

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname)—St. Faclan, 4th Century.

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The Day we Celebrate
L'ave the yellow gold to Jew—
Far it little that they lose—
L'ave the balance of world power to the
Sixton;
Though they scarce could do it worse,
L'ave them run the universe,
'Tis for little that they have that we'd
be axin'.
Sorra wan of us that care
Fur their high an' mighty airs,
Or the robes o' r'yal purple an' the
—lines stiff wid starch,
But there's wan day in the year
When they must interfere—
Sure, the whole world is Irish on the
Seventeenth of March!

Oh it's little that we hold
Of dominion or of gold
In the bleasid isle that saw us first a
nation,
But we made all lands own
As we spread from zone to zone;
So, come, all o' ye an' share our jubila-
tion.
Oh the music in the air!
An' the joy that's everywhere—
Sure, the whole wide vault of heaven is
wan grand triumph arch,
An' the earth below is gay
Wid its tender green th'-day
Fur the whole world is Irish on the
Seventeenth of March.—TOM DALY

METHODIST CRITICISM

Protestant criticism often goes far
afield in search of the reason why the
Catholic Church in the United States is
meeting with such success. She has
not at her command the material re-
sources that are at the service of the
Catholic Church in the United States
is making spiritual conquests, whilst
the sects, as is shown by recent religio-
us statistics, are decreasing numeri-
cally. This striking contrast suggests
to the Zion's Herald (Boston), the
organ of New England Methodists, the
need of Methodism making more stren-
uous efforts to hold its own. The out-
putting of a great part of Boston's
population to welcome the home coming
of Cardinal O'Connell evidently has
given our Methodist contemporary a
bad quarter of an hour. It calls upon
the Methodists of New England to be-
stir themselves. It tells its readers
that wherever the Protestants are to be
found in the land of the Puritans "we
must reach out in every possible way
to save them to a pure Biblical Christia-
nity."

If the said foreigners should ask the
Methodist Missionaries, what is pure
Biblical Christianity, they would be
putting a puzzle to the Protestants of
to-day, instead of those who are with
the "higher criticism," would find
it difficult to answer. Biblical
Christianity, however, is not so much
the question as it is how to check the
progress of the Catholic Church. The
Zion's Herald, therefore, its Methodist
readers by asking, "Do we want a
Roman Catholic America? If not, we
must be prepared to meet the challenge
of the present. We must meet states-
manship with statesmanship." In read-
ing these words the thought occurs to us,
would the one who wrote them, if he
were given the choice, prefer "a
Roman Catholic America" to an infidel
and a Godless America? It is often
difficult to tell what is the relative
proportion of anti Catholic prejudice and
of zeal for "Biblical Christianity" em-
body in appeals such as the Zion's
Herald makes.

It will be noted that this organ of
Methodism asserts that it is a question
of statesmanship, whether the Catholic
Church or Protestantism come out
ahead in America: "We must meet
statesmanship with statesmanship,"
says the Zion's Herald. It was
Napoleon who said that God is on the
side of the army having the heaviest
artillery. Something of the spirit that
prompted this remark is manifested in
this suggestion about statesmanship. It
implies that perfect organization,
backed by money, will carry the day
as against the Catholic Church.
Let us say in passing that the Church,
if she relied for success on human
means, would be beaten clean out of the
field by the Protestant sects. No, her
strength is of the spiritual order de-
rived from the commission she received
from Christ Himself. Those who are
not of her household cannot understand
how she has come on from age to age
doing in all lands what she is repeating
to-day in the United States. Nothing
her success they believe it can be
duplicated. Hence the Zion's Herald
suggestion that the Protestant sects
adopt her methods. It points out that
"in every centre of the country she has
her strong men, bishops and archbishops
known to all, men by continuity of resi-
dence acquire influence and power and
are in a position to lead their forces to
great victories. It is upon this leader-
ship the Pope counts to make the
United States of America "the first
Catholic Nation of the world."

Running through this extract is the
thought that it is the personal endow-
ments of the heads of the Catholic di-
oceses that have been the soul determi-
ning factors in the progress the Church
has made in the United States. Taking
this for granted, the Methodist organ,
doing in all lands what she is repeating
to-day in the United States. Nothing
her success they believe it can be
duplicated. Hence the Zion's Herald
suggestion that the Protestant sects
adopt her methods. It points out that
"in every centre of the country she has
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ship the Pope counts to make the
United States of America "the first
Catholic Nation of the world."

Church that is the cause of her success,
the Zion's Herald advocates the utiliz-
ing the personal element in the ranks of
Methodism to score similar success for
the Methodist Church. It would have
"strong, inspirational leaders—men who
will be able to touch the outer section,"
speaking of the masses of population.
The Zion's Herald says: "We are face to
face with a situation. Methodism, as per-
haps no other Church among Protestant
denominations, is fitted, by its aggres-
siveness, its inheritance, and its natural
genius to meet and resist Roman Catho-
licism. It must do its full share, and
perhaps more, to save this country to
Protestantism."

Such is the task outlined for Method-
ism. One taking an objective view of
the present condition of the Protestant
sect, would be disposed to advise the
Methodism to exert an organ of
followers of John Wesley to devote them-
selves to the work of preserving intact
the possession of Protestantism still en-
dured, rather than dissipate their ener-
gies by combating the Church from
which Methodism and the other Protest-
ant sects have taken over the Christian
teachings that impart to them what of
spiritual vitality they are at all capable
of. It is in the uncharitable spirit we make
these comments. We have no wish to
offend Protestant sensibilities. But we
cannot refrain from saying that at this
time, when the forces of infidelity are
marshalled to make a deadly assault
upon the Christian inheritance of the
country, it is no time for an organ of
Methodism to exhort Methodists "to
meet and resist Roman Catholicism,"
which is the strongest bulwark against
the anti-Christian tendencies of our day.
—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

JUDGE ROBINSON A GOOD TYPE OF CONVERT

The Honorable William C. Robinson,
who recently died as Dean of the Law
School at the Catholic University, was
one of the leading Catholic laymen of
the country. He was a good type of a
devoted convert. While he rose to pre-
eminence in the profession of the Law,
he was, at the same time a devout and
earnest Catholic.

He was received into the Church by
Father Dehon of the Paulist Fathers. The
Paulist Fathers has this record: "Mission
given at Carbondale, Pa., Rev. Francis
Carew Pastor, from January 25 to Feb-
ruary 3, 1863. The Missionary Fathers
were Hewitt, Dehon, Baker and Young.
Seven converts were received into the
Church by the Paulist Fathers, one of whom
was the Reverend William C. Robinson,
late Rector of the Protestant Episcopal
Church of Scranton, Pa."

Father Elliott writes some interesting
remembrances of Judge Robinson. He
says:

"The first time I saw Judge Robinson
was in the late sixties, when I was a
novice. He was more than once a guest
at the Paulist table, and was Assistant
Editor to Father Hecker when start-
ing the Catholic world. No such help-
was needed those times as the magazine
was largely "electronic." But Mr. Robin-
son was offered opportunity to do good
work as Catholicism. Later on he de-
voted himself to the profession of the
Law and in due time he made his mark
as a lawyer and built up a good practice
in Hartford, later on in New Haven, Conn.

The first close acquaintance I had
with him was our mission at St. Mary's
Church, New Haven, in the fall
of '78. He lived in that parish. He
was on the Bench at the time. He
visited us often. He attended the ex-
ercises early and late with characteris-
tic regularity and his peculiar inces-
sant fervor. He remarked that the
work of a "clock morning service was rather
hard on him, and that while sitting in
court he sometimes caught himself nod-
ding. From time to time he visited us
in Fifty-ninth Street, always welcome,
of course, and always a profitable man to
listen to. But his manners were the
extreme limit of nobility. He never
knew anyone who seemed less
conscious of amounting to anything.

When the Paulists were projecting
our system of non-Catholic missions, we
felt that he should be consulted as a
master of oratory, and so I called on him
in New Haven in 1893. He was then
professor in Yale Law School. His sug-
gestions were of prime importance and
showed then and ever afterwards the
liveliest interest in the undertaking.
He was superior to most converts in this:
he was absolutely impartial, actually
judicial, in his estimate of the virtues
and defects of non-Catholics. During
my visit with him, he told me that when
his first wife died he had intended en-
tering the priesthood, but had been de-
terred by the counsels of his father con-
fessor. He loved the ministry to which
he had given his earliest energies.

He also showed me his great work on
Patent Law. I forgot the number of
volumes, but he told me that he had
looked up and made reference to 7,000
judicial decisions in the course of its
compilation.

He venerated his mother's memory
and rated her as a kind of saint, always
in good faith. He attributed to her the
power of religious impulses which had
controlled him at the outset and which
finally pushed him onward into the
Church. I have seldom heard more
interesting religious personal history
than his accounts of his early days
spent under his mother's influence.

Father Schmitt, pastor of St. Jos-
eph's, Washington, told me that Judge
Robinson's ideas of pastoral rights and
privileges were high. He looked on it
as something of an obligation to at-
tend his parish church. He always
heard his Sunday Mass in St. Joseph's
(High Mass invariably) had a promi-
nent part and made his pastor his regu-
lar confessor. The latter told me
that on one occasion several years ago,
after the Judge had gone through with
his confession and received absolution,

and Father Schmitt was about to turn
to another penitent, he heard sobbing.
Looking towards the Judge he saw him
bent down low, and fairly shaken to
pieces with weeping. Why what's the
matter?" said Father Schmitt. The
Judge answered: "O, Father, I could
help weeping, but it is for joy; this is
the fortieth anniversary of my reception
into the Church."—The Missionary.

MINISTER APPALLED BY HIS CHURCH'S SCRAP HEAP

REV. DR. LATHAM TELLS PRESBYTERIANS
THEY HAVE COUNTED TOO MUCH UPON
PUBLIC SCHOOLS, IN WHICH CHILDREN
RECEIVE NO RELIGIOUS TRAINING

[From the Philadelphia Record, January 31]

In an interesting talk to the Presby-
terian Ministerial Union on the
"Ecclesiastical Scrap Heap" yesterday,
Rev. Abram L. Latham, of Chester, laid
special stress upon the necessity of the
religious instruction of the children,
and sharply rapped the methods used
by the Presbyterian Church for holding
its communicants. The term "Eccle-
siastical Scrap Heap" he applied to
the large number of church members
who after a short time dropped out.

He quoted some interesting statistics
to prove his statements that while
Presbyterianism seemed to have an in-
creased number of confessions each
year, there was a steady growth of the
scrap heap, which last year claimed an
enormous percentage of former com-
municants. In the last five years, he
said, two hundred and forty three thou-
sand members had been thrown into the
"scrap heap," with few, if any, to return
to the Church, while in the past year
there was a gain of only one-hundredth
of 1 per cent.

He said he had, as he looked over
the Church statistics each year, become
more and more alarmed, and it was only
recently that he felt he had solved the
problem. Did the fault lie with the
ministers, or were the elders to blame
for the ever increasing scrap heap?
"I finally have arrived at the conclu-
sion," he said, "that the cause of the
loss of membership, and the danger
which threatens to destroy our Church,
is all owing to the attention of all these
people being directed in the wrong
channels. We have been working to
get the men and women, which has
proved a miserable failure, because when
the children they were not raised in
the principles of their religion."

A LENTEN MEMORY

Written for the Sacred Heart Review

It was recalled by a prayer-book with
a frayed cover and discolored leaves.
There are sacred pictures slipped in
here and there as book marks, though
indeed the book falls open of its own
accord at certain places at the Blessings
for Mass, the Litany of the Blessed,
and the Litany of the Rosary. The
Rosary pages are much worn, and there
are many finger prints, broad
firm prints, and little marks made by
tiny fingers eager "to find the place,"
for father while he enjoyed his pipe and
paper until mother spoke the Rosary:
"Come now, we'll lay the Rosary."
The mother was always busy and
there was always a baby who would not
go to sleep accomodatingly, but from
Ash Wednesday to Easter Sunday no
matter what else was overlooked, she
never failed to say that night, "Come
now, we'll lay the Rosary."
It was not many times to start
the father, if he was engrossed in
Home Rule news or had got his pipe to
the point of perfection. "Yes, yes," he
would answer in a far off tone, and then
with a show of alertness, "Bring
my prayer-book." But there were al-
ways three or four little busy-bodies
at his elbow, with a book open at
the place; and a second summons,
"Come John, let us have the Rosary,"
usually brought him to his knees. The
mother took her place beside him, and
the children knelt up at their chairs
very straight and very attentive, for
they felt the dignity and responsibility
of their position.

The one drawback to their satisfac-
tion was that the five Mysteries did not
go round the circle. There was one
child left out; and after some years
there were other children who rather
envied the three eldest the privilege of
"having a Mystery." For the father
said the Rosary in the "old-fashioned
way" giving out the meditation and
prayer, and allowing the other mem-
bers of the group to lead in turn with
the Our Father and the Hail Marys.

After the Rosary and the Litany
introduced at will—now it was a prayer
for the dead, again it might be for
the poor, or the ill, or perhaps a thank-
sgiving. There was always generous
measure. When the last one was said,
the children trooped off to bed, the
father resumed his pipe and paper and
the mother brought out the overstocked
work basket.

A Lenten week when the eldest child
knelt beside her father, whose head
was bowed low over his book and whose
voice broke as he paused after the last
prayer and said: "Offer this Rosary,
children, for the repose of your mother's
soul."
And for all the other years the memo-
ry was never omitted. The family
circle grew smaller—some of the chil-
dren went to other homes, some rejoined
their mother—but those who remained
knelt Lent after Lent with their father
to recite the beautiful prayers she had
loved so dearly.

Though the prayer-book came to show
the marks of time, no newer or finer one
could take its place. The pages
loosened, but the prayers for Mass, the
Memorare, the Rosary and the Litany
were written in the father's hand, with
other holy things the book recalled.

He laid it down for the last time some
years ago, with the marker at the Mem-
orare.

And out of the past it has evoked this
memory, bringing back familiar faces,
and making one hear again the mother's
gentle summons: "Come now, let us
have the Rosary."

"EVANGELIZATION" OF THE ITALIANS PROVES TO BE LABOR LOST

PROTESTANT MISSIONARY WORK
A FAILURE IN PHILADELPHIA
AND A FAILURE ABROAD

Philadelphia, February 22.—A few
days ago a Philadelphia Episcopalian
minister told his brethren of the pitiful
paucity of the results of their twenty-
five years' labors and their expenditure
of \$100,000 for the "evangelization" of
the Italians in the City of Brotherly
Love.

