

Diocese of Denver

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The Intermountain and Colorado Catholic is placed on sale at the James Clarke church goods house, 1645 California street, Denver, Colo.

The Last Christmas Services at Logan Avenue Chapel.

It was more than Christmas at Logan avenue chapel.
It was a day of vastly deeper sentiment than the ordinary Christmas spirit.

It was sort of a Christmas valedictory that the congregation of the cathedral wrote that day, without stroke of pen.

It was the last Christmas that will ever be celebrated in that simple little chapel, which twenty years ago on Christmas day was opened for the temporary accommodation of a throng of devout Catholics.

Next year the splendid new cathedral with civic pride in a measure as great as the devotion with which Catholic Denver looks upon the proud steeples, will be ready for service. And the humble chapel, the basement hall which has served for twenty years, will be abandoned.

Some time next year, probably in the late summer, the new cathedral will be opened. By Christmas the congregation will have begun to feel at home in it.

But it wasn't that that the people thought as they knelt in prayer this Christmas.

It wasn't of the commanding towers four blocks away. It wasn't of that great pile of stone and steel. It was in the chapel, where for twenty years they had made their orisons, that the devout ones thought. There were those who had been baptized in the sacristy, and are grown now to the verge of manhood and womanhood. There were fathers and mothers who had brought these babies in their arms to have the waters of baptism poured upon their infant heads. There were other fathers and mothers whose marriage vows had been taken there before that altar, and there were those who had seen side-by-side these contained occasions and come out strong in the determination to amend their lives.

It was a day of reminiscence in the chapel.

Visions of the men who had labored there, God's ministers, in the old days, to build up the congregation; memories of those whom death had taken from the post of duty there; thoughts of those who had given of their best to the making of a splendid church rampart.

And of those good men who work today, there were Christmas thoughts. There were prayers that the magnificent energies that Father Hugh L. McMenamin has brought to the rectorship of the cathedral might be spared. There were grateful thoughts that it has been his to have capable assistants to bear with him the weight of the money-raising, a disagreeable thing at best.

The old chapel never looked so pretty, so friendly, as it did on Christmas morning. There was a warmth in the red and green of the Christmas decorations that filled the souls of those who knelt in prayer. There was a fervor in the music of the choir. There was devotion in the piping voices of the surplised altar boys, who sang the time-honored "Adeste Fideles."

It was the real spirit of Christmas, and with it was linked the spirit of thanksgiving for the handsome church which is to be the house of worship for these same people some time in the new year.

The first mass was, as usual, at 5 o'clock. By 4:30 o'clock every seat in the chapel was filled, and by the time the mass was begun 200 people were standing. From the sacristy out through the church and into the sanctuary the altar boys went in procession, followed by the bishop and priests. The singing of "Adeste Fideles" along the walls, and at the close of mass another hymn of the Nativity, in which Father William Neenan had specially trained them. The choir, under the direction of Mrs. John Schilling, sang the new Miss Mass at this high mass and at the low one. Bishop Matz was celebrant of the first mass, and preached the sermon. Father Hugh L. McMenamin was assistant priest; Father J. F. McDonough was deacon; Father Osthoff of St. Thomas' seminary sub-deacon; Father Neenan was cantor; Father Hickey, deacon of the diocese, and Father Neenan, deacon of the cathedral, were also present. Father Hickey belongs to the cathedral parish, and both he and Mr. Ryan, who is a cantor, are being educated for this diocese. At the last mass Father P. A. Phillips, the chancellor of the diocese, was celebrant, and Father Neenan preached. Father McMenamin was master of ceremonies, and the deacon, sub-deacon and deacons of honor were the same as at the 5 o'clock mass. The same musical program, with orchestral accompaniment, was given. There was no evening service.

For Truth, Absolute and Unchangeable.

At 11 o'clock on Tuesday, December 27, all of the priests of the diocese who could be spared from their parishes assembled in the cathedral for the purpose of taking the oath prescribed in the "Mito Proprio" against Modernism. All priests had to take the oath before the close of the year, and those who could not come to Denver were instructed to take it before the moderators of their conferences. The action of the bishop was in accord with the position Rome has taken on checking the spread of Modernism, regarding the Modernist as a slave to the latest fashion in scientific thought.

The oath which the priests took includes submission to all the condemnations, declarations and directions contained in the Encyclical letter "Pascendi," and in the decree "Lamentabili," particularly regarding what is called the history of Dogmas.

