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PRICE FIVE CENTS

"THE JESUIT OATH."

Father Gerard has written a pamphlet for the Catholic Truth Society in which he traces the origin and history of the bogus "Jesuit Oath" which has recently been going the rounds of the press. In an appendix Father Gerard says:

As a pendant to the above history it appears advisable to give in full the form of the vows actually taken by Jesuits, according to the various grades within the Order to which they are admitted; these being the only sort of oath of which they know anything. It is frequently supposed that these vows are kept profoundly secret from all the world, and as they therefore contain horrible things as a matter of fact, they are to be found in the book of the Institute, of which every considerable library has a copy — that of the British Museum has several. Upon the nature of these vows readers will form their own opinion. At present it will suffice to observe that "solemn vows" bind the Order to the individual, as well as the individual to the Order; that such vows must always be taken publicly or they are not valid; that the professed of four vows, in whose hands is the supreme executive and legislative power, are bound by the special obligation peculiar to themselves (the fourth vow), to start at a word from the Pope to preach the faith to any nation however distant or barbarous.

I.—Vows taken by "Scholastics" on the conclusion of their Novitiate. Almighty and Eternal God, I, NN., though altogether unworthy of Thy Divine Presence, yet relying upon Thy infinite mercy, and impelled by the desire of serving Thee, in presence of the most holy Virgin Mary and of all the Court of Heaven, do vow to Thy Divine Majesty perpetual Poverty, Chastity and Obedience in the Society of Jesus, and I promise that I will enter the said Society to spend my entire life therein — all things being understood according to the Constitutions of the same Society. Wherefore I supplicantly beg of Thy infinite goodness and clemency, by the Blood of Jesus Christ, that Thou wouldst deign to accept this Eucharist in the odor of sweetness, and as Thou hast given me grace to desire and make this offering, wouldst also give it abundantly so to perform.

II.—Solemn Vow of "Spiritual Coadjutors." I, NN., promise to Almighty God, in presence of His Virgin Mother and the whole Court of Heaven, and to you, the Rev. Father A. B., Superior-General of the Society of Jesus holding the place of God, and to your successors (or, to you, the Rev. Father C. D., . . . and his successors), perpetual Poverty, Chastity and obedience in the Society of Jesus, and, moreover, special care of the instruction of youth, according to the tenor of the Apostolic Letters and the Constitutions of the said Society. (Place and Date.)

III.—Solemn Vow of "Temporal Coadjutors." (Lay brothers). I, NN., promise to Almighty God, in presence of His Virgin Mother and the whole Court of Heaven, and to you, the Rev. Father A. B., Superior-General of the Society of Jesus holding the place of God, and to your successors (or, to you, the Rev. Father C. D., . . . and his successors), perpetual Poverty, Chastity and obedience in the Society of Jesus, and, moreover, special care of the instruction of youth, according to the tenor of the Apostolic Letters and the Constitutions of the said Society. (Place and Date.)

I, NN., promise to Almighty God, in presence of His Virgin Mother and the whole Court of Heaven, and to you, the Rev. Father . . . perpetual Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience in the Society of Jesus, according to the tenor of the Apostolic Letters and the Constitutions of the said Society. (Place and Date.)

IV.—Solemn Vows of the Professed. I, NN., make my Profession, and promise to Almighty God in the presence of His Virgin Mother and the whole Court of Heaven, and all here present, and to you, the Rev. Father . . . perpetual Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience in the Society of Jesus, and, moreover, special care of the instruction of youth, according to the mode of life contained in the Apostolic Letters of the Society of Jesus and its Constitutions. I also promise special obedience to the Sovereign Pontiff regarding Missions, as is set forth in the same Apostolic Letters and Constitutions. (Place and Date.)

V.—Simple Vows taken by the same after Profession.

