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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The Bravest Battle

A Study for the New Woman

The bravest battle that ever was fought;
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with a cannon or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought,
From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part—
Lo! there is that battlefield.

No marshalling troops, no bivouac song;
No banner to gleam and wave;
But O! these battles they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave!
Yet, faithful still as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up-town—
Fights on and on in the endless wars.
Then silent, unseen—goes down.

O, ye with banner and battle shot,
And soldiers to shout and praise,
I tell you the kingliest victories fought
Were fought in these silent ways.

O, spotless woman in world of shame!
With splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God as white as you came,
The kingliest warrior born.

—Joaquin Miller

CARDINAL GIBBONS JUBILEE

31,000 MARCH IN CARDINAL'S HONOR

Baltimore, March 17.—The uplifted hands of 31,000 marchers saluted Cardinal Gibbons yesterday afternoon as they passed the Cathedral in one of the greatest religious processions ever witnessed in America. Lining the three miles of the route were nearly 100,000 persons, drawn from every creed, as they came from every part of the city.

Starting in the bright sunlight of an autumn afternoon, the far-reaching files swung onward into the dusk. When the street lamps blazed forth with the approach of night the Cardinal saw still more thousands pass to do him honor. Heading the long line of citizens who laid aside private duties to act as aids was General James R. Wheeler, grand marshall, in black frock coat and silk hat.

Members of the Holy Name Society from many states marched in one division, then came marchers from many Catholic parishes in Washington, and following them an outpouring from every parish, large and small, in Baltimore city and county.

Surrounded by distinguished prelates, who have graced the other ceremonies of his dual celebration, the Cardinal sat or stood at the head of the Cathedral steps constantly acknowledging the salutes of the thousands who passed him, and while fatigue by the strain of the two hours of constant watching, he remained to the end.

The day had faded, the air had taken on its night-time chill, yet still the marching men went by. A man who stood near the Cardinal leaned over and asked. "Doesn't this make you feel proud of your people?"

The Cardinal turned. The fitful light of the single lamp over the Cathedral door illumined his face. His eyes shone with pleasure, and his tired face was wreathed in smiles.

"Oh, indeed, it does!" he said. "Such loyalty, such devotion! It is hard for me to comprehend it, but I love them all for it, every single one."

Archbishop Falconio, the Apostolic Delegate, and Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, sat to the left and right of the Cardinal. Behind the Cardinal was a little group of his relatives.

In almost every delegation the Cardinal saw something to give him delight. A striking feature was the double escort of girls. In the first company were twenty-five young girls, symbolical of the Cardinal's silver jubilee. They were dressed in white, with silver sashes and wreathes of silver oak leaves in their hair. Back of them were the golden jubilee girls 50 in number. They were likewise dressed in white. There sashes were of gold, however, and golden oak leaves composed their wreaths. Washington sent 2600 paraders, every man of whom carried an American flag on the end of a cane. A triumphant march was that of the three Polish parishes—Holy Rosary St. Stanislaus' and St. Casimir's.

Perhaps nothing tickled the crowd more than two little girls from Holy Rosary parish, who marched at the head of that delegation. One was dressed in green and carried Erin's flag, while the other wore the garments of Miss Poland. The two walked arm in arm, while the crowd, which caught the spirit of the compliment to the Cardinal, cheered heartily.

Dressed in red, white and blue, with stars upon the hats of a number of the children, a living American flag walked through the streets in St. Stanislaus' delegation, an inspiration to the patriotism of the throng. Behind came children forming the Papal flag, to be followed closely by a living, healthy Polish flag.

One of the things that touched the Cardinal was the inscription, "He's our Cardinal, too," which appeared on banners carried by the delegations from the Colored churches. As the delegation from St. Barnabas' Church passed Sammy Williams, a little colored chap of about six years, left the line and ran up to the Cardinal with a huge bunch of scarlet carnations, which he handed to the Cardinal. The Cardinal thanked him, patted him on his head and as the little fellow knelt gave him his blessing. It was dark by this time, but all who saw the incident cheered.

