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ST. MARY MAGDALEN.

When twilight rang her silvery bells
And bloomed the scented asphodels,
There knelt at Jesus' feet
A creature who, though steeped in sin,
Longed, ay, His wondrous love to win—
A boon to her full sweet.

Thus grieving o'er her waywardness,
With bitter tears and fond caress
She bathed His Sacred feet,
And loosening her golden braid,
Where glistening sunbeams ever
played,
She wiped them, as was meet.

Then Jesus' Heart with love o'erflowed
In Mary's eyes the light that glowed
Bespoke her new-found peace;
And, list'ning to His pardon sweet,
Fond kisses raining on His feet,
Her soul knew sin's release.
Eveline Marie Gerard, in The Rosary.

ROUND THE FORGE FIRE.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands.
There was no greater haunt for the
drowsy, also, in the town than Martin
Dillon's forge. To a village comprised
of a chapel, a public-house, a "peel-
ers" barrack, and perhaps a dozen or
so of straggling cabins, such as T—
the forge is by no means an inconsi-
derable or uninteresting "institution."

In its precincts were to be found
men of all shades of opinion—from the
most-faithful policeman in undress to the
village pedagogue; the latest news
in the political atmosphere, and the
freshest piece of gossip in the shape
of some local scandal. In it were to
be found the tailor, the weaver, the
shoemaker, the grocer; the farmers for
miles round frequented its dusty area;
while the parish clerk, the priest's boy,
the game-keeper, and the "herds" of
the neighborhood, made up the tag-
rag-and-bob-tail of its environs. Of
all these, the burly blacksmith—Mar-
tin Dillon, as he was generally called—
the tailor, and the village piper, merit
special notice. Many a time and oft
have I stood, as a youngster, listening
to their chaff, as they sat round
the forge fire recounting their many-
me exciting adventures; for be it
known that the three were "traveled"
men, and had gone through the rounds
of Munster and Leitrim pursuing their
vocations, the two former as "jour-
ney-men" to their respective trades, be-
fore they finally "settled down" at
T—. Martin Dillon, a man of tall
cuture and largeness of limb, was the
village slannache—a fund of drollery
and quaint humor in himself. There
was no reminiscence of the locality
lost to him; his stories of Ninety-eight
—glorious '98, as he would say—his
tales and personal experience of '48
and his other political escapades would
fill a goodly volume. He was consid-
ered a wise man, too; he was certainly
an intelligent man; every Friday
night, as sure as shot, brought him his
newspapers, which he read out and ex-
pounded to an attentive, appreciative
audience; and were to the man express-
ing a false sentiment, the anvil rang,
the hammer came down—I was going
to say on the traitor's head—but had
it been there—!

Would there were more of his sort
throughout the land!
The tailor, Tim Farrell, was a small
man—but what he lost in size he made
up in consequence, and recounted his
adventures with a fervor and warmth
which only small men can employ. A
bachelor, it might have been said of
him that love was the cause of his fol-
ly; it was certainly the cause of bring-
ing him into a good many scrapes.
The piper, Ned Moran, was blind—but
he must speak for himself by-and-by.
How I can look back now through
the dim years and see those three
worthies holding their court! It is
a wild, wet, winter's Friday night.
Groups of young men are standing on
tongues against the walls, holding their
own "soother" or "listening," open-
mouthed, to the paper—"article," song
or story—expressing their assent by
many a "well done," "bravo," "right
again," or by such expressions as "the
curse o' Crum" or "on 'em," "be all the
grey coats in Conemara an' that's a
bairy oath!" The blind piper sits en-
throned on the large "hob" beside the
glowing fire, his pipes and "chanter"
resting on his knee; the smith, with
brawny "snewy hands" is working
away or resting on the anvil some job
completed, while Ned Moran sitting on
the "vise," is reading a speech by the
light of a half-penny candle stuck to
the wall! Heigho! It is a familiar pic-
ture!

