

The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE...

DEVOTED TO... FOREIGN NEWS

ENGLAND

FATHER O'COIGLEY MEMORIAL

Large contingents of Irish men and women resident in London, all members of the United Irish League, from various parts of the Metropolis, joined the pilgrimage to Maidenstone to witness the unveiling of the three stained glass windows of the figures of St. Patrick, St. Brigid and St. Francis of Assisi, which have been erected in the Catholic Church, Maidenstone, to the memory of Father James O'Coigley, who was executed in 1898...

The Proceedings of the fifteenth annual conference of the Catholic Truth Society at Newport were presided over by the Bishop of Newport.

The Rev. Dr. A. Hensley, of Bradford, read a paper on "Secondary Education." He said that their education must be up to date, and yet it must be solid in faith and piety. They considered sound faith, virtue and piety by far the most important elements of education. It had ever been the firm conviction of Englishmen, and it was the cardinal article of their educational faith that character and not intellect governed the world (cheers). Unless their schools from the highest to the lowest were animated by the spirit of definite Christian training there was no sure foundation for practical work (cheers). He thought that English Catholics ought to give their warmest sympathy to those across St. George's Channel who were aiming at the establishment of a Catholic University for Ireland (cheers). He claimed that an educational system was possible in England to-day, because in the brave days of old, Catholic sacrifice set up schools of every kind. In 1901 Catholic elementary schools numbered close on 1,100 and provided accommodation for 397,522 scholars, and half the cost of education in these schools had to be paid by voluntary contributions. He urged the necessity of providing grammar schools. Without such provision, what would become of their children, and how would they prevent "leakage" from their schools to others? If the Catholics were to be pushed on, Catholic grammar schools ought to be established in all big towns. If middle-class Catholics were to keep abreast of their Protestant fellow-countrymen and serve their cause on County and City Councils and Education Committees, they must face the new burden of such education and place existing grammar schools on a satisfactory basis.

The Rev. J. Gerard, S. J., of London, next read a paper on "Education and the Irreligious Difficulty" in which he dealt at length with the questions of modern science and the doctrine of evolution. He urged that they must offer resistance to the active and aggressive school which professed its detestation of religion in any form and desired to disseminate the gospel of materialism and unbelief amongst the young. It was impossible for them to ignore the attacks made upon religion in the name of science. He referred especially to such attacks as had been made by Professor Huxley and other signatories, and to the opinions of "Candall, endorsed by Professor Dewar at the British Association, as to the origin of matter. He also discussed the theory of evolution, pointed out that even if they accepted the theory and the Darwin theory of evolution, science could not account for the origin of life. Scientists admitted that that was inscrutable, and he contended that it was a rational idea to account for its origin in a superior power.

FRANCE

RELIGION AND LIBERTY STRUCK DOWN

M. Combes has gained another great victory in Brittany. He succeeded in

expelling the Sisters of the Saint Spirit at Landerneau, with the aid of five brigades of gendarmes and 150 soldiers of the colonial regiments. The daily papers have been full of details about the renewal of disturbances in Brittany, so that there is no need to return to them. In addition to the religious Orders, the Government has now to deal with the Press. An extraordinary agitation has been caused by the prosecution of the Breton journalists who opposed the expulsion of the nuns. Freedom of the press, according to a writer in a non-religious paper, has been boldly fought for and dearly bought in France. The press was muzzled and subjugated by the Second Empire, but there is the Third Republic, founded and carried on by men who formerly joined in the battle for newspaper liberty now undoing all that has been done and trampling on rights which were considered to be secure and consolidated. All this will tend to make bad business for the present Cabinet when Parliament meets, and it will take a better man than M. Combes to stand up and face the storm which will assuredly be raised by Republicans of all the groups, as well as by the Conservatives. While awaiting the Parliamentary hurricane, the President of the Council is amusing himself by suppressing the State salaries of ecclesiastics who have been audacious enough to attack his decree. During the past week three additional parish priests were struck off the rolls of the Budget des Cultes. A newspaper bitterly hostile to the ecclesiastic now at the head of the Government, says that he will obliterate the whole of the Public Worship Estimates unless he is put into a lunatic's straight waistcoat.

The Marist Fathers, who have a fine College at Nevilly, have received notice to quit, although they had become secularized long since in anticipation of the Associations Law and the Combes decree. The Fathers have resolved to bring their case before the courts. Another item in connection with the present religious crisis in France is that the Countess Greffulhe, imitating the example of other Catholic ladies proposes to open a free school for girls at Fontenay on the 1st of October. This school she proposes to direct herself so that the Government will be in a quandary about applying the law. At Melun the convent school will be re-opened by the nuns as a Catholic in the district has so much influence with the Government that he was able to use it to some purpose, in spite of the tremendous opposition of the Prefect of the department.

