

# The Catholic Record.

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

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1908

1587.

## The Benediction.

From the French of Francois Coppée.

(Having read the translation by W. A. K. which we reprinted a few weeks ago, Mr. Robert McEwen of Picton sends us a translation of another poem of Coppée's.)

It was in eighteen hundred—and nine  
That we took Saragossa. What a day  
Of untold horrors! I was sergeant then,  
The city carried, we laid siege to the town,  
All shut up close, and with a treacherous look  
Raining down shots upon the windows,  
—This is the priest's "Domine" was the word passed  
round.

So that although since daybreak under arms—  
The eyes with powder smirking, and our muskets  
Bitter with kissing cartridge ends—put! put!  
Rattled the musketry with black coat were seen  
Flying in the distance.

Under the buffed helmets of the dead  
Rivulets of the blood ran trickling down the steps,  
While in the background solemnly the church  
Loomed up, its doors wide open. We went in  
It was a desert. Lighted tapers started  
The inner glow with points of gold. The incense  
Came out in perfumes. At the upper end,  
Turned to the altar as though unconcerned  
To the fringe of hair and tall stature, to a close  
White beard and hair of the Mass. So stamped  
Was coming towards me the Mass. So stamped  
That as I speak it comes before me now—  
The convent built in Moorish days of old  
The huge brown tower of the sun  
Making the red blood on the pavement stream  
And there, framed in by the low porch, the priest:  
Of his hair and his brilliant eyes, a gazette,  
And here ourselves all halting, hesitating.  
Almost afraid, I, certain as a gazette,  
Was a confirmed blasphemer. "It is on record  
That once, by way of sacrilegious joke,  
A chapel being sacred, I shot him, my captain  
At a candle burning on the altar.  
This time however, I was a priest, and my captain  
Was that old man." "Shoot him, my captain  
Cried.

Not a soul budged. The priest, beyond all doubt  
He faced us with the elevated Host.  
Having in his hand the Host, he reached  
When the faithful benediction falls,  
His lifted arms seemed as the spread of wings:  
With eyes closed, and a voice rising low,  
But in the general hush distinctly heard.  
"Et Spiritus Sanctus," he said; and ending  
His service, fell down dead. The golden pyx  
Rolled bounding on the floor. Then as we stood,  
I saw the old troops, who were our ground,  
Crying horror in our hearts, at sight  
Of such a shameful murder, and at sight  
Of such a martyr—my own death.  
"Amen!" I drew out a drummer boy.

—Antigonish Casket.

societies are all banded together into one general organization. There is scarcely a village but has some such association. And most of them are for absolutely selfish purposes—for the mutual protection, advancement, prosperity of the members. There are often secrecy and an abundance of grips and signs and pass words.

Its officials are the Bishops and priests; its members are the faithful throughout the world, men of every race, of every language, of every country, but all "one" around the altar of God. Do not Catholics appreciate what a privilege it is, even in a temporal sense, to belong to such an organization? It is the boast of the great secular organizations that their members are welcomed everywhere by fellow members. But there is no part of the world, no matter how remote, in the icy wastes of the extreme north or amidst the jungles of Africa, where a Catholic will not be welcomed by a fellow Catholic. And what a bond of sympathy is immediately forged by participation in the common faith. There is the instantaneous realization of a community in almost everything that makes life precious. There are the same training, the same thoughts, the same opinions, the same super-natural helps, the same hopes. The current of both lives flow into one channel. How much is bridged over when we know that a stranger, coming into contact with us is like ourselves—a Catholic! How quickly we become acquainted with a fellow traveller, for instance, when we only learn that he is of the household of the faith! Men declare that they are friends because they sit side by side in the same lodge room. But how much more to kneel side by side at the same Catholic altar!

It is a sight, as strange as sad, to see Catholics abandoning their faith to enter some forbidden society. But even from a temporal and selfish point of view there is no society which they may enter which can yield a title of the advantages which membership in the Church brings. Those unworthy Catholics are short-sighted for this world as they are blind to their eternal interests.—Monitor.

Father Damen took her thin hand and bent over her. There was no time to be lost.

"You should have sent for me earlier, my good man," said he to the husband, "still I hope to God I am not too late."

He heard the poor woman's confession, then hurried back to the church as quickly as he could to bring the Holy Viaticum to the sick room. While the dying woman, with the deepest devotion, prepared herself to receive the Blessed Sacrament for the last time, the old man, with the help of some other inmates of the house, got the room ready for the entrance of the Divine Visitor.

