

THE BANK
CANADA
CHARTER 1854

ANNUAL DIVIDEND

Merely given that a rate of Six Per Cent. on the paid-up Capital Bank has been declared for the months ending the 31st of March next. The same will be closed from the 28th of February, 1909.

of the Board,
JAMES MASON,
General Manager
Jan. 23, 1909

100 KING ST. WEST
TORONTO

MOND STREET
London

ALSO AT—
Thomas,
erton,
ordale.

ANTED AT ONCE on salaries and expenses. One good man each locality with rig or capable handling horses to advertise and warranted Royal Purple Stock and No. 1 experience necessary; work for you. \$25 a week and permanent. Write **MANFOLD CO.,** London, Ontario.

CANDLES

All sizes and styles
MISSION
SUPPLIES
ALTA PLATE
BOOKS, ORDO,
Etc.

J. J. M. LANDY
416 Queen St. West
TORONTO, Ont.

ing Beautiful Illustrations
JUST READY—26th Year
Home Annual

OR 1909
Frontispiece in Colors and on other Illustrations.
PRICE 25 CENTS

Mail. Per dozen \$2.00
Interesting Articles of the Best
ronomical Calculations—Cal-
casts and Facts—A Household
—Reading for the Family.

ENTS OF THE 1909 ISSUE.
of Catholic Progress. By
M. A. A.
Tide Game in. By Marie
t.
rds of Wisdom. Civil War
HON. MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, L.L.D.
Years. By ANN T. SODER.
By MARY T. WAGGAMAN. FOM
e. By MARY E. MANNEY.
Monasteries. By MARY J.
t. Eleven Illustrations.
ions. By ANN T. SODER.

tion of an Indian Maiden.
BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN. THE SILENT
ve Illustrations.
Lily. By JEROME HARTE. THOMAS
By GRACE KEON.
e. By MARGARET ROSE.
ible Events of the Year 1907
ight Illustrations

Catholic Record
ONDON, CANADA

CANDLES

WILL & BAUMER
—KIND—
All Qualities
All Sizes
All Shapes

The BEST on the MARKET
Brands—Stearine,
Argand and Star
Beewax
Standard Altar
L'Autel & Purissima

SEND FOR PRICE LIST
THE
CATHOLIC RECORD
ONDON - CANADA

Irish Booklets, nicely tied
ribbon, just the thing to send
to friends on St. Patrick's Day.
Dozen in a box with envelopes
each for 25 cents. Samples 10c.
Peel Mfg. Co., London, Ont.

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXI.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY MARCH 6, 1909.

1585

A Litany of Every Day.

Not that there be less to bear,
Not that there be more to share;
But for braver heart for bearing;
But for braver heart for bearing;
Here I pray,
Not for scenes of richer beauty,
Not for paths of lighter duty;
But for clearer eyes for seeing,
Gentler hands, more patient being,
Every day.
Not that joy and peace unfold me,
Not that wealth and pleasure hold me;
But that I may dry a tear,
Speak a word of strength and cheer
On the way.
Not that I may sit apart,
Housed from hurt of fling and smart;
But that in the press and throng
I may keep a courage strong,
Here I pray.

Not that I at set of sun
Measure deeds of greatness done;
To my low tent in the grass
To my low tent in the grass

One may say:
"Speed thee well, O friend, who gave
Freely all thy heart did crave;
Love and truth and tenderness,
Faith and trust and kindness,
In thy day."
—SHERLOT M. HALL.

"A Farewell."
"My fairest child, I have no song to
give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.
"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will
be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all
day long;
And so make life, death and that vast
forever
One grand sweet song."
—CHARLES KINGWELLY.

ARE YOU A SOCIALIST?
In our last letter we promised that we would give some consideration to the doubt, whether after another generation of neglect there may be sufficient manhood left worth saving, if men do not learn in time to look into the mirror of unselfishness without being ashamed: This is our subject to-day.