Another Protestant minister, Rev.
Charles W. Wendt, D. D., who does the
correspondence from Papal lands for
The Christian Register (Boston), of
Boston, February 1, reveals what secu-
lar zeal and dollars have accomplished
among the Italians at home. It was the
same old story.

Dr. Wendt says that in 1872 the cen-
sus showed 58,561 Protestants in Italy,
and the present census 65,595—an in-
crease of 15 per cent. in forty years.
(In the meanwhile the general popula-
tion of Italy has increased over 30
per cent.) Dr. Wendt is forced to
conclude:

"The Roman Catholic See has long
since lost all fear of Protestant growth
in this country, and treats the propa-
ganda with profound indifference.

How about Methodist activity in the
Eternal City? Let Dr. Wendt answer
the question:

"The American Methodist Episcopal
Church," says Dr. Wendt, "has a splen-
did plant in Rome, spends some \$100,000
annually in Italy for missionary work,
conducts colleges and schools, supports
some seventy pastors, and is certainly
very much in earnest. Yet at the
English service we recently attended
only thirty-five persons were present.
This may have been due, in part to the
absence of the senior pastor in America.
Its Italian services are, of course, better
attended, particularly in Rome, where
an eloquent minister attracts excellent
audiences. Yet these are, in good part,
made up of the employes of its publi-
cations and its colleges. An average
attendance of fifty persons may be safely
allowed for the Methodist parishes of
Italy."

TRIAL AND DEATH OF FRANCISCO FERRER

Ferrer never actually wrote a book or
taught a school. Once, when he was
giving lessons in Spanish during his
sojourn in Paris, he wrote a small
"Methodic-practical Pratique," and
which he had in Madrid he composed
some mediocre verses. These and his
correspondence make up the extent of
his literary labors. He was rather the
director of a system of grouped teachers
of anarchist doctrines to immature
minds.

The products of these schools were
the recruits fashioned for rebellion and
anarchy. Yet the author of this book,
with a view to absolute impartiality,
merely observes concerning the text-
books used in the Ferrer schools:

"I have found nothing that can reason-
ably be construed as incitement to
frankly anarchist, frankly inspired by
the principle, *ni Dieu, ni maitre*; there
is no forecast, no suggestion of any re-
sort to arms, and much less any re-
commendation or palliation of terrorism.
I do not even find in passages of
religion, that there is any unseemly
poofing or vulgar sourcery."

That is to say, the powder is laid,
the explosives are ready, but the author
failed to find any recommendation to
strike a match. Ferrer's text-books
give the major and the minor premise,
but Mr. Archer thinks, for to violence or im-
pudence, "one would need to find the
conclusion broadly drawn. If Mr.
Archer will read over again "El Com-
pendio de Historia Universal," by Mlle.
Jaquinet, in which Christ and Chris-
tianity are mocked and reviled, and
Patriotism and immorality are taught
he may change his opinion. The form
of the printed page and the colloca-
tion of the words easily add to the force
of scoffing and sourcery.

Now why should there be a Catholic
point of view, or why should the Catho-
lic authorities have had anything to
do with the case? That is precisely the
point about which Catholics have had to
complain in the various accounts of the
Ferrer case. Two charges have been
made: one that the Catholic Church
retrograded Ferrer to his death, and the
other that it also saw to it that he was
condemned without proofs or witnesses.
Mr. Archer strives to inject much of
this view through insinuation, and of
above quotation is a sample. We are
well content to let the Spanish military
and judicial authorities defend their
acts upon purely legal and political
grounds, leaving out all question of
Church or Church interference. The
author also seems dimly aware that this
would be the correct point of view, for
he states: "I knew that Ferrer had
been the victim, if not of a judicial
crime, at any rate of an enormous
judicial stupidity." If that text had
been produced during the whole Ferrer
controversy, there would have been no
need of bringing in any allusions to
the Church whatever. A truly impar-
tial book would have viewed the matter,
irrespective of whether the participants
were or were not Catholics, and have
let the uncolored facts speak for them-
selves.

We may add the legend that Ferrer's
trial was wholly private and secret is
also demolished by the picture given on
page 190 of the book, showing a large,
airy court room filled with spectators,
who are seemingly following the pro-
ceedings with great interest. The
author also admits that the plenario
or taking of evidence was also public,
quoting the statute to that effect, and
saying that in the plenario of the case
against Emilianio Iglesias the statement
of a witness caused "great laughter
among the public." The book is really
a great improvement over the previous
recitals of the trial and execution of
Ferrer; one by one the myths of the
secrecy, the rail-roading and the lack of
evidence in the case are being dropped;
and we may hope for some future chroni-
cle to take up the matter in a purely
historic spirit, leave out the misstran-
slations, insinuations and unnecessary
comments and rhetoric of the present vol-
ume, and give us the facts without un-
desirable partisan comment.—Andrew J.
Shipman, in the February Catholic
World.

THE FOOLISH CUSTOM OF TREATING

Many, if not all, hopeless human
wrecks from excessive use of intoxicants
can trace their destruction to this vic-
tious custom of treating at the bar. It
is especially dangerous to young men
who lack the requisite firmness of will
to resist its fatal influence. It is not
only an expensive habit, but silly be-
sides. Think for a moment. A young
man is induced to join one or two
half dozen others in a "social glass"
of liquor, for which, perhaps he has
really an abhorrence. But he accepts,
and the effect of custom is that he takes
not only one drink of spirits which he
does not relish, but two, or half a dozen,
as the case may be. He puts this sorry
field into his stomach, not because he
needs or craves it, but simply in obe-
dience to a senseless tradition of perverted
politeness. This description of gluttony,
if we may call it such, is infinitely worse
than any other kind, because there is no
plausible excuse for it, or mitigation of
its downward badness. What would be
thought of an individual, who, having
accepted a friend's invitation to dine
should insist, after partaking of the meal
of his host, on immediately duplicating
the performance in deference to a dis-
torted custom of sociability? Yet there
is just as much reason why a person
should gorge himself with wine and
spirits as there is for his indulgence
in successive libations, that is; instead
of benefiting him in any way, injure him
physically and morally. The treating
habit is a curse to American manners,
and an outlandish notion of sociability
and good fellowship, which every sober-
minded young man in possession of his
own papers should assiduously
avoid. Make up your mind now, that
the habit has grown upon you, that in
your case, at least, the custom will be-
come more honored in the breach than
the observance. Even if you do not in-
tend to practise total abstinence from
spirits, liquor, or your face re-
solutely against this fruitful agency of
demoralization.—Catholic Universe.

IS DIVORCE WRAPPED UP IN THE FLAG?

Whatever material benefits the plant-
ing of the United States flag in the
Philippines may have brought the natives
can hardly be regarded as a blessing to
the inhabitants if it entails the
thrusting of a Divorce Law upon a
Catholic people. It was bad enough to
have a school system ignoring God set
up there, in place of the old Spanish
one, where God was the Alpha and
Omega of the teaching. It will be an
act of inexcusable and wanton aggres-
sion to a Catholic people's faith and
traditions to set up the detestable deity,
Divorce, with her full feminine visage
and her filthy drapery, in their midst.
The United States Government has
asked to sanction the introduction of the
horrible divorce system as we know it
here at home among a people who abhor
it, at the bidding of a handful of
renegade Catholics and Godless Free-
masons resident in the Philippine Arch-
ipelago. The hierarchy among the
islands, the pillars of the Catholic com-
munity, who have helped their com-
patriots, who between two hammer
blows of the Y. M. C. A. and the avvil of
Governmental support, are in sore
straits.

"Shall their cry be disregarded?
We may here very opportunely give
the opinion of an eminent American
Judge who has administered the law for
the past quarter of a century from the
Circuit Bench of Ann Arbor, in
Michigan. He has had many heart-
rending cases to adjudicate upon, and
this is the solemn verdict of his own
conscience and his own manhood on the
unnatural business of defying God's
ordinance in intervening between man
and wife. It is a verdict that ought
to sink deep into all hearts that bear
even a remnant of reverence for their
own parents, the prayers they taught
them, the tender ties of home and wife
and children. Judge F. D. Kline ad-
vises Michigan to make clear witness
of its divorce laws. He said (December
28 last):

THE YELLOW PRESS AND THE YOUNG PEOPLE

The power for evil of the yellow press
is one that Catholics sorely ought to
be prepared to meet. American
magazines are constantly referring to
it. Nor are the Catholic papers
without warrant from higher authority
in the matter. Catholic priests and
bishops have many times urged upon
Catholics the duty of opposing their
own papers instead of reading the
and wife. It is a verdict that ought
to sink deep into all hearts that bear
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and children. Judge F. D. Kline ad-
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of its divorce laws. He said (December
28 last):

"Hitherto, as a rule, I have admin-
istered the law as I found it on the
statute books. It seemed to me that
divorce was the only escape from brut-
ality, wretchedness and hopeless unhap-
piness, but of late the privileges of divorce
has been so misused and I have witnessed
such flagrant disregard for truth, moral-
ity and decency that my former con-
victions have experienced considerable
modification, if not revolution.

"Doubtless some good may come from
agitation, surveillance and revision, but
these means will not successfully meet
the issue.

"In my opinion, their is just one way
to solve this problem. Let the next
Legislature enact a law that never again
for any cause whatsoever shall there be
granted a divorce from the bonds of
matrimony in the State of Michigan.
In certain cases let there be a decree of
separation, but no dissolution of the
marriage contract."

Day by day the divorce problem is
hanging heavier and heavier around the
neck of the United States as a national
shame. It is more than a shame; it is a
deperate danger to the whole social
organization. How can our Govern-
ment, which has undertaken the respon-
sibility of governing a Catholic people
ten thousand miles across the globe,
bring itself to countenance any attempt
to perpetuate the virus of this awful moral
plague upon that innocent people? Presi-
dent Taft has declared his views on this
tremendous issue in no uncertain tones.
The best intellects of the country have
been heard from on the subject of limit-
ing and restraining the evil as far as
possible, and yet here we are unblush-
ingly perpetrating an attempt to stretch
it across the whole breadth of the
Pacific to a people who detest, denounce
and curse it! What an idea of "liberty!"
—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

blind to their own shortcomings. I am
not afraid to declare that 50 per cent.
of the most brutal crimes are due to the
effect upon degenerate minds of sugges-
tions in the reports of crimes in the
newspapers. Ask the men who commit
these crimes where they got their
original ideas and they will tell you it
was in the crime columns of the press.
In the trial of the car barn burglars in
Chicago it came out that every detail
of the crimes committed by these young
men had been read by them in the
newspapers before they set out on their
criminal careers."

The fact that the yellow journals
are now so anxious to print news that
interest Catholics, and that they give
such generous space even to Catholic
matters that have little news value, has
the effect of deceiving Catholics into
the belief that those papers are "all
right." But they are far from being
all right on this account. The Catholic
who takes a sensational and vulgar
paper into his home on the pretense of
getting Catholic news and getting it
served up in a picturesque and strik-
ing manner, will discover that it is not
the Catholic news feature of the paper
his children are interested in. It is
something of a human interest—to use a
bit of current jargon—that the growing
boys and girls are after; and God help
the young souls exposed to the evil
suggestions that flout themselves from
almost every page of the ordinary
yellow journal.—S. H. Review.

IS DIVORCE WRAPPED UP IN THE FLAG?

Whatever material benefits the plant-
ing of the United States flag in the
Philippines may have brought the natives
can hardly be regarded as a blessing to
the inhabitants if it entails the
thrusting of a Divorce Law upon a
Catholic people. It was bad enough to
have a school system ignoring God set
up there, in place of the old Spanish
one, where God was the Alpha and
Omega of the teaching. It will be an
act of inexcusable and wanton aggres-
sion to a Catholic people's faith and
traditions to set up the detestable deity,
Divorce, with her full feminine visage
and her filthy drapery, in their midst.
The United States Government has
asked to sanction the introduction of the
horrible divorce system as we know it
here at home among a people who abhor
it, at the bidding of a handful of
renegade Catholics and Godless Free-
masons resident in the Philippine Arch-
ipelago. The hierarchy among the
islands, the pillars of the Catholic com-
munity, who have helped their com-
patriots, who between two hammer
blows of the Y. M. C. A. and the avvil of
Governmental support, are in sore
straits.

"Shall their cry be disregarded?
We may here very opportunely give
the opinion of an eminent American
Judge who has administered the law for
the past quarter of a century from the
Circuit Bench of Ann Arbor, in
Michigan. He has had many heart-
rending cases to adjudicate upon, and
this is the solemn verdict of his own
conscience and his own manhood on the
unnatural business of defying God's
ordinance in intervening between man
and wife. It is a verdict that ought
to sink deep into all hearts that bear
even a remnant of reverence for their
own parents, the prayers they taught
them, the tender ties of home and wife
and children. Judge F. D. Kline ad-
vises Michigan to make clear witness
of its divorce laws. He said (December
28 last):

"Hitherto, as a rule, I have admin-
istered the law as I found it on the
statute books. It seemed to me that
divorce was the only escape from brut-
ality, wretchedness and hopeless unhap-
piness, but of late the privileges of divorce
has been so misused and I have witnessed
such flagrant disregard for truth, moral-
ity and decency that my former con-
victions have experienced considerable
modification, if not revolution.

"Doubtless some good may come from
agitation, surveillance and revision, but
these means will not successfully meet
the issue.

"In my opinion, their is just one way
to solve this problem. Let the next
Legislature enact a law that never again
for any cause whatsoever shall there be
granted a divorce from the bonds of
matrimony in the State of Michigan.
In certain cases let there be a decree of
separation, but no dissolution of the
marriage contract."

Day by day the divorce problem is
hanging heavier and heavier around the
neck of the United States as a national
shame. It is more than a shame; it is a
deperate danger to the whole social
organization. How can our Govern-
ment, which has undertaken the respon-
sibility of governing a Catholic people
ten thousand miles across the globe,
bring itself to countenance any attempt
to perpetuate the virus of this awful moral
plague upon that innocent people? Presi-
dent Taft has declared his views on this
tremendous issue in no uncertain tones.
The best intellects of the country have
been heard from on the subject of limit-
ing and restraining the evil as far as
possible, and yet here we are unblush-
ingly perpetrating an attempt to stretch
it across the whole breadth of the
Pacific to a people who detest, denounce
and curse it! What an idea of "liberty!"
—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The College of Cardinals, the Senate
of the Church of God, is now almost in
its full strength numerically. There
are only about four vacancies now.