The concluding sentences of the oath refer to the fundamentals of the Catholic religion: "Wherefore most firmly I retain and to my last breath will I retain the faith of the fathers of the church, concerning the eternal endowment of truth, which is, has been, and ever will be in the possession of the apostolic see, and which we may hold with some best and most fitting according to the refinement of each age, but that we never in a different way understand the absolute and unchangeable truth preached from the beginning by the apostles."

The Christmas collection at Logan avenue chapel amounted to \$2,000. It was the largest one-day collection ever recorded in a Denver church.

Mentioned Work.

Justice of the Peace Cornelius J. Tavin contributed extensively to the Christmas cheer which brightened the Regina Coeli orphanage and the House of the Good Shepherd. He not only gave of his own money, but he took the

time to interest others, financially, and then did the purchasing himself. The Regina Coeli orphanage is conducted by the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart, and to them he sent 150 pounds of turkey, 300 pounds of potatoes, 100 pounds of sweetmeats, two boxes of apples and one of oranges. Twice as great a quantity was sent to the House of the Good Shepherd, where there are more than twice as many inmates.

TO ORGANIZE CATHOLIC FEDERATION.

There is talk in Denver of a federation of all the Catholic societies in the city, numbering a total of about 20,000 persons. These federations exist in many other cities of the country and are organized to promote worthy causes. One cause dear to the heart of those who would organize in Denver is to lift parochial schools from taxation on the ground that the patrons of them pay taxation for the support of the public schools and do not patronize them.

Christmas Services at St. James' Church.

At St. James' church in Montclair, Concone's Mass in F was rendered by the choir for Christmas. The altar boys assisted in the singing, and the "Adeste Fideles" was given at the offertory. Paola Gorza's Mass was sung at the 10:30 o'clock mass at St. Joseph's church, with Mr. C. B. Hiestler at the organ.

Retreat at Logan Avenue Chapel.

Plans are being made for the retreat for the men of the cathedral parish to open at Logan avenue chapel on January 11. It will last until January 15, the Feast of the Nativity. On each occasion there will be a reception of candidates into the Holy Name society. Father Barh comes from Michigan to conduct the services of the retreat, and he comes with a reputation for zeal and oratorical ability.

Charity Ball.

The charity ball for the aid of St. Vincent's orphanage, to be held Monday evening, January 3, at Knights of Columbus hall, will be the usual social and financial success. Mrs. William Ryan, the president, has an able corps of assistants who are perfecting the arrangements.

Dramatic Club Entertainments.

The St. Joseph dramatic club gave two vaudeville shows on Wednesday and Thursday evenings in St. Joseph's school hall on Sixth avenue and Galapago street. A one-act sketch, "Midsummer Madness," was the headliner on both occasions. All the members of the club took part, and were assisted by Joseph Newman. Those participating in the program were Miss Gertrude Kindel, Miss Julia O'Connor, Miss Loreto Broderick, Miss Margaret Allen, Harry Jones, Robert McGowan and Edward Wotter. The proceeds were given to the school fund of St. Joseph's parish.

Coming and Going.

Father Charles Fernald of the cathedral went to Colorado Springs to assist Father Baber of St. Mary's with the Christmas services.

Rev. D. P. O'Leary of Notre Dame, Ind., spent a few days in Denver last week, when on his way to Pueblo, where he will take treatment at St. Mary's sanitarium. Before leaving Father O'Leary remembered the boys of St. Vincent's orphanage by a handsome Christmas donation.

Father Charles Hagis, assistant pastor of St. Mary's Colorado Springs, came up after the morning services to spend Christmas with his mother in Denver. He stayed over for the diocesan meeting on Tuesday.

Father F. X. Heegan of Rocky Ford was a guest during the week of his old friend and schoolmate, Father J. F. McDonough, assistant at the cathedral.

Queen's Daughters to Give a Dance.

The next dance of the Queen's Daughters' series will be given at Cotillon hall, Wednesday evening, January 11. These little affairs have become very popular during the winter, and each one is anticipated with increased interest. The money goes toward the fund for establishing a home for girls, which has long been the desire of the Queen's Daughters.

Mother Panerata, superior of St. Mary's academy, was slightly indisposed during the week, but is better now.

Classes will be resumed at the Immaculate Conception school on January 8.

