The Catholic Record.

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

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KEEP IT UP

Our contemporary The Christian Guardian is, we are pleased to see, cultivating a taste in the discriminating selection of cable news and in its mode of comment. A "perhaps," "it seems," etc., make for it a rampart of defence and tend to show that the policy of unblushing approval of any and every attack on the Church has been abandoned. May the editor be true to this policy. We may not see eye to eye with him on doctrinal matters, but we can be as one in the observance of the canons of social amenity. If we must oppose each other in the controversial field, we can use arguments befitting the Christian, and not personalities, and the stuff that is born of putrescent hearts and diseased imaginations. Dean Stanley avowed that Protestantism in general treats Catholics with shameful ignorance and unfairness. And Dr. Schaff complains that "the Roman Church is bemired from day to day with all possible accusations and calumnies, and combated with Scripture quotations, arguments, mockery, witticisms, horrible stories and misrepresentations."

THE SHINING LIGHT

One thing certain is that Rome is the one foe against which the enemies of Christianity wage relentless war. The advocates of "progress," as well as the exponents of Socialism, mass their heaviest artillery against her. And why? Because they, in their own admission, recognize that Rome alone can unmask their hypocrisy, defeat their arguments and stand four-square against all the forces they can muster. The loud sounding words about Science tracking the Church to destruction is but a device to catch the unthinking. And while the little men indulge in an orgy of wild predictions, the scientist of repute either guards his tongue or adds another proof that the God who wrote the Scriptures is the "God who wrote the illuminated manuscript of the skies." The search-light of modern enlightenment has been playing on the Church without revealing any reason why honest scholarship is incompatible with her teachings. And, according to Draper, the Church is in a position to meet, and successfully, the coming crisis.

ON THE WAR PATH

Some time ago the Baptist convention of Ontario and Quebec had the pleasure of hearing the Rev. Dr. E. T. Stobo, who presented the report of the society that aims at French evangelization. He ridiculed, we are told, the Eucharistic Congress. He reviled the Blessed Eucharist, and extolled the Baptists. We read his remarks, wondering all the while at the mentality of Dr. Stobo. We marvelled at the equanimity with which his remarks were received. And we have unfeigned pity for the gentleman, for surely there is no more pathetic sight than that of a man, who is supposed to have a bowing acquaintance with civilization, disporting himself in a manner that would not be tolerated by fair-minded pagans. We cannot even dignify him as a "clerical" firebrand; he is merely a cheap ranter with a taste for foul language. His specialty consists, not in dislike of the Church, but in the animal way in which he manifests that dislike. It is only gentlemen who indulge habitually in helpless paroxysms of religious animosity who obtain fools' pardon though they still continue to disgust. He is not without success in catering to the coarse imaginations of the vulgar. He can, if willing, derive much needed instruction from the French Canadians. He may not understand their faith, whose strange and mysterious influence he cannot ignore, but they may help him by their example to a knowledge of the rudimentary decencies of language.

THE OLD STUFF

A correspondent has sent us a book which he avers is hostile to the Church, and may do great wrong to the cause of truth. We have examined the book. It may possibly stimulate jaded imaginations, but it is too mushy and childishly bigoted to hurt anyone with any pretensions to intellect. When we say that it is far below the Hocking standard our readers will understand what we mean. There is much talk about the Church by the hero of the tale, but it is a Church which was never yet on land or sea. The poor Papist is showered with all kinds of polemical missiles, and when overturned and crushed the victor smiles at him so cruelly. With his wounds healed, and aided by ministering friends, he reads the Bible for the first time—and lo! the night of his darkness is dispelled by the dawn of truth. This is reminiscent of the late Methodist Bishop McCabe, who in his journeys never failed to find a Romanist to escort into the sanctuary of truth. The author of this book could not keep the arrogant ecclesiastic out of it. Strange to say, he is not a Jesuit, but merely a cleric trained in the arts of intrigue and past-master in making snares for the feet of simple Protestants, etc., etc. This book may please sanctified spinsters and professional bigots, but they who know anything of our principles and practice will regret that it ever saw the light. The Protestant novelist must have, in this generation, something more than a few descriptions of scenery, and tracts about things that do not exist. Let us suggest something to this aspirant for literary fame. He has, he says, the "open Bible." He chants its praises loudly and long. But let him consider how it is fallen from its erstwhile eminence in the camps of his brethren. Look at it set up as a target for every divine who can "beat the Ten Commandments," or achieves notoriety by discussing the comparative value or worthlessness of divine truths. Now suppose, knight-errant-like, he sallies forth to the rescue. Here indeed is ample scope for his talents and scholarship and store of picturesque adjectives.

