

The Catholic Record

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION

Mr. Thomas Coffey: Apologetic Disquisition. My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit. It is a valuable addition to the press of this country. The editor, Mr. James T. Foley, is a man of high character and authority of the Church, at the same time promoting the interests of the country. Following these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and will do more and more as its wholesome influence reaches more Catholic homes. I therefore, earnestly recommend it to Catholic families. With my kindest regards to you and your family, I remain, Sir, your obedient servant. Yours sincerely in Christ, DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus, Apostolic Delegate, UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, OTTAWA, CANADA, March 7th, 1909.

Mr. Thomas Coffey: Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your admirable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published. The matter and form are both good, and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful. Blessings upon you and wishing you success, believe me to remain, Sir, your obedient servant. Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, D. FALCONE, Arch. of Lucca, Apoc. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1913

OUR IMMIGRANTS

During the first five months of the present fiscal year, from April to August inclusive, 282,757 immigrants have poured into Canada. This is an increase of 40,248 over the corresponding period of last year. There has been a marked decrease in the number of Americans coming to Canada. To those, however, who advocate so strenuously Northern Europe as the source from which we should seek to draw the bulk of our immigrants the recent returns must be disappointing. The increase from the Slav and Latin countries is nearly one hundred per cent. The prejudice—prejudice it was and unworthy as it was baseless—against immigration from Southern Europe is dying out. Many will remember the violent and virulent abuse of the Ruthenians, Galicians as they were then called, on their first coming to Canada. Now it is generally recognized that this industrious, thrifty and virtuous people bring with them characteristic qualities of inestimable value to the upbuilding of our new Canadian nationality. Our Latin immigration is drawn chiefly from Italy. In an article in the leading columns of the Mail and Empire a writer gives an interesting study of conditions amongst the 20,000 Italians of Toronto.

He describes them as a frugal, thrifty and sober people and goes on thus:

"The Italians have several mutual societies here. They also have a weekly newspaper, and propose shortly to publish a daily one. The younger generation is profiting very greatly by the public school education, and it is stated by those who instruct them that the Italian children, even when drawn from the homes of the poorest and most ignorant of parents, exhibit an intelligence and an ability to learn that puts them on a level with the children of parents who have had the benefits of education for some generations. The generation that is now growing up will consequently be greatly in advance of its forbears in intellectual attainment, and will be more likely to prove a valuable addition to the population of the city."

Those who know the Italians in their native land are struck with the intensity of those sentiments and virtues that make for the stability of home life amongst them. How desirable these qualities are, and how in this respect the Italians stand out in vivid contrast to some northern immigrants, is thus indicated in the Mail and Empire article:

"There are very few cases of wife desertion amongst the Italians, and those men who do not bring their wives out with them remit a portion of their earnings regularly to Italy. This is a habit which is described by some people as detrimental to Canada, but others who have studied the question in all its bearings take an opposite view of the matter. They maintain that the man who says his earnings and supports his wife out of the country is a better and more useful citizen than the man who leaves his wife behind to shift for herself as best she can, and squanders his money on pleasure, or perhaps contracts a bigamous alliance, as has been too frequently the case amongst immigrants from the British Isles. The first case the loss to Canada is minute, and her eventual gain is large, while in the second her gain is infinitesimal and her eventual loss is great for the one man will undoubtedly, if circumstances permit, bring

his family into Canada and bring up his children as responsible citizens, and the other neither makes a useful citizen himself, nor can he bring up children to become so; in all likelihood he will bring disrepute upon himself and trouble and disrepute upon the country."

There is no divorce in Italy. This fact is abundant evidence that the domestic virtues that are the basis of the Christian family are possessed in a high degree by Italians. The importance of these virtues we on this continent are forced to realize.

Finally, the Italians are eager to acquire the English language, quickly get into harmony with their environment, and in the process of assimilation contribute much that is valuable to the Canadian population of which they promise to become an important element.

HYGIENE

Speaking at the Sanitary Services Convention in Montreal Dr. Laberge is thus reported in the Star:

"That the sins of the fathers are visited on the children was emphasized by the speaker, who declared most emphatically that to effect the necessary hygienic reforms the state must take hold of the youngsters as soon as they come under government care in the schools. Prejudices of all sorts must be done away with and the importance of thorough, frank discussions admitted. Medical inspectors should be appointed not only for the schools in Montreal, but also for the smaller ones throughout the province, and these inspectors should be competent to collaborate with the teachers in the hygienic instruction."

We do not question that the importance of hygiene is great, though we cannot agree with those who would make it supreme. They seem to say to us, be solicitous above all things for your life what you shall eat; and for your body what you shall put on.

