CHRISTOPHER

By E. M. Dinnis in the Catholic World "It's a queer thing that influenza takes all a man's strength from him in a moment and leaves the most extraordin-ary after effects."

y after effects."

The speaker who offered this trite agnosis of the familiar malady, which ad depleted the party assembled on The speaker who obsered in three diagnosis of the familiar malady, which had depleted the party assembled on the veranda after dinner at the Grange, was a grave gentlemen with a slightly pompous manner. His remark, received respectfully enough by the company in general, provoked an enigmatic smile from Father Christopher Hulbert, whose large and gloriously muscular form filled one of the basket chairs.

"Have you ever had influenza?" the speaker inquired, rather sharply, of the Reverend Father, who had that appear-ance of rude health which constitutes

ance of rude health which constitutes an irritant to the nervous system of a certain type of onlooker.;
"I had it some years ago," the big man answered, "or they told me it was that. It certainly left the most peculiar after-effects."

"What were they?"

It was the local doctor who interpolated the question—a quiet, shrewd-faced young man, who narrowed his gaze on the other as he spoke. "Well," Father Hulbert said, "for one

thing, it found me a Protestant and left me a Papist." His eyes twinkled as he

me a Papist." His eyes twinkled as he said this, yet it was a clear, steady gaze that met the doctor's scrutiny.

"A long illness often gives a man time to think," the first speaker observed, in rather unctious tones.

"Mine wasn't a long illness," the Father retorted, in his blunt way. "It only lasted the normal forty-eight hours.—I'm not are that it was 'fin' at all. It was the only illness that I've ever had, anyway." d, anyway.

"Did it leave any other after-effects Physical ones, I mean," the doctor, asked.
The Father laughed. "Do I look it?"
he inquired. "No, I don't know what it
means to ail anything."
The doctor looked at him hard. "I

thought you seemed rather off color in church yesterday," he observed. "I was at Mass at the priory. I go sometimes. I like your music." He colored the colored that the determine you Catholic. slightly; the doctor was a non-Catholic The Reverend Father turned and looked quickly at the speaker. "What made you think that I was ill?" he

"It was during what you call the Elevation," the medical man replied. "When you lifted up the Water I had an "when you lifted up the Wafer I had an idea that you were not feeling well." He paused. Their host, a man of admirable tact, feeling that the conversation was becoming too "denominational" for a mixed assembly, here contrived to insert an irrelevant remark. sert an irrelevant remark, which had the effect of diverting the conversation. A few minutes later the Father rose to o. "We have to keep boarding school ours at the priory," he remarked gaily. "As it is, I've got special permission to be out as late as this." "I must be going, too," the doctor said; so the two guests made their adieu and departed together.

"Do you go my way, sir?" the priest

sked.
"I'll make your way mine if you don't

"I'll make your way mine if you don't mind," the doctor replied. "I—I'd rather like to ask you something if you won't think it impertinence."

"I want to ask you something, too," the other replied. "I should like you to tell me what you noticed about me at Mass yesterday. Tell me exactly how it struck you as a medical man."

"Well," his companion said, "you've relieved me of the necessity for being impertinent, for that's just what I wanted to ask you about—as a medical man."

"What did you notice?" the priest asked. "I'd be uncommonly grateful to you if you would tell me."

The doctor thought. "You seemed," he said slowly, "suddenly to lose your strength. You—you lifted the Wafer (though a non-Catholic, his tone was not irreverent) as though it were a ton weight. I could see your arms trembling. I thought for a moment that you were going to drop It, and I noticed, "I smiled indulgently by way of an oing to drop It, and I noticed were going to drop it, and i hotteed, when you turned around, that you were perspiring like a man who has undergone some violent exertion. I wondered if at any time you had overdone it. I know that in the old days you were famous as an athlete. I remember your famous as an athlete. I remember your name as winning the champion for throwing the weight. I was astonished to hear you say that you ailed nothing this evening." The doctor paused and looked the priest fairly and squarely in

the face. The other's answer was some few moments in coming; then it came with characteristic bluntness:

"You thought I was telling fibs?" he

The medico was also a plain man. "Yes, I, did," he said.
"Well," the priest answered the man.