ARCHBISHOP GLENNON'S SERMON

As a prelude to his sermon, Most Rev. John J. Glennon, D. D., Archbishop of St. Louis, read the affectionate letter sent to the Cardinal by Pope Pius X., the text of which has already appeared in The Catholic Standard and Times. The Archbishop spoke, in part, as follows:

"We meet to day in the presence of purple to recite a golden story of fifty years. We meet to greet one who has walked through these fifty priestly years, his feet shod with the gospel of peace, his alb of stainless white and the chasuble of priestly deeds like a mantel of charity around him. We pause to felicitate the one who comes from out these fifty years a priest then, a priest still, and added thereto as these years passed by the crozier of America's primatial see, and later still the robe of a Cardinal Prince of the Church Universal. And as priest and Bishop and Cardinal we salute the jubilarian of today.

"These fifty years, the latest in our world's story, may by the historians of the future be regarded in the same impartial way, with the same lack of enthusiasm as the cycles and centuries that precede them; they will read in them the record of the battles, and sieges, and fortunes that have been lost and won; they will tell of wars alarms and battles' desolation; they will tell of the evolutions and revolutions, of the rise of parties and their fall, of the struggle for race domination and the struggle of life individual, of the schools of thought that became popular, the new theologies that arose, of national unrest and the fall of dynasties, the growth of democracies.

"And he who reads these things in that spirit in which they may be written will say that the world history of these fifty years does little more than reproduce the history of earlier times, but adds one more link, not unlike the others, in the chain of history.

"THE LIVING PRESENT"

"But we who are closer, who have been a part of those years, may scarcely dismiss them as the historian would. They have more meaning for us; they have been for us the living present, nor as yet can we lay them away among the dead past. The men and the movements of these fifty years are the men and movements that we have known, and while many facts are 'accomplished facts,' many still are moving onward to seek completion in the future.

"Fifty years ago the country round about here echoed to the tramp of marching men, men who were armed, who though brothers, were moved by an impelling power apparently beyond their control to that strife so fatal, where brave men fell fighting, killed by their brethren; and in the land anguished because its best and bravest rushed to the strife unnatural. After our Civil War was ended there arises before us in other lands the blood-red cloud of war. French and Prussian, and Turk and Russian and Jap each in turn responded to the call of duty as he saw it, resolved to sustain national honor when he believed it assailed or to obtain national expansion, though thereby he must inflict a wound on the integrity of others. As in logic with two contradictories, so in war both could not be right, though in charity we may concede that they thought they were.

"These fifty years record many wars, and, unfortunately, even now, at their close, preparations for future wars are made with an ever-growing intensity; yet from out the heart of our race, from out the soul of our Church come the voice and the prayer that wars shall cease that the song of the Christmas of long ago, announcing peace on earth, may find its fulfillment; that the reign of the Prince of Peace shall be established.

"In the defense of social order; in the promotion of human right; in the supreme effort to maintain the social fabric and the institution of our beloved country no voice in all the broad land is to-day as potent, no personality so influential as that of our beloved Cardinal.

UNIQUE IN WORLD HISTORY

"Indeed, the position of Cardinal Gibbons is unique not alone in Church history, but in world history as well. There have been great Cardinals in the centuries that are gone—Wolsey, Richelieu—but the opportunity of their greatness arose in part at least from the union of Church and State that then existed, and history tells us that they served their king with far more zeal than they served their God. We have had great Cardinals in modern times—Wiseman, Manning, Newman—and again in part their greatness came from the nobler defense they made of a Church that was persecuted.

"We may not deny their greatness, their learning, their consecration, but, unlike any one member of either group, our Cardinal stands with the same devotion to his country as Richelieu had for France, cultivating a citizenship as unstained as Newman, and, while reaching out to a broader democracy than even Cardinal Manning, he still remains pre-eminent in his unquestioned devotion to Holy Church.

"And so, my friends, you have before you some of the titles His Eminence has to our respect and reverence, so many reasons why you should thank God 'Jubilate Deo' that He so blessed His servant and thereby blessed us all.

A KINDLY GENTLE MAN

"Priest, Bishop, Cardinal, philosopher, lawgiver, chancellor, yes, and let us not omit through all these high-sounding titles that other—the first we notice, the last we may forget—

"For he is gracious if he be observed:
He hath a tear for pity and a hand
Open as day for meting charity.

"Yes, Cardinal Gibbons is a kindly, gentle man.

"But I must conclude. Were I to continue, there is the danger that enthusiasm might betray me to flatter where my purpose has been solely to tell the truth. Already I hear the protest of our jubilarian, the 'Non Nobis, of his humility. I hear him repeat with St. Paul: 'Therefore neither he that planteth is anything, nor he that watereth, but God that giveth the increase.'

