

CURRENT COMMENT

In an elocution contest last week a young man, Mr. Lawrence Palk, won a gold medal in competition with four young ladies. Both he and the judges deserve to be congratulated on this new departure. Hitherto the young ladies have so generally won the medals that it looked as if no young man need apply. This would be little short of a calamity for the interests of first-rate elocution in this city. The predominance of the feminine element tends to make mawkish sentimentality more popular than deep, manly pathos. Too much stress is laid upon willowy gestures and too little upon the inflections and quality of the voice, which is, after all, the great factor in human speech. And in this latter respect no woman ever could compete with a man who knows how to use a flexible, resonant voice of wide compass. Most women's voices are limited to the soprano register, and even those who can wield the deeper, contralto notes cannot vie, in energy and earnestness, with the grip and crispness of a manly voice. In lighter veins of comedy and feeling women may often excel men, but when it comes to tragedy unassisted by costume and stage surroundings, the resources of a man's throat and lungs are vastly superior.

On Friday of last week the Montreal Star began its lively report of the previous evening's match with the remark: "There was a happy time once, when Stanley Cup matches were worth seeing. Let us hope such time may come again." It came sooner than was expected by the "Star" reporter. He sang quite a different tune last Monday. Writing of Saturday's game, he says: "It was without exception the most remarkable hockey match ever played in Montreal. . . . It was a feast of excitement, a banquet of nerve racking incidents."

Chicago has long been aiming at the title of the greatest city in the world. Last Monday it strengthened this claim by wrapping itself in a mantle of impenetrable fog, just like the hugest of all human hives, London.

Rev. Father Dowdall, who is himself a very successful editor, writes to our publisher: "Allow me to congratulate you on the work you have achieved in placing the Review easily and prominently in the front rank of the Catholic weeklies of America."

According to the official "Fourth Census of Canada, 1901," Great Bear Lake, with its area of 7,565,000 acres (11,821 square miles), is larger than Great Slave Lake, which covers 6,860,000 acres (10,718 square miles), and also larger than Lake Winnipeg, which has an area of 9,459 square miles. According to these latest figures, as yet unknown to popular geographies and even to most of the learned experts in geography, these three Northwestern lakes must now take a high rank among the freshwater bodies of America and the entire globe. They come, respectively eighth, ninth and tenth in the following list of the largest freshwater lakes in the world, and fourth, fifth and sixth among the great lakes of the western hemisphere. The figures stand for square miles.

- Lake Superior, 31,200.
- Victoria Nyanza, 26,500.
- Huron, 22,322.
- Michigan, 21,729.
- Tanganyika, 15,000.

Baikal (Siberia), 14,000.
Nyassa, 12,000.
Great Bear, 11,821.
Great Slave, 10,718.
Winnipeg, 9,459.
Erie, 7,800.
Ontario, 6,900.

As some of our readers may remember, two or three years ago we directed the attention of the Dominion Statistician at Ottawa to the fact that these three Northwestern lakes were each larger than Lake Erie and Lake Ontario; and he wrote us agreeing that, in consequence of this hitherto unobserved fact, the name "Great Lakes" should be changed to "Laurentian Lakes." This change Mr. George Johnson embodied in "The Statistical Year Book of Canada for 1900," p. 21, adding the areas of Lakes Great Bear, Great Slave and Winnipeg. And now the more accurate figures of the Census Report published last year are a still stronger confirmation of our view.

The Association of the Propagation of the Faith in Lyons, France, records with gratitude a noble example of generosity towards the great cause of foreign missions. It announces in the diocese of Ross the receipt of £1,000 through the executors of the late Mr. C. McCarthy, J.P., Bushmount, Clonakilty, being that gentleman's bequest to the work in which the association is engaged. The announcement adds that a sum of £3,000 was received by the association during Mr. McCarthy's lifetime. He was an enterprising merchant in Clonakilty, and died some months ago. Besides his munificent contributions to the Association for the Propagation of the Faith he was most generous to local charities.

The strenuous efforts making just now to get prominent men to say out loud that the Manitoba school question is dead only show how very much alive it still is. If the iniquitous 1890 law be not cancelled by Ottawa or London it will be struck off the statute book as soon as we Catholics become the controlling factor in Manitoba elections, and at the rate at which Catholics are pouring in from outside and being born from inside, that will not be long.

In our issue of January 24 we ventured upon one plausible explanation of the fable that has gathered round the name of Jesuit. About the same time our thoughtful Antigonish contemporary offered another explanation, which is more luminous and wide-reaching than ours. "We have often wondered," remarks the Casket, "why it is that those who justify regicide when executed by a Cromwell, high treason when committed by a future duke of Marlborough, non-payment of taxes when threatened by English Non-conformists, infanticide when practised to save the mother's life, and so many other things subversive of public and private morality, we have often wondered how people who justify their deeds on the ground that they were done for a good purpose can have the hardihood to call the doctrine that 'the end justifies the means' Jesuitical. No Jesuit moralist has ever taught this doctrine; on the other hand, almost the whole world outside the Catholic Church may be said to practice it and defend the practice. Yet the world persists in saddling this immoral principle upon the Jesuits. Why? The only explanation we can give is that the end the Jesuits have always had in view is the destruction of heresy. This end or purpose being, in the eyes of heretics, the worst of all possible ends, the means employed to secure it must

be the worst of all possible means. It is precisely because so many non-Catholics are in the habit of judging the lawfulness of the means by the end which these means are intended to accomplish, that they condemn the Jesuits so unsparingly. Had the actions of Loyola's sons in England, France and elsewhere been directed to the extension of Protestantism instead of the repression of that heresy, we would never have heard them called immoral by those who now use the term 'Jesuitry' to denote everything that is bad."

Advices from Rome inform us that the Feast of the Epiphany was celebrated, as usual, by religious functions in many of the Oriental rites, thus affording striking testimony of the real Catholicity of the Church. During the octave of that great festival Masses were celebrated in the following rites: Syro-Maronite, Greco-Ruthenian, Syriac, Chaldean, Greek and Armenian.

If we quote the following paragraph from the "Irish Standard" of Minneapolis, we do so not because of the original remark in "United Canada," which, like most of the ideas that originate in that journal, is extremely silly—neither Father Lambert nor Father Cronin having ever been singled out by those who know them as probable candidates for episcopal honors—but because of our Minneapolis contemporary's comment thereon.

"The United Canada, of Ottawa, remarks that the names of Father Lambert and Father Cronin do not appear on the list of New York priests mentioned as probable successors to Bishop Quigley. Why should they? It is easy to select a priest who will make a good bishop, but it is very hard to find priests to fill the places of Fathers Lambert and Cronin. Editors, like poets, are born and not made. Both of them deserve every honor in the power of the Church to bestow, but we hope they will not be elevated to the episcopacy, for that would end their journalistic work forever."

Clerical News

Rev. Father Perreault of Fannystelle, was in town at the beginning of this week.

"The Messenger" for February gives an interesting description with views, of the new Jesuit novitiate at St. Andrews-on-the-Hudson, N.Y. The noviceship was removed thither from its old habitat in Frederick, Md., on Jan. 15.

"L'Echo de l'Ouest" of Minneapolis announces that Rev. Father Guillet, O.M.I., has been appointed pastor of St. Jean Baptiste church, Duluth, with Rev. Father Lacasse, O.M.I., as assistant and preacher of retreats and missions in other parishes.

Cardinal Serafino Cretoni has been appointed by the Holy Father Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Rites and Cardinal Luigi Tripepi Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences and Relics.

Mgr. Schroeder, of the University of Munster, has been selected for the chair of dogmatic theology in the new faculty at the University of Strasburg, and Dr. Schaefer, of the University of Breslau, has been appointed professor of New Testament exegesis.

Rev. Father Emard, O.M.I., from Prince Albert, spent a few days at St. Mary's Presbytery this week on his way to preach Lenten missions in the States.

Rev. A. Defoy arrived here this week, and goes as curate to Rev. Father Giroux at St. Anne's.

Rev. Father Cyril, C.S.S.R., of Brandon, came in on Monday and returned on Tuesday last.

Rev. Father Campeau was the Archbishop's guest at the beginning of this week.

Rev. Father Ferland, who was recently ordained by His Grace at Sorel for this diocese, sang High Mass at the cathedral last Sunday.

Rev. Father Bastien was at the Archbishop's house last Tuesday.

Persons and Facts

Two of the Rhodes scholarships have been awarded by the Rhodesia government to two Catholic students of the Jesuit college at Bulawayo, and it is said that these were among the first awards made.

It is stated that the late Monsieur de Blowitz, the celebrated Paris representative of the London Times, who died recently, was a convert to the Catholic faith.

Rev. Mr. Melzar, a former Lutheran minister, born in Germany in 1867, whose father and grandfather were also Lutheran ministers, has been received into the Catholic Church by the Rev. J. J. Gibbin, Port Angeles, Wash.

Mr. Harry Devine, one of the big farmers north of Brandon, purposes holding a sale about the 16th of March, to dispose of over 50 head of cattle. Mr. R. D. Evans will conduct the sale.—Western Sun. Mr. H. Devine is a brother of Dr. Devine of this city.

Mr. Herbert C. Boothby, B. A., (Oxon., Hon. Hist.), son of the late Sir Brooke Boothby, Bart., and cousin of Guy Boothby, the novelist, left last Monday to take charge of a school at Fork River, near Winnipegosis.

The "Augsburger Postzeitung" announces as imminent the publication of a Pontifical Decree forbidding Catholic societies having commercial objects to give themselves a religious title, the practice having led to abuses.

At the Mass on the occasion of the inauguration of a new organ in the chapel at Blairs College, Aberdeen, the chalice used belonged to King James II. of England and VIII. of Scotland. It has been in the possession of the Bishops of Aberdeen for over 200 years, and has been presented to the college by Bishop Chisholm.

Among the distinguished personages lately received in audience by His Holiness was Senor Moret y Prendergast, formerly Prime Minister in Spain, who, now that Sagasta is dead, may be expected to take a very prominent part in Spanish politics, and it is understood, says the Catholic Times Rome correspondent, that in the event of his accepting office he would speedily settle various ques-

tions still pending between Spain and the Holy See in a manner satisfactory to both.

