

workers in Belfast, should they throw bolts at all, will throw them, not at each other, but at the common enemy. In a normal Ireland religion will play but little part in purely political and economic issues. And the men who pretend to believe the contrary are but making a last desperate effort to perpetuate present conditions at the expense of the many in the interests of the few.

And now for the prophecy. A little better than a year ago, in writing his "Miriam Lucas," Canon Sheehan, the gifted Irish novelist, described present-day conditions in industrial Ireland with the fore-knowledge of a seer. Whole chapters from his book read like the press despatches of today. "Miriam Lucas" was adversely criticized. A waste of time and talent some called it. We said then—and for this we were publicly thanked by Canon Sheehan—that the author had a message for the Irish people. He saw the insidious advance of Socialism was making amongst the Catholic workers of Catholic Ireland. "Miriam Lucas" was the danger signal. Many, wise in their own conceit, only smiled incredulously. But the Canon has been vindicated. The red flag of Socialism has been flaunted within a stone's throw of the Catholic Cathedral, and men have been done to death in the streets of Dublin that Syndicalism might rule.

COLUMBA

## NOTES AND COMMENTS

THAT THE fraud and duplicity of Presbyterian dealings with the Ruthenians of Canada do not meet with the approval of the rank and file of that persuasion, is evident from a letter in a late issue of the denominational weekly, The Presbyterian. "As I understand it," writes a Mr. A. E. Robertson from Chatham, N. B., "we have a number of Ruthenian priests in different parts of Canada ministering to their people, the services being practically Roman Catholic, Mass, candles and banners being used. We are informed that this is the only way in which these people can be reached. Why must this be?" And he concludes: "If these Ruthenian priests are giving their people what are practically Roman Catholic services, why is the Presbyterian church sustaining them?" A good many Presbyterians with old-fashioned ideas of honesty and decency are asking that question. Their church holds itself up as one pledged to high ideals. Curious, isn't it, how in the craze for proselytism, it has succeeded in reducing fraud and duplicity to an exact science.

A MONUMENT has just been erected, or is about to be erected, in the little village of Pitthem, in Belgium, to commemorate one of the most remarkable of missionary careers. Father Ferdinand Verbiest, a Jesuit, went out to China in 1657. Finding him to be a very skillful mathematician, the Chinese Government attached him to the Office of Longitudes at Peking. There he studied the Tartar language and translated Euclid's elements. He constructed some remarkable astronomical instruments which won for him the admiration of native savants. These instruments were still in use until the time of the Boxer rebellion, when, with other objects of value, they were "looted" and carried off to Berlin. Father Verbiest, like so many Catholic missionaries, combined scientific skill with humble piety. He did much for the establishment of Christianity in China, and left behind him a blessed memory which remains, it is said, to this day. With such a concrete example before us the fruitfulness of Catholic Foreign Missions need not be hard to understand.

OUR READERS will, we trust, pardon us a further reference to Cardinal Beaton, whose life as reviewed by a writer in the Tablet, formed the subject of a paragraph or two in last issue. The Tablet's article is headed, "The One Scottish Cardinal," and in the course of it he is again referred to as the only Scot who has worn the sacred purple. This, as we shall proceed to show, requires some qualification, for, while putting aside "Cardinal" Wardlaw, Bishop of Glasgow, at the close of the fourteenth century, as the creation of the first of the anti-popes, and therefore not, strictly speaking, entitled to be so designated, there is at least one other historical figure who may claim the honor. We may indeed say two; for it should not be forgotten that the pious and amiable "last of the

Stuarts," Henry Benedict, Cardinal Duke of York, was not only by right of succession the legitimate sovereign of Great Britain and Ireland, but that, while through a long succession of foreign alliances, the pure Scots blood that flowed in his veins had become somewhat diluted, yet that it flowed there is indisputable.

