

his relations with the Pope he never had any open rupture. By the Italian law introduced by Cavour, the laws passed by Parliament were signed by the Prime Minister, and not by the King, and thus direct rupture between the Pope and the King was avoided even when laws against religion were passed.

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

Zeal.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR SEPTEMBER, 1900.

Recommended to our prayers by His Holiness Leo XIII.

American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

Zeal is a much-needed virtue at all times and it requires careful cultivation in a restless age like our own, when so much time and energy are wasted on trifles or employed for evil.

It sounds like a revelation to some ears, to say that every man should be zealous for his neighbor's good. The ministers of evil seem to recognize naturally enough that they have a mission to sow evil in every human heart, and their zeal in doing so never varies: good men look on, astounded at their destructive activities, feel that they must save themselves, but never dream that they have a mission to save others.

Although God "hath given every man commandment concerning his neighbor," strangely enough, some people think that only certain men or classes of men are bound to observe it. The layman leaves it to the priest; and, but too often, the priest takes it exclusively to himself. Many timid souls prefer to leave good work undone rather than employ, in attempting it, a zeal which might, for want of proper direction, prove to be indiscreet. In this way the wicked have it all their own way, rivaling one another in their evil, and outdoing the doers of iniquity.

Christian zeal is very rare, rare as charity, whose fruit it is. There is no lack of a certain ardor for worldly enterprise, for honorable advancement, social influence, mental or bodily improvement; but there is comparatively little effort to make all these contribute to God's welfare and the salvation of souls. There is, it is true, in all of us some concern about the welfare of our neighbors, real satisfaction when we have reason to believe that our friends are upright, and grief when we hear of their delinquency; but seldom, perhaps, is this concern prompted by a love for the glory of God, and too often we are content when those whom we love attain a mere worldly prosperity, or at most a semblance of spiritual progress.

Zeal makes us prize the salvation of one soul more than all the riches, comfort, influence of this world, more than all the worldly ties of flesh and blood, the sweet delights of friendship, the fascination of a great name, the fear of disgrace and indignity. Days and nights of labor, menaces to health, risk of life itself, are not reckoned by the zealous man in comparison with a single soul's salvation. Nay, real zeal makes one sacrifice what would often seem a means or source of one's own perfection, the peace of solitude, the inspiration of prayer, the practice of some favorite devotion, for the spiritual good of a brother needing our aid.

Zeal is a vehement movement of charity in our souls: it is the impulse of this heavenly virtue which makes us labor most ardently to communicate some good to our neighbor, or to ward off from him some impending evil. It is charity so intense that it cannot be pent up, but like flame must break out and manifest its activity. It is a certain excess of charity which, besides overcoming every resistance, can melt away even the ice of ingratitude. It longs to excite in all men a knowledge and love of God, grieves over the aberration and obstinacy of His enemies, rejoices when souls are won to Christ, and when it cannot hinder them from deserting Him, seeks consolation in offering Him some reparation for their infidelity.

Zeal is, therefore, something more than mere natural activity: indeed, this is only a quality of zeal. In religious work activity without piety usually does more harm than good. It harms those who display it, by leading them gradually to indulge their love of external occupations to the neglect of the internal spirit they should bring to these. Thousands of people run wild to meet demands on their attention who would not dare spend five minutes listening to the warning voices of their conscience. Hands are reaching out for new tasks, but hearts are idle. Again, activity without piety rarely benefits the souls on whose behalf it is exercised, because they are quick to detect that it is cold, self-interested, mechanical and insincere. They are craving for something divine, and they find what is, at best, human in its motive and manner: to recognize a message from above they look for something more than the energy or skill which would recommend the possessor for a social or commercial, but not for a religious enterprise.

Some mistake natural impetuosity for religious zeal: others fancy they are zealous when taking part in a general outburst of enthusiasm; some think they must take up every work that presents itself, and be doing a multitude of things at one and the same time, or constantly relinquishing one task for another, and, what is worse, inconsiderately resigning the burdens they have rashly assumed into the hands of others already, it may

be, overburdened. Then there is the zeal which lacks measure of discretion, which creates work for others to accomplish, commits those in charge of a work to a number of schemes they would fain have avoided, acts more out of season than in season, never studying its limitations or opportunities, but always misjudging its own capacities and imposing on the good nature of others.

