

The Catholic Record

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THOMAS COFFEY, Editor and Publisher.
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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Apostolic Delegation.
Ottawa, June 18th, 1906.
Mr. Thomas Coffey:
My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and, above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit. It strongly defends Catholic principles and rights, and stands firmly by the teachings and authority of the Church at the same time promoting the best interests of the country. Following these lines it has become a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and it will do more and more, as its wholesome influence reaches more and more Catholic homes. I therefore, earnestly recommend it to Catholic families. With my blessing on your work, and best wishes for its continued success.
Yours very sincerely in Christ,
DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus, Apostolic Delegate.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.
Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1906.

Mr. Thomas Coffey:
Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you on the manner in which it is published. Its matter and form are both good, and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful. Blessing you and wishing you success, believe me to remain,
Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ,
D. FALLOUIN, Apostolic Delegate.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1907.

ANOTHER EX-PRIEST.

To enumerate the list of men who, once priests, became ex's, to follow their wanderings or to contradict their statements, is as unpleasant as it is unsatisfactory. It is not pleasant or satisfactory to witness an increasing number of vagrant sons, weary with home, and going out with pride or sensuality, or both, to blackmail their brethren, and use their former influence to pervert the simple and to overturn their mother's house. Their vagaries ever mark a downward course. From the first false step to the passing out from the Church gate and on farther, it is always that descent which, alas! too easy for human nature. Scarcely ever are these miserable fellows silent. They whistle to keep up their courage. And in their attempts to justify themselves, like the wicked, they flee when no man pursueth. One of the latest of the Ex's is a Mr. Fournier. Two years ago he gave up the Church of Rome where he had been a priest eleven years—and joined the Baptists. What a fall is there—from the Catholic priesthood down to a Baptist layman, with nothing but his sacerdotal character to break his fall. And as far as he can he drags down this sacred impress, or removes its seal from off his soul. Now he goes round the country proclaiming his shame. He pretends not to say anything against the Church, yet he does not hesitate to sneer at its practices or command Luther for his opposition to the Pope. The Baptist Mission of Grande Ligne in Quebec is the special object of his zealous calumny. He claims "that it has been instrumental in bringing the light of truth to thousands. Amongst these were a number of well known priests who in spite of persecution and persuasion, remained true to the light that had converted them." We can guess what light of truth he means: but we do not believe there is a word of truth in what he says. No thousands or even hundreds can be found as fruit of Grande Ligne. Still less can a number of well known priests be named, who, like himself, have exchanged their inheritance for a mess of pottage. Fournier talks of persecution. We daresay he would call our criticism persecution. If he goes over to the Baptists and afterwards goes down to Grande Ligne, where a cold reception greets him, who is to blame? Neither he nor any of his unfrocked companions, if there are really any, nor his new supporters, have any business there. Their purpose is base and their methods unmanly. If Baptists wish to establish missions to Catholics let them do so upon honorable lines. Let them meet argument with argument. Let them not ridicule what they do not understand or misrepresent what they do not know. In regard to the Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, Fournier in his remarks at Guelph showed his heart is not in his present surroundings. He tried to emphasize the value of faith in Christ and to lead his audience to believe that a shrine like St. Anne's was a substitute for such faith. He continued with the strong statement that he had lived in the neighborhood and he had never known of any miracles taking place there. He acknowledged, however, that there were cures. These he characterized as due to imagination and more apparent than real. We are not acquainted with the Ex's history. He may have been a boy in the neighborhood without having much opportunity of knowing of any miracle. But

it is simply throwing dust in the eyes of the Baptists of Guelph to lead them to believe that there never was a miracle at St. Anne's, or that the cures there are shams. Protestants generally are too easily duped by men of the Fournier stamp. As long as they come from the old Church they are welcome, no matter what may be their previous history or the story they have to tell. The more they belie their Mother the Church, the more cordially are they received. What harm they do to society is evident. Why they are welcome, is not so clear. They do not make good Protestants—and their purpose is always to talk against the faith they abandoned for selfish motives.

A NEW RECTOR ON IRELAND.

