

# The Catholic Record.

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

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### THE PAPACY.

REV. DR. HENRY A. BRANN ON "OUR HOLY FATHER."

Amongst the distinguished speakers at the recent golden jubilee celebration of St. Ignace's College, South Orange, N. J., were Bishops O'Connor and McQuaid, and Rev. Dr. Henry A. Brann. Dr. Brann's address, which contained a number of facts interesting to Catholics, was as follows:

"Monsignor and Gentlemen: I deeply appreciate the honor conferred on me by the authorities of St. Ignace's in asking me to respond today to the toast 'Our Holy Father.' The place, the occasion and the theme suggest to me pleasant recollections and inspiring thoughts. I am asked to speak about our Holy Father; and, as the first priest of a great Pontifical college (the American College at Rome) and as one who in these classic halls first tried, long ago, to teach the sciences of metaphysics and theology. I had learned at Rome, I have special reasons for loving Rome and its Pontiff. I rejoice that I have lived to see St. Ignace's golden jubilee; and to see present-day, honored and honorable, and some of my old pupils. They, like myself, feel that no matter how long we may have been severed from the pleasant environment, even in the most honored of exiles, we always feel the sentiment so well expressed by the gentle and graceful poet—

"Where'er we roam, whatever realms to roam,  
Our hearts untravelling fondly turn to thee."

"Our Holy Father Joseph Sarto, the son of a Venetian peasant, the faithful curate of Tombolo, the zealous parish priest of Salzano, the prudent Vicar General of Treviso, the devoted Bishop of Mantua, by Leo XIII. created Cardinal of San Bernardo alle Terme, Patriarch of Venice, and now the humble and learned Pontiff."

"This is my theme, and it naturally reminds me of the other Popes of his name. Ten of the name of Pius have governed the Church. The first was a saint and Pope, A. D., 142; the second came thirteen centuries later, A. D. 1458, Pius II., Bartholomew Piccolomini ('Aeneas Sylvius'), one of the greatest scholars of his time, and the efficient organizer of the Christian powers of Europe against the Turks; the third, another Piccolomini, A. D. 1503, Pius III., John Angelo de Medici, A. D. 1509, terminated the Council of Trent after its twenty-fifth session, and left us as his greatest legacy the formula of faith to which every benedicted clergyman must subscribe. He was the uncle of St. Charles Borromeo. Then came, A. D. 1565, the grand old Dominican monk, St. Pius V., who excommunicated Queen Elizabeth of England, the illegitimate daughter of Henry VIII.; inspired the coalition that routed the Turks in the Gulf of Lepanto, and, greatest work of all, compelled the negligent clerics of his time to be more zealous in teaching the people the Christian doctrine. In A. D. 1775 we have Pius VI., John Angelo Braschi; and in A. D. 1800 Pius VII., Barnabas Chiaramonti, two Pontiffs, the history of whose lives reads like the Gospel story of the Passion of Our Lord. They were both victims of the brutality of the French Revolution—the former died in exile at Valence; the latter, after imprisonment, first at Savona and then at Fontainebleau, died at Rome. He lived to see the exile and the overthrow of his cruel persecutor, the greatest product of the Revolution and the most unprincipled European despot that ever lived, Napoleon I. The eighth Pius, Francis Xavier Castiglione, was Pope in A. D. 1829, and governed the Church for a year and eight months only. After him came John Mastai Ferretti, Pius IX., in 1846—the history of whose long reign of suffering and of sorrow is so familiar. He gave to the Church as his greatest legacy the dogmas of the Immaculate Conception and of Papal Infallibility. The recent Popes of the name of Pius and the Church have suffered so much at the hands of the French Government that the old phrase, reflecting so much honor on the early French Catholics, 'Gesta Dei per Francos,' may now with propriety be changed to 'Gesta Nobis per Francos.'

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gifts necessary for a place in the hierarchy on earth or in the hierarchy in heaven—He is impartial. The tones that record the names of those whom He has crowned in heaven show that no class has been excluded from His bounty; and the pages of history, from Peter to Pius X., show a similar mode of action by His Providence.

