



FALLACY EXPLAINED.

Of all the absurdities advanced concerning the condition of Ireland, in the Trade and Finance columns of the London Daily Telegraph, the most outrageous, perhaps, was to the following effect:

"In 1841 there were 8,175,000 people in Ireland, and now there are only 4,888,000. . . . The exodus was essential. . . . Though there were fewer people in Ireland, their material wealth is greater."

One has only to compare the condition of Ireland with that of Scotland to understand the utter fallaciousness and stupidity of the argument. Scotland is a barren country compared to Ireland, and has a harsher climate. Also its total area is 18,920,000 acres, as compared to 20,150,000 acres comprised within the shores of the Green Isle. Therefore, if there be anything in the argument of the Daily Telegraph that the alleged increased prosperity of the people of Ireland is due to the loss of high one-half her population, then Scotland should show a lessened prosperity or a lessened population. . . . Now, what are the facts? Simply that Scotland—smaller, less fertile than Ireland, and more inclement—has never been so prosperous at any time in her history as she is to-day. Altogether, in spite of the depopulation of the Highlands through the demands of British manufacturers and American millionaires for deer forests—her population, which was 2,600,000 in 1841, is now 4,677,000. It is, therefore, evident, reasoning from analogy, that a lessening of population and an augmentation of prosperity do not necessarily advance hand in hand since Scotland has multiplied her wealth many times, while doubling her numbers. Indeed, the economists would be likely to declare that a decline in the prosperity of any civilized country would probably be accompanied by a diminution of her population.

The extreme stupidity of the Daily Telegraph's assertion will be better understood if we consider the class of people who have streamed out of Ireland during the past seventy years, to become pioneers in every walk of life—in every occupation—throughout the civilized world. Ireland has not been drained of her wastrels and of her incapables, but of her bone and her brains, of her brightest and best, of her bravest, boldest and most enterprising. Left behind, of course, were many equally worthy, but the great proportion of those who remain have no doubt been the old and feeble, the crippled and weak, the women and children. We can only guess what might have been the condition of Ireland had those who have so splendidly contributed to the development of America and of Australasia been given an opportunity to use their God-given faculties to advantage in their own dearly-loved native land. Yet the Daily Telegraph wishes us to believe that their exodus has caused Ireland to flourish! How can the prosperity of any country be advanced by denuding it of its most stalwart and adventurous spirits? It is not thinkable. An exile himself, Oliver Goldsmith knew better than that 150 years ago, when he wrote "The Deserted Village," and therein the oft-quoted couplet:

"But a bold peasantry, its country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied."

The material prosperity of Ireland, such as it is, has not advanced because of the vast reduction of her

population, but in spite of it. Any improvement in her condition is due to the advances of civilization and the development of the industrial arts. Since 1841 the standard of comfort has been raised immeasurably in all civilized lands. But those who know Ireland best would be loath to declare that she has shared proportionately in this betterment with England, Wales and Scotland. And if not, why not? Nor would the better-informed agree that, instead of being lessened by half, the increase of numbers would have so exceeded that of subsistence as to cause a strain on the latter. It is tolerably certain that the Ireland which was barely equal to the support of eight millions in 1841 could well support sixteen millions to-day—in consequence of the discoveries and inventions of the last fifty years—provided always that the exertions of man were not hampered and set at naught by the burdens of absentee landlordism and the interference of an unsympathetic government.—The Freeman's Journal, Sydney, Australia.

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LAST SAILORS' CONCERT OF THE SEASON.

Last evening saw the closing concert of the Catholic Sailors' Club for the season. The concert was under the direction of the James McCready Co. The Rev. Father Malone introduced Mr. McKenna, president for the evening, who in a few brief and well-chosen remarks, expressed regret at the illness of Mr. C. F. Smith.

The programme was a lengthy one and was certainly sustained with great credit to those who took part. Special notice is due to Misses Houle, Chambers, Sproule and Halbert, as well as Messrs. Oakes, Milaire, Leroux, Slattery, Quigley, Willet, McLaughlin, Maron, Chaput and Picard, for the manner in which they took their different parts. Rev. Gerald McShane, P.S.S., gave an interesting extract from Dr. Drummond's poems in his inimitable way.—"Le Cure de Calumet." Beautiful bouquets were presented to Mrs. McNamee and to all the lady performers. Touching reference was made to the demise of the late regretted Mr. F. B. McNamee.

A drawing took place for a gold watch offered by the McCready Co., and was won by Miss Mayer.

On the whole the concert was an ideal one and well calculated to keep alive that spirit so necessary to inspire the sailors with the thought that go where they will they may turn in all confidence to a haven of protection in the old city of Mary.

