

martyrdom, but it looks as if the Liberal Government does not think it worth while to notice them. To live in a country where a Catholic majority may rule is to these bigots an unthinkable proposition. Home Rule they would gladly welcome to-morrow if Catholics, as was the case during the life time of the old Irish Parliament, were disfranchised. It is not equal rights but as candancy the lords and the barons and the knights desire. In the south of Ireland where Catholics are overwhelming in the majority Protestants in every phase of civic life are treated not only with justice but with prodigal generosity and kindness. It is only in the black North that bigotry is to be found.

GAMBLERS OF BOTH SEXES

A correspondent of the Toronto Globe discusses the gambling craze in that city. Playing bridge for prizes is the particular pastime which merits the writer's condemnation. He says, referring to the players:

"You hear of them playing in the afternoon with blinds down and electric lights blazing, and you hear of them, and can verify the truth of it from actual personal knowledge, playing bridge—for prizes, which is only another form of gambling—on a bright, sunny August afternoon on a back veranda, and giving glowing reports afterwards of how beautiful the flowers were and what a wonderful garden it was, etc., etc. How edifying to the children of those ladies!"

The worst is not here related. In Toronto, Ottawa and other places, in certain circles, the playing is not alone for a prize, which is after all but a trifling matter, but for money, and many a good husband has been obliged to write a cheque of considerable dimensions to pay his wife's gambling bills. Besides this there is also in vogue amongst a certain set, while the game of bridge is going on, or at other times while the dance is in full swing, the habit of sipping wine and puffing cigarettes. Truly there is a type of our modern civilization, and a considerable one, which looks inexplicable to the heathen to whom we are sending bibles by the shipload and the carload.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES are drawing attention to the fact that some of our smaller fairs as well as large ones permit on the grounds gambling devices of one kind or another. The wonder is that good citizens have not long since entered strong protest against this custom. As with horse racing and other events wherever there is a large gathering of people the gambling fraternity take occasion to introduce their swindling methods, and when the time for closing comes leave for other quarters with well-filled purses, the proceeds of their charlatanism amongst the unsophisticated. In the words of the practical politician out of power: "It is time for a change." The administrators of the criminal law have had a wonderfully long sleep. Will some one awaken them?

FATHER SHEEHAN

Those particularly of the Irish race throughout the world have read with extreme regret in press despatches that Dr. Sheehan, the Irish author, is seriously ill. Good news we hope will shortly reach us. Dr. Sheehan is yet a comparatively young man, but he has already given to literature many books which will survive as long as the English language is spoken. In writing these books he had a motive—a noble one—the betterment of humanity, the bringing into clearer light the splendid traits of the Irish character and adding lustre to the faith which Patrick gave Ireland. Looking back in the years it is saddening to think what Irish literature has lost—indeed what the world has lost—by the premature death in the full bloom of manhood of such Irish writers as Gerald Griffin, John Boyle O'Reilly and James Geoffrey Roche. The talented and versatile writer of Donerale has a constituency the world over wherever an Irishman has made his home, and we know that prayers will be offered up that God will spare him for many years to come that he may be enabled to pursue that splendid work for which he has been endowed with such extraordinary talent.

The Chinese factions are uniting to promote national harmony. Only in Ireland do men of the same race so hate each other that they would rather be governed by strangers than co-operate in self-government.—Globe.

OUR CONTEMPORARY is mistaken. The people are not of the same race. Scarcely a trace of real Irish blood can be found amongst the anti-Home Rulers of Belfast. They have neither Irish names nor Irish aspirations—lineal descendants of the carpet-baggers of old who, backed up by English bayonets in overwhelming numbers, robbed the real Irish of their birthright and then upbraided them because of their poverty. The wonder is that the Ulster Unionist faction does not leave the country. Ireland would be better without them. They never had and have not now the patriotic aspirations which imbued the real Irish. They were and are but the tools of the foreigners who used them to keep the real Irish in subjection.

