

CATHEDRAL OF ARMAGH.

In view of the approaching of the re-opening and consecration of the Cathedral of Armagh, which has been fixed to take place on the 24th of July next, the following interesting sketch taken from the "Irish News" of Belfast is worthy of a careful perusal. The writer says:

One old chapel tottering with age, was the sole place of worship possessed by the Catholics of Armagh when, on the 7th April, 1835, Dr. Crolly, Bishop of Down and Connor, was promoted by Pope Gregory XVI to the Primatial See. Under his able rule much needed churches had risen through the length and breadth of his native diocese in old Ulidia. Now nine closing years of incessant effort were absorbed in the realization of a new idea, at once the supreme ambition and the crowning glory of his life—the foundation of a Cathedral worthy of the city and See of St. Patrick, "the mistress of the metropolis of Ireland." Like the dove of Diluvian days, however, the Church of those times had difficulty in finding "whereon to rest the sole of her foot." Armagh City and suburbs consisted almost entirely of "see-land," i.e., the mensal estate or demesne of the Protestant Primate. For nigh three hundred years since the days of Queen Mary, a Catholic Bishop dared not approach within three miles of, much less reside at, Armagh. Fortunately, however, there was an oasis in the desert, a noble eminence on the north, between the Dungannon and Charlemont roads and commanding the entire city and neighborhood, called Sandy Hill. This property, though almost surrounded by see-land, was in possession of the Earl of Dartrey; and from him a lease in perpetuity was eventually negotiated, through the influence of Lord Cremorne and Councillor Robinson, of Armagh, with whom the Primate was on terms of friendly intercourse.

A strange and beautiful story, full of the supernatural mystery of those first fateful days of St. Patrick's apostolate, is told in the Book of Armagh (about 800 A.D.), and has been beautifully enshrined in verse by Ireland's chief Catholic poet, Aubrey de Vere, "Get thee northward," said God's angel to the saint, "to the height of Macha; there shalt thou build to God the fortress-temple and great house of Christ." The saint obeyed, but found the ruler of his day as grudging of a site as many a successor has proved. However, the struggle, though keen, was brief. The wonderful force of St. Patrick's personality, added to the fear-inspiring influence of his miracles, secured for him at length by the old King Daire of Armagh, great-grandson of Niall of the Nine Hostages, the ground for a church. "Give him Drum-Saileach" ("the Ridge of Willows"), said the grim old pagan, "that he may build a church unto his God." In due course the solemn foundation day arrived, St. Patrick, with bell and book and aspersory, the centre of a wondering pagan throng, slowly made the circuit of the ground, marking out the sacred precincts.

"Attended by his priestly train, Benignus first his Palmist, then the rest; Secknall, his Bishop, next his Brother Eric; Mochta, his priest, and Sinnell, of the bells; Rodua, his shepherd; Essa; Bite and Tassagh, Workers of might in iron and in stone, God-taught to build the churches of the faith With wisdom and with heart-delighting craft; MacCarten last, the giant meek that off On shoulders broad had borne him through the floods."

Suddenly there burst from out the shade of the drooping willows a frightened doe, while the pretty fawn that had been lying by her side ran a few paces with her and then stopped bewildered by the circling throng. In a flash the saint saw and seized the golden opportunity for a first lesson of Christian tenderness to the rude pagan gathering. "Here," he said, pointing to the spot where the deer had lain, "shall God's altar stand," and taking the trembling fawn in his arms, he carried it then and there down the slope, the mother following like a pet sheep at his heels, and crossing the valley to an eminence on the northern side, laid it down, again beside her.

"Ere long, where lay the fawn, Stood God's new altar; and ere many years Far o'er the woodlands rose the church high-towered, Preaching God's peace to still a troubled world."

