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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"LAUDA SION SALVATOREM"

Translation by I. H. Loughnan

Praise, O Sion, praise thy Pastor!
Sing thy Saviour, Captain, Master,
In hymns and exultant lays;
To the utmost of thy powers
Daring do—for lo! He towers
High above all meed of praise.

To-day the praises of the living
Bread, the Bread life-giving,—
This the special theme, O Lord!
Which to the twelve was surely given,
Ev'n to Judas with the eleven—
At the sacred supper-board.

Let the praise be full and sounding,
Noble strains in joy abounding
Lift our hearts and souls above!
A feast upon this fair morn falleth
Which the founding first recalleth
Of this Sacrament of Love.

The ancient Phase is now amended
By the New King's Table ended,
New Pasch of a newer Rite:
Old types 'fore the new have vanish'd
Truth unveil'd the clouds hath banish'd
Dawn hath chased the shades of night.

What at Supper the God-Man did
Us, His followers, He commanded
For His memory to repeat;
And the Host of our salvation
In the bread and wine's oblation
Taught by Him, we consecrate.

To Christians is the dogma given:
Bread becomes His Body living,
Wine—His sacred Blood outpour'd:
Where or sight or reason faileth
Faith unfaltering full availeth:
Nature's law yields to its Lord.

Figures, only the twin species
Certes are: for under each is
Hid a mystery of the soul:
Food His flesh is, drink His Blood is,
Yet our Saviour Christ and God is,
Under each appearance, Whole!

Thou who thus thy God receivest,
Undivided Him believest,
Tak'st Him Whole this happy day:
Eat by one, received by many,
Good and bad, by all, by any,
Yet is unconsum'd alway.

Good and bad eat: but the sequel
Brings to either fate unequal:
Life or death eterne, I wot,
Those have Heaven—these damnation:
See of like participation
How unlike the final lot.

When at length the Host dost sever
Bear in mind, and do not waver,
That the same Lord dwelleth ever
Whole in each part multiplied;
Of the Substance there no breach is,
Broke is but the outward species;
By which, unimpaired in stature,
State, and every mystic feature,
Remains the myst'ry signified.

Behold the Angels' Bread ecstatic,
Heav'nward pilgrims' strong Viatic,
Little children's Bread Hieratic!
Oh let It not to dogs be cast!
Foreshown in types of Revelation,
And in Isaac's immolation,
Elke the Paschal Lamb's oblation,
And Manna that our sires did taste.

O true Bread, best, dearest Pastor!
Mercy, Jesu, Lord and Master!
Tend Thy flock: Oh do thou feed us,
And to happy visions lead us,
In the land of Life and Love!
Thou who all things can'st and knowest,
Who on us *here* this Bread bestowest,
There—guests at Thy Banquet seat us
Co-heirs with Thee—and Comrades greet us
Of Thy glorious Saints above!
Amen—Alleluia.

CARDINAL LOGUE

HIS ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION IN PHILADELPHIA—SPLENDID DISCOURSE BY REV. DR. McGUIRE

On Rosary Sunday was laid the corner stone of the new St. Patrick's Church in Philadelphia. The occasion will be memorable from the fact that the Cardinal laid the stone and the stone came from Ireland. The great prelate received a most enthusiastic welcome.

Rev. John D. McGuire, Ph. D., of the Catholic University of America, at Washington, delivered a brief but most forceful and inspiring discourse. He said:

"Your Eminences, Most Reverend Archbishops, Right Reverend Bishops, Right Reverend and Reverend Fathers of the clergy, and you Beloved Brethren of the laity: It would be impossible to conceive a more auspicious occasion than that which assembles us here to-day. We have come together to witness the laying of a corner-stone in a temple which here will be erected to the glory of God, under the invocation of St. Patrick, the glorious patron of the land of our fathers. The occasion is most auspicious because we have with us His Eminence Cardinal Vannutelli, the personal representative of our Holy Father Pius X., and his Legate to the great Eucharistic Congress recently held in Montreal. We have also with us His Eminence Cardinal Logue, the Primate of All Ireland, the successor of St. Patrick. The occasion is rendered auspicious also by the presence of Archbishop Falconio, the Delegate of our Holy Father to the United States. Him we have with us to-day who so ably and with such tact and dignity represents in this American Church the jurisdiction of that great Pontiff upon whose shoulders Divine Providence has placed the care and the welfare of the Church Universal; that great Pontiff who is quick to see and prompt to act; whose timely condemnation of fundamental error not only kept untarnished the faith of the Church, but it also saved society at large from the immorality that lurked in the errors which were condemned. The occasion is doubly auspicious because it is graced by the presence of him who is at once our Archbishop and our beloved father. Him we have with us who in Philadelphia has seen the years of Peter, and has seen, too, the great Archdiocese of Philadelphia double and treble under his wise administration. We have also with us, and the occasion is thereby rendered auspicious, Bishop Prendergast, Philadelphia's great pastor, Philadelphia's best beloved priest. Finally, the occasion is made most auspicious by this brilliant representation from the hierarchy and the clergy, and by this vast concourse of the ever faithful laity.

"A CONSECRATION OF OUR RELIGION AND OUR PATRIOTISM

"The occasion, however, while most auspicious, is memorable chiefly because of the deep significance with which it is charged, a significance indeed that is twofold; for in a single act we here to-day synthesize the two noblest sentiments of the human heart—love of God and love of country. This ceremony at which you assist symbolizes our love for our holy faith and the love we have for Ireland, the land which gave our fathers birth, and America, the land that gave them refuge. In a word, this rite which you have witnessed is a consecration of our religion and our patriotism.

"Religion, therefore, is the keynote of the ceremony which assembles us here to-day. Religion is its essence, for it is an act of faith. Here a corner-stone has been laid in a temple that will be erected to the glory of the living God. And when the temple that is to be shall reach completion, it will be surmounted by a cross, the symbol of Him in whose name the temple stands, the cross symbolizing Him who is the corner-stone of our faith. Here upon this hallowed spot, within the walls to be erected, will be repeated the message which Christ repeated upon earth, the message of faith and hope and love. Here upon this consecrated spot will be taught the same doctrine and inculcated the same morality which Christ came upon earth to teach and inculcate. Here will be administered the same sacraments which Christ instituted, and here, too, upon the altar that shall be raised will be lifted up the white oblation, for here throughout the coming years will be offered the supreme act of worship, the Eucharistic sacrifice, which Christ Himself offered upon Calvary. And here in the tabernacle which will shadow the altar the Eucharistic Christ will take up His dwelling to abide with you and your children and their children. In a word, here religion will find a home and morality a habitation, that morality which alone can save the State, the family and the individual.

"Thus religion is the first and the greatest significance of the ceremony performed here to-day, and the second is like to this, for it is patriotism. We have made our act of faith, and now we register our vow of fealty.

THE STONE AND ITS STORY

"You have heard that the stone which to-day has been knit into the edifice of the new St. Patrick's came all the way from Ireland, from the hill where St. Patrick preached and whereon stood the ancient castle that housed the valiant knights of the Red Branch, what time 'Malachi wore the collar of gold, which he won from Erin's invader.' You have heard that it was presented by His Eminence Cardinal Logue, the successor of St. Patrick in the primatial See of Armagh. This old stone therefore is no chance boulder found in stranger fields; it has not been quarried out from any foreign hill or mountain side. It is not a mere geologic entity, but it is redolent of the history of our race, going back from this hour to the days of the Apostle of Ireland. It is an ancient stone of ancient memories.

