

## Echoes and Remarks.

Bishop McGoldrick, of Duluth, Minn., is in charge of the colonization work of the whole ecclesiastical province of St. Paul.

Dr. Sproule, Col. Hughes, and Sam Blake, with Bok of the Ladies' Home Journal—what end-men for a minstrel show!

Cotter's Gin, with its three-monks advertisement, can do the work of alcoholism together with the other brands.

One of the first things the newly-consecrated Bishop Wehrle, in the same ecclesiastical province, intends to do, is to organize priests and laymen for Catholic colonization work.

We are glad to see that Mgr. L. A. Paquet's admirable six volumes of theology have been given a second edition, and a Roman one, at that. They shall soon have a third.

The Anglican Synods, the Methodist conference, and the Presbyterian Assembly turned a deaf ear to Orangism's appeal over the Oath of Accession! Orangism, as a result, is now the Niobe of the kennels!

Canon Hensley-Henson was handicapped when he preached last year in Christ Church Cathedral, but he is going to have his revenge, when he hears Dr. Syon's in St. Margaret's.

Just think of it: Even the Gazette is willing to see England's King spared the humiliation of setting his most devout subjects As St. James said "Ou, be, ain't whor it used to be!"

A good retired minister, preaching in the Star, Saturday, June 25, gave rules and regulations preachers should follow in their sermons. Why did he not add a word on the Gospel?

The Rome correspondents of The Tablet (London, of course) seem to think that outside of Quebec and parts of Ontario French is hardly spoken in Canada. Statements so reckless often give rise to dire conflicts.

If there were more Catholic libraries and did our societies buy more good books, there would be much encouragement abroad for Catholic readers. Nor can we expect Catholic publishers to impoverish themselves under existing conditions.

The Edinburgh Conference of Missionaries is going to help out Unitarianism. Whenever representatives of sects meet in common mind and work, the Apostles' Creed has got to stand the blows. Let there be union, but with Christian principle a factor.

It is a good thing that we have so many Catholic publications. Some say we have too many papers, and yet, it is another good thing that Catholics have other papers than those for whom the complainers are responsible. Give us a Catholic Press Bureau, not fewer papers.

It is really inspiring to behold a scribbling simpleton lecture Canadian Catholics on the score of Catholic endeavor. Thank God, we have reached that stage in our national and Catholic existence when we do not need the helping hand of outside sugar-coatedism.

Get those fellows who have kind words for "Les émancipés" and criticism for our priests, to observe the Sixth Commandment, and our crop of salacious poetasters will fall off together with a whole little contingent of philosophers and economists. Pugh! Mes narines!

Here is a list of some publications not meant for Catholics: the Canadian Courier, the Toronto Saturday Night, Collier's, the Literary Digest, the Independent, the Ladies' Home Journal, the Weekly Star and Family Herald, the Police Gazette, Judge, the Toronto Telegram, the Mail and Empire, and the Amino.

Mr. A. W. Beall, M.A., the White Cross worker of the W.C.T.U., wants children well instructed in the facts of human origin. Oh, no. Mr. Beall, you may be an M.A., but please remember that your White Cross boy-wards are already past masters in the fine arts and general culture!

In all likelihood, that Baptist chaplain of Dorchester Penitentiary will dispense his bigotry again this year for the benefit of his Orange brethren. It seems an anomaly that he should hold a government job, and yet be able to do what he does when "Orange Week" is on. Are there not hundreds of other ministers?

Why should the Socialists fight the Church of the workingman? Why do they not seek the aid and help of the world's greatest organization? The Church has ever protected the poor against slavery and tyranny. She has ever upheld just authority, but at the same time, she gave parliaments to the world.

On the maps, Italy looks like a long boot. Sicily is around the toe of that boot, too; it is then not surprising that nearly all our bad Italians are from near that toe. Italy kicks them out, but Canada, and Montreal, particularly, is ready with a thousand welcomes.

If we want to build up a truer national spirit in Canada, our dailies will have to keep their readers posted as to Dominion Day. They could begin by letting all people know that Dominion Day falls on the first day of July. This may sound like a joke, but it is meant in all earnest.