I, NN., Professed of the Society of Jesus, promise to Almighty God, in presence of His Virgin Mother and the whole Court of Heaven, and before the Rev. Father A. B., . . . that I will never in any manner contrive or consent that the ordinances of the Constitutions of the Society concerning Poverty should be altered; unless at any time there should appear to be just cause for further restriction.

I likewise promise that I will never so act or devise, even indirectly, as to be chosen for or promoted to any prelate or dignity within the Society. Likewise I promise that I will never strive for any ambition or prelate or dignity outside the Society, nor consent to my election to such, so far as I am able, unless I be compelled by obedience to one who has power to command me under pain of sin.

Also, should I know that any one is seeking or ambitious dignities of either kind, I will forthwith inform the Society or its Superior.

Moreover, I promise that should I ever be thus forced to undertake the charge of any church, I will in respect of the care to which I am bound both of my own soul and the right discharge of the duty laid upon me, show such deference towards the General of the Society as never to refuse to hear what advice he may deign to give me, either directly or through another. And I promise that I will act upon such advice should it appear to be better than what has occurred to myself; all things being understood according to the Constitutions and Declarations of the Society of Jesus. (Place and Date.)

THE BURIAL OF THE MONK.

(From The Gentleman's Magazine.) It was a sultry day. Not a leaf stirred, and the sea did not ripple. There was a silence in nature that made the slightest sound almost painfully distinct. The thought of the dead monk in the church never left me. I seemed to see him lying there, with his hands folded on his breast, in the awful rigidity of death, and the two figures almost as motionless kneeling at his head. As night came on it brought no cooling breeze; the mysterious stillness seemed to deepen. It was too oppressive for sleep, and when at 3 o'clock the solemn monastery bell broke the silence it was a welcome relief. After the last echo had died away the same heavy suspense seemed more unbearable by contrast. At last we rose and wandered listlessly about the island. Just as we neared the clottur, a lamentable wail, beginning on a high note, and coming down the chromatic scale, rent the air. I shivered with emotion; I knew what it was—they were burying the dead monk. They had lowered the corpse, clad in the cowl, into the grave, with no coffin; the infirmier had laid the body on the bare ground; and, after a farewell look, had drawn the cowl over the still white face. Then the abbot had thrown a shovelful of earth into the grave, and the freres convers had begun to fill it up. Just as the body ceased to be visible, the monks had fallen on their knees, with their faces to the earth, the chantre crying, in the wailing tones we had just heard, the word "Domine!" The monks replied, lower down the scale, "Miserere super peccatorem." Then the chantre again uttered that heart-rending cry, "Domine!" and the monks replied. Yet a third time that piteous call, as of a soul on the confines of despair, "Domine!" and once more he response, which floated over the wall like a sob, "Pity for a poor sinner." I was thrilled through and through.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S LIFE

A universal feeling of gratitude responds to the growing confidence in which the bulletins from the bedside of the wounded President of the United States are written. The sympathy of the entire world is moved. The abhorrent nature of the crime is enough in itself perhaps to account for the deep human interest shown in the efforts of the surgeons to save the President's life. Surely an assassin never before approached an unsuspecting victim with more deliberate and callous treachery. Yet not all the Anarchist's insolent indifference to his surroundings betrayed a representative multitude of the American people to vengeance on the spot. That people, so malignantly branded as a nation of "lynchers," gave the whole world an object lesson in discipline at Buffalo on Friday last; and it is now left for London journalists to express a "larrikin" disappointment that the momentous day was not wound up with a lynching party. The President himself, as befitted the executive head of such a people, furnished the best example of self-restraint. William McKinley, the typical "self-made" American citizen, showed himself a brave and simple man in the presence of death. No wonder the world responds with warmth to the now well-founded hope that death in the form designed by the Anarchist has been foiled. Every other feeling than honest admiration of the man seems to have disappeared. May the prayer and hope of all be speedily answered; and thus out of the evil deed plotted in the heart of a fiend good will come to the nation, which to-day stands in its best light before the watching world.

