

the judgment of the Christian preacher and teacher."

It is not explained here why they should trust the preacher if it be true that the Bible was given to each individual to be his sole guide to Christian truth; but, surely, if God intended that the preacher should be trusted, it is the preacher of the original and infallible divinely-instituted Christian Church in whom that confidence should be reposed, and not the preacher who assumes that office to himself, or who has his mission only from a Church made by man.

The same paper says:

"To keep the people ignorant of any truth, as if it were forbidden or injurious for them to know it, has been the greatest mistake of Protestantism as well as of Romanism."

This is merely an awkward attempt to put the Catholic Church into the same boat in which Methodism has been found to be sailing. The Catholic Church, teaching always the same truth, does not make and never has made an attempt to conceal it; but we may learn from the present episode that not only Methodism, but Protestantism of every form, is rapidly drifting from the old moorings which kept it in some semblance of Christian faith. We are fast coming to the time when the Catholic Church alone will retain its faith in the Bible as the true Word of God. When Protestantism once gives up the Bible it will not have within it even a vestige of Christianity.

THE BLESSING OF THE SEED.

(For the Catholic Record.)

The Catholic religion with its beautiful ceremonial and ritual appeals to every sensitive and intellectual faculty of man. Such is the will of the Divine Founder, who, wishing to draw us wholly to Himself, has adapted it to all the needs of our human nature. It is not a mere Sunday religion; it enters into every detail of our daily life, sanctifying and ennobling our every legitimate ambition.

From time to time Protestant travelers express in eloquent terms their admiration of the lives and customs of the people of Catholic countries. The secret of this charm lies in the fact that they live by faith, that one may see reflected in their lives the splendor of the religion of Christ—a religion which, in the words of Lacordaire, "binds our body, our thoughts and our free-will to the daily repetition of acts which form altogether the very tissue of our existence." By means especially of the ritual, the blessing of their children, their sick, their crops, their houses, their cattle, etc.; by public prayers and processions in time of drought, famine or pestilence; their natural desire for worldly happiness and prosperity is appealed to, and they are made to feel in a sensible manner that God is the Creator and Preserver not only of their souls but of their bodies and of their goods, that although the Church has chiefly in view their eternal welfare, yet, as our Holy Father has well expressed it in the opening paragraph of one of his Encyclicals, she could not do more than she does if she had been established solely for their temporal good. They are made to realize that the curse pronounced by God in the garden of Eden affects not only their spiritual life, but the animal and vegetable creation as well, and that if the land, which was condemned to bring forth thorns and thistles, yields a bountiful harvest it is solely due to the goodness of Him who alone gives the increase to whom belongs "the earth and the fulness thereof."

Those thoughts have been suggested to my mind by the near approach of the feast of St. Mark, the day on which the Church blesses the seed. Among the farming community in Catholic countries, and in some parishes of Ontario, the blessing of the seed is one of the religious events of the year; but unfortunately in many places this praiseworthy custom has not been established, or has fallen into disuse. I remember with pleasure the edifying spectacle that I witnessed last year on the feast of St. Mark, in one of the rural parishes of our diocese. The people turned out *en masse* bringing with them samples of their grain and vegetables to be blessed. High Mass was celebrated, at which the majority received Holy Communion. The pastor informed me that the visible effects of the blessing has often been so evident as to attract the attention of Protestants. He related to me the history of one remarkable conversion brought about by a potato—or rather a potato bug. A Protestant farmer noticed that every spring his Catholic neighbor took some of his seed grain to the church to be blessed. Actuated by curiosity or cupidity—for which we will forgive him; for what farmer's heart is not touched by the prospect of a good crop?—he put a potato in his neighbor's basket. That year the Irishman's pest was in evidence, but no beetle lit on this man's patch, while that of another Protestant neighbor was almost destroyed. Convinced that the priest's blessing saved his potatoes, he called upon him and asked to be instructed in the Catholic religion. He is now one of his best parishioners.

Such incidents as this—and the fact that in Ontario we are suffering more and more every year from unfavorable seasons, calupurny plagues and such like—suggest the question: Why not draw more abundantly from the rich treasures of the ritual? Up to the present in many parts priests have been barely able to dispense the

essentials of religion to the people, and thanks to the lively faith of the early settlers more was not necessary. But now-a-days the evil effect of the Protestant atmosphere in which we live is manifesting itself in the misty principles of religion that actuate men in their lives as citizens, in the absence of that spirit of lively faith that recognizes in all the events of life the guiding hand of an all-seeing Providence. I know that it is expedient, owing to our surroundings, to dispense with many religious ceremonies. Albeit, in that matter I think we pay a little too much tribute to human respect. I feel convinced that many of the customs that are the expression of the faith of the Catholic people might be revived amongst us to our own spiritual benefit and the edification of our dissenting brethren. F. O.S.

