

Some Notes

THE DISCOVERY OF THE FUTURE

"BY CRUX."

Before the British Royal Institute a few weeks ago, the well known English novelist, Mr. H. G. Wells, delivered a lecture upon "The Discovery of the Future." It is not my intention to go into all the details of the lecturer's peculiar deductions, but I was forcibly impressed with the sufficiently sane basis from which he sets out and the groping in the dark that follows. He starts out with assuming the thinking world to be divided into two types of mind—one that dwells on the past and thinks and cares little for the future, the other that reflects by preference on things to come, leaving the past at rest. Of the former type of mind an example in the lawyer, who binds all his action upon existing laws and on past precedents, regardless of what the legislation of the future may produce; the other he sees in the legislator who seeks to create, to originate, to establish for the future that which will replace the legislation of the past. But he ignores entirely the millions of human minds that are concerned with the past, the present and the future. He, as will be seen, permits himself to ignore, or to suppose that humanity ignores everything, from creation, inclusively, down to the futurity of the soul. This is so, because he studies the question purely from the materialistic standpoint. He leaves aside, as non-existent that vast world of human beings, each of which draws inspirations of faith and morals from the teachings of the past, puts them into practice during the space of the present, for the purpose of benefiting by them throughout the unmeasurable future. Having said so much, by way of introduction, I now come to some of the lecturer's reasoning.

FALSE IN BOTH DIRECTIONS.—"After going into details to show that the reason why the retrospective or legal habit is so dominant, tersely saying that it is simply following the fundamental human principle of what we can get, and showing how modern science has absolutely destroyed the conception of a finitely distant beginning of things, and abolished such limits to the past as a dated creation set, Mr. Wells said that it was the perpetual insistence upon why? which had constructed the seraphlight of inference into the remote past. He then asked if it was, after all, such an extravagant and hopeless thing to suggest that, by seeking for operating causes instead of fossils, and by criticising them as persistently and thoroughly as the geological record has been criticised, it may be possible to throw a seraphlight of inference forward instead of backward, and to attain a knowledge of coming things as clear, as universally convincing, and infinitely more important to mankind than the clear vision of the past that geology has opened to the world during the nineteenth century. He declared that he believed that an inductive knowledge of a great number of things in the future was becoming a human possibility."

FACTS CONFOUND REASON.—"In the first place, science instead of destroying the conception of a creative beginning, has established more and more positively, as the years progressed, the truths of the faith that has been inculcated into every Christian and of which every child, who knows his catechism, is fully aware. To destroy the idea of a finite term at which time began would mean to bring about the idea of an infinite, or eternal duration. And this science, as far as creation is concerned, flatly contradicts. Science proves that in the material order there must have been a commencement; and this is precisely what the lecturer denies—or else he means nothing. If he means anything, his basis is absolutely false, therefore, the conclusions flowing from defective premises must be erroneous. His idea of penetrating the future with any searchlight of the nature of that with which men sound the past, is also untenable. The past is positive, the future speculative. The only ground work we can have for gauging the future is that which has been handed to us by the teachings of the past."

MAN'S ADVENT.—He then says, "Well, so far and until we bring the prophecy down to the affairs of

man and his children, it is just as possible to carry induction forward as back; it is just as simple and sure to work out the changing orbit of the earth in the future until the tidal drag hauls one unchanging face at last towards the sun, as it is to work back to its blazing and molten past. Until man comes in, the inductive future is as real and convincing as the inductive past. But inorganic forces are the smaller part and the minor interest in this concern. Directly man becomes a factor, the nature of the problem changes, and our whole present interest centres on the question whether man is, indeed, individually and collectively, incalculable, a new element which entirely alters the nature of our inquiry and stamps it at once as vain and hopeless, or whether his presence complicates, but does not alter, the essential nature of the induction. How far may we hope to get trustworthy, inductions about the future of man?"

