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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The Rosary of My Years

By Father Abraham J. Ryan

Some reckon their age by years,
Some measure their life by art,
But some of their days by the flow of their tears,
And of their life by the moans of their heart.
The dials of earth may show
The length, not the depth of years—
Few or many may come, few or many may go;
But our time is best measured by tears.

Ah! not by the silver gray
That creeps through the sunny hair.
And not by the scenes we pass on our way—
And not by the furrows the fingers of care
In forehead and face have made;
Not so do we count our years;
Not by the sun of the earth—but by the shade
Of our souls—and the fall of our tears.

For the young are ofttimes old,
Though their brow be bright and fair,
While their blood beats warm, their hearts lie cold—
O'er them the springtime—but winter is there,
And the old are ofttimes young,
When their hair is thin and white;
And they sing in age as in youth they sung.
And they laugh, for their cross was light.

But bead by bead I tell
The rosary of my years,
From a cross to a crown they lead—'tis well!
And they are blessed with a blessing of tears.
Better a day of strife
Than a century of sleep;
Give me instead of a long stream of life
The tempest and tears of the deep,

A thousand joys may foam
On the billows of all the years;
But never the foam brings the brave dark home—
It reaches the haven through tears.

LAMBERT AND INGERSOLL

John Talbot Smith in the Ave Maria

More than a quarter of a century has passed since the audacity and popularity of Mr. Robert Ingersoll made American agnosticism popular, and at the same time stirred up the controversy which shattered the ambitious dreams of that successful and wealthy lawyer. Robert Ingersoll's dream was to be considered a great agnostic, the leader of a movement to shake off the shackles of religion; and the constructor of a new theory of life, by which the individual man would be enabled to pass through life serene untroubled by doubt, undisturbed by adversity, equal to any fate, with roses and wine for festive hours, and sweet sleep and dignity for the ending. The world has forgotten his dream and his labors, his oratory and his books; and the death, the other day, at the age of seventy-five, of his triumphant adversary, the Rev. Louis Lambert, editor of the Freeman's Journal, reminded only the few, whose memory goes back twenty-five years, of Mr. Ingersoll's former glory, of his flamboyant speeches and his ridiculous books, and of the humorous pulverization made of him and his dream by the witty, learned, tantalizing pastor of Waterloo, N. Y. The passing of the two antagonists is worth the attention of the thoughtful.

Mr. Ingersoll died of apoplexy a few years ago, at his country residence in Dobb's Ferry, N. Y. He had lost his reputation as a great agnostic, through the searching exposure of his deficiencies sent forth by Father Lambert. But he was still the successful and wealthy New York lawyer, the roses-and-wine orator, the conscienceless enemy of everything Christian, the dispenser of ancient lies and fallacious arguments against religion; and when he passed away, the American press, edited in great part by his disciples or his sympathizers, "wrote him up" with enthusiasm and much misinformation. Very few alluded to his overthrow by Father Lambert. The magnitude of that task and its striking success surely entitled the parish priest of Waterloo to the gratitude of the Christian world; yet he never received any special recognition for a great work; his death roused only the memories of the few, and his great service is practically unknown even to the millions whom he benefited. To him it never mattered, and just now is of no earthly moment. But the contrast between the passing of the two antagonists is suggestive, and provokes the question for our gracious leaders: Will this fascinating indifference tend to develop another Lambert at the critical moment when he is needed?

Robert Ingersoll was a notable man in his day—characteristic, typical of a large class of Americans; a fluent rather than a brilliant speaker; with no intellectual training or equipment, except for the law; positively ignorant of the thing he talked about most; indifferent as well as ignorant, for he never took any pains to inform himself on religious matters; conscienceless on this point, because he repeated his lies and fallacies in the face of refutation. Yet among his intimates he was peculiar and loved; men swore by him; his irreverence was matched by his generosity of character, and his injustices toward Christian doctrine and history by his charity toward individual Christians. A strain of recklessness ran in his blood, which betrayed itself by profanity on occasions, and by wild statement all the time.

