

Random Notes and Gleanings.

A GOOD ANECDOTE.—We take the following anecdote of Philip Brooks, the eminent Protestant clergyman, from the pages of an American contemporary, and we give it without comment:

The devotion of Catholics to their clergy and to their religion generally is a source of never ending wonder to the Protestants. The sacrifices our people in the United States have made and are making to build up a parochial school system is a good instance of this. It is an incontestible argument for the power of the true faith and its ability to inculcate holiness in life. Philip Brooks, the late Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts, when rector in a church in Philadelphia, often remarked to his curate at breakfast that it was wonderful to peep out of one's window on a bleak winter's morning and see crowds of Catholics trooping to church at 4.30 a.m. on a holy day of obligation. "Suppose," he would say, "you and I were to announce to our people next Sunday that on the Wednesday following there would be special services at 4.30 a.m. How many, think you, would we find present?" And then Brooks' countenance would cloud over, and, growing thoughtful, he would say: "A wonderful institution, surely; a wonderful institution!" The curate in question is now a Catholic priest.

LESSONS TO LEARN.—From time to time we find Protestant clergymen, who have carefully observed the movements and precepts of the Catholic Church, especially as exemplified in the lives and actions of Catholics, giving expression to admirable advice and paying very important tributes to our grand and holy religion. Recently the Rev. Madison C. Peters preached a forcible sermon in the Broad Street Baptist Church at Philadelphia. He took for his subject the peculiar title: "What Protestants Should Learn from Catholics." Amongst other things in the course of his sermon he delivered the following passage:

"The rich Catholic hesitates not to kneel by the side of the poorest. Protestants have too keen a sense of small. Protestants should learn from Catholics how to give. Catholics are generally pious. But behold their churches. Behold the earnings they lay upon the altar of the Church. Every Catholic is identified with some parish. There are thousands of Protestants in this city whose church membership is in their trunks, or in the place where they used to live. They remind me of those matches which strike only on the boxes—when you have the match you haven't the box, and when you have the box you haven't the match. In caring for their children Catholics teach us a lesson. The Protestant laity needs to be awakened to a deep sense of the magnitude of their duty toward their children. Here is the source of strength in the Catholic Church. The Catholic Church has been charged with putting too much stress upon good works and not enough upon faith. Protestantism has swung to the other extreme and not put enough stress upon good works. Good works won't save, but faith without works is dead. The Catholic charities, covering every conceivable case of need and suffering, puts Protestants to shame."

A SIGN OF LIFE.—One of our American contemporaries says that "there is no better and more hopeful indication of Catholic life and movement in this country than the ninety or more Catholic periodicals that go weekly into thousands of American Catholic homes." There can be no mistake in this remark. In fact, any community in which it is found that a Catholic paper freely and largely circulates, is sure to be one in which the spirit of practical Catholicity reigns. In fact it is an evidence that the people have not only a live faith, but also that they take an interest, in a practical way, in the propagation and conservation of that Faith. To subscribe to a Catholic paper is a matter of purely voluntary nature, and the man who gives his dollar for the paper is sure to give far more to the Church—he understands his own spiritual needs and those of his children.

TEMPERANCE CAUSE.—Rev. Father Hays, speaking recently in the Town Hall, Leighton, England, delivered one of his eloquent appeals for the cause of temperance. Refer-

ring to the report of a recent Commission, he said: "All were agreed on three points embodied in the report of the Government Commission (1) that drunkenness was the great curse of the country; (2) that there were far too many public houses, (3) that a large suppression in the number of licenses was necessary in the interests of the people and the nation."

OUR YOUNG MEN are, as a rule, says an exchange, no great lovers of sound and useful literature. No sooner have they left school or college than they leave instructive books behind them. Self education has no charms for them. Through the neglect of self-culture the bright future of many a young man is lamentably blighted and the prospects of a successful career shattered. Young men must convince themselves of the fact that genius darts and tires, but perseverance wears and wins. Nor should they forget that the largest room in the world is the room for self-improvement.

POWER OF MONEY.—Very Rev. Gilbert Higgins, C.R.L., speaking at a recent function in Peterborough, England, said:

"Once upon a time they thought that this office and the other would be free from suspicion, but to-day they were not surprised to find the highest in the land accused of loving money above duty, and having a price for his honor, and a price even for his devotion to his country. There were rewards and medals and crosses and distinctions for the man of money, but let them find the distinctions that were conferred upon the man of letters. When the plutocrat moves forward, the whole street was decorated. Men bowed down before a man who had secured the only thing a man could live for to-day, who had forgotten his God. Work to-day in many places, at home and in the office, and even in the great positions of State, was looked upon as an uncomfortable interlude in the real business of life, which was self-satisfaction, self-indulgence and ease. Work was a horrible interference with the desire to enjoy oneself, and so it was shirked; and when it could not be entirely neglected, it was scamped."

