

name in Kakabika Falls, west of Lake Superior.

Rev. Dr. Luke Grace, C.M., of Niagara University, N.Y., is right worthily wielding the pen in the sanctum of the Catholic Union and Times, of Buffalo, these days in the absence of Dr. Cronin. Recently he brought into bold relief a trite truism by way of comment by saying: "A Protestant minister in Baltimore, a Dr. Harcourt, advised a class of young doctors to let no clergyman in to see their patients in critical cases. This advice may do for ministers, for they are of little or no use to the sick. But Catholics want their priests to give them the last Sacraments when they are about to die. And they will allow no doctors to stand in the way." Not even Dr. Mephistophles.

Recently religious reformers, reckless and regardless of recalcitrants who sit under their pulpits at the Canadian end of the Niagara bridges, have held up the Sunday papers from Gotham, up till now eagerly read in His Majesty's domains. Is it any loss? Perhaps not, for of Sunday newspapers a versifier lately sang that the whole ten cents' worth of paper is but:

Sixty-nine pages of rubbish,
Twenty-two pages of rot;
Forty-six pages of scandal vile,
Served to us piping hot.

Seventeen hundred pictures—
Death, disease and despair;
Lies and fakes and fakes and lies
Sandwiched in everywhere.

Thirty-four sad comic pages,
Printed in reds, greens and blues,
Thousands of items we don't care
to read—
But only two columns of news.

"Two lewd women were publicly flogged in a southern city recently"

says the Western Watchman, "yet the same city less than a year before had listened to Margaret Shepherd. These people should be more consistent." "A slight inconsistency," says our brilliant contemporary The Sacred Heart Review in writing the pithy headline to this little paragraph.

"That we honor, venerate, reverence and love her as incomparably the worthiest, most perfect and most powerful of all created beings is quite true," says Father Hudson, speaking of the honor we Catholics pay to the Mother of God, "but we never forget that she is a creature; never, even in our most enthusiastic outbursts of grateful love, place her on the same plane with the Eternal Father, the Holy Spirit, or even her own Son, the Uncreated Word. And, as occasion offers, every Catholic should impress this fact upon his non-Catholic neighbor."

With pleasure we learn that the Very Reverend A. A. Lambing, LL. D., rector of St. James' Church, Wilkinsburg, Penn., has been made honorary curator of the historical collections of the Carnegie Museum, Pittsburg, Penn. The esteemed reverend Doctor, whose name is made famous by pulpit, pen, and lecture platform, deserves all these honors. Father Lambing, student, scholar, author, worthy priest, zealous pastor and unassuming Christian gentleman, is deserving of the praises of a thousand friends far beyond the confines of Wilkinsburg.

A GREAT LOSS.

"On the first of this month the Weekly Bouquet, of Boston, suspends publication. Cause—lack of support." In these terse sentences, in which Mr. Henry Coyle notifies us of the suspension of his paper, is summed up the close of too many pathetic chapters in Catholic jour-