It is semi-officially announced that the Holy Father, whose health continues to be excellent, will hold a Consistory in the month of February, when his jubilee year will come to a close. On this occasion Leo XIII. will pronounce an important allocution, in which he will briefly enumerate the principal events of his long Pontificate, deducting therefrom interesting considerations on the present condition of the Papacy in particular and of the Catholic Church in general. As there are now eleven vacancies in the Sacred College it is almost certain that several Cardinals will be created, and it is even rumored that the new "Porporati" will be eight in number, but as usual in these cases it is quite impossible to predict who will be promoted.—Catholic Times.

Mr. Tillemann has accepted the post of English teacher to the Galicians at the Holy Ghost school in this city.

At the Delhi Durbar it was announced that the King has bestowed the Kaiser-I-Hind Medal of the first-class upon the Rev. J. D. W. Sewell, S.J., Rector of St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly.

After an extended trip east, where he went to get into touch with all the latest fads and styles in the tailor's art for the coming season, Mr. J. V. Doumelen, formerly of S. R. Hunter, has returned home to give the benefit of his recognized splendid talent and most recently acquired ideas to the patrons of W. R. Donogh & Co., McDermot Ave., with which firm he is now associated. While in New York Mr. Doumelen spent most of his time in establishments of such wide-world reputation as Rock's, Riley's & Bell's. It would seem that the energetic firm of W. R. Donogh & Co. have quite made up their minds to be the most up-to-date tailors in Winnipeg. They hope soon to be established in larger and more commodious quarters.

THE ELASTICITY OF ENGLISH

M. le Comte Robert De Montesquieu-Fezensac, here to lecture on French literature, met with a surprise the other day at a reception. He was talking to a dainty little lady, who spoke very good French. She was telling of the vast possibilities in the English language, and, neglectful of the fact that he imperfectly understands the language, she gave him the following: "A flock of girls is called a bevy, a bevy of wolves is called a pack, a pack of thieves is called a gang, a gang of angels is called a host, a host of fish is called a shoal, a shoal of cattle is called a herd, a herd of children is called a troop, a troop of partridges is called a covey, a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, a horde of coal is called a heap, a heap of oxen is called a drove, a drove of blackguards is called a mob, a mob of whales is called a school, a school of worshippers is called a congregation, a congregation of engineers is called a corps, a corps of robbers is called a band, a band of locusts is called a swarm and a swarm of people is called a crowd."

M. le Comte asked the fair one to please write it out for him, as he wished to use a lexicon for purposes of translation. He tried it later and gave up in despair.—New York Times.

Young Woman's Corner

THE SERMON OF ST. FRANCIS.

Up soared the lark into the air,
A shaft of song, a winged prayer,
As if a soul released from pain,
Were flying back to heaven again.

St. Francis heard; it was to him
An emblem of the Seraphim;
The upward motion of the fire,
The light, the heat, the heart's desire.

Around Assisi's Convent gate
The birds, God's poor, who cannot wait,
From moor and mere and darksome wood
Came flocking for their dole of food.

"O brother birds," St. Francis said,
"Ye come to me and ask for bread;
But not with bread alone to-day
Shall ye be fed and sent away.

Ye shall be fed, ye happy birds,
With manna of celestial words,
Not mine, though mine they seem to be,
Not mine though they be spoken through me.

"Oh, doubly are ye bound to praise
The great Creator in your lays;
He giveth you your plumes of down,
Your crimson hoods, your cloaks of brown.

He giveth you your wings to fly,
And breathe a purer air on high;
And careth for you everywhere,
Who for yourselves so little care!"

With flutter of swift wings and songs,
Together rose the feathered throngs
And singing scattered far apart,
Deep peace was in St. Francis heart.

He knew not if the brotherhood,
His homily had understood
He only knew that to one ear
The meaning of his words was clear.

—Longfellow in his "Birds of Passage."

To say a person is easily amused is to pass a disparaging judgment. Change the word "amused" to "entertained" and you give the person a good quality.

This opinion has been formed by observation and not on the basis of etymology.

"She is easily amused" is a common verdict passed on a woman who laughs in the wrong place, a woman who laughs at the discomfort of others, one who laughs at her own jokes or who makes any one the subject of ridicule for her own or others amusement and the tone of disgust in which the "She is easily amused" is uttered announces the speaker's opinion.

To be easily entertained is an accomplishment.

How readily anyone welcomes a visitor who is easily entertained! How interesting one can make oneself to oneself by being easily entertained! How much more beautiful one's view of life is. Indeed, how much healthier one's body is likely to be.

How well equipped one is for life's warfare; for being easily entertained pre-supposes a bright, alert mind, simple and impressionable. This mind might, from the fact of its susceptibility of impression be influenced to wrong doing, but it is not probable. It can entertain itself with things at hand. The common pleasures of life satisfy it—the enjoyments that everyone may have and those that may be practiced in the clear light of day—and so it seeks not the dark ways where temptations lie. There is no better lesson to teach children than the art of entertaining themselves.

Perhaps the lesson is more necessary for boys than for girls as their habits and occupations and established rules for their movements in general leave them open to greater temptations in the way of pernicious amusements.

However, the spectacle of girls suffering from ennui is to be seen

with sufficient frequency to warrant the advice that girls should be instructed in this art also.

To be easily entertained is to be interested in everything that goes on or exists around one. Teach children the beauties everywhere. The birds, the beasts, the grass, the rivers, the sky, the sun, the stars which exist in some form everywhere are illimitable in their possibilities for training the children into the habit of thinking and so entertaining themselves. And in all these things to teach them God's hand is to give them the most important lesson.

Of course, knowledge is power and it is the greatest power where it is the source of entertainment to the mind that possesses it.

Many appreciate it for its commercial value; many for the glory it gives their names; a few for the real joy it gives themselves and the closer communion it gives them with God. These few are the really happy and their's is the condition of mind to train for.

AMICA.

AMERICA A SAINT'S NAME.

Very few people have the least idea what is the origin of the name America. That the country was named from Amerigo Vespucci, maker of the first map discoverer of some portion of the mainland, they will tell you glibly, but have not the least idea whence Amerigo took his name.

Signor Vespucci, like most pious Italians, bore a saint's name, and the saint was the son of St. Stephen, King of Hungary, in the eleventh century. His name was Emeric, and his day is celebrated on Nov. 4th. He was very holy and very clever; his name was familiar to the people of all Europe, and in the fifteenth century was much used in Italy in its Italianized form. So the Hungarian saint gave his name to our continent.—Catholic Record.

SOME INACCURACIES OF "THE ETERNAL CITY."

By John Talbot Smith in January Donahoe's.

However we have here only to discuss the religious feature of this peculiar drama. Mr. Cain has introduced the Pope into the play, with the title of Pius X. His (stage) Holiness is presented as the centre of a handsome scene in the Vatican gardens on a fine day. The panorama of Rome stretches away in the distance to the purple hills. In his white soutane, white zucchetto, or skull-cap, golden cross seated on a dais whose bench is covered with red draperies, the old gentleman looks very well, very stagey. There is nothing of atmosphere in the scene, except in the venerable old monk who attends the Pope as his confessor, and who looks as if he had just stepped out of a Capuchin cell. Many people come and go, observing the most perfect etiquette. Each comer genuflects three times, and usually on the wrong knee, before arriving in the presence. There is an ecclesiastic in the habit of a monsignore, but wearing a pectoral cross, who never removes his skull-cap in the Pope's presence. However these inaccuracies are trifling, but they arouse in the experts the temptation to laugh. Mr. Cain is at his worst in the language of this scene. At the beginning the Pope, reminded by the name of the hero of the play of incidents in his own life, tells his confessor of the young man, an officer in the Pope's guard, who married, left his wife and child for a little while to go on a political mission, and returned to find his child lost and his wife dead from a persecution carried on by his own family; thereupon disgusted with the world, he becomes a priest, devotes himself to the poor, and finally becomes Pope Pius X. Thereby the audience learn that the Pope is the father of the hero, and gets ready for developments. Pius X. has sent for the heroine, Roma Volonna, to persuade her to testify against her lover, as the best thing for her, her lover and society in general. The arguments of His (stage) Holiness are confusing and even ridiculous, but the heroine writhes under them as if Aquinas himself delivered them.

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A SAFE BOOK OF REFERENCE

On the subject of reference books touched upon elsewhere, we wish to state that intelligent and fair treatment of Catholic topics will be found in Chambers' new "Twentieth Century Dictionary," which is a marvel of correctness and completeness as well as of cheapness. The editor has consulted Catholic authorities for information on Catholic subjects.

TWO QUESTIONS.

From the Missionary.

Among many other questions (asked during a mission to Mormon in Idaho) the following were answered: "You as a Catholic priest preach that whisky is our greatest enemy; you also preach that we should love our enemies. How is this?" Answer: Yes I preach that whisky is our greatest enemy and also that we should

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love our enemies; but I never preach that you should swallow them. The man that asked this question came up and shook hands with the priest.

"Is it allowed for a priest to draw blood by chopping off the head of a chicken?" Yes, it is allowed, and only forbidden in one case: when the chicken belongs to somebody else.

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C. M. B. A.

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All the doubts of sceptics are as nothing, or as very little, compared with the great doubt which arises in men's minds from the ways of Christians themselves—saying one thing and doing another.

Chats with Young Men

Reading is to be the subject of our Chat for this week. Why should we form the habit of reading? What should we read? When should we read?

Before the art of printing became known, reading matter was procured at the cost of so much labor that the multitude had to depend on a few zealous and learned men for the benefits of facts of science and history. It is likely, too, that most manuscripts of that time dealt with solid subjects, more or less conducive to good. The effects of the distribution of miscellaneous reading which has followed the introduction of printing have been too many to enumerate here. One was the elevation of the civilized world by the increased intelligence of the average individual. Another was the distribution of many debasing classes of reading, the results of which were worse than illiteracy. One of these results was good, the other bad. How to impress young men with the necessity of increasing their intelligence without deteriorating their faculties, by a judicious course of reading, will be my study in the following paragraphs.

Young men should form the habit of reading. It is productive of much pleasure all through life, and in declining years, is often the only reliable source of happiness, since it can adjust itself to gradually changing tastes and is inexhaustible. In the intervals of toil it steals the mind from thoughts of fatigue or failure. But especially is the habit of reading a powerful element in the success of the modern man. Is he a tradesman, he can learn the history, the intricacies and the possibilities of his art by following approved literature on the subject. A clerk or employee of any kind can fit himself for promotion and proprietorship by supplementing good service with a thorough study of the details of his employer's business. This study too gives interest to his work, which is followed by contentment and patience to await advancement. The habit of reading improves the conversational powers of any man, thus rendering him a more desirable companion and a more enlightened member of society.