True zeal, then, is the love of God and of our neighbor actively manifesting itself in our efforts for the glory of the one and the salvation of the other. It is not self-seeking, it detests notoriety, and prefers to expend time and energy in doing good, rather than in clamorous self advertisement. It is universal in its scope, excluding nothing from its charity. It extends to persons of all nations, age, condition, to infidels and heretics as well as to Catholics, to men in humble as well as to those in high station, to criminals as well as to saints, to the unfortunate as well as to the fortunate. No service or ministry is too difficult or menial for it: teaching Christian doctrine, or the principles of science, preaching, administering the sacraments, engaging in edifying conversations, visiting the sick, helping the poor, consoling the afflicted. It embraces the whole world in charity, praying for those it cannot hope to help in other ways, finding its greatest joy in learning what they do for God, its deepest sorrow in knowing that anyone should give Him displeasure.

It is a gift of God which comes with sanctifying grace, but it is also to some extent a fruit of our own prayers and labors. "In my meditation a flame shall burst forth." Without prayer it cannot be sustained; without labor it languishes. Knowledge is a great incentive to it, the knowledge of God's glory, and of what it means to save a soul, the interests of the Church at home and abroad, the special needs of individual souls. As God desires our salvation He is truly zealous in our regard: "In this hath the love of God appeared, that He has sent His only Son into the world, that we may live by Him." God hath so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son, that all who believe in Him may not perish but have eternal life. With this same love He has filled the heart of His Son, who has loved and delivered Himself up for us all. From the life of Christ, and especially from His death for the salvation of men, we learn best what true zeal is, and how there can be no thought of excess of labor, or of suffering when a human soul is to be saved.

There are many incentives to zeal. God's will, "who hath given to every man a commandment concerning his brother" is by far the greatest. His first great law makes zeal imperative: His wish "that all men be saved and come to a knowledge of the truth," invites all men to practise this virtue to their utmost. This divine will has given us its highest expression in the example of His Son; the Son of God in turn has imparted to us all in some measure His own spirit of zeal: "The charity of Christ is pressing us on." There is no one, therefore, who can complain either of want of motive or of power to practise zeal. We need not look with uneasiness, much less envy, on the activity and resources of men and women who are hostile to our faith, or seek to rival their zeal or fanaticism, as it frequently is, in a spirit of contention. We must not waste our wit or energy in denying or belittling their results, or impugn their motives; detraction has nought to do with zeal. God forbid that we should mistrust one another's motives or depreciate the good our own brethren in the faith are doing, no matter how they may differ in views or methods from ourselves. So that Christ be preached and men learn to know and Love Him, we should rejoice. Zeal today is what it was on the day of Pentecost, a special impulse of the Holy Spirit, who breathes where He lists and who is not limited in power to make any proper method of helping others most effective.

Never in the history of the Church has there been greater need of zeal on the part of every Catholic than there is today. Never before were men forced to meet and communicate with one another so freely; never has the press been such a universal medium of information as it has become the past five years; never were there such a demand for ready popular explanations of the one faith, which is gradually impressing even unbelievers by its integrity and consistency. The common school system with all its defects, helps people to read and to understand such brief accounts of our doctrine and practices well enough at least to lessen prejudice and mistrust. Meantime the enemies of religion are fanatical in their efforts to destroy it. Having dissolved in most countries the union between Church and State, they employ all the civil power to rob and ruin the Church. Its members are sedulously excluded from public office, its most active associations are treated as illegal, disbanded, crippled in their efficiency, or taxed out of existence. Its children are perverted by the pernicious teaching in the schools; its charities are laicized, not so as to leave them under the control of Catholic, but at the mercy of irreligious men, whose first law of charity is their own support and advancement. Many of the scholars of the age, and the seats of learning which they influence, seek to array science after science in hostility to the Church, making the sacred revelation of the Scriptures their chief point of attack. Her traditions are brought into question, and some of her own members are ungrateful enough to resist her discipline, or clamor for its accommodation to the licentious tendencies, to the grief of

the venerable Pontiff, whose own zeal and learning, shining out as they do from the recesses of his prison house, should command the admiration and love of all men.