On the occasion of a recent visit to
his diocesan seminary, Archbishop Bleak
of New Orleans, was welcomed in twelve
distinct tongues.

A movement has been started to erect
in New York a statue of Blessed Jean of
Arc, the Maid of Orleans, by popular
subscription. The memorial will cost
\$30,000.

The Duke of Norfolk has offered to
endow a new cathedral for England, and
his munificence offer is now under con-
sideration. It comes in connection with
the changes now about to take place in
the various dioceses.

Over one thousand Catholic elemen-
tary school teachers of London attended
a meeting at the Cathedral Hall, West-
minster, recently, to listen to an ad-
dress by Cardinal Bourne, who spoke on
the improved position and the duty of
Catholic teachers.

The Jesuits have five colleges in India.
One of them, St. Joseph's in its sixty-
five years of existence has sent out more
than 1,000 educated Catholics and
given 150 to the Church in Holy Orders.
Its student corps numbers this year
2,650.

Rev. William Shinick, whose death
is reported from Northampton, Mass., was
the oldest priest in New England. He
was born in Cork, Ireland, in 1820, and
went to Australia, where he was
ordained, and labored until 1870, when
he came to the United States.

Replying in the Belgian Chamber to
a question on the subject of the Papal
"Motu Proprio" dealing with the ques-
tion of citing the clergy before civil
tribunals, the Minister of Foreign
Affairs said that the Cardinal Secretary
of State had indicated that the "Motu
Proprio" was not applicable to Bel-
gium.

Large bequests to charitable institu-
tions and churches, including \$235,000
to St. Patrick's Cathedral, appear in the
will of Eugene Kelley, son of the late
Eugene Kelley, the banker, which was
filed Feb. 8. The bequest to St. Pat-
rick's is for the purpose of completing
and furnishing an annex to the cath-
edral, known as "the Lady Chapel."

Sir Hesterman Considine sometime
Deputy Inspector of the Royal Irish
Constabulary, who died recently in Dan-
drum, Ireland, was the son of a man who
became a convert to the Catholic Church
at the same time that

MILES WALLINGFORD

By James Farrington Cooper

CHAPTER XIV

"1st. Genl. What is my reason, master? Let me know, please."

"I never saw a man more astounded, or better disposed to fly into a passion, than was the case with Mr. Moses Oloz Van Duser Marble when he was told that the Dawn was to be sent into England for adjudication."

"When all was ready, it appeared that Sennit was to be our prize master. Although a lieutenant in commission, he had only been lent to Lord Harry Dermond by the admiral, in order to fill up the crew of that favored officer; the Speedy having her regular complement of lieutenants without him."

"The various articles, the lunch, and the chase of the morning, had so far worn away the day, that the two vessels did not make sail until four o'clock, p.m., when both ships filled at the same time; the Speedy on a wind, with two reefs in her topsails, as when first seen, to play about for more prizes, and the Dawn under standing-sails, with the wind nearly over the taffrail."

"I felt the circumstance of being left under the command of such a man as Sennit almost as sensibly as I felt the loss of my ship. He and the mate established themselves in my cabin, within the first hour, in a way that would have brought about an explosion, had policy forbade it, on my part."

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"I suppose the reader to have a general idea of the position of the vessel, as well as of the circumstances in which she was placed. We were just three hundred and fifty-two miles to the southward and westward of Scilly, when I observed at meridian, and the wind blowing fresh from the south-south-west, there was no time to lose, did I meditate anything serious against the prize crew."

"What think you, Moses, of this Mr. Sennit and his people?" I asked, in a low voice, leaning forward on a water-cask, in order to get my head nearer to that of the mate. "They do not look like first-rate man-of-war-men; by activity and surprise could we not handle them?"

"The same idea has been at work here," he said, tapping his forehead with a forefinger, "and good may come of it. This Mr. Sennit is a cunning chap, and will want good looking after, but his mate drinks like a coal heaver; I can see that in his whole face; a top-lantern is no lighter. He must be handled by brandy. Then, a more awkward set of long-shore fellows were never sent to manage a square-rigged craft, than these which have been sent from the Speedy. They must have given us the very sweepings of the hold."

"You know how it is with these dashing young man-of-war captains; they keep all their best materials for a fight. French frigates are tolerably pliant, they tell me, and this Lord Harry Dermond, much as he loves sugar and coffee, would like to fall in with a La Vigilante, or a La Diane, of equal force, far better. This is the secret of his giving Sennit such a set of raw ones. Besides, he supposes the Dawn will be at Plymouth in eight-and-forty hours, as will certainly be the case should this wind stand."

"The fellows are just so many London loafers," I have always thought Marble had the merit of bringing this wind into fashion. "There are but three seamen among them, and they are more fit for a hospital than for a lower yard or jib-boom."

"I wish you had thought of asking to keep Sennit in the ship, Miles; that fellow would be worth three ordinary men to us."

"I did think of it, but the request would never have been granted. One could ask for a cook, or a mate, or a servant like Neb, but to ask for an able seaman or two would have been to declare oneself a deserter."

"I believe you're right, and must be thankful for the good stuff we have, as it is. How far will the law bear us out in knocking men on the head in such an undertaking? It's peace for America, and we must steer clear of piracy!"

"I've thought of all that, Moses, and see no great objection to it. I am ready to cast my vote for recovery that by the strong hand which he lost by the strong hand. Should blood be spilt, which I hope to avert, the English courts might judge us harshly, while the Americans would acquit us. The law would be the same in both cases, though its administration would be very different. I am ready to cast my own fortune on the issue, and I wish no man to join me who will not do so, heart and hand. I see no reason to suppose it will be necessary to take life, though I have as strong a reluctance as you can have yourself."

"There's my hand!" exclaimed Marble, "and for its owner's sake, you will readily consent that to be found, Miles. Enough has been said for a beginning. We will look about us this afternoon, and talk further after supper."

"Good. Do you say a word to Billings, the cook, and I will open the matter to Neb. Of the last we are certain, but it may be well to make some promises to your men."

"I shall expect to join your mess, sir, now explanations have passed between us. I suppose you make it to be one of my parties, as well as yours?"

"Certainly I shall ask the favor of you to let Mr. Marble relieve Digging, for half an hour or so, while the poor fellow gets a bite. We'll do as much for you another time."

"This was said in a dry, laughing sort of way, which showed that Mr. Sennit was fully aware he was making a request a little out of rule, to ask a man to aid in carrying his own ship into port as a prize; but I took it, as it was meant, for a rough joke that had convenience at the bottom."

"It was not long ere Neb came to announce that supper was ready. Sennit had made but an indifferent dinner, it would seem, and he appeared every way disposed to take his revenge on the present occasion. Calling out to me to follow, he led the way cheerfully into the cabin, professing great satisfaction at finding we were to make but one mess of it. Strictly speaking, a prize crew, under circumstances like those in which the Dawn was now placed, had no right to consume any portion of the vessel's own stores, condemnation being indispensable to legalize Lord Harry Dermond's course, even according to the laws of his own country. But I had ordered Neb to be libbered with my mess, and a very respectable entertainment was spread before our eyes, when we reached the cabin. Sennit was soon hard at work; but under pretence of looking for some better sugar that had been placed on the table, I got three bottles of brandy privately into Neb's hands, whispering him to give one to the mate, and the other two to the crew. I knew there were too many motives for such a bribe, connected with our treatment, the care of our private property, and other things of that nature, to feel any apprehension that the true object of this liberality would be suspected by those who were to reap its advantages."

"Sennit, Marble, and myself sat quite an hour at table. The former drank freely of wine; though he declined having anything to do with the brandy. As he had taken two or three glasses of the rejected liquor in my presence before the two ships parted, I was convinced his prospects for the future were not from a consoling, but from a liberating circumstance in which he was placed, and I became rather more wary in my own movements. At length the lieutenant said something about the 'poor devil on deck,' and Marble was sent up to look out for the ship, while Digging came below to eat. The instant the master's mess appeared, Sennit and myself did not have been doing his work on him, and I was fearful his superior might notice it. He did not, however, being too well pleased with the Madeira I had set before him, to trouble himself about a few draughts, more or less, that had fallen to the share of his subordinate."

"At length the inevitable supper, like everything else of earth, came to an end, and all of us went on deck in a body, leaving Neb and the cook to clear away the fragments. It was now night, through a soft starlight was diffused over the surface of the rolling water. The wind had moderated a little, and the darkness prevented us from seeing any extra labor to be found. Several of the standing-sails having been taken in by Digging's orders, when he first went below. When seamen first come on deck at sea, there is usually a pause in the discourse, while each notes the weather, the situation of the ship, and the signs of the hour. Sennit and myself did this, almost as a matter of course, separating in order that each might make his observation at leisure. As for Marble, he gave up the command of the deck to Digging, walking forward by himself. Neb and the cook were keeping up the customary clattering with plates, knives, and spoons, and the forward 'Have the people had their suppers yet, Mr. Digging?' demanded the lieutenant."

"Not yet, sir. We have no cook of our own, you know, sir, and so have been obliged to wait, sir."

"The king's men wait for nobody. Order that the people be called to let them have their supper at once; while that is doing, we'll tell of the watches for the night."

Digging was evidently getting more and more under the influence of brandy, keeping the bottle hid somewhere near him, by which means he took frequent draughts unperceived. He gave the necessary orders, and then, as he presently the men were mustered, he, to be told off into the two watches that were required for the service of the ship. This was soon done, Sennit choosing five, and Digging eight or nine."

"It's past eight o'clock," said Sennit, when the selections were made. "Go below the watch, and all be there at the wheel of the watch on deck can go below to the lights to eat. Bear a hand with your suppers, my lads; this is too big a craft to be left without look-outs forward, though I dare say the Yankees will lend us a hand while you are swallowing a mouthful!"

"To be sure we will, sir," cried Marble, who had come to the gangway command of our own ship. "I was afraid, moreover, Sennit might take it into his head to have all hands all night, under the pretext of drawing in with the land. Should he actually adopt this course, our case was nearly hopeless."

"Your mate seems to love the cup-board, Mr. Wallingford," Sennit remarked to me, in a good-natured manner, with an evident wish to establish still more amicable relations between us than had yet existed; he has been in and about that galley these ten minutes, fidgeting with his tin-pot, like a raw hand who misses his mother's tea!"

"I am not in the least surprised at this, Mr. Marble, for I have seen you at work around the kids. It now struck me that Marble intended to clap the forecastle-hatch down suddenly, and make a rush upon the prize officers and the man at the wheel. Leaving one hand to secure the scuttles, he should have been just a man after for those on deck; and I make no doubt the project would have succeeded had it been attempted in that mode. I was, by nature, a stronger man than Sennit, while Digging would not have been more than a child in Marble's hands. As for the man at the wheel, Neb could have thrown him half way up to the mizen-top, on an emergency. But it seemed that my mate had a deeper plot in view; nor was the other absolutely certain, as I afterward learned, one of the Englishmen soon coming out of the forecastle to eat on deck, quite lately aware that there might be some risk, lest his all hands remain below. It was now sufficiently dark for our purposes, and I began to reflect seriously on the best mode of proceeding, when, all at once, a heavy splash in the water was heard, and Marble was heard shouting, man overboard!"

Sennit and I ran to the lee main-rigging where we just got a glimpse of the man of the poor fellow, who seemed to be swimming manfully, as the ship foamed past him."

"Starboard your helm!" shouted Marble. "Starboard your helm! Come to these fore-braces, Neb; bear a hand with the boom. The whole was done so naturally as to prevent the smallest suspicion of any design. To do Sennit justice, I must acknowledge that he behaved himself particularly well on this sudden appeal to his activity and decision. The loss of a man was to him a matter of deep moment; and he felt the propriety of the call made for so solicitous about the manning of ships. A man saved was as good as a man impressed; and he was the first person in the boat. By the time the ship had lost her way the boat was ready, and I heard Sennit call out the order to lower. As for us Americans, we had our hands full to get the head-yards braced up in time, and to settle away the topgallant-halyard, aft, in order to save the spar. In two minutes, however, the Dawn resembled a steed that had suddenly thrown his rider, diverging from his course, and shooting athwart the field at right angles to his former track, scenting and snuffing the air. Forward all was adrift, and the after-yards hanging loose, square from the first, their sails lay back, and the ship was slowly forging ahead, with the sea slapping against her bows, as if the last were admonishing her to stop."

I now walked aft to the taffrail, in order to make certain of the state of things. Forward all was adrift, and Sennit was encouraging the men to 'give way' with the oar. I saw that he had six of his people with him, and no doubt six of his best men—the boldest and most active being always the most forward on such occasions. There was no time to be lost, and I turned to look for Marble, who was at the stern, having sought me with the same object. We walked away from the man at the wheel together, to get out of ear-shot."

"Now's your time, Miles," the mate muttered, slipping one of my own pistols into my hands as he spoke. "That master's mate is as mussy as a tapster at midnight, and he can make him do anything he pleases. Neb has his orders, and the cook is ready and willing. You have only to say the word, to begin."

"There seems little necessity for bloodshed," I answered. "If you have the other pistol, do not use it unnecessarily; we may want it for the boat. I'll be bound to give you my share, if you have more to do with the boat? No, no, Miles; let this Mr. Sennit go to England where he belongs. Now, see how I'll manage Digging," he added. "I want to get a luff purchase up out of the forecastle; will you just order two or three of your fellows forward, to go down and pass up for me?"

"Digging, with a very thick tongue. 'Tumble down into that forecastle, three or four of you, and pass up the tackle for Mr. Marble.' Now, there were but three of the Englishmen left in the ship, exclusively of the master's mate himself, and the man at the wheel. This order, consequently, sent all three immediately into the forecastle. Marble coolly drew over the hatch, secured it, ordered the cook to keep a general lookout forward, and walking aft, as if nothing had occurred, said in his quiet way, 'The ship's yours, again, Captain Wallingford.'"

"Mr. Digging," I said, approaching the master's mate, "as I have a necessity for this vessel, which is my property, if you please, sir, I'll now take charge of her in person. You had better go below, and make yourself comfortable; there is good brandy to be had for the asking, and you may pass an agreeable evening, and turn in whenever it suits you."

