

The Catholic Record

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

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SOME REFORMERS

We have received a communication somewhat acrid of tone dealing with certain local conditions. As it is lengthy and unsigned we cannot find space for it.

On this imperfect planet there are many things which offend the taste of the fastidious, which ought to be remedied or abolished; certain things which need pruning or much sunlight for their development. But it seems to us that the individual who is always seeing defects, always finding them, always spraying plans and works with verbal carboic acid is more to be pitied than condemned. For he becomes in time a wanderer in arid places; he mistakes dissonance for harmony, and denunciation for helpful and kindly criticism. Instead of writing to the RECORD he should try to better the conditions which torture his sensitive spirit, not with the battle axe of destructive comment, but with the rapier of tact and understanding and forbearance and sympathy. He should step out of the stronghold of his prejudices and ideas; lay down the sceptre of dictator and strive to understand that questions which are clear to him may not be so to others and that even they who provoke him to anger may be very sane and reasonable and have the advantage of being receptive and open-minded. Some reformers run to loquacity, which distills bitterness to the destruction of mutual co-operation.

AN ANSWER

In answer to some strictures on a recent article we beg to call the attention of our critic to Pope Leo XIII's letter to the Bishop of Grenoble in which he counselled Catholics to work for truth and virtue wherever they were allowed to work, and with men who, though not themselves Catholics, were led by their good sense and their natural instincts of righteousness to do what is right and oppose what is evil.

REUNION

Every one feels instinctively that beliefs should accord and that the promises which they hold out and the duties they impose should substantially be the same for all men. We know that Christ prayed for such unity among His disciples. But without impugning the motives of the non-Catholics who are striving for unity we cannot see how their desires can be realized unless they seek it in the Church of God. The Church looks with kindly eye on the movement and she is insistent in pointing out to men the way that leads to the city of God and in guiding them by every living means to its gates.

WHAT THEY DEPLORE

Some of the advocates of unity deplore the spiritual anarchy that prevails to-day. They do not believe that a programme or creed, framed so as to offend no religious susceptibilities, can bring about any permanent peace. It may, in the guise of a partial truce, effect a semblance of unity, but it cannot, supported even by men however learned and eloquent, produce a unity that will be complete and permanent. We have read some of the discussions on reunion; but we have not discovered any grounds for their authority to lay down a common creed. It should be obvious to every reasonable individual that only an infallible authority can lay down such a creed and only a supreme ruler can enforce the teachings of that infallible authority. We say it should be obvious, because any man by force of his own reason should infer that if God revealed truths of a supernatural order, that He would have provided also a sufficient authority for his guidance. But this sufficient authority in regard to truth above the reach of reason must be infallible. Therefore a Church teaching truths belonging to the supernatural order must bring with it claims of an infallible teaching authority.

This answer, dictated by reason, is confirmed by experience. Without the Church there is but discord and

wrangling and confusion. The Catholic Church, however, is one in faith, in worship and government because it is guided by Peter, and because it holds to-day as fifteen hundred years it held with St. Ambrose: "Where Peter is there is the Church of Christ."

THE ESSENTIALS

Again, it is said that reunion will be based on doctrines that are essential. What these doctrines are are not stated. But surely to any Christian this talk about essentials must savour of blasphemy. For how can any believer in revelation declare with any show of reason that some truths taught by God can be set aside and spurned as of no moment. When God speaks it is man's duty to obey; and not to sift the merits and demerits of the truths spoken. To our mind there is no greater irrationality than that exhibited by Protestant ministers who presume a revelation only to destroy it, and who declare that some doctrines can be lost sight of because to their mind they are not essential. They do not seem to realize their position though they look askance at Ingersoll's dictum that he could beat the Ten Commandments.

BASED ON THE BIBLE

In talking about re-union some non-Catholics declare that it must be based on the Bible. Just what power the Bible, powerless in the past to prevent dissension, has in our day to bind souls in unity we cannot see. Let us presume that devout Christians seek unity based on the complete teaching of Christ who commanded His apostles "to teach all things whatsoever I have commanded you." How are we to ascertain these teachings with certainty? In the Bible, reply our non-Catholic friends. But this answer will, upon a little reflection, be found to be far from satisfactory, and for many reasons. There is nothing in the Bible to support it. From the beginning to the last chapter there is not a word to show how we are to distinguish what is Scripture, or is there a sentence to tell us that the whole revelation of God is contained within it. St. John says that in the night before His Passion Christ said to His apostles: "I have still many things to say to you but you are not able to hear them now." Where are these last instructions to be found? If we cannot learn them from the Bible we must, if we wish to know in completeness the teachings of Christ, learn these truths directly from the apostles and from their successors. Hence there must be ever on earth an infallible authority preserving the deposit of faith and teaching the truths contained in it.

MR. BALFOUR'S ASSERTION

In his "The Foundation of Belief," p. 220, Mr. Balfour urges the "claims of the Church in opposition to those of a dead book which nowhere claims intrinsic evidence of its divinity; concerning whose writing and compilation no scrap of Scriptural proof can be adduced; concerning whose perusal our Lord is deadly silent; and which, were it not for the discovery of printing, would have been totally inadequate in its influence to reach even the smallest portion of mankind; which now, on the score of illiteracy, would deprive the majority of mankind of all chance of salvation."

COMMENDABLE ORDER

The U. S. Secretary of the Navy's order, prohibiting the use of alcoholic beverages in naval vessels or within navy yards or stations, has elicited much favorable comment. Some papers, it is true, wax witty over the order, but the average citizen regards it as a distinct aid to efficiency. We mind us that some years ago Cardinal Manning, during the course of an address on temperance, quoted Sir John Franklin and Sir John Ross in favor of total abstinence for men who had to endure severe cold, and the Duke of Wellington to the same effect for those who had to labor in tropical countries. At the same meeting Sir Evelyn Wood, citing his own experience, declared that the soldiers and sailors who did not drink liquor were the best men. Scientific research has proved that

alcohol is a dangerous narcotic; that it interferes with judgment, decreases memory, ability to study and concentration of mind. Emperor William of Germany declares that in future wars "the nation which drinks the least alcohol will be the winner." The employer of labor is loth to enlist the services of even the moderate drinker. He is afraid of him because in these days of fierce competition a man, to be efficient and a competitor, must have steady nerves and a clear brain. We remember that the distinguished surgeon, Dr. Lorenz, declared that he avoided alcohol as the greatest enemy to his skill. Nowadays the man who is known as a drinker is designated as a fool by business men. He may vaunt fatuously that he can take or leave it, though observers notice that he is more or less muddled all the time, and going steadily downwards. In course of time he becomes abnormal in his views, and, while chattering about his moderation, does not perceive that he is virtually dead. He but cumbers the earth to the delight of the saloon-keeper and the "boys" who satisfy their thirst at his expense. The "road house" is not so flourishing as formerly because it stands for nothing that can redound to the good of the community. It does not appeal to the young men who wish to walk the highway of honor and virtue, and it is frequented only by those who do not shrink from moral and physical degeneracy. Successive indulgence in strong drink is not condoned to-day; it is banned as disgraceful and as evidence of idiocy and selfishness. The "wall-flowers" of saloons are, however brilliant, (they are always brilliant because they are beneath notice and contempt) assigned their proper places among the incompetent and unreliable. The young man who is tempted to drink should glance at the products of the saloons—the besotted derelicts who, having squandered their heritage of brain and body, drift in the tide of life—pathetic object-lessons of what alcohol can accomplish.

BIGOTRY AND SLANDER REBUKED

At Croydon, England, during the present year a Rev. Mr. Kensit delivered a lecture on what purported to be "Convent Scandals." Among his audience was a Unitarian minister—Dr. Weston—who took exception to all the accusations made by Rev. Mr. Kensit. Writing to the Croydon (England) Times January 31, 1914, Dr. Weston writes: "I was present at Mr. Kensit's lecture on Monday evening and with your permission, sir, beg to make the following remarks and criticisms: "The eighth commandment forbids us to bear false witness against our neighbors, and St. James, in his epistle (chapter 2, verse 10) says that he who offends in one point against the law is guilty of breaking all the law. May I add that he who makes charges against his neighbor through culpable ignorance of facts is obviously guilty. "Now for some of Mr. Kensit's statements. "1. 'Roman Catholic governments have suppressed monasteries and nunneries, or at least ordered their inspection by public authorities.' This is not so. The governments of France, Italy, Spain and Portugal, which have done this in Europe, and those of American Republics, are notoriously anti-Christian and irreligious governments; they are no more Roman Catholic than our own at Westminster is Church of England or even necessarily Christian. "2. 'Convent life is repulsive and unnatural. All history proves the contrary. If it were so, it would never have endured. "3. 'Religious houses were suppressed in Henry VIII's reign by constitutional law.' (!!!) There was no constitution in that reign; the king's despotic will was the sole law of the land. "4. 'These conventual institutions exist for the purpose of waging war on Protestantism.' And yet Mr. Kensit wants to protect and champion their inmates against forcible confinement and tyranny. A poor foe forsooth for sturdy Protestants to fear! "5. 'High walls and grilles make one suspect foul play and wrong doing.' 'Charity thinketh no evil.' 'Judge not.' Has Mr. Kensit never seen high walls, etc., round private houses of Protestants? "6. 'The vows are contrary to Scripture and should (those of an irrevocable character) be made illegal.' They were concocted in the dark absolutely ignorant of his Bible as not to know that vows are repeatedly recognized therein, and their faith-

ful performance commanded under pain of God's wrath? Let anyone take a concordance and consult the texts under the word 'vow,' and unless he willfully refuses to understand his Bible literally he must confess that vows are not unscriptural.

"7. Mr. Kensit urges that although a vow has been taken, a woman should be allowed to change her mind, as she is generally too young to realize what she is undertaking. Would he apply this to the marriage vow? If not, why not? The divorce courts give ample evidence that many think they made a mistake in taking that vow. Yet the Bible is emphatic on the indissolubility of marriage, and Mr. Kensit is, I take it, a believer in the whole Bible. "8. Mr. Kensit asks for the abolition of private burial grounds as being likely to facilitate 'foul play,' etc. Does he imagine that any burial ground is permitted to exist without legal sanction and without every interment being subject to the scrutiny of a certificate from the registrar of deaths? And often as not the medical attendants of convents are non-Catholics. 'Are these gentlemen likely to connive at illegalities of 'foul play'? I would recommend Mr. Kensit and his friends to study the laws of their country and, if possible, to acquire a little common sense. Will he not give the relatives of the inmates of convents credit for natural affection sufficient to make anything wrong impossible? "9. I wish emphatically to state that nuns in most convents are permitted the freest possible intercourse, whether by letter or personally, with their relatives and friends that in all convents their secular names and surnames are taken in the government census, and are always used when they are acting as teachers or nurses, and that the same laws apply to the notification of their deaths as to those of any other members of the public. "As one who had the great privilege of having a dearly beloved sister who entered a convent and died as a martyr to charity, through a fever contracted whilst nursing the sick poor, I indignantly repudiate the malicious, un-Christian and lying slanders insinuated in this unreal campaign for the inspection of convents. If these misguided people could spare a little time from abusing those whose lives are examples of real religion, and the service of humanity for the love of God, to study the Bible, of which they talk so much, and whose precepts of charity they so consistently violate, they would be more worthy than they now are of the appellation of Christian. I am not surprised at their lack of charity, seeing that they still hold—as Mr. Kensit told us the other night—to the immoral and utterly unscriptural doctrine of salvation by faith alone. Let them read the epistle of St. James and follow it, unless they agree with their hero, Martin Luther, in regarding it as 'an epistle of straw.' "I might go on, sir, with much greater length than you can afford me. May I say that to one such as myself, acquainted familiarly with convent life, the whole lecture teemed with inaccuracies and misstatements. With no wish to hurt anyone's feelings, I would venture to suggest to Mr. Kensit and his supporters that if they want any work to do in the way of bringing about government inspection of private houses, they might with great advantage begin with some of the vicarages and Sunday schools of their own Protestant parishes, for the recent cases of the incumbents of himself, Rickingshall and Burlesams suggest to the unbiased outsider that before they attempt to remove the mote from their brother's eye they should take the beam from their own.—Intermountain Catholic.

CERTAINTY OF BELIEF

The Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S. J., preaching in Manchester, England, on the Kilkenny incident that raised such a storm among Anglicans, contrasted the uncertainty as to what to believe that distresses earnest Protestants with the certainty of the Catholic as to what his Church teaches. Said Father Vaughan: "And now let me remind you that one of the chief characteristics of the Catholic Church is this, that even its poor school-children know just as well as the College of Cardinals what they as Catholics have to believe in matters of faith and morals. They all believe exactly the same doctrines; and no matter into what Catholic school in any part of the world, you were to enter, you would find that every child in it, come to the use of reason, believed in the divinity of Jesus Christ and in the Catholic Church as His one divinely appointed Witness and Teacher of the truths of His revealed Word. "We are Catholics because we believe in the divine authority of our Church. To this Church, founded upon Peter, the Rock-man, and to none other, Christ has said: 'He that heareth you, heareth Me; and he that despises you, despises Me.' That one word coming from the lips of the Master is enough. It makes Christ Himself responsible for our

allegiance, our loyalty, and our love to the Church set up upon the Rock-man, defying the gates of hell.—Sacred Heart Review.

"SAINTS OR HUMBUGS"

Dean Inge of St. Paul's (London) says (in a recent sermon) that, "Many ministers find in politics a welcome refuge from preaching dogmas in which they no longer actively believe and which bore their congregations." Meaning Christian dogmas such as the Divinity of Christ, the Incarnation, the Resurrection—these the "Christian" ministers referred to by Dean Inge don't believe and their congregations are tired of them. The Dean further declared that: "anybody must be either a saint or a humbug to preach the Gospel pure and unalloyed. The majority of the preachers were neither one nor the other, but any average citizen could talk on temperance, the woes of poverty and the iniquities of landlords, and thus they had the acute secularization of Christianity."

What a commentary all this on Protestantism and what an illustration of the absurdity and evil results of the system which leaves to every body—"saints" and "humbugs" all and sundry—the right to settle for themselves on their own "private judgment" what to believe and not believe. Truly that is "secularization of Christianity," which means no Christianity.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

HISTORICAL ABBEY RESTORED

ABBAY OF MICHELSCHEUR HAS BEEN TURNED OVER TO THE BENEDICTINES—IT WAS BUILT IN 1060

An historic Abbey of the Order of St. Benedict, eight times secularized, has once more been restored to its former owners. This is the Abbey of Michelschur, situated above Siegburg, which is a town on a tributary of the Rhine, not far distant from Bonn. The abbey was established in 1060 by Pope Alexander III, and the Emperor Frederick I. After various vicissitudes of fortune the beautiful Abbey Church was demolished at the time the Abbey was secularized by Joachim Murat, and after the Congress of Vienna and the Duchy of Berg, in which it was situated, was ceded to Prussia. Joachim Murat, out of the plunder, left seven beautiful and costly reliquaries of the 12th and 15th centuries to the parish church of Seiberg, which are still retained there. The Prussian Government turned the remaining buildings of the abbey into a house of correction. On April 8, the Prussian Minister of Public Worship authorized the Benedictine Order to reinstate itself on the Michelschur. Twelve Fathers from the Benedictine congregation of Beuron in the Black Forest have been sent to colonize once more the ancient home of the Order.—St. Paul Bulletin.

HOME RULE WILL GIVE JOY TO PIUS X.

SOVEREIGN PONTIFF HAS SYMPATHIZED PRIVATELY AND PUBLICLY WITH IRELAND'S ASPIRATIONS

ROME AND HOME RULE (Home Correspondence of The Catholic Standard and Times)

Now that Ireland seems likely to get back her own, it will be of interest to look at the attitude of the World of Rome towards the Home Rule question these many years, especially during the latter years of the reign of Leo XIII, and the present pontificate.

Outside those of Irish blood at home and abroad, no man will feel more thoroughly glad at the success of the people of Ireland in winning back their Parliament than Pope Pius X. From the very opening of his reign the present Pontiff sympathized privately and publicly with the aspirations of Ireland for freedom. Scarcely had the ceremony of coronation taken place than the Holy Father received in audience John Redmond, chairman of the Irish party, to whom he openly expressed his views and blessed the Home Rule movement. And when Mr. Redmond asked His Holiness if he would be good enough to put his opinion in writing, Pius X. had no hesitation. Beneath a photograph of himself he wrote a message blessing the movement for Home Rule as long as it remained within constitutional limits. Notwithstanding several efforts made these ten years to divert the sympathies of the Pope from the Irish cause, he has remained firm. He smashed the old custom of foreign efforts to "get up the backstairs" of the Vatican, though, I must say, the last effort to turn him against Home Rule was made by an influential personage who chose the front stairway.

