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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION

Apostolic Delegation.
 Mr. Thomas Coffey: Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.
 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, it is imbued with a
 genuine Catholic spirit. It strenuously defends Cath-
 olic principles and rights, and stands firmly by the
 teaching and authority of the Church, at the same
 time promoting the best interests of the country.
 Following these lines it has done a great deal of
 good for the welfare of religion and country, and it
 will do more and more as its wholesome influence
 reaches more Catholic homes. I therefore earnestly
 recommend it to Catholic families. With my bless-
 ings on your work, and best wishes for its continued
 success. Yours very sincerely in Christ,
 DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus.
 Apostolic Delegate

University of Ottawa.
 Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1900.
 Mr. Thomas Coffey:
 Dear Sir—For some time past I have read your
 valuable paper The Catholic Record, and con-
 gratulate you upon the manner in which it is pub-
 lished. In matters of religion and country, it is
 truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore,
 with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful.
 Blessing you and wishing you success, believe me to
 remain, Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ,
 D. FALCONE, Arch. of Larissa, Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1914

IRELAND—NORTH AND SOUTH

"One of the chief causes of poverty of Irishmen in the homeland was largely due to the great burden of taxation imposed on them by the Roman Catholic Church."

This the Rev. S. E. McKegney of this city is reported to have said in a recent lecture entitled "A Trip around Ireland." Mr. McKegney may be taken as typical of a class of clergymen not yet quite extinct whose chief stock-in-trade is a rehash of stale calumnies against Irish Catholics. There is enough left of the old leaven of ignorant prejudice and pharisaism to give them a hearing occasionally.

The Catholics of Ireland are ignorant, dirty, superstitious, poverty-stricken and priest-ridden; while the Irish Protestants are enlightened, God-fearing, prosperous and free.

That is, in brief, the picture our pharisaical friends paint of the poor Irish Catholic, while uncouthly thanking God that they are not like other men, even as this priest-ridden papist.

They are different.

Let us take the picture as painted by Harold Begbie and we shall see just where the difference comes in. Who is Harold Begbie? He is, first of all, a Protestant of Protestants; an Englishman sincerely, nay, passionately attached to the Church of England. Of one of his books the Bishop of London said: "Read a book called 'Broken Earthware'."

Your sceptical friend has got to answer this. Professor William James writes of the same book: "I might as well call my book a footnote of his. I am proud of the dedication and references, and I wish the book a great success."

Of another book by Harold Begbie The Church Times closes a eulogistic notice by saying "it stands easily first of the novels of our day." The Times, The Scotsman, The Christian and innumerable other English papers bear testimony to the sincere, uncompromising Christianity of Harold Begbie. The Christian's review of "The Priest" is worth reproducing here: "Mr. Begbie has touched one of the most important features of the situation when he places in contrast the essential irreligiousness in spirit of the Romanisers, with the manner in which the soul which is reaching out after God, rises above outward ceremonial."

Evidently Mr. Begbie is not in sympathy with the Catholic Church; but he is an able writer, a close observer, a scholar and a Christian gentleman. In "The Lady Next Door" he gives the result of his trip around Ireland; every Irishman, Protestant or Catholic, who is nauseated with the McKegney style of false witness should read the truth as presented in "The Lady Next Door." A few quotations:

"I have inherited, and experience of the world has opened, an almost violent antipathy to the Roman Church. Occasionally I have encountered, in England and abroad, Catholics whom I liked very much, Catholics whom I seemed to me charming, delightful, and quite sensible people. But my aversion from Rome remained constant. The dogmas of that Church have ever seemed to me only one more degree preposterous and unholy than so great a part of her history has been villainous and detestable."

