

The Catholic Register

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WAR AS A PEACEMAKER.

One spectacular result which the establishment of giant trusts in the United States has achieved is for the first time conspicuously discernible in the present great strike of the steel workers. Now the whole world can see all the features of modern industrial warfare at its highest development. The trusts cleared the ground for the impressive spectacle. By the unassing all the powers of the leading industry of America under one banner an occasion was created for entering upon a great pitched battle with organized labor. Both sides know what the issue means. It may prove a trial of conclusions to a finality for one or the other Mr J P Morgan is of this opinion very emphatically. He says it is a fight to the death, in which no quarter will be given or received. President Shaffer of the Amalgamated Association of labor organizations challenged, has fully accepted the conditions of the fight, and like a prudent general is keeping part of his power in reserve. He has not yet ordered that the strike shall extend to all mills and industries in any way accessory to Mr. Morgan's huge trust, but he will not hesitate to issue such an order when it may be deemed most effectual. In its present dimensions, however, the strike is costing about as much as the war in South Africa. And it is possible to treble or quadruple that cost. If we take the word of the contestants for it, and believe that the fight will be waged to a finish, the question, After the war, what? becomes at once the most interesting speculation of the hour.

For ages the world has witnessed wars of nations bringing their devastation down the course of time. Men are now at last looking forward to the end of national wars. Dynastic wars belong entirely to the past. Constitutional government happily put a period to their havoc. Nationalism, with its susceptibilities and its prejudices is more enduring than racial attachment to royal names and families. But as dynasty was a racial evil, so also is nationality. And if war of one kind has been done away with, we may reasonably hope to see human intelligence advance to the legitimate conclusion along this line.

Industrial warfare is different. It is not inflamed by race or creed or political faction. And if capital and labor must try conclusions to a finish to determine which, if either, shall be the industrial sovereign, the sooner perhaps the pitched battle is brought on the better. Human industry cannot stop. Capital cannot be in the world and remain unemployed. Labor must always be active whoever is to be its employer. Neither J. P. Morgan nor Mr. Shaffer can stop the wheels of industry. There is a power higher than either by which both must abide when the word is said that industrial warfare must come under State regulation. It may be that the trusts have brought us even now within reasonable distance of a practical solution of the matter. The state allows no man to build a railway without a charter. But a charter has not been needed to run a mill because the mills in the past were many. In number alone they defied state supervision. It is feasible if not competent for the state to regulate wages on railways. And when the mills and workshops have all come into the trusts, it may likewise be feasible for the State to dictate with regard to wages in all the great industries employing the armies of labor. Nor will this be an advance towards socialism. Rather is it a natural and necessary extension of the functions of the state, bound by every principle of reason to secure law and order to the community which is constantly imperilled as long as capital and labor are free to challenge each other to fight.

LORD SALISBURY TURNS TAIL.

It is not hard to understand the difficulties that beset the Royal Declaration Bill. The bill is little good to anyone, and the Government find that no political credit will come from passing it. Mr. J. N. Ford, who

seems to be a Tory Cabinet Minister without portfolio, writing in The Globe of Monday, says:

"It is a curious illustration of the detachment of the House of Lords from the outside world that it was not until last evening the Prime Minister realized, what had been evident to every one in the House of Commons for many days past, that the Royal Declaration Bill could not be passed into law during the present session."

The Associated Press pretends to go further into details, saying "Although no division was challenged at the third reading of the King's Declaration Bill this evening in the House of Lords, it is generally believed that no further attempt will be made to pass it, either this session or the next. Lord Salisbury, referring to the statement of Catholic People, said the Government now realized that the Roman Catholics did not wish the offensive words of the original declaration withdrawn, unless the Government at the same time withdrew the declaration regarding the security of the Protestant succession. The Government never had the slightest intention of withdrawing that. The Catholics regretted that they must be prepared to see the declaration stand in its present form."

Either Lord Salisbury is misreported, or he was in one of his wilful fits when he made the foregoing statement. The inescapable Declaration is no security whatever of Protestant succession. Besides "Catholic People," whatever the phrase may mean, never made the statement which the Premier shelters himself behind.

THE EVENING NEWS' MISTAKE.

