

onto papers lately, headed: "Are they Blind Leaders of the Blind?" The writer, a Mr. E. R. Allen, of Fort Hope, urges ministers to keep out of politics and polemics and to attend to their business of soul saving. Let them desist, he urges, for at least the forty days of Lent, from senseless harangues, and preach the Gospel. It would be an agreeable change from the present order of things, for he adds, "the truth is that the uplifting, helpful, moralizing influence of Christian teaching has been too much neglected."

THE TRUTH is, as we pointed out last week, Protestantism has worked itself out as a Christian force, and its accredited teachers (so far as it can be said to have had accredited teachers) have, to justify their existence, fallen back upon the ephemeral social theories of the hour. Christ has little or no place now in their pulpits and the eternal verities of Christian teaching have given place to the vain speculations of German critics, and to the most approved, up-to-date methods of advertising. To identify religion solely with zeal for social reform is, in their estimation, to give it its highest expression. And to convince the multitude that religion pays is the battle-cries of the latest continental organization with a group of Wall Street capitalists behind it. It is no occasion for wonder, then, that the Catholic Church, the immutable witness to Eternal Truth, should enlist the enemy of such a movement.

OUR HIGH CHURCH Anglican friends who, in these latter days, have become such vigorous claimants to the term "Catholic," and who exit King George as the legitimate head of the "Catholic Church of England" (a contradiction in terms), will derive no solace from the king's own practical repudiation of the title. It occurred in this wise. During the recent Royal visit to India, the Catholic Hierarchy approached His Majesty with a loyal address of homage and welcome. In this address, as was right and proper, in conformity with official Government usage, they referred to themselves as "the Roman Catholic Archbishops and Bishops of India." It is significant, however, that in his reply, the King not only addressed their primate as the "Catholic Archbishop of Simla," but throughout spoke of the "Catholic Church of India," and of the "Members of the Catholic Church." Now, since the Anglican is the Established Church in England, and in India claims some sort of official recognition as such, it is doubly significant that its official Head should be troubled with no such scruples as to the one rightful owner of the title "Catholic." It but accentuates His Majesty's well-established title to discernment and good sense.

NOR ARE the times more propitious for Anglican Orders. So far as Catholics are concerned the question of their validity has been settled for good and for all by the adverse decision of the Holy See. But Anglicans have, despite many rebuffs, clung to the hope of the recognition of their orders by the Russian Church. A recent incident in New York would seem to shatter even this hope. It is related by Dom. Sir D. O. Hunter-Blair, O. S. B., (himself a convert from Anglicanism) in a letter to the Edinburgh Scotsman. An Episcopal clergyman, one Irvine, of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Central Pennsylvania, announced himself as a convert to the Russian, or Greek Orthodox Church, and sought admission to its communion. As a convert, we are told, he was welcome, but, as a "priest" he was absolutely ignored. Aspiring to the Russian priesthood, he was first confirmed, and then, at intervals, all the degrees of the ministry were conferred upon him with the elaborate ritual of the Orthodox Church. The ordination to priesthood took place with every possible solemnity and publicity. The Russian Church, in fact, says the New York Herald, treated him precisely as it would treat any layman, his confirmation and ordination in the Protestant Episcopal Church counting for nothing. This will be a slow blow to Anglicans everywhere, especially to those who pride themselves upon the "Catholic" character of their orders. The Protestant Bishop of Montreal, Dr. Farthing, will, in the light of it, have to revise his notions of Catholicity.

REFERRING to Mr. Winston Churchill's allusion, in his Belfast speech to the valor of Irish Catholic soldiers in the South African War, the Tablet recalls O'Connell's famous retort in the House of Commons, to Lord Lyndhurst's characterization of the Irish as "aliens." "Aliens, indeed!" cried O'Connell. "Good God! Was Arthur, Duke of Wellington, in the House of Lords and did not start up and exclaim, 'Hold, I have seen the aliens do their duty? I appeal to the gallant soldier—tell me, for you need not remember, on that day when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance, while death fell in showers—tell me, if, for an instant, would you hesitate for an instant to be lost, did the 'alien' blench? On the field of Waterloo the blood of England, of Scot-

land, and of Ireland flowed in the same stream. When the chill morning dawned their dead lay cold and stark together. The dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave. Participants in every peril, in the glory shall we not be permitted to participate? And shall we be told as a requital that we are 'aliens' from the noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out?"

