

The book is in no sense, however, of a controversial character, but rather a simple exposition of the great truths of religion to all who have ears to hear and hearts to understand.

T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

TORY OBSTINACY WRECKS IRISH SETTLEMENT

BUT BRINGS NORTH AND SOUTH TOGETHER IN UNDERSTANDING SYMPATHY

Special Cable to the CATHOLIC RECORD (Copyright 1916, Central News)

London, July 29th.—My cables the last two weeks have prepared you for the final breakdown of the negotiations incident to the proposed Irish Settlement.

In the final hour of the negotiations John Redmond, leader of the Irish Nationalists, was presented, with every sign of humiliation and grief, by Lloyd George and Herbert Samuel at the War Office, with two entirely new and vital departures from the agreement presented by Redmond, Dillon and Devlin, to the Irish people, namely: a variation of the terms about Ulster, suggesting a permanent instead of a temporary arrangement, and the refusal to allow full Irish representation at Westminster in the next Parliament until the Home Rule question was finally disposed of.

The Irish leaders, without a second's hesitation, rejected these suggestions and a party meeting, held immediately afterwards, enthusiastically confirmed their attitude. Strong action was agreed upon which led to the debate of last Monday. Up to the last minute the Ministry attempted to turn Redmond from his purpose of immediate debate and the rupture that would necessarily follow, but the Nationalist leader, amid fervid cheers and some passionate interruptions from the Irish benches which showed how bitter was the feeling, sternly refused.

The debate went splendidly from the Irish side, and Redmond's calm and dignified presentation of Ireland's case produced a profound impression. No speech afterwards from the other side succeeded in meeting his contention that the Ministry had broken its solemn contract. This exposure of the shabby transaction humiliated all Englishmen as well as exasperating the Irishmen, and the debate ended with a disastrous impression of weakness, vacillation and bad faith on the part of the Ministry. This following almost immediately upon the damaging debate over the Mesopotamia and Dardanelles campaigns, further weakened the already tottering government.

The second impression of the debate was the feverish eagerness apparent on all sides except among the Tory junkies, whose leader, Lord Lansdowne, wrecked the Settlement, that the question must not be left at this disastrous point. Nearly every newspaper accepted Redmond's view of the situation and not one had a word of excuse for the Government.

Well meant attempts are being made behind the scenes to find some other formula for saving England and Ireland from another disastrous misunderstanding, and there is renewed talk of a joint executive body of all parties in Ireland to carry on the administration of government during the war. How these things will end, I cannot yet say, but I am not hopeful.

The upper smoke room of the House of Commons, as it is called—in contradistinction to the Stranger's smoke room which is in the basement—is one of the spots where you get more of the realities of Parliamentary life than in any other spot in the Parliament House. At half past four to five every afternoon there is to be found in this room a considerable number of the most important members of the House. Ministers rarely go there: though now and then Mr. Lloyd George, who remains simple, democratic and companionable amid all his great changes of fortune, and who cannot do very long without a smoke of some kind somewhere—occasionally drops in; but as a rule Ministers have to stick to their own rooms and employ the intervals between their appearances in the House of Commons with an attempt to keep up with the work of their departments. Winston Churchill used also to drop in now and then; he does so more now that he has been relieved for a while from ministerial cares. I have never seen Mr. Asquith there, and I am sure it would have given a fit to the company if the lean, ascetic face of Sir Edward Grey had ever been seen there; and now the House of Commons knows that familiar figure no more.

