

Ireland's Great Past.

In a letter to the New York Sun, Walter J. Shanley, of Danbury, Conn., thus says of the stupendous civilization owes to Ireland's scholarship in medieval times: The current works on the history of education do scant justice to Ireland's influence on medieval culture throughout Europe. Ireland was the teacher of the proudest nations of Europe from the fifth to the tenth century, and laid the foundations of modern civilization. The annals of central and western Europe are the monastic chronicles, the churches, the lives of medieval saints and martyrologies, inscriptions and local traditions still bear witness that a school of Irish teachers penetrated into all parts of Europe, and were actively engaged in the work of teaching from the fifth to the tenth century. They were on the Rhine, the Danube, and the Main, on the Swiss lakes, on the sides of the Alps and Apennines, in Gaul, Spain, Belgium, Bavaria, Holland, on the plains of Lombardy, in southern Italy in the islands of the Northern Seas. Five centuries of noble teaching on the Continent stands to Ireland's credit. The memory of their genius is still preserved through the length and breadth of Europe. The schools of Lindisfarne in England, Bobbio in Italy, Vordon in France, Wissembourg, Wurzburg, Constance, Erfurt, in Germany, were founded by Irishmen. The renowned monastic school of Albi on the Rhine was founded by St. Fridolin. St. Columba taught in the schools of Zurich and Constantine, Sigisbert in the school of Disentis and at Warsburg; Wurzburg was made celebrated by Killian, and founded by St. Virgilius. The renowned schools of Liege and Malines in Belgium were founded by Irish teachers. John Scotus Erigena, who was born in Ireland and trained in its schools, was the headmaster of the schools of the French King Charlemagne. The Franklin annals of the eighth and ninth centuries attest that the court of the King of France was filled by Irish philosophers such as Virgilius, Clement and Denil. Heric of Auxerre tells us that these teachers came over in flocks from Ireland to France, at the time that they were at the court of Louis II, in Germany, where the Irishman Marcellus drew about him the most brilliant activity of the noble teachers we would not have the scriptures to-day. The Irish monks reserved them, copied them unceasingly, and carried them in their book-stacks all over Europe. The oldest book of the New Testament, the Muratorian Canon, comes down to us from Irish monks of Bobbio, in Italy, who transcribed it, 1200 years ago, although it was then the Latin Vulgate. It is well known that the Latin Vulgate played an important part in the development of medieval Europe. It formed the literary taste and was the instrument of philosophical and biological expression. The Greek and Latin classics were preserved an unimpaired by Irish teachers. The literary culture of Europe is due in a great degree to the conscientious, painstaking labor of these zealous students of the classics. Among the oldest Latin and Greek grammars and dictionaries in our possessions are those produced by Irish authors. Some ancient treatises on surveying, geometry, natural science, and medicine are preserved, owing to the labors of these great men. The best classical libraries of Europe in the Middle Ages were in the Irish monasteries of Bobbio in Italy and St. Gall in Switzerland. The Irish monks were the most renowned philosophers of the eighth and ninth centuries. They were versed in Plato, Aristotle and Boethius, the philosophy of the Scriptures and the history of the world. The literature of the Irish monks shows a high degree of artistic culture and a broad knowledge of the fine arts. In elegance, purity of style and rarity their work is unequalled. Elegant traces of skill in sculpture can be found today in the monasteries of Bangor, Armagh, Lismore, and Clonmacnoise. To the Irish teacher was accorded the merit of superiority in music, even by the Anglo-Norman writers, as late as the twelfth century. The greatest school of music in the ninth century was at St. Gall in Switzerland, presided over by Marcellus, the most accomplished man of the century. His disciples, Notker and Tuotillo, were famous musicians, and Tuotillo was moreover a painter and sculptor, and Michael Angelo of his day. The Irish developed a national music, which is recorded as unsurpassed. Some of the most popular airs of more than a century ago, are taken from the collection on Irish music of the Middle Ages.

