

The Catholic Record.

"Christus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname)—St. Paclan, 4th Century.

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The Cry of the Souls
IN THE MORNING
When the pure air comes unbreathed,
And the fresh fields lie untrod,
And the lark's song rises upward
And the dew flowers deck the sod
In the time of earnest praying,
In the hushed and holy morn,
Hear those voices softly pleading,
Hear those low words interceding
From the green graves loneliness lying
Evermore in sad tones crying:—
"Have pity! you at least,
Have pity you my friends!"

FOR THE NOONTIME
When the hot earth almost slumbers
And the tree-tops scarcely stir,
When the calm breeze softly cools you
And the hare pants by the fire;
When the calm breeze softly cools you
And the grateful shade invites
While the hot skies far are glowing
Think of pain no respite knowing
And those prison fires appalling,
And those piteous walls still calling
"H. v. pity! you at least,
Have pity you my friends."

IN THE EVENING
When the long day's cares are ended,
And the home group soon shall meet
While the silent twilight deepens
And comes rest for weary feet
In the time of sad remembrance
Give a prayer for old friends gone
Some regret, some feelings tender
To past days and scenes surrender
Let your heart with mournful greeting
Hear the sad refrain repeating:
"Have pity! you at least,
Have pity, you my friends."

IN THE NIGHTTIME
When the stars are set in ether,
And the white moon in a cloud,
When the children's hands are folded
And the golden heads are bowed;
Tell them of that fearful burning
Of those souls in torture dire;
Let their sinless hearts adoring
Reach Christ's throne in sweet imploring
By those faces lost forever
By those smiles that greet thee never
By the memories of past days,
And the kindness of old ways;
By the love in life you bore them,
And the tears in death shed o'er them,
By their words and looks in dying
Ah! hear those plaintive voices crying:
"Have pity! you at least,
Have pity, you my friends!"

A STORY FROM IRELAND

In his entertaining volume of stories and personal reminiscence, Lord Rossmore gives a pleasant and unaffected account of his family, the Westons, but he wisely says very little about the man upon whom the Rossmore title was conferred. We cannot but admire his lordship's discretion. Fortunately for Lord Rossmore, the first of his line was no kin of "Derry's," so the obligation to account for an enormous coronet was not upon him. The Westons came into the title owing to an extraordinary and unprecedented special remainder in the patent, and they make no excuses for the origin of the title. Which, of course, is as it should be. But in these pages we perceive a frankness in regard to the Peerage which is but due to our readers, and while such a frankness is made in the North of Ireland about Ulster's objection to Home Rule, we take this opportunity, *propos* of the Rossmore volume, to tell you that title came into existence. The story may not be without its moral for some of the human kettledrums in Ulster.

It is known to no blacker or fouler transaction in the history of our country than the making of the Union between England and Ireland, says Mr. Lecky. "The Union was a crime of the deepest turpitude!" And this is no exaggeration, as the following narrative will show. It was in 1782 that the first Parliamentary proposition for the Union of the two countries was made in the Irish Parliament. Lord Fitzwilliam, who had been Lord-Lieutenant, found Ireland completely in favour of Catholic Emancipation, and dead against the Union. In face of this solidarity in Ireland he sided with the feelings of the people, and was quickly recalled. The framing of the Union was made in the North of Ireland, and it is one of the worst stories ever told of British statecraft. Lord Camden was sent to Ireland as the minister of coercion willing to create the Union, let the cost be what it might.

THE MOST CORRUPT PEOPLE UNDER HEAVEN

It at once became apparent that the Union could only be achieved by the conquest of Ireland, and so Lord Cornwallis, who had recently returned from a victorious career in India and America, sent to Dublin, and the troops were quickly called out. Not only were the Regulars mobilised, but volunteers were brought from Lancashire. Along with Lord Cornwallis was Lord Castlereagh as Irish Secretary, and these two "noblemen" at once devised the atrocious campaign which brought about the Union. A tremendous programme of wholesale corruption was inaugurated, and Lord Castlereagh sent to London for £50,000 to bribe the Press of Ireland. He got it in bank notes (the numbers of which are still preserved in the State Paper Office) by the next available boat. The conspirator behind King George III. in London was a Duke of Portland who had been Lord-Lieutenant a few years before.