Recent converts to the Catholic church are Mrs. Robert McCroskey and her son, James, who were baptized by Father McMenamin at Logan avenue chapel. Miss Nellie Mallory is another convert baptized at the chapel a week ago.

Wedding Bells.

The marriage of Miss Irene La Place and Harry Prior, the son of Mr. and Mrs. George Prior, will take place at Logan avenue chapel on January 11. Father Hugh McDonough will officiate. Miss La Place is a recent convert to the church.

A Christmas wedding was that of Miss Nellie Brennan of Donegal, Ireland, and John McMenamin of Denver, Colo., which took place at the Logan avenue chapel on December 25, the pastor officiating.

Social and Personal.

The following young women will receive on Monday, January 3, at the home of Miss Stough, 1547 Josephine street: Miss Stough, Miss Eleonore Rorer, Miss Helen Nast, Miss Young, Miss Corinne Kimbrough, Miss Alma Thies, Miss Pauline Thies, Miss Nora Phillips and Miss Beale Phillips.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis W. Mullen, who have been at St. Petersburg, Fla., for the past month, contemplate making a visit to Cuba before returning to their home in Denver.

Robert Davidson and family went to Salida to spend the holidays with Mr. Davidson's brother, J. A. Davidson.

Mr. and Mrs. John Egan have returned from their wedding trip. Mrs. Egan was formerly Miss Edna Straub of the cathedral parish.

Miss Madeline Kelly is spending the Christmas vacation with friends in Topeka, Kan.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McAllister Wilcox entertained at an elaborate dinner Wednesday evening at their home, 1129 Pennsylvania street. Covers were laid for fifteen.

Thomas Phillips, jr., attending school at St. Mary's, Kansas, is spending his vacation at the family home, 1760 Marion street.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lahey and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Crane spent Christmas at Central City with Mrs. Michael

Flynn, mother of Mrs. Lahey and Mrs. Crane. Others in the family party were Mrs. Flynn's grandchildren, Miss Florence Flynn and Raymond Flynn of Denver.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Daly are in New York.

Miss Cecil Monarch entertained her bridge club Monday afternoon at her home, 836 Grant street.

Mr. and Mrs. James Clarke welcomed a little son last week.

Mrs. Thomas J. O'Donnell went to New York City for the holidays, so that her sons, Canton and Ottomar, in neighboring colleges, might visit with her there.

Mrs. James J. Brown of 1340 Pennsylvania avenue has returned after six months in the east.

Miss Ellen O'Neil and daughter, Miss Anna O'Neil, are spending the holidays at Glenwood Springs with Mrs. O'Neil's brother, Rev. Joseph P. Carrigan, who recently assumed charge of that pastorate.

Miss Emma O'Brien of 560 Marion street will be "at home" to her friends on New Year's day.

James Benedict Foley has been quite ill for the past week at his apartment in "El Tovar."

Obituary.

Barbara Marie, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Elder of 345 Kalmar street, died on Wednesday, December 22, and was buried in Mount Olivet cemetery Saturday afternoon.

Ellen C. Nixon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James J. Nixon, died on Wednesday, December 21, at the family home, 2929 Stout street. The funeral was held on Friday with requiem mass at Sacred Heart church. Interment was in Mount Olivet cemetery. Miss Nixon was a young woman of charming personality, and her death leaves a gap in the hearts of her family and friends.

BRIEF TELEGRAMS.

St. Paul, Minn.—George W. Roberts and his wife quarreled at the outbreak of the civil war, he joining the union army, she following the Confederates, and becoming a nurse. They lost track of each other. Not long ago a patient of Mrs. Roberts recognized a picture of Mr. Roberts in a pocket worn by the nurse. As they had been married in Mexico, in 1853, they applied for a license to remarry. They were told their marriage bonds had not been broken, they left the courthouse happy, and now are preparing to take another "honeymoon" trip to Mexico. Mr. Roberts is 77 years old and his wife is 75.

Chicago, Ill.—Hemmed in by fire in an upper story, Mrs. E. J. Cox today tied her year-old baby between two pillows and threw the infant out of a window. The bundle was safely caught by a neighbor, who then climbed a porch and assisted Mrs. Cox across a slippery roof and down to the street. The woman's home was practically destroyed.