The advantage of the smoke room over the floor of the House, is that there you see men without the sock and buskin; that there is no public to listen and look in; that party ties cease to exist for the moment, and deadly political enemies sit down in the cordiality and intimacy of private friendship. But party—especially in times of bitter conflict—sometimes asserts itself even in the Upper smoke room; and it is not many months ago since you saw there every afternoon the Irish Orangemen forming a little group by themselves, and apart from other groups of the House—even from that of their English friends. They have always had a certain aloofness from every-

body—these rather dour Ulstermen. But even in the hot times—now so remote spiritually, though so near in mere point of time—this aloofness was not continuous; Irishmen can never entirely get over their gregariousness and their kindliness. Ronald McNeill, the giant who was one of the fiercest of the Orange leaders—it was he who threw a book at Winston Churchill in one of the Home Rule debates—was always on good terms with some of the Nationalists. I knew him years ago when he was editor of the St. James' Gazette and our acquaintanceship never ceased even when things were hottest.

It is one of the significant events of the transformation of the Irish scene that this isolation between the two groups of Irishmen has largely come to an end within the last few weeks. You might see often the strange spectacle of myself or some other Irish Nationalist seated amid the Orange group, and discussing with them a not unpopular topic with both sides—the stupidity and the vacillation of these English masters in whose hands lay the fate of the recent negotiations. In common scorn for English density and English ignorance on all affairs Irish, the two groups found common ground. Sir Edward Carson, who led a cup of afternoon tea and a mild cigarette, always one of the figures in the smoke room. He has always around him his little court of ardent admirers and loyal followers. This tall dark man with the hollow cheeks, the high cheek-bones, the resolute mouth and the deep-set sombre eyes, with a curious mixture of geniality, grinniness and melancholy in the expression—has a wonderful power of magnetising men. It is naturally and without effort a dominating personality. It is only he who, on the one hand, could reduce the Orange population to the frenzy of Civil War; and on the other, could induce them to forget their fierce hostility to Home Rule and to their countrymen south of the Boyne. It was the same thing even with men from whom he differed. In the Cabinet he was supposed to have more influence with Asquith than any other of his colleagues.

But the man to whom Sir Edward Carson came nearest was Mr. Lloyd George. In the intimate and sympathetic association of these two men may be traced much of the history of the settlement of the Home Rule question. What brought them together was their intense feeling about the war, and their common impatience with any slackening in the efforts for conducting it vigorously. Both men of energy and of action, hating procrastination, incapable of indecision, ruthless in incompetence, they found themselves cooperating warmly in the efforts to speed up the war machinery. To Lloyd George and to Carson nothing mattered but the war. Thus it was when the rebellion broke out they both saw at a glance that a disturbed and unrecanted Ireland was incompatible with the concentration on the war, with the repute of the Empire, with our relations with our Allies and with the great neutral country of America. Starting on this common ground, they found themselves able to cooperate cordially in the effort to bring to an end, on terms fairly acceptable to both sides, the disastrous quarrel between North and South in Ireland and between Ireland and the Empire.

But then came the obstacles and the difficulties, raised partly by unfavorable conditions in the Irish temper in consequence of the severe repressive measures after the Rebellion; and partly because of the resurgence in the South of Ireland and among the ultra-Tories of England. This was added to by the break-out within the Cabinet itself of the irreconcilable Unionists who began to agitate against the settlement. The agitation, of course, came to a head in the House of Commons. For Mr. Asquith shrinks naturally from any break-up in his Cabinet; for nobody knows where these things are going to end, and any break-up in a Cabinet may well be interpreted by Allies and by enemies as some slackening in the unity and the determination of Great Britain to carry on the war to the bitter end.

Sir Edward Carson was just the man to be enraged by such an outbreak and by such vacillation. That direct, simple, energetic mind when once it is made up, does not understand any halt or any vacillation; and the smoke room resounded to his strictures on the delay and the hesitation; and when some of the British Unionists tried to reproach or to weaken him, they got a taste of that vigorous tongue, the lashing of which his old enemies knew so well. It was Carson's loyalty and determination that were among the strongest factors in forcing the settlement.