"I consider that what I said was perfectly true, for I don't regard that particular seizure—I have experience four times in all—as, well, a physical ailment." He looked at the keen, candid face, visible in the moonlight, and

"Suppose I tell you how I came to be attacked by influenza?" he said, "and medical man, you will be perhaps, as a medical man, you will be able to tell me if my symptoms were

"I should be immensely interested," the doctor replied. "I have made a study of influenza; it's a most uncanny

you to believe that I am not exaggerating. The doctor nodded silently, and the priest started his narrative.
"You know something of my history, the said. "At the time when the thing took place that I am going to tell you about I was living near here—a gentleman at large, with enough money to amuse myself in the quiet way that I preferred. I was a great sportman in one way and another, and I possessed a rather wide reputation for brute strength. I dare say my fame reached strength. I dare say my fame reached

"Rather," the doctor rejoined. "I remember that they used to tell a story of how you once walked downstairs with a Shetland pony under each arm."

The priest laughed. "That was unauthenticated," he said, "inasmuch as I have never been intimate enough with a Shetland pony to try, but I dare say it wouldn't be beyond me." The doctor at that moment experienced the sudden sensation of being lifted off his feet, raised high in the air and set down again. He was, himself, a man of no mean proportions.

"Hope you'll forgive me, but that's a practical illustration," the priest said, "and it bears on my story."

The doctor laughed. "For a moment," he said, "I had the feeling of re-entering my childhood. You handled me like a kiddle five years old."

"Well," the other continued, "if I was anything besides a sportsman, I was a Protestant Episcopalian; that is to say, I attended church on Sundays and showed a proper resentment when the Fathers who now occupied the priory where I am staying intruded themselves upon the neighborhood. My contempt for a 'pettloosted' parson in those days The priest laughed. "That was unauthenticated," he said, "inasmuch as I

where I am staying intruded themselves upon the neighborhood. My contempt for a 'petticoated' parson in those days was intense, and the fact that the prior and his colleagues all happened to be men of poor physique added consider, ably to the mean opinion that I already held of the monkish tribe. Well, now for the influenza. You must be dying to make your diagnosis, doctor. One night I happened to be returning home, and taking a short cut across the meadows. I was absolutely in my ruddiest health (the speaker's eyes twinkled, as though he were enjoying a joke against himself), swinging along at a great pace and whistling as I went. There was a moon shining, and presently I made out the figure of a man sitting on the bank under the hedge. A small lanter, hurseld on the ground hedde. ly I made out the figure of a man sitting on the bank under the hedge. A small lantern burned on the ground beside him. At first I thought that it was a tramp, but looking again I saw that it was one of the Fathers from the priory. I crossed over to where he was sitting, for obviously it was not a normal proceeding, even for an eerie creature like a monk, this sitting under the hedges after dark. He was leaning forward in a rather curious position, with one hand thrust inside the breast of his habit. 'Can I do anything for you?' I asked, thrust inside the breast of his habit.

'Can I do anything for you?' I asked, rather groffly, for I had no desire to appear over friendly. He looked up, with a queer, half-embarrassed expression. When he spoke his tone was half a whisper as though we were in church. He was, I think, the puniest little bit of a man that I have ever seep. 'I've had

He was, I think, the puniest little bit of a man that I have ever seen. 'I're had the misfortune to hurt my ankle,' said, he said, 'and I'm on my way to see a sick man. I wonder if you would be so very kind as to let them know at the cottage yonder?—that's where I'm bound. I can't get there without assistance.' I could see the lights of the cottage that he indicated away across the fields, less than a quarter of a mile off. It belonged to an Irishman named Macgill. 'I'll take you there if you like,' I said. 'Can you walk with my arm ?' The little, puny man murmured his thanks, and taking hold of my arm raised himself to his feet, or, rather, to his foot, for the injured ankle gave way under him as he set it to the ground. 'It's no good,' he said, after he had honeyed a ward or taxed himself. "It's no good," he said, after he had hopped a yard or two, breathing hard through his clenched teeth, for he was evidently in great pain. 'I'm afraid I can't walk. I must wait here till I can

to the bank again.
"I looked down on the little man "I looked down on the little man, hardly knowing whether to be amused or irritated at his naive disbelief in my powers to perform that service for him. 'Why wait?' I asked; 'I can carry you.' 'But you would find me too much for you,' the small man said, eyeing me dubiously. I laughed out aloud. 'Pooh,' I said, 'I could carry six of you at once.' I was pieued at this wisp of a man's ex-I was piqued at this wisp of a man's exaggerated idea of his weight. My tone was more than half contemptuous. I was resenting a kind of dignity that ad-