"The State must take hold of the youngsters as soon as they come under government care in the schools."

The Doctor may have meant nothing objectionable but he has fallen into the language of state-worship. Hygiene has its place in the schools—practical hygiene, which insists on cleanliness and imparts such knowledge as is suitable to the minds of children. But it may easily become another fad imposed on teachers by those who would metamorphose the world through the schools.

"Prejudices of all sorts must be done away with and the importance of thorough frank discussion admitted."

When we remember that many consider religious convictions mere prejudices, and that there are hygienists who advocate "frank discussion" of things that should not be so much as named in the classroom, we confess we find Doctor Laberge's sweeping generalizations somewhat disturbing.

Before the school comes the home; school life and home life go on together and should be mutually helpful; the school should aid and implement the home. The suggestion that school children belong to the state, even in matters covered by the elastic term hygiene, is not one that can be safely admitted. Moreover, what real hygienic advance can be reasonably looked for through the schools unless the necessary means are taken to have the homes cooperate with them?

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

"This journal has faith in humanity sufficient to believe that there is an attitude to be adopted which will make the crime of murder stand out as many times more repulsive and to be avoided than it will ever be through the law degrading itself, as it of necessity does when it places a rope about the neck of a man or woman and swings them off into eternity with a prayer to the Almighty that He will show the mercy that man-made laws refuse to vouchsafe."—London Free Press.

The Free Press from time to time has some such arguments or protests against capital punishment. The question is one that has been debated in every civilized country, but the right of the State to inflict the death penalty is unquestionable. And this right is not based on the assumption that the death penalty is the only adequate punishment for the crime of murder, but on the duty of organized society to protect the lives of its members. This protection is secured so far as it is possible by the deterrent effect of capital punishment for murder. All legal penalties have a deterrent effect. It is not alone the few who suffer for violation of the law, but by the very much larger number who refrain from breaking the laws through fear of the consequences that we must measure the utility

of our courts and of our whole legal machinery for the enforcement of law and the preservation of order. The sneer at the Judge's prayer for mercy and the "man-made laws" is hardly decent argument. "And may the Lord have mercy on your soul" is the prayer of the Judge whose sentence deprives the criminal of earthly life. The Almighty is in no sense asked to show the mercy that man-made laws refuse to vouchsafe.

Nor is the efficacy of capital punishment as a deterrent to murder to be judged by comparison of states where the death penalty has been abolished with those where it remains on the statute books. Not to speak of other obvious considerations that should be taken into account, there are many states where the law, while remaining on the statute books, is often practically a dead letter. The deterrent effect of capital punishment can scarcely be looked for where murderers usually escape the death penalty.

The Free Press overlooks in its frequent discussions of this matter the fact that in all legal punishments there enters the right of society to defend itself, not only against the actual criminals whom it punishes, but also against the possible criminals whom it deters from actual crime.

Why, then, asks the Free Press, relax the brutality of the law against the thief since to do so must mean an inevitable increase in the number of thieves until society is overrun with them.

When capital punishment was inflicted for theft it defeated its own object, by destroying the sense of distinction in crime which is the basis and bulwark of all morality. Modern humane treatment of prisoners with a view to their reformation still leaves the punishment its full deterrent effect on the average man who values his liberty. While retaining the death penalty for murder serves to impress the whole population with the heinousness of the crime that is so punished.

The death penalty is now practically confined to the crime of murder. Those whose sensibilities are wounded at the taking of life will see this form of punishment disappear when the misguided objects of their misplaced sympathy set the example.

SCIENTIFIC BLUFF

Our readers will remember Sir Edward Shafer's confident prediction last year before the British Association that Life would be produced artificially. Prof. McCallum's resounding echo of that prediction and belief, and his scornful pity for theologians who did not bring their theology into conformity with science, will also be remembered. This year the same British Association repudiated Shafer's assumption in no uncertain terms. Noting this repudiation, which judging even by the press despatches was pretty emphatic, we stated that the noisy materialists who presumed to speak in the name of science took a great deal on themselves, as the majority of real scientists were Christian believers.

It is gratifying to be able to reproduce from an authoritative source a striking confirmation of that statement. Professor Armstrong, speaking as a chemist, said he could not accept Sir E. Shafer's contention that it was possible or probable that we should ever arrive at the production of life. But Professor Hartog added the final word.