All these things I recount now to add this important conclusion; that these negotiations and their twisted history have done much to bridge over the gulf between the North and the South of Ireland. The other Orange leaders were quite as resolute and quite as inflexible as Sir Edward Carson. One of the men, curiously enough, who helped him most was Colonel Craig. A new figure revealed himself to the Nationalists during these negotiations. Reasonable, tolerant, staunch, clear-headed, this great big man, hitherto known only as a man of violent temper and of strong language, showed himself to be quite fair and sternly loyal. He pointed out the difficulties to Nationalists in the Parliamentary history of the settlement, and displayed a strange

familiarity with the point of view and the inner life of the Irish Nationalists themselves. Thus there has sprung up something like personal friendship and sympathy between the leaders of the two parties. The splendid courage of the Ulster division in the recent fighting has to be med another bond. The reunion of Ireland has begun, in my opinion, on the morrow of its temporary partition—may on the day before that tragedy in Irish history has been enacted.

LETTER FROM FATHER FRASER

Ningpo, China, June 26, 1916.

Dear Mr. Editor.—Please publish the enclosed letter or acknowledge the gift mentioned. I feel very grateful to the generous donor and will certainly remember her in my prayers and Masses. I have just finished my annual retreat here in Ningpo and in a couple of days return to Taichowfu. I was not at all well the last few weeks, having caught a dreadful cold returning forty miles in a rowboat from Tientai, but I am all right now, thank God, and in the best of spirits, ready to do still more for the glory of God when I return to my mission. Today I visited the new seminary which is being built in Ningpo. When it is finished the seminarians will be transferred here from Chusan and it is to be hoped the training of native priests will be much more developed than formerly. Really this is a work of primary importance as all our mission stations are crying for more priests. From my mission in Taichowfu I sent over ten students to the seminary. I saw them today and was much pleased with their demeanor. How good is God to me to select so many neophytes from my parish. Yours gratefully in Jesus and Mary. J. M. FRASER.

May 8, 1916. Dear Father Fraser.—The enclosed \$50, which I hope will reach you safely, is towards the upkeep of the Sisters who are helping you so much in your glorious work. I always read your letter in the CATHOLIC RECORD. You see it is always good to make known our wants. The good Lord generally finds ways and means to advance His work, so I know it will be less difficult for you in His own good time. I shall, if at all possible, send you the same next year. Kindly acknowledge it in the CATHOLIC RECORD. "From one to whom the cause is very dear!" Wishing you, dear Father Fraser, all the success you most certainly deserve and with love to the dear Sisters. FROM THEIR ABSENT FRIEND.

THE HYPHENATED AMERICANS

One hears so much about hyphenated Americans today, that one begins to wonder just how many "hyphens," if any, a man may have, and still be reckoned a loyal American; for, it does seem that everyone in this hyphen somewhere. In other words, there are very few men, if any, in the world, against whom it would be impossible to bring the charge of "hyphenated citizenship," provided we adhere to the strict sense of the word, and not the popular sense of it. For, as a matter of fact, we all have a divided allegiance. Hence, since we are all hyphenated citizens, and it is not possible for us to drop the hyphen at will—as some seem to suppose there is but one thing that we can do: We can make the hyphen a sign of union and not of separation.

For us, Catholics, to deny that we have this double allegiance would be the greatest of follies. We all know that we have our duty to our God as well as our duty to our country. But what we wish to impress upon our readers is the fact that the two duties seldom, if ever, can be said to conflict. It is by no means impossible for a Catholic to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, while he renders unto God the things that are God's. The wonder is that the world at large seems so utterly incapable of grasping this fact.

It has always been very difficult to understand just why the charge of "lack of patriotism" has so frequently been brought against Catholics, in America and elsewhere. It will be even more difficult to bring such a charge after the present war. Yesterday the forces of materialism wanted to know why the Catholic Church did not confine itself to matters purely religious; today, the world is asking the question: Wherefore the silence of Rome when so many are laying down their lives on the bloody battlefields of Europe? See the inconsistency of our foes! Yesterday, they accused us of interfering with the development of national institutions; today they charge us with being unwilling to interfere in the present crisis. And, in the same breath, they say, "unpatriotic," "disloyal," "hyphenated" Americans, or Germans, or Frenchmen, or Englishmen, as the case may be. And yet we see the French Bishops and Clergy loyal to France, the German Bishops and Clergy loyal to Germany, and the English Bishops and Clergy loyal to England. And who will say that if—which God avert—America should be placed in a similar situation, the American Cardinals and Bishops and Clergy and Catholic people would not be loyal to America?