FATHER KENNY

In another column we publish a press despatch giving account of the death of Rev. Father Kenny, S. J. This sad news will be received throughout the Dominion with feelings of the utmost regret. Although he had attained a good old age it was hoped that many more years of life would be given him to serve in the army of the One Whose name he bore. A valiant and undiminished soldier of Christ was Father Kenny. He came from an old Catholic family than whom there was none in Canada more distinguished for staunch Catholicity, and perhaps no other family in the Dominion gave so many of its members to the service of God in the Religious Orders. The name Kenny is a household word in almost every section of the Dominion. It has stood for everything that is admirable in Catholic life for generations in the city of Halifax, a city noted for the possession of many other Catholic families who have reflected honor upon Church and country. The great Jesuit is no more, but he has left a name and a fame which will not die—a name and a fame which has been a benediction to the country and which will be treasured amongst his brothers of the Company of Jesus for generations to come. May that One for Whom he had worked so courageously, so unceasingly, so unflinchingly, in season and out of season, receive him with that great love which has ever been the reward of the faithful servant.

THOMAS E. WATSON

This person has become notorious because of his desire to issue broadcast most ridiculous misrepresentations of the Catholic Church. He seems to be impervious to severe criticism. From all sections of the community, Catholic and non-Catholic, have come the strongest denunciations of his utterances. None that we have read is more clear, cut and crushing than that of Mr. C. A. Windle, the non-Catholic editor of *Brampton's*, published at 603 Heest building, Chicago. It has been put in pamphlet form and sold at ten cents. Mr. Windle is a gentleman, and one of the attributes of a gentleman is truthfulness. Mr. Thomas Watson is a different sort of character altogether. By libelling the Catholic Church he is making money, and is patronized by a class which reminds us that as long as the world lasts we will have the race of liars and simpletons. So long as Mr. Tom Watson finds this work profitable he will remain with it. There should be a wide circulation of Mr. Windle's pamphlet.

SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT AS A SPEAKER

In the passing of Sir Richard Cartwright Canada loses one of its really great men. Without being a great party leader like Sir John Macdonald or Sir Wilfrid Laurier, capable of swaying large masses of his countrymen this way or that by strong emotional appeals, he exercised great influence in another way. He was hard-headed; he appealed to the intellect and not to the emotions. It was the force of logical reasoning, rather than the outpouring of eloquence for which he was noted. He appealed to men's reason rather than to their emotions. On this account he swayed that class of the people, who, without invidious distinction, may be called intellectual people. He was a hard-hitter; he was courageous; and his biting speech often made an enemy where probably another style of speaker would not offend.

He had at perfect command a great wealth of masterful English, and his spoken word was as clear, as effective, and as correct in form as if it had been written with deliberation in his study. As a speaker of good English, in its purity and its strength, he was unsurpassed in Canada in his day, and had few, if any, equals.

NEW RELIGIONS

The Rev. Mr. Riddiford of the Park St. Baptist Church, Peterborough, has been getting after Pastor Russell. Mr. Riddiford deserves to be commended for raising his voice against the paganism that passes for Christianity in many Protestant pulpits. In so doing he sets a good example to the great majority of his brethren who are so concerned about matters of purely Catholic discipline that they have no time to reflect on the rapid multiplication of heresies within the Protestant fold. But by what authority does Pastor Riddiford venture to question Pastor Russell's orthodoxy? Mr. Riddiford is a Baptist, and does not all good Baptists hold that the Scriptures are a sufficient and exclusive rule of faith? Moreover, the Baptist system teaches the unrestricted freedom of every individual to interpret the Scriptures as he thinks fit. If the founders of the Baptist church could do so, if Rev. Mr. Riddiford can do so, why not Pastor Russell? If Mr. Riddiford argues that Pastor Russell's teaching is un-Scriptural, what becomes of the Baptist rule of faith? If Pastor Russell is wrong why may we not suspect Pastor Riddiford's orthodoxy? Who will guarantee that the Baptists are orthodox? If Mr.