We have not the least disposition to enter upon a scolding match with The Evening News. An article which appeared in that paper on Saturday last, it is true, offers a wide and inviting prospect to us for saying a great many things which, however, are outside the proper scope of our journalistic policy. The Register now as in the past, will carefully abstain from that species of controversy which needlessly brings religion into the discussion of politics. And on the other hand, this paper will never be deterred from exposing and condemning political organs whose mission is to arouse sectarian prejudice in the community. The News will find that no alliance between a newspaper and a political party can save the newspaper so engaged from the contempt of all peace-loving citizens. Catholics of every political opinion are certainly one when it comes to defending their religion from public insult. So that when The News says The Irish Canadian would not publish the letter that appeared in our columns, and that has excited much weak-rage in the humor Riordan organ, we need only reply that that letter was sent from this office to The Irish-Canadian office last week, and it appeared prominently in the last issue of The Canadian. So much for The Evening News and its failure to understand that the spirit of the Catholic people of the province stands far above party or any other consideration in face of insulting and scandalous public attack upon their religion. The attitude of The Register and The Irish Canadian towards The News is exactly identical.

A FAVORABLE COMPARISON.

The Union, of Ottawa, has made a study of the results of the recent Collegiate Entrance Examinations in that city, and has proved a distinctly favorable comparison for the Separate School pupils. We take the following short summary:

"In all 344 pupils wrote at the examinations, of which 60 were from the Separate Schools of the city.

"Of these separate school pupils 56 passed; 32 boys and 24 girls. The highest mark obtained at the examination, by Separate or Public School pupil was 904, taken by James C. Street of St. Patrick's School. The second highest was 902, by a Public School girl; the third highest, 894, by Joseph P. Casey of St. Bridget's School; and the fourth highest, 878, by a Public School boy and Roy Harris of St. Patrick's School."

Catholic parents have every reason to regard with satisfaction the efficiency of the Separate Schools of this province.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Rome correspondent of The Tablet sends a report of the Pope's health which must be considered as highly satisfactory, especially in view of the accounts of His Holiness' weakened condition recently published in the press "As a matter of fact," says the correspondent, "His Holiness is as well as he has been any summer for the last five years, suffering a little from the heat like all of us, but working almost as hard

as usual, and, if anything, rather more generous of audiences than is generally the case during July."

What Dr. Douglas Hyde and other Irish scholars are doing for the Gaelic in Ireland, the Duke of Atholl, though in a lesser degree, is doing for the Gael in Scotland. He is one of the few Highland chiefs who is able to converse in the melodious and classic language of his country. He is so devoted to his mother tongue that he is encouraging its use by others, and for some months during the Autumn and winter last year held classes at Blair Atholl, to which everyone, in addition to his retainers and tenants, were made welcome. Very good results were shown at the recent examination of the pupils.

In the "War Impressions" of Mortimer Menpes, the result of his sojourn in South Africa, Catholics will be interested on account of what he has to say concerning the army chaplains. Of all the chaplains that accompanied the army for the last twenty months he does not hesitate to say that the Catholic priests were the only clergy to win universal applause. No doubt the other clergy were good men, but as Mr. Menpes puts it, they were men of no magnetism, no strong personality, and without the least capacity to impress their doctrine upon people by whom they were surrounded.

Mr. T. W. Stead, in the course of a character-sketch in The Review of Reviews, describes Dr. E. J. Dillon as the first journalist in England. Dr. Dillon is a County Carlow man, and received his early training in Dublin. Later on he studied in Paris and Germany, where he acquired not merely a perfect knowledge of Greek and Latin, but an intimate acquaintance with modern languages. Dr. Dillon's latest service to The Daily Telegraph is to be found in his readiness to fly to China at a moment's notice, and there describe the incidents in connection with the occupation of Peking. In China he endured much physical fatigue, and ran the risk of constant danger to life and limb. He was 36 hours on the River Peiho, between Tien Tsin and Peking, without food or water, and under a blazing sun. But his Irish spirit and buoyancy brought him successfully through all risks and dangers.

Dr. Koch's speech the other day at the Tuberculosis Conference in London, in which he contended that tubercle in cattle is not a source of danger to human beings, has been received by the public with a good deal of scepticism, which is neatly put in some verses published in The Daily Chronicle of a recent date. Here is the first of them:

"Though my faith in Koch is what some call 'too utter,' Yet that faith first changed to doubt and then alarm, When he told me that my morning milk and butter, Though bacilli-choked, would never do me harm. What? He informs me that so happy is my lot, On tubercular bacilli If I want to take my fill, I Sately may. But ask me—will I? Well, I really think just now I'd rather not."