THE MCCLARY MFG CO., LONDON

Upwards of fifty years ago Messrs John and Oliver McClary opened up a small store foundry and tinware business in London, Ont. To-day it is one of the largest industries of the kind in Canada. Fourteen acres of floor space in the London works a large foundry in Hamilton (recently Copp Bros. stove works), a branch tinware factory in Montreal, branch warehouses in Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver and St. John, N. B., over 800 employees, a name that is a household word from the Atlantic to the Pacific goods that are used in almost every home in Canada—that is the giant business developed from the small beginning in 1852. The beginning was small, but the McClary Brothers adopted such principles, accorded their trade such honorable confidence-getting treatment, that rapid progress was the result. The officers of this enterprising corporation are, Messrs. John McClary, President and General Manager, Col. W. M. Galtshore, Vice-President and Manager, Geo. O. McClary, Treasurer, and J. H. Pope, Secretary. A D. Kennedy, Manager of Toronto branch, A. A. Brown, Manager Montreal branch, W. Driscoll, Manager Winnipeg branch, W. E. Drake, Manager Vancouver branch, and J. J. Ager, Manager of St. John, N. B. branch. One noteworthy feature in the growth of these mammoth works is that an advance step has never been taken which had to be retracted or an addition necessary, and at no time since their earliest beginning has any part of their earliest beginning been idle. At present time excavations are being made for another mammoth foundry in the southern part of the city of London, which will cover several acres, and nearly double the present manufacturing capacity of the company. The new plant will comprise a moulding shop, mounting shop, power house and storage, a polishing shop, and other smaller buildings. The foundry will be the largest in Canada, 200 x 230 feet. One of the best known articles made by the McClary Company is the "Sunshine" furnace. This heater, although only on the market a few years, has been a phenomenal success, and is now conceded by the furnace trade to be one of the most successful coal and wood furnaces on the market. Since it was designed the McClary Company has sold duplicate

THE CHERUB

"Come in, can't yer ear," growled out a coarse voice from the bed situated at the far corner of the room. The timid rat-tat ceased, the door opened slowly to admit a tiny girl dressed in a ragged plaid petticoat and whose bright golden hair and sweet pink and white face with its innocently wondering blue eyes seemed to flood the squalid room with sunshine, and to bring a more wholesome element into its vitiated atmosphere. This diminutive little person, whose face on closer inspection showed that the roundness of babyhood was making way for a certain sharpness of feature, hesitated on the threshold of the room, but upon a request to "Shut the bloomie door," did as she was bid, and then walked up to an evil-looking man who was lying fully dressed upon the bed. As she passed she gave a quick glance at the table standing in the middle of the room whereon was placed half a crusty loaf, a large piece of Cheddar cheese, a bottle of whiskey and last but by no means least a dish of hot, frizzling sausages, the aroma of which pervaded the room. Then, turning towards the man on the bed, she said: "Please, Billy, I've tonto to work." "Right o, Jenny, git out yer snory."

THE MEAGRE-MINDED MAN.

A Ballad of Christian Science. John Hawkins was a common man who married Mary Brown, A cheerful, optimistic maid of simple Boston town, John thought his happiness secure in making this alliance, And it jarred him when he learned his wife went in for Christian Science.

When winter brought bronchitis dread with its pneumatic woes, And John developed rasping tubes, a red and strenuous nose, He called in Dr. Gallipot, who ordered pills and potions, A plaster for his spine and chest, and various kinds of lotions.

His cheerful wife, Bostonian-like, without procrastination, Explained to John bronchitis was a mental aberration; Though Gallipot meant well, he still was crude, experimental, With theories fallacious and errors fundamental.

Disease was but a figment of the human mind disordered, When people fancied they were ill, on tuncy they bordered, So Mary checked his nostrums ago secured him absent treatment, From a Christian Science healer, a professor of dead-beatment.

John loved his wife, and yet he felt her theories were tenuous, He knew his eyes were red and raw, his tubes were dry, and strenuous, When spring came John had been reduced to great emaciation, A subject for his kin's alarm, his friend's commiseration.

His friends gave him advice which was emphatic if informal, They recommended change and rest with nature sane and normal, So lean and languid John went out into the districts rural, Since Nature's healing balm is best in places extramural.

There, free from care and science and the healer's baleful glance, The bronchial Hawkins ceased to brook with summer's warm advance, And Mary, cheerful Mary, his recovery defined, As a splendid vindication of the Christian Science Mind.