Rapid Recovery Confidently Expected

Wednesday morning's telegrams from the bedside of President McKinley declared the steady progress of the patient towards recovery.

DOCTORS ARE CONFIDENT.

"Of course we will all feel easier when a weak has passed," said Dr. McBurney, the dean of the medical corps. "We would like to see every door locked and doubly locked, but the danger from possible complications is now very remote." As an evidence of the supreme faith he holds, Dr. McBurney, after the morning's consultation, made a trip to Niagara Falls, and this evening returned to New York. He could reach here again in ten hours if the unexpected should happen and there should be a change for the worse. This little piece of lead in the muscles of the back is giving the physicians no concern whatever. Unless it should prove troublesome to the President later on he probably will carry this grim souvenir of the Anarchist with him to the end of his days. The doctors say that once encysted it can do no harm. Thousands of men are to-day walking the earth in perfect health with much larger chunks of lead in their bodies. The X-ray machine is ready for instant use, however, and if there is the slightest inflammation or pain in the vicinity of the bullet an operation will be performed.

AT ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

At High Mass on Sunday in St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, Rev. Father Callaghan made a touching reference to the attempted assassination of the President. He said:

"We should pray that it may please Divine Providence to ensure the recovery of the intended victim. The Church commands us to pray for the preservation of all rulers, spiritual and temporal. In the present instance, we are called upon to sympathize, not with a distant nation, but with a kindred and neighborly people. Their grief is our grief. They weep and we shed tears over the great calamity which threatens them.

"The crime attempted upon the life of President McKinley is without parallel. As in our own beloved Canada, go if the neighboring Republic, there is no tyranny, there are no oppressive laws. There, as here, every good, honest, law-abiding citizen can enjoy the fullest freedom and make for himself and those dependent upon him a happy home. The stricken ruler had not transgressed against the liberties or rights of his people. To all appearance he had harmed no man. Yet the bullet of the assassin sought him, and his life is trembling in the balance. God grant that it may be spared.

"The spirit of anarchy is abroad. Should it prevail we shall have hell upon earth. To combat this spirit will call forth the greatest effort of statesmanship. God alone can guide rulers in the perfecting of such legislation as is needed to meet the imperative necessities of the hour. We should pray finally, not only for the recovery of the victim of the outrage, but be, of the Author of all good to inspire those in authority, so that they may be able to grapple with the difficulties before them and give peace and security to society."

THE POPE EXPRESSES SORROW.

Rome, Sept. 9.—The Pope has directed Cardinal Martinelli, Papal Delegate to the United States, to express to the Government: the feeling of deep indignation of His Holiness at the attempted assassination of the President, and his earnest prayer for Mr. McKinley's recovery.

CARDINAL GIBBONS' TRIBUTE.

Baltimore, Sept. 8.—Cardinal Gibbons gave out the following tribute to the President on hearing of the shooting: "It is sad indeed that an insane fanatic can have it in his power to endanger the life of the head of a great nation like this, and a man possessing the many virtues of President McKinley. If, however, he has a spark of reason left, and it can be shown that he is responsible, no punishment would be too great for him. I not only honor President McKinley as the head of a great nation, but I have the privilege of regarding him as a friend, and am indebted to him for many favors. The wound which has been inflicted upon him is not only a national calamity, but comes as a personal affliction to every home in the land. Every son and every daughter in the United States should feel that they would feel a blow struck at the head of his or her family.

"Perhaps the best tribute to the stability of our institutions is the fact that, while the blow at the President; arouses universal sorrow and indignation, it does not in the least shake our faith in the correctness of the principles of our government, and will not retard for an instant its machinery or create more than a passing ripple upon the waters over which is gliding our noble ship of State."

FROM THE IRISH PARTY.

