

The Catholic Record

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

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HIS MOTHER'S ROSARY

FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD
One Autumn eve in humble Irish home,
A grey-haired mother knelt to tell her
Before the statue of the Virgin mild;
A little cheap Madonna, yet more
prized
Than Milo's Venus by this simple soul
Who walked with angels and who spoke
with God
Each moment of the lonesome weary
day
And through the silent vigil of the
night,
And yet not lonesome, though her kith
and kin
Had passed beyond the bourne of that
land
Where Mary waits with "Welcome" on
her lips
To lead us up to Heaven and to Christ.
For in the silence of such hours as this
The graven lips spoke words of comfort
sweet,
And in those eyes she read the golden
script
Of Love most ardent, and the potent
Will
To be her Helper, and Affliction's
shield.
But as before the Virgin's humble shrine,
She spoke her Aves on this Autumn
eve,
Her tears were not for those who slept
in
death,
Her thoughts were with the one remain-
ing
link
That bound her still to earth—her exile
child,
Who 'mid the pitfalls of a foreign land
By daily toil sought meagre store to win
That her grey hairs might suffer nought
of want.
For him she prayed to her who under-
stood
The lethal grief of parting, and the pain
Of hopeless longing in a mother's heart,
And Mary heard the prayerful Aves
fall
So fervently from patient trustful lips,
She felt each throbbing of the breaking
heart;
And read in weeping eyes the mute ap-
peal.
As thus two mothers pleaded for his
soul,
This child of both traversed the lonely
streets,
Despair his mentor, hunger for his
guide,
For days and weeks that seemed like
lead
years,
He fought the Demon as he prayed for
Light,
But nought availed it. Heaven then
was
deaf!
Well, he remembered. And the Demon
mocked
His famished soul with visions of the
wealth
That flashed from mansions where the
idle
lived
Did batten on the blood of such as he.
The cunning Serpent whispered in his
ear,
"The good God never meant the poor
should
starve
Whilst rich men's dogs were pampered
with
the food
They vainly coveted. But bide your
time,
And when the chance is yours, why,
help
yourself,
A thief, Well, even so, how better
they
Who steal the wages of the toiling mass,
And
wanton in the wake of broken
hearts?"
And thus by specious arguments con-
vinced,
This autumn eve he tramped the lonely
streets,
A thief in thought and in his grip
sol-
ive.
But hark! What face is this doth guide
his
feet
Towards yon red light that through the
open
door
Streams out upon the murky leaden
night?
Some surprised priest is chanting
Mary's
praise,
And on his ears there falls the old
refrain
Of "Holy Mary's" heard in Irish home,
Where
youthful hearts knew naught but
Love
and Faith.
Oh, blessed vision of his childhood days!
How
again Our Lady's humble shrine,
His
father's patient face—his mother's
smile
The dear departed kneeling round
his
bed,
And he was there—he heard his own
young
voice
Cry "Holy Mary," and the Virgin
smiled,
Or seemed to, as the prayerful Aves rose
from
hearts that trusted and from souls
that
loved.
Aye, that was long ago, but Mary still
Was
Queen of Angels and of Irish
homes,
But he no more could speak her holy
name,
The hands that reached to take
another's
gold
How dare they fondle Mary's blessed
deeds?
Already God had cursed his shameful
sin.
An exile now from more than Erin's
shores,
An exile, too, from Mary's splendid love,
Ah,
Blessed Lord, forbid! A thousand
times
More welcome waiting death for her he
loved.
Than that throughout the endless chain
of
years
No "Holy Mary's" might be his to
chant.
Before the pure-white Throne of
Heaven's
Queen.
That she who wept and prayed for him
to
night
Would have it even so, he knew full
well.
"Ah, Holy Mary, save my erring soul,"
He
prayed and knelt before her, bowed
his
head.

ORANGE CONSCIENCES

PROPER FORM OF "EXAMINATION" HEREWITH SUGGESTED
Rev. Ambrose Coleman, O. P., in the Irish News
It is not often that Dr. Crozier, the Protestant Primate, makes any pronouncement of a spiritual tendency. He seems more at home giving discourses of a neutral character to Free-masons, welcoming all of them to church gatherings, whether Christians or not, on the basis of common belief in the Grand Architect of the Universe and the immortality of the soul.
Now, however, in his quasi-pastoral, he has come out in the role of a Christian prelate, and has recommended to all the members of his flock the truly religious exercises of "humiliation and confession of sin." Religion thus seems to have taken the place hitherto usurped by politics, and devotions that of stormy political gatherings and processions. But it can hardly deceive anyone that the change is only on the surface. This "humiliation and confession of sin" is but a part of the solemn farce to be enacted on the 28th inst.
And a very difficult part it will prove to most of the rank and file of the Orangemen. If the Primate had recommended "drilling" and "rifle practice" to his Orange and Unionist following, it would have been more in their line; but "humiliation and confession of sin" is not within the ken of these stalwart sons of the North. He might just as well have told them to make thousands of aeroplanes for the occasion and fly around Ireland. For in all the sermons they have listened to, on those rare occasions on which most of them were even to be seen in church, everything they heard went to confirm their hereditary pride in themselves and their ancestors, their supposed virtues were extolled to the skies, and their vices hidden from them under a thick veil of silence. It has been constantly preached to them by their spiritual guides that pride of place and power was to be seen in church, and humiliation was for their enemies. So it will be an almost insuperable task for Orangemen, trained in such a school of pride, to search their hearts and humiliate themselves before God, confessing their sins. However, as good may come out of it, and many of the Orangemen may attempt the task of changing their very nature, I take the liberty of laying out for their information
A FEW OF THE MORE DEADLY SINS THAT MAKE MAN HATEFUL TO GOD
Confession of sin, even before God alone, is not likely to be very sincere unless preceded by an examination of conscience. The enumeration, of course, is by no means a complete catalogue of sins. But it will at least have the merit of making the Orangemen who come across it turn their eyes on themselves and make themselves aware of all their glaring deformities as they see them. And if it should chance to catch the eye of the Protestant Primate or any of his subordinates, they would confer a lasting blessing on the members of their flock by reprinting it and widely distributing it among them. It would do them more good than ten thousand sermons of the kind they have been accustomed to hear.
EXAMINATION OF CONSCIENCE
To Enable Orangemen to Humiliate Themselves Before God and Confess Their Sins
1. Have I been guilty of pride, that deadly sin which is an inordinate esteem of ourselves and a contempt for others? "I have in arrogance and pride and every wicked way and with a double tongue." (Proverbs viii, 13)
2. Have I been guilty of hypocrisy, a vice that makes pretence of religious motives when some mundane object is in view, for instance, political ascendancy over one's fellow men? "For what is the hope of the hypocrite if through overtrustfulness he take by violence and God deliver not his soul?" (Job xxvii, 8).
3. Have I been guilty of hatred and vindictiveness which are deadly vices, opposed to the virtue of charity and love for the neighbor, without which we cannot hope to reach heaven? "If any man say I love God and hate his brother, he is a liar." (1st St. John iv, 20)
4. Have I shown them their works and their wicked deeds, because they have been violent." (Job xxxvi, 9)
5. Have I been guilty of irreligion, neglecting prayer and other acts of worship to God, staying away from the house of God, or only going there for political purposes, and making religion a political fetish or party cry? Have I also been guilty of irreligion by hating my neighbor, doing violence to him, or blaspheming in his presence, on account of the religion he professed, though I was practising no religion whatever myself?
6. "My house shall be called a house of prayer." (Matt. xxi, 13).
7. "Let all bitterness and anger and indignation and clamour and blasphemy be taken away from you with all malice." (Ephes. iv, 31).
8. (Special for certain Belfast players.)—Have I been guilty of oppression of the poor, a sin crying to Heaven for vengeance? Have I sweated the poor and made them work long hours for wretched wages?
9. "They have violently robbed the fatherless and stripped the poor common people" (Job xxiv, 9).
10. "He hath not forgotten the cry of the poor" (Psalm ix, 13).
11. "Why do you consume My people and grieve the faces of the poor? saith the Lord, the God of Hosts" (Isaiah, iii, 15).
12. "They have been guilty of, or am I prepared to be guilty of, rebellion (without just cause), an act sinful before God, who commands us to obey our lawful superiors?"
Rev. D. A. CASEY.
Rosary Sunday, 1912.

ACTS OF THE HOLY SEE

I. APOSTOLIC LETTER
COMMITTING TO A BISHOP OF RUTHENIAN RITE THE SPIRITUAL CARE OF THE RUTHENIANS IN CANADA
PIUS PP. X.
For perpetual remembrance.
The office of the supreme Apostolate divinely committed to Us demands first of all that We make provision for the good, prosperous, and happy issue of all things calculated to promote the interests of Catholicism and the eternal salvation of the faithful throughout the world. Wherefore, from the Chair of St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, and from a lofty tower, We turn the eyes of our mind on all parts of it, and without delay We endeavour to put into effect whatever seems best adapted for the propagation of the faith and the advantage of religion. Moved by this consideration, now that the faithful of Ruthenian rite Our Venerable Brothers the Archbishops and Bishops of that country, with admirable zeal for the salvation of these, are unable to provide sufficiently and adequately for their spiritual needs on account of the diversity of rite and discipline, and have therefore urgently asked Us to be pleased to provide a suitable remedy for this evil, We, having heard Our Venerable Brothers the Cardinals belonging to the Congregation of Propaganda Fide for affairs of Oriental Rite, and having most diligently weighed all matters connected with this subject, have decided to commit to the Ruthenians in Canada to be committed to a Bishop of Ruthenian Rite. Wherefore, by Our apostolic authority, by these presents, and for ever; We of Our own motion, with certain knowledge and mature deliberation, commit to a Bishop of Ruthenian rite now and for ever the spiritual assistance of the Ruthenian faithful in Canada, the following law to be observed: I. That the Ruthenian Bishop of that country shall have full and complete jurisdiction over all the faithful of Ruthenian rite in said region, in defence only on Our Venerable Brother the Apostolic Delegate. II. That the Ruthenian Bishop establish his ordinary residence in the city of Winnipeg. These things We grant, decree, and prescribe to be and remain good, valid and efficacious, and to have and obtain their full and integral effects, and to serve eternally now and forever for the faithful of Ruthenian rite in Canada; and thus to be duly judged and defined, and every thing that may be wittingly or unwittingly attempted against them, by any one or any authority whatever, be null and void. Notwithstanding our rule and that of the Apostolic Chancery de jure quæsto non tollendo, and other Apostolic Constitutions and Ordinances, even worthy of special and individual mention and derogation, and all other things whatsoever to the contrary.
Given at Rome at St. Peter's under the Ring of the Fisherman, July 15th 1912, in the ninth year of Our Pontificate.
R. MERRY DEL VAL,
Secretary of State.
II. PONTIFICAL LETTER TO FATHER VICENTINI, GENERAL OF THE MISSIONARIES OF ST. CHARLES FOR ITALIAN EMIGRANTS
Beloved Son, Health and the Apostolic Blessing.
We assured that We approve with all Our heart the affectionate care with which you and the brethren entrusted to your care have resolved to celebrate the memory of John Baptist Bishop of Piacenza, who twenty-five years ago gave life and increase to your institute. Very gladly do We avail Ourselves of the occasion offered to Us to recall the great services rendered to the Church and to the Fatherland by that most beloved man who devoted himself to the zeal to the task of providing—the help and comfort of religion to his fellow-countrymen who emigrate to the distant regions of America, and We also seize the opportunity to honor, by the manifestation of Our affection, those apostolic men whom the same readiness with which you carry out your mission in the name of Christ among the scattered children of Italy. The harvest is abundant indeed now that every day sees an increase in the number of those whom necessity drives away to foreign lands and in the dangers to them arising from the difficulties of their new surroundings and from the assaults of the wicked. Let your priests, therefore, consider the many great occasions for merit open to those who wish to profit by them, and how great is the mission entrusted to them by God.
As for Us, it would be hard to find a subject which more occupies Our thoughts and cares. Hence, now as We have done always when the occasion offered. We recommend with all Our might to you and yours the cause of the Italian emigrants. Do you, meanwhile, continue to carry on your work of Christian charity for the welfare of your own people, continue to provide education for their prosperity and salvation by counsel, by action, by the works of ministry; and be fully persuaded that you could not do anything more in harmony with Our desires and your own loving

