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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PATIENCE—PATIENCE

Our separated brethren who think must find it difficult to be patient with the divines who are striving to minimize the importance of the Montreal Congress. Their talk is archaic, futile and pointless. Some of them declaim their little piece after the manner of "curfew shall not ring to-night." They ring the change in blood and tyranny and arrogance until they are blue in the face; and they whisper tremulously of the dangers that menace our liberties. Others don the garb of dignity and of the scholarship whose badge is not accuracy. We must stand up, says a cleric whose preachment by the way is woven of mildewed platitudes, for the scriptures. We must not allow man-made opinions to seduce the multitude, etc., in the old-time manner. But were the good man called upon to prove that he has the whole Bible and nothing but the Bible he would find himself in a quandary. For instance, the new Testament is made up of Gospels and Epistles written by different men and at different times. These Epistles and Gospels were designated as scripture by the Church. Now, either she is infallible or not. If fallible, then the good man has no certainty that he has the Scriptures: if the Church is infallible he ought to cease utterance and to come over.

GOING IT BLINDLY

Again he lectures us on the Scriptures, which, on strict Protestant principles, he cannot prove to be inspired. From his viewpoint their inspiration is absolutely improbable. He cannot prove inspiration by intrinsic evidence. He gets no comfort from the divines who are sacrificing the Scriptures on the altar of Higher Criticism. He must seek outside of the Bible the necessary evidence of its inspiration. Authority alone can settle the question. And so the good man holds in his hand a Book which he cannot show was written under the guidance and protection of the Holy Spirit.

TIME-WASTERS

But they must, these clerics, use up so much energy in proving that we mishandle the Scripture. Why do they scatter dogmas with such easy prodigality? Have they ever heard the remark of Erasmus that the "interpretation of the Scriptures by individual minds has never ended in anything but laming texts which walked straightly before." Even that malignant hater of the Church, James Anthony Froude, pours out the vials of his wrath upon the Bible hawkers and interpreters. The numberless sects base distinct and opposite doctrines upon the Bible. Is the Holy Ghost directing them all? Can a thing be black and white at the same time? Has the Son of God left Himself without an authority to teach the truths revealed by Him? Is this law the only law that men may interpret as it seems good to them? Must it be without a competent authority to enforce it? We know the answer. The Church that testifies to the Bible, that has preserved it during the ages and shields it yet from the attack of the scoffer and blasphemer, and maintains unity among men of every race and nation—that Church teaches with unerring certainty, by the Holy Spirit dwelling in her and preserving her in His truth. She acts and her work is her vindication. She points to the past and her history is her irrefutable argument. She was in the world before the first Christian penman had begun his sacred task. She was then what she is now. She is the contemporary of all ages. Her message is the same forever.

A SUGGESTION

Our separated brethren should compile a book of "Don'ts" for the guidance of the lecturers of the super-heated imagination. We feel that it would save them from antics that but contribute to the merriment of the scornful. When they are disposed to wax eloquent upon superstition a "don't" might be a deterrent to garrulity. When they are moved to comment upon Latin nations a "don't" might guard them against unpleasant words. And it is well to keep the mind clothed. When they are big with words about progress a "don't" might help them to a silent delivery. The wild-eyed orator, with his rant and fustian, will be ever with us to provoke the biting cynicism of a Schopenhauer; but we regret to see good men beguiled by the unthinking into oratory as meaningless as the query: How old is Ann? When he casts longing eyes upon the cloudland of pulpit vacuity a "don't" might keep him on solid earth. Finally, a book of "don'ts" might be a valuable ally to the cause of commonsense.

TRUE PROGRESS

Progress is born of trial and effort and pain. The hands that clasp success are tired, and the feet hurrying on to the perfect are cut with the stones of life. The coward blanches at the first gust of temptation: the resolute, strong with the grace of Christ, give service. We can always see our colors and hear the marching orders. If, however, we are heedless to the voice of duty or invent pretexts to avoid it, or with childish recklessness scorn it, we are cowards. If, instead of mooning over ourselves or chasing rainbows or waxing plaintive over this sad world, we did our duty, we should have less time for idle reflection and time-killing fussiness.

