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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OFF THE TRACK

Some of the reverend divines who have been stirred up by Father Vaughan are hard at work in demolishing a manikin conjured by overhearted imaginations. Some of them emit preachments decked out with garniture created by poetic fancy: others resort to the language and tricks of the ranter: and all of them, so far as we can see, manifest ignorance of the Catholic doctrine on the Blessed Eucharist. If they object to Father Vaughan perhaps they may listen to Mr. Birrell, a son of a non-conformist minister, who says that nobody nowadays, save a handful of vulgar fanatics, speaks irreverently of the Mass. If the Incarnation be indeed the one divine event to which the whole creation moves, the miracle of the altar may well seem its restful shadow cast over a dry and thirsty land for the help of man who is apt to be discouraged if perpetually told that everything really important and interesting happened once for all long ago in a chill historic past.

MERELY A PRETEXT

It is said that Father Vaughan has provoked dissension. This we do not believe. His sermon has been availed of by some as a reason to justify their anti-Catholic harangues. These goodly persons, talking of the peace and harmony that has been shattered by Father Vaughan, will be taken seriously only by those unacquainted with their methods. It may be pathetic to the uninitiated to see these divines strutting up and down their pulpits bemoaning the death of concord; but it is a mere play to the gallery and a strumming over texts as if divinity had "catched the itch on purpose to be scratched." Our separated brethren who think are not to be caught with such chaff. They may not see eye to eye with Father Vaughan, but that fact will not prompt them to search the dictionary for picturesque expletives with which to damn him. Gentlemen can be at variance on religious matters without either setting aside the laws of fraternal love or plunging the country into war. And they also know that the perpetuators of prejudice in this country are the divines who arraign the French Canadians and accord a welcome to any enemy of the Church.

QUEER COMMENTS

An outsider reading some of the comments on the Congress might find sufficient cause for bewilderment. For instance, when he is told that the Congress will have an evil effect on the fortunes of the Liberal party in Ontario he might be hurried into hasty judgment against many of our fellow citizens. But the fact is that this comment maker has his finger on the pulse of the individual who is afflicted with Catholic-phobia. He and his brethren live in some districts of Ontario, and they will not be cured. Now and then they wax violent to their own satisfaction and the merriment of the onlooker, but apart from this they are the good citizens who vote with their party and read the Orange Sentinel.

AN OLD STORY

A newspaper scribe refers to the schism of the anti-Popes as an uncontrovertible proof that the Church cannot trace her mission in unbroken unity to the apostles. The argument is not of yesterday and has been answered during the centuries. Suffice it to say that the schism was concerned not with principles but with individuals. The contending parties held that there could be only one lawful Pope who was the Supreme Head of the Church: they disputed about the fact; who had been lawfully elected Pope. But throughout the dissension the doctrine of the Headship of Peter was maintained in all its integrity.

A GREAT DANGER

An ever present danger is the atmosphere of indifferentism. It touches us on every side, and unless we take due precaution it will wither up the heart and blind the eyes and take the sweetness out of life and make the things of eternity seem as of little moment. Catholics betimes are so immersed in it as to value but slightly their responsibilities and duties. They fritter away their time on trifles, devote every energy to the pursuit of baubles: and all the while stands at their door the duty that should be done, the opportunity that should be grasped, the call for service that should be heard. And being blind and dead of heart they are not the "Kindly Light" that might lead belated wayfarers to the haven of peace. They exercise no influence upon those without the fold. Worldly-minded, they are not attuned to the supernatural. Followers of the great gods, "Show and Society," they ape the rich, contemn their poorer brethren and fret their little souls over the things that pass. To have and not to be is their aim. The world absorbs their energies. And yet they could manifest in their lives the power of the faith. Purity and truth are their heritage. Words are cold, but life, warm and beautiful, wins the wide world over.

OUR DUTY

Are we doing what we ought to do? Is the bitter cry of Frederick Lucas applicable to us? How are we calling down the blessing on this country to convert it when we allow the wholesale perversion of our own boys? Give me the boys, said Cardinal Wiseman, and in twenty years England will be Catholic. But is it not true that when our boys go to work they are allowed to break away from the influence of the school and the Church? If, however, we were warmly persuaded of the fact that these boys are our brethren, they would be safe-guarded and given a helping hand.

