

English Protestant historian (1684-1690), complains that William "came to settle the Protestant religion and yet brought over 4,000 Papists in his army, which were near as many as the King (James II) had English of that religion in his." (Memoirs, p. 487; London, 1875.) The Rev. Charles Leslie, Protestant, in his Answer to a Book entitled "The State of the Protestants in Ireland under the late King James's Government," referring to the "Roman Catholics in William's army," affirmed them to be "many more in England than King James had in his army here."

The flower of the Williamite force was the famous Dutch or Blue Guards, "2,000 of the finest infantry of Europe," as Macaulay calls them. This regiment was mainly recruited from North Holland, and "in North Holland there are more Papists than Protestants" ("Reports of Debates in Cabbet's Parliamentary History—5, p. 175; London, 1809.) The "Popery" of these guards is demonstrated by an amusing incident. During the stay of James II. at Rochester, in December, 1688, prior to his flight to France, he was placed under the protection of a captain and a hundred men of this regiment. Burnett, Protestant Bishop and Williamite, clearly shows that somebody blundered badly in selecting such a guard, for ("History of his own Times," 3, p. 358; Oxford, 1833), "most of that body, as it happened, were Papists. So when he (the king) went to Mass they went and assisted most reverently. And when they were asked how they could serve in an expedition that was intended to destroy their own religion, one of them answered, his soul was God's, but his sword was the Prince Orange's."

The Guards were not the only Catholics in William's army. The other regiments in the Dutch service had their proportion. In fact the large admixture of Catholics in the service of the "Deliverer" made many Protestant zealots uneasy. In a "Speech of a Commoner of England to his fellow Commoners," we have this dissatisfactory opinion expressed in Parliament. After thanking Providence for William's "so seasonable and eminent a deliverance from Popery," he goes on to say that he thinks William will not be very much of an improvement on James, for he complains "we have in great part a popish army, though that was one of the most crying offences we objected to of the king, and from which we drew the most popular notions of our insecurity."

Not only was William's army one-third Catholic, but it was the Catholic part that did the fighting. Story, the Williamite chaplain, in his "True and Impartial History" (p. 97; London, 1691), says: "As to our English forces there were few of them that had an opportunity at this place to show themselves. \* \* \* To give the Dutch Guards their due they deserve immortal honor for what they did that day." And another historian writes: "As to the right wing of the English and the left wing of the Irish it could scarcely be said that they were engaged at all."

Now we are going to ask the Orange Sentinel a question. If the ancestors of the Orangemen fought at the Boyne when did they turn their coats? For if they won "immortal honor" there they must have been amongst the "2,000 of the finest infantry in Europe," the Dutch Guards, who were Papists. If the Sentinel refuses to satisfy our laudable curiosity we must only conclude that then, as now, the Orangemen did the shouting—at a safe distance—whilst the Papists did the fighting. There are more things in history, Horatio, than are dreamt of in the office of the Sentinel. COLUMBA.

#### NOTES AND COMMENTS

IN A RECENT address before the Lancashire Catholic Player's Society, Bishop Vaughan outlined the Church's attitude towards the stage. In the ages of faith, when the Church was all powerful, he said, plays were mostly of a religious or moral character, and when printing was yet among the undiscovered arts, rendered valuable service to religion by keeping the fundamental truths of the Faith before the people. As, however, in the great upheaval of the eighteenth and sixteenth centuries, the Church lost part of her influence over the masses in some countries, and all of it in others, and population increased and became more unmanageable, the drama underwent a corresponding change, and, from being a vehicle of useful instruction, be-

came rather one of amusement solely very often of a debasing and reprehensible character. At the time of the Restoration the pendulum had swung full distance, so that it may be said with truth that the popular plays of the day were not fit for any decent man to witness. Even Dryden, himself a writer of plays, speaks of the "steaming ordures of the stage." It was at this period that the Church made the theatre inhibitive to her children. That she had abundant reasons for doing so is self-evident to any student of literature.