A lull in the conversation having oc-
curred, the piper looks about him, as
if those sightless eye-balls could dis-
cern who was there and called out
"Billy Walsh, are ye 'thin'?"
"Yes, Ned," what news has ye for
me?" said a young farmer, advancing
towards him. "Did ye do what I tol-
ye?"
"I did; it's anything from a hun-
dred t' five," was the laconic reply.
"Ye don't say so! Blarney, I
didn't think there was so much! Eh?"
"Every pliny or id, an' a comely
colleen, too, int' the bargain!"
"Yes, she's a purty girl. I seen her
wounce, an' begor, she tuk me fancy."
"An' tell me she has that much for-
tune?" the young farmer asked, after
a pause.
"I do, faix; an' moreover, if ye thry,
ye'll be apt t' get her."
"Why?"
"Because," I said, "I was on the look-
out o' wife for a strong farmer that'd
suet about three or four hundred
pound!"

"An' what did they say t' that?"
"They said they could satisfy any
man on that pint. An' I mentioned yer
name, too, t' them."
"Did ye? Well!"
"They wouldn't say ag'in id a bid,
they sed."

"That's satisfactory. I'll meet them
at the market a Friday."
"Ye will, I toul' thim t' be ready, an'
they said they would."
Having ascertained this the young
farmer retired, and the piper, who, as
will be seen from the foregoing dia-
logue, was the village matchmaker,
lapsed into silence, caught up his
pipes, and after a few preparatory
grunts, commenced "The Foxhunter's
Jig," to the tune of which some half
dozen men were tripping in on the
"light fantastic toe" in less than ten
minutes.

"Come, Martin, tell us a story,"
said the piper, the dance having con-
cluded.

The smith looked him for a few
minutes, then sat down on the anvil
and commenced:—"All o' ye are used
t' scenes o' hardship an' misery among
our neighbors, an' among our country-
men generally; bud, praise be t' God,
they're getting scarcer an' scarcer
every year; an' now I'll tell ye a story
o' the bad times. Some o' ye may
have heard o' id before, an' may be
some o' ye know the people I mean.
If ye do assel, id does people good t'
be reminded occasionally o' the misery
we had t' suffer, an' the want brought
on us by the people we're unthier! To
commence rightly now, I must tell ye
it was a lovely evenin' in autumn
about thirty years ago. Ballyboohan
wasn't that time what it is now—there
was a row of houses from this to the
end o' the road thim, an' just at the
big three lived on! Phil Fagan. He
was a purty strong farmer, was Phil,
at that time, an' he had wan daughter,
as purty a colleen as ever stud in
shoe-leather.

"That fine harvest evenin' Phil
was sittin' on the stone slab outside
his own doore, plazed like wid him-
self, an' satisfied with everythin'. He
was lookin' down the fields at the cows
an' the sheep, an' the jennet, on the
calves, an' the cocks o' hay further on;
an' he was lauhin' t' the singin' an'
the hummin' that the ralsers an' the
binders had whin they wor returnin'
from their day's work; an' the purty
colleen comin' home wid their pails o'
milk on their heads; an' out Phil was
as happy as a king that same evenin',
wud all the comfort an' fun that was
before him; whin who should be com-
in' up be the hedge but Bessy, the
daughter, an' Dick Farrell, an' they
cugerin' an' they talkin' for all the
world like people speakin' wud wan
another.

"Dick Farrell, was an only son, too,
an' ken o' a fine dacin' ould stock, an'
the ould man's heart was glad t' thim;
him, whin he thought that before his
death his little colleen 'ud have a pro-
tector an' a husband in the young fel-
low comin' up.

"Some way or other, whatever the
young people wor sayin' t' sich other,
they never noticed Phil at all, or
thought he saw thim, bud doubled up
again be the hedge, talkin' an' laugh-
in wid light hearts an' airy minds, an'
left the ould man t' thinkin' t'
whin who should walk up t' him bud
Lanty Finnegan, the agint!

"Lanty was a red-headed butt or a
fella, that no wan about the place
liked, or could cotton t' at; so ye
may say that Phil wasn't a bit too well
plazed whin Lanty sez, 'God save ye,
Phil.'"

"Musha, God save ye kindly," sez
Phil, fuddherin' over an' makin' place
for him on the salt, 'Sit down.'"

"Wethin', says Lanty, 'I'm glad ye
ye're alone, bekas I have a few words
t' ye in private, sez he that way. 'I'm
jusht goin' t' change me life wan o'
these days; an' I want yer advice
about a couple o' matters.' He went
on, speakin' confidentially.

