

The Catholic Record.

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

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The Little Boy and His Dream.

The Little Boy smiled in his sleep that night, As he wandered to Twilight Town; And his face lit up with a heavenly light Through the shadows that drifted down. But he woke next morning with tear-stained eyes From the light of the gray dawn's gleam, And out from the stillness he heard him cry: "I've lost my dream—my dream!"

And he told as then in his childish way, Of the wonderful dream he'd known; He had wandered away from the land of play To the distant Land of the fame and light; He had won his share of the fame and light In the struggle and toil of men; And he sobbed and sighed in the breaking light: "I want my dream again!"

As the years passed by the Little Boy grew; Till he came to the Land of the Grown; And the dream of his early youth came true— The dream that he thought he'd known; Yet once again he smiled in his sleep, Smiled on all the gray dawn's gleam; When those nearby might have heard him weep: "I want my dream—my dream!"

For he dreamed of the Yesterdays of Youth, And the smile on a mother's face; A heart of old-time faith and truth In the light of an old home place; He had won his share of the fame and light In the struggle and toil of men; Yet he sobbed and sighed in the breaking light: "I want my dream again!"

—GRANTLAND RICE in Catholic Columbian.

DID THEY DIE CATHOLICS?

Antigonish Casket.

A good deal of negative testimony has been offered from time to time to prove that Shakespeare was a Catholic. The absence of Protestantism in his writings is certainly very noticeable, but in this respect some of his contemporaries resemble him. Macaulay argues from this that the great mass of the English people at that time was neither Catholic nor Protestant. "They were sometimes Protestants, sometimes Catholics; sometimes half-Protestants, half-Catholics," he writes in his essay on Burleigh and his Times. And again: "The religion of the English was a mixed religion, like that of the Samaritan settlers, described in the Second Book of Kings, who feared the Lord and served their graven images; like that of the Judaizing Christians who blended the ceremonies and doctrines of the synagogue with those of the Church; like that of the Mexican Indians, who during many generations after the subjugation of their race, continued to unite with the rites learned from their conquerors the worship of the grotesque idols which the zealous Protestants of Montezuma and Guzmolin." The brilliant essayist seems not to have seen that he was giving his countrymen a very bad character in religious matters. We have often dwelt upon the spirit of compromise which makes the Englishmen of to-day either half-Protestant and half-Catholic or half-Christian and half-rationalist. But we would have hesitated to compare him with the Samaritans or the Mexican Indians. At any rate, it is this mixed religion which Macaulay believes led Shakespeare to make his Friars hold men and represent the Ghost in Hamlet as speaking of Extreme Unction and Purgatory. He suspects that these lines would have raised a tremendous storm in the theatre at any time during the reign of Charles II. They were clearly not written by a zealous Protestant, or for zealous Protestants. Yet the author of "King John" and "Henry VIII." was surely no friend to Papal supremacy. As to "King John" the Pope is merely resisted on the ground that he is encroaching upon England's political independence, and such passages in "Henry VIII." as that in which Cranmer predicts the future greatness of Elizabeth are now credited by the critics to Fletcher or Shakespeare. In the case of the great dramatist we prefer to take Newman's view; that Shakespeare's "great mind did not condescend to the direct inculcation of a private or sectarian creed." In the reign of James I. an unfriendly representation of Catholic ministers and ceremonies would have been just as acceptable to the theatre-going public as it was later on in Charles II's time. That Shakespeare was a Catholic if he was anything we have always believed but we have never felt so sure that he was anything. Great minds are strongly tempted to hew a path for themselves in religious matters; man's intellect, says Newman, has always been a rebel against God. We know that Shakespeare's father paid fines for not attending Protestant worship, and a Church of England person in the neighboring county of Gloucestershire declared that the poet "died a Papist." We hope he did for his own sake, but as far as literature is concerned it matters not; although Carlyle called him the flower of Catholicism, he can never be counted a Catholic poet.

