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Eight Illustrations

Catholic Record

LONDON, CANADA

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# The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXI.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY MAY 15, 1909.

1895

## The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1909.

### PROPHETS AT FAULT.

Time was when education was belauded as the remedy for all social evils. We were led to believe that when universities dotted the earth there would be the promised land for our weary feet. We were taught that when we rifled the earth of its secrets and looked up to the new sky made by telescope and astronomical calculations we should have full measure of peace and happiness. But as our paths are still thorny and our sky leaden it must be that either we have not the requisite number of seats of learning or that our education has not its alleged beneficent influence. Perchance the men who direct the studies have forgotten that labor and struggle are necessary for the mental development of their pupils, or have devoted their attention to sharpening the intellect rather than to rounding out the whole man.

### THE CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN.

After having read an address, optimistic and inspiring withal, on the progress of education, we were unfortunate enough to glance over the columns of the Christian Guardian—a religious weekly that out of its own misconception and prejudice paints a caricature which it calls the Catholic Church.

The editor may not see eye to eye with us on all matters, but he should be courteous and accurate when dealing with things Catholic. The fact of his editing a religious weekly does not give him immunity from the canons of social amenities. He should mind him of the words of Jas. Wesley: "Give me a man who, setting railleury and ill names apart, will maintain his cause by dint of argument."

And we say this in kindly spirit, for splenetic abuse and repetition of well-repeated calumny is un-Christian as well as un-Canadian and regarded as the most potent factor in the cause of hatred. He should come into the open and see things as they are. He should read the Protestant scholars of repute and understand that the Guardian methods have long since been appropriated by bigots who are strangers to culture and truth. It is very discouraging to hear the Guardian editor talk of the "absurd pretensions of the Vatican and its open hostility to the spirit of nationality and true liberty." Old talk, indeed, and vague and putrescent with the slime of prejudice. But why should he send it into Methodist households to engender ignorance and perpetuate antagonism to Canadians of other creeds. Fair play, Mr. Editor, to your co-religionists.

### SWINBURNE.

Swinburne, the poet, is gone to his own place. Considering his life and the pitiful use he made of his gifts, we cannot understand why some of our contemporaries should ransack the vocabulary of eulogy to express their appreciation of his poetry. He was a deft manipulator of words. His dithyrambs were melodious, and his muse, when free from the trammels of flesh, showed that he might have been one of the kings of song. But poetry is not a matter of alliteration, of singing utterances, of effeminate inanities. If we believe another writer, that poetry is the hand-maid of religion to help us beyond the confines of sense, that it is the mind and truth of things, we have no difficulty in assigning Mr. Swinburne to his rightful place.

It is gratifying to note that critics of repute waste little time over aesthetic and scented Paganism. They do not regard liontiousness as a branch of literature. And they contend that Swinburne and the other decadents bear no relationship to the great Greeks.

But, however his lines may please the ear it is sad that a life should have been wasted in making verbal flowers which too often smell of corruption.

A writer has well said that we shall never understand Paganism till we grasp the truth that instinct is utterly selfish when not directed by higher aims, and in man demands a constantly growing espousal of enjoyment which nature has none for all declined to give. That law, admitting of no exceptions, will suffice to justify the profound Miltonic dictum, "lust hard by hate. The hyena laments because, though he should discover the universe to be carrion he has not, nor ever can have, stomach for it all." Unlucky hyena who began with the primal falsehood that Nature made the universe to gratify his appetite.

### A WONDERFUL JESUIT.

We do not know what the Herald and Presbyter pays for stories, but we think that anyone with sufficient imagination could obtain a position on its staff and wax rich without subjecting himself to much mental worry. It takes but time to concoct a story about Catholics who read the Bible for the first time, to their great illumination, and the casting off the bonds of Rome. And one may always put in a few lines concerning sacerdotalism, tyranny, and superstition. The Herald and Pro-byter, however, is academic. With singular reticence it merely informs us on the testimony of an Italian correspondent that a Jesuit editor and missionary was converted by reading the Bible and the early Fathers. One is disappointed at not being told the name of this wonderful Jesuit. He must be an unique personality, this member of a society which knew the Bible and the Fathers too well to suit the Reformers.

### STRIKING DISCOURSE BY POPE PIUS X.

PROFOUND IMPRESSION MADE BY THE HOLY FATHER'S ADDRESS TO FRENCH PILGRIMS.—BLESSED JOAN OF ARC.

For the past week Rome seems to have been given up to France. One hears French spoken on every side. In the streets, museums, churches, trams and parks—French, scarcely intelligible but French. The influx of forty thousand pilgrims from a single country has made Rome rather a French than an Italian city these days.

With that enthusiasm which has always been part of the French character, Catholic France had decided to make the beatification of Joan of Arc a grand fête, worthy of the nation. And so three Cardinals, seventy Bishops between two and three thousand priests and forty thousand of the laity, in which all ranks, from the highest to the lowest, Senators, Deputies, nobles, down to the poorest ants in the quaint costumes of their native villages, were represented.

The ceremony of beatifying the Maid of Orleans attracted representatives of all nations and many sects to Rome, for the fate of the victim of English savagery and the blindness of a few ecclesiastics had captured all hearts. Comparatively few tickets of invitation, as the major domo of the Vatican had informed the public a week beforehand, could be given to those not of French blood—Frenchmen had very properly the first right to seats or standing room at the beatification. Punctually at 9:30 the procession of the members of the Congregation of Rites, the French prelates and the Chapter of St. Peter's marched from the Chapel of the Pieta to the space reserved for them between the tomb of the Prince of the Apostles and the reliquary in which his chair is kept in the apex of the basilica.

Permission being given by Cardinal Martinelli, O. S. A., prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, to publish the brief of beatification, the secretary of state, the Cardinal Rampolla, arch-priest of St. Peter's, to read it in the basilica. This being given as a matter of course, the decree was read in virtue of which the brave young girl whom the English burned in May, 1431, in the old market place of Rueen was declared a "Beata" of the Catholic Church to be honored on her feast to the end of time.

A thrilling scene followed. The magnificent painting of the new "Beata" in the apex, clad in full armor, with her sheathed sword and her banner firmly clasped, soaring up to heaven in the company of angels, was unveiled. Thousands of electric lights sparked on the picture and lighted up the eager faces of those fifty thousand Frenchmen. The Jubilate choir intoned the "Te Deum," and the sixty thousand persons present took it up and sang on to the end. Loud and long did the notes ring out, for the emotion was intense—five centuries of waiting and forty years of deep scrutiny were ended by that glorious moment for the Maid of Orleans.

### PIUS X. VISITATES THE BEATA.

Pope X. never attends the ceremony of beatification, though at a canonization he is always present. He comes, however, in the afternoon to venerate the new "Beata" in state. At 3:30 o'clock Sunday, preceded by a stately procession of Cardinals, Patriarchs, Archbishops, Bishops, generals of the religious orders and members of the parish priests of Rome, the Holy Father was borne into St. Peter's on the sedia gestatoria, surrounded by the Noble Guard and his court of prelates and distinguished laymen. Pius X. looked vigorously as he smilingly blessed the people to the left and right. But when the enthusiastic French at one point broke out into applause his face assumed a stern expression, and the Pope held up a warning finger to quell exclamations—a thing he will on no account tolerate in the church.

After the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, the Holy Father accompanied by Cardinal Rampolla, proceeded to the foot of the altar and kneaded the Sacred Host. The benediction being given, the brief ceremony terminated and the Pope was borne out of St. Peter's.

POPE RECEIVES 40,000 PILGRIMS.

On the following morning probably the largest pilgrimage in history to Rome was received by the Pope. Three French Cardinals, seventy Archbishops and Bishops, the great body of priests and laymen were punctually in St. Peter's at 11 o'clock awaiting the coming of Pius X. As on the previous day, His Holiness was borne in, and he immediately took his seat on the throne pre-

pared there temporarily among the dignitaries of France and Italy. The Bishop of Orleans, who had celebrated the Pontifical High Mass at the beatification the previous day, then read an address in French in the name of the pilgrims.