A distinguished journalist, Mr. Frank Mack, of the Associated Press, assured me that no more lovable man lived than Ingersoll. Mack professed a firm belief in the eternal life, and could not understand how a man of Ingersoll's temperament and brain power could be a crude materialist. In fact, he thought it a pose; and once asked Ingersoll, in the privacy of the orator's home, if he had really come to a fixed conclusion on the mortality of the soul. Ingersoll, impressed by the sincerity of the question, walked about the room for a few minutes before replying. Then he answered solemnly that, to him, there was no life for man beyond the grave. Even then Mack hesitated to accept the statement as final; but Ingersoll re affirmed it so often that there could be no reasonable doubt of his belief!

In 1875, the agnostic movement had sprung into prominence in England. Tyndall and Huxley, the scientists of the hour, were telling their audiences, humorously, how useless is prayer to change the course of nature, in sickness or in drought, or in any other physical distress. The revolt against religion was general among one set of scientists; and the demagogues began to proclaim the destruction of Christianity, and all other like myths, by the peaceful, irresistible power of science. On this side of the water, Prof. Henry Draper wrote books illustrating this thesis; and the literary coterie which admired Matthew Arnold adopted the agnostic pose. The press opposed the movement by ridicule of Arnold and Huxley and Tyndall, but the crowd welcomed these leaders as the heralds of emancipation, and their popularity grew until their disciples became the editors and reporters of the modern journal. The agnostic wave rose, and on its topmost curve rode Robert Ingersoll. The agnostic crowd, not the savants, desired a leader, eloquent and witty; and by accident Ingersoll got the position.

He had a few of the qualifications for leadership—such as eloquence, audacity, wit, humor, sentimentality. Crowds flocked to hear him. A fine presence and a fine voice, perfect confidence in himself, perfect ignorance of his subject, utter recklessness in his assertions, were his characteristic. It was sickening to study his audiences. They were for the most part the young men and women of the day, the product of the secular school; specially prepared for this orator by a long course of indifference in religion, of secret ridicule of doctrine and minister. Every denunciation of Ingersoll, every jibe at the Church, every false statement, was received with rapturous applause. Agnosticism of the popular kind hailed him as its prophet, and boasted that the most eloquent speaker of the day upheld its tenets or attitude.

The harm done by Ingersoll must have been immense. His lectures were turned into books, which sold by the hundred thousand. The "hubbub," made by him and over him reached the ears of the remotest hamlet. His books were everywhere—became, in fact, the bibles of unbelievers. I recall the astonishment with which in 1885, I read one entitled "The Gods." From the outside uproar, I had judged that an agnostic Daniel had come to judgment, and that for the first time in centuries our theologians would have an antagonist really worth while.

Read with that expectation, the book became more laughable than Anstey's "Vice Versa." Such a hodge-podge of lies, errors, misinformation, false sentiment, fallacy, weak argument, bad English, lurid oratory, had never appeared in the English tongue. It was an oratorical stew, whose ancient and putrid materials were supposed to be concealed by a perfect American perfume. It afforded me my first view of modern American journalism, in the departments of criticism and editorial writing. The men who could sincerely praise such stuff as Ingersoll put forth in lectures and books must have been the originals for the slang phrase "birds."

They owned at least a passing eminence. Lloyd Brice was editor of the North American Review about this period; and, taking advantage of the popular ferment, he started in the Review a mild controversy between Christian and infidel. Mr. Ingersoll was asked to write a statement of the agnostic position; and Judge Jeremiah Black, the most eminent jurist of the day, was chosen to follow him with a statement of the Christian argument. The controversy ended lamely. Ingersoll's absurd article appeared in due time, and Judge Black's followed it; but in the same number which contained the Black article there also appeared a reply to it, apt and witty, written by Ingersoll. The Judge accused Mr. Brice of unprofessional conduct in showing his article to Mr. Ingersoll, and refused to carry on the argument in the pages of the North American.