Here then is the field of our zeal, the study of Catholic truth, the practice of charity to non Catholics without sympathy with their errors, the rights of Catholics before the State, the welfare of our schools, the independence of our charities, a veneration for Sacred Scripture, a love for the discipline of the Church and a reverent affection for the august person of the Pontiff, who is Vicar of Christ. There is no excuse for not being zealous, and no limit for our zeal. Every parish should be a centre of zeal, priests and people vying with one another to do most to save even the weakest brother for whom Christ died.

WHY ENGLAND HONORED A GREAT IRISH CATHOLIC.

In reviewing the career of the late Sir Charles Russell, Lord Chief Justice of England, the question naturally arises, Why did England break the precedent of over three hundred years by choosing this Catholic for so high an office?

He was not only a Catholic, but an Irishman, nay, an Irish Home Ruler, and he had but a few years before, vindicated the leader of the Irish Nationalists, Charles Stewart Parnell, at the expense of the London Times, the living voice of English Toryism.

In his exposure of the Times' forgeries, he was the defender not only of the persecuted Irish leader, but of Ireland; and by his irrefutable proof of the infamy of the tactics of the enemies of her cause, set that cause on its eminence of merit and dignity in the whole world's sight.

God could not buy, nor place nor title tempt this matchless, fearless, incorruptible antagonist; and it was just because he had shown himself in this character, albeit his vindication of the Irish leader and Ireland involved so much of shame to himself, that England wisely chose him for the highest place in her judiciary.

England no longer lets racial or religious prejudices stand in the way of her larger interests, so Lord Russell might cherish his Irish Nationalism and his Catholic faith as openly and fervently as he would, so that his splendid legal abilities were devoted to the profit and honor of the Empire.

During his time in office—something over six years when death claimed him—he instituted many much-needed reforms, his great distinction being in the application of the principles of common sense to the management and settlement of cases. He brought about the institution of the new court for commercial cases; and the better arrangement of the vacation and assize business of the judges of the Appeal Court, soon to go into effect, is also due to his efforts.

No decision of his was ever reversed, and his courage and justice were emphasized anew in his action in the case of Dr. Jameson, the leader in the raid on Johannesburg.

He served as one of the British arbitrators in the decision of the Venezuelan boundary question, though this was outside of his regular functions.

How grounded he was in the eternal principles of truth and equity, how broad and deep in his knowledge of men and nations, how keen and correct in his foresight, was shown in his great address on International Arbitration before the American Bar Association just four years ago.

Tory England, groaning like a Pharisee of old, under her self-assumed "White Man's Burden" in South Africa; and Imperialist America, with her similarly fallacious "necessity" for Benevolent Assimilation in the Philippines were sad sights for the fading eyes of this great advocate of international justice and honorable peace.

The career of Sir Charles Russell has many lessons—the most striking of them being, perhaps, the wisdom, even for this world, of courage and fidelity to principle.

Any man can better afford to stay life-long in obscurity, or forfeit a hard-won worldly honor, than to bear remorse of conscience and the sting of self-contempt for wealth and station wickedly attained or meanly kept.

But the man of genius and force of character, after his probation, can generally get the prizes of life on his own terms. He need not risk the painful alternative of professional or social extinction, in his choice of rectitude at the cost of immediate worldly gain, for he can cut a new channel for his abilities; his gifts shine before man and make his faith in God and himself magnetic.

The man of genius does not always know the day of his strength and opportunity, hence the sad and—even from the worldly view point—unnecessary sacrifices, such as the poets of "The Lost Leader" or "Ichabod" deplore.

Young Charles Russell, in his modest boyhood home in the north of Ireland, could not yet feel his own strength, nor foresee one of the highest offices in the British Empire as the visible crown of a life of less than the allotted seventy years.

Doubtless his proudest boast was that his family had a record of six hundred years in that region, and for the latter half of this long term, has kept the faith at heavy cost. Doubtless the iron in his blood came from these martyr-spirited ancestors. They were a priestly as well as a royal people, with the missionary spirit of Ireland's golden age in them.

Lord Russell's uncle, president of Maynooth College from 1857 to 1890,

was the chief instrument of Cardinal Newman's conversion.