THE KNOCKER

The "knocker" is always a nuisance. When to criticism he adds carping and remarks that are sordid and vile he is an ever present menace. And yet some citizens are ever spouting forth the unclean things that are born of constant fault-finding and a persistent wish to view all things and men through the glasses of low ideals and prejudice. But they don't seem to see that they but exhibit their own mind.

ABOUT OUR DEBTS

That old gentleman has been here again. Some of his friends say that he is abnormal, but we must confess that in our opinion his faculties are in perfect order. He likes flowers and children and says that he owns the stars. He dreams now and then. He builds air-castles refulgent with the radiance of the world beyond the spheres and alive with the rarest beauty that was ever woven on the loom of fancy. But he is a worker whose days are accompanied with the thought of eternity. One thing bothering him at the present time is the question of debt. He wonders why people will not pay their debts. And some of these are Catholics. They will not economize; they must ape their neighbors; and the debt contracted by them is regarded as of no consequence. "Woe to him that heapeth together that which is not his own" are words that trouble them not. They buy things which they do not need. They aim to pass for what they are not. And with obligations to grocer, butcher, etc., they live on with demeanor as unruffled as if they "rendered to all men their dues." These people should have their conscience regulated, not by what they think, but by the law of God. Mere pretexts will not save them from punishment. Time will not outlaw the debt in God's court. They must pay their debts. The man who refuses to pay is courting eternal ruin. If we cannot pay now we must promise to economize and to pay as soon as possible. A very serious matter and to be heeded by some of us.

CALL TO SERVICE

Every Catholic should be an Apostle. A life pulsating with the vigor of purity and faith is a sermon that touches hearts. But some of us emit no light. We seem to be dead; the enthusiasm that springs from the joy that we are Catholics and from a desire to help others to the faith is not our possession. We could set the world afire; and we are dull and sluggish. If we squared our lives with our principles and got rid of the atmosphere that is dragging us down to earth and quenching the light of high ideals and making us in nowise different from those who are sunk in ignorance and unbelief—if, in a word, we kept to our altar we should be working members of the Church. The future belongs to us—so—on guard!

THE CHIEF REASON

A writer, deploring the waning influence of the pulpit over the pew, ascribes it to the sensational methods of notoriety-seeking divines. That has, we presume, an influence, but the chief cause is that Protestantism as such is dead. The divines cannot put life into it and hence they must arouse interest by talking about things humanitarian and political. When we say that Protestantism is dead we mean that it has been killed so far as reading and thinking Protestants are concerned, by the Higher Critics. The Bible has been questioned and discredited by men of their own party. They murmur nothings about the New Theology or manifest a certain condescension and pity for those who have any attachment to old creeds. At times they cry out for unity among the sects, as if unity, based on a platform built by fallible men, can commend itself to those who wish to be guided not by conjecture but by certainty. The avowed enemies of Christianity take no account of the sects. Viewing the whole religious field, they confess that the only opponent they have to meet is the Church. Huxley's cry is echoed everywhere by God's enemies.

THESE LOQUACIOUS ONES

Some of the evangelical preachers are artists in the use of big words. They talk about superstition and assail us with arguments as tenuous as the mentality which fashions them. The Sacrifice of the Mass is at present the object of their assault. Having read their sermons against the doctrine we have no hesitancy in saying that not one of them seems to know what we believe, or meets our arguments in manly fashion. Their screeds are made up of facetious ribaldry, of misrepresentation and of illogical argumentation. They call us "idol servers," trusting that gullibility will elevate their statement to the dignity of an argument. They gnash their teeth at Father Vaughan's remark that Protestantism is a "soulless religion," but they fail to disprove it. The eloquent Jesuit uttered no new truth when he offended these godly men who in season and out of season spin the blackness of their minds upon things Catholic; he but preached a doctrine that is accepted not only by Catholics but by many without the fold. What do these clerics read? Why did not their professors teach them to study an opponent's position and not to wander into personalities?