Indeed, it is the teaching of the Catholic Church that love of country

is second only to the love of God. Like her divine Founder, she ever invites us to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's. That is why the Holy Father has no words of condemnation for those who are laying down their lives for love of country, whether they be English, French or German or what not. There is no law of the Catholic Church which forbids patriotism; but there is the constant teaching of the Church which enjoins patriotism. No man can be a good Catholic who is not a good patriot.

In the popular sense of the word, then, Catholics are not hyphenated Americans; in the strict sense of that word, they are. They are not unpatriotic, in any sense; and whereas the Catholic Church cannot be a party to the apotheosis of the State, it has always been her constant teaching that Love of Country is second only to Love of God. Catholics, then, have no other hyphen, except the hyphen which binds them to one another in one great universal brotherhood of love.—F. A. G., in The Lamp.

A FAVORITE BY RILEY

THE RAGGEDY MAN

The Raggedy Man! He works for Pa. And he's the goodest man you ever saw! He comes to our house every day, An' waters the horses an' feeds 'em hay; And he opens the shed—an' we all ist laugh When he drives out our little old wobbly calf. An' nen—of our bired girl says he can— He milks the cow for 'Lizabuth Ann. Ain't he a awful good Raggedy Man? Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man! Why, the Raggedy Man—he's ist so good, He splits the kindlin' an' chops the wood; An' nen he spades in our garden to. An' does most things 't boys can't do. He climbed clean up in our big tree An' shooked a' apple down for me— An' 'nother 'n, too, for 'Lizabuth Ann— An' 'nother 'n, too, for the Raggedy Man. Ain't he a' awful good Raggedy Man? Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man! An' the Raggedy man, he knows most rhymes, An' tells 'em, ef I be good some-times; Knows 'bout Giants, an' Griffins, an' Elves. An' the squidgeum-Squees 'at swallers themselves! An' wite by the pump in our pasture-lot He showed me the hole 'at the Wunks 'is got. 'At lives 'way deep in the ground an' can Turn into me, er 'Lizubuth Ann! Ain't he a funny old Raggedy Man? Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man! The Raggedy Man—one time when he Wuz makin' a little bow-an'-arry fer me— Says: "When you're big like your Pa is Air you go' to keep a fine store like his An' be a rich merchant, an' wear fine clothes? Er what air you go' to be, goodness knows?" An' nen he laughed at 'Lizabuth Ann, An' I says: "M' go' to be a Raggedy Man— I'm ist go' to be a nice Raggedy Man!" Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man! —James Whitcomb Riley.

MINISTERS ADMIT

THAT FEW PROTESTANTS UNDERSTAND US

Rev. Chas. C. Starbuck (Presb.) (Andover, Mass.) "In the country of the blind the one-eyed man is king, and therefore I hope I am not guilty of a very alarming vanity in giving myself considerable airs of superiority in this direction above my fellow-Protestants. I have been asked how I came to have so good a knowledge of Catholic theology. I am not deeply learned, but I think I may say that what knowledge I have is accurate. For a quarter of a century I have enjoyed constant access to one of the largest theological libraries of the country, and that I have given myself up almost wholly to the study of Catholic matters, taking great pains to compare and correct, to distinguish opinion from dogma, and reigning from dubious opinion, and to pursue the intricacies of jurisdiction so far as easily possible for a new England Protestant. One of my fellow-Protestants has signified to me that I knew too much about the matter to be trusted to write of it, evidently believing that for a child of the Reformation ignorance is the mother of efficiency. Indeed, my knowledge of these matters has been imparted to me in all forms, by A. P. A. acquaintances as a misdemeanor, and almost a crime. One or two of them (not acquaintances) have threatened to hang me for knowing too much for the good of the cause."

