

FATHER VAUGHAN.

A WORD ABOUT THE DENUNCIATOR OF POLITICS OF BRITISH FASHIONABLES.

Here is a pen picture of the Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S. J., who has created more than one sensation in London by his denunciation of modern life and fashionable society conditions as they exist in the British metropolis. It is by Raymond Blathway, and it appears in Black and White:

"My God! To think that my country should have come to this!" Like a pistol-shot the sentence rang out upon the startled air, and I raised my head to look at the preacher. With dramatic arms wide flung on space, and his fine, clear-cut features outlined against a richly-painted window, through which the sun threw a shaft of gold across the misty church, Father Vaughan constituted in himself a splendid picture of medievalism and modernity.

Beneath him swayed a huge congregation, out of which perpetually leaped some well-known far-famed face, and Pan-Anglican Bishops, smart women, popular actors, pungent writers, and imperial consuls drew in a simultaneous breath as the preacher depicted for them the horrors of modern married life. That is one picture of Father Vaughan—last Sunday morning in Mayfair.

Yet again I recall him as I once heard him far away upon the high seas. We were voyaging together in a P. and O. steamship homeward bound from India, and one Sunday afternoon the Anglican chaplain on board and two dissenting ministers brought their congregations in a body to the saloon, plumped them at the feet of Father Vaughan, who gave us a most fascinating and absolutely un-denominational and uncompromising address upon the being of God. The musical ripple of the sun-lit ocean chimed in well with the ringing periods of the eloquent voice, and the scene photographs itself upon an undying memory.

And one cold March day, when the wind whistled through the dim alleys of the East End, I caught a glimpse of Father Vaughan, one hand tightly clutched by a little street arab, the other stretched out in a eloquent invitation, pressing upon an audience drenched in poverty and misery, and yet with faces aglow with the splendid fervor of their friend and priest, the claims of Christ and His Virgin Mother upon their hearts and lives.

And one asks one's self what is the secret of his undoubted power and influence, just as one asks one's self time and again whence it is, and how is it, that the Jesuit priest gains his knowledge of the hearts and minds of the vast body politic in every part of the world?

What is there in the Society of Jesus, or what was there in the spirit of its founder, that has captured for all time the main springs of human thought in so many widely divergent issues and respects?

In some curiously subtle manner the Jesuit priest the world over reveals himself as a man of the world, knowing his fellow-man and especially fellow-woman, more intimately than even they know themselves. And whence comes this knowledge, one asks one's self? It is from the confessional—the confessional to which slowly creeps the world-worn traveler, the woman of fashion ever bent upon the exploitation of new emotions, the man of action, and the recluse of the study; the confessional wherein are poured out all the secrets of the human heart; the sordid miseries of Mile End; or the no less sordid meanness of Mayfair? Be that as it may, and from whatever source he reaps his experience, the Jesuit priest for keen insight into human nature, for knowledge of all the multitudinous avenues down which human thought pours itself in endless streams, for subtle comprehensions of and sympathy with the frailties of human nature, has not his equals on earth.

"I think Father Vaughan, most lovable and humorous of men, partly solved the mystery for me, as I put the question right out to him as we passed rapidly through the gayly-clad sitters in the park one warm last week. "We are all human," he said, "we are all human. The most interesting book I ever read is myself, because through it I get to know my brothers and my sisters. Look at them now, poor dears," as he raised his hat to a very popular and beautiful woman of fashion, "look at them now, exactly like the wax figures at Madame Tussaud's. But turn the gaslight, and they'll be all right. Well, all those people are human, each with his or her distinctive note of individuality. There is variety enough for the Jesuit priest who is a student of human character, and surely if even a dog or a cat can differentiate one being from another, and so obtain varied knowledge of human personality, much more can a thinker and a student. Look at those two Pan-Anglican Bishops. What a hurry they are in! They are afraid they'll be late for luncheon at