"You are Peter, O Supreme Pontiff," said the Bishop with energy. "Yesterday when you entered this basilica our voices, the voices of the choir, the voices of your illustrious predecessors the voices of the evangelists in the gigantic cupola overhead cried out to you with ardor, passion, enthusiasm. You are Peter!"

Monsieur Touchet then went on to detail the splendid testimonies France has given of devotion and loyalty to the Holy See, on accounts of loyalty of French Catholics averse to the "Papists and Romans." "Papists and Romans we certainly are," added the Bishop of Orleans, "but we are also true Frenchmen of France."

After vehemently emphasizing the fact that their intense devotion to Rome does not lessen one whit their sense of patriotism, their love of France and their desire to serve her—rather the contrary—Mgr. Touchet passed to loyalty to the person of the Pope. "To Pius X.," he said, "to the Pope of Jeanne d'Arc with all the truth of our souls with all the veneration of our wills, with all the love of our hearts, our representatives of the Church of France say: 'Long live, glory and inexhaustible thanks.'"

At this moment the Bishop, about overcome by emotion, terminated his address and then went to kiss the Pope's hand. The Holy Father shook his hand heartily and then arose to read, reading from a manuscript a somewhat full of tenderness to the cause, address to the Bishops, priests and the faithful part of the Church there, and of hearty thanks for the example of self-sacrifice and heroism which the French hierarchy has given the world.

### A STRIKING PONTIFICAL UTTERANCE.

The Pontiff's discourse made a profound impression on the vast audience, and it has since created almost a sensation throughout France, through the admiration for the Bishops, priests and the faithful part of the Church there, and of hearty thanks for the example of self-sacrifice and heroism which the French hierarchy has given the world.

"To the politicians, who denounce the Church as an enemy, and declare unintermittently war against her; to the sectaries who, with a hatred worthy of hell, continually vilify and calumniate her; to the false knights of science who accuse her of being the enemy of liberty, civilization and intellectual progress, and by their sophistries endeavor to make her hated—to these reply boldly that the Catholic Church, mistress of Jesus and queen of hearts, is the spouse of Jesus Christ. Having everything in common with Him, rich in His goods, depositary of the truth, she alone can claim veneration and love from the peoples."

"Thus he who revolts against the authority of the Church under the thin pretext that she invades the rights of the State, revolts against truth; he who declares the Church a stranger in a nation declares also that truth must be a stranger there; and he who fears that the Church weakens the liberty and greatness of a people is obliged to avow that a people can be great and free without truth. According to whatever name is given it, cannot lay claim to love if it makes war on truth and outrages what is most sacred in man. It will be feared under the threat of the sword. It will be applauded by hypocrites, self-interest and servility. It will be obeyed, because it has religion preached to it, because submission to human power, provided that power does not demand anything opposed to God's holy law. But if the carrying out of this duty towards human power renders obedience more meritorious, it will be neither tender, nor joyful, nor spontaneous and it will never deserve to be called veneration or love. The sentiment of veneration and love can be inspired only by the country which pursues, in holy alliance with the Church, the true good of humanity."

You will have proof of this, venerable brethren, if you consider that it is in the ranks of the faithful children of the Church that the fatherland has always found its saviors and its best defenders; if you remember the saints are invoked in the hymns and the sacred liturgy, as the fathers of the fatherland.

"Above the heroes and the saints cast your eyes on their King and Master, our Lord Jesus Christ. He subjected Himself to human authorities. When He entered Jerusalem whose approaching ruin He foresaw, He wept with sorrow on thinking of how the ungrateful city, so favored by God, abused so much grace and failed to recognize the benefits of its Redeemer's visit."

"We rejoice with you, dearly beloved Catholics of France, who fight under the banner of the true patriot, Joan of Arc, on which banner we seem to see written these two words, 'Religion and country.' We rejoice with you, who, with all the ardor of your souls, acclaim this heroine, who was the victim of the base hypocrisy and cruelty of a renegade, but who was, however, always constant to the end of Jesus Christ, to Whom she appealed in her distress as to her last resource."

### AN EXTRAORDINARY TRIDUUM.

To say that the triduum held in St. Luigi di Francesi, the national church of the French in Rome, in honor of Joan of Arc, following the beatification, has been attended with truly extraordinary devotion is not an exaggeration. Each

day and each evening one of the Cardinals of the Roman Curia or of the French hierarchy has shared the ceremonies with the Bishops of France in presence of enormous crowds. The panegyric of the Maid preached last evening by the Bishop of Orleans drew an immense crowd, so much so that Italian policemen had to be requisitioned to keep the doors and inlet passage inside the church—so intense was the people's desire to be present.

On Monday the Archbishop of Paris, Mgr. Amette, opened the triduum with Pontifical High Mass. In all my years in Italy I have not seen any church so beautifully decorated as the French national church was for the occasion. Damask hangings and cloth of gold hung on the pillars and frieze; chandeliers bearing countless lights were suspended from the sanctuary to entrance, while the beautiful painting of Blessed Joan was placed over the high altar and lit up by electric bulbs.

### ANOTHER CELEBRATION.

When all the Catholic world and a good deal of the Protestant part of it is engaged in honoring the martyr to English chagrin, one body in Rome tries to use her name to dishonor the Church of the Maid was such a faithful daughter. From a window of the Palazzo Nuovo, within a stone's throw of the altar, a black flag hung on Sunday during the beatification, a flag belonging to the infamous Society of Giordano Bruno, the followers of the unclean monk who apostatized and suffered a well-deserved death in the sixteenth century. The meeting to which "all good followers" of Bruno were invited by advertisement was attended by about thirty men and—well, ladies!

### CATHOLICS AND SOCIALISM.

We are frequently asked: Can a man be a socialist without ceasing to be a Catholic? How far may a Catholic accept the teachings of Socialism? What should be the attitude of a Catholic towards Socialism? Why has Socialism been condemned by the Church? All these practically resolve themselves into this one question: "How far is Socialism consistent with Catholicity?" I shall try to answer this question as briefly as possible.

It would be foolish to make light of the grievances of labor or to condemn unreservedly all that Socialism demands. We need not close our eyes to facts. We have nothing to fear from truth and from clear ideas on this, as on every other subject. Every intelligent Catholic admits, as well as the socialist, glaring injustices from which the proletariat suffer. Without being a socialist, the Catholic is a social reformer; in other words he stands for the amelioration of the condition of the laboring classes; but, unlike the socialist, he desires to gain that end by legitimate means.

It would be a mistake to suppose that when you have taken a harrowing glimpse of the evils growing out of the unequal distribution of wealth and the heartlessness of organized capital and greed, you have established the right of Socialism to displace the existing social order. Both social reformer and socialist admit the need of reform, but differ in the means for its accomplishment. Both start out with the same premise: that the conditions requiring remedy are deplorable. But, says the socialist, Socialism is the only remedy, because by its collectivism or common ownership it removes the cause of the evil, which is the inequality of conditions resulting from the unequal distribution of property. No, says the social reformer, the remedy is neither the one remedy nor any remedy at all, because it rests on false principles, is untried, impracticable, impossible, unjust, whether considered as a scientific system, a plan of reform, an industrial revolution, a practical program, a revolutionary or evolutionary theory.

There are many measures advocated by socialists and called by them socialistic which are not so, unless they be regarded as steps to the socialistic ideal. For instance, state regulation of industry, wages and hours of labor, single tax, inheritance tax, taxation of incomes, municipal or national ownership or administration of railways, gas, post-office, water, electric light, traction lines and other public utilities, are not really socialistic nor even evidence of society drifting towards Socialism. No doubt these enterprises can be fitted into a socialistic scheme, but they are quite compatible with the existing social order and some of them exist under it. As

long as the right of private property remains unchallenged, unimpaired and intact, as long as compensation is given for property taken, no Catholic goes beyond his political rights or violates his religious duty by advocating such measures. Socialism has no right to claim as its exclusive possession what it can assemble its forces.—M. P. Dowling, S. J., in America.

