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The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY JANUARY, 15. 1910

THE OLD ACCUSATIONS

The preachers who berate the Church should try to inject some novelty into their attacks — some spice to remove them from the region of the deadly dull. Reading some of their fulminations is wearisome and done only at the behest of the man who wields the big blue pencil. We wonder if they believe all they say about us. The preachers who take the centre of the stage to depict our iniquities seem to be sensible citizens when they are not before the footlights. Perhaps the heady drink of notoriety has a disintegrating influence on their mental machinery, or, perchance, they but minister to the credulity of their hearers. One thing certain is that if they read non-Catholic scholars they would moderate, if not abandon altogether, many of their statements regarding the Church. To say, for instance, that we are opposed to education passed years ago in certain quarters as an expression of the truth, but in our day it is viewed with suspicion by even the unthinking and illiterate. The old accusation of the Church's enmity towards the Bible is branded by honest scholarship as a calumny. True, indeed, that it is heard occasionally, but it evokes no serious consideration. Fair-minded men are willing to look at the Church as she is, and to admit that she is no unimportant factor in all that redounds to the good and ennoblement of the world.

CLERICAL TOURISTS

The clerical tourists, who are quite sure that the Latins are decadent, see many strange things in South America —that is, they see the same things that have done duty in book and on platform these many moons. We mind us that one preacher, now at rest from his labors, was a past-master in the art of telling awe-inspiring stories of the degradation of the poor souls in bondage to Rome. He saw superstition on all sides. He was watched by Rome's minions—the gentlemen with the cat like step and hand of steel. But his heart ached and he yearned mightily over the deluded Papists. He had consolation and light for them in his Bible and one individual, found by him in some isolated spot and made the owner of a Bible, made the earth resonant with his thanks and praise. It was a very touching picture—the preacher with the benevolent smile and the emancipated Latin hugging the Bible. And nearly all the clerical tourists talk in similar fashion. But the natives of South America must have a merry time with these tourists who drift down from the cold materialistic North to be the exponents of the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon. Yet men who have seen the South American at close range have grave doubts as to his alleged inferiority. In fact they even venture to declare that the Latins are, so far as the graces and arts of civilization are concerned, some generations in advance of the preachers with the note books. He is not unmindful of science or culture. He has large and magnificently equipped universities for his mental needs. He has, in a material way, proved that all his energy is not given to cigarette smoking and castanet playing. He has built railways; and we are told that the dock-system of Buenos Ayres is one of the finest in the world. If our friends went among the Latins without being bent on seeing things that "aint so" they might garner material for sermons and information that would instruct and edify them.

OUR WONDROUS BEHAVIOR

We are taught by our pastors that any Catholic Church is the house of God—that within its precincts we are on holy ground. But some of us give little heed to these teachings. Seeing our conduct an unbeliever might regard our declarations of belief in the Real Presence but words without meaning. He might dub us hypocrites. He might even say that, so far as some of us are concerned, we had no ritual, no etiquette for the Church. Why not show by our conduct that we are on holy ground. If we did there would be no unnecessary talk—no assembling at the doors to discuss our friends and the weather —no smiling and nodding at acquaintances. Our faith must be weak indeed if before the altar we comport ourselves as if we were in a play-house.

MODERNISM AND EX-ABBE LOISY

When the modernistic leaders made their bow to the public they were acclaimed by many without the fold as promoters of a system that would eventually play havoc with the Church. Publicists who knew little of the questions at stake talked about freedom of thought, and the ultra-Protestant rejoiced that our men of power and intellect were chafing under the yoke of the Papacy. As we read that one cause of the movement is that the student and thinker can no longer abide the reactionary policy of Rome, we hear Dr. Brownson declaring that he never found his reason struggling or felt it restrained or himself reduced to a state of mental slavery. "I have," he said, "felt and enjoyed a mental freedom which I never conceived possible while I was a non-Catholic."

The modernists are, however, very quiet at present. We see no signs of revolution within the Church. There is no one to don the mantle of the leader who is dead. The ex-Abbe Loisy, in the Revue Historique for November, December, says: "I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet; and I shall take care not to make any predictions as to what will become of modernism: but what I think I do see at present is that it is utterly routed, and that its annihilation does not seem to present any difficulty. Since the death of Tyrrel there is nobody among the clergy who claims to be a Catholic while refusing obedience to the Pope."

