The Catholic Record

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

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ANOMALIES

From Rome

Let us be thankful for small mercies. We have had no Francesco Ferrer this year in Rome. Two years ago he caused us a lot of inconvenience. It was impossible to get near the Piazza di Spagna for days because the Spanish Embassy to the Vatican happens to be situated there, and at other presumed danger points the man in the street was not allowed to be in the street and was sent round another way. Religious houses had to be guarded and the inmates, who for the sake of peace and quiet stayed at home, filled in their spare time making gallons of soup for their soldier-protectors who took it as an agreeable diversion to their unexhilarating occupation of hiding in courtyards, with the uneasy feeling that at any moment they might have to fire on their fellow-citizens. Last year—in compliance with earnest solicitations, permission having been once authoritatively refused—a procession was allowed to block the traffic of the city for a considerable part of a fine Sunday afternoon, and the soldiers were dragged out to hide in courtyards again in readiness for any eccentricity on the part of the anarchists and others who processed.

It is quite possible that such occurences do some good after all. They may for instance have done something to bring home to the mind of the Italian citizen, who happened to be doing duty the year before last as a soldier, that the occupant of a religious house is a peaceable law-abiding person who gives no trouble to anybody and is glad to be friendly, in the way of soup or in other and sometimes higher ways, while the anarchist is at best an internal nuisance. What lesson the intelligent soldier will have drawn this year it is impossible to say, because Francesco Ferrer fizzled out. He was to have had a meeting, a great and glorious commemoration, in a little square that use to be called 'Romana' but is now called after a lady who threw bombs at authority in '49. At the time appointed there was no one present at all; in the course of an hour there came something under a couple of hundred people to listen to the usual anticlerical rhodomontade and to be requested finally to go home quietly 'in order not to give the Cossacks any excuse for violence'—the epithet presumably referring to the police, who were looking on, amused, and the soldiers, who were lurking in courtyards as usual, bored. But most of these demonstrators are half-baked young hooligans who, though they may not become police, will certainly, when they arrive at the due age, become soldiers. One wonders what they will think about it then, especially if a serious disturbance were to arise and it was a case of a trumpet call and ball cartridge.

There must be a reason for the insuccess of the meeting, and it is to be found, in all probability, in the war. Your Roman will enthuse momentarily over anything, but it will not last for long; and when enthusiasm has died out serious interest evaporates too. It is one of the most maddening experiences of an outsider who takes an interest in the problems and happenings of this old city to note the rise of a discussion about something, perhaps of great importance, anyhow of considerable interest, to observe with pleasure the deep, sometimes passionate concern of Romans in the affairs of their city, and to be left floundering when the whole thing if forgotten because something else has happened along. The present ruler of Rome knows this tendency and uses it. He must laugh in his sleeve sometimes when a specially fierce outcry is going on concerning the eccentricities of his administration. He is well aware that it will fizzle out with the advent of something more interesting, and it is easy, if nothing comes along of itself, to make something happen. In July he is escorted home by a cheering crowd because he says he has solved two problems that have been worrying Rome for years. In November he announces that both the solutions have broken down; and no one says anything. Something else has cropped up meanwhile to divert attention. There is no public opinion, in fact; which simplifies government.

In some ways. But makes it more difficult in others. For an effective public opinion is replaced by sporadic outbursts of popular frenzy, which call for repressive measures out of keeping with the idea of democracy as understood by the people. Some of us who are burdened with doubts caused by inbred Conservative traditions are told that democracy has come to stay; we, the majority of us, by vote and otherwise have created it; and we are recommended to make the best of it and adapt ourselves. By all means—if what we see round us and over us is democracy; but we doubt it. We very much doubt if in any democratic country today the people rule themselves; whether the representatives they elect are ruling them, the people, in the way that they, the people, wish; whether they, on the other hand, are not being governed, and sometimes exploited, by a practically self-elected oligarchy who run things as they think best in their own interests—in the way, that is, best calculated to keep themselves in power; and we wonder if Italy, when it has added to its three million electors other five million who cannot read or write, will be any more democratic (except in name) than it is now; or will not rather be considerably less so in proportion to the ignorance and gullibility of the new possessors of votes. And as Italy so most other countries.

