time, "the little, nameless, unremembered acts of love;" and gradually she felt herself softening towards the striken creature; and something, if not love, at least bearing a resemblance to it in the shape of duty, came uppermost, and revealed her to herself as something superior to a mere queen of fashion. She began to feel for the first time, a woman; and to recognize that that sacred aspect of her nature and character was higher and holier than she had yet conceived.

The night was now wearing to the dawn, when she arose, closed the book, and knelt. She knew then that she had never prayed before. She had been to church, had read the service, had joined her voice in hymn and anthem, had studied the intonations of the preacher; but she had never prayed. She had never realized the supernatural—the powers that lie hid beyond the senses, and yet exercise so marvellous an influence on human life. But now, as she knelt, there in the silence of the dying night, with the faint dawn creeping through the unshuttered window, she prayed against herself, and for herself. Against herself, — against her pride and passion so fearfully revenged and humiliated; against her revolt from obligations deliberately contracted; against the cowardice that would make her break sacred ties, ever under so tremendous a provocation. And she prayed for herself, for strength and endurance and love to enable her to conquer all physical revulsion, all her loathing and her fear, and be to the wretched and afflicted, if dishonest creature, who is called her husband, a help and a solace during the bitter remainder of their lives.

Then, fortified by the effort, she rose up, and passed into his room.

"I think, ma'am," said the maid, "that Mr. Outram is coming round. He seemed to open his eyes, and look around as if seeking someone; and then closed them again."

They watched and waited; and after an interval the eyes of the sick man opened, and, as we have said, rested on the face of his wife. And he seemed satisfied. He only stared and stared and stared; and, when she drew aside, and went over for some cordials, he followed her with the same wistful, yearning look. It seemed to ask for mercy and compassion; for forgiveness, and forgetfulness, of aught that could be remembered against him; for a plenary absolution and a wiping out of the dread past.

And Mabel, haunted and touched by that look, and by her recent thoughts, came over, and bent down, and touched with her lips his forehead and his mouth; and then, as if the pent-up feelings of her soul had swelled and laboured, and burst their barriers, she broke out into hysterical sobbing, and a baptism of hot tears rained down on her husband's face.

Kate, the maid, said to her fellow-servants in the course of the afternoon, that there is no knowing people at all, at all. She thought that Ralph Outram and his wife cared not much for each other, as far as her lynx eyes could judge. And behind, this accident, she said, revealed everything.

"An' who would ever a' thought that Mrs. Outram could cry? Yet, she did, cried like a child," said Kate.

But the others expressed their incredulity. It was play-acting, they said.

And Kate waxed indignant, not for her mistress; but for the imputation that she had been taken in so easily.

TO BE CONTINUED.

For the CATHOLIC RECORD

THE WHITE ANGEL

It was drawing towards twilight one soft summer's day in late August and the old cathedral was wrapt in gloom and the dusky shadows came creeping up from the dim old corners enveloping the statues of the saints in mantles of sombre duskiness, pierced by the pale light of the votive lamps that flickered before each shrine.

The church was empty. Not one worshipper now remained of the many that had prayed before the sanctuary that afternoon. Suddenly that big door at the other end of the cathedral opened softly, and admitted the slight figure of a child who advanced down the aisle with timid soft step. He looked anxiously around him and then assured that there was no one but himself in the old church, hurried on down the marble aisle.

Some sound from the outside world that stole in through the open windows caused the child to start and pause in the centre of the dim aisle and cast a fearful glance over his shoulders at the dark corners and the dusky shadows of the saints, silhouetted against their sombre background. The dying day, stealing in through the stained glass of the old windows, broke in patches of rain-bow colors on the spotless marble floor.

As if breeing himself for a final effort the boy hurried down the aisle and genuflected before the main altar. When he arose he again cast a fearful glance around him, but being assured that he was not watched or followed he tiptoed softly to one of the side altars dedicated to St. Joseph. He did not pause now, but opened the little marble gate that led to the altar steps, and the next moment was kneeling with clasped hands before the large statue of St. Joseph.

But, strangely enough, it was not devotion to the great saint that had induced the child to steal away from his play and visit the dim old cathedral at a time when other children would be loath to leave the light of the sunny evening and enter the dim and dark old church. No! But it was the white face of a marble angel that had drawn his footsteps hither.