So much for the fidelity of Pius X. What of his predecessors? Time was when the Pope sent men arms and money to Ireland to help in the wars against England, the last occasion being during the wars after the Confederation of Kilkenny—the

very time the Irish troops could have driven the English into the sea if they had only agreed among themselves. But this is all ancient—let us come down to the days of Leo XIII.

There is no longer a doubt that the last Pope was cruelly deceived during the first twenty years of his reign regarding everything Irish by English emissaries. But his eyes were opened, and for the last five years of Leo's life Irish aspirations had his hearty sympathy. He was big and fearless enough to admit he had been deceived. And on the occasion of his jubilee nobody got from him a grander reception than did the deputation of the Irish Parliamentary party sent to Rome to tender Pope Leo its congratulations.

But "mirabile dictu," for the past six weeks the Catholic press of Rome has gone into maudlin sympathy with the Orangemen of Ulster! And still more wonderful, the Liberal press, which has no love for things Catholic save staunch support to Home Rule. Why this? The reason is that the Catholic papers did not go to the trouble of getting solid information or using discrimination on that given it. They reminded one of young birds in a nest that open their mouths wide and swallow whatever the old one drops into them.

But there is even in this floundering of the Catholic papers of Rome a blessing in disguise. It serves to open John Bull's eyes to the fact that Home Rule is not Rome rule. If a Papal Bull had been issued in favor of Home Rule—there was an end to it, and this Irish element kept in mind all these years. English bigotry had to be kept in the dark as much as possible regarding Papal sympathies towards Irish aspirations.

LOSING THE SHEET ANCHOR

Recently the Presbyterian General Assembly Committee had two of the students of the Union Theological Seminary of this city, a hotbed of the higher criticism, under investigation. They were being tested to discover whether they were suitable candidates for the Presbyterian Ministry. One of them was declared to be unable to give an adequate story of the Tabernacle. The other gave an indefinite account of the Virgin birth of Our Lord. Representatives of old-fashioned Presbyterianism who were present, protested against permitting the two candidates to officiate as preachers in the Presbyterian Church.

The newspaper account which furnishes us with these facts, adds: "A committee was appointed to answer the protesters." The appointment of that committee would seem to show that what once was considered as among the essentials, is now an open question in the Presbyterian Church. The weakness not only of the Presbyterian Church, but of all Protestant sects lies in this, they have no sure ground on which to plant themselves, after parting company with the Bible as their rule of faith.

Now, the higher criticism has wrought havoc with the Protestant rule of faith. Evidences of the ravages it has made, are constantly cropping up within the various sects. The young candidate who applied the other day for admission to the Presbyterian Ministry although he doesn't believe in the virgin birth of Our Lord, is a type of very many Protestants who have fallen under the spell of the higher criticism.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

THE CATHOLIC'S DUTY

Every Catholic should be an apostle. A life pulsing with the vigor of purity and faith is a sermon that touches hearts. But some of us emit no light. We seem to be dead; the enthusiasm that springs from the joy that we are Catholics and from a desire to help others to the faith is not our possession. We could set the world afire; and we are dull and sluggish. If we squared our lives with our principles and got rid of the atmosphere that is dragging us down to earth and quenching the light of high ideals and making us in nowise different from those who are sunk in ignorance and unbelief—if, in a word, we kept to our altar we should be working members of the Church. The future belongs to us—on guard!—St. Paul Bulletin.

CHESTERTON ON MIRACLES

Gilbert Chesterton, the brilliant non-Catholic writer, was recently asked if miracles could happen. He answered: "If the great Catholic Church says that they do happen, I believe it, because it is more likely that miracles happen than that the Catholic Church should lie about it." This is a real act of faith and is worthy of note coming from a non-Catholic. It is the answer one naturally expects from a member of the faith on all matters of mystery and faith. "If the Church says it's so it is so, even if to my mind it isn't so," is the way a simple man can't put it, and such an expression is a thoroughly orthodox act of faith on the authority of the Church, which does not deceive.

CATHOLIC NOTES

An ostensorium which is credited with having saved St. Louis from devastation by Indians in 1780, was discovered among the antiques at St. Louis University recently.

Over 2,000 persons attended the daily Lenten, mid-day Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York. All of the Lenten devotions were very largely attended.

Catholics in the German empire now number about twenty-five millions. This figure represents an increase of 3,000,000 in the past six years.

David Goldstein and Peter W. Collins have started upon a nationwide campaign of free public lectures under the direction of the Knights of Columbus.

Recently a gift of \$10,000 was received from an anonymous donor of Waco, Texas, by the Sisters of St. Mary, for their house of studies to be opened at the Catholic University.

In every portion of India and Ceylon the Church is now organized, and conversions are being made at the rate of over 16,000 a year. This figure applies only to adult baptisms.

In Japan there are 14 missionaries belonging to the Paris Foreign Missions who have spent over forty years of their life laboring in that country for the faith.

In 1913 the United States led the entire world in its donations to the Vatican, for the carrying on of missionary work. The total American contribution was nearly \$400,000. England contributed only \$20,000 and Austria gave \$12,000.

After having been illegally refused by Mayor Nathan and the infidel "bloc" in the city council for five years, permission has now been secured by the Catholics of Rome to use the city schoolrooms for the purpose of instructing their children in the catechism.

The Catholic theater movement for clean plays on the stage was given further impetus in Philadelphia when at a meeting of Catholic men and women an organization was formed to include that city in the list of communities that are demanding better and cleaner plays.

Catholic Church, chapels and schools in China are filled with pagans eager to be instructed in the Catholic Faith. Converts are counted by the thousands. In Peking last year there were 34,000 converts, and 32,000 pagans are now under instruction. There would be more were there more priests.

The Franciscans have opened three new stations in Japan during the past year. One is situated on the island of Karafuto, commonly called Sachalin, and two others are on the island of Hokkaido. The work of the missionaries of Mary at the same places has been very fruitful of results.

In Enid, Oklahoma, some time ago four Catholic young women, teachers in the Public schools, were dismissed on account of their religion, as the superintendent stated. All of them have since been reinstated in their positions as the result of indignation meetings held by the citizens, at which the bigotry shown by the school board was emphatically condemned.

Gaelic leaguers and lovers of the Irish language in general will be pleased to know that a course in modern Irish is to be introduced in Columbia University, New York, the coming year. The lecturer in this course will be no other than the loyal supporter and scholar of the Gaelic tongue, M. A. O'Byrne, Ph. B. There are only two universities in America which at the present time teach modern Irish, Notre Dame University, Indiana; and the Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

For the first time in England (since the reformation) a Lord Mayor took part in a procession of the Blessed Sacrament on a recent Sunday. This was Lord Mayor McCabe of Manchester, who attended in state at the evening service of St. Mary's, Mulberry street, and joined in the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, which was held in connection with the Forty Hours' devotion. St. Mary's Church is within two hundred yards of the Manchester Town Hall, so that the Lord Mayor, in his official capacity, may be said to be a parishioner of St. Mary's, which is also the oldest Catholic Church in Manchester.

A Madrid paper, which the Revista Catholica of Las Vegas, N. M., vouches for as being generally well-informed, declares that Porfirio Diaz, ex-president of Mexico, has now, in his old age and retirement, turned to the Church, which, during the greater part of his life, he had neglected. Our Madrid contemporary thinks that the grace given to Diaz in his old age, is due, doubtless, to the fact that when he was a power in Mexico he never persecuted the Church, although he did not live according to her precepts. Indeed, he publicly and privately defended her from anti-clerical attacks. To-day, far from the noise and dangers of politics, he occupies himself solely in preparing his soul for the voyage to eternity.

AILEY MOORE

WALK OF THE TIMES SHOWING HOW EVILS, MURDER AND SUCH LIKE PASTIMES ARE MANAGED AND JUSTICE ADMINISTERED IN IRELAND TOGETHER WITH MANY STIRRING INCIDENTS IN OTHER LANDS

BY RICHARD B. O'BRIEN, D. D., DEAN OF NEWCASTLE WEST CHAPTER XII

HOW MR. JAMES BORAN PLANNED AN ABDUCTION, AND HOW MR. NICK BORAN, SENIOR, LAID OUT SOME OF HIS GOLD

Nothing could be more comfortable than the Lord of Kinmacarra's library; it was, as Mr. Joyce Snapper frequently remarked, just the intellectual retreat for a peer. It was on the eastern side of the mansion, that the eastern rays of the sun might light the page of knowledge; and it was in its very remotest corner, that the noise of vulgar pursuits might not break clamorously in upon the meditations of the student. The apartment was, moreover, large and well lighted; it was lighted from a charming dome on the top, and laterally from four fancy windows. There were many easy-chairs here and there: small convenient tables, too; a huge altar in a corner; four vases of golden fish; an electrical machine (out of order); a parrot under the dome, and a monkey chained in one of the windowsills. The most remarkable feature of the library was, that it contained no books; it had many and rare works beautifully imitated, both as to size and style of binding; and any uninitiated person might imagine they were real, the painter had done his work so skillfully, but, as has been candidly declared, there were no books. "Burke's Peerage" lay on one of the tables, certainly, and "Murray's Guide" (an excellent book, by the way) lay in its English red on one of the windows; but we have presumed to believe that the window and the table were not the library—in which belief we hope we are not rash or rebellious.

We wish to have it understood in limine, which means in the very first part of the chapter, that such a library as the Lord of Kinmacarra's has many advantages over the libraries of other lords and gentlemen of our acquaintance. For example, we know Lord Daffurty and the Right Hon. Chamber Spits, who have large collections of books which they do not read, and very many which they cannot read; and we humbly conceive that Lord Kinmacarra's library far exceeds that of either, therefore. First, the books—the real books—occupy most valuable space, while the painted ones permit one to have a great variety of curious shelves, cases, and presses behind them, no place more convenient for cigar-boxes, *exemplar gratia*, for spurs, boxing-gloves, old hats, rowdy disguises, etc.; in the second place, the real books exercise a most pernicious influence upon a man's reason, if he have them in large numbers, and will not read. It is a true fact, and well worthy the consideration of many patriotic peers, and commoners, that students of this class imagine they ought to know everything because it is in their library and conclude that others are mistaken in everything because they cannot have a library like theirs. Thus mental advantage and personal convenience often concur in favor of the painted backs of books. We must add, as we have so far troubled the reader with our philosophy on the subject, that we have many other arguments in favor of the painted shelves, and also that we do not speak at random on this delicate subject; but, on the contrary, we speak after profound thought, and after long experience, of the nobility and gentry of various places and times.

One of the very best illustrations of the power of imagination and association is the state of the republican mind of America and of some of the Puseyite folk in England. We remember some years ago that an unfortunate editor of Connecticut was nearly murdered because he had had the temerity to say that the citizens of every class did not know everything; for our republicans, friends demanded, if a citizen of the United States did not know a thing, who could know it?—that was the question. "Is your lordship at home for old Mr. Boran?" "Boran?" demanded his lordship, said Snapper, winking very hard at the noble peer. "Business? I'll ring," said his lordship to the servant. "It's old Boran, my lord, the richest man in the south, and who has had the honor to have some transactions with your lordship before, and—" "Ah! you bring him, eh?" "No, my lord, but he would come himself, and wouldn't give without." "Yes, my lord." "And the lord of Kinmacarra pulled" his pipe, and Snapper sat over near the door, and the thing in red and yellow and blue stood in the doorway. "Send up the—Snapper?" "The man, my lord," replied Snapper, looking very stupid. "Why, you—a—goose!" "Oh! Mr. Boran, my lord," said Snapper. And Snapper then looked as if he himself was very ridiculous, which was true, and as if his lordship of Kinmacarra was very bright and wise, which was not true. The servant smiled imperceptibly, both at the sharp and the flat, but his place was to "see nothing," even to the things which his master, not occasionally, but frequently, "sought and could not find." John never saw

languages in which they had been conceived. It is hard to say which is the more laughed at in Ireland—for the Irish will have their laugh—the Chambers and McNeil class, that worries itself to death about Hibernian orthodoxy—or the Anglo-Catholic Puseyite class, that imagines what it happens to see for the first time itself is still undiscovered by others, and that the superficialities of an English Protestant University are the education of a Christian divine. The latter learn a good deal when they begin to teach, and, like Pascal, grow humble as they grow wise—and that is a comfort, at any rate.

Thanks to his lordship of Kinmacarra's library, we have had an opportunity of disburdening our souls of some of these *arcana*, and discharging a duty of our conscience. Public writers are very apt to mistake their spleen for their conscience, but our readers will please observe that we do not belong to that ill-tempered portion of our tribe.

The Lord of Kinmacarra is in a Turkish costume, and harmonizing in manners and his days—his lordship is smoking. His lordship's red cap, loose silken dressing gown, full and well-shaped whiskers, blue eyes, and fresh complexion, looked well in a cloud of tobacco-smoke. In fact, looked beautiful," as Mr. Joyce Snapper asserted; and we see no reason to differ with the worthy S. T. M. The estimable peer, then, is smoking, and is in his library. He sits in one of the chairs beside one of the small tables, near one of the windows, and his lordship has one leg thrown over the other, quite gracefully; with the right hand he holds his great pipe; his left hand is extended towards one of the vases of golden fish, which he just touches with his forefinger; and ever and anon, that is continually, he pours a volume of smoke at the vase, and towards a certain fixed or imaginary point in the same, which makes his lordship look as if he were intensely engaged in storming the vase, and poisoning the golden fishes.

It is difficult to realize how deeply a mind like the noble lord's may be occupied in a labor such as this on which we find his lordship's concentrated. Many valuable thoughts very likely pass at such a moment through the soul, unfortunately, they end where they begin—the mind is so absorbed in smoke. M. Michelet once said that deep philosophy may make its retreat in the brain of an ox, as he rolls his sensual, drowsy-looking eye, and chews his cud; why not philosophy seek just as congenial an abode in the brain of his lordship drawing his chibouque?

His lordship was watching a most curious curl of the smoke—for smoke does produce most interesting curls; if only seen by such eyes as his lordship's—when a most respectful knock came to apprise him of the presence of some one who revered him very deeply; and, on the necessary permission having been accorded, the individual—whose knock said that he had just presumed to knock, if his lordship pleased, and that he would cut the hand off himself, sooner than knock if his lordship didn't please—this respectable individual presented himself, and proved no other than Mr. Joyce Snapper. "Oh!" Snapper thought it was "Eh!" "Yes, my lord, your most humble servant." "And you've—a—got the—money, eh?" "Not exactly, my lord, as they say." "To the d—l, Snapper, with what they say." You know I want the money, eh? Don't you?" "Yes, my lord." "And why don't you get it?" "Why, my lord—Snapper, go be d—!" "I will, my lord, but—" "Confound you—a—. I say, Snapper, you have that money yourself." "Me! my lord! Oh, my lord, I'd give your lordship, as the saying is—" "D—n your saying is." "Yes, my lord." Here the entry of a servant—the thing made up of red and yellow and blue—stopped the dialogue. "Is your lordship at home for old Mr. Boran?" "Boran?" demanded his lordship, said Snapper, winking very hard at the noble peer. "Business? I'll ring," said his lordship to the servant. "It's old Boran, my lord, the richest man in the south, and who has had the honor to have some transactions with your lordship before, and—" "Ah! you bring him, eh?" "No, my lord, but he would come himself, and wouldn't give without." "Yes, my lord." "And the lord of Kinmacarra pulled" his pipe, and Snapper sat over near the door, and the thing in red and yellow and blue stood in the doorway. "Send up the—Snapper?" "The man, my lord," replied Snapper, looking very stupid. "Why, you—a—goose!" "Oh! Mr. Boran, my lord," said Snapper. And Snapper then looked as if he himself was very ridiculous, which was true, and as if his lordship of Kinmacarra was very bright and wise, which was not true. The servant smiled imperceptibly, both at the sharp and the flat, but his place was to "see nothing," even to the things which his master, not occasionally, but frequently, "sought and could not find." John never saw

anything, only the amazing value of his services to the mansion and demesne of Kinmacarra—and he must have had eyes of no ordinary power to see that, it must be admitted. "Mr. Nicholas Boran, senior," said the servant, opening the door for the third time. "But Mr. Nicholas Boran, senior, no sooner looked into the ocean of smoke in which the "library" was enveloped, and his lordship and Snapper and the rest, than he turned on his heel, and was walking rapidly away. "Mr. Boran!" cried Snapper. "A—a—Boran," cried or said the peer. "His lordship is calling you sir," said the servant, in a most emphatic way and loud voice, succeeded by a malicious grin, however.

