

JOTTINGS

On the Feast of the Assumption six postulants were received into the Community of St. Joseph, Peterboro, and two novices made their final vows.

At St. Catharines on August 16th, Mrs. Bridget Welch, wife of Maurice Welch, was working about the house, when she suddenly fell over dead. She was 73 years of age.

Pope Pius has approved the decision of the Propaganda to appoint the Rev. I. S. Walsh of Massachusetts, a graduate of the Grand Seminary, Montreal, Bishop of Portland, Maine.

Among the visitors received by His Holiness on August 14th was the Very Rev. P. G. Blanche, apostolic vicar of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, who found the Pope perfectly well and strong.

Once more the Franciscans, with Rev. Maurice Bertin, O.F.M., late vicar at Quebec, in charge, will take up their work in Japan, the mission at Sepoto, Yezo, having been assigned to them.

Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Peterboro, was the delegate from the T.A.S. to the great temperance convention at Providence, R.I., at which about 1,000 delegates from all parts of North America were present.

The annual retreat of the clergy of Peterboro began in St. Peter's Cathedral on Monday evening, closing Friday evening, the cathedral being closed to the parishioners until Saturday morning.

The annual collection made in aid of the House of Providence and St. Joseph's Hospital, Peterboro, taken during the past few Sundays, in St. Peter's Cathedral, amounts to the handsome sum of \$2,000.

At the invitation of Archbishop Farley and Rev. James W. Power, rector of All Saints' church, New York, four Irish Christian Brothers will leave Dublin for Queenstown on the 22nd to assume charge of All Saints' school.

His Grace the Archbishop, Most Rev. Dr. Gauthier, has made the following changes in the Diocese of Kingston during the past week. Rev. Father McCarthy will go from Morrisburg to Camden; Father Connelly from Camden to Chippewa; Father O'Riordan becomes pastor of the parish of Frankford to replace Father McKernan, who has been removed to Madoc; and the Rev. Father John Meagher, of the latter parish, has been appointed to Kemptville to succeed Rev. T. P. O'Connor, who has taken charge of the parish of Napanee.

General Intention for August

The history of the spread of the Faith makes interesting reading, and by suitable illustration the reading could be made even more interesting. With the facilities now at our command for that purpose, it should not be difficult to picture for the eye what the historian narrates on his pages. Let the geography of the world as we know it be printed in black; let the light of the Faith be represented in white; then the struggle between light and darkness, between faith and unbelief, could be graphically put under our very eyes. Call in the aid of any one of the numerous devices for moving pictures, and by a succession of the proper views, we could witness the light in its first faint dawning amidst a world of night, and then its growth and changes, winning place after place and country after country to its bright rule, increasing in one spot into the perfect day, gaining a partial victory elsewhere, or after a triumph relapsing once more into the shadows of defeat.

The advantage of such a view would be many. It would show us the wonder, the miracle of the sunrise of Christ on the world. It would display a panorama that would delight and inspire, but would also depress. At one time a great flash of light would flood almost in an instant whole countries; at another a cloud would float between light and land and blot out the bright vision that the eye had just feasted upon. Then there would be stretches of twilight on the way to day, and other tracts on the way to darkness. The eye would contrast the first point of light with the present area lying in the sunshine, and there would be delight. It would contrast the great constituents still almost in their ori-

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ginal darkness, and then a feeling of depression would come upon the spectator. The promise of the dawn has not yet been fully realized; the white has yet much black to conquer; the light must extend to territories; the faith must spread. The spectator would turn back again to the sunrise to study and learn the promise it held forth and gain inspiration and courage for the performance that is yet to come.