It is not my intention to name certain books which should be read, and yet I have a word to offer on that point. Those who are desirous of reading only the best books and who have not so intimate an acquaintance with literature as to be able to judge what works of fiction or history are good, would do well to ask someone, a clergyman or a man of literary repute, to recommend a list of books. But caution is necessary even here; for the readers' tastes must be consulted, otherwise the books approved of would have no attraction and would not make deep impressions. Therefore, I advise young men to read books which suit their tastes, whether in fiction, history or science. There should be no slavery to taste, however. One must discipline one's self even when consulting tastes. It is well to engage one's self in certain lines. Young men should read biography. It shows the actual struggles and rise to fame of men who had humble beginnings. I feel that I need not dwell on the abuse of readings. Young men know that trashy novels are pernicious in their effects on the mind and heart. The habit of feeding the mind with sensational stories kills all tastes for solid reading and ruins thinking faculties and the memory. But young men who read the Review must be made of sterner stuff, and I lay stress only on the habit of reading, feeling that the habit will call for good material.

When should we read? That is the most important consideration I touch upon in this article. It is true that "habit of reading" suggests a disposition to read regularly; and, to those who have already formed the habit my remarks do not apply. But boys do not form the habit of reading because they think they have no time to read. They are employed for eight or ten hours a day and must spend the evening either walking around or at

some other diversion than reading. I sympathize with this feeling, but I have an amendment to offer. I believe every young man could find one hour a day to read. In that hour he could read twenty octavo pages intelligently, that is, about two hundred and eighty pages in two weeks or an ordinary book. At that rate he could read twenty-five books in a year. What a little library! What a glimpse into history! What a store of facts! What a revelation from travel! Would it not enlarge his vocabulary, increase his usefulness, quicken his observation, make his life more interesting and happy? Would he not have had enough time for games, for society, for vigorous exercise when this hour each day was spent in reading? I would like that young men who have not been habitual readers would begin now in the winter months to learn the answers to the above questions.

FINEM RESPICE.

THE COMING OF THE LORD.

Reprinted by Request.

It may be in the evening,
When the work of the day is done,
And you have time to sit in the twilight

And watch the sinking sun,
While the long bright day dies slowly

Over the sea,
And the hour grows quiet and holy
With the thoughts of Me;
When you hear the village children
Passing along the street,
Among those thronging footsteps
May come the sounds of My feet;
Therefore, I tell you, watch
By the light of the evening star,
When the room is growing dusky
As the clouds afar;

Let the door be on the latch
In your home,
For it may be through the gloaming
I will come.

It may be when the midnight
Is heavy upon the land,
And the black waves lying dumbly
Along the sand;
When the moonless night draws
close,
And the lights are out in the house;
When the fires burn low and red,
And the watch is ticking loudly
Beside the bed;

Though you sleep, tired out, on
your couch,
Still your heart must wake and
watch

In the dark room,
For it may be that at midnight
I will come.

It may be at the cock-crow,
When the night is dying slowly
In the sky,
And the sea looks calm and holy,
Waiting for the dawn
Of the golden sun which draweth
nigh;

When the mists are on the valleys,
shading
The rivers chill,
And My morning star is fading,
fading

Over the hill;
Behold, I say unto you, watch,
Let the door be on the latch
In your home;
In the chill before the dawning
Between the night and morning,
I may come.

It may be in the morning,
When the sun is bright and strong,
When the dew is glittering sharply
Over the little lawn;
When the waves are laughing
loudly

Along the shore
And the little birds are singing
sweetly
About the door:
With the long days work before you
You rise up with the sun,
And the neighbors come in to talk
a little

Of all that must be done;
But remember that I may be the
next

To come in at the door,
To call you from your busy work
Forever more;

As you work your heart must
watch,
For the door is on the latch
In your room,

And it may be in the morning
I will come.

* * * * *
So I am watching quietly
Every day,

Whenever the sun shines brightly
I rise and say,—
"Surely it is the shining of His
face,"
And look unto the gates of His
high place
Beyond the sea,
For I know He is coming shortly
To summon me.
And when a shadow falls across the
window
Of my room,
Where I am working my appointed
task,
I lift my head to watch the door,
and ask
If He is come;
And the Angel answers sweetly
In my home—
"Only a few more shadows,
And He will come."

Brandon Notes.

Mrs. E. J. Barclay was the hostess at a most enjoyable euchre party in honor of Miss Machaffie on Wednesday afternoon. Miss Cottingham and Mrs. Lee were fortunate in winning the prizes.

Mr. John Kelly spent a few days in the city this week.

Miss Therrien is spending a week in St. Boniface, the guest of Mrs. A. C. La Riviere.

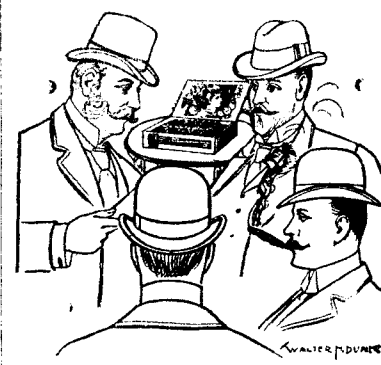
A mass meeting of the ladies of St. Augustine's parish was held immediately after High Mass on Sunday. It was decided to hold a bazaar about the last of October for the purpose of raising funds for the grand new church now in course of construction. Mrs. Jeffrey was elected President; Mrs. Purcell, Treasurer, and Miss McKinley, Secretary. The society of the Ladies of Mercy presented the bazaar committee with twenty-five dollars in order that work may at once be commenced. It was also decided to have at the bazaar two tables—one to be managed by the married ladies, and the other by Mrs. Purcell, assisted by all the young ladies of the parish. There will be great competition between the two and no doubt large sums will be made by both. Rev. Father Godts presented the president with a handsome gold watch, upon which chances will be taken at once and proceeds will go to bazaar fund. The ladies of St. Augustine's are noted for the success they make of whatever they take in hand, and in their present undertaking they expect to surpass all former efforts.

A HUGE CONSPIRACY.

That dreadful man the Pope is again at work causing great disquiet to Mr. Arnold White, the "regular correspondent" of the "Ledger." It seems that a Russian gunboat has passed through the Dardanelles without opposition from the Sultan. This could not be, Mr. White sadly cogitates, were it not for the fact that "politics in the Mediterranean circle round the "Vatican." The Duke of Norfolk is a Catholic, and the fact that he recently expressed the hope that the Holy Father would regain his temporalities has borne fruit in the appearance of those Russian torpedo boats in the Dardanelles. No connection could possibly be clearer. "The Vatican was violently anti-English during the whole of the late Boer war," Mr. White sighs, and it is not so out of love for the Boers either, but because the Italian Government was on friendly terms with the British Cabinet. Nothing, therefore, could be plainer than the connection between the establishment of twenty-one torpedo stations by France on the coast and away over at Algiers and Tunis. The design to make the Mediterranean "a Latin lake" had its inception in the antipathy of the Vatican as regards Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's plans to gobble up the Dutch Republics in South Africa. And though the Duke of Norfolk threw up the Postmaster Generalship in order to fight the Boers, this fact only makes the conspiracy between the Vatican, the French Government, the Czar and the Sultan all the clearer; for, don't you see, it is the subtle game of the Jesuits to act like the Duke of Norfolk, in order to cover up the real designs of these intriguers. Now, the whole plot stands clearly revealed to the withering gaze of Mr. Arnold White. The central de-

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sign of the grand conspiracy between the Dardanelles and the "Latin lake" is to procure the appointment of as many Roman Catholics as possible on the British ambassadorial and consular service. It is a good thing for the "Ledger" to have such a bright man for its "regular correspondent" at times when it is advisable to call off attention from the iniquities of coal conspirators and the failure of the Attorney Generals to do their duty by protecting the public from robbery. The writer who can compose such a serpentine coil as he did in last Wednesday's paper is worth his weight in coal.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Why so busy with thyself? Leave Providence to act, whose eyes are ever upon thee in the greatest danger, and who will always save thee.—Life of St. Catherine of Siena.



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SATURDAY, FEB 7, 1903.

CALENDAR FOR NEXT WEEK.

FEBRUARY.

- 8—Septuagesima Sunday. Solemnity of the Purification.
- 9—Monday—St. Cyril, Bishop of Alexandria, Doctor.
- 10—Tuesday—The Prayer of Our Lord in the Garden.
- 11—Wednesday—The Apparition of Our Lady at Lourdes.
- 12—Thursday—St. Raymond of Pennafort, Confessor. (Jan. 23).
- 13—Friday—The Flight of Our Lord into Egypt (transferred from the third Sunday after Epiphany).
- 14—Saturday—Votive office of the Immaculate Conception.

FATHER O'DWYER DEFENDS THE ARCHBISHOP.

The following report of Rev. Father O'Dwyer's sermon last Sunday in St. Mary's was prepared for the Morning Telegram of Feb. 2nd by a member of our staff and is the only correct report.

Speaking at High Mass at St. Mary's church on Sunday, the Rev. Father O'Dwyer spoke of recent criticisms of some reported utterances of the Archbishop of St. Boniface and especially a letter signed "A Catholic" which was published a few days ago. In this connection he said that matters purely political the civil government had everything to do and the church nothing. The church must not and would not mix in affairs that were purely political. On the other hand in matters that were purely religious, such as the government of the church, the carrying on of religious exercises, the jurisdiction of bishops, and so on, the civil government had nothing to do, for they were solely the affairs of the church. There were cases though from time to time, in which politics came into conflict with religion and in such an event every Catholic knew his duty. It was a matter of giving to God the things that are God's, and to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and when the interests of Caesar and the interests of God came into conflict, every Catholic knew his duty. It was, therefore, simply consummate ignorance on the part of anyone to state as the writer of a recent letter signed "A Catholic" stated, that he repudiated the right or the authority of the archbishop under any and all circumstances whatsoever to direct the people how to vote. Father O'Dwyer went on to say that he did not speak of these things for the purpose of teaching St. Mary's congregation their duty, for he knew they all understood their duty perfectly well, and it was only natural that in a matter where religion and politics came into conflict Catholics would consult their clergy and their archbishop. There could be nothing wrong in this, but as a matter of fact ninety-nine Catholics out of every hundred had no need to consult their clergy in such matters. They knew their duty and they would always do it without any direction being given

them. When there was any question of the civil authorities encroaching on their rights as soldiers of Christ, they knew it was their duty to stand for Christ's interests, and when people charged Catholics with being priest-ridden they only showed gross ignorance; Catholics were not priest-ridden, but—if he might use the expression—they were Christ-ridden; they knew they were bound to follow Christ and stand up for his interests, and being thus devoted to their Lord, they were free by the freedom by which Christ had made them free. It was false, too, to say that the pope had sent delegates to this country to prevent bishops and priests from speaking to their flocks, and telling them how to vote when religious questions came into conflict with politics. The pope himself could not change or go against Catholic doctrines, and the letter signed "A Catholic" showed the ignorance of the writer, who, not understanding the Catholic religion, simply proved he did not know what he was talking about.

