

# The Catholic Register

"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest"—BALMEZ

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## MATTERS OF MOMENT

### The Devotion of the Forty Hours—Italian Immigration—A Subject for Thought.

Of all times of the year there is none like the present for the pouring out of that plenitude of good things which our kind Mother the Church has in store for her children. Despite the sometimes opposing forces from the outside, we in Toronto are rich in spiritual environment, and have, ordinarily speaking, so much of the warmth which familiarity with the beautiful and expressive rites and ceremonies of the Church affords, that we are apt to take things for granted and imagine that others share as largely in these privileges as do we ourselves. How far we are astray in this requires but a moment's reflection to determine. The thought of the thousands still living in the pioneer life in our as yet sparsely settled territories, the numerous villages and small settlements that are still without a church and which have Mass perhaps but once a month, recalls to us the richness of our opportunities, and reminds us too, that a constant condition of privileges in this regard, sometimes renders us graceless enough to omit a recognition of the good things given us. Let us take, for example, the time of the Forty Hours. So accustomed have we become to this annually recurring period in our city that we doubtless think it to be the lot of Catholics everywhere to enjoy a like period of graces and favors. Not all, however, are so favored. Not even in all the dioceses in close companionship with Toronto has the practice of the Forty Hours become a permanent annual institution. Thus we can truly say that Toronto is in this way exceptionally and highly favored. While the season of Lent is for Catholics everywhere a time of rigor and austerity, these rigors and austerities are for us softened and modified by the presence somewhere in our midst of the beautiful shrine whereon reposes the Sacred Host, surrounded with all the glory that the skilled mind and hand can devise, and honored by the ceaseless prayers from unceasing throngs who in the humility of the hour cast themselves and their burdens prostrate at the feet of their viding Lord.

Beginning with the impressive ceremonial at the Cathedral on Sunday last, which inaugurated the time of the Forty Hours in Toronto, every week from now until Holy week, and again for a period after Easter, will see one of our parishes given up entirely to the devout exercises of this beautiful season. The benefits will not be confined to the parish in which the exercises are being held, for many from other parishes now make it a custom to visit at least once, the church where the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, and in this way have a share in the graces not alone of their own parish, but of every other parish. Then for the entire city there is the knowledge that every day for several weeks, hundreds are honoring our Divine Lord in a very special way, that these same hundreds are making reparation for the past transgressions of themselves and others, and that through means of this blessed time graces untold must inevitably come to our city and its people. The time of the Forty Hours is, we are taught, a time for silence and prayer, a time perhaps above all, for reparation and penance. It is, too, a season when the Church envelops her ceremonies and ritual in their most seductive setting and ornamentation. Never is she more lavish in gorgeousness of vestment, in gifts of choice exotics, in display of evergreen and palm, in offerings of incense and in all that symbolizes the homage of the creature to a loving and omnipotent Creator. At no other season is she more generous to her children in the opportunities afforded for the obtaining of spiritual graces, and the response always given by the people is of so general and spontaneous a character as to be altogether edifying. Though primarily a time for silence and meditation, it is not given over altogether to the contemplative. Many of the most beautiful and touching sermons of the year are heard during the time of the Forty Hours, the exquisite nature of the speaking entering into the speaker and expression in perfect harmony with the occasion. Like the Apostles of old, the people of every favored parish may say, "Lord, it is well for us to be here," and for them the tabernacle is already prepared, and the King of the Tabernacle has already taken possession, and with hands full and outstretched, He awaits the many who are to share in the graces He has come to distribute, and for whom the hour of distribution is even now come. This indeed is the time when the yoke of the Lord is inexpressibly sweet, and when the invitation "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavily burdened and I will refresh you," takes on its fullest and clearest meaning.

In the last issue of the Sunday World is found an article by Prof. Carlo Cattapani of the Secretariate of Emigration of Naples, and a member of the Royal Geographical Society of Rome. In this article the writer draws attention to the question of the immigration of his countrymen in Canada, and the coloring of the article throughout is that Italians, so far, have not had the measure of thought given them which their merits as desirable immigrants entitles them to, nor is the value of the illustrious and talented nation from which they sprang, at all times kept in view. Professor Cattapani writes with the earnestness of one who has thought deeply on his subject and with a copiousness of detail, which proves his familiarity with the Italian character and nature at home and abroad. On the

