

THE KENSIT CRUSADE

In "Truth" of October 20, Mr. Loughery, M.P., returns to the Kensit crusade. In the course of the article he says:

I am neither a Romanist nor a Romanizing Anglican. Ritualistic churches have as little attraction for me as for "John Kensit" himself—much less, I should say, for I have not the substantial inducements which he has for intruding in these places of worship. My arguments may be fallacious, but I am at least disinterested and unbiased in this matter, except in so far as I am swayed by a personal antipathy to humbug and cant, and a warm affection for freedom of opinion in religion as well as other matters. That Kensit is a humbug is the opinion which I form from facts which are patent, from his persistent and blatant advertising of himself, from the intimate connection between his personal and his trade advertisements, from his eagerness to push his trade in utter violation of decency, morality, and law, and from the results of his "crusade" in £ s. d., as acknowledged by him down to the present moment.

Look at one of the very last things he has done. The "Daily Chronicle" having suggested that some reply was due from him to the first article in "Truth," he wrote a letter to that paper, in which he pointed out, with significant precision, the nature of the worst charge against him, and made no answer whatever to this charge, except that he considered that he was doing good work. In particular he referred by name to two of his books as having been pronounced in "Truth" "quite as bad as Zola's novels." Now mark what follows. He reprints this letter on a card, the above reference to Zola's novels included; he repeats at the bottom the names of the two works, with their prices; and he sends his card about broadcast all over the country. Can anyone in his senses regard this as anything but an ordinary trade advertisement, and can anyone who reads this advertisement doubt that Kensit is thereby endeavoring to sell his books on the strength of their having been pronounced "quite as bad as Zola's novels"? The man convicts himself here of openly appealing to the patronage of the prurient-minded, just as he did a few years ago when he expressed in a letter to me his gratification that, by calling attention to the foul character of his books, I had greatly increased the demand for them. Such a man is a humbug of the worst type. Nor is his being a humbug of this type in the least incoherent, as some of my Protestant friends seem to think, with his being perfectly sincere in his horror of the Scarlet Woman and his hatred of the Pope of Rome. I dare say that the immortal grocer who gave the order "Send the sugar and come to prayers" was a sincere adherent of the denomination which he adorned, and a devout hatred of all others; but that will not prevent any man despising him for a sanctimonious hypocrite. When a man is doing what is wrong or immoral, and making good money out of it, the plea that he is also actuated by sectarian bigotry renders his conduct more, rather than less, odious. Kensit has himself put the position very plainly in a speech I recently quoted. He there said that Protestantism was his "business," and avowed that he did his best to push his trade as a publisher while working as a religious agitator. In other words, he seeks to combine the services of God with the service of Mammon—the aim of every thorough-going hypocrite since the world began, and especially of those hypocrites who succeed in deluding themselves into a belief in their own sincerity.

Besides having been unfair to this good and noble man, I am charged by one or two of his admirers with playing into the hands of Romanizers, upholding "lawlessness" in the Church, and shutting my eyes to the terrible dangers with which the revival of Roman Catholicism threatens this land. One gallant officer is so alarmed at this last prospect that he warns me of the probability that under a revived Roman Catholic dispensation "such a useful paper as 'Truth' would be an impossibility." This ought to frighten me, but it does not. Another correspondent, who professes to voice the sentiments of "Protestant Liberals," says that men of his way of thinking would give freedom to the professors of every form of religion or theology, "subject only to their non-interference with other people," and he continues in this strain:

"We think the theories of the Roman Catholic Faith may be as defensible as many others, though we do not admit or admire them (Kensit, I may remark incidentally, shows no signs of thinking anything of the kind—Ed. "Truth"); but that sect differs from all others in this, that while it claims religious toleration on its own behalf, it never concedes such a privilege to other communities; when powerful enough to withhold it. Unless history is to be regarded as romance, we consider it proved that Roman Catholicism is primarily a social and political organization for suppressing the liberty of

the subject, insisting on its supremacy and aggrandisement, and ready, when strong enough, to burn men's bodies in order to save their souls.

