the monks, writing chronicles and copying manuscripts, kept burning the light of learning. We need not dwell on the services of the monasteries to the cause of civilization. We have no space to point out that the twelfth century, with feudalism fast disappearing, and men freed from the exactions of the over-lord, opened auspiciously for the cause of education. The learning from the East entered into the soul of European society and worked the mind into enthusiasm. The increase of schools, the ever-growing knowledge of philosophical problems, the awakened sense of the power of human reason prepared the thirteenth century for a scene of unparalleled activity.

THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY

The distinguished English writer, Frederic Harrison, describes the thirteenth century as one of the most pregnant, most organic, most memorable, in the history of mankind. He writes of the great Pontiffs of this century and shows how they were ever the first to espouse the cause of social progress and to help the scientist and philosopher. This century saw the birth of the characteristic feature of modern society—the control of political power by representative assemblies. And he goes on to say that the secret of all this advancement and perfection was that all Europe was united together in one Church and one Faith. Mighty poets, like Dante, could not conceive poetry unless based on it and saturated with it. Creative artists like Giotto found in it an everlasting well-spring of beauty. The great cathedrals embodied it in a thousand forms of power and glory. To statesman, poet, thinker, teacher, soldier, it supplied at once instrument and inspiration. This age which was so fertile in political ideas and spiritual effort, so rich in philosophy and the germs of science, so celebrated for its Universities and the foundation of modern literature, for its architecture and art and sculpture, cannot with any propriety be termed an age of darkness.

A LESSON

In the “Chantecler,” a play lately produced with great success in Paris, there is a magnificent bird chorus in which that “Superior Race” express the contempt they feel for the poor bipeds

doomed to tread the solid matter. And it went on to show that the birds were beyond doubt the most gifted of all things living. They could dive or walk or run and find a door into universal space. And as to speech—their singing was superior to the utterings of men. To see men and women strutting about the stage, decked out as birds and barn-yard fowls, reminds us of the proverbial daw in borrowed feathers. If our feathered friends could philosophize their thoughts would run somewhat in this fashion. Poor, ridiculous, unenduring man is making desperate efforts to imitate us. He is falling about and getting killed in his endeavours to fly, which we are born to do, and he is spending many dollars in trying to act as birds. And he robs us, and seeks to sing as we do, and then shoots us out of jealousy. So in a dream do we seem to overhear the bird argument. And it seems to us that there is something in it.

A PLEA FOR THE MISSIONARY

The celebration last autumn of the sixtieth anniversary of the venerable missionary, Father Lacombe, was an interesting event, a linking of the past with the present. Since 1849 this pioneer priest has been engaged in a most effective missionary career at St. Paul and along the Red River valley. Two years later, he went west to the Upper Saskatchewan, and since then has traversed the plains and prairies, summer and winter, performing most valuable work as a civilizing and spiritual force. Now he is bent on establishing a House of Refuge for the aged poor and orphans of Alberta. During the recent tour of Lord Strathcona in the west the two aged men, who have been friends for decades, exchanged reminiscences of the old times on the prairie. The popular idea of a missionary is that of a man always journeying over hills and plains, in the heart of the bush, through distant valleys and trackless swamps, ever occupied in a holy pursuit of souls. In entering the Apostolate the missionary offered his life to God. To console the suffering or to save a soul he is ready and willing to brave all danger and weariness. But just because he has given his life to service he has not the right to squander or to endanger it. This is not simply human prudence; it is wisdom inspired by faith and charity. The longer his missionary career, the more abundant will be its fruits, for the results obtained are almost always in direct proportion to the experience acquired by a long sojourn in a country. But the missionary needs resources, and despite the most exacting economy, his expenses exceed his receipts. In contrast with the poverty of the missions, consider the many gala occasions when money is recklessly squandered. The cost of a single banquet would found and support a mission during an entire year. The floral decorations for such an entertainment would ensure the missionary’s bread for a like interval. The price of the raiment of the society people who grace these festivities would ransom many souls. There are many other obstacles only less impotent than the lack of funds. Is it not well to consider these things and to make friends of the mammon of iniquity while there is yet time.

THE BLESSED EUCHARIST

SERMON PREACHED AT ST. MARY’S CHURCH, HOLY THURSDAY, BY REV. P. W. BROWNE, OF OTTAWA UNIVERSITY.