"In Ireland I came face to face with this problem. In the South, where Catholic influence is supreme, the people are almost enchanting in their sweetness of disposition, entirely admirable in the beauty and contentment of their domestic life, wonderful beyond all other nations in the wholesomeness and sanctity of their chastity. In this place I make no comparison of the South with the North—that I reserve for a later chapter; my present purpose is to speak solely of the South. Instead of a lazy, thriftless, discontented, and squalid people—as I had imagined them to be—the Irish of the South won my sympathy and compelled my admiration by qualities the very opposite. It seemed to me that these hard-working, simple-living, family-loving, and most warm-hearted people had done what we in England have largely failed to do, even in our villages, to wit, solved the problem of life. The charm which every traveller feels in the south of Ireland is the character of the Irish people; and my investigation forced me to the judgment that this character is the culture of Irish Catholicism. My problem lay, therefore, in squaring the admiration I felt for these gracious people with my detestation of the Church which has guarded Irish character from the dawn of history."

"I was compelled to admit that I had easily misjudged the Catholic Church. 'I met many Catholics all over Ireland, and in only one or two cases did I feel any sense of uneasiness in their company. Over and over again I was humbled and abashed by finding how immeasurably mean was my experience of spiritual life in comparison with the lives of these humble and ignorant Catholics, who love God with the clinging trustfulness of little children.'

"But my aversion from Catholicism remained. . . . Intellectually I am much more in sympathy with Mussulmans than with Catholics. 'Nevertheless, I should feel myself guilty of a crime if I wrote one single word with the object of weakening an Irishman's faith in his Church. So beautiful is the influence of that Church, so altogether sincere and attractive is the spiritual life of Catholic Ireland, that I for one, rather than lift a finger to disturb it, like the man in the parable, would stand afar off, how my head upon my breast, and utter the honest prayer, God be merciful to me a sinner.'

"Let the Protestant reader ask himself this question, whether his admiration goes to the Catholic priest living with the peasants of Ireland, sharing their poverty, and devoting himself to the beauty and chastity of Ireland's spiritual life, or to the Irish clerical politician who secretly slanders in England these fellow-Christians, with no other object in mind than to preserve his own social ascendancy?"

The length of these quotations precludes comment. We shall only add a few shorter extracts:

"After spending many weeks in Ireland, after going here, there, and nearly everywhere, after meeting numerous people circumstanced to know the truth of Irish social life, I returned to England with not one single case of Catholic persecution in my note-book. Among all the good and earnest Protestants I met in Ireland, none could tell me a single story of Catholic bigotry. It is most important for the liberal minded English Protestant who reads this chapter to remember that no Irish Protestant ever complained to me of Catholic intolerance or hinted at Catholic intolerance."

We cannot go into the details which show how thoroughly this fair-minded, if intensely Protestant Englishman, conducted the investigation on which his conclusions are based. We shall add only an extract or two from the observations of a keen, vigorous, alert Protestant business man, sixty years old, who lived all his life in Ireland:

"As for Catholic intolerance—that is the purest moonshine. I do not know anything that more disgusts me with our Protestants than their shameful use of this detestable invention."

"No: the cry of intolerance is a sham, and a very mean sham at that."

Now, let us look through Harold Begbie's eyes at the prosperous, enlightened and religious North:

"(Belfast) can justly boast of an immense and solemn city hall, a remarkable technical college, factories which, I suppose, are without their equal in the world, a few streets of really splendid shops, a pleasant suburban circumference, and fine scenery outside, easily to be reached by excellent trams. But at the heart, this packed and crowded city is the most depressing, dismal, and alarming exhibition of what competitive industrialism can make of human existence that I have yet explored."

"York street is typical. It is composed of chapels, factories, shops, pawnshops, public houses and small hotels. Till 11 o'clock at night you may see ragged and unwashed children of six or seven years of age going with their pennies to buy super in the sweetshops. I have seen swarms of tiny girls barefoot in the rain, carrying a baby wrapped in their shawls at 10 o'clock of a wet and bitter night. I have seen at least a dozen tiny children wandering forlorn and miserable in this single street between 1 and 2 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 from the public houses and pass along the pavement in a pageant of shabby gloom. The faces of these people are terrible. They are either fierce, 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 the 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 dens."

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."

"And that Miss Margaret Irwin, Secretary to the Scottish Council for Women's Trades, experienced the same feeling of repugnance and nausea."