It was not, however, Cardinal Stuart (or Cardinal York, as he is usually designated), that we had in mind, but Charles, Cardinal Erskine, of the famous Mar family, which figures so conspicuously in Scottish history. Erskine, it is true, was not born in Scotland, and his mother was an Italian, (of the noble family of Gigli of Anagni), but than his father, Colin Erskine, who had gone into exile because of his unselfish adherence to the Jacobite cause, no truer son of Scotland had ever drawn breath, nor one who in these latter times had suffered more or sacrificed more for his birthright. The son of such a father, then, even had he never seen his ancestral country, is surely entitled to rank as a true-blooded Scotman with the proudest lord of a Perthshire manor, or the most thorough going upholder of his country's traditions.

CHARLES ERSKINE, though a Cardinal and canon of St. Peter's, was not a priest. This is perhaps somewhat unusual in our day, though, as late as the Pontificate of Pius IX, Cardinal Antonelli, his great Minister, was in the same category. Erskine was by education and profession a Roman advocate, but so conspicuous were his services to the Holy See in that capacity, that the Pontiff called him to his immediate counsel, made him his pro-auditor, a Promoter of the Faith, and Consistorial Advocate. His nomination as a Canon of St. Peter's took place the same time. A year later he received Minor Orders at the hands of Cardinal York, and a little later sub-deaconship. This is as far as he went in the matter of orders, though few Roman prelates of his day were more intimately employed in ecclesiastical affairs.

LATER IN life, as Cardinal Deacon, Erskine became Protector of the Church in Scotland, and also of the Scots College, Rome. He is chiefly remembered in English history as Envoy of the Holy See to the Court of George III. His elevation to the Sacred College took place in 1803, and his death, in Paris, where he had resided for some time, almost in poverty, in 1811. This sojourn in Paris was due to his exile from Rome owing to the troubled state of affairs in the Papal Dominions—an exile which he shared with his august master, Pius VI. It is noteworthy that, as the elder Erskine became an exile from his native land out of fidelity to principle and to the fortunes of his rightful sovereign, so also the son was destined to die in exile for similar reasons. That the latter had no misgivings as to his nationality is seen from his reply to the Earl of Buchan, who, in the correspondence in which they were engaged, had put it to his option to write in either Latin or Italian. "Considering myself as Scotch," he wrote, "I would regard it as disgraceful in one to make use of any other language but that of our own country." In such a light he is surely entitled to rank with his great predecessor, Beaton, as a Scottish Cardinal.

WHILE ON Scottish affairs we may revert to another recent testimony, from a non-Catholic quarter, to the far-seeing wisdom and patriotism of the ecclesiastical leaders of the country in Catholic times. The writer of an interesting series of papers in the Inverness Courier, "Highways and Byways of Highland History," has this to say of them in connection with the struggle for independence: "The Scottish clergy had, from the very beginning of the War of Independence in 1296, been enthusiastic supporters of Scottish freedom, and more than any other section of the community, had kept alive and fanned time and again into flame, the spirit of resistance to England." Or, again: "It is indeed not too much to say that Scotland owed her independence to the Catholic clergy of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, more than to any other class or body of men in the Kingdom. . . . We have seen how the Bishop of Moray proved himself a prince among patriots, how by example and by exhortation he encouraged his flock to rebel, how, when all seemed lost, he

continued in the field, and how he responded to every call, to any effort, however desperate, which was aimed against the hated domination of England." Once more: "By following to the end the difficult and hazardous way on which they had embarked ten years before Bruce was crowned at Scone, they (the clergy) won through to the goal of their desire—a Church, a throne, and a kingdom each free of English domination."

A TESTIMONY such as this is of deep significance. No means were neglected by the first "Reformers," to delude the people into the idea that the Church had no thought but for her own aggrandizement. For four long centuries has that lying tradition held sway. Now, however, those whose province it is to uncover the real facts of history are coming to realize the truth about pre-Reformation times. Little by little the overlaying mass of falsehood and treachery is being removed, and the Church of that period, in Scotland as well as in England, stands forth as the beacon light of true patriotism, the upholder of the rights of the people, and her clergy as the friends and fathers of the poor. It remained for the fanatical crew of "Reformers" to set the new fashion of bartering their country for filthy lucre.