LOYOLA

By Shane Leslie, in London Tablet
At the gates of Spain betwixt the Pyrenees and the Bay of Biscay, lies the country of the Basques. Strange, mysterious race, sprung from unrecorded parentage and speaking an unknown tongue—the founding of philology, that scientists have been unable to relate to any European language. At some prehistoric time the Spanish, determined race came to occupy the rock garden of Spain, the little province of lofty mountains and steep ascents, laden with the richness of vineyard and forest, that they have held ever since. No stronger race has been able to dispossess them, neither Goth nor Moor, French nor Spaniard. They care not for the world's future progress as of the Mongolian ancestry that philologists claim for them in the past. A race of natural aristocrats, yet industrious, sober, and patient, they have made their stony land as fertile as an Eden. Content to work their farms with the most primitive of outfit and to fish from boats that would have been out of date at the Deluge, they give an impression of naive satisfaction with Heaven and earth. They seem to have secured the aim of all our rural reform and back-to-the-land agitators. What is the secret of the vigour and energy with which they pursue a frugal agriculture? How have they banished the loneliness and despair that cling to an English countryside? What have they that the Constitution giveth not to Hodge? Is it the Faith?
One secret and one philosophy is theirs, which permeates their life. There they live content with their arduous heritage by sea or land. If their faith has not moved mountains, it has at least made them blossom like the rose. They are a nation of born mystics, dreaming upon the past that is hidden, brooding upon the light that is revealed, remain the content that their race should remain the missionary and France their troubadour. While they can prevent their isolation, they are content to mingle not in the matters of this world. Once only did a Basque go out against the East. But he made history, aye, and reversed it, and upset the balance of Europe and the new world and the Far East into the bargain. Ignatius was a Basque.
When Ignatius sped from Loyola in search of his "grande armée," it was to carry the fierce mystic spirit of his race incarnate into the whirlpool of Europe. All the legions of that sulien dreaming people followed upon him. All their dead generations went out with him to war. They gave him the accumulated prayer and strength of ages. What if Spain rejected him? He had strange hereditary powers to draw from in the day of battle. Upon the Basque virtues of heroic endurance and ardent spirituality the foundation of the unwearied Company was laid.
There is a long winding road for the pilgrim to cover from San Sebastian into the valleys and mountain clefts that bury Loyola. Valley after valley breaks out like a green flood between the steep ascents. The gritty roads are hewn of rock. Green-clad precipices slant every way. In the distance are the mist-capped barriers. Beyond them lie the powers of this world.
At last the pilgrim comes upon a level stretch laid between the hills. At the seaward end are the narrow roof-topped streets of Azpeitia, cut through only by the tower of the church where a certain Diego was once baptized. At the other rises a graceful dome. Here rises the cupola at a distance, resting upon two wings of masonry, is like a miniature Saint Peter's. It seems to typify a church within a church, an imperium in imperio. Here rest foundations that share with St. Peter's an immortal vivacity against the gates of hell. The pilgrim's heart beats high as he ascends the steps at *limina Ignatii*. Here rises the grim statue of the saint, and embedded in the left wing is the grimmer abode where he was born—the Santa Casa—the holy house which lent aid to the Holy House of God. Over the heavy medieval archway are graven the family arms—two wolves rampant, whence the Jesuit wolf so dear to English authors. An inscription records the birth of the saint and the visit of St. Mary and St. Peter to the precinct. Immediately within the tiny courtyard is the noblest statue of Ignatius in the world, clad in stereotyped surplice, but clad in full armor, with the white marble face peering through the helm. Churches of Five Continents please copy. Here he was carried out to be baptized. Here he set out on his career of love and chivalry. Here the French soldiers carried him back shattered from Pampelona. Here he left to return no more, alive or dead.
His relics are not here, belonging to Rome. In default the whole castle has been shrined like some gigantic relic. Every room is a jeweled chapel. The attic in which he was born and Francis Borgia said his first Mass is wainscoted in silver. The vestments used in that famous Mass, which divided the Renaissance from the Counter-reformation, are kept in a glass case. A side table opens to disclose the ascetic death-mask of the redeemer of the Borgia name—one of those grim peepshows the Spaniard loves.
It is idle to wonder how much of this and the next world's history was changed in that fortress-keep. The spiritual exercises there engendered for a the supreme contribution of the Basque to

CHRISTENDOM

Like that of Gallilee, it proved not a wand of peace, but a sword. Content with that one hero to dream prophet, the Basques returned to dream and tillage, to wars with France and Spain. They have remained much the same as in the Middle Ages.
As we passed through Azpeitia the air sign of activity was a game of cards which Ignatius banished the cards and gambling of the men's fathers ere he left Loyola? They would not change themselves, so they let him try his hand against the world. But they have never forgotten him, and they have made his hymn their war song and his name the national name. On their feast days they still dance their national dance, and the pious pilgrim will endeavour to copy those graceful movements, the identical which Ignatius used to drive away the morbid melancholy of Ortiz. The dance of the Basque and St. Vitus stone of this world's dancing can be associated with the canonized.
But we have done the Basque an injustice in allowing but one hero to be the nation of heroes. Not far from Loyola is the fishing village of Guetaria, once famous among the sailors of the world. On the threshold of the broken-down church may be read the crumbling tombstone of Elecano, who in 1522 passed round the world in his galleon—a feat that Ignatius must have known and helped to celebrate. Perhaps he met the great captain, and learnt from him how large and round a world awaited conquest. Little did he imagine that a stranger tiller awaited his master-hand.
The world has forgotten the name of Elecano, and only little fishing boats lift their masts to-day whence he lifted anchor on his marvellous journey. His statue looks out to sea, and the church guards his proud coat-of-arms—a globe spiked upon a helmet, with the motto, *Te primus circumdeditis me*. In his hour of triumph little he shrined another captain than he, who was shrined in Rome with a globe of his is larger over his head? Perhaps already he has chivalrously surrendered his motto to the company whose company were to be the first to steer the barque of Peter round the world, even from Japan to Paraguay, and extort from nations more unknown and more remote than the Basque the cry of—*Tome* that has encompassed me!

LET THE GUARDIAN PROCEED

Let the Guardians of Liberty hold public meetings. They more vigorously they campaign upon such lines the more certain is the quick ending of their false, overstatement and appeal to religious intolerance before the plain sense and inevitable ridicule of the great American people. The citizens of this land who have seen the Catholic soldiers fight in war against a Catholic foreign power; who see the highest judicial office in the land administered by a Catholic, appointed by a Protestant; who know that Catholic governors, such as John Burke of North Dakota and honorable executives, the choice of their states by the elective franchise; who see the administration of justice, and the protection of the rights of non-Catholics as well as Catholics sustained by Catholic judges, enforced by Catholic magistrates and officials; who witness the demonstrations of religious feeling and observe the constant and unrelenting against divorce and the maintenance of a home; who see in a thousand forms the beneficent influence of Catholicism as force for order and decency in American life—such citizens, and they are the overwhelming majority of the land—will watch with an amused contempt and an indifference fatal to anti-Catholic prejudice, the pitiful malice of the Guardians of Liberty.—New York News.
Pastor Russell
Sometimes one asks us: Why do you not take up Pastor Russell's sermons? The answer is obvious. One cannot notice every foolish attack on religion. Even the champion holding the field against all comers is not obliged to accept the challenge of one who comes around with a dagger of lath, a pasteboard helmet, and a shield of painted cotton armor. Why should we do with regard to a man who says from the pulpit that the bishops are not successors of the Apostles because they are not inspired, and consequently what things they bind on earth are not bound in heaven; that Catholics perform a common, or low, Mass for general sins in special sins; that the Catholic Church requires its members to attend Mass at least once a year, and inflicts frightful penalties on the disobedient; that the Catholic doctrine of the Mass implies that Christ needs to die more than once etc? The man who prints it to this sense and the editors that print it need not argue, but the birch rod, and if this cannot cure their folly, the madhouse.
Yet Pastor Russell made all these statements in a single "sermon" he reported as having been preached by him in the London Tabernacle.—America.

CATHOLIC NOTES

The "Madonna of St. Anthony of Padua," costing \$500,000 has been placed on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum of Arts, New York, by Mr. J. P. Morgan.
Georgetown University, one of the oldest in the United States, has opened its doors for the beginning of the one hundred and twenty-fifth year of its career, and admitted the largest freshman classes in its history.
News from Rome to the daily papers is almost invariably unreliable. A recent despatch stated that Cardinal Fisher had left \$238,000 to the Pope. His will has just been published which shows that he was only in possession of a trifling sum of money which he has left to his sister.
Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J., noted Jesuit and member of a distinguished Irish Catholic family, died in the city of Dublin, Ireland, on September 13th, aged eighty years. Father Russell was a brother of the late Sir Charles Russell, Baron of Killowen, famous lawyer and former Lord Chief Justice of England.
According to the Apostolic Mission House at Washington, Mobile had last year 738 converts, Louisville 302, Covington 191, Columbus 273, Omaha 402, Nashville 150, Baltimore 861, Grand Rapids 378, Alton 322, Indianapolis 445, Peoria 325, Fort Wayne 316 and Kansas City 203.
Cardinal Gibbons told 550 men at the City Club in St. Louis, recently, that if a historian ever had cause to write the "Decline and Fall of the American Republic" it would not be due to an invading army, but to the criminal sloth and negligence and the political apathy of our own citizens.
The Brantford Courier says that Dean Brady is the latest fortunate Brantford to strike gas. For some weeks boring operations have been going on at the corner of Palace and Pearl streets, and, on Sept. 18th, at a depth of 700 feet a splendid flow of gas was tapped. The output will be sufficient to provide for all the gas wants of St. Basil's church and the numerous Catholic institutions that occupy nearly the whole block.
Major Fitz Hourigan, an Irish Catholic, connected with the North West Mounted Police for a number of years and at one time administrator of the Yukon, has been transferred to Regina. This is a deserved promotion and the Militia Department is to be commended for making a change which will give this splendid officer a higher place in the service.
The parochial schools of the Archdiocese of Boston opened the past week and are now in full operation with an attendance of several thousand more than last year. While it is yet too early to give the exact figures and some of the interesting statistics it can be said that there are more than sixty thousand pupils enrolled.
A new and beautiful church has been solemnly opened and blessed by His Lordship Rev. E. O. Matthieu at Loran, Sask. Rev. Theo. Joerissen, O. M. I., is parish priest of this important charge. The erection of this church means much for the scattered population of the district. The zealous Bishop and his assistants are engaged in tireless labors to provide for the spiritual welfare of the newcomers.
The Very Rev. Richard S. Cartwright, C. S. P., for some time the Superior of St. Thomas' College and Paulist Novitiate in Washington, D. C., has been promoted to be assistant to the Superior-General of the Paulist community in this country. He has already taken up his residence in New York City with the Superior-General at the motherhouse of the society.
At a recent meeting of the committee on saloon licenses at Minneapolis, the complaint of the Little Sisters of the Poor regarding the saloon near their home was presented to that body by Rev. P. Kenny. So convincingly was their case stated that the committee decided the proprietor of the saloon must remove from his present location within ninety days and find more remote premises to play his vocation.
A novel feature was introduced during the second retreat for laymen at St. Mary's college, Kansas. It occurred that the evening lectures on the population of the world were given under the lawn in front of Loyola Hall. It was immediately evident that the place was more suitable than the assembly hall. The cool evening breeze, the encircling grass, all seemed to remove the mind from the world of man and lift it to God.
An Anglican lay reader, Mr. L. H. Peyton, who recently joined the Catholic Church in England, tells a most interesting story of his conversion. "Whatever event or consideration may have been the final determining factor in a conversion," he writes, "the conversion, why did you become a Catholic? must be this: 'I became a Catholic because God gave me the great gift of Faith, which enables me not only to know but also to believe all that He has revealed.'"
From Washington we have news that Secretary Fisher's action last January in revoking the order of Former Indian Commissioner Valentine, barring religious garb or insignia from Government Indian schools, was upheld by President Taft in an order made public to-day. The decision of the president is that teachers now employed in Indian schools may continue to wear the garb of their religious orders; but the privilege is denied to any persons hereafter entering the service. This ruling will enable the president, says to the obligations, who were taken into Government service when religious schools were taken over bodily, as Government institutions.