London, Sept. 9.—John Redmond, the Irish leader, cabled to Vice-President Roosevelt to-day, as follows: "In the name of the Irish Nationalist party, I send an expression of deepest sympathy Ireland abhors the dastardly crime."

THE PRESIDENT'S NURSE.

Brockville, Sept. 7.—The head nurse in charge of President McKinley is Miss Marie Mohan, a Brockville young lady. Miss Mohan, who is a daughter of the late Michael Mohan of this town, has been here on a three-week's visit to her mother, and left for Buffalo on the International Limited yesterday at noon, little thinking of the arduous duty that awaited her on her arrival in that city. On reaching Buffalo a carriage was in waiting, and she was driven at once to the residence of Senator Milburn and placed in charge of the wounded President. Miss Mohan graduated three years ago as a trained nurse in the Buffalo General Hospital. She was then appointed head nurse in that institution, but resigned after some time to do private nursing for Dr. Park, one of the doctors now in attendance upon the President.

ARREST OF EMMA GOLDMAN.

Chicago, Sept. 10.—Emma Goldman, the noted Anarchist leader and lecturer, was arrested in Chicago to-day, and a complaint and warrant charging her with conspiracy to murder President McKinley were secured from Justice Prindville. After making her statement to Mayor Carter H. Harrison, Chief O'Neill and representatives of the press, she was taken to the annex at the Harrison street police station in a carriage, where, after partaking of a hearty meal, she was taken to the bureau of identification. Several hundred people gathered in front of the city entrance to the City Hall, all eager to catch a glimpse of the woman Anarchist.

DISSOLVING PROTESTANTISM.

(New York Freeman's Journal.) The Christian Advocate, a Protestant organ, published in New York, recognizes the havoc that the Higher Critics are making among the various Protestant sects, and predicts that 30 years hence the Protestant churches will be wholly divorced from the Bible. Here is The Christian Advocate's forecast:

"If the extreme Higher Critics go much further, if the Scriptures come to be regarded as really proving nothing against which a man cannot set up his 'Christian consciousness,' so-called, there will be a divorcing of the Protestant churches from the Bible and that within the next 30 years. Numerous sects will arise, many of them extremely fanatic, and one of them may sweep the country."

It will be no matter for surprise if this prediction be verified. Protestantism has had from the beginning the seeds of dissolution in itself. During the last three hundred years these seeds have produced a plentiful crop of sects which have been loosely connected with one another through a common belief that the Bible is the word of God.

This belief has been very much weakened of late, and the consequence is that the Scriptures are losing their hold on the Protestant sects which are like a rudderless and compassless ship become the sport of the waves. What the end will be is easy to foretell.

DISAGREES WITH CARDINAL GIBBONS.

From The New Orleans Harlequin. Cardinal Gibbons, in his address at Wexford, advised Irishmen to remain in their own country instead of coming here. "I told them it required superior energy to succeed here, and if they had that energy they would be wise to stay at home and use it for the betterment of their own country."

Oh, I don't know, Cardinal! Irishmen have not shown a plentiful lack of that necessary energy. The brilliant, brainy and beloved Cardinal possibly forgets that Irishmen run almost every city in America to-day, and an Irishman (albeit, I believe, he claims to be French!) is president of the United States. Back of him stands a Warwick, who is also Irish—one Hanna. Time out of mind, an Irishman named Croker has held our American metropolis in the capacious hollow of his hand.

As S. S. Prentiss said in his immortal speech delivered in this city in behalf of famine-stricken Ireland: "The Irish have fought successfully all battles save their own." Is it not the part of much wisdom that the Irish should have detected what are their Jonah fights and set out to subjugate the rest of the world? In nothing has the race been so typically true to their native shrewd discernment. What would we do in our municipal politics here were it not for the Irish? Think of what would become of the interest of the game.

Indeed, how would we have ever had our own beloved, broad-minded Cardinal, if the Irish had always followed his advice and remained at home?

SWEETNESS OF DISPOSITION.

