

The Catholic Record

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

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A GOOD MOVE

A vigorous protest has been made by the League of American Pen Women against the pernicious influence of the prevailing comic supplements in the Sunday editions of city newspapers upon children who read it. They believe that the so-called comic supplement is a menace to the culture and morals of children, begetting in them an admiration for deceit and cunning, misrepresentation and vulgarity, disrespect for the aged and infirm, a lack of reverence for sacred things, low ideals of literature, distorted notions of art, and general demoralization of character. These supplements fall like a pestilence upon every town in Canada. They find ready purchasers, and we are told that the arrival of the Sunday paper is awaited by an ever-increasing number of Canadians. It is of little use to rail against them. The people who have a taste for this kind of mental pabulum will persist in feeding upon it so long as it is within reach. But we can contribute our quota to the formation of a public opinion that shall force upon these publications and force the publishers to discontinue them. They who buy them must think little of their souls when they permit them to be sewers for the unclean and sordid and debasing stuff of the sensational newspaper.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS

Some years ago, Bishop Hedley said that to keep hold of the intelligence and sympathy of our own people we must have a press devoted to Catholic interest and principle. For our people cannot be prevented from reading. Even if they could they would in a generation a race of dwarfs and cripples. To keep them from nourishing their hearts and souls on destructive food, and at the same time to provide them with food of some kind so that they may not perish of emptiness—it is for these reasons that we must work a revival. A people who eagerly accept good reading, who make it known, push it, discuss it, and show themselves well up in it, must be sure to affect their non-Catholic surroundings just as a brass band or a street procession attracts the attention of the passers-by.

BY OURSELVES

Bishop Hedley says that the question of our success in working a rival press must and will be decided by our own education. The Catholic faith, with its history and universality, is to those well versed in it a great and liberal education. But it by no means follows that if a man is a Catholic he apprehends his religion as an educated man. Moreover, Catholicism exists not in a vacuum or in a closely-walled sheep-fold, but in a big world which reechoes with the clash of hostile thought. We can never hope, therefore, to influence the great world unless we can take up a position, intellectually, which will give us a command of what is going on in the world of thought and action.

OUR CHANCE

All the authorities from Matthew Arnold to Bishop Creighton keep preaching and repeating that education, in the true sense of the word, is getting rare and more rare in the country. People are informed, interested and amused, but not educated. They are smart, and repeat meaningless phrases and do their thinking by proxy. A Catholic paper, guided by men of taste and culture, of judgment and principle—a paper with a wide outlook world, in time, compel attention. Its articles would be nourished by the inexhaustible supply of material in our history and philosophy and theology. It would meet opposition, but that it would succeed is not doubted by those who believe that men hunger for the truth which the Church guards and teaches.

UNWISE WORDS

In our opinion some of the pamphlets on Socialism are weak and ineffective. There are many theories of socialism and not all of them are of the Karl Marx type. Not all of them are associated with atheism and free-love. Hence it would be better and fairer for a writer to let us know against what well-defined theory he is directing his artillery. This would take his article out of vagueness and give it some right to exist. And why sneer and indulge in cheap sarcasm when referring to prominent Socialists of to-day. Bernard Shaw may

be obnoxious to the writer, but we may well question the policy of assailing him with ridicule. Personalities have no place in the discussion of a question that is so vital and significant and that can and must be supported by achievement. And words, however lightly flung with scorn, are not credentials that any writer should be proud of. It is no aid to truth to tell us that Socialists are erratic and visionary and sometimes anarchistic. It is futile to utter portentous nothings as if they were gems of wisdom. The man in the street cares little for academic dissertations. He is miserable. His sky is gray. From birth till death he wears poverty's shabby liverly. He needs help. He is longing for charity's and justice's ministrations. He demands that life should be more tolerable as a result of Christianity. He asks, and we think with reason, that in this generation we should give more and more evidence that the faith has not lost its vitality. Mere words will not help him. We may promise them happiness in the next world, but they wish to see Christianity operating upon the selfishness and injustice that surround them in this life. We know that the Church can, when unhampered by enmity or the faithlessness of her own children, lay her hands in benediction upon the poor and the miserable. But this is not the viewpoint of the man in the street. Identifying the Church with the individual Catholic he argues that when the Catholic is forgetful of others, unympathetic and unjust, the Church is responsible for their shortcomings. When he hears of brotherhood and sees but little sign of it he dismisses it as an empty dream. When he sees himself chained to the wheel of labor, to be used and flung aside when brain and brawn are exhausted, with never a thought as to his future, he may have a suspicion that the fine words which he hears are meaningless. Writing must be done as an antidote to false principles, but it should be done by experts who use pens tempered by charity as well as by truth. And if they have scorn they can turn it against conditions which are an affront to civilization and against those who are responsible for them. And witticisms, from well-appointed studios, do not appeal to the taste of those who suffer.