"Oh, what a story it could tell could it but speak to-day! What a history it would recount could a magic wand touch its stony lips to speech. Could it but speak to-day it would tell us of deeds of valor done in those brave old days for honor, truth and justice. Could it but speak it would tell us of the invasions of the ancient days, and the persecutions, the sufferings and the sacrifices of the later days. Could that ancient stone but speak it would tell us how our fathers loved justice and hated iniquity; how they loved their faith and loved their native land. Yes, my friends, had that stone tongue it would repeat the very names of Irish saints and scholars and heroes and martyrs and confessors. Had it tongue it would reveal the long and glorious history of our race, and in that history there is triumph and trial, there is victory and defeat, but there is no dishonor. There is ever and always love of faith and love of country, and these two come down through all the years of our history inseparably bound up together.

"This, then, is the great lesson which our history teaches, and which this corner-stone typifies—religion and patriotism must go hand in hand, the one giving of its purity, the other its strength: the one is necessary, the other indispensable, and their union is of divine decree. Show me a man who professes a love for his country and who denies his God and I will show you a man whose patriotism will perish under the first stress, whose patriotism shall not longer live than the fleeting breath which gave its profession utterance. Thus love of country is the second significance of to-day's ceremony.

OUR MOST PRECIOUS HERITAGE

"Now, one word more and I shall finish. That stone of which I spoke has witnessed the past, and it shall see the future. As that past is without dishonor, so see to it that the future shall be without reproach. Teach your children what your fathers have taught you, to love God and to love their native land, to revere their holy faith and to be faithful citizens of our glorious Republic. This is the whole meaning of the religious rite of to-day, this, in summary, is the whole history of our race and this is typified in the stone which to-day was set in place. Freely have you received, freely give. Give to your children what you received from your fathers. That old faith, the faith of St. Patrick, is the most precious heritage that we possess, it is more precious than all else in this wide world, more precious than lands or wealth or fame or glory, for it has cost the blood of Christ, it has cost the blood of martyrs and the tears of saints. See to it, then, that it be transmitted to your children in all its fulness, in all its beauty, in all its grandeur, unminimized, undiminished, undimmed, just as it was given to our fathers by Ireland's glorious apostle, St. Patrick."

PORTUGAL

We are told that Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell. She must have done the same thing when the Portuguese Republic rose. After the cannon and musketry had convinced the city of Lisbon, by littering the streets with her dead, that she was free and the whole miserable country with her, a Doctor Costa, who wore, as if in mockery, the double decoration of Minister of Justice and Education, waded through the welter of blood and addressed the world in the following words:

"I have the honor," he said, "to announce that the Republic which has just been created (by me and the other patriots) is to introduce a pure and progressive government; to open wide to everyone the portals of education; and to set up a system of justice that will ensure liberty to all. We, therefore, shall close all Catholic schools and expel every monk and nun from the country." He then went on to congratulate the fighters, two of whom were women. But no one will believe that they were women.

A Provisional Government was forthwith organized, and an individual named Braga, who had been summoned from Brazil for the purpose and who was present on schedule time, was made President. The papers described him as "a scholar of international reputation" (it is marvelous how much greatness opposition to Almighty God has created); "an unassuming man whose attitude throughout the enthusiastic celebration was one of modest deprecation. The revolution," he assured his hearers, "has no personal or military aims, but just as those of Brazil and Turkey, it is the outcome of philosophical ideas." Like Shakespeare's hero, this scholar in politics is "as mild a mannered man as ever cut a throat or scuttled a ship." Though a sage of saintly demeanor he floats the black flag at his peak.

His first act is to proclaim officially the freedom of the press, the abolition of star-chamber methods in law-courts, the secularization of public instruction, and the suppression of religious congregations.

He loses no time in giving effect to his words. He emphasizes his own and his party's views of freedom of the press by suspending or throttling the Catholic newspapers. He abolishes star-chamber methods by seizing every religious house and suppressing every religious congregation without even a pretext of a trial. "Confiscation," he says, "will follow in due course." His notion of justice is to hustle to the frontier with indecent haste thousands of blameless men and women, regardless of their age and infirmities, letting them starve if such good luck might happen. He forbids secular priests to appear on the street with their garb, to avoid disorder, which means to avoid assassination. The last news is that they, too, the Cardinal Archbishop included, are bundled out of the country. Finally, Braga's conception of liberty consists in taking criminals from the jail to let them resume their depredations. The scenes in the sack of the churches were a revival of the horrors of the French Revolution. What would Americans say to such a President?