Lord Russell's brother is a Jesuit priest, and has been a great factor in the Irish literary revival. All his sisters became Sisters of Mercy, and one of them was the pioneer of her Order on our own Pacific coast.

Lord Russell's religious faith had to find in his own especial career manifestation different, but equally sincere and striking. There must have been times in his early years of struggle—for he was not born to fortune, and he married for love—when he realized that proud and open Irish Catholicism was not even the high way, much less the lightning express train, to speedy success. But he never minimized either. He set God and his soul in the highest place, while he worked strongly and splendidly at his profession for all the material gain he could honorably compass.

As his powers matured and he could make his own terms with fortune, his fine Christian honor made him an innovator to the extent of giving up his splendid private practice, because he felt it would take from the sole and singular attention he should give to his work as Attorney General. The emoluments of that office were scarcely half those of his private practice.

Again his probity met its reward in the increased confidence of his fellow-men and the call to go up higher.

A greater man than this great man of whom we write has gone down to posterity as "the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind." But of Lord Russell it can be said that beyond even his magnificent intellectual achievements was his character success, and that his services to his fellow-men had their enduring worth and lustre from his piety to God.

His life will be an inspiration to the Catholic manhood of the world.—Boston Pilot.

A HEROIC PRIEST.

In the fire which caused such terrible havoc and such appalling suffering at the New York harbor, there was one consoling feature. Many of the victims were strengthened in their agony by the sacraments of the Church.

One of the most impressive and pathetic sights of the dreadful catastrophe was the heroic action of Rev. John Brosnan, of the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary.

Father Brosnan was walking along the Battery when he heard of the fire.

Suddenly he saw the fire boat New Yorker coming into her pier. On her decks were dark forms. In an instant he recognized what they were, the forms of men dying, unconscious, men burned or crushed, or half drowned—the evidence of a great disaster.

Sending to the Mission for the holy oils and Viaticum, Father Brosnan administered conditional absolution to all on board.

"Are there others?" he asked of a fireman.

"Father, there is worse, if you have the nerve to face them. There are men burning to death before one's eyes on the steamer. But the sight is too awful to bear. You better not go, Father."

"My good man," said Father Brosnan, "if men are suffering and dying there is the place for Christ's mercy to go and the consolation of His religion. How can I get there?"

"I will take you, Father," said Captain Roberts, of the tugboat Mutual. The priest stepped on board, and the big tug steamed over to Communipaw flats, where the doomed vessel was slowly settling to the bottom.

She swung in under the grey shell as close as Captain Roberts dared to go. The priest, standing in the bow of the tug, sturdy, impressive—a figure to inspire awe in his simple vestments—held up a crucifix before him.

As the tug rounded to under the stern of the settling vessel, he saw right in front of him a human face wearing a look of agony such as the old masters were wont to paint on the pictures they marked "Ecce Homo."

It was the face of a young man, but it looked like the face of seventy. The bloodshot eyes had little of life or intellect left in them. For three hours the man had been in agony—three hours—an eternity!

The good priest's eyes filled with tears. Horrors are not his forte, and standing in the presence of one, it was not so much the horror as the pathos of it, which struck him, though he was keenly sensible to the former. He looked beyond this ghastly spectacle of a human being, and beyond all hope of saving, with coolness and fresh air and health and happiness just beyond his reach, and saw a soul struggling to be free.

He stood on tiptoe and tried to reach the crucifix to the lips of the dying man. But the distance was too great. He uttered the sacred words of peace and benediction.

The dying man opened his eyes. They lit up with the light of understanding. He could not talk English, but he understood the blessing, and with the understanding it seemed as if his face softened and changed and lost its horrible, repellent look.

The tug passed on. From one port hole to another it went, pausing long enough for the priest to carry consolation to those within.

The last port hole was empty. At the next to the last were the face and arms of a man of about twenty-seven. The rising water had reached his chin. He was too weak to raise it. He spoke English, and when the priest began to pray for him he cried weakly:

"God bless you, Father! I saw what you were doing, and feared you would not reach me. Christ forgive me!"

As the tug's bow rose on a swell the

priest reached in and touched the crucifix to the man's black lips. He kissed it, then uttered a long sigh. The creeping water rose. Now the brine reached his lips. He weakly tried to raise his head above the waves, but lacked the strength, and sank out of sight. Blessed, his last prayer answered, the young man had died with faith in his soul.

