

Milltown Park, Dublin, sang his first High Mass at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Talbot Road, Blackpool. The sub-deacon of the Mass and the president of the Mass were two brothers of the celebrant, Fathers Dennis and Bernard Whiteside, also members of the Society of Jesus. And at the evening service, when the new priest presided at Benediction, he was assisted not only by the brothers named but by two others, Mr. Austin and Mr. Philip Whiteside, who also are to become Jesuits. Five members of the one family devoting their lives to the priesthood and all in the Society of Jesus, is certainly a happy augury for the future of the Church in Ireland. It proves that the traditional apostolic spirit of the nation still lives and that the Irish may still claim the character of a missionary people.

The high honor of the Presidency of the American Medical Association has fallen this year to an Irishman and a Catholic. Dr. John B. Murphy of Chicago, whose reputation as a surgeon has spread far beyond the boundaries of the United States and been recognized by honorary membership in a score of scientific societies, is the new head of the American Association. That the honor is well-merited a glance at the list of his publications on medical and surgical subjects, and of his discoveries in the healing art, is sufficient testimony. He is perhaps most widely known as the inventor of that most useful device known as "Murphy's Button," for uniting severed intestines, and the compression of the lung for the cure of tuberculosis. In 1902, Notre Dame University conferred upon him its Laetare medal, reserved for lay Catholics who have achieved something in letters, art or science. As a scientist of distinction, and still more as a zealous son of the Church, Dr. Murphy is justly held in honor by his fellow Catholics.

A FETTERED OF more than ephemeral interest is the Irish Book Lover, devoted, as its name implies, to the bibliography and folklore of the Emerald Isle. It authentically chronicles, quarterly, what is being done in Irish literature, and, as such, has become indispensable to everyone who cares to keep in touch with the current books on the subject. A recent number which has come under our notice contains an interesting article on Thackeray's connection with Ireland—a subject of special interest just now in view of the fiftieth anniversary of his death which will occur next year. A still more interesting subject is that of Edward Walsh, a poet whose verse, as it has been well said, has in it the very soul of Ireland. He was one of the gentlest and tenderest and most sensitive of poets, and his death, which took place in Cork in 1850, deprived the world of a treasure as yet not adequately appreciated. Mr. Daniel Crilly's article deals with the authorship of a touching biography of Walsh which appeared in The Celt in 1857, a little periodical conducted chiefly by Dr. Campion of Kilkenny, and numbering among its contributors some of the best known writers of the time.

A BIOGRAPHY which should attract wide attention is that of the eighth Duke of Devonshire, better known, perhaps, as Lord Hartington, a statesman who filled a large place in the political affairs of Great Britain and Ireland a generation ago, but who seems to have entered the fate of 80 many brilliant parliamentarians in passing quickly out of the public mind. Lord Hartington was for many years the first lieutenant of Gladstone, but parted company with his illustrious chief over the latter's famous Home Rule Bill, and became known, as Duke of Devonshire, the uncompromising opponent not of that heretic measure only, but of Gladstone's political policy generally. The biography, which is about to be published by Longmans, will contain numerous extracts from correspondence with Gladstone, Lord Spencer and Granville, Joseph Chamberlain and other statesmen of the day, and will deal with such questions as Home Rule, the Afghan War, Egypt and the Sudan. Possibly, too, it will shed additional light upon the death of General Gordon at Khartoum—a tragic episode which must be laid at the door of the Liberal Administration of which Gladstone was chief and Hartington a distinguished member.

IN VIEW of the uncompromising attitude of Lord Halsbury towards the Veto Bill, certain journals in England have interested themselves in bringing into the light the family antecedents of the now celebrated "last ditcher." Lord Halsbury displayed bitter hostility to the proposed "social contamination" of the Lords by the interjection into their ranks of a host of made-to-order peers, and the natural inference to be drawn therefrom was that Lord Halsbury was himself descended from one of the great barons who "came over with the Conqueror." As a matter of fact, however, the noble Lord is one of the more recent creations, for his grand-

father was the notorious John Gifford, an Anglo-Irishman, who was in Pitt's Scout Service, and was known as "the Dog in Office." Dr. Madden has this to say of him: "He was a man of all work of a dirty kind for the Government. A hanger on of Clare and the Beresfords." Not a very flattering portrait certainly, and in no way to be held to the prejudice of his titled descendant. But in a well-regulated intellectual organism it should not be without influence in shaping a public policy.