question of general immigration on the national life of Canada, Professor Cattapani does not pretend to speak, but as reason for his present action in bringing the cause of his countrymen before the public, he tells us that never before to his knowledge has a word been said which represents the case of the Italian from a favorable standpoint, but on the contrary, Italian immigration has been badly abused and misrepresented of late. Remembering how the people of Ireland have been placed in a false light time and again, we cannot but sympathize with the writer when he says "It is sometimes with wonder that I read of opinions and valuations on Italy and Italians. These opinions are entirely devoid of the most elementary knowledge not only of past history, but also of modern existing conditions, and sometimes it makes me doubt if I am living in the century of the telegraph and linotype machine." In the course of a resume proving the claims of the Italian nation to recognition as a people whose ancestors worked toward their evolution to a perfect development, the Professor tells us: "The Macaulay theory of periodical rising of nations could find corroboration in the life of Italy, which gave first with the Romans, the highest civilization to the world; then the Christian faith, and only fell when forgetful of civic virtues it began to worship the golden calf."

After a fine summary of the achievements of Italy as a nation, Professor Cattapani speaks of present conditions. Canada, he says, cannot possibly work upon her resources and necessities of herself, therefore she must seek for assistance from outside. But just as it would be absurd to expect the skilled working man in Britain to leave his warm fireside to seek a strange land, and face the unknown for the known, so it is equally absurd to expect the same thing from Italians similarly situated, and those who come to Canada, the Italian peasantry, should be encouraged, for they are a class in every way suited to Canada's requirements. The Italian immigrants are described as a "very hard-working, yet honest and reliable," and the writer it seems that "a better element you could not get for your needs, and your policy should be to keep them here, taking an interest in them and recruiting from them a useful element." He reminds his readers that the United States are swallowing up Italian immigrants at the rate of a quarter of a million a year and he very logically questions, "If they are useful there, could not Canada find some use for them here?" Mr. Cattapani does not ignore the danger that has arisen owing to the habit some of his countrymen have of carrying the knife. This, he explains, is for the purpose of cutting their bread and onions, and he says, when crime is committed it is the result of impulse, and does not show corruption of moral sense, but a forest for us as Catholics. That so many of its sons have turned ingrate in their native land is attributed to the invasion of foreigners and doubtless to a great extent this is correct. Italy has given to the Church her plate as first amongst the conservers and patrons of art. It is Italy who gave us our painters, architects and sculptors, the first in the world. Her poetry and music, too, have held a place of no means secondary place. The labors of her sons have reared monuments which are the wonder of the traveller from every clime and sky. The popes of the centuries have been largely gathered from the Italian ranks. Her missionaries have never been behindhand in their services to others and for Canada, though the fact is not always brought forward, it was an Italian Jesuit, Father Nott, who made the first offering of a missionary's life, when trying to help the French soldiers near Fort St. Anne who was lost in the snow and was found frozen in a kneeling position, his last hope having been directed to heaven, when all earthly hope had fled. It seems, therefore, that many things tend to make the question of the Italian coming to Canada, one in which we might take a live interest, an interest which would show itself in helping them to adapt themselves first to their new surroundings, and then to a continuance in that Faith which has its centre and much of its inspiration in Italy, the land of the Italian immigrant.

The voice from Italy for its people should have more than a passing interest for us as Catholics. That so many of its sons have turned ingrate in their native land is attributed to the invasion of foreigners and doubtless to a great extent this is correct. Italy has given to the Church her plate as first amongst the conservers and patrons of art. It is Italy who gave us our painters, architects and sculptors, the first in the world. Her poetry and music, too, have held a place of no means secondary place. The labors of her sons have reared monuments which are the wonder of the traveller from every clime and sky. The popes of the centuries have been largely gathered from the Italian ranks. Her missionaries have never been behindhand in their services to others and for Canada, though the fact is not always brought forward, it was an Italian Jesuit, Father Nott, who made the first offering of a missionary's life, when trying to help the French soldiers near Fort St. Anne who was lost in the snow and was found frozen in a kneeling position, his last hope having been directed to heaven, when all earthly hope had fled. It seems, therefore, that many things tend to make the question of the Italian coming to Canada, one in which we might take a live interest, an interest which would show itself in helping them to adapt themselves first to their new surroundings, and then to a continuance in that Faith which has its centre and much of its inspiration in Italy, the land of the Italian immigrant.