The greatest obstacle to the development of manhood is, in the eyes of those who have observed the course of the world, that fateful weakness which subjects freedom men to the tyranny of "public opinion;" and the meanest fledgling in the brood of this nest of infamy is the common, current slogan of the sluggards: "Every man is entitled to his opinion."

Before men have learned to stand on their own feet, and to know their own minds, it is futile to essay a reform. And before we see plainly into some certain fallacies, and have accounted them fallacies, every attempt at learning to think our own thoughts, and knowing that they are our own, amounts to no more than to sowing wheat among the cockle; sprouting a plenty; but no ears.

The war-cry of liberalism quoted above has obtained such vogue that there are not many men who have not carved their own "In Memoriam" into its "bark." In fact, there is little doubt but that some of our readers are startled at the audacity of the scribe who dares to level a mere quill at so strong and time-honored a "finger-post of modern progress."

But despite it all, that popular adage above is full of freedom of thought—the pride of man—and of integrity of sentiment—the boast of the public—and a ghastly monument erected over the tomb of common sense. It has contributed more to the perpetuating of the prevailing confusion of ideas on the part of the masses than any other man and man's object and aim in all other vanished lives that have been invented to cover up the wickedness of that resuscitated Pied Piper, Liberalism.

A brief consideration of the frivolous liberality of this by-word of cowards who are afraid of the consequences of their own reasoning will convince, we trust, any sensible man that our contention, though seemingly crude, is nevertheless reasonable and just.

To allow every man to hold and to express his own opinion irrespective of the qualification of the man for having an opinion worth a pinch of salt, and irrespective also of the nature of that opinion, whether it be founded on reasonable argument, or simply on that man's ignorance or prejudice, is giving unwarrentable latitude of opinion and influence to the worst inclinations with which man may be afflicted; to the proneness to deception, hypocrisy and lying. In the train of this triple alliance of mischief would follow blasphemy, revenge, perjury and murder.

It is only the professional thug who claims such unrestricted license in practice. Szolozog—to quote only this instance for its newness—was of the opinion that Mr. McKinley stood in the way of prosperity as he conceived it; Szolozog killed the President, and the government struck back at Szolozog; we did not take kindly to such open practicing of one man's opinion among us.

But if man is entitled to his opinion, no matter what it may be, this privilege amounts to nothing if he may not act on his opinion. So either such opinions are sprung up in a bare-brained rater are not to be privileged, or, if privileged, must be respected.

If the opinion of the dastard was wrong, then let us say so as distinctly as we may, and proclaim our conviction from the housetops that some men are not entitled to some certain opinions.

But then—shall a few select men dictate our opinions to us?
No; not any single man, nor any number of men together, shall try to impress us with their superior wisdom! It is not what any man, even the wisest, may deem proper and prudent, that shall govern public thought and public expression of thought; no, no man as such is wise enough to follow the labyrinthine by-ways of human thought and sentiment, and ready at all times to furnish all manner of reasonable doubt as to his being rightly understood; no, and again, no!

But what will and must be accepted as the standard of thinking and feeling about man and man's affairs as a sociable being is incontrovertible Truth in the form of such solid principles as have been deduced from the rock-bottom Foundation of moral truth: "The good must be done, and the evil must be avoided." Then we shall live and be governed by principle, and not by the whims and fancies of unripe journalists still carrying the warmth of the school seat on their seats, and by the swarm of self-constituted promoters and reformers generally who owe nothing to recommend them as leaders, but a surplus of "brass" and bluster, but who are swollen, fresh from the crib, with the undigested hash of new fads and "philosophies."

The "opinion" to which Mr. McKinley's life was sacrificed, and to which the murderer felt himself "entitled," had been blown abroad in a certain portion of the public press for some years before it ripened its fruit in the breast of the assassin.