A GREAT HISTORICAL SKETCH.

When Mr. Henri Bourassa's two articles in the "Monthly Review" of September and October last were reprinted in pamphlet form and sent to us by the author we intended reviewing them, but other more pressing work made us put off this pleasing duty. The delay is really of little consequence, since Mr. Bourassa's "The French Canadian in the British Empire" is no work of merely passing interest. Though brief, it is by long odds the most important contribution ever made to the history of Canada. Strong as this assertion is, we make it advisedly and deliberately. The importance of an historical work is not to be measured by its length nor its multiplicity of curious details, but by the light it flashes on those otherwise unmeaning details, by the condensed wisdom it embodies, by the deep knowledge of men and things it reveals. In all these respects Mr. Bourassa provokes thought. We do not remember to have read any other brochure of 35 pages which so frequently pulled us up with the inward exclamation, How true that is and how well put!

This must be our apology for dwelling on the merits of Mr. Bourassa's monograph. In spite of complaints uttered in certain narrow quarters to the effect that we devote too much attention to French Canadian themes, we feel that we are justified in placing before our readers, purely as specimens of profound philosophic insight, some of his best ideas. Even were it possible for any open-minded Canadian to ignore one-third of the population of Canada, this curiously constituted person could not afford to overlook so original, so suggestive a paper as Mr. Bourassa's. The extracts we shall give therefrom show that there is nothing commonplace about him. Had he condescended to pad his article with the conventional platitudes with which witless Imperialists are wont to fill the lamentable vacuity of their brains, his writings might have attracted more attention from the half-educated crowd. But the people he meant to reach are the leaders of thought and the makers of history.

First of all he combats indifference anent his subject in this striking way:

"To the superficial observer the numerical strength of the French Canadians in the British Empire is insignificant: about 1,600,000 souls, including the Acadians in the Maritime Provinces, out of 400,000,000. But in all problems—and more especially in racial and political problems—the effective value of figures lies entirely in their relative position," just as 5,000 citizens in ancient Attica outweighed five million serfs under Xerxes. "The British Empire," Mr. Bourassa reminds us, "is not a mere aggregation of human beings ruled by one law, and kept together by brute force, or even by the will of a majority of its total population. Its political structure cannot be altered without the free consent of its self-governing, component parts. Of the self-governing possessions of Great Britain,

Canada is the most important. If Canada has a word to say in that reorganization of the Empire of which we hear so much, the sentiments of its French-speaking population cannot be ignored."

After speaking of the French-Canadian's personal feelings towards his English-speaking fellow-countrymen, the author adds: "Strange to say, he seems to agree better with the Protestant Scotch or English than with the Catholic Irish." Of course this refers to those among Irish Catholics who are not well read in the history of the oldest province in Canada. No one who has read that history could fail to see how many reasons Catholic Irishmen have to sympathize with the French Canadians. The latter carried on the same struggle as the former for liberty by political agitation during fifty years against the same kind of oligarchy. Mr. Bourassa graphically relates how, from 1791 to 1841, in Lower Canada, the Legislative Council, nominated by the Governor, resisted the just demands of the elected House of Assembly. "Not only did the Governors exercise exclusive power of nominating all holders of public offices, but they scandalously filled the council with judges and public officers, that is, with men under their direct influence and favor; they endeavored to wrest from the Assembly a civil list of salaries. The Assembly, on the other hand, demanded the full and permanent control of the exchequer; not having the right to direct the appointment of judges and officials, they wanted at least to reach them indirectly by granting or refusing their salaries according to their conduct. The struggle grew fiercer and fiercer every day. The Legislative Council spent their time in sending back to the House the Supply Bill, that it might be amended to please the Governor; and the Assembly persistently refused its consent. Judges sitting in Council and public defaulters were impeached by the Assembly and maintained in office by the Governor. Supplies were totally refused by the Assembly; but the Governor went on collecting taxes through his officials and paying salaries to himself and his staff, though holding back the salary of the Speaker of the House. Members of the House and journalists were imprisoned. Parliament was dissolved time and again; but, inflamed by the splendid obstinacy of the representatives, the people invariably sent them back to parliament.

These frequent appeals to the electorate had no other effect than that of unifying and strengthening the popular sentiment, and bringing closer to the mind of every citizen the problems of representative institutions and self-government. I venture to say that the average French Canadian farmer then became much more conscious of his citizenship, much more imbued with the sense of his political rights, and even more familiar with the spirit of British institutions than the average British citizen of that time. And the reason is obvious. There was no privileged and wealthy class to dispose of the constituencies and to hand them over to the representatives of their choice. Most of the candidates were men of some education and means; but they lived in close contact with the people and appealed directly to the electorate. They did not and could not expect any remuneration or office. They fought with the people and for the people. The highest problems of constitutional government were the sole and constant topics of electoral contests."

In another part of his paper Mr. Bourassa draws this general inference from the foregoing facts. The French Canadian "has accepted British institutions because he was well prepared by his hereditary instincts" (derived chiefly from the North of France, where, when the first migration to Canada took place, each province had its Parliament) "to receive them because he has fought to get them, and because he has shown himself as able as his co-partner, the Anglo-Canadian, to make them work to the benefit of Canada. He has made them his own, and he takes as much pride in their enjoyment as any other citizen."

After all this, Mr. Bourassa may well add: "There is no more interesting and pathetic feature of British history than the spectacle of that isolated group of French born people, struggling against the representatives of the British Crown to secure the acknowledgment of the very principles for which the British people themselves fought so long. The history of that struggle may be summed up by saying that the French-Canadians were the pioneers of British institutions in America."

How the French Canadians twice saved Canada to the British crown, how they constitute the only exclusively Canadian racial group in the Dominion, and how they view "the lust of abnormal expansion and Imperial pride which have ever been the marked features of all nations on the verge of decadence," these and other questions so ably answered in Mr. Bourassa's epoch-making essay must be reserved for a second notice.

YOUNG LIBERALS WIN.

The second match in the pedro contest between the Young Liberals and the Catholic Club took place last Tuesday evening with a decided victory for the former club. The score was as follows:—

Liberals.

A. H. Pulford, E. R. Hambly....	3
Masters, W. Pierson	2
J. Campbell, W. A. Farmer.....	3
J. Glasgow, W. Glasgow	8
Bossenberry, Taylor	9
J. Marshall, Thompson	6
W. Hay, Fred Austin	4
J. McLeod, Routhwaite.....	5
Gillies, Joseph	7
McIntosh, Forgie	6
Total	53

Catholics.

Frank Russell, T. D. Deegan.....	6
D. Smith, J. T. Dumouchel.....	7
Dr. Raleigh, M. Savage	6
P. Samon, E. O'Reilly	5
J. J. Callahan, M. Fischer.....	3
T. M. Gallagher, G. Gladnich.....	3
J. J. Macdonald, O. Marrin.....	3
D. Bawlf, Chouinard	6
P. Shea, Bro. Lewis	5
Banfield, Donovan	4
Total	48

Referee—A. H. Kennedy.

At the close of the play refreshments were served and a social hour of music and speeches was indulged in. A very nice programme consisting of vocal and instrumental music and recitations was carried out and short, pointed speeches were made by President A. H. Pulford, of the Liberal Club, President F. W. Russell, of the Catholic Club, and by Messrs. T. D. Deegan, A. H. Kennedy, Joseph Fahey and Chouinard. The proceedings were fittingly brought to a close at midnight with hearty cheers by each team for their opponents and by the singing of the National anthem.

The next and concluding game of the series will be played in the Catholic Club on Monday evening next, on which occasion it is expected there will be a battle royal, as the result of the game will decide the possessions of the handsome trophy for one year.

SHE WAS A GRADUATE.

Major Pratt, the United States army officer who is in charge of the Carlisle Indian school, tells of an incident he saw at a Western Indian agency. A squaw entered a trader's store, wrapped in a blanket, pointed at a straw hat and asked: "How muchee?"

"Fifty cents," said the merchant. "How muchee?" she asked again, pointing to another article. The price was quoted, and was followed by another query "How muchee?" Then she suddenly gazed blandly at the merchant and asked, mildly: "Do you not regard such prices as extortionate for articles of such palpably and unmistakably inferior quality? Do you not really believe that a reduction in your charges would materially enhance your pecuniary profits, as well as be ethically proper? I beg you to consider my suggestion."

She was a graduate of the Carlisle Indian School.—Exchange.

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DARWIN IN A NEW LIGHT.

Whether it is "the process of the suns" that is doing it or not, there is no doubt that "the thoughts of men are widened" in a wonderful fashion in our day. If anyone had predicted thirty years ago that, about this time, a figure of Darwin would, with the sanction of the Church of England, be placed in the stained window of a church, he would have been esteemed little better than a raving lunatic. Yet to-day the thing is done, or at least is in course of being done. There is a "Chapel of the Blessed Virgin" in or near Liverpool attached to a school for the blind; and application was lately made to Chancellor Espin, of the Consistory Court, for permission to place therein a stained window showing "our Lord as the light of the world, and looking toward Him, as deriving their inspiration from Him, St. John, St. Hilda, King Alfred, Fra Angelico, Caxton, Galileo, St. Catherine of Siena, Edward Rushton, Sir Philip Sidney, Queen Eleanor (wife of Edward I.), Stephen Langton, Wagner (as Sir Parsifal), Erasmus, Charles Darwin, Florence Nightingale and Bishop Patteson." It was up to the Chancellor to say what he thought of it. He said that the general idea seemed to be "pious and in every way laudable," but that the company of about twenty names would probably be thought "somewhat miscellaneous." Darwin's claim in particular to be regarded as specially inspired by religion "might to some seem very doubtful. He did, however," continued the Chancellor, "set science on a new field of investigation and research. We have long ago satisfied ourselves that natural science, as represented by Darwin, is not contrariant to revealed religion; and it is a wholesome thing to be reminded that 'every good and perfect gift comes from above, from the Father of Light.' Darwin's remains were honored with a funeral in Westminster Abbey, and I am not prepared to say his name is out of place among the saints, the philanthropists, the legislators and the worthies of various kinds whose names are to adorn the Sacrament of the school for the blind."—Montreal Star, Jan. 30.