Digging was a sot and a fool, but he did not want for pluck. His first disposition was to give battle, beginning to call out for his men to come to his assistance, but I put an end to this by seizing him by the collar, and dropping him a little unceremoniously down the companion-way. Half an hour later, he was dead drunk, and snoring on the cabin floor."

There remained only the man at the wheel to overcome. He was a seaman, of course, and one of those quiet, orderly men who usually submit to the powers that be. Approaching him, I said: "You see how it is, my lad; the ship has again changed owners. As for you, you shall be treated as you behave. Stand to the wheel, and you'll get good treatment and plenty of grog, but, by becoming fractious, you'll find yourself in irons before you know where you are."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the man, touching his hat, and contenting himself with this brief and customary reply. Now, Mr. Marble, I continued, "it is time to have an eye on the boat, which will soon find the man, or give him up. I own that I wish we had recovered the ship without tossing the poor fellow overboard."

"Fellow overboard!" cried Marble, laughing; "I'd ha' thrown all England into the sea had it been necessary and in my power, but it wasn't necessary to throw overboard so much as a child. The chap they're arter is nothing but one of the fenders, with the deep-sea leaded to its smaller end, and a tarpuilin strapped on the larger! Mr. Sennit need be in no great hurry, for I'll engage his 'man overboard' will float as long as his yawl!"

The whole of Marble's expedition was thus explained, and I confess I was much relieved by a knowledge of the truth. Apart from the general relief that accompanied the consciousness of not having taken human life, should we again fall into English hands, a thing by no means improbable, in the situation in which we were, placed, this circumstance might be of the last importance to us. In the meantime, however, I had to look to the boat and the ship. The first thing we did was to close up the three topgallant-sails. This gave us a much easier command of the vessel, short-handed as we were, and it rendered it less hazardous to the spars to keep the Dawn on a wind. When this was done, I ordered the after-braces manned, and the leeches brought as near as possible to touching. It was time for the cook to be heard, and then I got a view of the boat as it came glancing down on the weather-quarter. I instantly gave the order to fall the after-sails, and to keep the ship full and by. The braces were manned as well as they could be by Marble, Neb, and the cook, while I kept an eye on the boat, with an occasional glance at the man at the wheel."

"Boat ahoy!" I called, as soon as the lieutenant got near enough for conversation. "Ay, boat ahoy!" sure enough, growled Sennit; "some gentlemen's boat will pay you a visit. The 'man overboard' is nothing but a d—d paddy made out of a leader with a tarpuilin truck! I suspect your mate of this, Mr. Wallingford."

"My mate owns the offence, sir; it was committed to get you out of the ship, while we took charge of her again. The Dawn is under our orders once more, Mr. Sennit, and before I permit you to come on board her again we must have an understanding on the subject."

A long, meaning whistle, with a muttered oath or two, satisfied me that the lieutenant had not the slightest suspicion of the truth, until it was thus abruptly announced to him. By this time the boat was under our stern, where she lay in order to be hooked on, the man intending to come up by the tackle. For this I cared not, however, it being an easy matter for me, standing on the taffrail, to knock any one on the head who should attempt to board us in that fashion. By way of additional security, however, I was called to the foreward to help haul the bowlines and trim the yards. The ship beginning to gather way, too, I threw Sennit the end of a lower studding-sail halyards that were brought aft for the purpose, ordered his bowman to let go his hold of the tackle, and dropped the boat to a safe towing distance. Neb, being ordered to keep the weather-leeches touching, just way enough was got on the ship to carry out the whole of this plan without risk to anybody."

"You'll not think of leaving us out here on the Atlantic, Mr. Wallingford, five hundred miles from the Land of the Living?" Sennit asked, with a look of stern forward to help haul the bowlines and trim the yards. The ship beginning to gather way, too, I threw Sennit the end of a lower studding-sail halyards that were brought aft for the purpose, ordered his bowman to let go his hold of the tackle, and dropped the boat to a safe towing distance. Neb, being ordered to keep the weather-leeches touching, just way enough was got on the ship to carry out the whole of this plan without risk to anybody."

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GOING HOME

A ST. PATRICK'S DAY SKETCH

By Rev. D. A. Casey

The log cabin was set far back in the woods; a rude structure, knee deep in the drifting snow that lay around and about it on all sides. There was no sign of life around the building; no smoke curled up from the stove pipe in the centre; even the great white flakes crept stealthily down as if unwilling to break the all-prevailing silence. The wintry sun had sunk to rest behind the pine trees; the shadows were lengthening in the clearing; the peculiar greenness of the Canadian night would soon envelop all."

Within the hut it was darker. The last embers of the wood fire were mouldering in the stove. A lamp, unlighted, was set on a table drawn close to the miserable bed, upon which lay the figure of a man, silent and still. One thin, wasted hand rested on the torn coverlet; the bronzed forehead was damp with the perspiration that tells of fever; the bearded lips were drawn together as if some pitying angel had touched them with her gentle touch. There was no other living creature in the room save the great collie dog that sat in the corner by the open window, his big, wondering eyes fixed intently on the silent figure in the bed. Alone in the silent house the man lay dying, with no witness of his passing, save the faithful companion of his solitude. Alone and dying."

A sound breaks the stillness. The dog pricks up his ears and listens. Silence again. Then from afar it comes again—the cry of some prowling beast of prey deep in the forest. The sleeper hears it and murmurs uneasily in his half-consciousness. The tired eyes open for an instant and wander around the room until they finally rest on the mute guardian by the window. As if divining his master's intention, the dog rises from the gray, and begins to paw at the door pokes it open. Up and down the trail he peers into the darkness; then with ear to the earth he listens for the expected footsteps. But all is silent. Even the call of the wild beast is hushed for the moment. With a look of almost human regret he returns to his place by the window. The tired eyes read the message in the mutely eloquent face. There is no hope."

Presently the dying man turned uneasily; the thin lips move in broken accents. The dog turns his head as if he understood. "Home . . . mother . . . God bless them. They will miss me now. . . . And baby Willie, what will he say when he tells him his big brother is dead. . . . And Cissie too. . . . Will there be tears in the blue eyes? O God! . . . Dead, and all alone in the backwoods. . . . Will they ever hear it? Will they pray for my soul at the Sunday Mass in Newport? . . . Mass. . . . No, mother. . . . No Mass here. . . . Poor Cissie, you must not cry. . . . It is hard, hard to die so far away from home, and all alone, but God will it. . . . Calvary . . . bury me with mother, I will not rest anywhere else. . . . Yes, there's the grave. . . . home-coming . . . planned. . . . but it cannot be."

Again the call of the wolves breaks out on the night air. The dying man listens for an instant. "It's the banasher calling. . . . Cissie you must not cry. . . . I'm going to mother. . . . Kiss me, I'm . . . Where is baby Willie? . . . Yes, the Rosary is best. . . . Patrick's Day is it? Sure, there is the shamrock in me cap. 'Twas in the long garden I pulled it. . . . Hasn't Willie a pretty Patrick's cross? . . . No, Jim, 'tis no use. I'm settled this time, I feel it. . . . Tell Cissie I thought of her at the last."

Again the lonely call of the prowling wolves rings out in the night. Again, the sufferer springs up in the bed, he flings out his arms as if to embrace some unseen figure. "Oh, mother, mother," he cries, and a smile of perfect happiness lights up his wan face. From without comes the faint tinkle of a sleighbell. The dog hears it, and dashes wildly to the door. Yes, nearer and nearer it comes. The dog sees it now and goes bounding down the trail. "And you really came for me, mother. I'm content now—only I fear Cissie and Willie still miss me. . . . Yes, indeed, we'll pray for them up there together, you and I. . . . Kiss me, mother, and then I'll go home with you. . . . Home to Newport. . . . Home with mother."

The wan smile fades away; the eyes become fixed and glassy; the breath comes in short, quick gasps; he stretches his extended arms farther and farther, as if to embrace some object that was eluding his grasp; then with one convulsive shudder he falls forward on his face. With joyful yelps the collie comes bounding into the cabin. At his heels are two men muffled to the ears in furs. The younger of the two comes forward to the bedside, a small packet in his hand. "See Jack," he cries, "I've brought you your Patrick's Day shamrock. And there's a letter from Cissie too. Why don't you speak, Jack? Here they are?"

Then for the first time he sees the doubled up figure in the bed. With a cry of alarm he motions the doctor. One moment suffices. Jack Kelly will wear no more Patrick's shamrocks. He is with the blessed apostle himself. They buried him there in the clearing where the young fir trees wave above the murmuring rivulet, and on his breast they placed the withered shamrocks and Cissie's letter. And as they drove away in the cold gray morning's light, one lonely mourner watched by the new-made grave, faithful even unto death."

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WHAT A MOTHER'S MEMORY DID FOR A BLACK MAN

A TRUE STORY

Rev. Richard W. Alexander in the Missionary

Not far from the beginning of my ministry (it was very many years ago, as you may suppose) I was visiting a brother priest at his church in Baltimore.

He asked me to help him in the confessional during a busy season, and I consented. "Many of my people are Negroes," he said, "and I think you will not be sorry for that, when you make friends with them in the box." "Negroes?" I said, "I have yet to discover their fervor! They are very emotional, are they not?" "Not so much," he replied, "they love to sing, so do the angels for that matter! Given fair instruction they are fine, reliable Catholics. I have no doubt to make in comparing them with the whites. To be sure, they are a subject race, greatly despised by many whites, as well as feared and detested; others patronize them, spoil them, laugh at their follies, and forget their striking qualities. But taken all in all they are good people, a submissive race, and religiously considered are the fairest prospect for our Catholic missionary field second to none!"

And we chatted about the blacks and their spiritual and other traits till far into the night, incidentally comparing notes about their social and domestic qualities, even their intellectual ones, which were revealed. One evening I was pretty nearly done, and was thinking of a well-earned night's rest. Glancing between the curtains after my last penitent had gone, I saw a man rise in the middle of the church. He looked towards my box and doubtless noted that there was no one else to go to confession. Then he left the pew, made a genuflection and started toward me. Evidently, bending his knee as new to him, for it was anything but ritual. He was under the full glare of the large central chandelier as he stepped along the middle aisle. I knew a handsomely built man when I see one, and that Negro, black as my cassock, with an ebony shawl, tall, well-knit, with a fine head and broad shoulders, the swing of his body was full of elasticity and grace! It seemed to me he was about twenty-five years old, becomingly and neatly clad. His features were almost regular and they wore an expression that was grave almost to dignity. He halted square in front of me for I had drawn back the curtains of my box and looked at me with a half smile of expectancy and reverence, as if wishing me to say the first word. "My son, do you want to go to confession?" I said.

"Most suitably, yes, I do for a fact, but I hardly know how to go 'bout it, sir." His voice was remarkably sweet and deep and his accent strongly African, but I will not venture to reproduce his dialect entirely which I afterwards found was that of the Cotton Belt. I stepped out of the confessional and shook hands with my bashful penitent and invited him to the sanctuary, for I saw he needed some instruction on the method of making his confession, and no doubt on other points of our holy faith. And when I had given him a chair and placed him at his ease by a few kindly words I asked him to tell me all about himself. "My name," said he in his soft Southern tones, "is Jefferson Stewart. I was born in the city of Baltimore. My mother was tall, very dark and very strong. I was her only child. My father died before I knew him. My mammy often talked of him, and when she said her prayers, with me kneeling at her side, she always made me say, 'God rest my father's soul. Amen. Three times I had to say that. And I can look back

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even to my third year and mind the tears trickling down her face. But she said "I had quite a time making up the altar." "Father," he evidently thought it too familiar and hence disrespectful, "but, sub, I mean Father, many and many a time my good mammy took me to this very church, and brought me to this railing over there and made me say over and over, loud, my childish prayers, while she fixed her eyes on the altar and seemed to see God. Then when I stopped for want of something else to say, sub, she would turn to me and whisper: 'God is right here, Jefferson! He's lookin' from that little doah down into your little heart! And I would tremble lest the good God saw something there He didn't like. And then she would say sometimes, as we stood at the foot of this altar: 'Jefferson, child, look around at dis grand house of God! In dis heah church your father and me was married, and heah you was baptized a Catholic heah, a true Roman Catholic, and doan you nebbber forget it, an' if any nassy Meth'dists or Baptists sabs you up, tell 'em you are a Cath'lic, and that's the only 'ligion that's God's.'"

I suppressed a smile at the epithet my black man bestowed on our non-Catholic brethren; then I asked him about his prayers—did he remember them? Yes! His mother (it was always his mother) taught them to him, and she, like a little child, this tall, fine fellow went on his knees and said the "Our Father," "Hail Mary" and "Creed" with numberless little mistakes, repeating the phrases like a little boy when I corrected him. I cannot forget his simple fervor and his intense religion. Then he sat down again.

"My mammy, sub, was a free woman, Father," he began, "and always carried in an old cloth purse in her bosom a printed paper with her name on it, her 'free papers,' as she called them. I have seen her show them to the constables who sometimes stopped her on the streets.

"She had to work hard and scrubbed and cleaned a number of offices. We lived with a colored Catholic family in an alley full of our people.

"I often went with my mother when she was out working. One of her offices was along the waterfront, and one evening while she was working at her sweeping she sent me for a bundle to show on the floor. It was a long summer day, and I went over to a pile of sand that lay heaped up near the river. Mother knew the black man who watched there and told me he would give me some in a can. I got the sand, carried it to her and ran back to talk to the man.

"I found a black boy with my own age and he began playing with me on the long wall where the school schooners lay moored on the river. A man soon began loosening some ropes on one of the vessels and as we passed he called to us. He was a low-browed, evil-looking man—a white man, of course. When he saw us he shouted:

"Here you youngsters, get aboard and help to haul this rope in, and I'll give you each a penny."

"We raced each other who should be first to take up his offer, and I thought how proud I should be to give my mother my first earnings that evening! So we jumped aboard, and were instantly caught up by two other fellows, carried down below, into a room and told we would be killed if we made the least noise. We huddled together and shivered in speechless terror.

"Soon we heard the rushing back and forth of hurried feet overhead and felt the upward and downward motion of the boat. We were astounded and going—God knows where!

"Oh, how we wept in that dark room. Oh, how my heart broke to think of my mother, my poor, dear mammy, hunting for me, her lost boy, her only boy, never to see me again!" He stopped overcome.

