

The Topics of Magazines.

"THE NEXT REVIVAL."—A few weeks ago the Rev. Dr. John Watson (Ian MacLaren, "I") ex-moderator of the Presbyterian Synod of England, delivered an address on the subject of "The Next Revival." In it he said, in brief, that nobody can look upon society in our day without being depressed and alarmed. A general unsettlement of belief and institutions prevails, and things can only be righted by another great "revival." Christ is calling His Church to the help of the common people, and Dr. Watson suggests a remedy for the social evils existing in the following words:

"It is right to preach life everlasting and to exalt the life of the soul above meat and raiment, but it is also right to strive and pray that life here in the cottages of the country and the crowded streets of the city may be brighter, cleaner, healthier, and gladder. With Christianity has at a great cost given a home to the humblest of the people, she will find a welcome home in the people's heart."

It is our humble opinion that the "general unsettlement of belief," which Dr. Watson deplors, is the logical result of the so-called religious "revival" set going by the infamous Martin Luther, the no less infamous Henry VIII., and the heartless apostle of the Presbyterianism of Scotland, John Knox. And now the people, surrounded by a multiplicity of beliefs and whole armies of preachers contradicting one another, know not what to believe, and are fast drifting into the hopeless fields of irreligion, agnosticism and infidelity.

The remedy for this widespread religious evil is obviously a "revival," having for its aim unity in the faith of Jesus Christ—unity of faith and unity of Church; but Dr. Watson seems to think differently. He at least suggests that the mission of Christianity is to give a home to the humblest of the people, and that this is to be the aim of Christianity in the "next revival." It is a noble aim to seek to ameliorate the condition of the impoverished masses, and so minimize the misery of humanity. To accomplish this perfectly has been the problem of the ages—but a problem never yet satisfactorily solved.

There were poor in Christ's days, when He commissioned the Apostles to go preach the Gospel to all nations, as witness Lazarus; and there were rich in those days, as witness the rich man in the Gospel; and rich and poor had his reward, as Christ Himself told for a sublime lesson unto men.

On the other hand, amongst the masses either indifferent in religious faith or with no faith at all, the material cry, "What has religion done for us?" is intelligible and significant. But while the duty of the Church imposes the obligation to look not only to the spiritual, but to the entire welfare of humanity, by at least preaching the duty of man to fellow-man, as also the duty of man to his Maker, it is primarily the duty of the State to so legislate and govern that the material conditions of the people as a whole may be such as to ensure health, comfort and a robust family life.—The Champion Educator.

OLD MOTHER CHURCH.—In the current number of "The Missionary," Rev. A. P. Doyle, C.S.P., well known in Montreal, contributes an article entitled "A Review of Catholic Growth and Progress; from the Planting of the Cross in America to the Dawn of the Twentieth Century." We take the following extract from the article:—

While the nineteenth century has been all the world over one of great triumph for the "Old Mother Church" of Christendom, as may be seen by contrasting the peaceful close of that century with the dying agonies of the eighteenth century, typified by the groans and writhings of the French Revolution; still the young giant of the west—the Church in the United States—has distanced them all. The young American Church has gone forth by leaps and bounds, "leaping over the mountains, skipping over the hills," until from Maine to California there is scarcely a town which has not felt the genial glow of her presence, or a city that has not been the better for having her within its gates. It is in the great cities where her choicest work is done. Where the grind of daily life is a contention against poverty, vice and degradation, some angel visitant from the other world must come to comfort and console. America has had one great purpose—the eager grasping for wealth; and in the attainment of this purpose, as the

huge throng rushes on, many are crushed; still others are cast by the wayside, and others still are brought into a life for whom existence is but a damning fate. So everywhere we look we see the pinched face of want, and everywhere we turn there is stretched out to us the withered hand of misery.

Thinking men say that there are tremendous problems for us to solve if we would preserve ourselves a great nation, and not the least of these are the problems created by the grasping avarice for wealth. The Catholic Church has been, and is today, pre-eminently the Church of the common, plain people of the land. In the teeming cities it has placed its strongholds, and its coercing, restraining, uplifting and spiritualizing power among the masses of our population is a tremendous civilizing force. Every Catholic pulpit in the land is a battery belching forth hot shot against anarchy, insubordination and lawlessness. Every Catholic Church is a most powerful agency inculcating reverence for authority, obedience to law and the sacredness of the rights of property.