All the nauseating proceedings of Lord Cornwallis and Castlereagh in Dublin were sanctioned in London by this Duke of Portland. And the task that Cornwallis and Castlereagh had set themselves may be best judged by their own admissions. Wrote Lord Cornwallis to the Duke after a few months of office: "My occupation is now one of the most unpleasant nature—negotiating and juggling with the most corrupt people under heaven. I despair and

hate myself for engaging in such dirty work!" And Lord Castlereagh (to his honour be it said) writes: "The political jobbery of this country gets the better of me. It has ever been the wish of my life to avoid all this dirty business, yet I am now involved in it beyond all bearing. I trust I shall live to get out of this most cursed of all situations. How I long to kick those whom my public duty obliges me to court! If I did not hope to get out of this country I would certainly pray for immediate death!"

THE PRICE OF THE UNION

Lord Castlereagh did not achieve his hope. He never got out of the sink of iniquity in which he had involved himself, and he committed suicide at the age of thirty-eight, and his name has gone down to posterity covered with shame. Lord Cornwallis at once placed Ireland under martial law, and wherever Irishmen met to discuss popular questions they were met by the troops, and many foul massacres resulted. Meanwhile, Castlereagh proceeded unceasingly enough with his amazing proposals for buying up Ireland regardless of cost. This was mainly by the complete corruption of the Irish House of Commons by filthy lucre. Castlereagh started with the Speaker. He was a Mr. Foster, and he deserves a monument. Castlereagh offered him a Peerage if he would vote for the abolition of his (the Speaker's) House of Commons.

Mr. Foster scornfully refused. He was ordered to proceed to London, which he did, with Sir John Parnell, who had succeeded Mr. Foster as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Prime Minister, Mr. Pitt, a very high official in Ireland. Pitt endeavored to bribe them with the offer of Peerages if they would vote for the Union, but they still scorned to be traitors to their country. "Then you are instantly dismissed from your offices," said Pitt, "and the same summary treatment will be dealt out to all of your fellow members who adopt the same attitude!" This frank method of carrying his point was by no means possible, however, and the Union had to be carried by votes in the Irish House of Commons, at however great a cost.

HOW THE UNION WAS "WORKED"

At that time the number of members of the Irish Parliament was three hundred. Of these, sixty-four were returned by the counties and two by the University; the cities and towns possessing an open franchise sent sixty-two. The remaining hundred and seventy-two members were returned by closed boroughs, in which the nomination rested either with the Parliament or the Crown. Obviously, what Lord Castlereagh had to do was to capture this number, and the way he did it was this. In the Irish Parliament the method of resignation of a seat was somewhat similar to that in England. In this country a member who desires to quit the House can only do so by applying for a nominal office, which is known as the Chiltern Hundreds. In Ireland there were four of these nominal offices, the Exchequer, the Admiralty, the Ordnance, and the War Office. Lord Castlereagh offered all the members of the then House of Commons in Ireland bribes to vacate their seats, but they were only paid their money upon giving a guarantee that their successors would vote for the Union. This was no very difficult job, as in many cases a squib was so paramount in a handful of little boroughs as to be able to do as he liked with their representation. Where a small man had to be bought he received a cheque for £7,500, and at once availed himself of the Exchequer's office, and sent back another man who had shared the spoils with him, and who was pledged to vote for the Union. But when the member held several rotten boroughs he was too crafty to be satisfied with mere cheques, and he demanded a Peerage as well. And Lord Castlereagh had to give him one, too!

