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"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname).—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOLUME XIX.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1897.

NO. 963.

Mary of the Annunciation.
 Came the angel unto Mary, in the day dawn
 of a spring time,
 When the earth was flushed with greenness,
 and the Heavens were thrilled
 with song.
 The palms above her house top bent in wor-
 ship to her serenity,
 For the softness of the season, for the
 words awaited long.
 The earth from her brown bosom drew her
 flowers in mute thanksgiving,
 And a radiance more than earthly filled the
 air, and swept the sky.
 Like a snowflake downward falling, from
 God's white and holy portal,
 Came the angel unto Mary, speaking words
 that would not die.
 In her pearl-white ears they lingered, in her
 heart she pondered o'er them,
 While the rose, and then the lily, fought
 for vantage in her cheek;
 Her bliss, her crown of motherhood, oh! lov-
 ingly she wore the crown,
 And low spoke the Virgin Mary, who was ever
 mild and meek.
 The angel smiled serenely, such humility she
 taught us,
 This pure and perfect maiden in the shadow
 of a throne.
 Oh, how spoke the Virgin Mary, for 'twas Christ
 Himself she brought us,
 Blessed words, and Blessed Mother, ye
 have made the world your own!
 —Mary Josephine Enright, in Irish Monthly.

**REV. BASIL W. MATURIN BE-
 COMES A CATHOLIC.**

Well known Protestant Episcopal Min-
 ister Received into the Church in
 England.

Protestant Episcopal circles in Phil-
 adelphia, says the *Catholic Standard*
 and *Times* of that city, have been con-
 siderably disturbed by the news of the
 conversion to the catholic faith of Rev.
 Basil W. Maturin, a former rector of
 St. Clement's P. E. Church. A cable-
 gram to this effect was received here
 almost a week ago, and is now con-
 firmed by letter from the convert him-
 self to friends in this city.

Mr. Maturin is a descendant of a
 family well known in the Church of
 England, his father being a rector of
 Grange Gorman, a suburb of Dublin,
 Ireland, in which city Rev. Mr. Maturin
 was born over fifty years ago. He
 was educated at Trinity College, and
 at the age of twenty four was ordained
 to the ministry and entered the Society
 of St. John the Evangelist about
 twenty three years ago. This order is
 modelled somewhat on the organization
 of the regular clergy of the Catholic
 Church, and its members are bound by
 vows of poverty, chastity and obedience.

Twenty one years ago this month he
 came to St. Clement's Protestant Episco-
 pal church, of Philadelphia as an as-
 sistant, and shortly after was ordered
 by Bishop Stevens to desist from
 preaching. He then went to New
 York, but three years later returned
 to St. Clement's. In 1881 he became
 rector. In the spring of 1888 he quit
 St. Clement's and sailed for England,
 and from there he shortly afterwards
 went to Africa, where he remained for
 a year and a half as a missionary.
 He then returned to England, where
 he continued to give missions up to the
 time of his entrance into the Church.
 Lately he has been giving a mission in
 the Diocese of St. Andrew's, Scotland,
 and at its close betook himself to the
 Jesuit College of Beaumont, at Old
 Windsor, Berkshire. It was here on
 the 4th of March that he was re-
 ceived into the Church.

It is said that for about ten years
 past he was troubled with doubts as to
 the status of the Episcopal Church,
 and as a result began an examination
 into the claims of the Catholic Church,
 with the logical result.

What course he shall pursue in the
 future has not as yet been decided,
 but he will remain with the Fathers of
 the Society of Jesus at Beaumont Col-
 lege until after Easter. Those who
 have heard him preach pronounce him
 a very powerful pulpit orator.

Our Philadelphia contemporary,
 above mentioned, has also the following
 editorial reference to this interest-
 ing event:

Those who have watched the career
 of the Rev. B. W. Maturin are not as-
 tonished to hear that he has followed
 the illustrious example of Newman by
 seeking admission into the saving fold
 of the old and only true Church of
 God. Here, indeed, it may be fitly
 said that the end crowns the work,
 and the logic of a long intellectual analysis
 finds its only possible consummation.
 A man animated by the most intense
 yearning for truth, and at the same
 time filled with the most burning char-
 ity for God's poor, could not possibly
 fail in finding at last the solution of
 the doubts and perplexities with which
 his path in the ministry was beset.
 The spiritual magnetism of self sacri-
 fice and enthusiasm glowed in his sys-
 tem, and it was inevitable that he
 should be compelled by the irresistible
 force of the loadstone Rock of Peter in
 to the one undeviating road.