PLAY WELL

We must play the game of life some how. To play it with just and enthusiasm, with love in our words and deeds, is the purest happiness this side of heaven. And we can do this wheresoever our lot may be cast. We may win no applause save that of conscience, which is the echo of Heaven's plaudits. It means striving and conquering. At times the wind of temptation may out us to the bone, and discouragement lay its cold hand upon our heart, but if we play well we must march on always to the goal. We may die tired—the right kind of death, but if we go home with the marks of stress and storm upon us, unshamed and with confidence, we may hope to hear, "Well done," from the Divine Umpire.

GET BUSY

While we are not averse to amusements we are of the opinion that any organization devoted exclusively to dance and bridge what business is dead. It may be feverishly active about the things that are of no value, but this activity is but a symptom of decay. Such an organization may talk of its influence, which, however, is not visible to the outsider. Its members may, even by some strange mental process, deceive themselves into believing that they are adding to the common good, and incidentally give vent to big words that mean nothing. In our opinion every organization should have in view some definite object, whether it be temperance, social work, safeguarding the boys, looking after the schools—anything that means work and thought. This may entail self-sacrifice, but if we wish to impress ourselves upon the community we must be prepared to pay the price. If we are to have organizations that can justify their existence we must have results. If we desire to be taken seriously we must prove that our ambition is not limited by the dance and card table. To dawdle along in a commonplace fashion, busing ourselves with non-essentials, saying foolish words that betray the poverty of our minds—all this means death. We may not think so, but they who can see know that we have passed from life into the region of shadows inhabited by ghosts who are braggarts and idlers.

WORDS OF WARNING

In "Idea of a University," Cardinal Newman has some suggestive words that can be read with profit by the educator who foists all kinds of "ologies" upon the public school pupil. We refer to these programmes of subjects that embrace anything from hygiene to psychology, and that must be driven into the heads of the boy and girl. "I will tell you," he says, "what has been the practical error of the last twenty years: not to load the student with a mass of undigested knowledge, but to force upon him so much that he has rejected all. All things are now to be learned at once—not first one thing then another, not one well but many badly. Learning is to be without exertion, without attention, without toil, without grounding, without advance, without finishing."

On St. Patrick's Day, forty years ago, a great American orator, Wendell Phillips, delivered a paenegyric of the Irish orator, Daniel O'Connell, the golden-tongued Liberator. "One of the earliest distinctions conferred upon our late Most Reverend Archbishop was the public praise accorded to his boyish oratorical faculty by the prince of orators, Daniel O'Connell, the golden-tongued Liberator. On St. Patrick's Day, forty years ago, a great American orator, Wendell Phillips, delivered a paenegyric of the Irish orator, Daniel O'Connell, the golden-tongued Liberator. "One of the earliest distinctions conferred upon our late Most Reverend Archbishop was the public praise accorded to his boyish oratorical faculty by the prince of orators, Daniel O'Connell, the golden-tongued Liberator. On St. Patrick's Day, forty years ago, a great American orator, Wendell Phillips, delivered a paenegyric of the Irish orator, Daniel O'Connell, the golden-tongued Liberator. "One of the earliest distinctions conferred upon our late Most Reverend Archbishop was the public praise accorded to his boyish oratorical faculty by the prince of orators, Daniel O'Connell, the golden-tongued Liberator. On St. Patrick's Day, forty years ago, a great American orator, Wendell Phillips, delivered a paenegyric of the Irish orator, Daniel O'Connell, the golden-tongued Liberator."