“Behold! I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world.” (Matt. xxviii, 20.)

Brethren,—The history of God’s relations with mankind is the history of God’s love for His creatures: the creation, the Redemption, the Incarnation, are rather the fruition of that love than evidences of God’s wisdom and omnipotence; for every external manifestation of the God-head was a step towards the object of supreme love—aniful man. In the beginning God appeals to man’s intelligence by the immensity of His works. He displays to the human eye the marvels of His power; and He stretches beneath man’s feet the treasures of His goodness. Then He deigns to communicate directly with His creatures by assuming a visible form. He comes down from heaven to earth, and with ineffable familiarity, speaks to man as a father to his child. When the ungrateful child yields to a fateful passion, and by sin plunges into the abyss, the Almighty Father does not abandon him. He seeks the ingrate and speaks to him, not in tones of chastisement and severity, but in terms of tenderness and compassion. To repair the evil wrought by man’s sin, God deigns to make Himself, in a measure a companion of human wretchedness, and is present even in the depths of misery, to enlighten man’s mind, to fortify his will, and to govern his affections. To this end, He manifested Himself to the patriarchs under the guise of an angel. He appeared to Moses in a burning bush on Sinai, and He was visible to the children of Israel in their wanderings under the appearance of “cloud by day

and a pillar of fire by night.” He directs the government of the “chosen people!” He fixes His abode in the Ark of the Covenant, and gives audience in the tabernacle, leads them to battle through victory, or inflates defeat. They hear His voice, they feel His power, and “pass under the rod” of His justice. Prophets and judges speak, and kings rule in His name. But the loving heart of God seeks closer intimacy with mankind: “My delights are to be with the children of men.” He assumed our nature: “The Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us.”

The Incarnate Christ leads a life of poverty and abjection. He evangelizes the poor: He heals the sick; He consoles the weary and the “heavy-burdened”; but Divine love demands more. The Justice of the Eternal Father raises Jesus on the Cross; and there amid the terrors of Golgotha, the Only-begotten Son paid the debt of Divine justice and blotted out the records against us. But Divine love did not end here; Jesus would not “leave us orphans.” He would remain with us to the end: “Behold! I am with you all days till the consummation of the world.”

He would become the food and nourishment of our souls—the words of the prophet would be fulfilled: “You shall drink of the Saviour’s fountains.” He would leave us a perpetual reminder of Calvary, a fount of mercy—a pledge of His undying love. This pledge of love is the Blessed Eucharist, whose institution the Church commemorates to-day. “O sacrum convivium,” exclaims St. Thomas (the saint of the Blessed Sacrament), “in quo Christi unum, recolitur memoria passionis eius, mens impletur gratia, et futuri amoris nobis datur pignus!”

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Real Presence or eliminate the testimony of the Inspired Writers from the sacred page. But, perchance, you may ask, as did Nicodemus,—not yet strengthened in faith: “How can these things be?” We answer: “by the goodness and power of God: to Whom no word is impossible.” Why should doubt be cast upon this mystery by heretics who readily believe in the Incarnation and the Redemption? Are not these also beyond the range of human reason? Aye, are there not myriad mysteries in nature which we cannot fathom? “Who hath known the mind of God, or who hath been His counsellor?” Then, let us not ask as did the unbelieving Jews: “How can He give us His flesh to eat and His blood to drink?”; but rather let us say with the Royal Psalmist; as did St. Ambrose: “Ipsa dicit, et creata sunt; Ipsa mandavit et facta sunt.” The same omnipotent God Who created heaven and earth, Who wrought so much that is beyond the range of human comprehension, is the Power that changes bread and wine, in the Eucharist, into the Body and Blood of Christ.

