The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname)—St. Pacian. 4th Century.

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A CLOSE SEASON

If some of our public men would take a vacation from talking they might be able to say something worth while now and then. The constant whirring of their tongues is not music of a high order and prevents them from lubricating the thinking machine with the oil of thought. A close season for politicians and others would be beneficial to themselves and to the public.

"MAKING GOOD."

Across the border our friends say of the man who has achieved success, "he has made good." Not what he means to do, but what he does, earns the dollar and the paragraph in the newspaper.

It strikes us that some of our organizations are in the mean-to-do stage. Rich in promises, they are poor in realization. They can count their brilliant speeches—these solemn arrays of platitudes—by the hundred, but the deeds, the proofs that they are "making good," are not visible. There is too much energy devoted to social business and to futile discourse. If it could be turned into power these societies would have something far better to their credit than an arid waste of talk and bridge-whist parties. Not that we are averse to the social side, but it seems strange that sensible Catholics should, while dabbling in amusement and framing and correcting rules of order, delude themselves into believing that their organization is one of the Church's pillars. It is a pity they have not the gift of seeing themselves as others see them.

FALSE SECURITY

The individuals who strike their tents on the mountain side are, despite the ever-present menace of an avalanche, loth to go elsewhere. Though their chronicles tell them of their forbears' villages torn away and blotted out forever, they are willing to take a chance with fate. The mountain sides are green, its summits crowned with light, the flowers kissed by the winds—all these speak to them of good fortune and happiness. And so they live until the grinding rock and the artillery of the skies chant their dirge. Some of us are like these villagers. We are content to go on in the same old rut, forgetful of the fact that should be burned into our brains, that we should strain every nerve to show that the Church has not dropped the sceptre of science. What she has done in the past lives and moves in every educated man on earth. But to stop at eulogy were futile, and of a nature to induce the suspicion that our strength is gone, our hearts stripped of noble impulse and ideals, the well-spring of inspiration known by our saints and sages, dried up forever. We must do our part, remembering that we cannot live with security with the mountain of ignorance above us. The interests of the faith plead with us for our co-operation and self-sacrifice. Place our colleges then, on a firm foundation. Unloosen the strings of our pocketbooks. A dollar invested in a college gains the hundred-fold dividend. Restrain the acrid word. Our chief concern should be first and always the college.

A LESSON

The Scotch are well aware of the importance of education. Throughout the Empire they are in the seats of the mighty. As educators their names are not writ in water, and in the business world they are not inconsequential factors. It is said, we know, that their proverbial canniness, their readiness to help a brother, their dogged tenacity of purpose and unity, are responsible to a great extent for their success. However this may be, the Scotch set great store on education. They ring around their colleges: they lavish money upon them and endeaver to keep them abreast of the times. Their enthusiasm is felt over the country. In the backwoods the boy is fired with tales of the prowess of those who had had humble beginnings. In him is born the hope to emulate them. Later on we see him at the university, careless, mayhap, as to the body's raiment, but mindful of that of the soul. And in a few years he is in the professional world, an eager competitor for the prizes which this country has to offer. If they win it is a proof of how keenly parental responsibility is felt by the Scotch father and mother, and of the wise policy that means so much for society.

While on this matter we may mention that in some parts of the Dominion the Scot are in the front rank. Ofttimes they are not natives of the city in which they fill a large place, and have ignorant opposition to face. But slowly, laboriously, persistently, they make their way. Their skies are not always blue, but, lingering neither to salve their hurts nor to blame others, they move onward to success. The sluggard and amusement seekers cavil and complain because these energetic, self-respecting Canadians are a rebuke to them.

THE AWFUL TALKER

Some Catholics have weirdly regulated consciences. They say and do things which would be looked at askance by a self-respecting pagan. And yet they are "pious," that is, they are members of sodalities and carry big prayer-books. The sinner wonders when he sees the habitually uncharitable—the Catholics whose tongues drip with venom, who are purveyors of gossip and scandal, who befoul life with the garbage of mean minds — frequenting the sacraments. He wonders when he sees them in "stained glass attitudes" and hears them talking about our dear Lord. And can we blame him, for is it not mysterious that people who profess to love Christ should, by their daily lives, give lie to all that is cherished and commanded by Christ. He wonders when he sees the lips that minister unto the demon of uncharitableness and hate red with the blood of the Eucharistic God. Would that he could not have cause to wonder. And these people—ravening wolves that infest the fold—do more harm than they who are avowedly under the dominion of satan.

