

ance redressed. What has either party ever given us? Governments are not inflected with consciences. The only moral law they recognize is that which is proclaimed from a polling booth. The only thunder and lightning which terrify them come from the electorate. These *prima facie* truths may very properly be borne in mind now.

If Catholics want the Royal Declaration amended or swept away altogether, this is the time to say so. The academic discussion in the House of Lords is over. The House of Commons has the fate of this, and of every other proposed bill on the subject, in the hollow of its hand. Should a Government measure be introduced, it may possibly pass. A private member's bill would have small chance of succeeding. And therefore, so it seems to us, has the time come for increasing the resolute resistance to any such a fossil of penal legislation, useless, insulting, and intolerant should be broken into dust and blown to Tartarus, whence it came.

#### MOTHER OF MANY HEROES.

A story going the rounds of the press describes the unhesitating response of a Catholic priest in a small New York town, to a call to the bedside of a smallpox patient in a pest-house, says the Monitor. The heroism of the priest in fearlessly exposing himself to the danger of contagion is extolled. The doctors and attendants of the hospital, "heavily garbed in rubber, stood aside and looked on in wonder," as the priest, unprotected by any scientific armor, ministered to the spiritual needs of the unfortunate. The tribute paid to the priest's courage and devotion is deserved, but not because such conduct is a new thing among men of his calling. There is not a Catholic priest in the world who would not discharge his duty in the premises with equal readiness. Scarcely a priest of middle age but has been called upon many times, as a rule, to prove his fidelity to a sacred trust, in a manner similar to that recorded. One of the greatest glories of the priesthood is unquestioning devotion in the service of God and humanity, not the less great because unheralded to the world.

#### THE PHYSICIAN OF SOULS.

Jesus did not only enrapture the multitude by his miraculous power manifested in love and in an impulse of the most tender, most merciful, most delicate and most intense love, joined to the most marvellous forgetfulness of self; His lofty intellect also revealed itself. He did not content himself with healing—He went beyond the body to the soul. To say the truth, He never occupied himself but with souls. It is evident that Jesus saw the diseases of the soul through the diseases of the body. He beheld the sore point in the soul, which had produced the like in the body, and to that He applied His great and benevolent power. His miracles were not merely extraordinary acts which excite wonder, but convey no instruction; nor were they merely acts of compassion and kindness; they were something deeper—acts in which all His saving power was displayed. The Saviour of souls, the Redeemer, was living and visible through these miracles. Thus, before He performed any miracle, He desired that the divine energies of the soul should be awakened and united to Him. "Dost thou believe?" He said; or, "Wilt thou be saved?" And again, "If you could but believe?" He would only act when the infirm soul had at least endeavored to turn the Physician.—Mgr. E. Bougaud, translated by C. L. Currie.—New World.

#### DECADENT NEW ENGLAND.

A few days ago a remarkably outspoken letter on the lack of children in New England families appeared in the public press of Ottawa, Canada. It was written by the Hon. David Mills, minister of justice, and, although the production of a non-Catholic, is a strong indictment of an alarming evil. Said Mr. Mills:

"The New England people are upon the soil, but not of it. They obviously dislike farming as much as their women do having children, and were it not for the foreigners who have taken up their residence among them, there would be neither children born nor fields cultivated."

"If left to themselves, the existence of a descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers would be as rare as the great auk, and the race is sure to share the fate of the dodo."

"This must be a very serious problem for the United States government. Stop the foreign immigration and the United States would not increase in population, and after a time their numbers would begin to diminish. There is obviously something wrong with a people who, under conditions so favorable, have such small families."

"The United States woman does not realize her duties to God and her country, and thinks more of her own pleasure than she does of the responsibilities which the Creator has imposed upon her."

#### THE DRIFT OF THOUGHT.

A striking lecture on the religious outlook was that delivered a few weeks ago by Father Morgan M. Sheedy, at the Catholic Summer School. All familiar with the works of Father Sheedy know him to be one of the deep thinkers of the country, far-seeing and con-

servative, yet possessed of an ardor that uplifts and urges forward.