AN INCIDENT in the Royal Levee at Holyrood in July is worth recording if only to throw into relief the ineradicably bitter hostility to all things Catholic which still holds sway over the average Presbyterian mind. The incident is not without humor either, as it serves to emphasize the "panicky" feeling which this very bitterness engenders.

IN THE proceedings connected with the Levee, the Archbishop of Edinburgh was allowed the precedence which, in England some years ago, was conceded to Cardinal Manning on the Honoring of the Poor—that is, was placed next to the Princes of the Blood Royal. This gave rise to considerable criticism and a public meeting was called in Edinburgh, presided over by Pastor Jacob Primmer (whoever he may be), to protest against this "attempt to place one of Rome's priests above the Protestant ministers and nobility of Scotland, and next to the throne in honor." Failing to profit by the example of His late Majesty, King Edward VII, (who was accustomed to treat such ebullitions of evangelical zeal with silent contempt), the Lord Chamberlain appears to have taken fright, and lost no time in offering apologies to the valiant Pastor Primmer. The gist of the protest and the apology may be deduced from the said Pastor's reply. It leaves the Lord Chamberlain in the attitude of the typical cringing courtier.

"I THANK YOU," said Primmer, "for the prompt way you have dealt with the gross Popish outrage on our Protestant National Church and the other Protestant churches of Scotland, as well as the national, ancient nobility of Scotland, who are almost wholly Protestant. I believe that your determined action will give much satisfaction to our Scottish nation. We fondly trust that your lordship will root out the nest of Papists and Jesuits, who have by their outrageous audacity and impudence revealed their presence in the Lord Chamberlain's Department."

What a pity that Primmer stopped there! A systematic search of the crypt of Holyrood or of the Council House of Edinburgh might have uncovered several tons of dynamite, assembled to blow the Protestant officials of government into smithereens. Or perhaps the fabled vaults of St. Margaret's Convent in White-house Loan might have revealed its gentle inmates armed to the teeth preparatory to an organized assault upon the Court of Holyrood. Since the Jesuits are said to be capable of anything, the king must be considered to have been in luck to have gotten away from Edinburgh with a whole skin.

IT WOULD NOT be at all surprising if the apostate Verdesi, who was some time ago convicted of slandering Father Briacorelli in Rome, turns up in America. It will be remembered that he publicly accused the Jesuit Father of revealing to the Pope matters confided to him under the seal of confession. Father Briacorelli, as an act of defense of the Faith, brought action against Verdesi in the civil courts, with the result that the apostate was adjudged guilty of a grave and gratuitous slander. Against this judgment appeal was made in Verdesi's behalf, but when the case came up again in August, it was discovered that in the interval the unfortunate man had taken the precaution of withdrawing to Switzerland, and was said to be on his way to the United States. If so, it is well that the facts of his career have preceded him. For, it would be in keeping with past experiences to find the said Verdesi exploited by our Methodist, Baptist or Presbyterian friends as a "brand snatched from the burning." That, however, is a game that has been overworked in the United States and Canada, and we imagine that Verdesi will not be found to be a paying venture. Good sense has made some progress here even among the sects. As the old colored philosopher said, "they've done had a 'perience."

THE POLICY which some Catholics would adopt of letting the Church's enemies have all the say, and allowing the most virulent slanders against the Faith to pass unchecked, evidently does not commend itself to so peace-loving a Pope as Pius X. In his reply to the address of Cardinal Ferrari, Archbishop of Milan, and the Bishops of Lombardy, he used these significant words: "We refer to the unseemly policy of those

Catholics who, seduced by a vain hope, would have Catholics remain in a certain inertia, forgetting or not caring sufficiently for the sacred rights of religion and of the Apostolic See. The injury they would thus do to Catholic life would be altogether grave."—words that might be pondered over with profit by those who are so ready to criticize the Catholic press for carrying the war into Africa. The time has come to take the aggressive and to vindicate the truth of our religion to all the world.

FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD
WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL.
LONDON

THE NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL OF THE METROPOLIS

It is not customary or popular for a visitor to Europe to pay attention to modern times, except perhaps clothing establishments and hotels; he owes an apology to the makers of guide books and his fellow travellers if he ventures to visit a church that is less than a couple of centuries old. So it is with some, fear of the wrath of the conventional traveller that I venture to speak of a building over whose roof a decade has scarcely passed. On Ashley Place, just off Victoria Street, and not far from Westminster Abbey nor the Parliament Buildings nor the busy centre of London stands Westminster Cathedral, the new Roman Catholic Cathedral of London. Previous to its erection in 1895-1903 the Metropolitan See of London had no mother church. The first steps towards erecting one were taken in 1865 just after Cardinal Manning was appointed Archbishop of Westminster. Both he and his successor, Cardinal Vaughan, were possessed with an ardent desire and longing that, in this immense capital of a world-wide empire of power and influence there should arise a cathedral fully representing the cosmopolitan and devotedness of the Catholic Church. The first step was to acquire a site, not an easy task in a great city like this where vacant lots are things of absolute rarity. It took some years and much careful negotiation before a suitable site could be acquired. Meantime plans were prepared and inquiries set on foot for the obtaining of building material. With the death of Cardinal Manning the first Cathedral ended—that of the acquisition of the site. With the advent of Cardinal Vaughan the history entered upon its second period, that of the raising of the edifice.

THE CATHEDRAL AS SEEN FROM THE EXTERIOR

The building is a huge and striking edifice of red brick with bands of Portland stone in the early Christian or Byzantine style; this must not be confounded with what is generally and loosely called the Basilica; or the Romanesque style which is common enough in Italy and Spain. The architect said that the new cathedral was in style the same as that in which St. Sophia at Constantinople is built. The campanile or St. Edward's tower is crowned by a metal-covered dome, surrounded by a double cross of bronze, and is 284 feet in height. I noticed a mingling of the military and ecclesiastical other day when half a dozen soldiers on the summit of St. Edward's tower were signalled to another company on the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral a mile or so away.

THE INTERIOR is not yet completed and a casual visitor is not likely to give the building full justice; it is like looking at a fine picture before it has been suitably framed. One's first impression as he looks upon the bare brick walls, the piers, the arches and the vast domes will be probably one of strength and solidity. But as he gazes down the nave and the eye is attracted to the quickly begins to realize the fine proportions, the great height, the unusual breadth which all combine to render the interior so impressive. While it is not safe to judge by appearances, the fact is that the interior is in fact three times as great as that of St. Michael's, Toronto. One or two of the chapels are as large as an ordinary parish church.

There will be ten altars in the Cathedral in addition to the high altar. The latter is quite different from anything we have in Canada. It is severely plain and at the same time superbly ornate; it consists of a single block of grey Cornish granite, is covered by a basaltic chalice or canopy supported by eight monolithic columns of golden onyx; save for six beautiful candlesticks and a golden crucifix the altar is absolutely bare; exquisite harmony is displayed in the absence of decoration. The lower parts of the massive piers and walls are to be decorated with mosaics illustrating early Church history. A couple of the chapels have been already completed and from them can be gathered an idea of how magnificent the whole interior will look when finished. To me, however, the unique feature will always be the high altar.

A great crucifix thirty feet in length hangs from the chancel arch; it dominates the whole cathedral and is the first object to catch the eye on entering. On the opposite side the figure of the Crucifix with the emblems of the four Evangelists. The reverse side, towards the altar, shows the Mater Dolorosa. The pulpit is constructed of a variety of very costly and beautiful marbles, such as porphyry, serpentine, etc., inlay and mosaics. The space within is arranged so that the Archbishop, in cope and mitre, and his two assistants, may stand there together when His Grace preaches in the Cathedral. The height that the preacher stands above the floor is four feet; that is, he stands on a level with the heads of the seated audience, which, for acoustic purposes is a suitable height. One is so accustomed to finding marble flooring in European Cathedrals that he is a little surprised to find wood on the floor of Westminster. The architect had prepared designs for a