"SHADOWS COME FROM WEST"

"Fifty years ago you went up to the altar a priest, then gentle and brave—a priest gentle and brave at its close. May many years still be given you to be Christ's minister, His servant! May many years still be yours wisely to counsel and to guide us. We may not speak of sunset. Our hope and prayer is that yours is still far out in the west.

"Yet we cannot help remembering, and occasions such as these are certain reminders of the journey we all have entered on and whither the journey tends. The shadows come from the west, though its sky be crimson and gold, yet the shadows come; they fall across our jubilee days. And yet again what can they have of sinister meaning where the one who journeys bears still in his hands the white flower of his priestly consecration, a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedeck?

"Naught, indeed, except trusting still, praying still, working still, our trust shall be in God and our prayer the cadenced prayer to the Great High Priest above which Cardinal Newman spoke. May He support us all the day long, till the shadows lengthen, and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done. Then in His mercy may He give us a safe lodging and a holy rest and peace at last."

THE CORRUPT IMPORTED PRESS

Dublin Leader, Oct. 14

"The most religious people in the world, the most submissive to authority, if they only read bad newspapers, will, at the end of thirty years, become a nation of unbelievers and rebels. Humanly speaking, no preaching can hold its own against a corrupt Press." These words of Cardinal Pie, words of ominous warning, will, let us hope, cause many readers to seek earnestly for the most efficient means of counteracting the influence of the undesirable products of the British press.

Without a doubt this influence is considerable. Apart from those whose views on grave questions of morality have been warped by the teachings of journals of a certain type, which have a large circulation in Ireland, most of us have met men whose opinions on current affairs are evidently dictated by papers antagonistic to the Church. As an example of the way the poison is introduced which has had such disastrous results in France, Italy and Portugal, the leader recently, in a trenchant paragraph, referred to an article in the Irish Times, in which Braga and the other ruffians who have persecuted the Church and expelled the Religious Orders from Portugal were acclaimed as men of the highest ideals. Have we not many of us met men who have imbibed a little of that poison? There are many practising Catholics who base their opinions upon every-day affairs solely upon the information and criticism of the Irish Times and the various English Reviews, These are the papers which are forming and moulding those opinions and sentiments upon which their future actions will be based. These are the people who tell us of the intolerable avarice of the Irish clergy and who give us vivid descriptions of the methods pursued by the Religious Orders in their insatiable thirst for wealth. We meet people who gravely assure us that a Protestant *per se* is a better business man than a Catholic; that that portion of Ulster in which Protestants are in a majority is the most prosperous part of Ireland because of its Protestant population; and that the countries of Europe which have accepted the Protestant Reformation are the most progressive. These men being completely out of touch with the Catholic press unconsciously accept the boasts of the anti-Catholic papers which they read as gospel truth.

But the fact that the man who confines his reading to journals which are antagonistic to the Church becomes what the Irish Times calls "an educated Roman Catholic" and what the Leader aptly describes as "a tame Catholic" is comparatively a minor result. For graver effects ensue is the case of those who constantly peruse the English weeklies. Some of us may have heard Catholics give expression to views on marriage which are to be found in papers of a certain type, but not in the Maynooth Catechism. Let others deal with that most serious aspect of the subject. I merely wish to emphasise the fact that the Catholic who confines his reading to the anti-Catholic press rapidly acquires the qualities and characteristics peculiar to the "tame Catholic." The phenomenal social apathy which infects so many of us Dublin Catholics may be chiefly attributed to the fact that we do not keep in touch with one another and with our fellow-Catholics in other parts by reading the Catholic press.

Do you think the Irish times has much influence upon a reader of the Leader? Does the man who reads John Ball and similar papers incur much danger if he regularly reads a paper like the Catholic Times? (N. B.—I mention the Leader and the Catholic Times as the two papers typical of the best Catholic journalism. Both are intensely liberal and democratic.) Will you not agree that the man who sees week by week the shallowness and hyprocrisy of the Irish Times exposed in the columns of the Leader will probably give up reading the Irish Times altogether? Is it not likely that readers of a paper like the Catholic Times will reject the journals that preach the disgusting materialism to be found in the English Weeklies? This is the point I wish to make as concisely as possible, viz.:—that if we can induce every Catholic family to take at least one Catholic journal each week we destroy the corrupt influence of the anti-Catholic press, and in all probability seriously diminish its circulation.