Perhaps there is but too little
 appreciation of the difficulties which
 lie in the way of non Catholic clergy-
 men who, like the Peri at the gate of
 Paradise, stand trembling on the verge
 of spiritual happiness, but have not
 the resolution to make the final effort
 to pass the crystalline barrier. The
 cares of life and domestic responsibil-
 ities form in many cases the most in-
 separable obstacles. Moral courage of
 the supremest order is required to bow
 to one's spiritual convictions, and the

anguish of soul endured by many men
 placed thus between the hammer and
 anvil of mundane necessity and con-
 scious compulsion can hardly be real-
 ized save by those who have been
 bosom friends of some of these unhappy
 gentlemen. Men who would face
 death on the battlefield with a light
 heart become the veriest cowards at
 the thought of want and suffering in
 store for a beloved wife and tender
 children. As long as human nature
 exists there must be pity rather than
 condemnation for men who make the
 awful sacrifice of their conscientious
 belief in preference to braving fate in
 such trying emergencies as this.
 Hence it is most earnestly to be desired
 that the efforts of the Holy Father to
 promote a fund for the support of
 clergymen who make the sacrifice of
 their temporal position in fulfilment of
 their conscientious duty should receive
 generous response from the wealthier
 class of Catholics.

Father Maturin's case is one more
 striking proof of the futility of the Rit-
 ualist idea to satisfy the aspirations of
 the soul. It is truly amazing to think
 that so many really estimable people,
 as the Ritualistic clergy often are, can
 persuade themselves that by adopting
 the forms and ceremonies of the Cath-
 olic Church and appropriating the
 name of Catholic they thereby secure
 the essence and spirit of the divine in-
 stitution. No pretence of this kind can
 delude men of real penetration and in-
 flexible earnestness of purpose. Far
 be it from us to impugn to those who
 are satisfied with the shadow that they
 do not really mistake it for the sub-
 stance. Their intellectual myopia is
 no less to be pitied than marveled at.
 Our attitude as Catholics toward them
 must be one of prayerful charity.

Intellectual excellence is hereditary
 with Father Maturin. He belongs to
 the family of the Rev. Dr. Maturin,
 some time Rector of Grange Gorman in
 Dublin, and both his father and grand-
 father in their time held a high place
 in the ranks of literature. Some
 poems of the former are regarded as
 high examples of the divine art;
 while the latter won for himself a dis-
 tinguished place in the field of dramatic
 literature and prose. He arose at the
 time when the issue between the real
 and the sentimental in literary art
 was being sharply drawn, and his fine
 tragedy of "Bertram" was written to
 demonstrate the theory that in true art
 there is no real antagonism between the
 two schools—or rather that there are
 no two schools whatever—that the
 romantic and the real are as insepar-
 able as the body and the mind. That
 he was a man of strong character as
 well as literary power was shown in
 the fact that though threatened with
 ecclesiastical censures if he persisted
 in his writing, he persisted—for the
 very excellent reason that his stipend
 was utterly insufficient to maintain his
 family and himself, being at the time
 not much above the proverbial forty
 pounds a year while the poet's popu-
 larity of his novels and his plays
 was instantaneous and proportionately
 profitable. This independent
 character is reflected in the
 somewhat wise in the present action of his
 descendant, whose resolve to preach
 the truth at all hazards—the truth so
 far as he at the time knew it—often
 brought him the disfavor of the eccles-
 iastical authorities. But he now has
 his consolation for all this in the tran-
 quillity of his own conscience, and that
 peace which assimilation with the true
 fold of Christ can bring to the spirit's
 travail.

ANOTHER CONVERSION.

New York, March 25.—Following
 closely upon the announcement of the
 conversion of Rev. Mr. Maturin, the
 distinguished High Church divine,
 comes similar news regarding Colonel
 Delancey Astor Kane, who is promi-
 nent in high social circles. Colonel
 Kane's wife and family are Catholics,
 and the step he has taken does not
 surprise his personal friends. His re-
 ception and baptism took place in St.
 Patrick's cathedral on Friday, when
 Colonel Kane, with his wife, his
 brother-in-law and his brother-in-law's
 wife, came in from New Rochelle,
 where the Kanes have a place, for the
 purpose. Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Iselin,
 jr., acted as sponsors. Archbishop
 Corrigan, Bishop Farley and Fathers
 McMahon, Connelly and Lavelle were
 present.

