

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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THE FATHER OF APATISM.

The Infamous Titus Oates in the Pilory.

There is so much resemblance between the history of the infamous Titus Oates and the A. P. A. movement—the former explains so well the latter, throws so much light upon it, and shows it so truthfully in all its odious character—that we give it to our readers. The sources from which our information is derived cannot be suspicious even to Protestants, as we draw from Chamber's Encyclopaedia and Macaulay, and give it textually. The encyclopaedia says: Titus Oates was the son of a ribbon weaver, who having first become an Anabaptist minister under Cromwell, took orders and a benefice in the English Church after the Restoration. Oates appears to have been born about the year 1620. He was sent to Trinity college, Cambridge, where he took orders, and received a small living from the Duke of Norfolk. This position, however, he forfeited, in consequence of a malicious prosecution, in which he narrowly escaped conviction for perjury; and having been afterwards appointed to a chaplaincy of one of the King's ships, he was expelled from it on a charge still more disgraceful. In this extremity, he conformed to the Catholic Church, and was admitted as a scholar of the Jesuits' college at Valladolid, Spain, but was expelled for misconduct after a trial of a few months. He was again received by the Jesuits, on his earnest protestations of repentance, at St. Omer, France, where he proved as mean and worthless as before, and he was finally dismissed by them in the early part of 1678. He now, as a mere vagabond adventurer, set himself to live by his wit, in the evil exercise of which he devised, about this time, the atrocious scheme which his name is identified in history. Just then great excitement and alarm pervaded the Protestant party in England. It was well known that Charles II. was at heart a Roman Catholic; and his brother, the Duke of York, afterwards James II., was an active and avowed zealot on the same side. The growing confidence of the Roman Catholics was unaccounted for; and with or without reason, the cry so often since heard arose, and was everywhere re-echoed, that the Protestant religion was in danger. In this fevered state of general feeling, Oates saw his opportunity, and dexterously and boldly availed himself of it.

Macaulay says: "One Titus Oates, a clergyman of the Church of England, had, by his disorderly life and heterodox doctrine, drawn on himself the censure of his spiritual superiors, and had even since led an infamous and vagrant life. He had once professed himself a Roman Catholic, and passed some time on the Continent in English colleges of the order of Jesuits. In those seminaries he had heard much wild talk about the best means of bringing England back to the true Church. From hints thus furnished he constructed a hideous romance, resembling rather the dream of a sick man than any transaction which ever took place in the real world. The Pope, he said, had entrusted the government of England to the Jesuits. The Jesuits had, by commissions under the seal of their society, appointed Roman Catholic noblemen, and gentlemen, to all the highest offices in Church and State. The Papists had burned down London once. They had tried to burn it down again. They were at that moment planning a scheme for setting fire to all the shipping in the Thames. They were to rise at a signal and massacre all their Protestant neighbors. A French army was at the same time to land in Ireland. All the leading statesmen and divines of England were to be murdered. Three or four schemes had been formed for assassinating the King. He was to be stabbed. He was to be poisoned in his medicine. He was to be shot with silver bullets. The public mind was so sore and excitable that these lies readily found credit with the vulgar; and two events which speedily took place led even some reflecting men to suspect that the tale, though evidently distorted and exaggerated, might have some foundation.

"Edward Coleman, a very busy and not very honest Roman Catholic intriguer, had been among the persons accused. Search was made for his papers. It was found that he had just destroyed the greater part of them. But a few which had escaped contained some passages such as, to minds strongly prepossessed, might seem to confirm the evidence of Oates. These passages, indeed, when candidly construed, appear to express little more than the hopes which the posture of affairs, the predilections of Charles, the still stronger predilections of James, and the relations existing between the French and English courts, might naturally excite in the mind of a Roman Catholic strongly attached to the interests of his Church. But the country was not then inclined to construe the letters of Papists candidly; and it was urged, with some show of reason, that, if papers which had been passed over as unimportant were filled with matter so

suspicious, some great mystery of iniquity must have been contained in those documents which had been carefully committed to the flames.