Riddiford replies that Pastor Russell's doctrines contradict the Scriptures, and we retort that we believe Pastor Riddiford's doctrines contradict the Scriptures, what answer will Mr. Riddiford make? If Mr. Riddiford is right in condemning Pastor Russell may not the Catholic Church be right in condemning Mr. Riddiford? Or are to take it that it is only when we choose to interpret Scripture as Mr. Riddiford interprets it that then and only then does the Holy Spirit vouchsafe to preserve us from error? In that case we must necessarily hold that Mr. Riddiford believes all his brother persons in Peterborough are teaching false doctrine. Why then does he reserve the thunderbolts of his condemnation for Pastor Russell? Why not warn his flock against the wolves in sheep's clothing with whom Rev. Mr. Riddiford does not disdain to eat a good dinner when the Peterborough Ministerial Association meets? If Pastor Russell is a "Poisoner," as Mr. Riddiford calls him, why does not the Ministerial Association, or the Evangelical Alliance, condemn the newspapers that assist in spreading his poison broadcast by publishing his sermons? The very same issue of the Peterborough Examiner that contains Mr. Riddiford's condemnation of the Pastor's doctrines contains a lengthy sermon from the Pastor himself. But to pursue the Evangelical Alliance is too busy meddling in other people's business to see that its own habitation needs a little spring cleaning. We must admit, in justice to the Pastor Riddiford, that there is after all a method in his madness. Having glorified free interpretation of the Word of God, having excluded Authority, they have sufficient sense of humor left to realize how impotent they are to draw the line at any theory of salvation no matter how absurd. "After half an hour of new religion in a new tin chapel," writes Chesterton, "I feel inclined, like the man in the story, to put my boots outside my pew, so that they may be cleaned in the morning." We doubt if the brilliant Englishman, who, although not a Catholic, so admires Catholicism, were to hear Pastor Riddiford condemning Pastor Russell for doing what Pastor Riddiford teaches, he would be able to go to sleep for the laughing. COLUMBA.

FROM TORONTO comes to us a beautifully printed and bulky pamphlet entitled "St. Joseph's Lilies." It is published by the St. Joseph's College Alumni Association of that city and issued quarterly. We feel justified in saying that it is one of the very best publications of the kind that we have seen, containing as it does, literary matter of the choicest character. We congratulate the Sisters of St. Joseph upon their work. If each number of their Quarterly comes up to the standard of the September one it will be a power for good in the community.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

ONE of the best answers to the question "Why are you a Catholic?" was that made by the celebrated "Dicky" Doyle. "Because," said he, "I possess but little religion, so that what I have must be of the very best quality."

IT WAS Doyle's humility that caused him to underestimate his own share of piety. Contemporaries credit him with a deep, and genuine religiousness at any rate. And he gave evidence of the sincerity of his attachment to the faith by his resignation from the staff of Punch rather than countenance the gross caricatures of Pius IX. which were appearing in that journal during the "Aggression" excitement of 1851. That was an act which will cause Doyle's name to be remembered always, and where principle counts, to be remembered with honor.

Among the celebrated names of English men of letters who have been more or less influenced by Catholic ideas, that of Thackeray should not be passed over. The author of "Henry Esmond" during his earlier life said many unkind things about the Church and about the practices of individual Catholics. As with many other famous men who might be named, misconception of the Church's teaching lay behind it all. But towards the end of his life, association with certain Catholics of distinction in England and on the continent, resulted in a broadening of his vision, and a softening of his feeling towards Catholics as such. Thackeray was too great a man to be a mere vulgar bigot, but training and early environment had not been without their deleterious effect upon his imagination in this respect.