HOW THE WESTERNS DIVIDED THE SWAG

One of these squibbery was the first Lord Rossmore. He was a soldier, who had sat for the rotten borough of Tulak, and for forty-five years had been a thick and thin supporter of the Irish House of Commons. He also represented other boroughs, and this is how the swag was divided. Lord Rossmore had to go along with the Union, and in the proceeds of his treachery and these three happened to be his lordship's brothers-in-law. Earl Clermont got £3,700; T. Jones, £3,750; Henry Westons, £3,750, and the new Lord Rossmore himself, £3,750. With such a programme as this, and unlimited capital to back it up, it is not to be wondered at that Lord Castlereagh experienced no great difficulty in doing his self-styled "dirty work."

Naturally enough, all this was not done as obvious bribery. Certainly not. It was done under the pretence that after the Irish Parliament had ceased to exist, the squibbery who had controlled the boroughs would lose their seats in that Parliament, and that they should be compensated for their lost places. And the plot succeeded, although right up to the very day the Union was carried Lord Castlereagh was fearful as to whether his myrmidons, having got their money, would desert his banner and refuse to vote for the Union. Although, Lord Castlereagh dispersed three millions of bribes of one sort or another.

KING GEORGE III. ANGRY

No sooner had the Union been passed than Lord Cornwallis sent home a list of the names of sixteen of the turncoats to whom he had definitely promised Peerages at the price of their treachery. Robert Cunningham, who was to be created "Baron Rossmore," was the

luckiest of the lot, for, in addition to his title, he was to receive a special remainder in favour of the descendants of his wife's sisters a remainder which probably has never had a parallel in the annals of the Peerage, as it sent the title eventually to a person who had not a drop of the blood of the grantee in his veins. This is how the Westons came into the Rossmore Barony.

King George cursed and swore when he saw Lord Castlereagh's list. But the latter protested that he had had dirty work to do, and that was the only way to do it. So the patents had to be signed, and the only one His Majesty signed willingly was T. Marquisette for the Earl of Clarinard. Although no less than twenty-two new patents of Peerage had to be made out for the scoundrels who sold Ireland. Besides these, five Irish Peers received English titles and seats in the House of Lords; while twenty other Peers received higher ranks and titles from the North. Patents were all dated July 16th, 1800, two days before the Union Bill received the Royal assent.

FATHER FINN'S CHOIR

ITS GLORIOUS TRIUMPH IN EUROPE

From a Paper read before the Catholic Woman's League

The week of May 26, 1912, was the very heart of a gay springtime in Paris. The streets were thronged with people, and bright with the picture-gay touches of color furnished by the costumes of the old world. The days were filled with the spirit of holiday and holiday crowds, with gayety and fetes and concerts with out end. Literally hundreds of bands, orchestras, choirs and other musical organizations of every description, were gathered in Paris to compete in the grand International Music Festival of 1912. There were societies from England, from Germany, from France, from Spain, from Italy from the North and South countries. In fact, all of Europe practically was there! But, in the huge concourse of voices, only one was lifted up to defend the musical honor and reputation of North America. It was the brave, but mere handful of fifty from Chicago—our Paulist Chorists.

On Sunday morning, May 28, our chorists sang the High Mass celebrated by the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, at that glorious Gothic temple, Notre Dame! And this, after a night spent in crossing that horrible English Channel packed into small, ill ventilated quarters, like peaches in a basket. I need not dwell upon the well known reputation of the English Channel.

On Monday, the 27th of May, the president of France, Monsieur Fallieres, reviewed the assembled musicians. The line of march lay along those famed boulevards of Paris and the roadsides were banked solidly by throngs of Parisians who greeted the parade with thunderous applause. It was a magnificent and inspiring spectacle. Forty-five thousand musicians passed in that review. And, at the head of all that army of "Pan," walked the valiant fifty from Chicago, while over their heads the white and blue and crimson of our glorious Stars and Stripes!