CHRISTOPHER

By E. M. Dennis in the Catholic World
'It's a queer thing that influenza takes all man's strength from him in a moment and leaves the most extraordinary after-effects.'
The speaker who offered this trite diagnosis of the familiar malady, which had depleted the party assembled on the veranda after dinner at the Grange, was a grave gentleman with a slightly pompous manner. His remark, received respectfully enough by the company in general, provoked an enigmatic smile from Father Christopher Hulbert, whose large and gloriously muscular form filled one of the basket chairs.
The smile was observed and misinterpreted.

'Have you ever had influenza?' the speaker inquired, rather sharply, of the Reverend Father, who had that appearance of rude health which constitutes an irritant to the nervous system of a certain type of onlooker.
'I had it some years ago,' the big man answered, 'and they told me it was that. It certainly left the most peculiar after-effects.'
'What were they?'
'It was the local doctor who interpolated the question—a quiet, shrewd-faced young man, who narrowed his gaze on the other as he spoke.
'Well,' Father Hulbert said, 'for one thing, it found me a Protestant and left me a Papist.' His eyes twinkled as he said this, yet it was a clear, steady gaze that met the doctor's scrutiny.

'I shall never forget that journey! My rider still expressed concern for me at intervals, but it no longer ruffled my pride. The feeling of chagrin that had first experienced had vanished. I declined the priest's suggestion that I should sit down and take a rest with one of the meektons. 'You big men are not so strong as you look,' he remarked in kindly tones, and still I felt no resentment. I seemed to have accepted the fact that the task of carrying this wizen little scrap of a man was one likely to prove beyond my strength, but no sense of mortification or ignominy accompanied the discovery. The world, as I say, had become fantastic; the cottage the goal of a gigantic quest; the intervening fields a life's pilgrimage, and the accomplishing of that amazing journey an achievement compared with which nothing else mattered. Everything assumed an extraordinary importance, and that I must hang on to the lantern whatever happened, although I had scarcely strength left even for that extra burden.' The narrator paused and looked at the doctor. 'You recognize the symptoms?' he said.

'Undoubtedly,' was the reply, 'the mental weakness attendant on the physical breakdown.'
'The queer thing was,' said the other, 'that I had no idea that I was ill at the time. There was no sense of depression. On the contrary, I could have sung for joy as I struggled on had I had the breath in my body, and this sense of agonizing physical experience. It became a question whether I should be able to cover that quarter-mile. I can't describe the weariness; but of course, you have heard your patients speak of the 'tired' symptom?' The priest was looking sideways at the medical man. 'Well, at least, I don't nearly double, but with perspiration, my knees trembling and the very tears standing in my eyes, I reached the door of Macgill's cottage. There was a light in the window. I rapped on the door, and then I said, 'I will kneel down. You'll be able to get off better that way.' The fact was I had fairly come to the end of my tether—giving this little shriveled priest for a quarter of a mile! I sunk on my knees in a sheer state of exhaustion. As I did so the door opened and a young fellow stood within. He glanced at the priest, now dismounted and leaning up against the threshold, and at me, and then he said, 'You're the doctor, are you?' 'Am I in time?' the priest asked. 'Yes, Father,' was the reply; 'he's conscious, but he's going fast.' 'God be praised!' the little man exclaimed fervently. Then turning to me, he said: 'I can never thank you, sir, for the service that you have done to a fellow-being for it, and taking his hand from his bosom he made the sign of the cross over me as I knelt there, still too exhausted to get back on to my feet.

'I will tell them know at the priory,' I said to the lad, as he prepared to lead the crippled man to the sickroom. There was a sigh in the priest's eyes, and I said until I felt more or less revived. Then I set out for the priory. I reached it feeling somewhat recovered and beginning to ask myself seriously what it all meant. You see, I had no experience of illness, sudden or otherwise. I was feeling now merely as I had often felt after an abnormal physical exertion, and back to my feet, and my knees still had a tendency to knock together; otherwise I was perfectly fit. I saw a huge block of stone lying in the road. I stopped and lifted it without the slightest difficulty. My muscular power appeared to be normal.

The priest glanced at the doctor, but he had no comment.
'It was the priest himself who answered my bell at the priory—a little, bright-eyed Irishman. I told him what had happened. He was overwhelmed with gratitude. His first anxiety was to learn whether we had been in time, and I told him yes, just in time, and the next concern was to see whether I had found it a terribly difficult business conveying Father Paul to the cottage. He blinked up at me with real apprehension. 'I managed somehow,' I answered. 'It was not a great distance, and I took my time.'
The Father was reading the name on my card, which had presented in my arrival. 'Ah!' he exclaimed, 'Christopher! Surely, but that's all right, for Father Paul had the Blessed Sacrament with him, and ye've been carrying Christ Himself, as St. Christopher did!' Then I began to feel dizzy again. It was rather a big discovery. That, of course, explained a certain restraint in the priest's manner, and the lighted lantern, and the hand that remained in the breast of the habit—my rider had held on with one hand only, and kept the other inside his bosom; I had felt his knuckles digging into my back, and the pain had been excruciating. I could not explain why I had felt as though I were carrying not one puny, diminutive human being, but the whole world itself!

'But you are feeling ill?' the priest exclaimed. And then I did a thing that I have never done before or since—a very common feature of influenza, though—fainted. A doctor was sent for, and they put me to bed and pronounced it influenza. I was laid up for about forty-eight hours, and I was a trifle light-headed, they tell me, and at the end of that time I was as well as ever.'
'And the after-effects?' the medical man inquired.
'The after-effects?' The priest spoke slowly and carefully. 'The after-effects didn't appear for some two or three years. It was after I was ordained that I told you that I became a Catholic after influenza; that had a sort of recurrence of that curious seizure. I have had it altogether on four occasions, so I suppose the complaint left me susceptible. Each time it has come when I was

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

and when one knows that many of these men are enormously rich and ostentatiously religious, it stirs an angry indignation in the soul. I give a few typical cases, which have been most carefully investigated by an expert in this particular dodge of the capitalist to grind the faces of the poor—an expert in the tragedy of the home-worker.
One firm gives out to its home-workers linen tablecloths stamped with a blue design for these wretched women to embroider. The cloth is about forty-five inches square; the design is floral and heavy and fine. The embroiderer has to take three days, working eight hours a day. The remuneration is \$2 for a dozen cloths; in other words, sixteen cents a cloth—less than six cents a day. Divide the six cents by eight and you get the rate of pay per hour.
Another firm gives out an immense amount of work called "top-sewing"—that is, tucking in the tiny ragged corners of fine cambric handkerchiefs and stitching them neatly down. It is work that puts enormous strain upon the eyes, and demands the very nicest care with the needle. The cleverest workers can top sew two dozen handkerchiefs in an hour. In one hour the woman earns two cents. A day's incessant work of eight hours brings sixteen cents into her purse.
An army of women go to the warehouses for bundles of print shirts. They take these bundles into their shabby homes, and stitch them with a machine, buying their own thread. They are paid thirty-seven cents a dozen shirts. It occupies two days to stitch a dozen. The rate of pay is eighteen cents a day. They carry the shirts back and are responsible for the running of their machines. One woman with six children, whose case has been carefully investigated, supports herself in this manner.
Here are a few instances, briefly given, of other wages in this great sweating industry of Belfast: Ladies' blouses, thirty-three cents a dozen; one hour to make a blouse; cost of thread eighteen cents a dozen; Chemises, one dozen; cost of thread, three cents a dozen; Men's heavy cotton shirts, double sewing thirty-three cents per dozen, less five cents for thread; thirteen hours for one dozen; rate of pay, two cents an hour. Thread-clipping parol covers, removing machine stitches from machine embroidery and the paper used for stiffening the back of patterns; nine hours for one dozen; rate of pay less than one cent an hour.

A DISGRACE TO HUMANITY

AN ANGLICAN WRITER ON THE PHARISAICAL PROTESTANTS OF "PROSPEROUS" BELFAST

Harold Begbie, who is the son of an Anglican clergyman and a well known English author and journalist and who has too much at stake to exaggerate the appalling conditions of Belfast, writes a special correspondence for the London "Loyal City" of Belfast, and his description of the degraded and wretched condition of the people under Orange rule makes terrible reading. He scathingly exposes the principal delusions that exist about the headquarters of fanaticism—one that is in the religion of the Belfast Protestants. In fact, he declares that a man would have to travel far before he could find a city where the fundamental principles of religion are more ignored and where the labor of the poorest people is more inadequately rewarded. But we will let Mr. Begbie tell his story himself:
There are men in Belfast who are very rich. They are skilled workmen in the shipyards and factories who earn high wages; but the vast multitude of the city is horribly, wickedly, and disastrously poor. Because Belfast is doing what men call "a roaring trade," it is supposed that the entire population is prosperous and contented, because a few isolated cases of high wages are trumpeted here and there, it is supposed that only a few are poor, only a remnant is sweated. But multitudes of men and women in Belfast are dreadfully poor, and numbers of women and girls are outrageously sweated. Before this article concluded I think the reader will perceive that the religion of the Belfast Protestants is a religion that is a disgrace to civilization, to wit, that the prosperity of a town may co-exist with the misery of its inhabitants.

EVEN SCHOOL CHILDREN ARE EMPLOYED IN FLOURISHING MILLS

Among the great host of ordinary workers in the linen mills, wages may be said to range from \$3 to \$4 a week for men; \$2.50 a week for women. This is a fair average. Many men are employed on night work in these linen mills, and in such cases, if rendered difficult, Home life, of course, is disorganized; and the price is \$3.33. Among the young people in the mills, boys earn from \$2.25 to \$2.50; and girls from \$1.50 to \$1.75. When there is an agitation for higher, for juster wages, the almost invariable remedy is to put the workers on half-time. Nothing so frightful and degrading as the condition of half-wages—\$1.50 or \$2 for men, \$1.25 for women, and seventy-five cents or eighty-seven cents for girls. School children employed as half-timers in these flourishing mills earn sixty-eight cents or seventy-five cents a week.
Now, it is not possible for a man earning \$3 to \$4 a week in Belfast to support a family in decency and make provisions for times of unemployment. Therefore, in most cases, the children are pushed early into these unhealthy mills, with their heated air and damp floors, and even the wife contributes to the family income by working at home. Life is not very agreeable in these working class quarters. After a long and wearisome day's work the man is inclined to take his ease in one public house (saloon), and the wife in another. Drink is expensive. And therefore, even in cases where man wife, and three or four children are all earning money, it is possible to find degrading poverty.

ASTOUNDS THE CONSCIENCE OF MANKIND

But what of the home-workers? There is an inquiry now proceeding in Belfast as to this subject, an inquiry which I fear is secret. But in spite of that secrecy I hope a report may be issued, with all the evidence presented before the committee. It should astound the conscience of mankind. This sweating of the home worker in Belfast is so scandalous that it staggers the mind to imagine how civilized men can reap the profits of it,

and when one knows that many of these men are enormously rich and ostentatiously religious, it stirs an angry indignation in the soul. I give a few typical cases, which have been most carefully investigated by an expert in this particular dodge of the capitalist to grind the faces of the poor—an expert in the tragedy of the home-worker.
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Belfast is built upon "slab," the foundations of the whole city are merely piles of timber driven into the marshy sludge of sweated humanity; and I believe that one day all this boasted "prosperity" will subside in ruin. How much slab there may be in the religion of Belfast I do not pretend to determine; but I am very sure that this religion is not founded upon the rock.
Some of the houses in Belfast are like the ancient cabins which once disgraced rural Ireland, and are now only to be seen occasionally. But here in these courts and alleys of Belfast they are joined together; they are grimy with the dirt of a manufacturing city, and they smell with the sordid bitterness of beggary and want. I was so stifled in some of these dens that I could scarcely breathe. The damp, the foul smells, the ragged beds, the dirty clothes of the poor wretches, huddled together in these dark interiors, assailed me with a sense of such substantial loathing that I felt physically sick. The faces of the children literally hurt my eyes.
Even where the houses are of more modern design the wretchedness of the interiors cannot be exaggerated. We visited a house where the one water supply was a tap in the wall of the kitchen, which was the only living room. The tap dripped on the floor. One of the ragged and dishevelled women, nodding her head to the tap, said to my friend, "See that's our water supply." In these streets you see dirty fellows picking chaff as it falls from the nosegab of a cart's horse, costermonger's borrows laden with bulging sacks stand against the kerb, boys kicked about the road a sordid and punctured football or a wad of paper, sallowly worn, whose faces and whose hair looks as if it had never been combed, stand scowling in the doorways. A reek of human milder comes from the houses. Melancholy cats crawl in the gutters.