WORK FOR CHRIST

The amateur reformer is not averse to work that means notoriety. It soothes a selfish man to know that he can enhance his reputation without any personal discomfort. In his room, with every convenience of civilization round about him, he can weave dreams of self-sacrificing work; but when he is called upon to open his purse or to give himself, he comes from under the spell of mock heroics and takes refuge behind the "don't care" policy of the pagan. It boots little to talk of our shortcomings. Superheated oratory on the defects of the boys avails nothing. There are the boys running wild and played upon by the forces of the world. And all our eulogy about what we have done in the past will not save them if we do not drop our smug selfishness and acquit ourselves as Christians. And what do we do in the majority of instances? We either shut our eyes to the facts, or, with wonderful ingenuity, have a card party for the boys and bring them into a society which is directed ofttimes by individuals who are of the opinion that boys should be as silent as Rameses II. and as disciplined as members of a religious order. The best time to look after the boys is when they leave school. It is then, when the impressions of school and catechism are fresh, that they can be strengthened and developed into substantial citizens.

THE CHEAP THEATRE AND OTHERS

A few weeks ago we heard a writer wailing over the cheap theatre, of the suggestive witticism and coarse buffoonery. He deplored the presence of children in these hotbeds of vulgarity. We agree with the gentleman, even if we have not his gift of tears and mournful phrases. The children frequent these places: and with them are their good parents, who, so far as their family duties are concerned, are cursed with an ignorance that is as bewildering as it is shameful. But the cheap theatres are not the sole purveyors of unseemliness. The theatres with the plush seats and well-groomed ushers are not unfrequently the homes of the problem play or exhibition of how the commandments can be obliterated by the adventuress with clothes and a past. Children are there also: but only the precocious can glean sense from lines that smell of perfumed corruption. The parents are there; and they applaud the performers and murmur wise words about technique and the moral lesson. They go because they are curious or want a new thrill, or because having no selfhood they follow the crowd. But these "cheap" and "expensive" theatres exhale the odor of rottenness and teach nothing but what is avoided by decent people.

IS THIS TRUE?

Tourists who are not of the Munchausen type express their amazement at certain conditions that are tolerated in some Canadian cities. While they bepraise us they wonder why the authorities are so blind as not to see the things that arouse their disgust. For instance, young girls scarcely out of their teens walk the streets at nights and accost the stranger. They hover like birds of carrion around the hotels. Their language drips with obscenity. They bandy words with the sport with the odorous breath and the cigarette. And the guardians of the peace but keep them on the move. If they were empowered to gather in these little girls with the brazen faces, and who, to all seeming have nobody to look after them, there would not be so many moral derelicts. Women of insight and sympathy can bring forth the music that is slumbering in the souls of these children. There is work to brighten lives, to save souls, to cheer us in our hour of passing.

A GREAT WORK

One work of paramount importance is the Sunday School. Its importance need not be pointed out. But strangely enough the intelligent Catholic does not manifest the zeal that should be forthcoming in abundant measure. "Let no man deceive himself: if any man among you seem to be wise in this world let him become a fool that he may be wise" (1 Cor. iii. 18.) What shall be the sign of this? Doctors of divinity teaching catechism, and being glad of the chance, like the first companions of St. Ignatius: university stars like St. Francis Xavier instructing grovelling pagans. Better than all: for laymen of college training and social and professional standing to do Sunday-school work among the children of the people. Men of high education and high position look silly hammering raw rudiments into dull, restive children. But this is the foolishness of God that is wiser than men. Real folly is to consider our mental acquirements mainly as terms of comparison between us and others, setting us up in our own minds above our fellows. The wisdom of faith is to make knowledge useful for our own devotional life and for the training, even the saving, of our fellow mortals.

ONE MORE VOICE

Rev. Dr. R. D. Grant is awake. The erstwhile champion of Protestantism and incidentally dispenser of unpleasant words against us is in line with the men who think. Lecturing at White Temple, in Portland, Oregon, he made this statement:

"In spite of the laymen's missionary movement and the great world conferences of churches, the Protestant Church throughout the world is losing ground. The churches stood for profound conviction in their inception, but to-day fellows just stumble into them. If the members should be called on to fight for their religion they wouldn't know what they were fighting for."

