

## American Notes.

ONE of the most notable in the events of the religious world which have recently occurred has been the delivery of a lecture in the chapel of Harvard University by Bishop Keane, Rector of the Catholic University at Washington. The course of lectures in question, and one of which Bishop Keane was invited to deliver, was founded by a certain Chief Justice Dudley, a man who, in his day, was surpassed by none in his rigid Calvinism and his hostility to everything connected with the Catholic church. The change therefore, that has already come over the spirit of things, and the promise for the future, are evident. A Catholic Bishop in the pulpit of a Protestant University in New England, and thence addressing a crowded congregation made up for the most part of non-Catholic students, and other members of the Protestant sects, was a remarkable sight. The Bishop's lecture, which was on revealed religion, was worthy of the occasion, and such as might well sustain the high reputation he bears as a member of the Catholic hierarchy. It must go far towards spreading throughout the United States an idea, more closely approaching the truth, of the nature of the Catholic church.

Great alarm and indignation have been caused in New Orleans by the cold blooded and deliberate murder of the Chief of Police in that city. The motive of the deed is attributed to the determination which had been shown by the murdered official to put down the Mafia, or secret society of assassination introduced into the country by Sicilian Garibaldians and Anarchists, and which had already been accountable for much crime. Apart from this element among their ranks, however, Italian immigrants in the United States are very favourably reported of. Inspector Byrne of New York, for example, one of the most able detectives and highest authorities on such matters in the country, gives the people alluded to a very good character. "The Italian population of this city," he says, "numbers about one hundred thousand persons, and, taken as a class, they make a very good showing as regards crime. As a rule Italians are sober, industrious and thrifty. They work hard after coming here, and after accumulating a little money they generally start in some business." The Mafia, a branch of the famous anti-Catholic Carbonari, was introduced into the country by a somewhat notorious patriot named Esposito—a native of Sicily and an energetic promoter there of the new state of things. Americans, even those of them who had most sympathy for Garibaldi, and were loudest in advocacy of Italian unity and so-called freedom, seem to have but little taste for Garibaldian methods when brought into closer contact with them. The Chief of Police who has been murdered was named Hennessy. He was an Irish-American, and was held in high esteem as a most useful and deserving officer.

In the cattle lassoing contest by cowboys at the International Fair, San Antonio, Texas, October 11, William Capps broke the previous record, 46 seconds, tying down a wild steer in 43½ seconds. Frank Craine received possibly fatal injuries in a fall from his horse, and a Mexican cowboy was seriously gored by a wild steer.

The conviction of forty women captured by the police in their raid on Chinatown (says a New York paper) is only a slight indication of the ravages being made upon American society by opiates in various forms. Women are chiefly susceptible to the delusive drug because of their sensitive organism, and because they are debarred the use of alcohol, which would be detected on their breath. Several of these women are said to be of high social standing.

Eighteen hundred and ninety (says the New York *Freeman's Journal* of November 8), will be memorable in the annals of three sections of the community, viz., in Vermont, where, beside Lake Champlain, the faithful remembered the consecrated years of Bishop De Goesbriand; in New York, where the echoes of the jubilee of Bishop Loughlin are still reverberating, and in the great and growing West, where the modest Archbishop of Chicago was last week made the recipient of a commemorative ovation the like of which was never given to king or conqueror. Archbishop Feehan can well feel happy over this great manifestation of his people's devotion to him and the Church to which he has given his years. He has seen the Catholic population of Chicago grow in one decade from 130,000 to 460,000 and more, and it has been no easy matter to provide for that growth. The task was given to him, and he went at it with quiet but steady energy until it was accomplished. Ten years ago there were 170 churches there; to-day there are 218, with many outposts for new ones. Around them gather congregations as universal in their makeup as is the character of the Mother whom they revere as their guide and succour. All the different nationalities of Chicago Catholics live amicably and happily together, vying with each other in devotion to their religion and loyalty to the institutions of this marvellous land.

Father Mollinger, who has been sick for a long time, saw a few patients the week ending October 11, for the first time since St. Anthony's Day, June 13. The only ones he allowed to visit him were those who had come a great distance and who have been here some time awaiting his recovery. He gave notice that after those present were treated, he would not see another person until after November 1. He will spend the balance of this month in rest, preparatory to resuming his great labour of healing the thousands of afflicted who come from all parts of the country. This will be welcome news to those who intend to pay St. Anthony's shrine a visit.

