

"everywhere reaping a great harvest of penitent souls." Father Elliott says, of him: "His voice was marvelous. His sermons cut to the division of the soul and the spirit. He could drive the fear of God into sinners' souls with more relentless force than perhaps any missionary we have ever had in America. His sermons broke the adamant crust of self-assurance which vice had formed over the sinners' hearts, like an egg-shell. The most abandoned wretches were melted into tears of penance under Father Walworth's preaching. He had a heart of grace to inspire his tones with priestly tenderness. It should be known that if he vanquished the sinner, he did not fail to win him." In later life he was for thirty-four years a devoted parish priest, but his missionary tendencies still found scope. "He made it his duty to know all the hard sinners in his parish," he loved them better than any other class, he sought every means to save them. As pastor in Albany he worked valiantly against public vice, waging incessant war against the liquor-dealers' lobby in the Legislature. That we must follow God's enemies up and resist them everywhere, was his argument against those Catholics who asked why a priest should "meddle" in politics. The cross of much physical suffering was laid upon him. At last, sight, speech and hearing were affected. "His refuge was the Redeemer Whom he had so ardently loved and so courageously served his whole life long. His physical deprivations but forced him, a willing victim, deeper into his own secret sanctuary, and gave him a more interior union with the Holy Spirit. More than once during his illness he spoke of John Henry Newman's death and of his characteristic last words, 'All is light.'" He has left to us, as Father Elliott writes, "an example of the manner of man that God chooses in His priesthood for His own honor and the saving of His people. May Father Walworth's heroic figure serve as an incitement to all Catholics to live and work in a spirit worthy of their faith. Neither for citizen nor for Christian is it the main thing to be smooth, nor the chief claim to be able, nor the highest praise to keep out of notice. True men should be strong men."

INDESTRUCTIBLE ABSURDITIES.

Stock inventions about Catholicism bear a sort of charmed life. They may be squelched for a time, but never killed. They may even undergo burial, but when a resurrectionist wants them for some ghoulish purpose, they can be readily taken from the worms and mould and called upon to do duty again, if required. Three of the most servicable of these asbestos-bodied stories are now traveling the globe with all the cool effrontery of brand new discoveries. One is the bogus form of Major Excommunication as given by Hogan, the apostate priest, in his lying book on Catholic doctrine; another, the so-called Jesuit oath, and the third, the grand extravaganzas of a story of a Pope who solemnly wrote a Bull against a comet. Hogan's vile book, as we have seen in the experience of the missionary priests, is still in circulation, and its poison is doing its deadly work in minds inaccessible to the antidotes of truth. Had it not been for the fact that Fielding and Sterne and Smollet were practically unknown to the people of Philadelphia in Hogan's day, "Tristram Shandy's" fooling could hardly have passed muster as the genuine doctrine and practice of the Catholic Church. The most witless schoolboy of to-day would hardly be green enough to swallow the "Jackdaw of Rheims" as meaning anything more than a satire on "Tristram" and the feeble fun school of anti-Catholic bigots. Hogan knew the mental and intellectual calibre of the time: ignorance and bigotry, he knew, could be relied on as raw material for his villainous designs. But who could ever imagine that in this day of supreme enlightenment, in the blaze of public school triumph, the same raw material should still be found ready to hand by those who secretly antagonize the Church's works?

In Liverpool the Jesuit oath bogey has been taken out of the property-room of bigotry for use as a make-weight to the indignation aroused by the Oath of Accession. The forgery has been printed in the course of a pamphlet violently attacking the Catholic system, and the publication has been scattered by the million over Great Britain. Even so staid and conservative a paper as the Standard was decoyed into accepting the pretended oath as a genuine statement, and printed it, together with a virulent commentary. Its gullibility was exposed by Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J. He showed that the Jesuit oath was the product of an anti-Jesuit firm, and that its label bore the significant text, "Made in Germany in 1891." In that country it had been largely "patronized by the public," till the fraud was detected. Then the oath disappeared from the literary world till a short time ago, when it shone forth again in the pages of the Standard. However, that did not exhaust the history of the "Jesuit oath." Father Gerard, S. J., had traced it to the days of Master Titus Oates, when it was produced by order of the House of Commons. But in those days it was not labeled as now "Jesuit Oath," but "Popish Plotter's Oath."