St. George's Church, Montreal, has a new rector just imported, full of his own ideas and equally eager to air them. Fresh from Dublin, where he had had charge of an English church, St. Anne's, he hastened with most unseemly inconsideration to talk Home Rule, Ireland generally, and the influence of the priests over the Irish specially. Here is a gentleman and scholar, Rev. Dr. Smythe, an author of name amongst his own people—one who on other subjects is by no means hazardous. In his opening address at his Canadian Church he prudently abstained, as he said, from subjects of a controversial character. This course he wisely proposed to himself until he knew his people. But scarcely were the words out of his mouth than he broke with them. Perhaps he limited his resolution to doctrine and Church practice. It is a pity for his own reputation he did not extend it to all public questions. Perhaps he knew his own weakness. When it was a question of Home Rule he could not wait. He had been obliged, whilst on the sea, to wait. Now, however, he must know all about it. And further he must unburden his overloaded soul. Prudence to the winds—he, Canon Smythe, rector of an English Church in Dublin—he knew the Irish, and it was but right he should give his knowledge to the people with whom he was about to make his home. He aired his views to some busy inquisitive reporter. "You can hardly realize," he remarked, "living in Canada or living in England, how ignorant the masses of the Irish are." The Irish are too much under the influence of their priests. And the average priest in Ireland belongs "to a narrow class which is imbued with retrograde sentiment propagated in the seminaries and antagonistic to progress." This is the Canon's salute to the Irish in Canada and the United States. He should not think that he is the only one who knows anything about Ireland. The average Irish peasant is away and above his peer in England. He knows his religion and his country. He is a politician from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet. Whatever lack of education he may display Canon Smythe ought to hold his peace about it. It is no disgrace of England more than even the loss of Ireland that education is not more thorough and systematic in our poor Fatherland. It will become any one to speak truth. No peasantry in all the world, not Russia excepted, has been kept so much in thrall and away from education as the Irish peasantry. And none have shown such an aptitude for learning. When England gives a good education system to Ireland it will be time enough to accuse the Irish. The influence of the priests. He other dead weight. Great heavens! What other friend did the Irish ever have than the Soggarth Aroon? Would he seek friendship with the Smythe stamp of men? No indeed. There was something in the strong Irish heart dearer than even patriotism, though that was prized higher than gold. It is faith, the love of Church. For the sake of Church and for the sake of country, priests and people have been bound with indissoluble ties for countless generations. Springing from their ranks and sharing in their sufferings, the priests have always had a common cause to plead and win with the laity. Influence of the priests, forsooth! If it were not for that influence England could not govern Ireland at all. The country would be a perpetual seething cauldron. Canon Smythe may be wise on some subjects, and he may be prudent. In Irish matters he displays offensive ignorance and impetuous rashness.

It is a remarkable fact that we scarcely ever hear of an Englishman or a Scotchman decrying their country because of the immense consumption of intoxicating beverages, but it is a common thing for Irishmen of the Rev. Mr. Smythe's stamp to bring into the lime-light the over-indulgence in drink of his fellow-Irishmen. This is all the more notable when we consider that there is a larger per capita amount of drinking amongst Englishmen and Scotchmen than there is amongst Irishmen. For one reason or another, chiefly

because of hatred of the Catholic Church, the Irish bigot is not slow at any time to cast aspersions upon the mother that bore him—the beautiful Emerald Isle—the faults of the sons of which country are of the lighter kind. Rev. Mr. Smythe did not deem it worthy of remark that Ireland is the most moral and the most crimeless country in the world to-day. No doubt he thought it would not be good "politics" to say this, because it would be a feather in the cap of the Irish priesthood. Shame on you, rev. sir, and may your shame be all the more keen when you read the following letter written by Mr. John Ross, a Scotchman, in the Dublin Leader, giving his impressions of the Irish people among whom he is now living:

"Scotland is a country fairly sympathetic towards Ireland. But, unfortunately, I say, brought up in an atmosphere strongly prejudiced against the Irish, and, above all, the religion practised by the majority of the Irish people."

"As first impressions are most lasting, one must penetrate deeply, and in many directions, before they can get at the truth."

"Having occasion to come to Ireland some few years ago, I was, like most Scotchmen, pounced upon and fenced into the Unionist fold and duly instructed in all the villainies of nationalism, and every other 'ism' that had a remote chance of helping Ireland on the road to prosperity. I attribute this as the cause why nearly all Scotchmen seem to lose their liberal ideas when they come to Ireland, and become rabidly anti-Irish."

The fretful spirit of intolerance and bigotry displayed by the Unionists soon pallied on me. There was no admitting of any faults on one side, and no credit for any good on the other. There are black sheep in every flock. But according to them, one section—those which are the great majority—of the community seemed to be all black, and I required a strong guard to prevent them from breaking out, and making a living by killing and robbing each other."

