

# What the Monks Achieved.

At the present time when our popular press, taking its cue from European anti-Catholic journals, is attempting to belittle the social work of the religious orders in order to palliate the cowardly persecution of these benefactors of humanity, we deem it opportune to place before our readers the impartial testimony of one who can have no motive but the love of truth in bearing witness in incontrovertible facts. Henry Mayers Hyndman is an ardent socialist, and what is less common, a man of varied learning and wide experience. He is no half-educated, self-made demagogue, but a graduate of Cambridge. On leaving Trinity College in that great University he first studied law, and later on was a special correspondent to the Pall Mall Gazette during the war between Prussia and Austria in 1866. Some twenty-three years ago he began publishing a series of socialistic works, among which are: England for All, The Social Reconstruction of England, Socialism and Slavery, Will Socialism Benefit the English People? The most learned of his works is the Historic Basis of Socialism in England, published in 1883. Therein occurs a passage which might almost be styled classical defence of religious orders, a defence all the more remarkable in that it proceeds not from an honest Protestant like Maitland or Ranke, but from an unbeliever, a freethinker, a socialist leader, one of the champions of the Social Democratic Federation. It will be seen that Mr. Hyndman, in the fulness of his knowledge and the sincerity of his purpose, is indignant at the travesty of history palmed off on the Protestant world.

At pages 14 and 15 of "The Historic Basis of Socialism in England" he writes: "The relations of the Church, the monasteries and the clergy to the people were most important from every point of view. There is nothing more noteworthy in the history of the human mind than the manner in which this essential portion of English society in the middle ages has been handled by our ordinary economists, chroniclers and religionists. Even sober and, in the main, tolerably conscientious writers, seem to lose their heads or become afraid to tell the truth on this matter. Just as the modern capitalist can see nothing but anarchy and oppression in the connection between the people and the feudal noble, so the authors who represent the middle class economy of our time, the Protestant divines, whose creed is, the devil take the hindmost here and hereafter, fail to discover anything but luxury, debauchery, and hypocrisy in the Catholic Church of the fifteenth century. It is high time that, without any prejudice in favor of that Church, the nonsense which has been foisted on to the public by men interested in suppressing the facts, should be exposed. It is not true that the Church of our ancestors was the organized fraud which it suits fanatics to represent. . . . It is not true that the great revenues of the celibate clergy and the celibate nuns were squandered, as a rule, in riotous living. As a mere question of religion, Catholicism was as good as any creed which has ever found acceptance among men. Abuses, doubtless, there were, and most of them were bitterly attacked by members of the Church themselves; but the Church, as all know, was the one body in which equality of conditions was the rule from the start. There, at least, the man of ability who, outside her pale, was forced to bow down before some Norman baron, whose ruffianly ancestors had formed part of William's gang of marauders, could rise to a position in which this rough, unlettered swab-buckler grieved before him. Sixtus V. was picked up out of the gutter; our Englishman, Nicholas Breakspear, Adrian IV., was a poor laborer's son; and these are but two instances out of thousands of distinguished ecclesiastics of humble birth."

From page 16 to 19 of the same work Mr. Hyndman points out that the Church not only spent half her revenue on the poor, but did still more. "The books of the conventual establishments also show that a large portion of the income derived from their lands was spent by the monks in entertaining strangers, in relieving beggars, in extending the sick, and in other good works. Granting that large sums were wasted on the useless ceremonies of masses and candles, that some of the monasteries had a well managed refectory, and an admirable cellar of wine and beer,

it is certain, nevertheless, that the abbots and priors were the best landlords in England, and that so long as the Church held its lands and its power, permanent pauperism was unknown. The general employment which, as landlords resident among the people, they afforded, the improvements of the farms and of their own buildings which they carried out, the excellent work in road-making which they did—a task especially necessary in those times—in addition to their action as public alms-givers, teachers, doctors, and nurses, show what useful people many of these much abused monks and nuns really were. The monkish ignorance of which we hear so much, the 'drones' who slept away their lives in comfort and ease at the cost of other men's labor, were no more ignorant and superstitious than a Church of England parson or a Wesleyan preacher, and were less dependent on the labor of their fellows than the Baptist orators or radical capitalists of today.

