

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname)—St. Pacien, 4th Century

VOLUME XXXII.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1920

2168

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1920

"A GOOD TIME"

Of all the phrases which have come into general use in the last few years none has such a universal currency or is so often heard as "having a good time." The wish that "a good time" may be enjoyed speeds all who go on their way, especially if they are young, and "Did you have a good time?" is the enquiry that welcomes all who return. It is used by the multitude as the touchstone and test of life. The question we propose to ask here is whether this craving for a good time, as the aim is usually understood, deserves the place it has gained in the thoughts of the general public.

Probably the expression "to have a good time" had a religious origin. Certainly a generation or more ago it was the form of speech by which exhilarating religious experience was denoted in evangelical circles. The present use is a strange divergence from the spiritual meaning of the phrase. Then it indicated that there had been an exaltation of spirit under the influence of divine truth. Religion had swayed the heart with vital force. Now, no doubt, different minds interpret the phrase in different ways, according to their conceptions of what is most desirable and enjoyable; but to the immense majority it means a surrender to the spirit of festive geniality, as they have pictured it to themselves, a chase of momentary pleasure, often an abandonment to frivolity, and nearly always a plunge into the spending of money on the sort of things that most people are supposed to wish to have.

This tendency was stimulated naturally by the War. The most vigorous part of the manhood of the country was taken from its homes to the camps and the trenches to undergo experiences that no one had imagined as possible. Then there came intervals of leave when every one felt that the rigours of War must be balanced as far as possible by brightness and relaxation while "the boys" were home again. We could not do too much to make them feel our joy at their presence. They deserved the most cheerful change that could be devised, and pleasures that would live in memory when their hardships were resumed.

Also among those who stayed behind to do the work that sustained the army in the field the lavish spending of the nation's capital circulated widely the money that would pay for pleasure. Millions of people had more money under their control than ever they had before. They saw within reach opportunities for enjoyment which they had vainly coveted. Besides, the long-continued War was depressing, and needed a counter-balance that would seem to lift a little of the weight that was on our hearts. Finally, when the strain was over and something like reaction followed, what could be better than giving way to joyousness, as far as possible, and having "a good time"? That is the quite natural way by which the present mood has been reached. Now, however, the thought occurs, as one watches the mental attitude of at least many young people, whether there is not a danger that seeking a good time may be made a far more important and permanent object than it has any right to be.

Before going further we must disclaim all narrow grudging of relaxation, joy, and holiday pleasures. Life has a right to joy as one of its most natural states, and there are no more pernicious ideas than that goodness is associated with gloom or duty with dullness. Merriment and even frivolity have their places in healthy, vigorous life. People who cannot play have only a half-formed manhood or womanhood, or by neglect have lost one of humanity's better parts. If we seem to be critical of the prevailing mood it is not that we grudge happiness, but suspect that far too much is being made, in the popular mind, of the

most trivial forms of pleasure, and that they are taken as final aims of endeavor, with the inevitable effect that character is left shallow and the great realities of existence are shirked.

That there is a tendency to live from hand to mouth for the moment's enjoyment, to "have a good time" here and now, whatever may happen afterwards, and not to plan the future on a firm foundation, or to consider seriously what are the pleasures best worth having, will not be denied by anyone who has had opportunities of observing closely numbers of young people when they are together and are expressing spontaneously their real aims and wishes. With light-hearted thoughtlessness they gambol towards a surfeit of immediate pleasures like children who feel there is nothing in the world worth doing except play, and neglect the thoughts, aims, and habits that would ground their lives on substantial satisfactions that will bear the wear and tear of time. In short the general bias is towards spending on the moment's indulgence rather than storing for future wiser and deeper enjoyments. Vast numbers of people are bent on trifling about as they see other people risk, and thus persuade themselves that they are really "having a good time," and really they are doing nothing of the kind, but are only gathering the froth from the cup of life. The final test of life is in the home, the true centre of happiness. In fatherhood, motherhood, the new growth of life in children and their wise training, the essential problems of the world's progress and happiness are found. How is the home of the future affected by the headlong rush to have a good time at once?