"The pathos in that Negro's voice would have put to shame the tenderest, most sympathetic expressed by a cultivated white man, and I, too, felt my heart swell in sympathy, for I knew he was telling a true, simple fact. He went on:

"Soon everything was quiet, and we, too, poor little darkeys, put our arms around each other and went ourselves to sleep. When it was daylight we were taken on deck, given something to eat and found ourselves sweeping out to the ocean.

back. Then two of the big girls giggled, and then the children laughed and after a while the old folks laughed and there was a shout all around, and then they made me tell them all I knew. I said my prayers three times over during my story. I told them how I was stolen and about my poor mother, and I think my mistress was kind-hearted, for she said: 'You poor little nigger, no one shall touch you!' I never had any real trouble after that day about religion. The people were good enough to me—but I had hard work, and I often just hankered after my mother and never forgot my prayers. When they wanted me to go to camp meeting I said: 'No' so fierce that they let me alone. You see, Father, it was my mother's words! She had stamped them on my heart, and although I knew not one thing about Catholics, I knew she was right, and anything different was wrong. So I stuck to my mother! When I was grown up I took up with a fine girl, but she was so savage a Baptist that I quit her. I never saw a Catholic, never heard of any in reach. I have been a workin' man all my life and always poor. After the war I was free and worked on a lighter in a little cotton port and got a chance of working my passage to Baltimore. My whole heart was set on getting to Baltimore and finding my mother!

"I got here a week ago, Father, and I began to hunt for my mother, but I heard his voice broke and his big chest heaved; he couldn't go on for a few moments" "everything is changed. I couldn't find anything as I remembered it in the docks, the streets or the alleys. I found an old auntie who remembered my name when I told her, and she took me by the two hands and looked up into my face while she cried: 'You! Jefferson Stewart! You? Yes, indeed, I members youn' poor mother, my child; youn' mother broke her heart and died when she couldn't find you! She pined and pined, and when the priest came to her poor bed an' g'ib her the Blessed Saviour I was there, an' she turns to me and says: 'Rachel, if ever you meet my poor boy on this earth, tell him his mother watches him day and night'—and den that night she died! I don't know where they buried her, for it was the war times and such things was done in a hurry."

"It was a hard blow, Father, a hard blow! I could only bow my head and take it—but then I thought I must get to the Church my mother loved and be a good Catholic—for that's all I can do to please her, and, Father, I had a lot of trouble finding this church; it is much changed, but here I am, and when I saw you out there that day I wanted to break to you and ask you to help me to be a good Catholic like my mother, so that I can see her some day in heaven. Will you help me, Father?"

"Need I tell you my answer? My heart went out to that child-hearted, big black man! I saw the grace of God come to him through that poor old hard-working mother. Her teaching, her influence had guarded his life and shaped his pathway to me, and I gave him all I could of instruction and assistance day after day until I left him a true fervent, practical Catholic! Where he is now I know not, but I firmly believe that his life is one that his mother in heaven would not be ashamed of.

"Oh, Christian mothers of the present generation, do you thus impress piety and faith on your children?"

Learn a lesson from this lowly negro mother and her stalwart son.

LENENT CONFERENCES

FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN AT ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, NEW YORK, ON SOCIALISM.—CONFERENCE II.—SOCIALISM AND THE STATE

Father Vaughan continued his course on Socialism and Christianity on March 3rd, at High Mass before an immense congregation. He said that at first sight there would seem to be much in common between socialism and Catholicism. Both protested against the evils of modern Capitalism, of fierce individualism, of iniquitous competition, and of colossal wealth in the hands of the few. But there was a yawning gulf between them. A socialist member of Congress recently had assured his comrades that the last and most powerful force marshalled against them was the Church of Rome. He spoke rightly. To start with, both held conflicting views about Civil Society, and about the origin and destination of man.

In spite of all denials socialism was based on a materialistic theory of evolution. As a living, going concern, socialism was not a mere economic, or politico-economic principle, but a growth deeply rooted in a philosophy repudiated by every Christian man. Socialism, true to its philippic temper, wanted to establish a State without reference to God. It had no use for God. It ignored Him when it was not convenient actually to deny Him. He might get "the moderate socialist's" view of the State from a widely read book: "Socialism and Society." The average socialist held views about the State that could not be made to fit in with Christian views about it. The communal life, they were told, was as real to the socialist "as the life of an organism built up of many living cells." Behold the old biological analogy, masquerading in the dress of a reality! "The being that persists, that develops in Society; the life upon which the individual draws, he himself may have life, liberty and happiness is the Social life." And it was contended that the likeness between society and an organism like the human body was complete "in so far as Society is the total life from which the separate cells draw their individual life." The whole socialist position was summed in the dictum: "Man is man only in Society;" which done into other English aptly: "The State is everything." Those brave statements about the State reduced man to the position of a mere function, a cell, a muscle or nerve centre in the body politic, with no personality, initiative or enterprise of his own.

The preacher said that this fundamental misconception of the State as a real, living organism in which man was imbedded without personality, individ-

ality or any independent existence was widely diffused among socialists. The apostrophe of the State led one to suppose the State was some God-like creature, or at least the ideal superman. As a matter of fact the State when robbed of its war paint, and stripped of its stage clothes, was a co-operative body of political office holders whose symbols might not inappropriately be, an axe to grind, a purse to fill; and whose motto was: "We are the State." The new regime would be immeasurably worse than the old one which was entirely middle-class and middle-class enough.

The preacher ridiculed the socialist State. He argued that man was not made for the State, but the State for man. Man was prior, both in nature and in time to the State. His mission on earth was a definite one. It was to carry out the will of God, his Creator. Life here was preparatory for one to come. This life was not the terminus but the journey only, not the landing stage, but the outward voyage. Man was complete in himself, so that even were he to find himself on a desert island he would still be a self-determined being, responsible to God for his every action.

True it was that, out off from the State and from society, man was heavily handicapped in the race for the prizes of life. One who was not a member of the State, but a definite one. It was to carry out the will of God, his Creator. Life here was preparatory for one to come. This life was not the terminus but the journey only, not the landing stage, but the outward voyage. Man was complete in himself, so that even were he to find himself on a desert island he would still be a self-determined being, responsible to God for his every action.

The Christian State was like a mother teaching her child to walk by assisting and encouraging it; the socialist State resembled a grandmother keeping the little one in a baby carriage trundling it about, and giving it a bottle to keep it quiet.

Father Vaughan urged his hearers by all means to resist being absorbed and assimilated by the State; to keep steadily in view that they did not exist for the State, but the State for them; and that the State had its definitely appointed province and its definitely appointed functions, outside of which if it attempted to interfere it was to be resisted as resolutely as any other thief who dared to break into premises not his own.

"STATION" MORNING IN IRELAND

A walk through an English industrial city in the morning is dismal and depressing for an Irishman accustomed to green fields, sunny valleys and fresh, invigorating mountain air. Narrow, smoke-begrimed streets, the monotony of similar, giant-like chimneys belching out black clouds of impenetrable smoke, and a heavy, oppressive atmosphere that almost stops one's breath. Bells are ringing and sirens blowing, calling the workers to their task. The streets are filled with a hurrying crowd a rapid stream of silent, gloomy, pressed, and all wearing that languid, depressed expression so inseparable to the inhabitants of industrial centers. Gradually the hum of machinery is heard and inside the toilers are busy at their various avocations. The day passes. The night comes with its numerous attractions. The English worker lives for the music hall, and thither they flock, to seek that cheerfulness which nature seems to have forgotten to bestow upon them, in the stupid inanities of a variety entertainment. One day is like another; eating, drinking and "that hells" make up their lives. Actors of parliament look after the factory hands, and insist on all necessary precautions for the safety of their bodies, but there is no set of parliament to look after their souls, and religion is a matter of very remote interest to most of them.

If an Irishman happened to be on a cycling tour in the sunny south of Ireland, and he fell in his wanderings, he dropped in to visit a certain busy little mill on the morning of the Easter "Station," the unusual picture presented to him as he entered the premises would at once fill his mind with wonderment. There is no hum of machinery, all is still and silent. A covered car, a side bar and a trap are in the yard. Yet notice the queue of young men and women outside the door of the manager's house, and it extends into the hall; all are dressed in their best; the men's heads are uncovered, the young women are wearing shawls over their heads; all are evidently engaged in some solemn ceremony. You inquire and find it is "station" morning. Then you notice the prayer-books and beads, and you know the people are waiting their turn for confession. Inside in the house, in separate rooms, two priests are "hearing" confession. One by one the penitents enter, and kneeling at the feet of the holy confessor, confess their sins and express their sorrow. Then having the priest's blessing and good advice, each passes out to a wardrobe which has been prepared for a "mass house." The counters are hidden away under white linen, and on one of them is erected a temporary altar. Around the walls the holy cards have been removed and replaced by familiar pictures of the Sacred Heart, the Holy Family, the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph. The confession being over, all are assembled in the "mass house and the holy cere-

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Money is begun. The priest's boy serves Mass and the congregation, now crowding the room, are close up to the priest and the altar. It is a heartening scene, and one's mind wanders back inevitably to the penal days when the Holy Sacrifice was offered up in the caves, or in the hidden recesses of the valleys, where his vestments had to be hidden, and waters were planted on the hill-tops to give the alarm of the approach of the yeomen.

The congregation was composed of young and old. The "station" was for the mill employees and all others in the township, and so the farmers and laborers with their families, as well as the mill workers, were all assembled. Parents and children, employer and employee, all blended together. The prosperous farmer kneeling with his servant, the foreman beside the youngest apprentice, and the manager in the midst of his staff, proud to be associated with the workers, were not ashamed of the plaidie, rosy-faced girls, a few old-aged, pensioners to complete the picture, all bent down devotionally over their books or beads as the Mass proceeded.

Holy Communion is administered to the entire congregation with great solemnity. Young the most sacred part of the ceremony a startling noise in the distance conjures up a vision of an exciting interruption, such as must often have been the experience of our forefathers—maybe in this very glen. When the alarm was given the Mass had to be hurriedly ended and the gathering dispersed, or perhaps the priest, with his faithful guard for his life, and a few minutes before, he had offered up the most Holy Sacrifice. But our alarm is harmless; it is only the noisy tooting of a passing motor car that has excited our easily distracted thoughts.

Mass being recited the priest in simple and eloquent language, delivers a homily lecture which, owing to its simplicity and practical application, goes straight to the hearts and minds of his hearers. He speaks on the occasion of sin. He pictures the family seated at the fire at night, when Peggy or Shawn is reading a chapter of a story laborer for the family, they are distracted by the ever-rolling motor dashboards against the lamp. It comes and goes, and comes and goes again, until at last the fatal attractiveness pulls it into the flame and it is consumed. From this simple example he drives home his lesson forcibly. "Then he dwells for a moment on the importance of religion. He speaks of the prosperity of the mill and the great natural pride which they all take in it. This prosperity, he reminds them, is due under God to the watchfulness and care of those in authority, and the success is due to the way the business is attended to. This homily, example enabled him to show that the salvation of one's soul is the greatest business of all, and that it demands far more care and attention than any mere worldly business.

After the sermon and when the priest had disrobed, the parish priest reads aloud the names of all residents in the township, and if any are not present, their absence is explained, or if there is no explanation, the shepherd makes a mental note of the missing sheep, and so he is always able to keep a watchful eye on those inclined to be lax in attending to their duty. Perhaps there is one absent who will never be present again—a laborer who has emigrated recently, gone to America, where there are no "stations" to keep him good and to mind him at intervals of his duty. For such a one a fervent prayer is offered up. The offerings of "dues" are then contributed by the heads of families according to their means, and the very poorest has his mitre ready. The "station" is at an end, and all leave for home and breakfast.

oup that cheers has a most exhilarating effect, and local politics, politics and elections are the subjects of pleasant discussion. There is sufficient variety of opinions to make up a parliament, but all are in the best of spirits and take the good-humored banter of the F. P. pleasantly. The homeliness of the priests in the midst of their people is here strikingly manifest. Their gentleness, refinement and great consideration for their flock are more than ever visible in these little social reunions, where they are able to speak, with unrestrained and open their minds freely on matters of practical interest.

The mill bells ring to call hands to work, and soon the workers, in their working attire, are flocking in. Contented-looking young men, rosy-faced young fellows, all chatting brightly and with every evident light-heartedness. It is the sunniest of sunny mornings, and the very air seems sweetened with a fresh breath. The morning so gloriously begun has benefited all, not alone spiritually, but temporarily as well, and the daily routine has a fresh attractiveness after the uplifting of the "station."

The covered car, the side car and the trap carry away the good priests to their other duties. The mill wheels are starting, the merry music of the machinery once more rings pleasantly in our ears, and a commercial traveller from Lancashire, who has come on the morning train, and who has been all the time waiting, and gazing with wonder and astonishment at the varied phases of the "station," is at last able to undo his samples.

"I'm afraid you selected a bad morning for your visit," said the genial stationmaster, as the "commercial" sat waiting in the luxurious waiting room for the 12:35 express. "Ye-es, you seem to do nothing but pray in this country. Just fancy a Yorkshire factory shutting down for two hours for prayers! 'By jove! I don't think!'"

"Oh! I've not all too good over there," dryly remarked the stationmaster, while he folded over his newspaper. "Ye have so many religions that ye don't want any looking after."

"Right! governor, that ye have. Why, my father is a Congregationalist and my mother a Baptist, my brothers go to the Wesleyan Church, I am a Non-conformist and my sister is in the Salvation Army and—"

But then the express steamed in, and, as it steamed off again, the stationmaster waved an adieu to the traveller and remarked to himself: "Wish some one that family ought to get to heaven anyhow!" —Dublin Leader.

FEAST OF ST. JOSEPH

(MARCH 19)

"Go to Joseph," said Pharaoh of old; "he will open to you the barns of Egypt."

"Go to Joseph," says the Church to the faithful, in these times of great spiritual famine; "he will lead you to the Heart of Jesus and throw open to you its treasures."

St. Joseph, the plain artisan, was chosen to be the spouse of the Blessed Virgin, and the Foster-Father of the Incarnate Son of God—no king or monarch, rich or prominent man, nor great philosopher was selected for this dignity. Is not this a sign that God regards things quite differently from the point of view of the world? Also that often He loves the humble and insignificant whom the world despises, that in a lowly condition he can serve Him well, please Him, and be especially beloved, and preferred by Him? One glance at St. Joseph impresses this truth upon us: a poor but God-fearing man is of more account before Almighty God than one who is wealthy and powerful, yet wicked withal. This should inspire all those who live in abasement and poverty with feelings of gladness, patience, and content. It ought to incite them to lead a good life, one pleasing to God.