Therefore, if I understand the induction aright, Protestants will tolerate any form of religion except Romanism, or what they conceive leads to Romanism. It is melancholy to find such lip-sid statements of fact and such sophistical substitutes for argument put forward in the name of Liberalism—even Protestant Liberalism. I don't want to enter into any sectarian controversy myself; but where in the world to-day does Roman Catholicism show itself "primarily a social and political organization" for suppressing the liberty of the subject? History may show that the Roman Church, as long as it was allied with the State, was ready to do the most abominable things to gain its own ends, but history shows precisely the same thing of other sects besides the Roman Catholic. The Church of England was for years "a social and political organization for suppressing the liberty of the subject," and in those days scarcely any form of persecution was deemed too severe to secure "its supremacy and aggrandisement." If the line was by that time drawn at burning men's bodies to save their souls, it was because the spirit of the age was milder, not from any reluctance of Anglican Protestants to resort to "force majeure" in order to secure religious uniformity. I would remind my friend of the historical case of Servetus, as a proof that even in the days when the stake was regarded as a legitimate polemical weapon, Protestantism was not above resorting to this means of salvation, "when strong enough." I will go further. I am prepared to maintain that there are innumerable rural districts in England at this present moment where the description "a social and political organization for suppressing the liberty of the subject" can be more truly applied to the Established Church of England than it can be now to the Roman Catholic Church in any Liberalism and a little less Protestantism. Liberal friend had better read his history again, and bring a little more Liberalism and a little less Protestantism to bear upon it. He will then find that if history shows anything, it is that the spirit of persecution, the desire to compel men to agree with you by force when you fail to convert them by argument, is peculiar to no one religious denomination. Whenever the priests or elders of a particular denomination have been in a position to evoke the assistance of "the Law" (i.e., the secular power) against any religious movement which has alarmed them, they have never hesitated to invoke it. The appeal to "the Law" by the British Protestant of to-day is on all fours with the appeal to the Law by Caliph and his colleagues when they went to Pontius Pilate.

If to believe that such appeals to secular ordinances for sectarian ends are equally opposed to Liberalism and religion be to sympathize with law-breakers, then I am guilty of that offence. But I hold that it is possible to disapprove of Ritualistic practices without desiring to fine or imprison Ritualists; and that Ritualism, if it is to be repressed, will have to be checked by other means than disturbing Ritualistic services or inciting Ritualistic worshippers—or publishing obscene libels. The utility of the Kensit "crusade" is indeed not less certain than its offensiveness. Let us assume that the Kensitites gain all that they desire, and succeed in driving all the Ritualists out of the pale of the Church of England. That will not suppress them—on the contrary, they will have a more free hand to do everything of which the Kensitite disapproves. All that will have happened will be the creation of one more Non-conformist sect in England. One more? Why, if the Kensit programme were ever carried out in its entirety, and the State Church moulded by force of law into conformity with the ultra-Protestant ideal, you would have a series of schisms which would reduce that Church to the position of the most insignificant Protestant sect in the Kingdom.

SOME STRANGE NOTES.

The ways and means of a certain class of business men to advertise their wares are peculiar, to say the least. A correspondent to the New York "Post" refers to some of the devices in this connection. He says:—

The number of men now regularly employed to carry placards and advertising symbols about the streets in this city is computed to be between 1,000 and 1,200, more than a third of that number have been secured for the purpose within the last twelve months. Wherever the people congregate most, and traffic and travel are thickest, these queer conscripts are seen quietly pacing their appointed beats, each with a special advertisement well in view; perhaps blazing in a banner lashed firmly to the shoulders, or inscribed on a head-trapping, worn helmet fashion, or lettered across

the method of their calling, and holding alternate mirth and ridicule sympathetically in the past, by according to the mood of the moment. A pedestrian making his way along a populous street not long since, laughing heartily at a heavily encumbered sidewalk man, whose appearance was especially ludicrous; then turned and spoke kindly to him, offering to get him a place as porter in a store if he wished to be freed from his present incubus. The offer was accepted, and the man now does creditable work in his new capacity.

Not only has the vocation "banner-packer" (the trade name for the craft) come to be a recognized means of livelihood, but its establishment has in turn created a new calling, that of the banner-packer's foreman, a functionary retained by employers who have many men on the street, and find a superintendent necessary to keep the signs moving in the right directions. The foreman does not carry a banner. He merely wears a cap, lettered with the firm name as a badge of authority, and makes the round of his district at irregular and unexpected intervals. Some firms have as many as twenty-five or thirty banner-packers on the streets at one time, their respective beats covering an extended territory. Of this number only a small proportion is to be depended on for regular, daily service. The others enlist by fits and starts, working only two or three days consecutively, or, may be, only one day or one hour at a time, leaving a gap in the ranks that must be filled as best it may.