How awful and abysmal are the depths to which he has dragged the once powerful and glorious Portugal? Thus, for instance, by government proclamation and by officials acts, the foul and dissolute harlot is not molested, but there is no place for the Sister of Charity in Portugal. Men who have consecrated themselves to the good of humanity are made outcasts and outlaws, while the most desperate thugs and assassins are given special honor and consideration by the self-constituted rulers of Portugal. You may have all the educational facilities of the State, at your disposal to make atheists and anarchists of your sons and daughters, but you cannot teach them the doctrines and morality of Jesus Christ in Portugal. The poor and sick and the homeless who have been hitherto sheltered and cared for by Catholic charity in asylums and hospitals will soon see the roof sold over their head and the proceeds of the sale pocketed by the apostles of freedom and justice in Portugal. The men who murdered King Carlos because he strove to put a stop to the loot of the politicians of both parties, who had piled up a debt of $800,000,000 on the poverty-stricken nation, are now given new opportunities for plunder by the seizure of the churches and schools and eleemosynary institutions of wretched, mangled, dishonored and degraded Portugal.

Nor is this all. The gory records of that gruesome 3rd of October read like a story of Mohawk savagery. Among other horrors the Sunday papers tell us that "an armed band entered Trinas Convent, which was occupied by one hundred and fifty Portuguese Sisters of Charity, some of whom resisted. A dozen of the Sisters were wounded. Later the troops occupied the convent. The wounded Sisters were taken to the hospital. The others were taken away in closed vans, their destination being unknown." The Sun says that "disgusting acts of ribaldry and defilement were also committed by the mob in the churches."

All this is in the full glare of what is called the civilization of the twentieth century! Unbidden the exclamation leaps to every decent man's lips: "Good God! are there no men in Portugal? Where were the fathers and brothers of those Sisters of Charity? Can there be monsters vile enough to shoot down like dogs a cowering group of nuns? And how is it that the New York Tribune, which recounts these abominations, can tell us in the same issue that "the policy of the new Government of Portugal is in general commendable?" And how is it that Charles H. Sherrill, the United States Minister to Argentina, who happened to be in Lisbon, can speak of "the admirable self-control of the revolutionists," while at the same time he tells us that "everywhere there were marks of blood, damaged walls and other marks of combat?"

To the world at large the revolution has come like a clap of thunder, but as a matter of fact the explosion has long been premeditated. A lunatic precipatated it by killing one of the arch-conspirators, and that was used as a pretext. The madman has evidently transmitted his mania to the nation, which now presents itself to the world with words of liberty and justice on her lips, but with her hands and her garments red with the blood which she has shed in torrents in violation of both liberty and justice.

The dishonored country is a sorry spectacle to the world as she sues for admission into the family of civilized nations. After murdering one king and dethroning another, she asks the rulers of Europe, everyone of whom is connected by ties of blood with the Sovereigns of Portugal, to condone both of the outrages. In this part of the world it will be difficult to observe the political proprieties and to greet as a Sister Republic a nation which proclaims the reign of freedom and justice, and whose very first acts are a savage and sanguinary violation of both. Like Medea, she slaughters her own offspring and scatters their mangled remains along the road as she flees to other debaucheries. Freedom's shriek in Portugal is the wild scream of a bird of prey battening on a carcass. Meantime we wait for some faint protest from the world at large; but not a sound is heard.—America.

FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN

Father Vaughan's sermons at the Eucharistic Congress in Montreal were heard and admired by many Americans, who speak in such high terms of his exceptional ability that the promoters of the lecture at the Brooklyn Academy of Music were prepared to handle the large and appreciative audience.