It has been decided by Cardinal Vaughan and the authorities of the new Westminster Cathedral to erect a shrine within the building for the remains of St. Edmund. St. Edmund was the last King of East Anglia, and the whole history of his reign consists of repeated tales of Danish invasion until—either because he had no option or because as some chroniclers maintain he decided to offer himself up to his enemies that his people might be spared—he fell into their hands and was put to death by them for refusing to abjure the faith, in the year 970. He was buried at Hoxne, and thence, thirty-three years later, his remains were translated to Bury-St Edmunds—which, of course, takes its name from him. The process of translation to Westminster has already begun, and the remains have arrived under the charge of Monsignor Del Val, Archbishop of Nicea, at Arundel from Newhaven. At Arundel they will remain in the Duke of Norfolk's private chapel until the new Cathedral is ready for their reception.

According to The Tablet, it was through the good offices and personal intervention of Leo XIII. that the body of St. Edmund has been recovered for England, after a sojourn in France of nearly 700 years. The relics, it appears, were originally stolen from the shrine at Bury-St. Edmund, in 1216, by the French under Louis Le Dauphin (afterwards Louis VIII., surnamed Le Gros), who came across with his troops at the invitation of the barons opposed to King John, and raided the eastern counties of England. Taken to Paris in 1217,

they were removed two years later to Toulouse, where they remained until recently, when the first steps connected with their translation to Westminster were taken. Cardinal Vaughan's overtures for their recovery were, it is said, at first unsuccessful, the authorities at Toulouse being unwilling to part with so sacred a relic. But on the aid of Pope Leo being invoked, His Holiness induced the Toulouse authorities to surrender the remains to himself, and, after keeping them for some weeks in his private chapel at the Vatican, he handed them over to Monsignor Merry Del Val for conveyance to England.

IRELAND'S GRIEVANCE.

From The London Academy.

Hyde pertinently quotes an egregious remark of Dr. Fitzgerald in refusing leave for a certain history to be read in schools: "No child reading this would gather that the Irishry spoken of were for hundreds of years before 1600 A. D. a pack of naked savages." No wonder that this sort of attitude toward the past of a great race arouses antagonism. "A. E." (Mr. George Russell), after echoing the desire to "keep in mind our language, teach our children our history, the story of our heroes and the long traditions of our race," proceeds to draw a sinister picture of the results of the activities of the Irish Education Board:

"A blockhead of a professor drawn from the intellectual obscurity of Trinity, and appointed as a commissioner to train the national mind according to British ideas, meets us with an ultimatum. 'I will always discourage the speaking of Gaelic wherever I can.' We feel poignantly it is not merely Gaelic which is being suppressed, but the spiritual life of our race. A few ignoramus have it in their power, and are trying their utmost, to obliterate the mark of God upon a nation. It is not from Shelley or Keats our peasantry derive their mental nourishment, now that they are being cut off from their own past. We see everywhere a moral leprosy, a vulgarity of mind creeping over them. The Police Gazette, the penny novels, the hideous comic journals, replace the once familiar poems and the beautiful and moving memoirs of classic Ireland. The music that breathed Tir-nan-og and overcame men's hearts with all gentle and soft emotions is heard more faintly, and the songs of the London music halls may be heard in places where the music of fairy enchanted the elder generations. Ireland, Limited, is being run by English syndicates. It is the descent of a nation into hell."

This is straight and fair hitting. The most brutally Saxon Englishman, if he have any trace of literary feeling, could not fail to sympathize with Mr. Russell's lament over the substitution of English "popular periodicals" for the folktales and folk poetry of Ireland.

THE PRIEST'S FIRST MASS.

On Saturday last four priests of the Community of St. Basil, ordained within the week, offered for the first time the holy sacrifice of the Mass. Rev. A. Staley said his first High Mass in St. Mary's Cathedral, Kingston, Rev. E. Pageau in Windsor, and Rev. Fathers T. and W. Roche in Brechin.

Many years of waiting have passed away; years of mingled hope and fear; years of anxious thoughts, of noble aspirations. They are all gone now. Sweet indeed is the memory of the past; sweet those days of communion with God; but oh sweeter far is this morning's glorious grace. Never before did the sun seem clothed with such brightness—never before did nature present such charms—never before did that young heart beat so quickly and so joyously as it beats to-day. It is the morning of a first Mass—morning hopes from afar and wished with all the vehemence of yearning. The mystery of joy, which thou bringest, has depths we cannot fathom. It has heights which we cannot touch. It has beauties beyond the reach of words and glories beyond the power of loftiest thought.