The M.A.A.A. ought to feel proud of its Shamrock Lacrosse Club. The M.A.A.A. had tried hard to beat the "Irishmen" for years. They finally succeeded, but at the cost of using the "Irishmen's" team. Something like beating John L. Sullivan with his own fists.

Unfortunately for Canada, many of those gentlemen who are opposed to American capital for the Dominion are just the people who are keeping us back. They want to fill their purses at the old tricks their grandfathers played, and we are willing to be duped.

"Les émancipés" are greatly helped in their work by those allegedly Catholic papers that dictate to priests and bishops, that prefer the flag to the altar, that engender schism, and freely dispense mockery for the purpose of belittling Catholic societies. It is too bad their guide is a madman.

Mothers and fathers can spare themselves temptations of envy, if only they will do what the other parents do. Uphold the teacher, send your boys and girls to school, every day, make them study their lessons, and write their exercises, and Mr. A's boys, as well as Mrs. Z's daughters, will have to share their prizes with other earnings.

Some editors seem to think that France's troubles and Spain's past disagreement with the Church is a case of Arithmetic vs. Catechism. The selfsame editors know as much about arithmetic as they do about the ten commandments, and that is why they are so prone to reach conclusions that are as grotesque as they are childish.

The French Baptists of the Province met in Quebec the other day. Rev. Mr. Stobo is continually making new acquaintances, for the missionaries come and go with all the ease and alacrity in the world. Still business is business, and if that money for the work is to be kept up, the brethren in charge must make a little noise at least. Bro. Lebeau is still asking for prayers, however. So let us to work!

It was plain from the beginning that something other than Pentecostal zeal was responsible for the preachers' denunciations of Leopold's rule in the Belgian Congo. Britain had not enough rumper! Leopold died only a little while since, yet behold millions of English capital are being made over on rubber plants, mostly alleged. The preachers did their work nobly, and are entitled to their salaries on the basis agreed to. Meanwhile truth is still in its old course, even if the returned mercenaries are not in favor of too much noise.

If "Subscriber," Montreal, will kindly present that difficulty to some good priest, she will surely be answered in a thoroughly pleasing and interesting manner. The question deals with a point of Canon Law, and as we are only humble members of the Church taught, there are questions of Canon Law it is none of our business to discuss. Just as your question stands, however, it offers a purely impossible case. No doubt such as you suppose may exist in so important a matter.

So Mayor Gaynor's daughter has eloped, too, in imitation of her brother who, a few years since, ran away with an Italian's daughter. It is a lovely state of affairs. But what could you expect? Their father, the Mayor, is a re-married divorcee, and it is no wonder he is making it hard for the New York Police. It is a weakness of all ears to do what they please themselves, while as a co-result, they spend all their time and efforts on making other people virtuous. There is no thing like covering up your tracks!

Lather, Henry VIII., Jack the Ripper, Napoleon, Crowley, Slatery and Chiniquy—these some of the czars, too!

Mayor Frink, of St. John, N.B., is dyed in the Orange wool, and knows nothing about Canadian history. Down in his city by the sea they set up a magnificent monument to Champlain the other day. More power to their good will, even if they are six years late of the mark. Mayor Frink thinks and said that Champlain undertook his voyage to the New World purely through a spirit of adventure, and for the purposes of science. The purposes of science, yes; but Mr. Frink, kindly recall the fact that Champlain was a Christian, and that what was uppermost in his mind was the purpose of giving new souls and new lands to Christ and the Church. Anybody who does not know that much about Canadian history is hardly qualified to be the mayor of one of our prosperous and intelligent cities here in the Dominion.

We have received the first copies of "L'Evangeline," in its new dress and under control of its new owners and directors. In very truth "L'Evangeline" is now a credit to the truly French Catholics of the Maritime provinces; and it is plain that the new editors and directors are going to do a lasting good for their people. Messrs. J. O. Gallant and C. Cormier are old hands at the business, and their paper shall prosper. It is evident they mean to grasp the right Catholic spirit of journalism. Du succès en masse, avec tout le bon esprit qui doit nous animer!