It is the Sunday papers that we must first attack. Let us consider why it is that various English Sunday papers have such a large circulation in Ireland. Sunday is a dull day with most of us. When we have fulfilled our religious duties and eaten our dinner there still remains a long period of leisure, apart from the time occupied by evening devotions. This leisure tends to hang heavily on our hands. We have not time for reading much during the week; the perusal of the morning and evening papers accounts for nearly all of our spare moments. But on Sunday we must read if we are to get through the day at all. Then, too, we must keep in touch with the times; we must know what other people are saying and thinking. And so we buy the papers that everybody buys and that are sold everywhere. The doctor, the bank manager, the lawyer, the shopkeeper, the clerk, and the artisan, we all buy the papers that are sold at the church gate and in every street. We are not particularly interested in the fact that another Gaiety girl has married a peer; nor are we anxious to learn exactly how a Birmingham carter accounted for the lives of his wife and four children, and then cut his own throat. But the problems that every thinking man must nowadays tackle are discussed in these papers. So I buy one of them, you take another, and he gets a third.

Let it be clearly understood that the huge circulation in Ireland enjoyed by journals of the type I have mentioned is largely due to the fact that they are pushed and boomed as efficiently as Beecham's Pills. We feel we want something to read on Sundays, and these papers are literally put into our hands to supply that want. The newsboys are crying them on the streets and the bills of contents are exhibited outside almost every newspaper shop. We have heard, perhaps, that there are Catholic papers, but we don't bother to look for them. It is a common notion that any writing which treats of religious matters is more or less dull. Captain Ignatius only resigned himself to reading the lives of the saints when he could get nothing else.

Can we say that if most of the Catholics who now read the English Sunday papers were aware of the reading matter to be found in the various journals which represent the Catholic press in Ireland and Great Britain to-day they would prefer to substitute a paper like the Leader or the Catholic Times for the journal they have hitherto purchased? I think if we know our fellow Catholics we can confidently say so. Let us realize that in the Catholic press "we have got a good thing," and that our task is to introduce it to every reading Catholic. This can be done, and it is the laymen who can do it. Next week, with the permission of the Editor, I propose to suggest how we can increase the circulation of Catholic journals. If we are in earnest we can destroy the influence of the corrupt press within a year.

T. J. F.

METHODIST UNITY

At the Ecumenical Methodist Conference which was in session recently at Toronto, Canada, the Rev. T. H. Lewis, of Westminster, Md., who is President of the General Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church, made an urgent plea for a union of American Methodist into one body. He stated his position in favor of such a union thus. "We are keeping ourselves back from the greatest opportunity ever offered us by the most unnecessary and inexcusable hindrance ever tolerated. If a census of opinion could be taken as to what one circumstance would do most to promote world-wide evangelism among the Methodists themselves, enlist most missionaries and start a missionary crusade that would set the Methodist world aflame with a new zeal and hope, I believe an overwhelming majority of all our people would say: 'It is the union of American Methodists into one body.' We have seventeen different names for Methodists in America, and consequently about as many different missionary campaigns. In the field we compete with each other, duplicate each other's efforts and confuse those trying to serve." Bishop E. E. Hess of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, expressed his dissent. "When you get too big a church it suffers from its own obesity," he said:

The earnest plea of Mr. Lewis for unity coupled with the unpleasant substantive employed by the Methodist Bishop in describing the Church is but surface indication of the underlying difficulties which must be met and overcome before the multyplying divisions of Methodists can ever be formed into an organic body.

If Methodism has split into seventeen separate units in this country, this is due not only to the lack of any cohesive force which would hold its adherents together, but because, like Protestants in general, the principle of private judgment applied to essentials is running to its logical consequences. The principle of authority, on the other hand, is as essential to the Church as it is to the State. Without it Catholicity could never boast of its unrivaled unity nor present, as it does, an unbroken front to its assailants. When Methodists submit to authority, they may hope for unity, but in this case they will cease to be Methodists. A body in which the ravages of decomposition are visible may be held together by the embalming process, but such treatment arrests only for a time the progress of decay.—America.