When the priest returned the old woman was rapidly nearing her end. With every sign of inward longing and joy she received the Holy Viaticum. An angelic smile lighted up her sunken features, and the peace of Heaven seemed already to overshadow her.

A sudden idea occurred to the pious priest, and he asked the old man if he had ever had any children.

"Yes, indeed," was the answer, "two dear, good little boys, whose greatest delight was to serve Mass; but the good God took them away from us in their childhood." The dying woman also heard and understood the question. A glimmering of the actual truth then dawned on the priest's mind. He bent over her and said softly, "Would you like to know who brought me to you tonight?" And she nodded affirmatively, he continued: "It was your two little sons who came from Heaven and showed me the way here, in order that you might not die without the last Sacraments." A glorious happiness showed itself in her face; she whispered some words of thanksgiving, and a few moments afterwards drew her last breath.

Thus in Heaven did that good mother and her darlings, whom on earth she had trained with the greatest care in obedience and piety.

Never again would she be separated from them.

In memory of this truly wonderful incident there is to be seen over the entrance door of the Church of the Holy Family in Chicago a carving in stone. It represents two small simplified figures kneeling with candles held in their right hands, and an expression of deep piety on their sweet, childish faces.—Manchester Herald.

Christ that baptiseth. The priest absolves the penitent in each. Christ ratifies the sentence in heaven. If the priest offers the adorable sacrifice, Christ is invisibly present, the High Priest and Victim. In a word, the priest is another Christ.

*Teus sacerdos in aeternum.* (Heb. v. 6.) A priest is set to continue the work of His Master. He is chosen and called and consecrated to make visible and sensible the life, the mind, the word and the will of Jesus Christ. St. Bernard says, "Feed the flock by thy mind, by the lips, by thy works, by thy spirit of prayer, by the exhortation of thy words, by the example of all thine actions." Our Lord means that His priest should perpetuate in the world not only His truth and His holy sacraments, but His own mind and likings and life.

So great is the union between the priest and Christ whom he represents that when he says "Hoc est corpus meum," the priest ought to offer his own blood as an oblation to his divine Master, in body, soul and spirit, with all his faculties, powers and affections in life and unto death. Wonderful God's condescension in choosing men to be other Christs, and great should be the reverence in which the priest holds himself and still more the reverence he should receive from the faithful.

The priest is the figure of Christ, or character of Christ, because upon him is impressed the image of his priesthood, and a share in it is given to him. He is, as St. Paul says, "Configured to His death." In every Mass the priest sets forth the death of the Lord until He come. And they make an oblation of themselves in conformity to His oblation to the Father.

Albertus Magnus and St. Thomas have truly said that no greater power or dignity than the power and dignity of consecrating the body of Christ was ever bestowed upon man, and no greater sanctity or perfection can be conceived than the sanctity and perfection required for so divine an action in the priest.

All the day long the priests are near to Christ; all their life is related to Him: from Him they go out in the morning, and to Him they return at night.

They are in the Mass in contact with His substance. He who is joined to the Lord is one spirit. St. Paul says that we are members of His body, His flesh, and of His bone, and he bids us to bear God in our body.

In the order of divine action, it places the priest, in respect to the power of consecration, next to the Blessed Virgin, the living tabernacle of the Incarnate Word, and in respect to the guardianship of the Blessed Sacrament next to St. Joseph, the foster-father and guardian of the Son of God. What more can be bestowed upon the priest? What more can be said than the above words, the substance of which have been drawn from the most eminent theologians?—Bishop Colton in Catholic Union and Times.

"Another gain has been in the line of coming to see the various devotions of the Church in their right proportions. Those 'outside' make so much and wrongly of the honors paid to saints, martyrs, angels, the Blessed Virgin Mary. Why is this? Simply and largely owing to the fact that not standing 'within,' and with Christ in the centre of everything, they fail to grasp the proportions that all these others sustain to Him. Difficulties hitherto insurmountable, these particulars have vanished; changed into the riches of divine grace—coming to the soul by means of these holy presences round about us, and especially that of the Blessed Virgin, the Mother of God. Helps all to lead us whither? To our Lord Himself in a way and with a definite reality not to be found save in the Catholic Church.