There used to be monarchies—dangerous things but less so than unscrupulous oligarchies working for their private ideas and aims—not aristocracies—these logically the best method of all, nor incompatible with democracy. To the first, from the recognition of divine right simple or modified; to the second, because they were aware that the aristos was the best, the people gave willing obedience. Naturally when there came along a hopeless specimen they rose and turned him out, but having a ruler their instinct was to obey. Now they are told they have no ruler; it is for them to rule themselves. And they just beginning to understand it. Superstition and ignorance are adduced to account for the happenings down at poor Verbicare, but at Segni, only thirty miles from Rome, the same thing has occurred, though not so badly. Police sent flying, hospital broken into and patients let out, and the town-hall set on fire. Just because they objected to certain sanitary precautions that the authorities had put in hand. They interfered with liberty—and equality—and fraternity. And as they, the people, were, under democracy, the rulers they proposed to rule. Not understanding as Pius X, has emphasized, quoting Leo XIII, who probably got it from one of the old Fathers in the year one or thereabouts—and I am by no means sure that a heathen philosopher had not arrived, unaided, at the pith of the principle before that time—that authority, whether it be exercised by Charles the ninety-ninth or by Billy Smith, does not originate with him but comes from above. And if you are to have good government by the people you have got to din that into them. Which is the last thing that the spouting democrat of to-day is going to do. Wherefore we doubt.

NE TEMERE

Is it not about time that the numerous editors and ecclesiastics throughout this country, who are just now harping so vehemently on the Ne Temere, would halt and look around them, and pull themselves together and see are they in earnest or do they really know what they are talking about. The Ne Temere relates only to the laws of the Church. It has nothing at all to do with the civil laws, and any other church can pass what ever laws it wishes and the Catholic Church would never interfere, but I suppose that Roman Catholics have to be the persecuted people. And cannot those same people see that day in and day out they are the very same folk who keep hammering away doing the trick. If it is not Ne Temere it is something else, Father Vaughan's sermon or some other action of the Church for the good of her people and the world at large. But they should never be done thanking those self same Roman Catholics who have the courage to make laws and the power to enforce them for the good of all mankind, of every church under Christendom, and then, O! then, what would they all do if the Roman Catholics should all be taken to heaven some day and that no one was left on earth but themselves. Then there could possibly be no Protestants for they would have nothing to protest against. But the Ne Temere is all right. Those agitators know that too and this great and terrible agitation about nothing will very soon pass away. But immediately, mind you, something very similar will be trotted on deck, to do service in the meantime, for it is simply the words of Our Blessed Lord when He said, "As they persecuted Me also will they persecute you." And we cannot say we are better than He. So we must only take those things as lightly as possible and pray continually for our persecutors who are really our greatest benefactors, for no sane person can say but that those same agitators require lots of prayers to save them after having performed so much ardent work for the soul and only benefit of the evil one.—COM.

LISZT THE CATHOLIC

The hundreth anniversary of the birth of Liszt (born Oct. 22, 1811) is being celebrated throughout the musical world by the rendition of some of his masterly works, and by a wealth of tributes to his worth as pianist and composer. Here in Boston the Symphony Orchestra devoted the rehearsal and concert of last week to a Liszt program. There was at the back of the stage a bust of the composer, upon the face of which the light so fell, says the musical critic of the Transcript, as to give it, "an expression of amused cynicism. It was as though the cloven hoof were lifting the abbe's soutane—for no churchly consecrations could purge Liszt's nature of the innate devilment that was in it."

Smart writing, but not true. Liszt had sinned long and grievously. His early companions, many of them, were not the kind that helps a man to preserve himself unsullied. And no one can condemn Liszt more than he condemns himself. But his conversion was sincere, ending after a long period of probation in the reception of minor orders in 1865, convinced as he himself said, that it would strengthen him in the right road. And he lived as an abbe an exemplary and edifying life for twenty-one years, to the time of his death. There is a letter of his, written as early as 1860 to the Princess Caroline von Sayn Wittgenstein, which may be quoted at this time to show the real Catholic feeling of the great composer. "I am writing this down on the 14th of September," he writes, "the day on which the Church celebrates the Festival of the Holy Cross. The denomination of this festival is also that of the glowing and mysterious feeling which has pierced my entire life as with a sacred wound. Yes, Jesus Christ on the Cross, a yearning longing after the Cross and the raising of the Cross—this was ever my true inner calling; I have felt it in my innermost heart ever since my seventeenth year, in which I implored with humility and tears that I might be permitted to enter the Paris Seminary; at that time I hoped it would be granted to me to live the life of the saints and perhaps to die a martyr's death. This, alas, has not happened—yet, in spite of the transgressions and errors which I have committed, and for which I feel sincere repentance and contrition, the holy light of the Cross has never been entirely withdrawn from me. At times, indeed, the refulgence of this Divine light has overflowed my entire soul. I thank God for this, and shall die with my soul fixed upon the Cross, our redemption, our highest bliss; and in acknowledgment of my belief I wish before my death to receive the holy sacraments of the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Church, and thereby to attain the forgiveness and remission of all my sins. Amen." The Transcript critic should know that there is such a thing as the grace of God, and true repentance.—Pilot.