A few days later it was known that Sir Edmund Godfrey, an eminent justice of the peace who had taken the depositions of Oates against Coleman, had disappeared. Search was made; and Godfrey's corpse was found in a field near London. It was clear that he had died by violence. It was equally clear that he had not been set upon by robbers. His fate is to this day a secret. Some think that he perished by his own hand; some, that he was slain by a private enemy. The most improbable supposition is that he was murdered by the party hostile to the court, in order to give color to the story of the plot. The most probable supposition seems, on the whole, to be that some hot-headed Roman Catholic, driven to frenzy by the lies of Oates and by the insults of the multitude, and not nicely distinguishing between the perjurer and the innocent magistrate, had taken a revenge of which the history of persecuted sects furnishes but too many examples. If this were so, the assassin must have afterwards bitterly execrated his own wickedness and folly. The capital and the whole nation went mad with hatred and fear. The penal laws, which had begun to lose something of their edge, were sharpened anew. Everywhere justices were busied in searching houses and seizing papers. All the goals were filled with Papists. London had the aspect of a city in a state of siege. The trainbands were under arms all night. Preparations were made for barricading the great thoroughfares. Patrols marched up and down the streets. Cannons were planted round Whitehall. No citizen thought himself safe unless he carried under his coat a small flail loaded with lead to brain the Polish assassins. The corpse of the murdered magistrate was exhibited during several days to the gaze of the great multitude, and was then committed to the grave with the strange terrible ceremonies, which indicated rather fear and the thirst of vengeance than sorrow or religious hope. The House insisted that a guard should be placed in the vaults over which they sat, in order to secure them against a second Gunpowder Plot. All their proceedings were of a piece with this demand. Ever since the reign of Elizabeth the oath of supremacy had been exacted from members of the House of Commons. Some Roman Catholics, however, had contrived so to interpret this oath that they could take it without scruple. A more stringent test was now added; every member of Parliament was required to make the declaration against transubstantiation; and thus the Roman Catholic Lords were for the first time excluded from their seats. Strong resolutions were adopted against the Queen. The Commons threw one of the Secretaries of State into prison for having countersigned commissions directed to gentlemen who were not good Protestants. They impeached the Lord Treasurer of high treason.

"Meanwhile the courts of justice, which ought to be, in the midst of political commotions, sure places of refuge for the innocent of every party, were disgraced by wilder passions and fouler corruptions than were to be found even on the hustings. The tale of Oates, though it had sufficed to convulse the whole realm, would not, unless confirmed by other evidence, suffice to destroy the humblest of those whom he had accused. For, by the old law of England, two witnesses are necessary to establish a charge of treason. But the success of the first impostor produced its natural consequences. In a few weeks he had been raised from penury and obscurity to opulence, to power which made him the dread of princes and nobles, and to notoriety such as has for low and bad minds all the attractions of glory. He was not long without competitors and rivals. A wretch named Carstairs, who had earned a livelihood in Scotland by going disguised to conventicles and then informing against the preachers, led the way. Bedloe, a noted swindler, followed; and soon from all the brothels, gambling houses, and spunging houses of London, false witnesses appeared to swear away Roman Catholics. One came with a story about an army of thirty thousand men who were to muster in the disguise of pilgrims at Corunna, and to sail thence to Wales. Another had been promised canonization and five hundred pounds to murder the king. A third had stepped into an eating house in Covent Garden, and had there heard a great Roman Catholic banker vow, in the presence of the guests and drawers, to kill the heretical tyrant. Oates, that he might not be eclipsed by his imitators, soon added a large supplement to his original narrative. He had the portentous impudence to affirm, among other things, that he had once stood behind a door which was ajar, and had there overheard the Queen declare that she had resolved to give her consent to the assassination of her husband. The vulgar believed, and the highest magistrate pretended to believe, even such fictions as these. The chief judges of the realm were corrupt,

cruel and timid. The leaders of the Country Party encouraged the prevailing delusion. The most respectable among them, indeed, were so far deluded as to believe the greater part of the evidence of Oates to be true. Such men as Shaftesbury and Buckingham doubtless perceived that the whole was a romance. But it was a romance which served their turn; and to their seared consciences the death of an innocent man gave no more uneasiness than the death of a partridge. The juries partook of the feelings then common throughout the nation, and were encouraged by the bench to indulge those feelings without restraint. The multitude applauded Oates and his confederates, hooted and pelted the witnesses who appeared on behalf of the accused, and shouted with joy when the verdict of guilty was pronounced. It was in vain that the sufferers appealed to the respectability of their past lives; for the public mind was possessed with a belief that the more conscientious a Papist was, the more likely he must be to plot against a Protestant government. It was in vain that they resolutely affirmed their innocence, for the general opinion was that a good Papist considered all lies which were serviceable to his Church as not only excusable but meritorious. The encyclopaedia continues:

"Many innocent Roman Catholic gentlemen died the death of traitors at the block. Over the space of two years the base success of Oates was signalized by a series of judicial murders. Naturally, however, as reason resumed its sway, doubts began to be felt; and on the execution of a venerable and respected nobleman, Viscount Stafford with a strong shock of pity and remorse, public suspicion awoke, and a violent reaction set in. It was only, however, on the accession of James II. in 1685, that retribution overtook the malefactor. Active steps against him were then taken. He was tried before the court of King's Bench, convicted of perjury, sentenced to be pilloried, whipped at the cart's tail, and afterwards imprisoned for life.

"We might wonder a little at the leniency of the sentence, were it not thus explained: it was intended that the severity of the first two items of punishment should render the last one superfluous, and that the wretch should die under the lash of the executioner. But the hide of Oates was tough beyond calculation; and horribly lacerated, yet living, his carcass was conveyed into the prison, from which it was meant never more to issue. Very strangely, however, the next turn at the political wheel brought back the monster to the light of day and prosperity. When the revolution of 1688 placed William on the throne the Protestant influence triumphed once more. In the outburst of enthusiasm which followed what more natural than that Oates should be glorified as a Protestant martyr? Parliament solemnly declared his trial illegal; he was pardoned, and obtained his liberty; and in order to his perfect enjoyment of it, a pension of £200 a year was granted him. He was, however, no more heard of; he passed his seventeen remaining years in obscurity, and died in 1705 at the good old age of eighty six.

TRAFFIC IN CALUMNY.

Is it not time that the public press and the public at large should call a halt to the present unfair and unchristian methods of attack on our Catholic fellow citizens and protest against the repeated and continuous insults to their faith? When civilized nations decide to settle their disputes by an appeal to arms, it is always understood that the issue should be fought out on the lines of honorable warfare—that poisoned bullets be not used, the rivers and streams not to be poisoned, nor other methods resorted to condemned by civilized opinion.

If this be the law of the camp, we have a right to look for a higher standard of attack on the part of the Church and the tabernacle. The wandering and reputationless adventurers who have lately visited our city are a disgrace to religion and unworthy the endorsement of its bitterest enemy. Avoiding honorable methods of controversy they regale their hearers with all manner of tales, calumnies, slanders, fables, fictions and absurdities about the Catholic Church, her priests and nuns. To add to these miserable insults and to intensify hatred and bad feeling, they are too often encouraged by people who, from daily association with their Catholic neighbors, ought to know better.

The public should know that "converted priests" and "escaped nuns" have been dismissed, unfrocked and expelled from the Catholic Church on account of crime and unfaithfulness. In our experience we have not met a single convert to Protestantism that ever left the Church of Rome through conscientious motives or intellectual conviction. If our readers know of any such person or persons we will rejoice to hear of them. Every intelligent Protestant would be pleased to bring over his Catholic neighbor to his way of thinking, but, if converts from Rome are to be won to our Churches they will never be brought to

us by insult, calumny and abuse. This much we feel satisfied that men like Cardinals Newman and Manning, Hon. Frank Hurd, Hon. Thomas Erving, Charles Warren Stoddard, George Parsons Lathrop, Sir John Thompson and the Hon. J. R. Chandler would not remain twenty-four hours in a Church for which they gave up their Protestantism if her altars were manned by adulterers and her convents the home of unchastity and immorality.

We appeal to the enlightened intelligence of our readers, to Protestant manhood to frown down these unfair and unmanly onslaughts upon our Catholic fellow-citizens.—*St. Catharines' Journal*, Oct. 27.

A NOTABLE EVENT.

The account published in the Montreal press of the late celebration by the C. M. B. Association in honor of the Rev. Father Auclair, of St. Jean Baptiste church, is very encouraging. The pastor of St. Jean Baptiste is worthy of all that has been done in his honor. Like the late lamented Father Dowd, of Montreal, he has succeeded in erecting institutions in connection with his church whose benefits to religion, education and charity will perpetuate his memory for years to come. It is only proper that the C. M. B. A. should have undertaken the management of this celebration in his honor. In the early days, when the association was struggling, he was their best friend and earliest supporter. Eight hundred guests seated at a splendid banquet in his honor must have made the worthy priest feel that he had not lent his aid to an ungrateful body.