TOO DEEP FOR HIM.—Here is a man wading aimlessly through a very morass of speculation, without a single loadstone to attract, to guide, or to aid him. Why all this vain theorizing about man's arrival on the scene and his crowning the creative work, as long as man is simply considered as an animal, and therefore perishable? When Hugh Miller described the wonder of the fallen Angel, on beholding the union of what the experience of untold ages had taught him to consider as incompatible—the mortal that must die and the immortal that must live—the great geologist pronounced the most powerful refutation that could be advanced against the vague ideas of this novelist-lecturer. The union of the body, that is mortal, with the soul, that is immortal, in the formation one being was something that baffled the Tempter; and it was only when the reality began to dawn upon him—in the contemplation of man, the final object and the last effort of creative miracle, that he admitted the power of the Infinite, which calmly challenged him to understand or to know. And yet this union, wonderful as it was, most certainly was only the figure of a still more astounding miracle of union in the Divine—that is eternal—and the Human—that is mortal—in the Person of Christ. It is this conception that is lacking to Mr. Wells.

AN ADMISSION.—Like all speculators upon man and his future, whose ideas are not based on the certainties of revelation, the lecturer has had to finally admit his incapacity to solve the problem. And he does so thus:—"Well, I think, on the whole, we are inclined to underrate our chance of uncertainties in the future just as I think we are inclined to be too credulous about the historical past. The vividness of our personal memories, which are the very essence of reality to us, throws a glamor of conviction over tradition and past inductions. But the personal future must in the very nature of things be hidden from us so long as time endures, and this black ignorance at our very feet, this black shadow that corresponds to the brightness of our memories behind us, throws a glamor of uncertainty and unreality over all the future."

LITTLENES OF MAN.—Here is another significant admission, according to the report of the lecture before me. It reads:—"In conclusion, he said that, considered as a final product, he did not think very much of himself or his fellow-creatures. He did not think he could possibly join in the worship of humanity with any gravity or sincerity."

Decidedly, as long as man is merely considered as an atom of mortality in the plan of creation, there is naught deserving of any special veneration or worship—to use his words—in him. But when man, as an entity is taken, with his soul emanating from God, the Eternal, and returning to its Infinite source, after having performed its part in the workings of this universe, is considered, there is another aspect upon the subject. But it is useless to argue with the person who begins by denying a finite limit to the be-

ginning of the world, and at the same time wishes to make science prove the impossibility of creation—that is to say, an Eternal first principle that had no commencement. The contradiction is so flagrant that we need not lose time in its consideration; and what is so false as a system of reasoning regarding the past, is doubly false, as a speculation, concerning the future. In a word, this lecture merely proves two axioms—that man is important without the omnipotent aid of God, and that "a little learning is a dangerous thing."

Notes for Farmers.

BLACK TONGUE EPIDEMIC.—An epidemic of black tongue, more virulent in character and more widespread than any similar epidemic known in the last fifteen years, has appeared in Amelia County, Va. A despatch says:—"It is not an exaggeration to say that hundreds of animals from buzzards to horses have died of the disease in the last few weeks."

Apparently no animal, wild or domesticated, is immune from black tongue. That the present outbreak had its origin in the canine family there seems to be little doubt. As in cases of hydrophobia a victim of black tongue, unless confined, will invariably run amuck. When this occurs the harm left in the animal's wake can be measured only by the distance it runs before being destroyed. An illustration of what might almost be called the arithmetical progression of the plague is afforded by a case which occurred at Jetersville, a small village ten miles from that place.

A week ago a small cow owned by a negro farmhand showed unmistakable signs of black tongue. The animal was shut up in an outbuilding, but on the fourth day of the disease escaped and started straight cross-country.

At Nottoway County the dog bit a living cloud of white as the man starts out from the feed house with horse and sled and make the round of the tiers of houses, scattering feed and gathering the harvest of eggs as he goes. The length of this trip varies, of course, with the amount of land occupied, but the feeding sled sometimes makes a circuit of a mile.

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The hens are fed generally 'only once a day, with the addition of a lunch of green feed at night. The sled is loaded with four barrels of water, five sacks of wheat and a mash composed of three sacks of coarse middlings and forty pounds of either cut green bone or ground fresh meat, which is mixed with skim milk that has been allowed to sour. On a big ranch it takes from 6 a.m. until 11 o'clock to complete the feeding and watering and a sufficient quantity is put out to last twenty-four hours. Seventy-five hens are roosted in each house, and the houses are built on runners.

The colonies are from 400 to 500 feet apart, and the hens being well supplied with feed, are content and do not wander from one colony to another.