BISHOP VAUGHAN then proceeded to say that if in our day the Church has relaxed her opposition to the stage, so far at least as the laity are concerned, it is because the drama itself has altered. This, unquestionably, is true, but it may be asked nevertheless if the signs of the times do not point to a relapse to the old order? The shameless grossness of the Restoration period may be lacking, but it is replaced by an insidiousness and suggestiveness that, in the judgment of competent observers, cut at the roots of all morality. It has been well said that the theatre is but a mirror of the public taste, and that so long as the type of play that somebody blundered badly in selecting such a guard, for ("History of his own Times," 3, p. 358; Oxford, 1833), "most of that body, as it happened, were Papists. So when he (the king) went to Mass they went and assisted most reverently. And when they were asked how they could serve in an expedition that was intended to destroy their own religion, one of them answered, his soul was God's, but his sword was the Prince Orange's."

A TORONTO MAN, a graduate of "The Bible College," has announced his intention of going to Brazil as a missionary, but, being somewhat doubtful as to the outlook, will embark in business for a year or two, learn the Portuguese language, and, incidentally, no doubt, lay by a few pesetas, and then, if the soil looks promising, will proceed to drive the Baptist plow. We hear much of the depravity of the Latin American Republics from missionaries of this kind. If any of them of Catholic antecedents, or pagans even, can assimilate the Baptist brand of religion, we will believe all the stories these itinerant mountebanks tell of them.

IT IS NOT the truth, however, that is wanted by these "missionary boards." This came out very strongly in the International Purity Congress held recently in Minneapolis. They brought all the way from Benares a distinguished Hindu, Dr. Keshava Deva Shastri, to tell them all about the work being done for purity in India, and to deliver a series of lectures throughout the United States and Canada on the subjects debated by the Congress. Not unnaturally, Dr. Shastri thought they wanted the facts, and in pursuance of this desirable end, he proceeded to enlighten the press as to the part played by Protestant missionaries in India. If Americans knew, he said, what became of all the money they sent out there, contributions would cease at once. The movement, he told them, consisted chiefly in bribing converts with material aid. The missionaries lived like lords and had large retinues of servants.

IN SO delivering himself the good doctor failed grievously in sizing up his hosts, and little realized the penalty that awaited him. He found himself denounced even by the friends who had brought him to this country. He was repudiated, we are told, on all hands, much to his own astonishment. A few of the delegates sided with him, but the great majority were deeply incensed, the Doctor was denied the Congress, his lecture engagements were cancelled, and he was left to shift for himself. "It is to be feared," says the Mail and Empire, commenting upon the incident, "that Dr. Shastri will return to Benares with his opinion of Christian charity and tolerance no higher than his opinion of the Christian missionaries in India." We would suggest that before bidding farewell to America he should visit Toronto, where a warm welcome would await him, at least at the office of the Christian Guardian.

THE RIGHT Rev. Dr. Chisholm, Bishop of Aberdeen, has earned the somewhat unusual distinction for a

Catholic prelate in Scotland, of being publicly thanked by the Municipal Council of his cathedral city. The Bishop has for years been an ardent collector of engravings and other pictures relating to Aberdeen, and these he has presented to the Art Gallery of the city. The collection numbers about fifty pieces, many of them of the greatest rarity, and visualizing the gradual rise and progress of the city from the sixteenth century onward. Not only in his devotion to studies of the kind, but also in his civic pride and patriotism in placing the result of his researches at the disposal of his fellow-citizens, Bishop Chisholm has much in common with the historic episcopacy of Scotland.

A RECENT WRITER has summarized some facts about the Popes which will bear repetition. Of the first thirty, twenty-nine were martyrs, the exception being St. Dionysius, who was the twenty-fourth successor of St. Peter. The total number of martyred Popes is 33. Eighty-two have been canonized. As to nationality 104 were Romans, 103 natives of other parts of Italy, 44 were Frenchmen, 9 Greeks, 7 Germans, 5 Asiatics, 8 Africans, 3 Spaniards, and 2 Dalmatians, while Palestine, Thrace, Holland, Portugal and England have each contributed one to the Papal chair. Nine Popes reigned less than 1 month, 30 less than 1 year, 11 more than 20 years, and 6 over 23 years. The reign of St. Peter was the longest in the history of the Papacy, being 7 years in Antioch and 25 in Rome. Next to him in length of service was Pius IX., whose death in 1878 terminated a reign of over 31 years, and it is not a little remarkable that the third should have been his successor, the illustrious Leo XIII., who occupied the Papal throne for over 25 years.