"Although only a few years governing, the magnetic personality of Pius the Tenth has won the esteem and the affection of the world. If his predecessor of noble birth associated men by his luminous writings, as remarkable for their sublime matter as for their beauty of form, Pius charms by his simple, straightforward, popular exposition of Catholic doctrine and by his unswerving courage in face of the enemies of the Church. Well has he taken the name of Pius; for, in his conduct of the affairs of the Church, we see the spirit of the gentle but unyielding Pius VII., whom the haughty conqueror of Europe could not intimidate; and in the ringing tones of our beloved Pontiff's defence of the noble Church of France against the robber and apostate cliques who now misgovern that miscalled republic we hear again the clarion notes of Pius IX.'s immortal 'Non Possumus.'"

"Where he stands is the centre of the world; to him truth looks for certainty and infallibility—two essential requisites of truth; to him authority looks for stability and law books for sanction, morality and progress and civilization for light, inspiration, support and development. Logic and history attest the importance and the glory and the beneficence of his office.

"Gentlemen, the Eternal Creator of the universe, Who has made all things out of nothing, when He pleases can remake them. He can send the ocean rolling in mountains upon the land. He can send His destroying messengers, the hurricane and the lightning, from the skies, or send one of His angels to shake the ground. He can tell the angel who is commissioned to send through space this ball of dirt which we inhabit to turn it a little to the right or to the left out of the ordinary course; and in a second the mighty fleets of war and the armies of commerce would be submerged; the tall towers of the greatest cities would be laid low; mills, factories and banks, as well as the museums of art and the libraries of culture, would be burned up; and the conquering army, the mighty armored fleet, the wealthy classes as well as the suffering peasantry, would be destroyed. The Creator has promised neither perpetuity nor stability to this earth. All things human may be destroyed before the earth itself is destroyed. Decay is the universal law of all things human. But should the wreck come there is one power, one office, that will survive until the last day, and that is the power and the office held by Pius Tenth. The fire may consume, but it will stop at one exempted, guaranteed and privileged spot. Where the Pope is, there will always be an evergreen oasis of truth and morality; and from that oasis and from that fountain the rest of the world, no matter how barren or desolate, will always be renovated and regenerated. The power that has informed material civilization, and that in the spiritual world has put a new soul into philosophy, into religion, into science and into art, no cataclysm, no revolution, no war, no warfare can destroy. The clouds of adversity may sometimes obscure the shining of the Papacy; but the rainbow of promise ever gleams through the gloom. Then long live Pius the Tenth! *Vivat Ioviet, crescat videlicet saltem annos Petri.*"

### APATHY AND INDIFFERENCE.

From Manchester, England, paper we gather that the same apathy exists on the other side of the water that formerly characterized the Church in the United States, says the New York Catholic News. This report has passed away from a great part of the land, and slowly but surely it will pass from the rest. There are some things however, written by this critic from which we may draw a lesson:

"How lamentable to think of the selfish isolation of most British Catholic parishes, where from years' end to years' end not a word is heard of foreign missions. The contributions received are usually the result of individual subscriptions as opposed to parochial collections. Probably this is why we make so little progress in Great Britain, for God cares for those who themselves care for others. Thus our late lamented Cardinal Vaughan, having despatched plenty of 'cold water,' founded as a young priest his glorious missionary society on behalf of English Catholics millions across the seas, lived to behold as Metropolitan his own great Cathedral of Westminster built or him. Curiously enough, the average English Protestant (especially Low Church Anglicans) seems to take far more interest in missions, and anyhow, realizes more the 'imperial' aspect of the matter. If we British Catholics indeed we deserve all the more the reproach for our want of missionary zeal, leaving out duty in this respect to the clergy of other nations, whom we are apt to deride for their stay at home apathy in the pursuit of wealth or adventure. Vocations for missionary work are discreditably rare in Great Britain, and latterly even in Ireland. Thus in British India nearly all the Catholic missionaries are foreigners, mostly French or Italians, who also have to act as chaplains to the thousands of Irish soldiers in that mighty non-Christian empire."