The army as a whole is recruited from the ranks of a middle-aged and settled, if not a sober-going constituency. Boys are employed as stop-gaps at times, but they are too prone to mischievous to make available material. Moreover, they are not strong enough to carry the banner. Some few firms have lately dressed up women in light advertising gear—that is, with no tangible burden to carry outright, but the brand of their calling blazoned conspicuously on some detail of their attire or appearance. Half-a-dozen young women, dressed in brilliant plaid gowns, and wearing exaggerated sun-bonnets, have been much in evidence during the last few days in certain busy parts of Broadway. Their sun-bonnets and capes are decorated with letters announcing the virtues of a new patent medicine, which is described at greater length in yellow hand-bills offered to passers-by.

All departments of business, from cobbling to watchmaking, from tailoring to typewriting and dentistry, now have their banners abroad in the land, and the number of moving testimonials to the value of cough mixtures, nerve tonics, and baking-powders increases from day to day. The cafes and restaurants, however, are in the lead, and the most glaring attired retainers are enlisted in their service. The love of fantastic display is a craze that grows with what it feeds on, and superintend-

Mr. James A. Randall in his correspondence to the "Catholic Columbian" relates the following amusing bit of history in connection with newspaper blunders:

"A story is told of the London 'Times,' that once that paper announced the death of a certain gentleman. The individual read the report of his departure from this world, and naturally grew indignant. He found access to the 'Times' editor, gave ample and practical proof of his vitality and requested correction of the false statement. The editor said in effect: 'Sir, the 'Times' never makes mistakes and hence cannot correct what you consider an error. Don't you think it would be much more decent and respectable for you to retire to that tomb from which you imagine you have emerged and cease such spectral visitations?' The astonished man plead, stormed, threatened, but to no purpose, and was shown to the door with a parting admonition to comfortably house himself in the graveyard and think no more of revisiting the glimpses of the moon, since, so far as the 'Times' was concerned, he was a dead man and must remain so permanently. I was reminded of this anecdote by reading in the New York 'Times' how one Charles W. Gordon gracefully repudiated an obituary notice of himself in that journal and asks that there be no discontinuance of his subscription. With promptness and courtesy, the New York editor expressed gratification of Mr. Gordon's continued existence here, hoped he would transcend the allotted span and find delectation in perusing indefinitely his favorite paper. Once, Mr. Alexander H. Stephens was reported dead and pigeon-holed obituaries were published broadcast. Somebody asked the old statesman what he thought when he read the announcement of his decease. "Oh," he answered, smiling grimly, "I knew it was a lie as soon as I saw it." I wonder that some clever romancer never based a popular work of fiction on the London 'Times' incident. If skillfully done it would match, if not surpass, Edward Everett Hale's "Man Without a Country."

A California man has invented a "health shake," or invigorating rattling machine, which is warranted to provide in ten minutes all the exercise a man needs in a day. The candidate for a general shake up stands on an oscillating platform, and when all is ready the current is turned on from a dynamo. The intensity of the motion is under control, and varies from a gentle thrill to dancing a jig. Under a strong current every muscle is employed in preserving the perpendicular. The legs are rapidly developed, and the effect on the liver is said to be better than that of horseback riding. Whether the machine ever throws the patient or gets into a bucking humor is a point not covered in the description.

TALKS TO BOYS AND GIRLS.

LINES FOR BOYS TO REMEMBER.

"What shall I do?" My boy, don't stand asking; Take hold of something—whatever you can. Don't turn aside for the tolling or tacking; Idle, soft hands never made a man.

Grasp with a will whatever needs doing; Still stand ready, when one work is done, Another to seize; then still pursuing, In duty, your course, find the victory won.

Do your best for to-day, trust God for to-morrow, Don't be afraid of a jest or a sneer; Be cheerful and hopeful, and no trouble borrow, Keep the heart true and the head cool and clear.

If you can climb to the top without falling, Do it. If not, go as high as you can; Man is not honored by business or calling, Business and calling are honored by man.

should he not be acquainted with the teachings of the Church, he is obliged, owing to his unpardonable ignorance, to disapprove their aims.

We see then the necessity of profiting by the opportunities placed at the disposal of every boy and girl of St. Patrick's Parish by their Pastor; and by diligence and regular attendance they should take full advantage of it.