Of Father Vaughan's address on "Character," which he defined as "life dominated by principle," delivered in Montreal, at the Monument National, the Montreal Daily Herald said:

"Father Vaughan has a way with him, a very distinctive personality. He knows how to do what he has to do, but the main impression one gets from his manner and method is that he feels he has a mission to do it. He has his eye on society, the kind of society that sapped the virility of Rome and of France, and whose manifestations he finds very much the same now as they were then. Against society, perishing amid soft Capuan delights, he appeals to the individual, to personality, to character. That is his whole scheme, apparently, and to the enforcement of the doctrines involved he brings all the resources of scholarship and of oratory, with the something more which is Bernard Vaughan and nobody else."

In fact, it is to "this something more which is Bernard Vaughan and nobody else" that Father Vaughan owes the secret of his success. His personality is captivating and his audience feels it. While his themes are always timely, his language the choicest and his delivery masterly, his personality towers above everything else, flashing out now from beneath some "lonely word," now in a series of striking epigrams, now in a glance of the eye and a movement of the head that defies imitation.

Father Vaughan has the style and language of a forcible preacher. In the construction of his addresses he is graphic in his descriptions by which he prepares the way for the driving home of a moral truth in a bold and fearless way. His sermons are earnest and powerful. They feed men's minds as well as arouse their consciences; appeal to the best instincts of humanity, gloss over no facts, however unpleasant, and at the same time are full of compassion for the frailties of mankind.

As a preacher it has been Father Vaughan's fortune to attract to his sermons and addresses in various parts of Europe all sorts and conditions of men, from the lowest London rabble to the highest at the Court of St. James, including King Edward VII. himself. The late King regarded him as one of his personal friends, often stopping his carriage in the London streets to speak with the priest, and more than once the King was known to have proceeded to the sacristy after the sermon to congratulate Father Vaughan upon his success. It is even said that it was at his late Majesty's suggestion that Father Vaughan sued a London paper for libel against the Jesuits. The suit was won and the paper thereafter discredited.

Father Vaughan's words are at once reproduced in the press and eagerly read by all classes in the British Isles. But his more seriously published lectures and sermons have found their way everywhere and run through many editions. They include, among others, "The Roman Claims," a series delivered at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, in reply to Bishop Moorhouse, "Sinless Mary and Sinful Mary," a sermon at the Marian Congress, in Rome, 1904; "Sins of Society," "Joan of Arc" and "Society, Sin and the Saviour." Of these perhaps the best known is that entitled "Sins of Society," a set of sermons that has gone through fourteen editions and which attracted crowds to the Jesuit Church in Farm street, London, in 1906. The press alike at home and abroad commented on them both favorably and unfavorably. Letters poured in upon Father Vaughan, some commending, others denouncing him as an alarmist, while he, after weighing all the criticism, has said in reply:

"I may say that instead of coming, after more time and thought, to the conclusion that I was too sweeping in my description of fast society as it is in our midst to-day, I have, on the contrary, arrived at an opposite judgment. It is my deliberate belief, and I am fully persuaded, that my sermons understate what is going on to-day among the members, not only of the upper classes, but in the middle class, and among working people also."

It is generally granted that Father Vaughan is the greatest living pulpit orator of to-day, if not in the world, at least in the English-speaking countries.

Anecdotes of Father Vaughan are plentiful. One is to the effect that a woman in English society, asked by Edward VII. what favor he could grant her, is said to have replied: "The head of Father Vaughan on a dish." The application of this will be seen when it is stated that the incident occurred at about the time that the distinguished Jesuit was flaying society in the pulpit for its sins.

Another incident was at the time that Father Vaughan took action against a London journal called The Rock. Father Vaughan started suit for libel. The editors laughed at him, figuratively speaking. Later on, when matters began to look serious for the paper, the editors intimated that they were willing to compromise. "We will apologize to you, Father Vaughan," they said. "I am a Jesuit," was the reply of the priest. "You have libeled the Jesuit Order. You will apologize to me as a Jesuit priest," was the ultimatum of the defender of his Order. "Never," was the reply. Taking this stand, they were fought through the English courts. Father Vaughan was awarded heavy punitive damages, $100,000. This crippled the libelous sheet so badly that it went out of business.