But immediately the objection is raised: "Opinions are harmless as long as a man does not act upon them to the detriment of the rights of others." Way not rather admit the obligation of enlightening the man of the false opinion? Is there no one who has the right to teach common sense to those that need it so sorely? Is our neighbor for his mere privilege of being our fellow citizen so strongly entrenched in the fortress of his civic liberties that he must be severely left alone even in his wickedness? Are men spiders housed away in the recesses of their traps lying in wait for unsuspecting prey? The broom is a thorough cure of the predatory habits of the "polydorus" marauder in his dusty castle; why should not a generous dose of timely discipline work the cure of rampant devilry in the form of "private opinions" stored up under the adamant dome of the social null?

There are subjects which allow a divergence of view, but there are also subjects which absolutely forbid liberties of position towards them. But upon examination it will be found that those subjects, which present a different aspect to different eyes are in themselves and of their nature either of little or no importance to man as related to man, or do not enter deep into the interests of the common life. Thus it makes practically little difference what one may think of the theory of Copernicus—men did live and love before it was advanced; or of the relations of Antony and Cleopatra; or of the historical claims of the Odyssey, etc., etc. But it makes a world of difference what, e.g., a business-man may think of the obligation of honesty in his dealings with his customers; or, what an author may think of the rules of grammar; or, an artist of the canons of established esthetics. Nor is there much of a cry necessary to convince sensible men that the difference between the practical politics of a modern Democrat and a Republican is so insignificant that the preponderance of the one persuasion over the other would constitute a danger to the commonwealth.

But in view of the consideration proposed, the license of every vagabond for an opinion of his own, paraded mid the batrachian pibroch of our patent patriots, "Every man is entitled to his opinion," surely ought to be curtailed.

An honest opinion is based on good reason. Hence to accord the privilege of an opinion on a certain subject to anybody not even slightly acquainted with the intricacies of reasoning that may be involved in the forming of an opinion on that particular subject is a perversion of the idea of liberty.

For instance: It is customary in certain quarters nowadays to respect the opinion of a cobbler, let us say, on the requirements of education more highly than that of a professional pedagogues. Why? 1. Because the American citizen as the liberties of the American citizen as much as any newspaper in the Land of the Free. 2. Because education is the profession of the "pedagogue"—and professional men have made themselves so ridiculous in these days of education experimenting with the flower of the nation, and with educational fads, that they have brought down the scorn of the masses on the heads of the whole fraternity of professional men.

There must be a standard of valuation for every human activity, or we are hopelessly delivered up to slavery under the mesmeric eye of every quack who may happen along the way. The American public has canceled all moral values, has put morality on the bargain counter to be "thrown in" with every luxury laid out for sale.

We were we have reached bottom in the study of religion and earth; we have climbed the highest pinnacle of all experimental science; nay, we have damned philosophy and all manner of speculative search into the depths of truth; have reformed logic—for we had to would we keep up the pretense of consistency; we have turned the world upside down, and the earth into into a fata morgana; we have turned a heaven, such as suits us here; we revel in our blindfolded misery like lepers

in the privilege of scratching their sores! When will we understand!
We have unhinged the vertebrae of our spinal column in paying homage to the "opinion" of every leaves, black-guard and sappy-shocked "savior" of our religion and our institutions; and yet we are forced to increase the capacity of our almshouses, our insane asylums, our prisons, and our criminal courts can scarcely handle their business prae multitudo!

We have dispensed ourselves from the first, and from the remaining nine Commandments in the name of "liberty to all alike," so that we may not be hindered from raising a generation of hale, hearty and healthy youngsters, who need fear no God, love no father, tolerate no cheek; who are able, fresh, fit, and fat and ferine to do honor to the mothering of a cannibal. Where is it to end?

It is a sad sight to witness the universal decline of the virtues of our fathers—who were not angels by profession by any means; but the State dishearteningly still carrying the warmth of the school seat on their seats, and by the swarm of self-constituted promoters and reformers generally who owe nothing to recommend them as leaders, but a surplus of "brass" and bluster, but who are swollen, fresh from the crib, with the undigested hash of new fads and "philosophies."

The "opinion" to which Mr. McKinley's life was sacrificed, and to which the murderer felt himself "entitled," had been blown abroad in a certain portion of the public press for some years before it ripened its fruit in the breast of the assassin.