#### HOME RULE AND TOBACCO

ULSTER, or at least the northeastern portion of it comprised by Antrim, Derry and Down, is the chief argument against Home Rule, partly because it is strong on one religion and against another, and partly on the claim that, though small territorially it is predominant financially and industrially and pays the major portion of Irish taxation. The fact that the only instances of religious intolerance come from districts where Orangism is prevalent has put the religious plea out of court, but the financial argument has more semblance of strength. The following statement in the London Express has been widely quoted: "Belfast alone pays one-half of all Irish taxation, does 70 per cent. of all Irish export trade, and has one-half of all shipping trade from Ireland. The customs duties paid in Ireland in 1911 12 was: Ulster, £2,273,000, the rest of Ireland £914,000." Ergo, Belfast is as important as the rest of Ireland, and Ulster more so, being the seat of the other three provinces.

The shipping figures, even if accurate, are of no value for the purpose. Similar calculations would prove Galveston, whose volume of exports and imports exceeds that of any port in the Union except New York, a more important city than Philadelphia, Boston or New Orleans, and yet it has but 50,000 people. But the figures for the customs duties are: Belfast, £2,047,455; all Ireland, £6,461,938, showing that 31 per cent. of the dutiable imports is paid at Belfast. This is much less than one-half, but Belfast does not pay it. Of all its dutiable imports, valued at £28,700,000, tea amounts to £10,497,000, and tobacco to £13,591,000, or five-sixths of the whole. Now the duty on tea which is valued at 8 pence a pound, is 5 pence, and the duty on tobacco, which is valued at 9 pence, is 3 shillings and 8 pence, or 44 pence, that is, nearly 500 per cent. The results, that the revenue is enormous, and as this is collected at Belfast, that city gets the credit of it, whereas it merely distributes the article through the country to the consumers, who really pay the duties on it.

The manufacture of imported tobacco has made other cities famous. "Wild Woodbines" has brought the collected revenue of Bristol, a smaller city than Belfast, to £5,372,000, more than double that of the Ulster port, and just double the customs duties of all Scotland; and "Players' Navy Cut" has put Nottingham, a city of 260,000 almost on a level with Belfast; but these cities have not claimed thereby industrial or political predominance. In fact, the figures show that the trade of Ulster is somewhat less in proportion to its population than the rest of Ireland and the rateable property considerable less. Were Gallaher's great tobacco manufactory removed, or were its tobacco unsmoked, Belfast's taxable capacity, artificially swollen by the enormously high duties on tobacco, would be immediately reduced to normal. In other words, the argument of what Unionists call "Ulster" for special treatment, is based mainly on the heavy tax the English Government puts on tobacco. Should the Liberals make tobacco free, the Ulster position

would be reduced to what it really is, a question of ascendancy, and Ireland would be free to resume a profitable industry.—AMERICA.

#### THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

Fell the snow on the festival's vigil  
And supplied the city in white;  
I wonder who wore the pure Sakeles?  
Ask the Virgin, or God, or the night.  
It fitted the Feast: 'twas a symbol,  
And earth wore the surplice at noon,  
As pure as the vale's stannous lily  
For Mary, the sinlessly born.  
For Mary, conceived in all sinlessness;  
And the sun, thro' the clouds of the East,  
With the brightest and fairest of flames,  
Fringed with the surplice of white for the Feast.  
And round the horizon hung cloudlets,  
Pure stoies to be won by the Feast;  
While the earth and the heavens were waiting  
For the beautiful Mass of the priest.  
I opened my window, half-dreaming;  
My soul went away from my eyes,  
And my heart began saying: "Hail Marys"  
Somewhere up the beautiful sky.  
Where the shadows of sin never rested;  
And the angels who dwell in the light,  
The prayer that ascends with "Our Father,"  
And keeps the angels and the heavens so near.  
And all the day long—can you blame me?  
"Hail Marys" I said, and I prayed,  
And I think that the Christ and His Mother  
Were glad of the way that I prayed.  
And I think that the great bright Archangel  
Was listening to the devotion of me,  
For the echo of every "Hail Mary"  
That soared thro' the skies like a song.  
From the hearts of the true and the faithful,  
In accents of joy or of awe,  
Who kissed in their fervor their fervor  
The Festival's surplice of snow.