FATHER VAUGHAN

NOTED JESUIT ORATOR CITES BISHOP SELLEW TO SHOW PROTESTANTISM IS DYING. ONLY CATHOLICISM TO LAST

N. Y. Times, Oct. 3.

Father Bernard Vaughan, England's Jesuit orator, who had all of smart London by the ears some years ago, by the castigation of the "Sins of Society," which issued from the pulpit of his church in Farm Street, delivered the sermon yesterday in St. Patrick's cathedral. Fresh from the Eucharistic Congress in Montreal, he is here in connection with the consecration ceremonies to be held at the cathedral this week.

Social problems did not furnish the key-note of his sermon this time, which was rather a paean of praise and triumph for Catholicism. Seizing upon the despondent view of the Protestant Church's future, recently quoted as coming from Bishop Sellew of Jamestown, he enlarged upon it exultantly. He sounded a prediction of utter ruin for the Anglican and the Greek churches, doomed to decay as surely as the amputated limbs of any organism.

THE LIGHT OF THE SLUMS

Not that Father Vaughan could keep entirely off the social questions. He reverted to them repeatedly in his extemporaneous sermon. Only Saturday night, he said, he had gone among the slums of New York, and the memory of what he had seen came back to him.

"Your slums are Paradise compared with the dark, gloomy, sunless courts and alleys known to me in the East of London," he said. "All life does not consist in what you have, but in what you are, and God has put the aroma of his presence among His own aristocracy, the only artisocracy in New York—God's poor."

He gloried in the attitude of the Catholic Church toward the race suicide question.

"To those who venture to ignore God," he thundered, "and defy His laws and artificially arrange about the number of their children in the nursery as they regulate the number of their servants in the kitchen, the Church say: "You are living a life which is constructively against the Master, and I condemn you and your practice.'"

And later, spreading his hands in supplication, he said:

"Don't let the glitter of gold tarnish the rays of sunshine on your garment eternal. Don't allow the possessions of this world so to blind you as to forget your acres infinite in the land beyond."

Father Vaughan has a voice of startling clearness and power. It rang through the cathedral. His whole physical being is eloquent. With every line it seemed animate with fervent meaning. At one point, in a vision of the future, he stood with arms upraised and head thrown back in a spiritual ecstasy, that seemed to seize upon the great congregation that heard him. This was his sermon, in part:

"My brethren, what does St. Paul tell us about the Church? Why, he breaks up all un-Catholic theories, he tears them to tatters, when he tells us that Christ is the head of all the Church, which is His Body. The Church is the Body of Christ. It is a real, living, energizing organism—as real, as true a living organism as this organism which I am exercising of this great privilege of speaking to you now. He is the head as we are the members, and as the members of the body are many, and yet the body is one—so says the apostle of the Church—whereas she is so vast and so many, she is one. She is knit into Christ. She is the Body of Christ of which He is the head.

QUOTES BISHOP SELLEW

"A month ago, in Canada, I spoke of those churches outside the Catholic Church as wanting life and energy, and the whole of Protestant Canada rose up to tear to pieces, not my argument, but my own wretched self. It did not interest me; but what does interest me is what I read in the paper this morning. The Protestant Bishop Sellew of Jamestown, N. Y., what does he say? He says that the spirit of Protestantism is in decay. He tells us, if he is reported fairly, that it is an expiring religion; and he seems to almost invite us to give it a respectable funeral.

"I never ventured to say as much as the Protestant Bishop has said. With some hesitancy I suggested that a little life was needed; and he comes forth and proclaims from the housetop that the religion of which he is Bishop is dying after three hundred years of senile decay.

"My brethren, we have to be manly. We have to face these things and not be afraid of one another, but to say the thing that is straight, and to go the way that is straight, and furiously to uphold the thing that is straight. I am proud of Bishop Sellew for striking his note of warning; for if in the alarm bell there is a note in its vibrating air that men, hearing it, may look to their spiritual whereabouts, and whether they belong to the Church or whether they are outside of the Church, or whether they are in the porch of the Church; that they may look to see if their religion is vital and vitalizing energy; if it is an entity that is making for life or a microbe fastening on them for death.

"My beloved brothers and sisters redeemed with me by the precious blood of the Son of God, we cannot afford to compromise, to minimize, to temporize, when we are speaking about the things for which Jesus Christ fought and bled, and died.