The story puts on a strange, mysterious significance when we remember that the present Protestant Cathedral (a post-Reformation building on the old site) stands on the ancient Ridge of Willows where Saint Patrick's first church was built; while the new—the Catholic Cathedral—rises from the very "northern eminence" towards which the hunted doe had turned her flying feet, and whither the Saint had carried her tender fawn. It was surely a day of triumph for the Irish Church, as well as for Catholic Armagh, when Primate Crolly held in his hands the completed lease of such a magnificent divinely chosen site. Nor was he long in putting into execution his cherished plans. First arose that most urgently needed institution—an ecclesiastical Seminary for the Archdiocese; then, at length, on Saint Patrick's Day, 1840, Dr. Crolly himself, attended by his clergy, with all the solemnity of ritual prescribed for the occasion, laid the foundation-stone of Saint Patrick's own Cathedral. No day, certainly, could have been chosen more propitious and appropriate than the Saint's own great National Festival; the elements proved favorable, and the occasion was for ever memorable. Such a gathering had not been witnessed in Armagh for generations. The country roads were as converging torrents, that combined to swell a veritable ocean of humanity which, after flooding the ample slopes of Sandy Hill, overflowed the entire city. Hundreds it is said, came and went that day who were never able to get within sight of the Cathedral foundations; and they tell by the winter re-side still, how, when the shades of evening fell on the dispersing multitudes, scarce a handful of biscuits, as the homely phrase runs, was to be had in Armagh "for love or money." Assuredly that one day was a convincing, as to many it must have been a startling, proof that the Catholics of Ireland were, like their faith, an indestructible, albeit, perhaps, as down trodden, as the shamrock each man and woman proudly wore that Patrick's Day.

A popular Irish architect of the day, Mr. Duff, of Newry, supplied the plans. They provided for a cruciform building of splendid dimensions, with nave, aisles, transepts, chancel and choir; a large square central tower and two smaller ones on the west from flanking the great doorway, and flush with the aisle walls, the general lines reminding one rather strongly of York Minster. The style contemplated by Mr. Duff was the perpendicular Gothic, which, whatever may be said of its classical correctness, would certainly have produced a pleasing combination of lightness and ornate elegance, with massive size and strength. To-day, however, the design, copies of which may still be seen framed in many a home throughout the diocese, possesses merely the romantic interest attaching to "things that might have been." For, as will be more fully noted later on, a change of architecture resulted in a substantial modification of the original plans. "A good beginning," says an old sage, "is half the work;" and here certainly was a grand and encouraging start. But, to use a characteristically Irish figure of speech, much the bigger half remained to be done. The foundations alone were an immense cost, the loose, friable nature of the surface strata requiring them to be sunk to the depth, in some places, of sixty feet and upwards. A limestone quarry was opened near the old Navan Fort, while the famous Carland and other quarries near Dungannon furnished purest freestone for the columns and arches. The latter, by the way, are almost the only part of the original framework now visible through the glorious many-colored garment of mosaic with which during the past year the interior of the Cathedral has been clothed.

A building committee was formed, historic first of many a band of sterling laymen who have toiled hard for half a century in labor of love for the glory of God's house. Prominent on it are the old Armagh family names, Close, McCann, Klerney, Savage, Gribbin, Keenan, Klerney, &c. Parish collections were organized from Derry to the Boyne and the weekly house to house collections

that every old resident of Armagh so well remembers. Priests went out through the length and breadth of the land, aye, and of the world, and foremost went the Primate himself, lavishing all the wealth of his learning and his Irish eloquence and wit in the cause of his beloved child, the infant Cathedral. Nobly and generously did Irishmen respond... in England, in Glasgow, and, best of all, in the old country itself, so comparatively poor. But the dark years of '47 and after came, with all their horrors, and the stream of charity was diverted, in the effort (so largely in vain, alas!) to save "A bold peasantry, their country's pride," from utter extinction by famine and pestilence. Among the last, and, surely, the noblest, of the victims of that fell visitation was the great founder of the Cathedral himself. In the discharge of his episcopal functions, Dr. Crolly had gone to Drogheda for Holy Thursday, 1849. Cholera was raging there; he sickened of it in the night, and, in the words of the great Mayothon professor, Dr. Murray, "he expired about noon on the day set apart by the Church to commemorate the death of the Redeemer of the world, within the period consecrated by the devotion of the faithful to the three hours' agony on the cross. Obeying his oft expressed desire, they buried him in his own unfinished Cathedral, in a vaulted tomb beneath the centre of the choir, first Primate laid to rest in Armagh since the days of Brian Boru.

A Week's Anniversaries

(By an Occasional Contributor.)

