

## "ANGLO-SAXON."

Occasionally we have some very peculiar despatches from Rome. About a week ago a correspondent cabled the announcement that the prominent "Anglo-Saxon" prelates now there have presented to the Papal Secretary of State, Merry Del Val, a memorandum setting forth the importance of the "Anglo-Saxon" Catholic world, compared with the remainder of the Catholic world.

It goes on to say that the Catholics in the United States, Canada, Ireland and Great Britain number in all about 45,000,000. On the strength of this the young man asserts that better representation is asked for the "Anglo-Saxons" in the Sacred College, and he believed that the step taken by the "Anglo-Saxon" prelates has had considerable effect. All of which may or may not be true. It is always well to wait for what the reporters call "further particulars," when we receive despatches dated from Rome. But why do we find the term "Anglo-Saxon" so generally used in the despatch? It would be news to the prelates in this country to be told they are "Anglo-Saxons." Our friend Mr. Dooley declared some time ago, that, after careful research, he discovered only two Anglo-Saxons in America—one in Bog's Ferry, New York, and the other in Tombstone City, Arizona.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD congratulates Mr. R. D. Gunn, K. C., of Orillia, on his appointment to the Bench, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late Judge O'Meara of Ottawa. The latter, by his learning, his fairness, his judicial temperance and gentlemanly instincts, reflected honor upon the position. His mantle has fallen upon one who is liberally endowed with the same qualities. The Government could not have made a better choice, and its action has been commended upon all hands. We trust His Honor Judge Gunn will be given length of years to administer the high and honorable office to which he has been called. In another column we publish a sketch of his career.

THE REV. G. R. McFaul, Baptist missionary in the city of Ottawa, is very proud of the fact that he has drawn into his conventicle two French Canadians of that city. As an offset to this, he does not mention the fact, perhaps he is not aware of it—that ten Protestants were received into the Catholic Church at the Cathedral of Ottawa during the year 1906, and that several others are on the way.—Antigonish Casinet.

At the last meeting of the Orange Grand Lodge of Ontario the sum of \$400 was donated to the work of "converting" the French Canadians, and on the same day press dispatches informed us that forty-three converts from Protestantism were received into the Catholic Church in Winnipeg by His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop of St. Boniface.

READER, SMITH'S FALLS.—The person to whom you refer is an excommunicated priest. The literature he has put upon the market brings him a goodly revenue. Our non-Catholic friends are well supplied by such characters with books heaping abuse upon the Church. There is always a ready sale for it and the weeds out of the Pope's garden keep the market very well supplied. As long as there are fools in the world there will also be knaves. Some people are so simple as to believe that everything they see in print must be true.

## SCIENCE AND DOGMA.

There are a great many men and women of our day who are historically opposed to the Catholic Church because they are convinced that it is opposed to science. Volumes without number can be found on the shelves of any non-Catholic library in which the so-called warfare of the Church against all scientific knowledge is loudly proclaimed to the world. Thus it is not surprising that the mass of mankind who accept statements second-hand from the millennial religion has come forth a protracted contest against triumphant science. The steady aim of the Church, so state all the "warfare of science books," has been to keep the human race in mental bondage, and thus preserve its own prestige. These bold assertions, it is true, are not now repeated quite so frequently nor so positively as they used to be. Men have learned by recent experience that because an assertion is found in print it does not at all follow that it is true, and those who profess to be real students are now clamoring for proof, instead of mere assertion. But if we go a little farther in our search for the origin of all this opposition of many men and women to the Church, we shall find that their attacks are not so much against certain dogmas of the Catholic Church, but against Christianity itself; that is, against all revealed religion.

In fact, at the very threshold of Christianity we were met by two tremendous mysteries that must completely stagger human reason: that of the Holy Trinity, and that of the Incarnation. These truths we know only by divine revelation.