In relation to marriage the "good time" idea works out badly from every point of view. Unmarried men and women whose aim is to enjoy themselves before they assume the responsibilities of family life adopt habits which are too expensive to be retained after marriage, and become too much a matter of course to be given up, and the result is that they look upon settling down to domesticity as something not altogether desirable, and that anyway cannot be afforded. In the slang of the day their incomes "will not run to it." The "good time" of these mistaken people is selfish and anti-social. They are shirking a duty that they owe alike to their own manhood and womanhood, and to their country. They are content to live for the superficial delights of the moment, and wilfully shut their eyes to the fact that they are doing nothing to win or to deserve happiness in the years to come, that will not bear the roseate hues of the dawn.

On the other hand there are the young couples who rush into hasty marriages as a part of the "good time" they are allowing themselves. Without reasonable thought or preparation they include marriage among the swiftly sought pleasures they must have, and in consequence the courts are strewn with the wrecks of precipitate matrimony. The most momentous decision in life has been treated as a mere indulgence, and pain and misery are the natural results.

The broad impression made on thoughtful minds by the eager claim of youth to a "good time" is that it is essentially inconsistent with the shaping of a wise plan for the long years that must follow and a sober and practical apprenticeship to life as it must inevitably be. Pleasure is not the main business of life at any age, and if it is made the chief preoccupation of youth it robs later years in two ways. First, it prevents a satisfactory training for the serious work by which men and women must live, and next it exhausts the capacity for enjoyment which in the coming years would be a relief and relaxation from the stress of productive labor. Youth has not done anything to deserve that it should have everything at once. Nor has it reached the stage in experience and judgment that can give a wise decision as to what the things are that afford the most unalloyed and permanent enjoyment.

WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

Copyright 1920 by Seumas MacManus

LABOR'S STARTLING DEMONSTRATION

The unanimity with which was obeyed the one-day strike order of the Irish Labor parties—a unanimity unparalleled in Strike history—made Dublin Castle and the British Government gasp. It was probably the most startling demonstration ever staged by Labor. Apart from the fact that it arrested world-wide attention, and centered it on the inhumanity and brutality with which the British Government treats the political prisoners in its own private Belgium, this demonstration of the political prisoners in its own private Belgium, this demonstration of the patriotism, power, and effectiveness of Irish labor gives a new source of uneasiness to the foreign power which is so desperately trying to govern a country that refuses to be governed by it. It is now realized that at any crisis in Ireland the governmental machinery will be paralysed—and the Government itself bound hand and foot. The occasion has revealed to Britain a new terror, and to Ireland a new hope.

REVEALED THE SOUL OF IRELAND

Probably no other country in the world could present such moving and impressive spectacles as that in Dublin when thousands of men, women, and children knelt upon the streets before and behind Mountjoy jail, (which held the hunger strikers) reciting the Rosary in a chorus that mounted and swelled till its great hum was heard in the heart of the city—moving to awe and emotion even hardened business men of religion alien to that of the supplicants. In that vast street-kneeling crowd, mingled indiscriminately rich and poor, high and low, intellectual and illiterate, poet and coal-heaver, lawyer, doctor, and street-sweeper. Some chanted their prayers in English, but (as Dublin has become almost the Gaelic Gaeltacht of Gaelic Ireland) most of the musical Dublin voices were raised in Gaelic prayer. To any foreigner who witnessed the wonderful happening and realized that, by Irish people it was not regarded as in the least wonderful, it emphasized the extraordinary gulf which separates the soul of Ireland from the soul of Britain which desires to subdue it.

ANOTHER REVEALING CONTRAST

One is reminded, too, of the singular scene on the morning of Roger Casement's hanging—when a large body of London Irish took position at daybreak at the back of the jail walls, and, (as told by the London newspapers that day), while a vast English mob in front of the jail were, at the hour of the hanging, hurling execrations toward their victim, the Irish knelt behind the jail reciting (both in English and Irish) the Rosary, for the peaceful passing of poor Casement's soul. If only the powers which govern England and vainly try to govern Ireland could but read the lesson taught by it all, they and the world would be saved much woe. The Irish nation is far, far more spiritual than material; it is soul far more than body—and a soul can never be killed.