### MICHAEL DAVITT.

At a public meeting in Manchester, Mr. P. P. O'Connor, M. P., delivered a touching panegyric on the life of this noble son of Ireland. He said:

"It was a day of sorrow for them all, for though there remained many other patriotic Irishmen, there was only one Michael Davitt. (Applause.) It would be unbecoming on such an occasion to make any attempt to divert the mind of the meeting from what he was sure was the spiciest thought, and therefore he would not make any allusion to their ordinary political topics, but confine his observations to a slight sketch of the career and character of Michael Davitt. Lancashire, continued Mr. O'Connor, was peculiarly associated with his memory. Referring to the influx of Irish into Lancashire in the flight from hunger and disease, and eviction, the chairman said a vast army of the Irish race came to Lancashire because they had not the means to emigrate to the great Republic of the West. They landed here bare of all the equipment of life; and of that vast army there was no family more typical than that of Michael Davitt. He then proceeded to relate the eviction and emigration of the Davitt family. As Michael Davitt, the little child of four years of age, walked hungry and tired, by the side of his father and mother, and they were to the vessel that was to take them from Ireland, his burning home was almost the last sight that met his gaze. That little family was expelled in hunger against its will, from a land that at that moment was rich in corn fields. They were banished from the land which they loved, and banished by an alien section who hated their people. It was unnecessary to go into the story of that parting. They could see it in their mind's eye. Many of those present at the meeting had passed through similar partings in the days of their childhood, when they first left Ireland, and it they had not, their fathers and mothers and grandmothers, and they were told of it. Mr. O'Connor said it was rather difficult to deal with the first days of the Davitt family in Manchester—it was too poignant for words. The most remarkable figure in that family, with the exception of Davitt himself, was his mother. She was a tall, brave, and true hearted Irish woman, a fitting mother to the heroic son, and a splendid type of a woman of a certain race to which she belonged. If any proof of that was wanted it could be found in the ardent love which her son had for her memory. "I remember once hearing him say," told Mr. O'Connor reminiscences, "that he would be glad to lie upon the earthen floor of an Irish cabin if he only knew that his living mother was still in the next room. And yet this mother, this noble type of woman, had been the streets of Manchester, as Davitt himself declared in this very city, to get bread for her starving children. The grave of Davitt's mother is in America, while thousands of miles away from her side Davitt himself sleeps his last sleep in the same little village where he had his first sleep sixty years ago."

Davitt, continued Mr. O'Connor, was one of those marvellous statesmen who arose once in a century. He brought a great epoch of wrongs to an end, and opened up another great era of reform and blessings to mankind. It was the vengeance—the noble vengeance—of Davitt to destroy the system of which he and his had been the victims. During the sixty years that had elapsed since the child who walked by his parents' side had grown to a man, and had brought into existence an entirely new world of hope and freedom. Little, indeed, could any of that class that was ruling Ireland and destroying or exiling her people, in all the security of apparently omnipotent and everlasting tyranny, have suspected that the child was to grow up to overthrow them and theirs and make it impossible for evermore to return to the status that such a tragedy as that on which he and his were victims could be repeated. "In all the big revenges that time sometimes gives to the oppressed there is no more remarkable instance than the vengeance which the eviction of Michael Davitt at four years of age brought in the overthrow and practically the final disappearance of Irish landlordism."

Now we return to speak of Davitt's life in Lancashire. Irishmen, he said, would know that it was inevitable that a man with such a training should grasp at any honorable means which promised to bring to his country rescue from such tyranny as had made him and his beggared exiles. The terrible punishment in Dartmoor, so nobly borne, accounted largely for the noble Davitt always had a profound affection of his countrymen. When later he started the Land League he faced the dreadful risk of being sent back by a stroke of the pen to that hell of penal servitude, the terrors of which he knew so well, and the blow of imprisonment again fell upon him. Of his Parliamentary career, Mr. O'Connor said Davitt had remarkable Parliamentary gifts, and it was a misfortune, and indeed an injustice to Ireland and to himself, that he did not remain longer a member of an assembly where his voice could have helped to achieve great things both for England and Ireland. As to the work which he did outside the House, he might be described as being almost as much a founder of the new Labor movement in Great Britain as of the Land League. They might not realize it yet; but a day would come when the English masses would realize that to no man did they owe so heavy a debt of gratitude as to the Irishman who, for most of his life, was supposed to be the enemy of their country. He should

have died hereafter. They were in sight; they already saw the dawn of a New Ireland. Before many years had passed, many perhaps before many months they would see the new fabric of Irish Liberty rising, under whose dome there would be an assembly where Irishmen would rule the destinies of Ireland. It was at a moment like that that Ireland would require guidance in her young, new steps. Their country, old and scorned, would in the manner of nations, renew her eternal youth, and the wisdom, the courage, and the prestige of her ancient rulers would again be required. Though Davitt was dead he was not lost to Ireland. He spoke from the grave, in his writings, in his speeches, and, above all, in his noble life. Long after they and the generations that followed them had turned to dust the name of Michael Davitt would guide, illumine, and inspire the course of the history of her race.