Any one who has followed the trend of religious thought in our country for the past twenty-five years must stand against the frequency with which

belief in the virgin birth of Our Lord and Saviour has been denied in so-called Christian pulpits. Moreover, men who will profess a belief in religion proclaim that it must have no dogmas and no creed. Now, this unreasonable opposition to dogma and to creed is the more surprising as science has its definite dogmas and creeds, just as well as religion. The moment that scientific research gets beyond the stage of mere theory—that is, becomes real science—it, at the very same instant, becomes absolute in its dogmatism. Chemistry has its creed; electricity has its creed. And although nature is the willing slave of man in all his needs, still she will be of service to him only on condition that man first makes himself familiar with her various scientific creeds and submit to all their minutest requirements. The rays of the sun, for example, will travel ninety millions of miles and take your photograph for you at the end of their journey, but you must first procure an advanced copy of the sun's creed in the matter of light; and you must sedulously carry out each one of its articles, otherwise it will most stubbornly refuse to exert its wonderful powers at your bidding. Electricity likewise will carry your burdens for you, run your errands, carry your voice to a distance of hundreds of miles, cook your meals, heat and light your houses, but the greatest scientist must first sit down as a little child at its feet and learn carefully every one of its tenets, otherwise it will do nothing for him. Nay, it goes farther still, and if the great scientist does not handle this tremendous power with great care and scientific reverence, it will administer a very severe rebuke, punishing with instantaneous death the rash rejecter of its unbending creed. Mathematics and astronomy have also their unchangeable creeds. In the face of all these undeniable facts, it does seem strange that so-called science should bustle up so unceremoniously against revealed religion because this same religion does just what science does, and refuses to modify a single jot or tittle of its once established truths.

The cry that the Catholic Church is opposed to science does not, we are happy to state, come from the great leaders of scientific thought. It is rather the camp-followers and hangers-on who make the noise, and, as some one has pointed out, if you place a few frogs in your fish pond, these few frogs will make more noise than all the fish put together. Not all statements made by men who call themselves scientists are really scientific, for, according to a recent scientific writer, in some of our popular magazines assertions found under the head of "science" have really strayed, by the mistake either of the printer or of the writer, into the wrong department, and should be put back where they belong, under the head of "fiction."

The vast majority of the great scientific thinkers have seen no opposition between religion and science. Listen to what the distinguished scientist, Lord Kelvin, says about the theory of evolution: "The fortuitous concurrence of atoms is not an inappropriate description of the formation of a crystal, but it is utterly absurd when applied to living things. Here scientific thought is compelled to accept the idea of creative power."

"Forty years ago," continues Lord Kelvin, "while strolling with Liebig in the country lanes, I asked him if he believed that the grasses and flowers around about us could grow by mere chemical forces. His answer was: 'No more do I believe that than I believe that a book of botany, describing the nature of these same grasses and flowers, could grow by mere chemical forces.'"

We might not inappropriately call our age the age of electricity, and it is to devout Catholics, firm believers in the supernatural, that we are indebted for the wonderful strides that science has taken in the evolution of this mighty power. Aloysius Galvani, from whom the galvanic battery takes its name, was a fervent Catholic and a member of the Third Order of St. Francis, Volta, whose name is recalled every time we hear or speak of the electrical "volt," was so earnest in his Catholicity that he taught catechism publicly to little children. Ampere, though he passed through a period of doubt, was a practical Catholic.

In all other fields of science, as well as in the domain of electricity, Catholics have won many of the highest honors. Father Peter Secchi, Jesuit, has done more than any other scientist to compel the sun to come forth from its abode of dazzling light and write its autobiography for our instruction. Anthony Lawrence Lavoisier, a sincere Catholic, is rightly called the "Father of Modern Chemistry"; Andrew Caecilius, another Catholic, was the first to construct a system of botany, and the name of the Catholic Pasterur is on every one's lips. In fact, the catalogue of world-famous Catholic scientists and the list of their writings would fill volumes.

How, then, is it possible that, in face of all these facts and very many more, which can be easily verified, there are still found some who claim to have brains and yet who cling to the old calumny that the Catholic Church is opposed to scientific knowledge? The ignorance is their only excuse. "The half-educated man," it has been truly said, "who is borne to his place of business, as it were, on the wings of electricity; who, from his office or his home, converses by means of a thin wire, with his friend miles away, may affirm flippantly that modern science has given the death-blow to supernatural religion; but the fact is that the intellectual giants who made modern science a reality were devout believers in revealed religion, and that science, but, with deep personal love, to the God of science."—Rev. W. O'Brien Pardow, S. J., in True Voice.