THE IMPUTATION which O'Connell repelled with such justifiable heat and feeling, was fashionable enough half a century ago—and less. If so enlightened and courteous a statesman as Lyndhurst could, with no apparent thought of its anomalousness, so lightly hold the part of the sons and daughters of Ireland in the extension of British power abroad, what could be expected of the rank and file? That a more enlightened feeling now prevails cannot be denied, but that the old feeling still lingers in the dark corners of Belfast—Toronto Orangelam—evidence has been furnished recently in abundance. Well it is for Britain, that her leading statesmen, and the multitude of her sons have now a clearer vision, and that the natural aspiration of the Irish people bids fair to be ere long realized. Then, indeed, may they with zest and enthusiasm join hand-in-hand with their brothers of England and Scotland in the working out of the nation's destiny.

THE REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, the English Nonconformist preacher, about whose "wonderful eyes" we have heard much through the press during his recent visit to America—and to Toronto—has, since his return to England, been giving his impressions of religious matters on this side. He was asked by an interviewer what most impressed him in the religious life of America, and without hesitation he answered:

"The growth of the Roman Catholic Church since I was last in the States nine years ago. The Press shows more deference to Romanism than it does to Protestantism. Boston, once the home of Puritanism, is now under Catholic domination. On Thanksgiving day the President of the United States, although not himself a Catholic, attended Mass at the Catholic Cathedral. Protestants attribute this increase to immigration, but a Catholic Archbishop assured me that it is largely due to direct conversion also. The fact certainly needs accounting for."

THIS TESTIMONY might be pondered on with profit by the Toronto Star upon whose assertion that it is Protestantism that is on the increase in Canada, we had occasion to animadvert last week. For in this matter, the experience of the Eastern States bids fair to be duplicated in Canada. The antecedents and the prevailing conditions are not dissimilar in the two countries. And, as we remarked, whatever story mere statistics may appear to tell, it is quality that counts, and in fidelity to revealed truth, it is certainly not Catholics that are recreant. It is a safe conjecture that within another twenty-five years Protestantism will have entirely parted with whatever measure of faith it still retains. As a name it will then have ceased to mean anything, and "wonderful eyes," or "leopard heads" (as Dr. Clifford's), will not take the place of dogma.

A RECENT book on South America, by Dr. H. J. Mozans, published by the Appletons, pays a striking tribute to Catholic missions to the Indians in the southern continent. The book is entitled "Along the Andes and Down the Amazon," and is a record of travel and exploration by a man of talent and experience. His book is likewise a tribute to Spanish colonization, and effectually dispels the falsehoods which, in this regard, have so long been disseminated by unfriendly historians, and by the salaried emissaries of North American Protestantism.

REFERRING to the success of mission work in the days of Spanish dominion, Dr. Mozans says: "It could never have been achieved had not the missionary's heart been in his work, and had he not had a genuine affection for the people committed to his care. . . . Whenever his ministrations have been felt his memory is still green. They still long for his return, and wonder why he remains away so long. . . . Even to-day, after an absence of a century and more, the father priest, as he is called, is a name to conjure with among many Indian tribes of the Montana, who know him only through the traditions which have come down from their forefathers." How sad it is that, as with the Jesuit mission to Paraguay, the greed and rapacity of a type of Spanish trader to which the author makes reference, and the ruthless iconoclasm of godless statesmen should have put an end to so happy a period!