This has been the teaching of the Catholic Church for nineteen centuries; she taught it in the Catacombs; she taught it in the days of persecution; she taught it to the end; for Christ tells us: “I will be with you all days even to the consummation of the world.” No doubt was ever cast upon this sublime truth till the eleventh century, when Berengarius, the minion of a faithless king, strove to formulate a new doctrine which would rob the mystery of its sanctity and grace. His heresy was condemned; and Berengarius died recanting his errors. In the sixteenth century an apostate monk revived the heresy of Berengarius, and led the hosts of satanic formidable array against the Church of Christ. Why did he deny the mystery of the Eucharist? Was it because he had conscientious scruples regarding it? No, beloved brethren, he denied the Eucharist because his Judas-like conduct demanded it. The Eucharist demands purity of morals in its priest-hood; but the monk of Erfurt had sacrificed his ecclebaey on the altar of passion; he had “eaten of the husks of swine.” Succeeding Luther, we find another figure looming on the horizon—Henry VIII; he too became an unbeliever in the Real Presence, for reasons similar to the apostate monk.

“These be thy Gods, O Israel!” For more than three centuries the legions of hell have been arrayed against the Eucharist; and persecutions, relentless and cruel, have been the portion of the worshippers of the God of the tabernacle; hallowed shrines have been robbed of their holiest treasure; the light of the sanctuary has oftentimes been extinguished; but the Catholic priesthood—the ministers of the Eucharist were hounded to death like the wolf, in Ireland, in the days of penal woe; they were guillotined in France, in the days of the Revolution; they mounted the scaffold in England; but the God Who, of old destroyed the hosts of Sennacherib, and buried the armies of Pharaoh in the Red Sea is ever strong to save. “Wondrous are Thy ways, O Lord of Hosts!” exclaims the Royal Prophet. Wondrous above all is the Eucharist which is the compendium of God’s magnificent works, and the centre whence radiates all Catholic belief. Dogma, Morality, Worship, the Church—these are all reflected in the Eucharist like jewels of the Kingly diadem.

All Catholic dogma rests in it: whoever believes in this mystery makes an act of faith in the Atonement; because the Eucharist is its completion. The God of the Tabernacle is the Christ of the Precorium and Calvary. Faith in the Eucharist implies belief in the Incarnation of which it is the mysterious perpetuation. God becomes incorporated with us in Holy Communion because He became Incarnate in the chaste womb of the Blessed Mother. To give us His flesh to eat and His blood to drink, it was necessary for Christ to assume our nature. “O veneranda sacerdotum,” exclaims St. Augustine “in quorum manibus velat infanter filius Dei quotidie incarnatur!”

Whoever believes in the Eucharist believes, of necessity, in the Blessed Trinity, since we cannot receive this sacrament without confessing that He Who gives Himself to us is the Only-begotten Son of the Eternal Father, whose sacred humanity was formed by the power and operation of the Holy Ghost. Belief in the Eucharist also implies belief in the Church of Christ, because her priests are its ministers, because her tabernacles are its custodians, because her vigilance preserves its dignity and its integrity.

Finally, the Blessed Eucharist sheds its divine rays upon all revealed truth. Remove it; and hope in a future life becomes uncertain; spiritual authority is repudiated; man’s redemption is incomplete; the Incarnation is imperfect and God seems to us but a strange and mysterious being—the Jehovah of the Jews, a God of Justice without the attribute of Mercy.

The Blessed Eucharist is the Warden of Christian morality. Do you need proof of this? If so: I ask you, where do you find pure morals and innocence of life? Is it not within the shadow of the Tabernacle? The God Who resides there is the All-powerful agency which renders possible the exact fulfilment of our Christian duties.

The Blessed Eucharist is the very essence of Christian worship; this it is which gives religion its beauty, which preserves it, vivifies it, and ennobles it. Without the Eucharist, what were our Feasts ceremonies. What our Churches? Remove the Eucharist from them; and what remains? Nothing but void and vanity. Why is the Catholic Church so attractive? Because it is the Temple of the Living God—the new Bethleheim where God becomes Incarnate daily on the altar. The Temple of

Jerusalem was venerable and holy in the eyes of the Jewish people, because it contained the Ark of the Covenant, the Books of the Law, and the Manna of the Desert. But the Catholic Church is greater far than Solomon’s Temple; within it are the Altar of Propitiation (of which the Ark of the Covenant was the figure), the Tabernacle of the New Covenant, and the Manna of Heaven, the Author of the Law, and an Eternal Priest. But this is not all, the Blessed Eucharist invests everything in the Catholic Church with a character of incomparable dignity. The pulpit is not a mere rostrum or platform; it is the Chair of truth; the Altar is not a mere table; it is the new Calvary whereon the Son of God renews daily the Tragedy of the Cross; the Confessional is not a mere judgment-seat; it is a tribunal where Jesus, in the person of the priest, receives sinners unto mercy and pardon. The Church itself is more than a Temple: it is the “House of God and Gate of Heaven.”