The Faith, it is true, began to spread with the Incarnation, with the first visit of the Orient from on high, which, by the prophetic words of Zachary, was to enlighten them that sit in darkness. The Faith, too, continued to spread with every increase in the knowledge of Jesus and of His power. But it might be said that the sun was still below the horizon. Its light lit up the sky with the hope of its coming, but it had not yet leaped over the mountain-line of Palestine. The world's map displayed no white except to the close gaze of a few trained eyes whose sight was keener than that of most men. When Christ, however, had gone to His death and had come to His Resurrection, then the word went forth to His followers that He would go before them into Galilee. Thither they went after the many visits of Christ's risen life, prepared for some great revelation before His departure, which was now near at hand. They toiled up Mount Tabor or perhaps the Mount of the Beatitudes, and there was Jesus before them.

The student of the moving geography of the Faith would not perceive the first noticeable spot of white upon his black atlas. Could there have been chosen a more appropriate place for the sunrise of Christ's Faith than from the summit of a mountain in His loved land of Galilee? Could there have been a more appropriate time than that after the Passion, after the consolation and teaching of the Resurrection, just before the farewells of the Ascension? There, then, and at that time began the real spread of the Faith. Christ pointed out to His followers the boundaries of His kingdom and sent them forth to conquer. There He laid out the plan of campaign and ordered His followers to advance to the attack. There, to recur to our illustration, was the promise of the coming day and the command and guarantee of its future glory. "And Jesus coming, spoke to them, saying: All power is given to Me in heaven and in earth. Going, therefore, teach ye all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

Truly that was a glorious sunrise to the Faith, and the promise of a day that knew no horizon, no zenith, no sunset. Christ gives us there the ideal which the Faith was to aim at, and the command to strive for its realization. Christ gave us a picture that could not have been devised by a human brain or uttered by a human tongue. No Palestinian Jew would have dreamt or dared to express it. The dimensions of that canvas are so great, so sublime, so entirely new in the world's history up to that time, that its designer and artist could have been no other than God Himself. Christ, finally, gave on that momentous occasion the command to fill in the details of His sketch, to work out the fulfillment of Christian imperialism, and to carry the rays of the Faith to the world-wide and heaven-high and unending daylight whose dawning took place upon the mountain of Galilee. "Go," said Christ, "with all power; make all nations my disciples, scholars in my school; teach them all things. Go, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

The spread of the Faith, therefore, is something that can never stop. It must be carried to all the dimensions which Christ laid out for it. It must be continued in obedience to His command. His words were directly addressed to His Apostles, but they had a meaning and a force for the others who stood around the eleven. They, too, were to engage in apostolic work. On all of us, therefore, according to our calling and capacity, lies the obligation of spreading the Faith; we all must be apostles; we must all go.

Every one of us can and should be apostles of the purse and apostles of practice, but it is not given to all to be apostles of preaching in its strict sense, and yet for the spread of the Faith this third apostolicity must be added. Here might be mentioned the devoted sisters and brothers and laity who teach in our Sunday schools or our every-day schools. They are engaged more immediately than all others except the priests in the work of spreading the faith. Were their work to cease in our country, imagine the change that would occur in the geography of Christ's Kingdom. Its boundaries would shrink, and straightway thousands would be plunged in darkness or into that unhappy twilight which sometimes possesses those who have not had the blessings of a Catholic education, that twilight, where the sheer is all too ready, where criticism spells culture, where to be skeptical is to be broad, where a little learning and much conceit makes advanced thinkers so sensitive to the charge of superstition that they scarcely ever go to church. To avoid such an unhappy condition of affairs and to increase Christ's light to its full intensity, we must have Catholic schools with Catholic children to fill them and Catholic teachers to conduct them.

Finally there must be apostles of preaching in the strict sense of the word. We must have direct descendants of the eleven to whom Christ's ideal and command were first made known. It will scarcely be believed that as late as 1860 experienced observers were of the opinion that the Church in this country would always

have to depend upon Europe for its priests. Happily we have lived to see so narrow a judgment completely falsified. There have been, and there are now priests from our own country in great numbers. They are not yet as numerous, especially in the south and west, as they should be. There the white light of Christ needs radiation by the apostles of preaching. But great undoubtedly are our needs, has not the time come in this country when we can take up more extensively the work of foreign missions. France and Germany and Belgium have been the apostolic nations of the nineteenth century as Spain and Portugal were for the earlier centuries, and Ireland and other countries were in still earlier days. Has not the time come for America to be an apostolic nation and give to others the light so bounteously given to it? Protestant America has long been prominent in that matter. It has expended immense sums in striving to bring nations over to Christianity. Catholic America has not had the wealth to give, but it has more now, and better than wealth, it has the influence of great examples, the inspiration of truth and the command of Christ. "All nations and all truth," declares Christ, and Catholic America must go forth to the apostolicity of preaching.