IT ADVERTISED THE SUPERIORITY OF DEATH

The only thing which gave a sense of real vigor was a splendid black and silver horse, the handsome black horse, with their silver harness, trotting smartly and eagerly as though they were in a race. The women in the doors. That empty horse dashed through the torpor of the street with a sense of sunlight and joy. It advertised the superiority of Death.
York Street is typical. It is composed of chapels, factories, shops, pawnshops, public houses and small hotels. Till eleven o'clock at night you may see ragged and unwashed children of six to seven years of age going with their pennies to buy supper in sweet shops. I have seen swarms of tiny girls, barefoot in the rain carrying a baby wrapped in their shawls at ten o'clock of a wet and bitter night. I have seen a dozen tiny children wandering forlorn and miserable in one street of the city between one and two o'clock in the morning. Drunken men, half-drunken men, and melancholy sober men; little stunted white-faced women, and fat, bloated, coarse-featured and red-faced women, pulling their shawls over their heads, come from the pavement in a pageant of shabby gloom.
A POPULATION OF BLOODLESS DWARFS
The faces of these people are terrible. They are either fierce, hard, cruel, and embittered, or they are sad, wretched, hopeless, and despairing. Factory girls, without hats, pass in hordes, sometimes singing, sometimes laughing discordantly, sometimes larking with boys. Among these young people it is hard to see a big, well-built, healthy specimen of humanity. They are wonderfully small, pale and flat-chested. It is a population of bloodless dwarfs.
But York Street is like heaven to hell in comparison with the slums of West Belfast. In only one quarter of London spent a couple of days, and I saw these fellows of the poor, once in company with a man who took me into many of the interiors, and the memory of what I saw will never cease to afflict me with horror.

A SAD SCENE TO CONTEMPLATE

In one house we came upon a little old crop-headed man, like a plucked sparrow, sitting huddled up on a low stool close to the kitchen fire. He never spoke a word, the whole time we were there, and he never showed a sign of intelligence. With wide, staring eyes he looked into the fire, his bony fingers closing and unclosing on a little stump of a stick held in his right hand. He was the hero of the house—an old age pensioner, whose life was exceeding precious to his affectionate relations. His daughter-in-law told us that her husband was out of work, but that her two daughters and the old man by the fire kept things going. The two daughters appeared before we left.
One was fourteen, and dreadfully anaemic; she wore neither boots nor stockings. She told us that she earned about \$1.50 or \$1.75 a week as a spinner. She said it was hard work, and complained that the yarn of late had been very bad. She discussed a recent strike wages, and questions of trade, this child of fourteen. She said that bronchitis was bad. The factories are kept heated, the girls stand barefoot all day on the soaping wet tiles, and they catch cold going home. She coughed as she spoke. She was about as tall as an ordinary girl of ten or eleven; her face was quite yellow; her poor little thin hair was plaited and pinned up on top of her head; she had large, dull, vacant eyes, and seemed lost in her black shawl. I don't think she had ever been really happy.

MERE CHILDREN SUPPORTING A FAMILY

Think what this interior reveals! An old, infirm, decrepit man, sitting in the grave, and little girls who should be playing in the fields supporting a family. I exclaimed to my friend as we left this slum house: "Have seen children of that age in England. They have leather reins and a whip; they play at horse and drive round the garden; they are big, strong, and overflowing with the joy of life. But that little worn-out girl we have just left talked about labor questions, discussed factory conditions, told us the history of a strike!"
I have not told one-half the horror of West Belfast. It covers a large space

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION. Apostolic Delegation. Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir:—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and, above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit. It strenuously defends Catholic principles and authority of the Church, at the same time promoting the best interests of the country. Following these lines it has done a great deal of good for the welfare of religion and country, and it will do more and more, as its wide influence reaches more Catholic homes. I therefore, earnestly recommend it to Catholic families. With my blessing on your work, and best wishes for its continued success. Yours very sincerely in Christ, DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus. Apostolic Delegate. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA. Ottawa, Canada, March 7th, 1909.

Mr. Thomas Coffey. Dear Sir:—For some time past I have read your estimable paper, the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published. Its matter and form are both good, and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful. Blessing you and wishing you success. Believe me to remain, Sir, your faithful friend in Christ. TH. FALCONIO, Arch. of Lussara, Adop. Deleg. LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1912

THE EXCEPTIONAL EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES OF FARMERS' CHILDREN

"A canvas of a large Eastern city showed that ninety-four per cent. of its leading men were brought up on the farm. Of one hundred representative commercial and professional men of Chicago, eighty-five were reared in the country. A census of the students of four colleges and seminaries showed that the rural districts furnished eighty-five per cent. The leaders are quickly succeeded by men from the country. They always have been, they always will be."

The foregoing statement was made several years ago by the distinguished divine and educator, Rev. Dr. Dwight Hillis. So far as the facts are concerned it has never been controverted. Subsequent independent investigations served but to emphasize the moral pointed out by Dr. Hillis. Controversy there was, but only as to the explanation of admitted facts.

That such should be the case may surprise many, and none more than farmers themselves. How often have we heard given as a reason for leaving the farm and going into the city, precisely the desire to afford the children greater facilities and opportunities in the matter of education.

True, with one-roomed ungraded school, often at a considerable distance from their homes, with the consequent irregular attendance due to bad roads and bad weather, with the relatively small amount of personal attention the teacher can give to any pupil or even to any class, it may seem that the country children are at a decided disadvantage.

In the graded urban school each class has the whole time and attention of the teacher. Add to this that both in the matter of salary and work, the conditions are such as generally secure to the town schools the best and most experienced teachers.

Nevertheless the work of the ungraded country school compares favorably with that of the graded urban school. We have in mind an Ontario county where, in proportion to population, a larger number of pupils pass the High School Entrance examination than in a neighboring city; and not only that but the average age of the county entrance candidates is a year and a half under that of the city candidates.

There is, we believe, nothing exceptional in this case. The reason, then, is not in the schools but in the conditions of farm life. And the fact that these conditions, in spite of inferior schools, supply something essential to the effectiveness of education, has been used by advocates of manual training in the schools.

Dr. G. Stanley Hall declared that "the farmer boy had to know about seventy different industries, and must daily meet and overcome the severest tests of industry and skill." Mr. Edward C. Vanderpoole, a New York teacher, advocating manual training, maintains that it is precisely because the country boy learns early that he can and must do something that he is superior to the city boy in resourcefulness and self-reliance. "All this is education and fits him for leadership."

Quite true, education neither begins nor ends with the class-room; but whether it be wise to try to crowd into the school day everything of educational value is a question we shall consider at another time.

Certain it is that the varied work of the farm that falls to the share of the growing farmer's lad, is of immense educational value. It supplies him with the opportunity to secure, (indeed

imposes on him as a necessity,) all the advantages that it is hoped to confer by adding manual training to the school curriculum.

Millions will be spent if the advocates of manual training have their way, and the practical results under the most favorable circumstances will not surpass, and it is safe to say, as general rule, will never equal in educational value the home experience of the farmer's boy during his school life.

Farmers who have had experience with English immigrant boys all note how helpless, how lacking in resourcefulness, how easily defeated before any unusual little emergency are these boys compared with our own boys. This is so even when the immigrant is quite as bright mentally, and has had quite as much schooling, as our own boys. The reason is simply that the Canadian boy had to do things, had to think how to adapt means to ends, has had in short the great advantage of the discipline imposed by the varied farm work that fell to his lot as a matter of course. And this is an important element in education.

MANUAL TRAINING AS A FACTOR IN EDUCATION

There are two instincts strongly marked in the child at the dawn of reason; one is the desire to know things, inquisitiveness, which prompts the ceaseless questioning of childhood, and is the basic natural instinct which impels the child to acquire knowledge; the other is not less general but perhaps is not so universally recognized, namely, the desire to do things. Certainly the second fundamental instinct of childhood has not been generally recognized as equal in importance to the first in the scheme of education. Modern educators in their effort to develop the latter faculty have established kindergartens, then, after an unbridged gap, in some places manual training schools.

One of the greatest of Manual Training Schools is the Catholic Protectory of New York. In this great institution they have extensive shops of all kinds. A printing establishment does work for hundreds of city customers, supplying office stationery, posters, programmes and books. The only man in the room is the foreman who was brought up in this institution. The other workers are from nine to sixteen years of age. In the morning every boy receives his copy and is left to put it into form according to his judgment.

"One day," says a visitor, "I saw a little fellow, not ten years old, take his copy. It was for a poster, three by four feet in dimension. With only the requirements on a slip of paper handed him, as a guide, he chose from the case containing the large wooden letters, the ones he needed. When his form was ready he was obliged to stand upon a box in his work of locking it ready for press. He was so much interested in his task he did not notice me."

Be it remembered that every one of the two thousand boys in the Catholic Protectory is a juvenile delinquent and has been committed to the institution by the courts. Looked upon as incorrigible at home, they here become docile, industrious, orderly and law-abiding. In their old surroundings they had no legitimate outlet for their youthful energy and hence got into mischief. With useful and interesting work the transformation came.

A writer quotes the simple statement of Brother Leonie, director of the Catholic Protectory, as the most convincing argument for effectiveness of manual training as a factor in education:

"I have come to believe," said Brother Leonie, "that there are no bad boys. We have here but a handful of the Brothers, in charge of almost two thousand of the worst specimens New York can send us. I would not ask for better friends than any one can have in these boys, if he really wishes their friendship. They are generally tender-hearted. That they are exceptionally active and intelligent goes without saying. That is, at bottom, the reason why they are here. Most of them came to trouble because they were too eager in their blind scrambling in a strange world that did not know how to treat them."

Here we have within a half-hour's run from New York city two thousand boys committed to this place by the courts because they were young toughs, thieves, etc., or at the request of parents who looked upon them as incorrigible. There are neither guards nor watchers over them; they have access to the fields surrounding the buildings; in winter an adjoining field is flooded and every boy, provided with skates, has his liberty for part of the day. And here with their time judiciously divided between manual labor, which forms an interesting outlet for their energy, class work and recreation, New York's incorrigibles are transformed into boys of upright character, industrious habits, fitting themselves for a life of usefulness.

The moral of all this is not that we should forthwith equip our schools for manual training; far from it; that way faddism lies. We repeat, education neither begins nor ends with the class-room. But there is a moral for our readers, a moral direct, immediate and practical. Give the boys and girls who are going to school work to do at home, good old-fashioned manual work. Some-

times we find parents who on the plea of giving them more time for study, give their children no work to do. It is a woefully mistaken kindness; they deprive their children of an element in education quite as important as anything they learn in the class-room.

THE GROWTH OF CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA

The East and The West, a quarterly review devoted to missionary problems, has an interesting analysis of the recent Indian religious census, that is to say, the regular government census in so far as it concerns religion. "One advantage," says the editor, "which these returns possess when compared with missionary reports, is that it is impossible for anyone to suggest that their accuracy has been affected by a desire on the part of those by whom they were taken to increase or diminish the returns relating to any particular religion."