THEIR WORLD-WIDE WORK.

Les Missions Catholiques, the organ of the work of the Propagation of the Faith, has in its January issue an article entitled "The Scientific Work of the Missionaries," which shows how much they have contributed by their self-sacrificing labors to our knowledge of geography, of philology, of natural history, of archeology and of meteorology.

"Although these apostles of the Christian Faith," says Les Missions Catholiques, "are engaged in a mission supernatural and divine in its character, which consequently is infinitely superior to every purely scientific mission, they have contributed in a marked degree to the progress of human knowledge. Civilization undoubtedly has agents more familiar with scientific formulas, but it has none more devoted, more disinterested, more persevering, and more useful than Catholic missionaries."

In proof of this statement Les Missions Catholiques dwells first upon what Catholic missionaries have done in spreading geographical knowledge of the countries in which they labored. Force of circumstances transformed the missionaries into explorers in the unknown lands in which they planted the cross to mark the extent of their spiritual conquests. Abbe Huc half a century ago won undying fame by penetrating the unknown regions of Central Asia.

The Annals of the Propagation of the Faith was the first to give to the world an account of his remarkable journeyings in Tartary and Thibet. Forty years later a Belgian missionary, Father Constant de Deken accompanied Bonavalot in his famous journey across Central Asia. In 1894 Father Constant published an account of this journey. The author's thorough knowledge of the Mongolian dialect and his familiarity with the customs of the country enabled him to produce a work which rivals

Bonavalot's "Unknown Thibet." Father Armand David, a Lazarist, can be regarded as the successor of Father Huc. Three expeditions he made to the north, west and central parts of China enabled him to compile maps of these immense regions. He has given detailed accounts of the geographical features of these unknown lands.

During the last twenty years the Jesuits in China have perpetuated in a worthy manner the reputation of their predecessors of two hundred years ago by publishing a series of valuable works on Chinese literature, ethnography, history and geography.

In Africa as well as in Asia the work of Catholic missionaries has contributed to our knowledge of geography. The memory of the great Cardinal Lavigerie is inseparably associated with the Catholic missionary work in Africa. With the consuming zeal of an apostle he devoted himself heart and soul to Christianizing Africa, and also to the wiping out of the African slave trade. Strictly speaking, he did not directly contribute to the extension of our geographical knowledge of the "Dark Continent." But he did so indirectly through the religious order he called into existence to combat slavery. The members of this order, in carrying out their benevolent mission have penetrated into the heart of Africa and have left a record of their explorations.

Another distinguished son of France, Cardinal Massaja, who died in 1889, was called the Apostle of Abyssinia. At the time of his death he was known as "The dean of the missionary bishops." Leo XIII., recognizing that the history of Cardinal Massaja's thirty-five years' residence in upper Ethiopia would be an important contribution to the science of geography, ordered him to write it. The last days of the Cardinal were spent in dictating a biography which is of great value on account of the light it sheds upon Abyssinian geography, history and ethnography.

While Catholic missionaries were exploring Northern Africa; other Catholic missionaries were pushing their way through Southern Africa and publishing accounts of what they had seen. In Zanzibar, for example, the Superior General of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost has published learned monographs on the Kilima Njaro, the Massais and the Pygmies. Two Catholic missionaries, Fathers Roblet and Colin, have published maps of Madagascar.

The Catholic missionaries who have penetrated Central Africa have made important contributions to our knowledge of the Dark Continent. Father Coulbois has published an account of Taganika. Father Gulleme has written a description of his explorations in the neighborhood of Nyassa; Father Schynze has published a map of the country west of Victoria-Nyanza.

In Dahomey and along the Gold Coast, the priests are to be found fraternizing with the natives encamped on the banks of the rivers Niger, Ougnon, Opaka, Volta and Cavally. It was the letters of one of these missionaries, Father Borghero, which for many years supplied French, English and Italian publicists with the only information they could obtain about Dahomey. In 1861, Father Borghero visited Abomey, the capital of Dahomey, and had a personal interview with King Grere.

Catholic missionaries established themselves in Oceania in 1834. In the neighboring continent of Australia their work was energetically pushed. In 1838 Father Ullathorne, subsequently Bishop of Birmingham, England, described his visits to New South Wales. The publication of the letters of these early missionaries added greatly to the knowledge of these remote lands.

The article in Les Missions Catholiques, from which we have taken the above facts, thus refers to the work of Catholic missionaries in America:

"Many Oblate Fathers in Canada have contributed greatly to our knowledge of the basins of the River Mackenzie and other rivers which empty into the Arctic Ocean. None of them, however, met with such success as has Father Petitot. Our Bulletin is indebted to him for

numerous studies of the customs, the idioms, the traditions, and the legends of the Esquimaux. The Geographical Society of Paris has conferred upon Father Petitot a gold medal, and has published at its own expense his map of the northern regions of America.

"What details about the Indians in the United States, in Ecuador, Guiana, Brazil and Patagonia, would have been unknown if it had not been for Mgr. Salpointe, Fathers De Smet, Pedro, Emonet, Brunetti and other Catholic missionaries."

In the above rapid review of missionary work in all lands we have proof that the Church in the twentieth century is fulfilling to the letter the command given to the Apostles to go forth and teach all nations.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

THE RECORD SUBSCRIBER.

From the Michigan Catholic.

The "Michigan Catholic" has the record subscriber to a Catholic newspaper. We will not give the gentleman's name, but up to last week his subscription stood on our books as paid until 1909. This week we received from him payment for ten additional years' subscription, making him a paid-up subscriber until 1919! If any of our contemporaries can beat this we are willing to let them crow.

POINTS IN COMMON.

Though Christian Science makes us grin,
(We're fond of making light of it)
Some think it's much like medicine—
Folks will get well in spite of it.
—Catholic Standard and Times.

EFFECT OF A TROPICAL CLIMATE.

"The laziest fellers I ever see, not barrin' Thompson there even," said the man with the ginger beard, "was down in Central America. Tell you what I see once. I wandered into a little saloon that one of the greasers kept, and what should I see but a lot of fellers settin' round a table with a lot of dice on it and all of 'em watchin' them dice as if they s'pected them to turn over of themselves, which sure enough they did in a minute. Then I got on to their game. You see, about every three or four minutes they is a earthquake in that country, and them lazy half breeds was lettin' the earthquake do the shakin' of the box for 'em. Now, what do you think of that?"

THE KING'S SECRET GIFT.

A singularly interesting story of King Edward's interest in the work of the Salvation Army is told in the Social Gazette by Mr. Walsh Dawson, a keen supporter of the army's social work, resident in Canada.

Two years ago, while on a visit to England, Mr. Dawson interested himself in obtaining donations for the social work of the Salvation Army, and was on his way one afternoon to call on a certain benevolent peer, in response to an invitation, when he lost his way in the thick fog, and suddenly ran against a gentleman near Buckingham Palace. Apologising, he asked the stranger if he could direct him to Lord —'s house.

The answer was, "Certainly. I am going near the place myself. I'll show you the house."

"We chatted away merrily," Mr. Dawson continues. "I told him, all about the work, and the labors of the Salvation Army. He seemed deeply interested, and when I reached the house of Lord —, he said:

"It is dreadful to think that so much suffering exists in this city. I want you to accept this little gift for the poor suffering ones."

"He placed in my hands the 'little gift'—ten bright gold Sovereigns!"

Mr. Dawson was astonished, and more than grateful, and asked the unknown donor what name he should put down in his book.

"He seemed disturbed at this question, and replied hurriedly, 'No

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name at all, please; simply Anonymous."

"Just then the fog cleared a little, and I could see my generous friend's face distinctly. It was surely familiar to me. All at once the truth flashed over me, and, raising my hat, I exclaimed, 'Your Royal Highness!'

"No, no!" answered the gentleman, smiling; 'not that, please—simply Anonymous.' Then he hurried away."

It was the Prince of Wales—now King Edward.—Star (Montreal).

REMINISCENCES OF FATHER MATHEW.

Jeremiah Quin, writing in the Catholic Citizen, gives some reminiscences of the Apostle of Temperance, which will be found interesting by total abstainers everywhere: "Father Mathew visited our town, Kilmunane, in County Limerick, on a fine Sunday in the summer of 1845.

"The Greek cross, old stone church, with its spacious flagstone floors, was crowded with people from the adjacent parishes. The parish priest, old Father Sheehy, was then in dotage, and the duty of bringing the great temperance apostle to the church devolved on the curates, Father Kennedy and Burke, two as fine-looking men as Munster could boast of, and enthusiasts in Father Mathew's cause.

"The large congregation stood outside the church on a fine green lawn, awaiting his coming. The fine old chapel stood on a street running at right angles with the main street, called Chapel lane. As soon as the three priests entered this lane, an intense suppressed feeling ran through the crowd, and as Father Mathew passed through the large iron gates, opened only on very important occasions, the vast assemblage of men, women and children knelt down to receive his blessing. It was certainly a great scene. Not so demonstrative as O'Connell received at Kilmallock, but more intense in its religious feeling. The Mass was said by Father Kennedy, and Father Mathew preached the sermon at its close. The discourse was, of course, upon the evils of intemperance. He

was very earnest, but calm in speech. He impressed rather by his personality than by his oratory; still he would, betimes, speak a sentence full of bristling metaphor, such as 'every glass the drunkard drinks becomes a rivet binding his soul to hell.'

"It is a long time since, and I was very young, but I think I quote this sentence as he spoke it on that day.

"All who desired to take the pledge were requested to remain, and not one left, the whole congregation taking it kneeling. Nor did the pledge-taking end here. As he left the church, and walked up the lane, toward the main street, batches of people, too late for the church, would kneel on the street before him and take the pledge. Three times during his going back through Chapel lane did incoming people kneel on the street and take the pledge, but the climax was reached at Main street, where the whole people of Glenroe met him. Simultaneously, the whole body knelt down. It was a wonderful scene when he raised his hand in benediction over that silent kneeling mass and one which can never be forgotten by those who saw it. The scenes and memories of that day were indeed, impressive, and will not be forgotten by those who witnessed them.