### HISTORY OF A KIND.

The Windsor Magazine, June, lies before us, with the question, "What do you think of that article on Henry II?"

The Windsor Magazine has entered upon the special field of prevarication at the expense of English history. In each succeeding issue some one of England's rulers is dealt with, and a poetic life of the selfsame ruler given in all boldness and buncombe.

We have seen far worse things than Henry II. as depicted by the publication in question; and, in fact, it is even too true to facts in paragraphs to warrant its appearance in the columns of a Protestant weekly. The author, however, used Hume as an authority, and even Agnostics would cast him aside, were it only because he does. Hume was a joker, not a historian.

St. Thomas a Becket, the martyred Archbishop of Canterbury, is painted in poor colors by the salaried scribe of the Windsor. In the hands of the shallow gentleman, one of England's greatest heroes is reduced to the unenviable status of a successful, if prayerful, rogue and politician.

For goodness' sake, why do those magazine editors and censors not find time to read Green and Hallam, to say the very least, even if their minds are not ready for Lingard and the full truth?

One good thing is done by the article, even if indirectly. As the author introduces the story of Pope Alexander III., in connection with Henry II. and the Archbishop, both paying him the tribute of exalted respect and submission, the Anglo-Roman claims of the "succession" school receive another public dental in the pages of a widely read English publication.

### OUR IMMIGRANTS.

Again we ask. What is being done for our Catholic immigrants? Voices in a hundred places answer, "Next to nothing!" In Montreal and St. John great efforts are being made to care for our newcomers, while Toronto, with its offices of the Canadian Extension movement, is making realities out of what were for years deemed impossibilities. In fact, there is a better general spirit abroad; but what losses, what leakage, perhaps, must we not deplore. Who shall give us a great and full-reaching society to care for the immediate wants of the Catholic immigrants who reach our ports? For the one-thousandth time, let us recall the fact that the proselytizing vultures and buzzards are getting the scent of the battlefield and are increasingly lusty for carrion. Orphans of Catholic parents are being lost to the Church and Christianity into the hands of preaching kidnappers, and that while our Catholic societies are passing noble resolutions, to the tune of "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By, Jennie!"

There are Catholic immigrants abroad in all our towns, cities and hamlets; but more especially are they adrift in harbor-cities. Our Catholic societies are trying to help them get enough food and raiment to bring

comfort and energy sufficient into their veins and arteries? Are they aliens among their own of the church and have they mastered the self-sacrificing spirit of Cain?

The "Chain of Communication" now being advocated by men of sense and brains is what we want in our Catholic immigration work. It must not be the April-day folly of "Send the Fool Further," however! An awful obligation rests upon our Catholic shoulders, and the voices of thousands unborn are calling, in spirit, for protection. The answer, even in spite of us, must come from us all, but more especially from our Catholic societies, unless we are willing to see further thousands lost to the Church and Christ. A few men are hard at work. Let us encourage them. This, again, in spite of even us, is a sacred duty for Catholic papers.

### A WORD ABOUT BISHOP BOMPAS.

Those of us who have met in with Anglican students for the ministry, under bishops with High Church leanings, have, no doubt, heard some of them cheerfully praise the late Bishop Bompas. There is shadow to his picture as well as light, however. For the purposes of the present article, we shall draw upon valuable information, as furnished by Father A. G. Morice, O.M.I., in his two volumes of the "History of the Catholic Church in Western Canada" (Mussos, Toronto).

Rev. William Carpenter Bompas was the first educated minister to penetrate into the northern wilds with the intention of staying there—the others included ex-brewers, school teachers, and catechists. "He is endowed," said Father Petitot, a missionary, of Mr. Bompas, "with an angelical mien, a celestial look, a voice that seems honeyed and cooling, and also an innate science. He reads the Bible in Greek, and burns with an ardent zeal, being persuaded that he has received the special mission of withdrawing the poor Indians from the clutches of the priests. So far the savages do not mind him, because he has arrived without his baggage; but, behold, he is to receive in a few months ten or twelve bales of goods and one box of remedies weighing 120 pounds. That, more than his Greek or his cloth, is likely to turn the heads of our redskins, if the Almighty or the Blessed Virgin do not help us." To say the least, then, Mr. Bompas looked holy and intended to be a doctor.