Shortly before 5 o'clock in the afternoon of Tuesday, May 28, gowned in cassock and surplice, the Paulist chorists were nervously waiting in the wings of the stage of the Chatelet Theater. On the stage itself, the contest of the Highest Division was being held—the Division of Honor. In this division only choirs that had won distinction in their own country could compete, and only invitation from the authorities directing the Festival.

The singing was magnificent? A splendid English choir was on ahead of the Paulist Chorists. It was the combined choirs of Leeds and Sheffield numbering three hundred voices. Their volume of tone, precision of attack and refinement of interpretation made them an opponent to be feared. They sang their very best and left the stage amidst prolonged applause. Then, our own choir, from far away Chicago, filed slowly on. In their hearts of hearts, those fifty men and boys were just a bit dismayed at the task that confronted them. They were to match their mere fifty against that great Leeds three hundred! But when Father Finn mounted the conductor's stand all fear vanished. They had faith in him, and were eager to prove their loyalty by gaining the prize they had crossed the sea to win.

It was a dramatic and a crucial moment—everything depended upon success. In half an hour they would either be the first choir in the world or else a failure! The splendid training that their director's genius had given them was manifest in the very first number. The singing was all "a capella"—without accompaniment—the hardest test a choir can meet. The beautiful strains of "Ave Maria" came floating out as if it were but one voice singing. At the end of their third and final selection, almost before the last vibrant pulsation had died away, the house burst into a storm of applause. It rolled up on the stage like waves breaking upon the beach. It was an ovation that only the victor is given—it was the acknowledgment that the prize was won!

That night we were all at dinner at the hotel when Father Finn walked into the dining room and told us the glorious news. The boys burst forth into a wild "huzzah" that actually sent the exhibitive French waiters scurrying into the kitchen in panic of fear. It seemed almost too good to be true! I shall leave to your own imagination to picture the happiness and wildly enthusiastic joy of that evening!

The next morning the choir and its director were showered with honors at the Hotel De Ville in Paris. They were even admitted over the stairways that

none but royalty may mount. They were banqueted and feted and the Diploma of Honor was formally presented in the chamber of the city council. Father Finn was decorated with the Palm of the French Academy. It is a literal fact that the Chorists were the first of Paris that morning.

The next day we set out for Rome! Pauses in the journey were made at Turin and at Genoa; and the morning of the first of June found us in the Holy City. On the following day, Sunday, June 2, we greeted the first Americans we had seen since leaving home. They were the students in the American College. They tendered us a splendid reception, and the Chorists gave them a concert in return.

On Tuesday, the fourth of June, we were admitted to a private audience with His Holiness, Pope Pius X.

The audience was held in the consistorial chamber, where the Supreme Council of the Church meets in conclave. His Holiness was delighted to greet this Catholic choir which had gained such high distinction. He asked them to sing for him. The program consisted almost wholly of the simple but effective Gregorian music, so dear to His Holiness, and which he legislated for in the Motu Proprio. He was enraptured with their singing. At the end he delivered a short address from the Papal Throne, in which he conferred on Father Finn the honor extraordinary of appointment as the head of the Catholic Church music in America. Then he insisted, as you all know, on being photographed, standing in the midst of the boys, and under the folds of the Stars and Stripes.

And, after the audience was done, he turned to the choir master of the famous Sistine Chapel, and said, with a merry twinkle in his kindly eyes: "Your boys do not sing like these little Americans! Why is that?" History does not record that the choir master made reply.

AN ILL-EQUIPPED CHAMPION

Written by Rev. Ambrose Coleman, O. P., The Priory, St. Ignace, Ireland, for the London, Ont., Catholic Record