One fatal day John walked along the highway by the mead, And came, somewhat abruptly, on an auto making speed, "There's an absent-minded beggar," quoth the wag on the machine, As he scattered Mr. Hawkins on the circumambient green.

Mary gathered up the fragments in her pretty Boston basket, And had them all assembled in a handsome oaken casket, Though a toe or two were missing, and an ear she failed to find, They simply proved her statement as to John's imperfect mind.

And though he's dead and buried with a bowlder on his breast, The Christian Science lady holds he's only gone to rest, And though Hawkins lies securely in his everlasting bed, He is not dead, sweet Mary says, he only thinks he's dead.

Be careful that your mind becomes not the highway of sentiment in stead of the fruitful field of generous affection. Even death himself, the great and terrible king of kings, though he may break the heart of love with agonies and anguish and show his face of separation, may break not his faith. No one that has loved will dream even death too terrible a price to pay for the revelation of love. For that revelation once made can never be recalled. And as years go by the very death of love becomes its immortality.

THE CHERUB

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THE CHERUB

The child ran over to the dirt-dimmed easement, through which a watery spring sun was trying to penetrate, and from the depths of a cupboard placed underneath the window hauled out a neatly-mended blue frock, a white pinafore, and three boxes of matches. She slipped on the frock and pinafore, and returned to Billy to be "fastened."

Billy gave a long pull at a bottle by his side, then, like a giant refreshed, raised himself on his elbow and finished dressing Jenny, at the same time subjecting her to a kind of cross-examination.

"Where's yer mother ter-day?" "She's in bed wit a black eye." "Umph. She's washt yer, though?" "Oh, yes. My face and feet." And the child held up for inspection a tiny boot, from the extremities of which five rosy toes peeped forth.

"Ad anything to eat this mornin'?" "No, nothin'." Then, glancing longingly at the steaming sausages, "Wish I had a bit o' bread yest' day." "All right, my gal, not so fast," said the man, with a brutal laugh, seeing the direction of her gaze.

"Now tell us 'oo yer are." "Please, sir, as I'm repeating a lesson, 'Tis little Jenny Jones, I'm murther's darlin', I've dot six bruvvers and sisters, at one, murther takes in washin', faver's in in th' ospital, and I'm so ungr'y." She ended with a fearful little quiver in her voice calculated to melt a heart of stone.

"That'll do, Jenny," a pleased smile overspreading the man's broad face. "Why, y'd make a feller's fortune, it it was 't for that blessed interierin' school board, what with yer fee, yer 'air, and that there voice, yer 'listen, my beauty. Ther'll be sausage and porter for supper to-night if yer works 'ard and brings 'ome a tidy bit o' chink."

The child's gray eyes brightened, and she nodded her golden head. "A 'ole sausage for in self?" she asked. "Yus, and porter that I'll fetch in self from th' public, m' lady."

"Come, come, thet's expectin' too much, answered the man good humoredly. Then he continued in a rougher tone, as if afraid that this mite of a girl would get round his soft side and wheedle him into letting her have just a bit of sausage now, and thus spoil her for professional purposes. "Now be 'off wid yer, and min' never a bite 'ill pass yer lips if yer come back without a good 'aul."

"Yeth," Jenny gathered up her boxes of matches and hurried from the room. As she gently closed the door Billy took another pull at his Lottie stretched himself and rising from his couch shuffled over to the table and fell to attacking the good cheer set before him.

Little Jenny carefully made her way down the staircase, which was eaten away in several places by generations of rats. On reaching the street she pulled down her skirt well over her bare legs, in the vain hope of protecting them from the cold morning air. After stooping down to caress a little cat some boys had been chasing, she walked with a solemn gait and grave demeanor through the streets of Somers Town into the more cheerful neighborhood of Holborn and New Oxford street.

Briskly the child plied her matches. But men and women hurrying city ward appeared too absorbed in their own affairs to stop and listen to her tale of woe. The feast of sausages and porter seemed as far away as ever as twelve o'clock striking found Jenny with only a few coppers to show for her morning's labors. With a pathetic little sob she looked at her earnings, and carefully trying them up in a piece of rag returned them to a deep pocket cunningly hidden in the lining of her frock. Fanning her weary feet westward she wandered towards Oxford circus. But she stop and looked at the passers by then did she see a man with a long coat and a top hat, who was looking at her with a peculiar interest. He was a stout, middle-aged man, with a high forehead and a pair of eyes that seemed to see into one's soul. He was looking at Jenny with a peculiar interest. He was a stout, middle-aged man, with a high forehead and a pair of eyes that seemed to see into one's soul. He was looking at Jenny with a peculiar interest. He was a stout, middle-aged man, with a high forehead and a pair of eyes that seemed to see into one's soul.