As we have often said in this column, each week brings its own list of anniversaries, and all of them are important. They may not all be of equal interest to the general public, but almost every reader finds one or more of them to interest himself. Taking the week that has just closed, we find:

SUNDAY, THE 5TH JUNE recalling the birth of the famous philosopher Socrates, who came into life in the year 468 before Christ. The same date, 1646, witnessed the great and sad battle of Benburb. It was on that fatal day that Owen Roe O'Neill was killed. In 1795 Mayothon College was endowed by Act of Parliament. Mayothon has been the nursery of Ireland's priesthood for long generations. In 1811, Venezuela declared her independence, and ever since that country has been in a state of turmoil. In 1865, the battle of Piedmont, Va., was fought. It was one of the last great struggles of the American Civil War.

JUNE 6TH—In 1799 Patrick Henry, the American Father of Independence, orator and statesman, died. In 1538, Ariosto, the Italian poet, went forth to his eternal rest. In 1866, President Johnson issued his proclamation against the invasion of Canada. In 1876 the Fenian prisoners escaped from Australia. In 1755 Nathan Hale was born, and as many yet living may recall, in 1853 Quebec was stirred into abnormal excitement by the Gavazzi riots.

JUNE 7TH—In 1732 Georgia was chartered. In 1789 was fought the fierce battle of Antrim. In 1765 the first American Congress met in the city of New York. In 1780, the memorable "No Popery" riot took place in the city of London. In 1867 Theodore O'Hara, the soldier-priest, died. In 1798, Father Quigley was hanged in London. In 1886 Gladstone's Home Rule measure was rejected by Parliament. And while being rejected it was the spring whence arose and flowed on the ever broadening stream that is destined to continue flowing and broadening until it rolls into the ocean of Irish Freedom.

JUNE 8.—In 1772 the Gaspar was burned in Narragansett Bay by the American colonists. In 1798 took place the battle of Arklow and the death of the patriotic Father Murphy. In 1808 the Visitation Nuns were founded by Miss Lawlor in the United States. In 1647 Leonard Calvert died. Away back in 597 the great St. Columba closed his earthly career, and in the year 68 of our era, Nero, the greatest monster of human depravity, died.

JUNE 9TH—In 1861 the battle of Big Bethel was fought. In the year 312 the famous Council of Nice, the first general council of the Church was held. In 1190 the renowned

Emperor Barbarossa died. And in 1704 the English took possession of the most important fortress in the world, that of Gibraltar—whereby they got the key of the Mediterranean, and a guarantee of supremacy on the sea.

JUNE 10TH—In 1847 took place the death of Sir John Franklin. In 1842 the monster Repeal meeting in Mallory was held by O'Connell. In 1660 the Synod of Irish Bishops was held in Dublin. In 1294 the famed Roger Bacon closed his eventful career. And in 1808 the siege of Saragossa, in Spain, was commented. A glance over these anniversaries will show that they cover a wide range.

THE A.O.H.

A Memorial Mass for the repose of the souls of deceased members of the Order was held at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, on May 31st.

Catholic Boys' Home.

St. Joseph's Home for homeless Catholic Working boys which opened its doors a few weeks ago is receiving many evidences of practical support. During the past week the following donations were received: B. Tansey, a walnut bedstead and mattress; Mrs. Berthiaume, a lot of bed linen, crockery and cooking utensils; Miss Hatch, quilts and mattresses; J. A. Mathewson & Co., groceries and car tickets; the Redemptionist Fathers, cutlery; Mrs. Halliday, tables, chairs, crockery, pictures and contribution in cash; Mr. Gallagher, fowl; Mrs. Holland, bedding; E. Power, lot of straw; Mr. Ward, cartage; A. Dube, signs; Mr. Ellis, painting signs; Mrs. Gude, \$2 and a parcel of clothing; Mr. Lee, sundry services; Mr. Woodvine, sundries; Mrs. Kelly, potatoes and eggs; Miss Clarke, overcoats; True Witness, for copies of paper; Miss Burt, \$2; Sisters of Good Shepherd, Ottawa, cash contribution.

The Church Abroad.