Even in Montreal the reverend Jesuit made known some truths, from the Catholic atandpoint, that caused quite an uproar among various Protestant bodies. This was caused by delivering a sermon wherein he maintained that the great line of demarcation between the Roman Catholic and Protestant Churches lay in the fact that the former Church had a sacrifice, whereas the dissenting bodies had no sacrifice.

At another time his truths as to the position of woman in life to-day caused the editor of a New York evening newspaper to send one of their best woman scribes to Montreal to get more details than the telegraph wires carried to New York. This young woman describes her visit to Father Vaughan, and says, among other things that he impresses her so forcibly that she felt as if she needed to begin a self-examination forthwith. Here are a few paragraphs from his noted Montreal sermon:

"We are living," he said, "in a day of headlines, snapshots, taxicabs and music halls; in a day when the scramble for the prizes of life has become a mad passion. It is a day of fever, fret and fume, when competition for earthen toys is so keen, and the margin of profit in commerce has become so fine that the one cry beating through the air is 'Hurry up!' No one seems to have time for pause till, worn out in the pursuit of gew gaws and vanities, a rest cure becomes imperative, the clock is stopped, and all action, mental as well as physical, must be prescribed as prohibitive for an eighth of a year.

"We are living in a day when the high ideals of old are fast yielding to the pressure of creature comforts, when principle is being exchanged for expediency; in a day when self-sacrificing Catholicism is being bartered for self-centered materialism; when the Christian sense of sin is being regarded as a bygone superstition; in a day when it matters not what you believe, but only what you do, and when you may do what you like, provided you are not found out; in a day when the relations between the sexes takes one back to Pagan times, while the garbage on which men and women feed is as foul and loathsome as the stuff over which they gloat and chatter; in a day when marriage has become so debased and defiled that not even the pledged troth can make it long and endurable without change of prospective partners in a life of legalized vice; in a day when there is no empty place but in the cradle, no room in which to move but in the churches.

"Observe that the cleavage to-day, as in no previous time since the dawn of Christianity, is between God and Mammon, or, shall I say, in language more definite still, between Catholicism and Agnosticism, if not evolutionary Materialism itself. For confirmation of my strong assertions read the story of present day life, as it is reflected in society, as it is mirrored forth on the stage, as it is shown up in the law courts, as it is writ large on our book stalls, or, if you will, as it is published in society journals, in the monthly magazine, in the weekly pictorial and in the daily press.

With Mammon, then, asserting itself, as it does amid all sections of the community in this twentieth century, with home life gone, with social life demoralized, with our marts of industry like gambling hells; and the very streets like a nightmare, what I ask is to lift up and proclaim the interests of God against the devastating plague of frivolity, folly and riot?

"Note well that before this tidal wave of paganism stretching from sea to sea and river to river, everything is going under with one exception, and that is our holy religion. The Church of Christ, indissolubly one, infallibly true, indestructibly good, is the one and only institution that is holding her own and is 'semper idem' unchanged and unchangeable, amid all the wreckage and ruin littering the spaces of the world. Like Christ, the Church, too, remains yesterday, to-day, and the same forever. Her centre of gravity never shifts.

"In conclusion, let me remind you how it has come to pass that so responsive, intelligent, quick-witted and brilliant a people as the Irish have never been caught and captured, as so many were, by the glare of pseudo-theology or the glamor of false philosophies. Ireland is what she is to-day because her sons and daughters say their prayers and go to the sacraments. Let us go forth, resolved to do likewise, and we, too, like them, shall remain unspoiled by modernity, 'unspotted from the world.'"—New York Freeman's Journal.

