

The Charlotte Town Herald.

NEW SERIES

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 18, 1911

Vol. XL, N 42

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If you have never tried our Eureka Tea it will pay you to do so. It is blended especially for our trade, and our sales on it show a continued increase. Price 25 cents per lb.

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QUEEN STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN.

Chapels on Wheels.

The idea of having a chapel on wheels is by no means a new one in the British Isles, for even if the name of chapel can scarcely be claimed by the travelling vans belonging to Kessit and the Protestant Alliance, no one will deny it to the "Little Ark" of Carriagholt, that did so much to keep the faith alive in Western Clare during those cruel years that followed the great famine in Ireland.

The motor chapel with which Fathers Vaughan and Norgate are carrying a beacon light of Catholic Truth through the eastern counties of England this summer is unlike its predecessor in almost every respect. Father Michael Meehan's "Little Ark" was a rough wooden structure built by a local carpenter in the wilds of Clare, and except for the fact of having windows all round, it was more like a bathing box than anything else. The clumsy cartwheels on which it stood allowed but for the slowest locomotion, and though there were shafts attached to it, when the need for locomotion did arise it was more often the priest's congregation than his horse that pulled or pushed the chapel into place, for the circumstances that had called it into being forbade its being moved far off the narrow strip of foreshore or no man's land, whence even the law was powerless to remove it.

Father Vaughan's chapel, on the contrary, fitted with powerful engines of the most up-to-date pattern, can cover more miles in one day than its predecessor covered in the whole course of its existence, and its appearance, its finish, its internal and external appointments are almost as unlike the "Little Ark" as a mad-walled chapel is to a city church. Yet, motor and ark, chapel and chariot are all identical in one thing. All alike have been the throne of the Blessed Sacrament, and the home of God.

The work of Father Vaughan and his companions is almost entirely with non-Catholics, whether at home at the Mission House at Bronesbury Park, near London, or giving missions in the Catholic Churches of England, and, according to their latest development, travelling by motor to towns and villages where the Catholic Church exists as yet, where few if any Catholics reside, and where the traits of which they are the standard bearers are regarded either with stolid indifference or with facetious dislike. The motor chapel is an important factor in a campaign that is both active and up to date. The "Ark" was essentially a passive resistor. The former in combating ignorance and some facetious opposition. The latter was indeed an ark of salvation in a densely populated district where frenzied hatred of Catholicity were trying, with the aid of bodily persecution, to force those who had received the gift of faith from God to apostatize.

Religious tolerance has made such giant strides in the British Isles during recent years that some people will hardly credit the fanaticism and persecution that were rife sixty years ago. Ireland at that time was only emerging from the thrall of the penal laws, and it was as yet impossible in the thickly populated districts of the west for the bulk of the people to be instructed in more than the absolutely necessary truths of religion. The National Board of Education was just coming into being, but its schools were few in number, and it was not only in religious but in secular knowledge as well that the people were lacking. In the parish of Carriagholt, a long, narrow peninsula that lies between the Atlantic and the Shannon, the Board had but one school for a population of twelve thousand people, but of these a third were carried off by famine and by fever, and the remaining eight thousand were left in the most utter destitution. The parish was twenty miles long and there were three priests attached to it, but none of them escaped the famine fever, the parish priest, Father Malsoby Duggan, having said Mass at an outlying chapel and administered the last Sacraments to no less than eighteen who were dying of cholera and fever on the very day he himself was stricken down. The Bishop of Killisnoo, a namesake of Father Vaughan's, appointed Father Michael Meehan in Father Duggan's place, and when the epidemic had abated the prospect before the new parish priest was a serious one.

There had been a certain number of hedge schools in the district which were held mostly at night, and where some secular and good deal of solid religious instruction could be obtained, but now some local Protestants, led by an agent named Marcus Keane, knowing that the people were hopeless and helpless after the famine and the fever,

professed themselves anxious to help them to recover from the effects of these double calamities, and their first aim was to establish schools where the children would be provided with food and clothing as well as with free education. This was a bait which, when backed by an assurance that there should be no interference with the children's religion, was naturally irresistible to people who were still only one step removed from starvation.

