

by given that a e of Six Per Cent. Paid Up Capital Bank of Canada for the three months ending 31st August, 1911, and the same is Head Office and after Friday last

books will be closed. 31st August, both the Board, JAMES MASON, General Manager

OFFICE 1000 St. Thomas St. Toronto

Also in St. Thomas

—Mrs. D. C. and Mrs. M. C. and Mrs. J. C. and Mrs. K. C. and Mrs. L. C. and Mrs. N. C. and Mrs. O. C. and Mrs. P. C. and Mrs. Q. C. and Mrs. R. C. and Mrs. S. C. and Mrs. T. C. and Mrs. U. C. and Mrs. V. C. and Mrs. W. C. and Mrs. X. C. and Mrs. Y. C. and Mrs. Z. C.

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FOR PUBLIC SCHOOL holding second-class diploma

TEACHER, AS Separate School, No. 3, 1215-16

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The Catholic Record

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

VOLUME XXXIII.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14 1911

1721

The Mist That's Over Ireland

Katherine Tynan in The Spectator
There's a mist that's over Ireland where the blackbird calls,
And when you come to its rain and when you go it falls.
It's made of green and silver and the rain and dew,
And the finest sun is over it you ever knew.

Ouch, sure it isn't mist at all, except a mist of tears,
A haze of love and longin' for the happy years,
When myself that's old and fretted now and older than the stone
Was young in golden Ireland with the friends that's gone.

The mist is like a curtain that the wind'll blow
And lift a little wisp of it till you see below
The shinnest country ever was of hills and streams
With the faces do be haunting you in lonesome dreams.

There's people do be in the mist; their like's hard to find,
Their faces full of welcome, and their smile so soft and kind,
It's like I see 'em thinkin' in the days that ran away
How I'd sit and break my heart for the one who's weary day.

It isn't fields and mountains and it isn't streams and trees,
Though all o' 'em is in the mist, nor hummin' of the bees,
Nor yet the thrush and blackbird, could I see 'em as I stand
And look the way of Ireland with my need in my hand.

'Tis little that we value them when we're young and gay,
We think we'll have them with us forever and a day.
We never know the good we have till lovin' friends depart
And leave us just with half a life and half a heart.

There's a gold mist over Ireland that will never rain,
And some is walkin' in it was the light of my eyes,
They're never old and troubled now, and never sick and sad,
The days we had together were the best I ever had.

Please God, some day that's comin', when the dream of death is past,
And I take the long home valley we must all make at last,
I'll sight the hills of heaven and the people all in white,
And you, and you, among them was my heart's delight.

The mist that's over Ireland will be blowin' in my face,
I'll reach the other side of it to the happy place,
And I'll not be lookin' backward like a lonesome ghost
From the mist that's over Ireland and the friends I lost.

A HEADLESS ARMY

It is impossible to take up any publication, even a secular one, that chronicles the doings of the day and not find one and monotonous note of confession of failure in the Protestant realm pervading the reports of the diurnal papers. There is no sense of obedience to authority—that is, final authority. Whatever assent is given to immediate needs, and in secondary things, is given from the feeling that a show of co-operation, in the name of union, must be put on. What is the cause of this ramshackle, shuffling, unorderly march of millions of people who still wave the ragged banners of Protestantism? It is the adoption of the fatal shibboleth "The right of private judgment." As well expect bricks to stand firmly together against the cyclone, without any mortar to hold them, or slates and tiles without any rafters and nails to bind, as to get an army to assemble to the law of "private judgment." "Obedience to the law is the first duty of the citizen," declared even the old pagan Roman civic text-books. Obedience to the Church is the first principle of the Christian religion as laid down by Christ Himself. The Catholic Church is the symbol of this essential principle of religion and the visible universe.

"The right of private judgment" was the claim that hurled the great fallen Archangel from his honored place among those who stood before the throne of God on high. We have heard the almost despairing lament of the Rev. Dr. Gladden on the failure of the shepherds to assemble the sheep. It is a pathetic confession. It is not by any means the only one. Very frankly many other able clergymen have recognized the loosening of the hands and the breaking away of the congregations. Yet, while looking around for causes of the change, nearly all those who deplore the conditions appear unable to realize why they are so disappointing. They wonder at disunion, yet they overlook the fact that almost seems to stare them out of countenance—that unity means one Church, and that the first essential to unity is implicit submission to the fundamental law, obedience to authority. The only hope of non-Catholic bodies lies in the fallacious system of recurrent "revivals." Now, there is nothing of the nature of revival about the "revival" system. It is an ignis fatuus hope. The revivals exhaust, and the exhaustion is not self-supplying, as in the case of the radium fire. The most patriotic of peoples will in time of war get tired of constant calls for the "leave us alone." One Methodist clergyman at least realizes the vast difference between Catholicism and Protestantism in this matter. Preaching at the dedication of a new church at Westfield, N. J., recently, the Rev. John A. Krantz said:

What the Methodist Church throughout the land needs is a great revival. The Catholics love their Church. The head of the Church impresses the people that they need the Church, while the Protestants are inclined to preach that the Church needs the people. The Catholics are right; it is the people that need the Church, and not the Church that needs the people.

The Catholics know how to build churches. The magnificent cathedral on Fifth avenue, New York, was paid for principally by small offerings. They love their Church, and attest their loyalty by the large attendance Sunday mornings. The Catholics don't allow any trivial excuse to keep them away from church services, a worthy example for Protestants to follow.

The Catholics love their Church because it is Divine Founder is ever with it, and He commanded the flock to "hear the Church," and not "as the heathen and the publican." He did not tell them to hear "the Churches," but "the Church." This is the whole difference in a nutshell.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

MARY

When a voice, however irresponsible has uttered words of deprecation against the holy name of the Blessed Mother of God, it is the duty of every true knight who loves and reveres her to speak the words that shall in some manner repair the wrong.

Mary! She comes before us radiant with the smile that was her aureole in the divine message of the Archangel. Mary, the glory of Israel, in the light of her loveliness, is scattering roses and perfumes over every altar of the Catholic Church, where pilgrims and pious souls are kneeling, a serried mass of people that cry out their "Hail" to her with the Mother without sin.

Mary! It is the name of grace and benediction murmured in the ecstasies of the saints. Mary, the centre of light of the angels of God, the brightest star in that great white throne upon which sits the infallible Judge; that pure and luminous lily stowed with the balsam whose perfume permeates all Paradise. Mary, that fountain of gentleness, who has felt all the bitter anguish that fills the mothers and daughters of men, who has trembled and fainted, and yet gone onward to the foot of the Cross. She came close to every bitter torment, every unjust outrage, every horrible torture. But she never flinched, she succeeded one degree higher towards the grace that made her the Mater Dolorosa, the Angel of Calvary. Her tears have sanctified the lament of all those mothers who have mourned the passing of their own sons.

"Who shall be compared with her?" Not the "modern" woman, whose conscience vitiated with the angry life around her, cannot regard her upon the same level as we look with delight. Not the woman who has made fashion her god; not the woman whose mind is filled with the sensual things that fill the novels and papers of the day; not the woman whose face is seen in every public place courting the smile and word of adulation and flattery. Not the mother to whom children, God's most precious gift, are a burden; not the mother who crushes out every spark of heavenly illumination from the mind of her child; not the mother of whom the home is a prison house. Not the wife unloving, unfaithful, and unfeeling. Not, in a word, the woman of the world.

While all these pursue their will-o'-the-wisps, and arch their brows in contempt for all things that make womanhood glorious, the Catholic raises his eyes with loving admiration to her in whom all womanhood is made beautiful because she was the Mother of Him who was eternal beauty incarnate.—Pilot.

ADVOCATED A STATUE IN HONOR OF THE DEVIL

FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF PORTUGAL A SELF-CONFESSED BLASPHEMER

Lisbon, Sept. 14.
What manner of man is this Doctor Manoel Arraiga, whom the new government of Portugal has made its first President? I have learned from good authority that his election has been favorably received by the majority of the nation, who feel that he represents the triumph of the less radical party. The leaders of this party are Antonio d'Almeida and Beilo Camacho, the one former minister of the interior, and the other minister of works.

The election of Arraiga thus means the defeat of Filomeno Costa, who supported the candidacy of Bernardino Machado, whose election would have made Costa the real power in Portugal. Nevertheless, the new President is hardly, if at all, more favorable to Catholic liberties than would have been the unsuccessful Machado. His sentiments and religious ideas are certainly not reassuring. A mere glance at some of the speeches he has made of late shows little hope he gives of moderation and justice.

PRESIDENT A BLASPHEMER

When just after the Revolution he was named Rector of the University of Coimbra, he said among other things that just as the Portuguese nation had suppressed the sovereignty of the House of Braganza, it was now its duty to support the sovereignty of God.