Mrs. Kane, who was Miss Iselin,
 Adrian Iselin's daughter, has always
 been a devoted and ardent Catholic,
 and when a son was born to the Kanes
 it was agreed that he should be brought
 up in the faith of his mother. In 1896,
 in company with Mrs. Kane and her
 mother, Mrs. Iselin, Colonel Kane made
 a tour through the Holy Land, and it
 is said that the beginning of his con-
 version dates from that journey.

On his return he became less ac-
 tive in the work of Trinity Episcopal
 Church of New Rochelle, of which he
 had been for fifteen years a vestryman
 and for two years a junior warden.
 The rector, the Rev. Dr. Canedy, a
 close personal friend of Colonel Kane,
 saw the change coming, but received
 no definite information on the subject
 until last week, when he received a
 note from Colonel Kane, announcing
 that the writer had concluded to sever
 his connection with Trinity church,

and abandon the Episcopal faith and be-
 come a Catholic.
 "It was a blow to me," said Dr.
 Canedy, frankly, "both because of the
 friendship that has existed for so long
 between Colonel Kane and myself, and
 because he has always been conspicu-
 ous and active in the church work.
 The letter was couched in the terms of
 a private communication to a personal
 friend, and was therefore not such as
 I would feel justified in making public.
 Mrs. Kane has always been a Catho-
 lic, and their son has been brought up
 at that Church, which facts, no doubt,
 account for Colonel Kane's action. It
 has no doubt, whatsoever that he is
 entirely sincere in his conversion.
 Deeply as I regret that he should have
 seen fit to take this step, it will not
 sever our personal friendship. I have
 now, as always, the warmest esteem
 and liking for the man himself, no
 matter what his religion may be."

In winter, what Colonel Kane is in
 his city home, he will attend the Cath-
 olic. In summer, when he is at New
 Rochelle, he will attend St. Gabriel's
 church, of which Father Telner is
 pastor.

Colonel Kane is one of the most
 prominent club men in New York.
 He belongs to the Union, Ketcher-
 backer, Metropolitan, Larchmont
 Yacht, New York Yacht, Country and
 Coaching Clubs, the latter of which he
 was instrumental in founding. His
 town house is at 7 West Thirty fifth
 street.

A NOTABLE SERMON.

By Father Lalonde, S. J., at the
 Gesù, Montreal.

We are indebted to the Montreal
Star of the 22nd for the following re-
 port of a beautiful and timely discourse
 by a distinguished Jesuit:

A notable sermon, one of the series of
 Lenten discourses, was preached in the
 Church of the Gesù, yesterday, by
 Rev. Father Lalonde, on the subject of
 "The Family." The reverent speaker
 touched upon points of vital interest to
 society, and in the handling of his
 topic was vigorously outspoken. In
 part he said: "There is no longer
 any idea of family, and it is only by
 causing the reign of Christ to flourish
 that the family can recover its pristine
 glory. Let us speak of those who
 contemplate marriage. Have they an
 exact idea of it? It would seem not if
 we regard the carelessness with which
 some view it, and the fear which de-
 ters others (I mean men) from it.
 These latter should not dread it, should
 not consider it a trap, but a sacra-
 ment. It is necessary to have piety
 in order to brave trials, in order to
 endure sacrifices, when the hour of
 trial and sacrifice will strike. Piety
 will sustain the soul, and the soul may
 count on sacrifice for the double life
 of *in via deo* and *in patria*. There is no
 religion of sentiment or feeling which
 can sustain a soul? Do you think that
 superficial devotion, that virtues worn
 for show will suffice? Do you think
 it enough to have that piety which
 makes a melody of God and the
 world; giving to the world long even-
 ings of slander and calumny, and of-
 fering Communion to God in the
 morning; decorating one's halls and
 parlors with statues that inflame the
 passions, and one's walls with engrav-
 ings sensually suggestive? Is it an
 excuse that the crucifix is placed be-
 side these?"