The census figures of the last four decennial periods show a very substantial, not to say remarkable, growth of Christianity in the Indian Empire:—

Table with 2 columns: Year and Number of Christians. 1881: 1,862,634; 1891: 2,284,380; 1901: 2,923,241; 1911: 3,876,196.

The Europeans and Americans domiciled in India, and their descendants, together with the British troops, number all told about 200,000.

The Eurasians, as those of mixed European and Asiatic origin are called, comprise 101,000 of the Christian population, of whom 57,000 are Catholics. The editor who wrote the article which we are reviewing pays this tribute to Catholic Indian schools: "The large increase of the Eurasians connected with the Roman Church is due to the very efficient Roman Catholic schools which are being established throughout India, both for Eurasians and Europeans."

After deducting the Europeans and Eurasians, we find the total number of Indian Christians is as follows:—

Table with 2 columns: Year and Number of Indian Christians. 1881: 1,500,068; 1891: 2,036,178; 1901: 2,664,313; 1911: 3,574,770.

The rate of increase can best be realized by the fact that the number of Indian Christians, excluding Europeans and Eurasians, in proportion to the entire Indian population, was one in 143 in 1891; one in 111 in 1901; one in 86 in 1911; and this notwithstanding the increase in the total population of India from 287,314,671 in 1891 to 315,132,537 in 1911.

The number of Indian Catholics of the Latin rite in 1911 was 1,393,720, an increase of 271,212 in the ten years. The Syrian Catholics number 413,134, an increase of 90,551 in the last decade. The Eurasian Catholics have increased by 11,327, and those of European origin by 6,156 since the census of 1901. The total number of Catholics in India in 1911 was 1,904,006, an increase of 379,246 in the last ten years.

In view of these facts one can hardly repress a smile on reading the following: "Comparing the rates at which Roman and non-Roman missions have progressed during the last decade, we find that the Roman missions show an increase of 24.8 per cent., whilst the non-Roman Missions, taken as a whole, show an increase of 45 per cent."

Yes, and the Salvation Army which increased its membership from 13 Eurasians in 1901 to 19 in 1911, shows an increase of nearly 50 per cent. The gratifying fact remains that Catholics outnumber all the other Christians of India put together, and despite the prestige of the Anglican Church, the unlimited funds at the disposal of Protestant missions, the humble Catholic missionaries are doing the lion's share of evangelizing the Indian millions who sit in darkness and the shadow of death.

MR. HOPE ON HOME RULE

Last week we gave a summary of the contentions of Mr. James F. Hope, M. P., in his article in the April number of the Dublin Review, with respect to the important question of Home Rule for Ireland. We now propose to deal with some of those contentions. It is only fair, before we criticize the position taken by Mr. Hope, to say that he deals with the whole question in such terms as we should expect from a cultivated English gentleman. He writes with moderation and sincerity, and he is entitled to the respect of those who cannot accept his political ideas.

Mr. Hope argues that the racial differences in Ireland stood in the way of a successful local parliament. Because the people of Ulster, or that part of Ulster which is opposed to Home Rule, differ in race and in religion from the majority argues little either way. The people of the Province of Quebec are similarly divided. They were so divided before Quebec was given local government—the minority is English and Protestant; the majority French and Catholic. Yet these differences did not arrest the course of events, and deprive the Province of Quebec of the right to control its own local affairs. Numerous other instances can be taken from the history of English-speaking communities where the differences of race and

religion are quite as great as in Ireland, and where all parties unite for the public good. If differences of race were to keep communities apart politically, how could England, itself, become the great nation which it is? It is the work of statesmen to bring different elements together and unite them in the work of advancing the public good. The Catholic Irishman is just as anxious to see Ireland advance in prosperity as is his Protestant neighbor, and when he is given his full share in public administration, his common British patriotism will be as unquestioned as that of the most loyal citizen in England.

Just how far Mr. Hope can show that England has been carrying the financial burdens of Ireland, is a matter upon which we cannot speak with expert knowledge. Some years ago, a report was made on the subject by a parliamentary committee, and, as we recollect it, the report showed that Ireland had for a long series of years paid far more than her share of the taxation. The late Hon. Edward Blake, who was exceedingly careful about his statements of fact, and whose accuracy on such questions was rarely questioned, always contended that Ireland was over-taxed. In any case, the argument that England must finance Ireland loses much of its force when it comes from an Englishman. We cannot help going back to the past. To England attaches the blame of oppressing and scourging Ireland; of blowing out the light of learning in that land; of reducing her people to poverty and misery. It is too much for Englishmen now to turn around to the country which England has misgoverned and to taunt her with her poverty and inability to meet heavy financial burdens. If England has through centuries of misrule brought Ireland to that condition, then it is England's duty to repair the condition and to assume in part the burdens which Ireland could herself have borne had justice been meted out to her in the past. Besides, we are not aware that any strong case has been made out against the financial clauses of the Home Rule Bill in the House of Commons. Questions of finances are questions which yield to ready adjustment if honestly examined and honestly grappled with.

Mr. Hope seems to think that because agrarian troubles have been settled and a Catholic university established, the work of amelioration does not require to go much further. Does he forget that these concessions come as a result of years of agitation and toil and sacrifice on the part of the Irish nationalists—years in which they had to submit to attacks similar to those now made by Mr. Bonar Law and his associates? During those years they were assailed as unpatriotic, as unreasonable in their demands, as asking for exceptional treatment, but they persevered in their course, and ultimately won. When a long-delayed instalment of justice is given to a people, the argument frequently is that they should be satisfied with the instalment, and discontinue their demands on the points upon which justice has not been done.

That will not avail to smother the dearly cherished aspirations of a naturally proud and manly people such as the Irish are.

It is a matter of surprise to Mr. Hope that the Irish Nationalist should hark back to the old Irish Parliament, which he truly says was a close Protestant corporation. It had the merit of being some kind of an Irish parliament; it in a way satisfied the national pride; and if it was Protestant, it was not more Protestant than the Parliament in London was at that time. It was not more Protestant, for example, than was the Parliament of Nova Scotia, the anniversary of the establishment of which was celebrated a few weeks ago. That Colonial Parliament excluded Catholics and passed penal laws against them. Yet we think the people of that Province would feel that they were harshly dealt with if they were told that they must have no Parliament at all, and must be governed from Downing Street, because at one time their Parliament was a close corporation which forbade Catholics sitting within its walls, and passed laws proscribing Catholics. Irishmen are too acute not to know that the Irish Parliament, had it continued in existence, would repeal the penal code earlier than the British Parliament had done; that a law permitting Catholics to sit in Parliament would have passed the Irish Parliament long before 1829; and that every progressive measure which marks the development of the mother parliament would be adopted just as readily by a reformed Irish Parliament. It is not the Irish Parliament of the eighteenth century that Irishmen want to-day any more than it is the English Parliament of the same period that would satisfy the Englishmen of our day.

The danger of too much legislation is not one to alarm the advocates of Home Rule. It may be a universal symptom. It is probably a symptom of a general world-wide unrest. If it is an argument against the creation of an Irish Parliament, it is an argument against the continued existence of the

British Parliament. Pursued to its logical conclusion, it would demonstrate, if it demonstrates anything, that all parliaments should be abolished. In much the same way it may be argued that men should stop eating altogether because some men eat too much.

Mr. Hope contends that the present Irish group in Parliament have more influence by reason of their numbers and solidarity than the party could have if the Home Rule Bill became law. If the Bill passes they surely will have more to do with the transaction of their domestic affairs, with respect to the general politics of the country. We do not know that they desire to have any voice disproportionate to their population. They want to have a voice in imperial affairs, no doubt, but they do not want a controlling voice. In the consideration of such questions they want to meet on a common footing with the Englishman, the Scotchman and the Welshman. If the Irishman is really the disloyal, priest-ridden creature that Sir Edward Carson and Bonar Law represent him, the wonder is that the Unionists would have any Irishmen in Parliament.

Last of all is the sentimental ground. Mr. Hope thinks the Irish demand is largely a sentimental one. Assume for the sake of argument that it is. It may be that a stolid race like the English may not appreciate as strongly as the Celt does the undying force of a sentimental feeling. It is sentiment, not cold calculation, that rules the world. It is sentiment that has kept the Irish race together, and has made it a nation-wide force in three continents. It was sentiment—the sentiment that an Englishman everywhere has the natural right to govern himself—that gave birth and force to the American revolution. Reduced to the dollars and cents basis the colonies were not oppressed; but their aspirations for self-government were strong and prevailed over every difficulty.

There is nothing disloyal in desiring local autonomy. The Canadian is as strong on this point as the Irishman. If Ontario were governed by a commission appointed from Downing Street, the Province might be just as well governed as it has ever been under representative local self-government. But would the people of Ontario stand for it? Not for an instant. Just the same feeling the Irish Nationalist has on the right to govern his country.

There is scarcely any reasonable doubt of the loyalty of the Irish people. Remove the sentimental grievance, let the Irishman feel that he is in every respect the equal of his fellow-subjects of other races, sharing privileges and burdens in the same measure, and nowhere under the folds of the flag will the King have more devoted, law-abiding and loyal subjects. In peace as well as in war, Ireland, when ancient wrongs are redressed, will become the strong right arm of the Crown.

ADDED DISCREDIT comes to some of the news agencies every day. The Harmsworth Syndicate in Old London is perhaps the greatest offender in this respect. It resembles the Hearst yellow journalism of New York. We are now told that the Pope has banished a famous scholar of Genoa, Father Semeria, because of his being tainted with modernism. Intelligent people know that the Pope has no power to banish anyone, in Italy or elsewhere. But this scrap of scandal is not intended for intelligent people. If a priest goes wrong he may deprive him of his faculties. That is all. This sort of nonsense may do duty at a Belfast meeting, at which Sir Edward Carson may declare, "See what will happen us if the Home Rule Bill passes."

AN O'NEIL GONE WRONG

Mr. John M. O'Neill is editor of a paper called The Miner's Magazine, published in Denver, Colorado. The only thing we know about him is that he has an Irish name. An Irish Socialist is a rare bird. One of them some time ago appeared as a lecturer in Belfast and even the Orangemen made an effort to throw him in the lough. Mr. John M. O'Neill may be of Irish blood but he has become "Americanized." He has let go his grip on the old anchor of faith which his forbears brought from the land of St. Patrick, and is now keeping step with those who desire, by injustice, to get their share and more of the good things of this life, having worked themselves into the belief that there is no life to come, no accountability in the hereafter.

Mr. John M. O'Neill would lead the innocent miners to believe that Socialism is a Garden of Eden, a thing of beauty and a joy forever. That is the theory of Mr. John M. O'Neill and Marx and the other God-baters who are parading the country in the guise of love for their kind. Brought down to a working proposition their Garden of Eden would be a veritable jungle. They would be in the same position as the dime novel-reading boy who stole money from his father, bought a revolver and had proceeded west to fight the Indians. Socialism worked out in practise would leave its dupes in the same frame

of mind as the little bravo. John M. O'Neill and his fellows are brave in print. There are many like them. They remind us of a military gentleman named Wilson whom Mr. Dooley described during the Spanish American War. At the end of each of his orations Wilson was wont to declare: "We're the men behind the guns," upon which Mr. Dooley remarked to Mr. Hennessy: "Wilson takes mighty good care to be three thousand miles behind the guns." If there is any real fighting to be done it will be found that the John M. O'Neils will be at like distance from the scene of operations. All this notwithstanding the fact that Mr. John M. O'Neill, editor of The Miner's Magazine, makes this Wilson-like declaration in his own regard:

"The editor of The Miner's Magazine has no biases on his knees but is standing on his feet like a man with his face to the foe as one of the soldiers of that great army, whose tread can be heard in every nation on earth, and he yearns to live to see the dawn of that glad morning when the sunburst of an economic freedom shall spread its light in every clime beneath the blue vaulted dome of Heaven."

