

# The Catholic Register

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

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## MATTERS OF MOMENT

### Strike Ended—Evils of Hazing— Railroad Disasters—St. Vincent de Paul Conference.

The best news for the country that has come to hand for some time is that which tells us that the C.P.R. strike is at an end. The fact that both parties have accepted the terms of settlement as agreed upon by a majority of the Arbitration Committee, leaves no room for comment from outside sources. The findings of such a committee, when accepted by those directly concerned, are final, and as such exclude outside discussion. The conclusion of the strike comes most opportunely. Had it been longer delayed, evil consequences already too numerous would inevitably have multiplied beyond number. The end, however, came before it was too late to be effectual, and dismal forebodings of disasters to come may now be entirely set aside, for with the renewal of work by a majority of the operators, all the consequences hitherto feared in the way of crops rendered useless for lack of means of transportation, hunger and cold to the unemployed and danger to the life itself of the travelling public for want of competent workmen, have almost entirely vanished and a general lightning will be experienced throughout the length and breadth of our fair Dominion.

A word for the general honesty of the poor of our population was given by J. Ross Robertson, when in the course of his address last week before the American Hospital Association, he said that of those who applied for assistance as outdoor patients at the hospital, he had in his thirty years of experience found that not more than five per cent. could afford to pay anything and that the percentage of imposition was infinitesimal. This is something good for the really kindly disposed to hear, because there are always so many who preach about the schemes of the professional pauper, who through his cleverness appeals to so many societies from all of which he extracts assistance, and this so largely that the term "over-lapping" has been invented to explain the results of his devices. This class are perpetually held up as a bug-a-boo to warn against what is termed indiscriminate giving, and of this warning so many take such conscientious heed that they refrain altogether from bestowing charity for fear of even coming within the list of those imposed upon. That imposition exists, there is, of course, no doubt, but that it exists as largely as some would have us believe, is not borne out by facts, as is testified to by the thirty years' experience of Mr. Robertson in his connection with the Sick Children's Hospital of Toronto, of which he is so generous a benefactor.

In the Globe of Saturday a despatch was published telling of a student whose disappearance from the State University during the course of a hazing, had led to the discovery that he had been overpowered and gagged and then placed in a box car, and the seal of which had been broken, and then re-sealed by the students, after which the car was shipped out of the yard and now no trace of it can be found. Meantime the inference is that the student who is mewed up by the action of his companions without food or air is slowly and painfully dying, if not already dead. The story comes from the Southern States and its remoteness lessens its point; nevertheless it is one that recalls the custom of hazing and brings up the question often before presented, "Why is hazing permitted?" Strange to say, it is in our highest seats of learning that the work of hazing is practised and must we say it, tolerated. Under the guise of liberty which this custom affords, freedom has developed into license, and acts so atrocious are committed that elsewhere they would be termed highly criminal and punished accordingly. In the instance just quoted death will follow or has perhaps already resulted. Many instances could be quoted, some very near home, where injury and gross insult have been indulged in during hazing. The custom of hazing has even extended itself to women. Is there no way by which such barbarous work could be forever obliterated?

Singularly strange is it that it is in our highest seats of learning that we find the most flagrant breaches of that regard which justice and propriety ask for in our relationship with one another. Hazing and its accompaniments give rise to things that would not be thought of or for one moment tolerated in the most backward school in the most backward part of our country. Why is not the thing done away with once and forever? It is the students who are benefited by the college or university, and not those institutions by the students. If no other means are effectual why not close the institution where it is persisted in for a term against all comers until it is properly impressed upon the public mind that the death knell of hazing has been sounded?

Who will say that the Church is not fulfilling in very truth the injunction to be all things to all men, for there seems to be no condition in life spiritual, physical or mental that she does not attend to either directly or through means of her various societies religious and secular, or through the many other channels which she ever has ready at her disposal. This reflection is brought to mind by a report in the Globe of Saturday which tells of the deportation of a car-load of babies from the city of New York, who, in charge of several

Sisters, were being sent out to find new homes among the farmers of Minnesota who centre round St. Paul. The conductor in charge of the car is reported as being quite overcome by the advances of the little ones, who wished en masse to take possession of him, holding out their tiny hands and soliciting his good graces by inviting smiles. It was the pathetic side, however, that touched the sympathetic train official, and he declared, "I won't go through there again. They're all happy and all that, but it's so pitiful. There are all kinds and they are just as sweet as most babies are. It's a shame they will never know a real father and mother." Yes, in many cases this was doubtless true, but glory and not shame belonged to those good women, the Sisters, and those who assisted them in moving far from their oft-times sordid origin and surroundings, the babies of New York, and giving them an opportunity for beginning life amid the fresh air and generous homes of Minnesota. The thought of moving babies in this wholesale way is a new one, but its origin was an inspiration which seems filled with most beneficent possibilities.

