

Topics in Non-Catholic Ranks.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

THE PENIEL CHURCH.—We are so accustomed to new churches springing up on all sides that we are not surprised at any title that may be assumed by a sect—for generally they must be of a sensational character. But what kind of Church is this that is called by its founders the Peniel Church? The word "Peniel" is Hebrew, and means "the face of God;" and it is also the name of the place where Jacob wrestled with God. This will explain, in a certain degree, why the ordinary people call the members of this sect the "Holy Jumpers." We have just read an account of the formation of the church, and the folly of its founder in giving up a magnificent position and reducing his family to poverty for the sake of exercising his freedom to jump all he likes before praying to God. Not that any of our readers will take special interest in this additional instance of human eccentricity, but because it may amuse them to know the story, we take this extract from the account before us:—

"The Peniel Church—unsympathetic persons call its members the 'Holy Jumpers'—has been in existence nearly four years. It came into great prominence recently because its leading spirit, Mr. F. M. Messenger, gave up a position paying \$15,000 a year rather than give up his church. The 'Holy Jumpers' get their name from a practice of jumping during their services. They have had a period of unusual prosperity, but a short time ago the fortunes of the Peniel Church were at low ebb. The cause for this, oddly enough, has been a curious jealousy. When in its prime the Peniel Church had 110 members in Grosvenordale, Mass., and when services were held occasionally in Putnam as many as 800 persons crowded into the Bradley Theatre. The crowd was drawn by the actions of members of the church, who, for ten minutes preceding the opening of services in the theatre, held an open air meeting. The shouting and jumping was done in the street and was continued during the meeting in the hall. It was known that the greater part of the crowd attended out of curiosity, but admission was barred to no one, as the 'Holy Jumpers' cared nothing for ridicule and were prompted in their shouting and jumping by the joy in their hearts. The 'Holy Jumpers' have been fortunate in their leaders. One of these, F. M. Messenger, was the agent for large mills in Grosvenordale. While the 'Holy Jumpers' worshipped and exercised in Grosvenordale they prospered and gained converts in large numbers. Mr. Messenger, being an agent of the mills, had control of all mill property. The chapel used by the Methodists became the meeting place for the 'Holy Jumpers,' through the mill agent's influence. Among the additions to the flock were several persons from Putnam and Wilsonton. The number from Putnam grew each week, and led Mr. Messenger to seek a meeting place in the city. He did so, and from that time can date his troubles and those of his church."

As far as the troubles of the Peniel Church go we are not interested; it could not well be without troubles. But we are led to wonder what will be the next move in this great strain to distort Christianity and to reduce it to the level of the Fire-worshippers' belief or that of the Dancing Dervishes of the Orient?

CUBAN POLEMICS.—We learn through American exchanges, that leaders of Protestant missionary societies in the United States have been consulted concerning a movement in Cuba to create in that island a Catholic Church that does not acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope of Rome. About a month or two ago a publication called the "Acolyte" appeared, copies of which reached America. Contrary to expectations—that is to say, the expectations of the Protestant missionary societies—"It contains practically no denunciation of the Church of Rome." All this may sound like the story of setting up a straw man for the purpose of knocking him down again, a game at which these societies are adepts, as far as Rome goes. But what is most peculiar is this statement, made by their own organ:—

"Protestants in the United States have, so far as can be learned, dis-

couraged this anti-Roman movement in Cuba. Grounds for the arguments against the movement are two. One is that further divisions among followers of Jesus Christ are undesirable, and that unless Protestant or Reformation ideas can be accepted, Roman Catholic ones had better be adhered to. The other is that religious reformers have need to be very brave, and that, frankly, there appears nowhere in Cuba leaders such as can hold out to the end."

Very contradictory reasons we admit, yet taken separately they are sufficient to justify the Protestant element in not wishing to see split in the Catholic Church.

The first reason, because "there are already too many sects or divisions, and that unless Protestant tenets could be imposed, it were better that Catholic principles should obtain. This may be sincere or not, but it is decidedly an improvement upon the heretofore prevailing sentiment of Protestantism. Up to the present that body would seem to prefer to have a man go into the camp of infidelity rather than that he should remain in the Catholic fold. The new idea is more Christian and more logical. As to the second reason, it contradicts the first one, in as much as it is simply because they fear that Cuba could produce no Luther, no apostate from Catholicity, with sufficient back bone to hold out to the bitter end that they are unfavorable to the supposed movement. Therefore, if they were sure of such a leader they would be perfectly willing to see the split in the Catholic Church in Cuba. So much nonsense, from start to finish.