ON THE ALERT

We should not be blind to the ever-growing peril of socialism. Organized, backed by its own press and publication bureau, championed by eloquence and the sympathy and self-sacrifice of many of its adherents, it should neither be despised nor underestimated. Some of us wax merry at its expense. But ridicule is no value for the wounds of those who are ever on the ragged edge of starvation. It is a pitiable argument against those who contend that Christianity has no vitality because around they see the fruits of injustice and oppression. So the courtiers jested, seeing not the lowering clouds of unrest and anarchy. Well-fed and groomed, they regarded the poor, if ever they came within their range of vision, as things to be spurned. But their contempt whetted to a finer edge the steel that showed them, in the day of wrath, how useless was all their caste and riches.

We should try to furnish our people with an antidote to socialism. The principles enunciated by Leo. XIII. in his famous encyclical, the pamphlets and books of dispassionate observers of the movement, can give us direction and light. Above all, we can show by our lives that Christianity is not a mere string of phrases that every unctuous Pharisee can shout at on the street-corners, but a reality that alleviates distress, acts upon injustice, and creates and perpetuates love. Our friends may not read our arguments, but they can see the charity that goes its ceaseless rounds of mercy and supports and comforts the struggling and the poor. We can neither make this earth the Paradise dreamed of by visionaries nor refuse to be conditioned by the facts of human nature. We can, however, clear away much that is unsightly, and prove by achievement that Socialism is not necessary.

THESE PROTESTS

The protests moved and adopted by our friends with a grievance are in accordance with parliamentary usage. The diction is polished and has withal a legal tong appreciated by the uninitiated. The high-sounding words may please the gentlemen who father and sponsor them, but, with the exception of this and the shattering of the atmosphere, they effect nothing. The grievance still flourishes unafraid. If our eloquent citizens would act and not talk there might not be so much whining. Protests are of value when reinforced by the action of men who know what they want, are satisfied that it is their due, and are bent upon getting it.

AMATEUR POLITICIANS

These amateur politicians who run to words, says an old campaigner, "make me sick."

Perchance when he made this remark he was thinking of the Catholic who never, except in self-interest, goes beyond empty phrases.

That exquisite pose of character which we call serenity is the flowering of life, the fruitage of the soul. How contemptible mere money looks in comparison with a serene life, a life which dwells in the ocean, beyond the reach of tempests, in eternal calm!

THE SACRED HEART AN OBJECT OF WORSHIP

From America

We all know and love the Sacred Heart. Devotion to it fills our churches and throngs the altar rail. "The first Friday" has become a commonplace among all Catholics. The devotion to the Sacred Heart, therefore, is thoroughly understood in practice by millions who have no idea of the knotty speculative problems it involves.

These cluster round the question: What is the object of the devotion? There have been Catholics who held it to be exclusively Our Lord's redeeming love. The Heart of Jesus, they said, is here but a metaphor to express this great love just as a great heart, a broad heart, a tender heart, a hard heart express metaphorically qualities in those of whom they are predicated. This position they took through a kind of fear of the Jansenists, the implacable enemies of the devotion, who recognized in it something that would upset all the practical applications of their theological systems to Holy Communion.

It is absolutely certain that the real, physical Heart of Jesus is the immediate object of this devotion. Unless this be so, the revelations to Blessed Margaret Mary become, if not unintelligible, at least unnecessary. Showing her His Heart Our Lord said: "Behold this Heart which has so loved men as to have spared nothing, even to the emptying and the consummating of itself to manifest its love." Here the object of worship and the motive are proposed to us just as in those other words of Our Lord: "God so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son; that whosoever believeth in Him may not perish, but may have life everlasting." Moreover, the feast Our Lord demanded was to be the feast of the Sacred Heart; the devotions he required were to be directed to console His Heart and to make reparation to it for man's ingratitude; and in one vision Blessed Margaret Mary saw the Heart alone proposed as the object of adoration.