## THE LEAKAGE

To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD: Sir,—The Fortnightly Review (U. S.) tries to show that the English language is responsible for the fact that the Catholics of North America are fewer by several millions than they should be by natural increase and by immigration. Possibly its editor holds that if German had been the dominant language of the United States and Canada, no such leakage would have taken place. "Columba" sides with him in part, but substitutes literature for language, assuming, I suppose, that English literature affects people in America to a degree not known or experienced in Ireland. There has been no conspicuous leakage in Ireland through English literature, and to say that their descendants in America lost the faith in many cases by reason of a language which they brought with them seems to me absurd. Greek and Latin had been the languages of paganism for centuries before the time of St. Paul; but we nowhere find him advising Christian Jews to cultivate their national language as a guardian of their faith. On the contrary he advises them strongly and repeatedly to cultivate that attitude of mind which enables one to say: "There is neither Jew nor Gentile; there is neither Greek nor Scythian." "Columba" is much nearer the truth when he adds:

"Priests were few. The Irish Church had its work cut out for it at home. The stream of foreign missionaries from its shores had not yet begun. And so these exiles from Erin went unshepherded. They kept the faith themselves, but their children knew but little of it, and without priests and the sacraments gradually drifted away, entered into mixed marriages, and soon were to be found at the Methodist meeting-house. And so today we find bearers of grand old Catholic names belonging to every possible denomination and sect."

This is true and well expressed. The only reason why I wish to supplement it is that what happened in the United States half a century ago and more is happening to day in Canada, west of Lake Superior, on a small scale,—not through lack of priests, nor because the priests are of this or that nationality; but because our people scatter unguided and settle too often in the midst of non-Catholic neighbors. It is difficult for us in the east to realize the effect of this, because we do not realize the size of that part of Canada, or the impossibility of any number of priests attending effectively to the spiritual needs of people scattered promiscuously over so vast a territory. To say that the Irish of that time were unshepherded is not the full explanation. The unguided scattering of them over a vast country must be taken into account. I have in mind two small groups of Catholic families which settled in Eastern Canada about a century ago. They found themselves surrounded by non-Catholics. In the case of one group the parents said to one another: "There is no danger of our losing the faith; but what will become of our children." They sold their properties and moved to a part of the country where Catholics were, and still are, numerous. The other group remained. All the descendants of the former group are now Catholics, and all the descendants of the latter are Protestants. Similar facts may be found in more than one province of Canada, and there are thousands of Catholic parents in Western Canada now whose descendants will be non-Catholics fifty years hence. It is not a question of having to go eight or ten miles to a church. People who are within that distance of a resident priest are favorably situated. But when a few Catholic families, or a single family, are so isolated that their children grow up without ever seeing a Catholic church, leakage is almost inevitable. Leakage

has many causes, but isolation is the chief cause in the case of Canadians. What can be done? For one thing, we can warn Catholics at home that if they go West they are bound to seek settlement in places where their children will have a fair chance of preserving the faith. For another thing, we can all learn something of the ecclesiastical geography of the West, and be in a position to answer when asked about conditions in given places. In the third place—but, then, what is the use of enumerating remedies which are not likely to be applied?

As to the extent of leakage in the past, there is an element of importance not taken into account in the calculations usually given. Anyone who takes note of the extraordinary number of old bachelors and old maids among English speaking Catholic groups throughout the country, especially in rural districts, will readily see that our natural increase of population must be subnormal. An elderly man has, let us say, five hundred acres of land and one son. The son wishes to marry and have a home of his own. The father refuses to divide the farm or in any way help the son to marry. The son either stays on the farm and becomes an old bachelor or goes out West, or perhaps goes to a neighboring city to become a manual laborer. This sort of thing is going on all over the country. The natural increase assumed in calculations of leakage is too large, leading to a false conclusion.