When, in the foregoing passage, Mr. Hyndman indulges in his little fling at "useless ceremonies of masses," he overlooks the sequence, as between cause and effect between that lavish expenditure and charity to the poor. It is passing strange that, with his analytic mind, he never asked himself how it has invariably come to pass in the history of the world that those who spend most on worship of God are always the most practical lovers of their neighbors. The New Testament, which makes charity to brother man the test of love of God, would have answered that question. But a freethinking socialist cannot be expected to follow the laws of logic in all things, and these very blemishes in his testimony enhance its value.

Finally, according to Mr. Hyndman again, what was the effect of the suppression of the monasteries, begun under Henry VIII. and consummated under Elizabeth? "The poor," he writes at page 32, "who had ever obtained ready relief from the Church; the wayfarers, who could always find food and shelter in the religious houses; the children of the people, who repaired to the convent for guidance and teaching, were deprived at one fell swoop of alms, shelter and school. This great and powerful estate, which naturally sided with the people against the monarch and the aristocracy, now became a means of oppression in the hands of the aristocracy and the middle classes. Rack-renting and usury were henceforth sanctioned instead of being denounced, and the Protestant Reformation became a direct cause of the increasing misery of the mass of Englishmen."—Northwest Review.

# A POLITICAL STORY.

A laughable story was circulated during the administration of the old Duke of Newcastle and retailed to the public in various forms. This nobleman, with many good points, was remarkable for being profuse of his promises on all occasions and valued himself particularly on being able to anticipate the words or wants of the various persons who attended his levees, before they uttered a word. This sometimes led him into ridiculous embarrassments; and it was this proneness to lavish promises which gave occasion to the following anecdote:

At the election of a certain borough in Cornwall, where the opposite interests were almost equally poised, a single vote was of the highest importance. This object the Duke, by well applied argument and personal application, at length attained, and the gentleman he recommended gained the election. In the warmth of gratitude, His Grace poured forth acknowledgments and promises without ceasing on the fortunate possessor of the casting vote; called him the best and dearest friend; protested that he should consider himself as forever indebted to him; and that he would serve him by night or day.

The Cornish voter, who was an honest fellow, and would not have thought himself entitled to any reward but for such a torrent of acknowledgments, thanked the Duke for his kindness, and told him the supervisor of excise was old and infirm, and, if he would have the goodness to recommend his son-in-law to the commissioners, in case of the old man's death, he should think himself and his family bound to render his grace every assistance in their power on any future occasion.

"My dear friend, why do you ask for such a trifling employment?" exclaimed His Grace. "Your relative shall have it the moment the place is vacant, if you will but call my attention to it."

"But how shall I get admitted to

you, my Lord? For in London, I understand, it is very difficult business to get a sight of you great folks though you are so kind and complaisant to us in the country."

"The instant the man dies," replied the Duke, "set out post haste for London, drive directly to my house, and, be it by night or by day, thunder at the door; I will leave word with my porter to show you upstairs directly, and the employment will be disposed of according to your wishes."

The parties separated; the Duke drove to his friend's house in the neighborhood, without a wish or desire to see his new acquaintance till that day seven years; but the memory of a Cornish voter, not being burdened with such a variety of objects, was more attentive. The supervisor died a few months after, and the Duke's humble friend, relying on the word of a peer, was conveyed to London post haste, and ascended with alacrity the steps of that nobleman's place.

The reader should be informed that just at this time no less a person than the King of Spain was hourly expected to depart this life—an event in which the minister of Great Britain was particularly concerned; and the Duke of Newcastle, on the very night that the proprietor of the decisive vote arrived at his door, had sat up anxiously expecting despatches from Madrid. Wearing by official business and agitated spirits, he retired to rest, having previously given particular instructions to his porter not to go to bed, as he expected every minute a messenger with advices of the greatest importance and desired that he might be shown upstairs the moment of his arrival.