EFFECTS OF BAD READING

FOREST FIRES, CHOLERA, WAR, ARE TERRIBLE EVILS. MORAL ILLS WORSE. EFFECTS OF IMMORAL LITERATURE ON GIRL, BOY AND CHILD

Intermountain Catholic

The 11 o'clock Mass in St. Mary's Cathedral was celebrated by Rev. T. Brennan. He also delivered the sermon on the "Effects of Bad Literature," taking for his text: "An enemy speaketh sweetly with his lips; but in his heart, he lieth in wait to throw thee into a pit." (Ecclus. xii. 15.)

Forest fires—we have oftentimes read about them, and we may perhaps have said, "Oh, how dreadful," but it is only those who have seen the black, parched earth, the cracked roofless walls of the homesteads and the sodden misery of brave men and virtuous women who have lost a home and the earnings and savings of a lifetime, it is only these I say, who can form some little notion of what a fire fiend is.

Cholera strikes a country, and the brave and the pure, the joyful and the sorrowful, the saint and the sinner, lie festering in a heap with no kind hand to lay them under mother earth.

Contending armies devastate a country, and smoking cities, mangled corpses and ruined lives are the outcome of a king or government seeking another little patch of earth to add to their dominions. The forest fires, the cholera and the ravages of war, and these other evils that have blackened the face of mother earth and torn the very heart of humanity, are truly dreadful, but there is in our midst to-day a plague, the awful consequence of which no human pen can portray, no human voice can tell. I mean plague of immoral and infidel literature. No country is free from that plague, no age is impervious to its attacks. Sound minds and sound bodies are the most priceless treasures these mortal times afford. They are the stay of virtue and the right, they are the strength and the joy of the nation.

Let us enter one of the many American homes and here is what we find: Seated in an easy chair is a young girl, and in her hands is the plague spot in the shape of a sickly, trashy novel. We glance at the first page. Yes, it has a hero and a heroine, and sickly love and supper parties and theatres and divorce running right through it. The girl's mother is baking or ironing in the kitchen. She calls on her daughter to help her. But the daughter heeds not, she is too much immersed in her hero and heroine. Her mother is only a commonplace woman, and the daughter must rise above the sphere of cook and baking and ironing.

Ah, there are many beautiful flowers on this earth, many that the sun kisses and lingers over, "that not even Solomon in all his glory was arrayed as one of them," but as far as the heavens are above the earth is the pure-souled, strong-minded, self-respecting girl above the fairest flower that ever bloomed in an eastern garden. She is, indeed, a heroine. She will be the constant wife, she will be the fond mother, and from her will spring sons and daughters who will proclaim God and bless their country. The reader of the sickly, trashy love stories reeking with filth, inconstancy and divorce, will be a heroine, a heroine of paint that will stain, of dress that will never be paid for, of a husband that will cast her off as a doll, of a divorce court that will forever mark her as a faithless wife.

We come now to the young man of the American home. I remember to have met a poor simpleton once, who, when questioned about his knowledge, replied in a simpleton's vacant way: "Oh, I know the world and Asia Minor." Let us come to the young man of many of the American homes. He has graduated at some high school, and he knows the world and Asia Minor. His father works in a store or in a mine or in some other such position: Our young man is not with him; no, he is engaged at the present time in reading a work which has for its object the thorough explanation of the heavens and the earth, and the writer lays particular stress upon these points: "There is no God, no hereafter, no hell." A God, a heaven and a hell were all very well as far as the olden superstitious, know-nothing world of ours was concerned, but modern thought, mind and invention have searched heaven and found that God was not there, have searched the Bible and found it spurious, have searched this earth and found that we eat and drink and make merry upon it, live and die and then oblivion—and our young man reads, and in that book he finds his faith and hope and charity, and in that book, too, he finds everlasting death. But this is not all. Soon after he meets a young companion, and after the usual sickly salutations, he says: Did you read such a book by such an author? It's just clever, it's just fine; I'll give it to you. I don't believe in God now, and whisper, I'm never going to church again. My father and mother are just silly to be going there, they may insist upon my going there, you know, but if I go, it will be just to bite my nails and laugh at the preacher. Give us

"God fearing men,
Tall men sun-crowned."