"What the source of Father Mathew's almost miraculous influence was, I know not. His deep sincerity and the great moral force of the cause he espoused were, no doubt, the chief factors. From whatever cause, no other man exercised so deep a moral influence over Ireland as Father Mathew did. No man did so much as he to strike down the demon of drunkenness. He was, indeed, 'the great apostle of temperance.'"

"The way of the transgressor is to engage a good lawyer."—Puck.

GET YOUR JOB PRINTING DONE AND YOUR RUBBER STAMPS MADE BY THE NORTHWEST REVIEW.

A RIDDLE ON THE LETTER "H."

Someone has reprinted the poem, once attributed to Lord Byron, but now believed to be from the pen of a Miss Tanshawe, called a "Riddle on the Letter H." It is unique in its way, and may afford fine scope for those wishing to study the peculiarities of language, especially the English language:

'Twas whispered in heaven, 'twas muttered in hell,
And the echo caught faintly the sound as it fell;
On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed,
'Twill be found in the sphere, when 'tis riven asunder,
Be seen in the lightning and heard in the thunder.
'Twas allotted to man with his earliest breath,
Attends at his birth and awaits him in death;
Presides o'er his happiness, honor, and health,
Is the prop of his house and the end of his wealth,
In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost on his prodigal heir.
It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,
With the husbandman toils and with monarchs is crowned,
Without it the soldier, the seaman may roam,
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home!
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
Nor e'en in the whirlwind of passion is drowned.
'Twill not soften the heart, and though deaf to the ear,
It will make it acutely and instantly hear;
Yet in shade let it rest like a delicate flower,
Ah! breathe on it softly—it dies in an hour.'

ANOTHER CURIOUS POEM.

Here is another poetical curiosity, from whose pen I know not. Read it and guess the answer to the riddle, before I tell you:

Our God made Adam out of dust,
But in his wisdom made me first.
My body, though he made complete,
Had neither arms nor legs nor feet.
My ways and acts He did control
And fashioned me without a soul.
A living being I became,
And Adam first gave me a name,
Then from his presence I withdrew,
No more of Adam ever knew;
But God, whose purpose none can see,
Then put a living soul in me,
And soon He did that soul reclaim,
Though changed in this, not changed in name.
And when from me that soul had fled
I was the same as when first made,
And without arms or feet or soul,
I travel now from pole to pole.
And when I travel o'er our sphere,
I seldom on the earth appear.
I labor hard both night and day,
For fallen man much light display.
Thousands of people, young and old
Shall at my death more light behold.
To heaven I shall never go,
Nor to the grave—nor hell below.
Your curiosity is aroused by this time, and to allay it, the one word **WHOLE** must suffice.

CARCASSONNE.

While poetically bent, here are some lines from the French of Gustave Nadaud, done in English by Mrs. Sherwood, that are worthy of preservation:

How old I am! I'm eighty years!
I've worked both hard and long;
Yet patient as my life has been,
One dearest sight I have not seen.
It almost seems a wrong—
A dream I had when life was new;
Alas, our dreams they come not true;
I thought to see fair Carcassonne;
I have not seen fair Carcassonne!

One sees it dimly from the height
Beyond the mountains blue;
Fain would I walk five weary leagues,
(I do not mind the road's fatigues)
Through morn and evening's dew.

But bitter frosts would fall at night,
And on the grapes that yellow blight;

I could not go to Carassonne;
I never went to Carassonne.

They say it as gay all times
As holidays at home;
The gentles ride in gay attire,
And in the sun each gilded spire
Shoots up like those of Rome.
The Bishop the procession leads,
The generals curb their prancing steeds;
Alas! I know not Carcassonne!
Alas! I saw not Carcassonne!

Our Vicar's right; he preaches loud,
And bids us to beware!
He says: "Oh guard the weakest part,
And most the traitor in the heart,
Against ambition's snare."
Perhaps in autumn I can find
Two sunny days with gentle wind—
Then I could go to Carcassonne;
I still could go to Carcassonne.

My God and Father! pardon me,
If this my wish offends!
One sees some hope more high than he,
In age as in his infancy,
To which his heart ascends!
My wife, my son, have seen Narbonne,
My grandson went to Perpignan;
But I have not seen Carcassonne,
But I have not seen Carcassonne!

Thus sighed a peasant, bent with age,
Half dreaming in his chair;
I said: "My friend, come go with me,
To-morrow, then, thine eyes shall see

Those streets that seem so fair"
That night there came, for passing soul,
The church bell's low and solemn toll!
He never saw gay Carcassonne!
Who has not known a Carcassonne?

—R. C. Gleaner.

THE LATE BISHOP OF HONOLULU.

The Right Rev. Gulstan Francois Ropert, who died last week at Honolulu, was the very highest type of cultured gentleman and zealous French missionary. He belonged to a religious community jocularly named, from the street in Paris where their Mother House is situated, the Order of Pie-Pus. Last year when some petty medical board in Honolulu wanted a certain priest removed from the leper settlement at Molokai because he did not bow to its views, Bishop Ropert unflinchingly upheld the priest, and the officials clothed with their little brief authority had to back down. The good Bishop was consecrated in this city a little over ten years ago. May he rest in peace.—Leader (San Francisco).

DEFINITION OF MATRIMONY

The following tale has been resuscitated and is meandering generally about among the newspaper offices.

"Archbishop Ryan, visiting a small parish in a mining district for the purpose of administering confirmation, asked one nervous little girl what matrimony was, and she answered that it was a state of terrible torment which those who enter are compelled to undergo for a time to prepare them for a brighter and better world. 'No, no,' remonstrated the pastor, 'that isn't matrimony; that's the definition of purgatory.' 'Leave her alone,' said the archbishop; 'maybe she's right. What do you or I know about it?'"

ABSTEMIOUS ARCTIC EXPLORERS.

The Lancet, commenting on the fortitude and indifference to cold displayed by the members of the Duke d' Abruzzi's Arctic exploration party—all Italians—says:—"The rigorous limitations of fermented liquors in the dietary and the prohibition of distilled alcohol had also their invariable effect in maintaining the health of the party. Dr. Cavalli Molinelli allowed no cognac, rum, or whisky to be taken except on rare and special occasions as a condiment or as a medicine. Wine was conceded only

in small quantity at supper—about 120 grammes of 'barolo' (a dark-red 'blood-making' wine), or 60 grammes of port. The good results from this regimen were conspicuous he adds, not only in the excellent hygienic conditions above referred to, but also in the temper of the party; alacrity and cordiality always prevailing among the subalterns. Nor was it only among those of Italian nationality that these effects were seen. The Norwegian contingent, inured more or less to the ingestion of alcohol, and using beer as a constant beverage at home, were manifestly better for the abstention from these drinks, as practiced on board the 'Stella Polare' and on the sledge journeys."

A REMARKABLE POPE.

From the New York Sun.

The death of Cardinal Parocchi leaves only one survivor besides the Pope himself of the conclave which elected Leo XIII. Cardinal Oreglia di Santo Stefano, still not much older than Cardinal Pecci was at the time of the election of twenty-five years ago, is the only member of the Sacred College not created by the present Pope. Leo XIII. has outlived every man who took part in his election save Cardinal Oreglia, and the greater number of Cardinals of his own creation besides. In five weeks more he will complete the twenty-fifth year of his Pontificate, and two weeks later his ninety-third year.

CHANGES AT THE UNIVERSITY.

There has been evidently a great upsettlement at the Catholic University. Bishop Conaty is no longer rector, and the institution has been put under the direct supervision of Cardinal Satolli.

What will be the precise effect of these changes it will be difficult to say now. Monsignor O'Connell, the new rector, has had experience in the American College at Rome and is no doubt fully conversant with the intentions and sentiments of the Holy See. There has been long talk of abandoning the university idea and converting the institution into a general seminary, but whether this could be done under the conditions of the endowments may prove a vexed question.

The Catholics of America expected great things from the University but they have been doomed to disappointment. From the beginning its career was troubled, and with age these troubles did not grow less. Its treatment of the Irish chair was not the least of its mistakes and it looks like poetic justice that the rector who forced out Dr. Henebry without giving him a hearing should himself now be without a place.

One of the great sources of the University's weakness was its divorce from the great body of the hierarchy. Very few of the Bishops looked with favor on its administration and the overwhelming majority refused to send students to its halls. It may be reserved for Monsignor O'Connell to break down this distrust. We hope for the honor of the Church he will succeed.—The Leader (San Francisco).

GOOD RESULT OF AGITATION.

The Catholic Association of Ireland has won its first victory. Perhaps it would be more correct to attribute it to the Catholic Shareholders' Committee. Anyhow the Great Southern and Western Railway, in deference to public opinion, has thrown open to public competition all future appointments in its service. Now let the Catholic shareholders see that the examinations are fairly conducted and the sad state of affairs we recorded last week will soon disappear. The Catholic youth of Ireland has always more than held its own in fair competition with the favored gang of the Protestant ascendancy. But the Irish Catholics must not be content with a single victory. Let the good fight go on 'till the last vestige of religious intolerance and exclusion is swept from the island by the besom of popular opinion and Catholic organization.—Leader.

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Mysterious Mr. Berger

I.

One beautiful morning in May, 1877, the door of a small house in the environs of the Dutch village of H— was seen to open and a fine-looking gentleman appeared on the threshold. Casting his eyes toward the hamlet, he remained motionless for a few moments; then, turning his back upon it, he began to walk in the opposite direction.

This gentleman had come to the place a few months before. All that was known of him was that he had arrived from Germany, accompanied by three persons—his sister and two domestics. The three last named attended Mass regularly, but the master of the household had never been seen to enter a church. If he had been a Protestant, nothing would have been thought of this circumstance; but the rumor having gone abroad that he was an unfaithful Catholic, the simple and pious folk of the village were as anxious to avoid his company as he seemed desirous of shunning theirs.

On this bright morning the stranger walked slowly in the direction of the convent, which stood in the middle of a large and beautiful garden, at the extremity of which was a miniature Grotto of Lourdes, always open to the devotion of the public, and very much frequented by the people of the neighborhood. When he reached the spot, his attention was drawn to the sound of a human voice in fervent and tearful prayer. It was that of a woman in distress, and this was the burden of her supplication:

"O Holy Mother of God, hear the prayer of a poor mother! You also had a Son for whom you shed many tears. Ah! you know the depth of the anxieties of a mother for her orphan children—" The rest was lost in sobs.