No one who has seen the manner in which Catholicism has identified itself with the cause of struggling and suffering humanity can doubt that it has been ever will be the saving factor in our American life. The Catholic priesthood has understood that its duty lay not exclusively within the sanctuary, but out among the people, in the highways and byways, down in the dark mines as well as by the hot forge, in the dusty lane, as well as up the creaky stairs of the unwholesome tenement, in order to lift up the fallen, to wipe away the tears of sorrow, and to seek out individuals and to urge on the masses of men to higher and better things.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for December is a most interesting number. Besides the strikingly interesting story which we publish in another column in this issue, it contains a well-written sketch of our own Catholic Sailors' Club, which is made particularly attractive by the fascinating and appropriate pencil work of the artist. The Christmas contributions with their wealth of pictorial drawings so appealing in their outlines are a marked feature. Rev. Father Fox, O.M.I., also gives another instalment of his interesting reminiscences.

THE MESSENGER, of New York, is a well conducted magazine. In its December number the leading contribution is from the pen of Rev. T. A. Finley, S.J., and is entitled "The Struggle for Life in Industrial Ireland." From Father Finley's able presentation of the question we take the following extracts:—

"This was the gospel of self-help which was now preached to Irish farmers. Its chief apostle was Horace Plunkett. Mr. Plunkett, one might think was ill-equipped for his mission. He was a landlord by caste, a Unionist in politics, and a Protestant in religion; and his work, in its inception, lay among the tenant farmers of southern Ireland—Nationalists and Catholics, almost to a man. But Mr. Plunkett was possessed by a consuming devotion to his economic ideals, and he would doubtless have been able to overcome, single-handed, the prejudices against his class and his party which those he desired to serve had good reason for entertaining.

At an early stage of his propaganda he was, however, joined by other believers in the gospel of co-operation—the present writer among the number—who, without having his mental gifts or his material resources, had the saving merit of being Nationalists and Catholics. Henceforth his task became easier and the prospect of ultimate success more assured. This help notwithstanding, it took a year of weary effort to induce a body of farmers to establish the first co-operative society in Ireland. At last, after fifty meetings held in school houses, in private houses, or on the road side, a small group of farmers in County Limerick consented to give the methods of industrial combination a trial.

The first application of co-operation was made to the dairy industry—the most important branch of the farmer's business in the southwestern counties. A society was formed, a creamery built, the best available machinery set up, and the services of a skilled manager secured. The results surprised the most sanguine of the innovators. Hitherto

the butter of the farmer had been manufactured by his wife or daughter, with much expenditure of his own or his son's labor in the "churning" process; it took from three to four gallons of milk to make a pound of butter; and the pound of butter thus made sold for sevenpence or eightpence. Under the new conditions the labor of the farmer and his family was limited to sending his milk to the creamery; there the steam-driven machines made a pound of butter from two-and-a-half gallons of milk; and this pound of butter sold for elevenpence or a shilling. But there was something more and something better than the saving of labor and the money gain.

The farmer had now to watch the processes of a highly technical manufacture, to examine accounts, to follow from day to day the price lists of the English markets, to study the cost and the conditions of transport by sea and land. The rural creamery became a school as well as a factory. Its owners began to widen their view of the actual world, to make a larger acquaintance with nature and with life, to develop the qualities which mark the man of business as distinguished from the mere peasant. The promoters of the new movement regarded this as among peasant. The promoters of the new work; they had looked for it, and it had come.

The success of the first creamery facilitated the establishment of others. An object lesson is more effective than the exposition of a theory. The successful creamery owned and managed by a body of farmers furnished the object lesson. When it had been at work for a year and its benefits had been demonstrated to the observant critics who watched its operations closely, it became possible to establish sixteen new societies. Soon the co-operative creamery became a familiar feature of the Limerick and Tipperary villages, and the panting of a steam-engine and the whirr of revolving machinery lost their novelty for the inhabitants.

When the movement spread northwards to the borders of Ulster the fierce antipathies which divided Orangemen from Catholics had to be dealt with and appeased. The question of union, even for business purposes, had to be approached cautiously. I recall, as I write, the incidents which attended the foundation of the first society in which the representatives of the hostile parties were invited to join in cordial effort for the common good.