"Another thing which aroused my suspicions of my Unionist friends was that if a Nationalist went into a Unionist's shop, that Unionist would beslobber him, and put on his Sunday best to make one look on the side of the great majority of the community seemed to be all black, and I required a strong guard to prevent them from breaking out, and making a living by killing and robbing each other."

"My first Irish friend was an old schoolmaster, who had not found this life a bed of roses; and his many and bitter trials had instilled into him a sympathy and love for his fellow-men, and given him an insight into human nature in all its moods. He was a man broad-minded and generous to a fault. The only time I have ever seen him give way to anger was when brooding over the wrongs of his country, which he loved with a fervency that would have aroused the admiration of any one. From him I learned the history of Ireland; and many of the facts which he related were of a nature to make one feel surprised that Irishmen could speak of England with any degree of patience at all. Peace be with him; he rests now in the bosom of the country he adored."

"From this onward I made many more Irish friends, and began to view Ireland and her troubles from an entirely different standpoint—a proceeding which made my Unionist neighbors tremble from me in disgust, and look on me as one who had placed himself outside the pale of civilization altogether. 'I am a priest,' as would be expected—'is the foreigner's pet aversion. Standing up at all times—as they have done—on the people, and being their leaders and advisers, it follows that the major portion of the alleged sins of the rebellious Irish should be laid at their door. More falsehoods and misrepresentations have been circulated about the Irish priests to feed the credulous foreigner than any other class of people in the world. Never was anyone more unjustly belied than the priests. I was amazed at the first priest I met. Instead of the arrogant, intolerant, dominating person I had expected, I found a man, broad-minded, and at ease with the world and himself; willing to cross a road not qualified to say anything for or against the Catholic religion; but its bitterest enemies must admit, that if they ransacked the world from end to end, they could not find a purer or more moral people than the Catholics of Ireland."

TRIED AND FAILED.

From the despatches we see that a holiness movement is on foot in the neighborhood of Ottawa. Something of the kind is no doubt needed. Parliament not in session, commissions no longer examining the public conscience, a movement of holiness is just in order. And all the better that it is under the auspices of a camp meeting. There always has been so much holiness in the associations of camp meetings. They are so spiritual, so disciplinary, and so replete with refinement. Holiness without a camp meeting, or a camp meeting without holiness, are unimaginable, except where holiness has a higher ideal and a deeper purpose than mere sentimental shouting. But the piece of resistance in this camp meeting and movement of holiness was of no ordinary character. It was nothing less than a deliberate proposal to work a miracle. Here was the attraction. What a drawing card! Let a miracle be advertised and the camp would be crowded. So it was.

A rev. gentleman of the name of Johnston, one of the younger brethren hailing from Pendleton, was announced—not to preach merely, but to perform a miracle. He was to make the lame to walk. A lame man was on hand. Poor fellow, whatever hopes he may have had, they were soon dashed to pieces. There was no fake about his lameness, nor was his condition afterwards relieved. The minister likewise acted his part up to a certain point—and then he showed where the fakir comes in. He first made a preliminary address, declaring his vocation as an apostle and healer of the sick. Then taking the lame man by the hand he bade him walk. The lame man did not do his part: he did not walk. The miracle did not materialize. The crowd was disgusted, but poor Johnston remained hopeful to the last. He still has confidence that he will yet be a miracle worker. It must have been the neighborhood. Ottawa is hardly the place for a man like Johnston—too many French Catholics, too many politicians. Beelzebub himself could not perform a cure there. Johnston had better move his camp. If at first he does not succeed let him try, try again.

IRELAND AND RUSSIA.