"If in your boudoir or on the
 shelves of your writer or novelist *in
 de studeo*, is your conscience satisfied,
 because, beside it, in womanly modes
 you place 'The Key to Heaven' or
 'The Young Lady's Guide or Manual'
 The piety that will permit such a
 melody or alliance is not the piety
 that will cause Christ to reign in your
 family. But there is something worse
 than this: there is something that
 hurts marriage itself. That is the
 extravagant and luxurious vanity of
 young ladies, egotistical pleasures of
 young men. Some things in life are
 laughable; others pitiable. Amongst
 the latter is the case of a young person
 who believes she is preparing her
 future by appearing here, there and
 everywhere, in order to see a little and
 be seen a great deal; who takes the
 attention of flatterers for admiration
 and pleasant phrases and nothing for
 friendship and love. Let us suppose
 that she is admired. How long will
 that admiration last? As long as the
 time which she required to display,
 with the aid of the ballroom's lights,
 the qualities and charms that she does
 not possess—as long as the ballroom's
 flowers, which are found in the morn-
 ing strewn on the ground. If that de-
 ceiving and deceived admiration
 should last until marriage, what illu-
 sions to be dispelled when each would
 see in the other faults that in his con-
 science he believed he alone possessed.
 "But in vanity that the fashionable
 world will be satisfied. From the
 standpoint of marriage, these are dis-
 astrous tactics and a cause of decad-
 ence. Luxury in young girls and in
 their mothers springs from this same
 vanity, and ends in ruin. Pride is at
 the root of that rivalry which makes
 everyone endeavor to look better than
 her neighbor. What an effort of the
 intelligence is required to make us im-
 agine that we have become greater

than our sisters because we are better
 dressed. And we say: Why can't
 you make such triumphs? And what
 a triumph! You have conquered all
 your ribboned rivals; you are better
 able than they to manufacture beauty
 for yourself; your feathers are better
 curled; your diamonds more spark-
 ling; your silks are more silky and
 cause a greater swish than your
 neighbor's; your sleeves are incom-
 parably larger than another's. Are
 you satisfied? You outshine the wives
 of your governors. What a triumph!
 In these days of mathematics and cal-
 culation, it is not exactly proper to
 prove to young men that you are apt
 to be costly. Men do not hesitate to
 pay for their pleasures without calcu-
 lation, but they are apt to calculate,
 with mathematical precision, the cost
 of decorating a wife. More than one
 young man, who has reached a mar-
 riageable age, and whose income would
 warrant a change of life, if such life
 were to be modest, is deterred from
 the step by the 'load' tastes and
 'showy' habits of one whom he dares
 not ask. And, of course, he waits.
 And this explains how a young lady,
 who reckoned on her conquests ob-
 tained through her toilettes in the be-
 ginning of the season of fetes and car-
 nivals, finds that her only reward is to
 begin her conquests backwards next
 year, and the following year, and the
 year after, and perhaps five years
 hence. After ten years, unless she is
 heroic, she seeks no new worlds to con-
 quer. Believe me it is with more
 dread than pleasure that the young
 man sees those creations passing before
 his eyes. He says within himself:
 "They are beautiful, but costly. Let
 me wait. It will be time enough to im-
 pose this new tax upon me. If I do
 not find a better opportunity let go;
 at least I will have my liberty and my
 money."

"This is the reasoning of many,
 and though it is hurtful to society, it is
 difficult to find them wrong in their
 calculations. Thus a young man, who
 should have a home, finds himself alone.
 Unfortunate is he, for to the egotism of
 vanity, which frightened him, he an-
 swers by the egotism of sensuality.
 He requires a constant change of pleas-
 ures. And that kind of celibacy is not
 always monastic. They are punished
 by a horrible impotency which leaves
 them unable to feel the pleasures
 of true love. Some men's hearts
 are dried and shrivelled to
 such an extent that they could
 not love purity for purity's sake. And
 do you think that the father of to-mor-
 row can excuse Christ to reign in his
 family, when he has sullied the source
 itself of its life! Can anything else
 than the dishonor of his own rash life
 cloud the brow of his child? Will the
 conjugal tie force him to remain faith-
 ful to his vows, when the voice of his
 parents, crying out to him 'respect the
 honor of the family and the happiness
 of your mother' was not sufficient to
 deter him in his recklessness? Will
 he be faithful, if he has turned a deaf
 ear to the exhortations of a fiancée,
 whom he knows, has kept for him alone
 the treasures of a pure and confiding
 heart? Will he be faithful if he has
 already turned a deaf ear to the voice
 of Christ calling out to him in the Holy
 Communion—that Christ Who holds
 him to His breast, as He did John at
 the Last Supper; that Christ Who
 loved young men so dearly, and Who
 says: 'With Me, be pure; I shall
 make you taste of the pleasures of a
 pure heart, and I shall prepare for you
 a peaceful happiness in the bosom of a
 family that shall love you because I
 shall be loved by them.'