"Yes," said the Jansenists, "the Heart alone. This is just the error of the new devotion." And so in the Synod of Pistoia which adopted their whole heretical system, they rebuked the adorers of the Sacred Heart because these "do not advert to the fact that the most holy Flesh of Christ or any part of it or His entire Humanity if separated or abstracted from the Divinity cannot be the object of supreme worship." The censure of the Jansenists was based on the abuse of the world *alone*. They pretended that in the devotion to the Sacred Heart Catholics separate it positively in their minds from the Sacred Humanity of which it is an inseparable part and from the Divinity to which it is indissolubly united. When the Sacred Heart alone was presented to the Blessed Margaret Mary as an object of adoration, it was not to lead her to so impious an act of mental separation but to help her to a more perfect concentration of her faculties upon the Heart of the Saviour. Wherefore Pius VI. in the Bull "Auctorem Fidei," which condemned the whole Synod and noted its errors one after another, says that this particular one is "captious and injurious to the faithful worshippers of the Sacred Heart of Christ, as if these adore the] Heart of Jesus separated or abstracted from the Divinity; whereas they adore it as it is, the Heart of Jesus, namely, the Heart of the Person of the Word to which it is inseparably united, just as the bloodless Body of Christ during the three days of death, without separation or abstraction from the Divinity, was adorable in the tomb."

The infallible Vicar of Christ confirms our statement that the real, physical Heart is the object of our adoration, and he explains how it is so. It is an object of supreme worship because it is the Heart of Jesus, united inseparably to the Person of the Word. The briefest reflection shows that when one says: my head aches, all understand him to mean not that his head taken abstractly is suffering, but that he personally suffers in that particular part. When we praise an artist's skilful hand, we praise, not the member exclusively, but the person exercising his skill in that member. So, too, when we adore the loving Heart of Jesus, we adore the Person of the Word made Flesh manifesting His love in His Divine Heart.

How is the love of the God-Man manifested in His Heart? The older theologians of the devotion following the notions of their day said plainly that the Heart of Jesus is the object of adoration, inasmuch as it is the organ of His redeeming love. The expression is objectionable. This love is chiefly an act of the will, and as for the sensitive affections involved in it, one cannot say the heart is their organ. To obviate this difficulty others called the Divine Heart, the *seat* of redeeming love. This was no improvement, since in this matter *seat* and *organ* must mean much the same. But all this involves physiology. Hence when in 1765 Clement XIII. approved the Mass and Office of the Sacred Heart he stated their object to be "to renew symbolically the memory of that divine love by which the only begotten Son of God took human nature, and becoming obedient even unto death gave Himself to men an example to be imitated of meekness and humbleness of heart." The term *symbol* has since been practically consecrated by pontifical usage. We say therefore the object of the devotion is, the Sacred Heart of Jesus, inasmuch as it is the symbol of His redeeming love. In this the real Heart of flesh is the immediate object of adoration: the principal object is the love of Jesus redeeming mankind.

Some find the word, symbol, too weak. However, one must remember that among symbols there are degrees, the higher being connected much more intimately with the things symbolized than the lower. Two hearts tied together with a true-lover's knot, the joining of two hands, the use of one name, all symbolize the union in love of husband and wife, and each approaches more closely than its predecessor to what is symbolized. The close embrace from which they have to tear themselves when some temporary separation impends, is also a symbol of that love, but much more intimately connected with it and therefore much nobler as a symbol. Moreover, this too must be noted, that while everybody recognizes the intimate connection between love and the movements of the inflamed heart, the nature of this connection is one of the mysteries of our compound nature. Organ, seat, symbol are words halting because of the mystery, but expressing as far as this is expressible, an idea really the same in the minds of all, whether theologians or pontiffs, preachers or hearers, who are true adorers of the Sacred Heart.

HENRY WOODS, S. J.