The terrible frequency of railroad accidents in Canada is giving rise to a strong sentiment of belief in the idea that all the precaution that might be taken in the care of human life that entrusts itself to the road is far from being exercised, and to give this idea strength and permanency, the railroads of Canada are compared with those of Great Britain, much to the disparagement of those on this side of the Atlantic. The Toronto World of Saturday quotes the British railways as carrying 1,260,000,000 passengers during the year 1907, and enormous as this is, it does not include season or commutation ticket holders. Yet the actual number of fatalities was 18, a single accident, that at Shrewsbury in which some Canadians lost their lives, being accountable for 11 of the deaths noted. In the same year only one passenger in 70,000,000 journeys was killed and one in 2,300,000 injured. These are only a few of the items which show that a high standard has been reached in safeguarding the lives of the British public and the comparison serves to point the truth that a great many of the accidents of which the Canadian public are the victims come under the category of "preventible" and might be averted if a greater outlay of money and the care this might employ expended. An engineer the other day perished almost at our door in the performance of a duty which probably saved many from death and disaster. That he died the death of a hero is little consolation to the loved ones he left behind, and that his death was perhaps preventable by easily applied precautions must surely add to their sorrow. When life is at stake the public should insist that the railroads do all that the rights of humanity claim and that civilization teaches.

At the Golden Jubilee of the St. Vincent de Paul Society of Boston held during the past week, among the speeches delivered was one from Thomas Dwight, M.D., President of the society in that city, and as he himself said, he quoted not the notes of triumph, but rather touched upon the deficiencies as he saw them and for which he pointed out the remedy. The first mistake, according to the speaker, is made by those who look upon their own conference simply as a parish organization, without regard to their duty to the Society as a whole. Another misapprehension closely allied to the preceding, but much more widespread, and more dangerous, is that the parish priest is the head of the conference. The President of the Boston Society then explains why this statement is true. The priest, he says, is invaluable in a conference as a guide, but the work is for laymen. None the less the misunderstanding has existed and too many presidents of conferences have shirked the responsibility they should themselves have taken in the purely secular affairs of the Society. They have laid burdens on their pastors, which they should themselves have carried and thus have lost that feeling of personal responsibility for the success of the Conference and of initiative in divining the wants of the poor and the seeking for new remedies for that which is essential to the good member.

As explained it is easily seen that a misconception of the proper placing of duties and obligations may be detrimental to the success of St. Vincent de Paul affairs as elsewhere, and a continuance of the misconception regarding the responsibilities of the members might continue to hamper as in the past both the work and development of the society. The approaching season during which there will be so much demanding attention is not an inopportune moment to send these words of Dr. Dwight abroad, and his further statement when recognizing that momentous problems cry aloud for solution and that no work is foreign to the Society, he says "no intelligence is too acute, no experience too broad, no learning too great to find full opportunity for its exercise among us." Dr. Dwight concludes: "When I think of the non-Catholic benevolent societies containing among their numbers so many of the best minds in the community, I ask myself, have our Catholics of education done their duty, I do not say to us—for no one can give anything to the society of St. Vincent de Paul which shall in the least equal what he receives from it—but to the Catholic cause, to the poor and to themselves." and the question put by Dr. Dwight to himself regarding the educated community of Boston, might be asked with equal force in places much nearer home.

## LONDON'S CATHOLICITY

### Scenes in the Great Cathedral of Westminster and Elsewhere During Eucharistic Congress.

London, Sept. 24, 1908.