"The one other gain of which mention is to be made now is the spiritual strength that springs from being under the shadow of a certain authority. The tones are clear, the position is assured; there need not be any misunderstanding as to what the Catholic Church believes and teaches, and enforces. The success of St. Peter and Vicar of Christ on earth is not afraid to speak out in the defense of the faith; nor is there any hesitancy in demanding for that faith a timely, loyal obedience. This applies alike to all classes and conditions and believers. From what a multitude of 'opinions,' 'isms,' 'vagaries' and one knows not what, such an authority delivers us! Gains of the character indicated are vital parts in true spiritual riches; consequently sources of renewed and daily increasing strength to live as we find it necessary day by day.—The Missionary.

comes to shuffle off the things that prevent us from speaking our full minds here.

Little the wonder that such a shy man as Mr. Harris hid his face in hidden from the world.—S. H. H. in Catholic Standard and Times.

## ONLY AN INCIDENT.

An act of heroism, but which, perhaps, the doer considers only an incident in his life, made up as it must be of continual sacrifice, comes from Bruce, Wis., of which a young Irish priest, Father Rice, is pastor. One dark and stormy night last April, he received word that an old man, who had neglected his religious duties for many years, was dying. The dying parishioner was forty miles away, and when the journey was made, the priest found the Chippewa river had to be crossed. The only bridge was still twelve miles further on, necessitating a return trip of about the same distance on the other side of the river. A boat could not live on the swift and treacherous current, and though in all human probability it meant death, the brave priest decided to swim across. Divesting himself of his outer clothing, he plunged into the icy water in the midst of a hail and snow storm, and after half an hour of terrible struggle, reached the opposite shore. Then he pushed through the woods and arrived at the bedside of the man in time to administer the last Sacraments. This, it is said, is not the first time Father Rice has risked his life in order to carry the ministrations of their religion to dying members of his flock.

## CATHOLIC NOTES.

Rev. Geo. J. Vahay, of Cleveland, one of the best known priests in the United States, was instantly killed on August 9th, in an automobile accident, near Toledo, Ohio.

Rev. Father Kelly, P. P., Douro, Diocese of Peterborough, spent St. Ann's day, 1908, at the Shrine of St. Ann de Beaupre. On that day forty years ago he was ordained a priest in St. Mary's Cathedral, Kingston.

Fifteen members of the society of Jesus were ordained on July 28, at the Sacred Heart College, Woodstock Md., by His Excellency, the Most Rev. Dionisio Falconio, the Apostolic Delegate of Washington.

The many friends of Father John B. Tabb and all who admire the poet-priest because of his beautiful writings, will be pained to learn that the gifted author has recently experienced one of the keenest afflictions that man can endure—the loss of sight.

The largest seminary in the world is the one for foreign missions in Paris. More than 1,300 secular priests, all ordained at this seminary in the missions of Asia. The combined population of the territories covered by this great society numbers nearly 250,000,000 souls.

Chicago is to entertain the first Catholic missionary congress ever held in the United States. The event, scheduled for next November, is expected to eclipse the recent Catholic jubilee celebration in New York. Preparations for the affair are under the supervision of the Catholic Church Extension Society.

In commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Cardinal Manning a great demonstration, organized by the League of the Cross, was held in Hyde Park, London, Sunday afternoon, July 19, over ten thousand people taking part. The assemblage was one of the most memorable of the kind that has been witnessed in the metropolis for many years.

The Right Rev. Bishop Conaty, of Los Angeles, received into the Church on July 27, Mr. Grover R. Harrison until recently a student of the Western Episcopal Seminary of Chicago. Mr. Harrison is another of the band of professors and students of Nebraska and the Western seminaries who have resented the open pulpits canon and entered the Catholic Church.

The Right Rev. Bishop O'Connell will soon complete his six years' term as rector of the University at Washington, and the rumor of his appointment as coadjutor to His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, with the right of succession to the Archbishopric of Baltimore, is persistent. It is said that such a promotion is favored by the Cardinal. Bishop O'Connell is with His Eminence in Europe this summer.

The convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies was formally opened in Boston on the 10th inst. by a business session, presided by Solemn High Mass of Requiem for the deceased members of the Church of the Immaculate Conception. The convention will discuss many important matters including divorce laws, socialism, observance of the Sabbath, child labor, condition of immigrants and the question of forming an organization similar to the Young Men's Christian Association.