Mr. Berger advanced a few steps. On her knees in front of the statue a poor woman stretched forth her supplicating hands, tears falling from her sunken eyes, hollowed by poverty and care.

She rose immediately, having heard him approach. Recognizing him at once, she was seized with apprehension, fearful that this irreligious man would make light of her devotion. But, much to her surprise, he extended a kindly hand and said to her, in a sympathetic voice:

"My good woman, I have heard your prayer. Tell me your troubles. Perhaps the Mother of God, who sometimes uses human means to answer her clients, has sent me to you in order to aid you with regard to your children. Tell me what is wrong with them. I shall be glad to assist them by every means in my power."

What! This strange, silent mysterious man, who avoided everybody whom everybody avoided—could it be that the Blessed Virgin had sent him to her in her need? She looked into his calm, serene eyes, filled with compassion and benevolence, and wondered whether he had not been calumniated. Surely such a clear, untroubled gaze could not belong to a renegade and unbeliever. With a feeling of confidence inspired by that gentle, kindly face, the woman replied:

"Mr. Berger, you do not know me, and I had taken the resolution to confide my troubles to Heaven alone. But I feel that I must be frank with you. Perhaps it is the will of God that I should confide my anxieties to you. Five years ago I lost my husband. He was so ambitious, he had worked so hard, and we had already begun to make plans for our daughter Trine and our little Klaus. Unfortunately, he fell ill and died. All our savings went to pay the doctor and the funeral expenses. I redoubled my efforts, aided by my good daughter—little Klaus being still at school—and we were not so badly off as I had feared we should be. But now there is something else; yes, two new crosses seem to menace us. Little Klaus had finished the village school, and he wishes—he has always wished—"

The humble peasant woman hesitated, blushed, fumbled with her apron, and cast her eyes upon the ground.

The gentleman waited a moment, then said, encouragingly:

"He wishes to—?"

"It is a presumption, sir, perhaps," she said, "but he has set his heart on becoming a priest."

"Is he pious?" inquired Mr. Berger.

"Pious! He prays night and morning like an angel. I am poor," she went on; "I cannot pay his expenses, even if he were received. And Klaus weeps night and day, refusing to eat and drink, because he cannot study the things he is so anxious to learn in order that one day he may become a priest. I do not know what I shall do."

"Send your little Klaus to me," said Mr. Berger, after a moment's reflection. "I will see if I cannot do something for him. And now pray what is your other cross?"

"Trine, my daughter, has been asked in marriage by John Klarsen, whom she has known for a long time. He has a fine farm and has asked for Trine's hand several times, but I cannot give my consent."

"And why, my good woman? Does your daughter not like the young man?"

"She likes him very much."

"It seems to me, then, that you are unwise in rejecting his addresses. Will you not tell me your objection?"

"I do not like to tell you, Mr. Berger. It might offend you."

"No, not at all. How could it? Speak to me with perfect freedom."

"Well, Klarsen is not a religious man. For a long time he has been reading infidel books lent to him by a comrade with whom he served his three years in the Conscription; and lately he has ceased going to church altogether. Indeed, he has been heard to ridicule holy things. It would be impossible for me to give my Trine to such a man."

"Not if he promised never to meddle with her own faith? She might in time convert him, you know."

"It would be too great a risk, my dear sir. Sooner would Trine and I endure poverty than take such a risk. We could not do it."

The gentleman regarded the woman with silent admiration, which she, in her trepidation, mistook for reproach.

"Oh, sir!" she exclaimed, "forgive me if I have said anything of which you do not approve, as no doubt I have—if all reports be true. But my faith and that of my children is the dearest thing in the world to me. I dare not place it in jeopardy."

"You have not offended me," was the reply. "On the contrary, nothing that I have heard in a long time has pleased me so much as this evidence that firm and steadfast faith still exists in the hearts of the Dutch people. For as you are, so must your compatriots be."

"I trust in God they are," said the woman fervently. "How could any Catholic feel otherwise?"

"Send your little Klaus to me," continued the stranger. "I pledge you my word not to tamper with his faith or morals in any way. On the other hand I may be able to further his desires."

"Thank God and the Holy Mother!" said the happy woman. "I will send him, as you request. After all, you cannot be an enemy to religion, or you would not do this."

"I am not an enemy to religion," answered Mr. Berger, with a smile. "I hope soon to convince you of that fact."

With these words he departed.

The next morning Mr. Berger was walking up and down in his modest sitting room, wrapped in deep thought, from which he was finally roused by a timid knock, given for the third time on the half-open door.

"Come in!" he said, gently, pausing in his walk.

A boy of about fourteen, pale and thin, advanced slowly to his side. His transparent look gave him a look of spirituality, which the sweet, innocent glance from his fine eyes increased. His high forehead denoted intelligence.

"This must be little Klaus," said Mr. Berger, taking his hand.

"Yes sir," replied the boy. "My mother sent me to you."

"Come, sit down and let us have a little talk."

Klaus took the offered chair, his glance at once resting upon the books ranged along the shelves before him.

"Do you like books?" asked his host. "Are you fond of reading?"

"Oh, I like it very much!" answered Klaus, in a most agreeable voice.

Mr. Berger took down a History of the Church, from which he asked him to read. The boy did so with great expression and perfect comprehension of what was before him.

"That is very good," said Mr. Berger, "very good indeed."

The boy smiled. "I love to read aloud!" he said.

On the table lay a small book with the title "Ordo Breviarii Romani." The child murmured in a low voice, almost unconsciously: "Order of the Roman Breviary."

"You know Latin, then?" said Mr. Berger, surprised.

"Oh, no, sir—not at all!"

"How do you translate those words, then?" he asked.

"I just thought they must mean that."

"Repeat the Latin words aloud as you see them written on the cover."

Little Klaus said them over slowly but correctly.

"You tell me you have never studied Latin? How, then, do you pronounce it so well?"

"If I pronounce it well, sir, it is through hearing it from the altar."

"You have a great talent for languages, my boy," said the man. Taking a Latin book from one of the shelves, he placed it in the boy's hand. "Read some passages in this aloud at home," he said. "Come back to-morrow—come every day—and I will teach you Latin and some other things."

Overcome with joy, Klaus kissed the hand of his benefactor and promised to do as he was told. Then, eagerly hugging the book to his breast, he ran home.

After he had gone, Mr. Berger seated himself at his desk and wrote a long letter in German. Then he took his hat and cane and started for the farm of John Klarsen. On seeing his visitor, the young peasant did not conceal his surprise. The gentleman took a chair, and invited his host to do the same.

"My friend," said he, "I have called on business which perhaps you may not find agreeable, but in undertaking which I wish you to believe I have only your happiness in view. Tell me frankly why you no longer take part in the offices of your religion, and, not content with that, attack religion itself?"

Klarsen drew his eyebrows severely together, replying in a rude manner:

"That is nobody's business but my own, sir. I consider it a great piece of impudence for a stranger to question me thus."

"You were once very pious, I hear," continued Mr. Berger, not at all disconcerted by this reception; "but now I understand you are an avowed enemy of the Church."

The expression of anger on the face of Klarsen changed to a sarcastic smile.

"I should have very little difficulty in explaining the reason to one as devout as yourself. When one has such a fine example under one's very eyes, it is easy to say what one thinks."

The visitor did not at once reply. After a while he said:

"My friend, I regret having scandalized you, even though involuntarily. Circumstances have forced me into a position which is far more disagreeable to me than you can imagine; but I am glad to say it is nearly at an end. Of one thing I assure you; that I am absolutely convinced of the truth of our holy—of the Catholic religion, and that I regard the abandonment of it as the greatest evil which could possibly befall any one in this world. Come to see me as often as you like; we will discuss the subject together. You have, unfortunately, fallen under the influence of persons and books that have caused you to doubt great truths, with which hitherto you have, perhaps, been but imperfectly acquainted. You appear to be a sensible man, open to conviction, I fancy, when you shall see truth irrefutably opposed to sophistry and error. Come to see me; let us talk about things

and get well acquainted with each other."

With these words he took his leave; Klarsen conducting him hospitably to the door, and promising to pay him at least one visit in return for his call. As Mr. Berger passed from the house the farmer said to himself:

"That is a strange person. But it will do no harm to hear what he has to say."

To tell the truth, he was greatly flattered by the visit; Mr. Berger, in spite of his supposed irreligion, being regarded in the village as a man of some importance.

On the Feast of the Ascension an extraordinary thing occurred in the parish church of H—. Mr. Berger was seen approaching the Holy Table with the other devout parishioners. His fervent demeanor was that of one familiar with sacred ceremonials, quite foreign to the attitude in which, according to the belief of the people, he had held himself since coming to dwell among them. And, what was most strange, his sister and the two servants did not seem to be at all surprised at the unprecedented occurrence.

From that time forward he approached the Communion Table very frequently, also assisting at Mass every day. It is easy to imagine that the people ceased to regard him with suspicion; every one saluted him with the most profound respect, and the cure soon became his devoted friend.

Klarsen followed in the wake of his fellow-townsmen. His conversations with a man so learned as Mr. Berger soon showed him the fallacy of his own doubts; in a very short time he returned to the faith a fervor of his earlier years. Then who was more happy than Trine and her mother? Perhaps Klarsen himself; or more likely little Klaus, who was making wonderful progress in his Latin, under the gentle tuition of Mr. Berger. In the month of September he was admitted to the Petit Seminaire of Y—. But before his departure he had assisted at the happy marriage of Trine and Klarsen, where the bride was given away by her kind benefactor, who had long before this time conquered all hearts.

III.

But a trial was in store for the parish. Early in February, 1884, Mr. Berger and his three companions disappeared as suddenly as they had come; and no one, not even the cure, knew whither they had gone. After a residence of seven years—during which, though not a whisper of the identity of the mysterious stranger had been dropped, he had endeared himself to all who knew him—it was natural for people to regret, even to complain, that he had left them without a single word of farewell. But the climax was reached about a week later, when the good cure, ascending the pulpit, read, in a voice full of emotion, the following letter:

"Monsieur le Cure—I thank you for the great kindness I met with in your parish during the time of my sorrowful exile. And I pray you to pardon, and I ask the same grace of your parishioners, the seeming scandal given during the first period of my residence among you. My strange conduct was necessary in order that I might guard my secret and direct my diocese without inconvenience. I beg that you will accept for yourself and will convey to your people the blessing of old Mr. Berger—"

"Jean Bernard Brinkmann, Bishop of Munster."

"Munster, Feb. 18, 1884."

