

confession of the priest. The man or woman who stayed in town all day last Sunday in that frame of mind must have been deeply imbued with piety. The priest justified his conduct by quoting some words of that devout woman, *St. TERESA*, who said that in prayer one should always be comfortable, so as to avoid any distraction of thought; "and I have been led to believe," said the priest, "that this saint had a great brain." It seems to us that there was genuine philosophy, well spiced with piety, in these remarks. It is not everybody who can remain in a state of beatitude while the thermometer is wobbling up close to 100 degrees in a humid atmosphere.—N. Y. Sun.

Sunday high masses are not paid for, they are part and parcel of the contract for priestly service covered by the annual salary of the priest.

A Sunday high mass at best is a tedious, burdensome job for the priest, it is no joke to sit close to a lot of gas lights or ill-smelling candles for an hour or more on a July day clothed with all the pagan toggery and drapery the mass demands. The reader however may rest assured, should during the week a high mass for some inmate of Rome's purgatory be demanded, the fee for which is large enough to tempt any of the priests, that the mass be sung even should the thermometer register over 100 in the church. Piety or no piety, mind with any kind of frame or entirely frameless, to the greater glory of the purgatorial taskmaster, the mass will be sung and the big fee, that alters all the conditions, will be laid away to swell the priest's treasury.

#### AMERICA'S AIR IS NOT FAVORABLE TO ROME.

The Polish parishioners of *St. Adalbert* in Buffalo, are at war with their priest. The priest upheld by his Bishop desires to manage the temporal affairs of the parish without consulting the layman of the church. The laymen contend, that, as they supply the means to run the church machine, they should have, through their appointed trustees, a voice in dispensing the same.

The priest foreseeing unpleasant times sent his resignation to his Bishop, *Mr. Pyan*, of Buffalo; the latter did not except it and commanded the priest to stay at his post, intimating to him, that they would stand together on the principle of church authority. The trustees are, however, backed by three thousand of the parishioners; none of them will go near the church as long as the offending priest remains. They say he is an able man but as long as he will meddle with the finances of the church without the co-operation of the trustees, they will have none of him.

To a reporter one of the assistant priests described the rebellious parishioners in the following way: "These people in their own country can't say their souls are their own. They come over here and enjoy the breath of freedom and they naturally conspire."

A nice admission for the priests to make. They can't call their souls their own in Roman Catholic Poland. Well we all know this. The Primitive Catholic for the last eleven years has told the American people that Roman Catholics in their countries cannot and dare not call their souls their own; they are the priest's and the pope's.

But mark ye, they come over here and enjoy the breath of freedom; Oh! there lies the rub; yes, freedom, for the poor Pole, freedom from priestly oppression of the church of Rome, the Rome that sold Poland to the powers of Europe to be divided as legitimate Rome-approved spoils, no wonder that the poor Pole coming over here enjoys the breath of freedom and con-

spires. Conspire? against what? against the hand of the priest-oppressor, that wishes to rule it over him as he did in Poland, that wishes to make of him a merely shekel-beggetting automaton and nothing more.

America is the leveler of Rome's pride and tyranny, it is here in America that Rome, the Rome branded with all the crimes of tyranny and despotism, stained with the blood of millions of the oppressed during the long and shameful career of her existence. Yes, right here in America, she will meet her Waterloo. Her very children, who love her and would like to serve her as free men, will be the very first to strike the annihilating blow; for they have learned to see her by freedom's light and find her what she is, a monster of despotism, the enemy to every free thought, to which man's dignity may aspire.

Keep on A. P. A. to enlighten and instruct, cease not to point out to your Catholic brothers the beacon light of freedom, of patriotic dignity, that leads to good citizenship and to union of love for God and for country.

#### DRUNKEN PRIEST SHELTERED BY NEW YORK'S PAPAL POLICE.

A smooth shaven man in clerical dress staggered along Eighth avenue, near 130th street, at nine o'clock last night. He was apparently drunk, and a hooting mob followed his erratic progress. Suddenly he sank to the sidewalk, and some bystanders, out of respect for his cloth, carried him to a neighboring drug store. *Dr. Perkins*, of Seventh avenue and 131st street, was hastily summoned, and an emergency call was sent to the Manhattan Hospital.

An ambulance arrived, in charge of *Dr. Hill*, and the stranger was about to be carted away when the *Rev. Father Golden*, of *St. Charles Borromeo's Roman Catholic Church*, at 147th street and Seventh avenue, forced his way through the crowd and demanded possession of the man. *Dr. Hill* objected, but *Father Golden* carried his point and removed the man in a carriage to the rectory. Policeman *Weiner*, of the West 125th street station, tried in vain to learn the man's name. To *Dr. Perkins*, however, the man had described himself as *T. Edwin Holden*, of No. 887 Park avenue.

Neither of the doctors who examined the patient would explain the nature of the trouble, but in the Manhattan Hospital book the case is described as "a drunk."

The name *T. Edwin Holden* does not appear in the city or clerical directory.

The old, old story, New York's police and other departments are as priestridden as ever. Had any but a Roman Catholic interfered, no matter how respectable his appearance, the individual would have been subjected to the regular course of the law. By all appearance the drunkard was a priest, and of course that aggravated matters still more so that ambulance doctor, policemen, etc., had to give way.—Primitive Catholic.

#### PRIESTS AND WAFER GODS.

"Our Vienna correspondent telegraphs: In Venice a number of thieves, who managed to get themselves locked in the church of the Barefooted Friars, during the night broke open the tabernacle, and stole the golden capsule with the communion wafers, two hundred of which were strewn in the neighboring streets. No one dared to touch them and the priests went out in procession to pick them up. The Patriarch ordered penitence service in all the churches of Venice and a telegram was sent to Rome to communicate what had been done to the Pope."—Daily News, April 26th, 1895.