"I'm glad t' here id," sez Phil.
"Well, yer see, I got Grange from
the landlord after he put out Phillips
that time, an' I want a housekeeper;
an' I was thinkin' o' gettin' married.
Now what would ye say if I ax Bessie
o' ye? Eh?"

"Poor Phil jumped up jusht as if
ye hot him a pelt on the lug, an' stid
lookin' at him a full minit 'thout
movin' a jaw.

"Sure, sez he, 'Bessie boct isn't
sighten yet, an' I'm sure, Misther Fin-
negan, that ye'd get many a better wife
than her about the place.'"

"I don't care about that, sez he,
I want Bessie; an' I'll make id worth
yer while if ye consent, sez he. 'Ye
see all I'm puttin' out, an' who knows
how much o' id would I clap in along
wud the farm ye have, bekas it's too
small, sez he. 'So consider over id.'"

"No use, sez Phil, 'I'd never see
her married at the expense o' me nay-
bors, an' I can't give her consent.'"

"Ye can't," sez Finnegan, jumpin'
up, 'dye know who ye're talkin' to?'
"I do," sez Phil, 'I know very well
who I'm talkin' to, for Phil was a
spunky little man—and he sez, 'I'll
never gi' ye Bessie.'"

"Next mornin' kem, an' Finnegan,
good t' his word, bonied over, an' he
got the same answer—refusal—that
he got before, an' a good kickin' for
his impudence from Dick Farrell, who
tuk good care t' be in before him; an'
sez t' the baffled agint, 'Do yer worst;
t'woud come sooner or later; bud go
on; I'm bettin' ye all an' them, an'
though ye may rob thim o' their bit o'
land ye'll ap sorry for id wid a long
spoon.'"

"Spitful cub," roared Finnegan,
"every man jack o' ye 'll fill a pauper's
grave. An' you, heez, sez he t' Bessy,
I'll have me revenge o' ye if I
waited till I hunted ye t' the world's
end. An' he med away wid himself."

"Well time wore away an' Dick Far-
rell an' Bessy Fagan wor married, an'
after that the notice to quit was served
on out Phil; an' wan hardy mornin'
in spring the redcoats kem, an' the
few sticks o' furniture wor draged
out on the road, an' the black-livered
villain Finnegan, wid his own hand,
set fire t' the snug ould house that Phil
Fagan was born in an' his father, an'
grandfather before him, an' there fore
the ould man's gaze, in the open
daylight, wid the protection o' the so-
gers, that man destroyed all that was
dear an' dear t' the ould man's heart,
that fairly broke as he looked at the
heap o' ashes an' black walls! How
many comfortable warm homesteads
have we seen changed from the shelter
o' our people into so many blackened
mille-stones on the agint's road o' life!

Glory be t' God, 't'woud draw tears
from a stone t' see the well-plaid, half-
drum rascals carryin' out int' the
cowlid young an' ould, sick an'
corpse, dyin' an' dead! Yis, dead—the
corpse o' a poor man had t' be taken
out o' the house before me own two
Evin' eyes, t' let the villain o' the
world pull id down t' the ground!
Can such things last? My God, can
they? An' min, strong min, maddened
at the sight before thim—in numbers,
too, grindin' their teeth in rage, must
look on, an' see how the work is done—
how successfully the work is done,
without sayin' a word!

"To return t' the story, they had t'
carry poor out Phil Fagan betune
thim o' Dick Farrell's but he didn't
live long. The stroke he got that
day killed him, an' people wor foun-
nin' days talkin' about him an' thim he
was forgot excep' be his near frien-
ds, just as we'll be all some day out here.

"Well, the years went on their weary
course, an' Bessy turn'd out—just
what as every wan expected she would
—a fine school housekeeper—an' God
bless those Irish masters, their like
aren't t' be met wit' all the world
around—an' just at the 'bad times'
there wasn't a warmer corner in the
side o' the country than Dick Farrell's
nor wan that was more frequented by
the poor an' needy, who wor never re-
fused for a bite or sup; nor a night's
lodgin'; an' whin the cholera was ragin'
there wasn't a vanthees in the barony
med horse" o' more use in givin' a
treitment, an' drinkin' an' beddellin'
an' mail, an' milk, than Bessy herself!

