

committee for examination, this Committee to consist of the Duke of Norfolk as representing the Catholic side and Sir Walter Phillimore the Anglican, with Lord Balfour of Burleigh (a Presbyterian) as chairman. In so doing he has surely set at rest the interested criticism which would nullify in the world's eyes so remarkable a movement towards Catholic unity as was consummated at Calcey in the month of February last.

MOST BIGOTED OF PLACES

The speech which Mr. A. Newman delivered lately in Belfast is a lesson for Orange Ulster which Orange Ulster would do well to take to heart. It is a very regrettable thing to have to say, but it is true, that Orange Ulster is singularly ignorant of Ireland and Ireland's history, of the real meaning of Ireland's cause, and of its own position and necessities. The crass stupidity and ignorance of Orange Ulster were summed up by the late Duke of Abercorn when he made the absurd formula: "We will not have Home Rule."

EQUALITY UNKNOWN

There have been silly and ridiculous political shibboleths invented time out of mind, but so much misapprehension of a political issue and situation was never before concentrated in a single phrase of six words—to that extent the Duke's phrase was, and is, a real masterpiece. For one thing, it is, or should be, obvious to the most dense that no government of any kind at all would be possible if such a principle—if principle it can be called—were tolerated in any community where there exists divergent views and dissimilar interests. But that is what Orange ignorance cannot appreciate, and for the very best of good reasons. Bad habit has completely paralysed the Orange mind. The Orange faction have held on to an ascendancy which has become to them a second nature. The word equality brings no manner of meaning to their minds; they do not understand it, they do not bear it; it is not in their lexicon. To say that Catholics and Nationalists should be equal to them, should enjoy similar rights and privileges, take an equal share in the government of the country, should have equal influence with the most obnoxious thing that can be uttered. They are "the loyalists," they are the petted children of England, they are civil and religious liberty, and for these and sundry other puerile reasons "We will not have Home Rule," because it may bring Catholics and Nationalists into full equality with them, because it may give to the "rebelly Irish" as full a share in the government of Ireland as has been held by the ascendancy faction.

THE REASON

And after all what has the maintenance of this wretched ascendancy brought even to Orange Ulster! The temper which underlies the Duke's shibboleth is accountable for the policy of exclusion which has prevailed up North, and herein comes one part of Mr. Newman's admirable lesson. The exclusion of Catholics from employment in Belfast is an accepted and undeniable fact, and what is that exclusion grounded upon? Hear Mr. Newman—"It was this: 'By excluding Catholics from employment there will be more for Protestants to employ.' But there wasn't more employment, and Protestants have found it necessary to emigrate. And why? Because the system of exclusion was based on a social fallacy. 'If you broke the heart of the nation, you also broke its pocket. Exclusion spelt emigration.

CUTTING OFF THEIR NOSES

Was there an Orange family in North-East Ulster that had not suffered from that awful blight? Trade Union officials could tell a tale of Trade Union failure through the absurd intrusion of King William into every subject, and the refusal of the deluded Orange workers to unite with Catholics in a Trade Union." Now, there is a fact as plain as a pickstaff, and yet Orange Belfast cannot see it. If it could not have been borne in on the mind of the Orangemen of Belfast in any other way, surely it ought to have been suggested to them by the way they are patronized by "the nobility and gentry," and fashionable lawyers from Dublin and London. Do the Orangemen of Belfast ever pause to think—of course they don't—how many of the nobility and gentry and fashionable lawyers would be on their platforms if they were engaged in a cause likely to bring benefit to genuine democrats?

Again hear Mr. Newman: "Why could these Orange workers not understand the truth? Why could they not see in their leaders the enemies of democracy, who had taught them to keep aloof or despise and attack their fellow-countrymen, so that by keeping them at war with their own class, those same leaders might continue for a little longer to exploit the poor."

THE ARISTOCRAT'S DUPE

No these aristocrats will subscribe funds to buy firearms for the misguided Orange rank and file, and to build Orange halls in which inflammatory bigots can hold forth the grossest creed of intolerance ever preached, but they will not lift a finger to get for the Orange workmen of the North better condition of life, a living wage, reasonable hours of

leisure, comfortable, wholesome houses, the ordinary benefits of modern civilization.