assumer, and prepared to pick up this very small man, as I had picked up a wounded trooper on the battlefield, like a baby, but before I had realized what a baby, but before I had realized what he was proposing to do he had raised himself, hopped behind me, and there, placing his hands on my shoulders, he reared himself on to my back plok-a-back fashion. 'This will be the easiest way for you, I think,' he said courteously, but before I could disclaim the necessity but before I could discisim the necessity for the easiest method a queer thing happened. I made the discovery that the little man on my shoulders was weighing me down so that it was with the utmost difficulty that I could the utmost difficulty that I could straighten myself; or, rather, to be exact, straighten myself I couldn't, and I remained bent nearly double as I started to stagger forward. The sweat burst out on my forhead at the first few steps. What extraordinary access of weakness had suddenly overtaken me? I didn't think of 'flu' at that moment, although there was a lot of it about. 'Stop a bit!' the little monk cried, 'I've not got my lantern.' 'We can see without it,' I replied, 'but, of course, we must not abandon your property. Shall I put it out, though; the moon's up?' 'No, no,' he said; 'I can hold it.' So I retrieved the precious lantern, and it was just as he said; 'I can hold it.' So I retrieved the precious lantern, and it was just as much as I could do to get myself up again after stooping for it. As it was, I stumbled on to one knee, and seemed likely to remain in that position as long complaint."

"Mind," the other said, "I wouldn't be telling you this story if you hadn't noticed my condition yesterday. That bit of corroborative evidence may help you to believe that I am not exaggerating. The doctor nodded silently, and little breath left. I was feeling—well, I

"So we progressed," he went on. "A quaint sight, you can imagine, could anyone bave seen us. I carrying the lantern and the padre seated on my bent back rider-fashion. The singular thing was that there was no hint of the ludicrous about it. I have since tried to picture the rector of the Episcopalian church in the little monk's position, and

the thing became at once comic and not permissibly comic, either. But our mode of progress seemed, well, more medieval than anything else. One to could imagine it pictured on the margin of an illuminated missal as the legend of some saint. The little priest had not lost one iots of his dignity, and I, strange to say, was experiencing no sense of humiliation in having thus become a beast of burden.

"I shall never forget that journey! My rider still expressed concern for me at intervals, but it no longer, roufled my gride. The feeling of chagrin that I had first experienced had vanished. I declined the priest's suggestion that I should sit down and take a reat with all sue meekness. You big men are not so y, strong as you look,' he remarked in kindly tones, and still I felt no resentment. I seemed to have accepted the fact that the task of carrying this wisen it will be the discovery. The world, as I say, had become fantastic; the cottage the goal of a gigantic quest; the intervening felds a life's pilgrimage, and the accomplishing of that amasing journeys and constitution of the lantern whatever happened, although I had scarcely strength left even for that extra burs den." The narrator paused and looked at the doctor. "You recognize the symptoms?" he said.

"Undoubtedly." was the reply. "the order of that to my own addition in having the next ordinary time and the strend was the confession of the transfer of the strend was the one that you noted occasion was the one that you noted den." The narrator paused and looked at the doctor. "You recognize the symp-toms?" he said.
"Undoubtedly," was the reply, "the mental weakness attendant on the physi-cal breakdown."

mental weakness attendant on the physical breakdown."

"The queer thing was," said the other, "that I had no idea that I was ill at the time. There was no sense of depression. On the contrary, I could have sung for joy as I struggled on had I had the breath in my body, and this sensation ran concurrently with the most agonizing physical experience. It became a question whether I should be able to cover that quarter-mile. I can't describe the weariness; but of course, you have heard your patients speak of the 'tired' symptom?" The priest was looking sideways at the medical man. "Well, at last, bent nearly double, soaked with perspiration, my knees trembling and the very tears standing in my eyes, I reached the door of Macgill's cottage. There was a light in the window. I rapped on the door, and then I said, 'I will kneel down. You'll be able to get off better that way. The