The men who in the past plowed the deep and found for us this glorious American looked up to their God in their hour of trial and struggle. The men who in the past opened up America and made of it a beautiful habitation for the children of distressed nations adored their God when the sun kissed the peaks of the mountains and the shadows fell, and oh! the men who fought and died for her independence carried the name of God upon their lips and the love of Him in their hearts, and the men to-day, the sturdy, virtuous men, whose arms and brains are America's strength, have these words upon their banner: "In God we trust." The gallant hearts and the stout hands of the olden day, and the gallant hearts and stout hands of our day, were and are no readers of that vile, immoral, infidel stuff that enervates the brain and enfeebles the body. They had all of them a sound mind in a sound body.

We are still in one of the many American homes in which is the plague spot, and we see there a boy of nine or ten years. A book is in his hand. Surely it is one of his school books, and he is learning his lesson for the morrow. We look over the boy's shoulder and lo! there is the penny dreadful, with its chapter after chapter on the dark deeds of outlaws, shooting and gambling in saloons, and yes, a touch of sickly love here and there to add more darkness to the already dark and bloody pages. What a feed for a young boy's mind Ah, many a young boy owes the first step in his downward career, a career which ended in the penitentiary or at the end of the hangman's rope, to the reading of those sheets which make little of life and mock death, to those sheets which make the base adventurer a hero and the low adventuress a heroine. Blighted women of the underworld, unfaithful women of the divorce court, hopeless beings of the penitentiaries, raving maniacs of the asylums, blinking drunkards of the street corners, come forth this morning and let us ask you all one question, "What was the cause of your now dark and hopeless life?" and in tones of bitterness and despair nine out of every ten will answer, "It was bad reading." Without God, His truth, His justice and His morality, what are we? We are but straws carried down the dark whirlpools of time to a destruction which is eternal, and anything that tends to blot out God, His truth, justice and morality, is the direst enemy that ever struck at humanity. Bad books do this, they pollute the home, the most hallowed place upon this earth, they vitiate honor and those other fine feelings which make men brave and good and true, and women constant and gentle and loving. They blot out God from the human soul, and place there the seven unclean spirits. Bad books, thy darkness is of hell, and thy stench arises therefrom. Yes, of bad books we may well repeat the description given by the Holy Ghost of a deceitful woman. "Her lips are like a honeycomb dropping, and her throat is smoother than oil. But her end is bitter as wormwood and sharp as a two-edged sword. Her feet go down into death and her steps go in as far as hell."

As nothing is more injurious to the individual and the nation as a filthy press, an immoral book, so nothing is more conducive to their well being as a healthy press, a good book. A good paper, a good book entering a home is like an angel's visit. There is in both of them instruction, there is in both of them lessons which are conducive to a clean, upright living and a peaceful, holy dying. We want not the dregs of the divorce court, we want not the sickly loves of those who have never known the beauty, the strength and the holiness of love as it springs from God's right hand. We want not the opinions of self-conceited philosophers who fain would tear truth from its eternal pedestal and give us the rotten fabric built upon a lie. We want not the recital of social sins and social infidelities; no, we want none of these things. Let them all lie hidden in that darkness to which they belong, but, oh, give us the beauty of virtue, the strength of honor, the constancy of love. Give us these, I say, set them down in newspaper and book that the boy may read and be a man, that the man may read and be a boy, that the aged may read and, reading, may thank their God that there is still upon this earth simplicity, truth, justice, constancy and virtue. Yes, God's smile lights up the pages of a pure newspaper, God's whisper runs through the pages of a good book.

Fathers and mothers upon you to-day devolves a solemn duty, and it is to guard your home and your little ones against that plague of bad reading which to-day pervades America.

What father in America to-day is there, who if he knew an enemy was coming in the stillness of the night to kill his manly boys that lovingly call him father, and those girls the sweetness of whose kiss is more to him than the sweetness of the sunshine, what father is there, I say, who would not stand im the doorway and with all the strength and grace which God gives to a noble man, defend his little ones from the enemy?