The statue of St. Joseph rested on a huge pedestal of white marble, which was in itself a wonderful piece of workmanship. It was decorated with marble heads of seraphs and cherubs with golden wings and pure angelic faces. Around the base of the pedestal there were four angels facing towards the four corners of the cathedral. One of these—the one that faced towards the door of the church—was the one that had drawn the boy from his home. It is strange, you say, that such a thing, a mere marble angel, could have allured a boy of health and spirits from his noisy play. Yes, it is strange, but then this boy was not of the usual run of boys. He was different somehow. Nobody could tell just how only the priest who had watched the child grow from a weak, fragile baby to a healthy, happy boy full of life and laughter, laughter that would soon sound in other meadows and other fields than these of earth; so the old priest would say to himself as he watched the boy kneeling at prayer during the benediction, with his golden hair falling around his pale but beautiful face and the light of great love burning in his blue eyes. His parents were dead, that was why he was so quiet and unlike other boys, always living with his grandmother and two old maid aunts, so people said, but the old priest knew better, yet he never parted with what he knew, only looked with a greater love upon the child he had instructed from childhood in the ways of love and obedience.

This was how it happened that the boy was kneeling before a marble image of an angel this evening in late summer when the twilight shadows were falling thickly and noiselessly around him. The last Sunday the boy had enjoyed a long-wished-for and rare privilege, that of assisting the old priest at Mass. He was very young — but the place had to be filled and well—of all the boys in the Sunday-school, this one was chosen by the old priest, of course. Others thought him too young, oh! far too young.

Well, the service was long—and the day was hot, and after all he was only six years old. And when he sat down with his white-robed friends around their silver-haired chaplain, he *did* get a little tired. Somehow or other his eyes would not stay open. His head *would* bob up and down, and once when he had almost succumbed to temptation by leaning his curly head back on the soft cushions and falling asleep, (he was only six, you know,) his eyes chanced to fall on the white face of that angel who stood at the foot of St. Joseph's pedestal. Now, there was nothing particularly extraordinary about this angel. It was the same as all the others the boy had ever seen. In fact he had often noticed it before; and now—well, the boy leaned forward in his chair and gazed long and earnestly at the white face; yes, there could be no doubt about it. The angel had turned his eyes upon him and in them there was a look of reproach. But this was not the most extraordinary thing of all. No! The fact was that that angel had never lifted her eyes before. The white lips had always been lowered and more than once the boy had asked himself the fruitless question: "What color of eyes had that white angel?" He wondered if they were a deep blue like the sky when the clouds had disappeared from its surface. He thought they were.

And now, now as he sat there dozing, trying hard to keep his heavy eyes open, the angel had lifted his marble lids and then! the boy could never tell just what feeling came over him as he found himself confronted with those deep, deep blue eyes that seemed to reproach him for his sloathfulness. The boy leaned forward in his chair, with his lips apart—unconscious of the wondering eyes of his companions. Surely he was dreaming! He rubbed his eyes vigorously for a moment and then glanced anxiously towards the marble angel—and lo! the white lids had drooped over the deep eyes, and the marble face was as calm and as passive as before. The boy gazed long and earnestly at the statue, but all to no avail, the lids remained closed, but what did that matter? They had been opened once. The boy had caught a glimpse of those deep blue depths hidden behind their walls of cold marble, and henceforth the white angel would be a changed thing in his life. It was no mere marble statue. It was real! real! Oh, blessed thought to the boy. It was a real angel that had left heaven to come upon earth in the form of a marble statue, and why? Oh! if the boy could but find out! But then, what did it matter? What did anything matter? Even if the angel appeared lifeless the boy knew better, and he rejoiced in the knowledge. It was white, pure white this angel. The boy wondered if all angels were white. He thought not. Only this one. With its white robe, its white, white face, and even its white hair. Only its wings were not white, and they were of a beautiful golden shade that made the boy's eyes dazzle.

From that Sunday the boy had never ceased to think of the white angel. He told no one of it, poor child, he had no one to tell. His good old-fashioned grandmother would say that he had been asleep and had dreamed it. The boy winced at the very thought of hearing such words after his glimpse of those deep blue angelic eyes. His aunts would tell him to go and play and to put such romantic thoughts out of his head.

It was drawing towards the end of the week before the boy ventured to leave his home and pay a visit to the white angel that had never been put out of his head since that Sunday morning.