In all parts of the world the Church is to-day making headway beyond all expectations. Leaving aside Europe and America, with which we are all familiar, we find that in Asia and Africa there is also a proportionate progress and a wonderful development. Equally is it so in Oceania. Taking the secular and non-Catholic press of Australia and other countries in that section of the world, we have an almost uninterrupted series of tributes to the Catholic Church. For example we have the New Zealand Herald making the following note-worthy statement: "However men may differ on devotional points, we do not think that there is any difference of opinion as to the energy and persistence with which this ecclesiastical organization carries on its work. As the result, it steadily holds its own among powerful and vigorous denominations. Indeed, it has somewhat improved its position during the past twenty years. During the period between the census years of 1896 and 1901 it added nearly 11,500 to the number of its members in this colony, its rate of increase being slightly higher than that of the Anglican Church and only exceeded by the larger bodies among the Methodists. These results are undoubtedly due to the hard and systematic work of the Roman Catholic clergy, work which the Protestant community is generally ignorant of, but is gradually beginning to recognize."

Patent Report.

The following Canadian patents have been secured during the last week through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C.

Nos. 87,634—Frederick Kaltenbach, Vancouver, B.C., car coupling. 87,641—Albert H. Hoffer, Medicine Hat, N.W.T., gathering attachment for mowing machines. 87,643—Samuel Vessot, Joliette, Q., grain mill. 87,644—Alonzo Lamplais, Montreal, Que., steam engine. 87,645—Samuel T. Cougle, Fairville, N.B., horse shoe. 87,678—Regis Guenette, St. Jerome, Que., convertible trunk. 87,685—John S. Rott, Emerson, Man., automatic gate. 87,699—Joseph Maycock, Cranbrook, B.C., refrigerator. 87,723—John McGowan, Jr., Sydney, C.B., N.S., railway gate.

EVOLUTION AND THE SOUL.

A REVIEW BY "CRUX."

In the last issue of the "Contemporary Review," over the signature of "W. F. Alexander," appears an article on the subject of "Evolution and the Soul." The author, whom I do not know in the realm of literature, is apparently reviewing and trying to reconcile two recently published works. One of these is entitled "Principles of Western Civilization" by Mr. Benjamin Kidd; and the other is a work that is apparently a sort of explanation of the obscure parts of Mr. Kidd's book, by Mr. H. G. Wells. I am just as little acquainted with Mr. Wells and Mr. Kidd as I am with Mr. Alexander; and after making a careful study of the contribution to the "Contemporary Review," I have been forced to the conclusion that, beyond a vague search for some new substitute for Christianity, all three of them are absolutely "at sea." They seemed to be lost in a dark labyrinth of their own creation, and I do not know what kind of a flickering torch they use to seek an exit from its mazes. It seems that both Mr. Kidd and Mr. Wells have come upon some new theory of evolution that puts Darwin in the shade, and relegates Huxley to the domain of "sledge-hammer logicians," as Mr. Alexander expresses it. I am very desirous of knowing what these gentlemen have found that is so wonderful, and I purpose briefly—very briefly—running over their respective works, in conjunction with Mr. Alexander's explanations of them.

SELF-CONTRADICTIONS. — We will begin by quoting Mr. Alexander. It is thus he sets out in his review:

"The central idea of the new evolution is explicable in many forms. Mr. Kidd tells us with obscure yet striking suggestiveness that 'the centre of gravity in modern life has shifted from the present to the future.' Mr. Wells, in his eminently lucid and realistic way, puts it that the main business of each generation is to ensure the greatest number of fortunate births in the succeeding one. For both the meaning of morality is to be found in the gradual evolution of our species—human reason, in Mr. Kidd's striking phrase is only now 'catching up' the main drift of the process, is tending, that is, to supplant the half-conscious instincts through which the burden of that process has hitherto had to express itself. Our use in the universe consists precisely in our falling into line with evolution—in other words, the raison d'être of our being lies in a futurity which, if the victory of man is to be a real one, must be regarded as extremely remote. Our reward is that we stand on Pisgah, and for ourselves we can expect no more."