There was a great "hubbub" at the time. Many thought it beneath the Judge's dignity to enter into serious argument with an opponent, able enough as a lawyer and talker, but a mere clown in philosophy and theology. Many others thought differently. Ingersoll had become an influence in behalf of irreligion, and the young were following him with enthusiasm. It has been said that he could get $2,000 for a lecture any time in the great cities. His audiences were mostly the young. The more thoughtful leaders held that his influence could not be too earnestly fought or too soon destroyed. All guns were turned on him. Heads of universities, Bishops and clergy, writers and orators, thundered at him for months, and he enjoyed it. The arguments which floored him Mr. Ingersoll did not understand, did not know when he was beaten. He replied with a witticism, a funny story, a comic sneer, which threw his thoughtless admirers into spasms of laughter and admiration. He continued to make money while the "hubbub" grew. His disciples increased in numbers and flippancy. They imitated his audacity, and hid their ignorance under a sneer.

At this point, while the agnostic Goliath was rampaging on the platform the new David appeared on the field. Father Lambert had edited in his parish of Waterloo, in the diocese of Rochester a paper which became merged in the Catholic Union of Buffalo, and has since been known as the Union and Times He had agreed to furnish a weekly article for a certain length of time to the merged publication, and took up Ingersoll for his theme. Father Lambert was a true scholar, a voracious reader, a student of his times, and a man of the world. He knew, from the simple people around him, how deeply Ingersoll had bitten into their lives, how his poison had entered their blood. He had witnessed the efforts of scholars to discredit and to defeat Ingersoll; seeing what everyone saw—that heavy mortars were bombarding one very small but active and amusing flea. He adopted another method. He trapped the flea, euclosed him in a glass case, and proceeded to analyze his antics for his own admirers. The "Notes on Ingersoll" are simply the application of this method. He took up the blunders of Ingersoll in grammar, rhetoric, history, and science: described them briefly, laughed at them, sneered at the incompetency of the blunderer. He made former admirers ashamed of the prophet. At least a prophet of the American day should know his own tongue, avoid obvious errors in history, and be secure against such ridicule as this. The publisher of the Union and Times had sufficient appreciation of the "Notes" to put them into book form, and to distribute them widely. It is said that he received a generous reward, and would have done even better had he thought of copy-righting the work in all English-speaking countries. International copyright was then only a mooted question, but there were ways and means for securing the profits of a book for the foreign author and publisher.

Father Lambert got little or nothing for his share. No one knew then that his pebbles has brought down the giant of popular agnosticism in America. Only when the demand for the "Notes" grew into proportions, when the agents and societies fighting Ingersoll's evil influence all over the English-speaking world found in the "Notes" the very amunition which they needed, did men understand the value of Father Lambert's pleasant papers. The popular mind—the man in the street, as it is expressed nowadays—could not grasp the arguments of theologians and philosophers and jurists against Ingersoll, any more than the prophet himself could understand them. The prophet had not assailed religion with an argument but with a laugh, with a falsehood, with bad grammar, and worse history, and ridiculous science. Here his adversary tripped and slew him. The popular mind could understand these tactics of the priest of Waterloo. The influence of the "Notes" was tremendous and unescapable. A man who could err in grammar and history could hardly be a trustworthy teacher in religion. The former admirers of the prophet had to join in the laugh against Ingersoll. The "Notes" went far and wide, were distributed by the thousands, are selling yet wherever Ingersoll's influence exists or recrudesces. All other adversaries left the field to Lambert and Ingersoll, and the Goliath lay prone and dead in the eyes of all men. Ingersoll never alluded to his adversary or his own terrible punishment. The press hardly gave a line to Father Lambert; for it was manner by Ingersoll agnostics and pulseless Protestants and Catholics, pretty much as it is to-day. The victor received no laurel, and the vanquished was not mourned.