"He fearlessly declared that there was a tremendous amount of what might be called scientific 'bluff' in the assertion that there was a consensus of opinion among biologists that life was only a form of chemical and physical actions which could be produced in the laboratory. The greatest men among biologists had, he thought, held aloof from that dogmatism. To the laity they might give the message that the masters were divided, and that the preponderance of weight among scientific men was against the excessively optimistic assertions with which Sir Edward Shafer favoured the Association last year."

The important thing in this declaration is not that Prof. Hartog disagrees with Prof. Shafer; but that he bears testimony to the fact that after a year's consideration of Prof. Shafer's "excessively optimistic assertions" the "preponderance of weight among scientific men" was against them. And further, that the man in the street who got his scientific information from the noisy materialists and sensational newspaper headlines, was being lugged by a "tremendous amount of scientific bluff."

We shall still be regaled with "demonstrated scientific certainties" which conflict with religion, and "the man in the street" will quote "the man of science," never having heard the authoritative and undisputed assertion of Professor Hartog: "The greatest men among biologists held aloof from that dogmatism."

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THE ORANGE TREE

Reading the flaring headlines and the hysterical despatches relating to the Ulster situation the average Canadian must be somewhat nonplussed when he comes across an obscure paragraph, with no sensational headline, telling of the cool indifference if not apathy of the English people in face of the Ulster peril.

Windermere, who contributes to some of our papers the very froth of Ulsteria, had, the other day, a despatch by special cable, as amusing as it was enlightening. We reproduce it just as it appeared in the News and Montreal Star:

London, Sept. 25.—The deadly earnestness of Ulstermen's preparations are penetrating the customary English indifference. Even ardent Radicals who follow Mr. Lloyd George in still crying "No compromise," see the futility of continuing to apply the term bluff to so fully an organized resistance to the King's Government under Home Rule.

Rebellious Ulster, rife in hand, plentifully supplied with funds, cannot be ignored and must be dealt with somehow. The special Belfast correspondent of the ministerialist Daily News says:

"Don't laugh at the grotesqueness of these Ulster developments; nobody is laughing here. We are not witnessing any new phenomenon, but merely the present crop of an old deeply-rooted orange tree, which has often borne a similar crop, as far back as the thirteenth century. 'Government inquiry has found the British army ravaged by the Orange organization. There is strong reason to suspect there is a plot to put the Duke of Cumberland, head of the Orange Order, on the throne.'"

Failure to impress the British people with the seriousness of the Ulster situation is a sore point with the Ulster sympathizers. So they are forced to speak plainly; "fully organized resistance to the King's Government" is plain enough. Then follows the clinching proof that they are at last impressing the people of Great Britain; even the special Belfast correspondent of the ministerialist Daily News is impressed. And the ipsissima verba of the News correspondent are cited in proof that Ulster is at last being taken seriously.

"Don't laugh at the grotesqueness of these Ulster developments," writes the correspondent of the Daily News. Ha! says Windermere, that's good stuff for my cable letter; if they stop laughing at us we are making great progress.

"Present crop of an old deeply-rooted orange tree."

Good again!

"Which has often borne a similar crop."

Here Windermere seems to have had a fit of Ulsteria and becomes incoherent. Evidently the correspondent whom he is quoting then spoke of the "thirties of the last century," and quoted from authorities of the time some passages relating to the Orange Plot to set aside the Princess Alexandrina Victoria, afterwards Queen Victoria, and put her Uncle, the Duke of Cumberland and head of the Orange Order, on the throne. This was a last century crop of the Orange tree similar to the one it is now bearing in Ulster.

Whether Windermere got off his special cable to the News and Star under the impression that this was a new and startling development of the present situation, or whether he thought his Canadian readers who had given evidence of such undiscriminating appetite, would relish hearing that "Rebellious Ulster" had a second line of treasonable defence, we can only guess. But the fact remains that by special cable the readers of the Star and News were informed that a Belfast correspondent of a ministerialist paper is so impressed with the gravity of the Ulster peril that he admits "there is strong reason to suspect that there is a plot to put the Duke of Cumberland, head of the Orange Order, on the throne."

The Cumberland Plot is a matter of history. The disloyal and disreputable Duke of Cumberland, confronted by the alternative of being placed in the dock on a charge of high treason, abruptly dissolved the English lodges, and not long afterwards left the country to play the tyrant in little Hanover.

mously agreed to by the House of Commons:

"That a humble address be presented to His Majesty, praying that His Majesty would be graciously pleased to take such measures as to His Majesty seemed advisable, for the effectual discouragement of Orange lodges, and generally, of all political societies excluding persons of different faiths, using signs and symbols, and acting by associated branches."