This being so, even when the assurances of non-interference were disregarded, the doles of food and clothing were continued, though the understanding that the receivers should attend the Protestant church. With a cry upon their lips that was heartrending, "Good-bye, God Almighty, till the potatoes grow again," the parents allowed their children to remain at the schools, that were now avowedly proselytizing centres.

To combat the evil Father Meehan was at his wit's end. He had neither church nor school in the neighborhood where this proselytizing was going on, and though he tried to say Mass every week in one or other of the people's houses, he soon found that those who thus made him welcome did so at a heavy cost, and more than one of them were dispossessed of their farms in consequence. Father Meehan then managed to buy the good will of a couple of cottages from two families who were emigrating, and throwing them into one, he erected an altar, and so, under their thatched roof the Church of Saint Patrick came into being. Almost immediately however the priest's claim even to this miserable shelter was disputed, and the same fate overtook him as had overtaken those who had allowed him to say Mass in their houses, and meanwhile the work of the proselytizers grew and flourished, nourished on the starvation, spiritual and temporal, of its victims.

It was now, when everything seemed hopeless that the idea of the little "Ark" came to the almost despairing priest. So it was built and placed on the foreshore, whence neither landlord nor proselytizer could displace it, and Sunday after Sunday, in the best of five summers and for five wet, stormy winters Mass was offered in the frail movable chapel, with the congregation kneeling haphazard on the sand or along the roadway, heedless of the weather, but offering to God the cad mille salta, the hundred thousand welcomes that were dashed to Him elsewhere.

So by slow degrees the leakage was stopped, and even at last those who had succumbed in their hunger to overwhelming temptation came back to the Faith that in their hearts they had never abandoned. The existence of the little "Ark" became known to others outside the peninsula on which it stood, and both English and Irish papers having taken up the cause, the originators of the proselytizing were obliged to give the site for an immovable church.

The little "Ark" had done its work, and so, too, had its promoter, and when Father Meehan was laid to rest in the new church, his last moments consoled by the thought that ten schools, the result mainly of the generous contributions he received during two visits to his exiled flock in the United States, during the early sixties, would carry on un molested the work on which he had expended his life, the little "Ark" was near him still. And there it still stands, no longer movable chapel, only a relic of the past, and of the great number who have gone in the last sixty years to seek their fortunes over the ocean, scarcely one has gone without carrying a chip of the weathered timber as a reminder that, wherever they may go, their Faith must be to them, as it was to their fathers, a thing worth struggling and suffering for.

The motor which, after so long an interval, has reawakened the interest of the Catholic public in movable chapels has been started to combat no active enemy, but rather to try and pierce the dense cloud of ignorance and prejudice towards Catholicity that the passing of centuries, since East Anglia was the British Church, has made well nigh impenetrable. It is in districts where there are already Catholic churches and Catholic congregations that missions to combat heathens are needed. Father Vaughan and his companions have embarked on a different campaign. They are proclaiming the Truth where for generations no one has dared to proclaim it. When funds had been provided for the building and equipment of the motor, it was formally blessed by the Archbishop of Westminster and then, under the patronage of St. Augustine and St. Gregory, it started on its first tour. Besides the altar, with its vessels, its candles,

sticks and vases, its crucifixes and pictures, it is well stocked with leaflets, pamphlets and books, for in these days of the ascendancy of the press it is not wise to rely on speaking alone; even when the speakers are some of the best known of the time, the diffusion of literature is a most necessary part of the scheme. July second was the opening day of the first mission; the place, Haverhill, in Suffolk; the mission, of the weak, Father Bernard S. J., and the motto, "Christie of its originator, now Popery."

Near by a rival "movable chapel," manned by the Protestant Alliance, displayed its old warning, "No Popery," but in spite of this, the hall in which Father Vaughan's lectures were given was crowded, and Fathers Herber, Vaughan and Norgate, with a lay helper, were kept busy in attending to the Question Box, wherein any written query might be placed for answer on the following evening. The Protestant Alliance also had not been idle, and on leaving the hall the workers were hissed and booed by an antagonistic crowd, but before the end of the week public feeling seemed to have changed, and Father Vaughan's clearly expressed hope that on his next visit to Haverhill he would speak to them, not in a public hall but in a chapel of their own, was greeted by the people with cheers.