CHEER UP

A contemporary bewails the visit of Father Vaughan to this country. Before his advent we were dancing hand in hand around the maypole of harmony, and now the dulcet strains are stilled and we are working overtime to create dissensions. But cheer up friend. Shake these bitter tears from your manuscript. No harm has been done. Many of the people of this country have had the pleasure of hearing a great preacher of original methods and of earnestness that befits a man sure of himself and of his cause. Men who owe no allegiance to Father Vaughan's faith bear witness to the power of his vigorous and incisive speech, and they neither cry nor lament. Ministerial brethren have answered him to their own satisfaction if not to the instruction of the public. And while there is fluttering and many words in the households of some preachers, the average Canadian goes his way guarding his own religion and not meddling with that of others.

THE NOISOME TENEMENT

It is not within the scope of this paper to comment on the efforts of our lawmakers and others to secure better sanitation and housing in the interest of public health. Suffice it to say that their campaign against tuberculosis merits and receives unstinted praise. We agree that good nourishment and fresh air are potent weapons against the white plague. Many, however, in the grip of this disease are unable to procure the food as recommended. As to fresh air, the exhalations of tenements are not calculated to prove a boon to suffering lungs. If the gentlemen who preach the gospel of good health would lead a crusade against the tenement, reeking with smells, stale, noisome, germ-laden, and compel the owners to replace these death-traps with structures worthy at least of being called civilized, they would have the undying gratitude of hundreds of sufferers.

IMPEDING THE TRAFFIC

Our police officials tolerate no impediment of traffic. The shopkeeper who ventures to exhibit his wares on the sidewalk is warned and exhorted not to violate the sacred rights of the pedestrian. But for some reason or other the official eye is not so vigilant during the night. When the shops are closed the youth of both sexes invade the streets, and seem to have little respect for the majesty of the law. They certainly impede traffic as they are blighting both body and soul. Whence they come we don't know. Perhaps from households whose mothers spend hours in the cheap theatres, and who imagine that young girls running wild and exposed to every temptation shall later on be exponents of the womanhood that is the best asset of any community. We pity these youngsters who are being brutalized. The laughter that is so terrible—the young faces so hardened when they should tell of modesty, the little groups on the corners listening to witticisms from undisciplined lads—all this makes us wonder why the officials are not empowered to place these children into some kind of a refuge. We are of the opinion that we blink at conditions that make for moral degradation.

THE OTHER SIDE

America publishes an article from the Buenos Ayres Herald of August 5, 1910, which cannot but be interesting to our readers. This paper, in no sense conducted by Catholics, says:

"No Protestant, no thinking man, can pretend to believe now that the Church of Rome is being assailed because of its faults or failings as a world-wide power. As a matter of fact, Protestants are only too willing to bear testimony to the splendid organization of the Roman Catholic religion. The onslaught of the Liberals of Europe owes its impulse and bitterness to another motive, a motive which involves the fate of every other church or Christian community. The governing idea of the anti-church crusade is this: Pull down the oldest and most solid and the others will fall in detail. With this motto to aid us in the interpretation of anti-Catholic feeling, no one, be he Protestant, Dissenter or Catholic, can very well maintain the 'it serves-him-right' argument applied to the existing tribulations of the Roman Catholic Church. Thus, whilst sinking the contentious points and passing over alleged facts in connection with the struggle in Spain, a struggle which may at any moment become very serious, we find that it is not wise to assume that the Church of Rome must, by virtue of the fact that it is the Church of Rome, be in the wrong. The day may not be far distant when all the churches, all the religious influences of the world, will be thankful that the old Church did not, in the early twentieth century, temporize with the disruptive forces of Europe."

SAMPLES OF THE SPANISH CLERGY

More then a dozen years ago Mrs. Miriam Coles Harris, a well-known American writer, wrote a book called "A Corner of Spain" which, in view of recent happenings in that country and its near neighbor Portugal, should be particularly interesting just at present.