In a New York daily paper we recently read that it is considered a crime to whistle in Russia. This may be quite true, but it is worthy of remark that Russia is not the only place where it has been considered lawful to whistle. Some years ago it was deemed a very serious breach of the peace even for a youth to whistle the "Wearing of the Green" or "Harvey Duff" upon any public thoroughfare in the Emerald Isle. "The Wearing of the Green" was looked upon by the authorities as a seditious air, and "Harvey Duff," if we remember aright, was composed for bringing into disrepute the ballist fraternity in Ireland. What made this class so peculiarly offensive to the people was the fact that they were the creatures of the rack-renting landlords. In the near past things had been done in Ireland of which the Emperor of Russia and his court would be heartily ashamed. For instance, a poor old bill poster was given fifteen years' penal servitude for posting a notice of a land league meeting. The sentence was pronounced by Judge Wm O'Brien, a creature of the Castle, who, were he living in some of the Western States, and acted as he did in Ireland, would have his career cut short by Judge Lynch. Let it not be supposed, however, that we approve of lynching. We merely state what would have occurred were that imitator of Lord Norbury a resident of Texas. Taking into consideration the injustice and cruelty practised upon the people of Ireland by the minions of Dublin Castle, it will become certain people to point the finger of scorn at Russia.

WE ARE glad to notice that our esteemed contemporary, the Antigonish Casket, keeps well to the front in Catholic journalism. It is a credit to the diocese of Antigonish, and, we doubt not, is a power for good in the Maritime Provinces. When looking over it each week the thought comes to our mind that there are papers twice as large which do not contain half as much matter of a bright, instructive and edifying character.

WHAT IS A MIRACLE.

A correspondent writes about miracles and asks some important questions. We answer in the words of the Rev. Father Gerard, S. J.:

"A miracle is an occurrence due to a power beyond the forces of nature and which the laws of nature cannot account."

"Thus the law of nature cannot account for the restoration of a dead man to life. Supposing this to occur, it must be a miracle."

"The possibility of miracles is vehemently denied by infidel philosophers, on the ground that there is no such preternatural power as is required to work them."

"But the study of nature herself demonstrates the existence of a power beyond nature and its exercise. As we have seen, the first impulse given to the forces of nature must have been a miracle, being nowise in accordance with the laws of nature and beyond the power of her forces. So, too, the first beginning of life. If nature can get life only from a living parent, the first appearance of life was miraculous."

"There must, therefore, exist a power capable of doing that which nature cannot do, and as it has certainly once acted, there is no impossibility that it should act again."

"The question of miracles resolved itself, therefore, into one of the evidences on which they rest. If we have sufficient evidence that one has been worked, we cannot refuse to admit on the priori ground that it is possible."

THE SCOTS COLLEGE IN PARIS.

One of the results of the separation of Church and State in France has been to reveal to the majority of the people the existence of the old Scots College in the French capital, as the money derived from this foundation was used for the education of a number of young Scottish priests at the Seminary of Saint Sulpice. When in virtue of the new law the seminary was closed the Scottish theological students were turned adrift like the rest. The matter was brought under the notice of the British Foreign Office, and Sir Francis Bertie was instructed to begin negotiations with M. Briand, Minister of Public Instruction, on the subject.

This led to an examination of the conditions under which the Scots College was founded, and the purposes for which it was intended. The "College des Ecosais" was founded by King Robert Bruce. His rival for the possession of the Scottish crown, John Balliol, founded Balliol College at Oxford in order to encourage a rapprochement with England, at that time Scotland's bitterest enemy. Robert the Bruce promptly replied to this by founding the Scots College in France, the country which was the ally of the Northern Kingdom in its wars with England.

The first college was in the Rue des Amandiers, near the Rue des Ecoles, where the Scottish students lived, but in the latter half of the seventeenth century it was moved to its present quarters in the Rue Cardinal Lemoine, where it still stands. The only outward proof of its original purpose is the inscription, "College des Ecosais," carved above the main entrance.

Outwardly, the building is not very imposing. A plain facade, broken only by the stonework surrounding the main entrance, and six rows of windows. It is situated behind the Pantheon and dominates the Church of Saint Etienne du Mont. It is still an educational institution, but is occupied by a French school, which prepares pupils for the "baccalaureat."

The interior is more interesting than the exterior. The broad staircase, with its wooden balustrade, makes a very artistic impression, with its lofty windows letting in a flood of sunlight. The original disposition of the large rooms has been much changed by their division for the purpose of the present proprietors by lath and plaster partitions. These, however, could be easily removed and the original distribution restored. The diamond-paned windows of the Royal Crown of Scotland, and the Royal Coat of Arms, are a curious old-time aspect to the place.

The most interesting feature of the college is the old chapel and the tomb where is deposited in a silver casket the heart of King James II. The chapel has been carefully preserved, and is very striking in its plain severity. It is not very large, it could probably contain about a hundred and fifty persons, but was probably ample for the needs of the Scottish students a couple of centuries ago. Above the door is the inscription—"Hic Tabernaculum Dei cum hominibus."