But where shall we get the generosity to be apostles of the purse, the strength to be apostles of practice, the enthusiastic courage to be apostles of preaching? Christ tells: "Ask ye the Lord of the harvest." There remains then that other apostleship dear to us, an apostleship which would unite mankind in one great petition to the Lord of the harvest to send laborers to the harvest field; there remains the apostleship of prayer. What made those hearts on the Mountain of Galilee listen to the words of Christ; what made them accept His command; what made them go forth to all nations? It was the grace of God to whose light they opened their minds and to whose call they submitted obediently their free wills. The Lord of the harvest had sent laborers by the persuasiveness and by the pleading of His grace. The Apostleship of Prayer kneels always at His feet, begging for the gift of that same grace to the apostles of to-day. It would untie the purse-strings that selfishness is drawing tighter; it would desire to defeat the thousand enemies that contend with Catholics and keep them from the full practice of their religion; it would breathe courage into the souls of mankind and lead hosts to the class-room and the missions; it would spread the Faith in all of Christ's truths to all nations.—Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

Canada's Future

The following is taken from a lengthy and most interesting letter in the Boston Pilot of August 4th. As the outlook for Canada, according to the writer, is most optimistic, it cannot fail to be pleasant matter for our readers:

Sometimes I find Americans who are supremely sceptical of Canada's growth and destiny. It is not an ill-natured scepticism; the same thing exists in England. Not one man in a million over there has the slightest conception of the prospects and possibilities of Canada. From end to end of the Dominion there is abounding life, energy and prosperity. The amazing industry and thrift of the French element is fast transforming into meadow, orchard and wheat-field the fertile vales and dells of Quebec that a generation past were clothed with primeval forest. There is not a city or hamlet of Ontario that is not surging with life and energy, and the city of Toronto is unquestionably one of the most progressive and ambitious metropolitan cities of the world.

But it is not in Quebec or in Ontario that you see the secret of the great new life and hope of the Dominion of Canada. The people of Quebec and Ontario have hardly yet risen to the full conception of the destiny in store for the Dominion. Travel from Montreal to North Bay through the valley of the Ottawa and you will see on every side evidences that a new Canada is being evolved—a Canada of wonderful industrial activity and achievement; but you see also that its growth is slow, conservative and sure. You see its beautiful capital city gloriously situated above the Ottawa river, and its piles of magnificent government buildings, which yet leave a sleepy impression on your mind, as if the rulers of the Dominion have even still some misgiving of their own of their country's destiny. It is not very long ago since Lord John Russell, accompanied by Tom Moore, visited Canada. He was a great English statesman in his day, and his word was more potent in the political affairs of Canada than the wishes of all the people of Canada combined. It was while boating with Lord Russell on the Ottawa river that Moore caught the plaintive melody that he wedded to the immortal song, "Row, Brothers, Row."

THE GRANARY OF THE WORLD.

The English statesman and the Irish poet saw in Canada a lonely and picturesque country from which England would forever draw material for its wooden walls and its commercial navies. They never dreamed that Canada was fated to become the granary of the world, nor had they the least conception that in a generation the seat of power would be transferred from Westminster to a Parliament House to be built upon a lonely cliff overlooking the river over which they were then gliding. What would Lord John Russell have said if told that hardly would he himself have disappeared from the busy stage of life to the silence and oblivion of the tomb before the people of Canada would have assumed the shaping of their own destiny and the mould-

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ing of a nation that would yet rank among the greatest. Lord John Russell is but a memory and his shade owes whatever immortality it possesses to the friendship of Moore. The Canada of his day is dead, but another and happier has taken its place.