The culture of modern Europe is due in great measure to the indefatigable activity of these Irish monks who were the pioneers and blazed the way through the pathless wilderness. They opened the first schools for the barbarians in central Europe. They taught the elements of Latin, reading, writing, history, logic arithmetic, the Church psalms and the essentials of education. The schools which they had previously founded in Lindisfar, Glastonbury, and Malmesbury in England, were reproduced in Leuxell, Fontenoy, Bobbio, Metz, Milan, Laore, Liege, St. Gall, Esich-an on the Rhine, and the Murrbach in Alsace. Wherever they settled on the continent they established schools. They were a noble race of teachers who exiled themselves from a charming country and travelled over Europe, became the very pariahs of the world in order to instruct the people of the Continent, who were just emerging from barbarism. The history of their work for culture and Christian civilization is one of the most instructive and inspiring pages in the annals of human history.

by for at midnight it is said the field is well guarded by a ghostly warrior on phantom steed. But for this we cannot vouch, as it was not at midnight, but in September sunset we saw this "House of Seven Gables."—Susan O'Reilly in the Irish Monthly.

Thé Pope's Vacation.

The Holy Father has begun to enjoy his jubilee holidays. His Secretary of State is away at Castel Gandolfo, his majordomo is in Switzerland, three or four of the principal Cardinals of the Curia have been seeking rest in various parts of Italy and Switzerland. Thus His Holiness is free from the untold visits of Cardinal Merry del Val on State affairs, Mgr. Bisleti's substitute continues to crowd the customary audiences into three days of the week, something of the kind is done with the routine business which usually occupies some portion of the Pope's day, and the Holy Father's holidays, or, more properly, "vacation," consists in the fact that he has all this extra time to do with as he likes. What does he do with it? We have no idea beyond being able to say that he prolongs somewhat his daily walks in the garden. He continues to be the first person about in the Vatican summer and winter, and when his attendant, Cavaliere Sili, knocks at his door every morning at five he finds the Pontiff seated in an arm-chair reading his breviary and already well on with his "hours." There is a modest little chapel close to his bedroom, and here he begins Mass at six, assisted by one of his two secretaries, Mgr. Bressan or Mgr. Pescini, who, with Mgr. Sanfermo, formerly Vicar-general of Venice, and now a canon of St. Mary Major's, constitute the little Venetian court of His Holiness. At seven Mass and thanksgiving are over, and the Pope goes to "breakfast," consisting of a cup of coffee and milk, into which the Pope dips a few thin slices of bread. After this, if the weather is fine, there is a walk in the garden; and if not, in the loggia. Between the walk and the first of the daily receptions an interval is always left for a glance through the principal Italian papers, then comes the long list of private and public audiences, which occupy from two to three hours. The interval between the audiences and the dinner is usually so short that the Pope has not long finished Vespers and complin when it is time for dinner, which is ready punctually at 1 o'clock. The etiquette that the Pope must eat alone belongs to the past. Pius X. tried it during those first few days of his pontificate, but the plan would not work, and ever since he has always had one or two of his secretaries to dine with him. Here, as in so many other respects, the Holy Father has hardly changed at all since he was a poor parish priest in the north of Italy. As a rule the dinner consists of soup, the boiled beef that made it, a vegetable, cheese and fruit. The Friday fare usually consists of bean soup and Indian meal flavored with cuttle-fish. All the fasts are observed most rigorously by the Holy Father, in spite of his seventy-three years, and if the doctors ever protested, they have ceased to do so. The meal lasts less than three-quarters of an hour, and is unadorned by simple and familiar conversation. Afterwards the Pontiff retires to his room for about an hour, when he either goes down to the garden, accompanied by a prelate or two, or retires to his study and recites matins and lauds before resuming his work. The 9 o'clock supper is not more varied or complicated than the 1 o'clock dinner. There is time after it for a glance at the evening papers—then comes the rosary and night prayers, and it is a very rare occasion when the Pope is not in bed at half-past ten. He will be seen from all this that Pius X. has not much choice as to how he is to spend his summer holidays.

An Hour With Thee.

My heart is tired, so tired to-night, How endless seems the strife! Day after day the restlessess Of all this weary life! I come to lay my burden down That so oppresseth me, And, shutting all the world without, To spend an hour with Thee, Dear Lord, To spend an hour with Thee. I would forget a little while The bitterness of tears, The anxious thoughts that crowd my life, The buried hopes of years; Forget that woman's weary toil My patient care must be, A tired child I come to-night To spend an hour with Thee, Dear Lord, One little hour with Thee. The busy world goes on and on—I cannot heed it now; Thy sacred hand is laid upon My aching, throbbing brow, Life's toil will soon be past, and then, From all its sorrows free, How sweet to think that I shall spend Eternity with Thee, Dear Lord; Eternity with Thee. —Mary Wheaton Lyon.