A PRECIOUS PICTURE.—It was announced from Naples, a couple of weeks ago, that Titian's famous portrait of Cardinal Bembo had been unearthed there is one of the store rooms of the Royal Picture Gallery. Of this picture many writers of the last three centuries have made mention, following Vasari's account, but every trace of it has been lost. It is of this picture that Vasari says:

"Now Titian had taken the portrait of Bembo, then secretary to Pope Leo X., and was by him invited to Rome, that he might see the city, with Raffaele da Urbino and other distinguished persons, but the artist having delayed his journey until 1520, when the Pope and Raffaele were both dead, put it off for that time altogether."

Such the story told by the great Italian historian. The newly discovered portrait is a vigorous work of the great Venetian artist. The illustrious Cardinal, who was also a Venetian, is represented as seated—a meagre and austere figure. The background is a pleasant landscape, which is identified with the charming country in the neighborhood of Asolo where another poet, Robert Browning, loved to dwell. There Bembo had a residence which was the refuge he sought for his studies. The newly discovered Titian will be exposed to public view in the Naples Museum. There are other portraits of Bembo in existence, one of which is an engraving bearing the name of Benaglia and recently reproduced in the English translation of Gregorinus' "Lucrezia Borgia." Apart from being rendered immortal by Titian, Pietro Bembo was a man whose intellect and abilities ranked him as the fullest representative of the age of culture to which he belonged.

CATHOLIC SONG WRITERS.—The number of Catholics who have written songs that became famous is greater than is generally supposed. Mrs. Chambers-Ketchum, who composed "The Bonnie Blue Flag," was a Catholic, and the fact having been

discovered led an American exchange to investigate with the result that follows:

"James Ryder Randall wrote 'Maryland, My Maryland'; the author of 'Somebody's Darling' was a nun; Father Ryan wrote 'The Conquered Banner'; Gerald Finch 'The Blue and the Gray,' and Theodore O'Hara produced one of the most literary war-songs in English in 'The Bivouac of the Dead.' It has rarely been asked what was the religion of John Howard Payne, the author of the best known song ever written—'Home, Sweet Home.' In 1852 Payne died, in his sixty-second year. The Catholic Bishop of Tunis was on terms of the closest intimacy with the poet, and the priest who prayed at his grave spoke often of him in terms of the highest praise. During his last sickness the Sisters of Charity, Sisters Rosalie, Josephine, Marie and Celeste, nursed him. And they and his Moorish domestics and his Muslim servant, Mohammed, saw his spirit pass away and closed his eyes in death. This information will be news to many, and will be a consolation to Catholic hearts. There will be ever, amongst us, an additional feeling when we hear the loved strains of 'Home Sweet Home.'"

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.—There are several changes in the form of this year's general report to the Board of Trade upon the accidents that have occurred on the railways of the United Kingdom, says the Dublin Freeman, the object of these being to separate as far as possible the accidents for which the working of the railway may be said to be responsible from those deaths and injuries due to suicide, or to want of common care or caution on the part of the injured people themselves. In some preliminary observations the report states that a large proportion of reported accidents are slight, and the totals which have hitherto been presented tend to give a somewhat exaggerated impression of the amount of injury sustained. During 1903, twenty-five passengers were killed and 769 injured as a consequence of accidents to trains, rolling stock, permanent way, etc.; while accidents from other causes accounted for 128 deaths and 1912 injuries. Nine railway servants were killed by accidents to trains, and 446 by other accidents, while 73 persons fell victims to level crossings, and 442 trespassers, including suicides, were killed. Altogether, the total of those killed is 1159, and of those injured 6785, showing an increase of 63 in the number killed and 124 of the injured as compared with last year. The number of passengers, exclusive of journeys by season ticket holders, was 1,194,833,060, or 6,613,731 more than in the previous year; so that one passenger in every 47,793,000 was killed, and one in 1,540,745 was injured. The coupling and uncoupling of vehicles is still the most fruitful cause of accident, although the number of deaths last year was not very large—23 men were killed and 506 injured.

THE TEMPORAL POWER

(By an Occasional Contributor.)

One of the burning subjects of the day is the attitude of France towards the Vatican, and the entire and fervent sympathy of the Italian Government with France. They are indignant in the Italian Parliament that the Pope should have insulted their friend France. They forget, however, that it was France that deliberately replaced the Pope in the unfortunate position of being obliged to decline receiving the French President.