The Spain of which Mrs Harris tells is the Spain before the war with this country; and if conditions there are bad to-day they of course must have been very much worse then; for we all have heard again and again that the brush with the United States in 1898 awoke the Spaniards from the lethargy of centuries, and started a movement of betterment in all directions.

Now, everybody who reads the cable dispatches from Spain and Portugal know that the clergy over there from the lowest to the highest are either greedy, grasping, corrupt and ignorant or haughty, arrogant, indolent and cruel. A reader may take his choice of any or all of these adjectives, and come pretty near describing the clergy—as they are known to the writers of news on the other side of the Atlantic. Strange to say, however, the Catholic clergymen whom Mrs. Harris met or about whom she learned, while she was in Spain, were not the kind with which the frenzied writers of the cable despatches have made the readers of American newspapers familiar. Mrs. Harris, for instance, writing of the Bishop of Malaga, says:

"Across the square is the Bishop's palace. It is neither impressive nor interesting except as being the home of a very saintly man. All the people of Malaga, foes to the Church as well as its friends, spoke in praise of this good man; he was a marques, the head of his family, and inheritor of a large fortune. All this he laid down; another man took his title and place, and entered into the enjoyment of his houses and lands when he became an humble, nameless priest. Out of that position of obscurity, his sanctity and his marked ability after some years raised him to the hierarchy. He preached the Advent and the Lent in the cathedral that year we were in Malaga. The Lenten subject was "The Catholic in the Modern World" or something like that. The up-to-dateness of the incisive, deep discourse was very striking as well as the hushed silence of the vast cathedral. The sermon was an hour long, no one seemed to wish it shorter."

"We heard a good deal, too, about his charities. The winter was a hard one in Malaga; the poverty was direr than ever before. The Bishop gave up his carriage and gave the money to the poor.

"One saw that economy ruled at the palace; everything that could be spared, people said, was given to the poor. It was bare, but clean—so clean, the floors and windows seemed always being washed. In the court by which you entered there were several palms in green tubs—plain tubs, no illusions. It was evident the good Bishop did not give much thought to the decoration of his abode. There was one room, however, into which we were taken once, that looked as if it had some thought and care bestowed upon it. It had a warm, furnished look, and the high windows opened upon a garden where flowers ran riot, as they do in Spain. The Bishop's mother, old and feeble, lived with him, and his care for and devotion to her were as edifying as his charities or his austerities or any other of his virtues. I should judge that the state which his position called for was rather irksome to him, but as a true Spaniard he felt he ought to be punctilious in matters of etiquette. He was in spiritual affairs, however, at everybody's beck and call, just as if he were not a high dignitary. There was in Malaga no priest who could hear confessions in English, and only two who could hear them in French, and one of these two was the Bishop. So all the straggling foreigners who came to Malaga climbed up the great bare palace stairs and rang his bell and asked to be shriven, just as if he had not been a Bishop. He always had a patient, gentle expression as if he said, 'Oh, don't mind, it's what I'm here for.'"

Rather a different kind of Bishop this from the imperious, callous (and all the rest of it) ecclesiastics with whom the Spanish Government is having such a hard time at present. Mrs. Harris says he was the only Bishop she met in Spain, but she declares that having read an essay of Cardinal Wiseman's on Spain, she came to believe that the kindly, gentle Bishop of Malaga was only one of many, and a fair sample of the rest: and she adds that if the allusion she makes to Cardinal Wiseman will induce any of her readers to look up this essay and read it, she will feel that her own book will have a sufficient excuse for being.

But perhaps some faithful follower of yellow journalism, with an inconsistency that would be charming if it were not so stupid, will say: "Oh, of course, the Bishops are a superior set. But the common priesthood—what of them?" The writer of "A Corner of Spain" had some experience with the rank and file of the clergy, and she found them attending to their duties in a manner which would be considered admirable in the clergy of any country. Here is a case which speaks for itself:

"A young American, a Catholic, who did not understand Spanish, wanted to make her confession before going away on a journey. . . . The Bishop was absent, and there was only one other priest in Malaga who knew French. So to him a young Spanish friend offered to lead her. It was a long way, and when they got to the church he was not at the altar, although it was his ordinary hour for saying Mass. They looked at all the side altars; he was not at any of them. It was an inconceivable situation. The Church was full, though it was not a feast day. . . They found a chair, and then the Spanish girl with national vehemence hurried to a lay-brother and told him it was insupportable, the Father must come. It was impossible, and Brother said, he was in bed threatened with pneumonia; he could not even say his Mass to-day.