I said, 'I will kneel down. You'll be able to get off better that way.' The fact was I had fairly come to the end of my tether—carrying this little shriveled priest for a quarter of a mile! I sunk my tether—carrying this little shriveled priest for a quarter of a mile! I sunk on my knees in a sheer state of exhaustion. As I did so the door opened and a young fellow stood within. He glanced at the priest, now dismounted and leaning up against the threshold, and at me, down on my knees, and then he did a curious thing: he, too, dropped on his knees! 'Am I in time?' the priest asked. 'Yes, Father,' was the reply: 'he's conscious, but he's going fast.' 'God be praised!' the little man exclaimed fervently. Then turning to me, te said: 'I can never thank you, sir, for the service that you have done to a fellow-creature. Take Almighty God's blessing for it, and taking his hand from his bosom he made the sign of the cross over me as I knelt there, still too exhausted to get back on to my feet.

"I will let them know at the priory," I said to the lad, as he prepared to lead e carried,' and he collapsed gently on

I said to the lad, as he prepared to lead the crippled man to the sickroom. There was a seat in the porch, and there There was a seat in the porce, and there is at until I felt more or less revived. Then I set out for the priory. I reached it feeling somewhat recovered and beginning to ask myself seriously what it all meant. You see, I had no experience all meant. You see, I had no experience of illness, sudden or otherwise. I was feeling now merely as I had often felt after an abnormal physical effort. My back ached and my knees still had a tendency to knock together; otherwise I was perfectly fit. I saw a huge block of stone lying in the road. I stopped and lifted it without the slightest difficulty. My muscular power appeared to

culty. My muscular power appeared to The priest glanced at the doctor, but

he made no comment. "it was the prior himself who answered my bell at the priory—a little, bright-eyed Irishman. I told him what had happened. He was overwhelmed with gratitude. His first anxiety was with gratitude. His first anxiety was to learn whether we had been in time. I told him yes, just in time, and the tears of joy started to his eyes. His next concern was as to whether I had not found it a terribly difficult business conveying Father Paul to the cottage. He blacked up at me with real apprehension. 'It managed somehow,' I answered. 'It was not a great distance, and I took my time.'

and I took my time.'
"The Father was reading the name or "The Father was reading the name of my card, which I had presented on my arrival. 'Ah!' he exclaimed, 'Christopher! Surely, but that's all right, for Father Paul had the Blessed Sacrament with him, and ye've been carrying Christ Himself, as St. Christopher did!' his knuckles digging into my back, and the pair had been excruciating. I could feel it still. This explained the action of the young man at the door. Did it explain why I had felt as though I were explain why I had felt as though I were carrying not one puny, diminutive human being, but the whole world itself? 'But you are feeling ill?' the prior exclaimed. And then I did a thing that I have never done before or since—a very common feature of influenzs, though—I fainted. A doctor was sent for, and they put me to bed and pronounced it influenza. I was laid up for about forty-eight hours, and I was a trifle lightheaded, they tell me, and at the end of that time I was as well as ever."

"And the after-effects?" the medical man inquired.

"The after-effects?" The priest

"The after-effects?" The priest spoke slowly and carefully. "The after-effects didn't appear for some two or three years. It was after I was ordained (I told you that I became a Catholic after influenza') that I had a sort of re-engrence of that curious seizure. I have 'after influenza') that I had a sort of re-currence of that curious seizure. I have had it altogether on four occasions, so I suppose the complaint left me suscept-ible. Each time it has come when I was

"Come here any time during the next

"Come here any time during the next ortnight, and after that to my own address." Christopher Hulbert handed his card to the other.

"There's just one thing that I'd like to ask you now," the young man said. "How do you account for having those seizures on certain occasions only—under peculiar circumstances?" His tone of matter-of-fact inquiry was not entirely convincing. The Father looked him in the eyes under the light of the lamp in the priory dcorway.

"I always think," he said, very gently and very reverently, "that it is when

and very reverently, "that it is when virtue goes forth from Him, and that it means that someone present has stretched out a hand and touched the nom of His garment.