One organ alone has been kind enough to say that "Naturally the Pope recanted the loss of his estates in 1870." No doubt. It is natural that any human being should resent the loss of his rightful possessions and especially when that loss was caused by an unjust and unjustifiable robbery in the defiance of all law, international, or otherwise. But here there is a line of distinction to be drawn.

The Temporal States of the Pope were not his own, any more than in the fact that he was custodian and administrator of that property in the name of the Catholic Church and of each individual member of that body. The Pope was in "possession" of the Estates, but was not the sole "proprietor." There is a vast difference between the two. A tenant is the possessor of the house in which he lives, but he does not own it. The Temporal States belonged to every individual Catholic in the world, and the Catholic rulers, or head of the

State, as well as the humblest Catholic citizen, in the lowliest walk of life, had a proprietary claim upon those estates. We, as children of a common Father, are all co-operators, and have all been robbed of our rights. The Pope could not dispose of that property by will, by donation, by sale, or by any contract known to law. Therefore the Italian Government merely dispossessed him and robbed the Catholics, individually and collectively. The estates belonged no more to the Pope than does the Church belong to the parish priest. It belongs to the Catholics of the parish. The priest may go, may die, but the parish remains. The Pope may vanish from the scene and his successor come, but the Temporal Estates, or rather the right of the Church to them must continue.

It had been urged at one time that "in his increased spiritual power, His Holiness was more than compensated for the loss of his temporalities." Two very sophistical statements. In the first place, there can be no "increase of spiritual power," for the Pope. There may be an augmentation in the number of the faithful, or an increase in the extent of the Church's influence, but the spiritual power, like God, can neither increase nor decrease; it cannot change. Either the Vicar of Christ received his spiritual jurisdiction from God, or he did not. If he did not so receive it, then there is no longer any Christianity on earth, it disappeared on the day that Christ ascended into heaven; if he did so receive it there is no possibility of its ever being changed. The slightest idea of philosophical reasoning must suggest all the arguments that render the conclusion axiomatic.

In the next place, how could any change, (were such possible), in the spiritual power, compensate for the loss of a temporal possession that belonged to him by every right known to law—by its acquirement through competent donors, by its unbroken continuation for long ages, by uninterrupted succession? As well say that a priest could attend better to the interests of his congregation were he deprived of his house and garden; that a Bishop would be more enabled to shepherd his spiritual flock were he dispossessed of the temporal property belonging to the diocese.

Those temporal possessions were also, to a certain degree, spiritual, in as much as they served to aid in the exercise of spiritual jurisdiction. In fact it would be as sensible to say that the editor of a large newspaper would be much better able to furnish his readers with able editorials, were he to have merely a soul and no body—the spiritual part of him being all required for such work, and being freed from the trammels of the temporal part, it might soar into a more lofty, more accurate and more logical atmosphere.

But even were the Pope to have reaped spiritual advantages from the loss of his temporalities, in what way does that justify the act of spoliation? Would you be justified in robbing your neighbor of the knives and forks in his house, on the ground that your neighbors runs a risk of injury to himself with them and that it would be for his ultimate advantage to learn to do without such luxuries? In other words, "does the end justify the means?"—especially when the means are notoriously corrupt and unlawful? This is a subject too lengthy and too many sided for one article. We will touch upon other interesting points next week.

Prisoners Aid Society.

We have just been reading a report of the annual meeting of the Catholic Prisoners Aid Society of London, held in the Chapter Hall of Westminster Cathedral, under the presidency of the Archbishop of Westminster. Like many other Catholic Aid Societies, this is one with most practical and laudable aims. The objects of it are: (1) to supplement the work of existing societies by providing the special incentives to, and means of, reformation likely to be effective in Catholic cases; (2) to visit and give relief to the distressed families of prisoners, and, if necessary, obtain suitable education for their children; (3) to aid prisoners on their discharge by obtaining employment for them, and to assist them with clothing, maintenance, temporary lodging, tools and materials; (4) to assist persons who have been in custody or charged, before a magistrate, whether convicted or not, in any way that may be advisable.

To give an idea of the success of the Aid Society, we must confine our emigration, the curse which they all deplored.

OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER

There is an old axiom that says: "If speech is silver, silence is gold." It is, indeed, a little poetic, but contains "more truth than poetry." Not long since I read in the True Witness a passage reproduced from some exchange, in which it was pointed out that "silence is massive." This again is a truth that cannot be gainsaid. A few incidents which I have had occasion to notice as I have gone my rounds of observation along the city curbstone, came forcibly to my mind, and they incline me to occupy a column this week with reflections upon silence. They say that "Silence gives consent," that is not always the case, often it is quite the contrary. They speak of the "silent contempt" that withers; that is often a mere mask for incapacity to answer, or to defend oneself. In fact, I put little faith in mere sayings, but have a great deal in facts.