"No matter," she insisted with the cruelty of youth, "go and tell him the circumstances."

"The morning was cold for Malaga, the great stone church was damp and chilly, and the priest was very delicate. He had probably been sent to the monastery in Malaga to preserve his very valuable life, for he was one of the best preachers in his order, and a most saintly man.

"And after a quarter of an hour he came. He was a tall, thin man, hollow-chested and stooping, with a very pale face, deep-set dark eyes, and a patient look that seemed to say, like the Bishop's, "Oh, don't mind, it's what I'm here for." We left Malaga next day, and I never learned what that morning's chill did for him."

Such then are the kind of Bishops and priests whom this Amercan Lady found in Spain. If she had gone to Portugal she would have discovered the very same kind. There is marked difference between her clergymen and those that figure in the news dispatches which have taken up so much space in our newspapers of late. But she is drawing her Bishops and priests from life. She is giving us truthful pictures of what she sees. The news dispatches, written in the interest of the anti-clericals of Spain and Portugal, are giving the world cartoons and caricatures of those who, however maligned and belied, are the best friends of the people.—Sacred Heart Review.

TYBURN

The pathetic advertisement of the nuns of Tyburn Convent cannot but stir the hearts of all who care for England's Church and England's Martyrs. Here a few years ago was begun a work that seemed to be the fulfilment of many hopes, the answer to many prayers, the accomplishment, indeed, of an ancient prediction handed down to us from those dark days when Tyburn Tree was rich in crimson fruit of martyrdom.

Here, hard by the spot where a hundred of England's noblest sons had poured out their blood, an altar was raised at last, an altar where the King of Martyrs raised His throne, where His consecrated spouses day and night pleaded the merits of His Blood for England's return to the faith for which His martyrs died.

The house had become the property of the little band of exiled nuns of the Adoration of the Sacred Heart from Montmarte (the French mount of martyrs) in a way that seemed all but miraculous. Cardinal Vaughan had heard that a house close to Tyburn Gallows was for sale on the very morning that he received the appeal of the nuns to find them a house where they might continue their work of Perpetual Adoration and prayer for the conversion of our country. He seized the opportunity with eagerness, and wrote to urge the nuns to buy the house at Tyburn for the martyrs' sake.

When his reply came a well-known priest was with the Rev. Mother. He at once expressed his joy and declared that he had never passed the spot for many years without the prayer to the martyrs that he might live to see there a sanctuary in their honour. Now surely the time had come.

The Community was French, and at the time knew little of our glorious martyrs, but they, too, were soon fired with a holy enthusiasm, and longed to give themselves to the work. But they had no means to buy a house so expensive, therefore they had recourse to a novena to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the martyrs of Tyburn.

Before the novena was ended a stranger called on the Rev. Mother and gave her the sum of £10,000. The nuns added their slender resources and the house was bought (it seemed so evidently to be God's will), and the beautiful work of ceaseless prayer and adoration began.

English novices flocked to Tyburn, and in a few years the Community numbered more English than French subjects. Pilgrims also began to visit the sanctuary in ever-increasing numbers.

Great were the hopes of Catholics with regard to this little coign of vantage they had thus secured, close to the Calvary of England's Church. Many have prayed that Cardinal Vaughan's wish (about his last wish) may be fulfilled, and that in time a more worthy chapel may be raised to the Martyrs of Tyburn, so that this sanctuary might have its share (and no mean one perhaps) in the glorious work of winning our country back to God. It is not, perhaps, generally known that almost the last visit the late Cardinal ever paid was to the little shrine at Tyburn. He was unable to mount the stairs, but he blessed the house, and as he stood looking over the convent garden, he uttered in solemn tones words that seemed to his hearers to be a prediction of the future that God had in store for the place. Irish Catholics too have their share in Tyburn, they join with their English brethren in love and veneration for the shrine which commemorates to them especially the last of the Martyrs of Tyburn, Venerable Oliver Plunkett, the successor of St. Patrick, whom we hope soon to see raised to the altars.