It is the Eucharist which lends solemnity to Catholic ritual, gives dignity to our festivals, and adorns our Churches with the beauty of art and the grandeur of architecture. Why these graceful Gothic lines and vaulted arch which characterize this beloved House of Prayer? Why these beautiful windows which your piety and generosity have placed here?

Why these stations of the cross which adorn these hallowed walls? Why have you made such sacrifices to help your pastor render this Church so beautiful. Why those things, beloved brethren? Because this is the abiding-place—the home of Jesus Christ, the Eucharistic God. Then, may we not say, in all truth—the Eucharist is the soul of the Catholic Church—the grand secret of her sublime position? When the Ark of the Covenant fell into the hands of the Philistines, the Israelites wept and said: “Behold! God has withdrawn His presence from us.” They spoke with truth; for from that hour misfortune became their portion; and “the glory departed from their midst.” This was symbolic of other days when the new Ark of the Covenant—the Real Presence, was removed from the desecrated minsters and noble Cathedrals after the so-called Reformation, when private belief—the precursor of rationalism—sapped the foundations of religious belief amongst the Teutonic peoples.

The world to-day is reaping the harvest of those seeds of iniquity—the harvest of discontent, misery, strife and moral degradation. The only bulwark against these is the Catholic Church—the Church of the Eucharist. She has outlived these persecutions; she has weathered the storms of impiety and error; she is still as fresh and fair as when she emerged from the catacombs sixteen centuries ago.

What is the mystic tie that binds together the three great branches of the human family in the bonds of Faith, Hope and Charity? The Eucharist through it the Church Militant gains its victories, the Church Suffering gains its deliverance, the Church Triumphant enjoys everlasting peace.

How thankful we should be to Him Who has deigned to bestow such a gift upon us! “God,” says St. Augustine, “though All-wise, knows nothing better; though All-powerful, can do nothing more excellent; though infinitely rich, has nothing more precious to give than the Eucharist.” Then, let us resolve this evening to draw nearer to God through the Sacrament of the Altar. Jesus lovingly invites us: “Come to Me all you who labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you.” (Matt. xi, 28.) Our duty towards Jesus in the Eucharist is briefly expressed in these words of Leviticus: “Reverence My Sanctuary.” Let us adore the Eucharistic God; let us seek Him in our Churches when we are burdened down with care and sorrow; for He is ever present to aid and strengthen us. This evening let us thank Him for the ineffable favor which He has conferred upon us, and let us join with the angels who worship at the great white throne, and sing:

*Genitori Genitoque,
 Laus et Jubilatō,
 Silius, honor, virtus quoque,
 Sit et Benedictio,
 Procedent ab Utroque,
 Compar sit laudatio.*

Glenn.

The Prosperity of Nations

W. T. H. Lecky, in “The Political Value of History,” has this to say, speaking of the prosperity of nations and the causes thereof as indicated by history: “Its foundation is laid in pure domestic life, in commercial integrity, in a high standard of moral worth and of public spirit, in simple habits, in courage, uprightness, and a certain soundness and moderation of judgment which springs quite as much from character as from intellect. If you would form a wise judgment of the future of a nation, observe carefully whether these qualities are increasing or decaying. Observe especially what qualities count for most in the public life. Is character becoming of greater or less importance? Are the men who obtain the highest posts in the nation, men of whom in private life and irrespective of party competent judges speak with genuine respect? Are they of sincere conviction, consistent lives, indisputable integrity? . . . It is by observing this moral current that you can best cast the horoscope of a nation.”

If solitude is “the country of the strong,” where a poetic soul may find nourishment, unknown to the general, it is rarely the case that it does not produce, when too prolonged, a funereal influence. Solitude, when it becomes isolation, is disastrous which corrupts, destroys, or weakens the better qualities.—An Awakening; Jean de la Bête.

When men die, they are often like a bar of iron covered with rust, which must be put into the fire.