What happened was this: Ingersoll's popularity in press and on the platform suddenly declined: the reason offered was the profitable increase of his law business: one disciple replied indifferently to Father Lambert, but almost immediately disappeared; and after a little the man who desired to be the great agnostic also vanished. I heard him once in Few York, when he spoke on Shakespeare to a crowded house. He read from manuscript in a sonorous voice, an interesting but not remarkable study of the dramatist. The audience did not care about his view of Shakespeare; they came expecting a diatribe against religion, as one could see by their wild applause whenever the orator took a fling at Christianity or its exponents. He disappointed them. He might have had much to say against Christianity, but his terrible adversary was in the field; and since neither his grammar nor his history was up to the mark, he preferred silence to another onslaught from Father Lambert. His day was over, and he knew it. Agnosticism has not died, but its leader had been slain, and none knew better than Ingersoll that he was dead. He remained agnostic to the end, never could understand anything else, and turned angry and irritable when pressed by the complex arguments of the new time.

It is not easy to measure the large value of the service rendered by Father Lambert to society in his suppression of Ingersoll. The priest himself never claimed for his book so fine a triumph. In later years he produced a second book, entitled "Tactics of Infidels," which was intended to reinforce the "Notes" by a scholar's study of the mean tricks resorted to by Ingersoll and his kind in their villainous war on religion. This book did not enjoy the vogue of the "Notes," simply because it appealed to a different audience; but it suppremented the more popular book for earnest readers, shocked by the disclosures of the "Notes," and curious to learn why the incompetent, conscienceless, ribald teachers of infidelity, like Ingersoll, were listened to and applauded by the apparently respectable mob. In spite of his sentimental oratory, Ingersoll possessed the commercial instinct. He would not have given up the platform, with its revenue and its popularity, had not his audiences failed. He had jested with Judge Black and other eminent persons in controversy, and had carried the public with him by his jokes and stories. He did not jest with Father Lambert, never alluded to the "Notes," never replied to their amusing and effective charges, never mentioned the name of his adversary. This silence, in my view, is explicable and excusable. Ingersoll could not reply, could not even see his slayer, because Ingersoll was "as dead as a door-mat," agnostically.

It was a curious victory, and its slight hold on the memory of men is worth noticing. Protestant fighters of Ingersoll used the "Notes" liberally; for their people were most affected by Ingersoll's influence. They never paid their benefactor any honor. I heard of no resolutions of sympathy and recognition at the time of his death. Catholics had the honor of presenting the champion to the world very opportunely, but I have heard of no resolutions from Catholic bodies in praise of his service. While this vacant condition of mind among Christians affects in no way Father Lambert or his work, it must be regretted for the sake of those who are just setting out in life—the present generation. If the general body does not recognize true service, real merit, exalted work; if it has no means of recognizing it when it appears; if it must sit like dumb cattle in the field chewing the cud while the heroes sweat and die on guard—how can it look to the rising generation to provide heroes? These young people are shrewd as well as ambitious. They must have models to imitate, honors to which they may aspire, and see the bronze statues of those who went before. But if they learn how Lambert passed away, how Orestes Brownson died, how John Gilmary Shea departed, amid the oppressive silence and indifference of those whom they had most nobly served, can any one reasonably expect the young to tread the same path? And, as a matter of fact, have they not already turned aside into the secular field in great numbers, so as to leave us worse off than we were half a century back?

It is not pleasant, while offering tribute to the illustrious dead, thus to animadvert upon our failings; but if we are thereby waked to our misery, reproach will be forgotten. Father Lambert rendered his people a great service, and recognition should be as wide as the English-speaking world.

ARCHBISHOP GLENNON TO LABOR DELEGATES

In St. Louis, November 20th, His Grace Archbishop Glennon spoke before the several hundred delegates to the American Federation of Labor Convention, these stirring and weighty words.