A DISGRACE TO HUMANITY

AN ANGLICAN WRITER ON THE PHARASAICAL PROTESTANTS OF "PROSPEROUS" BELFAST

Harold Regbie, who is the son of an Harold Begbie, who is the son or an Anglican clergyman and a well-known English author and journalist and who has too much at stake to exaggerate the appalling conditions of Belfast acting as special correspondent of the London Daily Chronicle, has been on a visit to the "loyal" city of Belfast, and his description of the degraded and wretched description of the degraded and wretched condition of the people under Orange rule makes terrible reading. He scathingly exposes the principal delusions that exist about the headquarters of fanaticism—one that it is rich, the other that it is religious. In fact, he declares that a man would have to travel far be-fore he found a other base the far bethat a man would have to travel far be-fore he found a city where the funda-mental principles of religion are more mental principles of religion are more ignored and where the labor of the poorpeople is more insdequately reward-But we will let Mr. Begbie tell his

story himself:
There are men in Belfast who are very rich; there are skilled workmen in the shipyards and factories who earn high shipyards and factories who earn high wages; but the vast multitude of the city is horribly, wickedly, and disastrously poor. Because Belfast is doing what men call "a roaring trade," it is supposed that the entire population is prosperous and contented: because a few isolated cases of high wages are trumpted here and there, it is supposed that only a few are poor, only a remnant is sweated. But multitudes of men and women in Belfast are dreadfully poor, and numbers of women and girls are outand numbers of women and girls are out-rageously sweated. Before this article it concluded I think the reader will perceive clearly one of the strange truths of civilization, to wit, that the prosper-

misery of its inhabitants. EVEN SCHOOL CHILDREN ARE EMPLOYED

IN FLOURISHING MILLS

Among the great host of ordinary workers in the linen mills, wages may be said to range from \$3 to \$4 a week for men; \$2.50 a week for women. This is a fair average. Many men are employed on night work in these linen mills, married men, and they earn \$,3.33 a week. Home life, of course, is rendered difficult in such cases; family life is disorganized; and the price is \$3.33. A mong the young people in the mills, boys earn from \$2.25 to \$2.50; and girls from \$1.50 to \$1.75. When there is an agitation for higher, for juster wages, the almost invariable remedy is to put the workers on half-time. Nothing so frightens these poor people as the prospect of half-wages— IN PLOURISHING MILLS time. Nothing so frightens these poor people as the prospect of half-wages— \$150 or \$2 for men, \$1.25 for women, and seventy-five cents or eighty-seven cents for girls. School children em-ployed as half-timers in these "nourish-

ployed as half-timers in these "nourisa-ing mills earn sixty-eight cents or seventy-five cents a week. Now, it is not possible for a man earn-ing \$3 to \$4 a week in Belfast to support ing \$3 to \$4 a week in Belfast to support a family in decency and make provisions for times of unemployment. Therefore, in most cases, the children are pushed early into these unhealthy mills, with their heated air and damp floors, and even the wife contributes to the family income by working at home. Life is not very agreeable in these working class quarters. After a long and wearisome day's work the man is inclined to take his ease in one public house (saloon), and the wife in another. Drink is expensive. And therefore, even in cases pensive. And therefore, even in cases where man wife, and three or four children are all earning money, it is possi-ble to find degrading poverty.

ASTOUNDS THE CONSCIENCE OF MAN-

But what of the home-workers? There is an inquiry now proceeding in Belfast on this subject, an inquiry which I fear is secret. But in spite of that secrecy I hope a report may be issued, with all the evidence presented before the committee. It should astound the conscience of mankind. This sweating of the home worker in Belfast is so scandalous home worker in Belfast is so scandalous that it staggers the mind to imagine how civilized men can reap the profits of it,

and when one knows that many of the men are enormously rich and ostentatiously religious, it stirs an angry indignation in the soul. I give a few typica

ously rengious, it stirs an angry indignation in the soul. I give a few typical
cases, which have been most carefully
investigated by an expert in this particular dodge of the capitalist to grind
the faces of the poor—an expert in the
tragedy of the home-worker.

One firm gives out to its home-workers
linen tablecloths stamped with a blue
design for these wretched women to embroider. The cloth is about forty-five
inches square; the design is floral and
complicated; the embroider one cloth
it takes three days, working eight hours
a day. The remuneration is \$2 for a
dozen cloths; in other words, sixteen
cents a cloth—less than six cents a day.
Divide the six cents by eight and you
get the rate of pay per hour.

get the rate of pay per hour.