Father Vaughan said it was disappointing to him as an Englishman to find no expression of regret from the

Standard for having so seriously calumniated a body of English gentlemen. The regret seemed rather one that the charge could not be substantiated. It is not the habit of "great papers" like the Standard to apologize except under the compulsion of an action for libel; and as there was nothing of the kind in this particular, its lie about the "Jesuit oath" stands as a lie that has been found out while its utterer is not put to the blush because, as in the country of Mr. O'Brien from Clare:

"Tis little for blushing they care
Down there."

It is not a little disheartening to the supporters of truth to know that so dead to the requirements of decency are libellers of this kind that it is useless to show them their error; they take no notice of any correction and proceed to repeat their offense at the very next opportunity that offers. Such was the way in Hogan's day. When he proceeded to utilize the villainess of "Tristram Shandy" to befoul his own Church, he was confronted by the genuine form of excommunication just issued against one of his supporters, the Rev. Thaddeus O'Malley. Both were issued in the one pamphlet by the Catholic publisher, Eugene Cumminskey. But, as we have seen, the bogus one still lives and flourishes in obscure places, while the correction is altogether lost to the world.

The comet story is evidently too precious a morsel to be surrendered at any bidding for we find editors even in this city of enlightenment clinging to it as tenaciously as one bulldog does to the ear of another. Moreover, the story grows as it travels along the ages, like that of the three black crows. It was recently started in a new form by a writer in a New Zealand paper, and some pretended particulars are given. The comet is named—the one known as Halley's; and so is the Pope who is said to have excommunicated the heavenly terror—Callistus III. It is added that the Holy Father spent several hours a day for some months "excommunicating and cursing" the obstinate comet. Of course the intelligent minds to which such fudge is dedicated never stop to inquire why excommunication, which can only apply to human beings, should be resorted to against inorganic matter. The rev. and brilliant editor of the New Zealand Tablet pokes much fun at the ignorant sheet that allowed such twaddle to impose upon the public. Again and again have the retailers of the silly story been challenged to show a particle of foundation for it, but as this does not suit their purpose so well, by any means, as the repetition of it, they go on reiterating it like a clown who grins through a horse collar at his own stale jokes, day after day.

The facts out of which the legend of the excommunicated comet arose are told in the third volume of Dr. Reuben Parsons' "Studies in Church History." On coming to the throne in 1455 Pope Callistus inaugurated a crusade to stem the tide of Turkish invasion which threatened Christian Europe at the time and if possible, to recapture Constantinople, which had fallen into the hands of the Moslems in 1453. "It was," says Dr. Parsons, "in order to secure the protection of the God of Armies that Callistus III. commanded that everywhere, thrice daily, the bells of every religious institution should be rung to summon the faithful to the redemption of the Angelus, and not in order to scare away the comet, which had not yet appeared." Dr. Parsons gives as his authorities for this statement three distinguished men of letters who were contemporaries of Callistus—Platina, librarian of the Vatican; Aeneas Silvius, the friend of Callistus, and Antoninus, Archbishop of Florence, who is the author of what Alzog describes as "the greatest historical monument of the Middle Ages." The subsequent appearance of the comet was accompanied by earthquakes and other public calamities of such magnitude in various parts of Italy that people not unnaturally regarded them as manifestations of God's anger against them. Dr. Parsons tells us that Pope Callistus "availed himself of the opportunity afforded by the not unreasonable apprehensions of men to detach them more from the perishable things of the earth and to induce to use their energies for the greater glory of God."

This is the whole story of the Bull against the comet—a genuine omen and bull contrivance, but quite good enough for the persons of feeble mind for whose amusement it is maintained along with the carousel and the swing-boat and the ancient game of Aunt Sally.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

FAITH.