In a public conference held some months ago by some members of the Provisional Government, he advocated the erection of a statue to the devil, because the malign spirit had induced Eve to disobey the command of God.

Again on July 11, he pronounced a discourse full of the most horrible blasphemies before the Constituent Assembly. In that speech, after a flood of insults to God, he utters blasphemies which cannot be printed. His infamous words attack everything that religion holds sacred and inviolable, the Bible, Our Lord, the Church, the Vicar of Christ, morals and laws, and all Christian teaching. His speeches are full of this bestiality, and show how little he corresponds to the report of his "moderation and fairness."

NIGHTMARES FOR GOVERNMENT

The new government is troubled with nightmares of royalist conspiracies and invasions. True it is that the people of Northern Portugal would welcome an uprising provided it gave any signs of success; but at present the circumstances are quite unfavorable, and hence the exaggerated stories of immense armies forming in Spain are only imaginative dreams. At the time of the Revolution, thousands of royalist sympathizers fled into Spain, and others, being expelled from Portugal, sought refuge there. Some time ago the Portuguese refugees were ordered to leave Spain, and hence it was necessary to find some means of exit. The great majority of them were poor peasants without military knowledge and entirely unarmed. They had no recourse in their difficulty but that of again crossing the frontier into Portugal, which they were without the means to emigrate. The multitudes thus hurrying to the Portuguese frontier in order to return to their country gave rise to the story of invasion. But the story went on increasing. There were tales of ocean liners filled to the decks with arms and ammunition for the royalists. And of course, a Jesuit was imagined in every conceivable shape as conspirator and enemy.

ACTIVITY OF ROYALISTS

It cannot be denied, however, that the royalists are indeed active. Captain Faiva Conceicao, who was captured at the battle of Gaitia, but only tentatively for the present. In this connection an event which betrays the popular sentiment happened a short time ago. A detachment of troops commanded by a sergeant was traveling by rail from Braga to Oporto, and during the trip amused themselves by shouting "Harrah for the Monarchy! Viva Captain Conceicao!" They were all arrested on arriving at Oporto, and their hands cuffed behind their backs.—Boston Pilot.

A MANY-SIDED PRIEST

O'CONNOR'S DESCRIPTION OF FATHER VAUGHAN—TELLS HOW PRIEST WHO SCORES SOCIETY LEADS AS RACONTEUR AT DINING-TABLE

(T. P. O'Connor in The Chicago Tribune.)
London, Sept. 5.—Last week I tried to give a portrait of the most famous of the Vaughan brothers; this week I will try to do the same for the most famous of the Vaughan priests. I was struck by the fact that the Vaughan brothers, this week I will try to do the same for the most famous of the Vaughan priests. I was struck by the fact that the Vaughan brothers, this week I will try to do the same for the most famous of the Vaughan priests.

I first met Father Bernard Vaughan at a small school down in Ramsgate, where he was acting as the Father Bernard has the same impression on that first glimpse of the man. First, Father Bernard has the striking beauty of the whole family, a family of handsome men, with straight noses, and symmetry of figure.

The face has not the commanding power of the cardinal's; it is on a smaller scale; but there is the same Norman grandeur, the same nobility, the same distinction, the fine, well chiselled mouth, and the same impression of stalwart manhood.

And before you have been with him a long time you perceive that Father Bernard has the same unquestioning faith of the family. But, more than this, the impression made upon me by Father Bernard Vaughan was the extraordinary elegance and charm of his manner. He has a ready smile, a certain hesitancy in putting his ideas, that make you think of him rather as a French aristocrat of the days before the revolution than of a modern Englishman who does not, as a rule, strike you at first by the sweetness of his approach.

Long after this the name of Father Bernard Vaughan began to figure in the newspapers. In England the newspapers, when they get a man, run him for all he is worth; and for some years now there is scarcely a week when you do not find Father Bernard Vaughan mentioned in the English papers; he is chiefly mentioned as the popular preacher to fashionable congregations.

He preaches, as a rule, in Farm street church, the chief church of the Jesuit Order in London. It is a church which always has a big congregation, and often a large number of the congregation is not Catholic. I have seen a great change come over the attitude of the English and above all the London people to the Catholics. When first I came to London it was a faith which was considered common; it was the faith only for the poor Irish who fled to England after the Irish famine and who had to get their living with their untutored minds and untrained hands as hodmen, gas workers, and navvies—in short, in the hardest worked and poorest paid occupations.