"No one," said he in part, "can deny that there is a profound interest in religion at the present time. Neither is it less evident that profound changes are taking place in the religious world. As a result of these changes there is a truer understanding of what religion means. The drift is, I believe, towards Catholicity."

Reviewing the opinions of the pessimists, he shows how they consider that "Christianity is disintegrating into lifeless elements; that its creeds are cast aside; that science has shattered the foundations of faith; that modern scholarship has shown the Bible to be full of myths and errors; that as a consequence men and women no longer believe the old teachings; that ministers are preaching principles of skepticism and open infidelity."

"If Protestantism were all that stood between the human race and infidelity, their fears were well founded. Protestantism is disintegrating and has been since Luther succeeded in misleading the credulous."

"His heaven, not being that of truth, the more it ferments the more rapid its decay. The more men think the more they will differ from each other so long as each tries to be the leader and guide. As his mind is trained to think and becomes open to the truth, the time will come, and is coming to many even now, when he will see that the Catholic Church teaches all the truth that God has seen fit to reveal to man. As the world becomes more intelligent it must become more friendly to the Church. Bigotry, prejudice and selfish fanaticism are her worst enemies. When Protestantism is sufficiently disintegrated it will be known for what it is—mostly a conglomeration of errors. Then the grains of truth it holds will be identified with those of the true Church. As to Dowdism and Eddysm and those fads which make a show of Christianity for profit, there is no place in the Church for them."

#### WITHOUT BENEFIT OF CLERGY, CRISPI GOES.

Cavour, Mazzini, Garibaldi, Crispi. Four-square these names stand as the walls of the red tower of the Italian revolution. Like the reverse of the figures in Banquet's glass, they have fled before us as this mortal stage, to pass not on to the stage of the future, but into the dull shade of the tomb, while the Church against which their deadly hostility was directed remains intact, unsullied and unconquerable. Crispi is the last of the fell quartette to go. His death was fearful as we gather from the reports in the daily press. Before the struggling soul could loose from its earthly envelope it had to fight its way through a legion of tormenting enemies. His breathings were bellows that filled the adjacent streets with their weird uproar; and his bodily sufferings were frightful to those who watched by that awful bedside. Little wonder that the Holy Father fell on his knees to pray for the soul that had flitted under such portentous auguries.

There is something terrible in the death of an infidel. Those who have read the experience of Bishop Fenwick when accident threw him into contact with the miserable atheist, Thomas walne, may glean some idea of the tortures which the combination of physical suffering with the writhings of a despairing mind produce in the unrepentant evildoer. And such, so far as we may judge from the telegraphic summaries, must have been the plight of the great statesman, as he was reckoned, Francesco Crispi.

The awful fate contemplated by Richard the Third, according to Shakespeare's creation—

To have no creature love me living  
Nor my memory when dead—

would appear to have been realized, so far as political affiliations went—in the doom of Crispi. He has no good word from any quarter in the press. It would have been simply untruthful to say a good word for him. He was bankrupt in every kind of reputation, public and private. So he died wrapped in the Garibaldian flag and with no minister of God at his bedside to hold out to him the promise of forgiveness and redemption. And so, despairing of God and His redemption, he left with his dying breath the injunction that no word of God should be heard at his obsequies or at his graveside. He seems to have taken over his death the words given by the tempter to Job, "Curse God and die."

The Names which have overtaken the contrives of Rome's spoliation is the most striking in the long array of retributive tragedies. Men of the dagger were invoked to aid the cause of spoliation, and by the dagger fell the son of the King who accepted such dreadful auxiliaries. Crispi's end was even more appalling. The classical myth of the Furies and the vengeance of the gods seems to have been realized in his case with startling verisimilitude. A terrible object lesson, truly, for the wretched volaries of worldly ambition, lured to their ruin by their own sordid passions and lust of power. Get you to your closet, Mr. Chamberlain, and reflect on the death-bed of Francesco Crispi. Let your gold pile ever so high, to this favor must you come at last. And all you, his imitators here on this continent, who trample honor and honesty and human rights under foot in the pursuit of commercial greed labeled patriotism, take heed of the labeled patriot lesson. As Bulwer Lytton makes Richelieu declare, "There is no rack like the conscience."