TOLERANCE OF THE IRISH CATHOLIC CLERGY

A Protestant Irishman, Mr. Richard Jones, Justice of the Peace and member of the Dublin City Council, testifies as follows on Irish Catholic toleration:

"I cannot too strongly deprecate the attempt now being made to alarm the British electorate on the score that religious intolerance would be exercised by the Catholics in Ireland as a consequence of Home Rule. My personal experience, and the experience, of a lifetime spent in intimate association with my Catholic fellow countrymen in all parts of Ireland, convince me that such a fear is absolutely groundless. I represented for nine years in the Corporation (City Council) of Dublin the largest ward in the city, the electorate of which exceeded six thousand voters more than four-fifths of whom were Catholics.

"In all my life I have never known in Ireland a case where a Protestant suffered any disability, loss or inconvenience on account of his religion.

"I should like to add—It is my sincere conviction that the greatest safeguard which Protestants will have under a system of Home Rule in Ireland will be the clergy of the Catholic Church. In no other country in Europe is the relation between (Catholic) clergy and laity so close and so strong as it exists in Ireland; nor can one find a body of men so intensely devoted to their own Faith, and, at the same time, so kindly disposed and gently tolerant towards those who differ from them in religious belief."

Testimony to the same effect has been received from hundreds of respectable Protestants in Ireland and printed in pamphlet form for the information of the British electorate against the Ulster Orange anti-Home Rule campaign in Great Britain.—Freeman's Journal.

A VILE SHEET

HAS A BROTHER IN TORONTO

St. Paul Catholic Bulletin

Some time ago we received from one of our subscribers a copy of the Menace a bigotedly anti-Catholic publication, whose purpose is to vilify the Catholic Church and slander her priesthood. We take it for granted that this vile sheet has no circulation among Catholics; and certainly no intelligent non-Catholic would read it. Now and again, however, it is sent into Catholic homes by those who are ever ready to disseminate such literature to fan the flames of bigotry. A glance at its contents should suffice to disgust any self-respecting person no matter what his religious convictions may be.

In a recent issue of The Bellman, Minneapolis, the editor, who is a Protestant, administers a severe castigation to the Menace and rebukes the bigotry of which it is the exponent in the following passages:

"The newspaper is called The Menace, and it is well named. It is indeed a menace; a menace to Christianity, to Protestantism and to common decency. Typographically it is a wretched and mangy looking sheet which is intrinsically dear at its subscription price of 50cts. a year. It claims a circulation of twenty thousand and a decent Protestant who has proper respect for his own creed ought to blush with shame to think that there are that number of his fellows who would consent to admit such a publication to their homes.

"Its columns are filled with abuse of the Catholic Church and its priests, and illustrated by coarse cartoons which insult and jeer at those things which the Catholic holds in reverence and respect. Bigotry, narrow-mindedness, prejudice, hatred and malice, the most monstrous and sensational allegations and the most loathsome insinuations find their place in its pages, while its editor prefixes reverend to his name.

"The excuse for this horrible misuse of honest type and clean paper is that 'temporal power is a public menace' and the public school 'is the antidote for papal poison.' The Bellman is indebted to an anonymous sender for acquainting him with the fact that such a publication exists, otherwise he would have remained in the belief that enlightenment, religious intolerance and Christian brotherhood had made such progress in America during the last fifty years that even such a flimsy and sickening medium for frenzied religious fanaticism as The Menace would find it impossible to live.

"Half a century ago, hysterical bigotry among the illiterate and narrow-minded of America might have been successfully appealed to in response to a partisan cry which had as its basis the danger to the state from temporal power, but partisan religious intolerance has been driven to its obscure caves by the spread of education and the growth of a noble spirit of the broad Christianity which is willing to concede to each the right to worship God in his own way and according to his own creed.

"Intelligent Americans can no longer be thrown into a panic of fear lest the Roman Pontiff should exercise autocratic influence over this country or seek to interfere with the liberties of the people. Such talk is wicked nonsense, designed only to spread the spirit of religious strife, which, thank heaven, this country has long outgrown. He who seeks to disseminate the evil seeds of hate and distrust among religious bodies may possibly imagine he is doing the work of Him Whom he pretends to serve, but in fact he is merely gratifying his own depraved instincts and serving the cause of satan.