"Two principal delusions exist about this great and loyal city of Belfast. One that it is religious, the other that it is rich. I do not think I exaggerate when I say that a man would have to travel far before he found a city where the foundational principles of the Christian religion are more perfectly ignored, and where the labor of the poorest people is more inadequately rewarded."

"In this Chapter I confine myself to the question of wealth. There are men in Belfast who are very rich; there are skilled workmen in the shipyards and factories who earn high wages; but the vast multitude of the city is horribly, wickedly, and disastrously poor."

"There is an inquiry now proceeding in Belfast on this subject, an inquiry which 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."

"Fully 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 of the street. 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 heavy scowling faces of the poor, the stunted and anemic bodies of the children, haunt the soul of an observer with a sense of horror and alarm. One feels, regarding these swarms of children in the streets, that nature has made them grudgingly."

"That Belfast is rich except in poverty is a delusion: it remains to consider whether the city is religious."

We must pass over much that we should like to quote: we trust that our readers will get the book and read it for themselves."

"Penetrate to the individual soul, and you find that the religion is hard, repellent and pharisaical. It breeds bigotry, self-esteem, and a violent intolerance. The large and liberal spirit of 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 theology. The majority do not attract, do not win, do not prepossess. They disgust and repel."

"They never ask themselves whether Christ, if He came to Belfast, would attend Protestant Churches, and listen to the violent denunciations of Popery, or whether He would go into the tragic streets seeking the lost, comforting the unprosperous, and blessing the neglected children. They seem to think that Christ would even like Belfast."

"One woman told me—not a sensitive and neurotic woman of fashion, but a very sensible, hard-headed woman of business—that she cannot bear to face a crowd of workers coming from the shipyards and the factories. 'They frighten me,' she said; 'their faces are so hard; they seem to scowl at one with hatred.'"

When we read the big, honest, sincere, Protestant Begbie we cannot help feeling a certain pity for the honest or dishonest little McKegney."

Another quotation: "Belfast is built upon slob, the foundations of the rich city are merely piles of timber driven into the marshy sludge of the river. I believe that the foundation of its prosperity is human slob, the flesh and blood sludge of sweating 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 to determine; but I am very sure that this religion is not founded upon the rock."

In conclusion Mr. Begbie says:

"If I were an Irishman and lived in Belfast, I should be a Unionist—but not, the God of Sweetness and Light helping me, an Orangeman. I should be a Unionist in the same

spirit and for the same reason as the young Socialist is a Unionist, of whom mention was made in the early pages of this book. I should be a Unionist in order to force for Belfast, by the strong hand of democratic England, taxation of the rich and social reformation for the poor."

"In Catholic Ireland, spiritual life is the supreme Reality. . . . If, then, I lived in rural Ireland, I should be for Irish self-government. I should want to save my country from dragging at the heels of a rich, powerful, and sorely troubled nation committed to industrialism. I should fight to preserve the character of my own people, their simplicity, their natural conditions, their contentment, and their faith in God. And if I lived in Belfast, as I said before, I should be a Unionist, a Unionist for the sake of England's purse and her genius for social legislation."

Not only to the Rev. Mr. McKegney, but, it such there be, to the McKegneyites, we commend not only the foregoing quotations, but the whole book, "The Lady Next Door" of the truth-loving, ultra-Protestant, Harold Begbie.

THE REV. FATHER T. F. BURKE

C. S. P.

Elsewhere we gladly give space to the exclusive publication of the Rev. Father Burke's St. Patrick's Day oration at Massey Hall, Toronto.

With characteristic modesty he headed the manuscript "a lecture," but the great audience, thrilled by his eloquence, had beforehand properly characterized his St. Patrick's Day lecture as a great oration.

Some years ago there was a proposition to have a Catholic Residence or Catholic Club in connection with the University. The scheme was so ill-digested that it was difficult to find out just what was intended. Undersuch conditions a million dollars might have been expended in a residence or club, and if the right sort of priest had not been secured to animate and vivify the undertaking it would have been a million dollars wasted. We cannot too highly commend the action of the scholarly and high-minded Archbishop who secured first of all the essential thing—a priest who was at once a man, a scholar and a gentleman. The essential thing provided, the rest would follow. While many priests might be so designated, not one in a thousand would, like Father Burke, fill the varied requirements.