On the tomb enclosing the heart of the last of the Stuart Kings is a long Latin inscription, beginning: "Memoriae Augustissimi Principis Jacobi II., Magnae Britanniae, etc., Regis, 17 October, MDCCII." This tomb is in dark grey marble, which by age has become almost black. It is set into the wall of the ante-room to the memory of Frances Jennings, Duchess of Tyrconnell.

Among the art treasures of the college are two portraits of the Old and Young Pretenders. These formerly hung in the chapel, but as the light there is bad for the display of pictures, they have been removed to another room. The portrait of the Old Pretender is a half-length one, but that of Bonnie Prince Charlie is a life size one. It is probably intended to represent him just before he sailed on his last ill-fated expedition to Scotland. He is represented in a suit of gold inlaid armour with a blue ribbon, probably the Order of St. Louis, across his breastplate. He is standing on an eminence overlooking a bay, in which a fleet is seen riding at anchor. His outstretched arm is pointing in the direction of the fleet, as if giving orders for the embarkation of his troops for the conquest of his lost kingdom.

It is stated that the record of the two Scottish expeditions to Scotland and the cypher correspondence with the pretender's adherents in Scotland were deposited in the Scots College, but after the French revolution they disappeared. During that troublous time the college was used as a prison. That they were in the college seems fairly certain, as Hume is said to have seen them there when he visited Paris in 1748.

When Napoleon came to power the management of the Scots College was placed in the hands of the authorities of the seminary of Saint Sulpice. Since then the college ceased to educate Scotsmen exclusively, the revenues being devoted to training in the Seminary of Saint Sulpice a number of Catholic students of theology nominated by the Primus of Scotland.

The property of the foundation consists of a farm situated at Grisy, near Paris, and the college building in the Rue Cardinal Lemoine, which is let out to a scholastic institution. The amount of money available is about £500 a year. It is for the use of the revenue that the British Government is negotiating with the French Ministry.

M. Briand asked if it was in the charter that the revenues should be devoted exclusively to the education of Catholic priests. The records were examined, and it was found that it was not so, as the college was originally founded for the general education of Scotsmen, theological students with the others, but not exclusively. It is therefore proposed to return to the original purpose of the foundation and institute scholarships for the students of the liberal professions, art, music, and architecture.—Oban Times.

KEEPING THE FAITH.

We live in an age when attacks against our faith are very subtle and very many. For instance, the daily papers, the secular magazines, the countless books, with which the market is flooded, too often contain open or hidden attacks upon faith; and the reader's mind is in terrible danger of becoming more or less tainted by the intellectual miasma thus breathed into the system. Then the people whom we frequently meet, charmingly courteous, highly gifted, very attractive to all outward seeming, are only too often persons either indifferent to the Catholic faith or much opposed to it; and we thus run the risk of our Catholic standards of truth and error, of right and wrong, being grievously lowered, and our spiritual aspirations turned aside from the high things of God.

It is extremely necessary for us to bear in mind that culture is not Christianity, nor is refinement holiness; nor do the world's canons of conduct, art and education form the canons and commandments of the Catholic Church, which was instituted and is governed by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. What did we renounce at our Baptism, through our sponsors? We renounced the world, as well as the flesh and the devil. Did that mean that we were to leave the world entirely, like the old anchorites and hermits; or that we were all to retire to the cloister, like monks and nuns? Not at all. But it did mean this—that we are not to be governed by the world's dictates, or swayed by the world's opinion, or affrighted by the world's ridicule; we are to show plainly that while still in the world we are not of it; that we belong to a nobler society and a grander fellowship; and that "our conversation is in heaven."

Now we can not expect to keep our faith clear and strong, if we delight to read by preference non-Catholic books, or choose non-Catholic friends, or frequent non-Catholic places of amusement, instruction, or even of worship, rejoicing to be included among Protestants and worldly circles rather than our own. To keep the faith, we need to struggle, to pray, to deny ourselves, and to fight loyally against the world's enticing snares. We need to know our faith better than we do. It is not enough to say that we were born in the faith; that we learned our catechism in childhood; that we go to Mass on Sunday; that we go to the sacraments several times a year. But we must study our faith and grow in our faith; we must keep away from non-Catholic places of worship; we must find our happiness with loyal, outspoken Catholic friends; we must avoid books and conversations that are against the faith.