Now, when all this is borne in mind, it is easy to realize the amazement with which the Orangemen of Ulster witness what they are pleased to call "English indifference" to their recent manifestations. The very self-same thought which underlies the late Duke of Abercorn's political talisman is at the bottom of this amazement. They said they would go into rebellion if Home Rule was even attempted, they formed Unionist clubs, drill classes, marching parties, signalling corps; they got up a ridiculous covenant, signed a "legally" drawn declaration of resistance, held semi-religious ceremonies that went perilously near blasphemy; mouthed the Old Hundred on the supposition of some phantom peril, paraded before Bonar Law and Carson and Craig and Moore; shouldered wooden guns, and drew along imitation cannon—and done all these highly melodramatic all on the understanding that England would be "moved" thereby. It never struck them for a single moment that England, the great democracy of England, would see another side to the question at issue. They imagined fondly that when they had things just enumerated the question was settled, that England would become as idiotic as themselves and begin to shout, "We will not have Home Rule." The same old dense, crass ignorance is at the bottom of the wonder at England's equanimity in face of what is ridiculously called "the crisis." The fact is the Ulster Orangeman has never grown up, and the English democrat has, and he cannot be barged and bullied by noisy boys who won't have anything except just exactly what pleases their taste.

HE TOO WILL GROW

But the Orangeman will grow up too. When he gets into the clear bracing air of true liberty, and inhales a little wholesome Nationality into his lungs, he will develop into a real man, and into an Irishman, and then for the first time he will become a credit and useful to his country. But when that time comes he may be prepared for less pats on the back from the nobility and gentry and fashionable lawyers who have been playing on his hitherto invincible ignorance.—Weekly Freeman, Dublin.

SERAPHIC FRANCIS

GOD'S OMNIPOTENCE MANIFESTED IN HIS WORKS—THE SUN IMITATES THE AUTHOR OF ITS PEERLESS BEAUTY

Written for the Intermountain Catholic "God is wonderful in His Saints." Psalm lxxi, 36.

Although God is great and wonderful in all His works, there are nevertheless those upon which He seems especially to have concentrated His power. And although God be mighty and glorified in all His Saints, some there are whom He particularly chose, that they might show forth more resplendently in their life the refulgent splendor of His omnipotence.

Striking indeed, is the similarity existing between God's actions in the spiritual order and those in the workings of nature. Thus in the sublime act of creation, the Almighty appears to have exhausted the rich treasury of His bounty when He called man into being, and decreed: "Let us make man to our own image and likeness."

The Sun, imitating the Divine Author of its peerless beauty, illumines the entire earth with its mellow rays, yet, it partially overlooks many a pretty flower that scents the verdant lawn, while it sheds its most animating and invigorating rays on the hidden snow-white lily or the timid blushing rose. Equally so it is in the order of grace. "God is wonderful in all His saints," all are but the golden-tongued orators of His greatness and grandeur; all but the offspring of His vivifying grace. But even as star differs from star in brightness, so does saint outshine and eclipse saint in the characteristic glories of his mission.

Have not you a more profound veneration, a livelier devotion to certain saints than others? Has not their memory more closely and fondly entwined itself around the tenderest affections of your heart? Has not, perchance, your frequent recourse to them begotten a certain familiarity, which inspires and encourages the cherished hope that you, too, may reflect in your life a few of the many virtues which shone forth so resplendently in theirs, and which were for them the passport to an eternal jubilee of rejoicing in heaven?

Now such preeminently is the seraphic Francis of Assisi the popular saint of to-day, who attracts universal admiration and whose charming life forms the cherished theme of orators' tongue, poet's pen and artists' brush. Francis, who was endowed with a poet's mind, possessed a beggar's body and whose intellect reflected a scintillating ray of supernatural wisdom.

So many, so varied, are the thoughts that crowd the mind at the mere mention of St. Francis, that for brevity and order's sake, we shall confine our remarks to the principal characteristics of his life and therefore cull some salutary and practical lessons.

Francis was born at Assisi, Italy, in the year 1181 and in his youth he followed the mercantile career of his father. At the age of twenty-four

he was the central figure of a gay band of jolly companions, who captivated by the fascinating charms of poetry and romance of France, from which Francis borrowed his name, devoted their days to pleasure and their nights to song.

His dreams were so many phantoms of military fame, and his every aspiration for earthly renown until heaven finally favored him with a vision, wherein he beheld a large supply of arms and weapons "for whom are these?" eagerly exclaimed Francis. And a voice answered: "For thee and thy soldiers."