A PROTESTANT

On the Decadence of English Protestantism.

The strength of the Ritualist movement in England is far better estimated from the confessions of ultra-Protestantism such as we append; than from the exultation of the Ritualists themselves, or the kindly interest of Catholics who have seen Ritualism so often the last halt of earnest truth-seekers in their way to the Church.

We must say, however, that the writer in *Zion's Herald* is sadly misinformed when he speaks of the movement in question as "a carefully concealed conspiracy." Nothing could be more open and more avowed than the development of Ritualism. If the tide of Protestantism in England, it was not for want of "Mass" bells and "Vesper" bells, and churchly chants, and lively school children.

But, to quote from *Zion's Herald*: While, however, the resolute and defiant tone of the English Church Union sufficiently reveals the magnitude and potency of a movement which has been gathering strength and volume "while men slept," the disclosure of the carefully-concealed conspiracy has found the Protestant mind wholly unprepared to meet it. The semi-despondent strain of the Protestant press and of prominent public men is by far the most ominous feature of the situation.

Quoting from a private letter addressed to him by "an eminent member of Parliament," the editor of the *British Weekly* uses these words: "It is impossible to describe too emphatically the gravity of the position. I honestly believe that the future of Protestantism in this land is now in the balance, and if we shrink back or speak in halting tones, we betide us all!"—and remarks that from correspondents in all parts of the country he has received "similar expressions of deep concern." "I agree with you," observes the mover of the address to the throne above referred to, "that the demon of priestcraft is now so strongly entrenched in the Church of England that it will require an almost superhuman effort to expel it. Nothing but a union of all the Protestant forces of the country steadily and consistently directed to certain grand ends can accomplish it." "If the bulk of the population," says the Methodist Times, "acquiesce in the reintroduction of essential Romanism, we have entered upon that final stage of decay which has been the unhappy lot of every other great empire since the world began. We do not believe that this doom awaits us. At the same time this is clearly not the hour in which we should rest upon our oars." Another—a distinguished minister of the National Church in London—declares it as his conviction "that if the present agitation be allowed to subside, as it already shows signs of doing, it will be a dire calamity to the Protestant cause, and will result in the permanent entrenchment of that Neo-Anglicanism which is utterly opposed to the genius and historical position of the English Church."

And yet, imperative as is the need of united and decisive action for the salvation of an imperiled Protestantism, the hindrances to harmony and co-operation are many and seemingly insuperable. The distinguished Queen's Counsel, Mr. Augustine Birrell, and his numerous following believe that the only adequate remedy is disestablishment. From this consummation, however, the Evangelicals within the Church shrink with unaccountable dread; and while the Queen's known fear of disruption in the Church makes her ministers timid and temporizing, and lean to a policy of drift and delay, the astute and sagacious leaders of the Romanizers gain credit for courage, sincerity and a self-sacrificing spirit by clamoring for the separation of Church and State for the sake of spiritual freedom.

An Incident of the War.

Felix Andrew Reeve recently wrote: "An incident occurred in the Santiago campaign that may not be uninteresting to some of your readers. The day after the battle of San Juan a young soldier, Sergeant Ernest M. Reeve, of the Sixth Cavalry, who had carried the banner of his regiment in the charge up the now forever memorable hill, was proceeding through the dense thicket of undergrowth for a bucket of water. By the side of the path that led to the spring he found a boyish looking soldier, whom he had never seen before, mortally wounded. He inquired if he had a crucifix. The sergeant handed him the rosary which he had carried amid the hail of Mauser bullets. The dying man eagerly seized the chaplet in a grip never to be relaxed. After pressing to his lips the image of the divine and all-pitying love, the young soldier, with a placid

smile, immediately expired and answered his next roll call in the peaceful and eternal world in the presence of the Master."

MYSTERIOUS AND DISTORTED DREAMS.

Their Fantastic Workings in the Mind When "Reason Resigns the Reins to Fancy."

We travel in dreamland in haste sublimely, Not caring for distance, seas, nor climate. The spirit moves forward on the double quick While the sleeping body may toss and kick.