But why all this reasoning when they admit that no such thing as a division exists or is contemplated? Probably the "wish is father to the thought." What poor and vain efforts to divide that which is indivisible!

A WISE SAYING.—The New York "Churchman," a Protestant Episcopal organ, says:—

"Some one who thought his conception of the Church necessary to her existence expressed to the late Bishop Wilmer of Alabama grave anxiety at the signs of the times, saying that he trembled for the ark. 'You had better tremble for yourself. God will take care of the ark.' Is not the Christian world learning something of this?"

It is about time that it should. This has been, from time immemorial, the teaching of the Catholic Church. Are outsiders only beginning to learn it now? There is no fear for the Church; she is built on a Rock; she has the Divine promise of perpetuity; she has the constant presence of the Holy Ghost. No one ever trembled for her existence. We Catholics have been pained at the persecutions to which our Church has been subjected, but it never yet flashed in the mind of a Catholic that there was ever a danger for the Church; no Catholic ever dreamed, even in the darkest hour of the persecutions that came upon her, that it could possibly happen that she should go down in the tempest. It is exactly this absence of "trembling for the ark" that marks the difference between the Catholic solidarity of faith and the vacillating belief that Protestantism calls faith.

MAN'S NATURE.—One of our American exchanges, in a series of comments, or gleanings, says:—

"It is not our present purpose," says the New York "Examiner" (Bapt.), "to enter into a discussion or defence of supernaturalism, so contrasted with rationalism. But let us remember an elementary fact, constantly overlooked, and sometimes denied, yet manifestly irrefutable, and powerful to remove our perplexities if we will allow to it its due weight. Man himself is a supernatural being."

The "Examiner" is wrong, and absolutely wrong. Man is not a supernatural being any more than any other creature on earth. Man is a natural being, governed by the laws of nature, and composed of two elements, the physical, which is mortal and must die and the spiritual, which is immortal and cannot die. But man is governed by laws that are natural and by laws that are the emanation of a divine and supernatural Power. It is no use seeking to humbug the world with theories that are baseless. And the moment a question, especially of a religious character, is presented upon a basis that is radically false, it cannot stand. It is no use entering into a course of argument or reasoning upon any such subject as long as the very initial step is obviously taken upon untenable ground. We just simply reply, that man is not supernatural, therefore, we have no more to say regarding the conclusions drawn from such a premise.

Career Of an Irish Missionary Ended.

The Catholic missionary work in benighted Africa and the Society of the Holy Ghost have suffered a sad and great loss in the recent death of the Right Rev. James Browne, C. S. Sp., Pro-Vicar Apostolic of Sierra Leone. When the Fathers of the Society of the Holy Ghost made their first establishment in Ireland, in 1859, James Browne, then only twenty-two years of age, who from early youth was filled with the desire of devoting himself to missionary work amongst the most abandoned souls, left a lucrative position and sought admission into the little community, then settled in Blanchardstown. He was the first Irishman received into the Society, and during his long and varied career was ever the zealous, faithful religious—a shining example and constant encouragement to the many young compatriots who followed in his footsteps. As professor in the colleges of the Society, as missionary, he endeared himself to pupils, fellow-masters, and people of various races and nationalities amongst whom he lived and labored. In 1860 he went to the central house of the Society, in Paris, to pursue his theological studies, and was there a model in every way of a true religious. At the call of his superiors, when on the verge of the priesthood, he made the sacrifice of his most ardent aspirations, and set out for Trinidad, West Indies, to take up the arduous duties in that trying climate of professor in St. Mary's College, Port of Spain. There his sterling worth was quickly recognized, and though not yet a priest, he was honored and revered by pupils and people.

At the end of 1866 he returned to France, was ordained priest, and made his profession in the Society. He returned, at the earnest demand of the community of Trinidad, to the scene of his former labors, and quietly, unobtrusively resumed his old work. In 1875 he was appointed Vice-Provincial of the Society and Superior of the College, Trinidad, and until 1892 he held that position with success and honor. A pillar of strength to religion, he was loved and revered by all classes in the colony. It was during his time in Trinidad that the British Government, on the advice of the late regretted Sir Patrick Keenan, who had been sent out as Commissioner to report on the educational system of the colony, established for secondary schools a programme somewhat similar to that of the Intermediate Board in Ireland. In this Father Browne took a conspicuous and well-remembered part, and under his presidency the College of St. Mary's commenced the successful work which is so marked in the colony to this day. Few priests, indeed, have left in Trinidad a memory as honored and cherished as "Old Father Browne." Kind, affable, sympathetic, eminently prudent and far-seeing, he endeared himself to all—Protestants and Catholics alike. All were loud in his praise, but only the hearts of the poor and suffering can tell his hidden deeds of kindness and charity. For years he labored in this land he made his own and loved so well.