I listened, and each passing minute,  
I heard in the lands far away  
The halo of lights, and near me  
I heard all who knelt down to pray.  
Pray the same as I prayed, and the angel,  
And the same as the Christ of our love—  
Winging just the same sweet flight above.  
Passed the morning, the noon: came the even—  
The temple of Christ was aflame  
With the halo of lights, and near me  
And one wore His own Mother's name.  
Her statue stood there, and around it  
Shone the symbolic stars. Was their gleam,  
And the flowers that fragrant her altar  
Were they the flowers of the dream?  
Or were they sweet signs to my vision  
Of a truth far beyond mortal ken  
That the Mother had rights in the temple  
Of Him she had given to the world?  
Was it wronging her Christ-Son I wonder,  
For the Christian to honor her so?  
Ought her statue pass out of his temple?  
Ask the Father in his surplice of snow.  
Ah, me! I had the pure Sakeles voice,  
I know that their white lips would say;  
And I know that the lights on her altar  
Would pray with me if they could pray.  
M-thinks that the flowers that were fading—  
Swet virgins that die with the Feast,  
Like martyrs upon her fair altar—  
If they could, they would pray with the priest;  
And would murmur "Our Father," "Hail Marys"  
Till they dropped out the altar in death,  
And be glad in their dying for giving  
To Mary their last sweetest breath.  
Passed the day as a poem that passes  
Through the poet's heart's sweetest of strings;  
Moved the minutes from Moses to Moses  
Did I hear a faint sound as of wings  
Rustling over the aisles and the altars?  
Did the angels who dwell in the light,  
Or was my heart only a dreaming  
At the close of the Festival day?

Quiet throng came into the temple,  
As still as the flowers at her feet.  
Till they dropped out the altar in death,  
And be glad in their dying for giving  
To Mary their last sweetest breath.  
Passed the day as a poem that passes  
Through the poet's heart's sweetest of strings;  
Moved the minutes from Moses to Moses  
Did I hear a faint sound as of wings  
Rustling over the aisles and the altars?  
Did the angels who dwell in the light,  
Or was my heart only a dreaming  
At the close of the Festival day?

Our Father, "Hail Marys" were blended  
In a pure and perfect act of love,  
To say, with "Our Father," "Hail Mary"  
To all who loved the Mother of God.  
To fall at the feet of our Lord.  
Low toned from the hearts of a thousand  
"Our Father," "Hail Marys" were blended  
In a pure and perfect act of love,  
To say, with "Our Father," "Hail Mary"  
To all who loved the Mother of God.  
To fall at the feet of our Lord.  
Her Son and our Saviour—I wonder  
How He heard our "Hail Marys" that night?  
Did He hear our "Hail Marys" that night?  
They once were, and did we pray right?

Or was it all wrong? Will be punish  
Our lips if we make them the home  
Of the words of the great, high Archangel  
That won Him to love the Mother of God?  
Ah, me! I do blame my own mother  
Who taught me a child at her knee,  
To say, with "Our Father," "Hail Mary"  
To all who loved the Mother of God.  
To fall at the feet of our Lord.  
Let me suffer, for her if You blame  
Her pure mother's heart knew no better  
When she taught me to love the pure name.  
O Christ of Thy beautiful Mother  
Did I hear her name down the street heart  
B. L. I. I even there you will see it  
With Thy Mother's name how can I part?

On Thy name all divine have I rested  
Till the words of the great, high Archangel  
That won Him to love the Mother of God?  
Ah, me! I do blame my own mother  
Who taught me a child at her knee,  
To say, with "Our Father," "Hail Mary"  
To all who loved the Mother of God.  
To fall at the feet of our Lord.  
I am human, and here in my heaven,  
What I was I am still the same,  
And I still love my beautiful Mother  
And thus priest of Mine, do the same.  
I was happy—because I am human—  
And Christ in the sinless breast  
Our Father, "Hail Marys" were blended  
In a pure and perfect act of love,  
To say, with "Our Father," "Hail Mary"  
To all who loved the Mother of God.  
To fall at the feet of our Lord.

Sweet the beautiful O Salaris  
Did I hear her name down the street heart  
B. L. I. I even there you will see it  
With Thy Mother's name how can I part?

The door of a white tabernacle  
Did I hear her name down the street heart  
B. L. I. I even there you will see it  
With Thy Mother's name how can I part?

I knew not, but Mary the Mother,  
I think, almost envied the priest—  
Did I hear her name down the street heart  
B. L. I. I even there you will see it  
With Thy Mother's name how can I part?