To refute arguments and combat misrepresentations that have been shattered again and again, and are for the hundredth time brought forward in a feeble form than usual, is a sorry task. All along one is pursued by the idea of the hopelessness of bringing the truth to minds blinded by prejudice and unholy passion. Some weeks ago a Mr. Tebbis, of Hespeler, Ontario, wrote a rambling letter to the Globe of Toronto, about the well-worn topics of Protestant Ascendancy in Ireland and the persecution of his co-religionists in that country. It may seem late in the day to take him up, but there are thousands of his kind in Canada who keep on repeating the same tunes in more or less strident tones, an answer for one is an answer for all. Mr. Tebbis, evidently an Orangeman of the usual self-confident and inflated type, suffers the disadvantage of being out of touch with Ireland, though he may not be aware of it himself. His arsenal for forging his arguments is badly equipped. If he had applied to me I could have supplied him with most eminent and right reverend authorities to prove that the Protestants of Ireland in the south and west are not "outlawed and boycotted." I could have sent him quotations from Unionist leaders, and, what would have pleased him most as a good Protestant, quotations from addresses delivered by right reverend Irish Protestant bishops in solemn *syndes* to the same effect. Failing these, the only authority he brings forward for his venomous generalities is that of an unnamed friend of his who motored all through Ireland last summer. This observant tourist found that the Protestants did not get a "fair deal." There were "no openings for the Protestant youth." They were "outlawed and boycotted, their cattle driven off their pastures." In one county where they were only 15 per cent of the population, they paid 75 per cent of the taxes. Such was the startling information supplied by Mr. Tebbis.

Taking it as true, which it is not, is it not curious that after all the loud agitation which has been going on for thirty years, and after all the persecution, boycotting, outrages and villainy, which is alleged to have accompanied it, the position of the Protestants in this mythical county should be still so good that though forming only 15 per cent of the population they should still have three fourths of the wealth in their hands, for we are all aware that taxes are levied in proportion to wealth? Now in answer to Mr. Tebbis and his friend and the right reverend bishops who have woefully abused their sacred calling by publicly calumniating the people amongst whom they live, it is sufficient to call attention to the challenge made by Sir John Simon, the Attorney General for England some time ago. He asked that a single Protestant victim of Catholic intolerance should be brought forward as proof, yet up to the present nobody has dared to reply to the challenge. The whole truth of the present situation in Ireland, which Mr. Tebbis professes to be so anxious to see brought forward, is that persecution and boycotting and refusal of fair play on account of religion are rife in Ireland, but the exhibition of them is confined to North East Ulster. It is the Catholics and Orangemen the persecutors. In certain districts of Belfast a veritable reign of terror has existed for several months. The savagery displayed in the shipyards

when thousands of Catholics and some hundreds of Liberal Protestants were driven from their work in terror of their lives has no parallel in any civilized country. And worst of all, these crimes of violence have gone unpunished. Some men were tried for them in Belfast, Judge Craig refusing to allow a charge of venue and the result was that they were found "not guilty." The savagery displayed by these supporters of religious liberty has the tacit approval of all the higher classes of Unionists but even of the Protestant bishops. None have thought it their duty to denounce it. And all the while a malignant campaign of slander against the West and South has been pursued by these very bishops and other leading men, the pretext for which have been the isolated cases of partial boycotting and cattle driving which have taken place, every one of which was diligently taken up by the Unionists and exposed to public view with gross exaggerations. These are all cases of the usual agrarian type. The operations have been directed against holders of large tracts of land for grazing purposes which the people around were impatient to see sold and divided with farms, as has been done over a great part of the country. It is not a question of religion, Catholic graziers having suffered as well as Protestant. Taking the south and west as a whole it is crimeless, and the boycotting arising from the cause I have mentioned is as nothing compared to the intimidation practised on conscientious Presbyterian ministers and many other Protestants in the North by the Unionists with regard to the signing of the Iniquitous Covenant, and so when he has the temerity to let alone the savagery and intimidation of the poor Catholics of Belfast. By shutting their eyes to the stupendous crimes of the North East and making wholesale misrepresentations of the South and West, the Tory party in Ireland, including the right reverend bishops, have shown little regard for truth and justice in their frantic and futile endeavors to state of Home Rule. Mr. Tebbis, as a quiet natural, is an ardent defender of Protestant ascendancy. He lets his ardor, however, carry him too far, when he makes the bold assertion that to Protestants owing to their merits and superior intellectual attainments and not because of their political colour. That argument might have passed muster a generation ago, but it would be laughed out of court now in Ireland owing to the fact that Catholics have for a long time proved themselves the intellectual equals of Protestants in the intermediate and university examinations. Intellectual proficiency counts for nothing in a country where jobbery has always been the rule. George Birmingham, an Irish Protestant clergyman and a well-known writer, does not show a very high appreciation of the Irish official in his "Lighter side of Irish Life." He says:

"For the higher official positions no qualifications are required. We insist that a laudable shall pass an examination in washing collars before we turn her loose with £80 a year to teach other people to wash collars. We do not ask a Local Government Board Inspector to approve anyone that he can inspect anything. We give him his £500 to £700 a year if we feel reasonably sure that he is not actually blind."

As regards the County Councils, we are all aware that a democratic franchise tends to the election of men who cannot boast of much in the way of education. But the same cause operates in other countries besides Ireland. It does not operate in Ireland by excluding Protestants because they are Protestants in favour of men who are elected because they are Catholics, though, according to Mr. Tebbis "they can only sign their names with the greatest of difficulty." As regards this difficulty of the signing of the name, Mr. Tebbis gives us no proof. Now I can quote from a man who was on the spot, a canon, Scotchman, too, who, like Mr. Tebbis' nameless friend, was going about for information, that a member was returned to Parliament, because he was an Irishman, who could not sign his name at all. A certain councillor Young, writing to the Aberdeen Courier an account of his experiences in Ireland, says:

"From Newry the day went to Dundalk which used to be represented by Mr. Tim Healey. It was pointed out to me that because Healey refused to fall into line with the policy of the Nationalists, the Irishmen's Society put up another candidate in opposition to him and ousted him, and it was found that this man could not even sign his own name."

Now this important fact which proves the illiteracy of the Irish quibbler escaped the notice of Mr. Tebbis. I said at the beginning that his arsenal was badly equipped. Unfortunately, however, the fact is not true; Mr. Richard Hasleton, M. P., the candidate returned at that election being one of the most cultured men of the Irish Party, having passed a brilliant intermediate course at Blackrock College, where he carried off many distinctions. But true or not true, it was a real miss for Mr. Tebbis. Would it not have been a splendid thing for him to have been able to quote Councillor Young from Bonnie Scotland instead of his nameless motoring friend?

Finally, I must take Mr. Tebbis to task for his circulation of the untruth told by an unnamed Protestant schoolmaster to his unnamed motoring friend and then passed on to him. It was that since the creation of the County Councils there were no openings for Protestant youth in Ireland. Thank God, the County Councils have been able to redress the balance to a certain extent. For the first time in history there are plenty of openings for the Catholics who form the vast majority of the country. Protestant cannot expect to be always on top everywhere as they were before. But there are plenty of Protestant preserves

in Ireland still. The insurance offices, the banks and the higher offices in the railways are packed with Protestants, not to speak of all of the Government offices. They hold an undue amount of the business of the country in their hands and not always by fair and honest means. Their traders are to be found in every Catholic town of the South and West almost entirely supported by Catholic custom. And I have personally known traders, who, though living on Catholic custom for a great number of years, never allowed a Catholic assistant to stand behind their counters. As long as this scandalous state of things exists there will be always plenty of openings for Protestant youths in Ireland.

It may seem strange that I should notice Mr. Tebbis' more or less incoherent letter at such length. I do so because he acts as the mouthpiece of many thousands of prejudiced Canadian Protestants under Orange influences who cherish a deeply-rooted contempt and dislike of Irish Catholics. The Orangeman is the same ignorant and truculent bigot wherever he is to be found. He carries his hatred of Catholics with him to Australia as well as to Canada. And so when he has the temerity to spread the ugliness of his own over paper he ought to be well shown up. At the present time, while the fate of Ireland lies in the balance and her enemies are pouring out their vials of wrath against her to blast her hopes of obtaining Home Rule no misstatement should be allowed to pass unchallenged. Every untruth should be pilloried, every misrepresentation exposed, every calumny refuted. And this should be the course taken even with such insignificant slanderers as Mr. Tebbis.