In dreams—those fanciful visions or contortions of the mind during the hours of sleep—I never took much stock; but they led me such a race last night, or rather this morning, that I cannot help noting the imaginary scenes enacted while the impression is vivid and strong in my mind. By the new inventions of this age we hear much of the speed by which the separated portions of the human race can communicate with one another, but judging from the achievement of last night's dream, I think those visionary movements of the mind, or the imagination or fancy, can carry us through space as quickly as the swiftest modern contrivance yet invented.

I was awake to full consciousness by the dawn of day, and yet no dreams had intruded upon my rest. I again slumbered for a few brief moments and in that brief interval, as the illusory imaginings of dreams count, I had travelled from Quebec to the familiar haunts in Donegal, Ireland, where my boyhood days were spent. The picture of realism there presented, after an absence of more than thirty years, baffles description.

The fields, the lanes, the grass plots, hedge rows, hawthorn bushes, the meadows and the big sycamore tree, in the "quarry hole," that we used to climb, and each familiar spot of the dear old playgrounds were pictured there in their natural and seeming reality. Even the grave was forced to give up its dead in order to restore the fond ones of the family circle. The fondly revered mother was brought back to life and apparent naturalness after her sleep of more than three decades, and every lineament and feature of face were as strongly marked as in the days of life and health, and interchange of affections and ideas went on between the dead parent in Ireland and the sleeping son in Canada as though distance of time and space, and death itself had never intervened. But alas! for the unreality, the wayward inconsistency and contradictory character of dreamy fantasies. I took an accusatory walk to the farthest limits of the farm and viewed with keenest observation the labors that were in progress, especially in one well remembered field called the "black hill," and returning thence to the old roof-tree, I found everything changed, distorted and almost unrecognizable. A partition wall had been taken out, rooms had been enlarged and superb carpets had taken the place of much humbler coverings for the floors, and combined with this pretentious furniture and decorations, stiff and ceremonious nieces and nephews were gathered around, and they hardly noticed my coming, or they did it with a coldness that nearly took my breath away. I naturally and instantly resented this treatment, without any impassioned rebuke, however, but in chilly demeanor and stern reserve, and I began to feel a consciousness that this clearly not the home and the present day off-spring had lost a good deal of the Celtic warmth of feeling and affection.

The tension of the situation became more painful until relieved by the love-presence of the restored parent afore-said, when conversation flowed again with affectionate geniality. But this did not last long, for another social storm was brewing, and I was literally getting into "hot water." I had asked mother the name of a certain kitchen utensil and had gotten the required information, and I was in the act of pouring boiling water into it when rudely interrupted by the command of a brother, still in the flesh, to "be quick about it." My rejoinder was prompt and to the point, but unfortunately it was couched in very profane language, far more forcible than polite; in a word I gave him and the rest of the onlookers "a piece of my mind" in the most vigorous style of English that I could command, and with a force and directness not habitual to me in my waking hours. It was a regular torrent of passionate abuse and resentment against undue interference with the act of a brother and at the same time a visitor come back from a foreign land, and, strange to say, as proving the instinct of our inherent selfishness and the pride we take in gaining the mastery over an opponent, I felt no after regret at the severe chastisement I had inflicted; but rather gloried in the way I had expressed myself. It was the imaginary and visionary vehemence of the onslaught that awoke me. And now I am writing my impressions under its lingering effects, although under the light of the noonday sun and in full consciousness of my individual wakefulness.

As long as the human race exists there will be dreams and dreamers. It has been so from the beginning, and it will continue so till the end of time. And minds and hearts will be swayed and influenced and deeply impressed by the romances and fantastic vapors and imaginings that pass through their minds in such weird forms and combinations during their sleeping moments. From the ages when the seer was able to foretell seven years of plenty and as many years of famine through the instrumentality

of the seven fat and seven lean kine in the king's dream down to this present hour, men and women and children have been moved to interest in the revelations, so-called, that reach us through the medium of dreams; and while we live here in the flesh we will never be able to completely dissociate ourselves from the magic and mysterious activities of mind and spirit in our sleeping and dreaming hours. We have no learned theories nor scientific propositions to offer in explanation of the phenomena, but we feel the innate power of that sleepless and restless mystic spirit that can carry our imaginary vision, or whatever it may be called, across the Atlantic to old scenes and fond places in Ireland, while the body and senses rest in peaceful slumber in our Canadian abode, and yet be able to accomplish the feat almost in the twinkling of an eye, with a power to reproduce images that we think are real for the moment, and capable of imparting to our senses feelings of pleasure or pain as the case may be, or, according to the vagaries incidental to dreamland, shaping, contriving and combining sets of incidents and distorted happenings that we could never hope to compass or imagine in our alert and wakeful moments. It might be worth while to make deeper research and to enquire whence comes this invisible prompter that puts those baseless fables before our mental vision without our consent or approval or control, and withal be competent to give them the substantial appearance of reality and fact, deluding us with the presence of good things we vainly would grasp, or making us wretched by contact with hideous objects we would wish to avoid.