HIS CREED NO BAR

"I confess that I was somewhat surprised, in view of the recent incidents concerning the Vatican and the Methodists in Rome, to receive an invitation from Monsignor Kennedy, rector of the American College in the Eternal City, to attend a 'Papal function,'" said the Rev. Hugh D. Atchison, rector of St. Luke's Methodist Episcopal Church of Dubuque, who has just returned from a tour abroad. The interview is published in the Dubuque Telegraph-Herald:

"Through the courtesy of Archbishop Keane, I had a letter of introduction to Monsignor Kennedy, who, when I presented the letter, courteously assured me that he would use his best offices to secure for me opportunity to attend a public audience with the Pope in the Vatican. The Monsignor explained that his efforts might prove unavailing because the Pope is tired out, and the public audiences fatigue him.

"In good time, however, Monsignor Kennedy brought word that I would be welcomed. Let me say at this time that it is a matter of frequent occurrence for a minister of another denomination than the Catholic to have an audience with the Holy Father, and I considered it a privilege and an opportunity of special pleasure.

"The Pontiff is a man of striking beauty of countenance. His face shows a surpassing strength of character, and his snow white hair, combined with the gentle goodness of his countenance, gives him a most benign appearance. I had never heard that the Holy Father was an orator, but such he is and one of great power and eloquence. The occasion on which I saw him was one put aside for him to meet a number of dignitaries of the Church in regard to the canonization of three saints. They presented their orations in Latin, and the Holy Father then arose and for twenty minutes spoke in Italian, with great style of oratory, and with a rare grace of gesture. His voice is mellow and rich and his manner of speaking most fascinating. He smiles so pleasantly and spoke so devotedly that he seems indeed a father to his people."

THE MOVING PICTURE NUISANCE

There are strong indications that public sentiment is being awakened in the moral dangers of the moving picture shows. In the populous streets of the city, and in the crowded sections of the suburbs one finds moving pictures theatres at every turn. In gaudy trappings and with the bait of a cheap admission they lure the unsuspicious to look upon scenes offensive in their character and utterly subversive of the moral instincts. The Catholic Federation has openly opposed them and sought to have legal supervision exercised over their productions. It remains now for the public Catholic and non-Catholic—for the interest is for all—to assert itself and demand that restraints be put upon the business.

It is pitiable indeed to stand before the entrance to these cheap shows and note the crowds of young people, who frequent them, and then to think of the ruin they work. The innocence of childhood should be protected. Children should be kept pure in soul, clean of heart, and unshadowed by evil thought. Yet these exhibitions are calculated to destroy such innocence and awaken a morbid curiosity which leads sooner or later to destruction. And to these shows flock young girls who ought to be home with their fathers and mothers. They are seen in these places without escort, or in groups of two or three, at all hours of the night. There is something in their manner that grips at the heart; that is out of harmony with girlhood. The result of frequent attendance at such shows can easily be imagined.

But what is to be done? Public protest and denunciation are not amiss. When prudently dictated they will drive the evil back. To remain away from such offending places, and to keep the children away is an even more effective weapon, for the manager who is not "the keeper of his brother," and who will greedily count the coin as he tells you: "We detest this business, but the public wants it" will soon have a different speech when the tickets left unsold preach their own sermon. Let laughter and applause be absent when the unexpected clean picture comes forth to seek them; for poison is poison still though it be quaffed from the golden shell or presented to the eye in the richest colors. We can and must minimize the evil. Upright men will join in the crusade, and public decency will live a healthier life.—Pilot.

CATHOLIC NOTES

More than 27,000 members of the Holy Name society paraded in 19 divisions through the streets of Brooklyn on Sunday, September 25, and then gathered in separate churches, where sermons were preached and the Papal blessing, received by cable on Saturday, was imparted.

There is in Philadelphia a band of faithful members of the Rosary League of Our Lady of the Atonement about fifteen in number, the majority of whom have just made their submission to the jurisdiction of the Vicar of Christ and entered the Catholic Church, thus following the Graymoor precedent of less than a year ago.—The Lamp.