As usual, Solicitor-General Curran was present, and his address on the occasion was most eloquent. It must bear good fruit, and remove feelings of discord. His account of the progress of the C. M. B. A. and of the security offered by the Canadian organization is as true as it is forcibly put. Mr. Curran has earned the good will of the Catholic people by his willingness to place his talents and influence at the disposal of every good cause. May he live long and prosper!

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Avé Maria.
A professional gentleman in Philadelphia, who is a convert to the Church, tells of the impression made upon him while still a non-Catholic by the instinctive reverence paid to the Blessed Virgin by a Protestant beholder of the Sistine Madonna. "One morning in the autumn of 1871," he writes, "I was sitting in the room consecrated to this great painting, when an uncouth countryman of ours entered, wearing his hat. He was not aware apparently of what the apartment contained, for he was looking down as he came in. In a moment he raised his eyes; and as they rested on the picture, he removed his hat with a start, and held it in his hand until he went out." How natural it is to honor the Mother of Fair Love and of Holy Hope! Converts to the Church, no matter how deep-seated their prejudices may have been, find no stumbling-block in the veneration paid by Catholics to Her above whom is God only, and below whom is all that is not God.

The world-renowned maestro and composer, M. Gounod, passed away peacefully at his home in Paris on the 18th ult. He attended Mass on Sunday apparently in perfect health; and a party of singers met at his house in the afternoon, when he joined them in rendering his grand "Requiem Mass." He sang with great earnestness and power; but as the last notes of the Requiem died away, his voice faltered and he fell upon the floor. He remained unconscious three days, and on Wednesday the end came. Gounod had reached the patriarchal age of seventy-five years, and his life had been singularly happy and successful. He was a precocious boy, and early in life gave promise of those masterpieces that have ranked him among the greatest composers of the century. He was a fervent Catholic, and during his later years was occupied almost entirely with devotional compositions. This is another name added to the glorious list of those who have consecrated their genius to the service of religion. May he rest in peace!

Boston Republic.
At a recent Methodist-Episcopal conference in Pennsylvania, some A. P. A. crank introduced a report from the committee on church extension in which a bitter attack was made upon the Roman Catholic Church. A manly and outspoken minister jumped to his feet promptly and opposed the report in a vigorous speech. He denounced the language and the sentiment employed by the committee as cheap stage thunder. He advised his brethren to emulate the Catholics and try to excel them in practical church work instead of throwing stones at them. The bigots were routed, and every word reflecting upon the Catholic body was struck out of the report. It is by such means that the spread of cheap Know-nothingism may be checked. But, alas, how few ministers have the

courtesy and the honesty of this Pennsylvania divine!

Boston Pilot.
A Boston lady, says the *Transcript*, asked the other day for a book containing all the speeches made at the Parliament of Religions, adding thoughtfully, "I wonder if there are any copies printed without Joseph Cook's speech. I should like one of those best." The lady's taste is correct; but perhaps the volume would be incomplete without the one discordant note which sets off the others so forcibly by its ignoble contrast.

The true Catholic priest is always the good shepherd who lays down his life for his flock." The Rev. J. Hennessy, of Brunswick, Ga., where the yellow fever is making havoc among the people, writes thus to a friend in Washington, D. C.: "At this writing the outlook is as dark as it was last Sunday when the fever was declared epidemic. It is now showing its true colors and mortality is the word in every mouth. I am fully prepared to meet any and every emergency. I have trusty fellows who will carry me to my people who are scattered through the islands adjacent. Dr. Murray has accorded all privileges possible and the Board of Health are doing all they can for me. There are about thirty of my congregation remaining, and they are too poor to leave. Pestilence is imminent, ay, certain—it has come to stay a long time—unless God in His mercy disposes otherwise. But I fear famine more. No employment, no money, no hope for the poor, either black or white. Pray me, then, and ask your friends to pray for me, that I may go through this epidemic with honor, or die a good death right at my post.

A TIMELY LETTER.