The poetic justice of the tragedy of Italian "unification" is complete in the final picture. The aged Pontiff,

victim of the spoliators who took that euphemism as cover for their brigand schemes, prays afar off for the soul of the last great confiscator as he lies wrapped in his assassin's flag. Though storms rage around the Church, it holds its course with unbending front and with the light of assured triumph guiding its pathway. Cavour and Crispi, Mazzini and Garibaldi, Bismarck and Waldeck-Rousseau may come and go, but she, our sublime Mother, goes on for ever. She will not bend before them, but she will pray for them, for this is meet.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

#### THE TRAPPISTS

Have Proved a God-Send to South Africa.

Such is the description of the Trappists at Mariahill by a writer who gives in the Natal Mercury his impressions of a visit to the famous monastery which is situated about fifteen miles from Durban. An estate of 12,000 acres was bought there by the Trappists eighteen years ago. The place was then practically a wilderness. The monks set to mining bricks and quarrying stone for buildings—erecting a monastery, boarding schools for their Kaffir boys, workshops, stores, school rooms, offices, kitchens, mills, telegraph and telephone offices, hospital and consulting rooms, bath rooms, museum, art and science rooms for chemistry, hydraulics, and astronomy, besides a college, class-room, and library for their subjects—probationaries of the Order; also houses for all sorts of machinery and farming implements, stables and byres for cattle, and barns, pigsties, fowl houses and poultry yards. The estate is now a smiling garden, with large congregations of educated and useful members of society. Some thousands of young men and women (Kaffirs) have been taught trades, houses, fed and clothed—for which the monks or nuns have never received one penny from the Government, and little or nothing from the white population of Natal. The Trappists have spent about £2,500,000 in property, buildings and land. Besides this, about £17,000 a year is spent in Durban for stores, clothing, food and other requisites of the mission. Many of the blacks at Mariahill speak German, English, Zulu and Kaffir, and books are printed in these languages at the printing shops for their use. Three newspapers—one in English, one in German, and one in Zulu and Kaffir—are brought out at the monastery. These papers are turned out by Kaffirs, typesetting and all, under the direction of the monks. The work at Mariahill is a perfect wonder, and is undoubtedly a blessing to South Africa.

#### RAIN AND RATIONALISM.

A further evidence, if any be needed, that the average secular journal is practically atheistic in its tendency, sometimes in its teaching, was furnished recently by the New York Journal. Commenting on the recent proclamation by Governor Dockery, of Missouri, adjuring the people of that State to pray for rain, Mr. Hearst's generally unreliable paper declared:

"It is rather disappointing, although perhaps only natural, to find the inhabitants of this country actually praying for rain—to find governors setting apart one day for citizens to fast and pray. It ought to suggest itself to any mind above that of the African savage that the laws of the universe and the laws of nature are permanent and not subject to change through the prayers of individuals. We are governed by laws."

And it ought to suggest itself even in the mind of this disciple of rationalism that if there exists a God who created the world and established the laws He is Himself supreme over the laws He founded. Having made them and ordered their procession, it is irrational to maintain that He is not in control of them. It is equally illogical to presume that having created man in His image and likeness, the highest of His works and indwelt with a portion of His spirit, He at once and forever lost interest in his welfare. Having, then, supreme control over nature and the forces of nature, and standing in the attitude of Father to man, why should He not hearken to the prayers of His child, as a thousand times He has promised? The Divine Law of His justice and mercy is superior to any law of nature which He created in the far past and yet controls.

So much with regard to secular philosophy, which, unfortunately, many accept and go astray. The fact in the case is that within twenty-four hours after petition for rain was made, the sky became overcast with clouds and it rained. Similarly it rained within twenty-four hours in the Missouri of 1875 when prayers went up for rain. And when Hernan De Soto and his companions prayed for rain, at the time of his visit back in the early centuries, it is recorded that rain came in answer. The followers of materialistic philosophy must either accept God as a whole or rule Him out entirely. By the by, what right has a secular journal to lend itself to the propagation of infidelity?—Catholic Telegraph.

#### A Catholic Chautauqua.

Bishop Quigley, of Buffalo, has purchased a tract of one hundred acres of land on Chautauqua Lake, a few miles from the Chautauqua Assembly grounds, on which a Catholic Chautauqua assembly will be established.