In September Sunset.

"A real 'House of Seven Gables'!" we said that evening when we had walked around the old homestead and stood looking at it as the sun's rays lay aslant it. The climbing rose and jessamine showed out distinctly from the background of ivy, so thickly grown that only the many small-paned windows of a past age were left uncovered. Fields upon fields were around it, green on every side, save in these few trees that tell early of the wane of the year. But, where Ke then stood the fresh leaves of the weeping willow and the dark green of the cypress tree shut out the dismal warning of such tints. No: this place, even on an autumn evening, did not speak of fleeting things, for we looked at the stone set over the doorway and read the date, "A. D. 1627," and we saw the engraved cross, with its surmounting letters, "I. H. S."

Canonization of Pius IX.

(From Rome.) It is more than likely that never has a proposed case of canonization excited so much interest as has been aroused by the news that the diocesan tribunals of Rome, Naples, Imola and Spoleto have begun the preliminary investigations destined, it is hoped, to lead to the introduction of the cause of the servant of God, Pius IX. Meanwhile the documents and the evidence are accumulating in great abundance, and already the miraculous figures largely in the life of Pius IX. It is not necessary to say that all this evidence and especially the part of it which seems to touch on the supernatural, will be sifted so finely that nothing but the ascertained truth will be left when the Holy See is at last asked to give its final verdict on the heroic sanctity of Pius IX. Here is one of the incidents of Cardinal Mastai's episcopate at Imola which have been submitted to the examination of the tribunal recently opened there. He was one day in his room intent on the study of some ancient books of Catholic doctrine when his secretary came to announce that a lady dressed in black and wearing a veil, was in the ante-chamber and desired an interview with him. The Cardinal replied: "I will go in a minute," and he rose and went into his private chapel to pray for a few moments. But the few moments grew into a great many minutes: the visitor showed frequent signs of impatience, and three times the secretary went into the chapel to remind the Cardinal that he was awaited, but only to be told each time: "I will go in, a minute." When the secretary returned a fourth time and trembling voice replied: "I speak with the living and not with the dead." The secretary had no idea what the phrase meant,

Religion in London.

Father Phelan writes to the West-End Watchman from the English metropolis in somewhat superlative terms: "I am writing this letter," he says, "from the greatest city in the world, the greatest commercially, politically, socially, financially and religiously. England may not be the most prosperous country in the world; she may sink in the next century to the rank of a third rate power, but London cannot be discredited. She will continue to be for all time the metropolis of the western world. There is a great deal of poverty here, and it is that hopeless sort that comes from unchangeable social conditions. There are young men and young women here who wear such filthy rags that if they walked the streets of an American city they would be followed as lunatics long escaped from an asylum, and who should be returned without delay to where they belong. "I speak of London as a great religious city, and such it is. There is more time and money spent for religion in London than in all the United States put together. Religious newspapers are here without number. Books treating on religion are issued by the hundreds a day. The news stands and bookstores groan under the weight of religious books, written on every conceivable religious topic and by all classes and conditions of men. Churches are to be seen every few hundred yards, and they are all in good condition. Institutions of charity abound, and they are generally supported by private subscriptions. There are fifty large hospitals, how-soever supported. There are halls and reading rooms and entertainments without number to invite people to study and prayer. There are met on the streets as many clergymen as would be encountered in Rome. All this shows that the great intelligent public of London is interested in religion. The upper classes of England were never so zealous as now, and never were so disposed to contribute and work for the spread of religion among the common people. "OTHER SIDE OF THE PICTURE. In the very next paragraph, however, Father Phelan robs this statement of its impressiveness by stating that "the great bulk of Londoners have no religion." The common people never go to church. "I am sorry to say that the priests here are not very much encouraged at the outlook from a Catholic point of view. They are making some converts, but they are losing more conversions than they are gaining by accessions. They all complain of the number of Catholics who fall away from the Church in London. They do not become Protestants, but they give up the practice of their religion, even to the extent of neglecting to have their children baptized. And it is not the fault of the clergy, who are a hardworking and zealous body of men. I was invited to dine at a rectory not far from London Bridge last Sunday, and I had to wait a considerable time for the priests. They were all out collecting throughout the parish. It seems from time immemorial the priests devote four hours every Sunday afternoon visiting every family in the parish and collecting a penny for the school in each. The six priests on their return had six pounds—\$30—between them. Visiting the people was a vastly more important service than collecting for the school. Now what American priest could or would do this? They complain that a great many fall away through mixed marriages."