The efficacy of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup in curing coughs and colds and arresting inflammation of the lungs, can be established by hundreds of testimonials from all sorts and conditions of men. It is a standard remedy in these ailments and all affections of the throat and lungs. It is highly recommended by medicine vendors, because they know and appreciate its value as a curative. Try it.

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A Protestant Minister at Pope's Mass.

Rev. W. W. Boyd, a former Baptist minister of St. Louis, who returned recently from a tour of Europe and the Orient, says the most impressive thing he witnessed abroad, and the most impressive religious service he ever attended, at home or abroad, was the private Mass celebrated last Easter morning by the Holy Father in the Sistine chapel. He thus describes his impressions:

"The glorious chapel, the morning light, through clear windows on the left, flooding the immortal frescoes; the altar in front, the Papal canopy on the left, the Swiss guards stationed on either side of the aisles, Roman gentlemen, the Pope's chamberlains, in sixteenth century costumes, black velvet and white neck ruffs, acting as ushers; some 200 members of the oldest families of Rome, present to receive their Easter communion, and in and over all silence, deep, earnest, quiet, that seemed the very breath of prayer.

"A slight movement at the entrance. All kneel or bow their heads in prayer. A few members of the Papal household in still different costumes pass down the central aisle toward the altar. And then alone, in white garments from head to foot, slowly, without show or ostentation, walks the Sovereign Pontiff of Rome. He kneels at the altar in prayer, then celebrates the sacrifice of the Mass. It is all so simple, entirely shorn of pageantry. His voice is low, musical, sincere. It has the accent of conviction. He pleads as a father for his children. I felt that I was in the presence of a loving and lovable man; not a high ecclesiastic, conscious of his power, performing a service of routine, but a true shepherd and Bishop of souls, a spiritual father, counsellor and friend, a man consecrated in spirit and living close to God. I do not ever remember being so impressed by a human personality.

"For nearly an hour and a half I sat close to him and studied him. He is of only medium height, somewhat stooping, as if he carried a heavy load—the care of all the churches. His manners are slow, dignified and graceful. His face is a poem of benevolence. No one can look into that face, where character and kindness are indelibly imprinted, without the conviction that love of God and love of man is the ruling principle of his life. The simplicity of the man enthralled me. He may not be as skillful a diplomatist as some of his predecessors, but none have excelled him in purity of life, consecration of spirit and simplicity of method. It was a sermon in itself to witness the manner in which he gave Communion to those who went forward and knelt at the altar. He seemed to gather up the peculiar needs of each communicant, and to breathe a prayer for each.

"At the close of the Mass he advanced to the front and made a brief address in Italian, emphasizing the lessons from the Resurrection. And then he blessed us, our families, friends, the homes and the lands from whence we came. A season of silent prayer, in which I am sure every heart present joined, and he passed slowly out, blessing and still blessing until we saw him no more."

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LOYOLA CLUB.

Loyola Club held its regular meeting at the club rooms, 96 St. Alexander street, on Nov. 21. The business part of the programme was principally taken up with discussing the rummage sale to be held on Friday, Nov. 30, 3 p.m. at 5 St. Peter street. This sale has become

Oldest Christian Brother.

Rev. Brother Domitian, sub-director of novices at La Salle Institute, Glencoe, Mo., oldest Christian Brother in the United States, celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday and sixty-third anniversary of his reception into the Order of the Brothers of the Christian Schools on November 1. He is a native of Canada, and was one of the first Brothers to receive the habit in America.

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The Irish Priest-Novelist.

No writer in recent years has given us such a true, clear and beautiful insight into Irish life and character, and especially into the charming personality of the Irish priesthood as Doctor Sheehan. Rev. P. A. Sheehan, as he has been commonly known, was created a Doctor of Divinity by the late Leo XIII., in recognition of his valuable contributions to literature. His name, therefore, stands out in the world of letters as the leading modern Irish writer. His wonderfully vivid descriptions at once attract our sympathies by their realistic portrayal of all that is best and noblest in Irish character. In "Geoffrey Austin," "My New Curate," and "Luke Delmege," he pictures the peace and purity of home life in Ireland, while at the same time not overlooking the weaknesses of his countrymen. Prejudiced writers have frequently displayed a lamentable degree of ignorance by holding up the Irish priest as an object of ridicule; and such writers delight in calling Ireland a "priest-ridden" country. But Dr. Sheehan's description of the sincerity, devotion, sorrow, loneliness and longings of the Irish priest are without doubt true and beyond comparison. Every chapter of his writings shows the "Soggarth Aroon" intimately bound by the closest bonds of affection with his people. The very reading of "My New Curate" or "Luke Delmege" lingers long in the memory and leaves a lasting impression. Though these two volumes are teeming with the brightest Irish humor, they are also touched by a deep underlying vein of pathos. In "Geoffrey Austin" who could forget Geoffrey's account of the departure of the priest to another parish. "I was a mere child and was standing at the window overlooking the main street of our town when a strange procession passed by. A few loads of hay and straw and turf, one solitary cart filled with rough furniture such as a laborer might have, and the priest trudging along the pavement, his aged mother on one side, and his orphaned niece on the other, holding his hand as he proceeded from one scene of wretchedness to another—from the barren solitude of a mountain at one end of the diocese, forever wrapped in mists and black and stubborn even in summer, when the fields were laughing with their harvests, and the trees were gay in their feathery robes, to a dismal swamp where two of his predecessors had perished from the vapors and slime that dropped from the clouds above and sweated from the marshes below."