A mother's love is stronger than a father's. Holy Scripture has these beautiful words: "If the mother forgets the child of her womb, I will not forget thee." Christ the Great Master has likened His love to a mother's. Though His love is infinite, still a mother's love for her children was the comparison He chose to take, from which we infer that after God's love the mother's love comes next. It is so, and being so, the mother carries her boys and girls into her embrace to shield them from the enemy, to shield them though her heart's blood gushes out hot, warm and loving upon their bodies.

Fathers and mothers, the enemy in the shape of bad books is at your door, nay maybe inside, the enemy that will not only kill the body of your boy and girl, but their immortal souls, and deprive them forever of the God for whom they were created. Fathers and mothers, stand to your doorways and repel the enemy, and if he is inside rest not, sleep not, until he vanishes from a home, the purity, the faith and the peace of which he is blasting. Catholic fathers and mothers, I know you will do your duty. Duty well performed has God's smile upon it. Duty well performed has the applause of angels and good men. Do your duty to your boys and girls. Keep away from your homes, rich or poor as they may be, immoral literature, and then when the shadows fall and the night winds sing requiem above your mortal remains, your children will come after you to carry your name bright, pure and unsullied through the fleeting days of this world and home to God. One word more in conclusion. In every Catholic home there should be two books, the Holy Bible and the Imitation of Christ, and I would ask the mother of the family when the shadows fall over Utah's mountains, and the father, partner of her joys and sorrows, after his day's work and a supper which she has prepared for him with loving hands, sits beside her, I would ask her then to take the New Testament and read for her boys and girls and for him the Sermon on the Mount, or part of it, and then on another occasion she will turn to the thirteenth chapter of St. Paul, to the Corinthians, and read them those inspired passages upon Charity and on all occasions she will wind up her reading as she takes her husband by the hand, and looking upon her children with a look in which is concentrated all a mother's love and hope on all occasions, I say, she will wind up with these beautiful words of St. Paul to Timothy; For even now I am ready to be sacrificed, and the time of my dissolution is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. As to the rest, there is laid up for me a crown of justice which the Lord, the Just Judge, will render to me in that day, and not only to me, but to those who love His coming. Amen.

THE SILLON AND AMERICAN CATHOLICS

It is characteristic of the Holy Father, Pope Pius X., that he will give official countenance to no movement or institution whose principles are at variance with Catholic doctrine and discipline. In a world of shifting standards and loose binding forces, Pius X. is eminently the man of principle. The knowledge that a course of action is right shuts out from his field of action every gratuitous, utopian and ill-conceived policy. To be welcomed and encouraged by him a thing must be right. A movement, however, fair in appearance, and however pleasing to the thoughtless enthusiast, must fail of gaining his approbation if it is conceived along lines of insincerity, or if it bears within itself the evidence of unsound doctrine or of lawless discipline. Modernism at first appealed to the thoughtless until Pope Pius pointed out the hideous spectre of atheism that formed its foundation.

In the encyclical of Aug. 25 last, the Holy Father condemns the movement in France which goes under the name of the Sillon. His strictness upon that organization, and his instructions in relation thereto, are as applicable to Catholic societies in America as to those in France.

The Sillon, which signifies the Furrow, was an organization of young Frenchmen which began in 1894 in the basement of the Stanislas High School in Paris. In the beginning its aims and activities were honest and worthy. As the Holy Father says in his encyclical: "There was a time when the Sillon, as such, was formally Catholic, he recognized but one moral force, that of Catholicism, and it went about proclaiming that democracy would be either Catholic or would not be at all. Then the time came when it changed its mind. It left each person his own religion or philosophy. It gave up calling itself Catholic, and for the formula 'democracy will be Catholic' it substituted this other: 'democracy will not be anti-Catholic,' any more than anti-Jewish or anti-Buddhist."

The encyclical is especially applicable to American Catholics in two or three particulars. In the first place all ecclesiastical discipline and all Catholic movements should be hierarchical, and all public Catholic action must proceed along the ordinary channels. Hence the Holy Father tells the Sillonists: "It is our wish that they range themselves by dioceses to work under the direction of their respective Bishops for the Christian and Catholic regeneration of the people, and at the same time for the betterment of their own condition." This wish of the Sovereign Pontiff is unmistakable, and extends to all organizations which have a structure and aim like that of the Sillonists. Catholic lay societies are thus subject to the rule and direction of the Bishop of the diocese in which they find themselves.