DR. MOZANS' reference to the initial beneficence of Spain's policy to the missions in the New World, and to the inhumanity of certain of her sons which brought so great evils in its train, will bear longer quotation. He puts his finger upon the weak spot in Spanish

colonisation. Not that in this it compares unfavorably with that of other nations in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, but that there was less of policy in their methods. Dr. Mozans writes:

"Never in the entire history of conquest were the laws made on behalf of the conquered so just or so beneficent. If the reader has any doubt of this, let him peruse the Bulls and briefs issued in favour of the American Indians by Paul III. in 1537, Urban VIII. in 1659, Clement XI. in 1706, and Benedict XIV. in 1741. Let him study the laws framed by Charles V., Philip II., the Council of the Indies and the Bishops of the New World in Council assembled. . . . It is not Spain that is to be held responsible for the inhumanity practised, but those of her cruel sons whose lust of gold and power made them robbers and oppressors of those of whom they should have been the defenders and guardians. No country ever did more to protect the weak against the strong, to shield the innocent and helpless from the tyranny of the soulless invader."

EX PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT was to have been the author's companion in this latest tour of exploration, but other projects (the expedition to Africa for one) set this aside. He contributes, however, a preface to the book in which he describes Dr. Mozans as an ideal traveller, and his book as a mine of profitable information. Its blemishes, which were, perhaps, inevitable, and to which reference has been made by some reviewers, need not for the present be dwelt upon here.

LENTEN CONFERENCES

FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN ON SOCIALISM AND THE FAMILY

CONFERENCE IV

On Sunday, March 17, Rev. Father Vaughan delivered his fourth Lenten Conference before a densely packed congregation, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, N. Y.

The preacher opened with a eulogy of the Christian family and the Christian home. To attempt to interfere with those institutions was he said to meddle with the foundations and pillars of the State. He said in part: "I shall first of all remind you of the teaching of the Catholic Church with regard to wedded and family life." I shall then proceed to point out in what the gospel of socialism differs from it. What we want to discover is, can their views on these subjects be made to agree, or are they hopelessly and utterly irreconcilable? These are problems which demand the closest attention, for we are going to test nothing less than the actual basis upon which your own great Republic relies for its stability, unity, and strength. He said that all through the ages the Pope, no matter what the private lives of some of them may have been, had always shown themselves to be inflexible in the matter of Christian marriage. Not by a hairsbreadth had Rome swerved even when a king had threatened to drag a great nation into schism. Had Paul III. listened to Henry VIII. and his associates, his adulterous union with Anne during the lifetime of his lawfully wedded wife Catherine, England would have continued till now to be a great Catholic land.

They were living in a day when in most countries the Civil Law had usurped an authority altogether beyond the powers of Christ's Church, and it had declared marriage to be, not a sacred and indissoluble union, but a civil contract only. The Civil Law had let loose forces that had proved to be beyond control, and people were now becoming so alarmed at the disastrous consequences of the act that it was not altogether unlikely there might be a turn in the tide favoring the old tradition of things.

In the Catholic Church consummated marriage was absolutely indissoluble. In that matter the Christian Law was uncompromising, absolute, final.

Father Vaughan said: "If only man and wife made fuller allowance for their differences in tastes and in heredity, in temperament and in character, if instead of exacting so much they were to be contented with far less each from each; if, in a word, their demands upon one another's lives, instead of being measured by what each wanted from the other, were, on the contrary, to be regulated by what the other could give, then after long years of wedded life, in the words of the poet, to the wife's fond whisper: 'More years have I made me love thee more' there might far oftener be heard the husband's firm reply: 'There is none I love like thee.'"

The preacher said he would no doubt be reminded of many failures in the married lives of Catholics. There were, he was free to admit, some shameful failures, but they were due to scorn of warning and neglect of Catholic principle and practice. Where Christianity was strong, there it was admitted, even by the socialist de Play, family life was strong no less.

Father Vaughan insisted that there was no greater influence on the human heart than that exercised by the Christian home. He multiplied instances of it. It was true to say that the popular estimate of the family was an infallible criterion of the State of Society; not even heroes could save a country where the ideas of the family had been dropped and degraded. "Once to be noted," he said, "the Catholic Church stands for the sanctity and stability of home and family life. She reminds those who are joined together till death do them part, that it is their high vocation to co-operate with God in His creative energy, and that the rights and pleasures of married life may not be indulged divorced from the sacred duties which they involve. Race-suicide was a vice against the Author of Nature. It was

an unnatural crime. Was it not an act of constructive treason against the Majesty of God Himself, and a mischief setting His laws at defiance? Man and woman entering upon the wedded state must either leave themselves in the hands of God, or else abstain from exercising rights which bring duties.