But has not Mr. John M. O'Neill in this beautiful peroration forgotten himself. Is the Irish in him oozing out? Why should he refer to the blue vaulted dome of Heaven when he does not believe there is such a thing? Mr. John M. O'Neill and his followers want to have a riotous heaven on earth and profess to believe that when they draw their last breath they will go into the earth as the cattle that roam the prairies. Mr. John M. O'Neill's brave outburst above quoted reminds us of another saying of Mr. Dooley's: "Oh Hinnessy! it would have done your heart good if you had heard young Mr. Rockefeller in his Sunday school singing: 'Onward Christian Soldiers Marching for the Stuff.'" Mr. John M. O'Neill, editor and "red," might also be heard singing "Onward Fellow Socialists, Marching for the Capture of Other Peoples' Goods." Thank the Lord we have so few Irishmen like John M. O'Neill.

The John M. O'Neils are a peculiar set in a country governed by the people for the people. If there are abuses and wrongs in the body politic who are to blame? The class in the John M. O'Neill army who are loudest in complaint are the very same individuals who will take a five dollar bill from a ward boss, march to the polls, and vote to place in power the agents of the trusts and combines—the men who are responsible in large part for the unsatisfactory conditions existing between employer and employee.

What a pitiable object is Mr. John M. O'Neill, blabberer of meaningless verbiage, centering after Bob Ingersoll and Tom Payne. We hope his paper does not circulate amongst the many Christian ministers of our Eastern provinces. If so there is work ahead for the morality department.

THE DIGNITARIES of the Church as by law established, at least those of them residing in Ireland, as well as some of the clergymen of the other sects, are very wrath at the prospect of local self-government for that country. As becometh the first named, who are always decorous, their programme is, not to enter the field in war-like armor, but to beseech the Almighty to ward off the danger that is threatening the country. Less than a generation ago the Catholics of Ireland were compelled by law to contribute tithes to the support of these clergymen and their churches. When Gladstone's Disestablishment Bill was introduced in the English House of Commons they then also took to prayer to ward off that danger. Their prayers, however, did not avail; and they will not avail in this case. The favor of the Almighty will never be found on the side of injustice.

INEXCUSABLE IGNORANCE

In Pittsburg, Penn., has been formed a Bible Study Class in the Cathedral school hall. Its purpose is to afford an opportunity to make a thorough study and investigation of Holy Scripture, to ask questions and to propose difficulties either orally or in writing, touching upon the Bible. One of the most curious conditions of our time is to be found in the fact that most of our separated brethren persist in stating that Catholics, not being allowed to read the Bible, it becomes the duty of Protestants to send the King James' version amongst them. Meet one of your Protestant neighbors on the street and tell him that Catholics have Bibles in their homes and that they are admonished even by the Pope himself to make study of them, he will smile and shake his head, and while too much of a gentleman to contradict you, will leave you with the impression that he believes you are not telling the truth. Furthermore, the non-Catholic will have thought that "Romanists," as the preacher calls them, are permitted by their Church, in dealing with those outside its pale, to make false declarations. If some Catholics do not make close study of the Scriptures it is not because they are not admonished so to do by the Church. There is another point, however, of

which our Protestant friends are in ignorance, that the prayer-book which a Catholic takes to church on Sunday contains, particularly in that portion devoted to the Mass, those passages in Scripture which it were most desirable to bear in mind, and that also in most prayer-books may be found the epistles and gospels for every Sunday in the year. The amazing ignorance of Catholic practices on the part of our neighbors, separated from the Old Church, is simply inexplicable. Their spiritual guides are, we think, mostly to blame. They should, if they do not, make study of the Catholic Church and its practices. To many of them such a thing would be unthinkable. They curse the old prejudices and misrepresentations. They are like old friends from whom they do not wish to part. They become dearer with the years and form their stock in trade for many a sermon on "Popery," ever dear to the occupants of their pews.

ON THE 22ND of last month Rev. J. M. Mollrath of Belfast, Ireland, preached in the Dale Church, Toronto, on Home Rule. We are told by the Globe that his remarks at times drew applause and at other times evoked the audible disapproval of the audience of Orangemen. Dale Church people would have us understand that it is a Christian place of worship. Considering the behavior of the congregation is it worthy the name? The occasion was the annual church parade of the Clarke Wallace Loyal Orange Lodge. Yes, it was the annual church parade. How often does the average Orangeman attend a place of worship during the remainder of the year? Nor would he go on the day of the church parade were it not that he expects to hear something very uncomplimentary to the Pope. Truly the Orangeman is a queer body—the very embodiment of inconsistency. We will not discuss Mr. Mollrath's sermon. It was a presentation of the old stereotyped argument about the Pope ruling Ireland if self-government be granted the country.

UNFAIR CRITICISM

At a meeting of the Manufacturers' Association in Ottawa, Mr. Curry, the President, in his annual address, said some things to which we must take exception. He speaks of American delegates of International unions coming into Canada to look after the bodies under their jurisdiction. He would have these persons kept out of the country. It may be that in a few cases imprudent officials of the International unions have come to Canada, and, forgetting their duties, promoted irritation instead of peace. It is strange that Mr. Curry should have closed his eyes to the fact that in many cases American delegates coming to us on invitation to settle disputes have brought about harmony between employer and employee. They do not as a rule come on war-like mission but to better the condition of their fellows. Not long since an International union delegate came to Toronto and settled a dispute between the workmen and the bosses. There were, however, signs of rebellion amongst the men but he threatened to suspend them if they did not go to work and accept the terms agreed upon. We must not forget that a strike draws heavily upon the funds of the International bodies. It would, as a consequence, be to their interest to avoid disturbance of peaceful relations between capital and labor. Amongst the gentlemen of the Manufacturers' Association may be found officials who from time to time travel about the country to look over and safeguard the trust interests. In their perambulations do the interests of the consumer ever give them a thought? What is sauce for the goose ought to be sauce for the gander. If the workmen abuse their power, and sometimes such has been the case, can they not invariably point to cases where the highly educated, wealthy manufacturing class are in the same boat. Censure, say we, the wrongdoing amongst the working-classes—censure, and severely, the madness of the Socialist propaganda. But let a goodly share of censure also be the portion of those money-mad people who are ready to trample upon everything under heaven so that they may attain the seven figures in their bank balance. May the time come when both elements will have regard for eternal justice in their dealings one with the other. Preach and teach the Christian code in the shop and in the office. So long as materialism is the goal of both classes we will have but industrial warfare.

"Once and for all, under no circumstances, will the loyal people of Ireland consent to be governed by a priest-ridden Parliament."

BY CABLE we are told that these are the sentiments of Lord Templeton, representative peer for Ireland. Just here we might ask who gave him this title? "These are also my sentiments," declared Baron Willoughby de Broke, who has a "no surrender" button pinned on his waistcoat. Who, may we also ask, is Baron Willoughby de Broke? Some of these lords and barons and knights, like Carson, are feverishly desirous of cheap

martyrdom, but it looks as if the Liberal Government does not think it worth while to notice them. To live in a country where a Catholic majority may rule is to these bigots on unthinkable proposition. Home Rule they would gladly welcome to-morrow if Catholics, as was the case during the life time of the old Irish Parliament, were disfranchised. It is not equal rights but as candacy the lords and the barons and the knights desire. In the south of Ireland where Catholics are overwhelmingly in the majority Protestants in every phase of civic life are treated not only with justice but with prodigal generosity and kindness. It is only in the black North that bigotry is to be found.

GAMBLERS OF BOTH SEXES

A correspondent of the Toronto Globe discusses the gambling craze in that city. Playing bridge for prizes is the particular pastime which merits the writer's condemnation. He says, referring to the players: "You hear of them playing in the afternoon with blinds down and electric lights blazing, and you hear of them, and can verify the truth of it from actual personal knowledge, playing bridge—for prizes, which is only another form of gambling—on a bright, sunny August afternoon on a back verandah, and giving glowing reports afterwards of how beautiful the flowers were and what a wonderful garden it was, etc., etc. How edifying to the children of those ladies!"

The worst is not here related. In Toronto, Ottawa and other places, in certain circles, the playing is not alone for a prize, which is after all but a trifling matter, but for money, and many a good husband has been obliged to write a cheque of considerable dimensions to pay his wife's gambling bills. Besides this there is also in vogue amongst a certain set, while the game of bridge is going on, or at other times while the dance is in full swing, the habit of sipping wine and puffing cigarettes. Truly there is a type of our modern civilization, and a considerable one, which looks inexplicable to the heathen to whom we are sending bibles by the shipload and the carload.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES are drawing attention to the fact that some of our smaller fairs as well as large ones permit on the grounds gambling devices of one kind or another. The wonder is that good citizens have not long since entered strong protest against this custom. As with horse racing and other events wherever there is a large gathering of people the gambling fraternity take occasion to introduce their swindling methods, and when the time for closing comes leave for other quarters with well-filled purses, the proceeds of their charlatanism amongst the unsophisticated. In the words of the practical politician out of power: "It is time for a change." The administrators of the criminal law have had a wonderfully long sleep. Will some one awaken them?

FATHER SHEEHAN

Those particularly of the Irish race throughout the world have read with extreme regret in press despatches that Dr. Sheehan, the Irish author, is seriously ill. Good news we hope will shortly reach us. Dr. Sheehan is yet a comparatively young man, but he has already given to literature many books which will survive as long as the English language is spoken. In writing these books he had a motive—a noble one—the betterment of humanity, the bringing into clearer light the splendid traits of the Irish character and adding lustre to the faith which Patrick gave Ireland. Looking back in the years it is saddening to think what Irish literature has lost—indeed what the world has lost—by the premature death in the full bloom of manhood of such Irish writers as Gerald Griffin, John Boyle O'Reilly and James Geoffrey Roche. The talented and versatile writer of Donerale has a constituency the world over wherever an Irishman has made his home, and we know that prayers will be offered up that God will spare him for many years to come that he may be enabled to pursue that splendid work for which he has been endowed with such extraordinary talent.

The Chinese factions are uniting to promote national harmony. Only in Ireland do men of the same race so hate each other that they would rather be governed by strangers than co-operate in self-government.—Globe.

OUR CONTEMPORARY is mistaken. The people are not of the same race. Scarcely a trace of real Irish blood can be found amongst the anti-Home Rulers of Belfast. They have neither Irish names nor Irish aspirations—lineal descendants of the carpet-beggars of old who, backed up by English bayonets in overwhelming numbers, robbed the real Irish of their birthright and then upbraided them because of their poverty. The wonder is that the Ulster Unionist faction does not leave the country. Ireland would be better without them. They never had and have not now the patriotic aspirations which imbued the real Irish. They were and are but the tools of the foreigners who used them to keep the real Irish in subjection.

FATHER KENNY

In another column we publish a press despatch giving account of the death of Rev. Father Kenny, S. J. This sad news will be received throughout the Dominion with feelings of the utmost regret. Although he had attained a good old age it was hoped that many more years of life would be given him to serve in the army of the One Whose name he bore. A valiant and unflinching soldier of Christ was Father Kenny. He came from an old Catholic family than whom there was none in Canada more distinguished for staunch Catholicity, and perhaps no other family in the Dominion gave so many of its members to the service of God in the Religious Orders. The name Kenny is a household word in almost every section of the Dominion. It has stood for everything that is admirable in Catholic life for generations in the city of Halifax, a city noted for the possession of many other Catholic families who have reflected honor upon Church and country. The great Jesuit is no more, but he has left a name and a fame which will not die—a name and a fame which has been a benediction to the country and which will be treasured amongst his brothers of the Company of Jesus for generations to come. May that One for Whom he had worked so courageously, so unceasingly, so unflinchingly, in season and out of season, receive him with that great love which has ever been the reward of the faithful servant.

THOMAS E. WATSON

This person has become notorious because of his desire to issue broadcast most ridiculous misrepresentations of the Catholic Church. He seems to be impervious to severe criticism. From all sections of the community, Catholic and non-Catholic, have come the strongest denunciations of his utterances. None that we have read is more clear-cut and crushing than that of Mr. C. A. Windle, the non-Catholic editor of Brann's *Iconoclast*, published at 603 Heest building, Chicago. It has been put in pamphlet form and sold at ten cents. Mr. Windle is a gentleman, and one of the attributes of a gentleman is truthfulness. Mr. Thomas Watson is a different sort of character altogether. By libelling the Catholic Church he is making money, and is patronized by a class which reminds us that as long as the world lasts we will have the race of liars and simpletons. So long as Mr. Tom Watson finds this work profitable he will remain with it. There should be a wide circulation of Mr. Windle's pamphlet.

SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT AS A SPEAKER

In the passing of Sir Richard Cartwright Canada loses one of its really great men. Without being a great party leader like Sir John Macdonald or Sir Wilfrid Laurier, capable of swaying large masses of his countrymen this way or that by strong emotional appeals, he exercised great influence in another way. He was head-headed; he appealed to the intellect and not to the emotions. It was the force of logical reasoning, rather than the outpouring of eloquence for which he was noted. He appealed to men's reason rather than to their emotions. On this account he swayed that class of the people, who, without invidious distinction, may be called intellectual people. He was a hard-hitter; he was courageous; and his biting speech often made an enemy where probably another style of speaker would not offend. He had at perfect command a great wealth of masterful English, and his spoken word was as clear, as effective, and as correct in form as if it had been written with deliberation in his study. As a speaker of good English, in its purity and its strength, he was unsurpassed in Canada in his day, and had few, if any, equals.

NEW RELIGIONS

The Rev. Mr. Riddiford of the Park St. Baptist Church, Peterborough, has been getting after Pastor Russell. Mr. Riddiford deserves to be commended for raising his voice against the paganism that passes for Christianity in many Protestant pulpits. In so doing he sets a good example to the great majority of his brethren who are so concerned about matters of purely Catholic discipline that they have no time to reflect on the rapid multiplication of heresies within the Protestant fold. But by what authority does Pastor Riddiford venture to question Pastor Russell's orthodoxy? Mr. Riddiford is a Baptist, and does not all good Baptists hold that the Scriptures are a sufficient and exclusive rule of faith? Moreover, the Baptist system teaches the unrestricted freedom of every individual to interpret the Scriptures as he thinks fit. If the founders of the Baptist church could do so, if Rev. Mr. Riddiford can do so, why not Pastor Russell? If Mr. Riddiford argues that Pastor Russell's teaching is un-Scriptural, what becomes of the Baptist rule of faith? If Pastor Russell is wrong why may we not suspect Pastor Riddiford's orthodoxy? Who will guarantee that the Baptists are orthodox? If Mr.

Riddiford replies that Pastor Russell's doctrines contradict the Scriptures, and we retort that we believe Pastor Riddiford's doctrines contradict the Scriptures what answer will Mr. Riddiford make? If Mr. Riddiford is right in condemning Pastor Russell may not the Catholic Church be right in condemning Mr. Riddiford? Or are to take it that it is only when we choose to interpret Scripture as Mr. Riddiford interprets it that then and only then does the Holy Spirit vouchsafe to preserve us from error? In that case we must necessarily hold that Mr. Riddiford believes all his brother parsons in Peterborough are teaching false doctrine. Why then does he reserve the thunderbolts of his condemnation for Pastor Russell? Why not warn his flock against the wolves in sheep's clothing with whom Rev. Mr. Riddiford does not disdain to eat a good dinner when the Peterborough Ministerial Association meets? If Pastor Russell is a "Poisoner," as Mr. Riddiford calls him, why does not the Ministerial Associations, or the Evangelical Alliance, condemn the newspapers that assist in spreading his poison broadcast by publishing his sermons? The very same issue of the Peterborough Examiner that contains Mr. Riddiford's condemnation of the Pastor's doctrines contains a lengthy sermon from the Pastor himself. But of course the Evangelical Alliance is too busy meddling in other people's business to see that its own habitations need a little spring cleaning. We must admit, in justice to the Pastor Riddiford, that there is after all a method in his madness. Having glorified free interpretation of the Word of God, having excluded Authority, they have sufficient sense of humor left to realize how impotent they are to draw the line at any theory of salvation no matter how absurd. "After half an hour of new religion in a new tin chapel," writes Chesterton, "I feel inclined, like the man in the story, to put my boots outside my pew, so that they may be cleaned in the morning." We doubt if the brilliant Englishman, who, although not a Catholic, so admires Catholicism, were to hear Pastor Riddiford condemning Pastor Russell for doing what Pastor Riddiford teaches, he would be able to go to sleep for the laughing. COLUMBA.

FROM TORONTO comes to us a beautifully printed and bulky pamphlet entitled "St. Joseph Lilies." It is published by the St. Joseph's College Alumni Association of that city and issued quarterly. We feel justified in saying that it is one of the very best publications of the kind that we have seen, containing as it does, literary matter of the choicest character. We congratulate the Sisters of St. Joseph upon their work. If each number of their Quarterly comes up to the standard of the September one it will be a power for good in the community.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

ONE OF the best answers to the question "Why are you a Catholic?" was that made by the celebrated "Dicky" Doyle. "Because," said he, "I possess but little religion, so that what I have must be of the very best quality."

IT WAS Doyle's humility that caused him to underestimate his own share of piety. Contemporaries credit him with a deep and genuine religiousness at any rate. And he gave evidence of the sincerity of his attachment to the faith by his resignation from the staff of Punch rather than countenance the gross caricatures of Pius IX. which were appearing in that journal during the "Aggression" excitement of 1851. That was an act which will cause Doyle's name to be remembered always, and where principle counts, to be remembered with honor.

Among the celebrated names of English men of letters who have been more or less influenced by Catholic ideals, that of Thackeray should not be passed over. The author of "Henry Esmond" during his earlier life said many unkind things about the Church and about the practices of individual Catholics. As with many other famous men who might be named, misconception of the Church's teaching lay behind it all. But towards the end of his life, association with certain Catholics of distinction in England and on the continent, resulted in a broadening of his vision, and a softening of his feeling towards Catholics as such. Thackeray was too great a man to be a mere vulgar bigot, but training and early environment had not been without their deleterious effect upon his imagination in this respect.

AMONG THE Catholics to whom Thackeray was attracted in the later years of his life was John Hungerford Pollen, an Oxford convert, a former Anglican clergyman, and after his conversion a well known artist, architect and antiquarian. Pollen gave him quite a new idea of converts, and of Catholics generally, and the friendship once formed deepened as the years went by. Its intimate and cordial character may be inferred from an invitation to Pollen to

dinner, which, beneath a sketch of a leg of mutton smoking on a dish, ran as follows: "Dear P.—If not engaged with your confessor, Pray dine with us at 8. Do pray say yes, sir; And if with you you'll bring dear Mrs. P. You cannot think how pleased we all shall be."

THE ABIDING influence of a good man may be seen in the effect upon Thackeray of association with so loyal and devout a Catholic as Pollen's history shows him to have been. An artist of conspicuous talent, whose serious views of life did not interfere with its keenest enjoyment, he exerted a wholesome influence upon his contemporaries. Writing from Rome of their first meeting there, Thackeray said: "I have made acquaintance with a convert, an Oxford man, who interests me, and I am trying to pick my Oxford man's brains, and see from his point of view. But it isn't mine; and the old popery and old paganism seem to me as dead the one as the other."

BUT THAT "the old popery" was not as dead as he thought it was, was made apparent to the novelist by its effect upon the life and character of his new friend as it was gradually unfolded to him. "The most interesting man I have met here," he writes in another letter, "is Mr. Pollen . . . and I try to understand from him what can be the secret of the religion for which he has given up rank, chances, and all the good things of this life." Or, written after meeting at breakfast, Father Ignatius Spencer, Dr. (afterward Cardinal) Manning, and several other converts: "I am glad to have seen Pollen and other converts and to have been touched by their goodness, piety and self-abnegation." Alas! that Thackeray was never to know in this life the great secret for which he evidently pined. Nor was he to live to see some of his own kindred brought into the fold to which he was himself a stranger. For his niece, Mrs. Blanche Warre Cornish, daughter of the Hon. William Ritchie, became a Catholic in 1903, adding one more to the catalogue of English men of letters whose descendants were in that gentle way to revenge themselves upon the mistaken prejudices of their forebears. As the mother of that choice spirit, the late Reginald Balfour, Mrs. Cornish has made both Thackeray and the world of letters at large her debtors.

REV. H. J. HAMILTON, M. A., Anglican Bishop-elect of Japan, told the Wylliffe College Alumni Association at Toronto the other day that General Nogi and his wife by their suicide "conformed to the highest religious ideals as they knew them," and that "they were acting up to the best light they had." That may be, but that it intensifies the opinion expressed in these columns last week that the affair accentuates the essential barbarism of the race. And it ill-becomes one who calls himself a Christian Bishop to extend even qualified approval to an act violating one of the first commandments of the Decalogue. It all goes to show that haziness in regard to Christian principles goes hand-in-hand with private judgment and the decay of dogmatic teaching.

THE UNVEILING in Newark, N. J., of a memorial tablet to commemorate the services of Dr. John Gilmary Shea, as the historian of the Catholic Church in the United States, is an event calling for more than mere casual mention. It is a tardy recognition of perhaps the greatest historical scholar this continent has produced. Dr. Shea died just twenty years ago, and with the lapse of that period, without any tangible tribute of this kind to the man, it was beginning to appear as if the greatness of his work was to continue indefinitely unrecognized. Recognition of some kind it has of course received both during his life and since his death. Labors so tireless and so exhaustive could not be entirely ignored by his fellows. But it is to the few that his name is familiar, and by those only who have delved in the same mine that his work is appreciated. And while the names of many others of infinitely lesser merit in more popular fields, are on everybody's lips, to the general reader John Gilmary Shea remains a name practically unknown.

AND YET to readers of Parkman and other popular historical writers the name of Dr. Shea should be familiar. You can scarcely pick up a book treating of American history, an historical magazine, or the proceedings of an historical society, without seeing his name. He it was who by his tireless energy, his learning, and his instinct for facts made accessible to other investigators the great body of raw material now at their disposal. It is, indeed, no exaggeration to say that Francis Parkman for one would scarcely have been possible but for John Gilmary Shea. Parkman has himself acknowledged as much on more occasions than one. By his translation of Charlevoix's "History of New France," and by his "Library of American Linguistics,"—to name but three of his productions—Dr. Shea has erected a monument to his own fame which, obscured for a time though it may be, is bound to obtain recognition for him in the end. For this reason we hail the forthcoming ceremony at Newark as harbinger of what is to be.

BUT IF Dr. Shea's name is unfamiliar to the non-Catholic reader, to the Catholic it should be a household word. For upwards of forty years he applied himself to the task of unravelling the Catholic history of North America. He had while quite a young man entered the Society of Jesus with the full purpose of devoting his life to that high calling, but after six years, and only upon recognizing that his vocation lay elsewhere,



INAUGURATION OF ST. PETER'S SEMINARY. OPENING CLASS, SEPTEMBER 23, 1912

Reading from left to right, top row—Seminarians—Messrs. J. Fallon, J. A. Harding, R. H. Dignan, J. L. Bell, W. D. J. Langlois, Rev. J. P. Gleason, W. T. Moran, J. R. Quigley, T. M. McCarthy, Rev. W. T. Corcoran. Second row, Faculty—Revs. F. R. Brennan, S. T. L., E. L. Tierney, Rt. Rev. Mgr. Aylward, Rt. Rev. M. F. FALLON, D. D., Revs. J. V. Tobin, S. T. L., B. C. L., D. O'Connor, S. T. L., B. C. L., G. Labelle, S. T. L., B. C. L. Lower Row, Seminarians—F. R. Costello, A. R. Rondeau, T. Grenier, J. Emery, A. P. Mahoney, J. A. Finn, J. J. Young, F. McCarthy.

he withdrew. The present writer has in his possession an autograph letter of Shea's dated at St. Francis Xavier college, New York, 1852, which he signs, John Gilmary Shea, S. J. The taste for historical studies was deepened and strengthened by his sojourn in the Society, and after his retirement he devoted himself altogether to that pursuit. A mere list of the publications that resulted from this life-long application would take up more space than we can command. Suffice it to mention his History of Catholic Missions among the Indian Tribes of the United States (which extends also to Canada); "Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi Valley" (the first authentic account of Péré Marquette's voyage); "Early voyages up and down the Mississippi" and the "History of the Catholic Church in the United States"—a four volume work which he produced at the request of the Fathers of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, and which should remain his enduring monument. Some day a fitting biography of this indefatigable investigator will be written, and the world will then better realize what is his due.