But again, at the call of his superiors, he had to make a heroic sacrifice. He left Iera, "the land of the Humming Bird," as the Indians of old termed Trinidad, to take up the difficult and arduous position of Pro-Vicar Apostolic of Sierra Leone, "the white man's grave." After nearly thirty years in a tropical climate, to face the pestiferous West Coast of Africa demanded more than ordinary human courage. Ever obedient to religion, he went cheerfully, with higher than human motives. What he accomplished in Sierra Leone space would not permit even cursory mention. By leaps and bounds the grand apostolic work like that of the grand old Irish Saints, Columbans, Columba, Gall, etc., advanced under his zealous, prudent guidance. Mission stations multiplied, many souls were brought to the true light. As simple missionary he lived and worked, when he might have won mitre and wielded crozier as Bishop, had he yielded to the desires and demands of his people and his priests.

He, too, might have had his well-earned rest in his dear native land, but he could not and would not tear

himself away from the work he loved so well. After his six months' sojourn in Ireland last year he seemed fresh and vigorous, fit for labor for years; but uncertain and deadly beyond all others is the West African climate. His noble, heroic course was run.

Household Notes.

FINE FLOUR.—We find three generations ago there were few dentists and no need for more. The people lived on simple foods; patent-process flour and baking-powder were unknown; hot bread was seldom eaten. Without knowing it, our ancestors were following the laws of nature in chemistry of food, which we of a later generation have so frequently violated.

The Creator in building a kernel of wheat formed one of the most perfect miracles of vital chemistry, in all his wonderful universe. So nicely balanced are the elements in this little grain that no chemist can suggest a point where it might be improved.

So perfect is the vital nutritive value of wheat that from practice it has been found that whole-wheat bread and apples supply every waste of the human tissue. During the past two years I have been using gluten. With this I have seen the most wonderful results. Gluten is absolutely clean, contains less than three per cent. of starch and sugar, and will put color into the ears and cheeks of that anemic girl.

What, think you, must go on in the delicate jellies of the nerves, and in the marrow of the bones, and in the bones themselves when the hardest substance in the human economy—the teeth—is torn down and melted like snow in the sun?

Starvation sits at loaded tables. In the midst of abundance we have the young breaking down at their studies, business men fall out of the race, mothers grow pale and weak from no visible cause, while the dentist and the doctor work night and day to repair the breaking, crumbling, suffering army of starving people.

Not overwork but malnutrition is the cause,—that and the coffee and tea habits with which the majority brace up their hungry and rebellious nerves.—Dr. Gustave P. Wicksell.

DANGER IN THE OYSTER.—There is probably no one article of food, except raw milk, which is so frequently a cause of disease, and sometimes even fatal illness, as is the oyster. The nutritive value of the oyster is very small. It takes fourteen oysters to equal one egg in food value, and more than two hundred and fifty oysters to equal a single pound of beef in food value. This is due to the fact that the oyster consists chiefly of water, the balance being mostly liver and germs. The oyster lives upon the ooze and slime of the ocean bottom. Typhoid fever germs, and other disease-producing organisms are tidbits for the oyster, and millions of them are always found in the oyster's stomach and the mucus, or slimy juice, in which the oyster is always bathed.

Another paper recently reports the death of the Dean of Winchester from typhoid fever, as the result of eating oysters at the mayor's banquet in England. The result of this death, according to a wholesale oyster dealer in England, has been the falling off in the consumption of oysters to the extent of seventy-five per cent.; that is, that there is only one oyster eaten now where four were eaten before these facts became public. Oyster merchants and persons engaged in the oyster business generally, in England, are complaining that their business is ruined. Within three or four days after the death of the Dean of Winchester, the oyster trade fell off at Emsworth from five thousand to nothing.

Several similar epidemics have occurred in England, and a few in this country, in which fatal cases of typhoid fever were traced directly to the use of the oyster.

The oyster is a scavenger, and absolutely unfit for human food. The idea that it is more digestible than other foods is in the highest degree absurd. In addition to the germs with which it always swarms, the oyster contains a large amount of uric acid which cannot be gotten rid of by boiling, or by any other means.—"Good Health."