WHAT THE CANADIAN PACIFIC HAS DONE.

Recollect that the prairies and rolling foothills of the Canadian West cover an area greater than all Continental Europe, if we eliminate Russia. Recollect that in this territory there are 1,000,000,000 acres of rich and prolific soil that will yield bread and beef and pork and butter and cheese and milk and cream and honey to feed a billion people. Recollect that there is room here for a farm population of 250,000,000, and you will get some idea of the vastness of the wonderful country that 30 years ago was wilderness and desert. Staid and conservative men looked upon the building of the Canadian Pacific as the wildest of dreams, but the Canadian Pacific has developed into the greatest and most perfect transportation system ever known, and the wilderness of Western Canada is now being grid-ironed with railroads more rapidly than any part of the world has ever known before. Something like \$200,000,000 has already been appropriated for immediate railroad construction in the Canadian Northwest, and that is to be pushed as fast as men can be secured to do the work. The Hill system is pushing its tentacles up through this wonderful country and the Mann and MacKenzie systems have already thousands of miles built. And the Grand Trunk Pacific is pushing through it out to the Pacific, while the Canadian Pacific is rushing work at a hundred different points to feed its mighty railroad. North, south, east and west, railroad construction moves onward, and yet the cry and the need for more railroads is heard on every side. Hundreds of thousands of the pioneer farmers of Nebraska, Minnesota, the Dakotas and Kansas have sold out their hands in America and migrated across the Canadian border and settled down in the Canadian Northwest and are changing it into a rich and cultivated land. The wilderness of the past generation is already becoming the granary of the world. The finest pork and beef and poultry raised on the American continent can be had in the wonderful provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan, and this vast new country has become the El Dorado of the home seekers of Europe and America. How happy is the lot of the European exile who leaves behind him a nightmare of baleful political and economic conditions and settles here in a land of overflowing plenty under conditions more advantageous to the tiller of the soil than those enjoyed by him in any part of Europe or America!

A WONDERFUL EVOLUTION.

Run out over any of the railroads through this vast agricultural country and you will see the wondrous evolution taking place, the older settlers dwelling in fine farmhouses in the midst of groves and gardens and highly cultivated fields and fine herds of cattle, the settlers of to-day living still in tents while the land is being plowed and the wheat sown. When that is done, the log cabin or the little wooden shack will shelter the pioneer till his crop is harvested. There will be many a long day before him ere his toil is done, before he has suitable shelter for his little folks ere the land has been brought to the high state of cultivation in which he sees his neighbors', but he knows that the land is rich and the crops certain and the yield great and his is the joy of life transforming the wilderness into fields of golden grain and rich meadow, and he toils and is happy.

There are those who will not envy the life of the pioneer. They prefer the glare and glamor of the city, with its heartaches and its tragedies, but to me there is something supremely sweet in a life passed amid "The odor of ploughed fields and flowery mead." Canada is creating great ocean-going fleets of its own to handle a large part of the tidal wave of American travel to Europe. I commend these facts to the study of American transportation magnates, who allow English and German firms to reap the lion's share of the golden harvest of American ocean traffic. I commend these facts to the authorities at New York and Boston and Washington, that they may devise some scheme to do away with the intolerable annoyance, delay and extortion that travellers entering American ports are subjected to. But the great lesson for Americans is that Canada is building her own commercial fleets to handle her ever-growing traffic and that there must be something rotten in the State of Denmark when America cannot do the same.

Moreover, Canada, with unrivalled and unharnessed and unlimited water-power, and its cheap food supply, is destined to become a great manufacturing country. Already vast steel plants have been built at Sydney, Nova Scotia and at Sault Ste. Marie. At the Crow's Nest Pass of the Rocky Mountains are coal fields of immense extent, from which is produced the very finest quality of coke. It is but a question of time when British Columbia will take her place

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