The meeting to discuss the project of establishing a society was convened by a Protestant Home Ruler; his religion, it was thought, would command him to one section of his neighbors, his politics to the other. At the hour fixed for the opening of the meeting, Mr. Plunkett and myself found ourselves confronted with a crowd of at least a thousand stalwart men, whom an allusion to the Battle of the Boyne would have stirred to instant conflict. Behind us stood two bands of musicians, the one in full orange regalia, the other in uniforms lavishly bedizened with green. The discretion of the speakers could be relied on, but the prudence of the musicians could not be taken for granted. A lady who was interested in the success of the meeting undertook to subject the programmes of both bands to careful censorship. The tunes which had been selected, were, on the whole, innocuous; but to make assurance doubly sure, and at the same time to exact from both sides a sacrifice to the spirit of conciliation, she struck "God Save the Queen" out of one programme, and "God Save Ireland" out of the other. As a result of the meeting a co-operative Dairy Society was established.

Premium TO Subscribers.

We offer as a premium to each Subscriber a neatly bound copy of the Golden Jubilee Book, who will send the names and cash for 5 new Subscribers to the True Witness

This is a splendid opportunity to obtain a most interesting chronicle of the work of Irish Catholics Priests and laymen in Montreal during the past Fifty years.

STARTING OUT IN BUSINESS.

NEATNESS AND BREVITY.—Many a boy has failed to obtain a good situation by answering an advertisement with a sprawling, slipshod letter; and many a man owes his success to a concise application for a position. I have seen business men, in looking over a large number of applications for a situation, set aside a single letter because of its neatness, compactness, and brevity of statement. The practical eye of the employer saw in that letter that its author was a young man of executive promise although he had never seen him, while a long-drawn-out letter, covering pages of self-laudation, did not attract him. He knew that the boy would correspond with his letter, and the letter of a few lines, which said a great deal, made a strong and favorable impression.

When boys and young men ask my opinion about their ability to succeed in business, I try to find out whether they have this power of directness, of coming to the point clearly, squarely, and forcibly without indirection, without parleying, without useless words. If they lack this quality, apparently there is little chance of their succeeding in a large way, for this is characteristic of men of affairs who achieve great things. The indirect man is always working to disadvantage. He labors hard, but never gets anywhere. It is the direct man who strikes sledgehammer blows, the man who can penetrate the very marrow of a subject at every stroke, and get the meat out of a proposition, who does things.

PUNCTUALITY.—There is no more desirable business qualification than punctuality, and no other so indispensable to a man of affairs, or to any one who would save his own time and that of others. Napoleon once invited his marshals to dine with him, but as they did not arrive at the moment appointed, he began to eat without them. They came in just as he was rising from the table. "Gentlemen," said he, "dinner is now over, and we will immediately proceed to business."

We may ruin ourselves by dilatoriness in keeping appointments, but we have no right to waste the time of others, who, perhaps at great inconvenience, have kept to the letter their engagements to meet us at certain times. "If a man has no regard for the time of other men," said Horace Greeley, "why should he have for their money? What is the difference between taking a man's hour and taking his five dollars?"

The habit of promptness, like all other habits, is due very largely to environment and early training. It is the boy who says "Wait a while," when his mother wants anything done, who puts off his school work until the last minute, who delays an errand until he has finished his play, and who never does anything without being told, that comes in just a little too late for the opportunities in life that were waiting to be grasped and made the most of by those who had prepared themselves for them.

A person who is punctual to the minute with everything he does practically doubles his time. Napoleon said that he beat the Austrians because they did not know the value of five minutes. "Every moment lost," he used to say, "gives an opportunity for misfortune."

Promptness begets confidence. The reputation of being always on time is a very enviable one, and the youth who has attained it possesses, as a rule, the qualities that mark forceful men.

FALSE ENTHUSIASM.—Young people are often subject to acute attacks of enthusiasm. They are completely swept off their feet by new ideas, and think that they will accomplish wonders with them. For days they think and dream of nothing else. It may be the making of a cart or some toy, the taking up of a special study, a plan to improve the home or the farm, or to work out some pet theory, or determination to engage in some particular kind of work. But in most cases the enthusiasm cools, the zeal evaporates, the fire dies out, and nothing is left but embers and ashes.

books down in disgust and decide that the writings of Coke and Blackstone are dry picking for a boy who delights in action. His enthusiasm for the law had received a death-blow. His mind was ready for some other diversion. He saw a successful physician hurrying about in his carriage, and thought that medicine is the ideal profession, so he decided at once to become a doctor. But a very short experience with the dry bones of anatomy was sufficient to dampen his ardor, and he quickly followed some other will-o'-the-wisp which danced before his fanciful imagination.