Many who call themselves socialists are not so in the true sense of the word. They are far from being anarchists or atheists; on the contrary, they are God-fearing men, sincerely desirous to better the condition of the poor and unwilling to adopt any unlawful means; they respect the extravagant teachings of the irreverent leaders, as far as they advert to them at all as connected with socialistic aims. They are simply mistaken and misled in supposing that Socialism, as taught to-day, is merely an economic program that has nothing to do with the idea of morality or religion. Many do not see that there is a natural antagonism between Socialism and the Church, because they ignore the distinctive marks of that economic system. Now common usage makes Socialism signify a comprehensive remedy for social evils, which proposes to transform not only the industrial system, but the entire moral order on which Christian society has inherited rest. Balfour expresses the idea very tersely when he says: "Socialism means, and can mean nothing else, than that the community or the state is to take all the means of production into its own hands, that private enterprise and private property are to come to an end, and that private enterprise and private property carry with them that is Socialism, and nothing else is Socialism."

This was the one meaning of the word recognized by Pope Leo XIII when he examined and condemned the teaching of Socialism. Whoever holds the central doctrine of collective ownership and denies the right of private property is a socialist and cannot call himself a Catholic; whoever disavows these two doctrines may be a Catholic, for he is not a socialist.

The philosophy on which Socialism rests is materialistic; its theory of human life is un-Christian. The leaders of this cult continually insist that man's universe is confined to this life. They say in theory and in practice that this is the only world worth living for, that the next world is uncertain and unknowable. They believe that man's happiness and success are measured by the amount of goods things he possesses here below. In other words, the view of man's origin, his end and destiny is perverted or obliterated. The rank and file of socialists are fast becoming inoculated with these opinions. It is plain that men imbued with such notions are demoralizing associates, that such an atmosphere of thought and innuendo is unwholesome and dangerous for Catholics, utterly at variance with what they are bound to believe and practise. As a consequence those who become radical socialists do not need to be read out of the Church. Experience teaches that sooner or later, of their own free will and by the logic of events and of consistency, they cease to be Catholics.

It is unfortunately too true that nearly all the leaders of Socialism are pronounced enemies of any form of supernatural religion, with all the consequences which such a position implies. In this respect Shaw, Hyndman, Queloh, Bax, Pearson, Blatchford and Bebel, agree with Marx and La Salle in regarding Christianity as an absurd superstition or worse. Almost without exception the leaders are distinctly anti-religious. If not anti-Christian and anti-theistic they are very definitely non-Christian and non-theistic. They have grafted these errors irreparably on Socialism and made them an essential part of the system. Their ultimate aim is to sweep away, with the system which gave them birth, religious institutions, morality, the constitution of the family, individualism, and all our accepted social relations.

If well meaning men among the socialists hope to conciliate the Church, the true friend of labor, the traditional helper of the working classes, the historical and natural ally of the downtrodden, an unappreciated aim is to sweep away the religious institutions, morality, the constitution of the family, individualism, and all our accepted social relations.

An archaeological discovery has been made at the Church of St. Marcello, Rome, which at the time of the persecution of Christians was the only place of Christian worship in Rome. An altar, composed of pagan cipell or sculptured marble, containing relics of saints, enclosed in medieval altar covered with modern marble, was found behind the present altar. The discovery practically shows the successive transformations in the architecture of the Christian worship since the time of Pope Marcellus, who was elected in the year 308.

Archbishop Farley has found it necessary again to warn the faithful against priests, who frequently garbed as priests and nuns, go about soliciting charity in the name of the Church or religious institutions, with which they have no connection. The Archbishop states that the abuse has come to such a pass that not only are the factually grossly imposed upon, but even dances are held in public halls and other questionable means are employed to gather money for supposedly religious purposes.

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### Which Heritage?

The rich man's son inherits lands  
And piles of brick and stone and gold  
And he inherits soft, white hands  
And tender flesh that fears the cold,  
Nor dares to wear a garment old—  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.  
What doth the poor man's son inherit?  
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,  
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit,  
King of two hands, he does his part  
In every useful toil and art—  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

Oh, rich man's son there is a toll  
That with all others level stands;  
Large charity doth never sell  
But only whiten soft, white hands;  
This is the best crop from thy lands—  
A heritage it seems to me,  
Worth being rich to hold in fee.  
Oh, poor man's son, scorn not thy state;  
There is worse weariness than thine  
In merely being rich and great;  
Toil only gives the soul to shine  
And makes rest fragrant and benign—  
A heritage it seems to me,  
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both heirs to some six feet of sod  
Are equal in the earth at last;  
Both children of the same dear God,  
Prove title to your heirship vast  
By record of a well filled past—  
A heritage it seems to me,  
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

### CATHOLIC NOTES.

The Knights of Columbus are making definite plans to raise an endowment fund of \$500,000 for the Catholic University.

Rev. Hugh C. Boyle, secretary to the Bishop of Pittsburgh, has gone to the Catholic University to prepare himself for the position of diocesan school inspector.

It is authoritatively reported that Mrs. Rosa C. Klorer, of Canton, O., who presented the McKinley homestead to the Cleveland diocese for Mercy Hospital, will make an additional donation of \$40,000 for the enlargement of the institution.

In the Congo there are 26,000 Catholic catechumens, two hundred and thirty priests, a large number of brothers and a hundred Missionary Sisters are toiling there for the salvation of souls. They have 104 schools, 34 orphanages, 21 hospitals, and 20 dispensaries.

Rev. George Bin, O. S. B., who was professor of Latin of St. Benedict's College, died at St. Michael's Hospital Newark, N. J., April 27. Tuberculosis caused death. Father Bin was born in Germany forty-nine years ago, and was ordained in Wilmington, Del., twenty-one years ago.

The Rev. Joseph H. Singer, O. P., died suddenly Easter Sunday morning in the rectory of St. Vincent Ferrer's Church, New York, as he was about to go out to say early Mass at the Convent of the Little Sisters of the Poor in East Seventieth street. He had only recently remarked that he felt in splendid health and expected to live to be a hundred. He was seventy years old.

The elevation to the Bishopric of Mgr. Gorrodoro of Cebu is advancing the strength of the Faith. A famous revolutionary general, Areadio Masillon, begs the Bishop to receive him into the true church again from which he withdrew through ignorance and persuasion into the schism of Aglipay. Don Vicente Sotto, a notorious Freethinker, has also written a letter to the Bishop congratulating him upon his elevation.

It is announced that a check for \$10,000 has been received from Lord Strathcona in aid of the Home for the Incurables at Cote des Neiges, Canada. The Canadian high commissioner had previously made a contribution to the institution, consequently Archbishop Bruchesi, to whom his Lordship forwarded the check, and the friends of the hospital are particularly gratified at the latest evidence of Lord Strathcona's generosity and interest in the institution.

In crossing Third avenue at Sixty-third street, New York, on April 27, Sister Angela, attached to the Incarables at Cote des Neiges, Canada. The Canadian high commissioner had previously made a contribution to the institution, consequently Archbishop Bruchesi, to whom his Lordship forwarded the check, and the friends of the hospital are particularly gratified at the latest evidence of Lord Strathcona's generosity and interest in the institution.

An archaeological discovery has been made at the Church of St. Marcello, Rome, which at the time of the persecution of Christians was the only place of Christian worship in Rome. An altar, composed of pagan cipell or sculptured marble, containing relics of saints, enclosed in



Jean nodded his acquiescence. "O'est vrai," he said, "but not here. And when Pierre, as had come to be his wont, discussed this point also with Father Gagnon, the priest said gravely: "Jean speaks but too truly, Pierre. It is a man's interest in a city, to have it as few children as possible. They are 'in the way,' and mean expense. On a farm, as Jean says, they mean help, they are a source of true wealth, of pride of comfort. And a man's interest is his strongest motive, whether it be for the race or against it. How could it be otherwise? Let them answer for it," he concluded, almost bitterly, "who have sent us here."