To sympathize with suffering, one must have suffered; but to compassionately the sinner, one must be pure.—Perreyre.

## THE FRENCH CURE.

A REMARKABLE PICTURE FROM A RECENT BOOK OF THE ROLE OF A PARISH PRIEST IN RURAL FRANCE.

In the course of a review of "Gray Mist," a novel of Brittany, in the North American Review of February 15, "Ex Attache," described as a man formerly in the diplomatic service and thoroughly versed in European politics, draws a beautiful and convincing portrait of the French cure as he is found in the hamlets and provincial towns of Brittany. Without knowing anything of the merits or character of the novel itself, it is evident from the review that it must contain a sympathetic picture of those Catholic portions of France which are remote from the present storm centers. Just now such a picture is very opportune.

"Gray Mist," says the reviewer, "shows us the extent to which the whole life of the little community centers around the rectory. It is thither that the peasant and the fisherman turn their steps for advice and help in every perplexity and every difficulty. They have no secrets from their Cure. Often he has known them from childhood, and has endowed them with what ever education they possess. He has christened, confirmed and married them; he has buried their dear ones, and possesses the most intimate acquaintance with all their domestic affairs, their material interests, their shortcomings, their virtues, their aspirations and fears. He is their chosen guide, and deservedly enjoying their whole-hearted confidence, wields over them an extraordinary influence. Nowhere is this more advantage to the government than in the ancient Duchy of Brittany, where the population—entirely distinct from that of the remainder of France—is characterized by all the violence of passion, and the fervency of religious belief, peculiar to the Celtic race."

CURE AS HEALTH OFFICER.

"Abbe Korngog is not the hero of the book. But he is undoubtedly its most lovable character, and throughout his pages he plays a predominant role. As a wayward, but not a reviewer whose knowledge of French conditions and literature is unrivaled in America, has pronounced him 'one of the finest creations ever found in fiction.' Indeed, the Abbe Korngog is even far more attractive than Ludovic Halevy's Abbe Constantin. For whereas the latter is a bland and gentle old man, who conveys a greater idea of saintliness than strength, and whose lines, thanks to his rich and florid personification, are cast in pleasant places, the Cure of Kermarion is a forceful and intensely human nature, the keystone of a poverty-stricken community, composed exclusively of peasants and fisherfolk, whose hardships he shares, and whom, in spite of their suspicious, reserved and rebellious character, he dominates not alone by his sacred office, but by his brain, but also by his brow. As an illustration of this we are told how he thrashed, and hurled the village bully, a burly innkeeper, when the latter, rendered almost insane with rage by the Abbe's action in wrenching a bottle of the vile potato brandy from a peasant and breaking it on the ground, had so far forgotten himself as to menace the priest with personal violence. It was during a terrible cholera epidemic at Kermarion, and the Abbe Korngog was on his way ministering as a priest and as a physician to his dying friend, Herve Rouzick, whose soul had taken its flight for a better world just as day was breaking. His heart was very heavy. For he had known Rouzick, the foster-father of the hero of the book, from childhood. But when he saw a member of his flock buying potato brandy, the sale of which he had forbidden while he was a doctor, his anger got the better of his grief, and he then and there used his brawn to enforce the orders which he had issued, not only as Cure, but also in his capacity as a health officer. For at Kermarion, as in many another remote fishing-village on the rocky, wreck-strewn coast of Brittany, there was no doctor within reach."

"Not for miles and miles, and from the first minute when the scourge appeared, the Cure 'took hold'—as the sailors say—and governed the sick and the well alike, as no other could have done—almost with a rod of iron."