WHY EUROPEAN RULERS WILL AVOID ROME

REFUSE TO SANCTION FEES THAT ARE MEANT TO CELEBRATE THE TRIUMPH OF THE ENEMIES OF RELIGION

From Cork.

The committee for the celebrations of 1911, designed to commemorate the proclamation of Rome as capital of Italy, has published its programme, and among the features of it are to be noted an apostrophe to the Republican Mazzini and a congress in the capital of Universal Freemasonry. These items alone speak volumes for the character of the fetes. Some of the expected items are, however, conspicuous by their absence. A few months ago it seemed as if all the crowned heads of Europe were to flock to Rome for the occasion—the programme is severely silent about them, and it is not yet clear whether even King Haakon, of Norway, will come, after all.

All but hope has not yet been abandoned of capturing the occasion no less a person than the Kaiser himself. A few weeks ago an important German paper announced an imperial visit to Rome as almost a certainty, then the news was contradicted semi-officially, and now the Italian papers and their anti-Catholic confederates harp morning noon and night on this one—and they Protestants organs of the Fatherland argue that it is intolerable that their Emperor should be prevented from paying a visit to Rome by the fear of offending the Pope; the Italian papers hint that if he does not come the Italian people will lose all their sympathy for him; that the relations between the two countries will become strained; that the Triple Alliance itself will be endangered.

Both Germans and Italians seem to have taken about the best way possible to persuade the Kaiser to keep far away from Rome this year—had he ever any intention of coming here—and they have been inspired to task in the following inspired note of the "Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung": "For the last few days a number of newspapers have abandoned themselves to a complete absence of fact, the question as to whether the Emperor will go to Rome on his way to Corfu. One of these papers claims that the foreign policy of Germany is to be decided at this time, and that it is the duty of the Emperor to declare that the absence of William II. is capable of causing the ill-will of the Italians, we on our side reject the claim of the Emperor to send the Crown Prince and Princess to Rome during the month of April—a decision which is accepted with very faces by the Italian and German press, which proclaimed that nothing but the presence of the Kaiser himself in Rome would meet the exigencies of the situation. They are not very complimentary to the Prince who will one day be Emperor of Germany, but it is easy to understand their bitterness. The sole scene of their agitation was to force the Kaiser to do something which might be construed as a slight upon the Pope and

the Holy See, and they have failed ignominiously. Had they kept silence the absence of the German Emperor from the celebrations in Rome would have excited no more attention than that of the other sovereigns of Europe. Their misguided zeal has now made known to the world that the absence of William II. is due entirely to the Roman Question which they proclaim has ceased to exist.

O'CONNELL

One of the earliest distinctions conferred upon our late Most Reverend Archbishop was the public praise accorded to his boyish oratorical faculty by the prince of orators, Daniel O'Connell, the golden-tongued Liberator. On St. Patrick's Day, forty years ago, a great American orator, Wendell Phillips, delivered a paenegyric of the Irish orator, Daniel O'Connell, the golden-tongued Liberator. "One of the earliest distinctions conferred upon our late Most Reverend Archbishop was the public praise accorded to his boyish oratorical faculty by the prince of orators, Daniel O'Connell, the golden-tongued Liberator. On St. Patrick's Day, forty years ago, a great American orator, Wendell Phillips, delivered a paenegyric of the Irish orator, Daniel O'Connell, the golden-tongued Liberator. "One of the earliest distinctions conferred upon our late Most Reverend Archbishop was the public praise accorded to his boyish oratorical faculty by the prince of orators, Daniel O'Connell, the golden-tongued Liberator. On St. Patrick's Day, forty years ago, a great American orator, Wendell Phillips, delivered a paenegyric of the Irish orator, Daniel O'Connell, the golden-tongued Liberator."

"Broadly considered, the eloquence of Daniel O'Connell has never been equaled in the modern times. Do you think I am partial? I will quote John Randolph, of Roanoke, the Virginia slaveholder, who hated a Irishman almost as much as he hated a Yankee—himself an orator of no mean level. Hearing O'Connell, he exclaimed: "This is the man, these are the lips, the most eloquent that speak English in my day. And I think he was right, I remember the solemnity of Webster, the grace of Everett, the rhetoric of Choate. I know the eloquence that lay hid in the iron legs of Calhoun, who gave melted words beneath the magnetism of Sergeant S. Prentiss, of Mississippi, who wielded a power few men ever had. But I think all of them together never surpassed and by one of them ever equaled O'Connell."