Now as he knelt there, his anxious eyes fixed on the still marble face he whispered softly, "Dear white angel, I couldn't come before, I really couldn't. I have been so lonesome this past week. I am all alone you see, and I have no one to play with like other boys. How I wish you would leave this little corner you are in, and come out and play with me. I have lovely gardens, but I don't like to play in them, they are so lonesome. Grandmother says that she doesn't want me to be like other boys they are so rude and rough, but dear angel, I get so lonesome and when I am sitting alone in the garden at night listening to the birds singing good-night to each other I nearly always cry, and then Aunt Jane says: 'The child is catching cold. Send him right in to bed.' And then I have to leave the garden and go into the house all alone and go to bed, when other boys are out playing in the fields. I can hear them when I am saying my night prayers by the open window that looks out over the garden. Dear white angel, why don't you come and play with me? No one would know, and I would never tell."

The pleading, childish tones were enough to melt the heart even of a marble angel, but this one moved not. The boy was not discouraged, however, but repeated his request earnestly. Still the white face remained the same as ever, and the boy shut his eyes for a moment, wondering if when he opened them the blue eyes of the white angel would be looking to his as they did on that Sunday that seemed so long ago.

He had walked a long way to get to the old church and he was tired and weary now. His eyes were about to close in sleep, when he felt a light touch on his arm and a soft voice whispered his name in his ear. He started quickly and lifted his eyes to the white face of the marble angel that stood by his side.

The boy uttered an exclamation of joy and would have seized the white hand that rested on his shoulder, but the angel laid her finger on his lips. Taking the boy's hand the white angel lead him out of the Church and on to a beautiful field the like of which the boy had never before seen. All around were tall palms and olive trees. Beautiful virginal lilies reared their pure head above the green tufts of grass, modest violets hid in the mossy beds between large grass grown rocks; red, red roses and deep blue Passion flowers waved in the shade of the stately palms; from everywhere there came the scent of numberless flowers that caused the boy's eyes to shine with wonderment, and his heart to grow strangely light as he listened to the sweet songs of the birds. From a distance there came to their ears the soft murmur of some silvery spring that bubbled over the mossy rocks and pebbles in its path.

Suddenly the angel paused and involuntarily the boy followed her into a clump of ferns that stood near by. Soon the soft voice of a child fell on their ears, and as the boy looked eagerly around his glance fell on the beautiful upturned faces of a Boy of about twelve years old. He was surrounded by a number of children about His age, but when He caught sight of the boy standing under the palm tree with the white angel He came towards them, and giving the boy a smile that caused him to almost long to cry out, He said in a voice inexpressibly soft and low: "Are you lonesome?" Before the boy could reply the strange Child continued. "Would you like to come and play with Me in these beautiful gardens?" "Oh, yes, yes," cried the boy eagerly, unable to take his eyes off the beautiful face of the Boy at his side. "Oh, I should love it. Indeed, indeed I should."

The strange Child smiled and said: "Sometime you will play with Me in these gardens, be assured." The boy looked disappointed. "Oh, I would like to stay now. I don't want to go home. I want to stay with You forever."

Again the strange Child smiled, but this time there was an added light in His eyes. "Soon, soon you will come with Me," He answered, "never to leave again. All day we will play in gardens more beautiful than these. In gardens where the flowers never fade, and the birds never cease singing. He smiled again and then passed on down the olive-bordered path, and as He did so, the edge of His garment brushed against the boy, and a feeling not unmixed with pain swept through his heart. After the Child had passed out of sight, the flowers seemed to smell less fragrant and the birds to sing less merrily. What was the cause? He turned to the white angel for an explanation, but she said: "We must go back; we've been long away, little brother, and they will be looking for you."

The boy followed her out of the palm grove and when they reached the garden gate, the white angel turned to him and said, "I can take you no further. Goodbye."

And the boy awoke and found himself leaning with his head against the statue of the marble angel. "Where am I?" was his first words. The Church had grown dark, and he was only able to discern the white face of the angel in the flickering light that burned before the shrine of some saint.

It was all a dream then; he was never to play in those gardens with that Child whose beautiful celestial face would be printed forever on his memory. Oh! The bitter disappointment of it all! The white angel had never really lead him to that garden. It was all a dream. Those gay-plumaged birds had only sung in his dream; those beautiful flowers had only breathed for their perfume in his sleep. They never really existed.