### IS THE INVENTION OF PRINTING A BOON OR A CURSE?

By Very Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D. D.

For all who are acquainted with Father Sheehan's literary productions it will be interesting to read what one who knows well has to say about the boon or evil reading. He treats the subject from the viewpoint of the educated Catholic, and his remarks are eminently practical.

There is one evil which has injured God and His Church more than any other, against which the efforts even of a Church must be always partly unavailing, and which it is especially needful to be guarded against, as it is probably the most attractive means by which the arch-enemy can propagate sin in the world. I mean bad books, bad literature of any kind. I do not exaggerate the evil influence of corrupt literature when I say that it is the most powerful ally of our enemies. It has been the chief agent in that awful revolution, the effects of which are now visible in the demoralization of all society.

And if the present reign of sin and infidelity in the world is to have any stability, it will owe it entirely to the perseverance with which bad men will continue to issue from the press their own opinions and suggestions of their own depraved minds. It will always remain an open question whether the invention of printing was a boon or a curse to mankind. Up to this present moment, however, it may be safely averred that its evil effects have more than neutralized its good effects.

Dealing with the offenses of different countries against good taste in the matter of literature, Father Sheehan declares that it is precisely bad literature that has made the France of to-day infidel. You may pass from end to end of France and you will hardly find a single book in a single public book stall that you can touch without committing mortal sin. The writings of the infidels of the last century, and of this are printed and published in every form and variety; they are published in cheap editions, in a village or hamlet in France that is not inundated with them. Dramas, comedies, tragedies, works on philosophy, moral or natural, poems; in every way in which a lesson can be taught, faith is destroyed and morality injured. The infidels of France are doing their devilish work, and with an access that is known only to themselves.

Now are other countries exceptional. In Germany, outside the Catholic Church, almost everyone that can read is a transcendental philosopher—in other words an atheist; and this, too, is attributed to the pernicious writings of a few dreamers who have substituted the shadows of their own making for the shadowy Christianity that was left them by the reformers.

In America the venality and corruption of the press is proverbial, infidelity is unblushingly advocated and immorality as openly countenanced and suggested. It is not at all a pleasant task to stir up the sink of the world's iniquity. It might be better, perhaps, to let it rest. But I regret to say that it is strongly to be suspected that there are many Catholics to whom that literature is not altogether unknown, and I speak to show them the danger of its attractiveness, as well as their unfaithfulness to God in countenancing the efforts of those whose vocation it is to blot Him out of the minds and hearts of men.

The newspaper press is considered by Father Sheehan as the great offender against the true mission of the printing press, and while he excoriates it unmercifully, his words have the ring of well deserved censure.

With regard to newspaper literature, I wish to caution you against those sheets that are sent about the country to pander to the sensationalism and sensuality of the multitudes. What ever freaks human weakness or human wickedness may have included in are sure to find place in the columns of these journals, and you have a ghastly list of all the suicides, executions, and, worst of all, the scandals that crop up week after week—sad incidents enough that all our rigid respectability only covers a state of national depravity that is simply appalling.

With regard to the better conducted class of newspapers in England, many of them are characterized by a hatred and insane fear of everything Catholic. Now, as all these journals have very high pretensions, they speak in very decided, dogmatic tones. They occupy a very high position, their editors and staffs of writers are men of high literary abilities; they pretend to have means of obtaining precise information

on every possible subject; and their modes of dealing with Catholic subjects especially are often so overbearing that there may be weak-minded Catholics who will be induced not indeed to doubt matters of faith, but to yield to the temptations of becoming "liberal." Indeed, to most of the uninitiated, the editor of a newspaper is as awe-inspiring an individual as can well be imagined, and his utterances are only less than infallible. It is no exaggeration to state that the Church has been always superseded by the press as a public teacher. Men do not seek opinions nowadays from the pulpit, but from the paper. As a distinguished writer remarked many years ago: "The Church is now relegated to the organ loft and to palm-springs, its place as public teacher, moralist, etc., is assumed by the press." The press, therefore, in our age, wields tremendous power; and, unhappily, that power is used in the cause of evil, and not in the cause of God.