By and by the great Catholic revival in the Anglican Church, of which Cardinal Newman was the most powerful figure, began to do its work; High Church after High Church began to be built all over London; and after a preliminary period of violent rioting by the outraged and extreme Protestantism of the English people, the High Church, with its vestments, genuflections, and even confessional, began to be accepted as one of the things that could not be put down.

This perhaps led to the softening of feeling to the Catholics which is characteristic of to-day.

The movement was further helped by the great distinction of many of the men who were rank and wealth are still greatly honored in England, followed by the late Marquis of Bute—even wealthier and of more ancient descent.

This adoption of the Catholic faith by such distinguished people in a country where rank and wealth are still greatly honored in England, followed by the late Marquis of Bute—even wealthier and of more ancient descent.

To the well dressed and fashionable congregation of Farm street chapel, there Father Bernard Vaughan thunders against the sins of society, and he had plenty of material in the west end of London for such philippics where the rapid growth of wealth led to a wild debauch of extravagance.

Father Bernard Vaughan has a picturesque and even a flamboyant style; he does not mince words and he sacrifices everything to producing a strong and immediate effect. His voice is loud, his gestures abundant, and almost Italian in their frequency and vehemence; in other words, he is the opposite of the correct style which still obtains in the pulpits of the Anglican Church.

Reading of these things and having a little faith in the power of any preacher to get the weak out of a crowd, and other great capital to renounce the world, the flesh, and the devil. I formed an impression of Father Bernard which was as false as that I had formed of his great brother. I thought him too serious, too stern for daily human food. I was enabled to correct the estimate by the coincidence which brought me to Carlisle at the same time as Father Bernard. I met Father Bernard Vaughan within one week of his death. He had the pleasure of sitting at the same table. Like the schoolmaster out of school, Father Bernard Vaughan is the antithesis in private life or what you might expect from his appearance in the pulpit.

And when they said the rosary at night, they always put up a prayer—one of the many trimmings to their rosary—for God to bless Patrick and keep him in his car as the speed him toward the grand goal for which he so bravely struggled. Never-ending were the prayers of Molly and herself for the same object. Your rosary was never wound up, during years and years, without five Paters and Aves being chanted for God's blessing on little Patrick, sixty miles away.

CATHOLICS GAIN BIG LEADERS

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SPEAKS IN PLAIN TERMS

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I know no more extraordinarily interesting and amusing raconteur. He keeps the table in a roar from the first moment to the last; one side splitting their sides with laughter, the other end you are positively exhausted from laughing. And the stories he loves to tell best are stories of humble life in Lancashire, which he knows well, and his practical sense, his sense of humor, his love of the observer with a sense of drama, with innumerable tales of human character, especially in its more noble phases.

Father Bernard Vaughan, in addition to his other dramatic gifts, is a wonderful mimic; he can imitate the accent of a Lancashire workman as well as of a London aristocrat, and he dwells on every feature of his story with the lingering delight of the raconteur, sometimes I almost fancied I was seated by the side of Mark Twain telling some of those yarns that have convulsed continents.

THE FAMILY ROSARY

A PLEA FOR ITS INTRODUCTION INTO CATHOLIC HOUSEHOLDS

E. H. in Providence Visitor

As surprising as it is refreshing and edifying to discover, between the covers of a monthly magazine that is devoted almost exclusively to the ephemeral fiction of the hour, of anything so delicately and deeply Catholic as the pen picture of "an humble Irish priest" who has been so long and so well known to the mystic flowers of the family rosary. The surprise lessens, however, when we find that the artist is Seamus MacManus, a lover of his race and of all that sets it apart from every other nation, and a tender portrait especially of lowly life in the old days of the Holy Rosary.

Just after the reformation had been inaugurated, Salim II, the greatest of the Sultans, taking advantage of the confusion caused in Europe by Luther, had filled the sixteenth century with terror by the noise of his exploits. He left to his son, Selim II, the prospect of being able to carry out the ambition of his race, to subjugate Rome and Vienna, the Pope and the emperor, to the power of the Crescent. The Turkish fleet had already mastered the greater part of the Mediterranean and was threatening Italy, when on October 7, 1571, it came into action, in the Gulf of Lepanto, with the Pontifical galleys, supported by the fleets of Spain and Venice. It was Sunday; throughout the world the confederates of the Rosary were engaged in their work of prayer. It was the night of the celebrated Miracle of Pius V., who saw in the Vatican by a supernatural light the progress of the distant battle. The Christians under Don John of Austria triumphed, and Christendom was saved from the rule of Mahomet. Pope Gregory XIII, in memory of the fallen hero, proclaimed the first Sunday of October as the feast of the Holy Rosary.