Father Vaughan urged parents to remember that over their children they were bound to retain and maintain parental rights.

They must be prepared to repel any invasion or usurpation of those rights even by the State. The State had no jurisdiction over the religion of their children. It might interfere only when the children were being neglected or cruelly treated. Children were the property, not of the State, but of the parents.

Father Vaughan went on to say: "Among many reasons for finding fault with socialism, there is this, that it proposes to reorganize, or rather to de-organize the Christian home. Socialism, if we study it ethically, we shall find it to be committed to a set of ideas about wedded life and its most sacred duties, which I am forced not only to describe as foreign, but as repulsive to those who have been trained in the School of Christ. The socialist, who is something more than a mere social reformer, cannot well avoid attacking the institution of the family as we know it. It is bred in him to do so, because it is an essential constituent of historical socialism. This I shall proceed to show, is no gratuitous assertion; it is borne out by a 'cloud of witnesses.' Take the book called: 'The Origin of the Family,' and referred to by socialists as 'an intellectual treat,' a 'great socialist classic.' In this work we are assured that 'monogamy was not founded on nature, but on economic considerations, namely, the victory of private property over primitive and natural collectivism.' The author informs us that under socialism, marriage will no longer be indissoluble. He informs us that marriage is moral only as long as love lasts. 'The duration,' he writes, 'of an attack of individual sex-love varies considerably according to individual disposition, especially in men. A positive cessation of fondness, or its replacement by a new passionate love, makes a separation a blessing for both parties and society.' No passage in that socialist 'classic' could, Father Vaughan said, be ventured to say, be made to fit with the gospel of Christ."

Again, take the socialist's international text book on the women's question. "Woman" has run through more than 50 editions in Germany alone. In it are passages such as this: "The satisfaction of the sexual impulse is as much a private concern of each individual as the satisfaction of any other natural impulse. No one is accountable to anyone else, a third person has a right to interfere. . . . If between man and woman who have entered into a union, incompatibility, disappointment or revulsion should appear, morality commands a dissolution of the union which has become unnatural, and therefore immoral." "This," the socialist classic "full of passages such as I have cited, differs in every line from the gospel of Christ, as all the world may see. Once more, in a work written by 'the greatest man in England,' and entitled: 'Socialism, its Growth and Outcome,' we read: 'That under a socialist regime, Propaganda in children would cease to exist, and every infant that came into the world would be born into full citizenship, and would enjoy all its advantages, whatever the conduct of its parents might be. Thus a new development of the family would take place on the basis, not of a predetermined, life-long but of an arrangement made annually and nominally based to, irrespective of circumstances, but on mental inclination and affection, an association terminable at the will of either party.' This teaching requires no comment from me. Lastly, we are told in 'Socialism,' 'Positive and Negative,' a work decried as 'a vulgar, leafless, searching' that 'socialist' parties, 'attack Religion, the Family and the State,' but the brilliant author makes a point of reminding us that 'socialist philosophy proves conclusively that the legislation of the positive political and economic ideals of socialism involves the atrophy of religion, the metamorphosis of the family into the void of the State, as we understand it. This quotation speaks for itself."

The preacher said in part: "My in-placeable quarrel with socialism is this—that in its recognized classics, in its propaganda, in its press and its unguarded utterances, it propounds and proclaims a doctrine which would annihilate all that is either subversive of the teaching of Christianity. No sane man can give himself up to the study of socialism without coming to the conclusion that, taken as an ethical and as an economic theory of life, it is committed to doctrines about marriage which it would seem most instant to destroy the home and to undermine the State. Socialism is founded on a philosophy of life which makes the indissolubility of marriage ridiculous, and makes race-suicide rational, and makes children the property of the State. The preacher went on to say that of course he would be told by individual socialists that he had entirely misrepresented the socialist's position with regard to marriage, its rights and its duties. In answer to that he would reply that what he had said he had drawn from their own very much read and very highly recommended socialist classics. Those works had not been withdrawn. They were still on the market."