Always the same race issue, Pierre thought sadly, with a knowledge seemingly beyond his years, but due, it may be fancied, to the quick, sympathetic insight of his nature, one of the chief qualities, that is to say, of the coming leader of men. And in the light of Father Gagnon's admission, he set himself to study matters yet more closely. The streets, he saw, were the children's only playground, the worst, morally and physically, that could be imagined. They were not children, most of them, but stunted drudges of the factories and mills; and women, old in a precocious most appalling familiarity with evil; even the sons and daughters of good, pious habitantes, driven, as he had been, to this land of bondage. As to the grown men and women of his own race, he had lessons yet to learn of drink, of vice, of faith forgotten or denied, of names anglicized to hide the shame of national if not religious apostasy. And though such cases, he was assured, were comparatively few, still they but strengthened his growing conviction that towns and factories, most of all, in a strange land, were utterly unsuited to his people, farmers and country dwellers for three centuries. All that he saw might, he felt convinced, have been minimized at least, if not wholly avoided, had his people only migrated to the farms of the Northwest, to the Land of Promise, instead of coming here, attracted by the hope of speedy gain, a hope which, he began to see, was at best but partially realized, if at all.

Such conclusions were not, of course, quickly reached, and though Pierre Martin's ideas already formed, predisposed him to arrive at a judgment and a fairness equal to his insight, before accepting his conclusions as established. Time and again, he talked the matter over with his brother Jean or with Father Gagnon, honestly resolved to take their view of it, rather than his own; and every time was confirmed in his conviction that there was but one remedy possible, that, namely, which, in his own mind, he already designated "The Great Exodus," the return of his people to their own land.

And daily, in spite of all that his humility and self-distrust could urge to the contrary, the corresponding conviction grew stronger and more distinct, that it was he, Pierre Martin, who had been chosen by God Himself to lead them back again.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ONLY AN INCIDENT.

It was only a small thing apparently, but the sun of small things makes a world. Experience shows us this; and many a trilling incident acts and reacts till ultimately its influence affects the largest and highest interests. So when Harry Watson raised his hat in reverence to the church door, he little dreamed what would hang from the chain whose first link he forged that day.

of deliberately inflaming our curiosity; and the sentence of the court is that you explain forthwith—and without the option."

"I hardly think you will understand," repeated Harry, slightly embarrassed; "but as you wish it, I will give you the reason. It is very simple, at least to a Catholic. In our churches we reserve the Blessed Sacrament or Holy Eucharist; that is to say, the Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity of Jesus Christ is there present under the form of bread. The Blessed Sacrament is kept in a little tabernacle on our altars; and as it is only fitting when a Catholic passes the church he raises his hat in reverence of the God made man present through love on the altar." He stopped and exclaimed: "But I seem to be preaching as though I were all I should be."

Norris seemed thoughtful, and Harry spoke a few more words on the Blessed Sacrament, in response to a remark of Richardson's. Then there was a lull and the conversation flagged, all being more or less occupied with their own thoughts. Soon they separated, going their various ways. A few days after Harry Watson, in response to a telegram, returned to his own office and soon almost forgot his brief stay in the Northern town.

Time speeds on when there is work to do and it is done honestly and conscientiously; and three years that elapsed since Harry Watson paid his brief relieving visit North left him more mature indeed, but little changed. He had lately married and rented a pretty residence in the suburbs with easy access to the city by the cable tram. Just now he was very busy at the annual balancing and could snatch but a brief half hour for lunch in town. As he was rather late, the crush was over, and there was but one other at the little table where he sat. He glanced carelessly at him, but the face was unfamiliar, so he busied himself with the luncheon. His table companion—no other than Phil Norris—eyed him intently for a little time and at last broke the silence.

"I beg your pardon, but is your name Watson?" he asked.

"Yes," said Harry, with a look of polite surprise.

Norris went on: "My name is Norris. I think I met you some years ago, when you were North relieving, but you would hardly remember me. I was in the bank at B—."

Watson remembered, and after a pleasant reminiscent chat invited him over for supper. "If you are not otherwise engaged and could manage, I would be very pleased to have you come out this evening to supper."

"Well, then, that's settled," said Harry. "Meet me at the King street tram at 5:10, and I'll pilot you out."

And with a cordial shake hands they parted. As the tram swung round from King street past St. Mary's the two young men raised their hats quietly but reverently, and an old priest, a fellow passenger, murmured a "Benedicite" on their manly faith.

Soon round the cozy table at Watson's home the time was passing pleasantly, and the friendly chat turned naturally to the visitor's impression of Sydney. Norris was enthusiastic about everything. "It is simply magnificent and," with a smile, "to a poor rustic like myself, an education. The Cathedral especially is beautiful and to me like a great religious poem. It is an epic in stone." Watson cordially assented.

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"Not marry? Nonsense, man. Why not?"

"Well, I am only waiting to arrange matters, and then I leave for Rome to study for the priesthood. Good bye!"

When Norris' plans were told her Mrs. Watson fairly beamed with joy on her husband. "Oh, Harry, isn't it splendid? And to think he owes the beginning to you. Didn't I always say you were so good—the best man in the world?" she cried enthusiastically.

"I am afraid I am very far from it," said Harry; "and my part was but a small one, though great things did result."

"Anyway," he went on earnestly, "even if my actions should not be a stimulant to good for others, I hope at least that never an act or duty omitted on my part may prove a stumbling block or hindrance in another man's way to truth or a better life."

Is there a needed lesson here?

**WHEN O'CONNELL RECEIVED COMMUNION.**

The piety of the great leader of the Irish people, Daniel O'Connell, was one of the most striking phases of his many-sided character. The very Rev. Canon O'Rourke, P. P., in his book "The History of the Irish Famine" says of the Liberator that he was fervently devoted to the holy practices of the Catholic Church; and the same author gives this picture of O'Connell when approaching the Holy Table:

It was a sight not to be forgotten to see him attend Mass and receive Holy Communion in Clarendon street. When he was at home, his habit was to walk from Merrion square to that, his favorite chapel, to eight o'clock Mass. On these occasions he usually wore a very ample cloak, the collar of which concealed the lower half of his face. Thus enveloped, he entered the sanctuary with an expression of recollection so profound that it might have been a Trappist who had entered. So it was during the holy communion; he seemed perfectly unconscious of any human creature being in the place, except the priest at the altar before him. He seldom used a prayer-book, and his eyes were never once raised during the whole time. Buried in his great cloak, he moved noiselessly out, as he had entered—a bright example—a very model—to the whole congregation.—S. H. Review.

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We reduce life to the pettiness of our daily living; we should exalt our living to the grandeur of life.—Philip Brooks.

To judge of the real importance of an individual, one should think of the effect his death would produce.—Lewis.

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Apostolic Delegation, Ottawa, June 13th, 1909.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. My Dear Sir:—Since coming to Canada I have met with a...

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1909.

Dear Sir:—For some time past I have read your estimable paper...

Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, T. D. FALCONE, Arch. of Larissa, Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1909.

A CHICAGO PROFESSOR AND PROPHET.

If money could make a university the university of Chicago should be a paragon.

But money can do no more for institutions of higher learning than royalty can pay the way thereto.

These secular academies make a great parade, brass band and circus-like procession.

Some of their professors beat time while the band plays. Others dig and delve for microbes with somewhat more success.

Scientific men are also, when they confine themselves to their own sphere, serving the world with honor and usefulness.

civilization and perfection of the race ca. the world benefit by aught else than the Church which Jesus of Nazareth founded upon Peter's unfailing faith...

ANSWER TO A PROTESTANT CORRESPONDENT.

A correspondent has written us a rather lengthy letter bearing upon several points. We select one as sufficient for the present.

He says: "I love and worship and find comfort in the same Christ that you serve. Whatever you have more than I have must be found outside of Christ, for He is mine in all His fullness."

In your last issue you said that Protestantism had little to offer the heathen though you knew this: We had Christ to offer.

He says: "I love and worship the same Christ who was 'conceived of the Holy Ghost and was born of the Virgin Mary.'" Our personal worship of, and attachment to, the Christ, is the least factor in the great problem of Christian love and peace.

Single grains of sand are the unstable foundation for God's temple. When Protestantism threw away the sacraments it abandoned the treasures of grace and worship.

