

Note and Comment.

The Presbyterian Church in Scotland evidently is determined to furnish its quota of ministers converts to the Catholic religion.

Cardinal Gibbons has given the final touches to his latest work and has turned the manuscript over to John Murphy, the publishers, of Baltimore.

The Centenary number of the New York Freeman's Journal is a masterpiece in every way, and does credit to the editors and staff of that excellent newspaper.

Father Phelan writes from Rome to the Western Watchman regarding a function at the Vatican: "I had a good view of the Holy Father yesterday, as I stood nearly a whole hour within twenty feet of him."

We think it will not be much out of place to set the Western Watchman right. The next time that it hears from Father Phelan we would advise a cursory glance at the ecclesiastical directory before giving the like of the above to its readers.

Will the Western Watchman please make this correction.

According to Lord Aberdeen, religious feeling in Ireland is not nearly so acute or bitter as it is generally reported to be.

The optum manufacturers on the Pacific Coast are getting afraid of the rapidly increasing tide of prohibition and are begging for time to dispose of their stock at present on hand.

long are the authorities going to shut their eyes to the opium traffic carried on in this city. Will there need to be a few more shocking tragedies such as occurred last week in Chinatown before they begin to ask where we are at?

Rev. Father Hunt, in charge of the Indian mission at Fort Totten, N.D., has translated and published a prayer book in the Sioux tongue.

The usual spouting took place on Sunday last at the church service in connection with the Orange celebration. It appears, according to a preacher on that occasion, that we have been mistaken in our opinion of that organization, as they are not antagonistic to the Church of Rome at all.

An heir has been born to the Duke of Norfolk, said: "In some portions of Ireland there were matters which required amendment. They must remember that for centuries there had been errors and mistakes, and whatever their individual politics might be, they would admit it was a matter of history that in the past there had been terrible blunders in the administration of Ireland."

Ladies' College To be Opened In Charge of Sisters of Congregation of Notre Dame.

A school for the higher education of women is about to be founded by the Rev. Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame and in the same way as the Royal Victoria College is affiliated with the university of McGill it is more than probable that the proposed institution will be connected with Laval.

Ever since Archbishop Bruchesi became Archbishop of Montreal His Grace has had his heart set upon such an institution and the extracts from the episcopal document show how eagerly he seized upon the opportunity offered him by the accomplished educationists of the Congregation of Notre Dame, who have this important movement in hand.

Owing to the kindness of the vice-rector of Laval University, the system of instruction has already been organized. It will comprise three sections, of letters, science, and commerce. The prescribed courses will be followed equally in English and in French. Foreign languages, Italian, German, Spanish, as well as Latin and Greek, will be taught on demand.

The following letter, taken from the Semaine Religieuse, shows how His Grace approves of the movement and in what high regard he holds the Sisters: "You know how heartily I encourage this movement when you spoke to me about it some time ago, so in replying to your formal request I now affirm what I have already approved."

It seems to me that this school answers to a present need, many young women, on leaving boarding school, wish to pursue certain studies; lacking special courses and practical direction, they often abandon all serious intellectual culture.

Rev. Luke Callaghan Resigns as Chaplain of St. Patrick's Orphanage.

The resignation has been announced of Rev. Luke Callaghan as chaplain of St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, Outremont. He has been discharging the duties of this office since the beginning of the year and in that short while he has endeared himself to the Sisters and children.

Doctor in Theology at the Canadian College with high distinction. On his return Father Callaghan was named English secretary to His Grace. Later when the order of St. Sulpice gave over St. Patrick's parish to the jurisdiction of the Archbishop and Rev. Martin Callaghan became chief pastor of that church, Mgr. Bruchesi, who was eager to show his appreciation of Father Callaghan, appointed him assistant to his brother.



REV. DR. LUKE CALLAGHAN.

Lesson of a Happy "Mixed Marriage."

"I have learned my lesson in this matter of mixed unions. Marriage is certainly an 'eye-opener.' I only wish I could put the case before you, Father, just as it is. Then tell it to the young men of your parish, and it will do them good."

It was the Doctor who spoke, says the priest who contributes this leaf from his experience to the Catholic Transcript, and, having reason to be astonished at his words, I did not conceal my surprise. For if any one in the world seemed to have, in his own experience, matter for an entirely different judgment, it was surely he. He was a young man, rising fast in his profession and with all his energies bent to the task of succeeding. Although regular enough in his religious duties, he was not apparently a man to think deeply on moral spiritual topics, much less on this one, or to be concerned unduly with how souls managed to get along, so long as he dealt successfully with their afflicted bodies. He had defied the very law he was now standing for the course he had adopted towards marriage and the Church laws concerning it, seemed sanctioned by Heaven itself; the lie was here visibly given to those who insist that mixed marriages are an evil. And, of a truth, the weight of this argument drawn from the experience of such happy issues, is precisely what makes the discipline of the Church a burden, easily thrown off by many who take too much for granted. No wonder I was surprised.