An interesting feature of this open colony system is that each fowl knows and goes unerringly to its own particular colony house for roosting at night.

In 1900 \$20,000 was spent with the merchants of the town for chicken feed. This was outside and above the feed stuff which some of the large poultry raisers import from San Francisco. Small oyster shells are bought in this town of hens by the schooner load to furnish the biddles with eggshell. The cost of feeding one hen well, and strike the happy medium of success in feeding, is about 65 cents per year—from that to \$1. A man will go into a store in Petaluma and buy \$500 worth of chicken feed and pay cash for it as readily, and perhaps more so, than he would buy his wife a silk gown.

The best argument as to profits is the fact that everybody in the town is in the poultry business in some form, and they all stay in it and enlarge each year. The average profit per hen is \$1 to \$1.50 net per annum. One man about three miles from Petaluma has succeeded by special care, neatness and good selection of fowls, in making his hens pay a trifle over \$2 each per annum. If the eggshells were only as valuable as the eggs, what a duplicate store of riches would accrue to many. The incubators leave behind them a vast number of shells, which are carted away by the wagon load for use in the tanneries, or are crushed and fed to their near relatives, the chicks. Perhaps the best wagon load on record was made by the shells left by 45,000 chicks hatched by incubator. Inclosed in wire netting, they resembled a case of huge pop-corn.

With dogs and horses the duration of the disease is generally from five to six days. On the third or fourth day they become irritable and sullen, have an extremely high fever and will snap at whoever or whatever comes within reach.

The disease is both infectious and contagious and frequently an entire pack of foxhounds will come down with it without a single dog having been bitten. So far the Southern planter, at least, has discovered no remedy that will even stay the progress of the disease and an attack of black tongue has invariably proved fatal.

HALF A MILLION HENS.—The town of Petaluma is ruled by 500,000 hens. This is the opening sentence of an article which was recently published in the "San Francisco Call," and from which we take the following extracts:—"But for these half million of hens the town would never have been what it now is, and the egg and poultry raising industry of Petaluma would never have hatched, so to

speak, and reached its present immense proportions. The hens know it, and hence there is no spot in the place that is forbidden to them."

Twenty-three years ago there were not more than a hundred or two chickens to be found in or around Petaluma. Now more eggs and poultry are shipped from that point than from all the other towns of the State combined, and the poultry ranches vary in size from a back yard to a hundred acres or more. No person having a scrap of land to spare is without a flock of hens.

The few figures following make the eggs business appear a very much more dignified occupation than it is popularly supposed to be:

The shipments from Petaluma last year were 2,600,000 dozen eggs and 30,000 dozen of poultry. As high as 14,000 dozen eggs have been shipped out in one day from the Petaluma market alone.

Petaluma's proud position as the egg centre of the Pacific Coast is not the result of accident, but is due to a combination, viz.: right soil, cool summers and favorable location. Nearness to the San Francisco market and the extremely low freight rates afforded by reason of the competition between water and rail transportation are other important factors in its development.

The poultry industry has been the means of making much otherwise worthless land much more valuable. The big Cotati rancho of 10,000 acres has recently been subdivided and sold out in small holdings. To drive through it now is to find a veritable poultry city.

The White Leghorn fowls, among the best layers known, are kept to nearly the entire exclusion of other breeds, for the egg business is really more promising here than the poultry side of the industry.

It is a pretty sight at the feeding time of 6,000 or 7,000 hens on a many-acred ranch. Perhaps the chicken houses, each with its nearby colony of 100 or 150 chickens, are scattered over many acres, sometimes amid the green of a foothill orchard.

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Catholicity in New England

(Continued From Page Three.)

eternal youth and vigor of our Holy Church there is in this country and in the States to the southeast of it a superabundance of glorious evidences to make us sure that the Church of Rome is the hope of civilization and the surety of the future; evidences indeed, that the hand of God is stretched forth in paternal protection over the beloved spouse of His Heart. It is of these evidences I wish to speak to you tonight, to tell you in a short space of time some of the history of the Catholic Church in New England, principally in Massachusetts, of its small beginnings and wonderful development and the outlook it has of future increase in glory, in strength and in utility.