WHAT ST. THERESA SAYS OF ST. JOSEPH

"Although the intercession of St. Joseph is effective in all necessities, yet God has endowed him with special privileges. The first is that of attaining the virtue of chastity through his intercession, and of being able to overcome the perils arising from the lusts of the flesh. The second is to obtain strength and assistance through him to arise from sin and to regain the Divine friendship. The third is through him to gain Mary's help and a great devotion to her. The fourth is the grace of a happy death. The fifth is that at the devout utterance of his name the demons tremble. The sixth that through him we receive bodily health and strength for new enterprises."

God grants these marks of grace to all those who invoke Him through St. Joseph. All the children of Holy Church should venerate him and they will experience all this in themselves if only they invoke him earnestly. I would exhort all to serve this glorious Saint, because I know from experience that he obtains much from God. I have never known anyone who really venerated and served him with special zeal who did not make rapid strides in virtue, for he bestows extraordinary assistance upon those souls who have recourse to him.

"For a number of years I have asked him a favor on his feast-day, and my request has always been granted. If I wish, I will gladly enumerate all the graces which this glorious Saint has obtained for others."

Under all painful appearances, it is God who comes to us, our Saviour and our Friend. We can show our love by suffering for His sake and with Him, in adoration, resignation, and perfect abandonment. How tenderly He will console us, an what peace we shall find, when we kneel every evening before Him, telling Him of all our trials and failures during the past day.

Is your cross greater than you can bear? Measure it beside the cross of Christ. How it dwindles! Is your poverty a constant grief to you? Measure it beside the poverty of the ragged, hungry, homeless child! This winter night! Have you been wronged by injustice? Measure your hurt beside the pile of fagots upon which Blessed Joan of Arc was burnt alive for her saintly patriotism. — Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S. J.

The greatest science man can study is the science of living with other men. There is no other thing that is so taxing, requires so much education, so much wisdom, so much practice, as to how to live together. We are studying how to control the forces of nature, but the forces of human nature are more difficult still. There is no art that is finer than the art of being at peace with our neighbors, national and individual.

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When subscribers ask for their mail at the post office it would be well for them to tell the clerk to give them their Catholic Record. We have information of carelessness in a few places on the part of delivery clerks who will sometimes look for letters only.

LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION

Apostolic Delegation, Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. My Dear Sir:—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper, the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published. Its matter and form are both good, and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 27th, 1900.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published. Its matter and form are both good, and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1912

SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE BRITISH COAL MINERS STRIKE

Greater than war between Britain and Germany is the significance of the gigantic strike of the British coal miners. Its significance is not lessened by the prospect of speedy settlement; even though the strike be over before this issue of the RECORD reaches our readers, the fact remains that it discloses a condition of things of tremendous import, and lays bare the flimsy foundation on which the whole British industrial and commercial edifice is built.

The wealth, the capital of Great Britain is concentrated in the hands of the few, while the many, millions upon millions, are in a state of abject dependence on the few, a condition essentially the same as slavery.

During the past year Hilare Belloc, a close student of history and modern economic conditions, has contributed a series of articles to the Catholic World, treating comprehensively of the rise and development of European civilization, which was inspired, guided and animated by the Catholic Church.

He notes the Socialist argument that the "Industrial Revolution"—that is the mechanical inventions and discovery of new instruments and methods of production—was the cause of centralization of the whole economic scheme in the hands of comparatively few to the destruction of the widely-distributed methods of the past.

This he maintains is absolutely false; as a matter of fact and of history capitalism was established before the industrial revolution. "It was only because the industrial revolution fell upon a society already capitalist that the industrial revolution, the discovery of modern methods of production, instead of bearing good fruit, have borne the execrably poisonous fruit of our great cities; and the force which established capitalism in Europe before the advent of the new industrial methods was the Reformation. The matter is not one of conjecture; it is one of historical record."

Mr. Belloc points out that the modern industrial system arose in Britain. All, or nearly all, its great discoveries were originally British discoveries, and were there first applied. "And the Britain upon which this transformation in the methods of creation of wealth fell, was a Britain which had passed as to the making of its laws, as to the possession of its soil and of the major part of its instruments, into the hands of a small, wealthy class. That power of the small wealthy class in Britain had been created by the Reformation, and established by a host of statutes, administrative measures, legal decisions and acts of state which are directly traceable to the great sixteenth century change."

Our author then points out that one of the predisposing causes of the Reformation was the dangerous extent to which the British people had allowed their wealthier men to occupy the "Commonwealth. Little less than a quarter of the land of England was, upon the eve of the Reformation, in the hands of the squires. This state of affairs would not have endured, but would have been broken by the Catholic spirit. But the confiscation of the monastic lands by Henry VIII. rapidly and enormously

emphasized the plutocratic character of society. First the squires, then the possessors of less than a quarter, became the possessors of more than one-half of the land of England. Next, in company with the great merchants, they destroyed the Crown and turned it into a salaried executive post of which they were the masters. Thereafter it was easy for the new rich class to concentrate in their own hands both the means of production and the right of making and interpreting the laws of property. The industrial revolution, roughly speaking, took place between 1720 and 1780.

"Wherever during that period a new invention or process, had to be capitalized, the inventor could find no one to furnish the capital, save within that already monopolist class which dominated every organ of the commonwealth."

"That is why Capitalism and Industrialism grew to be the twin grants of evil during the eighteenth century. The more wealth grew the more it was concentrated in the hands of the rich, and the more the population grew the more that population was bred hopelessly proletarian."

Now let us look at the actual condition of the British proletariat as revealed by the great strike which shows the power of these poor slaves to paralyze every industry, to stop every commercial activity and to bring hunger, suffering, disaster and ruin to the nation.

The minimum wage demanded by the Miners' Federation varies in different localities, as Yorkshire 7 1/2 shillings a day; Lancashire 7; North Wales 6; Somersetshire and Bristol 4 shillings 11 pence; North Cumberland 6 to 7 and Scotland 6 shillings a day. That is varying from \$1.18 to \$1.80 of our money. Remember these are not the wages the miners are getting, but what they are now demanding.

The other day we read in an English paper that the coal miners were generally a well paid but improvident class. It is probably true that they are comparatively well paid as British workmen go. The following statistics are given by an English Economist, L. G. C. Money, who has studied exhaustively the living conditions of the working classes:

Of the 8,000,000 adult working men of Britain 1,000,000 receive less than 20 shillings a week; 1,600,000 get between 20 and 25 shillings a week; 1,680,000 from 25 to 30 shillings; 1,680,000 from 30 to 35 shillings; 1,040,000 between 35 and 45 shillings a week, and the remaining million £2 or more. Twenty shillings, \$4.80 a week!

The boasted wealth of England grinds the faces of the English workmen. No wonder there is degeneracy, physical, mental and moral. No wonder there are millions of "unemployable."

It may be urged that we do not take into account the difference in the cost of living. The same authority, quoted above as to wages, draws up, after laborious study, a minimum weekly table of expenses for a father of a small family. That meagre minimum absorbs 37 shillings and 9 pence, and this calculation assumes that the father works fifty-two weeks in the year. Not one in six British workmen makes even 37 shillings, 9 pence a week; or, according to the preceding table of wages, 5,000,000 adult workmen receive less than a living wage; reckoning 5 to the average family 20,000,000 British men, women and children are living below the level of decency, not to speak of comfort. A fertile soil for the seeds of socialism!

"Every evil," says Hilare Belloc, "if it is of a fundamental and moral sort, may be observed (when it has produced its fruit) to attempt to remedy itself by yet another evil. So it is with the capitalist scheme of production which has its roots in the Reformation. It takes its moral vice for granted, thinks of them as normal to human nature and necessary to any condition of society, and then proposes to remedy their intolerable effects by the inhuman scheme of Collectivism."

"Well, in this matter as in every other important social affair, the Catholic Church is on one side and its enemies on the other; and the spirit of the Catholic Church, where it prevails in the future, will not permit industrialism as we now know it, and will certainly have nothing to say to Collectivism, but will restore the normal and fundamental institution of property, widely distributed, among free men, which distribution with its accompanying freedom, was purely of temporal effects, the chief effect the faith had upon European civilization."

One is safe in predicting, that while glare of publicity shines on the squalor of the British proletariat, Protestant ministers will hardly be heard contrasting boastfully and triumphantly the wealth, progress, industrial and commercial supremacy of Protestant England, with the backwardness, stagnation and decay of Catholic Spain. England, where wealth accumulates and men decay, is a poor proof just now of the divine origin of Protestantism. Meantime, babies die, children are robbed of childhood and innocence, men and women slave for shamefully inadequate wages, and human life on its

material side is degraded to a limit which antiquity never knew and which mankind to-day will certainly not long tolerate."

MORALS IN THE SCHOOL

Miss A. E. Marty is President of the Ottawa Teachers' Association. At a recent meeting she delivered an address on the moral education of the children in the Public schools. "By moral education," she said, "I mean the teaching not only of duty towards family, friends, community and country, but also of duty towards all mankind and the consequent importance of international duties and rights. Moral training is obtained from the organization of the school, such as courses of study, methods of discipline, the recitation, and the personality of the teacher." It will be noted that this lady, an excellent woman and an excellent teacher, we doubt not, leaves God out of the question entirely. She tells us it is a most desirable thing to be polite, to be considerate to our neighbors, in fine, to cultivate a disposition along the aesthetic line, but our duties to the Author of All—to the Crucified Who died for us—gives her no thought. It may be, notwithstanding, Miss Marty is recognized as a good Christian woman, but, if so, why does she discard the Christian training of the children? Catholics, of course, have little concern, in a general way, with the conduct of the Public schools. They have their own system of education in which God is given first thought, and in which, every hour of the day, the children are reminded that Christian doctrine is, as it should be, the very corner-stone of education worthy the name. Children who are reared along from the primary class to the highest university honors, devoid of a sense of obligation to, and love for, the good God above us, may be very polite, very lady-like, very gentlemanly, emitting in conversation beautiful phrases, in immaculate English, but the heart that loves not God, that does not love his fellowman for God's sake—the heart that seeks but position in society and wealth, is but as a stone, and presents a sorry sight. Possibly Miss Marty considered that the teaching of religion in the schools, taking into account the numberless and sharp divisions amongst the sects, would not be an acceptable theme, and therefore recommended the teaching of morality—minus Christianity. The Godless situation is a pitiable sight. With such a situation, what of the future, when the present generation has gone the way of all flesh?

OGLE R. GOWAN'S LEGACY TO CANADA. The typical Orangemen of the concession line is made subject to hallucinations under the tutelage of the district boss who has become ambitious to climb into prominence. The typical Orangeman sees things at night because he has read the Orange weekly and sees therein fairy tales of persecutions and torturings centuries ago. But granting that some of these ridiculous stories have some foundation in fact the typical Orangeman and the editor of the Orange paper will close their eyes to the fact that torturings are going on in this our day and in our very midst even in holy, God-fearing, Bible-loving, Orange Toronto, for a few days ago evidence was given in court that at the Victoria Industrial School the little boys had been systematically tortured for running away. Here is a little evidence which is illuminating:

THE MOTHER'S STORY

"I went to see Wilbert on the next visiting day," said Mrs. Spain, "and I was afraid when I saw the condition he was in. He was just like a child getting over a sickness. He was very thin and pale. That room in the basement of one of the cottages was very cold, and I was nearly frozen when I was sitting there. He looked half starved, and he had only a cotton sheet and a pair of blankets over him, and no mattress, and no underwear, only a cotton night shirt. He was kept like that all through the week. He showed me the shackles that were on his ankles. When I went away I had to lock the door on him and return the key to Mr. Parker." Fred Spain, Wilbert's older brother, corroborated the evidence of his mother, and said that he had seen the marks of a beating on Wilbert's back and legs. The skin was raw and black, he said, and an ordinary pair of handcuffs was produced, which Fred Spain said was like the ones he had seen on his brother's bare ankles.

A DESERVED REBUKE

The Calgary Herald, of January 22, refers to the criticisms of the Western Canada Gazette of a sermon recently delivered in a church in the first named city. The minister's name is not given, nor that of the church, but here is the text: "Real Estate in the Pulpit—Calgary Minister Furthers Proof of the Tendency of Present-Day Ministers to Introduce Sensationalism into the Pulpit." The reference of the Western Canada Gazette to the matter is so forceful and so timely that we copy it in full. "A Calgary clergyman on a recent Sunday evening devoted the greater portion of his sermon to a harangue on real estate conditions in this city. It is not necessary to dwell upon what the reverend gentleman said. Suffice it to say that he denounced in the manner in which the business was generally being conducted. Real estate methods may be in need of adjustment. For the sake of argument we are quite willing to admit that such an adjustment is necessary. But why should a minister attempt such a re-adjustment from his pulpit? Did he imagine that his congregation was composed of real estate speculators and that their method of speculation was endangering their future state of existence? We hardly believe this to be the case. To the thinking mind it would appear to be that another indication of the desire for sensationalism which is rapidly creeping into the pulpit. "Not so very long ago the pulpit was held sacred to the teaching of the good old gospel—the pure and simple gospel of our fathers and forefathers who attended a God's house for the purpose of offering up their devotions and listening to an expounding of His Word. To interpret the meaning of many passages in the bible is not an easy task; there are many seeming paradoxes to be explained, many lessons to be made clear, many messages to be transmitted, and many hearts to be cheered by the unfolding of the promises contained within the sacred book. It is, we believe, that they may be in a position to do this that young men spend several years in college before formally entering the ministry. If, however, the present condition of affairs is continued, it will not be necessary to have a knowledge of the bible in order to enter the ministry—a fair oratorical ability and a church will be all that is necessary. "We do not believe, however, that sermons such as that mentioned above meet with general approval. We believe that in the church in question the greater majority of the congregation would have much preferred to listen to a plain and simple exposition of the word of God. The daily press affords a surfeit of the sensational. For six days in the week the average citizen rubs shoulders with the world; he witnesses its joys and sorrows, its happiness and its misery, and on the seventh day he expects a momentary respite from the difficulties, worry and sordid details of the week-day. Imagine then the disappointment of those who attend church in the expectation of hearing and learning better things, when they are con-

spelled to listen to a sermon on real estate, a sermon which probably contains nothing new to them—in fact, we believe many in the congregation would have been able to give their minister additional pointers if they were so requested."