THE RULERS OF FRANCE

The rulers of France are giving another object lesson of what they mean by democratic ideas. Not very long ago a lecturer told a Toronto audience that the men in power were actuated by both just and praiseworthy motives. We suppose that very few of his hearers took him seriously, but his role as a defender of wrong and oppression would have been with more propriety in other hands than a Christian's. The Frenchmen, however, have never concealed their programme. They placed the premises, and they are not flinching from the conclusion. They never washed their hands in public declaring the while their innocence: they went straight ahead undeterred by either threat or remonstrance. They do not want God in France. They seek to tear out of the minds of the people the very idea of God. So, like logical people, they begin with the children. Drive God from the schoolroom—flout the Church within its walls—teach incessantly that religion is superstition—this is the programme of the men who rule France. But it has not the merit of originality, for these men are but pocket-editions of Voltaire and profess the doctrines that inspired tyranny and libertinism. And he, the arch-infidel, borrowed his policy from Julian the Apostate who drove Christian teachers from the schools and sought, by every device that could be invented by his imperial power, to destroy Christianity. In opposing Atheism the French prelates are keeping watch and ward over the interests of civilization. They are not fighting democracy as some of our friends would have it: they are championing the cause of Christ. But why is France, erstwhile eldest daughter of the Church, with her treasure-store of countless and golden deeds, bearing testimony to her generosity of heart and grandeur of intellect, in the grip of a few bitter-minded men?

OUR COLLEGES

Our influential societies which desire to have something more to their credit than billiard and athletic trophies should concentrate their efforts on education. We have many a boy of talent whose poverty denies them access to a college. If given an opportunity we might have men of power who would make their faith felt and be recognised as one of our elements of strength. Instead of holding meetings and bewailing, and incidentally cursing the politicians, we should try to formulate a policy and stand by it. Lamenting and resoluting are ineffective. We can try as well as others for the prizes which this country has to offer, but we must be equipped in order to be serious competitors. Waiting for something to turn up and for miracles, may soothe our conscience and make us forget our own apathy and indifference; but all this will not make us intelligent and influential citizens. Education is needed, and we must pay the price for it. Were some of the money frittered away on entertainments given to a college there would be some return for it. But again, if we are to be saved from social bankruptcy we must not refuse our dole of self-sacrifice. We should regard an opportunity to extend God's kingdom on earth a glorious privilege. An organization pledged to education, aiding our colleges to be nurseries of learning, sources of light and fashioners of Catholic manhood, would have a reason to justify its existence.

AN OPTIMISTIC MAN

A pastor, energetic and optimistic withal, substituted, a short time ago, a series of lectures for the bridge and euchre parties. The lecturers, men of prominence, volunteered to talk on questions pertaining to citizenship. The one and only thing that gave the pastor any anxiety was the size of the hall. When the initial lecture was given there were some women and ten or twelve young men. But he is in nowise daunted and is still averse to the euchre.

THE HABIT OF READING

We can have no manner of doubt that the habit of reading has seized to a tremendous extent upon the people of New England. The daily newspaper has become a dominant factor in their lives; the voluminous Sunday edition, with its society gossip, its many pages of advertisements, its stories of this, that, and the other kind of adventure or misadventure, its multi-colored so-called religious teaching from who shall say what or how many varied kinds of opposing sources, forms an alarmingly important factor in the way in which God's day is spent. Can any man call it "the keeping holy" of God's holy day?

Magazines lie on our news stands, wherein for 10 cents, 15 cents, 25 cents, we may read only too often the results of an irreverent and unbelieving set of scientists, historians, biographers, and other literary men of the hour. A sort of craze has taken possession of the people, and public libraries and circulating libraries minister fuel to the fire. How many of the people bring *conscience* into what they read?

Do we think, really and seriously, whether we *ought* to read the details of the latest horrible murder or scandalous divorce? of the breaking-up of some happy home and the disgrace of its members? Do no laws of God bind us to shut our ears to the hearing of murder and crime, and of evils that should not so much as be named among the saints? Have the warnings of St. Paul no meaning for us now?