ARCHBISHOP FALCONIO'S FAREWELL

Archbishop Falconio, who will soon be elevated to the Cardinalate as Apostolic Delegate at Washington, on Tuesday issued a valedictory to the Bishops and Archbishops of the Catholic church in the United States.

He will leave Washington on November 12 and on November 14 will sail from New York on the Kronprinzessin Cecilie. He will go directly to Rome and expects to arrive there a few days before the Consistory on November 27.

"By a letter of the 18th instant," announced the Delegate, "his eminence, Cardinal Merry del Val, informs me that his holiness, Pope Pius X, will be pleased to promote me to the high dignity of the Cardinalate on the occasion of the next Consistory, which will take place on the 27th of November."

Archbishop Falconio, saying that "my elevation to the Cardinalate will mark the end of my mission as Apostolic Delegate to the United States," expressed his highest appreciation of all the kindnesses shown him by the people of the United States during his tenure of office as representative of the Pontiff.

"In a most especial manner," reads this official letter, "my thanks are due to the American hierarchy, the luster of the Catholic church of the United States.

"I carry with me to Rome the best and most consoling proofs of the great religious and social work which is being successfully carried on in this vast republic through the earnest zeal of the bishops and the efficient co-operation of our beloved clergy and faithful people. When at Rome, under the shadow of St. Peter's, though far away from you, I shall ever remember with joy and pride this flourishing portion now so endeared to me, of Christ's divine church, and I shall constantly pray that God may shower in abundance upon you all his choicest gifts."

The letter officially promulgates the holy see's appointment of Mons Bonaventure Cerretti as charg d'affaires of the Apostolic Delegation in Washington.

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL FALCONIO

Among the three new Cardinals just raised to this exalted office in America, there goes from us one who, coming to us in his early youth, labored as an humble religious seminarian and priest among us, and who, returning to his native Italy, came back again after many years, matured in judgment, wise in counsel, rich in good works and honored because of his great worth, with the most exalted position in the Hierarchy of America, that of Apostolic Delegate to the United States. For nine years His Eminence-elect, Cardinal Diomede Falconio, as the direct representative of our Holy Father, the Pope, has labored in this country, bringing to his duties a prudence, a wisdom, a soundness of judgment and truly apostolic zeal worthy of the illustrious Pontiff who fills the chair of Peter, and suggesting ever to the people, in his Christ-like charity and truth, the thought of the Divine Master, for Whom he stood. No prelate who has ever filled the office of Apostolic Delegate to this country, ever won deeper respect and recognition and admiration from the constituted authorities in the land; none ever bore himself with greater dignity and benignity or understood more fully and thoroughly conditions in our country, the problems that must be faced and solved, and with more unerring hand pointed out the sovereign remedies. Above all, no delegate has ever more truly reached down into the very hearts and lives of our people, coming and going and moving among them, as did the Master of old, and making them realize in his every deed how he understood, in all its sublime significance, that picture drawn by his divine prototype, "Greater love than this no man hath, that he lay down his life for his friend." It was this tender sympathy for the people, this understanding of the needs of the masses, this all-felt desire to uplift and to benefit, that seemed to emanate from him where ever he went, that made His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, so truly loved and revered; and throughout this vast country, from North to South, from East to West, there was scarcely a man, woman or child who did not come to know that kindly, gentle figure in gray, who moved so freely among them, and who touched their heart-chord with his affectionate interest in them, making them feel that they had in him both father and friend. And now that he is to go from us, while they is rejoicing that His Eminence-elect has been so signally honored, there is deep down in our hearts the tear of regret that one who so fully knew and understood the polyglot American character and American needs as few could ever understand and appreciate them in this vast and varied cosmopolitan country, will be with us no more; that we are losing one who stood to us not only in the relation of chief pastor of the Church in America, but as a beacon and help in every home.