But Mr. Nicholas Boran, senior, kept right on—the little foxy wig turned from side to side—the little stick marked time along the passage—and little old Nick said "Theu! pheu!" which was intended to indicate that he wanted oxygen gas very much, and that he detested tobacco-smoke. Every one is despotic in his own way. Nick found a sword and club in his money, and a title to dictate stronger than that of the lord of the soil to smoke. Old Nick had a little pride, too, it might be, in ruling the ruler of the green acres of Kinmacarra; but, at all events, he was moving along the hall, when he was overtaken by Mr. Joyce Snapper. "Oh, Mr. Boran!" "Oh, your granny!" politely answered Mr. Boran. "His lordship is waiting for you." "An Justice Snapper?" answered the old cynic. "Will you see him in the drawing-room?—there's no smoke there and so on.

"Yes, certainly," said old Boran, suddenly stopping, while the eye of the old miser brightened with hidden fire. "Yes, certainly," he repeated. "Mr. Joyce Snapper led Mr. Nick Boran then back by the way which he had come, led him again up the stairs, but by a different way—came to a door—one which we know since the beginning of the fourth chapter—and at length introduced him into the drawing room, which has been already described. Mr. Nick Boran, senior, wore a white jean coat, leather gaiters, foxy wig, and the face which we took the liberty of photographing in the first chapter. He had a very hooked nose—Mr. Nick, senior, had—and thin, compressed lips, and small gray eyes, bright as diamonds, only the ray shot from them was like a needle-point, but sharper; and moreover, there is no kind of humor or jest in saying that Mr. Nick Boran "wore his face," because it really was worn—worn into threads, all its wrinkles being like threads. "You seldom come to—a—Kinmacarra Hall," remarked his lordship, in his lordship's most bland manner.

"Sir?" demanded Mr. Nick Boran, in his best contralto (contralto is the musical name for a high, goose-like voice). "My lord," remarked Mr. Snapper, nodding at Mr. Boran, and correcting that gentleman. "You seldom come here," repeated the nobleman. "As seldom as I can, sir," answered the matter-of-fact Mr. Boran. "His lordship, and so on," said Mr. Joyce Snapper, "would be glad, Mr. Boran, to make the arrangement about that £2,000; you know I spoke to you about it." "You want me, sir, I believe," said Mr. Boran, addressing himself to Lord Kinmacarra, and paying no kind of attention to Mr. Joyce Snapper. "My lord," a second time remarked Mr. Snapper. "I want—a—some money, by Jove," answered his lordship; "but, Boran, you charge—a—confoundly, eh?—you charge high." "Money is scarce, sir," remarked old Nick, "and I think of raising the premium, you see."

"Raising?" "Yes, in thruth." "Ah, Mr. Boran!" cried the interloping Mr. Snapper. "Is my rent paid?" asked Boran, addressing himself to Snapper. "Certainly," replied that gentleman. "And my lease cannot be broken?" "No power on earth could touch it, as the saying is." "Well, then," answered Daddy Boran, sentimentally, "the money I speak about is my money, and this gentleman—" "Nobleman." "And this gentleman," persisted old Boran—"this gentleman wants it." "But," he continued, turning to the Lord of Kinmacarra, "what would you think a fair interest for ready gold? Come now, a fair, fair interest?" "Ah, Mr. Boran, don't bother his lordship, and so forth; what sec—" "Now, Mr. Snapper, I must go away," said the excitable old gentleman, "if you stop my mouth in that way, I am speaking to the gentleman to whom I brought four small bags of gold." "The gold with you?" cried the noble borrower. "Yes, sir," answered old Nick. "You old villain!" muttered Snapper under his teeth. "What would you deem or think, in your own mind, a right fair interest on landed security?" "O my lord—" "Snapper," remarked Kinmacarra, "I think you had better not interrupt. Well, Mr. Boran? Oh, ay—a

—a fair interest? Well, ay, a fair interest would be 8 per cent.—but you kept 10 off the last capital." "Oh, very well, sir; 8 per cent.—yes. And the security?" "Gort na Coppul," answered Snapper. "What place, sir?" persevered old Nick; his little old eyes sparkling, and his little old wig looking like a living, intelligent thing, it worked about so. "Oh, that place—the Irish-named place." "No use in that sir," firmly answered old Nick. "I wouldn't give a crown piece for the town land." "A crown piece!" cried the peer. "A crown piece" again replied the uncompromising moneylender. "And why?" "Uch, there's a curse on the place. See sir," said old Nick Boran, and the eyes became fixed, and the little wig went up and down on his head like a live thing, as we said before. "The sixth remove from the man that sold that to the last Kinmacarra was a drummer in the army of Cromwell. His protection was first bought by the honest owner of the land; and after taking the money to guard O'Brien (that was the owner's name), he sold him for a Papist. The Papist's great-grandchildren were working laborers on their own land, which the drummer's great-grandchildren possessed by confiscation; and so the sweat—the sweat, you see, of injustice, and the hunger of sorrow, was and is a curse on the land, and—"

"Why—a—a—my own ancestors came over—a—with Cromwell. I say, Mr. Boran, don't the—a—landlords give employment—a—and awn't they—a—" "Indulgent!" put in Mr. Snapper. "Please, Snapper, I said not to interrupt," remarked his lordship, in a much more decided way than usual. "Bad luck to your interest, you old—" again muttered the land-sneak. "The landlords are good with their property—a—" slowly spoke the lord Kinmacarra. "Yes, sir; but these common people have an odd way of talking. They say when a Cromwellian gives employment, it is like paying a man sixpence for grooming his own horse, after taking the horse from him, and then boasting of giving him employment. They have odd ways, faith, the common people," continued old Daddy Boran; "and the same people must be blotted out before they'll give em up; but that's not my business. I won't have Gort na Coppul." See!" the old spite added, "my grandfather told me that he saw an O'Brien swing from the gallows-tree in Gort na Coppul. The Cromwellian was putting out his hand one day to catch O'Brien's youngest sister, when his arm was smashed beyond recovery by a blow of a spade handle; her brother—the real heir of 'Gort na Coppul'—was the man that struck him. He was hanged, and she died mad. And as sure as you're there, four times a year they go around the land and the horses, and everything whithers where they go. Look at Gort na Coppul, sir, no one thrives there."

"What will you have?" "Moordfield!" cried Snapper. "Yes," firmly continued old Boran. "My lord, said Snapper, "I was engaged, as you may remember, about that." "I want Moordfield, sir," said old Boran. "I have the money in the house, and the interest will be 6 per cent." "Six per cent.!" cried the peer. "Curse on you!" muttered the attorney. "You—a—a—don't like the Moores?" "A Christian likes every one—even a Cromwellian he likes," answered old Dad. "The Moores had mahogany and I had deal furniture, and I had a lop of straw in a cart; they had a lawn afore the house, and I had a potato-garden; they couldn't pay the arrears, and I could purchase the whole estate. The Moores were good, but they weren't able for Mr. Snapper; I am, and I want Moordfield."

As Daddy Nick was not to be cajoled, nor frightened, and as Lord Kinmacarra wanted the money, the affair was soon settled. Mr. Joyce Snapper's amiable temper was much ruffled. The very last man on earth to seek Moordfield, he believed, was Daddy Boran. Daddy Boran always seemed to respect the Moores, and he was a Roman, and he did not want to be hated by the neighbors, and £2,000 so much beyond his wish or will to lend, and, but, in fact, no theory could be better established than that Daddy Boran would not dream of Moordfield. Could it be true that the invented practice to confound theory? However that may be, it often does so. Mr. Joyce Snapper had most judiciously and prudently attended to his own little domestic affairs in dealing with his patron. A most lawful "commission" of 2 per cent. he always charged on borrowed money, and on each lease he obtained a small premium; but we should like to see the man who works for nothing! Just so. Lord Kinmacarra was delighted to be able to bet upon "the winning horse," at the Derby. Daddy Boran looked as delighted as he ever looked—which, truth compels us to say, is not saying much; and as for Mr. Joyce Snapper, smart work there will be among Mr. Snapper's servants and dependents this evening, we opine.

Old Mr. Boran met "young Nick" a few yards from the hall door of Lord Kinmacarra. Young Nick was so like his father, the wig and some of the wrinkles excepted, that no one would live in the country were they more like. In fact, as it was, they were "horridly like." They never spoke much to one another, rarely spoke to one another; and, indeed, always seemed disposed to quarrel both in tone and manner. This seeming was, however, only a "seeming." They were never even inclined to quarrel, unless once. Nick once, we mean Nick the younger, had nearly made up his mind to go to the "pattern of Nothill," a thing, which would cost a day's time, and very likely the price of some gingerbread, if not of drink, too. Old Nick remarked that "that wasn't the way he made his money," which completely settled the transaction; "young Nick" never afterwards even suggested such a thing as a "pattern" to his own mind, or to any one else's. "You settled that?" said young Nick, addressing his sire, in a very cold tone, and looking in the direction opposite to that where the father sat in the "cart." "Yes, you may go—Coort, now," answered the father in the same tone. "Ay, Coort, indeed!" was the cool reply. Mr. Nick, Junior, had the advantage of seeing one way while his father saw another way. Consequently, Mr. Nick, Junior, first beheld a pair of mounted policemen on a distant eminence, and riding at great pace towards the Lord of Kinmacarra's. He never spoke of it, however, until the echo of their horse's hoofs awakened the old gentleman's attention. He listened, then looked in the direction of the sound. "What's this?" "The police." "They ride fast; oh, but they do!" "At this moment the father and son came out in the road; at the next the mounted policemen overtook them. "By H—a, the man himself!" cried the corporal. "Mr. Boran!" cried the sub constable. "What is the matter?" cried old Daddy Boran. "Not good news, indeed, have we for you," answered the superior of the two. "Eh!—how?" "Why, your son, Mr. James Boran, young Nick started. "Your son, sir, has fallen, grievously wounded, and in unfortunate circumstances."

"Terror of the confessional," I repeated. It seemed a singular allegation. "Yes, he's never been to confession," said Sister Marcia. His family were among the backwoods people of this neighborhood. They were Catholics of a sort, but they rarely came to town to Mass. The mother died when Jesse was a young lad. The father was crippled by rheumatism. He was almost housebound for some time. Jesse practically supported himself and the father until the latter's death. After that the boy came to town, and very soon to us. We found him handy, good-natured; docile; so we put him to many uses in this household of women. He was so obliging, so capable in many ways, the Sisters grew fond of him. They and he always had kind words for each other. So naturally enough, in time we began to take an interest in the youth's spiritual condition. Old Sister Louise suddenly went for him one day: "See here, Jesse, how often do you go to confession and Communion?" "Then the youth by degrees came out—that he never went.

It seemed a rather anomalous condition, considering his close affiliations with the convent and the rectory. But there was the fact. The man reared not so many miles from the church, now for several months he had never been to confession. What was more he evidently was not inclined to go; in fact, he was afraid. "Here was a chance for charity to begin at home—for Father Gallagher and the Sisters to work upon our faithful and usually accommodating Jesse. But we worked in vain. You see how simple he is. Simple and ingenious—and yet with all a child's set will, he refused to be inveigled into what had aroused his suspicion. We have talked and persuaded. But somehow he cannot get the idea. And yet, as Sister Marcia said, he's a good fellow and indeed pious. It's touching the way he keeps fresh flowers on the altars and does many a little thing that shows that his heart is all right, even if his poor head is still lacking. Do see if you cannot do something with him." "The case appealed to me. As I said, there was not much chance for many conversions. And Father Gallagher's flock were mostly white sheep. But here in Jesse was a unique patient whose salvation would at least justify me as a laborer sent into this particular vineyard. "Evidently his case was a delicate one, since Father Gallagher and the Sisters had so far failed. I decided to choose wisely my opportunity.

It was a little slow in arriving. But meanwhile the bond of friendship between Jesse and me was strengthening, making my eventual task the easier. I was gaining a knowledge of his mind and character. I was, moreover, closely watching their manifestations, trying to discover on what snag this craft had struck, to be thus diverted from the channel of grace and abatement. "I confess I did not immediately get much light on the situation, save indeed once or twice during our long walks, when a silence was wont to come over to Jesse, a somber expression in eyes and mien, I could never quite understand it. Not the result of mere physical weakness or weariness, nor the mere dull look of the lesser order of intellect. Not such was the impression that I received. I began to believe that I was about to minister to a mind diseased? In one little convulsion of its gray matter was there a burdensome fixed idea? Was I to pluck from his memory some rooted sorrow of some kind, which perhaps had to do with Jesse's shunning the confessional?" "Finally one day I began to feel as the children do in the games when the seeker is 'hot.' I had been asking him about his boyhood home. And by degrees we fell to talking of other things, of other sections of the state.

"You're a more peaceful set down here than the moonshiners and other mountain folks," I began with a rising inflection. "Jesse's face had turned toward me—a strange new light in his eyes. "You don't have feuds and lynchings and such ungodly murders?" "As I spoke I was held by something in Jesse's face—a startled-tortured look, but a furtive one. With that sharpness of perception whetted even in the dullest during a moment of crisis he had read my face and evidently discovered therein nothing unfriendly to him. Back again his expression shifted to one of desperate dullness. "Likely because you have churches and priests and the good Sisters to help you keep straight," I ventured to observe. "Reckon so," mumbled Jesse, as he plodded along, gazing straight ahead of him. But I saw that something was on his mind. In a moment he resumed. "Reckon we've got our own misdoins—reckon we ain't no better than some of them feud people."

"I listened almost breathlessly. If I could only lead the way from these generalizations to the special matter that I knew was in Jesse's long-locked heart. "You don't make moonshine down here?" "No, we ain't got any special sinfulness in the neighborhood. We just take it out in particular cussedness accordin' to a feller's own nature." "I was sure by this time that it was some particular 'cussedness'

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that had a while previous brought that sudden desperate expression into the man's face. Surely not so grievous a sin, however, judging by what I know of him.

"We walked along for some time in silence. I, with my speculations and he, evidently with his fixed idea. After a little while he began to speak.

"We ain't so given to terrible deeds over here, sure enough. But I've got my suspicion whether we ain't just as bad—with our thoughts."

"Here was a bit of philosophy, a fine point of morals I had scarcely expected from my humble companion. I waited for a few moments and he continued:

"It's the same thing ain't it? Thinkin' sin and doin' it."

"As a man thinketh, so he is," I began.

"It's terrible to know it's gospel truth, my stern moralist was continuing; 'heard a sermon along such lines just time I come to town an' it's stuck with me ever since."

To think of all the hard and angry, and terrible passions a-seethin' in men's hearts—and them goin' around free! Guess most of us'd be in the penitentiary if the truth was known."

"I listened tense. If Jesse's confession were not at hand at least I was about to get a rough draft for a sermon on that excellent text—sins of thought. But Jesse kept silence a moment or so. Could I take my chances? It seemed my duty.

"That's the good of confession. What a relief it is to the poor, sinful, human being dogged by his thoughts, to lay them before the priest and gain absolution. Earthly justice is likely to deal at last with deeds of the hand; sins actually committed. But God's court of justice and mercy alone can deal with secret sins—those angers, hates of the heart—"

"Suddenly, and to my surprise, Jesse interrupted me:

"Even those that would kill a man?"

"We had passed under the trees near one of the little rustic benches, which Jesse's own hands had made. I knew my moment had come. I sat down, saying gently:

"My son, tell me what is on your mind."

"And there, perhaps, under the influence of the understanding which the poor fellow had come to believe I had of him and his heart partly under the somewhat hypnotic influence of our talk and the long-pent desire to get the burden off his heart, Jesse told me to town he had been guilty of one of those violent passions of hate which wills the annihilation of its object. His hand had withheld from the deed—just whose the death desired I need not tell you, it was Jesse's dread secret—but in his heart he had struggled with that fearful anger. The first Sunday he had been in town he had heard the sermon to which he had earlier referred. It had seemed his own particular accusation. It had burned in his heart. It had seared even more distinctly into his conscience the criminality of his anger. He had gone forth from the church, to free never again from that consciousness of his deed. So keen a sense of it he had lived with all these years that never could he get into a confessional."

"I could not give myself up as a murderer!"

"There, with the golden, late summer sun filtering through the trees about us, we sat and threshed the matter out. Jesse had cast himself upon the grass at my feet. It was not an easy task to soothe the long-troubled conscience of my penitent."