There where English and Irish blood was mingled, Irish and English pilgrims kneel united in prayer and adoration. Surely, there was reason to hope for the permanence of such a work as this?

Here the white-robed Carthusian monks, here Jesuits and Franciscans, secular priests in great numbers, faithful laymen and women poured out their blood. Surely, the spot they thus consecrated must be dear to Catholics above all others in the land? Yet it looks as if all these hopes were to be nullified, all these prayers disappointed.

The nuns have struggled on for years, always hoping against hope that they would gain the support they needed to carry on their work. Perhaps they should have given in before. They certainly would have done so had they thought of themselves, and of their own interests. But as the Rev. Mother once said: "The martyrs came to Tyburn to suffer, and shall we desire any better lot?" And they have suffered?" Those few who know them intimately tell us stories of privations borne with heroic courage, facts that prove that the spirit of the martyrs is still alive, aglow, at Tyburn. They have cruelly suffered, while no one suspected it.

This is not the place to reveal the secrets of the King, or to dwell on the sanctity of the souls who have made Tyburn their home. There are those who could tell of wonderful things, but their lips are sealed.

But the pity of it!—London Tablet.

CONCERNING CONVERTS

By Scannell O'Neill

Earl Nelson, who has done so much to promote home re-union among English Protestants, has seen his wife and three sons pass over to Rome. His heir, the Viscount Mereon, is a devout Catholic, Earl Nelson himself seems to draw nearer the Church as he grows older, as is noticeable in his article in the August number of The Re-Union Magazine, in which he takes occasion to set his Protestant hearers right on the attitude of the Catholic Church toward the reading of the Bible.

Another layman, prominent in Anglican Church affairs, the Duke of Newcastle, counts his mother, and a brother and a sister among Rome's recruits. It is interesting to recall in connection with the recent Papal encyclical on San Carlo Borromeo, that a niece of the Duke of Newcastle, (daughter of his sister the Princess Doria Pamphili-Lani), is married to the present head of the house of Borromeo. Another of his nieces, Miss Lister-Kayne, also a convert, is married to Colonel Vaughan, of Courtfield.

Three women, much in the public eye of England—the Countess of Warwick, queen of the Socialists, Lady Henry Somerset, of temperance fame, and Lady Gladstone, have each a convert mother.

Mr. Malton Boyce, who has lately assumed charge of the choir of St. Matthew's church, Washington, D. C., is the convert son of the Anglican Vicar of Eccingswell, Newbury, England, and became a Catholic in 1904.

My friend Mr. Gordon Gorman of Stonyhurst College, England, has just issued the ninth edition of his "Converts to Rome," a book which from its first appearance fully fifteen years since has held its own as a valuable book of reference. What a variety of stories are hidden in these names! The volume ought to find a place on the bookshelf of every zealous Catholic.

It may not be generally known that the Jew Freemason Mayor of Rome, Mr. Nathan, has two convert nieces. We hope their influence will prove salutary in bringing about a change of heart in their disreputable old uncle.

We consider the bragging note of one of our contemporaries in saying that Mother Seton and Archbishop Bayley were near relatives of Mr. Roosevelt rather far-fetched. They were only distantly related to the ex-president. We imagine that if such a claim is urged before the commission having Mother Seton's beatification in charge it will prove a feather in the cap of the devil's advocate.

The spectacle of the Landgrave of Hesse at the Eucharistic Congress is enough to make Luther and Melancthon turn over in their graves. However it is not quite so surprising when we remember that the mother of the Landgrave, the Princess Anne of Prussia, became a Catholic some years ago. She is a sister of the late Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, whose widow, the mother of the Duchess of Connaught, of England, is also a convert of some years standing.

THE WAR ON THE CHURCH

PRIOR HIGGINS CONDEMNS PROTESTANT ATTITUDE

The Very Rev. Dom Gilbert Higgins, C. R. L., of Stroud Green, N., preached on a recent Sunday at the Church of SS. Peter and Paul, Great Crosby, near Liverpool.