THAT AWFUL OATH

CAUSTIC CRITICISM OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD

The Catholics of the British Empire are compelled to eut a rather sorry figure at the present moment. They must crave the mean favor that their religion be not insulted and their dearest convictions outraged by their sovereign at the most solemn moment of his reign. Every American feels this to be no favor, but a mere elementary right that should be guaranteed to every citizen, and, in fact, to every human being. What right has a free man, or any man, if he has not a right to be protected from insult and outrage? In this case, every element is present to aggravate the insult and the outrage. They come from the sovereign who qualifies himself, by this same insult and outrage, to claim the respect and obedience of those he is offending. He speaks in the name of the nation and the government to which they owe loyalty. Above all, the injury is inflicted on the deepest and most sacred feelings, which are concerned with beliefs and a Person dearer than life, dearer than all which earth can hold. And all that Catholics demand is this: "Do not insult us; do not, on this most solemn and public occasion, outrage what we love and cherish most. Make the Protestant succession as secure as oaths and statutes can bind, if you will—only let there be no insult to Catholic beliefs and feelings!" No demand could be more evidently just and no man with a drop of honor or manhood in his veins could demand less.

But, after all, it is not the Catholics who are cutting the sorry figure; it is the English Protestants, and particularly the non-Conformists, who are opposing the expunging of the insulting terms and little realize what a spectacle they are making of themselves before high heaven. No men willingly and knowingly exhibit themselves to the world as bigots or bullies or tyrants. Bigotry and wanton insult are writ so large across the face of the Coronation Oath that one might imagine them legible even to the very great majority of English non-Conformists. Vain expectation! Many of them have a conscience and a psychology as peculiar as the ways of the heathen Chinee. Whatever they think is light; whatever they feel is nobleness and charity; whatever they do is justice. Their mind never opens to a glimmer of the suspicion that they may be bigots and tyrants. They regard themselves as the champions of religion and civilization; they have ever reserved to themselves the privilege of shouting loudest for liberty and enlightenment, all the while unconscious that they are the most perfect type in Christendom of religious bigotry and ignorance.

If we use a homely but expressive and historic figure, it would make a donkey laugh to hear some of the non-Conformists proclaim the glories of liberty and light. Gratefully conscious of belonging to a higher order of creation, nevertheless we expect to experience a similar pleasure in reading British news of the next month or more. Leading divines and prominent politicians will preach the glories of British civilization and clamor for the maintenance of the benighted Oath. We can realize their point of view by recalling the utterance of their brother in blood and religion, Rev. Doctor Tipple, of Rome, whose pronouncement, be it remarked, was a plea for light and liberty. England for a season will buzz with the noise of the wagging tongues of a thousand Tipples—all for liberty and light and the damnation of Popery.

Will bigotry prevail? Will the Coronation Oath remain unchanged? We cannot be sure. Bigotry still flourishes in England and bigotry, we know, is a vigorous plant. As the verses say,

One cannot cleave its deep-hid roots;
Knife cannot prune its fast growing shoots.

It may be counted on to exhibit in England to-day its customary vitality and fecundity. Nevertheless, we are convinced that the great mass of Englishmen are ashamed of the Oath and would gladly be rid of it; and though old-established law, when upheld by a large, noisy, and fanatical minority, has a marvelous tenacity, still we do not believe that this outrageous Oath will long continue to disgrace the statute books of England. If it be not modified, as it probably will be, before the Coronation, it will scarcely be able to sustain the assaults that will speedily follow. Fall it must, we believe, for the mass of Englishmen are opposed to it or indifferent; the leaders of political life, with few exceptions, denounce it; the king himself is reported to have an invincible repugnance against it; and, finally, the Irish brigade is ready to give the fiercest onslaught in all their history. And when the hurly-burly's done, when the battle's lost and won, we trust that English Catholics shall not render grudging thanks to their Irish brethren, without whom the victory had been impossible.