Many of our readers are doubtless ignorant of the fact that during the Kulturkampf the Bishop of Munster, confessor of the Faith, went into exile across the Dutch frontier. He was obliged to conceal the place of his sojourn, his position and his real name, in order to be able to hold correspondence with his diocesans. No doubt he adopted the name of Berger from its meaning, which in French is shepherd; as, though absent from them, he truly remained the faithful shepherd of his flock. In order still further to disguise his identity, he did not attend the parish church, but daily celebrated Mass in the private chapel which he had arranged in his home. To guard against compromising the cure, he had pre-

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served the same secrecy with him as with the parishioners. Later, when he felt confident that he had found a place of safety, he became satisfied that his excessive solitude might become a cause of suspicion; so he began to frequent the church and mingle in the devotions of the peasants; on occasions of great feasts omitting his private Mass and going to Holy Communion with the faithful.

To this day the memory of Monsignor Jean Bernard Brinkmann is cherished in that little Dutch village; and the mourning of the people was deep and universal when it was announced, some years later, that God had called the holy prelate to Himself.—Mary E. Mannix in The Ave Maria.

CONSIDERATIONS ON CATHOLICISM BY A PROTESTANT THEOLOGIAN.

Sacret Heart Review.CCXXVI.

On page 108 Lansing quotes Llorente as saying that the Spanish Inquisition had weakened Spain, besides other ways, "by immolating on its flaming shambles more than three hundred thousand victims."

This quotation is exact, as I can testify, having read Llorente's History of the Inquisition through from the beginning to end, in the French translation made at Paris under the author's immediate supervision.

Now what is the impression which Llorente evidently means to convey by this statement, and what is the sense in which Lansing evidently accepts it, and wishes us to understand it? Plainly that the Inquisition in Spain, during the 327 years of its existence, burnt alive more than 300,000 persons. I need not mention the brief revival under Ferdinand VII., for this appears to have executed only one. The story about a man's having been found at the Liberal uprising soon after 1820 bound under a pendulum so contrived as at every swing to come nearer the face, is a mere fabrication. Llorente knows nothing of it, nor the Methodist Dr. Rule, although the latter spent a long while in Spain, inquiring out every particular concerning the Inquisition.

Llorente knew very well, in opening his work, that the details would not bear him through in making out the Inquisition to have burnt 300,000 victims. At the end of the book he gives a summary of 31,000 sentenced to death, and about 310,000 to inferior punishments. However, wishing to make a powerful rhetorical impression at the first he throws the whole three hundred or three hundred and fifty thousand into one mass, as suffering on the "flaming shambles".

The worthlessness of Llorente as a statistical authority, and his utter unscrupulousness, have been made clear beyond all refutation by the learned Bishop Hefele, in his life of Cardinal Ximenes. He makes blunders as gross, if not quite so multiplied, as Lansing's own. Prescott too, although he himself repeatedly makes injurious misstatements concerning the religious legislation of Spain, treats Llorente's statistics concerning the Jews with the contempt which they deserve. For instance, Llorente's professed authorities give 100,000 as the number of Jews banished from Spain. Prescott, on a revision of evidence, assumes 160,000. Llorente, however, disdaining such trifles, tells us that the Sovereigns banished 800,000!

Now if we assume Llorente to have exaggerated as much about the Inquisition as about the Jews, (and why not?) we should suppose this to have put 4,000 to death, and sentenced 40,000 to lesser penalties. However, if we take Llorente's estimate, as I believe that the controlling documents have disappeared, so that we are very much at his mercy, what is the conclusion?

First, by Llorente's own details, no one, even of the 31,000, was burnt alive, except the small number of contumacious or relapsed heretics. All the rest, and a part of the contumacious, were hanged or garroted first, and their bodies burnt. For instance, of the thirty or forty Lutherans executed in Spain, although almost all adhered few were burnt alive.

Secondly, a considerable minority of the 30,000 were put to death for offences punishable by universal law.

Thirdly, the whole number executed by the Inquisition in three hundred and thirty years was not more than one-tenth of the number put to death in the same length of time, by Catholic and Protestant Germany alike, on the single charge of witchcraft.

Fourthly, Colonel Higginson, whose carefulness everybody knows, informs us that in ten years, towards 1700, four thousand persons were executed in Scotland as witches. If we assume an average of 400 for every ten years, during the stern Calvinistic control, we should have a total in 250 years of 10,000. Enlarging Scotland, then

thinly peopled, to the size of Spain, we should have 60,000 victims of this terrible superstition, twice the number put to death by the Inquisition, in eighty years more, for all offences whatever.

I am not quite sure but that this information comes from John Fiske instead of Colonel Higginson. However, it is equally trustworthy in either case.

Fifthly, while only a small number suffered death in Spain by burning alive, scarcely any other punishment seems to have been inflicted in Germany and Scotland on the enormous numbers punished as for witchcraft.

So much for Mr. Lansing's appeal to Llorente.

I may remark that in England and New England hanging, not burning, was the punishment prescribed for witchcraft. In neither country was the number of supposed witches particularly large. Ireland, however, appears to be the only country in which there is no record of an execution, either by hanging or burning, for imagined witchcraft. The Irish, as Froude himself suggests, seem to have always had a particular aversion to inflicting death on any religious ground.

Page 111 Father Hecker is quoted as saying: "There is, ere long, to be a state religion in this country, and that state religion is to be Roman Catholic." As Father Hecker has long since been proved never to have said this, we may pass this by as merely one of Mr. Lansing's innumerable falsehoods. Indeed, talk about a "state religion" from Dr. Hecker's mouth would have sounded about as strange as from Archbishop Ireland's, or that of Cardinal Gibbons.

Page 113 Dens is quoted as saying: "Infidels are not to be tolerated." Now I have never read a word of Dens, but I take it, of course, that he writes in Latin. The sentence therefore would be: "Infideles tolerandi non sunt." Now if Dens uses "infideles" in the invariable sense of the Church, any one who followed him here would find himself excommunicate. The only "infideles" known to the Church are those who have never professed the faith by baptism, and the only such class known to the Church in Christendom are the Jews. Now the Canon Law, as we see by consulting the Regesta of Innocent III., denounces excommunication against any who shall molest the Jews in the exercise of their religion.

It is in no way probable that Dens, writing in Latin, uses "infideles" in the popular English sense, as meaning those, who brought up Christians, signify that they no longer believe the Gospel. He can not mean heterodox Christians, for then he would call them "haeretici." As quoted by Lansing, therefore, he appears to mean nothing at all. We therefore need pay no attention to this professed citation until some one shows us the original in its context. If it should appear that he really means heretics by infidels, it would simply show that he was a very loose writer. However, we have lately seen, in the case of Bellarmine, what Mr. Lansing's quotations are worth. To take a not very long passage, cutting out three vital clauses, and thereby essentially changing the sense, rendering it, moreover, out of its context, so that, even if un mutilated, it would no longer bear the meaning which it has "in loco," is thoroughly characteristic of his unmeasured ignorance, intellectual slovenliness, and unappeasable malice. In due time we shall come to a very much worse crime of his than even this, one which places him in the lowest circle of opprobrious calumniators. And in his wickedness, through his confederate John Christian, is involved the whole body of the Southern Baptists.

I may remark that if Dens uses "infidels" in the common English sense, and declares that they are not to be tolerated, he would simply say what has lately been said by a Methodist bishop. Parker Pillsbury, in one of his unbelieving tracts, quotes, not without a warranted alarm, a declaration, made by this bishop, I think at Boston, that unbelievers ought to be out of the protection of the law. He gives the bishop's name, but I have for-

gotten it. Of course it could easily be recovered from the Boston Methodists.

Now I dissent profoundly both from Dens and from this Methodist bishop. Yet why should there be an outcry against the Catholic writer, when there is not a word of protest from Lansing and his accomplices against the Methodist who says just the same thing? It is not that they dislike intolerance, when they exercise it at the expense of one-sixth of their countrymen.

By the way, Lansing has no manner of right to call Dens "their great authority." It is hard to prove a negative, especially by an appeal to memory, but having read through the Jesuit Lehmkuhl's voluminous work, Tanqueray's extensive treatise, the Jesuit Hunter's popular theology, and Dr. Byne's little book, all recent and esteemed, I can not recall a single reference to Dens in any one of the four. If there are any, they are so harmless as to have drawn no particular attention.

CHAS. C. STARBUCK.
Andover, Mass.

FROM THE SACRED HEART REVIEW.

"While the lamp holds out to burn" John Rockefeller will keep on endowing universities. For an explanation see the increased price of oil.

Good citizenship is an excellent thing, but it is not the be-all and the end-all here. There are duties to the Church as well as to the state; tribute to be rendered to God as well as to Caesar.

God made the scarcity of potatoes, said John Mitchell, referring to "black forty-seven," but England made the Famine. So we may say to-day: The strike made the scarcity of coal, but the coal barons made the high prices.

The Dick Turpins and the Jack Sheppards of the old days robbed from the rich and gave to the poor. At the present time the poor are robbed through high prices for coal, oil and other necessities; and the money goes to found universities, libraries, art galleries, etc., and to finance missions to the Filipinos.

Even in Catholic Ireland the bogus priest is not unknown. A certain Michael Joseph Rogers, who has been posing there as a monk, was tried recently at a special court in Athenry, for using language calculated to incite people to a breach of the peace. He got six months in Galway jail. The law of the "cruel Saxon" comes in handy once in a while in Ireland.

A striking passage occurs in an account published in the Dublin Weekly Freeman of Christmas morning in an Irish prison. The writer, after describing the appearance and conduct of the prisoners at the Mass celebrated in the prison chapel says:—

"At the communion the prisoners come up in groups of five or six together. The prison officials also come up. And here is surely presented the best illustration imaginable of absolute equality of all men in the sight of God: the free prison officers and the condemned prisoners side by side at the altar. And it is impossible to refrain from remembering that the most wretched prisoner is receiving at the priest's hands the same great gift which is the hope and refuge alike of the proudest king and the poorest beggar."

Thousands of men who served in the Boer war are now tramping English towns and cities unable to obtain work. They fought for the extension of the Empire in England's armies of conquest, and now they are enlisted in England's great army of the unemployed. The conditions of hardship which prevail every winter in England for men of the working class have been intensified this season by the addition of thousands of ex-soldiers to the number of those already unemployed. The paragraph which we print in our news columns, "The starving Poor of Old England," gives a vivid picture of the state of affairs among these people. This is the seamy side of imperialism and conquest.

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