"After much difficulty I made him see what gratitude he owed to heaven that his hands had been stayed and that he had come to regret the sudden and wrathful moment that had now so long embittered his lonely meditations. I made him see the matter in true light, while meantime, I was in no doubt as to the sincerity of his repentance and indeed of the long penance he had already done. At last I bade him get upon his knees."

"And now, my son," I said, "do you know what you have at last done to confession?"

"Jesse, with his hands folded, looked up into my face with the simplicity of a child, half incredulous, half wistful."

"Have you not admitted your sin to me? I know it is the greatest one of your life. Have you not been sorry, bitterly sorry, all these years? Now name what lesser sins of your life you can remember—and I will give you absolution."

"Here, father?"

"Here and now, my child. All places and all seasons are God's. The door of His Heart is never closed to him who seeks forgiveness and mercy."

"An hour later we were walking up the avenue leading to the convent, walking together in this new bond of shepherd and the stray brought tenderly into the fold. As we drew near we met Sister Marcia. Bowing to me, she addressed Jesse:

"Where have you been, Jesse? I have been looking everywhere for you."

Jesse's china-blue eyes were dancing like a child's."

"I've been to confession!" he airily blurted out.

"To confession?" questioned Sister Marcia in amazement, as she sat down on the steps, evidently to avert a stroke of heart failure. She glanced from Jesse to me. I bowed my head in assent.

"But where?" asked Sister Marcia. "Out under the trees!" declared Jesse.

"So, that's what's been happening while your supper's been getting cold

waiting for you?" said Sister Marcia. I know that later she and the other would want more detailed particulars, such as I could give, when Jesse was not within such close hearing distance. I looked at her a moment, meekly and then murmured:

"What man among you that hath a hundred sheep and if he shall lose one of them, doth he not leave the ninety-nine in the desert, and go after that which was lost until he find it? And when he hath found it, doth he not lay it upon his shoulders rejoicing?"—Anna Blanche McGill in Benziger's Magazine.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR MAY

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS PIUS X.

MASTERS AND SERVANTS

In this age of social and economic evolution terms are liable to get mixed; one almost hesitates now to say who are masters and who are servants. The mutual relations of both have changed so radically that the very names which are supposed to differentiate those who command and those who obey, those who earn and those who pay, have grown nebulous in men's minds. The arrogance of wealth in the one and the fear of oppression in the other have had much to do with this state of affairs. And yet the estrangement is not necessarily a matter of personal animosity; it is rather the result of the system that in modern times rules in economic spheres, coupled with a forgetfulness of the lofty Christian principles which should guide men in their dealings with one another.

Not so very long ago the relations of master and servant were cordial; the human element in both was plainly visible. In the good old days employer and employee worked together; one had a care for the other who depended on him for the wherewithal to live. Both classes felt that they belonged to the same human family, and they accepted inequality of status as a matter of degree, not of kind. Talent and opportunity and enterprise and the dozen other elements of success were recognized as inevitable sources of change in temporal conditions. The fickleness of fortune quickly turned the servant into a master and the master into a servant—transformations that were often witnessed. But the needs were few and simple; complex conditions as we know them did not exist. The principle of human brotherhood was recognized; master and servant were satisfied with enough; no one had reason to complain, and the world jogged along in peace.

But the face of the industrial world has changed since then. The concentration of capital and power in the hands of a few and the slootness of these powerful few from their poorer brethren have resulted in a lack of sympathy which, if not universal, is sufficiently obvious to claim attention. It is one of the disappointing symptoms of our modern civilization. When trusts, corporations, monopolies, combines, syndicates—call them what you like—get their strong grip on the sources of wealth, little by little they replaced individuals as producers; from that time onward the relations of master and servant have been undergoing a profound evolution. The master nowadays is not the sympathetic individual employer looking after the interest of those who depend on him for bread; he is rather an entity created by an act of parliament, composed of hundreds, sometimes thousands, of investors in the one enterprise, who have no link binding them together other than a greed for dividends. This modern creation, a veritable master for all that, employs men not precisely because they are men who have their place in the human family with their claim on its privileges, but because they are units in the labor world, cogs in the wheel that can grind out profits for him. Labor in the estimation of this modern master is purchasable, and like any other commodity the less he has to pay for it the better he is pleased. Human considerations have little influence on him. When his storerooms are filled with unsold stock, he shuts down and forces his workman to take a holiday; if he can reduce expenses and augment profits by labor-saving devices, he hands his workman his envelope and takes his name off the pay-roll. This modern master has little or no personal intercourse with those who work for him. If they have a grievance it is not he who tries to give them satisfaction. He is represented by intermediaries, managers, superintendents, etc., who naturally have the interests of their thousand-headed master at heart, and who are expected to earn their large salaries by making life-blood ooze, if need be, in order to produce results. Can we be surprised if an undercurrent of bitterness and resentment has developed in the millions who are dependent on this impersonal but composite modern master, whether he be a railway corporation or a pin-factory? Can we blame those millions if they try to protect their interests by forming brotherhoods and trades unions?

Realizing the fact that union strength, workmen have organized their forces; they have taken their own hands; they have dared to meet their modern master on his ground and to dictate remedies of their own making. Organized labor has done much to curb the arrogance of wealth and to bring capital to a sense of

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LEAKAGE IN THE CHURCH

"Leakage" in the Church stands for an incontrovertible fact. The term itself is somewhat misleading. It is the cause, moreover, of much confusion of thought. Metaphor is not definitive, and in this case, as a description, it fails. The Church is not an old tub which has sprung a leak, neither are its members inert fluid particles held together by external pressure from running water, or flying into space like a liberated gas. Misapplied metaphor may be made responsible for misdirected energy. But, discarding the metaphor and closing with fact, in the reckoning of loss and gain in the Church it is impossible to question the heavy tale of loss that is made day by day, and which follows gain like a shadow as evil follows good. It is the mystery of free-will. It is inexorable, it is inevitable, it is just. The Church, if it is properly understood is life. The Church is a society, a kingdom. Its members are free. They are free to choose, free to will. The King will have free subjects, and none other. In that spiritual kingdom there is absolutely no room for slaves of thought or will. That is what persons outside the Church fail to realize, and some inside the Church fail to understand. The one thing the world has yet to learn is that the Kingdom of Christ is freedom. It is a society of free souls. It is that or it is nothing. The doors are open wide for all nations and all individuals to enter. They are as wide for them to depart. By consequence the tale of gain and loss will go on as long as the world lasts. Prodigals will turn their backs on home and go into a far country to feed on the husks of swine, to return again to their father's house. Spurred by pride or passion, or over-confidence, some will go out into the darkness, to return in chastened mood and humbled spirit, and some, alas, will go and their place will be open wide for all. They are as wide for them to depart. 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The Catholic Record

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LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1914

HURTA

Most of the powers of the civilized world recognized Huerta as defacto president of Mexico. The American ambassador to Mexico was strongly in favor of doing likewise.

It is difficult to see on what grounds the President of the United States assumes the right to judge of the fitness or unfitness of Huerta for the position he occupies.

The Ottawa Citizen probably indicates the correct explanation of the influences that shape the policy of great powers with regard to independent nations rich in natural resources but weak in armaments.

"Mexico is the scene of a cut-throat war between certain rival camps in the world of international finance. The American camp is dominated by the Standard Oil trust, backed by an army of United States and Canadian investors in Mexican lands and franchises.

Lord Cowdray's concessions of mineral and oil lands are extremely valuable. A fleet of 30 tank steamers each, with a capacity of about 40,000 barrels, is employed by the British Company which has become a powerful and menacing rival of the Standard Oil trusts.

"British monopoly interests are understood to be tied up with General Huerta; he is heavily backed by loans from Britain and France. The American exploiters, on the other hand, while they can have no sympathy with the liberation movement of the peasants, would welcome the defeat of Huerta."

The Citizen points out some interesting facts in the way a free and patriotic press moulds public opinion. In England the press lauds Huerta as a strong man anxious and able to establish stable government in Mexico, while Villa is described as a blood-thirsty bandit and Carranza a dangerous revolutionary.

There are bandits and brigands in Mexico; but their glory pales before the splendour of the achievements of the Rockefeller and Cowdrays of more highly civilized nations. Whether continuous civil warfare is better or worse than the debauching of public conscience and prostitution of patriotic sentiment to the colossal

private interests of grasping and unscrupulous plutocrats may be left an open question. Certain it is that the Mexicans would settle their own difficulties much more easily and expeditiously if "great powers" were not gambling for such high stakes in their unhappy country.

THE ENTRANCE EXAMINATION

Despite the outcry against it in some quarters the High School Entrance Examination is still a really important event in the school life of a large proportion of the children of this province. The criticism which called for its abolition was superficial, incoherent, based on inadequate grounds though given some color of justification by abuses or defects that had become evident in the course of its development.

We still hope to see a Leaving examination replace the Entrance. Perhaps we are too optimistic in our faith in the ultimate triumph of common sense in such matters. Certainly recent developments do not tend to increase that faith.

Some of the objections worthy of consideration against the Entrance are that the teacher is the best judge of the pupil's work and fitness for promotion; that the written test is unfair to the child who may be nervous, excited or indisposed at the time; that the arbitrary setting of certain questions may not be at all an adequate test of the pupil's attainments.

As to this last it may be said at once that the resources of the Education Department are surely not exhausted if the papers set are not a fair, adequate and common-sense test of elementary school work.

There are children who are nervous or who from other causes fail to do themselves justice at the written examination. These, no matter how numerous, are exceptional cases, demanding some regular provision for exceptional treatment. One might imagine that such cases should be left to the discretion of the Entrance Board, where all interests are represented. The High school principal is usually chairman; Public schools are represented; Separate schools are represented; the Board are on the spot; they could easily inform themselves fully of everything that has a bearing on the case; if the teacher is the best judge of the pupil's work and fitness, the Entrance Board can interview him personally and likewise the candidate in question. One would naturally suppose that to meet such exceptional cases the power and discretion of the Entrance Board would be extended so as to deal with them.

Not so does the official educational mind think on such questions. The case must be referred to the official Supervising Board in Toronto, statements drawn up, declarations made, questions hypothetical and otherwise answered by correspondence, and so forth and so on. Finally the Supervising Board passes sentence. Such was and is the rigidity of the red-tape regulations. Such a case occurred here in London last summer.

Now, to meet the objections of those who were tired of this sort of thing the Education Department says to the Entrance Boards: "Take everything into your own hands, abolish the examination entirely if you like, substitute for it the recommendation of the teacher; we are out of it altogether. The official educational mind will not extend the local Entrance Board's jurisdiction a little,

nor trust its discretion in dealing with exceptional cases, but this same Board may, with the Department's blessing cut, loose altogether and set up its own standards based on anything or everything except the written Entrance Examination.

One could understand a relaxation of the rigid regulations surrounding the Entrance written examination: one could approve of a reasonable extension of the discretionary power of the local Entrance Boards; many would heartily endorse any modification that would tend to do away with abuses, especially the abuse of keeping pupils too long in the elementary classes; but we are a little dazed at the somersault from extreme to extreme.

If it is a good thing to abolish the written examination and substitute for it the recommendation of the teacher why not make it general, the rule for the whole province? Perhaps it is safer to go slowly.

Catholics who remember the criticism of years ago so scornfully flung at the Separate schools for failing to show themselves equal to the Public schools on this fair, adequate and common test of efficiency—the Entrance examination—will agree with us that without it we should have largely failed to convince friend and foe alike of the admitted relative standing of Public and Separate schools to-day. Nor do we think that the absence of such common test of efficiency will benefit either Public or Separate schools, or conduce to increased public interest in their work.

CARDINAL BEGIN

In the elevation of Archbishop Begin to the sacred college of Cardinals the Holy See has honored the old historic see of Quebec and given Canada a representative distinguished by his learning as well as by the unassuming dignity of his long life in the single-minded service of God's Church. Gentleness also, that flower of true Christian charity, always pervaded his whole personality and policy, and has left him in his venerable age enjoying the love of many, the respect of all and the enmity of none.

The CATHOLIC RECORD voices the feeling of Catholics all over Canada in expressing its heartfelt congratulations to the illustrious Archbishop of Quebec.

May he long represent Canada in the august senate of the Church.

CLAP-TRAP

"All classes and conditions of people in Toronto belong to Protestant associations."—The Toronto News.

That is probably the reason why the News can not see its way clear to accept the Ottawa Citizen's advice.

Referring to a News editorial The Citizen says:

"Ulster isn't our quarrel or business in any event, but if it must be discussed the introduction of clap-trap should be avoided as much as possible."

Take the clap trap out of the News' articles and there would be nothing left except, perhaps, a sulphurous odor of virtuous indignation at those Protestants who pretend to believe that Catholics—even Catholics in Ireland—have equal civil rights with Protestants.

The News concludes a characteristic piece of frenetic clap-trap in this way: "And they are using as the instrument of oppression a Parliament which would not allow a Roman Catholic to be sovereign of the United Kingdom."

Not even a little thing like that! We are progressing, however. We have relieved the sovereign on his accession to the throne from the obligation of taking a blasphemous oath. In time we may concede even the King complete liberty of conscience.

Again the News: "We wonder what these appellations to class distinction, these sinuous demagogues, would have to say if Toronto and York were to be put under Quebec. We wonder if they would jeer if the workmen drilled in the fields and their women trained for hospital service for the protection of their civil and religious liberties. We wonder if they would gibe at their leaders."

We wondered what it was all about until we realized that the suggestion of Ulster being a pawn in the political game between the frightened British aristocrats and the determined British workmen was peculiarly offensive, almost a personal insult to the gallant knight who is the editor-in-chief of The News. Sir John's seething indignation at the proletarian lack of respect for and confidence in the pa-

triotism of the aristocracy (quorum pars) may not be simulated. "He is writing down to his constituents," suggests a friend. But is it necessary for him to get right down under their feet? We wonder.

WHEN ENGLISH SOLDIERS WERE NOT SO SQUEAMISH

Reviewing the Wellesley papers Truth (London, Eng.) has the following:

In "The Wellesley Papers" just published in London by Herbert Jenkins, Ltd., a letter to the Duke of Wellington in 1798 from his brother Wellesley Pole, third Earl of Mornington, throws a lurid light upon the predecessors of the rebellious soldiers of the Curragh Camp. The Earl writes to the Duke:

"In this horrible rebellion the King's troops never gave quarter. Hundreds and thousands of the wretches (the Irish) were butchered while unarmed on their knees begging mercy; and it is difficult to say whether soldiers, yeomen or militia took most delight in this bloody work. Numbers of innocent persons were also put to death. In the action I was concerned in the rebels in their flight, took shelter in the houses of the county, and the soldiers followed the wretches and killed every man in the house they went into—frequently the man of the house, who had taken no part in the dispute. Nay, there were some cursed Germans under the command of Count Humbert, who in almost every action during the rebellion killed women also."

It might not be out of place to add here an incident or two from the Tithes War when the gallant English soldiers shot down the Catholics who resisted the collection of tithes to support an alien church imposed on them by the friends of civil and religious liberty.

At Rathkeeran the peasants who were led by a young girl, Catherine Foley, came into collision with the police. The fight was still raging when the 70th Regiment arrived upon the field and fired into the peasants, killing twelve and wounding many. Among the slain was Catherine Foley, shot full in the face.

Other encounters continued to take place, says Barry O'Brien from whose account we quote, until at length came the fight at Rathcormac in 1884. At Rathcormac a widow—a Catholic of course—owed 40s. tithes, and the parson came to collect the money, escorted by the Twentieth Regiment and the Fourth Royal Irish Dragoons. Once more the peasants made a gallant stand. "I never," said one of the English officers present, "saw such determined bravery as was shown by the people on that day." While it was a question of hand to hand fighting, the peasants held their ground; but, being without firearms, they had to yield to powder and ball. The soldiers fired upon them, with the result that there were over fifty casualties, killed or wounded.

That is a little bit of the story—the infamous story—the Tithes War. "The moment," says Sydney Smith, "the very name of Ireland is mentioned, the English seem to bid adieu to common feeling, to common prudence, and to common sense, and to act with the barbarity of tyrants and the fatuity of idiots."

The Tithes War was put an end to by "one of the noblest men that ever lived, Thomas Drummond," who said in effect to the parsons: "Yes, the law says you shall have your tithes; take them. The law does not say that I am to collect them for you. Take your tithes; have your pound of flesh. But if you shed one drop of Catholic blood you shall answer to me."

Then the Tithes Commutation Act was passed in 1838, by which, says Joyce in his "Concise History of Ireland," "the tithes were put on the landlord instead of the tenant. But the tenant had to pay still, for the landlord added the tithes to the rent."