Remember that I have no intention of torturing the minds of the readers with any of this stuff. Were I to undertake to make clear the meaning of these men I would soon be an eligible candidate for a lunatic asylum. My aim is simply to show to what extremes of nonsense, apparently sane men will go, and what mental labor they will impose on themselves and on others, for the mere mischievous purpose of effacing all faith in the teachings of Christianity. What has the "centre of gravity"—a purely material point created by the physical law of gravitation—to do with the spiritual part of being? Mr. Wells explains that it is the business of each generation to secure the greatest possible number of births. Now, what does all this mean? Never mind the sounding name of "transcendental evolution of the human race," that is all wind, and means nothing. What is the theory of these gentlemen when dives of all verbiage? It just amounts to this: that man is in the world, as are the animals, to propagate his species. His business is to eat, drink, sleep, grow strong, become vigorous in his vitality, in order that when he reaches a given age, he may be in a condition to procure the greatest possible number of births for the multiplication of the next generation. This is certainly the most unphilosophic, unspiritual, unideal theory that the basest materialism could engender. It is lowering man, with all his God-given faculties, below the level of the brute. Cover it over with high sounding phrases, bury it in a mass of meaningless words, do what you may with it—the newly discovered theory of evolution is simply the most unevolutionary of all possible ideas.

DANGEROUS NONSENSE. —Take the following as an example of what Carlyle would call "the awfully deep." "The new evolution imports something vastly different from the threadbare statements that the fittest will survive and that progress is the law of life; its aim in fact is to establish a vast synthesis of the moral and spiritual sides of humanity with biological law, and to exhibit the former as essentially co-operating with the latter."

There is something for you to study. Just imagine how enlightened as to your present needs and duties, and future prospects and expectations, you will be when you shall have come to understand the "vast synthesis" of morality and spirituality with the laws of biology, and have grasped the co-operation of the two. Do you want to know what it all means? Here it is for you, in one passage that covers the entire ground:

"Mr. Kidd's statement that the meaning of the 'present' is to be sought in the future has a significance that has largely escaped notice—a significance, too, which will be found latent in any theory which conceives of the human reason or will as an organ of the process through which our species is being evolved. For, after all, the 'present' has been regarded by all philosophies and by all religions as something unsatisfying and unsubstantial, as a problem to be solved or a trial to be endured; to speculative thought it has appeared as an image or travesty of the real, and to the will a mere point of departure. To the religious consciousness it has appeared necessarily evil, to the philosophic a moment in an essentially moving process—there is nothing novel certainly in the idea that the 'present' is inadequate. But we touch a distinct element of novelty with the view that the inadequacy of the present is to be explained simply on the ground that it is not an ending itself but a necessary stage in the elaboration of conditions making possible the existence of other generations in the future."

What rot? (excuse the expression, but there is none other in English to describe this stuff). The entire aim is to have man believe that the present is a mere stage in the conditions making possible the existence of coming generations. In other words, we are here to live and to act, to work and to devise for the multiplication of our race and for the good of future generations. When our end comes, like the grasshoppers of last summer, that die, and the eggs they lay produce a multitude more of grasshoppers this year, we are here but to propagate our species. What of the individual future? What of the coming state or each one's own soul? That is what these men call evolution. We find in the following extract:

"Mr. Kidd believes that the future lies with the Teutonic races in virtue, inter alia, of their higher rate of multiplication. Mr. Wells, on the other hand, looks with affection and hope towards France and a comfortably diminished population. For the great bulk of mankind, the author of 'Anticipations' tells us, with his unflinching lucidity and courage, 'conventional morality must shortly be discarded.' For Mr. Kidd, morality of the old-fashioned type is the mark of the chosen people, the essential virtue through which the fittest are to inherit the earth."

There is the whole base and materialistic affair in all its deformity. They call that philosophy. And they do not even agree on it. Mr. Kidd wants a multiplication of the race, in order to carry out his ideas of "evolution"; Mr. Wells, in order to carry out the same idea, wants to diminish the population, and to attain that end he wishes to have "conventional morality" discarded. Of the two, Mr. Kidd is the less dangerous. He would have us live as animals in the forest and make propagation a business of the present, without any consideration of the future for ourselves or our own souls. Mr. Wells would have us live as monsters, not animals, who would discard all morality in order to check the multiplication of our race. And by this "new evolution," and a respectable magazine like the "Contemporary Review" publishes such dangerous literature. It is high time our periodical literature were subjected to censorship.