"THE HUNGRY SHEEP"

"The Protestant clergy of to day are sadly weakened by a spirit of compromise. They are afraid to preach Christianity partly because they do not believe in it and partly because they are afraid of the 'non-draw.' This is the charge that Professor Phelps of Yale makes in the November Century against the ministers of his Church. Then by way of illustration he cites the case of one clergyman who no longer considers the Bible God's word, of another who does not believe in a future life, and of a third who rejects the divinity of Christ. Does the Professor wish these men to be taken as types of a large class? It is not clear. Certainly the 'advanced' theology in many of the books that prominent ministers are writing to-day would indicate that the Protestant clergy hold but few of the tenets dear to their grandfathers and grandmothers.

The second class of ministers that the writer describes is one with which the public has long been familiar. It is composed of those who unsuccessfully attempt to beguile men into the church by announcing secular themes, by the discussions of timely political or literary topics, or "who substitute lectures on socialism for the preaching of the Gospel." The subjects selected for their sermons by many city preachers, it must be owned, do smack of morning paper headlines; and we often marvel at the prolixity that the rectors of even the most fashionable churches evince to become purveyors of "Christian Socialism," so called, while we have observed that radical Socialism were once ministers. The readiness, too, with which Protestant clergymen, and they the most "orthodox," "leave the word of God and serve tables" by taking up with zeal passing fads like eugenics and neglecting the Gospel of Christ cannot but make the judicious grieve.

But has Professor Phelps no correctives to suggest for these regrettable tendencies? Yes, an admirable one. "The tremendous strength of the Catholic Church," he writes, "lies in its fidelity to principle, its religious vitality, and in its hatred of compromise. It should be an object lesson to all Protestant ministers." They will learn from her, he implies, "that the chief duty of a preacher is to hold forth Christianity, and not to discourse on sanitation, political economy, or literature."

We devoutly wish this excellent advice may be followed. No thoughtful Catholic can view without concern the ever diminishing numbers of those who attend Protestant services. The main cause of this, in Professor Phelps' opinion, is the neglect of the ministers to preach what the people are eager to hear—the Gospel of Christ. That is one reason, no doubt, why pewes are empty, but not the only one. For a minister who firmly believes the truths taught in the Bible and preaches them zealously in season and out, though he cannot, of course, speak with the authority of the Catholic priest, can preach at least with the eloquence born of conviction. But if he neglects the Gospel for "topics of the day," the hungry sheep will grow tired of departing Sunday after Sunday unfed, and ceasing to come to church at all, will eventually be found in the ranks of those either indifferent or hostile to religion, who are already far too numerous for our country's good.—America.

My God, how sad a thing it is, whether it goes or comes; and how right was that saint who said: "Let us throw our hearts into eternity."

Canon Troop said, as reported by the Star, that "Mohammedanism and the Roman hierarchy were the two greatest enemies which Christianity had to encounter." If that be so, how is it that the founder of Canon Troop's church, Henry VIII, did not reject the practices of both. Henry VIII, was genuine Turkish both in his filthy way of living and in his manner of dealing with those who crossed him.—Oaklet.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Lady Ellen Lambert, convert daughter of the late Earl of Cavan, is devoting her spare time to the teaching of wood carving to English Catholic boys.

Recently a new school for 1600 children, constructed by the Holy Father under the shadow of the Vatican, was solemnly opened.

A fourth century chapel, with a baptistry which is attributed to Pope St. Marcellus, has been discovered on the site of the former Pope's house. It is in a well preserved condition, and is of the utmost historical and archaeological interest.

The American Citizens (A. P. A.) is giving us half-page anti-Catholic caricatures made years ago by the bigoted Tom Nast. It is interesting to know that Nast's son, Conde Nast, of New York, and his nephew, Charles A. Nast, of Denver, are to-day Catholics.