It was not until 1869 that the incubus of the Protestant Church of Ireland was lifted from the Irish Catholic people; and loyal Orange, justice-loving, bigotry-hating Ulster during the agitation against Disestablishment threatened to kick the Queen's crown into the Boyne if the Bill were enacted into law. History is repeating itself.

Sir John Simon nearly a year ago confessed that he was impressed, tremendously impressed, by the self-control of Nationalist and Catholic Ireland. Cardinal O'Connell recently said what impressed him most in the self-control of the Irish people at present was its dignity.

But it is just as well that the ranting bigots who are now pandering to Orange prejudice should rid their

minds of cant, and consider the danger of pharisaical clap-trap about civil and religious liberty. What liberty the Irish Catholic enjoys he fought for and won against fearful odds. He has rid himself of the Irish Church; he has rid himself of landlordism; he is almost free from Protestant ascendancy; he has conquered the House of Lords; he dominates the House of Commons; he has won the cordial good will and active co-operation of British democracy; he has won over to the cause of justice the most enlightened minds in Great Britain. On the eve of final triumph he will not tamely submit to the dying forces of reaction or be dismayed by the puny obstacle of Ulster's religious intolerance.

However, it must not be forgotten that the time is past when at the mention of Ireland "the English seem to take leave of common feeling, common prudence and common sense, and to act with the barbarity of tyrants and the fatuity of idiots." There is some of the old leaven not yet purged out, but, thank God, the great majority of our fellow subjects are now eager to make amends. There is now between the democracy of Britain and the people of Ireland not only a common feeling, a common prudence, and a common sense, but there is a common and indomitable purpose to go forward out of the unwholesome shadows of the dark and dismal past into the full light of the better day that has already dawned over the hills and dales of Ireland.

THE CATHOLIC LAITY

In his address at the Western Catholic Banquet in Winnipeg, which we reproduce from the North West Review, Bishop Fallon indicated an important service which Catholic citizens should render society. There is a very distinct modern tendency to revert to the pagan idea of the omnipotent State; to exalt the claims of the State at the expense not only of those of the individual but at the expense of the natural rights of man. And this tendency has been, perhaps unconsciously, greatly aided by Protestant clergymen who find their influence over individual lives almost at the vanishing point. They would extirpate evil by legislation and make men virtuous by Act of Parliament. This exaltation of the State over the rights of the individual has lowered the ideal of citizenship that at times it painfully suggests the cry of the decadent Roman populace to those who governed—Panem et Circenses—bread and circuses; provide us with food and amuse us.

The Catholic Church planted the seed and fostered the growth of Christian civilization. Perhaps British institutions have most faithfully preserved the traditional Catholic ideal of the greatest possible individual liberty consistent with necessary authority. It is, therefore, peculiarly fitting that Catholics of English speech should resist the absorption by the State of the rights of the individual, to deny absolutely and unceasingly the right of the State to assume the responsibilities of Divine Providence. Already we have those who advocate in the name of education and eugenics and humanity, putting the right to marry and beget children at the discretion of State officials. They would have the State not only deny the rights and assume duties of parenthood but turn society into a human stock-farm, state controlled, so as to breed a better class of human beings some generations hence.

Warwick Chipman, in the University Magazine of last October, has a wonderfully sane and forceful article, "Labels and Liberty," from which we quote this appropriate extract:

"Are not all these points of view really part of the general assumption that man exists in order to carry out the purposes of man? If that assumption were true, there would be very little sense in any protest for liberty. Human freedom is of no value in itself. It is only valuable in so far as it makes men fitter for ends beyond their widest imagination. This is the consideration, and no other, that gives worth to the splendid defence of freedom made by Havelock Ellis in his book, 'The Task of Social Hygiene.' He shows there with a relentless resource of illustration, the folly and futility of substituting prohibition for abstinence, censorship for conscience, laws for character. By such means we get no further forward. Evil becomes no weaker and humanity no stronger. In his view, a generation trained to self-respect and to respect for others has no use for the web of official regulations to protect its feeble and cloistered virtues from possible visions of evil, and an army of police to

conduct it home at 9 p. m. Not regarding legislation as a channel for sympathy with the lavish proposals of some of our labelers. We must welcome his support because it will help, not for their own sakes, but for something far beyond them, our healthy hatred of external interference, of meddling and coddling regulations, of Star Chamber Committees, and of all usurpations of the role of Providence. For our question will be—when the world has been reduced to a universe of prisons—not, will the prisgs enjoy themselves, but who will carry out the purposes of God?"

DR. J. K. FORAN'S POSITION

About three years ago the Ottawa Evening Journal, in an article under the heading "In the Public Eye," referring to Dr. J. K. Foran, made use of this language: "It is a loss to the entire country that one possessed of such qualities and attainments, oratorical gifts and independence of spirit, should not be on the floor of the House instead of occupying a place of routine in the service of that House." These words are so true that from end to end of Canada they met with approval by all who read them. We know that when Dr. Foran conducted the True Witness in Montreal he had been offered more than once a candidate's opportunity of entering the larger field of usefulness: but, for reasons highly creditable to himself, he each time withdrew and remained in the quiet sphere of journalism and literary work. Within the last year or so, despite the bonds of the service, he has done more, by public addresses, lectures and orations, than any other person to defend the cause of his own fellow countrymen and co-religionists. He has gone into Protestant circles, has lectured to Catholic associations, has spoken in English and in French, and always with a tact that made his arguments effective and with an eloquence that stamped him as one of the leading platform orators of our day. The times are such that we can ill afford to have such a man silent, or in a situation wherein his ability and talent, his keen desire to serve and his remarkable powers of expression should be left dormant. He is needed, and badly, in the public arena of our day; and we are confident that the Irish Catholic people need only the hint to find the way that will lead to such a much desired and much required result. It would be a good day for us when, with his practical experience of Parliamentary affairs, his extensive knowledge of events past and present and his magnetic gift of expression, Dr. Foran would be enabled to watch over and to battle for our interests, as he certainly would do, on the floor of the Canadian Commons.

THE WEALTH OF ULSTER

We crave our readers' indulgence if we again refer to the amazing collection of falsehoods cabled to the Toronto Telegram by its "special correspondent in Belfast." Many of us have wondered why the Irish nation should object to the exclusion of the bitterly anti-Irish faction that infests the north east corner of the island. We have found the key to the puzzle, says the Telegram. Ulster and Belfast more particularly refuses to enter the Home Rule stall and become the milch cow of the Irish Parliament. * * * Belfast pays one-half of all Irish taxation." So it is delightfully simple, after all. Redmond wanted Ulster's taxes, hence he fought against exclusion. The Telegram's "man on the spot" has certainly made an amazing discovery. But, somehow, we seem to have heard it before. At the time of the first Home Rule bill the same old war horse was trotted out. "Should Ulster be dissevered the Dublin Parliament would not have revenue enough to pay its way, for Ulster—Protestant Ulster, is the milch cow of the whole country." (London Standard, April 14th, 1886.) Sixteen years later we read in the Pall Mall Gazette (September 19th, 1912) "Mr. Redmond and his party are not asking for the right to govern themselves. If that were offered them tomorrow, they would promptly throw it in the donor's face. The essence of their demand is the right to govern and tax Ulster. They require the north to be their milch cow." "The real reason," says the Spectator (Aug. 24th, 1912), "is that she is wanted for the purpose of levying taxes on. She is the milch cow of Home Rule." "Mr. Redmond is only concerned with Ulster as a possible milch cow for the rest of Ireland." (Irish Times, Sept. 21st, 1912.) Was it really worth the Telegram's while to send a special correspondent to

Ulster to cable to Toronto an old chestnut of this nature? Surely even if the editor is not over particular about the truth he might at least insist on a little originality.

Now, let us see how far statistics bear out the "milch cow" theory so beloved of the Unionists. Here is the Schedule D, (professions, manufactures, and commerce) table of assessments for the four Irish provinces.

Table with 2 columns: Province and Assessment. Leinster: £5,291,461. Ulster: 2,527,844. Munster: 1,823,910. Connaught: 2,249,088.

Comment is needless. Statistics cannot lie, and these are the government figures. The Leinster cow, it seems, gives more than twice as much milk as the Ulster animal, and so far from the Telegram's statement that "Belfast pays one-half of all Irish taxation" being established the whole province of Ulster, containing one-third of the entire population of Ireland, pays less than one-third of the taxes. If we omit from the provincial summaries the three principal cities in each the evidence against Ulster's pre-eminence is even more damning. Here are the figures:

Table with 2 columns: City and Assessment. Ulster (minus Belfast): £6,131,100. Leinster (minus Dublin): 6,191,900. Munster (minus Cork): 6,171,300.

Ulster thus drops from second to third place.

But, we are told, Ulster pays between two-thirds and three-fourths of the Custom revenue of the whole of Ireland. Let us see. In 1909 the values of the commodities which were subject to Customs duties imported into Ireland, and into Belfast, were

Table with 2 columns: Location and Value. All Ireland: £5,941,904. Belfast: 1,819,772.

The Custom duties on the foregoing were All Ireland: £4,779,831. Belfast: 2,512,678.

By what manipulation of these figures can it be shown that Ulster pays between two-thirds and three-fourths of the Customs duties of Ireland? But granted that the figures proved the point what follows therefrom? Customs duties are no more paid by the cities in which they are collected than excise duties are paid by the cities containing breweries and distilleries. Everybody knows the duties are paid by the consumers, so that Belfast's Customs duties are paid by all Ireland and only collected in Belfast.

But it is unnecessary for us to demolish the argument of the Telegram's correspondent. He himself trips himself up, as witness the following:

"Unaided by Government patronage, subsidies, or extraneous help of any kind, Belfast has succeeded in building up some of the greatest and most important industries in the world."

"Protected by a beneficent government . . . the city has prospered."

This latter is the one grain of truth in the Telegram's mountain of falsehood. The woollen industries of the South and West were deliberately suppressed by Acts of Parliament. The Linen industry in the North received bounties. To-day, as everyone knows, the most prosperous industry in Ulster, the great ship-building works of Harland and Wolf, is the property of a Home Ruler, Lord Pirrie. COLUMBA.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE LITTLE group of Catholics in the island of Jamaica maintains a monthly magazine, Catholic Opinion, which, in the quality of its contents is at once a credit to themselves as a people and a reproach to other sections of the English-speaking world where Catholics are more numerous, more influential and, as a body, perhaps more highly endowed with this world's goods. Catholic Opinion is now in its nineteenth volume—a fact bearing eloquent testimony to the zeal and intelligence of our brethren in the West Indies.

WHILE ECONOMISTS of various schools and the theorizing order of sociologists are debating how best to further the welfare of the masses, a Catholic citizen of Louisiana, Mr. William Reilly, President of the Luzianne Coffee Company, has put theory into practice. According to The Josephite, heretofore summoned his father's former slaves and their descendants, to the number of thirty, to meet him on one of his farms. When they were gathered together Mr. Reilly said to them: "I am going to try to put you in the way of living independently and prosperously. I

have a plantation here (one of the finest in the State) and I am going to make you an offer. I am going to cut it up into farms, build each of you a good house, stock each farm, and let you run it yourself. There is but one condition to which you must all agree. You must not buy anything on credit. I have arranged with a bank to give each of you what you need, and you must let me know how much that will be each month. Understand, the only condition is that you ask credit of no one."

THIS IS AN act of practical philanthropy, worthy of imitation by capitalists and employers of labor everywhere. It not only bespeaks a high sense of Christian responsibility on Mr. Reilly's part, but a far-seeing economic outlook as well. Men are slow to learn that misuse of wealth brings neither happiness to themselves, nor an element of permanence to their families or to their estate. The seeds of discontent, which sooner or later ripen into social disorder, are sown in the soil of greed and oppression. Revolution is too often but the outcome of defiance on the part of the few of fundamental economic laws. This Louisiana planter has gone back to the Sermon on the Mount for his principles and among the great captains of industry is almost alone in his generation in giving practical exemplification of its teachings. He may be considered as among the first fruits of the Encyclical of Leo XIII. To us his example seems also to indicate that true benevolence was better understood on the plantations of the South for the most part in the old days, than in the soul-destroying factory towns of New England.

IN INTRODUCING the speaker of the evening at a luncheon tendered Dr. John R. Mott by the "Christian Synagogue," Toronto, Principal Gandier of Knox College gave it as his opinion that "the recognized leader of the missionary forces of the world is not the Pope of Rome, not the Archbishop of Canterbury, not an ecclesiastic at all—but John R. Mott." This is quite interesting. Dr. Mott is the much advertised apostle of "business and Christianity" in the United States, and, if we mistake not, was the leader in the big "boost" given to this particular type of religion in New York a year ago, for which, as it was announced, a group of Wall Street capitalists furnished the funds. It was going to "shake the continent to its centre," but notwithstanding the pains taken to convince the average American citizen that Business is the best Christianity, and Christianity the best business, the great shaking up does not seem to have had any appreciable effect upon either New York or the nation at large. This is perhaps best evidenced by the later movement, called the "Go-to-church Sunday," whose less ambitious object it is to induce the same average American Protestant to enter a place of public worship at least once a year.

BUT the boosting business itself has not yet subsided. It must be a great consolation to Dr. Mott to know that he has not only impressed Wall Street by his exertions but that staid Canadian Presbyterians have also fallen under his spell. How else account for Principal Gandier's extravagant apostrophe of the man? It was, of course, a safe thing to say in such company, for his type of hearer is not prone to scrutinize such utterances too closely. Mutual admiration and indiscriminate eulogy, with a large and generous claim as to results, are the things that go best with him. The actualities behind the claim do not usually concern him at all. His purse is responsive to anyone who can paint for him a roseate word picture, and a passing fling at the Pope warms him to the very marrow. Thereseate picture Dr. Mott certainly gave them—to Principal Gandier it fell to take care of the Pope.

IT IS NOT our intention to outline Dr. Mott's address. As reproduced in the Presbyterian it is sufficiently effusive to make entertaining reading and, making due allowance for the credulity of his hearers, was, as delivered, no doubt quite inspiring. We mean simply to contrast one or two of his utterances with the more judicial impressions of an independent observer in China. Dr. Mott described a preaching tour he made through that country. At Hong Kong he told them, 700 "noble Chinese students, after hearing him speak through an interpreter, de-

cidied to become "Christian enquirers;" seventeen of them said they would be baptized on the following Sunday; he did not state that any of them had kept their word. Perhaps by then the enthusiasm had evaporated. The whirl-wind campaign is pressed into service even in China. In Shanghai he had "the same remarkable results." (Hong Kong and Shanghai are Treaty Ports and largely Europeanized); in the province of Confucius ("It had never," he said, "been possible for a Christian movement to be established in that city") the throng was so great that he had to have the Parliament Building to speak in, and it was "crowded to suffocation." "Enquirers" by the hundred gathered around him, and at Peking and Mukden there was a perfect stampede. The same note runs all through the address, judging by which the conversion of China to business Christianity is nothing more nor less than a question of funds and preachers. Had time and physical powers permitted Dr. Mott might have performed the feat himself. That is a fair deduction from his address—one of the most boastful and inflated that has ever come under our notice, and, what is more, entirely out of harmony with the facts as voiced by independent testimony.

LET US contrast with Dr. Mott's glowing picture the impressions of an English writer, Sir Henry Newman, whose personal knowledge of China is not surpassed by that of any European. "I believe it to be strictly within the limits of truth," he writes, "to say that foreign missionary effort in China has been productive of more harm than good. Instead of serving as a link between Chinese and foreigners the missionaries form a growing obstacle." So far as Protestant missions. But, he proceeds, "a careful distinction must be made between Roman Catholic and Protestant missionaries. The former, on the whole, enjoy far more consideration from the natives, as well as from foreigners, and the result of their work is, beyond question, much greater. The Roman Catholic missionary goes to China once for all; he adopts native dress, lives on native food, inhabits a native house, supports himself on the most meagre allowance from home, and is an example of the characteristics which are as essential to the eastern idea of priesthood as to the western—poverty, chastity and obedience. To borrow the words of Sir William Hunter, 'he has cut himself off from the world by a solemn act.'" In other words he has given himself up unreservedly to the cause of his Master.

LEST READERS might conclude from those words that Sir Henry Newman takes a one-sided view, he is careful to add: "I am not prejudiced in favor of the Roman Catholic propaganda; yet I should not be honest if I did not say that for the personal character and work of many a Roman Catholic missionary whom I have met in China, I have conceived a profound respect. The Protestant missionary, on the other hand, in a majority of cases, looks upon his work as a career. He proposes to devote a certain part of his life to it, and then to return home with the halo of a Christian pioneer. In most cases he has his comfortable home, his wife, his children, his servants and his foreign food, and it is stated even that his stipend increases with each addition to his family. For his doctrines he is virtually responsible to nobody."