Father Lalonde drew three pictures
 of the father, mother and child re-
 spectively—a trinity of persons. The
 picture of the mother was one of the
 most beautiful parts of the address.
 He said: "The Christian mother! I
 am almost unable to express all that
 the word signifies or implies! With
 the word of mother arises the loving
 picture of sacrifice; a ministry of suf-
 fering, days, months and years stolen
 from rest and pleasure; alarms, hours
 of wakefulness, agonizing pains—
 things that we honor and respect, be-
 cause we see in them the superlat-
 ive of sacrifices—a mother! A
 mother is a compound of elegance and
 strength, of tenderness and energy,
 of mildness and love; the woman who
 is more cherished than anything here
 below, who one day gave us life at the
 risk of her own, who nourished us
 with her health and substance, who by
 her abnegation moulded our childhood,
 who has fashioned our soul after her
 soul, and who, even in the hour
 of her sufferings and in the day of her
 mourning, found new inventions to
 please and amuse us, and forgone hap-
 piness and joy to communicate them
 to us. A mother, "certainly the speaker,
 "is the one who has stored in her heart
 that fund of love in which we rest our
 life. Oh, the souvenir of a mother, so
 far away, yet ever present." Here
 the speaker drew the picture of a home,
 and the mother surrounded by her
 children, teaching them at her knee
 and lavishing caresses on them. He
 wanted to stop here, but his duty, he
 said, compelled him to draw another
 picture. "A mother who forgets her
 dignity is on a decline. Who is she?"

"It is she who, to the pleasures of
 the fieside, to the honor of mother-
 hood, to the austere but fortifying joy
 of duty fulfilled, prefers worldly en-

joyments and distractions, the egot-
 ism of barrenness, or a posterity
 which she sacrilegiously limits
 and restricts. Instead of seeking
 to reign over her children, as a
 mother should, prefers to reign over
 other hearts by coquetry and frivolity.
 She leaves her children to servile
 hands to plunge herself into a vile
 book or immodest play; and yet such
 a woman is styled a mother! A
 mother torn from her pedestal and pro-
 foundly degraded, like a Madonna de-
 throned! She abhors sacrifice; she has no
 vocation; she ignores the laws of
 God, and even those of nature. Base,
 and the heart void of affection, she
 seeks distraction, she wants other eyes
 to gaze upon her, and intrigues, in-
 stead of frightening her, from an
 irresistible attraction. Do not be
 astonished if you see her at every fete,
 in every place, at every time, where
 and when the desire to please, the
 impudence and brazenness of the
 fashions of the eyes and of the conver-
 sation lead her to forget her vows. Do
 not be astonished to see her in a box
 at the theatre paying more attention
 to those who gaze upon her than to the
 actors of the play; heeding less the
 drama that is being enacted on the
 stage than that which is being played
 in her heart; learning less the lessons
 of morality than those of infidelity.

I dare not say more; I would have
 to describe witnessed scenes. Let a
 husband go to a play that does not do
 much honor to his manhood. It is
 wrong, but it can be understood.
 That he can bring his wife to witness
 scenes of degraded virtue is beyond
 the comprehension of any sane and
 imbecile. Seductive flattery steps in,
 the novel helps, and finally the hus-
 band and wife begin to enquire if
 virtue is a necessary thing. The
 family is devastated, the fieside dis-
 honored, the home profaned, a
 confiding consort outraged. I shall
 not call the crime by its proper name.
 It is not stamped on the brows of the
 lowly. Its stigma is on the brows of
 the mighty and the aristocracy—yes,
 on the brows of the aristocrats of the
 Bar, the aristocrats of the liberal pro-
 fessions, the aristocrats of the ex-
 change, the aristocrats of politics, the
 aristocrats of the commercial world.
 I see their shame stamped high up on
 their brows, but not accompanied with
 a blush. Rare phenomenon in olden
 times; to-day it is nothing strange or
 startling!"

Of all sanctities in the Church St.
 Joseph's is that which lies deepest down
 and is the hardest to see distinctly.
 We feel how immense it must have
 been. The honor of Jesus and the
 office of St. Joseph towards His Mother
 and Himself all point to an unusual
 effusion of graces upon Him, while the
 lights which transpire, as it were,
 through chinks in the Gospel, indicate
 a most divine and at the same time
 most deeply hidden life.—Father
 Faber.

ready following.—Chicago New
 World.
 Some of the conspicuous Protestant
 minister of New York and vicinity are
 vying with each other as to who can
 go the furthest in denying the super-
 natural character of the Holy Scrip-
 tures. Dr. Abbot seems to be in the
 lead, with Dr. Savage as a good
 second. The former thinks the de-
 bility was an Assyrian legend and that
 the fall of man a fable. The latter
 thinks the fall of man a myth. What
 is the matter with the preachers? What
 agnostic microbes are busy in their
 brain? But, after all, we should not
 be surprised. Once deny, as the so-
 called reformers did, the authority of
 the living Church of Christ, and there
 is no stopping place short of the denial
 of the supernatural character of Chris-
 tianity, and ultimately of all revela-
 tion whatsoever.—N. Y. Freeman's
 Journal.