When it replaced the altar by the reading desk the increase of public prayer no longer rose from Basilica and Cathedral. When Protestantism denied the Real Presence it had no bread of Eternal Life to break to the famished souls of the wilderness.

Not any glory with which the temples might be filled. All was taken away—mystic vestment, holy altar, sacrifice, victim, priesthood. Surely Protestantism is empty-handed.

One point before closing. Our correspondent thinks that if we have anything which he has not it must come from some source which is not Christ and must be found outside of Christ. Whether he is hinting at the Communion of Saints or the Church we do not know.

There is no saint, not even God's Blessed Mother, whose graces and mercies and privileges did not spring from Him who is the font and plenitude of all. The Church is His—His spouse, His kingdom. No teaching that cannot be traced back to His holy law—no sacrament that is not the channel of His redeeming blood—no sacrifice that is not the praise and prayer and memorial of Calvary's atoning holocaust...

think that the character of a novel or a story has no more right to belie his neighbor, still less foully to calumniate an institution than any living man or woman.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor" is a commandment still imposing its burthen upon the novel writer as well as upon the editor or the reporter.

Here is Mr. Hoeking bringing characters into his story, and putting this language into the mouth of one who pretends to pose as Cardinal Cajetan: "I will show these Germans that the Church is a law unto herself, doing what she will and as she will. I will show them that if the Pope makes it lawful for a man to kill his own mother, it is naught to them, and that they must believe and obey."

Nothing can be more revolting to Christian sentiment than for a writer to teach falsehood and perpetuate discord. Whether the lesson is concealed by fiction or whether it is openly expressed in editorial column or in pulpit utterance cannot rid it of its malignant character.

The trail of the serpent is over it still. Nor can the excuse be alleged that the present extract is for Presbyterian readers. It is all the more to be severely condemned.

Young Presbyterians read it, devour it and accept it as a statement which cannot be contradicted. From this belying calumny they receive their first impression of the Catholic Church and the Pope.

Calumny is not romance nor history—still less justice or charity, religion or peace. If "The Sword of the Lord" is the kind of reading the Presbyterian thinks best and most proper for the homes of its people we can understand the continued prejudice against the Church and the ignorance of people concerning things Catholic.

These Presbyterian guides are blind hirelings—malignant, shocking, forgetful of the first universal demands of peace and truth.

"AN INTERCOMMUNING ACT." This is the latest move on the part of the Church-governing House of Commons of England. It cannot fail to attract the attention and excite the comment of some Anglicans who regard the pulpit as higher than an ordinary platform or who have a view about "orders."

The proposal is made in all seriousness that "it shall be lawful for any clergyman of the Church of England to preach or minister in any building or chapel of any other Christian denomination with the assent of the minister or owners thereof."

years before and that we might infer that it came down from apostolic times. The first modern law decreeing death as penalty for heresy was proclaimed by the emperor, Frederick II., in 1220.

He ranked it more grievous than high-treason. Pope Innocent III. appointed two inquisitors during the Albigensian troubles; but the Inquisition does not appear as a recognized tribunal until 1229.

So far as the Spanish Inquisition was concerned it was mainly a political institution and the result of extraordinary political circumstances. The long drawn struggle of eight hundred years between the Spaniards and the Moors brought about a hatred between two races which could never amalgamate.

different in blood, in interests, in character and vastly different in religion. All prisoners taken in war by the Moors were sold in slavery in Morocco.

Religious orders were established by the Christians for the redemption of these poor captives. Military orders also sprang up; and the crusade was preached against the common foe of religion and country.

When in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella the Spaniards regained their sovereignty, the Moors began plotting and rebelling until the Spanish government gave them the extreme and doubtful alternative of either becoming Christian or quitting the country.

A royal court of judicature, known in history as the Inquisition, was established, whose officers were under royal appointment and whose sentences of confiscation accrued to the king. Open heresy was not the only question it had to try.

It derived its authority from the king and was directed to his advantage. All were subject to it. It was in spirit and tendency a political institution.

It cannot be laid upon the Church—for whatever influence the Church had in, or through, it was to moderate its decrees. As Guizot says: "The Inquisition was much more political than religious, and destined to maintain order, rather than, to defend the faith."

Another charge against the Inquisition is its cruelty. These abuses have been grossly exaggerated. Undoubtedly the Inquisition started under extreme pressure from the intrigues of the Moors and the Jews and was strengthened in severity by Philip II. some sixty years later.

unmaking of Ireland has been boycotted by this same Royal Dublin Society for the reason that it contained so many truths which proved distasteful to these learned gentlemen.

Public opinion, however, visited them in such a fierce fashion that they were compelled to call off their boycott and permit the book to be placed on the shelves of their great library in Kildare street.

PROF. GASTON BONIER of the University of Paris, declares that a hive of honey bees is a type of pure and unadulterated Socialism.

"A bee hive," he says, "is a perfect example of the equalitarian product of state socialism, where there is neither love nor self-devotion, neither pity nor charity; where everything is sacrificed to society and its welfare through ceaseless labor; where there is no Government, no rulers; where there is discipline without subordination. It is the realization of ideal collectivism."

If humanity is to be kept on earth only by the sacrifice of all individuality, as among the bees, by the sacrifice of every joy and every virtue, I should not be surprised if, some fine morning, the fancy should seize man to swarm to another planet!

The bees however, are in many respects vastly different from Socialists. Each particular socialist would expect his brother socialist to gather the honey while he would sit down, do nothing, and consume it.

SIR GORELL BARNES, President of the English Divorce Court, has retired, but he has initiated a movement the object of which is to bring about a reform in the law as regards divorce.

It would appear that divorce in England is a luxury reserved for the rich, but the proper reform would be not to institute such a change as would make the granting of divorce inexpensive.

Of course, in the eye of the law a poor man should be placed on the same footing as the man of wealth, but to neither should a divorce be granted at all. This is the law of God, and in no case should the law of man dare to override it.

Statistics prove that the divorce evil is leading us fast and furious on the down grade—leading us back to barbarism. In Canada there is to be found briefless lawyers of the third-class who advocate the establishment of divorce courts, but it is to be hoped their scheme will never materialize.

MORE THAN ONCE we have drawn attention to the scandal caused by the action of some of the clergymen of the sects in advertising their services in a manner which savors not a little of the vaudeville show.

In some cities, too, the members of the Y. M. C. A., we regret to state, engage the services of the travelling evangelist and herald his coming by printing on their bill boards some text of a remarkably erratic character.

While "yellowness" may be overlooked when indulged in by newspapers, the average man will say that it is entirely inexcusable in connection with Church work.

It has a tendency to bring Christianity into disrepute in the minds of many thoughtful men who have regard for the fitness of things. We are led to these remarks because of an utterance recently made in Toronto by a Presbyterian clergyman, Rev. Dr. Orr, of Glasgow.

It was amazing to see how preachers got away from the bible. They had only to see the themes advertised for sermons on Sunday nights. They had politics, social questions, marriage, Browning and Tennyson. He knew that the Gospel touched all things, and did not disparage a love of literature, but a preacher was hard up if he had to get away from the great central things for a subject.

It was the lack of preaching of the Gospel that was emptying their churches. We hope the clergymen to whom this refers will make a note of it. If the laity have come to such a pass that they are tired of hearing sermons based on the word of God, it were better to lock up the churches.

When a place of worship becomes merely one of entertainment, there is urgent need for home missionary work. The Pagans are not all in distant lands.

MGR. SBARRETTI ISSUES CALL FOR PLenary COUNCIL. IMPORTANT ROMAN CATHOLIC GATHERING SET FOR QUEBEC IN SEPTEMBER NEXT.

The following is the text of the letter of induction of the first plenary council of Canada, to be held in the city of Quebec next fall.