TESTIMONY SUCH as this abounds. It is the theme of every European official and traveller in China. What the writer just quoted says is, indeed, extremely wild. Yet with the uniformed auditor of the average missionary lecturer in Canada it does not weigh in the balance with the bombast and egotism of speakers of the Mott type, whose conception of missionary zeal is to carry people off their feet by the extravagance of their utterances and by appeals to the temporal interests of their hearers who, in the glow of their enthusiasm, fail to distinguish the veritable gold brick that in many cases is being dealt out to them. Business is good Christianity and Christianity is good business—that is the burden of their cry, and the marvel is how sensible and well-meaning people, whose religious belief, real as it undoubtedly is, so far as it goes, can be carried along with it and even be brought to loudly applaud when John R. Mott is proclaimed as "the commander in chief

of the missionary forces of the world," and "the leader of the world-wide aggressive forces of the Christian religion." In face of this the venerable occupant of the See of Peter—the spiritual father of the only missionaries who have made any impression upon the heathen world—must needs bow his head. John R. Mott has the floor: great is Diana of the Ephesians!

MISSION OF THE CATHOLIC LAITY

ADDRESS BY HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP FALLON, AT THE WESTERN CATHOLIC BANQUET, WINNIPEG

Following is as accurate a stenographic report as could be obtained under the circumstances. The repeated applause made it impossible at times to catch His Lordship's exact words.—Northwest Review.

The Catholic laity, as a body, has rights, duties, and responsibilities outside of its religious obligations. They are members of the Church, but they are citizens as well. These obligations can be fulfilled by them alone; and in speaking of the Catholic who fulfills his obligations I can assure you that he is one who realizes that he is the child of the Catholic Church, and at the same time a citizen of the state, and who is unflinchingly loyal to both.

LOYALTY

There has been a little said about loyalty here to night. Why of course Your Grace, it is a late day for us to be taught a lesson in loyalty by anybody; and it is especially an inopportune moment when loyalists of the Sir Edward Carson type are drilling on the plains of Ulster to resist the authority of parliament and of the King. That is enough about loyalty. If I were not occupying my present exalted and distinguished position I would say that this talk about loyalty is not only insulting but it makes me sick.

What the Catholic layman must understand is that mutual concord of Church and State has always been, and ever must be for the interests of both, and that from the relative rights and duties of the Church and State and of the Catholic citizen there is no possible escape; that in a Catholic country such concord cannot be other than efficient, and that the promotion of the spiritual interests of the people is quite within the domain of the secular authority. The highest form that concord could reach, the noblest expression of that mutual relationship between Church and State would be when in every question where the spiritual interests of men were concerned the state would defer to the guidance and direction of religion.

Now, I am not talking theology. I am talking commonsense and reason. For Church and State, whether you like it or not, must live together. That Church and State should be separate is just as unnatural a condition as the husband and wife divorced. It is always better, in my view, though my experience is somewhat limited, to live together and to avoid the troubles which follow the divorce court. In my country and in my experience there has been harmonious concord between Church and State which works to the benefit of both. It falls short of the highest ideal, indeed, but it is moral. History tells us that that concord has worked for the highest benefit of civil powers and for the sublime work of the spiritual interests. Under such unity the State assumes frankly the Catholic teaching as the basis of its jurisdiction and that is nothing at all extraordinary because all legislation in the Dominion and Great Britain as well as all nations from the day of Paul, when law was first organized to the present day, is based upon Catholic teaching. I am attempting to lay down the principle upon which we must instruct the Catholic laity in this Canada of ours. We don't want the American system. I told you if you were not pleased you could get your money back. There is no room in the Catholic Church for spineless Catholics: no room for jellyfish Catholics; no room for men who have no backbone, and there is no room for a Catholic who is always apologizing; there is no room among our self-respecting separated brethren except for the type of Catholic who has something backing every action which he wishes to put forth and who puts into practice the law of marriage in such a condition as I am attempting to outline. The law of God is identical with the marriage law of the Church. The State exercises a wise control over the publication of books, and over the pernicious influence of the printing presses. The Catholic Church carefully provides that the education of Catholic children shall be fundamentally and suitably Catholic, safeguarding the rights of the Catholic parents and respecting the conscience of the Catholic citizen. Church and State, both created by God, in a different sense but really of supernatural destiny, work jointly for the benefit of the world. "What does it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?"

SELF-GOVERNMENT

The Catholic laity have also rights, duties and responsibilities with regard to the function of the civil government. Self-government is our boast. We are always talking about it. I wonder if the term is understood.

Self-government is of two sorts. It is political and it is administrative.

In other words it is national and it is individual. The political self-government consists in the power of a nation to choose its own form of government; but the administrative form, the individual form of self-government, consists in the right of men to govern themselves, saving of course the rights of other men. The form of government is a matter of indifference. It may be despotic in form and yet quite free in operation; and it may be extraordinarily democratic in form and quite the opposite in operation.

It is a long time since the people of Great Britain have had the opportunity of choosing their form of government. They have grown up under a constitutional monarchy, and God grant that they may long continue to go on under that form of government. While they have not had much opportunity of choosing their political, their national form of government, Great Britain is a nation where the administrative government is very wide and where the citizen has very many unrestricted rights. Well may he say that his conscience is his own, that the direction of his actions belongs to himself and that his home is his castle!

A CONTRAST

Across the channel, only an hour's journey, is the Republic of France. Many times in the past hundred years the people of France have had an opportunity of choosing their political form of government. They have had kings, emperors, presidents. They have had kingdoms, republics and empires. They have a republican now. They have a wide and frequent choice of the form of their political government. From all these changes, as you all know, have emerged a certain form of government. In that administrative form of political freedom the right of the individual is controlled by a bureaucracy with headquarters in Paris and which extends its circumference to the smallest villages and hamlets of that great land. So that it will not do for us to talk about the advantages of self-government unless we know what we are talking about. Most modern nations that are least governed are best governed; and yet there is a large school of orators, philosophers, statesmen and thinkers who seek to extend the jurisdiction of the State to every activity of life; and strange to say, these very advocates of the destruction of individual freedom are the loudest talkers about popular liberty. They say that the government is obliged to supply every one with work and direct every action of the people, and therefore it is not tyranny to over-ride the individual in his work or to control the intent of his action. That is a return to paganism. It is a dead straight plunge into paganism. The intrinsic fundamental idea of the pagan state was its own omnipotence. Rome absorbed every energy of its citizens so that itself might become great. There indeed you have the cause of its greatness, but at the same time the germ of its decay. The Christian ideal is the responsibility, the freedom of the man. All the great nations of the world owe their present greatness to individual freedom all down the ages. From the days of servitude and vassalage the Catholic Church and the Pope of Rome upheld that ideal and it is an admitted fact that even in our days when socialism, nihilism and anarchism are trying to overturn and destroy the only power that stands on its feet is the power of Rome, the power of the Roman Catholic Church. Man is free and responsible where such government thoroughly exists. You can't substitute for the responsibility of the individual the responsibility of the State. When Louis XIV. declared "L'etat, c'est moi" he wrote the first sentence in the history of the ruin of France, and he made the revolution not only easy but inevitable.

Undoubtedly there is something very enticing when you consider the strength of the State in your own service. Of course the State is so big and the individual so small, the State is so great the individual so weak, the State so active and the individual so indolent. But if you permit—and I assume that I am talking to men and women who have the tradition of the freedom under which they have been brought up—when you permit the State to take any part in the individual labor on the ground that the State is doing something that you are too tired to do you are committing a crime against humanity. We must remember that the moment we court the favor of the State we are surrendering a portion of our personal liberty. The government has nothing to give back to the people which it has not first taken from them. You cannot get away from that political axiom. You will not hear that very frequently from the hustings, but it is a fact. The government has nothing to give back to a free people that it has not first taken from them, and the best kind of government all through the ages has necessarily been chained and bound in fetters for the freedom of the individual. The Catholic laity—and here I must step on the soft pedal—the Catholic laity have to be on its guard against the dangers of party politics. And since I do not make any distinction between parties (I include the Socialist party, the labor party, as well as other parties) I cannot be accused of talking politics. The Catholic laity have to be careful of the dangers of party politics. Those parties resolve themselves ultimately into a question of expenditure. "We will give you more service and less taxes" is the univer-

sal program of every political party, and as hopes and promises are incompatible the hopes are dashed and the promises are unrealized. Let me tell you that taxes and philanthropy are identical. The party in power is besieged for favors. If they are refused, it is turned out of office. If it succeeds this must come and give us credit, give us education, give us colonies according to your promises and still keep down the taxes, the party in power goes out and the party out of power comes in.

ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES

There has been more and more party politics since the day when Abel divided on the first question. Now in the face of these conditions the essential principle and that is the full preservation of the rights of the people that belong to the people themselves, the preservation of justice; and from the obligation that rests upon the state of living up to that conviction follows its rights and its duties; it must allow at all times the free development of society under individual initiative; it must protect the citizens in the exercise of their rights and mutual obligations without replacing the responsibility of the individual by the responsibility of the state; it must allow to every one the fullness of his rights limited only by the rule that such exercise does not invade the rights of others. The Catholic laity have a noble mission regarding personal liberty. Now, I don't know whether I have lost my mind; I tell you I have not lost my mind. Of course I may be like the gentleman who was met by the late Sir John Macdonald in an institution in my native city. Sir John was going through an asylum when he met an old friend and he said "Hello, how are you? What's the matter with you?" Well, Sir John, said the old man, "the people say I am crazy, but I say the people are crazy." Now on this question of personal liberty I want to strike a note. Defend it at whatever cost. It is the proudest boast of a free people. St. Augustine has said: "In things that are necessary we have unity, in things that are unessential or doubtful there must be liberty, but in all things there ought to be charity." It was some time later that that great saint, Saint Columbanus said: "When you take away liberty from man by the same blow you destroy his human dignity." And it is St. Thomas who said: "The exercise of the free will of man is the noblest attribute of his nature by which he excels the beast, makes him equal to the angels, and in a certain sense like unto God himself."

AN INTERFERENCE

Forcing men to be good is an interference with the exercise of individual free will, and yet there seems to be in courts and legislatures, and worst of all in the people themselves, a tendency to discourage the fundamental principle of personal liberty, the right of the individual citizen to live and act as he thinks best so long as his conduct does not invade a like privilege on the part of others. There is a great decline in personal liberty in this century. There is a mania for regulating everything by statute. See how it works out.

Intemperance is a curse, therefore they would prohibit it by law, making men good by legislation—an interference plain and evident with individual liberty and injurious not so much to itself as in its effects. It is not so long ago that an erratic statesman of modern times, who said that poverty was a disgrace and a curse, decided therefore that he should introduce a law to suppress pawn shops.

PROTECTOR OF LIBERTY

The Catholic laity need to stand up for the freedom of the middle ages, for the freedom of the individual and society and against revolution and the tyranny of majorities. The Catholic Church has always been the protector of liberty in all the ages. It was Catholic barons with a Catholic Bishop at their head that forced from unwilling King John the charter of British Liberty, and the charter of British Liberty is Catholic to the core.

Now some time ago I had an occasion to deliver an address in my own city in which, using my personal liberty—which I don't propose to let anybody interfere with—I gave utterance to the belief and the hope that some way would be found where by the scattered elements of the British Empire would be held together for the best interests of us all and for the benefit of ages to come. It was called Imperialism. I don't care a straw what you call it. But at once two most startling things happened. A section of the A. O. H. read me out of the Catholic Church and a section of my fellow countrymen and fellow Catholics amongst the French Canadians initiated me into the Orange Association. Now I have no more idea of allowing any section of the A. O. H. to read me out of the Catholic Church than I have to let the other people put me into the Orange Association. The mistake made by both sections is that they did not understand that I believe and hold that my personal liberty justifies the expression of my own opinions. I am sure that there is not a nation under the sun where the Catholic Church is so free as under the British flag, and that there is not any other country where the traditions of the Catholic Church under Magna Charta have come down so pure and undisturbed as under this great nation, and therefore, I am an Imperialist almost exclusively because I am a loving, de-

voted, humble, undeserving son of Holy Mother Church.

FREEDOM OF ASSOCIATION

The necessary complement of liberty is the fullness of freedom of association. The individual cannot obtain, by his own effort, all the things that he needs for his intellectual or even for his physical development; but he can obtain these things by association. Freedom of association is something that is so common with us under British rule that it is scarcely observed and yet it is something so little known in other countries, that it should be referred to. It is the very basis and complement of individual liberty to which the laity are obliged to uphold. The different societies of the Church need that freedom of association more than anything else. The Catholic Church can help the government by her public and charitable organizations and associations, but assistance should be mutual.

These are the principles that must govern and direct the Catholic laity and they must be fulfilled in this and other countries. It is in view of these principles and in view of her history here and everywhere else that we should proclaim them. What has the Catholic Church done to the world that so many are constantly reviling her? Can you tell me what evils she has accomplished? She has been the constant foe of every evil, she is the only power recognized by Socialism as her triumphant foe, she has been the incarnation of works of charity beyond number and she is the mother of science, sculpture and the arts. She has been the benefactor of society since the very beginning of her history.

WHAT THE CHURCH EXPECTS

Now, what does the Catholic Church expect from her laity? What does she expect from her children placed in high offices? What does she expect of her Fitzpatricks, and her Lauriers, her Dohertys, her Murphys, her Berniers, and of her Turgons. Your Grace, does she ask any favor? Is she seeking for any privileges? No! there is not the slightest danger. But what we want of our laity is, that in private life, they reverence their conscience as their king; that they glory in redressing wrongs; and in public life carry unspotted the white flower of a blameless life. The Catholic layman who does not live up to that standard is not worthy of the confidence of his own people, but the Catholic individual who does is worthy of the confidence of his fellow-citizens of every creed to the utmost limit.

The Catholic Church holds up before her laity examples of what Catholic laymen have been in all ages. But I shall not bring you back to the graves of past ages. I shall refer to examples in the memory of most men. I shall bring you to Ecuador. Not more than fifty years ago a Catholic statesman named Garcia Moreno entered public life to protect the people in their liberty, to defend their religion, and to stand up for the principle of sound education. He lived a life of glory and he died at the hands of an assassin on the steps of a public building. Alone amongst the rulers of all nations, Garcia Moreno protested against the spoliation of the papal states by Victor Emmanuel, and when he died a memorial was erected to him and on that memorial may be found these words: "He was a man of most constant religion, he was a promoter of the ideal form of education, he was most loyal and devoted towards the See of Peter, a champion of justice, the foe of oppression." Garcia Moreno gave to his nation and to all nations of the world the grandest example that could possibly be given.

Over the Spain Donoso Cortes in his early years joined a society which persecuted Mother Church but about middle age he saw the error of his ways, and declared that the opinions which he had hitherto held were destructive of good government. In later years he wrote a book in which he made amends and which has given him the right to be named a prophet of the nineteenth century.

In France, Frederic Ozanam, the founder of the society of St. Vincent de Paul, is held up as an example to Catholic laymen. Immersed in business occupations he still found time to devote his great energies towards the relief of the poor and forsaken and his memory is cherished because

of his large humanity, self-sacrifice and practical Christian charity.

In Germany, Ludwig Windthorst, a dwarf in stature but a giant in political vision, crossed swords with the Imperial Chancellor in the house of representatives and, by his indomitable logic and courage, forged the great Bismark to own himself beaten and to repeal the infamous May laws.