How often in the days to come, for many a priest, and layman also, will the iron walls of some humble temporary village church, nestling amidst smiling country meadows, the crumbling stone of some ancient Spanish or Italian sanctuary, the wooden structure of some little Swiss chapel rearing its small head amidst the eternal snows, or the white canvas enclosure of some tent beneath the palm trees of India, or under the burning African sun, give place to the vast and shadowy nave of Westminster, while the tiny altar disappears from sight and in its place rise the golden shafts supporting the baldachino that canopies the High Altar of St. Peter's Cathedral, and the sanctuary widens and grows to admit a myriad of figures garbed in all the varieties and beauty of the robes, befitting the most sacred offices of the Church, the long sweeping train of crimson denoting the cappa magna of the Cardinal, the golden mitre of archbishop and bishop, the shimmering silver of the Mass vestments, the snowy cottas and rare lace of Chaplains and servers, the vista of sombre forms stretching back into the shadows of the porch, denoting a multitude in prayer before the Altar of Sacrifice; the long shaft of sunlight touching the misty arches overhead, and carrying on its trembling rays the scent of innumerable lilies, and the stillness pierced by wondrous voices mingling in exquisite harmony in the incomparable chants of the Church. Such vignettes of recollection must rise again and again before the minds of those who were happy enough to be in this mighty city of London and to join in the Eucharistic Congress of 1908. How often will the clouds of incense trembling before the ever-adorable Sacrament at Benedictine emesh and frame visions of the glories of Pontifical Vespers, while the notes of the "Tantum Ergo" shall echo with the faint blast of the bugles that told a waiting multitude of fifty thousand people of the Blessing about to descend upon them, and the "Adoramus" shall symbolize that deafening but all reverent cheer which men and women from all the nations of the earth lifted to their God. In one outburst of pent-up feeling as they raised adoring and enraptured eyes to His veiled presence supported by the consecrated hands of the representative of his Vicar upon earth.

Of a truth our hearts have wondered and have been enlarged as all they from the four quarters of the world have gathered in our city, and glad and grateful must we be who have been privileged to see this great and glorious day.

The gracious and dignified charm of personality possessed in so marked a degree by the Cardinal Legate, had so subjugated the affections of the Faithful that Friday's occasion of paying one's personal respects to His Eminence and obtaining a nearer glance at his noble features was hailed by everyone with extreme felicity, and if the crowds at the Albert Hall on Thursday had been immense they were certainly increased by the numbers who endeavored to gain admittance to the reception. The procedure was somewhat different from that followed on the previous occasion, no one being allowed to enter the hall before His Eminence, with the exception of a few favored individuals in the way of press representatives and officials. The people were formed up in long double rows in the corridors, and when these became full the outer doors of the hall were closed again, until the crowd had begun to filter through to the arena, after making the obeisance to the Legate. Looking out from our box, the vast dimensions of the empty hall, the great expanse of crimson carpeted area and the vacant chairs upon the platform round which were clustered palms and chrysanthemums—golden and white—formed a strange contrast to the night before. But the scene soon became animated. On the stroke of 8.30 His Eminence entered the Hall, and passing through with a gracious smile and gesture to the few groups who rose to welcome him took his suite, attended by the members of his staff and half a dozen Papal chamberlains in handsome scarlet uniform upon the dais prepared for him, Archbishop Bourne seating himself a little behind the Legate. Then the signal was given and from opposite sides of the hall came two long streams of people in single file, who, passing onto the platform, bowed low before His Eminence and then proceeded into the arena, where they broke up into groups or took their seats amongst the stalls to watch the interesting and ever-increasing gathering. Every now and then from the central door would come an Archbishop, or Bishop, who would kiss the ring which gleamed so brightly upon the Legate's finger, or the scarlet robes of a Cardinal would catch the rays of the thousand electric lights, and His Eminence would rise with courtly grace and invite the newcomer to a seat beside him. It was particularly charming to see his tall, strong figure bending with infinite consideration over the frail form of the aged Cardinal of Spain, who, resplendent in the collar of Isabella the Catholic, the Order of the Golden Fleece and innumerable other famous decorations made his slow and feeble progress through a kneeling throng. And yet Cardinal Vanutelli is only some three or four years younger than Cardinal Sanchez-Hervas. Many were the notable people to be seen mingling in this cosmopolitan assembly. The