Venerable monument of English Protestantism! How much it typifies, how truly it has represented and still represents, the spirit of a goodly number of Englishmen! Before it disappears, the Coronation Oath will at least have rendered this service to Truth—it will have shone in the eyes of the world as the symbol of English Protestant bigotry, past and present. If the reality would be interred with the symbol, our joy would be unalloyed. But with the symbol will disappear one monument to the truth of things as they are; we rejoice, though, because its disappearance will tend to cause the ugly reality also to disappear. At the same time, we confess that many English and American Protestants have need of numerous reminders of their not all glorious past and present. Who so virtuous as they, whose hands so spotless as theirs? They never weary of sounding their own praises on trumpets and cymbals; and if we venture, with the hope of inspiring a little modesty and of moderating the abuse of our own not immaculate record, to recall something of their past, our voice is drowned in a deafening clamor. Protestantism, both English and American, has much to be ashamed of; and we shall be more hopeful of the elimination of bigotry and religious ignorance when we see a more general acknowledgment of its crimes during the past centuries. Catholics have always believed that the confession of sins is an essential, and the first, element in a true conversion. And though we Catholics have often exhibited our own reluctance to confess the shameful truth, still our self-knowledge and self-accusation are almost marvelous in comparison with the reluctance of the ordinary religious American or English Protestant to see and confess the shameful truth in their past. They put the record of our delinquencies in large type; their own are crowded into fine print—which, in their reading of history, they religiously skip.

MID-DAY MISSOINS IN THE CITY OF PARIS

A hackneyed reproach addressed to the French priest by over-zealous Catholics is that they have, in certain cases, omitted to adapt their methods to new manners and customs, that they are behind the times, out of touch with modern development, writes a correspondent, in America. If, as is possible, there is a grain of truth in this, it would be unfair and unjust to overlook the efforts that are now being made in Paris especially, to meet every kind of spiritual need; to create new institutions when the ones no longer suffice or to modify existing habits whenever the spiritual welfare of the Catholics is at stake.

The Paris midinette, as the young work-woman is popularly called, is a well known type. Refined, pretty and elegant as she often is, the moral dangers that surround her are manifold and need not be dwelt on. They exist in all large towns, but in Paris more than elsewhere on account of the persecution that is slowly and surely destroying religious landmarks throughout the country.

These young girls, who, when mere children, are exposed to the evil influence of the Paris workshops, were able in former days to take advantage, if they wished to do so, of the spiritual resources of their parish churches; this has now become impossible. Within the last few years, certain quarters of inhabited by the working classes, have been almost rebuilt and thousands of families who could not afford to pay higher rents, were obliged in consequence to remove to the suburbs, that now form almost a new city. The big shops that represent the commercial activity of the capital, the dressmakers, milliners, etc., where French and foreign millionaires spend their money, have not moved. They are situated in the wealthy part of Paris that extends round the boulevards, and many a midinette has daily to make a long journey in going to work and in returning to her poor home in a distant suburb. The churches are then closed, and even were the tired girl so inclined, it would be impossible for her to kneel for five minutes before the tabernacle much less to join in any religious service.

Two years ago this state of things attracted the attention of a few young work-women belonging to the parish of the Madeleine. They knew by experience how difficult it is for girls who, like themselves, worked for their living far from their homes, to enjoy any of the privileges that to the rich and leisured come so easily; they knew too that a word in season, a wholesome reminder of things eternal and unseen, works wonders in souls that the necessities of life expose to daily, almost hourly peril. They decided, therefore, in order to give their wishes a practical form, that special missions must be preached for the midinettes, at half past twelve, during the time that is allowed to them for their mid-day meal and recreation, which instructions must, of course, take place successively in different churches that are nearest the big shops and fashionable dressmakers and milliners; the Madeleine, St. Louis d'Antin, St Roch, etc.

"It was an idee de genie," said a Paris priest, "but not devoid of boldness, for it seemed, at first sight, somewhat rash to expect the light-hearted, merry, pleasure-loving midinette to shorten her stroll along the sunny boulevards to listen to a sermon."

However, the promoters of the good work began bravely. They caused papers to be printed where the hour of the mission was announced; these they gave away broadcast in the workshops, at restaurants and in the streets, and then, in some fear, waited for the result. At first the attendance was small, then by degrees the congregation grew larger; from one hundred, it increased steadily until at a recent mission twelve hundred midinettes were gathered round the pulpit.

The proceedings are necessarily rapid, for the girls' time is limited: at 12: 30 a hymn is sung; at 12: 35 the preacher begins his discourse, which is familiar, clear, attractive and easy to grasp; at 12:50 he ends his sermon. The whole thing lasts exactly twenty minutes. These missions generally go on for a fortnight and are always ended by a Mass at 7 and by a general Communion.