THE IDEAL LAYMAN

But I think that it is elsewhere that we must look for the ideal layman. Some years ago there was an old colored gentleman in St. Paul, attending a celebration in honor of Daniel O'Connell where a number of addresses were delivered, one of them by John of St. Paul, the apostle of the American Northwest, and at the end this old darky came forward and said: "Gentlemen, I am no speaker but I can tell you something that none of you know. I was in the British House of Parliament a certain day when I saw a great lion-like figure come in and as he appeared Lord John Russell sat down and Daniel O'Connell stood up. And I tell you when John Russell sat down England sat down and when Daniel O'Connell stood up Ireland stood up." Leaving prejudice and nationality aside, it is in Ireland that the Catholic Church will present for your study and admiration and for your guidance in life the greatest Catholic layman. Montalambert said so. Lacordaire compared him to Moses. To Peter the Hermit, to Gregory the Great. But one aspect only of this Catholic layman will I touch upon. It was when he came back to Ireland in his twenty-first year having obtained in France—generous, kind, considerate France—the education denied to him at home, he took up the cause of the larger freedom of his countrymen and for thirty years or more he stood in the forefront of the battle, sometimes with fretful supporters, sometimes with divided ranks, sometimes with a united army and compelled the greatest nation of modern times to do justice to his fellowmen. Elected for County Clare, when he appeared for the first time in the British Commons, he was presented with the oath. Reading it over slowly and carefully he said: "One part of this oath as a matter of fact I know to be false, and the other part as a matter of opinion I believe to be untrue." Turning from the bar he strode majestically from the chamber. A bye-election was declared in Clare and O'Connell was returned, but in the meantime the oath had been altered. From that moment the British Commons resounded with his eloquence. The rights of the people had a fearless champion and one whom no reverses could discourage. Daniel O'Connell is without doubt an ideal to be ever cherished—as an example for every Catholic layman to imitate. God give you a Garcia Moreno, a Donoso Cortes, a Frederic Ozanam, a Ludwig Windthorst and a Daniel O'Connell.

Our Angel is our oldest friend—an older friend even than Mary, for she became our friend at our baptism, while our Angel has been our friend from our entrance into the world.—Bishop Curtis.

He who knows how to laugh, when to laugh, and what to laugh at, has achieved a philosophy all his own.

Life, to be worthy of a rational being, must be always in progression.—Johnson.

The voice of the many is no test of truth, nor warrant of right, nor rule of duty.

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Rev. J. J. BUREK, PHOENIA, ILL.
FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

THE CHURCH—ITS HOLINESS
"But when He, the spirit of truth is come, He will teach you all truth." (St. John xv, 13).

The spirit of truth, the Holy Ghost, is promised to the Church to teach her all truth and to preserve her from error.

Our catechism tells us that the Church is holy because "its Founder, Jesus Christ, is holy; because it teaches a holy doctrine; invites all to a holy life; and because of the eminent holiness of so many thousands of her children."

Christ instituted the Church in order to continue His mission. But His mission was the sanctification of man.

The Catholic Church alone teaches, as Jesus Christ when on earth taught, both by word and example, the virtues of poverty, humility and mortification.

In this is included, says the "Following of Christ," the whole practice of a Christian life, and the way marked out by which we may securely gain eternal salvation.

To live as Christians and to secure salvation, we must begin by renouncing and dying to ourselves; for this renunciation—this spirit of self-denial is the first principle of the Gospel, the fundamental law of Christianity, our most essential duty and the most effectual means of obtaining salvation.

TEMPERANCE
PERSONAL LIBERTY
I know a Catholic mother who would not allow her boy to take the pledge with his school-fellows and join the Cadets, because it would destroy his personal liberty to take a glass of beer or wine.

When a person is settled in life, the supposition is that the temptation to drink will be so remote as to be easily overcome but that is not always the case.

IRELAND'S PATRONESS
NEXT TO ST. PATRICK, THE IRISH REVERE ST. BRIGID—THE STORY OF HER LIFE
The faithful Catholic children of Erin, next to God, revere St. Patrick, their great apostle, but there is another saint who is placed high in the affections of the warm-hearted Irish race.

When we speak of the sanctity of the Church as regards her members, we do not mean that they are all holy. Far from it. Our Lord Himself expressed this fact in some of the parables; as for example, in that of the net which contained good and bad fish, and in that of the field in which the good grain and the cockle grew till the harvest time, when the angels came to separate them.

HAD TO STOP WORK FROM THE PAIN

Suffered Ten Years Until "Fruit-a-lives" Cured Him

St. THOMAS, ONT., May 22nd, 1913.
"I was troubled for ten years with the most distressing Constipation and Indigestion of the worst form.

The pain from Indigestion was so severe that many times, I have had to stop work and lie down until the acute spasms passed away.

I took a lot of medicine—in fact, I guess I took about everything that was advertised—and gave them all a fair test—but got no relief.

Z. J. EDGEWORTH.
50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

any claim to holiness of teaching and holiness of practice. Outside the Catholic Church there is no holy doctrine. In fact, they have no doctrine at all.

The Catholic Church, then, founded by Jesus Christ, and coming down to us from the apostles to the present by an unbroken line of supreme rulers, spread throughout the whole world, continuing the mission of Christ in China, in Africa, in Japan, in Oceania, in America, everywhere, is the only one can lay, or that pretends to lay any claim to sanctity of doctrine and practice.

Proceeding, Father Hays said there was only one rational solution of the problem, and upon it would depend the future of the temperance cause. We must begin with the young.

When a person is settled in life, the supposition is that the temptation to drink will be so remote as to be easily overcome but that is not always the case.

IRELAND'S PATRONESS
NEXT TO ST. PATRICK, THE IRISH REVERE ST. BRIGID—THE STORY OF HER LIFE
The faithful Catholic children of Erin, next to God, revere St. Patrick, their great apostle, but there is another saint who is placed high in the affections of the warm-hearted Irish race.

RAMPED - IN DIRT QUICKLY AND EASILY REMOVED WITH Old Dutch Cleanser HAS NO EQUAL FOR CLEANING FLOORS

can before marriage make his sweetheart sit up three or four times a week until midnight waiting for him to go, and after marriage make her sit up every night waiting for him to come.—Very Rev. A. M. Lambing. DRINKERS WILL NOT BE PROMOTED

Among the many items having a bearing on abstaining from drink, which we find in the daily press lately, the following stands out prominently:

Youngstown, Ohio, April 7.—A sweeping order affecting chances of promotion of employees of the Youngstown district, United States Steel Corporation's mills, who use intoxicating drinks, has been promulgated.

The order is peremptory in that heads of departments and foremen shall not advance men who are known to use liquor.

The order, said to be the first of the kind promulgated in the corporation's mills, affects more than 6,000 men, most of whom are employed in this city.

This order supersedes an earlier notice that men using liquor could not expect the same consideration as abstainers receive. The order is: "To the employees of the United States Steel mills in the Youngstown district: Hereafter all promotions of whatever character will be made only from the ranks of those who do not indulge in the use of intoxicating drinks.

The action is believed to presage a similar move affecting all the plants of the corporation, employing many thousands of men.

REACHING THE CHILDREN MOST IMPORTANT

"The social salvation of the people of England and the stability of that great Empire depend upon a timely and rational prophylaxis rather than upon belated efforts to remedy effects only," said Father Hays, the English priest who has given so much time to special temperance work, speaking at the annual festival of the Northamptonshire Temperance Union.

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When we speak of the sanctity of the Church as regards her members, we do not mean that they are all holy. Far from it. Our Lord Himself expressed this fact in some of the parables; as for example, in that of the net which contained good and bad fish, and in that of the field in which the good grain and the cockle grew till the harvest time, when the angels came to separate them.

ceived her vows according to the rites introduced by St. Patrick, her habit being of a white color with a white cloak, and by a miracle the Saint recovered her former beauty. St. Bridgid was joined by several other ladies, and they decided to found a religious home for themselves. The first convent in Ireland was shortly afterwards formed, with the saint as its head.

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This Washer Must Pay For Itself

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.



Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't all right. And that I might have to whistle for my money if I bought a horse that wasn't all right.

You see I make washing machines—the "1000 Gravity" Washer.

I said to myself, I'll do with my "1000 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with his horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a booklet about the "1000 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes.

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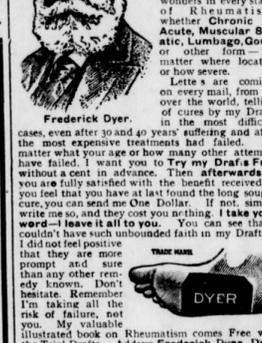
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He became aware of the fact, that should never be forgotten, that the human heart, however seared and shrunk, holds a terrible vitality unto the last.—Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D. D., The Blindness of the Rev. Dr. Gray.

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This de luxe edition Prayer Book is full bound in genuine leather. It has padded covers with enamel and gold design, and full gold edges. The inside of front cover is of virgin white moire finish, with handsome border embossed in gold.

The center panel is depressed and contains an exquisitely designed pearl and gilt Crucifix with indulgenced prayer on opposite page.

The publisher's price of this Prayer Book is \$1.75 but we are very glad that we are able to give it to you for only \$1.50 post paid, and in order to quickly introduce it, we will also send you free, an exquisite amethyst color bead Rosary, complete with Crucifix. Please order early and state whether French or English edition is desired.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE MAKING OF A GENTLEMAN

In summary, the all-comprehensive definition of justice, giving to every one his due, covers the whole range of life in all its relations to others. Justice commands us to give liberty to whom liberty is due, honor to whom honor is due, respect to whom respect is due, obedience to whom obedience is due, praise to whom praise is due, encouragement to whom encouragement is due.

Justice not only covers all those things which it is nice to do to our neighbor, but even all those things not nice to do, but which ought to be done for the sake of his well-being, or in the interests of the community.

Hence it covers not only the duty of subjects to obey but of superiors to command, and where necessary to rebuke and punish.

INTERNAL DISPOSITIONS

It will be seen that in the matter of personal justice the dictates of civilization and those of the moral law coincide in bulk, with a two-fold difference; first of motive and, secondly, of practical range.

The social code requires you to play the game fair; but leaves your internal feelings and dispositions to yourself. You may wish the most unfair things, but you must have enough self-restraint to keep from putting them into public effect.

Hence a mere ambition to pass as a civilized gentleman is something superficial; while the wish to be a moral man is something deep down, something thorough, and moreover, something which makes the external part much easier.

It is obvious that a man who is actuated by this spirit of justice will find its external practice a simple and direct corollary of his internal condition; while a man who does not care for justice as such, but only wishes to figure well in a social system where justice plays a part, will often find his internal desires in conflict with his external duties.

Hence there is always something precarious in a civilization which is merely such, and is not grounded on the interior principles of morality for its own sake. Hence, too, as a matter of practical policy, if you want to be a civilized gentleman you will find it much easier to secure your aim by building on the interior law of morality than if you think this more thorough method, and try to raise an external structure of respectability with nothing deeper at the back of it.

In the one case your outward conduct springing from interior principle, will come naturally and easily and spontaneously, and will be free from liability to sudden lapses when off your guard; while in the other case you will be always like an actor on a stage, playing a part which is learned by heart and acquired by artificial drill, and liable to be upset by the least distraction of mind, and depending on the prompter behind the scenes at points when you are about to go wrong.—Sacred Heart Review.

All that we do receives its value from our conformity to the will of God; for instance, if I take recreation because it is the will of God, I merit more than if I suffered death without having that intention. Keep well in your mind this thought, and remember it in all your actions, in imitation of the carpenter, who passes all the boards he uses under the plane. It is thus you will do all with perfection.—St. Francis de Sales.

A BREAKFAST IN CEYLON

would not bring you a more delicious cup of tea than you may have at your own table by using

"SALADA"

It is the world's choicest tea, at its best—the finest hill-grown Ceylon—in sealed lead packets.

BLACK, GREEN or MIXED

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE COBBLER AND THE KAISER

In the old times people used to work much less than they do now; for there were many feast days in the year which were kept as holidays. So when Conrad, the Emperor of Germany, issued a proclamation making his birthday a public holiday and forbidding anybody on pain of death to work on that day, all the apprentices were pleased, but their masters were not.

One old cobbler of Nuremberg, who had great difficulty in making both ends meet, took no notice of the proclamation, and went on working on the Emperor's birthday. But he was discovered and taken to the palace.

"Why do you disobey my law?" said Conrad.

"Sire," said the cobbler very humbly, "I must earn eight pennies a day, and I cannot do it if I stop on your birthday."

"But why eight pennies?" said the Emperor.

"Oh," said the cobbler, "Two I give back and two I lend, Two I lose, and two I spend—Total eight."

"I do not understand," said the Emperor.

"Let me explain," said the cobbler. "I give back two pennies to my father, who fed me and clothed me when I was a child, and who is too old to work. I lend two pennies to my own son, to feed and clothe him, and he will pay me back when I in turn am unable to work. I have a wife to whom I give two pennies every day, and those are lost, because if I die and she marries again she will think no more of me. Then I need two pennies for my own food. So have pity on me, sire, seeing that I must work when other people are on holiday."

"Very well," said the Emperor, laughing, "you are pardoned. But mind this, you must never give any one else the explanation you have given me, without having seen my face a hundred times. This is very serious and if you disobey me again you shall be imprisoned for life."

In the afternoon the Emperor called together all his wisest councillors, and asked them to explain the saying.

"Two I give back and two I lend, Two I lose, and two I spend. Naturally, the wise men were greatly perplexed. They asked the Emperor to allow them a week to think out the problem, but after long deliberations and long discussions they could not hit on the meaning. But one of them remembered the cobbler.

"He must know something about it," he said to himself "for it was after seeing him that the Emperor set the problem."

Going to the cobbler, he offered him a hundred golden imperial crowns. The cobbler thought for a moment, and said: "Let me look at the money."

Very carefully he took up each coin, and gazed at it. Then he put the golden pieces in a bag, and told the councillor everything he had said to the Emperor.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Emperor, when the councillor hurried back to the palace and explained what the saying meant, "you never found that explanation yourself. The cobbler has betrayed me."

In great anger he ordered his soldiers to bring the cobbler again before him.

"You have disobeyed me," he said. "Not at all," said the cobbler. "You said I wasn't to tell anybody until I had seen your face a hundred times. A hundred times, on a hundred imperial golden crowns, have I gazed on your august features, sire, before I answered the question that was asked me."

"Be off with you!" said the Emperor, laughing. "And may you enjoy your good fortune! You have more sense than all my councillors!" —Catholic Bulletin.

BOYS WHO DID BIG THINGS

Some of the greatest achievements in the world have been made by youth. David, the sweet singer of Israel, was a shepherd, a poet and a general before he was twenty years of age, and a king at the age of twenty-one.

GILLETTS LYE The Standard Lye of Canada. Has many imitations but no equal. CLEANS AND DISINFECTS 100% PURE

CONFESSIONS OF A CONVERT

MGR. BENSON'S SECOND LECTURE HEARD BY AUDIENCE THAT FILLED BELLEVUE STRATFORD BALLROOM

All the things that had seemed to him important appeared now unimportant. * * * And all the things that had seemed unimportant—religious doctrines, the way he behaved, his attitude toward people, and above all, toward the Personage Whom he called God—these appeared vital, over-whelming and entrancing.

It comes to some, in a measure, under other aspects: It comes in the Quaker meeting-house and at the penitent-form of the Salvation Army; but it comes to none with the same vastness of appeal as in Catholicism, to none with the same simultaneous assault along every line of human nature at once—along the intellect, by the way of the affections; along the Will in the name of Obedience. He dimly saw this. He understood that there was an enormous Creed which he would have to master—if, indeed, the way were for him, a discipline of the heart and a training of the will. He saw that history played its part, and philosophy, and things to eat and drink, and prayers to say. He saw that there was no part of common life which would not have to be affected.

Then he put all this away. This was not his business. Besides, the thing was too great altogether, and also not great enough. There was only one thing that mattered—more real to him than the sunlight which was its symbol and the breeze that was the illustration of the Way of the Spirit—the Love of God which is in Jesus Christ Our Lord. "An Average Man," 1, 6.

A slight, ascetic figure in a black soutane, girded with the simple sash of color indicative of monastic rank; slender, nervous hands; a face stern, yet mobile, to which no published portrait does justice; the eyes luminous from within, the nobly proportioned head of pre-eminent intellect—all these impressionistic details might have been noted before the Very Rev. Robert Hugh Benson began to speak. After that nothing mattered but the inspiration of his divine message; his intensely spiritual appearance meant no more than the beautifully modulated voice, a little strained from recent overwork, or the unstudied gestures—the very gestures of a school-boy.

From the first word the brilliant Catholic son of the late Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury held his audience enthralled, and that without the slightest elocutionary appeal without any effect of premeditation. Although his discourse lasted a full hour, he used no note nor did he hesitate an instant to round a phrase or to emphasize a climax. Yet the most carefully rehearsed oratorical speech could not have been half so effective as the torrent of words pouring from a full heart and flooding the hearts of all hearers with salutary graciousness, if not with saving grace. For among the multitude of "our own kind" in another, there were present many Episcopalians, many dissenting and non-conforming Protestants, and not a few Jews. Professors from the University of Pennsylvania, judges, doctors, lawyers, clergymen—men representative of all the scholarly professions were there to honor the scholarly Englishman; society people outside the fold assembled in recognition of the social and intellectual Benson heritage, and it is quite safe to say that not one of the

non-Catholics present could have been offended by a single word uttered by Monsignor Benson, although the subject of his lecture as announced, was "Confessions of a Convert," confessions which without apology and without recrimination, recounted distinctly his abandonment of the Anglican fallacies, one by one, in his earnest progress toward the ultimate truth. He spoke tenderly, almost endearingly, of his hosts of loyal friends who are still Episcopalians; in condemning the Anglican system he did not condemn a single sincere Anglican.