### Married in Catholic Church, Goderich

A special despatch to The Globe from Goderich says: A distinguished wedding was celebrated here in St. Peter's Roman Catholic Church, when Miss Lillian, eldest daughter of Mr. P. A. Peterson, chief engineer of the Canadian Pacific railway, was married to Dr. Donald Hingston of Montreal, son of the late Sir William Hingston. Although only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties were invited to the ceremony, yet the church was packed to the doors with friends and spectators long before the event was scheduled to take place. The groom was assisted by Mr. L. DeK. Stephen of Montreal, while the bridesmaid was Miss Beatrice, sister of the bride. The guests from out of town were Lady Hingston, Montreal, mother of the groom; Miss Buller, Montreal, niece of General Buller; Mrs. Campbell McDougall and Harold and Basil Hingston of Montreal.

## SUBJECT OF THE HOUR

### Trenchant Address on Socialism at Birmingham by Bishop Burton of Clifton.

(Liverpool Catholic Times.)

The following is from an address given to a large and influential gathering of Catholics, presided over by the Right Rev. Dr. Lisley, Bishop of Birmingham, England:

Coming to the subject matter of his address, the Bishop said he was about to attempt to reply to the question: "Is the out-and-out Socialist the friend of Liberty?" This was a question which concerned them all, whether Catholics or not, for they were all citizens of a liberty-loving land. Inasmuch, however, as they were children of the Catholic Church, which was often traduced as the foe of liberty, it behooved them to be able not only to repel this calumny, but also to know how to refute the tenets of any propaganda that aimed at curtailing their liberties.

They would observe that his question was directed to the consideration of the case of the out-and-out Socialist. This man he held to be the only logical type of his tribe. But there were varieties of Socialism and of the Socialist. There was the Socialist, improperly so-called, who would limit his social reforms to the redressing of the wrongs of the poor and down-trodden, who would put an end to the unrighteous accumulation of wealth, who would harmonize the claims of private capital with those of the community at large, who would stop all sweating and award to every working man and every working woman a living wage, who would welcome the perfect regulation of labor by a wise and just Government, who would encourage the working man to acquire property, and to better and strengthen his position by means of association and organization, who would make him the contented master of a thrifty, sober, and orderly home. These were objects with which all of them were in sympathy. In this sense they were all Socialists. But they were not Socialists in the proper meaning of the term. They were but social reformers, at least in aspiration; reformers such as the Catholic Church, when wielding her proper influence and unimpeded by what is known as the world, had brought forth and reared in every age, from the days of her Founder to the days of His Vicar, Leo XIII., the Pope of the working man. The "out-and-out Socialists," with whom he was dealing were those who would give to the community the ownership of all the means of production, or who would even go further and give to the community not only all the means of production, but all capital, including land. In their system all private ownership would vanish, and the fruits accruing from the immense patrimony transferred to the State would be distributed even-handedly by the State to the members of the community. Each member of the community would be a worker, and would receive for his toil what the State would hand him in return. If he could not work he would be supported by the State. This programme involved two great questions. They might first ask if the mighty and far-reaching changes it contemplated would be just, and in the second place they might enquire whether these changes would be in accordance with the dictates of a sound economic policy into these questions, however, they could not expect to go so far as the answers to both of them fell in with and formed part of the answer to the question he submitted at the outset.

What was to become of the rights of conscience in the programme of the advanced Socialist? Foremost amongst the rights of conscience was the right to practice one's religion. Socialism, however, would either tolerate all religions equally, or would tolerate only some, or none at all. But in any hypothesis it was plain that the power of controlling the public exercise of religion must reside in the hands of that all-powerful body which was to provide the means and the men, without whom no external religion could subsist. Perhaps, too, Socialism might be tempted to impose upon all alike a religion of its own. Already they saw it composing its catechism and developing its cult. Its more advanced leaders made no secret of what their tenets were—materialism and atheism. For them there was no such thing as the soul, no hope being as God, no after life, no hope of future reward, no righting of this world's wrongs in eternity. The Catholic Church was, and ever must be, to them the arch-enemy. It had to be battered down at all costs, for they clearly saw that the Catholic Church and their out-and-out Socialism could never run together in harness (applause). What was to become of a man's right to employ his natural faculties in the way he deemed most advantageous to himself? All his energies would be absorbed into the activity of the State. His round of work would be prescribed for him. It was assumed by the Socialist that all men possessed equality of faculty, carrying with it the right to equality of reward, and on this assumption all wages would be equalized. It was assumed, too, that natural capacity and the resources of capital played a far less important part in the production of wealth than mere labor. Thus the inventiveness of genius would be dulled and deadened, the wings of ambition clipped, and the quick, and the shrews of private capital, which launched and supported an enterprise or industry would hazard perhaps all by the change. The Edisons and the Armstrongs might altogether disappear. The chief motive power of self-betterment being abolished, all would languish on the same dull level, forming a congregation of stunted growth and dismal mediocrities, inhabiting a

huge monkey, from which the joys and hopes of religion would be banished.