Let us lay hold of faith. Of what profit is it to us to gain a firm hold on life if we hold it but blindly without any light on the meaning of our present condition or the character of our future destiny? Faith, Christian faith holds the key to the blessedness of the eternal life. Strong, serene, unquenchable faith in the loving kindness of God, the wisdom of Providence, the evidence of the Holy Spirit and the redeeming love of Christ will enable us to look fearlessly toward the end of the temporal existence and on the beginning of the eternal and will make it possible for us to live our lives effectively, grandly.

Things that meet us—pretense, worry, discontent and self-seeking—and taking loyal hold of time, work, present happiness, love, duty, sorrow and faith, let us so live in all true manliness as to be an inspiration, strength and blessing to those whose lives are touched by ours.

THE MONKS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

Lecture by the Very Rev. Dr. P. J. Garrigan at Brooklyn.

The Very Rev. P. J. Garrigan, D. D., the vice-rector of the Catholic University, was the lecturer at the Monks of the Middle Ages, on a recent Sunday evening before the members of the Knights of Columbus. The subject selected for the occasion was "The Monks of the Middle Ages."

Among other things of note Dr. Garrigan said that the study of the middle ages, like the rest, has become more and more general, serious, scientific and popular. Illustrations of the life of the monks, like Guizot, Villmain, in our day, Sabatier, Clarke, of Edinburgh, and Eckenstein have popularized periods, races and personages which the last century had condemned to scorn and oblivion.

The term middle ages is used to define the intermediate period between ancient and modern civilization, the period beginning with the close of the fifth century of the Christian era and ending with the fifteenth, or, as some say, the thirteenth century, during which a profound darkness followed the brilliant light that had previously radiated over the world from Rome and Athens.

IMPERIALISM DESTROYED ROME. Toward the end of the fifth century Rome met her doom—her light and her life were simultaneously extinguished. Rome, the mistress of the world! Roma Immortalis! Eternal Rome! having conquered Assyria, Persia, Greece, Macedonia, became drunk with her victories, weakened by jealousies and enfeebled through luxury and excessive wealth, was herself, like iniquitous Babylon and Jerusalem, brought before the remembrance of God, conquered and beaten flat to the ground by those who were her vassals and her servants. The barbarians who conquered Rome had brought to it the germs of a newer and nobler world. They had a moral force and energy, a rude hardness and power of endurance, which the Romans had wholly lost through self-indulgence and wealth. But they had no knowledge, nor true civilization. They came for plunder and to despoil, and they so plundered and despoiled that the cities became a waste and the land a desert.

The interval between the fall of the Roman Empire and its reestablishment in Charlemagne, the beginning of the ninth century, was emphatically one of revolution and rapine. It was given over to rapacious and bloody, no authority, and revealed in just and violence amid the ruins and putrefaction of pagan civilization. It was one great battlefield. No schools, no laws, no government but what came from the solitary imperishable Christian Church and the monastery.

CHRISTIANITY CIVILIZED EUROPE. There were three elements struggling for the mastery in the general confusion and darkness which reigned throughout Europe from the fifth to the ninth century, the reign of Charlemagne, the seed time of new Europe, barbarism, paganism and Christianity. Pagan and barbarian influences could not of themselves secure nor reconstruct society on a secure and permanent basis. The remains of Roman civilization, its laws, its literature, its art, were a help, as they are to-day, in education and in reorganization; but the barbarian did not know their use or appreciate their value, and the Roman had already failed to preserve the great social organization which he created. It was the Gospel of Christ, the message of God to man, the doctrine of the Man-God, Christianity alone that had, and still has, in itself a perfect measure, the power to enlighten and sanctify man, to re-create and save society. Guizot says on this point: "I think, then, humanly speaking, that it is not too much to aver that in the fourth and fifth centuries it was the Christian Church, with its institutions, its magistracies, its authority, which struggled so vigorously to prevent the interior dissolution of the Empire, which struggled against the barbarian, it was this Church, I say, that became the great connecting link, the principle of civilization, between the Roman and the barbarian world."