Last week we spoke of the need for determination and aim among our boys and young men; and now, in order to show the necessity of acquiring them if we desire to "get along" in the world, we quote the "Youth's Companion" on this subject:—"Eighty per cent. of the men in the United States now worth one hundred thousand dollars and more have risen from the laboring classes.

This floating statement can hardly be verified by exact figures, yet it is likely to be quite within the bounds of truth. Ask the fifty ten rich men you meet how many dollars they had at twenty-one, or when they pushed out into the world; probably eight of the ten will reply that they were empty-handed, and dependent on their own exertions. Perhaps they were office-boys, chore-boys, newboys, or the like; the foundations of their fortunes were laid in small earnings, small savings, small spendings.

If not too modest, they might add that they worked upward by making themselves useful—in some cases indispensable—to their employers; and that by deserving the confidence of others, they acquired confidence in themselves. But always there was personal forced exercise, coupled with clear intelligence.

But how many of the ten have won their wealth by fair means? How many by crooked practices, by cunning fraud or cruel swindling? This is another and more serious matter. Some men become rich by enterprise which increases the common wealth, and by creating industrial opportunities for others; some get rich by impoverishing their fellows, and making it harder for thousands to win honest bread.

Does the same, to a degree, hold true of our smaller possessions? The question of honest or dishonest getting is behind the poor man's dollar as

the men of the world are dependent upon his care of his health.

Some people more especially young folks, have a decided mania for inscribing their names everywhere. We find them scribbled all over their books, and scrawled on fences and walls; they are cut into the school-desk, on railings benches and other places of prominence.

It is difficult to give the reason for advertising ourselves in chalk, pencil or knife-out letters with such conspicuous publicity. We can only endorse the Rhymer's caustic opinion of namescribblers:—

"Fools' names, like their faces, Are always seen in public places."

But there are many good reasons for writing one's name in a book. It is a token of ownership, a sign of friendship which a sympathetic reader feels for a good book. Old-fashioned people used to scribble sentiments upon the fly leaves, just as girls and boys still write such ancient doggerel as this:—

Steal not this book my honest friend,
Or the gallows will be your end;
And when you die the Lord will say,
"Where is that book you stole away?"

Some old-time bibliographical inscriptions are a trifle more artistic. Here is one:—

This Book
Is the property of
CORNELIUS O'RIELLY,
Montreal, P. Q.

If thou art borrowed by a friend,
Right welcome shall thou be;
To read, to study—not to lend,
But to return to me:

Not that imparted knowledge doth
Diminish learning's store;
But books, I find, if often lent,
Return to me no more.

Read slowly, pause frequently,
Think seriously, keep cleanly, re-
turn duly, with the corners of the
leaves not turned down.

This is best:—
SAMUEL W. FRANCIS.
Any one may borrow!
But a gentleman returns.

What a crusty, fusty old book owner was this who wrote:—

Stolen from
S. W. JONES.
No. 748.
Bookkeeping taught in three
words:
"Never lend them."

Many boys, and even young men, are not aware of the great influence their good example often has, over older people. Although their elders may not possess the same good qualities themselves, they know how to appreciate the high value of good character. The boy or young man that never uses bad language, who is truthful, obliging, and attentive to his religious duties, will always command the respect of his companions, be they good or bad. To emphasize this fact, I reproduce from the "Youth's Companion," a touching incident that happened during the American Civil War.

A Colonel in a Southern camp overheard and excited soldier venting his rage in furious profanity. The man, red-faced and big of muscle, had been a local bully and a lawbreaker, and when the war broke out he was given his first choice to enlist in the army or serve a term in jail.

The Colonel was about giving an order to suit his case, when the big fellow's arm was touched by a comrade, and a low voice said:—"Please don't talk like that."

Wheeling round with another half-uttered oath, he saw a red-checked boy looking into his face.

"I beg your pardon, Little Plety," he said. "I didn't know you was here," and he walked away, apparently more ashamed than if an officer had silenced him.

The short but influential life of this lad—"Little Plety"—in the army was told a generation ago, among the other pathetic stories of the War of '61.

The fair, delicate youth, bantered and pestered at first by his fellow-privates, became the favorite of his regiment by his brave goodness and his amiable ways. In his character religion was something more than an adjective, and the nickname the men gave him in jest remained as his badge of respect and affection.

At a reunion of this regiment some time since, the Colonel, in his address to his few surviving comrades, recalled many vanished names of the old mus-

the men of the world are dependent upon his care of his health.