Neward, N. J.—No one in this section of the state has found house cleaning more profitable than has Ida Simonson, who got \$4,000 on the sale of her annual overhauling of her homestead in Tejon, N. J. While cleaning a closet she lifted a loose board in the floor and brought to light the treasure, \$500 in gold and the remainder in bills was probably hidden there about forty years ago by a relative who died soon after.

Rome.—Pope Pius sent this Christmas greeting to America: "With particular affection we impart the benediction of blessing to the church in America. May its members be crowned by the best results for the glory of God and the salvation of souls."

Baltimore, Md.—Cardinal Gibbons, in response to a request for a Christmas sentiment, wrote the following: "Christmas is a day of gladness for all men. Not only do the more comfortable share their gifts with their poorer brethren, asking their prayers in return, but all, rich and poor, young and old, and men and women, are united in the hope and promises of the new-born savior—all seem to feel what the angels sang at Bethlehem: 'Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will.'"

New York.—"Send for Mary, I think I'm dying," said Thomas Cooley, 78 years old, to the watchers at his bedside in Jersey City Christmas eve; but the watchers only made a faint reply. Mary, for in the next room she, too, lay in bed, was stricken with pneumonia, and both were so ill that neither had been informed of the other's danger.

"Send for Tom; I think the end is here now," said Mary in the next room an hour later. The watchers only pretended to tell Tom. Mary was dead. Mary followed him twenty minutes later.

Rome.—The pope's Christmas holiday began when he gave audience to the cardinals, the lay and ecclesiastical members of the papal household and the commanders of the papal troops, all of whom were presented with his greetings.

Two cumulative audiences constitute the only formal Christmas celebration at the Vatican. Saturday the pope was the first to grant no audiences. He celebrated midnight mass in his private chapel with his sisters and his niece. He dined in their company on Christmas.

Ordinary midnight mass was said in St. Peter's cathedral and also in the principal churches. The pope had no brother to keep him company this year, hence he is lonelier than usual. The Vatican was nearly deserted, as most of the people employed there pass the holidays at their homes.

Owing to the cholera scare, there are few foreigners in Rome this year, hence the holy and mistletoe hawked about the streets remain for the most part unused.

Dublin, Ireland.—At the last meeting in the East Vaux United Irish League, the Rev. F. O'Connell referred to the increasing taxation in this country, and asked whether the people were going to allow themselves to be robbed. English taxation would, if not checked, reduce the people to penury, he said.

Dublin, Ireland.—The Rev. Cannon Sheehan, Doneraile, speaking at a successful reunion at Ballymore, said that every girl who was not married at twenty was an old maid, and

every man not married at the age of twenty-five an old bachelor, and he hoped the government would put a tax on both classes.

Washington, Penn.—A coal mine, abandoned fifty years ago, gave way and carried down the large foundry of Zahniter Brothers & Sten, on West Chestnut street, this city. John A. Sten, vice president of the foundry, and several employees were severely injured, but none will die. There were a score of other employees who were unhurt. Some sections of the building fell 150 feet to the base of the old mine. The loss amounts to about \$75,000.

Key West, Florida.—A forty-five-foot launch with six passengers, bound for Fort Meyers to Havana, Cuba, struck the north jetties near here and sank shortly before midnight Sunday.

A. J. Vincent, G. O. Goehring and Matthew Baum, passengers, were rescued in the cabin boat after being out all night.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Bennett of New York and Herman Piker were last seen clinging to the mast.

London.—Another striking example of the dangers to which unarmed policemen are exposed in pursuing burglars was given here, when Policeman Haytread was fired at four times while chasing a burglar. None of the shots was effective. When the policeman finally grappled with the fleeing lawbreaker the latter pressed the muzzle of a revolver to the policeman's forehead and pulled the trigger. The last cartridge failed to explode and the thief was taken to jail.

A BIBLE IN NEWSPAPER STYLE.

A suburban minister in Illinois has been expressing the idea that preachers writing for the pulpits might adopt profitably more of the newspaper's style. That is one thing. It is quite another matter when the same minister suggests that Bible stories would be read more eagerly if the original events had been "covered" by men like the reporters of today.

The generations have brought many changes of manner, of thought, even of etiquette, to the men who write sermons. To these is more license of expression than ever before. The tendency among modern preachers is largely to the use of graphic phrases, so that in this respect the suggestion of a newspaper style is not new.