We may be thankful that our separated brethren are beginning to realize that in too many non-Catholic pulpits the preaching of the word of God has given place to passionate outbursts, carefully penned and committed to memory during the week, on topics belonging exclusively to the layman and the world. More consistent would the sensational preacher appear were he to drop the name "Church" altogether as applied to his meeting house, and call it a lecture hall, a place for the dispensing of choice music, the exchange of views on current events, and other entertainments of a like character, not forgetting "R-manism" once in a while, by way of tone, as it were. Serious-minded people are coming to the belief that "Back to Rome" is the only safe course left open to them. They would return in multitudes were it not for pride on the one hand, and on the other their false notions of the true Church, because they have not studied its claims from the inside. They have taken their inspiration regarding it largely from the "weeds" who have been ejected from its communion for good cause, and from pulpitizers who find it profitable to abuse and misrepresent it. Rev. C. O. Johnston to wit.

ANOTHER ASPECT OF THE RELIGIOUS QUESTION

Protestants object to Home Rule for Ireland because they fear it will lead to a great Catholic revival. For more than three hundred years the Ascendancy, which for all practical purposes means the government, has strained every effort to win over the Irish people to the "reformed" faith. The persecutions of Elizabeth, the penal laws of Queen Anne, the unjust discrimination of later days, all miserably failed to make converts of the Papists. Ireland is to-day as Catholic as it was before James engineered the "Plantation of Ulster," or a foreign legislator devised the code of laws which Burke described as the most hellish and infamous that ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man. Here is how the special correspondent of an English newspaper writes of the failure of proselytism: "I set forth on Sunday morning to see what could be seen of religion as it actually appeals to the citizens of Dublin. Incomparably the noblest fabric in a town full of churches are the two ancient Cathedrals of St. Patrick's and St. Andrew's built in the gracious Gothic of Strongbow's days, but now Protestant, though disestablished. On approaching these venerable piles one scarcely knew whether or not service was proceeding—some of the more obvious doors were closed—but on obtaining entrance at last one heard the tender and pleading melodies of the English Prayer Book gently echoing over a congregation which did not fill the nave, let alone the aisles and transepts of the edifice. The worshippers were reverent and devout; well dressed every one of them; I could not detect a hint of poverty as poverty is known in Dublin. "If," said my guide, "you see a man here with a top hat, you know he is going to a Protestant church or chapel." That was one of two contrasting pictures. Look now at the next.

HOME RULE AND ROME RULE

One look around upon these serried masses of Catholic worshippers, hundreds of them haggard with privation and toll, and then one thought of the saying "Home Rule means Rome Rule." What worlds has the Ascendancy left for Rome to conquer? Whatever may be the position under a national Parliament, it is certain that under Unionism the faith and message of Protestantism have not a chance of general acceptance in Ireland. The Roman Church practically untouched by modernism, is a strange evolution has identified it with the people in their sorrows and aspirations. It is the working men themselves who collect the dues for the priests, who run the confraternities and Sodalties which meet monthly, and even weekly, to promote devotion, who talk to one quite simply of their creed, what it means to them in difficulty, and how they encourage each other in it. One of the most prosperous sodalties consists of barmen, as they would be called in England, or "grocers assistants," who labor in the composite public houses.

Whatever may be true of France, of Spain, of Portugal, there is no trace in Ireland that one can discover either of scepticism masquerading under a convenient cloak of Catholicism, or of a rift between the Roman Church and the people. Well may we ask with this English correspondent, "What worlds has the Ascendancy (i. e. the Protestant free-mason minority who now rule the country to the utter exclusion of Catholics)

a saving sense of humor would go far to solve the Ulster problem. But it is to be feared there were no Artemus Wards at the Massey Hall meeting. The humorous sally at the expense of the Orangemen can be recalled to-day with great profit by those who have ears to hear: "Just then," says the great humorist, "I went a long perambulation of men with gowns on to 'em. The leader was on horseback, and, ridin' up to me, he said: 'Air you Orange?'" "Sax I, Which?" "Air you an Orangeman?" he repeated sternly. "I used to peddle lemons," said I, 'but I never dealt in oranges. They are apt to spill on your hands. What particular leonatic asylum hev you and your friends escaped from, of I may be so bold?" Just then a sudden thowt struck me, and I said: 'Oh, yure the fellers who air worryin' the Prince so, and givin' the Jook of Newcastle cold sweats at nite by yure infernal, outaw-lins, air you?' Well, take the advice of a Amerighin silberteen. Take out them gowns, and don't try to get up a religious site over Albert Edward, who wants to receive you all on an ekal footin', not keerin' a tinker's cuss what meetin' 'ouse you sleep in on Sundays. Go home and mind yure business, and not make nooses of yourselves. With which observanshuns I left 'em."

left for Rome to conquer?" If, "under Unionism the faith and message of Protestantism have not a chance of general acceptance in Ireland," how can Home Rule lead to a great Catholic revival? If "90 per cent. of availables" are docile children of the Church what becomes of the cry that Home Rule will mean "gowns on to 'em." Whether the Home Rule bill becomes law or not the Catholic Church will continue to rule the consciences of her children. "The faith and message of Protestantism have not a chance of general acceptance in Ireland" whether her laws are made in Dublin or Westminster. COLUMBA

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE GLOBE'S Parliamentary correspondent, writing of an animated debate in the House, speaks of a certain member as "cooling like a sucking dove." We understand now why the Globe has a weekly editorial on ornithology.

A PRESS despatch gives out the information that the imposing array of electrical signs advertising planes, automobiles, and other commodities—not to mention sundry brands of Scotch whisky—which is a feature of New York at night, is now outdone by a sign, 130x62 feet, advertising the "Men and Religion Forward Movement." It reads: "Welcome to Everybody in the Churches of New York; Religion for Men; Men for Religion." We are further informed that this is "the beginning of a great advertising campaign for religion," financed by a group of Wall Street capitalists. It is advertising all right, but it would be just as well to omit the "religion." To serious men it is a nauseating example of the pass "religion," as understood by the sects, has come to in these latter days.

AS AN echo of the Bishop Hay centenary of last October may be quoted the saying of Bishop Ullathorne: "The Sincere Christian" is the most solid and complete course of Catholic teaching in the English language." And coupled with it might be the affirmation of Bishop Hedley of Newport (himself one of the soundest and most practical religious teachers of our day) regarding the author of "The Sincere Christian," that he was "one of the greatest pastors and staunchest confessors of Scotland, or of all Britain, during the eighteenth century." In the reviving interest of the present day in Catholic religious literature let us hope that "The Sincere Christian" will have its due meed of attention.

A PROTESTANT Nationalist, Mr. George Crawley, speaking at a meeting of the East Waterford Executive of the United Irish League, said that he did not fear Home Rule as he had always been better treated by his Catholic neighbors than by his own co-religionists. When evicted from his farm some years ago, his own clergyman refused to give him shelter, but a Catholic neighbor took him to his home. It was so always. The Orange fear of Catholic intolerance, of which we hear so much, is based solely on the fear (the groundless fear) of a just retribution. It is not in the creed of Catholics of any nation to oppress even so pitiable a creature as the Belfast-Toronto Orangeman.

THE BELFAST Unionist is often referred to as "Irish." He is not and never was Irish. He is an exotic, planted in Ireland by the Cromwellian invasion and, with some honorable exceptions, has failed wholly to absorb either the genius or the temperament of the Gael. His observance of the Feast of St. Patrick even, is anomalous, and is usually characterized by an acid if stupid denunciation of Irish ideals and aspirations. In the present crisis the "preservation of liberty" is the burden of his cry, but, as his attitude to Ireland is an exotic, planted in Ireland by the Cromwellian invasion and, with some honorable exceptions, has failed wholly to absorb either the genius or the temperament of the Gael. His observance of the Feast of St. Patrick even, is anomalous, and is usually characterized by an acid if stupid denunciation of Irish ideals and aspirations. 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The Church faces the future without fear.

We may here, not unthinkingly, reproduce from an East Indian contemporary, a little tale that bears upon the subject in hand. An old darty wanting to join a fashionable city church...

SOCIALISM AND CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE

Thomas Kirkup in his book, "An Inquiry into Socialism," informs us that "it is still by many believed that socialism tends to subvert the family and the Christian ideal of marriage."

Now, what are we to think of this? Is it true that "socialism as a theory of economic organization has no special teaching adverse to marriage and the family?"

But here the doctrines of socialism stand in flagrant contradiction to the teachings of the Church. Pope Leo, in his encyclical on the "Condition of Labor," says: "Parental authority can be neither abolished nor absorbed by the State; for it has the same source as human life itself."

But let us suppose that marriage were to continue as it is, the children surely would not be brought up at home. All are to work for the State, the women as well as the men.

ed in Chicago, 1904, advocates "education of all children up to the age of eighteen years, and State and municipal aid for books, clothing, and food."

From this we clearly see that the doctrine of the Church is very different from the teaching and demands of socialism. The demands of socialism, however, are quite logical. For if socialism is to effect absolute equality in the conditions of life...

But socialists do not stop here. According to their leaders, neither the State nor organized religion should have anything to do with control of the family or of the sexual relation.

PURE FOOD LAW FOR THE PRESS

Whatever answer one might be prompted to give to the venerable question as to whether or not the pen is mightier than the sword, there can be very little doubt that at times the pen is much dirtier than the sword.

Now, the whole story was a lie. It was made up for money. It was lent to be purchased and printed where it would be a "sensation."

One would be inclined to ask whether there might not be a wider interpretation of the law that is supposed to be to the citizen some assurance of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

There is a pure food law to protect a man against the stomach ache. There might be an equivalent protection against the greater ill, especially as coming unjustly from a public licensed cause.

One may not even sell flour for mustard—to the possible benefit of the customer; and everything that he does sell, in a package, must have the true table of contents and the analytical index pasted on the outside.

Mr. Henry Watkinson addressing the members of the National Press Club in the city of Washington, on November 17, 1909, in the course of his speech said:

During the past summer a shadow was thrown upon a fair name by a leading morning journal of a great metropolis. A tale, worked up with journalistic skill, had been sent in as "news."

DAVID AND GOLIATH

As an opponent of socialism, Mr. David Goldstein has won for himself well-deserved laurels in the Catholic lecture field. Various speakers have from time to time entered upon this work; but they have not been able to devote themselves to it exclusively.

The Catholic following. Catholics had not been schooled to meet such a case. "At Cincinnati," writes Gerald J. O'Connell to the Catholic Columnist, Mr. Goldstein had hardly begun his lecture when, at the mention of the names of Marx and Engels, the house was filled with a roar of applause.

At South Bethlehem fly-sheets were scattered through the city referring to him as a disciple of Judas, concerning the cause of Christ. The conclusion of these circulars deserves to be quoted. It is a masterpiece of hypocrisy cultivated as a feat:

These tactics, however, were not sufficient. It was necessary to destroy his influence, no matter by what means this was effected.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH FIRST OF GREAT REPUBLICS

To understand the long life the power that has lasted through centuries, the purpose that continues unchanged as time comes and goes within the great Catholic Church, it is necessary to realize that that Church was the first great republic of our era, and that it is a great republic now.

The Cardinals, a body of learned and powerful men, themselves selected because of special ability and regardless of birth or rank, elect in their turn the Pope to rule the Church—just as our electors college elects the President of our Government.

When some feeble king was succeeding to the throne and the power of France when some weakling through the accident of birth was made ruler of Spain, or of England, the ablest man within the Church was chosen to rule.

Cardinal Farley, who returns to America with the highest honor, save one, that the Church can confer, illustrates in our day the republican methods of the Catholic Church—methods that date far back before the day when the great German emperor stood for hours in the snow, penitent and submissive, outside the Pope's door at Canossa.

It is well for those that read about him in this country to know that the Church which has made him a Cardinal has been for many centuries as truly republican in government as the system that puts a President in the White House at Washington.

applause. It was likewise a happy prelude to the speech itself, which consisted of a choice assortment of the crimes and infamies of individual popes as found, if not altogether in history, at least in the imaginations of their worst enemies.

There were 62,000 divorces last year. Goldstein said there were no divorces in the Catholic Church. Plenty ought to have been. You can't have independent, clean-thinking, honest, clean-souled children if they are born of parents living together in hate.

It is true that positive social service and organization are at present of the highest importance. But, like those who build the strong walls of Jerusalem, we cannot raise the ramparts of the city of God except with the sword girded by our side, and the archers and spearmen to defend us from the onset of the foe.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH HIGH CHURCH AND LOW CHURCH

How far some of the High Church Episcopalians have departed from the spirit and practice of the Church by Law Established appears in the differences existing between the Rev. Guy L. Wallis, Rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Staten Island, and some of his congregation.

The protests include the further charges: Water is kept in the vestibule, which, being blessed by the rector, is asserted by him to be holy. Stations of the cross, insertion of a service for them not provided in the Book of Common Prayer, and therefore illegal.

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well satisfied, either because they close their eyes to the historical lie which their countenance in trying to be good Episcopalians or fail to see the contradiction in striving to be Catholics and Protestants at the same time.

A NON-CATHOLIC ON THE CELIBATE CLERGY

In an article in the January Nineteenth Century entitled, "The Church and Celibacy," Annabel Jackson, a non-Catholic writer, makes a plea for a reform in the English Church which would correct what she calls a fundamental error in the Church, viz, the marriage of the clergy.

"The Roman priest, whatever his social position," she writes, "has given a great deal for his profession. He has practically renounced all that which to most men makes life worth living. The laity, whatever their religious opinions may be, recognize this, and in fairness pay a certain respect to the man who has done what they know they are not capable of. A certain aloofness—a certain loneliness—comes at once into the life of the man who has entered the priesthood. He dwells on the mountain peaks and ordinary humanity in the vale.

It is because of this aloofness that he becomes not only the teacher but the friend of humanity in all its great moments of stress. He who walks alone with God can help the soul that has suffered, the soul that has sinned and the soul that is going alone into the great darkness.

SOCIALISM AND RELIGION

"BIBLE HANDED DOWN BY A BUNCH OF SAVAGES"

Having nothing to do on Sunday night, and being curious to hear the socialist view of the conflict between the police and themselves earlier in the day I dropped into the Empire Theatre.

Throughout the entire proceedings each speaker appeared to think, and rightly so, that the best means to win the applause of the crowd was to attack religion venomously. Here in a choice bit which almost brought down the house:

"The Bible was handed down to us by a bunch of savages who lived in Palestine about two thousand years ago."