In his book, "An Apostle of the North," Rev. H. A. Cody, B.A., pays praise unmeasured to Bishop Bompas, but the "Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada" (vol. xiii., p. 180) cannot help finding the Life of Bishop Bompas "the work of an ardent admirer, and believes that 'the note of admiration is perhaps overdone' in it. The same review, speaking of the Bishop's interpretation of the Bible, finds it 'sometimes a little fanciful'; but, as Father Morice remarks, 'Those of a different faith who have personally known that unique figure will scarcely be so euphemistic in their appreciation of its idiosyncracies. They will none the less pray that the long labors of the Anglican Churchman on behalf of a cause he believed to be that of God, may win him mercy at the tribunal of the Sovereign Judge.'

Bishop Bompas may have had the best of intentions; he may have gained notoriety by his peculiar idiosyncracies; he may have become the first Anglican martyr in Canada, but he certainly did not act in a Christian manner when he went among the Indians telling lies about the Church.

All through the Yukon, for instance, the ministers had assured the Indians that it was the Catholic priests who had put our Savior to death, and that this was the reason for their foolish fondness for the crucifix. Father Lecomte challenged Mr. Bompas to repeat the accusation in his presence and before the Indians. The minister denied it; but when cornered by the young priest, he declined to tell the Indians in their own language that those who made such a charge were not telling the truth. Uneasy after this bout at Fort Yukon, Mr. Bompas intended to go down to an important place called Newklukayet, but Mr. Clint saved him the trouble, by reaching the place before him.

Poor Bompas made Fort McPherson, near the territory of the Eskimos, the seat of his operations; after, through his own fault, he had become the butt of shaft among the dusky natives (as John O'Kane Murray would say) in the South. Here is how Father Petitot describes one of the Bompas exploits: "Dressed as a banker, a black waistcoat filled with tracts slung over his shoulder, and a glass of clear water in his hand, you see him going from lodge to lodge, asking everyone whether he wishes to be

baptized. Later he did still better. Having persuaded a young couple to allow themselves to be christened, he convoked the English-speaking personnel of Fort McPherson in the large hall, and then addressing the cook:

"Anderson," he said, 'have you got any water in the kitchen?' "No, sir."

"Well, then, give me some snow in a cup." "Having received the snow," he pours thereon the contents of a teapot that awaits the breakfast table by the fireside, and this snow mixed with tea and not yet melted he throws into the face of the two catechumens, who shake themselves like ducks, the officiant saying at the same time: 'William, Margaret, Amen.' This is his entire formula of Baptism, and in this consisted the whole of his august ceremony which excited general hilarity. A moment later, the clerk of the fort came in and drank the baptismal water of the minister, which he drew from the same source, the teapot."

Now, to say the least, Bompas was hardly too violent a lover of ritual, even if he did decry Catholic statues and crucifixes. If Mr. Bompas had lived to read Rev. H. A. Cody's "An Apostle of the North" (minus his death, of course) he might have thought that he, perhaps, was the Mr. Bompas Mr. Cody meant to praise.

### A SAD DUTY.

They hanged a youth of seventeen in Peterboro, Ont., the other day, and he, sad to say, deserved the awful punishment which was made his share; but what explains the dire occurrence? Why had that unfortunate boy to mount the scaffold?

Young Henderson, the culprit and victim of justice, was a precocious murderer; he was a graduate immigrant born in Australia, we are told, but whose poor mother and family live in England. He had early proved the necessity there is of immigration law at Ottawa along lines already in force, happily, even if there are accidents.

The youth left school very young, if, indeed, he had ever gone to school; he was a cigarette fiend, a frequenter of bad company, a street-runner at all hours; a thief and general good-for-nothing at thirteen developing into a full-fledged murderer of an elderly woman three years before even the first score of his earthly pilgrimage!

Some will say he was the black sheep of his home; but, even if his brothers have, by dint of toil and energy, paved their way to entrance at the University of Durham, England, he could have succeeded, too, had law with police and parental protection properly circumscribed him from the beginning.