Did she dream of the straw of the manger  
When she gazed on the altar's pure white?  
Did she hear her Son again in the manger  
The little Host, helpless, that night?

No! so I take it as He is—  
What a terrible truth in our race!  
The Divine has still faith in the human—  
What a story of infinite grace!

Tantum Ergo high hymn of the altar  
That came from the heart of a saint,  
Sweet triumph toned all through the temple—  
Did I hear her name down the street heart  
B. L. I. I even there you will see it  
With Thy Mother's name how can I part?

Neath the glorious roof of the singing  
To the temple had sorrow crept in?  
Was it the mean of a sinner  
O beautiful Host! wilt Thou win.  
In the little half-hour's Benediction  
The heart of a sinner again  
And merciful Christ, Thou wilt comfort  
The sorrow that brings Thee its pain.  
Came a hush, and the Host was uplifted,  
And made the seat of the Cross  
O'er the low-bent brows of the people.  
O Host of the Holy! Thy loss.  
To the altar, and to temple and people  
Would make this world darker of night;  
And our hearts would grope blindly on through it,  
For our love would have lost all its light.

Laudate, what thrilling of triumph!  
Our souls soared to God on each tone;  
And the Host went again to its prison,  
For our Christ fears to leave us alone.  
Blessed priest! strange thou art His jailor!  
Thy hand holds the beautiful key  
That locks in His prison love's captive,  
And keeps Him in letters for me.  
"Two over—I gazed on the statue—  
Our Father," "Hail Mary" still came;  
And to-night faith and love cannot help it,  
I must still pray the same—still the same.  
—ABRAHAM J. RYAN

#### THE ORANGE SOCIETY

##### A SUMMING-UP BY THE ANTI-ORANGISH CASKET

A few weeks ago we undertook to give our readers some facts, not very well known in this province, concerning the Orange Society. We did not deal at any length with the origin of this society, because we have frequently dealt with that in these columns, and have quoted the words of Protestant writers of unquestionable authority as to the nature and habits of the banditti known as the "Peep-o-Days Boys," which re-organized under the name of Orangemen. The facts which we have proved, in our articles, on Protestant authority, and on no other, quoting book and page, giving years, dates and full particulars in all cases, are as follows:

1. The Orange Society is a continuation of the brigand bands known as "Peep-o-Day Boys," and never had any connection with William of Orange, historically or in any other way, and William was dead for eighty years before it was started.

2. This society has never ceased from religious hatred, social persecution and political plots, even to the borders, and past the borders, of treason. Treasonable declarations, open disobedience to Acts of Parliament, violation of the discipline and rules of the army (a most grave matter); riot, murder, mocking and insulting of Catholics; of their Sacraments and religious customs; and generally, the deliberate dividing of the State on religious lines and with every circumstance of irritation and persecution; and the corruption of justice. On this part of the indictment we have quoted the Reports of two Committees of the British House of Commons; records of that House and of the House of Lords; reports of several Royal Commissions; The Edinburgh Review, the works of Dr. Killen, Mr. Leck, Miss Martineau, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Stanley, the Lord Chancellor, Mr. Ireland, Mr. Trevelyan, Lord Derby, George Canning, also a unanimous address of the Commons to King William IV. and his reply, several Acts of Parliament suppressing the Society; its meetings, etc., Mitchell, the historian; also the evidence of a dozen or so of Ulster magistrates, and other materials.

No Catholic has ever said half so much against the Orange Society as is contained in the quotations we have made from those sources. No sane man who reads what all these Protestant authorities, covering the whole of the nineteenth century have said about this wretched Society, can have a doubt left as to what its record has been—a record of outlawry, corruption, murder and treason.

And no sane man who reads our quotations, and considers the sources from which they come, can fail to be amazed at the success with which this Society, by sheer mendacity and noise, has imposed itself on credulous thousands as a loyal organization and important prop to British institutions.

3. We showed that this Society was suppressed in Ireland in 1825, by Act of Parliament; and that so far from showing obedience to the law, it went right on under an assumed name—Brunswick Clubs—and never dissolved for one day. We have shown that ten years later, it had spread throughout the Army, and had a million members in the Empire, had a very powerful organization in England, and was plotting to set aside the succession of the little Princess Victoria to the Crown, and to put its own Grand Master, the Duke of Cumberland, on the throne. Let British subjects pause and think what it would have meant to this Empire had Victoria never worn the Crown!