Thereupon he hastened to enlist beneath the standard of Gauthier, who was then engaged in war with the Germans in the south of Italy. Here Divine Providence intervened, and by a miraculous manifestation, God revealed to him the future field of his spiritual warfare.

The finger of the Omnipotent pointed to the crimsoned cross of which Francis, in his own flesh was to be the standard bearer. He beheld, too in beautiful vision Our Blessed Lady, under whose guidance and patronage he would battle valiantly, and thus merit the imperishable laurels of a triumphant and everlasting victory.

"O! Christ, when Thou shalt call me hence,

Be Thon Mother my defence;
Be Thy Cross my Victory,
While my body here decays,
May my soul Thy goodness praise,
Safe in Paradise with Thee."

Francis now became the victim of a death-threatening illness, and although he had always been a generous bestower of alms, after his recovery, he redoubled his energy in the performance of charitable works.

So ardent was his desire to attain the very summit of evangelical poverty that he generously distributed all his possessions among the poor. This apparent extravagance on the part of Francis' so exasperated Francis' Father that he cited his son before the Bishop of Assisi in order in his presence to deprive him of his patrimony.

With light and joyous heart Francis abandoned all divesting himself even of his garments, that he might with greater truth invoke "Our Father Who art in Heaven." And even this total abandonment he would increase when he heard the golden precept: "Do not possess silver or gold; nor money in your purse, nor scrip for your journey; nor two coats nor shoes."

From that moment, poverty, the most abject because the guiding and ruling star of his life and of the Franciscan Order. Sanctity my dear reader consists in the detachment of the heart from creatures and its attachment to the Creator. The Christian's salvation is hinged upon the observance of the commandments. "If thou wilt enter life everlasting, keep the commandments."

The perfection of a religious consists in the fidelity. Whosoever he conforms his life to the Divine Model and fashions his conduct after the pattern, bequeathed him by the God-Man Who declared: "If thou wilt be perfect go sell all and give to the poor."

Now Christ, the Eternal Wisdom, espoused poverty as His bride and upon her finger He placed the ring of His nuptials. How sacredly Francis revered this union, how faithfully his mortified life reflected the poverty of Christ, may best be learned from the following soul-inspiring prayer, which he so fervently breathed to the Almighty: "O, Lord Jesus, show me the paths of Thy well-beloved poverty. She is Thy Spouse, who accompanied Thee from Thy Mother's womb to the crib in the stable, and on the way sides of the world, she took care that Thou shouldst not have whereon to lay Thy head. In the combat that concluded the warfare of our redemption. Poverty mounted with Thee on the Cross, which not even Mary could ascend, poverty followed Thee to Thy barrowed tomb, and even in Thy glorious resurrection she did not desert Thee. O Poorest Jesus, increase my love for this, Thy Queen, without whom I enjoy no peace, I find no repose."

Although Francis was the poorest of the poor, no man of wealth ever possessed the earth as extensively as he, who depended solely on Providence, through whom he transformed the world into a veritable primeval paradise. Hence the fishes followed his boat, the feathered songsters, whose dulcet strains thrilled the air, flocked about him, responsive to his every beck. The sublime heights of sanctity to which his love of poverty elevated him, proclaimed him the lord and master of the irrational creation.

Francis had now established the order of the brown-robed, sandled, Friars Minor; and twelve disciples were already enrolled beneath the banner of the Crucified. In the year 1209 he wended his way to Rome, there to obtain from Pope Innocent the apostolic sanction of the Holy See. At first the Holy Father refused to see him; but in sleep heaven favored him with a vision wherein he beheld the saintly man whom he had repulsed, supporting on his shoulder the Latent Basilica.

Pope Innocent III, then sought Francis, welcomed him most affectionately and cordially confirmed the foundation of his order. Francis bade his brethren disperse, traverse every known region, and preach by word and example, the gospel of Christ Crucified.

For himself he reserved Syria as the scene of his missionary labors, actuated by the hope, that the blood-thirsty infidels would reward his efforts with the crown of martyrdom. But the Sultan, fascinated with his endearing amiability and captivated with his charming personality, lavished such tokens of reverence and esteem upon him that the disappointed Francis gladly returned to Italy.

According to Christ's prediction, sufferings and persecutions are the portion of His followers. Now this is especially true of the period when Francis was engaged on the field of his spiritual warfare. Heresy was undermining the church's very foundation; the battering rams of the civil powers were directed against her; while, within her pale the faith of many was faint, flickering and wavering. And, thus circumstanced, it seemed as if she were about to succumb to the united attack of her combined enemies.