Dr. Sheehan has also written "Under the Cedars and the Stars." This is rather a series of poetical reveries or reflections on men, on nature, and on things in general. They are the thoughts of a deep thinker gathered during quiet wanderings in the secluded garden of the little Irish village. In the first of these reveries Dr. Sheehan tells us that his garden is something more than a garden of "sycamore, and pines, and firs, and laburnum, and laurel, and lime, and lilac," "buried beneath dusky walls of forest trees, beeches and elms and oaks," but he says, "my garden is something more to me. It is my porch where some unseen teacher ever speaks." This volume of Dr. Sheehan's has found a large circle of readers, who have been delighted with the multitude and variety of beautiful thoughts on philosophy, science, art, literature, and religion. One may take it and open it at any page and find much to put the mind in a useful and reflective mood. The following taken at random are typical. How true this is of our American cities:

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an annual affair with the club, whereby two birds are killed with one stone. Donations, which consist of anything from a discarded lace collar to an old broom, are solicited from friends and sold for reasonable sums to the poor; the result, which varies according to the generosity of those friends, is spent on the Xmas tree for poor children and a visit to the Little Sisters of the Poor.

A card of thanks and good wishes had been received from His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi in acknowledgment of the Year Book which had been sent him.

There was a little disappointment felt by those who had anticipated listening to Rev. Father Ethelbert, but that pleasure was deferred, and in its place Miss Bussiere had kindly volunteered to take the afternoon in hand.

Her interpretation of the subject was original and agreeable. The programme read "An hour or two with Modern Artists." The rooms were decorated with a good assortment of modern pictures and a few of the older schools. In a few words Miss Bussiere read two or three definitions of art and included in her own conception of the subject, sculpture, architecture, wood carving, cartoon drawing, good style in dress, photography, the cooking and serving of food, etc., after which she invited the members to partake of 5 o'clock tea. In moving the vote of thanks, Miss V. Brannen referred to the "art of entertaining," which had been so well demonstrated by Miss Bussiere.

Referring to the reception and lecture, which formed the first entertainment of the kind given by the club, opinion as to the purely social side of it was unanimous and emphatic. It had been well conducted and thoroughly enjoyed. Of the lecture, satisfaction was less general. It is understood that owing to the lateness of the hour in beginning, Mr. Dewey had been forced to curtail his remarks; still it was quite apparent that he had by no means grasped the possibilities of such a subject as "Catholicism in America." While his voice and gestures are good, the commendation of lecturer at the Catholic Summer School should be a guarantee of more interesting treatment, better style and wider development of the subject.

Next Tuesday at 8 p.m., in the Library Hall, Bleury street, the Club will hold one of its open meetings, to which friends and well-wishers are cordially invited. The programme of the day will be carried out, consisting of a carefully prepared and authentic paper on the "Early Organization of the Church," and a lighter paper by Miss Brannen, President of Loyola Club, dealing with a subject which lacks neither interest nor variety—"Irish Literature." Those members who have already listened to her keen and sympathetic appreciation of "One Little Book," can assure the audience of Tuesday night a treat.

The musical items of the programme are in charge of Miss Schultze, who promises appropriate selections, and Miss McCabe, assisted by the refreshment committee, will serve Irish coffee and cake.

SIR WILFRID AND HOME RULE.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who acknowledges a telegram of thanks for his utterances on Home Rule, sent by the Irish party on the occasion of the O'Connor banquet, says: "Whilst I deeply appreciate your courtesy, I am bound to say I deserve no thanks, as I only repeated what I have always advocated on the floor of the Canadian Parliament for nearly twenty years."

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