Chinese Epigrams

(Translated by Joel Benton)

Some hunts are vain—no earthly gain has he
 Who searches for his needle in the sea.
 As the long string will let the kite go high,
 So a long purse a world of things will buy.
 Although the drum you carry be beaten in,
 Stick to your standard—do not yield to sin.
 An honest beggar is by far more fair
 Than the high minded, tricky millionaire.

Cardinal Gibbons has been appointed one of the electors in the Hall of Fame, to succeed Prof. George Fisher. There are 100 electors.

How Fordham University, the New York City institution of the Jesuits is forging to the front is shown by the fact that it now has in its various departments almost 1,000 students.

Spain’s English convert Queen has recently consecrated her three children to the Blessed Virgin in the royal palace of Madrid and had them formally enrolled in the Society of the Holy Angels.

It is conceded on all hands that the Catholic schools in England will not be molested by adverse legislation during the present session of parliament, most of the Liberal members being pledged to let existing conditions obtain.

The Duke of Norfolk has two sisters who are nuns—Lady Minna Howard belongs to the Carmelite Order and Lady Etheldreda is a Sister of Charity. Lady Edith Fielding, sister to Lord Denbigh, is another Sister of Charity, who spends her days in a convent in Keoukiang.

Last year there were 1,500 men at the annual Lenten retreat held in Cleveland under the auspices of the local councils of the Knights of Columbus. This year there are 2,000, and there might be more if there were more room for them in the Cathedral.

The interesting announcement is made that the “Summa Theologica” of St. Thomas Aquinas is being translated into English by the Fathers of the English Dominican Province, under the editorship of Father Wilfrid Lescher, O. P.

The Knights of Columbus of Georgia are giving practical evidence of their zeal for the spread of Catholicism by volunteering to support one missionary priest who shall visit the outlying and unprovided districts of the Savannah diocese.

The magnificent church erected as a memorial to Cardinal Newwington in the scene of his most fruitful boyaars of work at the oratory of St. Philip, Edgbaston, Birmingham, England, was opened recently in the presence of a large and distinguished gathering of priests and laymen.

At the Masses in the different churches of Cork, Ireland, on a recent Sunday a note was read from the Bishop of Cork warning Catholics against the Mormons, who were holding meetings in the city with the object of inducing young girls to emigrate to their settlements in Canada.

A New York press dispatch says: “Accepted in a body by the Catholic Church on October 30, 1900, the Society of the Atonement, once an Anglican Franciscan order, may lose its monastery, convent and grounds at Graymoor, Garrison, N. Y. The Protestant Episcopal trustees, under whom the organization came into existence, talk of disposing the society.

Montreal is to have a public library, built and operated without government or municipal assistance. The Sulpician Fathers announce that they will begin next summer in St. Denis street, Montreal, between Ontario and Emery streets, the construction of a large free-public library; provided with the most recent improvements and capable of containing two hundred thousand volumes.

The Vincentian missionaries, Revs. F. J. Manne, Joseph A. Deegan and John A. Garvin, are at present conducting a mission in St. Andrew’s Church, Duane street, New York city, for the newspaper men of the great metropolitan dailies. The services are held at 2.30 each morning. It is indeed a most edifying sight to see these 700 men after a long night’s labor attending Holy Mass and most eagerly drinking in the plain yet eloquent discourses of the good Vincentian Fathers.

The Rev. John H. Borsig, of Madison, Ind., who died a few days ago in Indianapolis, of blood-poisoning, contracted a disease while he was administering the Viaticum to a dying parishioner about one year ago. The illness was contracted from the inoculation on one of his fingers, which touched the dying parishioner’s lips while the priest was placing the Host on the sick man’s tongue. There was a slight flesh wound on the priest’s finger, and through it his blood was tainted with the disease that ended in his death.

The Rev. W. B. Farrell, pastor of the Roman Catholic church of Saints Peter and Paul, Brooklyn, was commended in the Bedford court recently for capturing three rowdies on a North Strand avenue car. Each of the hoodlums got a sentence of six months on Blackwell’s Island. The youths, according to Father Farrell’s testimony, terrorized the women and children in the car. The priest remonstrated with them, but was threatened and told to keep quiet. Finally the gang attacked the priest, who proved a match for the rowdies. Right and left he dealt telling blows on the three. Several blows which landed about his neck and shoulders did not seem to disturb him.