"Pray not alone for the prosperity and progress of the laboring man, but pray for all the citizens of our nation; pray for all those for whom Christ hath died, who are, through Him, our brothers."

On the liquor question, the Archbishop gave keen counsel, and made striking deductions from the recent election. Trouble began, he declared, through those teachers who would say to the laboring man that having so little, it is scarcely worth while for him to preserve the little that he has.

"Consequently, many of our laboring men swept away by these inflated ambitions," he continued, "spend the little that they have, become unable to create for themselves and their children a home, join the proletarian school with their so-called brothers in distress, congregate in the neighboring saloon, and there, over the fumes of the beer mug and the wine glass, create a philosophy that fills them with passion and class hatred and turns them into wolfmen. The beer mug and the wine glass are the enemies of society: specifically the enemies of the laboring man. If the saloon stands between you and your duties, it should go.

"We had an election here about a week ago, and the result of it was that the people of Missouri were not prepared for the complete inhibition of the liquor traffic. They voted against it, and voted against it in such forms and such numbers as will apparently stay the onward march of prohibition for a long time. But it seems to me there is also written in the results of the polls, it may be between the lines, it may be only in imagination, but I believe it is written there just as clearly as the other, that the people of to-day are dissatisfied with the methods that obtain in the liquor traffic of Missouri, and that the duty of the saloon man is to clean up his place; that if he doesn't clean up he will before long have to clear out.

"The greatest ravages, the greatest damages done by the saloon man are among the laboring class. We have to be sane and sober if we will be honest and just. Beware of the saloon. Beware of the philosophies of the beer tap. The source is tainted. The philosophy can not be sound."

The Archbishop spoke of the guilds and the arts and crafts of the Middle Ages under the protection of the Catholic Church, which in handling the affairs of the workingman, and giving him advice, had "twenty centuries of experience." While admitting the value of the protection of the state in correcting many abuses, the Archbishop said that the individuality of each man must be left intact.

"We have the right and duty to preserve from state control our individual consciences, our souls, and our homes," he said. "We do not want a condition to arise where we are all tenants of a soulless state. We have such institutions, the poorhouse and the penitentiary. We utterly abhor the teaching that the children of our homes are the wards of the state, common property. Children in common has back of it parentage in common, and that abhorrent idea is not only the end of order, it is the end of civilization itself.

"I would like to see our laboring men become in part capitalists, just as I would like to see our capitalists join the ranks of labor, and I would like to see that result attained not by state interference, but by individual conditions. You can call it what name you will, copartners or co-operators, I would like to see our so-called 'owners' of capital realize that while they may have a title to the capital, it is not a title that excludes all other claims or relations. There is a trusteeship in their ownership, and they are trustees not alone for their own welfare and emolument, but for the welfare and benefit of society at large."

Finally the Archbishop commended Leo XIII's encyclical on labor as the most advanced ideas yet advanced on the labor question all of which were based on the teachings of Christ.

THE CLOSING YEAR

The snow-covered ground and the frozen streams tell that winter is, indeed, at hand, and the dying year will soon pass the way of death, hard-blowing winds singing and sighing its mournful requiem. One grows meditative at the few days that are left, another looks back at the more than three hundred that have passed and asks himself, "Have they been passed well and can I give a good account of my stewardship?" In the bustle and hurry of every day life we are wont to forget that there is to be one day an accounting. God is a just judge and says He will render to every man according to his works. He will expect a return in proportion to the talents that He has given and the opportunities in which to exercise them. To some he gave five talents, to others only three or two, and to some only one. Our Lord will look for the fruits that these talents would support. For the weak, for the over-wrought, God will make allowance, but for the active and able-bodied, in strict justice, no allowance can be made. The obligation rests on us as individuals, each to do his or her part, and that part is as varied as there are different persons.