The audience naturally varies according to the parish in which the service takes place; here dressmakers are more numerous, elsewhere milliners or shop girls form the greater part of the congregation; some are saints and heroines, others have an appearance more worldly than angelic, a few, a curious fact in a Catholic country, have never heard a sermon or been inside a church, nevertheless they listen attentively and ask to be allowed to carry away "the songs" that are given them, meaning the hymns.

After every mission, results are obtained, though it is difficult when estimating spiritual victories to makes use of statistics. It is a certain fact that within the last three years, from seven to eight thousand young girls have at one time or another, been brought into touch with the Church owing to these missions, also that the question of religion is no longer kept out of sight, but openly discussed in many fashionable workshops. Those who profess to be practical Catholics may be laughed at or blamed, as the case may be, but they can no longer be ignored. Some of the midinettes have an heroic spirit; one hung up a crucifix in her atelier. "Who has done that?" said the astonished and not overpleased directress. "It is I," replied a blushing girl. "Well, as it is there, it may stay," was the reply. In another large workshop, a group of girls formed a syndicate with the object of suppressing immoral conversations, a new and unexpected form of the power of association that is now so much to the fore in all social questions.

As may be supposed, the attendance of the midinettes at mid-day sermons means much self denial. They have to hurry over their meal and sacrifice their stroll in the fresh air. Some are called upon to endure persecution. One girl was turned out of doors by her father because she owned that she followed a retreat. Sometimes, early Communion is a difficulty: twelve young girls who had not been able to receive Holy Communion in the morning, waited till the mid-day sermon, rather than give up their purpose. That, in spite of so many difficulties, the missions de midi live, prosper, and extend their sphere of influence, is due, after God, to the founders and promoters of the work.

These young girls, who are themselves workwomen, are known as les zelatrices, they are, in fact, the good angels of their companions. It is they who remind the latter of the days, hours and churches where the missions take place and they display much tact and resourcefulness as well as the courage that braves reproach and derision. It is they who introduce the new comers to the different institutions that have gradually been founded for their benefit, to the catechisms where special instruction sare given to those who have not made their first Communion, to the lending libraries established on purpose for them and opened at the hours that suit them best. A superior course of religious instruction has lately been founded for those who wish to complete their religious training. It is also the zelatrices who introduce their companions to the restaurants, founded for their benefit, where they find wholesome food, at a moderate price, and also a wholesome moral atmosphere. In one of these restaurants that adjoins a chapel, a sermon is occasionally preached during these meals, in order to save time.

The work thus described has existed for only three years and is flourishing in many parishes. On February 27, thirty-six young zelatrices, the foundress and chief promoters, were received by the Archbishop, who warmly approves of their work. It was a novel sight to see these smart, bright, young girls at the Archbishop's house, and those who knew at the cost of what brave efforts they fulfil their self-imposed mission looked at them with respect. Under many a pretty blouse beats the heart of an apostle.

The chaplain of the Montmartre group of midinettes has established Homes of Rest, where, during their brief holidays the tired girls may enjoy the pleasures of the country together with the refreshment of a kindly, moral atmosphere. Some of their letters, written from these homes are truly wonderful, not merely from their keen appreciation of the welcome rest, but from their depth of feeling, delicate and grateful thoughts, their high-minded tone and innate refinement of soul. In some of these country villages, where these midinettes come to rest, they contrive, poor as they are, to give more than they receive. They are bound to no religious practice, and are left in this respect, perfectly free, but many of them attend daily Mass, others in a village of the Department de l'Oise undertook to adorn the chapel, and their deft fingers, that all the year round trim hats or dresses for the leaders of fashion, lined the Tabernacle and embroidered cloths for the altar. The attendants of the missions de midi are only a handful compared to the thousands of girls who fill the Paris shops and banking houses but since a handful of fishermen saved the world, the Church, unlike the world, believes more in the earnestness of the workers, backed by the grace of God, than in mere numbers.

CATHOLIC NOTES

An English Catholic church has been opened in Naples, supplying a long-felt want. A Chinese priest with a marvelous voice is its organist and soloist combined.

There are in the Catholic schools of New York at least 105,000 pupils. No mention is made of this vast army, educated without expense to the city. Expressed in dollars it means a saving of $4,440,000.