The Right Rev. Mgr. O'Riordan, Rector of the Irish College, Rome, received in audience by the Holy Father last week and presented a number of cases containing Irish gifts for the Papal Jubilee. The most important was a Papal cope of Irish poplin, magnificently embroidered, the gift of several laymen, headed by Charles Dawson, of Dublin. The Pope promised to wear the cope on the earliest occasion. The donors of the other gifts included the Society of Irish Working Missions, the Irish Sisters of Charity, and Messrs. Lafayette, of Dublin. His Holiness begged Mgr. O'Riordan to give his warm thanks to all the donors, and he sent them the Apostolic Benediction.

## CONVERSION OF "UNCLE REMUS."

How appropriate was it that the beautiful prayers and services of the Catholic Church should have accompanied the pure soul of Joel Chandler Harris, "Uncle Remus," to eternal happiness. He had lived in a Catholic atmosphere since that day, in 1873, when he took for his baptismal name, a French Canadian, to be his helpmeet. She proved the constant inspiration of her husband, and by her energy, vivacity and housewifely qualities helped him to success in this life and happiness in the next.

Long a Catholic in belief and sympathy, Mr. Harris' failure to make an open and public manifestation of his adherence to the faith of his wife and six children was undoubtedly due to his extraordinary shyness, the fear of attracting the attention to himself which would have followed his attendance at Mass.

Rev. Father O. H. Jackson, of St. Anthony's Church, Atlanta, Ga., from which Mr. Harris was buried, when asked the date of his reception into the true fold, said:

"I had the pleasure of receiving Mr. Harris into the Church on June 24. I had known Mr. Harris intimately for six years, and in all that time his belief and his life was thoroughly Catholic. His retiring disposition to my mind, was the only thing that prevented him from being baptized in any church, but his knowledge of the truths of the Catholic faith was far greater than that of many Catholics. His favorite books were Cardinal Newman's works, and his weekly companion the Ave Maria which he always enjoyed; so that his request for baptism was no surprise to me."

Columns could be filled with stories of the extraordinary modesty of this man, who shall always live in English literature. His paper, Atlanta Constitution, said of him in its obituary:

He lived all the years of a simple and shy life in the walled city of modesty. Probably no other man of his day was so widely known and so little known. Hundreds of people in the suburb where he lived had never seen him to know him. His modesty was proverbial. It was the shyness of a timid, simple, unpretentious gentleman. He despised show and ostentation. He hated to be lionized. And still no old-time Negro, no person in distress, no deserving seeker for his favor ever found him anything but kindly, interested and sympathetic. All employees on the street railway line running by his house knew and loved him. In the old days of the horsecar line he would often relieve the driver while the latter went inside to have his dinner.

When President and Mrs. Roosevelt visited Atlanta in 1906, Mr. Harris had specially requested that Mr. Harris should meet his train and ride with himself and Mrs. Roosevelt to the Governor's mansion. So all arrangements were made to have "Uncle Remus" meet the Roosevelts; and they were successful, owing to the fact that a special guard was kept on "Uncle Remus" to see that he did not escape. At the banquet President Roosevelt said:

"I am going to very ill repay the courtesy with which I have been greeted by causing, for a moment or two, acute discomfort to a man of whom I am very fond—'Uncle Remus.' Presidents may come and Presidents may go, but Uncle Remus stays put. Georgia has never done more for the Union than when she gave Joel Chandler Harris to American literature."

When on his death-bed one of his sons said cheerfully, "Father, your time has now come to be no more." With sudden seriousness, Mr. Harris replied: "My son, when a man dies, instead of saying 'she is no more,' say 'is forever.'"

Speaking to Clark Howell, editor of the Constitution, about his father, with whom he had worked for thirty years, he said: "There was never a ripple on the strong stream of our confidence and faith in each other. But one day he slipped gently into the beatitudes, when I hope to find him when my time

## LOOKING BACKWARD AND FORWARD

One day Cardinal Manning was asked what advantage he acquired by becoming a Catholic. He replied unhesitatingly: "Certainty and reality." Henry C. Granger, who was formerly the pastor of the leading Episcopal church in Exton, Pa., recently gave out in answer to a similar question as to his experience of one year in the Catholic Church the following statement. It is peculiarly valuable coming from such a source:

"In view of the sacrifices made in order to enter the Catholic Church, it is perhaps natural at the close of one year in the same to ask oneself this question: 'What has been gained by reason of the change?' Particularly is this so when the previous thirty years of ministerial life in totally different surroundings is taken into consideration.