It was to enlist the services of the physician in a genuine case of charity—a sick widow and three small children—that I had called. Some-

aim of your congregation because it is more suitable to the greater number of the young women and children confided to your direction. But is there not also a chosen few, for whom special provision must be made? Though in our day false steps are often taken, and aspirations misdirected, yet there exists, also, many a noble idea worthy of commendation and encouragement. True science will never make any one inferior to the contrary, it will help to form the enlightened and courageous women society requires.

"The work you are undertaking presents difficulties that you naturally foresee. It requires prudence, great tact, a thorough knowledge of the world and the exigencies of our times, an enlightened zeal, and a devotedness that nothing can alter. Your congregation will, I am sure, be equal to the task."

how this matter led up to the question of mixed marriages, and the Doctor blurted out his conviction and stood by his guns ready to defend them. I recalled how this man and his wife had received Holy Communion my first Sunday in the parish, at the 9 o'clock Mass; and how I had been impressed by the sight of the fine, respectable, intelligent-looking young couple, with their air of earnestness and unconcern for the public gaze before which they stood out so conspicuously. Shortly after, a baby came; and the motive of their public display of faith and piety being noted, the first impression was not lessened by any means. And when later, the convert wife and mother came to the altar to be church-ed, in all the glowing pride and radiant happiness of her young motherhood, the least thing one remarked about her attitude and ease, familiarity with the touching rite, was that she was not to the manner born. I thought of this and wondered again what had converted the husband of such a wife to ideas and strong convictions unlike what one would naturally expect.

"Listen," he said. I listened. I listened. Through the open door that led upstairs from the office where we sat, we heard like sweet music the voice of the younger of the two praying preparatory to starting for the land of Nod. The mother pronounced the words and the child repeated them. When the prayer was finished the Doctor rose and softly closed the door. Then turning to me, he delivered himself thus:

"I do not say that you priests do not preach sufficiently on this subject of mixed marriages; perhaps you do. Nor do I wish to intimate that you speak unconvincedly, for many, no doubt, are influenced by your earnest words. But this much I do mean to assert, to the discredit of my own faith or brains, as it may be; no denunciation of this evil that I have ever heard had the least influence on me. I listened, I understood what was said and, in a dull sort of way, approved it all. But somehow it did not interest me personally; it did not seem spoken for my benefit, but for the benefit of others. It was something like when you expose the malice of murder or robbery or some frightful impiety; it had no application to my case; I could not, or did not, bring it home to myself. And I forgot every word of it as soon as I left the church. And strange as it may be, I think that if I had ever been stirred up sufficiently to examine the matter and give an opinion, I should have sided with the easy-going and thoughtless, and decided that the evil was exaggerated. But I never gave it that much attention. Murder, robbery, mixed marriages, the nebular hypothesis, the Code of Hammurabi, and a few other things lay outside

my sphere of thought and were foreign to my concerns."

And then he said how he had wooed and won his bride without hinting at religion even remotely. He would not have married outside the Church, but the suggestion to have the priest perform the ceremony came from her; and this, notwithstanding the fact that her whole family was notoriously prejudiced and "black" against everything Catholic. She had never in her life set foot inside a Catholic Church and from him—at least had learned nothing of the doctrines and practices of the religion; but the first Sunday morning after the marriage, she was afoot, and dressed bright and early, and to his surprise quizzed as to what it was all about, quietly answered that she was going to Mass with him.

"I had not always attended Mass so regularly as I do now," he explained, "and was scarcely ever at a loss for a convenient excuse after a little night-work. But the first time I, as a responsible husband, went back to the habits of bachelor days and turned over for another little doze, she was at the door calling me with just a show of indignation, in her voice and manner, reminding me, with more truth than I liked to hear, that if it was a sick-call I would take no time in getting up; moreover, I have never tried the scheme since. She became a Catholic almost without my knowledge. And I do not recall that the incident excited in me any unusual degree of gladness and joy."

"One night, at this time, about three years ago, I sat here alone. The outside door opened and my sister-in-law entered. I thought, as she passed upstairs, how different she was from her sister, and how deep embraced by my wife. How long was her antipathy to the religion after I do not know, but I was aroused from a deep brown study by the very thing you heard here a moment ago. The elder of the children, then of the age of the baby, was at its mother's knee saying its night prayers. 'Our Father, who art in Heaven. Hail Mary, full of grace.' The mother said and the child repeated. And the aunt was there and heard. And the mother cared not who heard. Well, you know how it sounds; it is not unpleasant to listen to."

"And then something hit me. Not a bullet, nor a stone, nor a club, but a thought! Men do not often have thoughts like that. It was one of those ideas that flush like a bolt out of the blue, that strike you with the force of a trip-hammer, straighten you out stark, rigid, stand the hair of your head on ends, and drive out a cold perspiration all over your body, from every pore. And it was simply this: suppose she were like her sister! Then what of the children, my children and hers! If she did not teach them their religion and prayers, who would or could? Would she instruct them in my way of thinking, or would I be satisfied and happy that she should teach them hers? Would they be Catholics or Protestants, either or neither? Did I care? I did, most emphatically. I saw my soul's salvation depending on the issue. I saw my children's welfare, here and hereafter, bound up in that answer. I saw the dream of our wedded happiness vanishing in a black cloud of oppositions and contentions, of bickerings, spite and bigotry, of disorder and hate. I saw struggles, sorrows, and heart-burnings, despair and tragedy. I saw an abyss yawning at my feet, its gaping maw had all but closed on me. I had drawn back just in time; somebody had snatched me away. The awful vision disappeared. I breathed a sigh of relief that must have been heard upstairs. No, it was not true, but how little had it wanted of being true. It was not a reality, a mere brain picture; but to me it was a phantom of shapes and spoke of more horror than war and pestilence have. 'Thank God, it was not true!'