Young people who are completely unbalanced by new ideas, and who do not stop to consider whether they are feasible or practicable, rarely have the persistence to follow one to a conclusion. Victims of transitory enthusiasm, they change about from pillar to post until youth and opportunity lie behind them. They work as clerks for a while, teach school a term or two, work in factories, half learn this trade or that, waste a year, perhaps, in the study of medicine, another in that of law, or a few months in attempting to master the foundation principles of architecture, or in studying some art or science that strikes their fancy for the moment, and almost before they realize it, they are no longer eligible for success. Their lives are made up of fragments which do not belong together, and which no ingenuity could make into a complete pattern.

If erratic people of this kind would stick to even the humblest thing they attempt, they would accomplish something; their lives would make some sort of finished pattern, however homely, instead of a mass of disconnected fragments. Nothing can be made out of fragments of different kinds. A beautiful mosaic is made up of tiny bits, but they are of the same kind.

If all the knowledge and unbalanced enthusiasm which so many young men and women waste in trying scores of things could be put into one worthy endeavor; if every day's work were made to help out that of the previous day; if every bit of experience were made to count upon the one great object of their lives, their power of achievement, their possibilities of increased usefulness and of weaving a beautiful life-pattern would be increased a thousandfold.

THE INVENTOR'S WORK.

For the benefit of our readers we publish a list of patents recently granted by the Canadian and American Governments through the agency of Messrs Marion & Marion, patent attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C.

Information regarding any of the patents cited will be supplied free of charge by applying to the above-named firm.

CANADA.

Nos.
82,631—Ernest Renaud, Montreal, Que. Railway signal system.
84,254—James Dickie, Cumberland, N.S. Harness pad.
84,255—George Kerr, Winnipeg, Man. Rail joint.
84,400—Chas. C. Swanson, Wetaskiwin, Alta. Self propelling sleigh.

UNITED STATES.

Nos.
745,420—James Ed. Currie, jr., Montreal, Que. Patent brush.
746,279—Edward Brougham, Brandon, Man. Pneumatic seat post for bicycles.
746,984—Malcolm McKeller, Neebitt, Man. Cloth measuring device.

MINISTERS IN POLITICS.

Like the non-Catholic clergymen of New York, the National Council of the Evangelical Free Churches have sounded their war-trumpets. Every minister in England and Wales is summoned to contribute money and other munitions to secure the next elections and destroy the recent Education Act. They want "a national system of unsectarian education under complete public control." Not that they love education, but that they love the Church of England and the Church Catholic less. They purpose to adopt approved modern methods of electioneering. A large fund will be collected, literature and orators distributed therewith throughout the country, and needy parliamentary candidates aided. The Church By-Law-Established is denounced as the head and front of the offending, and worthy of the vengeance of all true Liberals.—Catholic Chronicle of the "Messenger Magazine."

Non-Catholic Missions.

On every side and in every way the greatest interest is being manifested by the non-Catholic people in Alabama to learn something about the true teachings of the Catholic Church. I never fail to get a respectful, attentive audience. This has happened time and time again in places where I went expecting quite different treatment. In one little town where I spent three days, and which could boast of only one very indifferent Catholic, I fully expected to meet with obstacles and many disagreeable features. It turned out I received a most cordial reception, and the greatest interest prevailed among all classes during my stay.

One day a man living a few miles outside the town brought me a copy of a book called "The Devil in the Catholic Church." I thought the devil in robes was bad enough, but this book is the worst of the kind ever published. I inquired if there were many copies of the book in the neighborhood, and was astonished to find that nearly every house was supplied. My instructions were well attended, notwithstanding this opposition.

These books are circulated, as a rule, through the efforts and aid of the Protestant clergy. When this concentrated effort is being made to injure the Church by the spread of bad literature, every good Catholic should rally around the Brooklyn Truth Society, and render every assistance possible. In helping Dr. McGinnis and his associates, you are helping the missionaries who are in the field and at the front.