Duke of Norfolk was there, wearing the blue ribbon of the Garter, the Archbishop of Montreal attracted much attention and many were they who were permitted to kiss his ring; Bishop Brindle, D.S.O., once military chaplain in the Sudan, was wearing his many decorations, while the black lace mantillas, sweeping dark robes and jewels of the ladies, the numerous and varied habits of religious orders, the Papal uniforms of those privileged to wear them, the purple of bishops, the scarlet of soldiers, the blue of the navy, and the occasional touch of white worn by some young girl, went to make up a picture of color, life, and movement, all gathered about the central point of crimson and gold where the Cardinals sat, that will not soon be forgotten by those who witnessed it. It is estimated that over twelve thousand persons paid their respects to the Papal Legate that evening, and through it all he smiled and blessed, spoke kindly words here and there, or intimated his pleasure by the marvellously expressive gestures which he commands, without the least sign of weariness or fatigue. Much of praise is due to the loyal devotion displayed by the good humor of the people, many of the late arrivals having to stand for two hours, first outside and then in the corridors of the hall before they caught that brief glimpse of his Eminence, and were shortly after forced to retire from the brilliant scene. But he did not murmur, though I am told that at times the crush was great. We could hear the crowds without singing hymns at intervals, in which they were led by a hand of French Congressists who started the lovely hymn to Our Lady of Lourdes. Punctually at 10.30 Cardinal Vanutelli's rich, powerful voice rang out in the Blessing, and the little knot of persons who still remained—for thrice had Archbishop Bourne appealed to those who had already paid their respects, to leave the Hall and make room for the many more yet to come—reluctantly bade farewell to one of the most memorable gatherings that this great rendezvous of the Metropolis has ever seen.

For the Byzantine liturgy of Saturday—for it is not correct to speak of a Greek Mass—the latter word applying exclusively to the Latin rite—the Cathedral sanctuary had undergone a transformation. Across it stretched the great black screen behind which the most sacred portions of the rite take place. In this screen are three doors which are used constantly during the liturgy. The scene was strange and unfamiliar to Western eyes. The celebrant, the Very Rev. Arsenios Atiyeh of Paris, wearing the long black veil over his resplendent vestments, was attended by numerous concelebrants, who partook of the Sacred elements at the time of the Communion. The rite used was that of St. John Chrysostom; and the only remains to have of this venerable liturgy are the Reproaches, which are said on Good Friday, and the Kyrie Eleison. The unaccompanied chant of the choir was instinct with all the weird and mysterious melodies of the East, of which fragments have come down to us in the songs of the desert, and the cry of the muezzin, heard so often in Asia. At the consecration all but the officiating priests and his ministers were shut off without the closed doors of the great screen, a remnant of the days of the Catechumens. After the blessing, the choir sang, with much addition of words, as is the way of the East, the titles of our Holy Father, the Papal Legate, and Archbishop Bourne, and then the long-haired priests with their flowing black gowns and gorgeously embroidered Mass vestments left the sanctuary in an imposing procession.

It is a source of regret to me that it is impossible to expatiate more upon this solemn and uncommon rite, just as it is to speak of the most interesting sectional meetings which called together such distinguished and sociable gatherings each day at the various halls, and were par excellence an "entente Catholique," but the crowning day of the Congress has yet to be spoken of all too inadequately, and I must hasten on to its memorable and unique events.

Saturday night's splendid meeting of London Catholic met at the Albert Hall had somewhat prepared our co-religionists of the metropolis for the deep disappointment in connection with the procession, but there were many parties of men and women coming from the North, and even from the shores of France, who were utterly ignorant of the circumstances until they began to fraternize with the crowds who thronged about the Cathedral from early morn.

If the splendor of pageant of the last few days, could be surpassed it was so in the Cathedral on Sunday morning, when the sanctuary was filled with mitred Abbots, Archbishops and Bishops in magnificent vestments, while the Papal Legate in chasuble of cloth of silver, and carrying his crozier as Bishop of Palestrina, offered up the adorable sacrifice. At the moment of the elevation, five baldstools were brought forward by servers, and with stately solemnity the Cardinals left their thrones and knelt in line before the altar, their scarlet trains sweeping in a crimson tide about the sanctuary steps. Cardinal Gibbons held an immense audience for almost an hour, during which he eloquently expatiated upon the ties which bound America to England, and mentioned the Catholic pilgrim Fathers of whom we hear so little, who, while they sought "a faith's pure shrine," did indeed leave "unextinguished what they found—freedom to worship God," which is more than the Non-conformists and others to whom they gave refuge from their own people can be accused of, truthfully.