As I must be brief, I would remind you of a few things it would be well to remember. The editor of the ordinary daily newspaper is an individual of flesh and blood whose opinion is not worth more than that of any other man; that he writes not to preach the truth, but to earn his livelihood; that he therefore shapes his opinion according to the opinions of the party he represents; that, therefore, his is the most servile of all professions; that in treating of Catholic subjects, the ignorance of average newspaper writers is only equalled by their ingenuity in framing falsehoods and their fluency in calumniating; that the paper must please the people or the people will not buy the paper; that, therefore, as the public still demand the periodical joke, the periodical lie, the periodical misrepresentation of Catholic faith and Catholic practice, the paper must insert them; and that, therefore, on all Catholic subjects, they are utterly untrustworthy, ignorant of our doctrines, of our practices, misrepresenting our principles and moral maxims, scurrilous, false and libelous.

With regard to the literature of magazines and novels, it is impossible to give absolute advice. There are two classes of novel writers—they who write for money and they who write because they must write. They who write for money must please the editor and the public. The taste of the public is depraved, and therefore this class of literature is bad and corrupt. Vice is openly recommended, or so nicely disguised that it looks attractive; the vilest passions of a corrupt nature are shown in the light of amiable follies. These novels have as their one end and aim to destroy Christian morality, and therefore their one subject is sin. Have you ever noticed how carefully the name of God is excluded from the novel of the present day? It is never mentioned except as an oath. Have you ever seen the beautiful Christian virtues of patience and purity and self-sacrifice and humility recommended? No; but everything that is low and vile and groveling and sensual.

A still greater condemnation must be passed upon those who write because they must write. These are the demigods of literature, the men who have made for themselves everlasting reputations. Now, what do I mean by men? I will explain to you in the words of Father Hecker. "What else," he says, "is the great mass of our modern popular literature but an examen of conscience, publicly made by the author, before his readers and the whole world? And so deeply are his vices rooted in his heart that, not satisfied with presenting them under the attractive disguise of imagery, they must be spread out to cater to the tastes of his readers, in all their filthy and disgusting details."

The number of infidels and licentious books written by our authors and read by our people presents no flattering picture of the boasted progress of our nation in civilization. How many crimes would have been unknown in our literature had we been as Goethe, Schiller, Rousseau, Byron, Shelley, Bulwer, had sought relief for their consciences in the divine sacrament of penance instead of flooding society with the details of their secret vices and miseries, and thus feeding men's passions until they ripen into crime! They rid their hearts of the passions and miseries which they are filled with infecting the innocent and unsuspecting; they gain to their own minds a so-called peace and freedom by corrupting the pure and the virtuous.

Let me repeat, then, what I said: Avoid the novels of the day, because they are godless. The devil's imprimatur is upon every one of them because they treat of subjects with which a pure-minded Catholic ought not to be acquainted; because the writers of them are depraved, mercenary wretches, who hate God, and whose avowed mission is to inaugurate a reign of infidelity and viciousness, and because the effects of novel reading are most pernicious and hurtful. It weakens the mind, degrades the mind, it preaches the worship of creatures, it subverts Christian principles, it plants pagan principles, and leads inevitably to a shameful idolizing of vice.

It is especially painful to a priest to go into the houses of the poor and to find the scandal mongering, sensational papers, irreligious, or even immoral books on the same shelf, but much better cared for, with the Imitation of Christ, if indeed, these books find there a place at all. It is very suggestive, indeed, and a melancholy sight, to see the same shelves in the houses of the poor that destroys your faith and ruins your morals, and the faith and the morals of

those for whom you will be responsible to God. Look your doors against irreligious and bad literature of any sort. Do not underestimate its poison. It works slowly but surely. Let your Christian homes be undefiled by the foul products of a godless press.