Monsignor Benson's first lecture, taken the Red Room of the Bellevue-Stratford beyond its seating capacity and the advance demand for tickets was so great that it was found necessary to engage the ballroom of the hotel for the second lecture. Before 8 o'clock every seat had been sold.

Monsignor Benson was escorted to the platform by two of the Philadelphia monsignori, the Right Rev. William Kieran and the Right Rev. Philip R. McDevitt.

J. Percy Keating, Esq., in introducing the distinguished churchman announced that as Mgr. Benson had delivered a lecture that afternoon at the University of Pennsylvania. It was feared that a reception after the evening lecture could prove too exhausting. Those who had heard the afternoon lecture upon the development of the English novel and who were quite ready to account for the Monsignor's quite evident fatigue at the beginning of his discourse, were amazed by the rapidity with which the very fervor of his impassioned utterances seemed to restore his vigor.

So far as was possible in a personal confession of faith, Monsignor Benson kept personalities out of his discussion. In the hour's talk, which so many of his hearers will remember to the last hour of their lives, he held himself strictly to the explanation of the ways and means by which he was led toward the Light. Briefly he reviewed his ministry in the Church of England, his life later as a member of the ascetic Anglican Community of the Resurrection, his work as an Anglican missionary, during which time, as he said, he heard more confessions than had come within his sphere of duty since his ordination to the Catholic priesthood. All these High Church activities were preparing him for the great step forward, but there were many difficulties to be overcome. Doubtfully he submitted all his perplexities to his spiritual superiors, and they, as in duty bound, strove to explain away the inconsistencies of Anglican doctrine, and tried to reconcile the young churchman to what he felt was becoming an anomalous position. He was prescribed a course of reading, and read everything available, always ending with convictions more firmly Catholic. Always in doctrinal reading he was confronted with

SAVED WIFE FROM DRINK

WINNIPEG MAN SAVES HIS WIFE THROUGH SAMARIA PRESCRIPTION

How terrible the effects of the curse of drink when a woman is afflicted. Wives and daughters often save their husbands or fathers from the drink habit through giving tasteless Samaria to them in their tea, coffee or food. But this is the story of a young husband in Winnipeg who overcame all difficulties and saved his wife.

The treatment of Samaria Prescription which I bought at Gordon Mitchell's Drug Store has saved my wife, who is still a young woman. It was only twelve months ago that she took to drink through trouble. I cannot thank you enough, for she never even thinks of it now, and if she goes near anyone who has had a drink, she always says how sick she feels. Do not use my name, as we are so well known." —Winnipeg.

the non-existence of authority among Anglicans. Every vital doctrine, such as penance, for instance, was involved in uncertainty. When Dr. Benson was teaching that penance was normally essential to the forgiveness of mortal sin although nearly all the Bishops denied this, and some rejected the power of absolution altogether, his views were tolerated. "The fact that mutually exclusive views were also tolerated was an evidence that mine were not enjoined."

There is a superabundance of "toleration" among Anglicans. Difficulties such as penance or non-penance were disposed of with the genial platitude that there are two sides to every question. But, Monsignor Benson declared, no logic could accept two mutually exclusive propositions as being two sides of the same question.

It is a pleasant path, the wide way of toleration; it is traversed by many devout, philanthropic, cultured and affable men and women, rambling hither and thither after this or that "aspect of truth"; to the superficial observer its "broad" views offer a pleasing contrast to "the narrow Church of Rome." But the boundaries of the broad way are vague, indeterminate. "I did not want to go this way and that at my own will; I wanted to know the way in which God wished me to walk. I did not want to be free to change my grasp on truth. I needed rather a truth that itself should make me free. I did not want broad ways of pleasantness, but the narrow Way that is Truth and Life."

Monsignor Benson found himself comparing the kindly, tolerant observers of the various "aspects of truth" with the Scribes and Pharisees in their endless, profitless disquisitions: found himself comparing the true Church to the very presence of its founder, as He came among the idle discussers of religion with His literal, narrow, firm, unmistakable inflexible definitions. The institution of the Blessed Sacrament, the foundation of the Church, the apostolical succession—these and all the fundamentals of Catholic belief and practice are authorized by the exact words of Our Divine Lord Himself, without gloss and without distortion.

So it came to pass at last that Dr. Benson's final doubts were removed by a re-reading of the New Testament in obedience to the directions of his last Anglican superior. In the sacred Scriptures he found no fewer than twenty-nine passages confirming "the Petrine claim." The Greek text of the Evangelists furnished the etymons in dispute; however, Our Lord spoke, not in Greek, but in the Aramaic Hebrew, and in the Aramaic the word "Cephas," like its English translation, "Rock," has no inflectional variation.

From twenty-nine confirmatory texts the speaker selected but three: "The 'One Foundation' declares that on 'Cephas' He will build His Church; the 'Good Shepherd' bids the same Cephas feed His sheep; the 'Door' gives to Peter the Keys." Naturally, Father Benson's Anglican superiors strove to dissuade him, by every known argument. One told him that it was his duty to remain where Providence had placed him, another that "dissolution" must inevitably follow his submission to Papal authority. One pointed out that the Catholic Church is the Church of the poor, the ignorant, the "common" another bade him beware of pride of intellect in venturing to set his opinion against the views of men so learned, so devout, so greatly superior to him in every way, as Pusey or Keble. Father Benson replied that he trusted to Providence for the future as for the present, and the Church of Christ's foundation must be the Church of the poor. He admitted that the last argument daunted him, until he realized that Dr. Pusey's conscience, was not his conscience, and that he must follow his own light, that it mattered little if he were inferior in scholarship since Our Lord came to save fools and sinners no less than scholars and saints. After all—"except ye become as little children."

And so as a little child, the humble saintly scholar made his submission. As for "dissolution," it had not come. He had met bad Catholics, he had encountered Pharaiseal snobs, he had known of actual scandals, but none of these occasional faults of humanity derogated from the divinity of the Mother Church, which daily, yearly gave him new enlightenment and new cause for grateful love. "God has made all easy for those He has admitted through the Gate of Heaven that he has built upon the earth; the very river of death itself is no more than a dwindled stream, bridged and protected on every side; the shadow of death is little more than twilight for those who look on it in the light of the Lamb."

A GARLAND OF SOULS

Father Sylvian Bousquet, P. F. M., writes from Osaka, Japan: "I was permitted this year to offer a little garland of two hundred and fifty infant baptisms to Our Lord. Two hundred of the babies died very shortly, and in heaven they will not forget the friends who made their salvation possible. "More than two hundred conferences were given to pagans, the audiences varying from twenty to six hundred. Recently a woman eighty years of age, who had been baptized thirty years ago, died. Six hundred pagans were present at the burial, although at the same time she was baptized not one would have witnessed

the interment of a Catholic. Happily times are changing, and prejudice is becoming a thing of the past in many districts."

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THE CONVERSION OF A NOTED GEORGIA SURGEON

WILLIAM WHATLEY BATTLEY RECEIVED INTO THE CHURCH ON HIS DEATHBED

Under date of March 22, the Rev. Father Richard Hamilton, of Albany, Ga., writes to the Catholic News, of New York as follows: "As I go from place to place in Georgia on extensive mission journeys I find that among Protestants many are convinced of the truths of the Catholic Church, but are not converted. And I find, also, that any amount of persuasion and conviction never bring Protestants into the true fold. Only a ray of light emanating from the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth, can convert those outside the sheepfold. Every conversion is a miracle of the power of the Holy Ghost. He is the 'lumen intelligentie' who alone, can enlighten the mind seeking after truth; who alone, can light the way of men who wander through the valley of unbelief and spiritual ruin.

"Last week brought us, here in Georgia, into close touch with the workings of the Holy Spirit in the individual soul.

"William Whatley Battley, M. D., descendant of a long line of skillful surgeons, some of whose works adorn the clinics of the world, a man noted for his charities to and his sacrifices for the poor, passed out of life on March 16 at his home in Augusta, Ga., surrounded by his most interesting family.

"Dr. Battley was born of Methodist parents in Georgia. His father was killed in the War of the States, and his mother married the well-known Rev. Dr. Mann, presiding elder of one of the very important districts of the Methodist Conference in Georgia. Dr. Battley was carefully trained in the tenets of Methodism and became a loyal and faithful communicant and lived so for years.

"A year ago the doctor's sight began to fail, and a fatal disease struck down this brilliant physician. Early during the week just ended the pastor of the Methodist church in Augusta visited the patient and prayed earnestly for him; but the doctor, with alert and unprejudiced mind, recalled many things which a faithful wife and loving sons had done for years, by way of good example in the household, and turning to the clergyman he said; 'My dear sir, I have no doubt in the Scripture. There is no passage you need explain to me. I have made up my mind to embrace the faith of my wife and children.'

"Then one of the sons addressed his father and said, 'Father, dear, do not become a Catholic out of sentiment.' 'No my son,' replied Dr. Battley, 'I have prayed to the Holy Ghost for light.'

"Then the son said, 'Remember, father, if you recover from this illness you must live up to the teachings of the Church you are about to embrace.'

"And the father replied, 'I will do so.'

"Then the clergyman left the room and Fathers Morrow and Kane of St. Patrick's, administered conditional baptism and the last rites of that Church against which hell shall never prevail. A day or two afterwards the soul of William Whatley Battley passed out beyond that unknown sea which rolls round the world to the celestial chorus of the saints in glory.

in the midst of friends of various beliefs, or of no belief at all. He was a student who thought well and reasoned wisely, and must have been convinced long ago of the truths the Church teaches.

"But I have so many stumbling blocks," he would say; "so much to impede my progress in Christian perfection."

"In this he was at least conscientious. His family, always devout, setting good example at all times, but never influencing him otherwise, made an indelible impression upon his mind and found him not indifferent as indifference exists to day among Protestants. But notwithstanding his convictions and the example set by his family, God's grace had to penetrate his soul before he could make the plunge into the true Church.

"William Whatley Battley, will be greatly missed not only in the city of Augusta, but throughout the entire State of Georgia. No, we shall not look upon his life again, for 'his life was gentle and the elements so mixed in him that nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY OF CANADA

The second series of lectures, conducted by the Catholic Truth Society of Canada for the smaller towns and cities in Canada, was given by members of the Society of Bracebridge, Ont., on Sunday, March 22nd. A general meeting of the members of St. Joseph's Society of the town was addressed in the forenoon on the work of the Society, followed, in the evening, by a lecture of "Relations between the Church and the home," before a very large audience.

It was unanimously decided to form a local corresponding section of the Catholic Truth Society in Bracebridge. The Catholic Truth Society wish to take opportunity to thank Rev. Fathers O'Leary and Casey and the members of the Committee from St. Joseph's Society of Bracebridge, as well as the citizens of that town, for the courtesy extended to the visiting delegates and for the appreciation of the work that the Truth Society is doing.

THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER

There are many beautiful devotions to particular of God's saints that have the approval of the Church and that are encouraged; among which is the devotion to St. Anthony, lovingly called the wonder worker. But it need scarcely be mentioned that St. Anthony does not make a specialty of returning lost quarters and dimes, plated or solid gold or silver jewelry, embroidered or lace handkerchiefs, jeweled garters, coal shovels or snow shovels, favorite cats or pet dogs. To illustrate: Let us say that when a woman who prefers dogs to children should have the unspendable misfortune of losing her pet bull terrier. If she prays to St. Anthony she'll find her dog, eh? Well, Catholics do not believe that it works that way. The Catholic idea of prayer and invocation of the saints is an entirely different thing. The right disposition is essential; prayer, to be meritorious, must come from a heart that is in tune with the Infinite—in harmony with God. True Catholics, humbly begging God through the mediation of His saints for favors, spiritual or temporal, know that the beginning and the end of their prayer is "If it be God's holy will."

It is to be doubted whether all Catholics really understand this. The writer can point out a half dozen instances that have fallen under his personal observation which were pathetic, to say the least. One single case will serve to illustrate: A certain woman's husband became seriously ill, and being unable to work, the family suffered in consequence. The woman was a Catholic—oh yes! That is to say, she went to church on Sundays, when the weather was fair, and to the sacraments regularly once a year. That was the sum and substance of her religion—the full measure of her Catholicity. No prayers were ever said in her home, either by herself or by any members of her family; grace before and after meals was unknown; no morning or evening prayers; and certainly no prayers during the day. There were few prayer books and fewer rosaries, and no crucifix adorned the wall. But now that trials and troubles had come, she sought refuge in prayer, and successe of tribulation. In her desperation she, whose whole life was a series of prayerless years, resolved to make a novena to recite some little formula on nine consecutive days—and only nine days. And after the novena was ended, nay, before she had asked, nay, before she had asked, the restoration of her husband's health, had not been granted, she complained bitterly to the writer that there was no efficacy in prayer. Had she not tried it for nine days? she said, and God did not grant her request!

It is to be hoped that such stupid presumption to call it by no harsher name, does not sway many of those who ask favors of God directly or through His saints. It is to be feared, however, that there is a fair sprinkling of Catholics who turn to God only in time of trouble, or because His assistance only in material and mundane things. That is making a mockery of prayer and trifling with God's bountiful mercy.—Extension, (Chicago).

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

The noble response which has been made to the CATHOLIC RECORD's appeal in behalf of Father Fraser's Chinese mission encourages us to keep the list open a little longer.

It is a source of gratification to Canadian Catholics that to one of themselves it should have fallen to inaugurate and successfully carry on so great a work. God has certainly blessed Father Fraser's efforts, and made him the instrument of salvation to innumerable souls. Why not dear reader, have a share in that work by contributing of your means to its maintenance and extension? The opportunity awaits you: let it not pass you by.

- Previously acknowledged: \$4,112.30
In honor of abandoned souls: 10.00
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Kary M. Lalonde, Cobden: 1.00
J. M. Scott, Ottawa: 5.00

SUBSCRIBER, DELTA.—As we have discontinued the publication of "Favors Received" will subscribe please write us, giving name, so that we may return the money enclosed in letter of April 24th.

DIED

FENN.—At Bracebridge, Tuesday, 28th, Grace Ruth, fourth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Fenn, aged twelve years. May her soul rest in peace!

McKINNON.—At Sault Ste Marie, Ont., on April 8, 1914, Frances, wife of John McKinnon, aged thirty-six years. May her soul rest in peace!

TESKEY.—At his late residence 286 Dalhousie street, Ottawa, Ont., on Friday, April 10, 1914, Mr. Stephen Lorne Teskey, seventy-two years. May his soul rest in peace!

"THE MENACE"

Whereas, the Canadian Government, through the Honorable Post Master General, has refused to permit the transmission through the Canadian mail of a malignant paper known as the Menace; and Whereas, the sole object of said publication is to stir up religious strife and to promote anti-Catholic prejudice by publishing gross misrepresentation against the Catholic Church and its members; be it therefore Resolved, that we, the members of Stella Maris League of the Cross, of Inverness, N. S., heartily commend the Honorable Mr. Pelletier on his prompt action in the matter; and be it further Resolved, that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the Hon. Post Master General and to the Catholic press for publication R. McNEIL, Pres. S. J. DOUCET, Sec.

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DETAILS OF THE Typewriting Contests

Held in conjunction with the Annual Business Show at the Arena, Toronto April 25th and 27th 1914



INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP

Table with columns: Name, Machine, Total Words, Net Words Per Minute. Margaret B. Owen Underwood 3,928 126; Rose L. Fritz Underwood 3,864 122; Bessie Friedman Underwood 3,805 122; Emil Trefzger Underwood 3,704 120; Wm. F. Oswald Underwood 3,725 119; Rose Bloom Underwood 3,742 117; E. Trefzger Underwood 3,648 116; Parker C. Woodson Remington 3,626 111; Harold H. Smith Remington 3,583 102; E. G. Wiese Remington 3,507 95

CANADIAN CHAMPIONSHIP

Table with columns: Name, Machine, Total Words, Net Words Per Minute. Fred Jarrett Underwood 3,444 105; Corinne Bourdon Underwood 3,288 96; P. J. Cowan Underwood 3,379 81; Nellie Haskell Underwood 2,985 74; Mary Tharrett Underwood 2,266 58; Thos. Veziina Underwood 2,350 57; Reta Odium Underwood 1,595 41

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