Socialists instead of finding fault with him for quoting from their own recognized authorities would do well first of all to issue an expurgated edition of their classics, or else to withdraw them once and for all from 'the book market,' repudiating as un-socialistic, the teaching which they are and propound. Until socialism shall have shifted its centre of gravity from anti-Christian premises, until socialists shall have publicly renounced the philosophy of life as formulated by the founders of their theories, and until their men of light and leading shall have made it clear to us that socialism endorses, upholds and enforces the time-honored traditions of the Christian family and the Christian home, we have no alternative but to de-

nounce socialism from pulpit and platform, in public and private, as a most insidious menace to the State which must rest on its own God-given foundation, the Home.

AN INTERESTING EVENT

SERMON PREACHED AT OPENING OF THE UNIVERSITY CHAPEL, FEB. 20TH, 1912, AT ANTIGONISH, N. S. BY REV. V. NASH, S. J.

Oh, Lord I have loved the beauty of Thy house and the place where Thy glory dwelleth. (Ps. 25, 8.)

The ceremony of to-day, dear Fathers and Brethren, carries us back almost to a bound, to the middle age of Catholic faith and University Founders. It is a far cry from Oxford and Cambridge, with their pleasant meadows and running waters to the frozen streams and snow-swept fields of Canada. But the spirit that moved the founders of old, from Wycliffe to Wolsey, from William of Wykeham to the Martyred Countess of Salisbury is alive to-day in another race and under a newer and more enduring form than of old.

The thirst for knowledge, the finding of pure springs to slake that thirst, the fencing in and guarding of these springs from pollution of the outer pagan world, the barriers of quiet cloister and studious groves and hallowed retreats of learning and piety—all these are the very marrow of the Church's intellectual life from age to age. The flock of Christ may not grow and gather strength without them. And so to-day whilst the storming holds high revel without, we are gathered for the first time in this peaceful holy spot—to raise the Victim for the first time to the altar of sacrifice, and consecrate this chapel to its great work of prayer and devout worship. In that prayer and worship gratitude bids us keep in mind forever—whilst these solid walls shall last—two names of honored Founders—two students in these halls of old—whose life-work God has crowned with fair success, and who now in loving piety give back to their Alma Mater not the surplus of luxury but the hard-earned gains of a career of strenuous toil—the Chapel and the Science Hall—the twin knowledge of God and His work—these are the outward signs, the inward motives and object of two princely gifts.

It was ever thus in the Church's history. From the barns of Oxford, the huts of Cambridge, the cramped parlours of Paris, the bare walls of Glasgow and St. Andrew's, the stream of Catholic life has flowed unbroken in the twin channels of Faith and Learning, till damped and polluted by human pride and passion and heresy. When in our time the great historic universities of England and Scotland have kept their secular anniversaries of five centuries past, have hung their banners from those towers and spires that still "whisper to us the latest enchantments of the middle ages" they have turned with natural grace and inborn courtesy to salute the Pope of Rome as the lineal successor of their founders.

The building that we dedicate to-day, that opened some months ago, far surpasses in dignity and usefulness the first rude structures of the historic universities. May we not also say in humble gratitude that we feel far safer of their ultimate duration and utility in this land of freedom and progress than any founder of the troubled times of old could have promised to his scholars? Is it a vain dream, an unsubstantial vision, to look forward to the time, when many a broad acre around will be withdrawn from the work of plow and seed to bear the stately burden of cloister and library of science halls and refectories? Compare the rude beginnings of fifty years ago with the equipment of to-day, and then set bounds if you will to the development of the future. I base my hope for that future mostly on two facts, first, that nowhere in the many countries I have lived in have I found a learning more ready of the soil than this, more faithfully representative of national traits and peculiarities, with more of local color and less of dull cosmopolitan uniformity. Like the restless, unconscious movements and motions of the healthy child, forever stretching out to age and strength, even so the reflex action of Celtic wit and combastiveness, the two great characteristics noticed in our race by Tacitus, makes for a long, a successful, and in the main, a happy life.

The second element of success I find in the earnest but quiet spirit of Catholic piety and devotion to work that animates professors and students alike. One who has had the most intimate opportunities of knowing the true state of things in this institution may I trust be permitted to speak what is the fact.