The Edinburgh Review of January 1836 has an article that might have been written of the orange tree and its crop of the present day:

"It may be objected that many of its proceedings are so silly that they can scarcely be dangerous. But this is a mistake. The Orangemen, and more especially the Irish Orangemen, have had a firm and fierce faith in the truth and righteousness and utility of their pernicious institution. Founded on principles of exclusiveness and insolence, they have believed themselves to be meek and charitable; existing as a privileged minority amongst a conquered and oppressed population, they have considered themselves the injured and offended; combining against, or acting beyond, the law, they have thought themselves the most loyal of subjects; and rebating bigotry, they have been at best but the bigoted persecutors of imputed bigotry. There are many too who have entered and used the association as a stepping stone to power and connection, or who have seen in it an engine well fitted for securing that ascendancy in Church and State which has been a fruitful source of ascendancy in patronage and pelf to them and their party."

Language quite similar to that used by the correspondent so eagerly quoted by Windermere. But the correspondent aforesaid may be doing a service to his readers in calling attention to the sort of fruit that the Orange tree has produced in the past and always will produce, for an evil tree cannot bring forth good fruit.

EUGENE O'KEEFE

Our readers throughout the province, and indeed in many places beyond, will regret to hear that Mr. Eugene O'Keefe, of Toronto, died on the 1st of October, in his eighty-sixth year. From early manhood he had been one of the noted figures in the business world of Toronto and had amassed much wealth. Sterling honesty and high-mindedness were his characteristics in all his undertakings, and in commercial circles in the Queen City the name of Eugene O'Keefe held highest place and stood for all that was admirable in citizenship. Naturally we as Catholics turn to the religious side of his character. During all his years he was a Catholic worker in the name—a warm-hearted Irishman who cherished the faith of his fathers with a sincerity, a devotedness, an intensity of love which made his name and person a charm in Catholic circles. Nor was his regard for the Church an empty theory. The bulk of his great wealth from year to year was handed out in aid of Church work with a willingness and a warm-heartedness which rendered added value to the gifts. He laid down his burden shortly after the completion of St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto. It was the child of his creation. To have it rise in all its majesty before the Angel of Death came to him was his dearest wish; and his wish was granted. Nearly \$500,000 it cost him, but his great Irish heart recked not the cost as it was for the glory of God and His Church. Surely we may hope that his faith and good works will now stand him in good stead and that he is in the enjoyment of eternal bliss. Peace to the soul of the noble Eugene O'Keefe!

NOT TALK BUT WORK

In these columns we have said more than once that we have no sympathy with those who are given to talking about grievances on account of their religion. We are of the opinion that the average citizen believes that discrimination in civil and political matters on the lines of religion or of race is wrong and un-Canadian. We are of the opinion, and in so doing we are not unduly optimistic, that the Canadian is a lover of the square deal and that the Catholic able to win his spurs in the lists of life has his admiration and respect. Here and there some individuals with over heated imaginations narrate fairy tales about us, but the average man knows now that the Church is not the thing blind zealotry would make her. Hence when we get letters couched in a minor key about our grievances we consign them to the waste basket. The real man does not talk about his rights—he gets them. If we are content to drift along without

ambition, without paying the price which the world exacts for success, expecting miracles to help the unfit or the idle, we are living in a fool's paradise and must be satisfied with any comfort that day-dreams can give us.

It is not the man, a very clever politician has said, who sits by his fireside reading the evening paper and saying how bad are politics and politicians who will ever do anything to save us; it is the man who goes out into the rough, hurly-burly of the caucus and the political meeting and there faces his fellows on equal terms.

In a word, we must try to realize that the fine speeches in our halls may do little else than agitate the atmosphere. United action, when necessary, strong, determined and persistent conduct to show that we are not here on sufferance, will work wonders. When we grip the fact that work, patient and unceasing, is productive of results that connote character and benefits the community we are standing on solid ground. To make our own opportunities, to curtail our hours of amusement if necessary, to bring our principles into play, is to our mind the sole passport to influence.

CANON SHEEHAN

The news from Ireland that the gifted pastor of Doneraile is seriously ill will be sad reading to his hosts of admirers on this side of the water. The world of Irish letters can ill afford to lose its outstanding figure, and the fervent prayers of thousands who have never looked upon the green hills of Ireland will go out in entreaty that the days of his earthly pilgrimage may be lengthened.