His Grace was sound asleep; and the porter, settled for the night in his armchair, had already commenced a sonorous nap, when the vigorous arm of the Cornish voter aroused him from his slumbers. To the first question, "Is the Duke at home?" the porter replied; "yes, and in bed; but has left particular orders that, come when you will, you are to go up to him directly."

"Bless him for a worthy and honest gentleman!" cried our applicant for the vacant post, smiling and nodding with approbation at the Prime Minister's kindness. "How punctual His Grace is; I knew he would not deceive me; let me hear no more of lords and dukes not keeping their words; I verily believe they are honest and mean as well as any other folks."

Having ascended the stairs as he was speaking, he was ushered into the Duke's bed-chamber.

"Is he dead?" exclaimed His Grace rubbing his eyes and scarcely awakened from dreaming of the King of Spain, "is he dead?"

"Yes, my lord," replied the eager expectant, delighted to find the election promise, with all its circumstances, so fresh in the nobleman's memory.

"When did he die?"

"The day before yesterday, exactly at half-past one o'clock, after being confined three weeks to his bed and taking a power of doctor's stuff; and I hope Your Grace will be as good as your word, and let my son-in-law succeed him."

The Duke, by this time perfectly awake, was staggered at the impossibility of receiving intelligence in so short a time from Madrid, and perplexed at the absurdity of the king's messenger applying for his son-in-law to succeed the King of Spain. "Is the man drunk, or mad? Where are your despatches?" exclaimed His Grace hastily drawing back his curtain, where, instead of a royal courier, he recognized at the bedside the fat, good humored countenance of his friend from Cornwall, making low bows with hat in hand, and "hoping my lord would not forget the gracious promise he was so good as to make in favor of his son-in-law at last election."

Vexed at the untimely disturbance and disappointed of news from Spain the Duke frowned for a moment; but chagrin soon gave way to mirth at so singular and ridiculous a combination of circumstances, and, yielding to the impulse, he sank upon his bed in a violent fit of laughter, which was communicated in a moment to his attendants.

The relator of this little narrative concludes with observing: "Although the Duke of Newcastle could not place the relative of his old acquaintance on the throne of his Catholic Majesty, he advanced him to the post not less honorable—he made him an exciseman."—London Express.

**A GOOD HIT.**

A Yankee opened a store in Birmingham next door to an Englishman in the same line of business. Thereupon the Englishman put up a placard reading "Re-established Fifty Years." The American responded with one reading thus: "Established Yesterday; No Old Stock."

# Notes of Events In England.

**A NEW CHURCH.**—In Liverpool, recently, a new church was dedicated to St. Malachy. In the afternoon an eloquent sermon was preached by Bishop Lyster from the report of which we have taken the following extracts. His Lordship said:

There, under the authority of their beloved Bishop, under their popular pastor, and by the energy of their Irish hands that church had been built to be a home and resting-place for God. It would always stand forth as a memento to their faith after they had passed and gone. Our Lord had said that there were to be found sermons in stones. There was certainly a sermon contained in those stones. They told of obstacles overcome and difficulties conquered, and they told of the presence of religion. What meant the stones of the old cathedrals? They told of distant days and other ages when the people of this land, imbued with a love for God, raised up beautiful places in His honor. Those were the days Mary's Dowry, when the faith of men was strong and their charity made manifest. It was in these days when the population was scant and scarce and scattered few in numbers, that the people raised these cathedrals which still survived.

What meant these stones which showed the love of man for God? They told the story of persecution and ruthless laws and all the miseries of the penal times which now, thank God, had passed away. What meant those stones? They meant many things. They meant still more here. The Catholic population was once scarce in Liverpool, and its power less. This was in the days before the passing of the Emancipation Bill. The Irish people came pouring into the city and stayed and settled among the Catholics of Lancashire who received them with friendliness. They came here in the fearful year known as black '47, when raving from fever and famine and strife, and when they set their faces here they were not turned away, but received sustaining sympathy and consolation. They were given the lives of some of the citizens themselves.