"Wan day, at any how, she med too
boud, an'—God bless the hearers!—
she was struck down herself, an' there
wasn't a dhy eye in the parish whin
the news that Bessy Farrell had the
cholera wint out! People kem from
far an' near t' inquire for her; bud
what good did they do her? Two o'
the childer as well tuk id, an' thim ye
may say 'twas a mournful house!

"That very mornin', too, news kem
down that the property was sold, an'
that Lanty Finnegan got the agincy
from the new landlord. And so it
proved, for before the week was up
that same gentleman kem ridin' up t'
the doore, an' toul' Dick Farrell that
his bit o' land was wanted, an' that
he should give up possession forth-
with. In vain did Dick plead for his
wife an' childer—in vain did he urge
their sickness; 't'woudn't do; out he
should go; an' before either o' thim
was well over the disale, the red-
coats wor again at work, an' that night
chiverrin' wid the cowlid, some o' them
waverin' betune life an' death, his own
health shattered from exposure an'
onalsness, Dick Farrell's whole family
slep by the ditchside, wit' scarcely as
much coverin' as wud keep out the se-
verity o' the weather!

"Would ye be surprised now if I toul'
ye that Dick Farrell wint mad the next
day? Would ye believe he didn't? Well,
he didn't—not on the next day, bud
before the week was over, his wife
an' two childer wor buried in the wan
grave! Think o' that! Ye have wives,
an' childer—wouldn't ye shed yer last
drop o' blood in order t' save thim?
An' what did he do? What could he
do? He hid himself from the world;
he lived on the air; he never spoke
a word t' anyone, an'le won day he
came up wid Finnegan, in the middle
o' the broad daylight, an' t' id they
wint at last Dick fell t' him, an'
would have killed him, thim and there,
on'y that the peepers kem on thim. As
as was, Finnegan was so disgusted that
he was med an example o' for life; and
Farrell was transported for fifteen
years!

"What good did id do to, thtransport
him? Never a bit! For one mornin',
whin they wint int' Finnegan's room,
they found him sittin' an' stark-mutil-
ated limb from limb.

"Who did it? Nobody ever fear-
ed, but fifteen years after, meel' saw
Dick Farrell, an' grev' an' med, wait-

ered and worn, with the impress o'
death on his very face, an' there wasn't
wan frind in the world o' his own to
welcome him home; All gone—dead,
scattered, herried three thousand miles
away, or their bones lyin' on the bot-
tom o' the Atlantic, blached, grey, an'
crumbly—cryin' out t' Heaven as wit-
ness o' the persecution that brought
thim to it!

"There—that's my story for ye.
Think over id, boys. Ye have all yer
bitten o' land, an' yer very heart and
sowl is centered in id—but how long
may ye reckon on id bein' yer own?
Bud look' me! There is my bit o'
land—there, that ould anvil; I wouldn't
part id while God spares me life and
health, for the best t'woud be id
itbin a him's race o' me." And the
speaker stood up, seized the handle of
his bellows, and blew up into a bright
light, by this time, diminished
"forge fire," round which this is but
our list evenin's—may we live to meet
there again, says I.

A long cherished project of buildin'
a French Catholic Church in St. Pe-
tersburg is about to be realized. The
French Ambassador at the court of the
Czar, M. de Montebello, has asked and
obtained from the municipal council of
the Capital permission to build a Catho-
lic temple. Up to the present, the only
authorized church in St. Petersburg
for Catholic worship was that of St.
Catherine, but the extraordinary in-
crease of Catholics, especially of
French origin, rendered a larger build-
ing necessary.

St. Michael's Passionist monastery
West Hoboken, was crowded at the un-
veiling and blessing of a Pieta, made
by Joseph Sibille, a New York sculptor,
out of a block of marble quarried at
Serravalle, Italy. Father Fidelis, who
recently returned from Rome, preached
the sermon.

The ecclesiastical court appointed by
Archbishop Kain, of St. Louis, to in-
quire into the life and virtues of Ma-
dame Duchesne, the first Superioress of
the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, with a
view to her beatification, have com-
pleted their labors and their report
will be soon forwarded to the Sacred
Congregation of Rites for further ac-
tion.