AMONG THE Catholics to whom Thackeray was attracted in the later years of his life was John Hungerford Pollen, an Oxford convert, a former Anglican clergyman, and after his conversion a well known artist, architect and antiquarian. Pollen gave him quite a new idea of converts, and of Catholics generally, and the friendship once formed deepened as the years went by. Its intimate and cordial character may be inferred from an invitation to Pollen to

dinner, which, beneath a sketch of a leg of mutton smoking on a dish, ran as follows:

"Dear P.—If not engaged with your confessor, Pray dine with us at 8. Do pray say yes, sir; And if with you you'll bring dear Mrs. P. You cannot think how pleased we all shall be."

THE ABIDING influence of a good man may be seen in the effect upon Thackeray of association with so loyal and devout a Catholic as Pollen's history shows him to have been. An artist of conspicuous talent, whose serious views of life did not interfere with its keenest enjoyment, he exerted a wholesome influence upon his contemporaries. Writing from Rome of their first meeting there, Thackeray said: "I have made acquaintance with a convert, an Oxford man, who interests me, and I am trying to pick my Oxford man's brains, and see from his point of view. But it isn't mine; and the old popery and old paganism seem to me as dead the one as the other."

BUT THAT "the old popery" was not as dead as he thought it was, was made apparent to the novelist by its effect upon the life and character of his new friend as it was gradually unfolded to him. "The most interesting man I have met here," he writes in another letter, "is Mr. Pollen . . . and I try to understand from him what can be the secret of the religion for which he has given up rank, chances, and all the good things of this life." Or this, written after meeting at breakfast, Father Ignatius Spencer, Dr. (afterward Cardinal) Manning, and several other converts: "I am glad to have seen Pollen and other converts and to have been touched by their goodness, piety and self-abnegation." Alas! that Thackeray was never to know in this life the great secret for which he evidently pined. Nor was he to live to see some of his own kindred brought into the fold to which he was himself a stranger. For his niece, Mrs. Blanche Warren Cornish, daughter of the Hon. William Ritchie, became a Catholic in 1903, adding one more to the catalogue of English men of letters whose descendants were in that gentle way to revenge themselves upon the mistaken prejudices of their forbears. As the mother of that choice spirit, the late Reginald Balfour, Mrs. Cornish has made both Thackeray and the world of letters at large her debtors.

THE UNVEILING in Newark, N. J., of a memorial tablet to commemorate the services of Dr. John Gilmary Shea, as the historian of the Catholic Church in the United States, is an event calling for more than mere casual mention. It is a tardy recognition of perhaps the greatest historical scholar this continent has produced. Dr. Shea died just twenty years ago, and with the lapse of that period, without any tangible tribute of this kind to the man, it was beginning to appear as if the greatness of his work was to continue indefinitely unrecognized. Recognition of some kind it has of course received both during his life and since his death. Labors so tireless and so exhaustive could not be entirely ignored by his fellows. But it is to the few that his name is familiar, and by those only who have delved in the same mine that his work is appreciated. And while the names of many others of infinitely lesser merit in more popular fields, are on everybody's lips, to the general reader John Gilmary Shea remains a name practically unknown.

AND YET to readers of Parkman and other popular historical writers the name of Dr. Shea should be familiar. You can scarcely pick up a book treating of American history, an historical magazine, or the proceedings of an historical society, without seeing his name. He it was who by his tireless energy, his learning, and his instinct for facts made accessible to other investigators the great body of raw material now at their disposal. It is, indeed, no exaggeration to say that Francis Parkman for one would scarcely have been possible but for John Gilmary Shea. Parkman has himself acknowledged as much on more occasions than one. By his translation of Charlevoix's "History of New France," by his "Cramoisy series of Relations," and by his "Library of American Linguistics,"—to name but three of his productions—Dr. Shea has erected a monument to his own fame which, obscured for a time though it may be, is bound to obtain recognition for him in the end. For this reason we hail the forthcoming ceremony at Newark as harbinger of what is to be.