It does not require exceptional experience to know that the Catholic students in any of all the departments of University work are exposed to real dangers to faith and morals. Father Burke, who devotes himself to these students, is, for them as well as for the non-Catholic students, the embodiment of Catholic truth and Catholic discipline. Good and holy and zealous as our priests are there are few indeed who could acceptably fill the position that the learned Paulist, Father Burke, fills so efficiently and so well.

The Catholics, whether in arts or medicine, or dentistry, or law, or veterinary science, or any other department of the University, will go forth to all parts of the province, and they will either help or hinder the work of the Church. Their influence will either dilute or strengthen that of the priest. To keep the Catholic students in touch with Catholic religious influence is all important. Father Burke is just the man to do this all-important work. Outside of the direct and immediate influence on Catholic students, his influence on non-Catholics cannot fail to be far-reaching in its consequences. Newman Hall will be a Catholic centre whose influence will radiate even beyond the hopes of its founders."

ARMAGH

The Rev. Mr. McKegney in his recent lecture told a cock-and-bull story of the city of Armagh erecting a statue to an Irish soldier who deserted and fought with the Boers in the South African War. It may be that there was such desertion; some English officers were shot at that time for selling military secrets to the enemy. There was some Irish pro-Boer sentiment. There was a great deal of violent English pro-Boer sympathy also. Campbell-Bannerman, who later was Premier of England, was pro-Boer. Lloyd George narrowly escaped with his life from a public meeting where he gave free expression to his very pronounced pro-Boer sympathy. But the little McKegney type of clerical politician does not recall these things; they would not serve his purpose. He says that Armagh is "mostly of Roman Catholic denomination." We question this; we have not been able to find the exact religious census of

Armagh city. Its population is less than eight thousand. But the County of Armagh is only 45 per cent. Catholic; the Encyclopedia Britannica says: "Of the total about 45 per cent. are Roman Catholics, 32 per cent. Protestant Episcopalians, and 16 per cent. Presbyterians, the Roman Catholic faith prevailing in the mountainous districts and the Protestant in the towns and lowlands. About 74 per cent. of the whole constitutes the rural population."

High Ethical Grounds

We have had a surfeit of articles and speeches recently on the high ethical grounds, the sacred principles of international honor and similar considerations that made it imperative for the great nation of the United States of America to abandon its claim of the right to exempt American vessels engaged in coast-wise traffic from the Panama Canal tolls.

Ten years ago Panama was a province of Colombia. Theodore Roosevelt, then President of the United States, was very anxious that work on the Canal should begin under his administration. The French Company was quite as keen to get \$40,000,000 for its abandoned work. A treaty with Colombia was negotiated, but failed of ratification by the Senate of that country. If Panama should rebel and proclaim its independence President Roosevelt might achieve his ambition and the Frenchmen get their money. Panama revolted. The revolution would easily have been stamped out by Colombia if she could send her troops by sea. But before the insurrection took place, President Roosevelt ordered American ships "to prevent the landing of any armed force, either government or insurgent." On what high ethical grounds of international honor the United States could prevent Colombia from landing her own troops on her own coast is not even yet quite clear.

But the subsequent "revolution" was successful naturally. And Washington at once "recognized" the republic of Panama and concluded the treaty under which the Canal was built.

But there is a greater power than Colombia behind the Hay-Pauncefote treaty; so international honor and high ethical considerations replace the Big Stick.

EXPLOITING BIGOTRY

"At Potsdam on Tuesday night a lecturer who styles himself Rev. Benjamin Clearmont and who spoke in Brockville a few nights ago, making a vicious attack on the faith of citizens belonging to the Catholic Church, was ejected from a hall. Later he made an affidavit before a reputable notary public and it was published. The substance of it is that he never was a Catholic priest and started out on such an indecent campaign for the money that is in the unwholesome traffic. Just why such birds of passage receive attention from respectable people is hard to apprehend. It is a sorry comment on the frailties of human nature."—Brockville Record.