This splendid gift of to-day, this chapel, in Newman's words, redolent of the tender memories of the past and hopes of coming years "does not speak of a fount of pure devotion in our race, a sweet ancestral union of Faith and Science that three centuries of savage persecution have failed to sever? Let a Pugin weep and tear his hair and the fallen splendor and ruffled beauties of Ely's matchless Lady Chapel, let Ruskin's bitter cry echo down the centuries: "You talk of the scythe of time; the tooth of time. I tell you time is scytheless and toothless. It is men who have dashed down the carved work with axes and hammers and have bidden the night winds chant in the galleries and the wild flowers bloom in the cloisters." What matters it to us—do you above all dear students of St. Francis Xavier—if these splendid days are gone forever? All the world is young for you—is all before you—behold you the glorious heritage of the true Faith, the boundless energy of Catholic tradition. For you in this new land of unmeasurable wealth and promise there are, what were denied to your forefathers, "the hills beyond Pentland, the lands beyond Forth" the ever widening horizons of wealth, success and fame, the noble examples of men of your blood who have written their names in the golden book of Canada's Immortals. You too have felt the noblest stir that can come in the current of man's early life—the craving rather for honorable distinction than for worldly success—the note of Hector's death song.

Yet not without a struggle let me die, Nor all inglorious; but let some great deed That future men may speak of mark my fall.

To you, if you are generous and loyal, as I trust you to be, the thought must come to-day: "What shall I do in the hour of my success to aid the work, to further the good, to enhance the dignity of this Alma Mater?" She will wait for you in the future, as she has waited for the Founders of to-day, in plain, poor, working clothes, ungraced and unkempt like the Queen of Learning in the old time. "Her beauty like the spouses is within"—not without, after the fashion of to-day, which builds a palace for intellect and then fails to people it. In your days of prosperity and distinction "remember the pit in which you have been digged, the stone from which you were cut." Pay to the nursing-mother of your youth some fair return for the love and devotion she has lavished on you. But above all other gifts lay at her feet in future years what she most craves, the stainless wreath of an honoured name, a pure unadulterated life, the example and career of a strenuous Catholic. There are too many laggards and simpletons in our ranks to-day. We need more energy and higher mental training. For your use and benefit this gift been designed, this chapel built. Do you "love the beauty of God's house, and the place where His glory dwelleth." If so remember that while it is above all the place of daily sacrifice to the Most High, the house of prayer and praise to the ever present Victim of Salvation, it is also the house of high and holy thoughts, the cradle of noble purposes and high endeavors. Bring forth from lecture hall and play ground, from sunny hours of sport and play, from sombre days of toil, your hopes, ambitions, yearnings, heart desires—what you are and what hope to be—and lay all at the Master's feet and enter into His school, to learn more than all the world beside can teach. As Longfellow so sweetly sings—

"The thoughts of Youth are long, long thoughts." But Oh! they are dangerous too; and you must forge and temper here that natural character which will be your sword of destiny, the blessing or the curse of your future life. Here alone with God will you find strength in your weakness, hope in your gloom, joy in your sorrow, right in your darkness. Here will will, invention ever new, and careless cheer of pleasure born will find their limit and their consecration. Here and here only must each one of you study from year to year to learn God's secret purpose in your being, your calling and career, that common denominator of Heaven and Earth, of things temporal and eternal, which is special and private to each one of us.

The martyred Jesuit poet, Souwell, has sung in one of his sweetest and truest lyrics: "I clasp high climbing thoughts, The wings of swelling pride, Their fall is worst from the heights Of greatest honors slide." Here you will learn to clasp without outgiving, to prune without distorting, to conquer without wounding. A student and clear-sighted critic, Sir Arthur Helps has well said: "Many a man has a kind of mental kaleidoscope, in which the bits of broken glass are his own fancied merits and fortunes; and they fall into harmonious arrangements and delight him, often most dangerously and to his ultimate detriment, but they are precious pleasures." Remember the golden advice of one of our forgotten masters of song:

"Retire, the world shut out, thy thoughts call home. Imaginations airy wing repress."