B. D.

## IN MEMORIAM

CANON SHEEHAN

By Rev. D. A. Casey, (Columba)

Canon Sheehan is dead. The blinds are drawn in the quiet house in Doneraile that millions of admirers had learned to regard as a shrine. The well-loved books, companions of many a lonely hour, are never again to know the touch of the hand that is cold in death. The great heart is silent. The pen is laid aside forever. The mighty intellect will answer no more to the promptings of genius.

Outside the autumn leaves litter the gravelled walks that had so often answered to his footsteps. The birds are silent, for there is no one now to sing to. He who loved them hears instead the music of angelic choirs. The flowers to which he had whispered so many beautiful thoughts—that had known his secret sorrows and his surpassing joys—they, too, are dead. One feels that it is better thus. They would not want to witness his passing.

In Mary's Rosary month he died. And as we looked down upon the dead face we know that is what he would have wished. For as he was Irish in everything, he was Irish also in this, that he loved Mary as his countrymen and women have loved her from the beginning. And although fame was his such as has not been vouchsafed to any Irish priest of his generation, we who knew him are confident that he valued one Rosary chapter more than all the wreaths an admiring world showered upon him. He had written well of Mary. He had served her long. It was meet, then, that in her own month of the Rosary she should take him to herself, and introduce him into the Court of her Son.

Canon Sheehan is dead, and to-day Ireland is mourning her greatest son. It may be that in the stress of great political issues she may have appeared to some not to have given him that meed of reverence that was so justly his due, but we knew that for all that, in her heart of hearts, she loved him. And he gave her back love for love. Faith and Fatherland were the twin passions of his life. To him we owe that in her own month of the Rosary she should take him to herself, and introduce him into the Court of her Son.

Canon Sheehan looked deep down into their very soul. Others were alien to them in faith and ideals, and so could not understand them, even if they would. Canon Sheehan was one with them in everything. His faith was their faith; his inspiration their inspiration; his outlook in life was theirs. An author must have genius, but he must also have the gift of understanding. He must know whereof he writes. And no Irish writer of this or any other age has been so eminently endowed with these gifts as he by whose bedside anxious multitudes now keep watch. This is that explains the wonderful charm of the Canon's books. Lever and Lover and Carleton gave us caricatures of Irish life. Canon Sheehan gave us portraits true to life—living pictures, as it were. And it is because of this that he has won all our hearts. We have seen Ireland traduced in the name of literature. We have grown hot with indignation at disgusting caricatures labelled "art." We longed for the coming of a real artist who would expose these monstrosities for the impostures that they were. And then one day we stumbled upon "My New Curate" and we knew that we had stumbled upon the one man who was qualified to give expression to the Gaelic soul. . . . The world read and was delighted. A new star had arisen in the literary firmament, and Catholic Ireland was vindicated at last.

In his priest studies we see the gifted author at his best. Even a superficial acquaintance with them places it beyond the possibility of doubt that he has enriched Catholic literature with some of the most lovable priestly characters. How many millions of readers have laughed and fraternized with "The Insuperables?" How many have knelt in spirit above the rough flagstone that guards the ashes of poor "Luke Delmege" in the little chapel of Rossmore? And which of us all but felt better after a little talk with dear old "Daddy Dan?" Canon Sheehan has done much to break down the walls of prejudice by giving us these delightful creations of his facile pen straight from the liv-

ing heart of Ireland. As Moore's Melodies were sung in select drawing rooms where otherwise mentioning the "mere Irish" would be considered vulgar, so "Daddy Dan" and "Luke Delmege" and "Father Tim" and "Dr. Gray" have been entertained by people who would not as much as notice a mere priest in the flesh.