THE CHINAMAN.—I had occasion to present one day on St. Lawrence street when there was considerable excitement in front of a Jew's shop. Some person had tampered with the goods outside his door. In fact he said that some one had stolen a piece of cloth off the shelf. There were not less than twenty people gathered, all excited all talking together, and the little Jew trying to explain to a big policeman what had taken place. The only person present who seemed to be perfectly calm, and yet not without interest in the proceedings, was a Chinaman, who stood on the outskirts of the crowd with his bag of washing on his back. He evidently had been there all the time, and had remained perfectly still, yet seemingly curious to know what all the hubbub was about. There was a species of bland and half-innocent smile on his face. No person paid any attention to him. Strange to say, a vague idea came into my head that if he had not the piece of cloth in his bag, at least he knew something about it. If he had it, there was nothing to prevent him going away with it, for no person paid any attention to him. When finally the crowd had grown to thirty or forty, and the policeman began to make them "move on," the Chinaman got his innings. When the policeman told him to "get ahead," he simply answered by asking "what e mattee?" It was explained to him that the Jew lost a piece of cloth. He smiled and said: "takee he seffee." And it proved true. The Jew had taken it in himself some time before and had left it near a counter for a customer to examine. That was apparently the case. But in my mind, without wishing to judge harshly, I was suspicious that the Chinaman had taken the cloth, and when he saw that the loss was noticed, he waited calmly for the confusion that must follow, and silently slipped in and left it on the shelf in the shop. I may be mistaken, but, in any case, he knew where it was all the time, but his si-

lence and calmness disarmed all suspicion in his regard.

A MILLIONAIRE.—I am well acquainted with a certain gentleman who is the owner of not less than a million dollars. I have known him since I was a boy. And in all these years I never knew him to speak on any subject for any length of time. He would answer with a "yes," or "no," whenever it was not absolutely necessary to say more. I remember him a captain on a river boat; then a director of the company; then its president; then a retired steamboat man; then the possessor of mines in the West and of orange groves in the South; finally a walking, silent, easy-going nabob, with more money than he could count. And he made all that vast amount of money by simply keeping his mouth closed and his eyes and ears open. He never lost an opportunity, and he never told any person of either his failures or his successes. He was a mystery; and yet every person bowed to his will, and all conceded that he was a "strong man," a "man of influence," and a success in life. The fact is that, while a most amiable and honest gentleman, he is not the possessor of any special talents, and were it not for his silence he would certainly never have been a success.

REFLECTIONS.—These two out of a hundred examples just came to my mind. I cite them only for the purpose of showing how great a force there is in the gift of silence. In that there may be extremes, as in everything else; but certainly there is more to be gained by silence than speech. You may often regret having spoken, but you are certain to rarely regret having kept silence. If we look over the history of civilization, we find that all the great boons conferred upon the human race by the genius of man have been the outcome of study. The monks of the middle ages, who sat in their respective cells, who spent so much time in meditation and prayer, did more for the cause of human progress than all the combined, loud-voiced politicians of the world. The noise that the talker makes dies away in echo, is soon forgotten, and is sure to leave no permanent effect behind. But the quiet worker in the silent study is like the coral insect at the bottom of the sea; unseen by eye of man, unheard, unnoticed, he is helping in laying the foundations of these reefs that some day must appear above the surface of the water, grow fertile by contact with air and light, and finally become habitations of people now unborn. A safe rule for a man to follow is this; whenever you are undecided as to whether you should or should not speak, do not speak or be silent. It will be time enough later on, when you shall have weighed the matter, or have grown calm, to speak; but once the silence is broken, your power is gone, you are no longer master of the situation, your hold on the helm of events is relaxed—you are defeated.

IRELAND'S NEEDS.—Very Rev. Canon Doyle, P.P., St. Canice Church, Kilkenny, recently said: "There are two things which were badly wanted in all parts of Ireland—sanitary dwellings for the laboring classes, and work for the man who was willing to work. His life had been cast amongst the poor and the laborers and the artisans, and he knew from the experience of his daily life that bed dwellings, bad ventilation, and unsanitary dwellings were destroying many valuable lives and he was convinced that unattractiveness of the surroundings of these homes in Ireland was undoubtedly one of the great causes that promot-

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In view of the a re-opening and con Cathedral of Arma been fixed to take of July next, the f ing sketch taken News" of Belfast ful perusal. The w

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