As to the question of Milton's having died a Catholic, we regard it as of more importance, not that it would make him any more than Shakespeare, a Catholic poet, but because Milton was a strenuous opponent of the Catholic Church, which Shakespeare never was. To find such a man as this acknowledging his religious errors, in those last days of life when he can have no worldly motive for doing so, is a notable triumph for Catholicism. The reason for suspecting that Milton became a Catholic in the end, we laid before our readers a few weeks ago, namely the statement made by Sir Christopher Milton, younger brother of the poet. Sir Christopher was a Judge in the reign of Charles II., and on the occasion of an Assize Dinner in the town of Warwick he told several gentlemen that his brother the poet was a Catholic for some years before his death. One of those who heard Sir Christopher make this statement was Dr. William Binks or Binckes, Dean of Lichfield and Fellow of Peterhouse College, Cambridge. On November 5, 1704, thirty years after the poet's death, Dr. Binckes preached a sermon before the House of Commons, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, in the course of which

he said that "a Popish Judge in the late reign declared publicly of his own knowledge that the great Champion of the Puritan cause, and who is supposed to have writ himself blind in defence of it, was a Roman Catholic." This sermon was printed at the request of the House of Commons, and the statement just quoted was made more definitely by the following footnote: "Judge Milton, a professed Papist, in his circuit at Warwick, affirmed to several gentlemen and justices that his brother Milton, the famous author, was of his religion."

The question is dealt with at some length by Monsignor Barnes in the June number of the Cambridge Review. He notes that besides the statement of Sir Christopher Milton, there is a second line of tradition, which comes through Lord Dorset, a patron of men of letters, and a friend of Milton's, who often told Prior, the poet, the same thing. Mgr. Barnes then turns to consider how these statements agree with what we know of Milton's last years from other sources. The late Professor Masson, of Edinburgh University, was considered the greatest authority of our time on matters concerning Milton. He tells us that in his last years "Milton ceased to attend any church, belonged to no religious community, and had no religious observances in his family." This is exactly what would appear on the outside, if he was secretly practising the Catholic religion, at a time when the penal laws were in full force. For all the violence of his language, Milton never seemed to have any hankering for the martyr's crown. The pamphlet, "Of True Religion," which he published in 1673, shows that he could not have been a Catholic at that time, but its tone was so moderate compared with his earlier writings that Professor Masson calls it "diluted Miltonism indeed." And, as Mgr. Barnes points out, "the publication of such a document at the beginning of 1673 is by no means irreconcilable with a reception into the Catholic Church before November 1674, eighteen or twenty months afterwards." It is no uncommon phenomenon that a man on the verge of a great change of opinion or belief should issue to the world a pamphlet on the other side, arguing against the tenets which are steadily forcing themselves upon his unwilling mind and trying to find an anchorage where he may ride out in safety the storm he sees approaching. The Tablet adds: "Milton's tract, 'Of True Religion,' may have been what Newman's article on 'The Catholicity of the Catholic Church' was, his 'last arrow.' It is to be hoped that the occasion of the Milton Tercentenary and Exhibition, now being held at Cambridge, may help to throw further light on this interesting question."

THE REFORMER MOVEMENT BY A DISTINGUISHED CONVERT.

DR. MCGARVEY POINTS OUT TRUE MEANING OF THE CATHOLIC MOVEMENT IN CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Rev. William McGarvey, until recently rector of St. Elizabeth's Protestant Episcopal church, Philadelphia, writes as follows in an article on "The Purpose of the Catholic Movement in the Episcopal Church":

He is a foolish man who closes his eyes to facts, however disagreeable and painful they may be. The enactment of the open-pulpit canon, which was the work of the house of Bishops, was the death-knell of the Catholic movement. The signs of the ultimate cessation of the movement are written large on every hand, and may be read by all who are willing to open their eyes. No one appreciates this more than those whose far-seeing statesmanship secured the passage of the canon. Soon after the adjournment of the general convention the influential laity of more than one High Church parish gave their rectors to understand that the Catholic movement had had its day and that reformation must now begin. It is a reformation that will not rest satisfied with the doling of a bicetto. It will insist upon going down to the skirts of the clothing. It will tune the pulpit and hush therein the call to penance and the claims of sacerdotal authority. In due time, however, slowly, it will eliminate everything which may offend the susceptibilities of Protestants, for whose companionship the Episcopal Church is so earnestly stretching out her arms.