The awful question presses home to thoughtful souls:—what sort of men and women are these boys and girls to become under whose eyes are paraded the vile, revolting details that come out on the front pages of certain newspapers of our supposedly cultured era, and in cultured Boston itself? And our young people may go to the public libraries, and take out books that are against the Church, against morality, against faith; and Culture will applaud them for reading work with the names of famous writers on their pages. But are we Christians to be proud of that knowledge?—are we to wish to read anything and everything that "everybody else" reads? Are we to be ashamed because we do not know the last new evil novel that "everybody else" is talking about? Is "everybody else" to be a Christian's standard, or idol, or ruler?

Should it not rather be, with us Christians, that we rejoice not to know of evil things? Why should a Catholic girl even ask her director if she may read a doubtful book? Why should any one, man or woman, wish to touch pitch or dabble in mud? What wretched idiosyncrasy of our fallen nature gives to people such an abnormal sense of curiosity that they desire to turn away from what they know to be good and pure and true, and tamper, instead, with the occult, the bad, the soul-seducing, to the awful danger of their immortal souls? Some day an edict will perhaps go forth to check the mental intoxication of reading, as now we strive to check the physical intoxication of strong liquor; and some day we may come to see the wisdom of a censorship over reading as in the dealing with poison in medicine.

THE HABIT OF GOOD READING

Let us begin early to form in ourselves, and to help to form in all persons who may come under our influence, a habit of *good* reading. This habit does not mean what we call pious reading only, although it includes that very essentially. The day's reading of every Christian man and woman, young or old, who wishes to be truly well-informed and well read in the highest and noblest sense, should include, and easily could be made to include were we in vital earnest, a verse or two from the New Testament, or the Psalms, or the Following of Christ. The spiritual is the highest, noblest, deepest, truest part of our nature, and the spiritual ought to come first and be thought of first.

Again and again should it be urged upon our Catholic people, young and old, that they ought to be familiar with the best and highest things. We do not ourselves realize the glory of our heritage. No modern criticism, no modern raillery, no modern doubts and taunts, should ever be allowed to wrest from us the glory that is ours. The Jesus Christ of the gospels, God incarnate, God with us, ought to be real and vivid in our heart's love, and in our entire daily devoted service, because we have knelt at His crib in Bethlehem, have fled with Him to Egypt, worked with Him in the carpenter's shop at Nazareth, walked the hills and plains of Galilee and Judea beside Him, humble followers of that Jesus Who had not where to lay His head, though the very foxes had holes and the birds of the air had nests. He should be an absolutely real Person, a daily Friend to our boys and girls, and to ourselves, One to Whom we give every fibre of our being in unreserved oblation, because we have watched Him in His agony for us in Gethsemane, His weary way of the cross to Calvary, His death on the cross through His divine love of us. And then to us should come the intense reality of His life of glorious love for us in heaven, and His abiding love, close to our homes and hearts, in the sacrament of our altars. This should be no lifeless, uninteresting reading to us and to our children. What, can we hope, shall ever conquer the tide of infidelity, immorality, and evil reading and thinking and doing that is sweeping over the earth, except this personal knowledge and love of a personal Christ that has made so many of the children of the Catholic Church, through all the ages, *saints*?

We may plan a thousand things to alleviate suffering, and to mitigate the conditions of the poor and the oppressed; but while, unrestrained and unrebuked, the river of evil literature flows straight onward, day by day, in a black and turbulent tide among us, who is going to stop the havoc wrought in the very depths of the nation's existence, the canker gnawing at her vitals? In the midst of all this evil, let us stand firm in our endeavor to put into our lives the habit of good reading, and especially of such reading as will make us loving and faithful servants of Jesus Christ.—Sacred Heart Review.

T. P. O'CONNOR'S VIEWS

SUPPORT TO CAUSE GIVEN IN AMERICA BRINGS HOME RULE MUCH NEARER —BRIGHT OUTLOOK AT HOME—LORDS HURT OWN CAMPAIGN BY THEIR SPEECHES TO CROWDS IN THE CITIES

(By T. P. O'Connor in Chicago Tribune.)