BUT if Dr. Shea's name is unfamiliar to the non-Catholic reader, to the Catholic it should be a household word. For upwards of forty years he applied himself to the task of unravelling the Catholic history of North America. He had while quite a young man entered the Society of Jesus with the full purpose of devoting his life to that high calling, but after six years, and only upon recognizing that his vocation lay elsewhere,



INAUGURATION OF ST. PETER'S SEMINARY. OPENING CLASS, SEPTEMBER 23, 1912.
Reading from left to right, top row—Seminarists—Messrs. J. Fallon, J. A. Harding, R. H. Dignan, J. L. Bell, W. D. J. Langlois, Rev. J. P. Gleason, W. T. Moran, J. R. Quigley, T. M. McCarthy, Rev. W. T. Corcoran.
Second Row, Faculty—Revs. F. R. Brennan, S. T. L., E. L. Tierney, Rt. Rev. Mgr. Aylward, RT. REV. M. F. FALLON, D. D., Revs. J. V. Tobin, S. T. L., B. C. L., D. O'Connor, S. T. L., B. C. L., G. Labelle, S. T. L., B. C. L.
Lower Row, Seminarists—F. R. Costello, A. R. Rondeau, T. Grenier, J. Emery, A. P. Mahoney, J. A. Finn, J. J. Young, F. McCarthy.

he withdrew. The present writer has in his possession an autograph letter of Shea's dated at St. Francis Xavier college, New York, 1852, which he signs, John Gilmary Shea, S. J. The taste for historical studies was deepened and strengthened by his sojourn in the Society, and after his retirement he devoted himself altogether to that pursuit. A mere list of the publications that resulted from this life-long application would take up more space than we can command. Suffice it to mention his *History of Catholic Missions among the Indian Tribes of the United States* (which extends also to Canada); "Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi Valley" (the first authentic account of Péré Marquette's voyage); "Early voyages up and down the Mississippi"; and the "History of the Catholic Church in the United States"—a four volume work which he produced at the request of the Fathers of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, and which should remain his enduring monument. Some day a fitting biography of this indefatigable investigator will be written, and the world will then better realize what is his due.

REV. H. J. HAMILTON, M. A., Anglican Bishop-elect of Japan, told the Wycliffe College Alumni Association at Toronto the other day that General Nogi and his wife by their suicide "conformed to the highest religious ideals as they knew them," and that "they were acting up to the best light they had." That may be, but that intensifies the opinion expressed in these columns last week that the affair accentuates the essential barbarism of the race. And it ill-becomes one who calls himself a Christian Bishop to extend even qualified approval to an act violating one of the first commandments of the Decalogue. It all goes to show that haziness in regard to Christian principles goes hand-in-hand with private judgment and the decay of dogmatic teaching.

ACCORDING to official statistics quoted in the news columns of the CATHOLIC RECORD last week, 6,406 Jews have been received into the Catholic Church in Vienna in the last ten years, or an average of 640 per annum. In result, we may be sure, was accomplished by a fair, outspoken proclamation of Catholic Truth, by an unswerving spirit of Christian charity, and by fair dealing with all those concerned. We do not learn that any like results are accomplished in this country, or elsewhere, by the insidious, underhand methods of sectarian proselytizing agencies. No people were ever converted by practices that give the lie to essential Christian principles. And no people ever will be.