The respected pastor of St. Catharines, Rev. Dean Harris, has addressed the annexed letter to the *Evening Journal* of that city:

SIR, I beg on behalf of the Catholics of this city to thank you for the honest and manly editorial on "Traffic in Calumny" published in your leading column yesterday. It is a noble and timely article, and we thank the name of Rev. Mr. Ker, who with characteristic candor, a high sense of fair play and a manly conception of the dignity of his office, has occupied his voice in denunciation of the coarse and cowardly attack made upon us in certain quarters. With the Shepherds, Widows and Salschis we hold no discussion. They hire a public hall, and, as a means of living, traffic in moral filth and ordure. Their violation of the sanctities and decencies of life within the jurisdiction of the municipal authorities and the civil courts, the people who pay their entrance fee to these exhibitions are as free to patronize them as they are houses of questionable repute or female minstrel shows. They are, as a rule, male and female, of a low order of intellect, and, having no intelligence to appeal to we cannot reason with them. When, however, we have positions of trust and authority in a Christian Church, the matter assumes a more grave and serious aspect.

To render a charge in this letter, and I am anxious to do so in as clear and plain-spoken a manner as possible without sinning against any canon of good taste. I want to be heard by the public opinion of the deacons of the Queen Street Baptist church, where I charge them with offering an open, deliberate and unprovoked insult to the Catholic people, occupying positions of trust and authority in a Christian Church, the matter assumes a more grave and serious aspect.

Fellow-citizens of the Baptist denomination, it seems you cannot find it in your hearts to think well of us. Be it so, denounce our creed; then, we are as free to denounce yours. Accuse our clergy of mis-leading us; we are free to retaliate in kind. At variance with you are we in religious matters; and in that domain the dispute between us is endless in its very nature. But we will insist that the warfare be an honorable one. We do not charge foul hypocrisy, debauchery, habitual prostitution against the women your reverence most. We do not brand your ministers as monsters of moral iniquity; nor do we ridicule your religious practices as fit only for the heathen and the savage. We do not invite to our platforms men who violate the sanctity of social life and the ethics of religious discussion. Gentlemen of the Queen Street Baptist church, what have the Catholics of this city, and to partake of your hospitality?"

W. R. HARRIS.
The editor of the *Journal* makes the following editorial remarks on the letter of Father Harris. It is refreshing to note that a few Protestant editors like this gentleman have from time to time spoken out manfully in behalf of their wronged Catholic fellow-citizens:

In another column will be found a timely letter from the trenchant pen of Dean Harris. It is well worthy of perusal by all who do not believe that the Catholic Church is outside the pale of Christianity. It is time the wandering vagabonds, male and female, who make a living by trafficking in calumny were frown down by enlightened and liberal public opinion. Of course when these irresponsible and characterless people, such as the Shepherds and Fultons, conduct business on their own account, and hire a hall in which to pour out their diatribes against the Catholic Church and harangue about the "scarlet woman," no one has any special grievance; for we live in a country of free speech. But when such characters are endorsed by a Protestant church and brought here for the purpose of trafficking the creed and institutions of a large portion of our population, the matter assumes entirely another aspect. How many of the Protestants who listened to Dr. Fulton in the Baptist church believe what he said? Do the managers of the church which he was permitted to pollute by his presence believe that the Catholic Church is not Christian? Of course it they

take the ground that it is heathen and idolatrous, then the warfare is justifiable to a certain extent; but even then not on the lines laid down by the Master.

HOME RULE PROSPECTS.

A cable despatch from London on last Monday says that John Redmond now occupies the position of first favorite in Tory esteem. All the enemies of Ireland have discovered that this and various other Redmondian qualities are quite unsuspected, and the Tory orators, from Lord Salisbury and Lord Randolph Churchill down to the common village tabumper, lose no opportunity to proclaim how great and good a man he is. The position is not enviable for the Irish patriot, and danger lurks in it. Redmond has declared his readiness to cast the entire of his party, counting eighteen on a division, against the Government, and Lord Randolph Churchill has respectively announced this week:

"The Unionist party would not disdain Mr. Redmond's party if they tried to force the Government to appeal to the electorate." "There is already an understanding between the Parliaments and the natural enemies of Ireland, and an alliance may follow. It should be distinctly understood by the friends of Home Rule in America that Redmond cannot possibly make a good bargain with the Tories as the Nationalists have already concluded with the Liberals; but by chattering with the opposites of the Government, however, he may cause political chaos from which may emerge a triumphant anti-Irish majority in the House of Commons. It is not improbable that Redmond is playing a game of bluff, but even that is very dangerous at this moment.