As there are no two blades of grass that are just alike, so there are no two individuals similarly endowed and situated. God's law takes cognizance of the particular condition and circumstance of those who break it. There are standards for the rich that will not fit the poor; likewise is it the case as regards the learned and the ignorant, the old and the young. There are standard rules in the divine mind for the various states of life, as otherwise for the different conditions in the different states.

The account is kept of every one of us in the book of life and one day each one shall have to give an account of his stewardship. If, as Holy Writ declares, man must give an account of every idle word he speaks, what about actions, deeds, omissions? Terrible will it be, and yet God Who is so good, must in His justice require it. St. Augustine says, "Let us judge ourselves in this life and we shall not be judged to our condemnation in the life to come." It is not, then, at the close of the year, much less at the close of our life that we should take an account of our souls, but every day, like the wise and successful business man does with regard to his business. We see the accounts in the mercantile houses recording each day's transactions, and these are finally summarized that the proprietor may know just how he stands with regard to himself with all whom he has business dealings. In this way he knows from day to day just how things are going with himself and can make his plans accordingly.

Experience is a great teacher, and its lessons are costly. But they come cheap in the end to those who profit by them. It is the same in spiritual matters as well as temporal ones. It is only after years of endeavor that we succeed well in either, though of the two we succeed soonest in the spiritual, because we have God's grace to help us. The latter is the important part, yes, the all-important part, and hence the special help God gives us to succeed. We may retrieve our earthly failures, but to fail in spiritual things and to fail often, it may be our eternal loss, for graces unprofited by the like may never come to us again.

Viewed from nature's standpoint there is everything sad about the closing year. The skies are dark, the sun hides her light, the days are short, there are bitter cold winds sweeping over snow-covered fields and frozen lakes, the birds have flown southward, the animal kingdom is hidden in its liars, the farmer keeps close to the hearth in his cabin, there is the stillness of death everywhere; and yet from the spiritual point of view, there is comfort from all these things. The desolation round about makes a man think. He sees that all things earthly are passing away and that he is passing with them, and since earth fails and disappoints him, he raises his eyes to heaven and there beholds God His Father inviting him to put his hopes and trusts in Him and look forward after the few short years of life to come and join Him and live forever with Him in His heavenly kingdom.

The rapidity with which time passes should make us all get ready to soon leave this world. Thus speaks the Psalmist: "The time is short; it remaineth that they that weep be as though they wept not, and they that rejoice as if they rejoiced not. And they that use this world as if they used it not, for the fashion of this world passeth away." The good Christian man lives his life rationally, piously, prayerfully. He dies daily to the world, to himself and to creatures that he may always be living to God and ever ready to go when death may call him. He is mindful of the words of His Lord Who bids him seek first the kingdom of God and His justice and so his first thoughts and best endeavors are for God and for heaven; the things of this life are ever a secondary consideration with him.

As the merchant rejoices when he can count his gains at the close of a year's work, so too, the faithful Christian can likewise find comfort. He can look back and see that the grace of God has attended him and kept him in the right path, that he has been enabled to persevere in the way to eternal life, and that he is coming nearer to the end of the journey, and nearer to his crown, and like the merchant, he takes heart to strive for greater success in the year to come. So, too, the Christian with each succeeding year rises to greater efforts and works the harder for final success—remembering that only to him that shall persevere to the end is salvation promised.—Bishop Colton in Buffalo Union and Times.

THE BIGOTS' BOASTING

The Orangemen have been heard from. They tell a listening world that they will never, no never! submit to Irish Home Rule. They will swim the sea of slaughter and sink beneath the wave, rather than permit the Irish people to have the management of their own affairs. Who can doubt of their sincerity? Have they not proclaimed their intentions to all mankind, and who ever knew the Orangemen to fail in backing up their blustering and bluffing by deeds? Didn't they do it when the Protestant Church was disestablished in Ireland?