The years will come and the years will go; another Apostolic Delegate will come to America, and he in turn will be succeeded by others, but none will ever impress their memory more indelibly and more affectionately upon the hearts of our people than the illustrious and beloved representative of our Holy Father who is now going from us—His Eminence-elect, Diomede Cardinal Falconio.—New Orleans Morning Star.

BLIND PRIEST STIRS LONDON AUDIENCE

After the Rev. Bernard Vaughan, who is now beyond reach of even his most enthusiastic admirer, the most compelling and most sought preacher in London is one who seldom visits her and who therefore is more highly prized.

But on a recent Sunday the Rev. Robert Kane, S. J., of Dublin was again in London and the little church off the busy Strand where he usually preaches was crowded morning and evening to its capacity. The peculiar charm of hearing a blind man discourse about the wonders of nature and find in them an argument for the truth of God may be the first motive which brings the listener, but anyone who has heard the boyish voice of this gray bearded man describing in the language of a poet what the eye of an artist would picture, comes again for the sake of the personality which so powerfully influences those about him.

It is pathetic to see the slight, tall figure led up the aisles and to the pulpit, the noble head and refined features, with their crown of thick, dark hair just tinged with gray, the eyes which though sightless seems to be gazing beyond the congregation and retain all the brightness of sight, the dramatic gestures, and the young voice that seems still to keep the timbre it had when Father Kane lost his sight in his twenty seventh year—all these attributes seemed gathered about a rare soul, which has gained something of spirituality in its bodily loss.

For the preacher is noted not only for his eloquence but particularly for the description of phases of nature and portions of the great kingdom which his listeners see daily without gleaning half the beauty that this blind priest has treasured by recollection through so many years. Recently Father Kane preached to half Catholic London on "Tears and God," and perhaps the most exquisite and poignant sentence in a wonderful harmony of languages was the thought expressed thus: "That Word was made flesh, that God might weep."

ROME IS STILL HERE

The Catholic pursues the even tenor of his way. Be he British, Austrian, American or German, he is a loyal subject of his country, serving the State from the purest of all motives, obedience to God and that Church which teaches him that all power comes from God, and that he is to be subject thereto. In spiritual matters, let his nationality be what it may, he turns to that mother whose child he is, and who claims his allegiance, in the name of the God Who is the Saviour, not of a nation, but of the world. That Church is his anchor on life's stormy sea. She makes him and his co-religionists the wide world over "fellow-citizens with the saints." (Eph. ii. 19) And let the minions of satan rave as they will, the Catholic knows that Church will live gloriously on until time shall become merged in eternity. St. John tells us, "the world is the enemy of God." It is bound, therefore, to be the enemy of the Church.

That world will scoff and sneer at us Catholics for our obedience and talk glibly of "personal freedom," which means personal license of "intellectual independence" and "the tyranny of Rome," and so on. The world thinks wisdom is made manifest by arrogance and pride and self-assertion. Infinite truth lays down another principle, and declares, "Where wisdom is, there is humility," and bids us become as little children.

Yes Rome is still here. "Though oft doomed to death, the milk-white hind is still fated not to die."

I speak in the name of 300 000 000 of Catholics, and I can say we fear nothing, happen what will to the Church. For Christ is with her, and therefore, she cannot sink. She saw the Goth and the Hun sweep like a torrent over Europe, and she was left, and she is still with us. "They shall perish, but thou remainest; . . . the children of thy servants shall continue, and thy seed shall be directed for ever." As an humble son of Holy Church, I pay this tribute to a mother to whom I owe so much, and in no spirit of vanity do I say, that I am proud to employ my feeble pen in defense of Christ's spouse. That Church may be assailed by the world. She will always be sure of the love and fealty of her sons. We cherish her with a reverence and a love which the outside world can know nothing of. We know her solicitude and care for us, her tenderness, and her allowance for weaknesses and faults. And when the last sad hour shall come to each and all, we will turn with fondness and with love and repentant confidence to that mother who has shown us during life all the loving kindness that only a true mother can, and under her protection and fortified by her sacraments, we shall go to meet her Founder, Who has said: "He that heareth you, heareth Me, and he that despiseth you, despiseth Me." And, "Lo I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world."—Joseph P. O'Kane, in Dublin Leader.