To-day we are living among the children of a sturdy race who came before us into the broad field of the United States. The Puritans who ever looked back with a certain pride to the now hallowed pilgrims who raised their voices continually in crying forth what a glory it was for them to leave the home of persecution to come to a new land of holy freedom where they could worship their God according to the dictates of their conscience. This band of ambitious immigrants has left its ineffaceable mark on the shaping of our country, on its early poetry and prose, yet for all that however much we may praise the virility of these our predecessors in the field we, as Catholics, have little to be grateful for to them. Leaving the old world which was prejudiced towards them they themselves had come to the new world with no less violent prejudices, no less bitter feelings of dislike of groundless suspicion against the despised adherents to the old Faith of Rome—and thus they, who are lauded for their firm adhesion to the principles of their conscience, for their braving of obstacles of sea and hostile foreigners, were in their turn most hostile to the men and women who followed their conscience too, but who were deemed so ungodly, because their tenets were of a different kind. Yes, we need not wonder at this. It has been the history of the Church throughout all its existence in this country. No matter how widely divergent are the doctrines of Protestant sects, no matter if their articles of faith are opposed one to the other, as black and white, there is one thing that all have been united upon, and that is the total aversion for the Church of Rome. Strange, indeed, but by no means new.

It is only the old antipathy of European reformers brought in time to Plymouth Rock and propagated wherever the religion of the reformed Gospel had found its way. So it is that even as late as 1756 in the city of Boston which has since become so Catholic, we find the utterly obnoxious statement made, (and, alas, those times have changed so little that even to-day are found men who do not blush to repeat the old falsehood) that the Catholic Church was subversive of society—subversive of society indeed. The tenets of our holy faith are ever open to inspection. We have no secret doctrines to entrap the unwary, we have no hidden political machines to use against the government of our nation and bring it in subjection to the Court of Rome to make it a tool in the hands of the Pope. All such charges which we expect day after day, but with increase of violence, display to the cultured mind the folly of many a supposed seeker for the truth of God, the ignorance which must indeed be dense to receive as truth the wild imaginings of new reformers.

But the Puritans have seen our rapid growth, they have stood amazed as they beheld us daily increasing in strength and numbers, and while we have been on the increase they on the contrary have been on the decrease until at the present day only two out of six millions in New England can trace their lineage back to revolutionary days. But it is not our purpose to tell the story of our neighbors whose only boast can be that they got here just a little before us. It is a story that we cannot grow enthusiastic over for we are not generally bent to the habit of making eulogies upon those whose great ambition was to see the Catholic Church fall upon this soil of New England. It is not of these that we wish to speak, but of that other sturdy race, who, amid all the trials and persecutions, heaped upon them, have advanced with astounding rapidity toward the goal of complete success which is now within reach of that race that has prized its religion more than all the earth at home and abroad and has not hesitated to sacrifice things temporal when there was danger for the eternal. It is a disposition, it is a virtue, which has been rewarded and

which is still to receive a reward which is wondrous great.

If we would seek an example of the marvellous growth of our Church in New England we may look at the sturdy vine that is to-day a tiny seed and to-morrow spreads its branches in every direction. And it was surely a small seed that gave rise to the vigorous vine that we now behold extending its branches all over this broad country. Even as late as 1689 the Puritans boasted there was not a Papist in all New England, though the statement seems somewhat exaggerated, for we do not doubt but that wanderers from Catholic Ireland, and especially France, had at this time taken up their abode in the land that was presumed to be sanctified by Plymouth Rock and its memories.

As early as 1620, indeed, we find in New England some Irish immigrants, who, are worthy of recognition from the fact that they were the pioneers of the great tide of Catholics that in future years were to exercise an influence on the formation of the new nation. Whatever may have been the number that professed the Faith at that time, it is certain that at that period we find the poor missionary priests striving to bring to the scattered sheep the sweet and holy consolation of the Good Shepherd. Such an act, however, was considered a crime, and in 1647 we see priests forbidden to enter the colony, with the assurance that on a second offence death would be the penalty. It was this same spirit of bigotry of bitter cruelty that occasioned the death of the saintly Father Ruellet, at the hands of the English in their struggle against the Abenaki Indians. The aged priest, three score and ten, who had given so much of his life to the labor of love in the wilderness was ruthlessly shot down and his body mangled. It is a scene that makes the eyes grow dim that moves the heart with indignation against the cruelty that could bring itself to slay the poor helpless child of the wilderness whose only offence was his bringing the light of faith to the benighted Indians.