We congratulate the people of Potsdam on their sense of fairness and decency. They have given a much needed example. In this whole business of exploiting bigotry we have a clear answer to the question: Is religious bigotry more prevalent among Protestants than among Catholics? There are no people coining fortunes out of bigotry among Catholics. On the other hand, there are large publishing-houses deriving their profits from antipathy to Catholics. Many thought there must have been some fool with a big bank account behind the "Menace" published in Aurora, Mo. But the bank in this case was simply the readiness of non-Catholics to swallow the crudest falsehoods about Catholics, and to contribute money to any agency promising to allay the hunger for anti-Catholic literature. Three years ago the owners of the "Menace" did not own more than a thousand dollars, but they had learned the trade of pandering to bigotry. To-day they own more than a thousand acres of land in Missouri, drive two or three motor cars each, employ 150 workers, and live like kings. A large part of their income is in the form of gifts from admiring Protestants. Besides the Menace they publish a great variety of books to develop and extend the hatred from which they derive their big profits.

J. F. Cross, who came to Canada to establish a branch of the Menace business at Aurora, Ont., was on the editorial staff of the Menace in Missouri. He knows nothing about the laws, needs, or interests of Canada. The only quality he could bring to Canada is his trained capacity to exploit

bigotry. The Toronto Telegram says that J. M. Acuff had no connection with the American publication, the Menace. Mr. Acuff is only the printer. He was connected with the Leader of Springfield, Mo., and the stock issued to him is merely a means of interesting him in the success of the Canadian venture. The owners are Noble Scott, W. F. Phillips, and Acuff. Phillips owns most of the Missouri Menace. The combination is simply a money-making concern. The Baptists of Toronto seem to be most active in helping the American bigotry-exploiters to establish their business in Canada. In a rural district of New York recently a farm house was destroyed by fire. It was probably an accident. A thorough investigation failed to connect it with incendiary effort; but the farmers had been readers of the Menace of Missouri, and a respectable Catholic farmer of the neighborhood was accused and haled into court on no ground except the heated suspicions excited by the reading of that paper. This sort of anti-social work is carried on all over the United States, to the injury of the country, with no other object than to make money or political profit. It is the kind of business we do not need to promote in Canada.

TOO MODEST CATHOLICS

We hope we have not unduly offended their sense of modesty by mentioning them in print. We have had them under observation for some considerable time, and we have quite made up our minds that we need have but little qualms of conscience in turning the searchlight of publicity upon them. They belong to the class that think it bad form to be seen with a Catholic paper. They may subscribe for it, and sometimes read it when they have made sure that there is nobody looking. If, then, these words, of ours should cause them a momentary embarrassment their blushes will be all unseemly.

Blessed is that Catholic community that knows not a specimen or two. He who discovers the existence of such a Utopia deserves a medal. Moreover, before we accept his evidence we would have it passed upon by some learned body. Otherwise we would be inclined to pronounce it a fake. For, unfortunately, like the bad weather, they are to be found everywhere. Like the poor, they are always with us.

To avoid a possible misconception it may be well to define what we mean by "too modest Catholics." We do not mean those praised of Holy Writ, the meek and humble of heart. Undue display is destructive of real religion. Humility is the groundwork of sincerity. To do good at all we must do it in secret, that is, unostentatiously, for God. This modesty and humility is not only praiseworthy but of the very essence of faith and service. But the "too modest Catholic" does good in secret, not because he wishes to be seen only by God, but because he is ashamed and afraid to be seen by his fellow-man.