For Socialists to assert that the right of owning all things resided in the community, while the right to use all things resided in its members, was to overlook one of the two constitutive elements of the right of property. They ignored, namely, the physical bond between a man and the thing he owned, a bond that sprang from the fact of lawful acquisition, which fact constituted his title to possession. To say that a man needed the use of all things was untrue. To say that he could use all things was untrue. To appeal to the express will and intentions of the Creator was for them to carry the matter too high. How were they to get at the Creator's express intentions without admitting Revelation? And Revelation had settled the question once for all by recognizing the rights of private ownership and decreeing: "Thou shalt not steal." The out-and-out Socialists coolly called upon the human race to pool all their rights in property, and throw the whole of their possessions into mortmain. Then the chiefs of the world-wide combination would dispense to all out of the enormous yield according to the merits or the needs of each. He was needed by his subject from enquiring whether their scheme would be feasible, as also from enquiring whether it would redound to the common advantage of the race. But supposing that two such vast and complicated problems had been solved, and solved in the affirmative; they had still to learn that utility was convertible with justice. If all men were to divest themselves spontaneously and freely of their rights for the greater good of the community, all might go well. Justice would be saved. Their action would be beneficent and magnanimous, and on this their action, some modified form of Socialism might possibly be peacefully founded. But to convert an act of pure beneficence into an obligation of strict justice was to confuse our notions of morality.

When they turned to the domestic rights of a man, in virtue of which he might choose for himself a partner in life, they found a family, they found themselves at some loss. The older schools of Socialism would have all abolished the institution of marriage out and out. They raved about Free Love with the frenzy of Paphians. Modern Socialists promised the complete emancipation of woman, which might mean freedom from all restraints of the marriage tie. "But," said his Lordship, "we need not charge them all with such madness in order to show how subversive their general scheme would be of the liberties of conjugal and domestic life. Provisions such as marriage portions, settlements, and dowries would, of course, be unheard of, as they would be no longer necessary. All distinctions of wealth, birth and class having been swept away, a greater width of selection might be ensured for the marrying man, but would his choice be his own, or would his helpmate be assigned him by the officials of the omnipotent State? (Laughter.) Would his contract be free, stable, inviolable? Whence would its sanction flow? Might not the State, having to support all husbands and wives, and claiming their energies as to its own asset, erect its own matrimonial tribunals, and pronounce on such matters as physical fitness, polygamy, polyandry, and divorce? As it is the Socialist lays it down as a principle that a child belongs to the child of the State, and belongs to the State. The child is already regarded as a State product, and if the State is allowed to claim the product, it is but one step to allow it to claim the factors of production. Would not this be to strip parents of all parental rights and duties, and to sink them beneath the level of rational creatures?" The Socialist lays out his plans as though the world were just beginning, ignoring human nature and its legitimate instincts, ignoring long-existing facts and rights, and forgetting that the State was only called into being and only exists for the purpose of defending private and family rights.

Out of this school would issue a generation without God, tutored to despise the past, with few objects of human interest in the present, a dwarfed, uninteresting, unheroic race, the predestined fathers of savagery. Finally (said his Lordship), a man's civil and political rights would fare little better in this regenerated condition of society. To the Socialist the State was an infallible divinity. All it did must be done well. Shift authority from individuals to the being known as the State, and all our woes were to vanish as at the touch of a magic wand. This was a curious illusion, which served to show the power of mere words. The word State, which only indicated an abstraction, was taken as a proper noun and then the State appeared as a wise old gentleman, that guided the people's lot with sure hand and surer sense. But there was no such person as Mr. State. Instead of him there was a crowd of individuals—clerks, functionaries, magistrates, members of Parliament—each by himself, and as a rule in a very middling manner, helped to work a huge machine very clumsily put together. To take away a man's liberty in service of the State, which mapped out and meted out work, production, and consumption, was to deprive a man of a right that belonged to him, and to give it to a collectivity that had no existence, save as a phantasm or an abstraction. It was before this empty Moloch—not always a very capable and intelligent idol—that all were invited to fall down. They were asked to pass through its purging fires, that they might come out true metal, to be branded with the hall-mark of the new State. They might have fared ill hitherto under King Log, but would they be better off under King Stork? Concluding, the Bishop said the out-and-out Socialist was by no means the friend of

## VULGAR IRREVERENCE

### Incident Showing How Low the Bible Has Fallen in the Estimation of Modern Protestants.

(From the Western Watchman.)