"Webster could awe a Senate, Everett could charm a college and Choate cheat a jury; Clay could magnetize the million, and Corwin lead them captive, O'Connell was Clay, Corwin, Choate, Everett and Webster in one. Before the courts, logic; at the bar of the Senate, unanswerable and dignified; on the platform, grace, wit and pathos; before the masses, a whole man. Carlyle says: "There is no true eloquence unless there is a man behind the speech." Daniel O'Connell was listened to because all England and all Ireland knew that he were a man behind the speech. One would could neither thought bulled nor cheated. He held the masses free but willing subjects in his hand. "To show you that is never took a leaf from our American gospel of condemning Tom Watson's Magazine, and to silence on one truth, fancying so to help another; that he never sacrificed any race to save even Ireland, let me compare him with Kossuth, whose only merit was his eloquence and his patriotism. When Kossuth was in Faneuil Hall he exclaimed: 'Here is a flag without a stain, a nation without a crime.' We abolitionists appealed to him; 'O eloquent man! the Magyar would praise a man who had your words; no pulse beat for four millions of Negroes bending under a yoke ten times heavier than that of Hungary?' He answered: 'I would forget anybody, I would not forget the Magyar. O'Connell never said anything like that."

"When I was in Naples I asked Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Tory: 'Is Germany and the Emperor a man as ever breathed,' said he, and then he told me this story: 'When, in 1830, O'Connell entered Parliament, the anti-slavery cause was so weak that it had only Lushington and myself to speak for it. And we agreed that when he spoke I should cheer him; and when I spoke he should cheer me; and these were the only cheers we ever got. O'Connell came, with one Irish member to support me, and a large number of members, whom we called the West India interest, the slave party, went to him, saying: 'O'Connell, at last you are in the house with one helper. If you will, we will go down with you and with Buxton and Brougham, here are twenty-seven votes for you on every Irish question. If you work with these abolitionists, count us always against you.' It was a terrible temptation. How many a so-called statesman would have yielded! O'Connell said: 'Gentlemen, God knows I speak for the saddest people the sun sees, but may my right hand forget its cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth if to save Ireland, even Ireland, I forget the Negro one single hour!' From that day," said Buxton, "Lushington and I never went into the lobby that O'Connell did not follow us."

"As an orator nature intended him for our Demosthenes. Never since the great Greek has sent forth any one so lavishly gifted for his work as a tribune of the people. He had a magnificent presence, impressive in bearing, massive like that of Jupiter. A small O'Connell would hardly have been an O'Connell at all. I remember Russell Lowell telling us that Mr. Webster came home from Washington at the time the Whig party thought of dissolution, and went down to Faneuil Hall to protest. Drawing himself to his loftiest proportions, his brow clothed with princely and princess to Rome during the month of April—a decision which is accepted with very faces by the Italian and German press, which proclaimed that nothing but the presence of the Kaiser himself in Rome would meet the exigencies of the situation. They are not very complimentary to the Prince who will one day be Emperor of Germany, but it is easy to understand their bitterness. The sole scene of their agitation was to force the Kaiser to do something which might be construed as a slight upon the Pope and

magnetism that melts all hearts into one. Then he had a voice that covered the gamut. I heard him once say: 'I send my voice across the Atlantic, covering like the thunderstorm against the breezes, to tell the slaveholder that the Carolinas that God's thunderbolts are hot and to remind the bondman that the dawn of his redemption is near.' And you seemed to hear his voice come echoing back from the Rocky Mountains. There, with the slightest possible Irish tongue, he would tell a story at which all Exeter Hall shook with laughter, and the next moment, as he spoke with the tears in his voice, five thousand men wept. And all the while no effort. He seemed only breathing. "As effortless as woodland nooks Send violents up, and paint them blue."