This disposition to turn to the Protestant bodies, and to make common cause with them, is not confined to the Episcopal Church in this country. Throughout the world, where Anglicanism is found, the same tendency is manifesting itself. In England, in Canada, in Australia as well as in the United States, it is toward the churches of the Reformation that the Episcopal Church is everywhere turning her face. At first it seemed that this was the result of the ascendancy of a new and foreign principle with Anglicanism; that broad churchism had simply by the force of worldly influence captured the Episcopal church and was committing her to a line of action contrary to her essential life. A careful reading of history, and the consideration of the whole phenomenon of the Anglican communion will convince the thoughtful student that this is not so. The Episcopal Church in moving towards the other Protestant churches is but instinctively surrendering herself to the logical current of her own real life. That life has long been bent up behind the dykes of High Church theories. But those theories are giving way one by one before the pressure of an energy impatient to be free. And before very long Anglicanism will be rushing onward to the end to which its origin predestined it, and from which no power can any longer hold it back.

Has then the Catholic movement been without a purpose? Have all the prayers, and tears, and sacrifices been in vain, and as water poured upon the earth? Most certainly not. Nothing which is done in God's name and for the advancement of His glory can ever be in vain. It all contributes to the working out of the final purpose of the divine will. But that purpose may be misunderstood or be entirely hidden from our eyes. Ofttimes we work on in the darkness with no glimpse of the ultimate object which God has in view in making use of our efforts. So it was in the case of the apostles. They accepted the heavenly calling and surrendered their all at the bidding of Christ. But they conceived that the end for which, with their Divine Master, they were laboring was that the kingdom might again be restored to Israel. Such however, was not the purpose of Him Whom they served. His aim was to merge into the world-wide kingdom of the Catholic Church. Israel's glory was never to be restored. Israel itself was to be lost in an empire wherein nationality would count for nothing. How overwhelming was the disappointment of the disciples when the crisis of Maundy Thursday and Good Friday made it clear to them that the hope which they had cherished would never be realized. It looked as if the movement which Christ had inaugurated had ignominiously failed. Failed indeed had all the dreams of racial pride and exclusiveness. But the purpose of God, which was that He might gather together into one the nations that were scattered abroad, had not failed. Through the grave of earthly sorrow and disappointment those who were redeemed from rejected Israel passed into the new kingdom of the Catholic Church, where there is neither Jew, nor Greek, nor any other nation.

How like all this is the Catholic movement in the Church of England. Those who have been identified with it have dreamed that it would result in a restitution of the ancient glory and beauty which the Church of England's before she fell away from the faith which once was hers. In time of apparent success and of temporary acquiescence of the Protestant spirit we thought that our expectations would be realized, and that the Episcopal Church would accept the whole cycle of Catholic faith and practice. Again and again we seemed on the eve of triumph, and, like the disciple of old, we asked: "Lord, wilt Thou not at this time restore again the kingdom of Israel?" Again and again God tried to show us that such was not His purpose. The gift of permanency has never been bestowed upon any work of the Catholic party in the Episcopal Church. The land is dotted over with the churches and institutions for which High Churchmen have toiled with an unsurpassed heroism, and for which they have even laid down their lives. But when these men were gone their work was brought to an end, the souls they had gathered together scattered and left without a shepherd, and the material fabric which they had so laboriously reared was turned over into the hands of those who cared nothing for the principles which the buildings had been designed to perpetuate. The same fate awaits every parish and institution which still remains in the hands of the Catholic party. They are all built on sand; not one of them has in it the pledge of continuance. And no one understands this better than those who at present are vainly trying to maintain in their the semblance of life, while all the time they know in their hearts that it is only a question of time when they must hand over their works to the authorities of the Protestant Church. And that means that the principles and practices of the Catholic party will be brought to an end, and the labors of years given to the winds. So by manifold disappointments and defeats God has tried, and is still trying to make High Churchmen hear His voice saying to them: "This is not your rest, and to lift up their eyes to the vision of that kingdom whose bounds are to the uttermost parts of the earth. At length God's grace has demonstrated to those who have eyes to see that it was never the purpose of God to make the Episcopal Church as a body what we would have had her to be. It is clear now that the Catholic movement was not for the rehabilitation of the Church of England, but was the breath of the Spirit of God breathing upon individual Anglicans and carrying them onward, little by little, to be gathered into the kingdom of the Catholic Church.

And now that divine breath has brought those who have been yielding themselves to its influence so far that they are standing before the City of God. At the gate of this city stands Peter, living on still in his successor, to whom the Lord gave the charge, "Feed My lambs." "Feed my sheep." And through him the good Shepherd speaks in the accents of divine compassion, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden." "Come for all things are now ready." Multitudes are hearing the voice of Jesus. Multitudes are in the valley of decision, and in every land many are the souls who, obedient to the heavenly calling, are braving the world's scorn and penitently passing into the one fold of the holy Roman Church and therein are finding the certitude, the peace and the joy which they sought for in vain outside the City of God.