A preacher of St. Louis, in a late Sunday sermon took occasion to stigmatize the idolatry of the Bible practiced by Protestants, and particularly their veneration for the Psalms, which he characterized as "scraps of popular melodies, oftentimes of no higher literary or moral merit than our coon songs." We do not know when we read anything quite up to this in vulgar irreverence and downright religious indecency; and the fact that such an expression, coming from a city pulpit, occasioned no storm of adverse comment only shows how low the Bible has fallen in the estimation of modern Protestants.

We have said more than once that the Bible, after a long and glorious sojourn "in a strange country," would in the end, like the poor prodigal, return to the home of its mother, asking to be saved from the company of exegetical swine among whom it has been long lived. Luther and his followers tried to supplant the Church of God with the written Word of God, and set up Bible Christianity against Catholic Christianity. The antagonism was purely fictitious. The Church has been the sponsor of the Bible from the beginning; and from now on will be its sole defender.

The Psalms are the fullest and best expression of the human heart's devotion to God that this world has ever known. As God does not change and the human heart is always the same, these Psalms are and will always remain the most perfect embodiment of vocal prayer ever given to man. David was a man "after God's own heart," because he has most happily and most aptly expressed in his psalms the love of God for man, and the yearnings of the human soul for God. That is why the singing of the Psalms constituted the song of praise of the synagogue. That is why those Psalms continue to be the official prayer of the Catholic Church for all time. In the breviary of Father Olier was a picture by himself representing our Lord, dressed as the Jewish King and with harp in hand, singing the Psalms of David. And the priest, in reciting his breviary, is repeating the official prayers of the Old Covenant and of the New, the prayer of David and of Jesus, the prayers of the living Church of God, whose brightest duty and privilege it is to sing the praise of God in language inspired by God. The priest in opening his breviary prays that his words may ascend to heaven in union with those our Saviour addressed to God while on this earth.

The occupation of the blessed in heaven is to praise God evermore. The Church of God is formed on the lines of the Heavenly Jerusalem, and the song of praise is never hushed in the Church. No moment of the twenty-four hours does her song cease to ascend on high, asking for blessing upon mankind and mercy for sinners. If God created this world for His glory, this is the glory He had in view. This is the one psalm of glory that goes up to Him from tens of thousands of hearts, "from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof." And the song of praise is doubly grateful to God, because it is a public homage the grandest ever offered by man, and because it is a glory expressed in words of His own choosing, and expressing His own estimate of Himself and of the glory that is due Him. No wonder the Church binds her priests to recite these Psalms seven times a day.

The most solemn duty a priest accepts on the day of his consecration is to say his office. He may never say Mass, but he must say his office. He may never hear confession, but he must say his office. He may never preach a sermon, but he must say his office. And he must say it every day of his life, and say it with attention, piety and devotion, according to the injunction of the Council of Trent. A priest who does not say his office is a "dumb dog," and no priest. It is this that makes the priest the beloved of all mankind. He prays for the people who do not pray for themselves. His prayers save the world from the fires of divine wrath kindled by the sins of men. Wrest

liberty. Still, with all its Utopian dreams, its denial of private and public right, its enforced dependence of all upon the State, so repugnant to English ideas of self-help and self-government, the Socialist movement was one that could not be ignored by any country. It warned each to put its house in order. Shorn of all errors and excesses, a sane Socialism might aid in bringing about a consummation devoutly to be wished, towards which every progressive State must perforce tend; that was to say, it might aid in establishing the just and true equilibrium between wealth and increasing population. In many of their desires and aims they were at one with the saner kind of Socialist; they differed from him largely on questions of means. The transformed state of society would be reached when the claims of capital and labor were at length evenly balanced and adjusted, when the field of co-operation was still further extended; when they witnessed, perhaps, the foundation of one vast concentric organization of labor. When statesmen could succeed in procuring the good of all in such a way as to quit each according to his rights and his stake in the State, they would have succeeded in bringing about the only equality which a State might seek to establish, the equality of all before the law.

the breviary from the hands of the priests of the Catholic Church and there is absolutely no reason why the world should be tolerate a single day.