Prejudice Disappearing.

When English history shall have been written right, and it is coming with a rapid pace now, most of the objections so commonly urged against the Catholic Church shall have disappeared. Even the editors of the Cambridge Modern History declared in their preface that the long conspiracy against the truth is breaking up. The men who had lent themselves to this conspiracy are a surprise to this generation. Thackeray probably knew no better, and was only a novelist, but Macaulay is responsible for much of this false Protestant history, and he got his reward for it in the shape of a seat in the House of Lords. It is these unfortunate traditions that have kept English speaking people and of the Church for, as a rule they have very little sympathy with the Lutheran revolt in Germany or its principles; and now that the truth is coming out, we may look for large numbers of conversions to the Church; and already the signs of their coming are above the horizon. The seeds sown by the enemies of the Church are yielding thorns to the sowers. Falsified history reacts favorably to historical truth, and vindicates God's eternal Truths—Church Extension.

The Catholic Paper.

I want to make a strange statement at the very beginning of this article. It is this: The people for whom it is written are they who will not read it unless you read it. Take pencil this paper, enclose it in a wrapper and mail it to them. And let me add here and now that we do not do enough of this kind of missionary work. We read the Catholic

Time Proves All Things

One roof may look much the same as another when put on, but a few years' wear will show up the weak spots. "Our Work Survives" the test of time. GEO. W. REED & CO., Ltd. MONTREAL.

TRULY A STRUGGLING MISSION

In The Diocese of Northampton. FAKENHAM, NORFOLK, ENGLAND. This Mission of St. Anthony of Padua was started by me nearly three years ago by command of the late Bishop of Northampton. I had then, and I have now, No Church, no Presbytery, no Diocesan Grant, no Endowment (except Hope). I am still obliged to say Mass and give Benediction in a mean upper room. Yet, such as it is, this is the sole outpost of Catholicism in a division of the County of Norfolk measuring 55 x 20 miles. The weekly offerings of the congregation are necessarily small. We must have outside help for the present, or haul down the flag. The generosity of the Catholic Public has enabled us to secure a valuable site for Church and Presbytery. We have money in hand towards the cost of building, but the Bishop will not allow us to go into debt. I am most grateful to those who have helped us, and trust they will continue their charity. To those who have not helped I would say—"For the sake of the Cause give something, if only a little". It is easier and more pleasant to give than to beg. Speed the glad hour when I need no longer plead for a permanent home for the Blessed Sacrament. FATHER H. W. GRAY, Catholic Mission, Fakenham, Norfolk, Eng'd. P. S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgment a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony. (EPISCOPAL AUTHORIZATION) Dear Father Gray, You have duly accounted for the meals which you have received, and you have placed them securely in the names of Diocesan Trustees. Your efforts have gone far towards providing what is necessary for the establishment of a permanent Mission at Fakenham. I authorize you to continue to solicit alms for this object until, in my judgment, it has been fully attained. Yours faithfully in Christ, F. W. KEATING, Bishop of Northampton.

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Japanese Doctor's Fees.

A Japanese doctor never thinks of asking a poor patient for a fee. There is a proverb among the medical fraternity of Japan: "When the twin enemies, poverty and disease, invade a home, then he who takes ought from that home, even though it be given him, is a robber." "Often," says Dr. Matsumoto, "a doctor will not only give his time and his medicine freely to the sufferer, but he will also give him money to tide him over his dire necessities. Every physician has his own dispensary, and there are very few chemists' shops in the empire. When a rich man calls in a physician he does not expect to be presented with a bill for medical services. In fact, no such thing as a doctor's bill is known in Japan, although nearly all the other modern appliances are in vogue there. The doctor never asks for his fee. The strict honesty of the people makes this unnecessary. When he has finished with a patient, a present is made to him of whatever sum the patient or his friends may deem to be just compensation. The doctor is supposed to smile, take the fee, and thank his patron."

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Break and run down, had every day and very faint away, in fact, my sometimes I would have fainting. It was through selling agents that I was after taking three boxes into it has been a number had a fainting spell and have a headache. The said in praise of Milburn's Nerve Pills, for in one per box or 3 boxes for Mrs. or The T. Milburn, Toronto, Ont.