"Donatus Sbarretti, by the grace of God, and favor of the Apostolic See, Archbishop of Ephesus, Apostolic Delegate. To all the most illustrious and most reverend metropolitans and bishops, and to the right reverend vicars and prefects apostolic in the Dominion of Canada, as well as to the right reverend abbots and very reverend superiors of religious orders of congregations, and to all others who by law or custom should be present at the plenary council. Peace and salvation in the Lord:

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MAY MOST Runners of the press that late who so v... J'pal Deleg... great Ameri... give place to... the Holy See... to note, no r... rumors. The Tribune of an interview... will be muc... it will beve... Catholics are... eminent a... has in such... himself to... country, wit... amongst th... "During t... press despat... rumors to r... lency Dion... leave Amer... cessor in t... Our editor... Washington... audience wh... quently the... wically the... Falconio's... entirely fa... indeed, acc... former Alh... at Rome to... City on the... leaves Ne... Falconio w... America, I... the middle... permanent... dently pre... Most R... D. D., is a... the few ye... represente... and success... a world ca... to be this... friendly re... tained by... ious power... capital ha... foresight... Mr. Fal... United S... time prom... interests... Church in... spectus. M... Our other... Excellence... in view... Washington... Msgr. Fal... talently wo... hear of B... Excellence... est intere... ole prom... growth at... tion of C... Catholic... possible... vention... presence... zeal in p... manner r... American... stay in... marked...

MAY 15, 1909.

MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP FALCONIO

RUMORS from time to time appear in the press that the distinguished Prelate who so worthily fills the position of Papal Delegate at the Capital of the great American Republic is about to give place to another representative of the Holy See. There is, we are pleased to note, no ground whatever for these rumors. The editor of the Catholic Tribune of Dubuque, Iowa, recently had an interview with His Excellency which we have much pleasure in reproducing. It will be most pleasing news to the Catholics of the United States that so eminent a Churchman, and one who has in such a marked degree endeared himself to people of all classes in the country, will remain for some time yet amongst them. The Tribune says: "During the last months the secular press despatches have repeatedly spread rumors to the effect that His Excellency Diomedes Falconio was about to leave America and would have a successor in the capacity of Papal Delegate. Our editor-in-chief stopping over in Washington had the honor of a personal audience with His Excellency. Consequently we are pleased to state authentically that the rumors about Msgr. Falconio's permanent departure are entirely false. His Excellency has, indeed, accepted an invitation of the former Alumni of the American College at Rome to join in a trip to the Eternal City on the steamer Carpathia, which leaves New York May 20th. Msgr. Falconio will, however, soon return to America, being back at Washington by the middle of July. The rumor of his permanent departure is, therefore, evidently premature.

Most Reverend Diomedes Falconio, D. D., is a Franciscan. He has during the few years of his stay in this country represented the Holy See in a most able and successful manner. In no prominent world capital as Washington has come to be this means much. The intimate friendly relations cultivated and maintained by His Excellency with the various powers represented at our national capital have not only corroborated the foresight of the Holy See in making Msgr. Falconio the Papal Legate for the United States, but have at the same time promoted quite considerably the interests and progress of the Catholic Church in this land of splendid prospects. Messrs. Taft, Sherman, Cannon, and other political leaders bend to His Excellency's list of powerful friends.

In view of his successful mission in Washington during the short time that Msgr. Falconio has been with us, it certainly would not be pleasant news to hear of his permanent departure. His Excellency has always manifested the keenest interest in the progress of the Catholic press. He is interested in the growth and development of the Federation of Catholic Societies and the Roman Catholic Central Society. Whenever possible he has honored the annual conventions of these societies with his presence, and let no occasion go by without encouraging the members to further zeal in promoting in such a practical manner the interests of the Church in America. In short, His Excellency's stay in the United States has been marked by unusual Catholic activity."

WRITERS FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD. MY LITERARY FRIENDS.

BY J. O. TRAINOR.  
If you have a friend worth loving,  
Love him, yes, and let him know  
That you love him, even to the end,  
Till his brow be gleamed with glory,  
Why should good words never be said  
Of a friend till he be dead?

If you bear a song that thrills you  
Sing by any child in the school,  
Faint it, do not let the singer  
Wait, rendered praises long,  
Why should one who fills your heart  
Lack the joy you may impart?

A year has gone by, dear reader, since I first introduced you to a few of my literary friends; a year full, no doubt, of many changes to you as well as to me—new friendships formed, old friends passed away.

At that time I reproduced some of the beautiful words of Thomas Moore, I gave you a passing introduction to the poet Lowell—the sweetest singer that America has yet produced; I drew your attention to the pure-minded poet and novelist Gerald Griffin; and I referred at some length to the gentle and magnanimous John Boyle O'Reilly.

These friends, among others, have stood the test of the swiftly passing years; and their friendship has ever been to me a source of much encouragement and noble inspiration. In this article I intend to redeem a promise, long made, of introducing you to some other dear friends, tried and true, some of long standing friendship, others of more recent date. Last week I renewed an old acquaintance in the Countess de Sade. Mrs. James Sade. This is a tale I copied from the Irish inscription of 1811—a time, more than any other, perhaps, when the morning sun of freedom shined most brightly on the old land. It was taken, too, when some of the best, arch-demons of Irish history were in the zenith of their power; while, on the other hand, some of the noblest and most self-sacrificing men of the race offered up their lives on the altar of their country. The plot of the story is, therefore, founded on fact—with a little fanciful romance, which makes it more interesting than if it were purely historical.

There is, perhaps, no other woman in Canada who has done more for the recognition and moral welfare of her race at home and abroad than Mrs. Sade. Her writings are innumerable; if we consider everything that came from her pen, whether in magazine articles or otherwise. Each breathes the same healthy Christian spirit—the same generous blending of national faith, hope and love. One of the most popular writers on national subjects at the present day is the Rev. Dr. Sheehan, of Doneraile. His writings are, doubtless very true to

the life of the present time, or rather to that of the generation which is now passing away.

The life of a humble parish priest is very truthfully portrayed in "My New Curate." I am reading the book for the second time, and even yet reluctantly lay it aside when the stern call of duty awakens me to my surroundings. In "Glennanar" Dr. Sheehan very beautifully describes the home life of the middle classes and the peasantry of Ireland—a home life by the way, the purity of which may serve as a model for the world. To the mature reader "Glennanar" is, in reality a twice told tale, one which perhaps he has heard before from the lips of some dear friend whose voice is now still.

Dr. Sheehan is the author of many other books of well-merited distinction; but, to my mind "Glennanar" holds a place, which for fine feeling and patient domestic tenderness, can never be occupied by any other.

The poems of Oliver Goldsmith have always possessed a peculiar fascination for me, for they are, somehow inseparably connected with my most youthful memories. They are in fact, the first that I remember to have read. There is something very beautiful in Goldsmith's poems—something that appeals to one's better nature, drawing out all the dormant sympathies of the heart. His description of rural life, especially, is very real. In "The Deserted Village" there are many passages which will strike a responsive chord in the breast of every reader, carrying his mind back to the peaceful days of childhood:—

Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,  
Seats of youth when every sport could please,  
How often have I sat upon your grass,  
Where humble happiness endeared each place;  
How often have I passed an hour in you,  
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,  
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,  
The decent church that topped the neighbouring hill.

Goldsmith was, essentially, a lover of country life, doubtless due to a happy boyhood spent amid rural scenes, and to the many trials and disappointments he met in after years. The following contrast would not be altogether inappropriate in our own day:—

If to the city sped—what greets him there?  
To see profusion that he must not share,  
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined,  
To pamper luxury and sin mankind.

Far differed these from every former scene;  
The cooling brook, the grassy vesture green,  
The hazy view of the smiling grove,  
That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

He seemed to think, too, that life is, after all, much the same in every sphere, and that no special class has a monopoly of unalloyed happiness. He refers to this in that splendid descriptive poem "The Traveller":—

"But where to find that happiest spot below?  
No man can claim when all pretend to know."  
The student tenant of the frigid zone  
Bodily proclaims that happiest spot his own—  
Ere the treasures of his treasury see,  
And his long nights of revelry and ease.

The naked negro, panting at the line,  
Boasts of his golden sands, and palmy wine,  
Basks in the glare, or desires the tepid wave,  
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.

Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam—  
His first, best country ever is at home,  
Nature a mother kind alike to all,  
Still grants her bings a laborer's earnest call.