But immediately the objection is raised: "Opinions are harmless as long as a man does not act upon them to the detriment of the rights of others." Way not rather admit the obligation of enlightening the man of the false opinion? Is there no one who has the right to teach common sense to those that need it so sorely? Is our neighbor for his mere privilege of being our fellow citizen so strongly entrenched in the fortress of his civic liberties that he must be severely left alone even in his wickedness? Are men spiders housed away in the recesses of their traps lying in wait for unsuspecting prey? The broom is a thorough cure of the predatory habits of the "polydorus" marauder in his dusty castle; why should not a generous dose of timely discipline work the cure of rampant devilry in the form of "private opinions" stored up under the adamant dome of the social null?

There are subjects which allow a divergence of view, but there are also subjects which absolutely forbid liberties of position towards them. But upon examination it will be found that those subjects, which present a different aspect to different eyes are in themselves and of their nature either of little or no importance to man as related to man, or do not enter deep into the interests of the common life. Thus it makes practically little difference what one may think of the theory of Copernicus—men did live and love before it was advanced; or of the relations of Antony and Cleopatra; or of the historical claims of the Odyssey, etc., etc. But it makes a world of difference what, e.g., a business-man may think of the obligation of honesty in his dealings with his customers; or, what an author may think of the rules of grammar; or, an artist of the canons of established esthetics. Nor is there much of a cry necessary to convince sensible men that the difference between the practical politics of a modern Democrat and a Republican is so insignificant that the preponderance of the one persuasion over the other would constitute a danger to the commonwealth.

But in view of the consideration proposed, the license of every vagabond for an opinion of his own, paraded mid the batrachian pibroch of our patent patriots, "Every man is entitled to his opinion," surely ought to be curtailed.

An honest opinion is based on good reason. Hence to accord the privilege of an opinion on a certain subject to anybody not even slightly acquainted with the intricacies of reasoning that may be involved in the forming of an opinion on that particular subject is a perversion of the idea of liberty.

For instance: It is customary in certain quarters nowadays to respect the opinion of a cobbler, let us say, on the requirements of education more highly than that of a professional pedagogues. Why? 1. Because the American citizen as the liberties of the American citizen as much as any newspaper in the Land of the Free. 2. Because education is the profession of the "pedagogue"—and professional men have made themselves so ridiculous in these days of education experimenting with the flower of the nation, and with educational fads, that they have brought down the scorn of the masses on the heads of the whole fraternity of professional men.

There must be a standard of valuation for every human activity, or we are hopelessly delivered up to slavery under the mesmeric eye of every quack who may happen along the way. The American public has canceled all moral values, has put morality on the bargain counter to be "thrown in" with every luxury laid out for sale.

We were we have reached bottom in the study of religion and earth; we have climbed the highest pinnacle of all experimental science; nay, we have damned philosophy and all manner of speculative search into the depths of truth; have reformed logic—for we had to would we keep up the pretense of consistency; we have turned the world upside down, and the earth into into a fata morgana; we have turned a heaven, such as suits us here; we revel in our blindfolded misery like lepers

FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN AS A PREACHER.

A staff correspondent in T. P.'s Weekly (London paper), gives the following interesting sketch of the famous Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., as a preacher at the Church of the Jesuit Fathers, Farm St., London:

The Church of the Jesuit Fathers is in a new, and passing it casually you would probably take it for a Dissenting Chapel of the days before chapels took to calling themselves churches and imitating cathedrals in their externals. It is true that it is faced with stone, and that it suggests having broken out of old moments into little mid-Victorian Gothic turrets. It is all hedged about with stables, and as I approached it on a Sunday afternoon the stable next door was open, and a man in his shirt-sleeves was washing down a carriage on the cobble stones. There is a curious old-world flavor about Farm Street. It is normally, or should be, quiet and slumberous, the haunt of leisurely men wearing gaiters and chewing bits of straw.