The fair and open mind of the American refuses to consider the frenzied argument of the religious bigot who would stir him to strife with his brother over theoretical dangers and accepts only the evidence of his own eyes. He judges the Catholic Church by what it has done and is doing daily in this country and not by the partisan outpourings of its enemies.

"In deeds of charity and mercy, in the care of the poor and the sick, in the ministrations of hope to the despairing, in restraint over wickedness, in opposing vice, its priests labor daily with diligence, and the Catholic citizen is as true to his country and as faithful to its institutions as his Protestant brother."

AN EXPERIENCE OF MINE

By Rev. Richard W. Alexander

Is there a truism more true than the fact that we get weary of well-doing as of everything else? As life goes on we find out its inexorable weariness, and unless the Master sustain us we fall by the wayside! Even in our missionary life we know it is His sustaining Hand that gives success to the efforts we make, and often He confounds us by making use of the weakest means, to humble yur self-sufficiency.

So said an experienced and devoted missionary to me one day: a man as learned as he was holy, and his words impressed me deeply. He went on further:

"I remember I was preaching a mission one autumn in a small town. I had only one assistant. He was a delicate, sickly man (since dead), who by right should have been retired, but his burning zeal refused to believe he could work no longer, and as I was robust and strong, I was willing to bear the brunt of the work, and relieve him of all the hardships, and in my conceit I supposed mine would be the greater fruit.

"One morning my assistant looked more ill than usual. He was ghastly pale, with two hectics spots on his cheekbones, and seemed scarcely able after Mass to drag himself from the sacristy to swallow a cup of coffee. He went to his room to lie down at once, for he was to give the 8 o'clock instruction. I asked him if he felt able for it, and he replied: 'Oh, yes; he had often felt worse.'

"At the proper time he crawled down stairs, and appeared on the platform erected in the church.

"He gave a solid practical sermon, but it was evident he was making a great effort, and I saw him wipe his brow several times with his handkerchief, an unfailing sign of his physical weakness. He was obliged also to shorten the time allotted to the eight o'clock instruction and no sooner was it over than he hurried to his room to lie down for a short time. He met me on the way and said in a grieving voice:

"'Oh, Father, what a useless 'assistant' I am! Here I was obliged to cut short the shortest of the sermons. I felt so weak, and dizzy; once I had to stop long enough to beg God secretly to help me through. Oh, what a pitiful excuse of a helper I am!" And the poor man shook his head despairingly.

"'Don't be distressed, Father,' I said, thinking of my own robust health, and with a secret pleasure that I could talk for two hours without fatigue, 'the Lord accepts the good will every time. Go and rest awhile. Confessions won't begin till 10 o'clock. He left me with a sigh. He had done his best, and it amounted, so he thought to nothing but failure. But God chooses the weak to confound the strong, as I soon found out.

"That afternoon a gentleman called and asked to see the missionary who gave the 8 o'clock instruction that day. My assistant, when he heard it, said there must be a mistake; the instruction was too short and unimpressive to bring any one to the rectory. However, he went down to the reception room. As soon as he entered the gentleman arose and greeted him. He was an educated man of fine presence.

"'Father,' he said, 'I am so glad you have come down. You have attracted me every time you spoke, and this morning was the climax. I am a great sinner. I have not been to my duty for thirty-five years. I have never had peace of soul, but when my conscience goaded me unbearably, I went from one church to another wherever a mission was held in hopes that my heart would be touched by some sermon. But never in all these years have I met the man God intended to convert me until I heard you; and this morning when I listened to your inspiring words—when I saw you pale and weak, uttering those fiery denunciations of the procrastinating sinner, your whole heart in your words, I felt I must speak to you, and ask you to hear my confession!' Thus he spoke to my sickly assistant—the man whose voice scarcely carried half down the church. He was the only one in the congregation the pastor had specially mentioned he hoped would profit by the mission, and God had given this man's soul to my broken-down assistant.

"Need I say, he went to confession, and received Holy Communion with wonderful fervor! He attended every sermon during the mission, and the edification he gave to the people of the parish was stimulating.

"He visited my assistant every day, and never seemed to tire of his advice or his presence.

"I need not say the consolation he gave to him, and the lesson that was given to me, were both marked down in the record of that mission, and, no doubt, to many that will read this the fulness of God's promise will rise to strengthen the weak and to make the strong realize that no matter what may be the labor, God alone giveth the increase.