Another firm gives out an immense amount of work called "top-sewing"—that is, tucking in the tiny ragged corners of fine cambric handkerchiefs and stitching them neatly down. It is work stitching them neatly down. It is work that puts enormous strain upon the eyes, and demands the very nicest care with the needle. The cleverest workers can top sew two dosen handkerchiefs in an hour. And the wage is four cents a dozen! In one hour the woman earns and any incessant work of two cents. A day's incessant work of eight hours brings sixteen cents into

er purse.

An army of womengo to the warehouses for bundles of print skirts. They take these bundles into their shabby homes, these bundles into their shabby homes, and stitch them with a machine, buying their own thread. They are paid thirty-seven cents a dozen skirts. It occupies two days to stitch a dozen. The rate of pay is eighteen cents a day. They carry the skirts back and are responsible for the running of their machines. One woman, with six children, whose case has been carefully investigated, supports herself in this manner. Here are a few instances, briefly given, of other wages in this great sweating industry of Belfast: Ladies' blouses, thirty-three cents a dozen; one

blouses, thirty-three cents a dozen; one hour to make a blouse; cost of thread three cents a dozen blouses. Chemises eighteen cents a dozen; ten hours for one dozen; cost of thread, three cents a dozen garments. Men's heavy cotton shirts, double sewing thirty-three cents per dozen, less five cents for thread; thirteen hours for one dozen; rate of pay, two cents an hour. Thread-clipping parasol covers, removing machine stitches from machine embroidery and the paper used for stiffening the back of patterns; nine hours for one dozen; rate of pay less than one cent

These appalling figures may be in the nature of "revelations" to English people, but apparently it is general knowledge in Belfast that the foundation of the city's prosperity is

oppression of this kind.

Fully to realize the condition of Belfully to realize the condition of Belfast it is necessary to visit the slum quarters, to enter the kennels of the poor, to examine the wage-books of the home-workers, and to make a study of the ragged, barefoot children in the streets. No honest man who has conducted such an investigation can doubt that the condition of Belfast is a disgrace to civilization and a frightful menace to the health and morals of the next generation. The faces of the poor, next generation. The faces of the poor, the stunted and anaemic bodies of the children, haunt the soul of an observer with a sense of horror and alarm. One feels, regarding those swarms of chil-dren in the streets, that nature has ade them grudgingly.

BELFAST RELIGION IS REPELLANT AND PHARASAICAL

That Belfast is rich except in pov erty is a delusion; it remains to consider whether the city is religious. If Belfast did not advertise itself as the most religious city in Ireland, I should most religious city in Ireland, I should refrain from making any charges against it. If the clerical politicians of Belfast did not vaingloriously and most odiously trumpet from pulpit and platform the commercial prosperity of Protestantism, I should not make war upon them. I say that the religion of Belfast ole, is not the religion founded by Christ.

Penetrate to the individual soul, and pellant, and pharasaical. It breeds bigotry, self-esteem and a violent intoler-ance. The large and liberal spirit of charity is wanting. Meekness and charity is wanting. Meekness and humility are excluded. Only here and there do you meet a gentle and sweet minded man who has escaped uninjured from the iron vice of this hideous; the ology. The majority do not attract, do not win, do not prepossess. They dis gust and repel.

Under the very eyes of the rich and

"respectable as they go to church are swarms of half-starved, ill-clothed and awarms of hair-starved, in-dictated and barefoot children playing in the gutters of the streets. All about the worship-pers, as they give thanks in their well-warmed churches for health and prospers, as they give the halfs in their wellwarmed churches for health and prosperity, are hideous and congested slums
of "dense and hopeless poverty." To
right and to left of them in their daily
lives is an appalling sum of sickness
and suffering caused by "the low wages
paid to the laboring classes." Throughout the city, from one end to the other,
and spreading even from the city
to the village beyond, such sweating of
women and children is practised as
must wring the soul of heaven.

I have never before visited a city
where the beauty of life is so completely destroyed as in Belfast. I believe this ugliness is due more than
anything else to the false religion
which has preached the gospel of money
to every class in the community.
Everything in Belfast, even the success
of church life, is tested by pounds, shillings and pence. Nothing is worth

Belfast is built upon "slob," the founiations of the whole city are merely piles of timber driven into the marshy

dations of the whole city are merely piles of timber driven into the marshy sludge of sweated humanity; and I believe that one day all this boastful "prosperity" will subside in ruin. How much slob there may be in the religion of Belfast I do not pretend te determine; but I am very sure that this religion is not founded upon the rock.