CATHOLICS IN BUSINESS

THE EDITOR CATHOLIC RECORD: Sir: I have read with much interest the several articles in the RECORD on "The Position of Catholics in Nova Scotia," and the condition of things therein described, as relating to that province, applies with equal force to this province, Prince Edward Island, and I suppose, to every other province in the Dominion. My belief is that if you would open your columns to a series of articles on the subject, or invite letters from men of experience that some good would be accomplished. It is an undeniable fact that, commercially speaking, Catholics in this province do not now occupy anything like the position of importance they did some years ago. I remember very well when the Catholic merchants of Charlotte-Borough and St. John's City when the Bishop and church of the Diocese of Utah seized upon him as their legitimate prey, and for quite a few years his brilliant talents were employed in editing *The Inter-mountain Catholic*, and he wasn't very long in the Mormon city until it became evident to the citizens of Salt Lake that they had their midst a priest and scholar so eminently representative of Catholic faith and doctrine that the most rabid opponent wisely hesitated to enter the lists against such a redoubtable champion, with the result that he obtained a position of the highest regard among Mor-

mons and Gentiles alike. To the exacting labors of the editorial sanctum he added a chaplaincy to the Judge Meroy Hospital, but these almost superhuman labors proved his undoing and he had again to cry "halt." But we are now pleased to learn that his health is well nigh re-established, and that there is a strong probability that he will, at an early date, return to this diocese, of which, just living in such a hope, he has never ceased to be a member; from what we have heard whispered, strong pressure is being brought to bear upon him by his clerical brethren to secure this end. It is doubtful if he would even in his restored health, again venture upon a parochial charge, but it is absolutely certain that such brilliant talents as he possesses will find ample opportunities for their exercise in some other department of church work. From last accounts he is putting the concluding touches upon another important work, and until that is finished it is not likely that he will come to any decision, but the earnest hope and expectation of his host of friends lead them to look for a favorable response.—St. Catharines Journal.

The insurance companies, the banks, the Loan Companies and the wholesale houses are, with very few exceptions, in the hands of Protestants. The managers of these institutions are not as a rule opposed to Catholics as such, but they don't know Catholic young men at all. On the other hand through the agency of the Y. M. C. A. and the Masonic Society they are acquainted with every Protestant young man who is worth knowing and it is their bounden duty to help him if need be. In fact they are always on the lookout for worthy young men. Catholics have no such organizations as these. Our kingdom is not, I suppose, of this world. The few Catholic societies we have are doubtless doing some good, but to compare them, in a worldly sense, with the Protestant societies I have just named would be more than ridiculous. We call our societies fraternal, but there is very little fraternalism in them. To my personal knowledge many of the members are hardly on speaking terms with one another. And taking the community as a whole Catholics are far more jealous of one another and carry their personal bickerings much farther than do their Protestant neighbors.

The writer of the Nova Scotia articles suggested that a good way to remedy the apparent unwillingness of some commercial houses to employ Catholic help, would be for Catholics generally to withhold their patronage from such houses, and give it to those where Catholic help would be employed. I agree with this suggestion, and I say that Catholics should deal with their own professional men, and their own merchants wherever they could do so without injury to themselves. Protestants always do this. For instance if a Catholic in this province were to open a store in a Protestant community and expect to do business he would be considered crazy. Nobody in his right mind would think of such a thing. He would starve in a few years. On the other hand numerous instances might be given where Protestants, with but little capital, have started business in Catholic communities and in a few years amassed considerable wealth, while Catholic merchants in the same place had a lingering death. And these Protestant merchants, as a rule, would not even employ Catholic help. Yet the Catholic farmers would deal with them rather than with their own. This condition of things may not apply everywhere in Canada, but I think it is more general throughout the Dominion than most people imagine. It is said that the charity begins at home, and until we are willing to help ourselves we cannot complain if other people neglect us and show a preference in their dealings for those of their own faith. Yours truly, CATHOLICS.

VERY REV. DEAN HARRIS, D. D.