Forty years ago they also threatened that if the Irish people were relieved from the cruel injustice of supporting an alien Church, there would be an uprising of King William's followers. To day we have a rehearsal of the same old comedy. Last Monday, when it was announced that Parliament was dissolved, the Ulster Unionist Council held several meetings in Belfast, at which the usual Orange oratorical fireworks were set off to the delight of the assembled fanatics. American newspapers next day headed their accounts of the gathering with such flaming headlines as, "Ulster threatens to rebel," "Revolt in Ireland threatened by the Ulstermen," etc., etc.

These captions are due to American ignorance of the Orangemen, who believe that bluster and threats are good substitutes for acts. Keeping this in mind, one will be able to estimate at their true value the following statements cabled about the Orange demonstration in Belfast last Monday: "It was agreed, according to Unionist papers, to draw up a solemn declaration refusing to pay taxes on rates imposed by any Dublin Parliament or to obey any decrees issued by such a Parliament."

This seems to have been too tame for some Orangemen who want blood and plenty of it. A cable dispatch informs us that some of the speakers declared that "sterner methods than not paying taxes would be employed if necessary in resisting a Home Rule Parliament." Here is another cable which speaks for itself: "The meeting appointed an emergency committee to organize Ulster men into regiments. The sum of $50,000 was subscribed for the purpose of buying arms." All this is exceedingly good opera bouffe for those who know the loud mouthed, swaggering Orangemen as he really is. It also furnishes, when viewed aright, an additional argument in favor of Home Rule which, in the course of time, will inspire these Orangemen with a sense of what they owe the land of their birth. In the meantime, it can be confidently predicted that nothing will come of this Orange blustering.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

INDULGENCES

Since much has been made recently in non-Catholic papers with regard to the use of indulgences in Spain and other Catholic countries, it might be well to state the Catholic practice on this point. The great objection to indulgences in the minds of many who have not grasped their meaning, is what they would call the "sale" of indulgences. It is well to know that the Church neither now nor at any other time has permitted such a thing as the selling of indulgences. The error arises from a false conception of the "good works" by which indulgences are gained. Such "good works" are prayer, fasting, alms-deeds and the like. Alms may be given either directly by bringing aid personally to the poor, or by means of persons who are dedicated to such service. Now, it frequently happened that one could more easily employ the officers of a Church or monastery to bring his blessings to their destination, and to use the equivalent in money for raw goods themselves. It is this kind which is meant when indulgences are granted for "alms-deeds," and it is never preferred to the other means of prayer and fasting. This is not selling indulgences as is so often asserted, and this is what our anti-Catholic critics refer to when they falsely assert that indulgences are sold in Spain.

The error is on a par with so many others of a like nature. Thus, some tell us that Catholics gain indulgences as a permit to sin, or as a pardon of sin. The fact is that an indulgence pre-supposes freedom from sin before it can be granted.

The Catholic never finds difficulty with indulgences, because he understands them. It is clear, therefore, that those critics from without who talk as glibly about the "evil" of indulgences and who go into hysterics at the mention of them, would do well and save their nerves if they should sit down and study the matter seriously, not according to the reports of those who know nothing of them, but rather from the field in which they are found, the Catholic Church.—Pilot.

CATHOLIC NOTES

"The reconstruction of the Briand Cabinet does not mean more justice for the Church and less persecution," writes the Paris correspondent of the Irish Catholic. "Of the seven new ministers, six are Freemasons, one of them the chief of the Grand Orient, and one is a Jew."

Rev. Richard Bell, S. J., head of the department of physics at Santa Clara College, has invented a machine that produces continuous oscillation in the wireless telephone, which has heretofore been seriously handicapped because the vibrations could not be made continuous or permanent.

Rev. Edward D. Kelly of Ann Arbor, Mich., has been named auxiliary Bishop of the venerable Bishop Foley of Detroit. News of the appointment came through the Apostolic Delegation at Washington.

A telegram announcing the appointment of Father John Ward, pastor of St. Mary's church, Kansas City, Kan., as Bishop of Leavenworth, Kan., was received by Bishop Lillis recently.