Some of the houses in Belfast are like the ancient cabins which once disgraced rurs! Ireland, and are now only to be seen occasions!ly. But here in these courts and alleys of Belfast they are joined together; they are grimy with the dirt of a manufacturing city, and they smell with the acrid bitterness of beggary and want. I was so stifled in some of these dens that I could scarcely breathe. The damp, the foul smells, the ragged beds, the dirty clothes of the poor wretches, huddled together in these dark interiors, assailed me with a sense of such substantial loathing that I felt physically sick. The faces of the children literally hurt my eyes.

my eyes.

Even where the houses are of modern design the wretchedness of the interiors cannot be exaggerated. We visited a house where the one water visited a house where the one water supply was a tap in the wall of the kitchen, which was the only living room. The tap dripped on the floor. One of the ragged and dishevelled women, nodding her head to the tap, said to my friend: "Yes, that's our scullery." In these streets you see dirty fowls picking chaff as it falls from the nosebag of a carter, horse, costermonger's borrows. chan as it fails from the nosobag of a carter's horse, costermonger's borrows laden with bulging sacks stand against the kerb, boys kick about the road a sodden and punctured football or a wad of paper, slatternly women, whose faces look as if they have never been washed, and whose hair looks as if it had never and whose hair looks as it it had never been combed, stand scowling in the doorways. A reek of human mildew comes from the houses. Melancholy cats crawl in the gutters.

IT ADVERTISED THE SUPERIORITY OF

The only thing which gave a sense of real vigor was a splendid black and sliver hearse, the handsome black horses, with their silver harness, trotting smartly and eagerly as tho ting smartly and eagerly as though to get away from such animals as the women in the doors. That empty hearse flashed through the torpor of the street with a sense of sunlight and joy.

street with a sense of sunight said joy.
It advertised the superiority of Death.
York Street is typical. It is composed of chapels, factories, shops, pawnshops, public houses and small hotels.
Till eleven o'clock at night you may see Till eleven o'clock at night you may see ragged and unwashed children of six to seven years of age going with their pennies to buy supper in sweet shops. I have seen swarms of tiny girls, barefoot in the rain carrying a baby wrapped in their shawls at ten o'clock of a wet and bitter night. I have seen at least a dozen tiny children wandering forlorn and miserable in one street of the city between one and two o'clock in the morning. Drunken men, half-drunken men, and melancholy sober men; little stunted white-faced women, and fat, bloated, coarse-featured and red-faced women, pulling their shawls over their heads, come the public houses and pass women, pulling their shaws over the heads, come the public houses and pass along the pavement in a pageant of shabby gloom.

A POPULATION OF BLOODLESS DWARFS
The faces of these people are terrible.
They are either ferce, hard, cruel, and embittered, or they are sad, wretched, hopeless, and despairing. Factory girls, without hats, pass in hordes, sometimes singing, sometimes laughing discordantly, sometimes larking with boys. Among these young people it is rare to see a big, well-built, and healthy specimen of humanity. They are wonderfully small, pale and flat-chested. It is a population of bloodless dwarfs.
But York Street is like heaven to hell in comparison with the slums of West Belfast. In only one quarter of London do I know of more terrible dog-holes. I A POPULATION OF BLOODLESS DWARFS

do I know of more terrible dog-holes. I spent a couple of days in visiting these kennels of the poor, once in company with a man who took me into many of the interiors, and the memory of what I saw will never cease to afflict me with horror.

A SAD SCENE TO CONTEMPLATE

In one house we came upon a little In one house we came upon a name old crop-headed man, like a plucked sparrow, sitting huddled up on a low stool close to the kitchen fife. He never spoke a word the whole time we were there; never smiled, never showed were there; never smiled, never showed a sign of intelligence. With wide, staring eyes he looked into the fire, his bony fingers closing and unclosing on a little stump of a stick held in his right hand. He was the hero of the house—an old age pensioner, whose life was exceeding precious to his affectionate relations. His daughter-in-law told up that her harden was out of work, but

relations. His daughter-in-law told us that her husband was out of work, but that her two daughters and the old man by the fire kept things going. The two daughters appeared before we left.