"THE ULSTER BARCALS USED US AND THEN SOLD US OUT"

The Unionists (Anglo Irish) of the South have got badly embittered against their northern brethren, who have now concluded to throw them to the Irish wolves. Since Sir Edward and the Ulster Orangemen had for years made profitable use of their scattered Southern brethren, and mainly based their fight upon the piteous plea that the southern Unionists would, under Irish rule, be devoured by the Papists—and since now Sir Edward and his Ulster henchmen bargain for the best that the North-East can get out of it, leaving the Southern to the tender mercies of the Pope and the Devil, there is some sore heart-burnings and fierce fist-shakings proceeding south of the Boyne and directed toward the north of the Boyne. "The Ulster barcals used us and then sold us out!" cry their poor southern tools. That they joined the northern Orangemen in crying out against their Irish Nationalist neighbors who have never been known to do them a wrong—and that now, when abandoned by the knaves, they must shamefully try to crawl back into the good graces of the good and loyal National neighbors whom they have (under Carson's guidance) outraged, is the humiliating mortifying part of it.

PUNCH POKES FUN AT ULSTER "LOYALTY"

These poor Southern Unionists were actually led to believe that Belfast and the Orangemen who call themselves "Ulster" were actually concerned for their welfare, and not for the welfare of Ulster. Now, they are beginning to know "Ulster." Even London Punch has turned upon the Northern "uncanny bodies" who have always minded number one. Here is Punch's latest stab at the "Ulster" over whose woe poor Punch used to weep tones of ink:

"Loyal? Nay, 'Ulster, you, for very shame, Should cede your long monopoly of that name, Loyal to whom—to what? To power, to pelf, To place, to privileges—in a word to self. They who assume, absorb, control, enjoy all, Must find it vastly pleasant to be 'loyal.'"

GRATTAN ESMONDE AT OXFORD

Young Grattan Esmonde, a son of Sir Thomas Grattan Esmonde, who was for years Redmondite member of Parliament for Wexford, and who is a descendant of Henry Grattan, the great orator of the Independent Irish Parliament of the eighteenth century, delivered a Sinn Fein lecture before the Oxford Union. Young Esmonde, who is as ardent a Sinn Feiner as his father was a Parliamentarian, had for his audience a very large gathering of intellectual people, who were much impressed by the fine and well-reasoned discourse which he delivered to them. It is good to note that some of his boldest statements were, by these intellectual English, received with rounds of applause—evidencing that there is some little sanity developing in the original Junkerland, England.

THE ENGLISH LABOR PARTY

Of course, too, the labor element in England is in some measure aiding the development of sanity there; to be sure, like every other body that gets tainted with the tar of politics, the Labor organization professes a great deal more idealism than it practices. It has spouted more about self-determination for Ireland than it is willing to support when it comes to the point. The Irish voters in English cities are trying to pin the Labor Party to their professions. And remember that the Labor Party is making great effort to carry, in those cities, the Irish vote—which vote is in about twenty leading English cities in England often times the deciding factor between rival candidates. Deputations from these Irish bodies in the English cities are harrying the National Executive of the Labor Party to compel performance of promises.

Last week an Irish deputation from Stockport waited on the National Executive of the British Labor Party requesting that Party to demand from the English Government the withdrawal of the British Army of Occupation from Ireland, under threat of "down tools" if their request was not complied with. Also this Stockport Irish delegation asked whether in case the Irish in Britain helped to put a Labor Government in office that Government would recognize the Irish Republic. The Labor Executive gave an evasive and unsatisfying answer. As a result it is conjectured that in the election now taking place there the Irish of Stockport vote by the local organization, be ordered to cast their votes against the Labor candidate. It is the general opinion that while a very significant portion of the individual members of the English Labor Party are in favor of recognizing the Irish Republic, the official party, though afraid to say so, desire to have England hold her grip upon Ireland. The Irish Self-Determination Club—which is springing up amongst the Irish in almost every city in England and Scotland—mean to make things warm for the official Labor organization between now and the next election.