New York, Dec. 22.—(Special.)—To-day I sail for England at the conclusion of my present mission to the United States; and these words are partly a farewell and partly a summary of the present conditions of the fight for Ireland, both in America and in England.

I cannot sufficiently thank the people of America for the extraordinary generosity with which they have treated me during the weeks I have spent among them. Everywhere I have found the same readiness of sympathy, the same eagerness to help the old land, the same indestructible love for the cause.

I am proud to think that as far as America is concerned the future of the cause is assured. It requires an occasional visit from a representative of our party, together with the splendid services of Michael J. Ryan of Philadelphia, of Mr. T. B. Fitzpatrick, and John O Callaghan of Boston, the national officers of the United Irish League of the United States, to get from America all the assistance that is necessary to carry on the struggle to a successful end.

NO LUKE WARM SUPPORT GIVEN

I wish at once to deny emphatically the impression which I have found in some quarters that there is any lukewarmness or growing apathy among the Irish race in America for the old cause. It is true that it would be difficult in some cities perhaps to get together at such short notice the vast gatherings which came to see Parnell or who in the days of his zenith flocked with thousands of dollars to his banner.

A child could see that it was impossible for any struggle to have gone through the painful vicissitudes of the last twenty years without losing some of its soldiers and some even of its early enthusiasm. The disastrous split which rent Ireland for ten years after the death of Parnell was bound to leave some wound which it would take a long time to heal. It has left wounds in Ireland herself; and it has left wounds in America.

To see the chalice of liberty suddenly dashed from the lips of Ireland; to see fraternal and apparently irrefragable unity displaced by the brutal discords of civil strife; to see the figures of Gladstone and Parnell disappear from the war of giants—all this was a tremendous disillusion, and it is no wonder that many Irishmen at home and abroad regarded the cause as lost and disappeared from the fighting ranks. But the era of disillusion and apathy which followed the Parnell split is at last passed away; and to-day once more the people feel that Ireland is advancing with rapid strides to the realization of its hopes.

ALL OF ERIN'S SONS AID

For myself, I can say after these weeks, that there never has been a single occasion, that there never has been a single man that did not respond to my appeal for Ireland. Some of the men with whom I came in contact belonged to the third generation from Ireland, and yet their sympathies were there, ready to be aroused. Many had not taken any part in the movement for years, yet they gladly seized the chance of returning to the fight.

To sum up: Irish America is all right; the mighty springs of generosity are still there; it only requires some event or some man to bring out their great resources.

What Ireland wants from America is a regular supply of help. It can and does collect every year herself the greater part of the money required for carrying on the struggle. Our people in Great Britain, though poor, do more than their share of helping. If Irish America would give Ireland from $50,000 to $75,000 a year, then the fight could be continued with all necessary vigor. I would urge every man of Irish blood who reads these lines to form in his own community some branch of our league; or, if that is impossible, just to gather together a dozen or score of his friends and countrymen and let them pledge themselves to a certain sum each man of them; just as much as he can afford, and not a cent more, every year until the struggle is over.

WANTS PLEDGE BY CITIES

If New York would give us $20,000 a year; if Chicago would give us $20,000 or $15,000 a year; if Boston and Philadelphia would in the future, as in the past, give us $10,000 a year each, that alone would be almost enough to make good. But of course there are scores of cities and towns less large and opulent which are only too anxious to do their share.

In Grand Rapids, Mich., the other day they put up $3,000. Toledo, Fall River, Providence, Lowell, Columbus and scores of other towns are ready to do their share. In short, the money is there; the generosity is there; it is all a question of a little organization to make the necessary contributions flow into the war chest of Ireland.

I am glad that in New York there was founded at a banquet given me last night by Mr. Bourke Cockran a powerful committee, the moving spirit of which declared that $20,000 a year would certainly be subscribed. Similarly I hope a powerful committee will be formed in Chicago, and pledge a certain number of men to give annually a regular sum to the cause. We shall want money for the fight.

The sum raised by me is close upon $50,000, but I believe every penny of that will have to be spent in the general election. And the party has to be maintained in constant attendance in the house of commons during the great hours of conflict in which the new parliament will begin its days.