THE MONASTIC ORDERS. The teaching Church in those early days consisted of the Papacy and in good part the monastic orders. The Papacy and the monks were sowers of divine truth in the field of the world, the bearers of the divine message to man, who fearlessly preached the Gospel to every creature. There was no other form of religion in the Western world than that of the Apostolic Church.

The word "monk" is from the Greek word "monos" (alone single), which expresses the idea of Eastern monasticism, and which has been applied less appropriately in more modern times to the four great orders of the Church. Indeed, the monastic life, from the days of Benedict, had never a contemplative nor solitary character; on the contrary, it was social and active, it formed a nucleus of intellectual development, and served as an instrument for the fermentation and propagation of ideas. The distinctive characteristic which shines from the society of monastic creations in existence is moral force, that strength which is a cardinal virtue, which overcomes the world like courage and sacrifice. "I do not hesitate to affirm," says Montalembert, "that the true monks of the great ages of the Church were the representative of manhood under its most pure, energetic and intellectual forms of man-

hood, in a manner condensed by cell-bacy, protesting against all vulgarity and baseness and condemning themselves to greater and more sustained efforts than are demanded by any worldly career."

MONKS TAUGHT FIRST LESSONS OF CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION.

Modern society is indebted to the monks for the first lessons in Christian civilization—industry, arts and agriculture, and also for the preservation of the classic texts, which are picked up here and there and saved from burning schools, libraries and devastated cities. The classics which have exercised the greatest influence on modern education, as models and masterpieces of literature, have been preserved, transcribed and transmitted to posterity by the monks of the Middle Ages. This, I think, will not be disputed by the most austere savant or classical critic because the manuscripts themselves are found in the libraries of the monasteries even to this day, and dated from the eighth to the tenth centuries. They are, moreover, in the handwriting of the monks. The preservation of the Latin language in a new form as the language of the Church, for centuries the language of courts and of laws, must be traced to a monk of the fourth and fifth centuries (St. Jerome). This is one of the greatest achievements of the human mind ranking in merit and importance with St. Augustine's "City of God," and greater than Dante's "Inferno," both immortal products of the Middle Ages.

THE CHURCH THE CENTRE OF ENLIGHTENMENT. The principles of Roman law and procedure were compiled in the sixth century, after the triumph of Christianity and in the reign of Justinian. The Justinian Code, the Papeste, the Institutes of the Novellae, are the classics of the law schools of Europe and America to this day. What the monks did for Roman law and language, they did for pagan art and architecture. When the Church came out of the catacombs and was granted legal tolerance, the genius of Christianity showed itself in the basilicas of Constantine and Theodosia. Through the monks of the Middle Ages the seed of right education were sown, the old molds were recast and the new and principles began to germinate which afterward found their full expression in the splendid architectural piles that covered the face of Christian Europe.

Such were the monks in the Middle Ages. They were ages of revolution and of evolution—ages during which a deluge of barbarism swept over Europe and engulfed paganism, although developed and polished for centuries by the genius and refinement of ancient Rome and Greece. In that deluge all was lost, except it was saved in the ark of the Church. The Church had survived and was like the beacon light shining over the lurid troubled waters and beckoning all to a haven of safety. She thus fulfilled her divine mission in the world of enlightening and sanctifying men, and teaching them and governing them to the attainment of their eternal destiny. This she did by virtue of her divine commission and divine power entrusted to her by the Incarnate Son of God, and the monks of the Middle Ages were her ministers in the preservation of European civilization, as her hierarchy is in the preservation and perfection of human society throughout the world to-day.

NON-CATHOLIC TO THE POPE.

A Remarkable Letter Written by a New York Citizen.

This letter, which we quote from the New York Sun of July 26, was written recently to the Pope by a citizen of prominence who is not a member of the Catholic Church. For reasons of space we decline to allow its name to be published, although he says he firmly believes in every sentiment expressed in the letter.

To the Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., Rome, Italy:

Most Reverend and Holy Father—I take the liberty of addressing you because I am much interested in the success and growth of the Catholic Church in the United States, for the following reasons:

First—That the Catholic Church trains its young in a way to secure good morals, good citizenship, a respect for property rights and the rights of others.