When you find you have made a mistake, do not despond; even mistakes contribute to our welfare.

Our Cardinal

By the Bentztown Bard

Ours the man, the prelate theirs;
Ours the friend who daily shares
In our life of come and go
Equal measure of our woe,
Of our grief and of our cheer,
Always noble, always near—
Ours the man, the citizen,
Loved by all his fellowmen!

Ours the man, the churchman theirs;
Ours the helper mid our cares
Of civic growth, to guard the health
Of city and of Commonwealth;
To lead, to guide, to light and clasp
Unto his heart with friendship grasp—
Ours the man, the neighbor-heart,
So good, so true in every part!

Ours the man, the scholar theirs;
Ours the human side, that bears
Half the burden, half the zeal
Of the tasks that help us feel
In one common bond of men
Led by such a citizen—
Ours the man, the face so sweet,
The smile that lights the toil-thronged street

Ours the man, the stoic theirs;
Ours the tested faith that wears
Firm in friendship through the years,
Casting creeds aside, and schism,
For the fine, the true baptism
Of the laboring heart and mind
Firm in sunshine or in tears
And forever being kind?

Ours the man, the primate theirs;
Ours the smiling face he spares
For his townsmen, who above
All his excellence class his love,
And return it, glad and free,
With accordant will and glee—
Ours the man, who day by day
Lives our life and lights our way!

Ours the man, the pastor theirs;
Ours the noble heart that dares
Just be simple in his town,
As that made itself a crown
Lordlier, even, than the one
He hath donned for Christ, the son—
Ours the man, among all men
The loved and loving citizen!

Ours the man, the pontiff theirs;
Ours the gentle friend and true,
That the love of childhood shares
With the throng called me and you;
Patient, simple, frail and sweet,
Just a neighbor in the street—
Ours the man, so kindly great,
So kingly in his priestly state!

CATHOLIC NOTES

Scotland is the next country to have its National Catholic Congress, being fired by the example of England and the descriptions of the recent Newcastle Congress brought back by Bishop Chisholm of Aberdeen.

Max Pemberton, the popular novelist, is an English Catholic. Not long ago he moved from London to an old hall down in Norfolk, where he now lives nearly all the year, and where he does practically all his writing.

Rt. Rev. Augustine Van de Vyver, for the past twenty-two years Bishop of the Richmond Diocese died in Richmond, Va., at the age of sixty-six years. Bishop Van de Vyver recently returned from a visit to his sister in Belgium.

Most encouraging reports of the work being done by the Catholic University of America were presented to the board of trustees at the recent meeting. This year's enrollment is larger than that of any previous year, and progress was reported in other directions.

The Knights of Columbus are capable of doing big things. They undertook to raise $500,000 for the Catholic University. Under the energetic leadership of Brother Edward H. Doyle of Detroit, $477,000 of this fund has been subscribed up to date, and $304,447 paid in. "The K. of C.," remarks the Catholic Citizen, "has built itself a worthy monument."

Perhaps the largest class of non-Catholics 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, and the course extends over the entire field of Catholic doctrine.

Right Rev. J. M. Koudelka, who recently left to become Auxiliary Bishop of Milwaukee, refused a check for $4,000 from the people of St. Michael's parish, of which he had been pastor for twenty-eight years. The check was intended as a farewell gift to the Bishop. In refusing the money and requesting that it be turned into the church treasury, the Bishop said: "I came here poor and and I leave you poor."

Bishop Carroll of the Diocese of Nueva Segovia, Phillippine Islands, who is at present in this country, says that there are about one million Catholics in his diocese, who are looked after by seventy-five native priests and twenty missionaries from other lands. There are ten French, ten Belgian and eight Spanish and Filipino Sisters engaged in teaching and a number of German Sisters will leave Chicago this month to teach there.

In the great dam disaster at Austin, Pa., the Church of St. Augustine, Rev. P. W. O'Brien, rector, was completely demolished. Austin is in the diocese of Erie, Father O'Brien ran into the street when he saw the tossing pulp wood bearing down upon him. He gained the hill but he saw his house swirled 150 feet down stream and brushed against the hill. It was not very substantial when it came to rest, but the priest took in many who were without places of refuge. He celebrated Mass Sunday, Oct. 1, in a house on a hill where 150 men and women came in the dawn to gather about him.