#### Dead of Mother Richards.

Rev. Mother Richards, of the Order of the Religious of the Sacred Heart, Montreal, Que., died recently at the Convent of Saint aux Recollets, aged seventy-nine. Mother Richards made her religious profession fifty-nine years ago. She was for many years directress of St. Anne's Society of Christian Mothers, and was a woman of splendid mind and attainments. R. I. P.

#### The Poet Pope.

Pope Leo is at present devoting his very scant leisure hours to the composition of a Latin poem, which is understood to have the "seasons" as its theme. His Holiness has three private secretaries, and to them, says the correspondent, "he dictates as he composes the lines, very seldom putting pen to paper himself, because his hand is very unsteady, and also because he has a horror of autograph hunters, and especially of any traffic which might be made of his writings after his death."

#### A Brussels Convert.

The Belgian correspondent of the Courrier des Etats Nuis chronicles the acceptance of Catholic faith at Brussels, Belgium, two weeks ago, by Miss Ina Coolhaug, sister-in-law of Chief Justice Fuller, of the United States Supreme Court.

The correspondent states it is a curious fact that Miss Coolhaug, who is a scholar, and as such was inclined to Eastern Transcendentalism (Theosophy), went to Europe especially to make a study of the Church in order to publish its errors to the world. Her investigations, covering several years, led her to accept its truth instead.

#### What The Holy Father Says.

"We can in no way revive the judgment of Solomon on the child, and divide him by an unreasonable and cruel blow of the sword, separating his understanding from his will. While cultivating the first it is necessary to direct the second in the acquirement of virtuous habits and to his last end. He who, in the education of youth, neglects the will and concentrates all his energies on the culture of the intellect, succeeds in turning education into a dangerous weapon in the hands of the wicked. It is the reasoning of the intellect that sometimes joins with the evil propensities of the will and gives them a power which baffles all resistance."—Leo XIII.

#### The Church in Scotland.

The vital growth of Catholic faith is becoming notably apparent in the land of Wallace and Robert Burns. Recently, says a Glasgow correspondent of the Catholic Herald (Manchester, England) a number of delegates from England attended a meeting of the managers of the Catholic Working Boys' Home, held in Glasgow, and were literally astonished at the great number of excellent institutions in Scotland for the preservation of the faith of Catholic boys and girls. The visitors seemed to be of the opinion that the Scotch houses compared favorably with their own houses of similar character.

#### Two Negro Sisterhoods.

There are two Sisterhoods of colored women in the United States and both are doing excellent work for the children of their race. One of these is the Sisters of Providence, whose mother house is in Baltimore, and the other the Sisters of the Holy Family, founded in New Orleans in 1842 by four free women of color.

Their convent, at the corner of Orleans and Royal Streets, stands on the site of the old Orleans. Theater, famous before the war as the scene of the quadrone balls, and the old ball room was turned into a dormitory and served at one time as a chapel.

The cloisters open on a court paved with marble and decorated with tropical plants, where in former times many a duel that grew out of the balls was fought.

#### Catholics Win Degrees.

The graduating exercises of Glasgow University, Scotland, took place in Bute Hall recently. The day was one of more than ordinary interest to Catholics, owing to the fact that five of their faith received degrees, the largest number capped on any single day since the outbreak of the so-called Reformation.

Year by year there is an increasing number of Catholic students matriculating at the University, and among the associations of their Alma Mater must be the thought that it was founded by an illustrious predecessor of our present Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII., and that one of the finest structures of its noble pile of buildings, the Bute Hall, was the gift of a cultured Catholic nobleman, the late Marquis of Bute.

#### To Honor Catholic Astronomer.

Great preparations are now in progress at Copenhagen, Denmark, to show honor to Tycho, Brahe, on the three hundred anniversary of his death, which takes place Sept. 21. On the afternoon of that day King Oscar, of Sweden, will give a great fête on the Island of Sven, anciently the site of Brahe's observatory. The king of Denmark and hundreds of nobles and men of science are announced to be present to take part in the celebration.