The public in general, and even our Catholic people, are not aware of the amount of prayer the priests of the Catholic Church are in sworn duty bound to recite for themselves and the Church at large every day of their lives. Canons and those bound to choir sing the divine office and consume two full hours a day in that duty. All priests at least recite the divine office, which consumes more than one-half that time. It is not the priests alone who pray, but the Church, and Jesus Christ prays through them.

### "The Bishop of the Lepers"

(The Monitor, San Francisco.)

The visit recently made by Rt. Rev. Bishop da Silva of Portugal (recently a guest of this Archdiocese) to the Hawaiian Islands, renews the interest of our Catholic people in that fair land where so many leprosy-stricken men and women pass their days. The wonderful spirit of cheerfulness that seems to never die in the hearts of these unfortunates was, not long ago, beautifully dwelt upon in these columns by Rev. Henry I. Stark, C.S.P. (see the Christmas number of The Monitor), and later exemplified in that cheerful message of Father Joseph's, which we commented on a couple of weeks ago. What is the secret of this joy and cheer? It is easily found—the Faith, the love of Christ which Holy Church has planted in the souls of these mortally unhappy but spiritually joyful people; this is the secret. What a tribute it is to those soldier-priests who have sacrificed their lives to the cause of Christ!

These "soldier-priests" are indeed a great army, small in numbers, but invincibly great in the strength of God. And like an army, they have a general; and he, like a true officer, is, first of all, himself a soldier. Right Rev. Bishop Libert Boeyens is the man—lovingly known the world over as "the Bishop of the Lepers."

Notwithstanding the inevitably tiresome and nerve-racking labors which are the lot of a missionary bishop in a tropical country, Bishop Libert is a magnificent specimen of virile manhood. A descendant of the energetic Flemish race, he has the stature of an athlete. His strong and manly physiognomy is softened by the reflection of a paternal goodness. In him one feels that an indomitable and generous heart is beating.

How did I ever come to exile myself in that far-away country? Oh nothing was ever more simple. One day the question "who is ready?" was asked the entire membership of the congregation of the Sacred Heart. As I was ready, my traveling orders were signed and I departed for that land which was then known as the Kingdom of Hawaii.

"My diocese is, as you know, a very large one. It numbers eight islands and has, in rough number, an area of 17,000 square miles. This is not an advantage from a Bishop's point of view.

"The cosmopolitan population must also be taken into consideration. The native element is disappearing with a startling rapidity. From 1832 to 1900 it had decreased from 132,000 to 39,500. It does not represent at present more than one-quarter of the entire population.

"We had up to a few years ago a large and valuable Portuguese population, but unfortunately it is also decreasing on account of the ever-increasing Japanese immigration."

It was these Portuguese Catholics whom Bishop da Silva went to visit and minister to.

"The Catholic population of the Territory is about 35,000, which means—if we except the Chinese and the Japanese—99 per cent. of the entire population. To minister to the needs of this cosmopolitan population I have at my disposal twenty-nine priests—Belgians, Hollanders, Germans, one Portuguese and half a dozen Frenchmen. Ah! we are far from having the best of times. Very often it is with difficulty that we succeed in having both ends meet."

"But upon the ground of devotion to duty, of real services to mankind, there should be no doubt of your pre-eminence, Father Damien!"

"Father Damien!" "His memory is universally kept in deep reverence all over the Hawaiian Islands, and there is but one voice to admire the devotion of which he has given such an example.

"There are some, it is true, who have endeavored to tarnish his title to the reverence and admiration of mankind, but I am pleased to say that a deep sense of justice long ago carried the day against fanaticism and bigotry.

"One thing, however, I desire to call your attention to. Some well meaning writers have painted the situation a little too black. The number of lepers in the islands is not on the increase and neither is it decreasing. It is stationary. Like the sea, in its regular tides, there are always about one thousand inmates at the Leper Settlement. As soon as the dreadful disease has been recognized by a bacteriological examination, the unfortunate victims are doomed to perpetual banishment. It is a sentence for life, leprosy being an unforgiving enemy, to which the great army of doctors has, as yet, found nothing to oppose."

### CANVASSERS WANTED

Canvassers wanted for "The Catholic Register" First-class remuneration to good workers. References required.