J. M. HEMMEON (METH.) (Wolfeville, N.S.)

"It is a strange and lamentable fact that not one Protestant in ten thousand knows the truth about the teaching and practice of the Catholic Church. Many do not know that there was any Christian Church from the first or second century, until the 'Reformation,' or for about a thousand four hundred years. And they believe that there was then, virtually, a new Revelation. "When a person of common sense wishes to obtain information about anything, whether political, relig-

DESERTING THE TRENCHES

Appropos of the well-known fact that in numberless Protestant churches throughout the land there is a practically complete suspension of religious activities during the summer, a certain minister who still retains some old-fashioned notions about the necessity of worshipping God even in July and August, puts the following pertinent questions to his co-religionists: Have you heard that the Central Empires are planning to evacuate most of their trenches just at the time when it is known the Allies are to make their strongest 'drive'? Or is it the Allies that have made this incredible plan? No, it is the churches and welfare forces that are evacuating their trenches for the summer, when the hell-fire forces are accustomed to make their most deadly charge. We are sending thousands of soldiers to Texas and Mexico, expected to march with heavy equipment and light regardless of torrid summer weather; and we send missionaries to many fields where the coolest weather is hotter than our hottest. It would be interesting to hear what answer the pastors of the closed churches will make their fellow-minister, for his position seems impregnable. Without question summer and vacation time is Satan's busy season. He is thoroughly aware that as the thermometer goes up, piety goes down, that a rise in temperature is often followed by a weakening of frail humanity's moral fiber, and that the average person's fidelity to the duties of a Christian are marvellously influenced by geographical considerations. No doubt the woman

who announced "I have chloroformed the cat, loaned the canary to a neighbor, said good-bye to the Ten Commandments, and am off for the seashore" frankly expressed in words the thought that is hidden in the minds of many who make elaborate preparations for an "enjoyable" vacation.

So it would seem that the Protestant minister who really has at heart the spiritual welfare of his flock ought to make extraordinary efforts to lure them to Church during July and August and should by no means altogether give up holding services. But perhaps it is only the shepherd's concern for the errant sheep who stray during the summer months to join them there himself. In this connection it is worthy of note that the main concession the Catholic Church makes to the summer thermometer is merely the omission of the late High Mass and the longer sermon. As for Catholics on vacation they clearly understand that they are still bound to assist at the Holy Sacrifice every Sunday.—America.

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ious, scientific, or it matters not what it may be, he goes to headquarters for authentic information—never to those who seek to destroy, or who are the enemies of that which he wishes to study. Not one Protestant in thousands ever seeks information concerning the Catholic Church from Catholic sources. The history of Christianity, from the Apostles to the fifteenth century, is not taught in any Protestant theological seminary, nor anywhere else amongst Protestants, as far as I know. Nor is it possessed by Protestants. I have never seen nor heard of such work, except in Germany. I studied theology, passed my examinations for the Methodist church, and knew absolutely nothing of Christianity, or whether there was any, during the period. When I awoke to the fact of my dense ignorance, I felt resentment; and I confess I do to this day. "Protestants never think of such a thing as reading Catholic books, or periodicals; or anything that smells of 'Rome.' I never did; and yet I was, of all men, not a bigot. It is an inborn and fostered prejudice of many generations. But this is not all. Not only are Protestants absolutely ignorant of Catholic teaching, practice and history; but they generally believe a distorted caricature, and call it 'Romanism.'"—Our Sunday Visitor.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Dec. 11, 1915.