THE MONTH OF THE HOLY SOULS

Holy souls are the dead who have died in the Lord by being prepared to meet Him, and yet not fully happy souls we must regard them, as long as they are separated from Him in the cleansing fires of purgatory, says Bishop Colton. It is for us, their friends to hasten their release by our prayers. We think much of the dead while their lifeless bodies lie before us, but with their consignement to the grave they are often quite forgotten. We recall every good thing we know about them, and praise them for it; and we crown them with flowers and unite in their last obsequies; but in most cases that is the end of it all. Is this Christian? Do not the pagans do all this and more? What says Holy Church about the Christian duty to our dead?

Basing its doctrine on the words of Holy Writ, "that it is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loose from their sins," the Church from the first ages, taught the faithful to pray for the dead, as we see by the teachings of the Fathers. If we have any faith in our own immortality we must think of those who have gone before us, and have the expectation of meeting them again in the life to come. But as we know ourselves, even the best of us, do we think we are ready to enter into the happiness of heaven immediately at our death? Or do we think, as Holy Church teaches, that there must be for many a purgation for a time, when our souls will be cleansed from the dross of this world's defilement and the remains of sin not fully atoned for, before we will be adjudged worthy to enter into the joy of our Lord." Now, if we think this for ourselves then we must think it for others, and if we would be glad to have our relatives and friends pray for us after our death and hasten our entrance into heaven, then we ourselves should pray for departed relatives and friends. But, alas, this is not the practice with many; at least they do not pray for them as often and as effectively as they might.

Of all means of propitiating the divine mercy, surely the Mass is infinitely greater than all others, since it is the offering of the Immaculate Lamb, the Son of God, in whom the Father is well pleased, and yet how few comparatively, are the Masses that the faithful have offered for their departed ones. Some few have a requiem on the funeral day; some have a few Masses said privately then or a little later; but in most cases that is the end of it; they thenceforth confine their efforts for their dead to an occasional remembrance in their prayers. This is contrary to the spirit the teaching and practice of holy Church, which is always praying for the souls in the purgatory. Every hour of the holy office, as recited by the priests the world over, every public Mass, every devotion, includes prayers for the suffering souls.

Now, what is the practice of the Church should be the practice of her children, and so she teaches them. It is not neglect, but thoughtlessness, this failure of so many in having Masses said for the dead. A failure to remember the infinite majesty and glory of God, and how nothing defiled can enter the kingdom of heaven, is the reason why the poor departed, suffering souls in purgatory are so often forgotten. How wise they act, who to provide against this forgetfulness make provision to have Masses said for themselves after they have departed this world! Nor should it go unmentioned, the good for the living that may be done by this effective service to the dead. We do not here speak of the blessings that will come to them from God, who will reward their charity for the dead as an act done for Himself, since He longs to possess those souls, but of the material help that thus will come to poor priests of God, struggling in this and still more in foreign lands, building up for God's kingdom amongst the greatest want and privation. Let us then, have Masses said, and as many and as frequently as we can, if we would really love and do for our dead all that we can. It will be the best way to help them and help ourselves to bear their loss.—Catholic Bulletin.

ANGLICANS EXCITED

RITUALIST LITERATURE DISTRIBUTED IN TORONTO

Canadian Press Despatch

Toronto, Ont., Nov. 10.—Consternation has been thrown into the evangelical camp of the church of England in Toronto by the gratuitous distribution of a quantity of "high church" literature among the members of the synod. This literature is in the form of a pamphlet entitled "Manuals for the Million," and it deals with the meaning of ritual of the Real Presence and the Holy Sacrifice.

It is from the pen of Rev. Paul B. Bull, M. A., of the Community of the Resurrection, Mirfield, Yorkshire. Author Bull has been in Toronto, and it is understood that he intends returning here. The evangelical branch of the Church of England sees in this propaganda a continuation of the missions conducted here by the Mirfield fathers during the last Lenten season.

A prefactory note to the pamphlet states that it was one of a number written in the hope that they might "do something to restore the holy Eucharist to its proper place in our church's worship."

"Belief in the Real Presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament of His Body and Blood," continues the preface "is closely allied to a right belief in the Incarnation. Those who have abandoned the one have often lost the other. Belief in the Real Presence is an abiding protest against materialism, and mere rationalism, for it unceasingly proclaims the supernatural in these holy mysteries."