Tears of disappointment and longing sprang to the boy's eyes. It was hard for the little child. He wanted a playmate so much and to think that that beautiful boy that had promised to play with him in those gardens was all a dream. No wonder the tears welled into his childish eyes and rolled down over the flushed cheeks. Suddenly he raised his eyes to a picture that hung over the door that led into the vestry. In a moment the childish face was transfigured, for there above his head, (what though it was painted on canvas?) was the beautiful Child that had spoke to him in the garden. There He was surrounded by the lilies and the roses with just such a smile on His sweet face as when He spoke to the boy under the palms. The golden hair was parted back off His high white forehead and fell over His shoulders in a golden stream, while the strange light, that had so thrilled the heart of the boy, shone in his deep purple eyes. "But!" the boy caught in his breath, "but Father John said that that was the Christ Child. Surely He wouldn't speak to me!" Then the truth burst upon his clouded brain, the white angel had brought him into the gardens of the Christ-Child to speak to the little Lord and so cheer the child's lonely heart.

"Oh!" the light of rapture shone in the boy's eyes. "He said that soon I would be able to play with him in those lovely gardens where the flowers never fade or the birds never cease singing. O Christ-Child, come for me soon—soon. I'll wait for you every day. I'll come again to-morrow, and the white angel will tell me more about you? The boy looked at the white angel but the marble face remained cold and expressionless.

With a weary sigh the boy rose to his feet and slowly walked down the aisle to the door. He looked back when he reached the steps but the flickering light falling on the face of the marble angel revealed it calm and cold.

Then with something of a sob, the boy turned and stumbled down the steps that led to the street. He did not look back again.

Slowly the weeks drifted past but the boy did not return to the old cathedral. The marble angel still stood at the foot of St. Joseph's statue and waited and waited for the boy all in vain. When the twilight shadows fell around the church then the saints in their illumined niches thought they heard the patter of his little feet on the marble floor, but it was a mere illusion—the boy did not come.

But one day—it must have been a month later and just at the twilight hour, the big door was softly opened and the boy stood on the threshold. He looked around for a minute, and then hurried down the centre aisle as before, the cathedral was empty. But, unlike before, how changed the boy was. His cheeks once full and ruddy were now white and sunken, the blue eyes were bigger if possible, but oh! how dim their light! Big dark circles had formed around them making the wan face appear even more thin and pale.

But when he reached the foot of the white angel's statue, a smile of pleasure lit up his thin features. "O dear angel," he cried rapturously, falling on his knees by the statue. "Oh! how glad I am to be back. I was sick, so sick, dear angel, and they said that it was fever, but it wasn't, it wasn't angel. It was because I dreamed that you went away with that beautiful Child and didn't wait for me." Here a sob choked his further utterance, but he continued softly, "but you wouldn't do that, would you, dear white angel? You will wait for me always, won't you? I'd like to go now, but I guess I'll have to wait for the Child to send for me."

Then as the boy bowed his head forward on his chest, a feeling of weakness stole over him, and he drew his hand trembling over his forehead. "They don't know I came, and what will they say when they find out?" He turned to the white angel questioningly, "I came away and they didn't know, but I had to come to see you. I was so afraid you had gone away with that beautiful Child and left me behind."

The boy was tired, he was still very weak and he had walked long and far, and the exertion was telling on his strength. His head fell forward on his breast and his eyes grew heavy. Little by little he drooped until he sank exhausted on the marble floor at the angel's feet.

And then, he hardly knew how it happened, but he felt a light touch on his arm, and looking up he saw the sweet face of the Child smiling down into his own. By his side stood the marble angel, and she, too was smiling. The Child did not speak, but the white angel held out her arms to the boy and said in her sweet, low voice: "Come, little, brother come away with the Christ-Child to play in those beautiful gardens. The time has come, and you will have to wait no longer for that happy hour, for it is now here. Come!" Wonderingly, the boy gazed on the angel's face and his own lit up with the great light of exquisite happiness. Eagerly he stretched forth his hands and caught those of the white angel in a quick clasp. And the Christ Child only smiled, smiled sweetly and softly, and cheered the boys heart—that lonely little heart that so yearned for love and companionship. The twilight shadows grew darker, deeper, and the boy arose from his feet and followed the Christ-Child, holding tightly to the hand of the white angel, out of the cathedral, away! And later, when the twilight shadows had deepened into the dusky ones of evening, and the church was wrapt in darkness, they came looking for the boy.