Avarice was the crying vice of the age; the hearts of men worshipped at the shrine of Mammon; and their minds were dazzled with the tinsel glitter of worldly fame and renown. Then it was that the ever memorable appeal resounded in the ear and aroused the soul of Francis. "O, Francis, seeest thou not that My house is falling into decay; go thou and repair it for Me."

No sooner were these words spoken than Francis was foremost in the fray; his only weapon, the blood-stained cross; his only shield, holy poverty, the patroness of true liberty which disarms hell, mocks at tyrants, and which now rendered Francis more attractive in his spirit of renunciation, than when his fellow-citizens proclaimed him "The flower of his age."

Scarcely had ten years elapsed after Francis espoused poverty than five thousand friars, minor, whom he designated his favorite knights, rallied beneath his standard. In the court of his vast assemblage poverty, his queen, reigned with universal sway. While the second branch of his order, composed of consecrated virgins, was governed by St. Claire, whose spiritual daughters formed a bodyguard, of which no express could ever boast.

So great was the outburst of heavenly enthusiasm, which St. Francis inspired and so ardent and widespread was the desire to embrace the religious life which he awakened, he in order not to deplete the church and state, established the Third Order of Franciscans.

And in that long procession of devout souls, living in a world, might be seen a King Louis of France, a Queen Elizabeth of Hungary, followed by countless multitudes of every nation, tongue and tribe. Throughout every land the Cross, smiling in the golden sunshine, crowned a monastery or convent filled to overflowing with chaste youths and pure maidens, the virginal flowers of Christ's terrestrial garden. Whosoever the sons and daughters of St. Francis labor in the vineyard of the Divine Husbandman, they garner a rich and mighty harvest, each sheaf of which testifies that the first fruit produced by their Great Seraphic Founder will remain forever.

When Providence threw open to mankind the portals of a new world, the sons of the living martyr, who bore in his emaciated body the wounds of the Crucified, were the first to sanctify its virgin soil with their tears, toils, prayers and labors; while not a few watered it by the generous effusions of their blood and thus inserted many a ruby gem in the jeweled crown which adorns the queenly brow of Mother Church.

T. F. KELLY.

COLLEGE EDUCATION

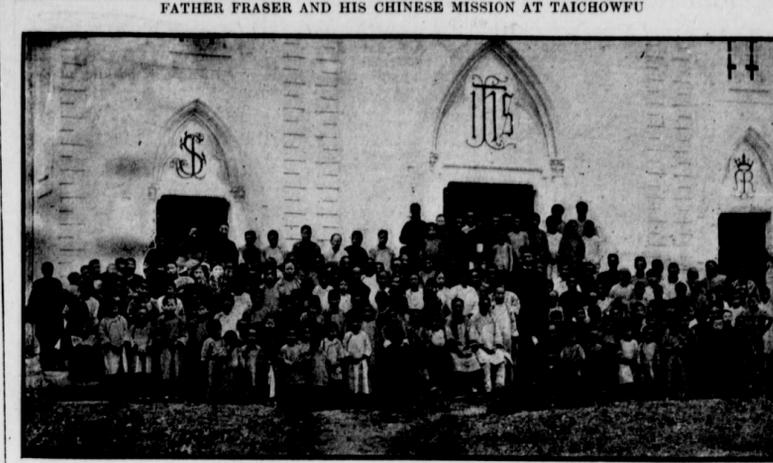
Education is one of the main necessities of the present age and education for our Catholic youths if it is the proper kind will strengthen their faith and make them see the necessity of being not alone men, but "honest men."

Is the Government University the proper place to send our Catholic young men? No. The place to send them is to a Catholic college, where they are taught by Catholic priests and where their general surroundings are Catholic.

The reasons for not sending them to a Government University are, in the first place they have not the discipline other than the class room, and secondly, the temptations are too great for the average youth to overcome, he being away from his home and in a large city. May we say that from our point of view that the parents who send their children to any Government University when it is possible for them to send them to a Catholic college affiliated with some university are turning their backs upon our Catholic faith and the spiritual welfare of their children.

Will the education in our holy religion, and the good training in discipline which he obtains in a Catholic college, leave a man when he goes out into the world? No, neither will. He may fall, as great men have fallen, but he will again behold the ladder which he was high parents do not have the idea that by sending your son or sons to a University that it is they who will be doing good and leading others with him or them. No, they will not lead, but he will lead. "For who so firm that cannot be seduced."