The second week's mission at Royston, where Father Allibon, himself a convert, was the preacher, was no less successful than the first, whilst four other weeks have the same reports to give, of missions preached by the fathers of the missionary society, by Father Nicholson, C.S.S.R., and by Monsignor Benson.

When the fall programme of its summer and autumn campaigns have been carried out, the motor chapel will return to its winter quarters in London, and it is not now, but in the future, that the work it has done will develop. The seed have been sown, but no one can tell when or where the harvest will be gathered.

But those who have assisted at a Mass said at that movable altar, the first Mass to have been said in most of the places since before the Reformation, have no doubt that the grace of God must linger round those places, and that His blessing is upon those who have carried the Truth or who have received it through the Motor Chapel—America.

Pledging the Children.

"An eminent medical scientist," says the *Age* Maria, "after a long study of the drink evil, has become convinced that, as a rule, inebriety is contracted while the victim is still in his teens; and that if a young man has not indulged to excess in intoxicants before he is twenty-one years of age, he is unlikely to do so later in life. These deductions show the wisdom of the custom, now an established one in numerous American dioceses, of having children take a total abstinence pledge, binding until they are twenty-one, on the day of their First Communion or Confirmation. Besides safeguarding their health and morals, the youthful abstainers have the advantage of observing the effect of the flowing bowl on their elders, and will learn for themselves that drinking is an expensive and luxurious as well as injurious habit, that nowadays 'old toppers' die young of Bright's disease; that confirmed drunkards are often prostrated from the onset of moderate drinkers; and that staidly tipping results in occasional drunkenness even among those who are said 'never to commit themselves'."

In the diocese of Hartford, Conn., the custom is to bind the children until they are twenty-five. Speaking recently to a group of total abstainers Governor Baldwin of Connecticut gave high approval to the work done by Bishop Nolan and his predecessor, Bishop Tierney. He told the young men that they were wise in taking the pledge in childhood and binding themselves to total abstinence till they were twenty-five. Thus were early years safeguarded. Later on they could see for themselves the evils of intemperance; and their own intelligence, self-respect and sense of self-preservation would teach them that their best interests required them to remain total abstainers all their lives. "It is remarkable," commented the *Catholic Transcript*, "how almost identical are the words of the Governor and those of the Bishops."

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To any of those suffering in any way from any derangement of the heart or nerves, we can recommend our MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS with the greatest confidence. They have been tried and proved, for when I started in to take your pills, I was so bad I could not stay in the house alone, nor could I sleep nights. Since taking the pills I am entirely cured and can recommend them to anyone who is nervous and run down."

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"But think what a pleasure it is to be."
"Pleasure?"
"Yes. She will so enjoy telling about it."

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Dear Sirs,—Your traveller is here today and we are getting a letter from you regarding your MINARD'S LINIMENT. We find it the best Liniment on the market making no exception. We have been in business since 13 years and have handled all kinds, but have dropped them all but yours; that sells itself; the others have to be pushed to get rid of.

W. A. HAGERMAN.
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Don't let worms gnaw at the walls of your children. Give them Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and they'll soon be rid of these parasites. Price 50c.

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"On the P. D. H. X."
"You were in great luck."
"In what way?"
"That the train didn't butt you off the track."

Milburn's Suffering Headache Powders give women prompt relief from monthly pains and leave no bad after effects whatever. Be sure you get Milburn's. Price 25 and 50 cts.

"He makes a miserable livelihood."
"How?"
"Writes articles on how to get on in the world."

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Were Caused By A
Sour Disordered Stomach

Mr. James McLaughlin, Bracebridge, Ont., writes:—"In order to let you know what Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills have done for me, I am writing you. 'About a year ago I was troubled a great deal with a very sour disordered stomach and had terrible headaches, that were so bad I could scarcely do my work. 'One day in telling a friend who had used your pills before how I felt, she told me to try them, which I did and to my great surprise after using one vial I was greatly relieved, and when the second one was finished I was totally cured, and have not been troubled since with either my stomach or the headaches, and I feel greatly indebted, first to the friend and secondly to Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills for the great relief I derived from them.'"

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