The old priest was the first to reach the altar steps and there he paused. Instinctively he raised his hand to silence the others, and then ascended the steps that lead to St. Joseph's statue. At the foot of the pedestal, his head resting against the white angel's feet, the golden hair falling over the pale face, was the boy. The old priest laid a trembling hand on the silenced heart, and then with a half-sob he turned to the others and told them all in one word.

He was dead. Gone with the Christ-Child. But little did those around think that the Christ-Child had come for him Himself. No. He died from the effects of the fever which had not entirely left him, so his aunts said, and it was owing to his rashness in leaving his home ere he had recovered, his grandmother added, as she gazed down upon the still white face in the little coffin. That pure youthful face with its look of wonderful happiness and heavenly joy. And strange to say, when the boy was taken from the foot of the statue the huge pedestal fell with a thundering crash and the four white angels were broken to pieces, but the remains of one of the angels was never found. Why? Where was it? The aunts did not know, neither did the grandmother. Did the old priest? Something in the look of the white face in the casket told the priest the secret, and his heart rejoiced that the boy had at last found a solace for his aching childish heart, and all his troubles were hushed, in the gardens where trouble and pain never enter and where one has always a friend—the gardens the boy had raved about in his delirium, and the old priest remembered his incessant pleadings to the white angel "not to leave him behind," and as the priest bowed his white head over the still form, he understood it all, and his kind old heart was thankful.

But the others never knew. They also had heard him raving about the white angel and the beautiful Child and the gardens, but they knew not.

Yet they missed the boy, his bright merry laugh, his sunny manner, and the grandmother's tears fell on the white face in its halo of golden hair, and her heart ached for a laugh to ripple from those still lips or a smile to shine in those soft blue eyes closed forever to earth, but he was laid to rest under the shade of a large tree in the church-yard with a marble angel at his head.

The angel in the cathedral never was seen again. No trace was left of it, and the people wondered, but the old priest knew.

The white angel had done its part. It had brought love and sunshine to a lonely little heart, by taking it forever from where its happiness might be dimmed, had led it to the happy gardens of sunshine and song where the Christ-Child played.

AGNES FOLEY.

THE POWER OF FREEMASONRY

SOME INTERESTING FACTS AND FIGURES GLEANED FROM RELIABLE SOURCES

Mr. Arthur Preuss, the scholarly editor of the Fortnightly Review, has done more than any other man to throw the spot light on Freemasonry. His book on the subject shows patient and careful research; calm, clear and convincing reasoning. Eminently fair, he takes his premises from authentic authorative Masonic sources, and thence logically draws his inexorable conclusions.

His work has evidently spread its influence even beyond the United States, for it is plainly recognized in the following article, which has appeared in the Liverpool Catholic Times under the name of Rev. P. J. O'Reilly, C. R. L.:

We, as Catholics, rightly glory in the greatness of our ever-growing forces, throughout the world. We should be careful, however, not to confine our calculations to the numbers who, in any one country bear allegiance to the Vicar of Christ; we should reckon also the number of those who dwell in the opposite camp, and who fight under a banner which we repudiate.

In order, therefore, to estimate more clearly the relative position of our co-religionists in the mighty Republic of the West, it will be helpful, as a step in that direction, to examine the strength of an important and powerful sect, which in the United States as in Europe is bitterly antagonistic to Catholicity—I mean the sect of Freemasonry. With this end in view, I propose to give a translation of the main contents of an arresting article that appeared in the Paris Univers of April 16th under the title "La France-Maconnerie Contre le Christ aux Etats-Unis." Its purport is as follows:

The fourteen Supreme Councils of the order of Freemasonry spread over Europe and the two Americans appear of common accord to have taken a decision to combat the expansion of Catholicity in the great civilized countries of the world. This opposition manifests itself at the present time to an alarming degree in the United States, where seventy-seven Grand Lodges and ten thousand ordinary lodges are already established.