He is ashamed lest someone may laugh at him, nickname him a "monk," deride him as "an old woman." If he goes to Communion oftener than once or twice a year he imagines everyone is looking for the first sprouts of the nimbus about his forehead. If he is caught sneaking into Vespers he half expects someone to ask him when is he going to wear the Roman collar. He has a horror of being considered pious. He would much rather be considered a "sport" than a "saint." He is afraid to profess his faith openly because it might hurt his business or his position in society, between both of which and religion there exists a long-standing divorce. He is living in a non-Catholic community and he feels that they have made up their minds to have no truck or trade with Papists. We do not go so far as to say that he is prepared to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage, but we do say that he hides his light under a bushel. If religion is broached in his presence he sits as tight as a clam. He hears the Church being misrepresented but his lips are sealed. He will stand for anything rather than endanger his business interests. He swallows his principles for the golden bait. He endeavours to acquire a reputation for broadmindedness, and only succeeds in being laughed at. They pretend to fawn and flatter him but in their heart of hearts his pseudo-friends despise him. They are afraid to trust him. As between him and the practical professing Catholic they never hesitate in

their choice. They are wise enough to understand that the Catholic who would betray his Church is hardly the kind who would stand by his friend. His attitude only results in his being distrusted by both. He attempts the impossible task of trying to go north by south. Facing both ways, he never gets any place. No man can serve two masters, and no one wants to have anything to do with him who tries.

Very different is the attitude of the individual towards the consistent Catholic. Sincerity and conviction always beget respect. Ever loyal to his conscientious belief he retains his own self-respect and does not forfeit the respect of his neighbour.

COLUMBA.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE CANADIAN Churchman, the official mouthpiece of Anglicanism in Canada, moralizes on the Bible in Ireland and quotes some anonymous statistics purporting to show that not a single copy of the authorized Catholic version could be found in many of the larger towns. In several others "only one copy could be had," while in the larger cities—Dublin, Cork, Limerick, for instance—"only a few shops kept them for sale." The Jarvey who piloted this guileless commission about the country certainly did his work well.

We venture to say that under his guidance his employers saw the Giant's Causeway in Bantry Bay, and the Lakes of Killarney in Donegal. There is no limit to the credulity of the average Bible-vendor in Ireland or in any other Catholic country. The same is apparently true of the Canadian Churchman's editorial chair.

A SUBSCRIBER of the Presbyterian communicates to that journal some reflections upon the recent abandonment of one of their churches in Toronto, "splendidly situated in a thickly populated district of working-class people." This closing down he characterizes as "Presbyterianism in retreat," laying the blame upon the supine Home Mission Committee of the denomination in question. If he cared to pursue his investigations a little farther he would probably find that having squandered so many thousands of dollars in the vain attempt to undermine the faith and moral stamina of French Canadian and Ruthenian Catholics, and, in regard to the latter, in maintaining a system whose one purpose is to delude and mislead by a shameless masquerade, Presbyterianism is unequal to the task of safeguarding its own. Perhaps it is that in face of the undeniable doctrinal and numerical shrinkage of Presbyterianism whether in Canada or in Scotland, it is deemed politic to keep up a show of propaganda. But what a pity that it should be at the expense of that moral rectitude upon which the Presbyterian of the old school prided himself even under the stress of spiritual starvation.

ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT of the same journal discourses upon "What ails Protestantism," a question mooted in its columns in a former issue. It may be interesting to Catholics to see how the more penetrating spirits among their Protestant fellow-countrymen are coming gradually to realize the impotence of their several systems to cope with the great missionary problem upon which they descend so garrulously and to which they contribute so lavishly. "Inconsistency or insincerity on the part of Protestants generally," this latest contribution to the discussion, sets down as the chief contributing cause of the stagnation complained of. But what is much more interesting is the frankly expressed view as to the discord and confusion on foreign missions caused by the divided—the necessarily divided—state of non-Catholic Christendom. This, somewhat homely expressed, is what he has to say:

"Our heathen friends are largely like ourselves. If confronted for the first time by a Presbyterian one might consider his creed all right; later a Methodist assures him of something a little better; others a Baptist tells him of his belief; others an infidel fellow with aspersions on the other fellows until the poor man does not know where he is at. He becomes an atheist possibly and the last state of the man is worse than the first."

THIS is just what the Catholic Church has been preaching to these misguided souls for centuries, but her warning has fallen upon unheeding ears. To the observant and the sincerely devout among her strayed children the wound has ever gaped,