The body, the reasoning faculties, the nor the will, have any active part in these fugitive movements which convey us through time and space with lightning rapidity, nor are they responsible for the pleasure or pain we experience. The senses and the body in their unconscious slumber may be soothed with sentiments of gladness at the prospect of some pretended good originating in the land of romance, or they may have to suffer untold agony at the approach of some dreadful combination of impending ruin, but they are meanwhile powerless to shake themselves free from the galling yoke, for while we are bound fast in profound sleep reason has ceased to be operative and fugitive fancy holding the reins and having the "whip hand" can lead or drive as she chooses.

Last night millions of human beings besides myself may have been led away in their dreams on wayward adventures without the prerogative of declining the airy voyage, and the romantic manoeuvres in which they were forced to participate may have affected them either pleasantly or the reverse, according to incident and circumstance. Historical records show that many distinguished personages have had the whole of their after lives tinged and colored and influenced by the bare impressions received in dreams. So that those creations of visionary and mythical structure, unsubstantial though they be, are not things to be lightly disposed of, but rather to be regarded as spiritual agents and messengers reminding us that human and materialistic as we are prone to be, we are nevertheless spiritual creatures in essence and vitality, and argue as we may, our ultimate destiny is bound up with the invisible world beyond the grave.

—Wm. Ellison, in *Buffalo Union* and Times.

DOESN'T HE KNOW HIS BIBLE?

The Rev. Dean Hodges, head of the Episcopal Theological school in Cambridge, Mass., gave, during the Lenten season just closed, a series of historical lectures in St. John's Memorial church in the same city on the Reformation. These lectures were reported, it appears, in a local paper, and some of our readers sent us last week copies of this paper, containing the first and fifth of the series, with a request to notice the lectures. In the fifth lecture the Reverend Dean tells us why and how the bluff Harry sought divorce from his first wife, as follows:

"The marriage laws of Leviticus were held valid in all Christendom. They plainly forbade a marriage with a deceased husband's brother. In order that such a marriage might take place the Pope must grant a dispensation. He must set aside what all men held to be the law of God."

Allowing the dean to judge the case of Henry VIII. by the Bible law, we deny that the law applicable to the case can be found in Leviticus, to which he refers us. It is found rather in Deuteronomy xxv., 5. And that law says just the contrary of what the dean says. It is, according to his own King James' version, as follows:—

"If brethren dwell together, and one of the dead shall not marry without unto a stranger: his husband's brother shall go in unto her, and take her to him to wife, and perform the duty of a husband's brother to her."

Arthur died childless, and Henry, according to the Scriptures, ought to marry the widow. Here we have the astounding spectacle of the head of a Protestant theological school lecturing in public on the law of God, telling his audience that he is quoting the law of God from the Bible, and yet the Bible says that the law is just the contrary of what the reverend dean says it is. The dean evidently does not know his Bible.—*Sacred Heart Review*.

Sir Walter Raleigh cannot claim the honor of having brought the potato to Europe. It was brought by Catholic Spaniards from Quito, South America, planted and used many years as food in Spain and Italy before Raleigh made his voyage to Virginia.

THE GENESIS OF CONFESSION.

The subject of confession and absolution was discussed the other day in Boston by the Low Church rector of Trinity. Dr. Donald has been reading Allen's "Christian Institutions." His regards the confessional as the creation of the clergy, who, however, were justified by social conditions in those old days when the State had grown too weak to enforce obedience to the moral law. First, there was public discipline for sins open and known, and then the transition to secret sins was easy and natural. The whole practice was in accord with the promptings of human nature.

The Catholic contention is that the whole idea of confession and absolution is to be sought not in social exigencies but in the Gospel. Public confession, in use in ancient times, was prescribed for certain public sins. It was prescribed in that case not as a part of the sacramental satisfaction which was exacted for those sins. It was always preceded by secret sacramental confession, by means of which the priest might form a judgment with regard to the necessity of a public confession of public sins. That sacramental confession belongs to the early days of Christianity and was not invented by the hierarchy after the fall of the Roman Empire is plain from the testimonies of the Fathers collected in Waterworth's "Faith of Catholics." Living as they did only a little removed from the Apostolic age, their evidence in matters of faith and practice is of tremendous importance and their words point to but one conclusion.