THE CHERUB

ness of having just received a three-penny bit from a stout, motherly-looking woman emboldened her to pull the skirt of one of two ladies who were criticising fascinating raiment displayed in a stoup front. Both ladies turned round simultaneously, and Jenny, encouraged by their kind, pretty faces, began her tale pulling great dramatic feelings into her voice. "Please ladies, buy a box o' matches Muvver's out of work, and faver's in th' ospital, and I've dot six bruvvers and sisters at 'ome, and I'm so ungr'y." "Oh, what a cherub," exclaimed the elder of the two ladies. "What is your name, little girl?" "Please lady, I'm called Jenny Jones—muvver's 'ittle Jenny," looking at her interlocutor with large appealing eyes. "Poor mite," cried the second lady compassionately. "Why, she must be about the same age as May. Look at her legs, they are blue with the cold."

THE CHERUB

"Yes, how clean and tidy she is. Here, little Jenny, is a shilling. Take great care of it, and give it to your mother." "Thank you, lady," said Jenny, still looking sweetly into the ladies' faces. "The poor child has literally no soles left to her shoes," and tears arose into the elder lady's eyes. Turning to her friend, she said "Hilda, I feel I must take her home with me and give her a pair of May's old boots, I'm sure they would fit her."

"Very well," replied the other, willingly, "let's do it," and sulking the action to the word, they slipped away out of the crowded thoroughfare, and with Jenny trotting between them walked to a smart, freshly painted house, in the vicinity of Zortland Place.

"Come in here, Jenny," said the elder lady, kindly, leading the way through the handsomely furnished hall to a little sitting-room on the ground floor. Jenny followed her hostess, completely awed by the richness of this fairy palace, the like of which she had never imagined, still less beheld. The room into which she was ushered dazzled her. At the first glance she could not take in all its treasures, but little by little, while the ladies talked to each other, she was able to admire the thickly carpeted floor, the curtained window, the comfortable looking chairs, the inviting settee, on which cushions were carelessly thrown, the little tables covered with books, photos and vases of flowers. One table in particular arrested her attention, for on it stood all kinds of ornaments, every one of which was of brightly polished silver.

Jenny's eyes blinked at the sight of this dazzling display she looked at the ladies inquiringly then again at the silver. "Now, Hilda, I'll run up to the nursery and get nurse to sort out a few of Mar's discarded clothes, while you remain and entertain Jenny."

With rustling skirts May's mamma swept from the room, leaving Jenny sitting on the extreme edge of a chintz-covered chair. The sun catching her hair, made of it a halo framing her childish face. The other lady sat opposite her. Tears of pity welled up in her eyes as she looked at the face of the impassive child, who, sitting there so patiently, seemed to accept life with resignation. She thought of her own little niece upstairs, with no shadow or sorrow to cross the path of her sunny existence, spoiled and petted, guarded from every breath of cold wind, who at this very moment was probably sitting down to a wholesome, substantial dinner.

How unjust it all seemed. Very likely this child, as beautiful as a cherub, had never known what it was to be warmly clothed and properly fed. And her mother, it was evident from the child's neatly-mended frock, was a struggling, hard working woman, striving to keep her head above water and her little brood decent and respectable while the breadwinner of the family was laid low. If she could only bring a little sunshine into this little life, see this one-patched face light up with a smile, hear a happy laugh from those lips! But how thoughtless he was. The child was hungry!

"Jenny tell me do you like cake?" Jenny smiled, there was a catch in her voice as she answered, for she was very hungry. "Yeth, please, lady."

"Very well, you sit here like a good girl while I get you a nice slice of cake."

Jenny sat quite still on her chair, evidently turning something over in her baby brain. Hers was not a very great mind, but it had been sharpened by necessity. For the moment, the needs of her stomach governed it completely, and interpreted, cried out "Sausages versus cake."

Presently a curious gleam in her eyes, as she slipped from her chair, showed that it had come to a decision. A few minutes later, May's mamma, followed by May's nurse, her arms laden with warm clothing, a tiny pair of boots in her hand, entered the room. At the same moment the other lady appeared in the doorway, carrying a tray containing a glass of hot milk and a plate of Madeira cake.

"Why, where is Jenny?" they both cried, looking round the room. There was no sign of the child. Then with an exclamation of dismay May's mamma pointed to the brick-arch table—it was bare.—Madeline Du Maurier.

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