Tycho Brahe was born in 1546, and died Sept. 21, 1601. An earnest Catholic, by virtue of his numerous discoveries his fame will live forever alongside that of Copernicus, Kepler and Galileo. He was one of the great

men of his day, and his greatness is generally conceded in this. Standing as he did at the threshold of dawn, modern science has improved but little on his theories, and it is right his country should honor him.

#### Designs Church Windows.

A young woman in Milwaukee has achieved a national reputation and is fast winning wealth by designing and making church windows. She not only designs the windows and reproduces the design in colors upon the glass, but with some assistance herself designs the stained glass windows. Marie Herndl is the artist's name. She was born in Munich, and there studied the art by which she is now making her fortune. Before coming to this country she made a reputation as an artist in Germany, and from the first here she received important commissions. At the World's Fair she exhibited a window 17 by 6 feet, for which she received a medal and diploma.

Just now she is making a set of six windows depicting scenes in the life of Christ for a church in San Francisco. She has been at work on this for a year and a half, and she expects that it will take two years altogether to complete it.

#### ANOTHER HEROIC DEED.

Thousands of bathers of Rockaway Beach, New York, last Monday, afternoon witnessed a Sister of Charity, the robes of her order about her, rescue a drowning woman from the surf by a display of strength and skill rarely seen. Then hurrying away with her charge she disappeared before those who admired her brave deed could learn her identity.

At St. Malachi's Home, where several Sisters are caring for city children during the summer, an effort to discover the identity of the brave Sister was fruitless.

"Sister says that what she was given strength to do must please be forgotten," said Sister Ambrose, the Mother Superior. "She does not wish it, so we may not tell you her name."

Mrs. Ellen Fox, an inmate of the St. John's Home for the Aged at the summer home in Rockaway Park, was the woman rescued by the modest Sister. She was walking along the beach when her sun bonnet blew into the water and the outgoing tide blew it from shore. Thoughtlessly, it seemed, she ran into the water after it, not heeding how far from shore she was going.

Suddenly a huge wave struck her, lifted her up and in another instant she was submerged. As she attempted to rise she seemed to lose her strength, and was borne out by the undertow.

The Sister saw the woman as she was being carried out. Dashing down the beach she ran into the water. Evidently she was no stranger to the surf, as in a few seconds she was by the side of the drowning woman. Then she held her up in the water and with long steady strokes swam with her to the shore.

#### THE FATHER BURKE OF FRANCE.

During the month of July the golden jubilee of the celebrated Dominican preacher, Pere Monsabre, took place. The Parisians made every effort to have the services connected with the celebration held in Notre Dame, the scene of so many of Pere Monsabre's successes. But the great Dominican wished it otherwise; he was always against pomp and display. So there was a quiet ceremony at Havre, to which all friends and intimates were invited, and Paris was denied one of the big functions its soul loveth. Had Pere Monsabre come to Paris his reception would have been a memorable one, for he had been in his day one of the most popular priests in France and many are the souvenirs associated with his name. For instance, writes Henri Chevalier, in the Chicago Chronicle, prominent statesman, who has long since ceased to visit either church or chapel, told me that Pere Monsabre gave him the most thrilling patriotic experience of his life.

It was the terrible year after the annexation, and the Dominican was preaching a course of Lenten sermons in the Cathedral of Metz. His farewell sermon was on the Resurrection, and in his peroration he drew a magnificent picture of the deliverance of his countrymen from the German yoke which "the sword of a barbarian and the pen of an ambitious" had placed upon them. My friend said he had been through many exciting episodes, had been in many feverishly enthusiastic gatherings, but a scene such as that of the preacher's parting words he had never seen nor experienced. As he described it: "The congregation sprang to their feet and something like a low howl of rage went through the church. Men, women and children began to sob. They fell into one another's arms in a very ecstasy of grief and more than one curse against the conqueror was mingled with the prayer for notre belle France."