If you would learn to repress and control what is dangerous and yet preserve all that is good and lasting in natural character and energy, lay your desires, your purposes, your thoughts day by day, on the star-stone of God's Sacrifice. Cast them in the rough gold and alloy together, into the furnace of Jesus' Sacred Heart that so refined by celestial fire they may pass current at the bar of God's Treasury on the Great Accounting Day.

The work that I have to do for our Lord in the world will be all the more fruitful and beautiful, the more I see Him shining through my whole life.

When I work, I work in union with my beloved Lord Jesus Christ. He is such a real Friend of mine, we love each other so much that everything is in common between us, and the growth of my soul is also His life and expansion. What thought could possibly give me more strength and joy?

PSYCHOLOGY OF SECRET SOCIETIES

The psychology of anti-Catholic secret societies is well set forth by Dickens, and is interesting to those of us in this country who remember similar movements here. The novelist writes: "To surround anything, however monstrous or ridiculous, with an air of mystery is to invest it with a secret charm, the power of attraction which to the crowd is irresistible. False priests, false prophets, false doctors, false patriots, false prodigies of every kind, telling their proceedings in mystery, have always addressed themselves at an immense advantage to the popular credulity, and have been, perhaps, more indebted to that resource in gaining and keeping for a time the upper hand of truth and common sense than to any half a dozen items in the whole catalogue of imposture. Curiosity is, and has been, from the creation of the world, a master passion. To awaken it, to gratify it by slight degrees, and yet leave something always in suspense, is to establish the surest hold than can be had, in wrong, on the unthinking portion of mankind."

"If a man had 'ood on London Bridge calling till he was hoarse upon the passers by to join with Lord George Gordon, although for an object which no man understood, and which in that very incident had a charm of its own—the probability is that he might have influenced a score of people in a month. If all zealous Protestants had been publicly urged to join an association for the avowed purpose of singing a hymn or two occasionally and hearing some indifferent petitioning Parliament not to pass an act for abolishing the Penal Laws against Roman Catholic priests, the penalty of perpetual imprisonment denounced against those who educated children in that persuasion, and the disqualification of all members of the Romish Church to inherit real property in the United Kingdom by right of purchase or descent—matters so far removed from the business and bosoms of the mass might, perhaps, have called together a hundred people. But when vague rumors got abroad that in this Protestant association a secret power was mustering against the Government for undefined and mighty purposes; when the air was filled with whispers of a confederacy among the Polish powers to degrade and enslave England, establish an Inquisition in London and turn the purest of pleasure born into stakes and cauldrons; when terrors and alarms which no man understood were perpetually broached both in and out of Parliament by one enthusiast who did not understand himself, and by one bugbear which had lain quietly in their graves for centuries were raised again to haunt the ignorant and credulous when all this was done, as it were, in the dark and secret invitations to join the Great Protestant Association in defence of religion, life and liberty were dropped in the public ways, thrust into the hands of those who trod the streets by night; when they glared from every wall and shone on every post and pillar so that stocks and stones appeared infected with the common fear urging all men to join together blindfolded in resistance of they knew not what, they knew, not why,—then the mania spread, indeed and the body, still increasing, grew forty thousand strong."

That Dickens had no love for the Catholic Church and no understanding of or sympathy whatsoever with the Church's work in England in the days before the Reformation, is well attested by his "Child's History of England," which is so full of flippant sneers at matters worthy the reverence of all Englishmen that is not fit to be called a history at all; but in "Barnaby Rudge" he set up before the world a picture of a secret anti-Catholic movement, and the horrors to which it led, that ought to be commended to those who have not yet got over their love for the dark-lantern organization and its methods.—Sacred Heart Review.

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RU-BER-OID is weather-proof, not affected by acids, fumes, gases or extremes of heat or cold, and strongly fire-resisting.

This complete protection has lasted, in the case of the first RU-BER-OID Roofs laid in 1891, for 21 years—and these roofs look good for many more years of service.

Our Booklet, "RU-BER-OID—Why?" explains why RU-BER-OID costs least per year of service. If you are interested in roofing, write for it, and for samples of RU-BER-OID, made under Canadian Patents 93,027 and 93,160, in Colors—Red, Brown, Green—and in natural Slate.

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