Among the American novelists of recent years few can compare with Maurice Francis Egan. His writings comprise about a dozen volumes, besides contributions to the newspapers and magazines. It was only within the last year, however, that I had the privilege of numbering him among my literary friends, although his name has been familiar to me for some time.

His "Disappearance of John Longworth," with its sequel or companion story, "The Success of Patrick Desmond," the author shows a grasp of social conditions in American cities which is equalled by few others. There is no mincing of the astounding truth when he writes about the tenement houses in New York and elsewhere, modern American home life.

These books, especially, can be read with profit by everyone who is temporarily blinded by the glamour of artificial American life, and who is dissatisfied with the simple domestic happiness of a pure Canadian home.

Fortunately for America, Maurice Francis Egan is still in the prime of manhood; for it is to be hoped that the time spent in his diplomatic duties in Denmark is only a temporary suspension of further literary work.

Before concluding I wish to mention another book which I have lately read, and which has only been published within the past year; one, too, which has deservedly attained a high degree of popularity. I refer to "Ann of Green Gables," by Miss L. M. Montgomery. This is a delightful book in every sense of the word—especially delightful, perhaps, on account of its simplicity, style and purity of tone. To read it is to revive one's school days—to live over again the joys, sorrows, hopes and disappointments of youth.

Miss Montgomery is, decidedly, a writer of much literary merit—one, too, possessing rare delicacy of expression; and I am glad to know that a companion volume to this, which is now in course of preparation, and will be published in a short time.

pray for the dead? If it is, Roman Catholics doing it can not make it bad, any more than it can make it good if in itself it is bad. I am not a Roman (Catholic and I am a real person), as the editor of this paper (knows), I approach the matter simply as a man, a soul. . . I think it may be taken as admitted, that no Anglican can be accounted disloyal because he prays for the dead. Still more certainly he could not be accounted disloyal because he did not pray for them. No far is from being in any way encouraged to do so by anything in the prayer-book; that it might almost be said that implicitly, though not explicitly, the Church of England excludes prayers for the dead. The Burial Service . . . takes you with the dead to the graveyard. "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," there, so far as all touch, all communion with him whose mere mortal body they are burying, it ends. Not a prayer for him. . . He crosses the bar, and not a prayer goes after him; he sets out for the undiscovered country, and they do not even wish him bon voyage. Excluding all prayer for him whose body is buried, the Church of England is obliged to conclude, all alike in "the certain hope of a joyful resurrection." It is right that the benefit of the doubt should be given to the dead; none the less there is an unreality that sometimes jars in assuming saintship of notorious ill livers. A single prayer commending the dead to God would save all this.

Logically, how can we do without prayer for the dead? They live and nothing that lives can be independent of God; and if not independent of God, they are a reasonable subject of prayer to God. . . What difference can it make whether the soul is living here in the body or elsewhere? To suggest that prayer is of force only on one particular planet is to reduce it to an absurdity. There is no theological explanation to this effect: after death the soul is either lost or saved; if lost, prayer is useless; if saved, superfluous. Passing the lot of the lost, it is really blasphemous to say the saved do not need our prayers, for it is saying that they have got beyond God's control. But Heaven hangs over the souls of the earth. . . In a word, do the souls of the dead cease to be in God's keeping? If they do not, it must ever be right to pray to God to watch over them and keep them. If this prayer can ever be unnecessary, all prayer is a delusion.

And feeling is at one with reason. It would be impossible for me not to pray for those whom I have loved and lost by death. Is the gap in the visible circle to be doubled by a gap in the circle of prayer? Drown him out of my prayers because he is out of sight? What difference can sight make to prayer? Prayer for the dead is the liveliest of all consolations. It is the one thing that restores some sort of touch. Death changes every other relation, ones, nor how they are, nor even what they are; but if we believe at all we know they are in the keeping of God exactly in the same way as we are. We praying for them are one with them praying for us. This is the communion of saints.

Christian is the natural instinct of the Christian man. Reason itself revolts against the idea of not praying for the dead. But "a plain man" gives us an imperfect statement of the real facts of the case, because he leaves out all mention of Purgatory, if indeed he comprehends anything about it. The Catholic Church teaches that there is "a state called Purgatory in which souls suffer for a time who die guilty of venial sins, or without having satisfied for all the punishment due to their sins"; and that "the faithful on earth can help the souls in Purgatory by their prayers, fasts, and almsdeeds; by indulgences, and by having Masses said for them." It also teaches that "the saints and we also members of the same Church, which the Church in heaven and the same Church on earth are one, and that the communion of saints means the union that exists between the members of the Church on earth with one another, and with the blessed in heaven and with the suffering souls in Purgatory, and the faithful on earth, and another by faithful on earth who do good works, and they are aided by the intercession of the saints in heaven, while both the saints in heaven and the faithful on earth help the souls in Purgatory."—Sacred Heart Review.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC AND GOOD CITIZENSHIP.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE NATIONAL FEDERATION OF RELIGIOUS LIBERALS, BELMONT, PA., TUESDAY, APRIL 27, 1909, BY CHARLES J. DONAPARTE.

A favorite device for one seeking to hide the truth from his own conscience, when he would do or say or think what he knows to be wrong, is to repeat to himself and others what, in one sense, is true, but wholly irrelevant, and reason for it in another sense wherein it may be relevant, but is wholly untrue. For example, one hears often in my native State and those to the southward, "Ours is a white man's country." In a sense, so it is; for not only are the great majority of Americans to-day white men, but America is what it is because white men have made our laws, created our customs, fixed our standards of taste and morals—in short, given form and breath to our national life. Beyond any reasonable doubt, America would have been a vastly different country had it been founded and ruled by black men or red men, yellow men or brown men. But to argue from this fact that white Americans may, with a clear conscience, rob black Americans of their votes or of any other rights, or that white Americans may, with a clear conscience, oppress those who are not white, or that white Americans may, with a clear conscience, betray our Constitution and respect for rights made sacred by our laws, should be the proofs that this is a white man's country; that men dwell in it and rule it who are white in something beyond the color of their skins. 8x

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So it is often said: "Ours is a Christian country." And in a sense this is said with truth. America is what it is very largely because our laws and Government, our morals and manners, our beliefs as to what we live for and how we should live have all been the work of Christians. Again, it surely would have been another country altogether had these been fashioned by Brahmins or Buddhists, disciples of Confucius or followers of Mahomet. But when Americans in name and Christians in name would abridge the rights and invade the civil and religious liberty of other Americans because these are not Christians, this proves only that they are themselves neither Americans nor Christians in more than name. What must one think of Christians who do nothing but to oppress those who are not one of others what they would hold a grievance wrong if done by others unto them?

In like manner certain of our fellow-citizens frequently repeat with an emphasis which was once commonplace, but now grows daily more uneasy and questionable: "Ours is a Protestant country." This statement is by no means so obviously true as the events of the two preceding years, at all events, in sense in which it is true is more restricted and far less material. No one can reasonably doubt that the United States would have had a widely different history and would be now a widely different nation had all, or even a majority of the thirteen colonies been populated by Mongols or Malays, Miamians or agnostics; but if a majority, or even all of the thirteen colonies had been peopled by English Catholics, such as Lord Baltimore sent to Maryland, professing his principles, and ruled by his laws, it is a matter of pure conjecture how far, at all, we should have had a materially different people.

Nevertheless, I think of those who say that I have just quoted mean more than that a majority of the American people to-day profess in some form to belong to some denomination of Protestant Christians. They give a belated utterance to an opinion widely prevalent, indeed, well nigh universal among Protestants, and in truth shared by the few Catholics fifty years ago, or even later. "Undoubtedly," said the New York Nation in its issue of January 30, 1868, "political equality, free public education under Protestant auspices and a national rule which compels sectarian toleration, are forces which must be met by the Catholicism in time either destroyed or essentially change its nature." There was nothing strange or unusual then in these views. That the United States was and would remain a Protestant country seemed, to some within, no less than to practically all those without the Catholic Church, at that time a matter of course even forty years ago. It was assumed, complacently or regretfully as the case may be, but practically assumed by many, if not by all.