One was fourteen, and dreadfully anaemic; she wore neither boots nor stockings. She told us that she earned about \$1.50 or \$1.75 a week as a spinner. She said it was hard work, and complained that the yarn of late had been She said it was hard work, and com-plained that the yarn of late had been very bad. She discussed a recent strike wages, and questions of trade, this child of fourteen. She said that bronchitis was bad. The factories are kept heated, the girls stand barefoot all day on the girls stand barefoot all day on the sopping wet tiles, and they catch cold going home. She coughed as she spoke. She was about as tall as an or-dinary girl of ten or eleven; her face was quite yellow; her poor little thin hair was piaited and pinned up on top of her head; she had large, dull, vacant eyes, and seemed lost in her black shawl. I don't think she had ever been really

Everything in Bellast, even the success of church life, is tested by pounds, shilings and pence. Nothing is worth while that does not pay. Presbyterian ministers, with liberal minds, dare not declare themselves Home Rulers, because it does not pay.

And drunkenness, child neglect and squalor, and slums are laid to the charge of the poor because they are earning good wages, and, therefore, ought to know better! Everything is money. So far as I am aware, among all the preachers and ministers in Belfast who preach political sermons and organize the dull ranks of respectability there is not one who has ever moved a finger to save the children from the streets, to bring the slum-landlords to account, or to check the headlong advance of the mammon-worshippers.

I don't think she had ever been really happy.

MERE CHILDREN SUPPORTING A FAMILY

Think what this interior reveals! An old, inarticulate man nodding his head over the grave, and little girls who should be playing in the fields supporting a family. I exclaimed to my friend as we left this slum house: "I have seen children of that age in England. They have leather reins and a whip; they are big, strong, and over-flowing with the joy of life. But that little worn-out girl we have just left alked about labor questions, discussed factory conditions, told us the history of a strike!"

I have not told one-half the horror of West Belfast. It govers a large space

of the "loyal" city, and is packed, thickly packed, with misery, depravity, ugliness and bitter suffering. And West Belfast is only one of the squalid quarters of the city where the poor are herded in a dense and swarming mass with less room, less light, and less cleanliness than the criminal can claim in penal servitude. In every part of the city almost any sidee-turning from splendor and wealth will bring you face to face with destitution and welling and service an

GENERAL INTENTION FOR OCTOBER

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS PIUS X.

READING SPIRITUAL BOOKS

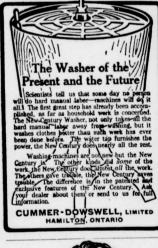
Let us reflect for a moment and we shall find that the bearing books and reading have on the things of time and eternity is not an affair of minor value, eternity is not an affair of minor value, nor can a right choice of the books we read be looked on as a useless display of energy. Books play an important part in the training of our lives; we feed out souls by reading; we develop our faculties by reflecting on what we read; it follows, therefore, that choosing the right kind of books is not merely a useful occupation but an essential precaution as well. Our interests, temporal and eternal, are at stake; for books may be for us. as they were for an Augustine or an Ignatius, the first step to sainthood, just as they may be, and have been probably for hundreds, the first step in the path of perdition.

rerdition.
We should read books only for the benefit we c get out of them; the moments of life are so few and so precious that the one who reads merely to kill time is a fool. We should read books in order to store the memory with pleasant and useful information and to equip the mind with the knowledge which will help us in our journey through life; for we know only too well that a lack of knowledge in this strenuous sge fetters us in many ways. Without knowledge we let opportunities slip through our fingers in the race for preferment, and we ourselves must be content to stay at the foot of the ladder. This is the worldly side of

the ladder. This is the worldly side of the problem, which may be summed up in the advice: Let us be prudent in our choice of books were it only for the sake of our temporal laterests. But the interests of the soul are more important than those of the body. This life is passing away rapidly; the supreme moment is approaching when not our knowledge but our virtues will be the only things considered. We be the only things considered. We should therefore read books to cultivate should therefore read books to cultivate our will and to find motives to strengthen us in the art of well - doing. Cultivation of the will is not as easy as it seems; something more is presupposed that a well stored memory or a fully-informed intellect. It is not enough to know our duty if we do not do it; our conscience and a realization of our moral responsibility must be roused. It is not enough to know God's laws and not observe them; if our will does not draw us to obey those laws the knowledge we possess of them will be of little avail when the Day of Judgment comes.

The cultivation of the will should be

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