The cross erected outside the Church of St. Patrick pointed to the great acts of heroism done on their behalf. At that time the Irish emigrants were miserably men, worn out by famine and fever and war. The exodus from Ireland was more striking than the exodus from Israel. The Irish people went from every object to which they were bound; from fields of which every sod was dear; and from homesteads which were loved. They grew up to be the backbone and mainstay of the Catholic Faith in Liverpool. Whereas at that time there was only one church in the city, there were now more than fifty. That was the story those stones told.

What meant those stones? They meant many things. They meant much more, for that church was not merely built as a place in which to worship, but was raised as an extraordinary act of homage by the poor to the great God. It was a sign and symbol and profession of the Catholic faith established by God Himself. They must bear witness of the truth and must testify to their belief in Christ, that others seeing might believe. For what were the cathedrals of former times built? Who worshipped within these walls? What service was observed? The youngest Catholic child who tumbled in the gutter of the slums could give the answer that there had once reposed the Body of Christ.

When the traveller from New Zealand who would look on the ruins of London came to this city he would, in searching round, come on what had once been that church and would ask the question: "Who worshipped within these walls?" He would find out that far back there were those who practised the Catholic Faith, which was old even in those days. What meant those walls? They told of strife and struggle and days of prosperity. There was much in the history of that church to inspire their hopes. It was dedicated and placed under the protection of St. Malachy, who had, no doubt, often visited Liverpool on his way to Rome, this being the nearest port to where he resided. The foundation stone had been laid by a successor of St. Malachy, the Cardinal Archbishop of Armagh, scarce twelve months ago and it formed a trinity of churches dedicated to Irish saints—St. Patrick's, St. Bridget's, and now St. Malachy's.

Though far from their own land,

the same old Faith warmed their hearts and the same old Irish fervor tingled in their veins. Where God's glory was concerned the Irish Catholic would not take a second place. Their position was in the front, and that position they had always kept, but let him give honor where honor was due and pay a tribute to the sterling faith of the old Catholics of Lancashire that gave to all England the priests and kept alive the faith. The Irish Catholics had taken the Faith into every land and every clime, and might well be said to be the pioneers and backbone of the Catholic Church.

**CATHOLIC BOYS BRIGADE.**—This praiseworthy undertaking is in some danger owing to the lack of financial support by those most interested in its success. We give the summary of the annual report of the organization published in the Catholic Times of Liverpool, as follows:

In presenting their third annual report the Committee of the Catholic Boys' Brigade are very glad to be able to record fairly satisfactory progress in their work during the year, except in one direction. The number of companies has increased; the companies already established have, with some exceptions, maintained their position; the united arrangements held from time to time have, without exception, been successful, but unfortunately, the difficulties of finance have been greater than they have been before. Considering the useful record of work amongst our Catholic boys which the brigade has already accomplished during the short term of its existence, it is certainly (says the report) difficult to understand why, so far, it has not obtained anything like adequate financial support from Catholics generally. For several years past efforts have been made in many directions to find some satisfactory means of securing Catholic boys as they leave the elementary schools and of retaining them in touch with the Church. The Catholic Boys' Brigade has already shown in a most conclusive manner that it can achieve results far more encouraging and practical in every way—physically, socially and spiritually—than any other organization for boys which has yet been tried. It will therefore be lamentable if the brigade is to be allowed to languish simply on account of funds. It must be clearly understood that the brigade has no connection with the War Office. It merely makes use of military organization to be capital means of attracting and retaining boys.

**OUR FAITH.**—The sublimity of our Faith is due to its certainty; and that certainty is the consequence of the infallibility of the Church.

**CATHOLIC WOMAN'S HOSPITAL.**—New Jersey will have a woman's hospital conducted by the Sisters of Charity, the same Order in charge of St. Michael's Hospital, Newark. His Lordship Bishop O'Connor is the moving spirit in the matter. A large tract of land on the outskirts of the city, with a large house erected on the grounds has been purchased at a cost of \$11,250.