SURE OF IRISH VICTORY

Turning to the situation at home, I find all the signs still pointing the one way. Lloyd-George has once more received more assistance from his enemies than could be given by his best friends. The peers are acting once more with that extraordinary fatuity which has marked all their steps since the struggle over the budget began. They scattered themselves all over the country to justify their act in rejecting the budget.

It marks the depths of their folly that they flatter themselves that such a mission could succeed. To come before the popular meetings and exhibiting high collars and good clothes and vacuous faces and bid the world look on them as superior beings who have saved the nation, to have thought of such a form of campaign as likely to impress the British people, was the conception only worthy of those members of the peerage who stand outside the stage door and bring the divinities of Mr. George Edwards' musical comedies.

The result has been what anybody might have expected who knew anything of John Bull's racial hatred of being patronized and his extreme sense of the ridiculous. Everywhere the peers have been treated with regrettable discourtesy. They have been jeered at, interrupted, guyed, as we say in London.

DUKE "GUYED" BY CROWD

I think one of the stories which best illustrates the result of this new form of propaganda is what happened at the meeting which was addressed by the Duke of Marlborough. His grace is not an imposing personality; a tiny peer with a boyish face, with a rosebud mouth and rather protuberant eyes, which give to the countenance a certain look at once of pretentiousness and of weakness.

Fancy this youngster going down to a meeting and declaring with solemn emphasis that if the present powers of the house of lords be curtailed he will never set foot within its walls again, and you can understand the delight with which the audience heard a man from the gallery shout out: "Don't guvn'r, don't; you're breaking of our 'arts." This represents the attitude of the British workingmen to the aristocrat who has come posing before them as the savior of the constitution.

London is not the only spot in which there is serious danger for the Liberals. It is a city which depends on the rich and the fashionable; and is always rather inclined to take its cue from them. They have been declaring that they are ruined; and London sympathetically responds, especially if the stores be doing less business than usual.

LONDON HAS HOPEFUL SPIRIT

But even in London there is now a greater spirit of hopefulness than there has been for a long time. Before I left England there were several members who had given up their seats as lost; and who are now believing that they are sure of winning. This change in spirits is due mainly to the magic effect in inspiring the working classes of the land clauses of the budget.

In Scotland, in Yorkshire, the Liberals are sure of success. I believe that in Lancashire, which was another of the dangerous points, the success of the Liberals is also secure. I judge that things are going well there because of the extraordinary scenes which accompany Winston Churchill during the campaign he has been carrying on in that great country for the last few weeks. Everywhere gigantic meetings; everywhere unanimity; everywhere scenes of enthusiasm almost delirious in their excitement. If Lancashire remains true to Liberalism, then the Liberals will have a vast majority.

So much the better for Ireland. To do the work which Ireland wants in the next house of commons, the Liberals must be strong. The most disastrous thing which could happen to Ireland would be the return of the Liberals with a small majority.

SMALL LIBERAL MAJORITY HELPLESS

It were far better for Ireland that there should be a small Tory majority. A small Liberal majority would be incapable of carrying through the drastic reform of the house of lords which it is the mission of the Liberal party and the interest of Ireland to have passed into law within the next two years. The house of lords might safely reject any proposal of drastic reform which came from a ministry with twenty or thirty of a majority; and the British people might back them up. Gigantic reforms cannot be carried by weak ministries.

Nor do I think that it is a good thing that the Liberal majority should be so small as to be entirely dependent on the Irish vote for its existence. Such a ministry is weak in England, and, being weak, is incapable of doing much for Ireland. No majority can be so large as to be independent of the Irish vote of eighty-one to eighty-three members—especially after the declarations of Asquith in favor of Home Rule. The Irish members could make government impossible if they once even suspected that the ministry was playing them false. I am sure the ministers have no such intention. I believe this time it is business.

Finally, I have to tell my countrymen that the task of fighting for Ireland will be easier in the next few years than it has been at any time for twenty years. The end of the road is in sight. I see the old house in College Green approaching every hour; and now I bid farewell. I shall be addressing the constituents in Liverpool on the night of Tuesday next; and my next communication will be from the center of the field of battle.