With faltering step and throbbing breast, the young priest enters the sacristy pondering the glorious thought that dreads about to be consummated. With piercing eloquence the words of the psalmist ring in his ears, "Who shall ascend into the mountains of the Lord, and who shall stand in His holy place? The innocent in hand and the clean of heart." Trembling he puts on his priestly robes, trembling he advances towards God's altar.

The Mass has actually begun. What multitudes of thoughts rush to the young priest's mind! He reverts to the day when first he caught the whisperings of grace—to the very hour in which his Master said in sweetest tones, "Be mine." Fair would he dwell on memories of the past—memories faded once and dim—yet blooming bright to-day. But too heavenly is the action for any earthly thought. A few moments have scarcely

elapsed when he finds himself at the consecration. "Lift up your gates, O ye princes, and be ye lifted up, O eternal gates, and the King of glory shall enter in." Reverently he bows his head and whispers the sacred words, whose import Divinity alone can understand—and lo! he is face to face with God.

As Mary in Bethlehem's silent cave knelt in adoration before the New Born Babe, so now does this young priest fall prostrate before the Offspring of his word. At sight of such wondrous condescension of the Creator—and such unspeakable exaltation of the creature, his soul stands mute. Words cannot speak his gratitude—his love must be unsung. Thoughts of his unworthiness he acknowledges in the words of the centurion, but the sentiments deep buried in his heart can never be full spoken. The purity of an angel would still be too low; the sanctity of the Baptist would still be unworthy of the chalice of benediction, which purples his priestly lips.

Day after day this same oblation will be offered by his hands. Day after day that pure host—that holy host—that immaculate host the bread of eternal life, and the chalice of everlasting salvation, will call down on men the ineffable graces, purchased by the death of their Blessed Redeemer. Oh! may that young heart be ever as pure—and his thoughts as chaste as to-day! May the fire burning in his breast ever retain its warmth—and may its light shine out undimmed. May his life be so fragrant with sanctity that like the divine Master, whose priest he is, he may ever be able to challenge the world—with "which of you can convict me of sin?"—Western Watchman.

NEW MADE AND OLD-FASHIONED LORDS.

An amusing story, illustrating one aspect of the many-sided character of the Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, is now going the rounds in legal circles. Lord O'Brien was going out on circuit, and saw on the railway platform a junior member of the Munster Bar. His Lordship loves to unbend at times and endeavors (for the most part vainly) to purchase popularity by a little cheap affability. So he approached the junior barrister all smiles, and asked his dear fellow to join him in the train on the way down. "But, my lord," said the barrister, "I have only a third-class ticket." "Oh, never mind," replied his genial lordship, "you can pay the difference!" And the difference was duly paid, as much, perhaps, on account of the embarrassment of the situation as because the Chief Justice's company was considered value for the money. But that is only the beginning of the story. "or the train had not proceeded very many stations down the line when Lord O'Brien recognized on the platform no less a person than a peer of the realm, an Earl, too, at that. "Hello, Mayo!" sang out the Lord Chief Justice, "where are you going?" "Oh, I'm going to Limerick Junction," said Lord Mayo. "Come in here, my dear fellow, with me." "Oh, but I don't travel first-class on this line I travel third," rejoined the Earl. Lord O'Brien did not ask Lord Mayo to pay the difference. He bundled himself out of his first-class carriage into Lord Mayo's third-class carriage, and left the young gentleman who had "paid the difference" to enjoy his Lordship's company to travel down alone. Now is not our Lord Chief Justice what Robert Louis Stevenson used to describe as "a Great Creature!"

"MR. DOOLEY" ON CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

"Mr. Dooley" the other day discussed the relative merits of Christian Science and the Practice of Medicine, and, as usual, was wiser and wittier than any oracle regarding both, especially regarding the "specialist" who declines to express an opinion about the patient's heart, because "I never learned below the chin and I'd be fired by the Union if they knew I was working on the heart." In summing up he quotes "Father Kelly," who says of the regular practitioners that: "If they knew less about piven an' more about gruel, an' opened fewer patents an' more windows, they'd not be so many Christyan Scientists. He says th' difference between Christyan Scientists an' doctors is that Christyan Scientists thinks they're no such thing as disease, an' doctors thinks there ain't anything else. An' there ye ar re."