"Sometimes people sneer at ritual, as 'bowing and scraping,' and 'man millinery' and 'effeminate.' But the time spent on ritual of divine worship in a good church is nothing to the time spent on ritual in the army and navy. When men say that ritual is unmanly, the fact of life contradict them absolutely. The Freemasons have a most elaborate ceremonial. The Oddfellows and other friendly societies wear bright colored sashes and stole and apron and carry splendid banners."

EXTRAVAGANT BURIALS

The month of November when one's thoughts are with the dead is a fitting time to consider the matter of funerals. It is something concerning which many of our people have long been unreasonable. It is due no doubt in most cases to the deep love which the surviving friends have for the departed. Respect for the dead body is one of our Christian heritages. The Church makes the burial of the dead a corporal work of mercy; she reverences it, she consecrates with beautiful prayers the "God's Acre" which is set apart for the tender keeping of the bodies of the just until the trumpet of the Resurrection is sounded: hence, too, her opposition to cremation. But while a fitting respect is due the corpse of a loved one, exaggerated honor is reprehensible. Rarely now does one see a funeral without a carriage overflowing with flowers leading the sad procession, sprays and bouquets, inartistic pillows and crescents, standing wreaths and gates ajar, a meaningless and vulgar display. Friends of the family are expected to send flowers, the family itself feels obliged to have set pieces appropriately marked. It is now so commercial a thing that the dead body is hardly cold before an agent arrives to show his samples of floral pieces and to ask for an order from the bereaved family; and as experience has shown, sometimes the poor old man or woman who has a load of flowers and a grand funeral received in life but little kindness from ungrateful children. Recently a move has been made in the right direction, and it is common enough in funeral notices to read the request no flowers be sent. The dead need no flowers; they need prayers and Communions and Masses and alms to the poor in their name. It is to be hoped that the opposition to floral displays at funerals will become universal. And so all along the line. Extravagant prices for caskets, funeral expenses in general, sometimes saddle families with debt and cripple them for years. Let the burial be decent and leave vulgar display to barbarians.—Pilot.

A PROTESTANT WITNESS

In the October Atlantic the Rev. George Parkin Atwater, an Episcopal clergyman of Akron, Ohio, instead of echoing the often-heard lament over the lack of men in the ministry, maintains, on the contrary, that the "ministry is an overcrowded profession." "With due allowance," he says, "for an exceptional condition here and there, every community has more ministers than it needs for the proper spiritual development of the people." Pleading earnestly for the union of churches, he shows how "the Christian forces by divisions and subdivisions are becoming the source of vast woe and distress to themselves. It is not too much to say that the principle of sub-division into sects is destructive of Christianity. It subverts authority and it weakens faith." From a Protestant minister these are strong words, but they are no less true than those he writes not long after, as he regards admiringly the example of effective administration afforded by Roman Catholics. "In cities where they equal in number the other Christians they have fewer churches," he attests, "and fewer priests. And the churches are filled, because the Roman Catholics have preserved the principle of authority, which the denominational system has entirely broken down." Doubtless. But the diluted Christianity that would necessarily result from the union of those ten Protestant sects would hardly give birth to the principle of authority that is so desirable.—America.

Modern and Modernistic

A ridiculous blunder is made by our secular press when they rail at the Pope for his condemnation of Modernism. They take it for granted—it would be entirely superfluous to make an investigation—that the Pope is antagonistic to all modern progress. And this rash judgment is perpetrated against the representative of the Papacy, which, according to the judgment of all fair historians, has exercised the greatest dynamic influence towards the uplifting of humanity.

As a matter of fact, Modernism is the appellation of a system of philosophic vagaries, which sap the very foundations of Christianity. Hence, all those who are loyal to Jesus Christ and His work ought to congratulate the Holy Father on his decided stand against Modernism, just as even non-Catholics hailed the solemn utterance of Leo XIII. on the inspiration of the bible.

We live in an age of confusion, but one thing is sure, viz: that the Holy Father is a vigilant watchman on the high tower on which Divine Providence has placed him, and fearless to sound the trumpet of alarm, when enemies try secretly to demolish the fortress of truth.—Southern Guardian.

He who knows only how to enjoy, and not to endure, is ill-fitted to go down the stream of life through such a world as this.—Henry Van Dyke.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The Duke of Norfolk has given the Catholic School association of England the sum of 1,500 000 towards increasing the number of Catholic schools in that country.