Second—Because of the firm faith of the Catholic Church in God, Christ, the Holy Bible, and a firm acceptance of the religion of the Saviour, without which civilization cannot be maintained.

I believe that the most necessary for the future of my country that the Catholic Church should grow and be a strong power here. The Protestant Church in the United States is fast falling into infidelity in many of the great theological seminaries of that Church open disbelief in some parts of the Bible is taught. Thousands of ministers of the Protestant denominations are men who believe that certain parts and books of the Bible need not be accepted. Their position and work have hastened the growth of disbelief in all religion.

Because of my position before the public I feel that I may be forgiven by you for writing you this letter. Many thousands of the strongest men in the United States, made apprehensive by the spread of socialism, are turning their eyes toward the Church of which you are the reverend head. The greatest men of our country, told me very recently that he believed the Roman Catholic Church was necessary for the preservation of our society.

I have talked with a very large number of our ablest and best men who believe as he does on this question, but there is a feeling among the masses of our people that the great authorities of the Catholic Church have feelings of antagonism against the United States of America. If this feeling could be removed I believe the next ten years would see a very large movement of our best people to the Catholic Church.

There are at least 12,000,000 Catholics in the United States. The church buildings and edifices are among the finest here. The attendance at church on Sunday is very great; nearly as many men as women are at religious services. The Catholic schools taught last year 853,000 scholars at a cost of at least 40,000,000 francs. The other expenses of the Catholic Church here must have been at a very low estimate, 80,000,000 francs more, making a total of 120,000,000 francs which the Catholics of the United States paid for the support of their religion last year without any State aid whatever.

When our people see this sort of devotion

to faith, and see Catholic men in such large number attending church services on Sunday, and then look about to see what Catholics of the United States receive from the great Head of the Church in return, they think that Catholics in the United States are not encouraged in such a way as they should be by the authorities at Rome and this leads to the conclusion that there is an antagonism between the authorities at Rome, and the American spirit and nation. American people think that their country is a very great one, and is destined to become one of the great factors in shaping the policies of the world.

Yours has been one of the most wonderful lives the world ever saw. During it, great changes have taken place than in the same number of years in any other age. You have seen Napoleon deposed, and exiled, Bismarck and Victoria live and die. Down into the new century you have brought great purity, learning and love of God and humanity. If you could do some things before you shall be removed from this earth to the Feet of the Saviour that would aid in adding millions to the Church in this great, energetic and growing nation, you will do that which strengthens civilization and will help to bring into the true faith millions who are now in danger of being disbelievers in all religion.

With prayers for your continued health, I am most respectfully and sincerely,

YOUR MOST RESPECTFUL SERVANT.

FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION.

The Night Prayer.
DARK! DARK! DARK!
The sun is set; the day is dead,
Thy Feast has fled;
My eyes are wet with tears unshed;
I bow my head.
Where the star-fringed shadows softly sway
I bend my knee,
And, like a child, I pray,
Marry, to thee.

DARK! DARK! DARK!
And, all the day—since white-robed priest
In farthest East,
In dawn's first ray—began the Feast,
—Like least,
Thy least, and last, and lowest child,
I called on thee!
Virgin! didst hear? my words were wild;
Didst think of me?

DARK! DARK! DARK!
Alas! and now! The angels' bright,
With wings as white
As a dream of snow in love and light,
Flashed on thy sight;
They shone like sunset! These! Queen,
I kneel afar—
A shadow only dims the scene
Where shines a star!

DARK! DARK! DARK!
And all day long, beyond the sky,
The angels' song swept sounding by
Triumphantly!
And when such music filled thy ear,
How could I hope that thou wouldst hear
My far, faint moan?

DARK! DARK! DARK!
And all day long, where altars stand,
Or poor or grand,
A countless throng from every land,
Winged hymns to thee from sorrow's vale
In glad acclaim,
How couldst thou hear my lone lips wait
Thy sweet, pure name?