Fulham! By the by, that reminds me. Some one asked me the other day, "Are you going to the Pan-Anglican, father?" "No," I replied, "for if I did I should have to take St. Peter with me. And they would not like that, and they would still less like having St. Peter there, because he would want them to be a little more definite in their pronouncements, and that is the one thing that people dread above all others—logic. You see it compels them to do their position; it compels them to be accurate in their statements. At present they are like the negro preacher. "And there they were, my brethren. Five thousand leaves and five thousand fishes, and only twelve people to eat them. That's what de miracle come in." "Let us sit down a minute and chat and I'll tell you some of the stupid questions that society considers itself justified in putting to a Jesuit priest. "A man said to me the other day, "How on earth can a Jesuit be at one and the same moment a Jesuit priest and an astronomer, a sacerdotalist and a scientist?" "Well, my dear friend," I replied, "so far as I am concerned, the more science I know the better I can appreciate God from Whom all science comes. The Church—at least my Church—I don't know about that one," he continued, "with a sly smile, pointing to the Albert Hall, crammed with Pan-Anglicans, gleaming in the distance—"The Church is never down on science. It was not the Pope who condemned Galileo; it was the congregations and the Protestant universities. But when you talk of the incompatibility of reconciling creed and science, I must ask you what you mean by science. Driesch, one of the greatest scientific anatomists of the day, declares that Darwin belongs, like Hegel, to past history, and yet each contrived to lead a whole generation by the nose. Now the Church objects to her children being led by the nose? For my own part, I can see no opposition between science and religion. On the contrary, I feel with Pasteur the more we know of each the more we know of God. And then again, last week a fashionable lady came to me in a rage—and, my dear fellow, can't they rage? and she said: "Father Vaughan, why do you only attack the West End in your sermons at Park Street?" "Because, my dear madam," I replied, "I am not such a fool as I look. When I preach to a West End congregation, I attack West End follies. What would be the good of my saying to a poor girl at Mile End, 'Why did you wear that smart hat sent home on approval at Ascent on Thursday, and then return it to the milliner next day as unsuitable?' The poor creature has never heard of Ascent, and, under any circumstances, would never dream of doing such a mean thing. But when I am in the East End, I assure you I do not mince matters there either. I know East and West thoroughly and I prefer the East. The priest's real place is with the sick and suffering; though God knows there is misery and wretchedness to spare here in the West End. The hopeless materialism of fashionable people, their criminal neglect bringing disaster upon the land. And yet so lost and abandoned are they to all decency that when a man stands up under the cross of Christ to cry the word of their lives and point out the way of life, they simply say he does it for advertisement. "And what has a Jesuit priest, devoted to poverty, with nothing on earth that he can call his own, except, perhaps, the shoes on his feet, to gain by self-advertisement?" "But for such critics one has not a word. The more one cares for Christ the less one minds the silly jibes of silly souls. And as to any difficulty about medievalism not harmonizing with Modernism, you might just as well say that a monk would be incapable of using the telephone, because his dress is a thousand years old and the telephone of yesterday. The more one cares for God, and the more one loves Him, the more one is ready to contradict one another in a bigger puzzle than ever I can hope to solve, and one that the Church will never wish to solve."

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11,496 are seculars and 4,069 regulars; or one priest for each 885 Catholics. Hundreds of these priests, it must be remembered, are engaged almost exclusively in Catholic journalism, and in missionary and educational work which greatly increases the number of Catholics for each priest engaged in parochial work. There are 12,513 Catholic churches in this country, of which 8,408 have resident pastors. The others are mission churches served at regular intervals from neighboring parishes. Our seminaries number 84, colleges for boys 200, and academies for girls 697. In the matter of parochial schools there are 4,443 with an average attendance of 1,113,906 pupils. There are 57,463 nuns in the United States who are all engaged in educational or charitable work of one kind or another. In all we have 1,054 charitable institutions under Catholic supervision. New York leads all the States with a Catholic population of 2,650,000. Then comes Illinois with 1,468,644 Catholics; Pennsylvania with 1,404,041; Massachusetts with 1,213,121; and Ohio with 619,029. — The Rosary Magazine.