The Catholic Fortnightly Review recently inserted in its pages the contents of a secret circular, emanating from the two Supreme Councils of the United States, wherein the announcement is made that an official monthly organ of the Brotherhood is about to be published under the glowing title, The Mystic Light. Here is a characteristic passage taken from the circular in question:

"We insist on the necessity of wholehearted defence against the aggressive tactics of our indefatigable enemies, whose great endeavor it is to neutralize and undo the action of Freemasonry. Our adversaries are opposed not merely to Freemasonry, but also to the freedom which we claim as a right, and which we at present enjoy. Italy, France, Portugal, Spain, and other unfortunate countries have been forced to submit to ignorance and poverty, whence results intellectual slavery. These nations were driven to undertake a desperate struggle in order to crush the power and overthrow the tyranny of L'Infame. Keep a strict watch on the designs of our enemies, who labor to enchain our children in the bondage of superstition by sending them to parochial schools, where they are taught to respect and obey a power that strives to subject to its authority our goverment, our country, and our liberties."

Hence we may expect that a decisive attack will be delivered before long against the Christian school in the United States. This is the bugle-call that has sounded across the ocean. The word of command from the lodges of of Europe has gone forth.

"Transfer and concentrate all your forces in the same plane, and besiege the one remaining fortress of the Catholic Faith—the Christian school."

This is the new battle-cry of the Freemasons in the United States.

The Masonic Monthly supplies us with the startling information that in the United States 1,389,317 soldiers are enrolled in the universal, secret army of Freemasonry—an army of civilians, raised not for the purposes of legitimate defence, but for the purposes of assault, pillage, and destruction.

INTERESTING STATISTICS

The following table will show the relative strength of Catholics and Freemasons in the twenty-five States of North America. For the Masonic statistics we are indebted to the review above mentioned.

	Inhabitants	Free Masons	Catholics
New York	8,822,690	163,341	3,758,171
Pennsylvania	6,302,000	88,126	1,527,539
Illinois	5,600,000	95,629	1,449,400
Massachusetts	3,543,000	52,262	1,380,921
Ohio	4,499,000	76,976	661,171
Louisiana	1,560,000	12,414	557,431
Wisconsin	2,380,000	24,926	540,036
Michigan	2,800,000	60,664	539,107
New jersey	2,330,000	29,927	455,000
Missouri	3,569,000	47,470	452,793
Minnesota	2,080,000	22,931	441,081
California	1,820,000	41,007	391,800
Connecticut	1,066,000	22,108	370,854
Texas	3,809,000	47,704	295,915
Maryland	1,280,000	12,338	260,000
Rhode Island	560,000	7,149	251,000
Iowa	2,210,000	41,075	242,109
Indiana	2,960,000	52,315	223,978
Kentucky	2,825,000	32,770	147,607
New Mexico	240,000	2,127	127,000
New Hampshire	460,000	10,048	126,034
Maine	740,000	27,364	123,547
Nebraska	1,120,000	17,119	122,510
Kansas	1,810,000	32,072	110,108
Colorado	635,000	13,546	99,485

It will be seen that the most flourishing branches are to be found in the States of New York, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, and Massachusetts. The huge Masonic population of the first two States is accounted for by the fact that in the former is New York City, the Metropolis of the East, while in the latter is situated Chicago, the Metropolis of Midlands, Pennsylvania, the Key-Stone State, has for its capital the great city of Philadelphia. Ohio contains the populous cities of Cincinnati and Cleveland, both notorious hotbeds of Freemasonry. The lodges of Detroit—the largest town in Michigan — exert supreme authority in the State of the Great Lakes. From Indianapolis proceeds the vicious influence of Masonry in the State of Indiana. And Boston, the capital of Massachusetts, is not only the most English city in America, but it is also an important literary, and at the same time Masonic centre.

We may recall the fact that the originator of the aggressive attitude of the American lodges towards the Church and the Papacy was Albert Pike, former President of the Supreme Council in the United States, who was born in 1809 and died in 1891. The Bauhutte, a Masonic publication, is the source of our information on this point. Upon the decease of Pike, in an article eulogizing the dead chief, it speaks of him as "the Uncrowned King of the Supreme Councils." And yet Pike was constrained to confess, in a letter written in 1889 to Lemmi, the head of the Italian Freemasonry, that the Catholic Church was making unceasing progress in the States. He complains that the public authorities show greater deference to Catholic Bishops than to the dignitaries of other religious bodies, and that the Legate, who was charged with the mission of presenting the Cardinal's hat to Archbishop Gibbons, was received with more impressive ceremonial than would have been displayed in the case of any civil ambassador.

Freemasonry has erected a number of splendid and costly temples in various big cities.