### CATHOLIC NOTES.

Through the activity of the Rev. John Mueckler, pastor of St. Ignace's church, St. Ignace, Mich., all the saloons are now closed on Sunday.

Many of the Sisters of the Sacred Coars, of Paris, have gone to Argentina, where they are conducting day schools for poor children.

In Philadelphia, on a recent Sunday afternoon, Archbishop Ryan confirmed a class of sixty grown-up negroes and seventy-five negro children.

The Holy Father, we are told, says the N. Y. Freeman's Journal, still owns the humble little home in Riese where he was born, refusing always to sell it, so that his sisters may be sure of a shelter.

For twenty-four years the Catholic party has ruled Belgium. Elections are biennial. This year a "cartel" or combination was made between the Socialists and the Liberals. But it failed to unseat the Catholic ministry.

The Rev. Charles Cormack, whom the Sisters of St. Joseph's Orphanage, Halifax, received at their institution, an orphan, when he was but three years old, said his first Mass for them the other day. Father Cormack is now a priest of the English order.

The Catholic Times of London, England, is of the opinion that the school agitation in England seems destined to evolve a Catholic party or organization in that country for self-protection and the defense of the constitutional rights of its members through political action.

Some nights ago a gang of men knocked down at St. Jean-des-Gueroites (Ile de Vilaine), France a fine granite Calvary, which has stood there by the roadside for more than a century. In the morning one of them was dug out half crushed beneath the fragments, abandoned by his companions.

Canada has produced a new Damien. The self sacrifice of H. P. Anderson, a successful Canadian accountant, who has given up a prosperous career to devote his life to work among lepers in India, is, in every respect, as great as that of the Belgian priest's. Mr. Anderson sailed for India a few weeks ago.

Last week at Rutherglen, Scotland, Archbishop Maguire blessed and opened two new Catholic schools. The schools cost \$35,000, have twenty class rooms and will accommodate at least two thousand children—another instance of the Church's advance in Scotland.

Owing to the recent death of Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax, Most Rev. Joseph Thomas Duhamel, D. D., Archbishop of Ottawa, has become the senior Metropolitan of the Church in Canada. He was mitred on October 20, 1874, but his See was not raised to the archiepiscopal dignity until June 8, 1886.

To see their son ordained to the priesthood, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Blaznik came from Austria to New York. The Rev. Aloysius Les Biaznik is the first Slavonic priest ordained in the diocese of New York. The ceremony took place on Saturday, June 9. He is twenty-four years old and came to the United States five years ago at the request of the late Archbishop Corrigan.

Rev. Ludvig Bonvin, S. J., of Canisius College, Buffalo, having dedicated to the Pope a Mass of his own composition after the ideal suggested in the Motu Proprio of 1903, has received a very gracious acknowledgment from the Holy Father which embodies a high tribute of praise to the musical work of Father Bonvin. The distinguished Jesuit is one of the greatest contemporary musicians and composers.

Cardinal Gruscha Archbishop of Vienna, has issued a strong pastoral condemning the proposed reform of the marriage laws in Austria, and declares that Parliament threatens to deprive Catholic marriage of its character of indissolubility, in defiance of the law of God and of moral law. "An indiscreet foundation on which the family and social order are based, and, besides, it is the strongest protection against immorality."

The religious sincerity of Spain's convert Queen was admirably illustrated, says the London Catholic Times, on the day of her departure for that country, which was Ascension Day. She was up at 6 o'clock in the morning in order to hear Mass and receive Holy Communion at the Carmelite church at Kensington before starting on her journey, whereby her Majesty set a good example in those Catholics who neglect this solemn duty before undertaking a voyage.

When Father Luke Wadding, the Irish Franciscan, founded the monastery attached to the Church of San Isidoro in Rome in the seventeenth century, one of its early pastors, says the N. Y. Freeman's Journal, was Fra Bonaventura, a Spanish Franciscan, whose hidden virtues have found him out and caused him to be placed on the altars of the Universal Church for the edification and help of struggling humanity all over the world, but especially of his Franciscan brethren. He was solemnly beatified in St. Peter's on June 10, and St. Isidore's made a gala day of it.