Bigotry is dying in the United States, and in Canada too, it is an unconsciously long time dying. Very tenacious of its life-breath is bigotry, and just at present reports from many parts of the country would seem to indicate that it has rallied a little, and is putting forth every effort to do as much harm as possible before it dies. Nevertheless it must not be supposed that all opposition to Catholic political action is based on bigotry. Some Catholic politicians deserve to be opposed. They deserve to be repudiated not only by Protestants but by Catholics. They are unworthy of the Catholic name, and they bring shame upon their co-religionists by leaguering themselves with evil forces in politics. The trouble with bigotry, however, is that it sees no difference between the bad Catholic and the good one. It takes the conscience of the man who is a Catholic, without regard to anything else. When Protestant ministers use their pulpits for the purpose of condemning evil influences in American public life, they very rarely call attention to the evil influences of bigotry, which is working mischief in so many American communities; they never exhort the secret societies that, pretending to be guardians of American patriotism, all the minds of their members with poison against Catholics who aspire to office. Yet ministers of the Gospel, if they will interfere in politics, should consider this part of their duty—to rebuke the un-Christian suspicion toward Catholics manifested by member of their clubs and churches. If they did this, they would be serving the cause of good citizenship and American patriotism to much better purpose than their usual habit of denouncing by hysterical abuse of evils that will never be remedied until all citizens, regardless of religious divisions, are enlisted in a movement to reform them.—Sacred Heart Review.

BIGOTRY OPPOSED TO GOOD CITIZENSHIP

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BIGOTRY CONFRONTED

It is a strange phenomenon in the march of American civilization and enlightenment, that the last place for the spectre of bigotry to dwell is among our neighbors in the South. There are corners down there yet in Kentucky and Georgia where the Pope is held as Anti-Christ, where a Catholic is regarded as a kind of interloper, and where the vilest slanders about priests and nuns are not only countenanced in the pulpit and press but tenderly nursed and spread in the homes. Witness for instance Tom Watson's Magazine, and the vile stuff with which he regales monthly his constituents. Witness again the fact that the Hon. Ben Johnston of Kentucky had to withdraw recently as Democratic candidate for governor of that state because of the feeling manifested against him as a Catholic. Bishop Ludden of Syracuse is right in his contention that the old fever of bigotry has not yet disappeared. Father Lucian Hamilton, son of the Southern writer, the late Richard Malcolm Johnston, has addressed an appeal to Southern Protestants, which the International Catholic Truth Society has published in pamphlet form. After speaking of the bigotry in the South Father Johnston says: "Now then, who is responsible? I lay the responsibility without hesitation upon your leaders, above all upon your protestant clergymen. Because you form the minds of your congregations. The subscribers and buyers of these outrageous magazines and books, the audiences at these deplorable lectures are the members of your own churches, your own flock, your own people. They and their money and their moral support keep such men as Tom Watson on his feet financially. Now, do you mean to tell me that you are not responsible for their depraved state of mind? You, who preach to them every Sunday, who minister the consolations of your faith to them at all times; you, their counselors and guides to righteousness; do you mean to say that you, you, you are not responsible? I say you are responsible, and say it with sorrow, that well-meaning men can be either so blind or so narrow. At a word from you, such publications as Watson's Magazine, or the dirty romance of Maria Monk and Freese's '30 Years in Hell' would go out of existence for lack of buyers. But you very silence lends approvals. You do not condemn a such fanaticism, and still when surely you must know your people are being inoculated with it. If anything, you still further fan the flames of religious hate. Constantly from your pulpits come attacks upon Catholics who are sometimes as innocent as those of Mr. Watson. I have heard in Baltimore, Protestant clergymen make just such insensate charges. I heard similar abuse poured out upon us day after day at the Methodist General Conference held in this city. The Baptist meeting of a more recent date evinced the same abusive spirit. But