Pere Monsabre may appropriately be called the Father Burke of France. He is just as fond of a joke as was his famous Irish brother. He once had to preach a charity sermon in a little provincial town where he was not known to any of the priests. On arriving at the presbytery he put on a very coarse accent and in a very ungrammatical language informed those who had expected him that Pere Monsabre was not well, so the superior had sent him to preach in his place. The poor priests were in despair; they tried every argument to dissuade him from

preaching; they offered every inducement for his return to Paris. He, of course, remained obdurate to all appeals. "He'd do his best, he said," but they must be sure and give him a good breakfast beforehand." He kept up the joke until he got into the pulpit. The delightful surprise of the anxious priests may be imagined when instead of the harsh, provincial utterances of an uncouth stranger they heard soft, melodic tones of the great preacher.

Another story told of him is that one day as he was just going to preach a message came to him that a lady wanted to see him. She was worried about an affair of conscience; she felt she'd like to see him, etc. etc. After much waste of time she came to the point. She was given to vanity. That very morning, she confessed, she had looked in her looking glass and yielded to the temptation of think-link herself pretty.

Pere Monsabre looked at her and said quietly: "Is that all?"

"That's all."

"Well, my child," he replied, "you can go away in peace; for to make a mistake is not a sin."

#### THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND SPIRITUAL PERFECTION.

We can not too often repeat that God has made us religious beings. We have perverted our original constitution, and human nature has suffered a general deterioration, but deep down in the depths of our being there is a sentiment—a relic of our original perfection—that longs for the spiritual and responds naturally to the supernatural. This calls for a religion and prompts to a worship which shall satisfy this natural craving.

In the Church which our Lord Jesus Christ founded and which has come down to us from the beginning and which exists in its integrity and perfection in the midst of us, the most abundant provision has been made for all the spiritual wants and highest aspirations of our nature. The Catholic Church is the mother—and the only mother—of saints. The lives of the saints, which abound in the Church, but which the outside world knows so little of, show how their dear and holy mother encourages, nourishes and stimulates them in the paths of virtue and spiritual perfection, and to what heights of sanctity she carries them. She alone understands fully the science of the saints, she alone can fully satisfy their spiritual needs—their supernatural cravings.

But the outside world will not believe this. They have been educated to believe very differently of the Church. They will not take pains to enquire into the true character of that divine organization.

The life of the Church is a hidden life. Externally her members are often not very distinguishable from the outside world—there is really very little to attract strangers unless they will put themselves in the way of learning her inner history and her true spirit. So when, for any reason, their feelings are stirred, when their deep yearnings for a higher and more spiritual life are awakened, they know of nothing better than to take up with spiritism, Christian Science or one of the thousand-and-one delusive schemes which ignorant and pretentious charlatans, mountebank pseudo-prophets and inspired teachers palm upon the world.

It is really surprising what crude notions they will swallow, what absurd practices they will adopt, how blind they seem to be to practical inconsistencies, and what dry hunks they feed upon, apparently thinking them divine food.

If they did but know it, the Catholic Church furnishes just what they need. Her teaching is confirmed by the result of ages of experience of the greatest, the wisest and holiest men and women that have ever lived. Their lives and their writings open up a world of spiritual wisdom and experience as wonderful as it is beautiful and attractive. Oh, that all sincere yearning and distracted souls who are sighing for spiritual perfection and the higher life could be induced to study this wonderful system. They would soon be convinced that the Catholic Church is really their true home.—Sacred Heart Review.

#### A LESSON FOR THE RITUALISTS.

We hope the Ritualists will learn and digest the lesson which is imparted to them by the conduct of the committee on the King's Oath. Many of them are struggling for the recognition of Catholic truths. They are learning that the England of the past was an England in conformity with the Catholic doctrine and practices of our day, and as the light reaches their minds and as the light reaches their minds they endeavor to spread it. People who honestly and earnestly seek to follow the teachings of logic and tradition deserve hearty sympathy. But we have time after time impressed upon the Ritualists the inconsistency in which their position involves them. In the Church of England they are yoked with men who utterly repudiate their tenets and who are their masters. Let us examine in detail the suggested modification of the King's Oath. We are sure the consciences of a large number of Anglicans are wounded by it. They believe in the Sacrifice of the Mass; they accept Transubstantiation; they appeal to the intercession of the Blessed Virgin; they invoke the aid of the saints. How can they feel that in the proper place when the characteristic note of that Church is the negation of those doctrines.—Catholic Times.