DARK! DARK! DARK!
Alas! and now! Thou didst not hear
For bend thy ear,
To prayer of woe as mine so drear;
For hearts more dear
Hid me from hearing and from sight
This bright Feast-day;
Wilt hear me, Mother, if in its night
Thy Feast hath died?

DARK! DARK! DARK!
The sun is set, the day is dead;
Thy Feast hath died;
My eyes are wet with the tears I shed
I bow my head;
Angels and saints have bailed thee Queen
All day; ah! be
To-night what thou hast ever been
A mother to me!

DARK! DARK! DARK!
Thy quietly crown in angels' sight
Is fair and bright,
Ah! lay it down; for, oh! to-night
Its jeweled light
Shines not as the tender love light shines,
For poor, lost child!

DARK! DARK! DARK!
In the mother's eyes, whose pure heart pines
For poor, lost child!
DARK! DARK! DARK!
Sceptre in hand, thou dost hold away
Forever and aye
In angel land; thy Queen I pray
Lay it away.
Let thy sceptre wave in the realms above
Where angels are;
But, Mother, when in thine arms of love
Thy child afar!

DARK! DARK! DARK!
Mary! I call! Wilt hear the prayer
My poor lips dare?
Yea! be to all a Queen most fair,
But look on me with a mother's eyes
From heaven's bliss;
And wait to me from the starry skies
A mother's kiss!

DARK! DARK! DARK!
The sun is set, the day is dead;
Thy Feast has fled;
Can she forget the sweet blood shed,
The last words said,
That evening, "Woman! behold thy Son!"
Oh! priceless right;
Of all His children! The last, least one
Is heard to night.

SLIPPING AWAY.

They are slipping away—these sweet, swift
Years,
Like a leaf on the current cast,
With never a break in their rapid flow,
We watch them, as one by one they go
Into the beautiful past.

As silent and swift as a weaver's thread,
Or an arrow's flying gleam;
As soft as the languorous breeze hid,
That lift the willow's long golden lid
And ripple the glassy stream.

As light as the breath of the thistle down;
As fond as the love's dream;
As pure as the flush, in the sea shells' throat,
As sweet as the wood bird's wailing note,
So tender and sweet they seem.

One after another we see them pass
Down the dim lighted stair;
We hear the sound of their steady tread
In the steps of the centuries long since dead,
As beautiful and as fair.

There are only a few years left to love;
Shall we waste them in idle strife
Shall we trample under our ruthless feet
Those beautiful blossoms, rare and sweet,
By the dusty way of life?

There are only a few swift years—ah, let
No envious taunts be heard;
Make life's fair pattern of rare design,
And fill up the measure with love's sweet
wine.
But never an angry word!

Virtue and truth, the desire of heaven,
And loving labor for other's
souls for Christ's sake, are the only
clear and vivid things in this
world; all else is gold and grey, vague
shadowy and insecure.—Sarah M.
Brownson.

VERY TRUE.

A couple of weeks ago a sixteen-year-old girl in Kentucky killed herself because her cruel father brought her back when she was eloping. She had eloped with another man only a week or two before, and the second interference with her liberty drove her to death. Last week a seventeen-year-old bride in Chicago, "the idol of her husband and married less than a month," took carbolic acid and died because her husband was too poor to buy her a new dress to go to a picnic. Both of the girls were probably only half-witted and had become so by reading trashy novels and newspapers. Yet parents, even Catholic parents, continue to let their children read indiscriminately any rubbish or printed discoloration that comes along, while they "can't afford" to buy a respectable paper once a week. There are things that are more costly than Catholic papers—death and shame, for instance.—Boston Pilot.

FAITH.

I will not doubt, though all my ships at sea
Come drifting home, with broken masts
And sails;
I will believe the Hand which never fails,
From seeming evil, worketh good for me,
And, though I weep because those sails are
tattered,
Still will I cry, while my best hopes lie
shattered,
"I trust in Thee."