So also the late glorious Pontiff, Leo XIII, in his Encyclical, consecrated the whole month of October to this devotion, and he honored our Lady still more by adding to her Litany the title of "Queen of the Most Holy Rosary." In all the churches of the world, the rosary will be recited daily, and will echo the plaintive cry of the suffering Church that the Blessed Mother will intercede for her who is the Holy Rosary.

The neighbors all rejoined with you, of course, in the wonderful progress little Patrick was making at college.

THE REVOLT OF CONSCIENCE

There are Methodists and Methodists. All ministers of the denomination are not of the brand that makes the name disrespected by reason of low means of proselytizing in Rome, in Milan and other Italian places. One Methodist minister—whose name is kept private by Bishop Hamilton, of New York—has shed lustre on his calling by having refused an offer of \$10,000 to perform the marriage ceremony for Colonel Astor and this then intended new wife. More than that, when his action became known a wealthy Methodist layman, in his enthusiasm for the act, offered there and then to compensate him for the sacrifice by the gift of a similar amount, but the conscientious clergyman modestly declined any compensation, saying that he had only done his duty. It is indeed gratifying to find that in individual minds conscience moves men to make a stand for respect for the laws of God and the canons of human society in regard to the social contract. But such a fact cannot proceed from the terrible gravity of the rebellion against these laws that Protestantism in its entirety represents. The course which the revolt of Luther entailed upon the social life of the world is far graver by reason of its ever-widening area and increasing force, from generation to generation than the course of the religious mutiny, since this is gradually decaying and giving place to religious vacuity and indifference. That may be overcome—being, in fact, overcome—by the operation of conscience and the yearning heart which is the source of divorce is ever eating deeper and deeper into the diseased frame of society so that in time it must eat the State as well. The episode of the Golden Calf is being enacted right here in our midst. It is the love of money and luxurious living that for the most part drives women to join in the worship of the sordid idol, and encourages men to seek other partners in the place of those of whom they have grown tired. The age surely needs a new Moses to descend from holy ground and smite the accursed idol that is poisoning the wholesome air by its soul-enslaving breath.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

MISTAKES OF PROTESTANTISM

Preaching recently in Philadelphia on "Mistakes of Protestantism," Rev. Dr. G. Woolsey Hedge, of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Ascension, is reported in the Public Ledger to have spoken as follows: "Prior to the Reformation all that architecture and art and form and ceremony could do to make the Church and its services impressive was used. In fact, religion inspired the masterpieces of the world in architecture and art and music. Christians felt that they should give their best and richest to the service of God, and that the employment of such things would be most useful in impressing men and inspiring them with a true sense of their relationship to God.

"But the Protestant reformers changed all this. They said religion was entirely a spiritual thing, that splendid churches were a waste, beautiful services were a formality, statues and pictures tended to superstition, festivals were merely days for money-making. So they built plain, unadorned meeting houses, banished all form and ceremony; some would not even have a certain devotion in their worship or observe Christmas Day or Good Friday.

"The result of this mistake of Protestantism has been to make men lose their reverence for all sacred things, to think the worship a very unimportant thing and so give it up altogether. They are now building as beautiful and costly churches as Catholics, so they can scarcely be told apart, using stained glass and organs and liturgies and even splendid choirs. They are realizing that there is nothing so elevating and cultivating as art, and it should be used in the interest of religion."

HE RECEIVED NEWMAN INTO THE CHURCH

A process now before the Holy Office at Rome is that of the beatification of Father Dominic, the Passionist, who on a memorable October morning, in 1845, received into the Church at Littlemore, near Oxford, John Henry Newman, the light, the life, the soul of the far-famed Oxford Movement and who was destined to so greatly influence the course of religious thought in the country of his birth. Father Dominic was described by the great neophyte as "a simple, holy man, but withal gifted with remarkable powers." His career in England extended over only nine years, (1840 to 1849), but his work was of an enduring character, and he died of cholera, a martyr to duty, on the platform of a railway station, when he had gone on a mission of mercy. He was also a philosopher of profound attainments, and was the author of numerous treatises in moral and mystical theology. He has been called "a re-builder of the fallen temple of the Church of England." The manifest holiness of his life and his death in the odor of sanctity soon procured for him the title of Venerable, and the introduction now of what is called the "Apostolic Process" (the "Ordinary Process" being concluded) of his beatification is an event of profound interest to all students of the Catholic Revival in England of the middle of the last century.