The Lodge of Philadelphia, "the city of brotherly love," and the third most thickly populated city in the States, stands opposite the town hall, over which it keeps guard. It is a monumental structure of granite, in the Norman style, with an imposing tower of 218 feet. This magnificent building, the interior of which comprises seven styles — Egyptian, Ionic, Corinthian, Norman, Gothic and Renaissance—cost £400,000. The superb Masonic temple of Louisiana is likewise a proof of the wealth of the Masonic body, and of its desire to possess handsome offices for the conduct of its numerous and important affairs, political, commercial, and religious.

Let us point out in conclusion, that the excellent financial status of Freemasonry naturally tends to increase the power and influence of the sect in the land that is externally ruled by President and Senate, and House of Representatives, and civil authorities, but which, in fact, knows no other master than the almighty dollar.

SOMETHING TO BE DONE

What dull, apathetic, unprogressive, unenterprising people we American Catholics are, in some things at least! In one respect especially it is very noticeable; namely, in our attitude to Catholic literature. We are building churches, of course, with feverish haste and lavish expenditure, but a certain great Cardinal does not hesitate to make the startling announcement that it is just as necessary to support a Catholic newspaper as to build a church. We are spending millions on schools that vie in the splendor of their equipment with those that public money pays for, but Pope Pius himself warns us that it is useless to build Catholic schools if we do not accustom the pupils who frequent them, and the parents who patronize them, to take pleasure in Catholic reading. We are preaching missions against sin, but the daily papers reeking with sin litter our houses. In brief, we are erecting magnificent monuments to Catholicity in stone, and filling our ears with countless exhortations to virtue, but, as Archbishop Ireland puts it in his forceful fashion, we are losing our Catholic intelligence and heart.

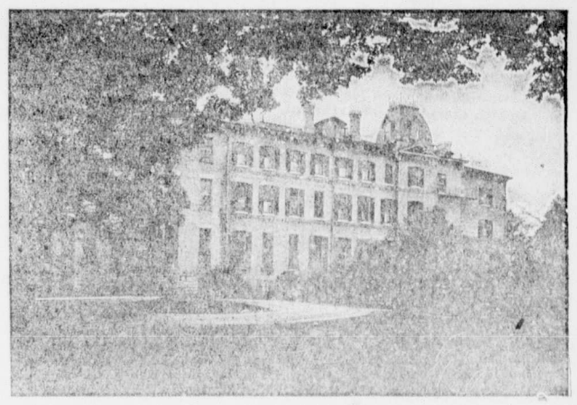
But Catholic newspapers are so dull and uninteresting! They are indeed for those who prefer the pictures of actresses and the records of divorce courts. They are not on our literary level! That also is true for those who never read anything but the trash of popular magazines, or the coarsest and most vulgar of papers. We cannot afford them, is another excuse. Yet the poorest among us find means for the daily paper and the Sunday supplement, and very few, either rich or poor, have ever seen the publications that would instruct them in what is most essential to know.

We are continually patting ourselves on the back for the thoroughbred Catholicity of the United States. Some things, no doubt, we do fairly well, but in this particular we might well take a hint from our friends the Europeans. Thus, for instance, there is one country with only 22,000,000 Catholics, where they sell a million of Catholic pamphlets every year. Or if we prefer to take Great Britain and Ireland as an example we shall find that although they have only about 6,000,000 Catholics, yet since they have begun to organize in behalf of Catholic literature they have sold a million and a quarter copies of a devotional series, 868,000 of a book of meditations, 1,700,000 copies of a simple prayer book, 900,000 pamphlets dealing with Protestant mis-statements, 389,000 discussing the various aspects of the Anglican controversy, 2,500,000 Catholic story books, 1,879,000 of a biographical series, 100,000 of a religious and scientific series, to say nothing of pamphlets dealing with Art, Music, Education, History and social questions.

Have we anything like that to show in the United States, with our 15,000,000 Catholics? There is only one instance that we know of, and that is the Messenger of the Sacred Heart, which publishes over 150,000 copies a month. Its June issue runs up to 160,000 copies. It has the organization of the League behind it, and that explains its success. Why cannot some something similar be attempted for other publications?—America.

The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purposes he sees to be best.

God's truth is mighty, and it has an imperious way of leaping over the miles and bounds wherewith men seek to hedge it in.—Father Paul, S. A.



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