# PATENT REPORT.

- Below will be found a list of patents recently secured through the agency of Messrs. Marlon & Marlon, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C.
- Nos. 88,600—Edward C. Carsters, Oldenburg, Germany, extension tapes.
- 88,636—Wm. R. Bawden, Kalgoolie, Western Australia, Clinostat for surveying deep bore holes.
- 88,649—Eveuce Coppee, Brussels, Belgium, coke ovens.
- 88,657—John Glover Nicol, Worcester Eng., gloves.
- 88,734—Niels G. Sorenson, Stockholm, Sweden, Manufacture of boards from round logs of wood.
- 88,769—Stanislas M. Barre, Westminster, Man., Heating and pasturizing apparatus.
- 88,790—Frederick W. Bursell, Marlborough, N.Z., Means of securing fencing wires in standards, swingers, etc.

Every fifth boy in India is at school, and only every fiftieth girl.

Great Britain, France and Germany produce 65,000,000 pins every day, according to last year's statistics. Of this number Great Britain alone manufactures 52,000,000.

# RECENT CONVERTS.

The Rev. J. F. Scholfield, of St. Michael's Episcopal Church, Hill Square, Edinburgh, has joined the Church. It was on Sunday evening, July 17, that he announced his intention of withdrawing from the Episcopal Church. From outside the choir stalls Mr. Scholfield, attired in cassock only, stated that he felt, in justice to the Bishop of Edinburgh, the congregation and himself, that he could not conduct service any longer in that church. God had called him and he could not disobey the call, but there was no reason why they should not sing a few hymns and say some prayers together. This was accordingly done, the reverend gentleman remaining in the body of the church. He then addressed the congregation. His convictions, he said, had not come upon him suddenly. For five years he had been considering the matter, but only then had God clearly called him to take the step he was about to take. He asked them to remember him in their prayers. It is unnecessary to say that the announcement came as a great shock to the members of the congregation, who have been devoutly attached to their pastor during the twelve years of his ministry at St. Michael's.

He was received into the Church by Father Widdowson, S.J., on Tuesday, July 19, and His Grace Archbishop Smith administered the Sacrament of Confirmation in the Church of the Sacred Heart on Wednesday, on which day Mr. and Mrs. Scholfield left Edinburgh for the Holy Island, where, we understand, he has a residence. He will afterwards go to Rome and remain for sometime in Italy. It may be stated that Mrs. Scholfield was received into the Church about a fortnight since by one of the Jesuit Fathers at Lauriston.

The following is the substance of what Mr. Scholfield said at St. Michael's on Sunday night in taking farewell of his congregation:

"Dearest brothers and sisters: I am no longer able to act officially as one of the clergy of the Anglican communion. For many years I have ministered as one in all good faith, but God has called me to another communion, and when God speaks, man can but do his best to follow and obey. All my wishes, all my interests and affections would keep me here; I would almost sooner have cut off my right hand than have done as I am bound to do. What is taking me is, in one word, authority. Here there is no final authority, no certainty, no definite living voice, it is no question of altered belief, but of authority for that belief.

"I want you all to know and believe three things:

"1. That all we have done here has been in absolute good faith.

"2. That I have gone to the utmost limit of my conscience. What I am doing is no sudden act, however sudden it may seem. For five years at least I have had this question before me, and for some weeks past it has pressed with fresh irresistible force upon me. And now I have no choice but to obey.

"3. That it is only now that it has become impossible for me to minister further. In loyalty to you and myself—that I may act in perfect fairness to the Bishop of the diocese, our parish and myself—I must act as I am acting.

"Our Lady and all the saints keep you, dearest people. So far as you have power and opportunity seek earnestly that you may be able to give a reason for the faith that is in you. To be absolutely true to His Divine Majesty is the one thing that can guide our feet in the way of peace. The only thing that matters is, when the King speaks, to obey. God bless you all."

The latest notable converts to the Catholic faith in England are Harold E. T. Gibbs, an authority on church music, and Melton Boyce, son of the Vicar of Echinwell. Both were received into the Church at Notting-ham, and confirmed by Bishop Brindle.

# A BAROMETER.

When salt is damp it indicates rain and when dry and crisp, fine weather it foretells.

# A SUGGESTION.

Bishop Hennesey of Wichita, Kan., is reported as urging Catholic women to refuse to wear Paris hats as a punishment to France for its hostility to the Church. If all the hats labelled from Paris were taboored most American milliners would have to go out of business.—Catholic University.