Few things in the ecclesiastical life of St. Catharines ever caused more general or widespread regret than the fact that ill health, chiefly in the form of an obstinate throat trouble, compelled Dean Harris to relinquish the heavy responsibilities of an important parochial charge, and to court a return of health by extensive travel under climatic conditions more favorable for ultimate recovery than could be found between the lakes. But it was not possible, in the nature of things, that the church of which he is so distinguished a priest, should permit his talents to lie dormant, and he had hardly set foot in Salt Lake City when the Bishop and church of the Diocese of Utah seized upon him as their legitimate prey, and for quite a few years his brilliant talents were employed in editing *The Inter-mountain Catholic*, and he wasn't very long in the Mormon city until it became evident to the citizens of Salt Lake that they had their midst a priest and scholar so eminently representative of Catholic faith and doctrine that the most rabid opponent wisely hesitated to enter the lists against such a redoubtable champion, with the result that he obtained a position of the highest regard among Mor-

mons and Gentiles alike. To the exacting labors of the editorial sanctum he added a chaplaincy to the Judge Meroy Hospital, but these almost superhuman labors proved his undoing and he had again to cry "halt." But we are now pleased to learn that his health is well nigh re-established, and that there is a strong probability that he will, at an early date, return to this diocese, of which, just living in such a hope, he has never ceased to be a member; from what we have heard whispered, strong pressure is being brought to bear upon him by his clerical brethren to secure this end. It is doubtful if he would even in his restored health, again venture upon a parochial charge, but it is absolutely certain that such brilliant talents as he possesses will find ample opportunities for their exercise in some other department of church work. From last accounts he is putting the concluding touches upon another important work, and until that is finished it is not likely that he will come to any decision, but the earnest hope and expectation of his host of friends lead them to look for a favorable response.—St. Catharines Journal.

DEATH OF FATHER KENNY

Geoph. Sept. 23.—Rev. Father George B. Kenny passed away here this morning, aged seventy-two; after two years' illness. He was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, on October 8, 1840, being a son of the late Hon. Sir Edward Kenny, who was for some time Administrator of the Government of Nova Scotia, and Anne (Forrestal) Kenny. He was educated in Halifax and at Fordham College, New York, and took up the study of law becoming a barrister in 1862. He practised in Halifax in partnership with his brother-in-law, Hon. M. B. Daly, but abandoning law for the Catholic priesthood, he was ordained in 1874. He was appointed a professor at St. Mary's college, in Montreal, in 1887, and held a professorship until 1891, when he was appointed rector of the Church of Our Lady at Geoph., with supervision over the Rockwood mission and the Loretto Academy for fourteen years. In 1906 he was pastor here, but two years ago, being in feeble health, he returned to his old home, Geoph., and here prepared for his death. Father Kenny was known as one of the foremost preachers of the Jesuit Order in America.

Our Lady's Beads
On whitened head, with snows of age bedecked;
On kneeling form bent low in fervent prayer;
On shrivelled hands, unsullied and untacked,
That count with unctious, and with sweetness rare,
Our Lady's Beads,
The young moon shades her virgin light.
Here in his chamber doth he nightly kneel—
This aged man. As erst in childhood's morn,
So now, while lengthening shadows o'er him steal,
Weaves he with heart's aflame, with love, inborn,
Our Lady's Beads
Into a garland wondrous bright.
No sweeter lullaby than this, I throw,
Did baby feet to shadow-land beguile,
Close locked within her arms, with eyes aglow,
The mother rocks her crooning babe, the while

Our Lady's Beads
Although her fingers softly fall,
Within her childish breast the seeds are sown
By hands now clasped beneath the churchyard's heath;
And stem has sprung, the fairest flower blown,
And e'er in fragrant chaplet does she wreath
Our Lady's Beads—
Each chaplet fairest of them all.
Hear you that voice, that rings hrought pillared nave,
That kindles hearts, and starts the stream of tears?
What is't that unto mortal preacher gave
This godlike charm to calm all sinners' fears?
Our Lady's Beads—
From these His copious powers flow,
Oh, blessed he that sprang from such a race!
And blessed she that gave Him holy birth!
And blest the grandsire's hearth, replete with grace,
That choicest, richest race of all on earth:
Our Lady's Beads
To love—their potency to know.
—ALBERT REINHART, O. P., in Canadian Messenger