TRUE REPRESENTATIVE OF PROVIDENCE. "And thus it is in well nigh every village of that strange, primitive part of France known as Brittany, whenever visited by cholera or any other deadly epidemic. The Cure, besides administering the last rites to the dying, acts as physician and as nurse to the sick, converting his rectory into a free dispensary. Thanks to his influence as a minister of the Church, he is able to exercise an authority in all sanitary matters of the village that no lay health officer could ever hope to wield. He brings consolation to the bereaved, acts as executor of the last wishes of the dead, is de facto guardian of the widows and young orphans, enforces obedience to the laws of the land from a people impatient of secular authority, and in one word, is a very human and, therefore, sympathetic representative of that Providence to Whom all turn in times of stress and trouble—especially in Brittany. The Cure usually becomes so attached to his flock, that frequently, as in the case of Abbe Korngog, he declines promotion, in order to remain with those among whom he has labored so devotedly, and with such unselfishness. For most of the meagre stipend of 800 francs (\$150) a year which the Breton Cures received until a few months ago from the state, went in charity, their parishioners being, as a rule, too poverty-stricken to contribute anything save an occasional catch of fish, or a basket of vegetables, to the maintenance of their rectory."

THE GOVERNMENT WILL SUFFER. "What they will do without him now it is difficult to say. Yet without stipend from the State, or from his parish, without even church or rectory, how can he remain, unless financial assistance comes from devout Catholics

in other and less impoverished parts of France? Not only will the people suffer cruelly from the loss of the one mentor and friend to whom alone they accord their whole trust, and from whom they have derived so much moral and material support; but the government also will be subjected to no end of difficulty through the disappearance of their most useful agents for the maintenance of order. When the Cure departs, the restraining influence goes, and trouble is almost certain to result in this strange and romantic region, where less than a third of the population understand and speak French, in fact, only those of the lower classes who have served in the army, and especially in the navy. For Brittany is the latter's nursery, and furnishes far and wide the largest proportion of its sailors, the backbone indeed of the French fleet."

## VATICAN MISREPRESENTED.

DOCUMENTS OF PAPAL NUNCIAATURE PUBLISHED IN GARBLED FORM.

The Observatore Romano publishes the following note from the Vatican: "In regard to the alleged revelations in the Paris Messidor on the subject of the documents taken from Mgr. Montagnini (the secretary of the Papal Nunciature, who was expelled from France), it can be stated that the latter has been misrepresented and need to make the following statements, especially against the ecclesiastics enjoying the confidence of the Holy See. "The manner in which the French Government has behaved in the matter is clear. When the Church refused to accept the intolerable conditions set forth in M. Briand's circular, the Government replied with seizing the papers of Mgr. Montagnini and expelling him from France, and now that the Church refuses to accept the conditions for the lease of the churches, it is answered with violations of right, truth and diplomatic customs which are respected by all civilized governments."

The Vatican, in protesting against the misrepresentation of the meaning of the seized documents, made the following explanation later: "The Papal Secretary of State, Cardinal Merry del Val, did not express satisfaction at the disorders in France at the time of the taking of the inventories of Church property, but he did announce his approval of the action of the Catholics in support of the Bishops. Mgr. Montagnini did not express himself in opposition to Mgr. Amette or Mgr. Pecheur before they were respectively appointed Archbishop of Paris and Bishop of Soissons, but as is customary he did report to the Vatican all the information received about the candidates for these offices."

Paris.—The facts revealed in the correspondence seized at the Papal Nunciature here, after the expulsion of Mgr. Montagnini, Secretary of the Nunciature, and published in the Messidor, only pertain to documents used in the presentation of the Abbe Jomard. Further publications are expected shortly. The diplomatic archives of the Nunciature previous to the rupture between France and the Vatican, have been turned over to the Austro-Hungarian Embassy. No official verification of the documents was made, the Austrian Government declining to assume any responsibility in the matter, and simply acting as an intermediary for the return of the documents to the Church. Cardinal Richer, the Archbishop of Paris, having declined to submit a new proposition regarding the contracts for the lease of the churches to the parish priests, there seems to be no prospect of a resumption of the negotiations, and the French Government has practically decided to carry out the policy it had previously mapped out.—Catholic Mirror.

## A GLIMPSE OF THE SUPER-NATURAL.

Not many years ago, at least not so many as to be beyond the reach of some now living, a very extraordinary event came to pass in a small town of Ireland. As to whether or not the occurrence may be strictly called miraculous, the reader will be the arbiter.