In 1717 the great immigration movement began. From the land which they called home, the poor children of Erin came by force of persecution. These new immigrants scattered through the different cities and large towns finding therein the best opportunities to obtain a livelihood. In such a condition it is only a natural that their Faith should suffer, for thrown upon their resources they were thus in a large measure deprived of the saving helps to which they had been accustomed from their childhood.

Moreover, an object of suspicion of hatred and of animosity the force of circumstances was pressing hard against the poor children of the Church. Yet in all their trials they remained faithful in a great entirety. Now and then the saving voice of the missionary reached them and filled them with strength, with words of encouragement to continue in the path of duty. Little, however, could be done for these scattered children of the flock, for the number of priests in the whole country was very small and little attention could be given to any one special group of Catholics. Father Drulietts, a French priest, had passed through the country in 1720, and it is said that he met the sturdy Elliot, the friend of the Indian.

Later on in 1732, an Irish priest of my own name was said to have been there, and now and then others found their way to minister to the stray Catholics, but the antipathy to the black gown was still strong in the land of the lovers of freedom of conscience. The immigrant Catholic population was about this time increased to a great extent by the sad expulsion of the Acadians from the homes they had learned to love. Who does not read and study the beautiful description of the land of Evangeline as Longfellow has so well given it.

There in the midst of its farms reposed the Acadian village. Solemnly down the street comes the parish priest and the children, Pause in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them, Anon from the belfry Softly the Angelus sounded and over the roofs of the village, Columns of pale blue smoke like clouds of incense ascending Rose from a hundred hearths the homes of place and contentment.

(To be continued.)

France has 16,000 physicians; their incomes average but \$600 a year.

France usually produces about 143,299,000 pounds of chocolate and bonbons in equal quantities.

Maryland's industry employing the greatest number of persons is the canning of fruits and vegetables.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO THE EDITOR.

FOUNDRIES OF PA.

Patrick's parish extends to Mount and McCord streets. Above Sherbrooke street from Amherst street to the west beyond the corner of McGill street to the east as far as Grant; the limit is the old city boundary line between the dividing line between the old city of Montreal and St. John the Baptist and running from the corner of Duluth Avenue and Napoleon streets. A Ward lies in St. Patrick's parish.

WHO ARE PARISH.

All Catholics residing in the parish, and whose language is French, belong to St. Patrick's parish. All other languages belong to other parishes. St. John the Baptist, St. Joseph, St. Louis, according to the families where French is equally spoken, the head of the family belongs to the parish of the family. When the mother tongue of the family is French, the family belongs to the French parish. St. Patrick's parish is English. In cases of doubt, especially on occasion of marriages, should consult one of the pastors of the territory which they live.

HOURS OF SERVICE.

ON SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS. Low Masses, at 6, 7 and 8 o'clock. High Mass, at 10 o'clock.

Death of Father Ryan

(By an Occasional Contributor.)

Toronto, March 14.—Seldom has Toronto been in grief so profound and so universal as that occasioned by the death of Father Ryan, rector of St. Michael's Cathedral. A favorite of all classes and creeds, and by all for his many graces of heart and mind, his death was a void apparently impossible to fill. From the time of his arrival in Toronto, some eleven years ago, Father Ryan stood out as a great figure in the life of the city. He was the champion when necessary; son always; the earnest exponent of her doctrine of the most gifted and able ministers; a man of profound knowledge, the peer of our scholars, he was by none; the genial companion in their joy, the pathfinder in their grief; the all rich and poor alike; it was "all things to all men and love of God."

For over a year Father Ryan was failing in health, and occasional periods of complete recovery, Father Ryan knew that his summons was near. Two weeks before he made his final disposition of his affairs, he had preached, not to delay us even at the door before preparations to receive him. On the Tuesday before his death, Father Ryan was stricken with paralysis, and conveyed to St. Michael's hospital, where he lay in an unconscious state until the end on Saturday last. At the last moment, Father Ryan, who had been a priest for several years, died in St. Michael's Cathedral, and his direction