True, nous avons charge tout cela, or rather, all has been changed, not by us or consciously and of set purpose by any one, but through the silent workings of time and human experience. The minister seed planted when Archbishop Carroll received his episcopal consecration fell on an ungrateful, no alien soil. Men have slowly, often reluctantly, learnt this, as they saw a stately tree with deep roots and spreading branches grow from that seed and overshadow them. As to this, we Catholics had no right to complain of public opinion. Our fellow-citizens of other faiths thought of us much as we thought of ourselves. If to some few of them, even now an American Catholic seems in some sort a contradiction in terms, a few, if but a few, of both our own clergy and of our own laity are still rubbing their eyes to be sure that posterity that he is truly a Catholic while no less truly an American." There is doubtless some measure of justification for this frame of mind in both cases. In the immense mass of foreign matter absorbed by the American body politic certain Catholic elements have been, perhaps the least valuable for the most acute symptoms of our political dyspepsia. To discuss all the reasons for this seeming fact would tempt me into too wide a digression, but I may glance at one of the most obvious and most potent—namely the great disproportion in numbers between the Catholic population of the emancipated colonies and the multitudes of Catholic immigrants to be fashioned on its model. No Protestant communion native to the United States, has had to transform from aliens into citizens so vast a number of its members, and I do not, if any, even the humblest, among these communities, undertook the task so weak and so poor and so widely dispersed. The foundation laid, fourteen years after the Pilgrim Fathers landed at

Plymouth, when a handful of exiles raised the cross at St. Mary's, has had to bear a gigantic superstructure, beneath whose weight it might well have crumbled had it been built by hands. When he reflects how vast has been the work of assimilation and inspiration imposed on the little body of American Catholics who greeted their first Bishop in 1789, and then recognized how thoroughly and how rapidly on the whole, and bearing in mind all the circumstances, that work has been and is done, far from marvelling at its present incompleteness, any fair-minded man will find his faith revived and strengthened in the boundless potency for good stored in our orderly freedom. Any man believing as I do will see a further and greater cause for thankfulness and hope; he will feel assured for the future, as he has known in the past the proven and abiding providence of Almighty God.

QUERY.

"Protestants do not take the words by which Christ instituted the Eucharist in a literal sense; to understand them in that way, they think, would involve an absurdity. Is there anything in this objection?"

As long as we remain within the natural limits of our reason, we may, of course, clearly perceive what are the absurdities and contradictions. We may, for instance, quite reasonably hope that a physical thing cannot occupy, at the same time, two or more places formally considered as such. But reason can have nothing to say for or against the realities that exist beyond its ken. Between it and them there is a chasm that it may not, that it cannot cross. Our very ideas of the absurdities and contradictions may, for instance, be quite reasonably hope, that a physical thing cannot occupy, at the same time, two or more places formally considered as such. But reason can have nothing to say for or against the realities that exist beyond its ken. Between it and them there is a chasm that it may not, that it cannot cross. 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FIVE-MINUTE SERMON. Fifth Sunday after Easter.

PRAYER. "Hitherto you have not asked anything in My name. Ask and you shall receive." (St. John xvi. 24)

Our Lord does not mean by these words that His disciples had never prayed, because otherwise they would never have become followers of Him.

What, then, does our Lord mean when He says to His disciples, "Hitherto you have not asked anything in My name?"

We have all of us got a great work to do—the work of our eternal salvation.

For straight is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth to eternal life, and few there be who find it.

Now, the grace to pray is the easiest of all graces to obtain. Because God wishes all men to be saved, says St. Alphonsus, He gives all men the ability to pray.

We have no excuse, then, for a life of sin, because we have a remedy in prayer. "Ask and you shall receive," says our Lord.

THE MONTH OF MAY.

May, with its freshness and beauty, will soon be with us. We, Catholics, welcome this month with a peculiar joy.

Ever mindful of the honors which the Almighty in His Divine Providence, has showered upon her, ever thoughtful of her great prerogatives and intercessory power with Her Divine Son, we delight to honor her and to invoke her almost limitless protection.

Who can doubt Mary's power? If, at her request, Jesus performed His first miracle, although His hour, as He asserts Himself, had not yet come; if, when dying on the Cross, He confided the whole human race to her tender care and solicitude, is there any wonder that Catholics have the most filial confidence in her powerful protection?

Year after year, we flock to her shrines, and we lovingly gather around her sanctuary during the month of May to pay her the homage of our dutiful service.

It may have been for some in sickness or distress; for others, it may have been when they were sorely tried by temptation, for all of us, she has proved herself a true mother.

Devotion to the Blessed Virgin is the surest guarantee of eternal salvation; for it has never been heard that any one having recourse to Mary, has been rejected.

Hence let us during the coming month of May practise some devotion in her honor; let not a day pass by without doing something for her sake, and then, we may rest assured that she will assist us in the momentous passage from this life to eternity and that, through her intercession, we will be admitted to the realm of the Blessed.—B. C. Orphan Friend.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, SS. LUCAS COUNTY. Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that can not be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

CATHOLIC CHURCH AND TUBERCULOSIS.

WHAT IS NOW NEEDED TO CONQUER THE DISEASE IS THE COMBINED EFFORT OF THE PRESS AND THE PULPIT.

Enthusiastic praise of the Catholic Church for "taking the foremost position in the church war on tuberculosis" is expressed in a letter sent by Nathan Straus, the New York philanthropist, to Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, who is directing an energetic campaign against the Great White Plague.

"I have been combating for a great many years tuberculosis and other milk-borne diseases by means of pasteurization, and I realize so keenly the tremendous power for good that you possess in being able to reach almost every community in the country by means of your parochial schools and churches, that I cannot refrain from congratulating you on the good that you are doing humanely."

"The value of the campaign of education on the means of preventing tuberculosis that can be carried on through thirteen thousand parochial schools, and from the pulpit of every Catholic Church, is so great that it can be hardly estimated."

During the seventeen years that I have been fighting tuberculosis I have had the great satisfaction of seeing an immediate reduction in infant mortality in every community in which pasteurized milk has been introduced.

"I have always advocated the very thing that you are doing so admirably. All that is now needed to conquer the disease is the combined effort of the press and the pulpit. Such combined effort will bring to pass the statement made a few days ago by the eminent London physician, Dr. Latham, that tuberculosis will be rooted out in forty years."

"Medical science has worked out the problems. All that the world now needs is enlightenment, and I am sure that a very great debt of gratitude is owing to you for the systematic work that is now being carried on under your direction, and which I hope will continue."

The method for the prevention of tuberculosis and other milk-borne dis-

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cases that Mr. Straus has used so successfully in his philanthropic work is the pasteurization of milk, which consists in heating it for at least twenty minutes to at least one hundred and forty degrees.

FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD.

Francis Marion Crawford stood in the front rank of modern American novelists. Not all his works were uniform, but he reached at times a rare standard of excellence and won a deservedly high place in the literary world.

His rise to fame was instantaneous. He achieved a reputation by his very first book, a story of Indian life dealing especially with the aspects of the religion of Zoroaster.

value commended it at once to the critics, while its human interest immediately secured for it a wide clientele.

But it is especially in his delineation of Roman life that Mr. Crawford stands supreme among all English writers who have depicted Italian life and manners.

Mr. Crawford became a Catholic early in his life, and though some of his writings proved distasteful to Catholics he disclaimed any intent to wound their feelings, and made public profession of his belief in the Catholic system of religion.

He was a tireless literary worker, and though not all his books will live, some at least will appeal for years to come to all lovers of good novels as keen and discriminating portrayals of character, expressed in attractive and artistic literary form.—Pilot.

CARDINAL MORAN ON "SPORT."

A very interesting interview with Cardinal Moran on many pastimes, especially on boxing, is reported in the columns of the Sidney Daily Telegraph. "I like to encourage manly sport," the Cardinal said, "and I do encourage it in every way, so long as sport is pursued for the pure love of sport, but when disputes, dishonesty and brutality enter into athletics, when sport is indulged in merely for the sake of money it brings in, then it is to be highly censured."



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