Basing his discourse on the Gospel story of the ten lepers, he said that ingratitude was the first weed to grow in the garden of this world, and it was perhaps the most tenacious of life. This earth was a leper-island, and God came to it from Heaven to cure the diseased. What gratitude did they show? They crucified their good Physician. Men were less thankful to-day then they were nineteen hundred years ago.

Let them look at France. What had not Christ done for that fair land? It was Christianity that made it, through Christian bishops, kings and monks. And now the name of Christ was expunged from the school books, the image of Christ was broken in pieces, churches were profaned and pulled down, and bishops, priests, monks and nuns—all who wore the livery of Christ—were being persecuted, robbed, exiled threatened with starvation or prison. While the weed of ingratitude was bearing such a heavy crop in France, were none of its seeds taking root in England?

What meant that phrenetic applause with which the Protestant press almost without an exception hailed the persecution of Jesus in the Latin countries? Why were Englishmen, professedly Christians, glad to see the clergy baited, Catholic officials driven out of employment because they went to church, schools closed by the hundred, ladies robbed of their means of livelihood and their homes? Had Englishmen forgotten that their Universities, Parliament, legislation, Bible and Christianity came from the Catholic Church, which the sworn enemies of morality, justice, and liberty were trying fruitlessly to destroy? The action of the British Press in regard to the religious question in France and Spain was marked by the basest ingratitude—ingratitude that only colossal and inconceivable ignorance could palliate.

But could they, as Catholics, cast stones at the infidels of France or their separated brethren at home who admired these infidels? They had all been made clean from leprosy in Holy Baptism, clothed with a super-natural vesture of holiness, adopted into the family of the Most High, decorated with the title Catholic. Where was their gratitude? How many thanked God on the anniversary of their baptism? How many knew the date of it? How many thanked God for being born in a Christian land, of virtuous parents, near a church?

Morning and night prayers, assistance at Sunday Mass, frequentation of the Sacraments, were outward signs and proofs of gratitude. Titles, distinctions, money, position, pleasures might come to them, but when it was time to say an eternal farewell to those perishable things their grateful heart would find its truest comfort in the dying words of St. Teresa; "Lord, remember I die a child of the Catholic Church."

NATHAN DENOUNCED

MISERABLE INFIDEL CALLED TO TASK BY A JEWISH PAPER

When Signor Nathan, the sindaco of Rome, made an egregious fool of himself at the Porta Pia on September 20, he perhaps foresaw the storm of indignation his shameful billingsgate would arouse in the ranks of the Catholics, but he did not for a moment think that his own co-religionists would disown him for it. And yet that is precisely what the official organ of the German orthodox Jews did some days ago.

"Nathan's want of tact," we read in No. 39 of the "Deutsche Israelitsche Zeitung," "naturally called forth the just indignation of the Vatican. . . . Signor Nathan could have expressed his opinion on the excesses committed in Apulia—excesses such as occur in Russia also, where there is no Pope, amongst the Orthodox population—without dragging in the Pope and the dogma of the infallibility which have nothing whatever to do with the matter. The 'freethinker' made use of the opportunity to give vent to his feelings. Even if his name is all that is left of his Judaism, he should know nevertheless that it is more than lack of tact for one born a Jew to meddle in the affairs of another religion, to wound deeply the religious sentiments of millions. Mr. Nathan has proved that the old proverb, 'When God confers a place on any one, He also gives him the wit required to fill it,' does not always apply, and that he is sadly in need of tact and reverence for religion—two indispensable qualifications for so high an office.

"When Mr. Ernesto Nathan, though a non-Catholic, goes the length of interfering with the decrees of the Pope against Modernists, Sillionists, etc., and dares to tax the Pope with jumbling dogma and ritual, and in the same breath styles himself the 'modest' mayor of Rome, he is, in all likelihood, the only man in the whole world who believes in the appropriateness of the epithet."—Roman Correspondence Catholic Standard and Times.

To suffer and be silent, that is a divine art. There is a weakness in the excessive craving for sympathy. You think you are having a harder time than your neighbor, from whose lips no complaint ever escapes; but if you knew his or her lot you might deem yourself fortunate compared to them.

CATHOLIC NOTES

For twenty-five years the Josephite Fathers have labored among the negroes of the State of Virginia. Already nine Missions Stations have been established. These are supported by St. Joseph's Mission House.