ARTHUR GRIFFITH AND ENGLISH LABOR

Since writing the foregoing I read the report that 1,500 of the Irish laborers in Stockport have pledged themselves not to support any candidate for the English Parliament who will not insist on the withdrawal of the British Army of Occupation from Ireland, and also the release of the Irish political prisoners. It is significant that the Paddington Branch of the National Union of Railway workers communicated to Arthur Griffith, the vice-President of Sinn Fein, that they were in favor of "down tools" if the British army is not withdrawn from Ireland. Arthur Griffith, in his reply points out to them: "That army is composed in the main of British trades unionists and the sons of British trades unionists. In the past 12 months it has been used in more than 20,000 nocturnal raids on private houses, besides suppressing fairs, markets, lectures, concerts and public meetings. I do not believe that it is the desire of the average member of this occupying army to act criminally, but under existing British regulations in Ireland its young members break into the houses of civilians and destroy and loot private property. The Irish people feel that the continued inaction of the English people lends support to those who use their army for such purposes."

A PATRIOTIC IRISH WOMAN

Miss Susan Mitchell, the Irish poetess, a woman of much brilliancy, is assistant to the post "E." (George Russell) in running the Irish Homestead organ of the Irish Farmers Co-operative Society. With Mrs. Alice Stoford Green, widow

to Green the Historian of the English people, Miss Mitchell took a prominent part in organizing women's opposition to conscription, and spoke at several meetings. Recently, her relatives were deluged with letters of condolence and appreciation of her character and services from persons who were under the impression that a notice in the Irish Times of the death of Susan J. Mitchell referred to her. This was a cousin bearing the same name, but "E.'s" sub-editor had the privilege of learning in this unusual way how much she is beloved and appreciated by the Irish public.

Certain humorous pieces of hers in a little volume called "Aids to the Immortality of Certain Persons" have achieved immense popularity. They are delightful skits on George Moore and some other Irish literary celebrities. But those upon Moore have been particularly relished by the Irish public. She has made a stir, too, in Protestant Episcopal circles, and was the leading figure in an extraordinary episode which occurred in April, 1918, just before the Conscription threat and the arrests. The Protestant Church Guild, with the Bishop of Tuam for President, had been founded for the purpose of encouraging the use of the Irish language in the Church services. Miss Nellie O'Brien, grand-daughter of Smith O'Brien, is one of the leading spirits. After the insurrection of 1916, some members managed to pass a resolution expressing loyalty to the Crown and condemning the insurgents. In 1918, one of the released insurgents, Mr. Geo. Irwin, a staunch Protestant and member of the Guild, proposed a counter resolution, rescinding this, and in spite of the remonstrance of the Bishop of Tuam, who was in the chair, successfully carried it. The Bishop thereupon left the chair and resigned his position, and Miss Mitchell, invited to take his place, did so with great dignity. She said: "I admit I'm not as good a Bishop as the Bishop of Tuam, but I'm as good an Irishman."

SEUMAS MACMANUS, Of Donegal.

MILITARY RULE IN IRELAND

"DAMN YOU, OPEN, OR WE'LL SMASH IT IN"

(By Erskine Childers, in The Daily News)

In a recent article in the Daily News, I said that, if permitted space, I would give chapter and verse for the grave charges I made against the military and police in Ireland. The Editor now invites me to write a short series of articles describing "actual experience of military rule in Ireland," and I comply.

I wish, by way of preface, to say three things. First, I emphasize this—that the regime, some of whose incidents I describe constitutes an organized war upon opinion which, though intensified by degrees was in steady and pitiless operation for two and a half years before it began early in 1919 to provoke violent reprisals from among this tortured people against the agents of the Executive.

Secondly, I make no personal charges. It would be difficult in any case, because secrecy is the soul of the whole regime, and the soldiers and police who burst into dwellings and offices refuse their names, show no warrants, and adopt in every respect the mentality and procedure of war. But that is not the point. What I want is to awake responsibility in you, to remind you that the Castle's every crawling brick of it is embroidered with sin and shame—in yours; its aim, agents, and methods, yours. I want to show you whether you must inexorably descend when you set out to eradicate a national sentiment by armed force.

Thirdly, I can only lift a corner of the veil. The sum of suffering gallantly and for the most part silently borne by Irish people during the last four years passes computation. Raids upon private houses, for instance, which are a minor feature in the regime, number over 20,000 in the last two years alone.

I begin with some examples where hardship to women and children is the chief feature. All are recent Dublin cases, and all have been the subject of scrupulously careful investigation.