The Late Ex-president Cleveland's Tribute to His Mother.

Grover Cleveland was the son of a Presbyterian minister and one of his brothers followed in the parental footsteps. The mother of the future President was evidently a very devout woman according to her lights. On the day Cleveland was elected Governor of New York, he wrote among other things, to his brother, the Rev. W. N. Cleveland:

"I shall have no idea of re-election or of any high political pre-eminence in my head, but be very thankful and happy if I serve one term as the people's governor. Do you know that if mother were alive I should feel so much safer. I have always thought her prayers had much to do with my success. I shall expect you to help me in that way. He was deeply impressed in taking this office, and still more in taking the highest office in the nation's gift, with his responsibility to God and the people. At his funeral, according to his

known wish, there was no eulogy. Except for the presence of President Roosevelt, with the usual military guard, there was nothing to distinguish the obsequies of Grover Cleveland, one of the greatest men in the Presidential line, from those of any private citizen.

But, though Cleveland was firm in his own belief, he was absolutely without bigotry. As far as his opportunities went, he recognized the abilities of Catholics. In 1893 he sent to Pope Leo XIII, on the occasion of the latter's Golden Jubilee of priesthood, a splendid illuminated copy of the Constitution of the United States, by a special messenger, Colonel Morris of the Baltimore Sun. Cardinal Gibbons has been a close friend of the Cleveland family for nearly a quarter of a century. There was a strong personal friendship between Cleveland and the late Patrick A. Collins, of Boston, his appointee in 1903 to the American Consulate at London. Mr. Collins rendered great service to Cleveland in the campaign of 1884, and might have had a place, if he had chosen, in the second Cleveland cabinet. As President, Cleveland offered during his first term in office an Oriental Consulate to Boyle O'Rilly, and one of the first and most appreciative tributes on the lamented death of the latter was from Grover Cleveland.

While Cleveland was Governor of New York, he visited from time to time the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Kenwood, near Albany. A few years ago Villanova College, under charge of the Augustinian Fathers, conferred the LL.D. on Cleveland.

We have noted Cleveland's skill in the use of vigorous and idiomatic English. After his retirement from office, he was a valued contributor to many publications. The Independent especially, being alert to secure accounts of his summer vacation trips. Of these it might be said, as of Grant's "Memoirs," "What good literature is made by men who are not literary!"

Cleveland died a poor man. This fact is to his credit and to the confusion of his maligners, who were incapable of understanding his high ideals of public service and private honor. We trust Mrs. Cleveland will get the proposed \$5000 a year pension. She set a noble example of the modest and simple life becoming to the wife of a Democratic ruler, although she was only a girl when she first appeared as mistress of the White House. Instead of having a quantity of supplies sent to the White House for her to choose from she would go out and buy what she needed as simply as any American woman of moderate means. Her summer guests were old school mates—often teachers.

Mr. Cleveland was not as closely identified with the literary element as President Roosevelt, has been, but he enjoyed literary society. Among his intimates were Richard Watson Gilder and Dr. Henry Van Dyke. Among the visitors to his summer home at Grey Gables was Oliver Herford, accompanied now and then by James Jeffrey Roche—Boston Republic.

Papal Organ's View of Pan-Anglican Congress.

The Osservatore Romano of Rome, the organ of the Vatican, in an editorial concerning the recent Pan-Anglican Congress in London, says: "Religion without a legitimate hierarchy, although calling itself Christian, is a religion only for this world, as the questions discussed by the Pan-Anglican Congress show. Throughout the centuries all religions that have arisen without the seal of the real Divine Personality were similar to that discussed at the Pan-Anglican Congress. All of them aimed at securing the largest amount of joy in this life without caring for the other world."

At the end of a strong attack the Osservatore Romano says that Catholic Rome to-morrow will celebrate with veneration the anniversary of the death of St. Peter at his tomb in a church which is a miracle of art, and that this veneration will answer better than anything else the superlative poverty of the Pan-Anglican Congress. From the attitude of the Osservatore Romano it is supposed that Pope Pius will deal with the recent congress held in London in his forthcoming encyclical.

IN MEMORIAM.

The news of the death of the well-beloved Sister Anicet at Providence Hospital, Seattle, Wash., on the 7th of June, 1908, has carried sadness to the hearts of thousands beyond the walls of that institution, who have been at some time in their lives the objects of the tender and skillful ministrations of this true religious and noble woman. The deceased Sister had been connected with Providence Hospital for more than a quarter of a century, and during those years had endeared herself alike to the members of her community, her patients, the hospital staff of physicians and the public who had the privilege of her acquaintance.