Above all, we must pray to have, more and more, the true, upright and loyal spirit, which leads us to obey implicitly our Holy Mother the Church, in her least little wishes as well as in her commands that can not be broken without mortal sin. With St. Paul, the noble hearted, we should count this world as dross, so we may win Christ. It was of the lukewarm, the half-hearted, the worldly soul, that our Divine Lord said those execrable and awful words: "I will vomit him out of my mouth."—Sacred Heart Review.

GENERAL BOTHA.

Antigonish Casket.
We find no fault with the warmth of the reception given to General Botha in England, though the reading of an address by the Mayor of Southampton when he landed was rather overdoing the thing. It must have seemed a grim sort of jest to Dr. Jameson, though, whom Botha would have hugged—and very properly hugged, if he could have laid hands on him at any time during the South African War. Now the two of them, Premier of the Transvaal and of Cape Colony respectively, are sitting side by side at the conference of colonial premiers.

General Botha's reception by Newman in 1851, when there was such an uproar over the re-establishment of the Catholic hierarchy in England:

"If there is one passion more than another which advantageously distinguishes the Englishman, it is that of personal attachment. He lives in the present, in contrast to the abstract and the past. He ignores the past, and distances; but when they come to him, if they come recommended by their antecedents, and make an appeal to his eyes and ears, he almost worships them. We all recollect with what enthusiasm the populace received Marshal Soult on his visit to London a few years ago; it was a warm and hearty feeling, elicited by the sight of a brave enemy and a skillful commander, and it took the form of a countryman altogether by surprise."

Nay, even more—I will say a bold thing—but I am not at all sure that, except at seasons of excitement like the present, the Pope himself, however he may be abused behind his back, would not be received with cheers, and run after by admiring crowds, if he visited this country, independent of the shadow of Peter which attends him, shining favor and attracting hearts when he showed himself in the presence of cardinals and in the presence and the prestige of his name. Such, I say, is the Englishman; with a heart for many objects, with an innate veneration for merit, talents, rank, wealth, science, not in the abstract however, but as embodied in a visible form; and it is the consciousness of this characteristic which renders statesmen at this moment, of whatever cast of politics, so afraid of the appearance of a cardinal, and a hierarchy in the midst of the people they have to govern."

THE JESUIT AND

STORY OF AN ENJOYED DURING WHICH THE PARSON AND THE PEOPLE.

"Visitor" in the There is, perhaps, no figure in the Church land to-day than the Jesuit, Father Bernard, his long and priestly hair played faithful record of public acts of large proportions. He has presided Majesty King Edward (Prince of Wales) the sermon was after published; he has rented room in the London, doing all his housekeeping, and elevation of a patch and interested the pagans with splendid successfully prosecuted suit, eventually successful article, in which it himself and his order and preached even the not stopping even in the Church. One triumph was his Bishop Moorhouse, Bishop of Manchester original pamphlet printed by Heywood from shorthand thousands as they as I write, and nothing to be done completeness and were delivered in each, and the second the Bishop's "Rij" made no attempt reason is evident Vaughan took the chester for the lect thousand persons them, among of all denominations and overwhelming the Bishop became intensely unpopular.

There were non-Bishop's overthrown clergy, and the amusing result, completion of the lectures Father the hour in March throughout all his writing table which was at the bedroom, in the Church of the brother came to that the Rev. M. in, replied to a good person in the Jesuit's den heartily received offered to him, a mess. "Father beg to congratulate on the admirable have given in de your Church.

alone, but also of brethren, and all of whom are ing the magnific gained over the "Thank you Father Vaughan who knew that I'm sure and I'm grateful for a further task to Reverend James missioned by m their secretary good enough to our rooms on and they request earnestly hope "I don't see and conditions. I agree to them, culty. "I will reverend father before the brot Father Vang that he must the occasion. and you the pe you are all o an in it. I w cup of tea w cigarette with you. I and you must only condition erend father, my friends, a accept."

Within a ec Jones was ba say that the cepted. "An a subject. F date convent fortnight w Bernard; " to speak to Jesuit." In reverend gene date, and to delighted at in due coun according to "pleasant at Conformist of and, w cross, said

"In the na Then he w Father," he distinctly ing the act with a repe cross. Ther down, and Father Vang his address. He was i and kindly s an hour, wh his life. H young boy, the British hurst Coll placed him Fathers, in