In the second place, the Holy Father points out the attitude which the Catholic clergy must preserve in regard to such societies of laymen. He says: "Priests will have to hold themselves altogether outside dissident groups (societies) and confine themselves to giving the assistance of the sacred ministry individually to their members. . . . As to the Catholic groups (i. e. societies bearing the name or character of Catholic) priests and seminarists while supporting them and seconding their efforts will abstain from enrolling themselves as members; for it is fitting that the army of priests should remain above associations of laymen, no matter how useful they may be, or splendid in spirit."

These two points in the encyclical must awaken interest in the minds of American Catholics, both laymen and clergy. It lays down very positively the duty of Catholic lay societies to work and act under the direction of their Bishops. In fact, as the Holy Father intimates, it is through the spirit of unreasonable, independence of hierarchial direction, that Catholic societies in the past—once good and with noble aims—gradually lost their Catholic principles and drifted into Masonic intrigue, anarchy and atheism. Hence the Holy Father asks: "What has become of the Catholicism of the Sillon? Alas! that which once held out such fair hopes, this clear rushing stream, has been captured in its course by the modern enemies of the Church, and only forms a miserable tributary of the great movement of apostasy organized in every country, for the establishment of a universal Church, which shall have neither dogmas nor hierarchy, neither rule for the mind, nor bit for the passions, which, under the pretexts of liberty and human dignity, would bring into the world the legal reign of deceit and might, the oppression of the weak and of those who suffer and toil. We know but too many dark laboraties where these noxious doctrines, which should deceive no clear-minded men, are concocted. The leaders of the Sillon are unable to defend themselves against them; the exaltation of their sentiments, the blind goodness of their hearts, their philosophical mysticism mingled with illuminism, have dragged them toward a new gospel in which they imagine that they see the true gospel of the Saviour, so much so that they dare to treat Our Lord Jesus Christ with the most disrespectful familiarity; and their ideal being the offspring of the Revolution, they do not fear to make blasphemous conciliations between the Gospel and Revolution, which have not the excuse of being done in excitement or hurry."—Pilot.

WHICH IS THE CHURCH OF AMERICA?"

As an American I protest against the Italian Methodist propaganda. The Methodist Church is installed in Italy as an American institution; it gives itself as the religion of America; it floats over its buildings the flag of America; it wraps around its doings the names and the prestige of America, as if all that is great and good in America were preeminently embodied in Methodism, as if, indeed, all that is great and good in America pre-eminently had its life spring in Methodism. The purpose is patent: it is to gain for Methodism a hearing under the cover of the flag of America, under the spell of the prestige of America.

Meanwhile America suffers; its fair name is bound up with the fraud and deceit that constitute the stock in trade of the Methodist propaganda.

Unjust all this is to America; unjust all this to Americans, Catholics, and non-Methodist Protestants. In America there is no State Church; no Church has the right to sail over foreign seas as the particular representative of America. Besides the Catholic there are in America other churches, loyal to America as was never John Wesley, possessed of equal rights, endowed with equal privileges, those Churches do not mean to be excluded from the map of America when abroad it is asked— which is the Church of America?—Archbishop Ireland's rejoiner on "The Methodist Episcopal Church of America in Italy," in The North American Review.

In the land where reverence dwells people are encouraged to every fine deed of heroic self-sacrifice, but where there is no reverence the incentive for offering the beautiful on the altar of humanity is not encouraged. The deepest instinct of our souls answers to the word of the Great Teacher, who said "Give not that which is holy unto the dogs; neither cast ye your pearls before swine."

CATHOLIC NOTES

Indianapolis, Ind., was the scene of a magnificent ceremonial on September 15 when the new coadjutor Bishop of that See, the Right Rev. Joseph Chartrand, was solemnly consecrated.

Bishop Dunne of Peoria, Ill., is credited with an unusual talent in acquiring languages. He is proficient in at least twelve, it is said, and can get a working knowledge of a new one in three weeks.

Wednesday, October, 5, beheld the realization of a hope that has long been dear to the hearts of the Catholic people of New York. On that day took place the consecration of St. Patrick's Cathedral.