One of the priests of the town, a young man, had such a reputation for sanctity that he was commonly called "the holy priest," as he never was seen passing from church or school or cottage of the sick without his breviary in hand. On one occasion, and the last, he was on his way to visit the ill or dying when he suddenly stopped in great distress, and blood began to flow from his mouth. He fell, and was carried to a farmhouse nearby, and seemed to be dying, as indeed he was. Another priest was sent for in the interval. Some of the crowd around the couch of the young man chanced to express pain or wonder at his untoward accident, they were promptly silenced by the more devout, who cried out, while crossing themselves, "Is it not well for him, God bless him, to be going straight to God and heaven, the holy priest that he is!"

The priest, who had been sent for, arrived in all haste, but found the corpse of the young curate before him. The remains were interred in the usual way, after the Office and Mass, and a vast concourse attended the funeral to honor the burial of a saint. The obsequies over and the darkness approaching the clergy and the people retired to rest.

About the middle of the night the parish priest awoke and found a state of unusual panic. An unseen hand had withdrawn the bed curtains, and he beheld the dead priest before his eyes. "I was paralyzed with horror. My tongue and lips were powerless to move. There he was, as visible as you are now. In a few moments, when I had strength to listen, he said to me: 'I am suffering intense pain, and no one helps me with prayers, I had the name of being so holy that I now am left without assistance. Do pray and get

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others to pray for me." At this time I noticed that he carried a missal on his arm, and, having regained some little courage, I asked him why he did so. "My greatest solace is in Purgatory," said he, "is due to the care I took over night to prepare the reading of the daily Mass." "Then," said I, "how do I know now but that this is all a dream?" "By God's permission I will give you a proof." He touched my arm and vanished. I shrieked with agony, and my servants rushed to my room on hearing the sound. I rose, lit my lamp to examine the arm, and a strange mark was apparent. I went back to bed, but not to sleep. I still thought to account for the vision by fancying that the broad daylight would show the wound to be something common. When the sunlight streamed into my room I rose and again examined my arm. It was no dream; the flesh was signed with no ordinary mark."

When he came down to the dining room those present saw that he looked like a spectator, so pallid and ghastly was his face. In vain they inquired the cause. He soon gave up his parish and joined a religious order, and one of the curates, to whom, after long and many petitions, he communicated the facts just related, also joined the order founded by St. Ignatius, and it is to him I owe the marvelous facts I have chronicled.—The Irish Messenger.

## KEEPING IN TOUCH WITH CATHOLIC INTEREST.

I want to say that our Catholic laity should at all times keep in touch with Catholic interests, which in the domain of faith and morals should be for them interests of paramount importance. — Most Rev. Archbishop Glennon, in his recent monthly sermon at the New Cathedral Chapel.

What Catholic does not recognize without reflection the wisdom of this suggestion? Who does not see that failure in this grave duty begets in difference from which emanate almost all the evils which Church and people are called upon to combat? To this cause in large measure may be attributed the present troubles of the Church in France. And it is the same cause which threatens the stability of the Church in our own country.

The interests of the Church are essentially the interests of her children. More so even than the interests of the parent, are the interests of its citizens are the interests of the country. In either case separation of interests is an unnatural condition. But such separation is quite improbable where there exists a right understanding and a proper appreciation of the reciprocal duties that are implied in the respective relationships. Hence the wisdom in the timely and forceful admonition of His Grace the Archbishop. To keep in touch with Catholic interests means an intelligent affiliation with the Catholic

## Not a "Good Protestant."

As a proof that M. Briand never said anything about hunting Christ out of France, a Canadian Protestant paper recently asserted that the French Minister is a "good Protestant" and hence could not make use of such words. "As to that question," says our correspondent, "J. Napier, dated of January 18, 'it is easily settled. At the tribune he proclaimed recently: I am a freethinker, I favor no religion and I have no desire when one religion disappears to see another take its place.' (Journal Officiel, page 2161 November 9, 1906). These words effectually dispose of the claim that Briand is a Protestant. — Sacred Heart Review.

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