Milwaukee with a population of 383-000, has 38 Catholic churches. Its Catholic population is variously estimated as between 125,000 and 150,000.

Who made the longest journey to attend the Eucharistic Congress? An exchange gives the palm to Most Rev. Francis Redwood, D. D., Archbishop of Wellington, New Zealand, who covered a distance of 9,000 miles. Bishop McSherry of South Africa, however, has a record of 12,000 miles.

In the presence of several thousand people the bronze portrait bust of Orestes Augustus Brownson, philosopher and publicist, was unveiled by his granddaughter, Mrs. T. H. Odiome, and Mrs. S. J. Kitson, widow of the sculptor of the bust, in Riverside Park Thanksgiving afternoon. W. Bourke Cockran delivered the oration of the day.

Rev. Father Peter Sherlock, S. J., the oldest Jesuit Father in England, died the other day at Stonyhurst College. He reached the patriarchal age of ninety-one years. Father Sherlock belonged to the old Sherlock family of Carrigmoorna, County Waterford, Ireland, where he was born on November 25, 1819.

Archbishop Messmer of Milwaukee has issued a public letter, which was read in all the churches on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, requesting all Catholics to remain away from the opera "Salome."

The shell of the new St. Louis cathedral will be completed within four months, weather permitting the continuance of work. The outside of the building will cost $1,000,000.

A rumor was current in the newly-erected diocese of Toledo, Ohio, recently that the See of Detroit, now an Episcopal one, will shortly be made a Metropolitan See, with its Bishop, the venerable Monsignor John Samuel Foley, as first Archbishop of Detroit, and that Toledo, as yet a vacant See, would form one of the suffragan Sees of that new ecclesiastical province. This rumor is lacking confirmation.

The news has just reached this country of the reception into the Catholic Church of Mrs. T. St. John Gaffney, wife of the American consul at Dresden. Mrs. Gaffney was previously an Episcopalian. Consul Gaffney gave a dinner at his official residence and amongst the guests were Mr. Thackara, the American consul at Berlin, and Mrs. G. R. Tynan of Limerick. Mr. Gaffney is a native of Limerick, his brother Joseph having been high sheriff of the city.

About three years ago a number of the Syrian Catholics of Buffalo, N. Y., were led astray by proselyters from one of the sects. They failed to find in their new home, however, the true spirit of Christ. It was not the religion of their forefathers. Now they have come back—all returned to their original parish church, that of St. John Maron.

Right Rev. Bishop Colton, of Buffalo, N. Y., hopes to begin in April next the erection of a magnificent Gothic Cathedral which, exclusive of the furnishings, will cost $500,000. The new structure, the plans of which are by Aristides Leonori, of Rome, Italy, will rise at Delaware avenue and West Utica street, one of the most commanding sites in the city.

GOD'S PROVIDENCE

It is a source of great encouragement to know that God does not permit anything to come to His children except for their own spiritual enlargement. Many poor souls often wonder why they are so sorely afflicted. Beloved, God surely sees it is your spiritual advancement. Hold still in the hottest fire; keep your faith clear and steady, and the Lord will "shine you up" for this world and the world to come.

Do not permit yourself to complain about God's providential arrangements. If you are so inclined you will be sure to get into trouble and doubt and your spiritual life will be weakened. God's discipline may mean excruciating pain to the flesh, but He is only preparing us for usefulness and happiness here and crown of glory hereafter.

God's providences are wise. God's providences are just. God's providences are merciful. He means "all things" to work together for our good. Poor, tired soul, hold true, for God will bring you off more than conqueror.

All the events of a life are necessary to a higher development. The common task is a round by which we climb to glorious achievement. The ladder which leads us to perfection is made up of small events and small victories. In the economy of life nothing is useless and nothing is wasted. Everything in its place is the best thing for that place. Life is a law, not an accident.