We have shown that this plot was broken up by the investigations of two Committees of the British House of Commons; and the Society almost destroyed in England as a result thereof.

4. We then proceeded through the record of the Society throughout the reign of Queen Victoria, and showed that every measure of justice and good government for the majority in Ireland was opposed by this Society, not only by ordinary constitutional, but with riots, bloodshed, threats against the Crown and the Government, and a show of armed force. For instance, in 1869, Mr. Gladstone decided to disestablish the Church of England in Ireland. For centuries the hard-driven peasantry of Ireland had been obliged by law to support a very costly church system which they never used. Amongst the multitude of iniquities that afflicted that unhappy country, this is by no means the least. Anglican bishops drew princely revenues from dioceses where there were not enough Protestants to support three ministers properly. It was the most flagrant and cruel "graft" imaginable, making millions of Catholics keep up a church they never recognized, whose tenets they never believed in, whose ministers they made no use of. Not only had millions of acres of confiscated estates of Catholics been handed over to that church, but millions of poor Catholic serfs

had to sweat and toil to pay their "tithes," to the end that that Church, rejected of the people, and having no other claim to be the "Church of Ireland" than it has to-day, to be the Church of Canada, should keep its fictitious standing as directed by Acts of Parliament in the framing of which those same serfs had never a word to say.

Any man, to-day, who should attempt to defend that state of affairs would lose all influence and consideration amongst his fellow-citizens, as being the narrowest of narrow-minded bigots. But, in the middle of Victoria's reign, this same Orange Society behaved almost exactly as it is behaving to-day, when Gladstone announced that this enormous edifice of "graft" and rascality must come down.

5. We next examined the record of this Society in respect to the administration of justice. We showed a state of affairs which might well shock and shame our civilization; the innocent punished and the guilty set free and not only set free but feted, praised and rewarded. We showed magistrates refusing to hear the cause of the Catholic, and arbitrarily acquitting the Orangeman; learned and just Protestant judges rebuking Orange juries; a Lord Chancellor demanding the resignations of magistrates who belonged to this Society.

6. We also reviewed the record of the Orange Society in its "loyal" celebration; its deliberate, pre-arranged invasions of peaceful Catholic villages, remote from its own natural gathering places, for the set purpose of bringing on a breach of the peace, with songs and insults to our holy religion almost beyond endurance; with the usual result of securing an excuse of some sort for using the rifles they always carried in their processions. We instanced the awful massacre at Dolly's Brae, where they marched far out of their way to pass in procession through a village of Catholics, and, having passed through it without molestation, turned and marched back through it again, and, having at last secured a fight, shot at children, women and aged men who were plainly not combatants.

And since we wrote that article, we read a despatch from Belfast, speaking of the staging of the doggerel version, "Dolly's Brae," in which that day of horror is commemorated, and gravely informing us that it is almost "a national anthem" among them to-day.

We said at the outset, that we should make and prove all these assertions on Protestant authority, and we have done so. One final charge we make against this Society, and that is fraud. Disloyal, law-breaking, fiercely intolerant, ignorant, corrupt, and the tool and plaything of politicians for generations past, one thing has permeated and saturated it at all times, and that is, falsehood. If readers feel that any confirmation of this statement is required, let them consider the doings and sayings of the Orange Society during this year of Our Lord 1913.

Clamorous, brazen, unblushing falsehood has been the most valuable part of its whole scandalous outfit; for the minds of men are, in general, so constituted that statements that are continually and noisily repeated and dinned into their ears come at last to be accepted as truth; and so, the Orange Society has succeeded in establishing a general reputation for "loyalty"; for injudicious, excitable, indiscreet loyalty, but still for loyalty; so, many people regard it.

Well, we have shown, on the highest and most unquestionable body and weight of Protestant authority that can be produced in this Empire, that so far from having any claims to be called "loyal" or law-abiding, this Society has at all times been an absolute outlaw, denounced by a king, by Acts of Parliament, Committees of Parliament, Members of Parliament, Premiers, Cabinet Ministers, historians, sworn witnesses, editors, judges, magistrates, clergymen and constables, all Protestants; and that the chief items in all these indictments against them is its lack of loyalty; its tumultuous and incessant disobedience to law; and its cynical corruption and denial of public justice in the courts.