DECORATING GRAVES.

The A.O.H. in various cities hold annual memorial services and decorate the graves of deceased fellow-members.

Irish Millionaire To Entertain A King.

Thomas F. Walsh, the Catholic millionaire of Washington, will entertain King Leopold of Belgium when that monarch visits the United States in the fall. Mr. Walsh is a typical American millionaire. He made his wealth out of the Colorado mines. He was born in Ireland in 1851, and came to America at the age of eighteen. He went to Colorado soon afterward, took up mining, and by industry and good luck accumulated a vast fortune. His income is said to be more than \$1,200,000 a year. He has resided much abroad, especially in Paris, where he met King Leopold and initiated that monarch into American business methods, and later became his partner in several ventures. The king has intrusted much of his wealth to Mr. Walsh for investment.

A Convert's Charity.

We have frequently contrasted the spirit of those Protestant ministers who become Catholics, with that of Catholics who fall away from the Church. With the latter there is nothing but hatred and abuse of the Church, her clergy, her faithful, her sacraments, and all connected with her. With the former there is a great and holy charity and kindness of sentiment for all with whom they had before lived, and from whom they are forced to separate.

In evidence of this we take a few passages from a letter sent by a former Anglican clergyman, now a Catholic, to his "dear friends of the Anglican congregation of Christ Cathedral, and St. Mary the Virgin, New Maryland, New Brunswick. He says:—

"The time has come when, with great pain to myself, I must take of you a final and affectionate farewell. Of my reception into the Catholic Church you are all, doubtless, well aware. . . . To give you the reasons in full which prompted my present action would fill a volume, not a letter. I will only say that prominent among them has been the distressing sense of impossibility, as it seemed, and still seems, to me, of arriving, in the Anglican communion, at anything like a certain faith. The toleration within its pale of schools of thought opposed to each other; the consequent party strife; the fierce controversies often raging round holy doctrines; the spectacle of men ever learning, but never seeming to arrive at a knowledge of the truth; bishops, clergymen and laymen differing from one another, but each proclaiming his own view or opinion to be the true one; the absence in the Anglican communion of any tribunal whose decisions would be accepted by the whole body; the ultimate necessity therefore of resting (if one could rest in such a war) upon the basis of mere private judgment—uncertainty and confusion such as this, I felt, could not be of God. The conviction, therefore, was irresistible that, flowing from our Lord's promise, there must somewhere exist a divine source which I must seek, and from which, according to our Lord's words, the truth might be fully and infallibly drawn. This source, dear friends, not in the Anglican communion, and still less in the other many forms of Protestantism, I have, by the mercy of God, after long and weary searching, found. It is that one Christian body, which, claiming to teach upon authority, exercises the authority she claims. The Church, with its visible head a center of unity, to which all questions and disputes of faith and morals may be referred, and of whose decisions there has been, through all Christian ages, no reversal; a Church, therefore, in which the pride of self-opinion cannot long find place; which has, moreover, a fixed and certain faith, unfolded through the ages, from the first counsel to the last, unchanged and unchangeable as the God Who gave and Who protects it—to hear which Church, as being the living body of Christ, is to hear Christ Himself; to refuse which through willful or careless ignorance, is to risk the danger of refusing Him that speaketh; a Church which is emphatically that of the saints, and which, though in many ages and lands that the learned and rich, is emphatically also the Church of the poor. Such,

dear friends, are a few among the many marks of the one Catholic and Apostolic Church into which the great mercy of God has now received me. My doubts at length are at an end. Temporarily, the step I have taken has ruined me. The loss to me is that of home, friends, means of livelihood, cherished associations—of most things, indeed, which make life dear; the gain, inexpressibly blessed to me, has been wholly spiritual. While I was with you, I loved you with a strong love; absent from you, I shall love you no less. Had it been possible I should have wished to remain with you to the close of my life; but God has willed otherwise. I can never sufficiently thank you for the exceeding kindness and friendship you have ever manifested towards me, the sense of which will be with me to the last as a sweet and grateful remembrance."

What a sweet and lovable soul that man must have. How very pure the Christian spirit of this convert. There is no rancor, no detestation of others, no abuse of the Church that he has left, no harsh words for those whom he knows to be in error. Deep conviction is potent on the face of his letter, and we do not wonder that such a man should have, at last, found the true fold.

AFTER OTHER HELP FAILED

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restores a Young Lady to Full Health and Strength.