marble floor of great beauty and originality. But, unfortunately, economic and other considerations, such as those of health and comfort prevented their adoption. The higher part of the sanctuary, however, has been beautifully paved with marble; the piers and columns are bound together by a marble framing, so that the wood block appears as a canvas enclosed in its frame. A portion of the nave is seated with plain wooden chairs; small kneeling stools are also provided. Seating a church with chairs is also a European fashion. Both Notre Dame and the Madeleine in Paris for example are furnished with plain but very neat chairs with rush bottoms for seating purposes, while a lower chair of the very same is used to kneel on. To Canadian eyes chairs do not admit of as devotional an attitude as do pews, but in the matter of sanitation and cleanliness their advantage over pews is immeasurable.

Archbishop Bourne, whom many Canadians met last year at the Eucharistic Congress in Montreal, is the present Archbishop of Westminster. There is no Cardinal in England at the present moment and only two English speaking ones in the world—Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore and Cardinal Logue of Ireland.

WILLIAM PRENDERGAST, Aug. 28th, 1911.

Theatrical Outrage

Monday evening at the Boston Theatre there occurred a marriage savage festival in the wild of Africa except for the accompaniments of show and mob enthusiasm. Two couples were married on the stage by an alleged minister of the Gospel while the assembled buffoons shouted their approval. It is incidents like this which make for the horrible spread of immorality. When that contract among Christians which Christ raised to the dignity of a sacrament is thus sacrilegiously treated, it is an effort to lower marriage to the union of brute animals. In fact, it is just as much as one holds to the sacredness of matrimony that one nears or recedes from the high planes of civilization. In the half-civilized nations marriage loses some of its sacred and binding character; and as one goes down into the savage tribes of Africa or among the Fiji Islanders one finds either no real marriage at all or that tandem polygamy which civilized barbarians imitate through the divorce courts.—Boston Pilot.

Catholic Colony

Winnipeg, Sept. 7.—The largest colonization scheme of recent years will be launched immediately in the Northwest of Canada. W. C. J. Manning, of Chicago, representing the Catholic Colonization Company, returned south to-night after having completed arrangements with West-ern realty agents whereby four million acres of land went under option to be settled and purchased by Roman Catholics.

It is predicted by Manning that between thirty and forty thousand Catholics of the central states will be brought in within a year to purchase the lands.

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The Dead Shepherd

(Very Rev. Joseph Blouin, V. G., Sep. 3rd, 1911.)

If this be death then who would fear to die? Above this bier are heard no vain regrets. In sacred vestment garbed serene he sleeps. His service paid to Him Who ne'er forgets The noble deed, the kindly thought, the will To be about the Father's business. 'Twas this, and more, that moved him e'er to act. True priest of God, he walked with Jesus here. Did good to all. And if his effort lacked, In heaven's sight, aught of perfection due. Ah, we will pray that He Who died to save Poor erring flesh, may cleanse in Blood of price The poor remains that moulder in this grave. And to his soul may grant eternal rest.

In Isle of Saints, in sweet Tipperary home, They tell the beads for him who ne'er again His Mother's praise will chant with mortal lips, And gray-haired men take up the sad refrain In Napanee, and down along the bay, To where Port Hope its prayerful tribute lays Upon his bier. And little children kneel With tear-dimmed eyes, and look upon the face Of him who loved the little ones of Christ. How blest to live a life, how sweet to die A death like this. May now his portion be With Him to reign Who is the great High Priest. From aught of earthly imperfection free, To sit with Jesus at the nuptial feast. —REV. D. A. CASEY (COLUMBIA) "House makes the man."—S. Smiles.

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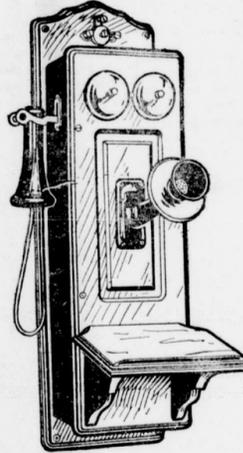
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