"It is well for those who are yet on the pilgrimage of life to look at the parting of the ways and to read the sign posts telling which is the way to Catholicism and which the road to agnosticism. Brethren, get your route ticket for the up line; leave the down line alone. Take care that at the close of the journey of life you slow into the right terminus, for there is no returning.

"You and I are knit into the physical body of Christ, into this mystical body. Bear with me a moment, as it is my only opportunity of addressing you. Bear with me as a man with his arms stretched forth with a grip of love to you. Bear with me as a man who has been brought across the Atlantic to utter my soul, to bring forth what is dearer to me than life. I want to get right into your hearts. I want to be an uplifting force, I want you to hitch your chariots to the stars. I want you to pause not till the golden gates spring back upon their hinges, and in the life, the light and the love of God you dwell as citizens forevermore. For we have not here a lasting city; we seek for one to come. Don't join those who, abounding in the affluence of worldly things, say by their lives. 'We have not here a lasting city, and we seek none, none, none to come.' Don't tether your ambitions to a third-rate planet. Stretch forth the ribbons of your tents. Lift up the eyes of your soul. Put electricity into your steps.

"My brethren, I spent last night in the slumdom of your mammoth metropolis. I found the joy as well as the privilege of being among my poor brothers and sisters of New York City. I compared your slums with the slums of a city even vaster than yours. I rejoiced in what I saw. Fifth Avenue is not in it. There are the children in the electric light, with their parents, sitting out, living an out-of-door life even in the night. Children dancing and merrying and making joy! Yes, with bells in the towers of their souls, rung out like chimes by angel hands. Poor people bright and joyous — Polock, Jew and Italian, and Chinese, and Japanese—and Italian children with a slice of melon and a ray of sunshine, richer than your millionaires, more human, more natural, more Godlike. I almost longed to go down and spend a time with them, saying, 'I have come to stay.'

"Your slums are paradise compared with the dark, gloomy, sunless courts and alleys known to me in the East of London. All life does not consist in what you have, but in what you are, and God has put the aroma of his presence among his own aristocracy, the only aristocracy in New York—God's poor. Isn't it splendid? Isn't it uplifting? It is not what you have, it is not what you say, it is not what you do—it is what before God you are. Nothing else matters. It is that, and that alone.

THE PRIVILEGES OF A CATHOLIC

"You are members of Christ's body. Members of the Eucharistic League, members of the Foresters, members of the Sacred Heart fraternities, Children of Mary, Knights of Columbus—what you do to one another you are doing to the members of Christ; and, as He said to Paul when Paul persecuted Him, so he says to you: 'You have cherished Me, you are caressing Me, you are fondling Me, you are dearer to Me than the eyes by which I see you and the heart with which I love you.' Oh, what a great joy—a grand joy — my God, what a glorious privilege, what a terrible responsibility, to be a Catholic. You and I will receive a far severer judgment than others, for we are knit into His body, blood of His blood, flesh of His flesh, bone of His bone, spirit of His spirit.

"Our Lord grew in age and you have grown in age. The Church, like Christ, unchanged and unchangeable, in personal identity, and yet ever growing, ever expanding in the sphere of her material activities and energy! You yourselves are witnesses of this matchless, the miraculous growth and output of the Church. Take New York. Only two hundred years ago—two hundred members of Christ's Church, one priest, and one poor little chapel—on whose ground I stood and prayed last night; and to-day an Archbishop, with two auxiliary Bishops, 28,000 priests, 3,000 churches, and chapels, something like 600 or 700 schools, and a population growing to the limit of 4,000,000—in the original limits of one priest's entire district.

"Try to restrain the growth of the Church. You may do it when you have held up the falls of Niagara; when, with an extinguisher, you have quenched the forest fire; when, my brethren, with a little shovel you have flung back the mountain avalanche. She goes on forever and ever, with the charmed life, not of the fabulous talisman, but of the glowing promise of her Founder. Not even the gates of hell can prevail against her.

Is there any Bishop who would dare to say what the Bishop has said of Protestantism—that the Catholic Church is dying and waiting for her funeral oration? She is the vital, the vitalizing force of the States, her mental equipment is strong and ready; she has never yielded a single jot or title of the dogmatic teaching of Christ. She is, my brethren, in her natural capacity, the one, and the one only who dares tell the message from the throne of God to the man on the throne and to the man in the street.