The other of the great twin lies of the Orange Society is that Catholics are disloyal. But Catholics fought and died in the Crimean war, whilst recruiting agents went in vain through the Orange counties of Ulster. There is no record of Orangism in any of Great Britain's wars in the 19th century. Orangemen have never had any taste for fighting anybody except Catholics; and they always wanted big advantages before they would undertake even that. Dolly's Brae may well be sung by them. It is their only boast, in the way of war, in the whole of the 19th century. On the other hand, there has never been a war of Great Britain's since Ireland has been a British dominion in which Catholics and Irishmen have not taken a leading part. Who can tell us of one battle in which Orange regiments distinguished themselves? As a political factor, the Orange

Society has been a vile tool of English political parties, and is now being so made use of for the last time. The chief usefulness of this Society to English politicians has been this, that, up to now it has been always possible, in fact, easy, to arouse the fear of the Pope in England by means of the Orange yell. There were always those millions of Irish "slaves of the Pope"; and there were always the "loyal" minority, the only prop and bulwark of British and Protestant power in that land of Popery and idolatry. Such was the pretence. But the time has come, at last, when the English electors can be no longer fooled on this subject. Therefore, behold Orangism in its last convulsions, so far as Great Britain is concerned.

#### LITTLE JESUS

("Ex ore infantum Deus et lactentium perfectisti laudem")  
Little Jesus, wast Thy shy  
Once, and just so small as I?  
And what did it feel like to be  
Out of Heaven, and just like me?  
Didst Thou sometimes think of there,  
And ask where all the angels were?  
I should think that I would cry  
For my house all made of sky;  
I would look about the air,  
And wonder where my angels were,  
And at waking 'twould distress me—  
Not an angel there to dress me!  
Hadst Thou ever any toys.  
Like us little girls and boys?  
And didst Thou Play in Heaven with  
all

The angels that were not too tall  
With stars for marbles? Did the  
things  
Play Can you see me? through their  
wings?  
And did Thy Mother tell Thee spoil  
Thy robes, with playing on our soil?  
How nice to have them always near  
In Heaven, because 'twas quite clean  
blue!

Didst Thou kneel at night to pray,  
And didst Thou join Thy hands, this  
way?  
And did they tire sometimes, being  
young,  
And make the prayer seem very  
long?  
And dost Thou like it best, that we  
Should join our hands to pray to  
Thee?

I used to think, before I knew,  
The prayer not said unless we do.  
And did Thy Mother at the night  
Kiss Thee, and fold the clothes in  
right?  
And didst Thou feel quite good in bed,  
Kissed, and sweet, and Thy prayers  
said?

Thou canst not have forgotten all  
That it feels like to be small,  
And Thou knowst I cannot pray  
To Thee in my father's way—  
When Thou wast so little, say,  
Couldst Thou talk Thy Father's way?

So, a little Child come down  
And her child's tongue like Thy  
own;  
Take me by the hand and walk,  
And listen to my baby talk.  
To Thy Father show my prayer,  
(He will look, Thou art so fair).  
And say: "O Father, I, Thy Son,  
Bring the prayer of a little one."

And He will smile, that children's  
tongue  
Has not changed since Thou wast  
young!  
—FRANCIS THOMPSON

#### A GIFTED PREACHER

FATHER TOM BURKE, THE  
SILENCER OF FROUDE

The great Dominican, Father Tom Burke, as the Irish people loved to call him, was one of the most gifted preachers of the century. He was born in Galway in 1830, and was ordained priest at the age of twenty-six years. The fame of his eloquence was so familiar in Rome that it was the custom of the Vatican for years to call him to preach the Lenten discourses.

Father Burke's visit to the United States in 1871 created widespread attention on account of his mastery replies to the British historian, Froude, who came to this country for the express purpose of defaming Irish character through contorted history. The great controversy is still familiar to the memories of the people. It is sufficient to say that Mr. Froude's mission was an utter failure.

The American verdict was practically unanimous in declaring in favor of Ireland and her eloquent defender in the controversy. Father Burke travelled as Visitor General of the Dominican Order all over the United States and Canada, and lectured almost daily on religious and historical subjects.

He returned to Ireland in 1873, and resumed his routine duties in the Orders, keeping scrupulously clear of political agitation, but devoting his wonderful intellect to the cause of charity and the preaching of the gospel. He died in Dublin on July 2nd, 1888.—Catholic Bulletin.

We must do the thing we must,  
before the thing we may.

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