But if the priest in literature is the Canon's peculiar field, he has a scarcely less remarkable claim to recognition for the splendid pictures of Irish family life he has given us. Let us quote one or two examples. Here is his description of that grand old Irish custom of the family Rosary. "A whole family, three generations of them, were gathered into the father's bedroom. They were saying their night prayers before separating for the night. The aged grandmother was reciting the first decade of the Rosary as we entered. He knelt. When she had finished she looked around and said 'Alice, go on.' Alice was a tiny tot of seven summers. She promptly took up the recitation, repeated the form of meditation as found in Catholic prayer books, and slowly and sweetly gave out the decade to the end. The grandmother looked around again and called out, 'Go on Willie.' Willie was the father, a gray-haired man of fifty-seven. In the mother's imagination he was still but the child she had carried in her arms half a century ago. Willie finished, and the aged mistress of ceremonies called out, now a grandchild, now the mother, until all was ended. Then the children kissed 'good night' and departed. Very realistic is this picture of the village children going to confession: 'There in my armchair I sit, with the old cloak wrapped around me that sheltered me many a night on the mountain. And there the little children come, not a bit shy or afraid of old 'Daddy Dan.' They pick their way across the new carpet with a certain feeling of awkwardness, as if there were some pins and needles somewhere, but when they arrive at safe anchorage, they put their dirty, clasped fingers down on my old cassock, toss the hair from their eyes and look me straight in the face whilst they tell their little story to me and to God. They are now well trained in the exact form of confession. Father Letheby has drilled them well. But, dear me, what white souls they are! Poverty and purity have worked hand in hand to make them angelic, and their faces are transfigured by the light that shines within. And their attenuated bodies show clearly the burning lamp of holiness and faith, as a light shines soft and clear through the opal shades of porcelain and sevens. And the little maidens always say 'ank von fadder' when they receive their penance; and the boys say 'all right.' I sometimes expect to hear 'old fellow' added." One more exquisite picture—this time the deathbed of Mrs. Delmege. "Mrs. Delmege lay upon her death-bed. The physicians had been called in and had shaken their heads. This morsel, said one to the other. And those around the poor patient understood. And she also understood.

"Than God" she said. 'He has given me a long and a happy life; and now He calls me to Himself. Welcome be His holy will. But I'm sorry for Mike. He'll be lonesome. But I'm glad it isn't I am over his coffin."

"Luke came over to Lisnalee. When he entered his mother's room, and asked, with faltering voice, how she was, she only took his hand, his priestly hand, and kissed it passionately. Then she spoke of the King of Terrors with such disdain that he hid his head and was ashamed. "What should I be afraid of?" she cried. 'Sure 'tis as natural to die as to live; and what is it but gain to God?' 'Sure I have had all I wanted in this life. My daughter in the convent, and me son; here she kissed Luke's hand again, at the altar of God. What more would any woman want?"

"An I mind the time," she continued after a pause, "when you, Father Luke, were only a weeshy boy in me arms; and such a rogue as you were too. Father Dempsey that was here before Father Pat, God be good to him, and to all our good priests, used to have the greatest fun vid you. And wan dey, when you caught his big, bony finger in your little weeshy fingers, and wouldn't let him go, he said, 'Mrs. Delmege, we'll make a bishop of this fellow.' I'd be satisfied, sez I, if the Lord would only make him a priest. An' now I got me wish, an' what more could mother's heart desire?"

"You'll recover, mother," said Luke, weeping, and we'll have many a pleasant day again in Lisnalee."

"No," she said. 'The death is on me. An' how many Masses now, Father Luke, will you say for me when I'm gone?"

We might quote whole columns like this, but space forbids it. We have quoted enough to show the exquisite beauty of Canon Sheehan's writings. It only remains for us to ask the charity of your prayers for this beloved Sogarith Aroon who sleeps his last sleep beneath the soft, grey Irish sky. Let us keep his memory green as the shamrocks above his new-made grave, and in the way of all ways that he would have us remember him by bringing the message of his books home to those who are as yet ignorant of it. And so requiescat.