But on Sundays, especially when Father Bernard Vaughan is preaching, it becomes at once a thoroughfare and a centre, a converging point for cabs and carriages and electric broughams, and very well groomed pedestrians in silk hats or "bushies." If you follow them into the Church of the Jesuit Fathers, you very soon forget all about Farm Street and its grooms and sharp contrast, all of silvery purity, white stone, white flowers, the tall, white shafts of candles, the gleam of silver, the white robes of attendant acolytes, all bathed in a silvery light, coming from some hidden source on either side.

THE CONGREGATION.
It is a very Catholic congregation in more senses than one, including almost every grade of society, from the very rich down to the very poor, to little old churchwomen, young girls with the facial meekness that is to be found nowadays nowhere but in orphan schools, curious shabby foreigners with swarthy faces. They are curiously sombre in their dress, both rich and poor alike. Standing behind them, they loom beneath the electric light like a black sea, with only an occasional note of brighter color—an ostrich feather, or a pale-blue hat, floating above them. Very devout, too, kneeling and rising, crossing themselves or bowing with a machine-like regularity, that yet is not at all mechanical. They have a curious suggestion of unity, so that it is difficult to think of them as individuals, or, indeed, in any other sense than as one body, moved by one thought, dominated, especially this latter, by one master-mind. You can feel, too, that this one body is come for one purpose; that it is expectant of one moment; that the preliminary part of the service, the chanting, the intoning, and the music are but incidental, that they alone would be powerless to arouse such anticipation.

THE PREACHER.
It is not until the preacher ascends his pulpit that you can feel that sense of anticipation relax, that you can catch the unuttered sigh of relief with which the congregation settle down to their duty of concentration. You can see at once the reason for this as soon as Father Vaughan speaks. It is not at all the face you would have looked for, I should myself, that is to say, he is pictured a lean, ascetic, deep-eyed Savonarola. Instead I saw a man of comfortable proportions, his face smooth, clean shaven, his black biretta hiding the hair upon his forehead. His expression was benevolent rather than militant, as of one finding the world a cheerful place on the whole, impressed by the virtues of humanity, regarded in the right light, rather than obsessed by its wickedness, especially the wickedness of its upper classes. As soon as he opened his mouth to speak I found it easy to reconcile expectation with realization.

SLUDGE-HAMMER ORATORY.
For there is nothing mild or gentle in Father Vaughan's delivery. His words, his very voice, have all that sludge-hammer vigor that I had looked for in his face. Art and nature, or so it seemed to me, united towards this result. For he is above all things an orator, of the old school indeed—that is to say, he is no believer in half-tones, in compromises, half-truths, in subtlety of gesture or expression. He manages his voice as can, I think, no other preacher of our time; he leaps at once from an awed whisper to a roar that makes the church re-echo; his voice trembles at times as though he were about to burst into tears. He were about to burst into tears, he would rush onward to a pause, hang upon it, while all the congregation hangs upon it, then burst suddenly into a vehement exhortation, so that you catch your breath. I think this is acquired rather than natural. I am at least convinced that these lowings of the voice, the dramatic pauses, leading to sudden outbursts of sound, are pre-ordained; it is as though you could see him filling his lungs in readiness, while he pauses. So again he can suggest his meaning by his tone of voice, so that, I mean, even a foreigner who understood not one word of what he was saying could follow his discourse from the first word almost to the last. He makes great use of gesture, both of feature and limb. He has one favorite trick of lifting, of his eyebrows, pursing up his lips, and at the

same time frowning. His hands are seldom at rest, and always when he moves them it is violently, abruptly, flinging them in the air, throwing them to right and left, bringing them down with a crash upon the pulpit rail. When they are brought to rest, it is done abruptly, too. When he has flung them in the air, he holds them suddenly as by word of command, and then brings them down again, not gently, but with another rush. His voice, when he so pleases, can be sympathetic, even tender, but mostly he prefers it to be rough, harsh, masterful.

O. M. HUSPFER.

SAW PRIEST FOR FIRST TIME.

MISSIONARY'S VISIT CAUSED MILD SENSATION IN OHIO TOWN.
Catholic Universe.