But with the Bible itself style is a different matter. Along with issues of permanent importance, the situation enters here. The book has grown old in sonority and a superb dignity, as well as in purity of tone. It is a model in composition altogether unique, the composite product of many masters of terms. The psychological aspects of its soundings lines is upon sceptics as well as believers; it appeals to lovers of language hardly less than to followers of creeds. No effort in revision aimed at pure popularity has been of impressive consequence.

We think the general voice would be decidedly in favor of recasting the Scripture into the form of the story of a great city conflagration.—Ex.

DR. OSLER PRESCRIBES ABSTINENCE.

Just as soon as a man has crossed that point in life when the pace is the fastest, whether he is out at 3 or 4 miles, or 10 or 15, or 20 miles with Montague, or to be more kind, with the sexagenarian himself at the grand climacteric (63), the tubing begins to show signs of wear and tear, and the blood pressure gradually rises.

Now there is nothing more difficult than permanent to reduce high blood pressure. Drugs have really very little influence. The nitrates are helpful in temporarily lowering it; but take a man with a persistent pressure of 230 to 240 mm. of Hg. and you may get the record to 210 or 220, but to get it back to 150 or 160 and keep it there is not often within our power.

Much more important results may follow change in a man's habits of life. I usually give two prescriptions—"Go slowly," "Eat less"—on which I find a great many patients put the same value as did the old man who has kept a full head of steam in the boilers must learn to lower the pressure and be content with the quiet knots an hour speed. It is very difficult to stoke the engines in due proportion to the work expected, and the machine goes to pieces when the furnaces are stoked for the Lusitania and the engines are asked to do the work of an ocean voyage.

Much depends on the patient himself—on the life he has led. The ordinary high-pressure business or professional man may find relief, or even cure, in the simple process of slowing the engines, reducing the speed from the twenty-five knots an hour of a Lusitania to the ten knots of a "Black Bittern."

"The difficulty," it is to induce a man of this type to lessen "the race, an' rack, an' strain." As William Pepper used to say: "Give me the life of a hare rather than the existence of a tortoise. Not even terrible outburst of pain may suffice to check men of this type, and yet like the ship the Halloois, many a sensible fellow, whose engines at 50 or 55 years of age had gone to pieces on the "long trail, the out trail," has been refitted and enabled to reach port in safety.

A serious attack of angina may save a man's life. A congressman had burnt the candle at both ends—work and whisky had made a wreck of him at 48; and a spree culminated in a paroxysm of angina in which he nearly died. Five years subsequently he was in excellent health, in spite of a high blood pressure, and was credited with the change of life from the attack which had frightened him into sobriety.—Dr. Osler.

THE INFLUENCE OF BOOKS.

One's reading is usually a fair index to his character. Observe, in almost any home you visit, the books that lie on the center-table, or note those that are taken by preference from the publisher's list, and you may judge, in no small measure, of the intellectual tastes and general intelligence of the family, but also—and what is of far deeper moment—their moral attainments and spiritual advancement. "A man is known," it is said, "by the company he keeps." It is usually true that his reading is the result of choice, and is ascertained by knowing the books he reads. You may, indeed, judge a man more accurately by the books and papers he chooses than by the company he keeps; for his associates are often imposed upon him, but his reading is the result of choice.

In reading it is a safe rule to abstain from all books which, while they have some good things about them, have also a mixture of evil. You may have read books that had the two elements in them—the good and the bad. Which was the result of choice? Always the bad! The heart is not like a sieve, which lets small particles of gold fall through, but keeps the

men. I am not a churchman of any kind; that, possibly, is my misfortune; but I am conscious of a profound obligation of gratitude to that wise, august, majestic, tenacious, human, ecclesiastical power, which self-centered amid vicissitudes of human affairs and provident of men of learning, imagination and sensibility throughout the world, has preserved the literature and art of all the centuries, has made architecture the living symbol of ecclesiastical aspiration; and in poetry and in music has heard and has transmitted the authentic voice of God.

I say that I am not a churchman; but I would also say that the best hours of my life have been hours of meditation passed in the glorious cathedrals and among the sublime ecclesiastical ruins of England. I have worshipped in Canterbury and York, in Winchester and Salisbury, in Lincoln and Durham, in Ely and in Wells. I have stood in Tintern, when the green grass and the white daisies were waving in the summer wind, and have looked upon those gray and russet walls and upon those lovely arched casements—among the most graceful ever devised by human art—round which the sheeted fly droops and through which the winds of heaven sing a perpetual hymn.