I will not doubt, though all my prayers re-
turn
Unanswered from the still white realm
above;
I will believe it is an all-wise love
Which has refused these things, for which
I yearn;
And though, at times, I cannot keep from
grieving,
Yet the pure ardor of my fixed believing
Undimmed shall burn.

I will not doubt though sorrows fall like rain,
And troubles swarm like bees, about to
hive
I will believe the heights for which I strive,
Are only reached by anguish and by pain;
And though I moan and writhe beneath my
crosses,
I shall see ever through my bitterest losses
The greater gain.

I will not doubt, Well anchored in this
faith,
Like some staunch ship my soul braves
every gale.
Strong is its courage is, it will not quail
To breast the mighty unknown sea of
death,
Oh! may I cry, though body parts with
spirit,
"I do not doubt," so listening worlds may
hear
With my last breath!

HARVEST OF CONVERTS.

A missionary conference of great importance to the Roman Catholic Church in the United States will begin on August 27, at Hundred Oaks, the missionary center of the Paulists in the South, Winchester, Tenn. For the first time since the work began all the missionaries in this country who preach exclusively to non-Catholics will meet to formulate plans for the further development of the enterprise. The conference will last three days and among the questions to be discussed are those relating to missions among colored people, the instructions to converts and the South as a field for making converts.

One of the chief promoters of the conference is the Catholic Missionary Union, an incorporated body of which Archbishop Corrigan is president and Father Doyle, of the Paulist, secretary and treasurer. The union gathers funds for the support of missionaries to non-Catholics in the parts of the country where Catholics are few. It is now supporting missionaries in Virginia, North Carolina, Mississippi, Alabama and Texas.

The work of giving missions since it was initiated less than six years ago. At first the missions were given mainly by the Paulists, but afterward many individual priests joined in, and now there are more than thirty missionaries who devote their entire time to making converts. The Paulist, Redemptorist and Jesuit Fathers have also entered the field. It is rather difficult to get exact statistics of the vast work done by these priests, but it is said that over 100,000 converts were received into the Church last year. It is also said that 250,000 was a conservative estimate of the number taken in since the non-Catholic missions were started.—Catholic Telegraph.

BIGOTS SHAMED TO SILENCE.

A few months ago a band of devoted Sisters of St. Francis undertook the difficult work of establishing a house for the poor children of the extensive missions attached to the Church of St. Anthony of Padua at Florence, S. C. Their efforts were successful and much good was being accomplished, when, without the slightest provocation, they were made the object of a combined attack by a despicable clique of bigots made up of representatives of the various sects in and around Florence. So fierce and persistent was the onslaught and so vile the insinuations and imputations directed against the Sisters that heroic measures were deemed necessary to stem the flood of slander. Accordingly the Sisters threw open their convent for public inspection and published in the local paper a letter explaining their rule and manner of life. All the best citizens of Florence and vicinity accepted the Sisters' invitation, with the result that their defamers were covered with confusion. The good being effected by the devoted religious and the purity and self-sacrifice that marked their daily life were made plain to all, and there is every reason to hope that their slanders have been effectually silenced for a time at least.

Pope Leo's Tenacious Memory.

In an interview with a press correspondent in London several days ago, Cardinal Gibbons said: "His Holiness visits with every one I met in Europe in admiration of America and American institutions. Prepared as I was to find His Holiness mentally keen, I must confess my astonishment at the virility of the man. He is indeed head of the Church, and his grasp of the diversified interests of the Vatican is positively marvelous, and he believes his years in every move he makes. I think his tenacious memory is perhaps the most remarkable thing about him."

While in attendance at a levee one morning last June a young married couple from Quebec was presented. The Pope, touching my arm, said: "Your Eminence, this is an interesting acquaintance. These young people belong to the archdiocese to whose Cardinal I gave the red cap at the same time as yours." The Holiness is ninety-two years old and as frail as a child, but my impression convince me that he is destined to give the Church the blessing of his great wisdom for some years to come.

The wish fails often warm upon my heart
That I may learn nothing here that I cannot
continue in the other world; that I may do
nothing here but deeds that will bear fruit in
heaven.—Jean Paul Richter.