"THE BEST IRISHMAN IN ROME." Cardinal Vincent Vanutelli, who stands six feet five in his stockings, is known as "Il Cardinale Irlandese" (the Irish Cardinal), to his brothers in the Sacred College. Among the Irish colony in the Eternal City he is particularly welcome, for ever since his mission to Ireland as Papal Legate the enthusiasm of the stalwart Cardinal for the Celtic race knows no bounds. "I have been," he says, "sent to many countries on missions by the Holy See, both in the Eastern and Western Church, but never have I witnessed such a display of loyalty and burning love for the Pope as I beheld in the Green Isle—Eire, Verde."

As each St. Patrick's Day comes round, a bunch of shamrock treble the size of that worn by any other, adorns the breast of "Il Cardinale Irlandese," who, when any remark is made about the abnormal size of His Eminence's such a display of loyalty and burning love for the Pope as I beheld in the Green Isle—Eire, Verde."

THE CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES According to the Catholic Directory for 1908, there are 13,877,426 Catholics in the United States. These figures represent a gain of 788,075 for the last year. This increment is obviously due, for the most part, to immigration from Catholic countries and the natural increase. Nevertheless, a notable part of last year's gain is to be credited to conversions from the various sects in the United States. The Catholics of the Philippines number 7,106,452; those of Porto Rico, 1,000,000; those of the Sandwich Islands, 35,000. The entire Catholic population under the flag of the United States is 22,018,898. Pursuing the general statistics further, we find that in this country there are 15,965 Catholic priests, of whom

The Statue of St. John B. De La Salle in St. Peter's Rome. He chiselled it well who formed each part. Though the tale it tells is but feebly told. Of him who formed with such consummate art. The mind of the child in a Christian mold. But art shall fade and the bronze grow dim. And Time go by on his ceaseless round; Still the nation's hearts shall throbb to him. With a reverence lasting and profound. The Lord has said (and His word is truth) "The name of the just shall ever live." In reverence held by age and youth. Whilst His Spouse, the Church, can a blessing give. He shall ever shine 'mid celestial light Who instructs the young in God's own way.

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NEW BOOK. "The Shadow of Evesleigh" by Jane Landowne has been sent to us from the press of Benziger Bros. New York. It is nearly bound in cloth and sells for \$1.25. This new novel is written around a plot which is different from that of the ordinary novel. Both the story and the treatment may be called "peculiar" and will be a novel treat to the readers of the present day romances. The plot has to do with a death-bed promise and the failure of the heroine to keep it. It could know peace or rest of soul. It will grasp the reader's attention from the first paragraph and carry him on restlessly to the end by a succession of absorbingly interesting situations.

TRIDUUM IN HONOR OF BLESSED MADEIRA SOPHIE BARAT. Tuesday, Oct. 20, 1908, 9.30 a. m.—High Mass. The parents of the pupils are invited to attend. Friends of the convent are also invited. Friday, Oct. 23, 1908, 9.30 a. m.—High Mass. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, sermon. Wednesday, Oct. 21, 1908.—The congregations of St. Ann and the Consolators of Mary are invited to the convent from 4.30 p. m. till 7 p. m. Thursday, Oct. 22, 1908.—The old pupils are invited to the convent at 9 a. m. The Children of Mary are invited to the convent from 4 p. m. till 7 p. m. Owing to the difficulty of locating our pupils no other invitations will be issued.

Have You Seen The new carnations we are turning out, being performed. We are having a large sale of them and are sold at 25c per doz. We are now making up our green holly vines for Xmas. We are also making up white holly vines, each leaf is waxed and sprinkled with diamond dust and the vines are decorated with red berries. All who place their orders now we will sell them at \$1.50 a doz. yards and we will pay express charges. Chrysanthemums, American beauty roses and waxed roses at 40c. per doz. flowers pot covers at 5c. We would advise you to order early. Write the Bradford Artistic Flower Company, Box 45, Bradford, Ont. 1596-2

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