

of him—was extricated from beneath the ruins of his battered engine. 'It was seen,' says our Michigan contemporary, 'that he was in a dying condition, and as he implored those about him to call a priest, and there being no Catholic clergyman residing at the place, some kind-hearted person hastily summoned a Methodist minister, the Rev. Mr. Roedel, of Durand. Mr. Roedel hastened immediately to the scene of the accident. Mr. Hamlin saw at once that he was not a priest, and courteously declining his proffered services the injured man asked him to send for a priest. The nearest priest, the Rev. George O'Sullivan, resided at Gaines which was six miles distant, and there was no way of reaching him except by driving across the country. The brave engineer was each moment growing weaker and weaker, and the attempt to reach Father O'Sullivan and convey him back to Durand before the man had breathed his last was deemed hopeless. However, Rev. Mr. Roedel (God reward him for his noble act!) hurried to his own house, hitched up his horse and drove over to Gaines and returned as fast as his horse could be driven to Durand with the priest.'

'Poor Hamlin,' says the *Catholic*, 'died just five minutes before Father O'Sullivan's arrival. Rev. Mr. Roedel's part in the sad tragedy is worthy of the highest praise, and Christians of all denominations cannot but admire his noble charity and generosity.' We lift our hat to Brother Roedel. If 'the wealth of a soul is measured by how much it can feel' for others, the Methodist divine of Durand is plainly one of dear Charity's millionaires.

AND we are best of all led to  
Men's principles by what they do.

CONSISTENCY A JEWEL. Uncle Sam's principles and his practice are eating each other up—like Kilkenny cats. Article XIII. of the Constitution of the United States, which has been part of the supreme law of the land since 1865, runneth thus: 'Article XIII., Section 1.—Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction.' But article X. of the treaty with the yellow Sultan of Sulu Archipelago recognises slavery as an established institution, acknowledges the right of ownership of human beings as chattels, and in express terms regards the slave as having a market value, like a horse or an ox. Article III. of the treaty recognises polygamy as one of the rights of the much-married Sultan and his Datus, because it is a part of their religion. But the New York *Freeman* points out that 'a Mormon—although polygamy was also a part of his religion—was recently expelled from the Senate because he had three wives.' Great is the Sultan of Sulu! And Uncle Sam—like 'Soapy Sam' Wilberforce—has been spoiling his 'agreeability' somewhat in this Sulu mess by his 'palpable inconsistency.'

A CURIOUS SURVIVAL. It was stated some years ago in the *North American Review* that people in the Philippines get so accustomed to earthquakes that they pay no particular attention to them: they expect the 'quakes' and are perfectly satisfied when the houses begin to stagger like drunken men and the solid earth to roll like the long swell of the Pacific. In a somewhat similar way English Protestants have here and there resigned themselves to the survival of certain distinctively Catholic practices of pre-Reformation times. Thomas Cromwell, for instance—Henry VIII.'s lay-vicar-general—forbade the ringing of the *Angelus* bell. He ordered that 'the knolling of the *Aves*, which,' he said, 'has been brought in and begun by the pretence of the Bishop of Rome's pardon, henceforth be omitted.' But the *Angelus* bell continued, none the less, to ring out from many a spire and tower—knolling for departed days, and 'Reformed' officials and clergy and laity learned to tolerate this reminder of doctrines and devotions which had been placed under the ban of the law. As late as 1886 a Protestant antiquarian, Mr. Bubb, protested vigorously against the proposed discontinuance of the ringing of 'the eight-o'clock bell' (the old *Angelus* bell) at Minster, in the Isle of Thanet, off the coast of Kent. The bell is still rung out thrice a day—in morning, noon, and evening—from many a Lutheran church in the Scandinavian countries: a far-off memory of the faith that was spread over those lands in the days when St. Eric wore the royal crown in Sweden, St. Canute in Denmark, and St. Olave in Norway.

But one of the most curious survivals of the pre-Reformation days is the old Catholic common seal which is still in use in the Puritan town of Rye. 'It is not a little curious,' says a writer in the *Hastings Observer*, 'that Rye's town seal should be, of all municipal corporations, perhaps the most Papal in the whole kingdom. It is composed of an enshrined figure of the Madonna and Child, around which are the words: *Ave Maria plena gratia Dominus tecum*. I mentioned to a well known High Church clergyman in Hastings the fact that

through centuries of hard and fast Protestantism, Rye's town council has been using this seal, when the reply came: "Well, poor people, it didn't hurt them. We may well suppose they didn't understand it." I am not prepared to endorse this, as it may appear to some readers, cynical observation. I merely mention it as a strange fact that while, through generations, the ancient town should be condemning what it called "Mariolatry," in all its shapes and forms, it nevertheless, on its every important legal document, had impressed the figure of the Mother of God encircled with the invocation: "Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee." The local historian may by-and-by have something to say on this point.'