It does not make any difference how much you are misunderstood, unappreciated, abused or robbed, there is one result you cannot afford to let these unhappy experiences work in you; you cannot afford to let them make you cynical, sour in disposition and uncharitable in your judgments. When the milk of human kindness in you curdles you are alienated from God and man; your capacity for doing good and of making your life a blessing is fatally discounted. There are few possessions so precious as sweetness of disposition. But sweetness of disposition does not imply that you let others impose on you, trample on you and run over you. On the contrary, this trait never appears to better advantage when you are called upon to call a halt to some injustice or to take your stand against some unrighteousness. A sour hearted reformer is intolerable. In the great picture of Michael slaying the dragon, there is a serene light in the angel's face. He has passed through a fearful struggle, but it has not embittered him. His sweetness of disposition will not lead him to sheathe his sword or take his foot from the dragon's neck, but he will do his duty without ceasing to be an angel of light.—Exchange.

THE CRYPT OF ST. CATALDUS

One of the most popular saints in Southern Italy is Saint Cataldus, Bishop of Taranto. He is held in great veneration in the city in which he was Bishop, and in many other places besides. In Palermo there is a remarkable church of 12th century architecture dedicated under his name. Along the Adriatic Coast towns are named after him.

Now news comes from Taranto concerning his memory in that city. It is related that in the Cathedral of Taranto there exists an ancient crypt which over four centuries ago was turned into a burial-place in consequence of the transformations in the Cathedral itself. The Archbishop, Monsignor Jorio, a few days ago, with the assistance of the illustrious archaeologist, Cavalier Viola, and other persons of knowledge, had an opening made into this crypt at one corner where it was supposed the original entrance might have been. Here they descended. Immediately, and with great care, the place was disencumbered of the remains of the dead who had been buried here. The magnificent crypt was then seen in its original form. It is the ancient Basilica constructed by Saint Cataldus during the time of his Episcopate in Taranto in the 6th or 7th century. Tradition relates that on this site stood the ancient Temple of Victory, transformed by Saint Cataldus into a Christian Basilica.

Fourteen columns, some of granite, others of white marble, sustain the arches, which are pointed. One of the columns, which is of the Corinthian order, is notable, as a large portion of it is inserted in the soil as being too high for the use to which it was put.

At the foot of an ancient altar there is a fragment of a stone column, very finely labored. It bears in the midst of it a shield with three javelins, a bow and an iron-bound mace, or it may be a sword, assuredly of Greek workmanship. In taking from the walls the semi-decayed plaster, which fell off in flakes through the damp and mildew with which it was infected, there was brought to light a series of very beautiful Byzantine frescoes representing the Blessed Virgin, St. Peter, and another Saint whose name has not been yet determined.

On the 19th of August, the plaster having been removed with much care and delicacy from one of the walls, there was brought to light a charming triptych painted on a lower surface. Besides one of the figures is written the name Cataldus. Here, then, is an ancient picture of St. Cataldus, placed here on this wall, in all probability, shortly after the construction of this Basilica. The second figure represents the Blessed Virgin; the third appears to be a group of souls in Purgatory, or, according to another account, in prayer with the attitude proper in this act. On another wall, on one of the figures there was a word written in Greek, of which only three letters are now visible.

It is noteworthy that these frescoes are placed in some cases one over the other as is evident where one layer of plaster has fallen away from the lower layer. All the frescoes have been photographed.

There is no trace of a mosaic pavement. It is supposed that when the Basilica ceased to be open for worship the mosaic was carried away or fell into a ruinous condition. It is not possible to think that a Basilica having such magnificent frescoes would have been unprovided with a rich pavement.

The city is about to be opened to the public. In the Catholic Congress which will open in Taranto in the middle of September the section of "Christian Art" will have a favorable occasion of studying on the spot this most important church constructed by an Irish Saint thirteen or fourteen centuries ago.



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