"On the slope of a deep ridge skirting one side of the field lay a row of dead and dying men mowed down in the rush of a heroic charge; and near the head of the line, with his white, fish-like face turned up to the sky, we found Little Plety.

"The boys would not bury him in the battle trench, but made and marked his grave under a live-oak by itself, and sung over it the tune he loved:—

"Must Jesus bear the cross alone,"

"Several years later I was far from home, staying at a city hotel, and one day I had a caller—a large, well-dressed and handsome business man, who asked me if I remembered him. I did not.

"You remember Little Plety?"

"Yes."

"And the big ruffian that joined your regiment to keep out of jail, and whom the boy rebuked for swearing?"

"Yes."

"Well, here is what is left of that same ruffian. I went into the army a desperado, and came out a man—and Little Plety's gentle influence opened the way for me to do it."—T. W.

PERSONAL.

Rev. Mother St. Celestine, and Rev. Mother St. John of the Order of St. Joseph, from St. Paul, Minn., visited this city, on business during the week.

Rev. Father Fox, P. P., of Lochiel, Ont., one of the best known priests in the Archdiocese of Alexandria, is staying at St. Patrick's Presbytery for a few days.

Number Three is in this city visiting some friends.

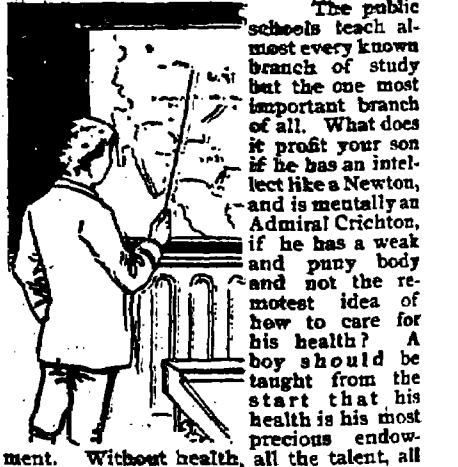
In a recent issue the "Wexford People" says:—

The people of County Wexford, and indeed every patriotic Irishman, will be gratified to learn that His Holiness the Pope has been pleased at the recent Consistory to confer the high honor upon Sir Thomas H. Gratton Edmond, Bart., M.P., of appointing him chamberlain to his household. This is a fitting tribute to Sir Thomas Edmond, who so worthily represents one of the oldest Norman Catholic families in the country—a family that through the vicissitudes and persecutions of the 16th and 17th centuries firmly adhered to the old faith and gave to the Church some of her most distinguished ornaments in the sacred ministry. In the roll of Wexford martyr priests during that era of persecution the name of Edmond frequently occurs. In the roll of Wexford's patriots it occurs too.

Do not despise your situation. In it you must act, suffer, and conquer. From every point on earth we are equally near Heaven and the infinite.

To surrender what is most profound and mysterious in one's being and personality at any price—less than that of absolute reciprocity is profanation.

A man has no more right to say an unkind thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.—Johnson.



The public schools teach all the every known branch of study but the one most important branch of all. What does it profit your son if he has an intellect as big as the brain of an elephant and is mentally an Admiral Crichton, if he has a weak and puny body and not the remotest idea of how to care for himself? A boy should be taught from the start that his health is his most precious endowment. Without health, all the talent, the genius, and all the ambition in the world are worthless. A boy should be taught that success in any walk of life, that happiness, and life itself, are dependent upon his care of his health.

When a man feels that he is losing his health and vigor, when his cheeks no longer glow, his step is no longer elastic and the sparkle of health is no longer in his eyes, he should work less, rest more and resort to the right remedy to restore his bodily vigor. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a natural medicine—a scientific medicine. It does no violence to nature. It works with and not against nature. It promotes the natural processes of secretion and excretion. It imparts vitality and power to the whole system. It gives plumpness and color to the cheeks, sparkle to the eyes, steadiness to the nerves, strength to the muscles and the animation of health to the whole body. It makes the appetite keen and hearty. It is the great blood-maker, flesh-builder and nerve-tonic and restorative. Medicine dealers sell it and have absolutely nothing else. "Just as good."

It was afflicted with pimples and boils, and running sores on face and neck. writes Robert E. W. of the "Boston Herald." "I bought a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Pellets, and was cured."

Constipation is the commonest beginning and final cause of many serious diseases and should always be treated with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets in connection with the Golden Medical Discovery. These are the most perfect natural cathartics and purgatives ever.