Can you find a happier lot of young men than those of a Catholic college? No, you cannot. Why is it then that these young men are so



FATHER FRASER AND HIS CHINESE MISSION AT TAICHOWFU

LETTER FROM FATHER FRASER

We are glad to be able to publish in this issue the following letter from Father Fraser, acknowledging our remittance to him of \$780 sent about two months ago. On Saturday last we sent him another cheque for \$736.70 being the balance due him as shown in our issue of that date. As soon as it is received we will publish his acknowledgment of this remittance also. Subscribers to this fund may feel assured that they have the heartfelt gratitude of this missionary and that they will be remembered by him when he is offering up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. This holy

and zealous priest of God's Church is doing a noble work amongst the Chinese and it behooves us to strengthen his hands. We hope the contributions will be of such a generous character that ere long a third remittance will follow. Catholic Mission, Taichowfu, China, June 7, 1918.

Dear Mr. Coffey.—It is with the greatest pleasure and a heart brimming over with gratitude that I reply to your kind letter of April 25th containing the generous offerings of CATHOLIC RECORD readers towards my soul-saving work here in China. Surely the Catholic editors are in very truth the standard bearers of the Catholic laity and a power for good that no man can measure. The amount contained in your letter (\$780) is really a substantial aid to my poor mission and will contribute

not a little towards extending God's Kingdom in my vast parish. The little ones it will save from starvation will grow up under the sunshine of their spiritual father and the good sisters, and become mothers of pious families, the very seed of Christians fit to be transplanted into the Heavenly Garden. We have priests and nuns whose mothers were rescued in infancy like the little ones under my care! May I ask the good benefactors of my mission to perfect their donation by praying for the success of all the works I am undertaking for the glory of God. May no light from the evil one blow over my little garden; may persecution and passion be kept back by the mighty hand of God, and may I be given strength to guide my timid flock through the midst of wolves and seething idolatry to the very throne of the Lamb.

J. M. FRASER

happy? Because they are succeeding in their studies. Perhaps. Well why do they succeed so well in them? They attend daily Mass, and do they not receive more graces than non-attendants? They are happy again to have learned not to enjoy roaming the streets and going to degenerated theatres when they should be making good use of their time for which their parents in many cases are under great sacrifices. Any recreation they have is of a different type. Athletic games is soon forgotten, yet, there are any better place to teach a man to be a man than on the Rugby camps of a Catholic college? Here athletics are carried on for recreation and also for the development of the human body. A priest is generally president of this association and enforces strict penalties for the breaking of any rule that would reflect upon the principles of the college boys. Some few seasons ago a Catholic college Rugby team won a championship. How did they win it? Honorably. Yes, and they were not allowed to return anything illegitimate to the opposing team. Is this not one grand training for young men where athletics are not carried on excessively. We may recall that before every game the boys received Holy Communion in a body.

Now we have considered this Rugby team for an example of college training for self control. But did the boys make any progress in their studies? Yes they did. Three quarters of them are either in various seminaries or perhaps are ordained to the priesthood and the remaining quarter are gentlemen, and for this training of self control they return very often and thank the kind priests for the strict discipline they placed over them at the time of competition.

After considering only a few points of a college education may we ask why it is that so many Catholic boys are kept away from this grand training? One reason may be that the fathers of those unfortunate sons have not had early education within the walls of a Catholic college. Do we ever find a college educated man who does not send his son to a Catholic college. No, not if it be in his power, for often during the busiest hours of his daily life he finds time to recall his early learning and thanks from the bottom of his heart his parents for sending him to a Catholic college.

"PRIEST RIDDEN"

Every country that is sincerely Catholic is, of course, "priest-ridden." Strange, though, that these "priest-ridden" countries exist only in the imagination of perfervid sectarians, who paint the "awful" conditions on the pages of bigoted papers and magazines for the wonderment and bewilderment of gullible readers!

Perhaps, no country in the whole world has been so "priest-ridden" for ages as holy Ireland. All the lack of progress in Ireland has been due, according to some "well-informed" writers, often quoted to the constant interference of the priests. Priests swarm there. A veritable island of priests—leeching the life-blood out of the helpless population.

But the Irish census returns give a startling contradiction to all these dreams and surmises about the number of priests in Ireland. The census inclines us to the supposition that Ireland is "parson-ridden!" Who would have thought this of benighted Ireland?