Doctors and nurses recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills because they have seen their wonderful power to make new, rich, red blood, and to cure all diseases due to poor blood or weak nerves. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a common medicine. They do not purge and weaken. They contain no poisonous drugs. They are safe, sure, simple, stimulating and scientific. That is why these pills should be taken by all who are weak, bloodless, nerveless and sickly. Here is a bit of very positive proof of the wonderful power to conquer disease which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills possess: Miss Esther E. Lewis, Lynn, N.S., says: "At the age of sixteen my health failed me completely. At that time I was attacked by a gripe, which was followed by measles, from the after-effects of which I was left in a deplorable condition. I became very pale, suffered from headaches, dizziness and want of appetite. I tried several medicines, but they did me no good; on the contrary I was growing weaker and finally became so bad that I would take spells of unconsciousness lasting fifteen minutes to an hour at a time, and I had become so weak that I could hardly move about. At this stage I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I have good reason to bless the day I began their use. I had only taken them a few weeks when I began to recover and under their continued use for some time longer I fully regained my former good health. I will be glad if my experience will be of benefit to some other poor sufferer."

When buying the pills see that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is printed on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A GUEST AT THE WHITE HOUSE

Mgr. Denis J. O'Connell, rector of the Catholic University, was entertained at luncheon at the White House by President Roosevelt on the afternoon of June 12. Mgr. O'Connell is going to Rome for an extended conference with the Pope, Cardinal Satolli, the head of the Propaganda of Studies, which was recently given direction of the work at the Catholic University, and other officials of the Church.

In addition to making a full report to these authorities about the institution over which he has supervision, Mgr. O'Connell will convey to Pope Leo XIII. and Cardinal Secretary of State Rampolla, a verbal message from President Roosevelt regarding the solution of the Church situation in the Philippines. It was the subject of the interview between the rector and the President.

How pleasing to the Heart of Jesus are those who visit Him often and who love to keep Him company in the church where he dwells in His Sacrament.

Can that man be dead whose spiritual influence is upon his kind? He lives in glory; and his speaking dust has more of life than half his breathing models.

THE COL

CHAPTER XXIV.—Co

The wintery year rolled on, and gloom, casting iron majesty and grandeur, savage scenery in her train, and bringing close to her the first Christmas which ever spent away from her Christmas Eve found her anxiously forward to of her husband or his. The morning had brought black frost, and Elly sat to a comfortable breakfast attended with that reverence which marked the corner Naughtens while she reposed, Elly was now obliged to arrange all the for her repast with her or as this was one of the g or fast-days, which Elly There was no butter nor with a conscientious exact did not miss these prohibitions. There was no fast up, however, and Elly perceived some chagrin, that the sugar also was empty. She walked to the chamber-door, there ed for a moment, with her chief placed before her cheerful beautiful attitude which scribes to Penelope at the of the "stout-built hall." she raised the latch, and door to a few inches only "Poll," she said, in a gentle voice, "do you know the sugar?" "It's in the cubbert, I was the harsh and uncom answer.

The fact was, Poll had keep the Christmas the e fore, and treated herself tumbler of hot punch, in ture of which she had bumed the whole of Elly's. And there might have b cause of consolation, if E per had been rendered the all the sugar she took, bu not the case.

"There is none there, Po Elly.

"Well, what hurt? Can't a double allowance o' cran- say, and drink it raw fo "Ah, but this is a fast o Elly.

"Oyeh, choke it for wor then do as you please; I o you. I haven't a spoonful ies in the house, girl, excu for 'em—a thing I'd be ve to do on a mornin' like th

"Well, I can do without said Elly returning to the sitting down to her, un ally, bitter draught with t resignation.

"Gi' me the money by-an I'm goin' into town for t mass-candle, an' I'll buy it itself an' the tay."

"But I have no money, I "No money, inagh? An' on yourself we're depending to get in the things agai row, a Christmas Day?" "Well, I have not a farth "Didn't you tell me you other day, you had a k keeper for me again? Han day?"

"I gave it to Danny. I I'd have more for you befo Here Poll dashed in the her hand, and confronted frightened lodger with the gesture of a raging Bacch

"An' is that my than screamed aloud. "Why, th you up with bread and t morning." Go look after now, if you want your l And so saying, she seized ners of the table-cloth, and whole concern into the fr Terror and astonishment Elly for some moments of of speech or motion, but saw Poll taking breath for ment, and looking around, what further devastation o commit, the forlorn helples her condition rushed at o her mind, and she fell into in a violent fit of hysteric