THE POPE AND THE CHILDREN

Ever since the elevation of Pius X. the halls of the Vatican have echoed frequently with the voices and laughter of children. Pius X. loves to have them about him, he delights especially to receive them on the occasion of their first Communion, and one of the most touching and beautiful of sights is to see him a Sunday morning, in his white robes and with his white hair, surrounded by hundreds of little ones dressed in white and with white veils on their heads, fresh from the altar rails, and listening to the *fervorino* he is delivering, and every word and phrase of which is within the comprehension of the smallest of them. Many thousands of the growing boys and girls of Rome are wearing the little silver medal he gave them on that happy morning, and will carry through life with them the memory of their first audience with His Holiness. But there was a special interest and a touch of deep pathos in the children's audience of a recent Thursday. There were about four hundred of them, girls and boys, in the Sala Ducale, and before he appeared among them, not all the efforts of the few grown-ups among them could keep them still.

They were apparently the happiest and most mercurial children in the world, and you would never have imagined that every one of them and their presence there in the Palace of the Popes represented one of the greatest tragedies in all history. This time last year they belonged to over a hundred homes in Calabria and Sicily, with fathers and mothers to watch over them—a fortnight later they were found wandering forlorn amid scenes of death and horror, or being dug out, terrified and bleeding, from the ruins of their houses in which fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, had perished on that fatal morning of December 28. There were four hundred of them in the Vatican on Thursday, and there are ten times that number housed and fed and schooled in various parts of Italy thanks to the fatherly care of the Pope and the charity of Catholics all over the world. For all of them Pius X. has become in a special sense the "Father of the Orphan," but the four hundred are more directly under his care than the others, for they are being brought up in different institutions in Rome and its environs. This thought is expressed happily in a little address read by one of the boys when the Pope after passing among them, has taken his place on the throne, and then the smallest of all the little girls is piloted by a nun across the floor and places a bouquet of white flowers in the hands of the Father of them all who bends over her with a smile in which kindness and sadness are blended.—Rome.

KILMAINHAM JAIL CLOSED

NOT ENOUGH CRIMINALS IN THE CAPITAL CITY OF IRELAND TO KEEP THE PRISON STAFF EMPLOYED.

Kilmainham jail, an historic prison in Dublin, Ireland, is closed this year. This is the result of a decision of the General Prison Board, made necessary because there were not in Dublin or in the neighboring counties criminals enough to keep the staff employed.

Dublin is probably the only city of its size in Europe in which such a thing could happen. Crime in the ordinary sense is practically non-existent in Ireland. The great guilds of crime—the bands of professional burglars and robbers, the financial conspirators, adept forgers, trained thieves, habitual leviers of blackmail, bogus noblemen, parsons and ladies of family, long firm practitioners, hotel and railway sharps, "magsmen," "hooks" and "bounces" —these are almost entirely unrepresented in Ireland. "In a word," to quote an English writer, "so far as habitual and professional crime is concerned, there is not another decent country in Europe."

During the troubled days of 1880 Kilmainham received hosts of "suspects," arrested under the coercion act, of which Gladstone was the author. Parnell himself and a number of his lieutenants were among the prisoners at this time. It was from Kilmainham that the famous defiant counsel to the tenant farmers of Ireland, interpreted by the Unionist party as a "no-rent manifesto," was issued.

It was while Parnell and his colleagues were in Kilmainham that the negotiations with the government took place, which are said to have resulted in what was called the "Kilmainham treaty."

Mr. Parnell was in Kilmainham from October 13, 1881, to May 2, 1882. On the day of his release Mr. Foster resigned the chief secretaryship. He would not, it was said, "give up coercion." Earl Cowper at the same time relinquished the office of viceroy. The new viceroy, Earl Spencer, entered Dublin on the 6th, and with him was the new chief secretary, Lord Frederick Cavendish.

He who refuseth to listen to backbiting and calumny, putteth out from the presence of Jesus an unclean animal.

PATIENT WITH THE LIVING

Sweet friend, when thou and I are gone
Beyond earth's weary labor,
When small shall be our need of grace
From comrade or from neighbor,
Past all the strife; the toil, the care,
And done with all the sighing,
What tender truth shall we have gained?
Alas! by simply dying!