"She will hear of nothing in the line of divorce. She says, 'What you have promised one another before God; what you have publicly proclaimed, shall last till He snap the cord by death. No law of man shall change it.' And to those who venture to ignore God and defy His laws and artificially to arrange about the number of their children in the nursery as they regulate the number of their servants in the kitchen, the Church says 'You are living a life which is constructively against the Master, and I condemn you and your practice.'

PRIDE IN THE CHURCH

"You, my brethren, members of the Catholic Church, beware lest circumstances of life make you forget your proud privilege. You have nothing to be proud of, but being a Catholic. You need not be proud about money, about riches, or poverty, or beauty, or youth, or old age. These things come and go, but she goes on forever; and if you belong to her, why, my brethren, your future is secure. Don't allow place or position or wealth to spoil you, spoil your beautiful Catholic life. Don't let the glitter of gold tarnish the rays of sunshine on your garment eternal. Don't allow the possessions of this world so to blind you as to forget your acres infinite in a land beyond. Don't think about climbing into some higher social circle when the circle of your ambitions must be within the steps of the great white throne. I am full of ambition. I am full of desires. I am longing to expand and go up, but I must wait till the Master rings me up and my serving time is done, and my eternal holiday is begun. Then I will not rest from work.

"Be true to your church and you will be true to your country. The future of the United States—I proclaim it—depends upon the wealth, the loyalty, and the service of her Catholic population. She is the one central star upon her star bespangled banner. The Catholic Church says that in the measure in which you are true to the Church you will be true to your republic. And it is our proud boast that patriotism springs out of our religion, and that in the measure in which a Catholic is true to his religion, in that measure he will be true to his country.

"I leave you, my brethren. I do not say 'Adieu.' I say 'Au revoir,' because time is short; eternity is long."

A STORY ABOUT FATHER VAUGHAN

Father Bernard Vaughan is the son of Col. Vaughan of Courtfield, Hertfordshire. He was one of fourteen children. His preaching startled London and the very subjects of his strictures flocked to hear him. This story is told of the sensation he caused; The stage of a London theatre was held by a danseuse, who captivated one night a brilliant audience, drawn there by the presence of the King. The King was greatly impressed with the woman's skill and grace. He sent for her after the performance, and asked her to name something he might give her to show his appreciation. The dancer curtised low, and said:

"Your Majesty, the head of Father Vaughan on a dish."

THE UNDYING POPE

THOUGH SHORN OF EARTHLY POWER AND GLORY, THE POPE REIGNS, RULES AND GOVERNS

The world at large is generally convinced that the Papacy is a wreck. In the northern countries of Europe its very name has been held in abomination for more than three centuries and the Latin races are now moving in the same direction of revolt. The nation that formerly gloried in its title of the Eldest Daughter of the Church has thrust out the Pope with contempt, and refuses to recognize his existence. The churches are dismantled, the religious orders are expelled and bishops and priests are haled before the courts as criminals for loyalty to the Representatives of Christ. Spain, "the Catholic," has announced its purpose of assuming the same attitude of hate. Little Portugal also is in revolt, and in the Pope's own dominions a usurper rules, while an atheist Jew is the mayor of the Eternal City, and is actively engaged in obliterating every memory of Christ from the very heart of Christianity. Worse conditions are promised for the year 1912.

Yet what is this occurring in the great city on the St. Lawrence? Half a million people are gathered there for a religious celebration. Triumphal arches span the thoroughfares; the public buildings are hung with the flags of every nation, and the facades of the houses are almost hidden by the decorations. Multitudes have hurried thither from all parts of the world. There are priests and prelates and laymen from the great Republic beyond the borders; from Italy and France and Germany, and England and Scotland and Ireland, from South America and the Islands of the Caribbean. Even Greenland and South Africa and distant Jerusalem have sent their representatives. In the endless and gorgeous pageant that passed through the streets, there were negroes and white men, Indians in their warpaint and Chinese in silk robes with their flags of the flaming dragon. There were university professors in their insignia of office, tonsured monks in their varied garbs, military and Ministers of State, priests in their sacerdotal robes, Bishops with their copes and mitres, cardinals in their royal scarlet, but one conspicuous figure stands out in the splendid scene towering like Saul over all the people. In his hands is the Adorable Host which he is bearing from the great basilica to the altar on the Royal Mountain. After His Majesty of the Eucharist, this man is the center of all that splendor and pomp and magnificence, the cynosure of every eye, the one to whom all the cardinals and bishops and priest and people pay their obeisance, and eagerly and affectionately come with their tribute of homage.