I have seen the shadows of evening slowly gather and softly fall over the gaunt tower, the roofless nave, the giant pillars and the shattered arcades of Fountains Abbey, in its sequestered and melancholy solitude, where ancient Ripon dreams in the spacious and vaulted choir, and the sunbeams mused upon Netley, and Kirkstall, and Newstead, and Bolton, and Melrose, and Dryburgh; and at a midnight hour I have stood in the grim and gloomy chamber of St. Columba's cathedral, remote in the storm-wet Hebrides, and looked for hours at the window and heard the voices of the birds of night mingled with the desolate moaning of the sea.

With . . . with reverence, with many a sigh and wild thoughts, I have lingered and pondered in those haunted holy places, but one remembrance was always present—the remembrance that it was the Roman Catholic Church that created those forms of beauty, and breathed into them the breath of a divine life, and hallowed them forever; and thus thinking, I have felt the unspeakable solemnity always present—the remembrance that her passionate devotion prompted and her loving labor reared.—William Winter, in World-Herald.

NUNS MEET WITH SERIOUS ACCIDENT.

While on their way to visit the large orphan asylum for boys conducted by their order outside of Leavenworth, Kan., Mother Petre of the Oblate Sisters of Providence, superior of the St. Frances orphan asylum, Normandy, Mo., and the Very Rev. Mother Frances of Blaine, mother-general of the order, met with an accident which threatened their lives, together with that of the Very Rev. Joseph A. Shorter, V. G., of Leavenworth, who accompanied them. The colored sisters, with Father Shorter, were driving to the asylum when the vehicle was struck by a Leavenworth street car. Father Shorter and Mother Petre were thrown to the ground by the shock, but the mother-general jumped out, and before being rescued was dragged some distance by the frightened horse. The mother-general had her left arm broken and left shoulder dislocated. She was taken to the asylum, where she will remain until able to return to Baltimore.

A NEGRO BISHOP.

The Right Rev. Silveria Gomez Pimentar, who died in South America a few years ago, is said to have been the first negro bishop in the New World.

He was the son of slave parents. Born in extreme poverty, he knew what it was to be destitute and hungry. When a child, he attended school half-naked and barefooted, but he was from the first remarkable for his application and good conduct. He was, in fact, so excellent a school boy that his case came to the attention of the archbishop of Bahia, who took a liking to the exceptional young negro and placed him, after some time, in the seminary of his See city. Here Pimentar, now a young man, pursued his studies for the priesthood.

While still quite young, he was raised to the episcopal dignity as auxiliary bishop to the diocese of Bahia. In this office he still won favor, and when, in 1892, the late Pope Leo XIII restored the diocese of Maranhao, a few years ago, Pope Leo XIII, who was then millions, he designated as its prelate the negro bishop. This new office was by no means a sinecure. He was almost alone and without resources in his vast diocese. Added to this it had been the scene of an anti-Catholic propaganda, which rendered the new bishop's task particularly difficult.

But this son of slave parents, who had overcome so many obstacles in his life, was not discouraged by the situation, no matter how hopeless it seemed. He bent every effort to the work in hand—to the building and maintaining of churches, schools, seminaries, houses of charity, etc., and gave so little thought of himself and his own dignity as a bishop, or even to his own comfort as a man, that he often went almost as poorly clad, and certainly without any desire of covering, as when he attended school years before in Bahia. But he succeeded, before his death, in rehabilitating the diocese, which he had found in ruins, and in elevating the tone of its religious and social life.

The merit of this negro bishop was not confined to his own diocese, or to Bahia, nor did his life or labors prevent him from continuing his studies in which he showed himself so brilliant at school. He was a man of vast learning, and had a high reputation among Orientalists for his knowledge of the Semitic languages.

THE LADY AND HER HAT.

A woman's hat and hair held up the traffic on London's underground railway on Monday evening. It happened at a busy West End station.

"Passengers of first, please, was the warning of the conductors, when a crowd tried to push into a car and others wanted to get out. But one exit was blocked by a tall woman who stuck in the doorway.

She had unfortunately got her gigantic headgear spiked on some protuberance in the doorway on one side and a hatpin fastened her securely to the other. Much advice, polite and otherwise, was given by those who way to the other evening. It happened at a busy West End station.

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ANCIENT GLORIES OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

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FINEST AND MOST COMPLETE IN THE WEST