Then lips so chary of their praise
Will tell our merits over;
And eyes too swift our faults to see
Shall no defect discover.
Then hands that would not lift a stone
Where stones were thick to cumber
Our steep hill path, will scatter flowers
About our pillowed slumber.

Sweet friend, perchance both thou and I,
Ere love is past forgiving,
Should take the earnest lesson home—
Be patient with the living.
To-day's repressed rebuke may save
Our blinding tears to-morrow;
Then patience, e'en when keenest edge
May whet a nameless sorrow.

'Tis easy to be gentle when
Death's silence shames our clamor,
And easy to discern the best
Through memory's mystic glamour;
But wise it were for thee and me,
Ere love is past forgiving,
To take the tender lesson home—
Be patient with the living.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The great Benedictine Abbey of Solesmes in France, which cost millions of dollars, was sold to a Jew for 500,000 francs after two unsuccessful attempts by the government to sell the same at auction recently.

The Judge of the Civil Court has cited Monsignor Amitte, Archbishop of Paris, to appear before him to answer suits brought by the authors of text-books which have been interdicted by the church. Each of the plaintiffs asks $2,000 damages.

On Thanksgiving Day, the Knights of Columbus presented a purse of over $3,000 to Archbishop Ryan for his charities. His Grace apportioned the gift to the Catholic Missionary Society for work among the Italians, and to Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Archbishop McEvay has made the following appointments: Rev. Thos. Redmond, of Midland, and Rev. Stanislaus McGrath to St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, Rev. Arthur J. Staley to be assistant at St. Francis, and Rev. Augustine Fuerth of London, Ont., to be assistant priest at Thorold.

Mother Austin Carroll, for many years head of the order of the Sisters of Mercy at New Orleans and organizer of a number of branches in the United States and in South and Central America died recently in Mobile, Ala., at the age of eighty years. The deceased was a noted Catholic writer and by her pen made about $60,000, all of which she devoted to noble works of charity.

Caruso, the golden-voiced tenor, played the part of Santa Claus at the Metropolitan Opera House on Christmas day and distributed $3,000 in presents. From the business manager and treasurer to the lowliest super, everybody was remembered and, although as a general thing, Caruso receives $2 000 for each appearance on the stage, he declared that the role of Santa Claus was the jolliest in which he ever appeared.

The membership of the Knights of Columbus continues to go upward. The last report shows 228,333. National and State officers throughout the country are hopeful that as the result of unusual activity everywhere prevalent the 250,000 mark will be reached by the end of the year. Councils are organized in the United States, Canada, Philippine Islands, Mexico, Cuba, Panama and South America.

Pinelawn, Mo., has a church which was built entirely by night with the exception of the work done once a week on Saturday afternoons. The men of this parish volunteered their labor after working-hours to Rev. Joseph H. Tettemer, the pastor of the parish, and the work of church building has gone on accordingly for months at night under a string of electric lights. The church was dedicated two weeks ago.

Right Rev. Matthew Gaffney, D. D late Bishop of Meath, Ireland, died December 18, after a protracted illness. Succeeding Bishop Nulty in 1899, he resigned his bishopric in 1906 through failing health, and since lived in retirement. As pastor of Clara and as Bishop he was noted for his eloquence, zeal and patriotism, and was popular with all classes and denominations.

A line of humble but neatly dressed women and children was stretched out in front of the residence of Cardinal Gibbons, in Baltimore on Christmas Eve, the occasion being the annual Christmas distribution of baskets by the Cardinal. Baskets to the number of a hundred and eleven were distributed. In each there was a generous supply of beef, sausage, ham, vegetables, bread and other substantial things, more than sufficient for the three meals of Christmas Day.

What seems like the irony of fate is the purchase of the property of the Central Presbyterian church, on the west side of Broad street, above Fairmount avenue, Philadelphia, for a colored Catholic congregation. Only a few short years ago an Italian Presbyterian minister held forth there, moving the brethren mightily by his tale of how he "received the pure gospel." The Holy Ghost Fathers have purchased the church and parsonage. The Colored Mission of Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament, at 836 North Broad Street, will occupy the church when altered.