"There has been a positive gain. In what direction does this lie? Certainly no money value can be placed upon much that has been gained. The laws are not for sale in the market place. Spiritual riches are not quoted on the stock exchange in these days, if ever they were. Says the inspired writer: 'I know thy tribulation and thy poverty, but thou art rich.' If not in the material—as the result of the change—assuredly in things spiritual. Here we must look for the gains. What are some of these? One is that inner peace of soul which must be experienced to be fully realized, the quiet harbor, after the storm, the anchorage sure and steadfast. It has not been quiet in the soul because there was nothing to disturb, or annoy, or try; but owing to the fact that there was a power superior to all these; consequently they were kept in their proper place. We need not enumerate the crosses, since there has been grace sufficient to carry these.

"Another gain has been a growing appreciation of what our Lord intended His Church to be, the visible abode on earth of His Real Presence. In the Sacrament of the Altar, the Holy Eucharist, He is with His children, actually, though mysteriously. This sublime fact of all facts comes home with peculiar and a constantly growing force to one who has been but a short time comparatively in the Church of Christ. It—this Real Presence—is the centre about which everything else revolves. With this goes of necessity the worship, the spiritual Communion, the vocal silence of the Mass, all that serves to impress one with the fact: 'This is Holy Ground! Bow down! Cover thy face! Call in thy wandering thoughts! God is here! To have gained any slight realization of such a truth is truly a 'gain' to be cherished, cultivated and prized far, far beyond any sacrifice that may have been made to attain unto it.

## THE PRIEST.

The priest is called the man of God. He is named the servant of God, and so in the highest, the Pope, he is called the servant of the servants of God.

The priest is the friend of Christ. "I will not now," our Lord says, "call you servants, for the servant knoweth not what his lord doth; but I have called you friends, because all things whatsoever I have heard of My Father I have made known to you."

He is the brother of Jesus, for after His resurrection our Lord sent by Mary Magdalene in his hands and partakes of the same flesh that was born of the Virgin Mary. He immolates himself on the altar of duty and charity in behalf of his fellow beings. His whole life is a perpetual sacrifice, and self-sacrifice is an evidence of a magnanimous soul.

He is a dispenser of the mysteries of God. He is the custodian of the blessed sacrament. He breaks the bread of life. He is the minister of benediction. He has, therefore, jurisdiction not only over the natural body, but also over the mystical body which is composed of the members of His Church. "Whatsoever you shall bind upon earth, shall be bound also in heaven, and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed also in heaven." As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you." When Christ had said this He breathed on them and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose sins ye shall forgive, they are forgiven them, and whose sins ye shall retain they are retained."

The priest is called physician of the soul, for St. James says: "Is any man sick among you let him call in the priests of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of the faith shall save the sick man, and the Lord will raise him up; and if he be in sins they shall be forgiven him."

The priest is called an angel or messenger of God, because, like the angels, he is the bearer of messages between earth and heaven, and is sent to minister for them, who shall receive the inheritance of salvation.—Hebrews.

He is an intercessor between God and man, as Christ Jesus our Lord is the mediator of redemption. He is the ambassador of Christ. Nothing is more honorable than to be an ambassador of the king, for you have his confidence and you guard his interests.

He is a co-laborer with God. His official acts are Christ's acts. His words are the echo of Christ's voice. "Behold," he says; "I am with you all days, even to the end of the world. He that receiveth you, receiveth me, and he that despiseth you, despiseth me."

If the priest addresses to heaven the prayers of the faithful, Christ presents them to His eternal Father. If he sows the gospel seed, Christ giveth the increase. If he confers the sacraments, Christ imparts that grace that makes them fruitful. Though Peter baptize, says St. Augustine, "it is Christ that baptizeth. Though Paul baptize, it is

## A HAPPY DEATH.

Father Arnold Damen, a Jesuit, whose unflagging zeal for the conversion of Protestants is testified by many flourishing missions in North America, once had an extraordinary experience in Chicago.

One evening in the church of the Holy Family he had been longer in the confessional than usual. After the last person had left, he knelt down in a side chapel in order to offer his last regards to his Lord.

The church doors were already closed and the lamps put out. Only before the tabernacle burnt the everlasting light and threw its trembling glimmer over the marble of the High Altar.