It is all very well to talk about human nature in the olden times. The fact is that the sense of individuality was quite as robust and personality was quite as deep in the average primitive or mediæval Christian as it is today. Looking back upon the history of the world, and remembering what confession means to the average man, we feel warranted in saying that no power short of that which converted the world could have brought men to submit to an obligation so repugnant to man's natural make and inclination. —*Providence Visitor*.

CONVERSION OF A BAPTIST MINISTER.

Rev. Avery M. Charpie, of Indianapolis, Ind., for twenty-one years a minister in the Baptist Church, has renounced his Protestant faith and become a Catholic. Mr. Charpie's last pastorate was the River avenue Baptist Church, West Indianapolis. He also built Woodruff place Baptist church. For four years he was city missionary of the Baptist denomination. He lives at 517 North Keystone avenue.

Mr. Charpie says that his determination is the result of long and careful study. "The fundamental reason which inspired me to change my faith," he said, "is the fact that I believe that the Catholic Church is Christ's Church. I had always believed that Martin Luther was an inspired messenger sent to purify the Church. I am now convinced that there has been a greater reformation within the Catholic Church herself than has taken place outside."

"When I made my first profession and was given my first instruction I remarked to the Father that these were the things I had always believed. The Catholic Church does not believe that the Protestants are damned. There is less of hatred and intolerance in the Catholic Church, though this is not popularly believed, than there is in the Protestant."

"I will have to begin again at the beginning with my education. I have read history with the idea that the reformations were inspired. I shall now have to read it with the idea that they were errors."

Rev. Charpie has connected himself with the Catholic book store of Krieg Bros., and is working on the beginning of a circulating library.

ROOM FOR ALL IN THE CHURCH.

The Rev. A. A. Murphy of the Second Presbyterian Church of New Brunswick, N. J., in a recent sermon said:

"Oh! why do we Christians criticize and disagree with each other as we do? The field is the world, not the Church! Isn't there enough evil in the former for us to contend without turning our arms against each other? Think of the awful forms of evil in our own hearts: of envy, anger, pride, selfishness, appetite and greed! Look at the disorders of society. What is that black cloud upon the horizon so menacing in its aspect? Let all who believe in law, order, God, Roman Catholic, Protestant or anything, unite against Anarchy! What are the little differences that separate us compared with the overwhelming mass of unbelief, worldliness, agnosticism, irreverence and irreligion that threatens to engulf us all in its black depths?"

Yes, brother, unite by coming into the Roman Catholic Church, where all doubts will be quieted, in the true faith, and where all can fight shoulder to shoulder against the evils of which you complain. It is the sectarian spirit which has helped agnosticism, infidelity and atheism to grow. If our separated brethren were all united with us under one head, the devil would be less successful in his work among men. Let the well meaning of all religions come to us. Holy Mother Church has room for them all within her sheltering arms.—*Sacred Heart Review*.

Lord, I have tried how this thing and that thing will fit my spirit. I can find nothing to rest on, for nothing here hath any rest itself! O Centre and Source of light and strength! O Fullness of all things! I come back to join myself to Thee!

NOTABLE CONVERSIONS.

Following is the list of important conversions recorded since our last issue. Among those from abroad we have heard of the reception into the Church of Lady Cotton, widow of Admiral Cotton of the English Navy; Mrs. Herbert Mackross, Kenmare; Hon. Ashley Moreland Eden, half-brother of Lord Auckland; Miss Winifred Mary Chapman, Ramsgate, London, married to Mr. Brandon J. Long, a journalist of some note; Mr. E. Vokes Mackey, the son of Mr. James Vokes Mackey of Dublin; Rev. Mr. Wilson, a former curate of a Ritualist church in Liverpool; Doctor de Vecker, an eminent oculist in Biarritz, France; the Countess de Bance, whose husband is well known to our Holy Father, Leo XIII, who has accorded him some very special privileges; the Rev. A. W. Baggett, M. A., a recent curate in St. Gabriel's Church, Liverpool; Rev. A. W. Milton, formerly Vicar of Stowmarket, Suffolk, and later at Dunstable, England; the Earl of Buchan, recently deceased; Mrs. Austin Lee, an American lady, wife of an attaché of the British Embassy in Paris; Mrs. Mariotte, another American lady, together with her children, recently received into the Church in Rome, and three young German ladies, sisters, also received in Rome by Most Rev. Monsignor Granello, Commissary of the Holy Office.