It was 3 a. m. before Father Brosnan found there was no further call for his ministrations.

In speaking of the affair, Father Brosnan said: "I did not stop to inquire whether or not the sufferers were of my religious faith. I administered Extreme Unction to thirty persons before they were carried to the hospitals."

"It seems to me as though I had brought consolation to some of them. Death they knew was certain. There was no way of escape. Many of whom I saw did not seem to be frenzied. They spent their last moments in playing with me."

"Many and splendid were the deeds of heroism during this awful scene. I thank God that it was given to me to carry consolation to some of the dying. These are the terrible emergencies that produce real heroes."

Father Brosnan is a native of Ireland. He was educated in France and in Rome, and recently came to New York to labor in the mission.—Catholic Transcript.

WAS A CONVERT.

Justice Smyth of New York Passes Away—One of America's Great Lawyers.

Justice Frederick Smyth of New York is dead at Atlantic City, N. J., of pneumonia. Justice Smyth went there July 2 for his health. Several days ago he contracted pneumonia. The patient's constitution was so weakened that medical aid was of no avail.

Justice Frederick Smyth was known from one end of the country to the other, especially as Recorder Smyth, for as recorder he presided over some of the most remarkable criminal cases that were ever tried in any American court. His rulings were rarely reversed. By birth and long allegiance he was an Episcopalian. Two years ago, however, during an illness, he was converted to the Catholic Church.

Justice Smyth was born near Galway, Ireland, in 1822. His father left no inheritance. Young Smyth came to the United States, and was a clerk in John McKeon's law office when McKeon became a marine court justice.

He was admitted to the bar in 1855. He was a delegate to the Tilden national convention and was a Tilden elector. He was appointed recorder in 1879 to fill out John K. Hackett's unexpired term, and was elected to succeed himself for fourteen years in the fall of that year. As a practising lawyer, while he was McKeon's assistant, he was engaged in many celebrated cases. He prepared the evidence on which the British minister, Sir John Crampton, and two British consuls, were ordered out of the country for violating the neutrality laws. As recorder, he was feared by all criminals. He had no sympathy for the habitual offender, he was rarely lenient to such, and it is said he pronounced more death sentences than any other man who was recorder for the same length of time. Among the celebrated trials over which he presided were those of Carlyle Harris, Dr. R. W. Buchanan, Danny Driscoll, "Frenchy" and "Biff" Edison. John W. Goff defeated Smyth for recorder in the election which put in the Strong administration. Shortly afterward Smyth was appointed to the Supreme Court bench.

Justice Smyth was a member of the Episcopal Church, but in 1898 he became a Catholic. His wife had died but a short time before and he was seriously ill at his residence, 15 West Forty-eighth street. On Saturday, Feb. 19, the justice sent a messenger in a carriage to the parish house of St. Gabriel's church in West Thirty-seventh street. The messenger bore a note to Mr. Farley, pastor of St. Gabriel's and auxiliary Bishop of the archdiocese of New York, who had been a friend of Justice Smyth for years. The note requested Bishop Farley to call at his earliest convenience. Bishop Farley responded at once, and when he was shown to the sick man's room, Justice Smyth informed him that he wished to be received into the Catholic Church without loss of time. The request surprised the Bishop somewhat, as the applicant is usually required to prepare himself by a course of instruction covering several months. Upon questioning Justice Smyth, however, the Bishop found him well prepared, and after the justice had made a profession of faith, Bishop Farley baptized him and anointed him with holy oil. He also administered the last rites of the Church to the justice as it was thought that he could not recover. Justice Smyth's daughter joined the Catholic Church two years before his conversion.

A NOTABLE CONVERT.

One of the Leading Lutheran Clergymen in Norway Enters the Church.

During the last month the most notable conversion to the Catholic Church in Norway since the days of the so-called Reformation took place when Rev. Dr. Krogh-Tønning formally announced his entrance into the Catholic Church.

Dr. Krogh-Tønning occupied a position in the Lutheran State Church of Norway which makes his conversion of as much importance to the Church in Norway as did Dr. Newman's conversion to the Church in England.