It was a solemn moment when the Mass being ended, all but the Cardinals fell upon their knees, while one of the chaplains intoned the Confiteor, (Continued on page 8.)

## SUBJECT OF THE HOUR

### Notable Gathering—Work is Expiatory—Juvenile Hibernians Encourage the Celtic Revival.

(Correspondence in Catholic Union and Times.)

About twelve thousand women gathered in Notre Dame Church in response to the appeal issued some time ago by his Grace, Archbishop Bruchesi, asking the faithful to invest this year's labor celebration with special religious significance. The scene in church was a most imposing and inspiring one.

It was four o'clock when, with the singing of a hymn by the choir, the service began, but long before that time the body and galleries of the church were filled with worshippers. So many came that seating room could not be provided for all and a large number had to stand. By error the hour of the celebration was given at 7.30 in the papers of Saturday. When the pastor of Notre Dame, Rev. Abbe Troie, saw that many would be disappointed he had announcements made in all the churches which are attended by French congregations that all were invited to come in the afternoon. The attendance accordingly surpassed all expectations and it is more than likely that the practice of allowing the working women of Montreal to have their Labor Day service will be continued.

The sermon was delivered by Rev. Father Hage, Provincial of the Dominican Fathers. It was an eloquent discourse on the dignity and reward of labor. His Lordship, Bishop Racicot, presided, being assisted by Rev. Father Ferrer and Rev. Canon Lepailleur.

Rev. Father Hage took his text from the ritual of the Church: "Be firm and courageous, knowing that your labor is not without fruit before the Lord." At the outset he welcomed them all in their thousands and thousands to Notre Dame church, the church of their great sorrows and their great joys, the church of their sorrows and of their hopes, the church of the masses and the true house of the people. He gave great praise to Archbishop Bruchesi for his constant solicitude for the working classes, and especially for establishing the religious feast of labor for the men, and now this particular feast for the women. Continuing, he said: "Why should we from morning to night, even from the morning of our life to its evening, labor and toil with bent shoulders and heavy step in the sweat of our brow? Why should youths of fourteen summers, bright and happy, abandon their class-rooms and go out into the dingy factory to earn a living? Why should the innocent girls of twenty, leave the thatched cottage in the country and come into our busy and sinful cities to support themselves and maybe also to support an aged mother? Why should the spouse and mother be forced to leave her children with charitable neighbors while she is toiling to earn a loaf of bread for her little ones?"

This eternal and inevitable question has rolled down the centuries. Why this hardship? The more we delve into the subject the more mystified do we become.

The preacher then proceeded to prove that such hardship in the world could be eliminated if the teachings of the Saviour were better followed along the lines of brotherly love. The Redeemer with infinite sweetness, sent the message down through the ages: "Love thy neighbor as thyself." The preacher gave just praise to those captains in the world of industry who tried to better the lot of the toiler. He condemned the glib-tongued leaders who preach the doctrine of discontent and strive to nurture the canker-thought of insubordination in the breasts of the masses. Father Hage claimed that the explanation and solution of the necessity of working led up to God. All men were born to work. Work was to be a pleasure. Man sinned and work became expiatory. If you accept your work in the spirit of faith much will be forgiven you, because you will have suffered much. Merit will be yours in every needle you thread and in every hour of toil when offered in the spirit of faith, and they need the spirit of faith who sit ever under the shadow of the mount of desolation wearing thorns, crowns of endless sorrow or pain; who can neither look backward without seeing a mound of buried joys, nor forward without encountering an avalanche of appalling, wearisome duties and urgent demands upon limited time and wasted strength.

Father Hage concluded: "In your hour of sore trial and heavy burden come to the Church and in His tabernacle of love pray to Jesus crucified and Jesus the workingman, and He will give you new courage and inspiration to face the trials and troubles that you may meet with. He will fortify and console you in your hour of dire need. With Him you may brave the world and its trials, labor and its discouragements, hours of toil and days of burden, until you reach heaven, where trials are unknown and joy is never ending."

Bishop Racicot then imparted benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, during which a solemn consecration to the Sacred Heart was read.

QUEBEC A.O.H.