As Father Damen rose from his devotions and was about to leave by way of the sacristy, he noticed in the sanctuary, close under the altar, two small kneeling figures. In astonishment he stepped nearer, for he could not imagine how, in spite of the sacristan's careful final survey, there could be someone praying there at such a late hour.

The figures were those of two little boys in white surplices, with lighted candles in their right hands. Absorbed in prayer, they had apparently not noticed the approach of the priest.

Father Damen was amazed at the fearlessness of the children who were not afraid of praying so late in the dark, empty church. He was just about to ask them the reason of their abode, when both of them hurriedly rose up, and, with light footsteps, turned away from the altar and went down the nave towards the door. Evidently they were afraid of the priest, whose unexpected appearance had frightened them.

In vain he sought by kind words to calm their fears; they did not listen to him but hastened away still, right to the end of the church. Then, they stood before the big door and Father Damen was close behind them. But before he had got quite up to the children, the two halves of the big door, gently, and apparently of themselves, opened wide. Through them both the small figures passed out into the dark night.

All around, the noisy traffic of the day was stilled, the streets were empty, and everything lay in the solemn quietude of night. Father Damen followed the boys through the lonely streets of the city. Their candles lighted his way and he thanked God inwardly for the grace which had been vouchsafed him. At last the two stopped before a wretched little house in the suburbs and allowed the priest to precede them. Then they again hurried ahead of him up a staircase, and behind their step was shed a beautiful clear light. Father Damen never for one minute lost sight of his little guides, and, praying earnestly, waited for what was to come.

Suddenly the two children disappeared and left him groping in the dark, their task evidently fulfilled. At length he found the latch of a door. He knocked, and after a voice from within had answered, he entered a miserable little room. An old, white-haired man came towards him and pointed sadly to a straw bed in a corner. The priest went over to it and found a poor, wasted figure in a deep swoon.

"Thank God you have come," said the old man, kissing the priest's hand. "My wife has been sick and ailing for a long time, but tonight she seems to be weaker than ever. Her end must surely be near."

While these words were spoken the sick woman opened her eyes.

## A CHEERFUL NATURE.

There are but few Catholics who do not appreciate the value of membership in the grand old Church. Sentiment, reason, faith combine to sustain and increase this appreciation.

All Catholics recognize that the Church is the ark of safety amidst the waves. It is the institution established by the Son of God to conduct men to heaven. In and through the Church his divine Lord ordained that men should be saved.

It is the mission of the Church to preach the gospel of Christ and to teach the nations. We Catholics accept the teaching of the Church with absolute confidence. We never doubt; we never deny; we never seek to elude. There is no unobtainable privilege; no rest absolutely certain and content. It is sufficient for us that the Church teaches; the Church is the representative of Christ, the pillar and ground of truth. She cannot err, for she is hedged around by divinity, guided and directed by the Holy Spirit. It is with pity that we look upon those who are "loosed higher and higher by every wind of doctrine." It is to His Church that our Lord has confided His sacraments. Her priests are the "dispensers of the mysteries of God." From them we receive the sacraments and participate in the precious Blood of Calvary. It is the priests of the Church who cleanse the souls of the faithful in the laver of baptism; it is the priests who forgive sins in the sacred tribunal and pour the balm on the wounded soul, it is the priests who bless the marriage of the young twain as they kneel before the altar of God; and it is the priests who stand by the bedside of the sick unto death to comfort them with the last anointing and strengthen them against the hour of conflict. There is no one but has noted the love and devotion of the Catholic people for their priests. And this love, this devotion, is the best evidence of the value which Catholics place upon membership in their Church. Every Catholic appreciates the spiritual value of membership in the membership in the Church of God, and those outside of the Church, sinners souls, envy the Catholics their confidence and their affectionate loyalty to it. They cannot help but contrast it with their own indifference to the sect to which they belong. And how their hearts yearn for an institution strong, loving, appreciative, upon which they might lean, and which in return they might love. Alas for them that seeing they do not see. There is but one such institution, by necessity a divine institution, the Church of all ages!

But whilst Catholics are duly appreciative of the spiritual value of membership in the Church, have they ever realized the temporal advantages of belonging to the Catholic Church? The universal tendency of our age is toward association, and this is in every sphere this tendency is apparent. The forces of nature have almost conspired to compel men to combine. In business life, in social life, organization is feverishly progressing. There are combinations along every conceivable line. What is there that has not noticed the extraordinary increase of societies in our country? And the individual