The conversions at home have been no less numerous and remarkable. Among those most talked of are: the Hon. Walter McHenry, son of Judge W. H. McHenry of Des Moines, Iowa, descendants of Patrick Henry of Revolutionary fame; Mr. Avery B. Chapin, formerly a Baptist minister of Indianapolis; Mr. Hartley Keenon, an English gentleman residing in Mexico, and two native residents of Mexico, Mr. Thomas E. Pratz at Chihuahua, and Miss Marcelina Campos, directress of the Public Schools of a town in Jalisco; Miss Susie Muir, daughter of the late Dr. K. Muir, one of Detroit's most prominent citizens; Miss Elizabeth Kilsyth Livingstone of New York; Robert Thomas Nichol of Toronto, a former minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New York, and Dr. Nicholas Bjerring the Greek priest who established the first Russian Greek Church in New York, and later became a Presbyterian.

During a recent mission for non-Catholics given by the Redemptorist Fathers in Marine City, Mich., twenty converts were received into the Church. Cardinal Gibbons confirmed thirty-five converts during the administration of this sacrament recently at a church in Baltimore; and a remarkable band of converts were baptized during February, at an infirmary in charge of the Sisters of Mercy at Charleston, S. C. They were some of our sick soldiers who had been nursed to health by the good Sisters and spiritually nourished through the ministrations of Father Charles Wood, the chaplain. Eight were baptized at one time, and others were since received. At the Greek Church in Milwaukee, Father Rosswinkel, S. J., has in charge a promising class of inquirers, who it is expected will shortly be safely housed within the fold.—*The Missionary*.

RUDYARD KIPLING ON AMERICAN PREACHING.

His Description of a Sermon in a Protestant Church in this Country.

Some years ago Rudyard Kipling attended services in a prominent Protestant church. Later the following description of his experience appeared in the columns of an English publication:

"Sunday brought me the queerest experience of all—a revelation of barbarism complete. I found a place that was officially described as a church. It was a circus really, but that the worshippers did not know."

"To these things and a congregation of savages entered suddenly a wonderful man, completely in the confidence of their God, whom he treated colloquially and exploited very much as a newspaper reporter would exploit a foreign potentate. But unlike the newspaper reporter, he never allowed his listeners to forget that he, and not He, was the centre of attraction. With a voice of silver and, with imagery borrowed from the ancient room, he built up for his hearers a heaven on the lines of the Palmer House (but with all the gilding real gold and all the plate-glass diamonds), and set in the very centre of it a loud-mouthed argumentative, very shrewd creature that he called God. One sentence at this point caught my delighted ear. It was apropos of some question of the judgment and ran:

"No! I tell you God doesn't do business that way."

"Then I escaped before the blessing, desiring no benediction at such hands. The persons who listened seemed to enjoy themselves, and I understand that I had met with a popular preacher."

"Later on, when I had perused the sermons of a gentleman called Talmage and some others, I perceived that I had been listening to a very mild specimen. Yet that man, with his brutal gold and silver idols, his hands-in-the-pocket, cigar-in-mouth and hat-on-the-back-of-the-head style of dealing with the sacred vessels, would commit himself, spiritually, quite competent to send a mission to convert the Indians."

"All that Sunday I listened to people who said that the mere fact of spiking down strips of iron to wood and getting a steam and iron thing to run along them was progress, and the network of wires overhead was progress. They repeated their statements again and again."

A REMARKABLE FAMILY.

Death has again called attention to what is probably the most remarkable family in the history of the Church. An ancestor of Cardinal Vaughan's has just died—a Jesuit; and another uncle is the Bishop of Plymouth, and still another is Provincial of the Redemptorist Order in England. One of the Cardinal's brothers was Archbishop of Sydney; another is Mon. John Vaughan, another, Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., is described by Clement Scott, the famous dramatic critic, as "the most eloquent preacher I have heard;" another is Father Kenehan Vaughan, founder of a penitential order, and yet another was a Benedictine abbot. A sister of the Cardinal's became a Franciscan nun, and died in the odor of sanctity. Her biography is one of the most enjoyable books of the kind we have ever read. Has there ever been in the history of the Church a family more fruitful of religious vocations?—*Ave Maria*.