German papers report the remarkable crusade for total abstinence waged by a Franciscan priest, Father Egidius. Within a few months he has brought thousands into the ranks of the League of the Cross. More than 10,000 men in Silesia have pledged themselves to total abstinence.

It is gratifying to know that the Catholic Church is meeting with such success in her missionary work in Finland that the Catholics have petitioned for the erection of a Vicariate Apostolic. At the present time there are over 2,000 Catholics in Finland and every year the number is increased through conversions.

It was at the beginning of 1889 that the first Redemptorist Fathers went to Congo. To-day they have charge of several missions, the number 16,000 neophytes or catechumens. During the last thirteen years, sixty-four members of their congregation came to Equatorial Africa, fourteen of whom have already died, the victims of their apostolic zeal.

On the evening of a national Presbyterian election William Jennings Bryan, Jr., on Nov. 4, is celebrating a victory that his distinguished father failed to win, for the son of the Nebraskan is now president, although it be only of the freshman law class of Georgetown, the oldest Catholic University in the country.

Among the most prosperous countries of the world is the kingdom of Belgium. Except about 32,000 Protestants, 4,000 Jews and several thousand churchless persons, its population of about 7,200,000 is Catholic. There is but one ecclesiastical province in Belgium, namely the Archdiocese of Mechlin, with five suffragan sees, Barges, Ghent, Liege, Namur and Tournai.

Father John Rodman, S. J., who has recently been preaching in Birmingham, England, was, like his father, a Methodist until early manhood. He was born in Howarth, in Yorkshire, the home of the Brontes, and after joining the Church he went several miles across the moors every Sunday to practice his religious duties. Two brothers and two sisters likewise became Catholics.

Abbot Gasquet has returned to the Benedictine House of St. Anselm, on the Aventine Hill, to start his winter's work on the revision of the Vulgate. When he presented to Pius X. the accounts for this year he was able to inform the Pope that, thanks to contributions from French, and still more from American sympathizers, all expenses have been paid so far, and that he was not obliged to ask His Holiness for any monetary assistance.

The Abbe Gasquet, plans, if possible and with consent of the Holy Father, to lecture in America next year on his great work of the translation of the Vulgate. The lectures will be illustrated with disavowing views, showing the intense interest of the work and the many wonderful adventures which have occurred in searching for illuminated manuscripts of the past, often discovered in the strangest ways and places.

Completed plans have been announced by the building committee of the Spoken Knights of Columbus for the new \$300,000 building which the order will build in the near future on the southeast corner of Seventh Avenue and Washington Street. Julius Zittel has drawn the plans, which call for a building to cost \$60,000. The site, already secured, cost \$21,000 and the balance of the \$100,000 will be devoted to furnishings.

It is stated in a St. Petersburg newspaper that large numbers of Roumanians are about to leave the Russian Orthodox church, and to embrace Catholicism. This, it is said, is partly on account of a recent law issued by the Orthodox Roumanian Bishop excluding the Bulgarian tongue from the liturgy. The people have written to the king and also the Catholic Archbishop announcing their intention, and asking for a Catholic Bishop to be appointed for their district. A few years ago there seemed a likelihood that practically the whole country would become Catholic, but the movement was stopped by Russian intrigue.

Rev. Cyprian Marchant, O. P., a convert from the Episcopal church, has been ordained by Bishop Foley, of Detroit. Father Marchant was formerly studying for the Episcopal ministry at Bexley Hall, Kenyon College, when he chanced to attend Lenten services in the church in Glenville, O. He was so impressed by them that he sought to know more about the ceremonies and then about the doctrines of the Church. His conversion followed. He, at first, met with strong objection from the members of his own family; but soon had the happiness of seeing his parents and his brothers and sisters all converted. One of his brothers also has entered the Dominican Order and was deacon at Father Marchant's first Mass.