May the Divine Spirit open the eyes of all Anglicans to see the real purpose of the Catholic movement. And may those whom God in His mercy and goodness is now leading to the door of the one sheepfold have the fortitude to enter therein, so that they may not be of the children who draw back to eter-

nal loss but of them that in the simplicity of faith believe to the saving of the soul.

THE HOLYWELL MIRACLE.

A PROTESTANT'S REMARKABLE CURE OF PARALYSIS—STORY OF HOW THE CURE WAS EFFECTED.

London Catholic News, July 25.

In our last issue we gave a brief account of the case of Mr. Daniel Maddock, a miner, living at Booth Street, Wrexham, Shropshire, who having suffered from paralysis for nearly five and a half years, regained the use of his limbs after bathing in St. Winefride's Well on Wednesday, July 23rd.

On Saturday, one of our representatives visited Holywell, and had an interview with Mr. Maddock. That whatever might have been the case in the past—Mr. Maddock was no longer a helpless cripple was evident from the fact that he was out walking with our representative called at the hotel. However, he soon returned in company with his wife, both being full of joy and gratitude for the great wonder that has been wrought in their behalf.

In the conversation that followed one of the most singular features of Mr. Maddock's cure came to light. Neither he nor any member of his family is a Catholic, and he had through the kindness of the Protestant Vicar of Audley and other non-Catholics that he had been enabled to travel to St. Winefride's well.

"Everyone in our village," he said, "is a Protestant. Some of us are Church people, and some belong to the chapels; but I never heard of a Catholic living in it. In fact, there is no priest or Catholic church nearer than Newcastle-under-Lyme, which is six or eight miles away."

"Catholics," remarked our representative, "come to Holywell on account of their faith, but what induced you, a non-Catholic to come here?"

"Faith brought me too," was the answer. "About four years ago I read in the papers that a man named Harrison had been cured, and after that, of the cure of a little boy. I thought that what had been done for others might be done for me, and in November of that year I came and bathed in the Well, but without any result. The following July I came again, and after bathing felt some slight improvement. This strengthened my faith, although—having made up my mind that I was to be completely cured—I returned to Audley almost heartbroken at the thought that I was bringing my crutches back with me. I had hoped to come to Holywell every year since, but the strain of my long illness made it impossible to raise the necessary funds till this year, when our vicar, the Rev. Mr. Paulli, with Mrs. Paulli, and other friends came to our assistance."

"Did they share your faith?"

"Well, now, I wouldn't say that. They thought the change would do me good, but I am nearly sure they did not believe I would ever walk again." Asked how he came to be paralysed, Mr. Maddock said: "I am a baker by trade, but about six years ago work became very bad at Audley. I might have found employment further on, but I did not care to leave the village as my wife was ill. So I decided to go into the pit, and got work as an under-dalder at Happedale Colliery. One day, when I had been there six or seven months, a fall of timber took place where I and another man was working together. He escaped, but my spine was badly hurt that for five years and four months I was a helpless invalid, unable to move without assistance. It has been a terribly hard time for my wife. She has had to tend me like a little child, to lift me if I wanted to rise or lie down, to take me about in an invalid carriage—to do everything for me in fact."

"What about the doctors?"

"Nothing was of any avail. Both my legs were very bad, but the left was absolutely useless, and I had literally to drag it after me when I managed to hobble about on crutches. Now, thank God, I am done with the crutches—they are below at the Well—and though I feel at times a bit nervous and weak, I am improving every day, and, as you see, am well able to walk with just the help of a stick. Only once since the 23rd have I even thought that I wanted the crutches."

"What were the circumstances of the cure?"

"On Monday, July 6th, I came into Holywell, dragging my leg after me. On Tuesday, I went to the service at the well and bathed. On Wednesday I went again."

"Yes, interposed Mrs. Maddock, "I didn't want him to go that day because it was raining; but he would go, and our little boy, who had never been at the Well before, went with him. I was sitting at the window watching for them to come back when the boy came running up the stairs with the cry that his father was cured. The surprise made me quite ill."