Harvard (says the Brooklyn *Catholic Review*) did itself honour in inviting Bishop Keane to deliver the Dudenian Lecture this year. It is another step in the right direction. It is a breaking down of

old prejudices. It is welding in bonds of harmony and union citizens of this Republic as citizens and scholars irrespective of creed. It is a placing of the Republic of letters on its proper plane, where scholars meet and discuss issues without calling names or creating ill-will. It was considered a remarkable phenomenon when, four years ago, Brother Azarias was invited by the Concord School of Philosophy to present the Catholic aspects of the question under discussion. It proved that the most advanced thinkers were not content with their knowledge of a subject until they had possessed the Catholic aspect of it. Such a request would not have been made fifteen years ago. Catholicity is not only holding her own; she is also acquiring an intellectual prestige that is growing with every cycle of the seasons. Catholic books are being more read and commended by non-Catholics. The writings of Cardinal Newman, W. S. Lilly, Cardinal Gibbons and Brother Azarias are sure of a respectful reception by the non-Catholic Press. Archbishop Ryan receiving his degree of L.L.D. from the University of Pennsylvania; Archbishop Ireland reading a paper at the Teachers' Association of the West; Bishop Keane pleading the cause of Catholic education before another Teachers' Association; Brother Azarias reading a paper before the Farmington School of Philosophy this summer—these are all instances of the new era of good feeling that has set in, and which cannot be ignored. Incalculable good may be done by the acceptance of such invitations. When the right hand of fellowship is extended by our non-Catholic friends, and they ask us what we believe and teach on certain topics, it is becoming that we accept and explain as best we can.

## CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' SCHOOLS, DUNEDIN.

THE annual entertainment and distribution of prizes in connection with these schools took place in St. Joseph's Hall on Friday evening. His Lordship the Bishop presided, and there was present a very large attendance of visitors, among whom we noticed the Rev. Fathers Lynch, Adm., Golden, Hunt and O'Neill, his Worship the Mayor and Mrs. Carroll, Mr. J. B. Callan, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Petre, Mr. and Mrs. F. Meenan, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Woods, Mr. H. Gourley, Mr. J. P. Armstrong, Mr. C. E. Houghton, and others too numerous to mention. The programme opened with the New Zealand National Anthem, followed by the "Village Chorister," in both of which choruses our old friends the "Young Cecilians" did ample justice to the music entrusted to them, and succeeded well in pleasing their audience. A recitation, "The Young Orator," was then given by Master John Callan, a very little fellow, who acquitted himself of his task in a manner almost beyond praise, speaking out his words clearly, distinctly, and with perfect intelligence and understanding of their meaning. Simultaneous readings, "The Sister of Charity" and "Home for the Holidays," came next, both being extremely creditable. The latter, however, as might perhaps be expected, seemed more in keeping with the taste of the boys, and was especially well given. "The Noble Boy" was then recited with good expression by Master John Creagh, after which the Cecilian quartette was heard to great advantage in the glee "Bells of Freedom," and the solo and chorus "Mabel White"—the little boy, Master Clarke, who took the solo, singing with remarkable sweetness. A gymnastic display—rod exercises, to music performed on the piano by Mr. Oscar David—followed, and was very deservedly admired, as was afterwards a series of evolutions with clubs gone through with in the same manner. An elocutionary contest was then carried out in three divisions—a musical performance occupying each interval. The boys competing, Masters R. Cotter, P. O'Neill, J. Fagan, A. Quelch, G. East, E. Wilkins, J. Fraser, D. Buckley, J. Mee, and A. Cameron, did their several parts remarkably well, the first prize being awarded, on the decision of Messrs. Callan and Houghton, the appointed judges, to Master Edward Wilkins, who had particularly distinguished himself in Oliver Wendell Holmes' poem, "The Boys"—answering, be it said, a smart examination by one of the Brothers as to the meaning of certain lines and phrases. There was a tie between Masters John Fraser and Alfred Quelch for second prize, and the third prize fell to Master Richard Cotter. The music filling up the intervals was a part song, "The Convent Bells," well given by the Young Cecilians, and "Ecce Homo," a solo by Piccolomini, sung by Master Nicholas Moloney—accompanied on the piano by Miss K. Moloney, his sister. The song, a very difficult one, was beautifully sung, and in response to an enthusiastic encore the singer gave a verse from a solo in the opera of "Maritana." The distribution of prizes, made by his Lordship the Bishop, was immediately preceded by an amusing scene entitled the "Student's Social," in which a number of young gentlemen, under the patronage of one of their Professors—chiefly distinguishable by his grey hair—had met to pass a sociable evening, and did pass it accordingly in a manner common to such occasions. The liveliness of the scene was much enhanced by the arrival of a visitor, accompanied by his child—a very prodigy of infantile genius.

On the conclusion of the distribution of prizes the Bishop made the following address:—

Mr. Mayor, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—I came here this evening with the intention of making a speech, but I find that it is too late to trespass on your kind attention. However, as some people would say or, I believe, do say—if I did not make a speech on this occasion I should not sleep to-night, if you will permit me I shall speak for a while, but only for a little while, and although I am not going to stand for Parliament, if you will only be kind enough to ask me questions I will answer them. I have got so much to say that I hardly know where to begin, and it would be a great mercy to me if somebody would start a subject on which I could speak to you. I will try to keep my promise and not trespass on you at any great length. For 20 years on occasions like this I have had the same text, and I believe the secularists are determined that I shall never want a text as long as I live. You came here this evening to witness the entertainment of the boys and also the distribution of the prizes to them; and the great crowd I see here before me assures me that you feel an unabated