Miss Lavinia Maude Magdalen West,
youngest daughter of the late Mr. Wil-
liam West of Swindon, was received
into the Catholic Church on the Feast
of All Saints by the Very Rev. Dean
Longgan of the Church of the Holy
Rock, Swindon.

Leo XIII. has now been more than
sixty years a priest, more than half a
century a bishop and almost half a
century a cardinal.

The expedition of Admiral Dewar
for the past few days is an awful
warning for sea captains to keep out
of the real estate business—and in-
cidentally to remember Samuel Weller's
advice about widows.

Professional experts have recently
valued Raphael's picture of the Trans-
figuration in the Vatican Art Gallery
at \$1,500,000 and the Vatican Library
at \$20,000,000.

One of the San Francisco papers an-
nounces that Miss Ella M. Clemmons,
sister of Mrs. Howard Gould, has de-
cided to devote her life to Catholic
missionary work among the Chinese of
San Francisco, and soon as she can
leave a house in Chinatown she in-
tends to open a Catholic mission, at
her own expense. Miss Clemmons be-
came a convert to the Catholic faith
less than two years ago. There is no
Catholic mission for the Chinese in
San Francisco, and the work seemed
to her a very necessary one at the
time of her conversion, so she brave-
ly set about the work of preparation,
made a study of the Chinese language
and decided to devote her means to its
furtherance.

Rev. Herbert S. Bigelow lectured
against the Philippine war at the Vine
Street Congregational church, Cincin-
nati, Nov. 5th. He said:

"Argument is the only ammunition
that free men have a right to use. The
only man who has a right to fight is
the man denied the right to vote.
Were I a Roman Catholic Filipino and
one of your canting Methodists came
to me with the command to yield and
be baptized, I would tell him to go
home with his blood-stained hands
and gold dripping with tears. 'You
can establish the order of a graveyard,
but you have yet to conquer the soul
of a Tagal.'"

The Sisters of St. Joseph in charge
of St. Anthony's School, Nazareth,
Kalamazoo county, Michigan, have un-
dertaken a work for which it would
seem no other Catholic institution has
yet provided, namely, the care of fee-
ble-minded children. In their pro-
spectus it is stated that there are over
100,000 feeble-minded children in the
United States, and of this number less
than 5,000 are cared for by State in-
stitutions. For the present, as the ac-
commodations of the new school are
limited, the Sisters will confine their
ministration to the girls.

Miss Adeline Sergeant, the novelist,
after prolonged consideration,
joined the Catholic Church. She was
received by Father Matruin at Farm-
street, London, and made her first
communion, the sacrament being ad-
ministered by the Cardinal at his pri-
vate chapel in Westminster. Miss Ser-
geant was brought up as a Wesleyan.

Rev. W. Duhon, L. D., some time
American chaplain at Gotha, has been
received into the Catholic Church by
Father Hampton, S. J.

LITANY OF LORETO.

THE MEANING OF THE VARIOUS
TITLES OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

The Beautiful Devotion of the Rosary With
its Fifteen Mysteries for Meditation
Briefly Explained—The Blessed Virgin is
Universally Honored.

When we say the Litany of Loreto,
we call the Blessed Virgin by many
names of love and respect. Some-
times children find it hard to under-
stand what some of these names mean.

The first and most beautiful title we
can give to the Blessed Virgin is that
of Mother—"Mother of Christ," "Mother
of Divine Grace." We call Our
Lady that name, for, as Jesus is the
source or fountain of grace, all grace
flows from Him; and, through Him,
from his holy Mother, "Mother Most
Pure," "most chaste," "immaculate,"
"undefiled." All these words mean that
Our Lady is absolutely spotless; not
even the stain of original sin ever
touched her for a single minute.

"Mother most amiable," that is, most
loving and most worthy of love;
"most admirable," the being whom we
admire above all others. "Virgin most
venerable," that is, whom we revere
or respect; "Virgin most renowned,"
that is, most great, most famous; for
what Christian is there in the whole
world who does not know of Our
Lady's greatness?