The one thousandth anniversary of the great Benedictine Abbey of Cluny, founded in 910 by St. Odon, and to which were affiliated nearly two hundred other abbeys, was solemnly celebrated last month. The former abbey church was, next to St. Peter's in Rome, the largest in the Catholic world.

The Rev. John D. Knox, a descendant of the anti-Catholic Scotch Calvinist, has been received into the Catholic Church at the Benedictine Abbey, Erdington, Birmingham, England. He was formerly curate at St. Saxiour's Anglican cathedral, Southwark, and St. Barnabas' Anglican church, Southfields.

Rev. Father Peter Sherlock, S. J., the oldest Jesuit Father in England, died the other day at Stonyhurst College. He reached the patriarchal age of ninety-one years. Father Sherlock belonged to the old Sherlock family of Carrigmoorna, County Waterford, Ireland, where he was born on November 25, 1819.

Announcement has just been made by Rev. T. E. Murphy, S. J., of the College of the Holy Cross, at Worcester, Mass., that on September 21, the total registration was the splendid number of 491 students. Of this total, 377 are resident and 114 non-resident, while 400 are in the college proper, and 91 in the preparatory department.

The first church in the West for negro Catholics was established in Kansas city two weeks ago, when a cross was placed above a cottage, which will be used temporarily. Later $30,000 will be used to fit up a mission. The new church was made possible by a gift of $8,000 by Katherine Drexel of Philadephia, Mother Superior of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament.

Like a vast organized army, twenty thousand men and boys, members of the Holy Name Society of the Catholic Church of the Pittsburg diocese marched through the streets of Pittsburg recently, a living protest against profanity and the violation of the commandment, "Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord Thy God in vain."

Several New England pastors have taken up the idea of introducing Catholic papers into their schools with a view of cultivating in the children a taste for Catholic literature. The scholars read the papers, and half an hour is spent weekly in discussing the most striking articles contained. This novel practice is worthy of encouragement.

The Irish Dominican convent in Lisbon, which remains untouched by the anti-Catholic Republicans of Portugal because of the British flag which flies above it, has something of a history. Eugene Davis, in his "Irish Footprints in Europe" gives as its founded Father Dominic O'Daly of Kerry. Father O'Daly also built the convent for Irish Dominican nuns, which also escaped harm during the recent revolution.

As recently reorganized by Pope Pius X., the hierarchy of the United States of Brazil now consists of eight Archbishops and thirty-five Bishops. With the creation of three new dioceses and the elevation of two to the metropolitan rank, it is plain that the Church in Brazil has its full share of energy and zeal, and that it is keeping pace with the industrial and commercial progress of the most extensive of the South American republics.

The Osservatore Romano of the week that ended on September 10 contained the following: "We have seen in some recent papers a notice to the effect that a decree of the Sacred Congregation of the Sacraments will be published shortly by which the obligation of fasting will be removed for priests who celebrate Mass at a late hour. We are authorized to declare that such notice is absolutely without foundation."

Ireland is a great source of supply for religious orders in America. Such items as the following are very common in Irish papers: "Twenty Irish young lady postulants sailed on Sunday on the Cunard liner 'Campania' for New York, en route to San Antonio, Texas. They are from different parts of Ireland and are in charge of Sister Joachim and Sister Philomena, who have been in Ireland for the past three months making preparations for their departure for the Far West."

Rev. P. J. Dowling, C. M., contributes to the Catholic Times an article on the proposed International Defence Union in which he lays before its readers a complete sketch of the principal lines of the programme. Father Dowling is to be congratulated on the letters of approval of the principle of the Union which he has received from ecclesiastical authorities. It is quite evident there is a general desire that the Catholics of the world should combine, by organized effort, for the defence of the Church. In another article Father Dowling will deal with the principal objects of the Union.

The Catholics are steadily winning back lost ground in Germany. The Berlin correspondent of a British non-Conformist organ, the Christian World, informs us that according to statistics to which a well-known religious journal in Berlin has access, the Catholic population of Prussia has increased within the last forty years from 33.56 per cent. of the whole to 35.80 per cent., and the Protestant population has decreased from 64.39 per cent. of the whole to 62.59. So that since the war with France there has been a decrease of 2.30 per cent. in the Protestant population, and the Catholics have increased by 2.24.