To reach Butler, O., one travels seventeen miles south from Mansfield over the B. & O. The town has a population of about one thousand. Most of these people saw a Catholic priest for the first time last week. Hence, what was advertised by a priest was advertised in a house had been secured some time to intimidate the owner. They assured him they would not trade at his store if he rented his building for this purpose. However, the \$25 proved to be the stronger argument and no effort was made to break the contract.

FIRST MASS IN BUTLER.
Mass was celebrated in Butler for the first time in its history, on Sunday, February 6. An altar was erected in the home of Mr. Harvey Solomon. Mr. Solomon is not a Catholic, but his wife is, and it was through her efforts that the mission was secured.

The people of Butler had secured all their information about the Catholic Church from men like J. D. Williams, who sometimes styles himself "Rev.," and sometimes "Prof.," and represents himself as an ex-priest or student for the priesthood. Williams lectured to these people for a week, delivering tirades against the Catholic Church, her pretended doctrines and practices, her clergy and Sisterhoods, until their minds were thoroughly poisoned by this "mild evangelist."

Although a "big meeting" was going on in one of the three local churches, the opening lecture on "Divorce and Race Suicide" was listened to by an audience that filled the Opera house, which has a seating capacity of four hundred. Not long ago one of the local ministers had the temerity to speak on "Race Suicide" and he was promptly invited to leave.

The people of Butler have two great "doctrines," "prohibition" and "sanctification." They even refuse to use wine in the Communion service. Unfermented grape juice is used instead. Thursday they voted the town "dry." That was a blessing, because it was the only "wet" town in that vicinity and hence there was much drinking there.

"SAVED."
Their doctrine of sanctification is a curious one. They come to know positively that they are saved and then no matter what they do it does not constitute a sin, because they commit the act against their will. When they become conscious of the fact that they are saved, it causes them to shout. One lady assured the writer that she could then and there meet the Lord "shouting."

The Question Box was used very freely. The second evening seventy-two questions were asked. Not a few questions were asked about purgatory, why priests do not marry, and convents. Williams had spoken on those subjects, knowing him to be a Protestant, he originated in the sixteenth century. There is one man in town who refuses to believe the world is round.

SAMPLE QUESTIONS.
Some of the questions were as follows:
"How is it that a priest worships an idol?"
"Why do nuns mask?"
"Why do Catholics weep at a birth and rejoice at a funeral?" We suggested that perhaps the questioner witnessed the funeral of some one's mother-in-law.
"Why do you bury a dollar, a candle and a hatchet with Catholics?"
"Is there any truth in the statement that Catholics put money in the casket of the dead to pay their way through purgatory? If so, how can the money pay the way of the spirit from earth to heaven, and into whose pocketbook does the money go after 'he spirit has passed through purgatory?"
"When the priests get old why are they taken over to Europe, and what is done with them there?"

PREJUDICE EASILY DISSIPATED.
Many called at the house to see the altar and have the Mass and vestments explained. Before the end of the week the most radical and bigoted became very friendly, and gave up their false ideas entirely. Several expressed a desire to become Catholics.

The minister who was conducting the "big meeting" hinted to some of his members that he would have Rev. Mr. Stephano, who claims to be an ex-priest, lecture the following week! Some of his best members declared that if he did this, they would ask him to take their names from the church books. Mr. Williams would wonder what had happened if he tried to lecture in Butler now.

Unfortunately there are not enough Catholics in Butler to organize a parish and build a church. Several good wells have been drilled around Butler. In case a good oil and gas field is opened the last. He makes great use of gesture, both of feature and limb. He has one favorite trick of lifting, of his eyebrows, pursing up his lips, and at the

CATHOLIC VS. AGNOSTIC; THE LAST ALIGNMENT.

A contributor to the New York Sun is of the belief that if anything should be stable, that thing is religion. Steadfast faith and confident hope, the qualities which make religion stable are the property of the Catholic Church alone. The writer says:
"Such religions as Christian Science may have a temporary success, but it will not be lasting. Mankind has reached too high a stage of intellectual development to pay much heed to new prophets. It has seen too many of them come and go and their teachings die out for that. It knows that if religious truth exists at all it exists in one of the ancient faiths.