Let us walk with heads held so high that we cannot bother to look at every slyly creepsiness that crawls across our path.

Each in His Own Tongue

A fire-mist and a planet A crystal and a cell A jelly-fish and a saurian And caves where the cave-men dwell; Then a sense of law and beauty, And a face turned from the cloud— Some call it evolution And others call it God.

Altar Candelabra and Crucifixes

In Gold Plate possess a richness and beauty unequalled for Church purposes Meriden Ecclesiastical Ware Excels in variety, beauty of design and workmanship. CORRESPONDENCE INVITED Illustrations and estimates cheerfully and promptly furnished. Illustrated catalogue for the Clergy and Religious mailed upon request. MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY, HAMILTON, CANADA MAKERS OF GOLD AND SILVER SACRED VESSELS FOR THE CHURCH

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON

FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT

ECONOMY

"Gather up the fragments that remain, lest they be lost." (St. John vi, 12)

Here is a lesson, my brethren, in economy which it would be well for us all to consider this morning, for many of us will, I fear, have to answer to God for the willful waste not only of spiritual goods but also of temporal blessings.

There is, I know, a false economy, better called stinginess, and which comes from a miserable spirit and this certainly very displeasing to God. There are some, and thank God they are few, who are foolish enough to starve themselves and live in meanness and wretchedness while their money is stored away in a bank.

"Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," says the man who in the spring and winter months makes three or four dollars a day, lives like a prince, eats the best and drinks the worst.

And for those upon whom God has bestowed an abundance of temporal favors the lesson is as grave and important.

For among such there is a wastefulness, an extravagance that is often disfiguring to the worthy poor, and deplorable in its results to their own spiritual good.

People of means may smile or turn up their noses at the suggestion of being prudent and economical about the fragments they are to gather up lest they be lost.

THE REAL HUMOR OF THE IRISHMAN

AS DELIGHTFUL AS THE STREAMS THAT GUSH FROM ERIN'S GREEN HILLS

People who go to Ireland expecting to find the male inhabitants of the Emerald Isle arrayed like unto the Irishman of the vaudeville stage, mounting impossible bulls, sporting green whiskers, flourishing a shillelagh and making a loud hullabaloo generally, must receive the surprise of their lives when they encounter the real article, for what they behold in the Irishman on his native soil (at least, if the land of Queenstown) is a quiet, soft-voiced person, wearing the ordinary sober-colored garb of civilization and betraying no tendency whatever either to batter one's brains out or do a song and dance, says Denis A. McCarthy in the Boston Herald.

The Irishman with whom the vaudeville artist and the so-called comic publication have made so familiar, the "don't-tread-on-the-tail-of-my-coat" individual—I will not say that he is not to be found in Ireland, but he certainly is not the chief figure in Irish life.

But if the Irishman of the old-fashioned dramatist and novelist—to say nothing of the blithering idiot that misrepresents the Irishman on the vaudeville stage—does not meet the eye of the visitor to Ireland, it is not because of seriousness, not to call it sadness, seems to prevail in the old land, it must not be imagined that Irish humor is a myth—that it must be classed with those things that never were on sea or land.

The real Irish humor is so human, so personal, so subtle—it depends so much on the one who utters it, on the way it is said, on the occasion, on the spirit in which it is taken, on the atmosphere in which it grew, that it loses nearly all, if not all, its point when it is set down in cold print. Besides, as the Irish joke native to the soil is rarely a bull, it would never go in America, for we have grown so accustomed here to expecting

SURE CURE FOR THRUSH

Worst Cases Yield to Douglas' Egyptian Liniment

Dr. J. L. Boyce secretary of the Napanee Driving Park Association has had a good deal of experience with thrush on horses' feet, and has tried various remedies. He writes:—"I have cured bad cases of diseased feet or thrush on horses with Egyptian Liniment with two or three applications, after calomel, ash, coal oil, etc., had completely failed to do the work. I consider it a waste of time to use anything but Egyptian Liniment for thrush."

Such an emphatic statement from an experienced horseman speaks volumes for Douglas' Egyptian Liniment. Another man who has found it most effective is Mr. John Garrison, Marven, Ont. He says:—"One of my horses had thrush so bad that his feet became offensive, and the neighbors advised me to shoot him. Before doing so I decided to try Egyptian Liniment, and in a short time my horse's feet were as sound as ever."

all Irish humor to consist of bulls that we find it difficult to arrange for a laugh at anything else. Lady Randolph Churchill says in her memoirs that she never met a really dull Irishman in any walk of life. High or low, she says, the people she met in Ireland were always ready with an answer. This gift of repartee in the people the visitor to Ireland will very soon notice. If he is given to analyze he will not be slow in coming to the conclusion that these spontaneous replies are not always or even often witty, but they are nearly always good natured, and good nature is the raw material of humor; for humor is a thing of the heart, while wit is of the intellect.

This all-pervading good nature, this widespread good humor, is what impressed me more than anything else in Ireland. It was there unfailingly under the apparent listlessness and sadness. Everybody answered your questions as to the location of streets and places as if he took a personal interest in seeing that you did not go astray. Everybody was ready to respond to your mood and to smile or sympathize with you according to the burden of your tale. Were you worried because your trunk went astray? "Ah, sure then, it is the pity of the world that your trunk should have gone off and left you without a thing, sir. This railway lads are the devil's own boys, anyway, to be makin' mistakes. But sure the trunk'll turn up again, sir, never fear. You can't lose much in Ireland, sir. An' you're welcome to anything they have in the house till your trunk is found."

The ready responsiveness of the Irish to your mood, the desire to say the thing that will please rather than the thing that is literally true some misguided folk classify as insincerity. It is very far from that. It is founded on a sincere desire to please and serve you. In Queenstown a hotel runner handed me a card advertising a certain hotel in Cork. Being a follower of Father Matthew, I was interested to see the house advertised as a temperance hotel. "Temperance hotel?" I remarked, a question in my voice. Misconstruing my meaning, the man began at once and in a hurry to explain:—"Houd on till I tell you about that, sir. Sure 'tis a temperance hotel, sir, but I've told him over and over again not to put it on the cards. It's bad for the business, sir. The minute an American sees 'temperance hotel' he hands the card back to me, sir. And there's no need whatever for that, sir. For, to tell you the truth, sir, there's no need of anybody going dhray in Cork, sir, no matter what hotel he stops at. And, with an expressive wink, "if you come to us sir, I'll see that you can have all the dhrink you want, sir."

This was too much for a companion, who was familiar with my views on the

temperance question. He burst into a laugh and said:

"Why this man is interested in your hotel because it is a temperance hotel." Whereupon the runner looked from one of us to the other in momentary bewilderment, and then said: "Well, that bates the devil! If you are a temperance man, sir, this is the house for you. You can be as dhray there as a lime burner's wig."

And, apropos of temperance, I wish to say in passing that more is being done in Ireland to-day to this line of effort than has been attempted since the days of Father Matthew himself. And it is worth while remarking that Irish humor is not dependent on Irish whiskey. It is found just as fresh and bright among total abstaining Irishmen as among those who still hold to the traditional "glass of sperrits." A mighty change has been wrought in Ireland in this respect during the past decade or two, and one of the most hopeful incidents of my visit to the old land was to find a temperance society installed in what was once a soldiers' barracks. The building, deserted by the military, are now leased to this organization of workmen, who are endeavoring to help themselves and others to live cleaner and more useful lives.

A simple and good rule to remember and to follow is to buy nothing in the baking powder line unless all the ingredients are plainly printed in English on the label. This information is stated on every package of Magic Baking Powder. All Grocers sell it.

FEAST OF ST. PATRICK

March 17th.—To-day from every Irish heart goes up the thrill of victory—a victory the marks of which have been shown by the loyalty and devotion of Erin's many sainted ones who have laid down their lives rather than betray the faith that was in them, rather than renounce the precious gift handed down to them through our glorious patron—St. Patrick; a victory won without bloodshed; a victory retained and cherished by the posterity of Ireland even when she was threatened with annihilation by socialism and here-y and by the poisoned swords of a heartless government.

To-day the offspring of the sainted Isle of the ocean send up hymns of thanksgiving for the faith once delivered to them, and ever since shielded by the fortress of their faith and many times sealed in the blood of their martyrs.

In the pulpit and the home: in the stately cathedral and in the humble parish church will Ireland's history resound only to re-echo in patriotic hearts to make their warmth warmer and their zeal more zealous.

In every country of the globe have the works of her sons and daughters been felt, and in every country will her triumphs be recognized, as well as her tribulations of a later date.

Let us for a moment cast our minds on the lands of our forefathers or go in spirit to visit her green hills or her forsaken mansions. If we find not there the boast of earthly goods, if we find that her only material wealth is that which was unjustly snatched from her, we will find also that it was her happiness, not to have martyred the holy missionaries, who carried to her the light of heaven, who preached the Way and the Faith. In this she was unlike many of her continental sisters who after having shed the blood of God's chosen ones rejected their teaching and returned again to their practices of Druidism; Theism, or Paganism; unlike even our own fair Dominion whose soil has more than once been dipped in martyrs' blood.

Ireland indeed had been great and Patrick made her greater; she had been rich in earthly wealth and Patrick added to this the most coveted and well deserved title "Isle of Saints."

If we for a moment review the history of our well beloved patron we find that

1912 CONTEST COUNT THE Xs AND Ts \$100.00 GIVEN AWAY And many other prizes according to the Simple Conditions of the Contest (which will be sent).

the place of his birth is still a matter of great obscurity. By some France is credited with being his native home, while others say that in Scotland Patrick saw a light of day. Perhaps it is better this question should be disputed so that our spiritual father may belong all the more to the land where he labored and struggled, the land of his adoption, the country he freed from the bondage of sin.

As a boy Patrick was subjected to misery and sorrow in the land which he was afterwards to convert. This same aided in preparing him for his labors in Ireland, for while a slave he became acquainted with the spirit of the people, their manners and their belief. He understood very well the generosity and many worth of her sons and the full-heartedness and purity of her daughters; qualities made stronger by Faith; qualities which we see exemplified, on behalf of Erin's sons and daughters as well as on the part of the long and wide-spreading line of her posterity which now inhabits every country of the globe, in the pulpit and the cloister, in the classroom and on the battlefield.

His uncle, St. Martin of Tours, educated Patrick and prepared him for the holy ministry which he afterwards so successfully fulfilled. In the fifth century he was commissioned by Pope Celestine to undertake the conversion of Ireland. He started from France with a few zealous followers and after passing through Rome where he received the Papal Benediction, he landed in Ireland and began the preaching of Christ and Him crucified.

So great was the zeal of the young missionary and the example of his sinless life, so great the piety of the people who he converted, that, in a short time the altars of paganism were overturned and their steed monuments to the true God reared their spires to heaven. Even priests assumed asceticism and Druidic priests felt at the feet of our holy missionary asking for Baptism. Where in the history of ages can we find anything like unto this? Where can we find such a humble beginning?

Irishmen have been made aliens in their own land, aliens we say and this by a government, which having cast off the yoke of Christ tried to have fair Erin share its fate; but Ireland stood by the faith of Patrick as firmly as did our Blessed Mother stand by her Divine Son on the road to Calvary. Ireland's persecution seems to have been providential; for her sons and daughters being exiles spread the gospel from North to South and from East to West. In every division from the sunny southern shores of the frozen Arctic regions do we find Irish names and Irish hearts among the first enrolled as the standard bearers of Christ's mission on earth.

We will continue to pray that Ireland may yet be fully vindicated. Let us be missionaries by word and example in the land we have adopted as our home. Let us pardon all who have brought injury to us, for it is a trait of the noble—as we are,—to forgive; let us probe the sixth that is in us, that, by holding to the hallowed precepts of our forefathers, we may be assured of receiving the promises of God to faithful and dutiful children.—P.V.M. in Annals of St. Anne.

WHISKEY HOLDS ITS VICTIMS Until Released by Wonderful Samaria Prescription Liquor sets up inflammation and irritation of the stomach and weakens the nerves. The steady or periodical (spree) drinker is often forced to drink even against his will by his unnatural physical condition.

COWAN'S PERFECTION COCOA (MAPLE LEAF LABEL) hits the right spot for breakfast, lunch and dinner. It is satisfying, easy to digest and delicious enough to tempt every appetite.

KANTKRACK COATED LINEN Collars The Kantkrack Coated Linen Collar is an ordinary linen collar, but it is waterproof, coated by a patented process which does not alter its appearance of a linen collar.

BRUCE'S SEEDS The Standard of Quality Since 1850 An experience of over sixty years in the Seed business in Canada, and our long connection with the Best Growers of the World, gives us advantages which few seed houses possess; added to this, our careful system of testing all our seeds for purity and germination, and the great care exercised in every detail of our business, brings to us every season many pleased customers, to add to our already large list of patrons.

"EASTLAKE" METALLIC SHINGLES will prevent such losses—they are LIGHTNING PROOF—an absolute protection for your crops and implements. "EASTLAKE" SHINGLES are the EASIEST to lay, and cost less than a wooden roof equipped with lightning rods.

The Mutuality of the policy-holders' interests in the NORTH AMERICAN LIFE is strikingly evidenced in the following items as shown in the Company's Annual Report for 1911: Dividends Paid to Policy-holders \$148,135 Guarantors (shareholders) 6,000

North American Life Assurance Company Home Office Toronto Life is made up of trifles, but their whole sum total is a human destiny.—Fr. Farrell.

Mutual Life OF CANADA A few striking comparisons made by Mr. E. P. Clement, K.C., President of the Mutual Life OF CANADA In its address to Policyholders at the 42nd Annual Meeting of the Company, held February first instant:

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract OF Malt with Iron is an ideal preparation for building up the BLOOD and BODY It is more readily assimilated and absorbed into the circulatory fluid than any other preparation of Iron.

Can you afford to take these chances? Read these clippings—all taken from the same paper—the result of an electrical storm. LOSSES BY LIGHTNING. BARN BURNED IN DEFERENT SECTIONS OF THE COUNTRY. Farmers Loss Live Stock and Crops—Fleming Mill at Niagara Falls and Large Stock of Lumber Destroyed—Other Fires.

Player-Piano Individuality The average person is under the impression that all Player-pianos are practically alike, and no matter what make they purchase the results will be the same. This is a mistaken idea, and the artistic instrument which the maker has spent many thousands of dollars in perfecting should not be confused with so-called "Players" which are offered at very low prices.