The Catholic Press Society in Germany, known as the Augustine-Verein, numbers a thousand members. It has parliamentary correspondents in Berlin, a press bureau at Catholic congresses and other agencies.

According to their official bulletin, the Christian Brothers have recently opened new establishments in the following places: Majorca, Balearic Islands; Coursel, Ghent, Mons and Kain in Belgium; Buheue-Prague, Bohemia, Guayaquil, Ecuador; and St. Anne de Beaupré, P. Q.

The Normal School of Feldkirch, Austria, conducted by the Christian Brothers, had 298 students on the roll for the scholastic year 1909-1910. Of these, 53 were in the graduating class and 50 were successful in obtaining the professional certificate at the recent government examinations.

The phenomenon of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius took place at Naples on the anniversary of the martyrdom of the saint, recently, after prayers lasting forty-five minutes, in the presence of a great multitude. The people interpret the rapidity of the liquefaction as proof that the peril from cholera is over.

It is more than a hundred and fifty years since an unwise policy brutally destroyed the flourishing Jesuit Reductions of Paraguay. The fame of their peaceful founding as well as of their civilizing influence upon the savages has in our day impelled the rulers of Argentina to imitate the system, says America.

The White Fathers of Africa are engaged in the great work of freeing from slavery children and adults. The European powers have abolished slavery, at least the horrible part of the traffic, but even yet the missionaries meet thousands of poor unfortunates, who have been kidnapped in the tribal wars or have been sold into slavery from motives of superstition.

The Holy Father has been pleased to appoint Monsignor Giacinto Angelo Scafardini, Bishop of Nusco, Delegate Apostolic to the republics of Peru and Bolivia, in succession to Monsignor Angelo Dolci, Archbishop of Nazianzo, resigned. The new delegate, after concluding his studies in the Capranican College, Rome, joined the Dominican Order. Monsignor Scafardini—who was elevated to the Episcopacy in April, 1909—is only in his thirty-ninth year.

There is a movement on foot to erect a monument to the poet Longfellow in the land of Evangeline. The many lovers of that beautiful poem will rejoice to learn of this tribute to the man who immortalized the expatriated Acadians. The strange part of it all is that Longfellow never saw the land of Evangeline, the material for the story having been furnished him by Hawthorne. Happily, this fact did not prevent his poet's soul from being stirred to its depths at the thought of the injustice done those innocent exiles.

English exchanges chronicle the death of a distinguished convert, Rev. Father Charles J. Duthie, B. A., pastor of the Church of Our Lady Star of the Sea, North Berwick, Scotland. Father Duthie was educated at Marlborough College, Wiltshire, and at Trinity College, Oxford, where in 1866 he graduated B. A. After ministering for some twenty-three years in the Anglican Church, he was at the Oratory, Edgbaston, received into the Catholic Church. He studied afterwards at Scots College, Rome, being ordained priest in 1891.

A press dispatch from London, date of September 19, says: "Advices from Jerusalem are to the effect that recent excavations on the summit of the Mount of Olives resulted in the discovery of the remains of a Christian church dating from about the year 330. The floor of the nave is still buried. That of the transepts is entirely exposed. It is of mosaic, and is perfectly preserved. There is a baptismal pool in the south transept. One tombstone has been found bearing the inscription 'Theodurus' in Greek letters, which is quite legible. In the chancel there are two separate mosaic floors of different designs, one thirty inches above the other. The lower is considered to be a floor of St. Helena's Church, dating from 330, while the upper floor is a restoration by the Crusaders."

In order to facilitate the removal of a parish priest by his Bishop in case of necessity, the Consistorial Congregation has issued an important decree enabling the latter to dispense with the complicated legal process which has hitherto been necessary. Nine causes are mentioned to warrant the Bishop in removing a parish priest from his parish. The decree then establishes the "modus agendi" to be followed by the Bishop who deems it necessary to remove a parish priest. It is well to point out that the decree—which has been elaborated by the Commission for the Codification of Canon Law—has for its chief end the welfare of the faithful. The Holy Father has given much thought to the matter, and ordered the decree to be promulgated forthwith in the latest issue of the Acta Apostolicæ Sedis."