A three days' spiritual retreat for the Chicago Knights of Columbus was held this week. In order to accommodate all, five churches in different parts of the city were used for the retreat and several prominent missionaries assisted in conducting the retreats.

Bishop Tohill, of Down and Connor, Ireland, recently dedicated the Church of St. Teresa, Hannahstown, Belfast, which has been built and equipped at a cost of $150 000 by Miss Hannah Hamill and her sister Miss Teresa Hamill, whose family for generations have been associated with the maintenance of the Catholic faith in the district.

A record seldom equalled by teachers is the case of Brother Stephen, Xaverian Brother, who died recently at St. Xavier's College, Louisville, after completing a period of sixty-three years in the Congregation, and active member until a few weeks ago, when the illness of which he died compelled him to give up his duties as professor of languages as well as secretary in the College.

In Germany spiritual retreats are held for recruits or young soldiers. The idea was put forward in 1905 by Lieutenant-Colonel D. E. Hasse who during his long military career had seen the great dangers to which young soldiers are exposed in the barracks unless they get a direct and special preparation for the new life and new conditions into which they are suddenly thrown.

Right Rev. Peter Verdagner, D. D., who for the last twenty-one years has filled with such ability and distinction the exalted office of Vicar Apostolic of the important missionary diocese of Brownsville, Texas, died suddenly. He was ordained to the holy priesthood in his native land and, fired with missionary zeal, he came to the United States and began his labors in the Spanish missions of California.

Perhaps the largest class of non-Catholics that has ever collected for instructions in Wisconsin, is being conducted at St. Patrick's Church, Eau Claire. It numbers forty-two, consisting of men and women from many different Protestant denominations. The instructions are given by the Rev. A. B. C. Dunne, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, on three evenings a week.

The dedication of the memorial to the Jesuit priests who came as missionaries to the Indians of Western and Central New York in the middle of the seventeenth century, took place recently at Great Gully Brook, near Farley's Point on Cayuga Lake. The memorial is in the form of a concrete cross erected upon a substantial pedestal, upon the face of which is a bronze tablet.

The Vaughan family of England, one of whose members is now on a visit to the United States, is a remarkable family. Father Bernard Vaughan is a Jesuit. His mother a remarkable woman and faithful convert, had fourteen children. One died in infancy; six sons became priests and all the daughters, five in number, became nuns. One of the sons was the famous Cardinal Vaughan.

Miss Frances P. Potts, daughter of Rear Admiral Robert Potts (retired), entered upon her novitiate in the Carmelite convent, Caroline and Biddle streets, Baltimore, on Nov. 1st. She is the third daughter of the Admiral to enter a religious order. Miss Marie Potts, the eldest of the trio of sisters who have taken the veil, founded a convent in Manila, and the second sister entered a Carmelite convent in Philadelphia.

Father Patrick Murphy, assistant at St. Thomas, Aquinas Church, New York, was struck and probably fatally injured by a trolley car on Lexington avenue on the 10th instant. As the priest lay unconscious from a fractured skull under the glare of an arc lamp, four Dominican fathers summoned from a near-by parish house, and dressed in their white robes, administered extreme unction, while a silent crowd watched the unusual and impressive scene.

Rev. Joseph Wuest, of St. Mary's Church has started a mission for the colored Catholics in Detroit. There are about 12,000 of that race in Detroit and of these quite a number belong to the Catholic Church. At the first meeting a church committee was formed and an Altar Society organized. On September 3, the first Mass for the exclusive benefit of the colored Catholics was celebrated by Father Wuest.

On receiving news of the terrible disaster to the French navy, the Holy Father sent the following telegram to Mons. Guilibert, Bishop of Frejus: "The Holy Father, deeply afflicted by the catastrophe which has struck France and her glorious navy, expresses all the sympathy of his paternal heart, and offers to God his most fervent prayers for the victims, the stricken families and the nation."

Rt. Rev. Bishop McSherry of Port Elizabeth, South Africa, who attended the Eucharistic Congress, said that Italy will gain nothing in its war with Turkey. The Bishop is thoroughly familiar with the war zone, though his diocese is in the extreme southeastern section of Africa. "The country being contested for is nothing but a desert," he said, "as arid as the Sahara. Not only will it be a great expense for Italy, but it will also cost thousands of lives, since the Turk will carry on a guerilla warfare indefinitely. Ultimately Italy will have to carry on the war for years, and in the end it will not be worth while."