In line with the Jesuit Father Camp-
 bell's address to the alumni of Ford-
 ham, is the English Franciscan Father
 Anselm's recent statement: "It was
 perversely normal that after intellec-
 tual science had reigned for centuries,
 physical science should attempt to de-
 throne it. The triumph was of short
 duration. Perhaps its aggressive mili-
 tant attitude in these countries has
 passed away with Tyndall and Hux-
 ley. The house it labored to establish
 has become, in the phrase of a French
 savant, 'bankrupt.' Both have been
 considered mortal foes. Both have
 been humbled and are destined to be
 trampled according to the 'spirit' of
 piety and of prayer." But to com-
 plete the complete and permanent
 bankruptcy of the usurpation of phys-
 ical science, Catholic scholars must
 study it thoroughly and then instruct
 the world as to its undoubted truths,
 its probable suppositions, its unlikely
 theories and its false assumptions. It
 will not be dethroned by the beating
 of ecclesiastical tom-toms or the throw-
 ing of pots of abuse, after the ancient
 manner of waging war in China.—
 Catholic Review.

The intolerance of what is, we trust,
 a diminishing body of our fellow-
 countrymen is displayed in certain
 letters to *The English Churchman*
 of last week. "A Manchester Elector"
 threatens Mr. Balfour with the loss of
 his seat if he should be rash enough to
 endorse a new "Romish" University in
 Ireland. Not only that, but it seems
 that according to this correspondent
 "Mr. Gladstone has entirely ruined
 the Liberal cause in Lancashire by
 Irish Popish Concession Bills." We
 cannot say what may be the value of
 this gentleman's remarks from an his-
 torical or from a prophetic point of
 view, but as we find that he insinuates
 that Mr. Gladstone has suggested
 this scheme to Mr. Balfour at a
 "recent conference at Hawarden," we
 are not inclined to attach much im-
 portance to them. We ourselves were
 under the impression that the proposed
 Irish University was a concession to
 the very just demand made by the
 Irish members on behalf of the large
 majority of their countrymen, who are
 at present deprived by their consenti-
 one scruples of a proper opportunity
 for a higher education.—London Catho-
 lic Gazette.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

There are more inquiring minds in
 Chicago intent upon spreading the
 light of their peculiar gospel. They
 have entered the globe, preaching,
 teaching, and explaining the tenets of
 their creed, wherever an opportunity
 presented itself. They are what we
 might call traveling missionaries of
 Theosophy. Some people have been
 alarmed at the spread of this new cult,
 but there does not appear to be any
 good reason for it, as there is absolute-
 ly nothing in Theosophy but its novelty
 to recommend it to any rational mind.
 Anything new in religion arouses
 interest and gains converts. Simply
 the fact that it is now attracts the
 crowd. It may be unreasonable and
 even absurd in its doctrines, but that
 does not matter, provided it is new.
 Protestantism has left a great multi-
 tude of people dissatisfied with Chris-
 tianity, or, at least, with a weakened
 attachment to it, and among these a
 fantastic creed like Theosophy finds a

band of Theosophists have arrived
 in Chicago intent upon spreading the
 light of their peculiar gospel. They
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 their creed, wherever an opportunity
 presented itself. They are what we
 might call traveling missionaries of
 Theosophy. Some people have been
 alarmed at the spread of this new cult,
 but there does not appear to be any
 good reason for it, as there is absolute-
 ly nothing in Theosophy but its novelty
 to recommend it to any rational mind.
 Anything new in religion arouses
 interest and gains converts. Simply
 the fact that it is now attracts the
 crowd. It may be unreasonable and
 even absurd in its doctrines, but that
 does not matter, provided it is new.
 Protestantism has left a great multi-
 tude of people dissatisfied with Chris-
 tianity, or, at least, with a weakened
 attachment to it, and among these a
 fantastic creed like Theosophy finds a

band of Theosophists have arrived
 in Chicago intent upon spreading the
 light of their peculiar gospel. They
 have entered the globe, preaching,
 teaching, and explaining the tenets of
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