Who is he? He is the Pope. Not indeed in person, but he is the representative sent from the Fisherman's throne on the Tiber to receive the fealty of the New World; and as he passes on his way the cry of "Vive Pie X," which amid the pealings of bells and the booming of cannons echoes and echoes again from the shores of the St. Lawrence to the sunlit mountain, tells the story to the nations that the heart of that people has been ever loyal to the Vicar of Christ, and that love and reverence for the Roman Pontiff has not vanished from the Western World.

Nor is all lost in the Old World from which that people have sprung. England saw a similar scene two years ago in its great metropolis. In France for the last decade the atheist government has neglected all its internal affairs, allowed its navy to rot, its army to be disintegrated, its Apaches to turn its boulevards into warpaths while it watched with feverish anxiety the spectre of the Pope that seemed to be ever startling its secret councils and cabals. Spain would have been long since in wild revolt had not the restraining hand of the Pope held back the indignant Catalans, Castilians and Basques. Rome is constantly thronged with hundreds of thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the world who journey thither, not to pay their respects to the usurperer or the Jew, or to take a last glance at the vanishing glories of the past, but to beg on bended knees a blessing from the Pope. Not only the poor and humble, but kings and presidents and emperors are there to solicit the favor of entering his presence. His words are more powerful now than ever before and reach in an instant to the uttermost ends of the earth, where he guides or teaches. More than at any other period, perhaps, though he is shorn of all earthly glory and power, does the Pope of Rome reign, rule and govern.

There is a famous picture that one may see hanging in every gallery, or reproduced in books, of an attempt to assassinate Pope Boniface VIII. It is called "l'Attentat d'Anagni." High upon his throne stands the white figure of the Pontiff, serene, and heedless of the tumult beneath him; his eyes are looking into the heavens while he awaits the fatal blow. Below him are overturned vessels of the sanctuary, and his terror-stricken attendants are in flight. Half way up the steps stands an armored knight, a flashing sword in hand. Farther down is the mob, some shouting to others in the distance to hurry forward to the tragedy, others shaking their clenched fists at the silent figure, while their parted lips utter imprecations.

When Boniface was torn from that exalted throne, another white figure succeeded, and another and another until now. Other mobs of miscreants have gathered on the same steps beneath. And so it will be till the end; "the nations will continue to rage and the people will meditate vain things" until the days of the militant church will have ended and then another white figure shall stand on the throne, and Jesus Christ shall rule in peace and glory over the Church triumphant in heaven. Till then the Pope can never die.—America.

Remarkable Cure at Holywell

A remarkable cure took place at St. Winefride's Shrine recently, when there was an excursion, from Preston to Holywell. Among the party was Mrs. Bradley, wife of Francis Bradley, of Fulwood, near Preston. She brought with her her six-year-old daughter, Margaret Millicent Bradley, stretched upon a padded spinal board, upon which they had brought her from Preston. Shortly after their arrival at Holywell the child was taken to the well and dipped by one of the attendants in the larger outer bath. Upon emerging the child declared, to the astonishment of her mother and those around, that she could walk, and after she had dressed she walked with ease and freedom up the steep hill from the well to the hospice, leaving behind her the padded board. Mrs. Bradley stated that the child had been a cripple for the last two years, and that during that time she had been treated both as an in and out patient at the Preston Royal Infirmary, where the doctors stated that she was suffering from a diseased bone in the spine. The child, when able to walk at all, could only do so in a crouched position, and she had been at times in plaster of paris jackets, and spent a good deal of time on the spinal board.

The best and quickest way to climb a mountain is to take the car.

Men who do not smoke are usually matchless.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The Lord Mayor of London is president of the St. Vincent de Paul Society in that city.

Fifty-two boys representing some of the best families of Louisiana, have entered the new New Orleans diocesan seminary at Covington to study for the priesthood.