A amnesty for the political dissidents, so patriotically desired in Ireland, is as vehemently opposed in England, and it never will be granted as long as Home Secretary Asquith is in the Cabinet. Asquith is a type of numerous Liberals who accepted Home Rule as a political necessity and would repudiate it tomorrow if they could do so safely; but he is also a strong, able man, with great influence in the country, and his withdrawal from the Cabinet would have far-reaching political consequences. If Redmond does not know all this he has not mastered the A. H. C. of British politics.

AS JUSTICE WARTHY SPEAKS IT.
When asked whether he thought Redmond was likely to detach any members of the Nationalist party on this new policy, the leader of the Nationalists seemed rather amused as he replied, emphatically: "Nothing that Redmond could do would detach a single member of the Nationalist party."

"You are agreed, then, within your party upon supporting the Government in pressing forward their English legislation?" "We are absolutely unanimous upon the point. We regard it as essential to keep the Government in power which has promised to give us Home Rule and which has already carried that measure through the House of Commons. We must do everything to keep the Tories out of office, for if they came in now it would mean the indefinite postponement of Home Rule and the probable renewal of coercion in Ireland."

"Do you consider that Redmond has improved his position in Ireland by his recent speeches?" "I consider that he has injured his position. It must be apparent to the keenest political intelligence that our policy as Home Rulers should be to do everything to strengthen the Ministry pledged to grant us what we want. It is vitally necessary before there is a dissolution that the Ministers should have done all in their power to fulfill their pledges to the English electorate, and we shall assist them in every way in doing so, knowing that by so doing we are insuring the ultimate triumph of Home Rule."

"Do you believe that Redmond can put the Government in the minority?" "The chances of the parliamentary game are manifold and by carefully watching them he might find an opportunity when his votes would wreck the Home Rule Ministry, but I cannot conceive it possible that he would pursue a policy so certainly fatal to himself and his followers. He must abstain from attending at Westminster; that is a safe and convenient course. But I won't believe, until I see it, that he will openly aid the Unionists in defeating Home Rule. I believe that the Ministers, in pursuing the policy they have decided upon, will be perfectly secure and will insure their triumph at the next general elections, and then the triumph of Home Rule."

Mr. McCarthy said in conclusion, that every member of his party will be in his place throughout the approaching session, and that for their vigilant attendance being greater than ever, because of the absence of Redmond. He believes also that the Ministry will be able to carry out their programme for the session, though he anticipates a revival of the obstructive tactics pursued by the opposition during the earlier part of the session.

HON. ASQUITH'S PROGRAMME.
I have it on excellent authority late to-night that, while the Home Rule Bill will not be reintroduced in the Commons during the present Parliament, adequate measures will be adopted to keep the question before the country until dissolution. The proposal made by the Government to the Irish Nationalists is that the Bill shall be reintroduced in the House of Lords next year. The Lords are, of course, certain to reject the Bill again, and upon this the Government will submit a resolution to the House of Commons restraining the members of the Bill and condemning the action of the Lords in rejecting it. This resolution can be carried after eight or ten days discussion, and will practically have the same effect in keeping Home Rule to the front as if the Bill itself had again been carried through the Commons and without the waste of time that such a course would entail.

This scheme has been accepted in effect, if not formally, by the Nationalists, but Redmond has not indicated whether it would satisfy his party. It is agreed that it is the best the Ministry can do, since if it were to devote the whole of this session to the Home Rule Bill, the best informed opinion is that the disappointment so caused to English supporters would result in the breaking up of the Liberal party, the destruction of the Government and the loss of all chance of a Home Rule Ministry being returned at the next election.

According to the latest German Year Book there are in each 10,000 of the population 3,577 Catholics, 6,279 Protestants, 29 Christians of other denominations, and 115 Jews. It thus appears that the Catholics are more than 35 per cent. of the population of the Empire.

Sister Rose Lynch of the Dominican convent, Galveston, Texas, died recently in the 86th year of her age and the sixty-second of religious life. For many years she was superioress of the Dominican Sisters in Ohio, and was widely known throughout the United States for her zeal for the higher education of girls.

Be gentlemen; be not only gentle, but be men. Religion does not destroy manhood. Courage, strength and independence come from God as well as supernatural humility. Go into the world, leave your impress upon it, and may God bless you.—*Archbishop Ryan*.