Amongst the many who have written of Ireland and her people Canon Sheehan stands in a class apart. He is of their very own, "kindly Irish of the Irish," able to enter into their every feeling, sounding the uttermost depths of their hearts. Others saw but the husk; Canon Sheehan saw 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 on life was their outlook. 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 it 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 picked up "My New Curate" and we knew that we had stumbled upon the one man who was qualified to give expression to the Gaelic soul. Published anonymously in an American magazine, thousands read and were enraptured. The world and his wife clamored to know the author and Canon Sheehan had become famous. Since that happy morning, when at the urgent request of the American editor for "copy" he shook the dust of the long neglected manuscript of "My New Curate," he has given us "Luke Delmege," "The Triumph of Failure," "The Blindness of Dr. Gray," "Lisheen," "Glenanaar," "The Queen's Fillet," "Miriam Lucas," "Parerga," "Under the Cedars and Stars," and several other volumes. The world read and was delighted. A new star had arisen in the literary firmament, and Catholic Ireland was vindicated at last.

And now the word has gone forth that the gifted author is sick unto death, whilst the world of Catholic letters waits on his every breath. And not only the Catholic reading public but many non-Catholics will breathe a prayer for his speedy recovery. For as Moore's Melodies were sung in select drawing-rooms, where otherwise to mention 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. We remember one summer afternoon some years ago, up on the summit of

Howth Hill overlooking the beautiful Bay of Dublin, meeting a professor from the ultra-Protestant University of Trinity College reading "My New Curate." 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 living heart of Ireland. For this and our other many obligations to him we offer him the tribute of our prayers. COLUMBA

NOTES AND COMMENTS

AN INTERESTING volume has recently been published on "Media-Glasgow." The author is a Protestant clergyman, the Rev. James Primrose, Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland—and, as we infer from notices of the book in Scots exchanges, is an honest attempt to give the facts regarding pre-Reformation times. This, it is perhaps superfluous to add, is a virtue sufficiently rare among writers of his class to be noteworthy. We would like to feel that it marks a turning point in this regard. Be that as it may, it is a pleasure to welcome a volume from such a source which is so far divested of class or sectarian bias as to recognize in the greater churchmen of the Middle Ages some of the worthiest sons and sincerest patriots to which Scotland has given birth.

ANY BOOK dealing with the past history of Glasgow must of necessity largely centre in its cathedral, the only pre-Reformation edifice of the kind which the destructive mania of the "reformers" left to Scotland. Others there are, magnificent even in their ruins, and which proclaim more eloquently than any mere words could do, something of the glories of the past. But Glasgow cathedral, though one of the smallest, has beauties all its own, and being still, in at least its outward shell, intact, enables us in a measure to realize what St. Andrews, Elgin or Dunkeld must have been. In saying that Glasgow remains intact, we must except its western towers, which, much to the indignation and disgust of antiquaries, were removed as late as 1848, on the plea that they disfigured the building, although they are considered to have dated back to Bishop de Bondington, the founder of the cathedral in the thirteenth century. But for this, we are told, the church, as a building would be as complete now as it was before the Reformation. And it is to the credit of the city that the beautiful building is now well cared for, and is Glasgow's especial pride.

WHILE, THEN, Glasgow cathedral, viewed at least exteriorly, may rejoice the Catholic beholder who has an interest in its history and a relish for the past, its interior, under present auspices, cannot inspire quite the same feeling. The nave, it is true, is free and unencumbered, and presents a beautiful picture of pure Gothic architecture. The lovely undercroft, too, remains as it was, and is undecorated by heretical services. But the choir is used for Presbyterian worship, and fitted up with pews and a hideous reredos behind a communion table. This of itself is, to a Catholic, too great a blemish to pass unregarded, and he must needs exercise a degree of repression at the thought. In this, however, it is no wise differs from the great English cathedrals, and, like them, stands but a melancholy monument of a glorious past.

REVERTING to Mr. Primrose's book, which comes to us with the high commendation of Dom Jerome Urquhart, O. S. B., as, notwithstanding sundry blemishes incidental to a non-Catholic view-point, affording an interesting and reasonably accurate account of Glasgow's history, civil and religious, we may be permitted to particularize the note of obligation to Pope Nicholas V., and the pleasing sketches of the many famous prelates associated with that district of the country: Sains Ninian and Kentigern, the one the Apostle of Scotland, and the other Founder and Patron of Glasgow See; Bishop Jocelin, builder of the cathedral upon Bondington's foundation; Malvoison, Wardlaw, Cameron, Gavin Dunbar, and James Beaton, last Catholic Archbishop before the Reformation, and uncle of the great Cardinal—all of whom have a conspicuous part in the annals of the time. Also may be mentioned the rise and expansion of the University, which, like its sister, St. Andrews, owes its existence to the wisdom and forethought of the Roman Pontiffs. The great event of