"Mirror of Justice," which means
the very mirror or reflection of Jesus
and His holiness. "Seat of Wisdom,"
for was not Our Lady taught by God, her-
self, the fount of all wisdom? "Mys-
tical Vessel," "Vessel of Honor,"
"Singular Vessel of Devotion"—all
these titles mean that Our Lady was
like a precious vessel, or vase, filled
with honor and devotion, "Mystical
Rose." As the rose is the queen of
flowers, so is Our Lady the queen of
all women. "Tower of David." Our
Lady was of the house, or family, of
King David. "Tower of Ivory." In-
vory is pure white, as is the soul of
the Blessed Virgin. "House of Gold,"
for gold is the most precious of all
materials, as our Mother is the most pre-
cious of all creatures.

"Ark of the Covenant." The stone
tables on which God wrote his law of
covenant with his people, were the
most precious and cherished treasure
of the Jews; they kept them in an ark
of pure gold, so that we speak of Our
Lady as the ark in which was hidden
greater treasure than Jesus Christ. We
use these titles, because when the
Bible, the prophets spoke of Our Lady,
telling how one day the Messiah would
be born of her, they gave her these
names of praise.

Then we call Our Lady the "Gate of
Heaven"; for how can we hope to
pass into paradise unless our Mother
pleads for us? "Morning Star" is an-
other name for her. When the ship-
wrecked sailors see the star of morn-
ing gleaming before him, he knows
that day is coming, bringing with it
help and safety. In the same way,
when our souls are shipwrecked and
afraid, the thought that our Mother in
heaven is always waiting to help us is
like a star-shining before us, bringing
hope and comfort.

"Heaven of the Sick," "Heaven of
Sufferers," "Comforter of the Mourn-
ful." What lovely and what true
names are these for our loving Mother!
Then she is our queen—queen of
angels, of saints and of men. "Queen
conceived without original sin," be-
cause you know, Our original sin, the
devil never entered into her pure heart
for one single minute. "Queen of the
most holy Rosary," for we know that
the Rosary is the form of prayer most
pleasing to Our Lady.

I am sure that you would like to
hear more about the Rosary now, that
you know how pleasing it is to the
Blessed Virgin, so I will tell you about
it.

You all know what a rosary is like.
At the end there is a crucifix; then one
big bead, then three little ones; then
the rest of the rosary is divided into
five portions or decades, with one big
bead and ten little ones in each. The
rosary is made to represent a crown
of a hundred roses, which we offered
Our Lady.

On the cross it is usual to say "In
the name of the Father, and of the Son,
and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." On the
first big bead we recite the Creed, and
on the three little ones three "Hail Marys." Then begin
the five decades, for each of which we
say "Our Father" on the big bead,
and one "Hail Mary" on each of the
little ones. At the end of each decade
is added the "Glory be to the Father."

While we are saying the Rosary we
try to meditate, that is think about
something that happened during the
life of Christ or of the Blessed Virgin.
These meditations, or thoughts are ar-
ranged in this way:

The first five decades—that is, once
round the rosary—are given up to joy-
ful thoughts; those are the five "Joy-
ful Mysteries." The Annunciation,
the Visitation, the Birth of Christ, the
Presentation, and "Finding in the
Temple." You see, all these things
happened before the suffering part of
Christ's life began, while He was still
with His parents.

The next five decades—that is the
second time around the rosary—are
called the five "Sorrowful Mysteries."
While we say them we meditate on
the Passion, "Scourging at the Pil-
lar," "Crowning with Thorns," "Car-
rying of the Cross," "Crucifixion."
Then begin the "Glorious Mys-
teries," the time after the death of
Christ, when His suffering and His
were over; the Resurrection, the
Ascension, the Pentecost, the Assump-
tion, the Coronation.

CATHOLIC NOTES.

A petition has been submitted to
Loreto Academy, in New York City,
for the admission of a young man who
was a member of the same school
when he was a boy.

The Roman Catholic Church has
just received from the Vatican a
new edition of the "Catechism of the
Catholic Church," which is the most
complete and up-to-date work of the
kind.

Dr. William J. Connelley, of the
University of Notre Dame, has been
appointed to the position of professor
of dogmatic theology in the same
university.

Nearly fifty new churches have
been erected in the United States
during the past year, and the number
of churches in the country is now
over one hundred thousand.

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