"Protestantism showed its inherent weakness by trying to compromise in the beginning with the agnostic host. Catholicism, with the great wisdom that has guided it through other crises, has made no compromises. It has recognized such men as Huxley, Maudsley, etc., in their true light, as enemies who would tear it up by the roots if they could. It has carefully watched the course of the agnostic leaders, while committing itself neither to one side nor the other. It has taken no servants to its bosom. There has been no 'Theology of an Evolutionist' emanating from the Papacy. 'What has been the result of these different policies? Protestantism to-day is rapidly passing. The Protestant clergy are engaged in all kinds of quackery to sustain themselves, a sure sign of religious decay. The Emancipation movement, of which we hear so much now, is a specimen of this. Many of them, particularly the preachers in the fashionable churches, have no more religious belief than the people over whose heads they preach. Protestantism was never anything else as a religion than an intelligence absurdity, bottomed on free thinking. Twenty-five years hence and it will be as dead as the dodo. By that time the religious element in it will be drawn into Catholicism, the rest will pass on to agnosticism, and the two real antagonists, the Catholic Church and agnosticism, will be facing each other.

"The Catholic Church, too, probably, has a considerable number of sceptics among its clergy, but they are not allowed to feed upon the body of the Church. The Church shows that it still possesses vitality by weeding them out as soon as they show their heads. Catholicism, while it is losing a certain portion of its membership to agnosticism, is still steadily gaining converts from Protestantism. Protestantism, on the other hand, is steadily losing ground everywhere and gaining nowhere.

"It will not be many years before it will be evident to all that the last great stand for religion is to be made by the Church of Rome.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

The York Manufacturing Company of Saco, Me., has offered to contribute \$25,000 toward the erection of a Catholic Church in that town. There is no church there at present.

Rev. Frederic L. Odenbach, S. J., of St. Ignatius College, Cleveland, and Rev. Ferdinand Guicheteau, S. P. M., of St. Vincent de Paul French church in New York, have the distinction of being the only priest astronomers in America. In Europe there are several notable astronomers who are Catholic priests.

The Dominican Fathers will soon establish a new house of their order in Oregon. Some months ago they secured a tract of land beautifully situated on the west bank of the Willamette river two miles above Oswego, and it is their intention to build there immediately a novitiate and a college for their students.

A Catholic priest recently baptized, in the jail at Great Falls, Mont., Albert Howard, the sixteen year old leader of a gang of train robbers who held up a passenger train on the Great Northern railroad last May. It was discovered that, until this priest began to instruct the young brigand, he had never even heard that there was a God, although he had been to school.

Archbishop Ireland preached last Sunday in the English Church in Rome, San Silvestro in Capite. The edifice was crowded with practically all the members of the American and English colonies. Many members of the Roman nobility and persons prominent in Roman society were also present. The Archbishop left Rome this week. He will visit France and Ireland before returning to this country.

From Ambry Islands in the South Pacific ocean news comes of the drowning of Father Perthuis and Sister Marie Clement, Catholic missionaries, and some Kanakas. The Sister, exhausted while clinging to the wreckage of the capsized whale boat, asked the priest to administer the last sacrament to her. She died soon afterward, and while the priest was administering the sacrament to one of the Kanakas, he himself expired.

A writer in the Sacred Heart Review tells of a singular occurrence at the Home for Destitute Catholic Children in Boston. On being invited to Benediction, the writer was told that the "babies" would sing, and thought the usual choir of children was meant; but no—for the first time in the home, and perhaps for the first time on record, babies all under six years of age sang at Benediction. Father McCarthy, from the Cathedral, officiated, and dozen little tots sang out, brave and true, the "O Salutaris," the "Tantum Ergo" and the responses and, after Benediction, the "Adeste Fideles." We are assured that the words were distinctly said, and the most approved pronunciation of the Latin was given.