A sanatorium for the exclusive use of nuns suffering from tuberculosis, was opened October 1 at Hyde Park, Reading, Pa. The site is the former St. Michael Seminary, and the project was inaugurated by the Right Rev. Msgr. George Bornemann. Seventy patients can be accommodated. It is in charge of 7 nursing Sisters from Virginia.

The Brownson monument will not be unveiled on Oct. 12, as originally intended, as an accident at the quarry at Barre, Vt., will delay the delivery of the granite pedestal. It is hoped that the pedestal will be ready by the end of the month, and, if so, the unveiling ceremonies will probably take place on October 29.

The one thousandth anniversary of the great Benedictine Abbey of Cluny, founded in 910 by St. Odon, and to which were affiliated nearly 200 other abbeys, was solemnly celebrated on the 10th, 11th and 12th of September. The former abbey church was, next to St. Peter's in Rome, the largest in the Catholic world.

English newspapers are publishing the details of many alleged cures attributed to the intercession of St. Winefride and the waters of Holywell, the shrine of the saint in Wales. Two cures recently reported are those of a man who regained hearing and speech after having been deaf and dumb for eight years, and of another man whose diseased hand, which was about to be amputated, healed after the sufferer had made a novena at Holywell.

One-fifth of the people of Glasgow are Catholics—but they are chiefly Irish. Provost Mackintosh, who has built a magnificent school for the children of his parish, declares that nine-tenths of the 2,000 children in his school are of Irish extraction. In Scotland the Catholics build their own schools, but the government pays their running expenses.

Father Junipero Serra, the pioneer missionary of California, is to have his statue in the National Capitol if Congressman Julius Kahn, of San Francisco, can get it there. In speaking of his intention, the Congressman rightly said that Father Junipero Serra blazed the way for Caucasian civilization on the Pacific coast, and it would be eminently fitting that his statue should be one of those selected by California.

There are 750,000 Italians in New York. They constitute one-fifth of the population. One of their country women, who has been studying their condition for the past three years, is planning to erect model tenement houses for them away from the congested districts and to build trade schools for the new generation. She claims to have assurance of the co-operation of the Italian government.

In the October issue of The Lamp, published by the convert community of the Society of the Atonement at Graymoor Garrison, N. Y., announcement is made that some time near the middle of October the mission Church of St. John the Baptist Graymoor, will be blessed and formally opened for Catholic worship. Archbishop Farley, of New York, at his own expense, has put the church in complete repair and added greatly to the beauty and strength of the building.

Every year in the early fall numbers of Catholics migrate from London to work in the hopfields of Kent, in England. They are not left without religious comforts in their somewhat nomadic life. Year by year six Franciscan priests and two Sisters of Mercy devote themselves to the religious interests of the hop pickers. Once during the season Bishop Amigo of Southwark visits the hopfields, and this day, which he sets apart for the purpose, is called "Bishop's Sunday."

Reports that the Holy See has dispatched official protests to the foreign governments against the anti-clerical speech delivered by Ernesto Nathan, the Mayor of Rome, at the celebration on September 20 of the fortieth anniversary of the temporal power of the Church, are denied in Vatican circles. It is understood, however, that the foreign nuncios and bishops have been instructed to encourage a world-wide protest against the Mayor's address. Many messages protesting indignantly against the insult to the holy vicar are pouring into the Vatican.

Gomez Leal, one of the greatest poets and writers of Portugal, and who, for many years carried on a truceless war against the Church and the Monarchy, has returned to the Faith of his childhood, after a public retraction of his writings. His case is parallel to that of St. Augustine. Leal's mother, who never ceased to pray for her recreant son, died last year. Her last wish was that he should have a Mass said for the repose of her soul, and on the first anniversary of her death Gomez fulfilled this pious request, himself assisting at the holy sacrifice. Here the grace of God found him. When the last "Requiem aeternam" had died away Gomez Leal made his peace with God in the sacred tribunal.