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD: It may be a little surprise to you to learn that it takes \$100 a week to keep my mission going. I am glad when I see that amount contributed in the RECORD, but when it is less I am sad to see my little reserve sum diminished and the catastrophe arriving when I must close my chapel, discharge my catechists and reduce my expenses to the few dollars coming in weekly. I beseech you to make one more supreme effort during 1916 to keep this mission on its feet. You will be surprised to learn what a great deal I am doing with \$100 a week—keeping myself and curate, 30 catechists, 7 chapels, and free schools, 3 churches in different cities with caretakers, supporting two big catechumens of men, women and children during their preparation for baptism and building a church every year.

Yours gratefully in Jesus and Mary. J. M. FRASER.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes entries like 'Previously acknowledged... \$7,619.25', 'Ben. J. Grover, Causo... 1 00', 'Mrs. J. A. Thomas... 2 00', 'Petitioner, Glen Sandfield... 1 50', 'Pearl Hanning, Saskatoon... 1 50', 'M. L. Donnelly, Alliston... 1 00'.

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ON THE BATTLE LINE

Brusiloff has won two great victories, and the Russian army of Volhynia has reaped the fruit of its valor by the occupation of Brody, an important town of Galicia located just within the borders of that province on the Lemberg-Rovno railway. The battle along the line of the Slonivka River, which resulted in the rout of the Austro-German army, was stubbornly contested, and the result appeared to be for a time in doubt. The greatly superior strength of the Russians, together with their excellent artillery, gave them the advantage over a well-posted enemy. The passage of the river two days ago by Brusiloff's troops took all the fight out of the enemy, and the Teutons fled.

The fleeing Austro-Germans did not attempt to hold Brody, which is 58 miles northeast of Lemberg. Passing through the town they set it on fire, and also destroyed the stores and munitions that could not be removed. The pursuing Russians saw explosions as they approached Brody. Their entrance was apparently not seriously disputed. The Russian victory opens the way for an enveloping movement from the northeast directed against Lemberg.

The second victory, although clearly a part of the same strategic plan that resulted in the capture of Brody, was won some thirty miles to the northward in the Lutsk sector. There the Russians took the offensive, swept through the entire front line of the enemy, captured over 9,000 men, including two Generals, two regimental Commanders and fifty officers, and took thirty-four field guns, six mortars and six machine guns. The Russians are still advancing, and their cavalry pursues the routed enemy. The occupation of Vladimir-Volynski, an important road centre to the west of Lutsk, will almost certainly follow this victory, and the Russians should have little trouble in carrying their advance to the Bug, which marks the boundary between Volhynia and Poland.

It must not be supposed that the Russians will then hold as much of the enemy's territory as Germany and Austria hold in Russia. Poland alone, every foot of which is occupied by German and Austrian troops, is larger than all of Galicia and Bukovina combined, and in the provinces of Courland, Vilna, Sowlaki and Grodno, as well as in the Eastern Volhynia, the Teutons hold a strip of Russian territory averaging about a hundred miles wide by over three hundred miles in length. The progress made in freeing Southern Volhynia of the invaders, and in conquering Galicia, during the past two months warrants the belief that a similar Russian offensive in the north would quickly sweep von Hindenburg back to the frontier of Prussia.

General Haig also reports a triumph for the Allies. British troops yesterday captured the last German strongholds in the village of Longueval, the possession of which—and of the Wood of Delville, lying to the north of the village—has been fiercely contested by the Germans during the past ten days. The first lodgment in Longueval by the British troops was made two weeks ago, on Friday, July 14.

Has the Allied drive in the Balkans begun? The Serbs have driven the Bulgars from a number of hill positions on the part of the Saloniki front west of the Vardar Valley held by them. Methodical preparations have been made for the Serb advance, and the ground won has been held against vigorous counter-attacks. Recent despatches from the Balkans state that most of the Austrian and German troops have been withdrawn from the Saloniki front, and that Bulgars are seriously alarmed as to their present position. It is doubtful if they could make a prolonged stand against a Franco-British advance. If Roumania were to intervene simultaneously from the north the Bulgars would throw up their hands and scuttle out of Serbia.—Globe, July 29.