Mrs. Maurice Collins was within five weeks of her confinement when her house, at 65 Parnell Street, was raided at 3.30 a.m. on January 31 last. The usual thunder knocks were followed by a demand in vile language for entry. Mr. Collins ran down in time to save his door, and was arrested on the spot. In the ensuing search the officer insisted on examining the bedroom of Mrs. Collins, who had jumped out of bed in a state of nervous terror. He was sorry, he said, but it was his duty. Her husband was carried off to jail under 14B—the letter de (catch) section—and eleven days later was deported suddenly to England.

At the news she collapsed, was prematurely confined, and became dangerously ill. The fact being verified by the authorities, her husband was allowed home on parole for

three weeks, due to expire on March 5, but on the morning of the 3rd there was another raid, and in the afternoon a third, with forty soldiers and two police. Once again they insisted on searching the woman's room, and the effect on her was so serious that Mr. Collins received an extension of parole till the 12th.

On the 10th at 1 a.m., as though there was a method in this crazy persecution, a fourth raid fell on the house, and once more the officer gained entry to the sick room in spite of vehement protests for the woman's nerves were now utterly unstrung. As a concession he entered alone, leaving the fixed bayonets outside. But this was the climax: there were pitiful screams at every movement—the flash of his torch, the opening of a wardrobe door. . . . Women of England, you have votes and power; this is your responsibility.

On a statement by the doctor to the Castle that he would not otherwise guarantee the woman's life, Mr. Collins was allowed to stay till March 25, and then went back to the English jail. Neither she nor he know or are intended to know when they will meet again or why he is imprisoned. Like hundreds of others, he will have no trial because the Government admit there is no evidence.

Take now the case of Mr. and Mrs. Sean MacCaville, 54 Marguerite Road, Glasnevin. This is an ordinary humane raid, as such, and I wish I had space to quote in full the woman's account of it to show the point of view of an average sufferer among thousands, the restrained simple language, and the anxiety to recognize all evidences of considerable conduct.

Her baby was six days old (the other children being two, four, and five years of age) when on March 1st the raid came with all its terrifying incidents, the pandemonium at the door, the inrush of bayonets, the sudden arrest of her husband, and the entry of her own room after vain expostulations.

Mr. MacCaville was placed under guard in the hall—note this point—throughout the whole search, but his wife beginning to cry aloud, her brother was permitted to go to her. For twenty minutes an officer searched her room, while a policeman stood at the foot of the bed "trying to hide his face." But the search here and in the nursery was considerably made, and the officer "seemed to dislike his job" (as an ex-officer I marvel how men can be got to do it at all). Nothing incriminating was found, and there was no charge against Mr. MacCaville, who is well known as a Sinn Feiner of the pacifist school.

His crimes are (1) a passion for the revival of the Irish language; (2) his recent election as a Sinn Fein councillor on the Corporation; and note this that for both these crimes—membership of the Gaelic League and public adherence to Sinn Fein—he might, if the Castle pleased, have been condemned by court martial to a fixed term of jail. It suits their propaganda and policy better to put him away indefinitely under 14B on "suspicion" utterly without foundation.

The next case is that of personal friends whose names I give only in confidence to the editor, because the husband is a marked man for no earthly reason save that he is a respectable worker for the Republic, can cause, whose integrity, broad-mindedness, and charm of character it would be hard to equal.

His young wife, alone in the house with three little children, was aroused by knocking on a night in March last, ran down in her night-dress, asked permission to dress, and got for answer, "Damn you, open, or we'll smash it in."

In they rushed, sweeping her aside, bayonets at the charge. An agonizing time followed. One soldier was drunk and used foul language. In spite of passionate supplications to be allowed to go to her children, she was kept apart under guard while their rooms were searched, and the search throughout was conducted with a roughness and insolence worthy of veritable Huns. Nothing found; no apology.

ARE THANKED BY COUNCIL

INGERSOLL GRATEFUL TO PASTOR, HIS WIFE AND CATHOLIC PRIEST

Ingersoll, April 20.—The appreciation of the Council of the splendid services rendered by Rev. Donald and Mrs. MacIntyre and Rev. Father Gnam during the outbreak of influenza in the winter was embodied in a resolution unanimously passed by the Council tonight. Special reference was made to the efforts of Mr. and Mrs. MacIntyre. Mr. MacIntyre is pastor of the Baptist Church, and as soon as the "flu" situation became serious he became a very active leader in organizing relief workers for both town and country. He was ably assisted by Mrs. MacIntyre, who left her home and went into the country as a nurse for some time. Father Gnam of the Church of the Sacred Heart also rendered important services.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Detroit, April 2.—Every street car operating within the city of Detroit came to a halt at 2 o'clock this afternoon and remained standing one minute. This was in keeping with the "Don't Buy, Don't Sell—12 to 3—Good Friday" movement in honor of Our Saviour.