Dr. Krogh-Tønning stood in the front rank among the theologians of his Church; his numerous literary works in the field of theology written in Norwegian, German and in Latin, had attracted attention throughout Europe. He was considered one of the first pulpits orators of Norway, where he has labored as a clergyman of the Lutheran State Church up to his resignation from that office but a few months ago.

His last charge was that of pastor of one of the leading churches in Christiana, the capital of Norway. It is not to be wondered at that the fact of such a prominent and eminently able Lutheran theologian having entered the Catholic Church, has caused quite a stir.

AN ACTOR CONVERT.

Edward Marbie, the well-known actor, playwright and manager, died at his residence, 141 Green avenue, Brooklyn, on Thursday evening of last week after a lingering illness. Mr. Marbie was born in Buffalo September 6, 1846. He was popular and widely known throughout the country. His father was Danford Marbie, a celebrated Yankee comedian of the early 40's, and his mother was Anna Warren, sister of the late William Warren, of Boston, and daughter of William Warren, a prominent actor and manager of the early part of the century. Mr. Marbie travelled at different times with the leading American actors. Mr. Marbie wrote the words of a very popular Irish song "Eileen Alanna," a song introduced by Dion Boucicault in "Arrahna Pogue," and declared by him to be the best Irish song ever written. He wrote many burlesques, including one on "Hamlet" for John T. Raymond. For eight years he was the coach of the students of Lafayette college, writing for them "The New Olympus." "Rip Van Winkle, Jr.," and a number of similar burlesques and producing their annual college play. He was a cousin of Mr. Joseph Jefferson and might be said to have belonged to the aristocracy of the profession. Mr. Marbie leaves an only daughter, to whom he was devotedly attached.

Before his death he was received into the Church in Boston by Rev. W. A. McLaughlin.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.

Rome, August 19, 1900. To-day being the feast of St. Joachim, the Pope's patron saint, there was a large gathering at the Vatican of Cardinals, Bishops, and presidents of societies.

The Pope, who was in excellent health and spirits, spoke at some length regarding matters of Catholic interest, and then, with a complimentary introduction, invited Archbishop Ireland to address the assembly on matters in America, and the relations of the outer world to the Holy See.

Monsignor Ireland, who was frequently applauded during a speech of twenty minutes, spoke glowingly of the fidelity of American Catholics to the Roman Church and the Holy See. He described liberty under the American flag, and set forth the necessity of the Pope, as the head of Christendom, being free and independent of the civil power, "so as to be, in fact as well as in right, the sovereign teacher and ruler of all nations and peoples, without special dependency on any special nation or people."

The address gave special satisfaction.

Monsignor Ireland had a final audience with the Pope on Friday. He will leave here this evening.

ANTI-RITUALIST MOVEMENT.

A display advertisement is running in the London daily papers signed by Lord Portsmouth, Kinnaird, Wimborne and Grimthorpe, appealing to the public for £20,000, to pay the expenses of organizing the electorate "so as to influence the general election" to prevent the Episcopal Church reverting to the principles and practices of the Church of Rome. "Mass and auricular confession," says the advertisement, "are openly advocated and forced on Protestant children in churches under shelter of the Episcopal veto." Seven parliamentary agents are at work and canvassing is going on in nearly every constituency in England. Already £10,000 has been subscribed.

MORE CATHOLICS IN CHICAGO.

"The latest available statistics show," says The New World of Chicago, "that Chicago has thirteen more churches and some 50,000 more Catholics than New York, which means of course, that Chicago is easily first among the cities of the United States in its Catholic population. When one considers how the figures stood twenty years ago, as between New York and Chicago, one sees how marvelous has been the progress of the Church in Chicago during those twenty years. Add to this the fact that New York has the great advantage of being the city which receives each year a vast immigration of Catholics from European countries and the cause of wonder at the far more rapid progress made by Chicago is greater still."

NO CHARACTER CAN BE SIMPLE UNLESS IT IS BASED ON TRUTH.

— unless it is lived in harmony with one's own conscience and ideals. Simplicity is the pure white light of a life lived from within. It is destroyed by any attempt to live in harmony with public opinion. Public opinion is a conscience owned by a syndicate. Adjusting life to one's own ideals is the royal road to simplicity. — William George Jordan.