CATHOLIC NOTES

A gloom has been thrown over the reading public of Britain by the sudden death of Mrs. Catherine Cecil Thurston, the brilliant author of "John Chilton," "M. P." an Irish woman and a Catholic.

Baltimore expects hundreds of Archbishops, Bishops, priests and prelates, this month to honor Cardinal Gibbons in commemoration of his double jubilee. His Archbishop residence has been interiorly and exteriorly redecored and painted.

A report from Milwaukee recently announced the conversion to Catholicism of the Rev. James Small, formerly secretary to Bishop Webb of All Saints' Protestant Episcopal cathedral, and until recently rector of a church at Waupaca, Wis.

The attitude of the Italian government toward the Vatican seems to have undergone a change for the better, since it has forbidden the erection of a table opposite the Pope's residence to commemorate the seizure of Rome and the fall of the Temporal Power.

Rev. James Small, formerly secretary to Bishop Webb of All Saints' Protestant Episcopal Cathedral, Milwaukee, Wis., who was until recently rector of a church at Waupaca, has joined the Catholic communion. Mr. Small was graduated from the Nashota seminary several years ago and ordained by Bishop Webb.

The Guardian, a leading Anglican organ, in a recent discussion of "Missionaries and Their Critics" admitted rather sadly that "we have come to be almost surprised if a traveler does not remark upon the superiority of Roman Catholic over all other missionaries, whether in respect or devotion or method."

More than 90,000 pupils have been enrolled in the parish schools of the Chicago archdiocese, which have resumed schoolwork. Each school opened its year with a Mass of the Holy Ghost, which was offered in the parish churches and attended by the pupils of their respective schools.

Father Bernard Vaughan S. J., will arrive in New York early in October, remaining there during the month to make final arrangements for his lecture tour in this country. During November he will preach at the Immaculate Conception church in Boston every Sunday evening.

Catholics everywhere will regret to learn of the nervous breakdown from overwork of the Rev. Thomas E. Sherman, S. J., son of the late General Sherman, and will pray that he may soon be restored to the use of that brilliant mind which has served for years as the instrument of God in the cause of Catholic Truth.

A very remarkable cure is reported to have taken place recently at Hull, P. E. through the intercession of Brother Expus, of the Christian Brothers, who died in Paris in 1905 in the order of sanctity. Mr. Legace, a butcher, suffered from a dangerous tumor on the leg, which the doctors pronounced incurable. The patient had recourse to the intercession of the holy Brother and applied a relic to the affected part, and a complete cure was the result. This fact has been attested by the local physicians; though they cannot account for it by natural causes.

Benjamin T. Mahler, mechanical engineer of New York city, died recently in Harlem hospital of heart trouble. He was sixty-one years of age. Mr. Mahler was taken to the hospital on Sunday afternoon. Soon after his arrival at the hospital he asked that a priest be sent for. When Rev. Thomas F. X. Walsh of the Church of St. Mark the Evangelist at 138th street and Lexington avenue arrived, he was used to the sick chamber, Mr. Mahler told him that although he was not a Catholic he always had leaned toward that Church and asked that he be admitted to the Church before he died. Father Walsh baptized him and after receiving him into the faith administered the last rites. Father Walsh remained with him until death claimed the convert.

The special correspondent of the London Times in Nigeria states that the phenomenon of alcoholic indulgence is less marked in the case of Roman Catholic converts than among other Christian natives. He pays the following tribute to Father Coquard, the head of the Catholic Mission at Abeokuta: "Father Coquard is a veritable father to his flock and is greatly beloved. Some fifty men, women and children were waiting in the dispensary for his physical ministrations. I met no man in Nigeria belonging to any walk in life whose opinions could carry greater weight than this venerable priest. I feel the freer to make these remarks as I do not belong to the Church whose work Father Coquard is furthering so nobly."

President Taft visited Nazareth Academy, Nazareth, Kalamazoo County, Michigan, under the direction of the Sisters of St. Joseph on the 21st of Sept. In his eloquent address to the large number assembled to greet him, among other things, he said the following: "I understand the great tenet of the Catholic Church is loyalty to constituted authority, and love of country. The great welcome which I have received at this notable institution of learning, shows, that instead of love of church, and interest in the church being inconsistent with the love of country and the interest of the nation, how the better Catholic you are, the better American you have. I do not doubt that the Sisters are building character in the students of this great school to make them good and true citizens, and I congratulate them upon the success of their life work, and wish this institution God's speed in everyone of its departments."