Among the vice-presidents appointed on the organization for ecclesiastics in England and Germany for the promotion of peace are the Archbishops of Westminster, Cashel, Tuam and Glasgow.

A number of Mormon missionaries who had arrived in Germany for the purpose of opening a campaign in support of Mormonism, have been expelled from the country.

At a meeting held at the residence of Most Rev. Archbishop Farley, of New York, arrangements were made and committees appointed to make the unveiling of the bust of Orestes A. Brownson a notable affair in the history of that city.

A Jesuit professor in New York has invented a machine to continue the vibrations of the wireless telephone. Its success means the removal of a serious handicap to the practical use of the instrument.

It was decided at the Marian Congress recently held at Salzburg that an International Catholic Union should be formed to oppose anti-clerical movements. The next Marian Congress will be held at Rheims.

In Switzerland, which is looked upon by certain persons as an essentially Protestant country, Catholics number 1,279,664, as against 1,916,157 Protestants. This is not a bad showing for the land of Calvin.

Ten thousand adult conversions, with 149 Protestants additional, during the year 1909, give sufficient evidences of the zeal of the Jesuit Fathers in Madura mission, India. Fifteen hundred Protestants were also received into the Church in the diocese of Calcuttta.

Two nuns, Sister Emanuel and Sister Mary of Springfield, Ky., were the only people in the day coach who were not injured or killed in the accident to the 20th Century Century Flyer in Ohio July 4th. All told there were 19 killed and as many more injured in the wreck.

Irishwomen took a prominent part in raising the 120,000 pennies (£500) collected from Catholic women in England, including the very poorest, to erect an artistic shrine to Joan of Arc in Westminster Cathedral. The shrine, which has just been completed, is close to the Cardinal Vaughan Chantry Chapel.

Seville, Spain, not Vienna, as first announced, has been chosen as the place in which the Eucharistic Congress will be held in 1911. For 1912 the meeting place is Vienna, and Lyons in 1913, with the supposition that 1914 will see the congress back to America and very likely in New Orleans.

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

The latest statistics of the Church in the Chinese empire, including Mongolia and Tribet, announce 1,210,000 Chinese Catholics and 390,000 catechumens. These are under the care of forty-five bishops, 1,424 European and 631 native priests. In Korea there are 68,000 Catholics, under the care of a bishop, forty-seven European and ten native priests.

A coincidence at the golden jubilee celebration of St. Joseph's church at Mendham, N. J, was the fact the Very Rev. Dean McNulty, of Patterson, N. J., who preached the jubilee sermon, was the pastor of the church when it was dedicated fifty years ago. Dean McNulty, who is eighty-one years old, made this trip a special one, as he had not been away from his home in Paterson over night in nearly four years.

In 1900 the Government of that country made over to the Franciscans 200,000 acres of uncultivated land, on condition that they settle upon it 250 Indian families and educate them in Christian and civilised ways. Each family was to receive from the beginning 250 acres in full right of ownership and the remainder of the grant was to be divided among the colonist after they had been trained into habits of civilised life. To defray the initial expenses of the project the Argentinian Government voted an allowance of $20,000

Bishop Dunne, of Peoria, said recently, of the popularity of the Catholic system of education: "In Chicago, Protestants and even Jews are sending their children to our schools, colleges and academies, for no other purpose than that they may be imbued with those principles of order and morality which they feel are essential to their future welfare." That is certainly a very striking testimonial to our schools, and when our Protestant friends appreciate their worth to this extent it is a mystery why any Catholic parent should fail to send his children to them.

A dispatch from Paris on Sept. 24, said: The Roman Catholics of France would seem never to have been more alert than now to discover fault and faux-pas on the part of their political enemies. M. Sarraut, Secretary to the War Minister, in a recent discourse at Quiberon, spoke of Christ as "the great vagabond of Judea." The Archbishop of Vannes in a caustic public letter denounces this horrible blasphemy and characterizes it as an insult to the Bretons, nearly all of whom, he declares, believes firmly in the divinity of Jesus. M. Sarraut, by the way, is one of the politicians most in view as the possible successor of Premier Briand as head of the Cabinet.