CLERICAL CELIBACY. 'CLAPPER-CLAWING' is the comparatively mild term with which Samuel Butler used to express the tornadoes and waterspouts of vituperation that used to be directed by certain controversialists against the celibacy of the Catholic clergy. This suggestive form of abuse is now happily left to impostors of the Slattery add Ruthven type and to such-like scavengers and camp-followers of the clerical profession. For many years past thoughtful Protestants have been experiencing a gradual change of mind and heart with regard to what Hallam, in his *Constitutional History*, terms this 'most ancient and universal rule of discipline.' A leading article in the Melbourne *Argus* of March 11, 1896, urged the Anglican Bishop Goe to 'in future let the young unmarried men be selected for the wilds instead of the married ones. They don't want parsonages or furniture,' continued the writer; 'a bicycle and a portmanteau would constitute all their belongings, and fresh young enthusiastic workers would do more good and infuse more energy into a district in a few months than could be accomplished in as many years by an elderly gentleman encumbered with wife and children—to say nothing of the horse.' Which is a mild plea for a young celibate clergy on the ground both of energy and economy.

But thus far the benefits of temporary or perpetual clerical celibacy have been best realised by our separated brethren as an article for export. It is chiefly in connection with the foreign mission-field that they realise the force of St. Paul's words: 'He that is without a wife is solicitous for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please God. But he that is with a wife is solicitous for the things of the world, how he may please his wife; and he is divided' (1. Cor. vii., 33-34). Dr. Robert Needham Cust—who devoted himself for over fifty years to work in connection with various Protestant mission-fields—plies his whip and scorpion against the average missionary for his early and 'reckless marrying.' It indicates, he maintains (in his *Missionary Methods*), a lack of 'self-denial' and 'self-consecration.' He would 'let no male missionary marry till he has had ten years' service in the field,' and would strongly 'encourage Brotherhoods and Sisterhoods.' After the cruel murder of the Stewarts and other Protestant missionaries in China in 1895, Mr. Labouchere wrote in his paper, *Truth*: 'If really it is deemed desirable to make an effort to convert the Chinese in provinces where we cannot protect our citizens, the task should be placed in the hands of men wifeless and childless, ready to live in poverty, and to die, if needed, as martyrs; but, above all things, of approved intelligence and discretion. A person should not go into missionary work as a profession in which he can keep himself and his family. It was not in this way that Christianity first made its way.' Married missionaries often undoubtedly display great zeal and earnestness in their work. But the presence of a wife and little children is not exactly the sort of thing that naturally makes for heroism when famine or bubonic plague sets about devouring the massed populations of the East, or the Pagan begins to rage and thirst for the blood of the 'Western devil' in his diabolical way. In a remarkable article in the *National Review* for December, 1897, Rev. H. Hensley Henson (an Anglican clergyman) says that the wedded missionary cannot, 'save in the rarest cases, be conceived in the heroic category. The true missionary,' he adds, 'is normally unmarried, unprofessional, heroic.' Of the Catholic missionaries he says: 'Nowhere does the Roman Church wear so noble and Christian an aspect as in the mission-field. This is the reluctant admission of her foes, as well as the legitimate pride of her members.'

No courage 'mounteth with occasion' so spontaneously as that which arises from a sense of duty to God and love of neighbor. And it is least trammelled when one stands alone, like Pietro della Miccia—without tearful wife and scared children tugging at one's heart-strings. In connection with a similar subject the *Ave Maria* retells a very *apropos* incident related by Father Girod, a missionary from Tonkin. It occurred when Father Girod was in the Foreign Missions' Seminary, Paris. 'He was,' says the *Ave*, 'on duty one day in the "Martyrs' Hall," giving to the different visitors information as to the various paintings and other objects that constitute the seminary's missionary museum. In one group of callers was a young man of about 20 years of age, an extreme type of the Parisian dude, who had glanced rather superciliously