A little pamphlet containing some information about Catholic teaching or practice is, as a rule, always accepted, and no doubt read, when a book would be refused. Many do not care to be seen carrying a book away from the hall. The complaint is often made to me that after reading our books of instruction they do not understand what they have read.

I was astonished some time ago to meet two very intelligent men who had attended one of my instructions, the subject being the Infallibility of the Pope. One of them said to me afterwards: "Well, father, I am very glad I attended that instruction, for I always was at a loss to understand how Catholics could believe that their Pope could not sin." Let thousands of copies of our little catechism be distributed, and let the United States mail be used to send into every home in the Southland plain explanations of the truths of our religion.

I preached in three churches for colored people this fall. On Sunday night, November 15, I preached in Zion A. M. E. Church, Greenville, Ala., to about 2,200 people, in the presence of their bishop and five ministers. This was the first time that many in the audience heard a Catholic priest. Even the Methodist bishop told me it was the first time he had that pleasure.

The pastor, in introducing me, said he never thought he would live to see the day when a Roman Catholic priest would come to preach in a Methodist church. "We have with us to-night a priest of the 'old Mother Church,'" said he.

When I stood up to thank the pastor for his kind introduction I did not fail to call their attention to the pastor's remark, calling the Church the old Mother Church, and to express to them the hope that the day was not far distant when the world would come home to that kind, loving mother, so patiently waiting for them. After the sermon many came up to shake hands and to beg me to come soon again.

For months and months these instructions will be the subject of conversation in their homes.

At the close of the season of 1903 I want to say to all the readers of "The Missionary," help us by your prayers, and the Missionary Union with whatever material assistance you can give. It is a great work—the greatest that can be undertaken—to preach the Gospel to every creature. It is putting it mildly when we say Catholics are benefited by the instructions. We have some fearfully sad examples in this country to-day of people who come here from Catholic countries, knowing little or nothing about their religion. Unless thoroughly understood, the great Catholic Church cannot be appreciated.—Rev. H. E. O'Grady, in The Missionary.

I could never forgive mas Eve, even previous aspiration of the evening ed it indelibly on my when the green was gains and valleys, and quiet home, I would covered landscape, elad stranger, staff in at the gateway. We mountains of Kentucky had an unenviable lawlessness, part of due, and the other part of an ignorant press. A venal press, politics of the offense law determined the crime. The mountain mainly Republican, and throw opprobrium on the influential Democratic contributed greatly to the mountain part of disrepute. If this family be kept within the commonwealth, it might reprehensible; but give advertisement it dishevelled, for the rest of not see the sharp line that is drawn mountain country and Belt.

I do not deny that root of this evil. The em Independence tore chasm through Kentuckized murder, and peace able to nullify his ordi lowlands men slay the ponents by slander and the mountains, they though not a more de All who love the fair State look with sorrow proach of an election. county Democratic pr without trouble. Perhe the religious and educ ties of the Blue Grass employ our tongues me hands less, in the subv foes. We have no scho have no churches; all t are enemies. Enemies threaten our lives; ene tance to ruin our char Nature is against us. wealth that is locked tains is not for us but culator from afar; and in her narrow valleys s meagre return. We hav lives which we must m face of peril from man tion from nature.

My home stood on the capital town of—Co. in my father's family tions, for we are as mu the mountain country. peaks and narrow valle children had been born a boy and a girl. He v advance of his time, ar rare appreciation of kn sacrificed a generous po inheritance to give his education. My brother, tion from the Kentucky had returned to his married, and soon ident with the interests of the surrounding country. mixed in politics, and county offices, as a repr the Republican party. school-girl, I had marri professor of the college tended. On the death of band, six years later with my three children, ther's house. Soon after my parents. In view of condition my brother m share of the farm to m economy and careful m was able to support my ily, besides laying asi yearly for their educati

Every Christmas, sin riage, my brother was turn, with his family, t home to spend the hol Christmas Eve, accordi custom, I had driven to make my purchases back my brother and h children. The winter ha the snow lay deep on while a fierce wind swept pines and hemlocks, and saplings on the mounta "Thank God that we and a fire waiting for u brother, as we drove h teeth of the rising storm seen my guests comfort the parlor, I left them supper. Presently my y came running to the kit