Mr. Maddock, continuing, stated that when he bathed in the Well on the Wednesday a peculiar sensation—one that he found it impossible to describe—came over him, and on emerging from the water he discovered that he could dispense with the crutches, though, on laying them aside, he found himself as helpless as a child who had never learned to walk, and had to be supported till he got into the way of using the feet that had so long been useless. The little boy, struck with astonishment, began to cry, and whilst the people at the Well crowded round his father, offering up thanksgivings and congratulations, he

ran to the hotel to tell his mother what had happened.

"I came after him," said Mr. Maddock, "and I will never forget the thanksgiving service that was held in the house, and at which everyone but ourselves were Catholics. Between the excitement of the cure and the crowds of people coming to congratulate me, I was so tired that I had to go to bed, but I was able to lie down without assistance—which I had not done for more than five years."

The miracle has caused intense excitement at Holywell and in Audley. When Mr. Maddock's relatives heard that he was able to walk they refused to credit the tale, and several of them cycled into Wales to find out the facts for themselves returning home quite satisfied as to the genuineness of the cure. People visiting St. Winefride's Well have called upon him in scores to get details of his case, which they have sent broadcast over England and Scotland.

"I am glad my cure is to receive such widespread publication as you will give it," he told our reporter, "because the knowledge of it may reach many other poor creatures, who, suffering as I did may be given the courage and the faith to come to Holywell and be rewarded as I have been."

"THOU SHALT NOT KILL."

It is impossible not to be struck, in taking up the morning papers, with the terrible increase in crimes by which men and women deprive each other of life. Editors declare that not within many years has the phenomenon of so strong a tidal murder wave been noted in the country.

As a result of this wave of crime, at least five-eighths of the newspapers are filled with police news of a more or less tragical kind.

From all time, the crime of murder has been regarded as the most atrocious of which the human heart in its outbreak of wickedness, is capable. The Almighty's first order to men, when the earth was cleared of the deluge, was that they should not imbue their hands in each other's blood. Again, among the precepts of the Old Law expounded by our Lord, the commandment not to kill, holds the very first place, it being certain that the disposition of man to remove from his path, those whom he hated, has ever been latent in his heart, when the spirit of wickedness lured him on to the fullest expression of that hatred.

"I will require," says the Almighty, "the blood of your lives at the hand of every beast and at the hand of man."

There is a two-fold development in the obligation: the one forbidding the depriving another of life, the other commanding us to cherish sentiments of charity, goodwill and friendship towards our enemies.

There are no injunctions, however, in regard to the killing of animals which are intended for the food of man. "When," says St. Augustine, "we hear the words that we are not to kill, it is to be understood that this prohibition does not extend to the fruits of the earth which are insensible, nor to irrational animals which belong not to the society of mankind."

Nor does the prohibition extend to the magistrate to whom is entrusted the duty of seeing that God's command, that the murderer shall atone, is to be carried out.

The end of the commandment being the preservation and the security of human life, the magistrate's power to wield the sword is sacred and lawful in the case of murderers. The soldier, too, is without guilt who kills in his country's cause.

Again if a man kills another in defence of his own life, having taken what precautions he could to avoid killing, he does not violate the commandment not to kill. Unwilling ignorance that causes death is not murder.

It is strange, as the catechism of the Council of Trent tells us, that the Jews were under the impression that to abstain from shedding human blood was enough to satisfy the obligation imposed by this commandment. Nevertheless, the Christian knows that the command is also spiritual, and that hatred and murder must be kept from our hearts. Many are, indeed, guilty of murder, if not in act, at least in desire.

In the Holy Writ, God pours out the deepest execrations against the murderer, declares that of the very beast of the field he will exact vengeance for the life of man and commanding the beast that sheds human blood to be put to death.

The murderer, says the Psalmist, is the worst enemy of the species, and consequently of nature; to the utmost of his power, he destroys the universal work of God by the destruction of man for whom God declares He created all things. It is the crime which, born of hatred, the Spirit of Darkness prompts the weak heart to commit. To show how energetically the murderer is precipitated by the impulse of the devil into the commission of such an enormity, the Psalmist says: "Their feet are swift to shed blood."

There are many material evils that follow in the train of hatred and murder. Says St. John: "He that hateth his brother is in darkness and walketh in darkness, and knoweth not whither he goeth, because the darkness hath blinded his eyes. Hatred has been

called the "sin of the devil;" the devil was a murderer from the beginning, and God says of murderers "they were begotten of their father, the devil.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

ANGLICAN BISHOP PRAISES CATHOLIC TOLERANCE.