The Passion Play at Oberammergau began on the 11th inst., and the performances, thirty regular ones in all, will end on September 25th. This world-famous pious decennial play has continued ever since the year 1663.

A sanctuary choir of fifty voices took part for the first time in the Solemn Vespers at St. Andrew's Church, Roanoke, Va., on a recent night. The boys made a striking appearence as they marched in their gowns and surplices.

The Earl of Cavan, who is not a Catholic, and several members of his family, went from Ireland to Belgium recently to be present at the reception into one of the strictest convents there, of his sister, Lady Maud Barrett.

The French police have seized a number of documents at the residence of Mme. Martin Gauthier concerning the liquidation of provincial Congregations. Other papers have been found proving the purpose of securing the property of the Congregations.

Adelaide Norwood's beautiful daughter, Edna, took the veil in Mt. St. Agnes Convent of Mercy, at Mount Washington, Md., a few days ago, and the charming singer is greatly saddened. Madame Norwood is not a Catholic, nor was her husband. The young religious will be known as Sister Mary Adelaide.

The protest against the wearing of immense hats by women in church was put into effect in the Cathedral of Mobile on the occasion of the consecration of Bishop Shaw. The ladies attending the ceremony were required to wear veils instead of hats, and the result proved very gratifying.

There are 50,000 colored people in Chicago and among them are between five and six hundred Catholics. Archbishop Quigley has provided a church and a chapel for the Catholic colored people of this great city. The church is St. Monica's, at Dearborn and Thirty-sixth streets, and its pastor is the Rev. J. S. Morris.

Mother M. Murphy, formerly Sister Superior of the Academy of the Sacred Heart on Taylor street, Chicago, died Monday last, after a lingering illness at the age of sixty years. She was born in Chicago and entered the convent on Taylor street when she first took the veil. When that institution was closed she spent some time in convents in the West, returning finally to the Pine Grove avenue institution.

It is a usual custom throughout the Catholic world for children to make a retreat for a few days before receiving their First Communion. The Cour de Cassation in Paris has decided that this pious practice is contrary to French law. The decision was given in a prosecution at the instance of a school teacher for the absence of children during the hours of the religious exercises of the retreat.

Bishop Morris, of Little Rock, has allowed the government to use fifteen acres of the ground at St. Joseph orphanage, Levy, Ark., for demonstration and experimental purposes, ten acres of which is planted in corn and five in potatoes. Bishop Morris is himself one of the closest students on the experimental plot, and almost daily can be seen attired in working clothes and performing farm work the same as any of the others about the place.

Dublin is about to witness the first opera ever performed in the Irish tongue. It is entitled "Eithne," and the music was composed by Robert O'Dwyer, a prominent Irish musician. The Irish and English words were written by the Rev. Francis O'Kelly. "Eithne" tell a mystical tale of Kings, Queens, spirits and other queer beings in ancient Erin. It will be sung by a strong company of Irish singers, including the famous tenor, Joseph O'Mara.

The Palace of the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague has received a fine present from the government of the Argentine republic. It is a large crucifix for the main hall of the palace and is an exact copy of the monument erected on one of the highest peaks of the Andes in memory of the treaty of peace between Chili and Argentina. The idea of this gift originated with the Peace Society at Buenos Ayres, which received $6,000 from the Argentina government for the purpose.

In June the Catholics of England will celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of the restoration of the hierarchy. The Papal Brief establishing the hierarchy was actually dated 29th September, 1850, but as Westminster Cathedral is to be consecrated on June 28th, and as the following day, the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul, is the seventeenth anniversary of the dedication of England and Wales to the Blessed Virgin and St. Peter, it is found convenient to hold the Diamond Jubilee celebration at the same time.

"I want to see the relations between the clergy and the people spontaneous. I hope I shall never see the day when the clergy will be sustained by the Government. This would mean that the Government could say what doctrines should be taught by the clergy." This declaration was made last week by Cardinal Gibbons in a brief speech at a banquet in connection with the celebration of the silver jubilee of St. Mary Academy, Leonardtown, Md. He said: "I want to see affection, devotion and appreciation between the clergy and the people."