Here in Montreal children run wild on the streets at all hours, even in spite of the Mayor's order to the contrary. The dark holes and lanes are proving the preparatory school for these children; the jail and penitentiary will soon do their duty, with the hangman awaiting some of them.

Fathers and mothers in number do not seem to care. They put up with the presence of vice-dens in their neighborhood; they tolerate bad saloons next door; their children may listen to the talk of street loafers; the father drinks and the mother gossips, while the girls of the house gallivant the streets, to the tune of oaths and obscenity on the part of very young men. The police smile on the scene with the kindness of the moon on a rainy night; and yet we are surprised that we have so many murderers!


Our wishy-washy, chalk-and-water regulations are doing—nefarious work; "Molly Coddles" are giving us all the paternity of the "Religion of Humanity"; the best of our efforts are being made over to the work of protecting birds, dogs, cats, and horses; bad moving-picture shows cheap and even obscene reading trash, vile theatres, etc., etc.—Oh, we are a wonderful city of men and women, with a wonderful police system in vogue!

Boys of thirteen, or of seventeen, for that matter, should be flogged when they deserve to be! It is better to spend the horsewhip on them at the start, than to hang them in the end. But, of course, when judges are in favor of giving a good and generous living change to houses of ill-repute, you cannot expect to see either youth or virtue cared for. Use the whip, and spare the hangman!

### A CATHOLIC PRESS AGENCY.

Mr. C. Leteux, Hemsworth, England, has written the London Tablet, on the necessity of "A Catholic Press Agency." Doctor Cleary, the indefatigable editor of the New Zealand Tablet, has been doing heroic work in that line; and many of us remember with vivid affection how earnestly the late Doctor Judge, of the New World, Chicago, pleaded for such an institution. Mr. Leteux has not struck a new vein, but he feels, with thousands of Catholics—that

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"A Catholic Press Agency" is a necessity for the day and times. Very pious and zealous brethren are wont to confess to the inadequacy of our Catholic weeklies; they might, then, get to work, after having put empty talk aside, and give us what Mr. Leteux is clamoring for. We say "they" might get to work, but we hope that right-thinking people among us will take up the work in "their" lieu and stead.

Following is Mr. Leteux's letter: Sir,—Is it not time we had a properly organized Press Agency? And is not the coming first Catholic Congress a fitting opportunity of inaugurating it? The number of articles, letters, etc., crammed full of errors, historical, theological, personal and inferential that figure in many high-class sober journals, requiring far more time and detailed knowledge than any ordinary priest or layman can possibly have, however willing and eager to take up the cudgels, is tremendous. These articles, etc., are not abusive, not glaringly false, but constantly producing impressions and "atmospheres" that foster prejudices and religious fog. They mostly pass unnoticed by us, and yet are the only religious ideas which the great, busy, reading public imbibe. And yet it is precisely that public, for whose conversion we daily pray, and who thus are poisoned mentally, daily and weekly. I am urged to put this matter before you by a typical example in The Spectator of May 21, 1910, entitled "Anglicanism and Modernism." It is full of these inferences, distortions of history, personal details, etc., calculated, I feel sure, to do immense harm from our point of view.

A secretary who would pounce on these things and keep in touch with our expert writers on all matters ought to do immense good, and not be very expensive.

I am, Sir, yours impatient to help but unable,  
C. LETEUX.


### Hemsworth.

#### Cardinal Gibbons 49 Years a Priest.

Cardinal Gibbons last week quietly celebrated the forty-ninth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood at his country home, at Minor Mills, Md. He celebrated a mass at a private chapel in his home. There were a few guests in his honor at dinner.

On July 23 Cardinal Gibbons will be 76 years old. He received many letters and telegrams of congratulations from ministers in all parts of the country. The Cardinal received minor orders at old St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, in 1861. One of those ordained with him was Bishop Foley of Detroit. On June 30, 1887, Archbishop Gibbons was consecrated Cardinal in the same cathedral where he was twenty-six years before he had been ordained priest.

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