SIGNIFICANT EPISODE OF SUNDAY OBSERVANCE OF QUEBEC TERCENTENARY.

The Duke of Norfolk and other prominent visitors attended the solemn open-air Mass celebrated on the Plains of Abraham in honor of the Quebec tercentenary. It was one of the most impressive as it was the most significant of the exercises of the week.

The Prince of Wales attended services at the Anglican Cathedral, the Anglican Bishop in his sermon thanked God for Champlain and for the French Catholic missionaries and settlers who came to the Canadian shores, teaching the country the things pertaining to the kingdom of God.

"As to the general spirit of our lives in this old city of Quebec," he said, "I would simply remind you of the fact that when the first English Bishop, Dr. Jacob Mountain, arrived here the French Bishop of that day, Msgr. Briand, went down to the wharf, and kissing him on both cheeks, said: 'It is high time, Monsignor, that you came out to look after your people.' It is in the same kindly spirit of charity and Christian love that I am thankful to say, we have both lived together ever since."

CATHOLIC NOTES.

Rev. A. H. Easton, B. A., late curate of St. Peter's, Folkestone, was received into the Church at St. Augustine's Abbey, Ramsgate, on Sunday, July 13, by the Very Rev. Prior Egan, O. S. B.

A fund of fifty thousand pennies is being raised by the Catholic children in England for the erection of a monument to the late Cardinal Manning in the Westminster Cathedral.

The Catholics of the Archdiocese of St. Louis are about to erect a cathedral that will cost \$2,500,000. Half a million has already been subscribed by the different parishes.

Misses Pardee and Bullock, until recently known as Mother Edith and Sister Marianna, of the Protestant Episcopal Sisters of St. Mary, of Peckskill, N. Y., were received into the Church at St. Elizabeth's convent, (Mother Katharine Drexel) Cornwells, on Sunday evening, July 19, by Archbishop Ryan. They were given conditional baptism and were confirmed, and on Monday morning they received their first Holy Communion.

The library of the Vatican was commenced 1417 years ago. It contains 40,000 manuscripts, among which are some by Pliny, St. Thomas, St. Charles Borromeo and many Hebrew, Syrian, Arabian and Armenian Bibles.

The Rev. Denis T. O'Sullivan, S. J., formerly of Boston College and later president of St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia, died suddenly July 20th at the College of the Holy Cross, Worcester, where he had been staying for the benefit of his health.

It is understood, according to a correspondent in Rome, that the Pope has drawn up a universal encyclical recommending a more rational interpretation of the principle of love for one's neighbor as the only means by which the brotherhood of nations may be maintained and consolidated.

When Archbishop Farley sailed for Rome he carried with him three books for presentation to the Pope which will represent in a way the literary finish and scholarship of American Catholics. The largest will be the third volume of the Vatican edition of the Catholic Encyclopedia. This edition which costs \$3,000, is said to be one of the most costly ever printed in America.

Archbishop Bourne, of Westminster, London, has commissioned Father Herbert Vaughan, D. D., one of the diocesan missionaries at Willesden Green, to proceed to the Apostolic Mission House at Washington to study the methods of the mission work in the United States, with a view of making the diocesan mission work still more effective in England.

Count Albert de Mun has issued an appeal to the Catholics of France for the promotion of a religious revival. He says that only by social action can the Church in France recover contact with the people. Ever since the passing of the Jules Ferry education laws, the French masses have become more and more estranged from the Church, and they are now so organized that they cannot be induced to listen forth with religious discourses.

The Cathedral of the Holy Ghost in Constantinople recently witnessed a notable ceremony, when the Apostolic Delegate residing at that city united in marriage the daughter of the Turkish Minister of Agriculture, Selim Pasha Melhune, and the German Baron Wilderich von Fuesstenburg. The Turkish dignitary, although minister of the Sultan, the head of the Mahomedans, is a Maronite and he and his brother, who also holds a high position at the court of the Sultan are practical Catholics.

Catholic students are winning high honors at Glasgow (Scotland) University. A few years ago such students were not numerous. Now in every department—law, medicine, science, and arts—there are many Catholics. In the medical section alone a greater percentage of Catholics than ever before. The vast majority of the lads come from the Jesuit College, St. Aloysius, and St. Mungo's Academy, but the North County also sends its quota of Scottish Catholic students.