never have I heard from the lips of any of our Protestant clergymen of any denomination word of censure upon his people for such slanderous attacks. Never! I have no doubt that many of you are not in sympathy with such an intolerant spirit. But why then are you silent? Are you afraid? Are you incapable of guiding your flock? What is the reason for the sepulchral silence of the most cultivated among you, you who preach broad-mindedness in general, but wink at anti-Catholic bigotry in particular? Where is your manhood, that you dare not range yourselves and your spiritual influence on the side of justice? Yes, you, you Protestant clergymen, are responsible, not Tom Watson, but you. You have it upon your conscience that in these latter days the people are permeated very widely and very deeply by this blind, unreasoning, stupid hatred of Catholicity which makes of them such a willing audience and subscriber to all the mountebanks and scurrilous fanatics who make their living by slandering their Catholic fellow-citizens. You are responsible because you do not educate, as you should educate, your people up to a higher standard of mental decency and honesty and manliness and love of fair fight. Mr. Watson may talk of Catholic assassins. Good God! I would rather see a man stab me than slay a fellow my good name. And I know of no assassination in any time which can equal that persistent, ceaseless, unyielding, almost satanic hatred which seeks right here now in the States, to kill Catholicity—not by fair fight; but by poison."

RELIGION DEFINED

THE PART IT PLAYS IN REGULATING MAN'S ACTIONS, CONTAINS SUM TOTAL OF MAN'S DUTIES TO GOD

This is the burning question of the day and of all times. Other questions may absorb the attention of the people, but only for a short time—this all-important question will confront us wherever we turn. It is a question of prime importance to have a correct idea of what religion is. Worcester calls it an acknowledgment of our obligation to God as our Creator, with a feeling of reverence and love, and a consequent duty of obedience to Him. Religion is a moral bond which unites us to God. If we regard it as a science, it teaches us what God is, what He has done for us; what our duty is, and how it should be done. The office of religion is to teach us the truths we must believe, the laws we must observe and to furnish us with the means to keep the laws of God. Religion contains the sum total of man's duties to God. It is a service, a yoke. It includes the essential idea of an obligation and of a responsibility to a superior; it binds the conscience and makes it accountable for its transgressions. Religion, as a virtue, shows itself in religious acts; we adore God and thereby acknowledge His as the Supreme Being to whom we owe allegiance; we thank Him for all His gifts to soul and body, for all we have and are; we beseech Him for His blessings and recognize Him as the source of every good and profess our own nothingness. Religion must needs convict me of my sinfulness and inability to give full satisfaction. Confusion and humiliation fill my soul in the sight of the All Holy. An external manifestation of guilt and dependence by acts of sacrifice and expiation is the natural consequence. Impress it firmly upon your mind that religion is a duty which you are bound to perform and which you cannot shrink from. You are dependent on the Creator; you are subject to His will. He places restrictions upon your personal liberty. Religion, His law, must regulate your whole moral being. All your thoughts, words and actions must be under the control of religion. Yes, for your very thoughts you are responsible to the all-seeing God. Wherever the blessed Saviour says that "Whoever shall look on a woman to lust after her hath already committed adultery with her in his heart." (St. Matt. v. 28.) Religion assigns me my place in God's universe and gives the key to my life. Without religion, my life would be but one long winter of desolation, with no star shining to cheer me on my journey, with no ray of sunlight to dispel the chilling gloom from my sinking heart. Through religion, life recovers a dignity, a value which surpasses the whole world. I stand between earth and heaven; I am a part of earth; my body is the ignoble, perishable part; I am a part of heaven; my immortal spirit dwells in me which no fetters can hinder from soaring upward to God, the Source of life and happiness. He has made me that I should be happy for time and eternity. To mean to attain happiness is religion.—Bishop Stang.

Why do they Hate it?

Why do so many non-Catholics hate the Catholic Church? They do not know it, but they have an intense aversion for it. They do not hate it, so much as the evil that they imagine it is. They have been told that it is this and that, and they believe what has been said to them about it. And then they see it strong where their so-called Churches are weak—in resisting divorce, in insisting on public worship on Sunday, in fighting race prejudice, etc., etc., and they detest it for its power. It speaks as one having authority and millions on millions of people obey it. Its enemies fear it and oppose it because of its influence. But if they only knew it as it is—the very work of Christ—it would quickly flock to it and find themselves at home.—Catholic Columbian.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The Pope sent \$2,000 to the Apostolic Delegate at Manila for the relief of the sufferers by the recent eruption of the volcano at Taal.

The Negro Missions have been re-membered in the will of the late Mary Rhineclander King, of New York, to the extent of \$100,000. Another bequest was one of \$10,000 to the Bishop of Oklahoma.