The biennial session of the Quebec A.O.H. was largely attended and lasted three days. Satisfaction was expressed that the delegates to the national convention, which met in Indianapolis last July, were able to get a grant of \$5,000 for the purpose of erecting a Celtic cross in Gross Isle in memory of the 6,000 Irish immi-

grants who died there of ship fever in 1847-8. It is the intention to organize excursions from different parts of the Dominion next summer, when the emblem of faith is erected on the island with impressive ceremonies. The cross will be cut by an Irish sculptor and brought over to Canada, arrangements for which will be made this autumn on the occasion of the visit to Ireland of National President Cummings of Boston, and Bishop McFaul of Trenton, N.J.

In view of the successful way that a juvenile division of the A.O.H. has been established in Montreal, it was decided to extend the organization to different parts of the province. The Montreal juveniles will be made into a cadet corps. It is anticipated that they will act as a feeder to the larger organization, for which reason it will be given every encouragement. It was decided to appropriate a sum of money for the organization of a division of the A.O.H. in every town containing twenty or more Irishmen.

Reports were presented showing a favorable growth in the organization since the last biennial meeting two years ago, by the fact that some 500 new members were enrolled. This represents new divisions and growth of old ones.

Election of officers for the ensuing two years resulted as follows: Messrs. P. Keane, provincial president; P. Scullion, re-elected provincial vice-president, both of Montreal; D. Coveney of Quebec, provincial secretary, and J. L. O'Neil of Buckingham, provincial treasurer.

The following resolutions were passed:

(a) That we endorse the resolutions of the National Society in their entirety; we assert our unchanging fidelity to the fundamental principles of our order on the national question, and while we respect all movements having for their object the betterment of our motherland, we deem it advisable to hold aloof from alliance with any particular party and to adhere strictly to the policy laid down by our national officers.

(b) That we continue to encourage the study of Irish history, literature and music in our schools and homes, as an essential to the elevation of our race and inspiration to our youth. And we commend in our home parties and entertainments that Irish music be made a prominent feature.

(c) That we recommend that the Irish people of our province identify themselves in a more marked manner with the present movement for the revival of the Gaelic tongue.

(d) That while we are deeply interested in the political and industrial development of our country, we hail with pride the impetus manifested by the self-reliant Irishmen of the present day and we bid them God-speed in their noble endeavors.

## MULCAHY—ROLLAND

The beautiful Church of St. Louis of France, in Montreal, was on Tuesday, the 29th ult., the scene of a pleasant ceremony, when the Right Rev. Z. Racicot, Auxiliary Bishop of Montreal, united in matrimony Mr. Teefy Mulcahy of Orillia, Ont., and Miss Gertrude Rolland, daughter of M. Octavien Rolland of St. Louis Square, Montreal. M. Robert Rolland, brother of the bride, acted as groomsmen, and Miss Mulcahy, sister of the groom, attended the bride. His Lordship was assisted by the pastor, the Rev. Father Belanger, Father Charpentier of St. Louis church and Father Teefy of Toronto. Before the ceremony of congratulations in English, whilst the Bishop, after the ceremony, added his felicitations in French. Immediately after Mass the wedding party adjourned to M. Rolland's residence for dejeuner, where a number of relatives and friends met to wish the newly-wedded couple all happiness. Amongst those who attended from a distance were Mrs. T. Mulcahy of Orillia and Mrs. F. Potvin of Midland, mother and sister of the groom.

## Opening of St. Jerome's College

The new St. Jerome's College was formally opened last week with impressive ceremonies. The new college was built at a cost of \$78,000, and is one of the finest equipped institutions on the continent. Among the many ecclesiastics present at the ceremony were: Archbishop McEvay of Toronto, Bishop Dowling of Hamilton, Bishop O'Connor of Peterboro, Monseigneur Abbelin of Milwaukee and Dean Mahoney of Hamilton.

## A Noted Convert

(Ave Maria.)

Friends of The Ave Maria in every part of the country have been gratified to learn that it was instrumental in the conversion of the late Joel Candler Harris (better known, perhaps, as "Uncle Remus"), editor of the Atlanta Constitution. Naturally there was much curiosity about the conversion of this distinguished author. The Rev. Father Jackson, of St. Anthony's church, Atlanta, Ga., in answer to numerous inquiries, said:

I had the pleasure of receiving Mr. Harris into the Church on June 24. I had known him intimately for six years, and in all that time his belief and his life were thoroughly Catholic. His retiring disposition, to my mind, was the only thing that prevented him from taking the step sooner. Mr. Harris had never been 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.