According to the Irish census returns there is in Ireland only 1 priest to every 1,000 Catholics, whilst there is a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church to every 340 members, 1 to every 600 Presbyterians and 1 to every 290 Methodists!

Poor "priest-ridden" Ireland! —Monitor, Newark, N. J.

FOLLOWING CARSON

Mr. Redmond has been following in the tracks of Sir Edward Carson through England and Scotland, and has had larger and more harmonious meetings in the cities where the Orange leader had spoken. He was accompanied by a procession of 40,000 men in Glasgow. Sir E. Carson offered to come to an arrangement with him on any measure that would keep Ireland responsible to the British Executive. Mr. Redmond would agree with him on almost any terms that would allow of an Irish Parliament with an Irish Executive responsible to it. He showed that the Carson party had no right to appeal to the Democracy as they had opposed every measure of relief for the people both of Ireland and Great Britain. The recent advance in Irish prosperity was owing to the measures the Irish Party had secured in spite of them.—America.

AN ANTIQUARIAN ROMANCE

Precentor Courtenay Moore, F. R. S. A. L., recently wrote an account of an interesting tour he had made in company with Mr. Francis Bigger, M. R. I. A., of Ardrig, Belfast. We extract the following from the account:

"Our first stop was made at the little Roman Catholic Church of Dunesfort, or Dunesfort, which has a remarkable history. In the year 1194 one of the English adventurers named Rogerus de Dunesfort endowed the priory of Mahee Island, in Strangford Lough, with the profits of all the churches on his estates except the church of Dunesfort. In 1622 the church is reported as being a ruin. According to tradition it was dedicated under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin. A statue of the Blessed Virgin and the Holy Child Jesus formerly stood at the western gable of Dunesfort Church, whence it was removed by Rev. William McGarry to his residence in Ballydock, and long after his death it was carried to Ardrig Castle, where now there are golf links. Here it long lay, as a doorstep, broken, damaged, uncared for, and unknown. The head was found in some part of the graveyard of Dunesfort, and was inserted by Rev. Edward Mulholland in the gable of the church. These fragments: these "disjecta membra" were traced and discovered by Mr. Francis Joseph Bigger, M. R. I. A. It is like a romance. After about three centuries of destruction and dispersion this was accomplished by the acumen and energy of Mr. Bigger. He had the broken pieces of the statue taken to Belfast, refitted by a competent artist, and replaced, on the Feast of the Annunciation, 25th March, 1908, over the west doorway of the little church of Dunesfort, Co. Down. The statue itself is about five feet in height; it is noble, dignified, and impressive; and there it stands after having been "trodden under foot of man" for about three centuries. It is of late 12th or early 13th century workmanship, and is

extremely artistic. It is the only example in Ulster, perhaps in Ireland, of such a pre-Reformation statue in existence." R. K. St. Catharines, July 11, 1913.

MY PRAYER

I am weak and weary to night dear Saviour,
So tired of striving and sick of sin,
Were I worthy of a place in Thy fair dwelling
I'd ask that I now might enter in.

Here let me kneel in sorrowful contrition,
And lean my head against Thy wounded side,
And kiss Thy hands and feet all torn and bleeding
And whisper to myself "For me He died."

And I have grieved Him since, — O shame to say it,
Such base ingratitude it seemeth to me now;
How could I pierce again the Heart that loved me,
And bind the cruel Thorns upon that brow.

I did not mean it, Lord, some sudden gust of passion,
Some snare the tempter laid with wily art,
Entrapped my thoughtless feet and ere I knew it,
My path and Thine were lying wide apart.

And as I turned, my wayward steps retracing,
I met Thine eyes so full of grief and love,
It touched my heart—O careless soul how could'st thou
So wrong His kindness and so faithless prove?

Now falling at Thy feet I plead for pardon
Amid such bitter tears of grief and shame;
While Thou hast only words of comfort for me,
Not one reproach, not one just word of blame.

Thou knowest I love Thee, Lord 'tho' in my weakness
Tempted and tried, Thy love I often grieve;
Thou knowest I love Thee, stay Thou ever near me,
That from Thy heart, my heart may strength receive.

Strength to overcome, to conquer every falling
That mars my life or makes it incomplete;
Strength that shall keep me safe from sin and wandering,
Faithful and true forever at Thy feet.

F. T.

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