What d'ye think about it?" asked Mr. Hennessey. "I think," said Mr. Dooley, "that if th' Christyan Scientists had some science an' th' doctors more Christyanity, it w'd make any difference which you called in—if ye had a good nurse."

CAN RECOMMEND IT—Mr. Enos Hornberry, Tuscarora, writes: "I am pleased to say that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is all that you claim it to be, as we have been using it for years, both internally and externally, and have always received benefit from its use. It is our family medicine, and I take great pleasure in recommending it."

LAST PRAYER OF ST FRANCIS

Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise Thy name; The just wait for me until Thou have mercy upon me. On a bed of ashes lying, St. Francis was a-dying. His fainting eyes were opened, he saw the golden gate; And, out of God's own city, The blessed leaned for pity—"God rest thee, Brother Francis! for thy release we wait!"

'Twas like a gale even To desert pilgrim given; Strong in their loving voices, he breathed again his plea, And, with a hope new risen, Cried: "Bring me, Lord, from prison! Thy saints awe t my coming until Thou set me free!"

Long since has Francis rested, In stainless garment vested, But still, in sad procession, The souls of men go hence; And still in Christ's fair garden The Blessed seek their pardon, And hunger for their coming, and plead their penitence.

THE FUTURE OF CANADA.

There is no reason why Canada should not have 25,000,000 population within the span of the present generation, says J. D. Whelpley in the August Atlantic. Her wealth is increasing at fourfold ratio. Her tremendous resources are only just beginning to be appreciated, and there is no apparent limit to their ultimate development.

Conscious of her value to her great neighbor, fully appreciating the necessity of the good will of that neighbor to her own prosperity, she is chagrined at the rebuff she believes she has met. With anxious interest she is now watching the war of Europe against the commerce of the United States, not in the hope that Europe will win, but in the expectation that all parties thereto will in time reach the conclusion that commercial war is a useless expenditure of valuable forces which should rather be utilized in the making of conventions to enable the trade of one country to fit advantageously into that of another. Canadian Statesmen look with confidence to the future to bring about some such result, and anticipate with equal optimism an early awakening of the United States to the promise of her neighbor to become the first instead of the third greatest customer for the products of American labor.

A BLACK ORATOR.

From The Ave Maria. We quite agree with The Bookman that the following sentences from an exhortation delivered by a Negro preacher at a revival in Atlanta show a very high degree of "untutored native eloquence and of primitive imagination which rises to the heights of the sublime."

"Oh, me! What you gwine ter do w'en you see de devil comin' in a hailstorm, drivin' a pa'r er white hosses, wid de lightning fer reins, en de thunder barin' lak a houn' dog at his heels, en him kickin' de big hills out his way, en drinkin' up de sea at a mouthful w'er he feel thursty, en takin' de roun' worl' in his two han's en pitchin' it at de stars lak hit wuz a base ball? I ax you, plain en constant, what you gwine ter do en whar you gwine ter stan' w'en de devil do dat?"

This is, as our clever contemporary says, absolutely apocalyptic; the language is forcible and the imagery Miltonic. But the suggestion that it may, after all, be the work of some white man is wholly unnecessary and extremely improbable. One of the most highly colored and imaginative discourses we have ever read was written and spoken by a black orator.

BIGOTS SHAMED TO SILENCE.

A few months ago a band of devoted Sisters of St. Francis undertook the difficult work of establishing a house for the poor children of the extensive missions attached to the Church of St. Anthony of Padua at Florence, S. C. Their efforts were successful and much good was being accomplished, when, without the slightest provocation, they were made the object of a combined attack by a despicable clique of bigots made up of representatives of the various sects in and around Florence. So fierce and persistent was the onslaught and so vile the insinuations and innuendoes directed against the Sisters that heroic measures were deemed necessary to stem the flood of slander. Accordingly the Sisters threw open their convent for public inspection and published in the local paper a letter explaining their rule and manner of life. All the best citizens of Florence and vicinity accepted the Sisters' invitation, with the result that their defamers were covered with confusion. The good being effected by the devoted religious and the purity and self-sacrifice that marked their daily life were made plain to all, and there is every reason to hope that their slanderers have been effectually silenced for a time at least.