

The Catholic Record

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 18th, 1905. Mr. Thomas Coffey...

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA. Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1906. Mr. Thomas Coffey: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD...

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1908.

ANTI CLERICALISM IN ITALY.

The second point in which the Presbyterian Record exults is the anti clerical spirit of Italy. A Rev. Dr. Robertson, who hails from Venice, has been holding in Glasgow and Edinburgh a series of what the Presbyterian Record calls Protestant meetings...

and treacherous Napoleon, and Freemasonry and carbonari, the pretended wholesome State would have been left in Sardinia or at least in the northern mountains of Italy, it is as unmanly as it is untruthful to talk thus...

CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT.

A Congregational minister of Hamilton has been throwing less light than confusion upon the difference between Catholicism and Protestantism. A comparison is difficult to be established by reason of the first principles being radically different...

THE LAMP.

This is the title of the "Anglo-Roman Monthly Devoted to Church Unity." There is, if language means anything, no doubt about the kind of union it seeks or the port towards which this bark is sailing...

execute His blessed will. Angels are His ministers and the Apostle speaks in the same terms of Himself; he is the ambassador of Christ and the dispenser of the mysteries of God. Order and administration there will always be, and God Who can do all things by Himself, will be glorified afresh throughout the immortal Church by using as His instruments the creatures to whom He imparted His power...

EMMANUELISM.

Although the number of the sects is legion, and although further division seemed impossible—still a new one is now chronicled by the significant name of Emmanuelism. Its title is ambitious and its exponents hopeful. They look forward to it embracing the whole of the United States in a short time...

MODERN IRISH HISTORY FOR SCOTTISH READERS.

Blackwood's Magazine, one of the oldest publications of its kind, and which wields considerable influence, is criticized severely by Mr. John J. O'Shea, in the March number of Donahoe's Magazine, for allowing itself to be utilized by Unionist politicians for the base purpose of working up prejudice against the unfortunate Irish farmers and peasantry, generally in the interest of Irish landlords...

essential dualism. Of two things one. Either Anglican Orders are valid or not. If they are valid the Holy See was wrong in declaring them invalid; an Anglican, therefore, can have no confidence in the divine right, the primacy and the infallibility of the Sovereign Pontiff. If they are invalid there is only one power in the Church—the source Jure Divino of all priestly power and jurisdiction. It is not Rome and Canterbury; it is Rome or Canterbury. With The Lamp and its friends surely it is Rome. Patience, pray, our go. We who are in port, who never sailed across a cloudy, stormy sea, can all appreciate the weary, lonely passage through doubt to truth, from dark heresy to peaceful unity...

RELIGION OF ST. PATRICK.

The religion of St. Patrick has been made a much mooted question, especially by the Baptists, who have often claimed to discover some link between the shavetail and baptism by immersion. Additional interest is thrown upon the subject by the editor of the Ladies' Home Journal. Read what the Sacred Heart Review says: "It seems after all our talk, that St. Patrick was a Baptist or a Methodist or a follower of the 'new theology' or some kind of a Christian other than just an ordinary, everyday Roman Catholic..."

IS IT ANOTHER "DIVIDE AND CONQUER" SCHEME?

Recent happenings in Ireland would lead at least to a strong suspicion that the Sinn Fein movement was inaugurated for the purpose of once again creating division and strife amongst the Irish people. This is the old game by, unfortunately, was only too successful in the days gone by. It is but truth to say that the rank and file of the Sinn Feiners are sincere in the belief that this new organization would prove to be more effective in ameliorating the condition of Ireland than would be the procedure of the Nationalist Party. They have been duped by men who have other motives than promoting the prosperity of Ireland. We know this is a serious charge, but, as we have already stated, we cannot ignore the evidence recent events has given us, which go far to prove its truth...

the printers and machine men all dispersed; but I soon had messengers scurrying all over the city in search of them, got fire lit at the team up, reporters busy, and compositors at their cases hard at work on the narrative; by midnight I had a crowd of adventurers making the street ring with an alarm of the dreadful occurrence. All through the night and on Sunday morning the uproar was kept up, and the sale of the paper was immense. It was the first time in Ireland that the peace of the Sabbath was broken by the cries of new-venturers in the streets, and I sincerely hope it may be the last, for any such cause. That Saturday night and Sunday morning were never before equalled in horror. I shall never forget them while I live. "To the political leaders in Ireland they were simply appalling. The stroke came like the crash of an unexpected thunderbolt. Not one of them knew of the existence of the conspirators called 'the Invincible,' nor do they know to this day who was at the head of it—this was the mysterious individual known as 'No. 1,' or who were behind him. Eight of the company were sent to the scaffold, and the rest were imprisoned. Patrick O'Donnell, as he was called across the ocean to South Africa. But not a syllable ever transpired to show who originated the awful crime. "Whose interest was it that it should be perpetrated? Plainly not the people's. Their agitation had been successful; the olive branch had been held out by the Government, and Lord Cavendish had bidden them to inaugurate the reign of peace and amnesty. Who was to profit by the counterstroke? The landlord party. Lord Ashton and his compeers may know something that the secret service men and the newspapers have up to this failed to ferret out. "But to get away from the era of painful speculation. Coercion reigned again, and again. The jails were tenanted once more and the people leaderless for a time. There came upon the political scene a lady. She sought the friendship of the Irish patriots as a sympathizer—an ardent devotee of liberty. She was gifted, fascinating, rich. She was introduced to some of the old physical force men as one who was desirous and able to help the Irish cause with mind and money. She was called Mrs. Tyler. She stayed at the best hotel in Dublin—the Shelbourne—and held receptions in her apartments there and feasted some of those who were brought to her as men of action. She offered money to carry out any desperate project. It would be easy, she said, to have a bomb hung upon the terrace of the House of Commons from a launch dashed past on the Thames. She was willing to advance the amount necessary to have it done—as much as £500. "This is not any romance of history I am writing. It is the simple unvarnished fact. I saw the lady getting into a carriage, leaving the office of United Ireland, where I was then writing as one of the staff. I know most of the men to whom she disclosed her mission, and I know her name, because they divided that she was, what she turned out to be, a spy and an assassin. I helped to piece together a telegram from the Home Office in Whitehall addressed to her—a paper she had torn into many small pieces, and read its message. It was from Mr. Jenkinson, then the chief of the detective department in Dublin Castle, and its purport was to bid her continue and to give her the address of the man in the vein she had to hunt for. It was the right one. She gave one of my colleagues in the office a sum of fifteen pounds for the purpose of effecting the liberation of a prisoner then locked up in London on a trumped-up charge of an ugly nature. That money was sent by registered letter, together with an account of the whole transaction, to Mr. J. R. Cox, then a member of Parliament for Clarendon (as well as I can remember now), and he challenged the Home Secretary, the late Sir William Harcourt, regarding the trap. But he denied it, notwithstanding the incriminating telegram from his subordinate to "Mrs. Tyler." She, it subsequently transpired, was the wife of a Scotland Yard inspector, a woman of cosmopolitan experience and clever address. She fled from Dublin precipitately when she found her clever plan frustrated."