Bethlehem of Judea where Jesus was born is today a city of about 10,000, 6,000 of whom are Catholics and a large part of the remaining 4,000 belong to the Oriental Orthodox Church. The cave in which our Lord was born is still there and still overlooks fields where shepherds watch their flocks.

London, March 19.—Anglicans are going ahead very fast, indeed. Before their church has adopted auricular confession generally they are asking for the introduction of women confessors. The excuse that women do not like confessing to men only shows what an unspiritual view the Anglican takes of what should be a sacrament. However, it is generally agreed that were such an innovation introduced into the sect, as confessionalists with women confessors, the confessionals, like tables in restaurants and carriages in railway trains reserved for "ladies only" would be shunned.

Washington, April 11.—Jerusalem's first daily newspaper in the English language has made its appearance. It is called the Jerusalem News and bears the slogan, "Jerusalem News is Good News." Copies have reached Washington. American enterprise is behind the venture, W. D. McCracken, with temporary offices at the Syrian Orphanage, being the editor and manager, and a considerable portion of the foreign news columns being devoted to activities in Washington. A late February issue tells of a great blizzard sweeping the country, bringing snow to Jerusalem and even the foothills of Jericho for the first time within the memory of man.

A notable conversion to the Catholic faith just reported from England is that of Miss Benson, daughter of a former Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury of the Church of England, and sister of the late Rt. Rev. Mgr. Robert Hugh Benson, the famous novelist who has written so many novels as a Catholic author. He also was a convert. Miss Benson was received into the Church by Rev. Patrick O'Toole, parish priest of St. Mary's, Brewster, Steffs. The ceremony took place by permission of the Bishop of Plymouth, at Seaton, Devonshire. Father O'Toole was formerly in charge of a mission at Beer, which is near Seaton.—The Pilot.

London, March 19.—A Catholic great-granddaughter of Sir Walter Scott has just passed away. The death of this lady, the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott, plunges many Catholic families into mourning, as her husband, the Hon. Joseph Constable Maxwell, was uncle of the Duchess of Norfolk, and her half sisters are Mrs. Wilford Ward and Lady O'Connor. Her son, General Walter Maxwell Scott, who holds the D. S. O. and C. M. G. succeeds his mother as owner of the historic Abbotsford. Mrs. Maxwell Scott was the daughter of Sir Walter Scott's granddaughter, who was in her turn daughter of his daughter, so the female line is unbroken from the great post-novelist direct. Solemn Requiem Mass was sung at the Bromton Oratory.

London, March 19.—Congratulations are being extended to Alderman J. S. Gilbert, who has been appointed chairman of the London County Council, an important post in the municipal government of London. Alderman Gilbert, who is a nephew of the late Monsignor Gilbert and a Catholic layman of the greatest devotion to the cause, has been for some time chairman of the Education Committee of the Council, where he has rendered yeoman service to the cause of Catholic education. He is also identified with the work founded by his uncle, the Providence Row Night Refuge, in the city. He is a man of sound judgment and possesses a notable personality.

The Honorable Evan Morgan, son and heir of the Welsh peer, Lord Tredegar, who was received into the Church recently and has been staying at Colorado Springs, has returned to England to inform his parents of his determination to become a monk. He is twenty-six years of age, was educated at Eton and Oxford, was an officer in the Welsh Guards, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Labor and last year was attached to the Foreign Press Bureau at the Peace Conference. He is the author of several volumes of verse, and a painter, several of his pictures having been exhibited at the Paris Salon. His father Lord Tredegar, is a General in the British Army, the owner of 40,000 acres of valuable land in the East End of London, and his mother is the daughter of the Scottish Earl of Southesk. He now gives up his splendid inheritance to serve God in poverty in a monastery.—Catholic Columbian.