Mons. Giuseppe Aversa, Apostolic Delegate to Cuba, has been nominated by the Holy Father Apostolic Nuncio to Brazil in substitution for Mons. Bavona, recently promoted to the Nunciature of Vienna.

Rev. Alan McDonnell, S. J., one of the oldest members of the Jesuit order in this country, died at Woodstock College, near Baltimore, Md., recently. He was born in Prince Edward Island eighty-five years ago.

News has reached this country that the Rev. Fr. Quinn, well known throughout America for his heroic services during fever times in Memphis, Tenn., has been called to his reward at Queenstown, Ireland.

In the Vatican Archives was found a Chinese letter on yellow silk, written in the Pontificate of Leo X. (1513-1521), proving that the then Empress of China and her children were converts and died Catholics. The letter is addressed by her to Leo X.

A cablegram received on Friday, March 17, from Bangalore, in the West Indies, contained the sad announcement of the death, in a private hospital there, of Right Rev. Mr. James F. Loughlin, D. D., rector of the Church of the Nativity, B. V. M., Philadelphia.

St. Charles College, one of the oldest Catholic institutions of learning in Maryland, situated five miles west of Ellicott City, was destroyed by fire on the afternoon of March 16. Within two hours the entire building was wrecked, only portions of the heaviest walls remaining.

Two more Catholic missionaries have succumbed to the plague that is now sweeping northern China. Father Delgado and Father Mitchell, stationed at Manchuria, while working among the sufferers from the epidemic, were seized with the malady, and soon gave up their lives, martyrs to their charity and zeal for the salvation of souls.

The Cardinals presented their greetings to the Pope on March 18, in honor of St. Joseph's Day, which is the Pontiff's name day, his name before he became Pope being Giuseppe (Joseph) Sartio. Cardinal Spina, in his official speech, to which the Pope replied briefly. Then he conversed amicably with his visitors.

The Pope received in private on March 18, Guineo Bernado Breyer, a Mexican soldier, and discussed with him the situation in Mexico. His Holiness remarked to General Breyer, that, although President Diaz was responsible for the separation of Church and State, the Vatican is well satisfied with the position of the Church in that country.

The following press dispatch, evidently inspired, comes from Rome under date of March 18: "It may be stated authoritatively that no pilgrimages, whether led by Catholics or not, will be received in audience by the Pope during the present year. No exceptions will be made. No Papal audiences have been granted to the members of any particular pilgrimage from the United States or elsewhere."

It is now nearly two years since the Rev. Father Montanar, a French priest, came from China on the invitation of Archbishop Farley to establish a mission for the Chinese of New York. Notwithstanding a woeful lack of funds, Father Montanar has achieved a degree of success in this new field, and the mission in Chinatown, which has become a large factor in the Christianization of the hundreds of pagan Celestials who inhabited that and other sections of the city.

The Brothers of the Christian Schools (Christian Brothers) have lately opened the following new communities: Yumbel, Columbia; Canquenes, Chili; Buenos Ayres, Argentina; Pnom-Penh, Cochinchina; Micoaco and San Borja, Mexico. Three Christian Brothers have recently started out for the Philippines, where the first house of the Order in the Islands is about to be opened.

The number of pupils attending the Christian Brothers' schools in Turkey is significant of the work being done in that country. The "Bulletin of Christian Schools" is authority for the statement that in 1910 the number of pupils attending the free schools of the Brothers in Turkey was 1,070. The highest attendance being at Constantinople and Smyrna. The number attending the High Schools and Colleges conducted by the Brothers amounts to 2,200.

One of the missionaries in the Belgian Congo pays the following tribute to the good work being done here by the recently established schools of the Christian Brothers. A former pupil of the Brothers' School, he says, having returned to his native village, began to catechize the natives of his own accord. In a short time he prepared three hundred pagans for baptism. When the catechisms were fully instructed the young men sent for a priest to baptize them. The missionary came and a thoroughly Christian village was established. This, the missionary says, is only one of many examples.

St. Benedict's Institute, the Christian Brothers' College at Colombo, Ceylon, which, last year, had an attendance of 1,200 pupils, was so successful in the recent examinations that the staff received special congratulations from the Government. Eight seniors and twenty-five Juniors successfully passed the Cambridge General Examinations and of these, eight obtained honors and thirteen others distinctions.