Every really able man, if you talk sincerely with him, considers his work, however much admired, as far short of what it should be.

## A PRIEST'S ADVICE

Recently an eloquent priest said in his sermon: "If you have but one nickel to divide between the church collection and your Catholic paper, give it to the paper."

Now, this was solid, praiseworthy advice. The Church needs money, but under the present condition of things the Catholic newspaper needs more. The Catholic paper can do a missionary work—three and four times as great as that of any band of missionaries. It can go into remote places where there is no Catholic Church, and where perhaps no Catholic priest has ever been. It often supplies the place of Sunday school and church service. It can keep Catholicity alive, where otherwise it would have been dead a long time ago. It is a light in the wilderness and a safeguard in the fastnesses of the mountains, where the population is sparse and the erection of a church would be impossible. It can reach nooks and corners where the missionary chapel on wheels cannot plow its way.

Something has been done, and is still being done occasionally to stimulate Catholics to the better support of the religious press. It can keep Catholicity alive, where otherwise it would have been dead a long time ago. It is a light in the wilderness and a safeguard in the fastnesses of the mountains, where the population is sparse and the erection of a church would be impossible. It can reach nooks and corners where the missionary chapel on wheels cannot plow its way.

## NEWSPAPER PUBLISHING TO-DAY

"Like a lot of other platitudes, the so-called liberty of the press has long been worn threadbare," says the Leader. "While we still have the liberty of publishing we have practically lost the right to a hearing. What is the use of free speech if nobody will listen? What is the use of a free press if nobody will read? Let us explain. In the old days almost anyone who could get the materials together could set up a daily newspaper or journal, and he was sure that people would read it. He could get out typographically as good a sheet as the rest of them, and his success or failure rested on his message and the way he put it. He was a man speaking to men, and he was sure of an audience. But of late years typography has ousted thought. People to-day buy a paper for the amount of red ink that appears in the headlines, for the number of comic supplements and for the weight of the wood pulp they can get for a nickel or a cent. Everyone knows that the nickel or a cent doesn't begin to pay even for the printer's ink, and that the big Sunday sheet is really an elaborate dodger given away for the sake of the advertising. The result is that newspaper publishing has become a trust. Only a millionaire individual or a millionaire corporation can now afford to publish a daily newspaper. The people in their desire to get luxuries for nothing have sold themselves as old time the Roman citizens sold themselves for a dole of bread and a pass to the circus."

## THE SECRET

Quoting Protestant authorities as to the moral aspect of Catholicity, a staff correspondent of the Catholic Herald says:

Another Protestant contributor to 'Christian at Work,' the statement that while under the guidance of their priests Irish women as a class enjoy, and with justice, a reputation or respectability of conduct unsurpassed, if equaled, by any women in the world. Even so bitter a foe of 'Rome' as Mr. J. A. Froude declared that: 'Impurity was almost unknown in Ireland, and this absence of vulgar crime and this exceptional delicacy and modesty of character is due to their everlasting honor to the influence of the Catholic clergy.' 'Immorality is scarcely known among the Catholics,' writes Mr. Harold Regbie, in a chapter on Belfast, 'in Catholic Ireland.' He tells us, even among the most ignorant of the peasants, spiritual life is the supreme reality, and he records the tribute paid by a Protestant business man in the South: 'In family life the Catholics are superior to the Protestants. The purity of their women is extraordinary. The Catholics have the secret of the moral life.'

By their fruits you shall know them. Another Protestant authority writes: "It is the general belief in Ireland, a belief expressed to him by trustworthy men in all parts of the country, Protestant as well as Catholic, that the singular purity of life among the people there is due to the practice of confession."

The good tree brings forth good fruit. That is the "Secret."

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