It would be almost impossible for a Catholic young man, without capital, no matter what his qualifications, to start in business now and succeed. Most of our young men are without capital and without influential friends. In such cases the best thing for the Catholic young man who feels he has a commercial vocation to do is to try and get a position in a Commercial House or Financial Institution, and by sheer merit work his way to the front. It is, as a rule, a long, weary grind, but it is inevitable. If he gets to the top or nearly there he can then extend a helping hand to other struggling young men of merit, and thus the circle might widen. The insurance companies, the banks, the Loan Companies and the wholesale houses are, with very few exceptions, in the hands of Protestants. The managers of these institutions are not as a rule opposed to Catholics as such, but they don't know Catholic young men at all. On the other hand through the agency of the Y. M. C. A. and the Masonic Society they are acquainted with every Protestant young man who is worth knowing and it is their bounden duty to help him if need be. In fact they are always on the lookout for worthy young men. Catholics have no such organizations as these. Our kingdom is not, I suppose, of this world. The few Catholic societies we have are doubtless doing some good, but to compare them, in a worldly sense, with the Protestant societies I have just named would be more than ridiculous. We call our societies fraternal, but there is no fraternalism in them. To my personal knowledge many of the members are hardly on speaking terms with one another. And taking the community as a whole Catholics are far more jealous of one another and carry their personal bickerings much farther than do their Protestant neighbors.

The writer of the Nova Scotia articles suggested that a good way to remedy the apparent unwillingness of some commercial houses to employ Catholic help, would be for Catholics generally to withhold their patronage from such houses, and give it to those where Catholic help would be employed. I agree with this suggestion, and I say that Catholics should deal with their own professional men, and their own merchants wherever they could do so without injury to themselves. Protestants always do this. For instance if a Catholic in this province were to open a store in a Protestant community and expect to do business he would be considered crazy. Nobody in his right mind would think of such a thing. He would starve in a few years. On the other hand numerous instances might be given where Protestants, with but little capital, have started business in Catholic communities and in a few years amassed considerable wealth, while Catholic merchants in the same place had a huge debt, and in the same health, he returned to his old love, Guelp, and here prepared for his death. Father Kenny was known as one of the foremost preachers of the Jesuit Order in America.

OUR Lady's Beads— On whitened head, with snows of age bedecked; On kneeling form bent low in fervent prayer; On shrivelled hands, unswilled and un-flecked, That count with uncton, and with sweetness rare. Our Lady's Beads, The young moon shades her virgin light. Here in his chamber doth he nightly kneel— This aged man. As erst in childhood's morn, So now, while lengthening shadows o'er him steal, Weaves he with heart's flame, with love, inborn. Our Lady's Beads Into a garland wound'rous bright. No sweeter lullaby than this, I throw, Did baby feet to shadow-land beguile. Close locked within her arms, with eyes aglow, The mother rocks her crooning babe, the while. Our Lady's Beads Although her fingers softly fall. Within her childish breast the seeds are sown. By hands now clasped beneath the churchyard's heath; And stem to spring, the fairest flower blown. And e'er in fragrant chaplet does she wreath. Our Lady's Beads— Each chaplet fairest of them all. Hear you that voice, that rings hrought pillared nave, That kindles hearts, and starts the stream of tears? What is't that unto mortal preacher gave. This godlike charm to calm all sinners' fears? Our Lady's Beads— From these His'opious powers flow. Oh, blessed he that sprang from such a race! And blessed she that gave Him holy birth! And blest the grandeur's heart, he replete with grace, That choicest, richest race of all on earth: Our Lady's Beads To love—their potency to know. —ALBERT REINHART, O. P. in Canadian Messenger

mons and Gentiles alike. To the exacting labors of the editorial sanctum he added a chaplaincy to the Judge Mercy Hospital, but these almost superhuman labors proved his undoing and he had again to cry "halt." But we are now pleased to learn that his health is well nigh re-established, and that there is a strong probability that he will, at an early date, return to this diocese, of which, just living in such a hope, he has never ceased to be a member; from what we have heard whispered, strong pressure is being brought to bear upon him by his clerical brethren to secure this end. It is doubtful if he would even in his restored health, again venture upon a parochial charge, but it is absolutely certain that such brilliant talents as he possesses will find ample opportunities for their exercise in some other department of church work. From last accounts he is putting the concluding touches upon another important work, and until that is finished it is not likely that he will come to any decision, but the earnest hope and expectation of his host of friends lead them to look for a favorable response.—St. Catharines Journal.

DEATH OF FATHER KENNY

Guelp, Sept. 23.—Rev. Father George B. Kenny passed away here this morning, aged seventy-two; after two years' illness. He was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, on October 8, 1840, being a son of the late Hon. Sir Edward Kenny, who was for some time Administrator of the Government of Nova Scotia, and Anne (Forrestal) Kenny. He was educated in Halifax and at Fordham College, New York, and took up the study of law becoming a barrister in 1862. He practised in Halifax in partnership with his brother-in-law, Hon. M. B. Daly, but abandoning law for the Catholic priesthood, he was ordained in 1874. He was appointed a professor at St. Mary's college, in Montreal, in 1887, and held a professorship until 1891, when he was appointed rector of the Church of Our Lady at Guelp, with supervision over the Rockwood mission and the Loretto Academy for fourteen years. In 1906 he was pastor here, and transferred to St. Mary's College again, but two years ago, being in feeble health, he returned to his old love, Guelp, and here prepared for his death. Father Kenny was known as one of the foremost preachers of the Jesuit Order in America.

OUR Lady's Beads— On whitened head, with snows of age bedecked; On kneeling form bent low in fervent prayer; On shrivelled hands, unswilled and un-flecked, That count with uncton, and with sweetness rare. Our Lady's Beads, The young moon shades her virgin light. Here in his chamber doth he nightly kneel— This aged man. As erst in childhood's morn, So now, while lengthening shadows o'er him steal, Weaves he with heart's flame, with love, inborn. Our Lady's Beads Into a garland wound'rous bright. No sweeter lullaby than this, I throw, Did baby feet to shadow-land beguile. Close locked within her arms, with eyes aglow, The mother rocks her crooning babe, the while. Our Lady's Beads Although her fingers softly fall. Within her childish breast the seeds are sown. By hands now clasped beneath the churchyard's heath; And stem to spring, the fairest flower blown. And e'er in fragrant chaplet does she wreath. Our Lady's Beads— Each chaplet fairest of them all. Hear you that voice, that rings hrought pillared nave, That kindles hearts, and starts the stream of tears? What is't that unto mortal preacher gave. This godlike charm to calm all sinners' fears? Our Lady's Beads— From these His'opious powers flow. Oh, blessed he that sprang from such a race! And blessed she that gave Him holy birth! And blest the grandeur's heart, he replete with grace, That choicest, richest race of all on earth: Our Lady's Beads To love—their potency to know. —ALBERT REINHART, O. P. in Canadian Messenger

CATHOLICS IN BUSINESS

The Editor CATHOLIC RECORD: Sir: I have read with much interest the several articles in the RECORD on "The Position of Catholics in Nova Scotia," and the condition of things therein described, as relating to this province, applies with equal force to this province, Prince Edward Island, and, I suppose, to every other province in the Dominion. My belief is that if you would open your columns to a series of articles on the subject, or invite letters from men of experience that some good would be accomplished. It is an undeniable fact that, commercially speaking, Catholics in this province do not now occupy anything like the position of importance they did some years ago. I remember very well when the Catholic merchants of Charlotte-town were the leaders in the financial affairs of the island. It is not so to-day. These men left no successors. In some instances they had no children of their own, and they did not apparently take any steps to train up Catholic young men to succeed them. In the cases in which they had children the young men, for some reason or other, did not amount to much. They seemed to think more of sports and pleasure than of business, and the results might be called disastrous. Business conditions have greatly changed within the last fifty years, and

VERY REV. DEAN HARRIS, D. D.

Few things in the ecclesiastical life of St. Catharines ever caused more general or widespread regret than the fact that ill health, chiefly in the form of an obstinate throat trouble, compelled Dean Harris to relinquish the heavy responsibilities of an important parochial charge, and to court a return of health by extensive travel under climatic conditions more favorable for ultimate recovery than could be found between the lakes. But it was not possible, in the nature of things, that the church of which he is so distinguished a priest, should permit his talents to lie dormant, and he had hard-ly set foot in Salt Lake City when the Bishop and church of the Diocese of Utah seized upon him as their legitimate prey, and for quite a few years his brilliant talents were employed in editing The Intermountain Catholic, and he wasn't very long in the Mormon city until it became evident to the citizens of Salt Lake that they had their priest and scholar so eminently representative of Catholic faith and doctrine that the most rabid opponent wisely hesitated to enter the lists against such a redoubtable champion, with the result that he obtained a position of the highest regard among Mor-

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON

NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

BAD COMPANY

"I am the Angel Raphael, one of the seven who stand before the Lord."

The history of Tobias, one of the most beautiful narratives of the Old Testament, teaches us many lessons. There we find a charming picture of home-life. The father of the family is at once the example and teacher of virtue to his young son; the son, a model of filial devotion to his aged parents, succoring them in their need, submissive to their will, delighted to give them pleasure.

The life of the family is full of peace. Even in affliction they recognize the finger of God, and His blessing rests upon them. He is the sunshine of their home. To serve Him—to keep themselves free from sin—is their chief care. Where, therefore, it became necessary that the younger Tobias should make a long journey, the first thought of his father was to find him a suitable companion. He would not trust his child to the guardianship of every man. He felt the necessity of great care in the choice he made. Such a choice is indeed not a trifling matter, not so unimportant an affair as some seem to think it; the happiness of a whole life, perhaps even eternal salvation itself, may be at stake. Young people especially are very susceptible to the influence of those who are about them. They are open-hearted, unsuspecting too ready often to give their confidence and friendship to those unworthy of either. They are slow to abandon those upon whom they have bestowed their regard, unwilling to believe evil of them because of their affection for them. And so the danger to their virtue is very great when they fall into bad company; their ignorance of the world and their guilelessness leaving them open to many temptations.

The bad companion is he who is trying to rob us of our virtue—to rob us of the best we possess. Virtue is a precious thing. It is a treasure beyond price. To have virtue is to possess nobility of soul, elevation of mind, a close likeness to God. To have habits of virtue marks us out as true men, men who have made their animal nature subject to reason through God's grace. Virtue is not acquired in a day. The getting of it means work, constant work for a time, perhaps a long time; but it is worth it all. When we have virtue, we have something of a great value; and because it is so valuable it must be carefully guarded lest we lose it, for we may be robbed of our virtue as well as of our money.

The bad companion wants to destroy our innocence; he wants to disturb our peace of soul; he wants to unman us, to make beasts of us. Where are these bad companions? How shall we know them? "By their works you shall know them." You shall know them when you hear their filthy speech, when they make their dirty jokes and tell their smutty stories. You shall know them when they invite you to low drinking saloons, to places where purity is lost; when they tell you how to make money at the expense of honesty, when, in a word they suggest evil to you. Flee from them; they are robbers; they are worse; they are murderers; they seek to take the life of your soul.

The Angel Raphael on the other hand, teaches us the office of a good companion. We find him guiding his young charge, warning him of dangers, instructing him how to overcome difficulties. He is by his side in the hour of need; his counsel is always at his service; his advice is good; his example is good. He is constantly striving to advance the best interests of Tobias and to further the object of his journey. This is true friendship; this is right companionship. It is unselfish, conscientious endeavor to promote the friend's welfare. Young people, find yourselves a Raphael, but trust not every man.

TEMPERANCE

A TEMPERANCE LESSON IN THIS

The fast express train was taken out of Elmira, New York, the other day for the run to Buffalo on the Lackawanna Railroad. It had on board valuable property and still more precious lives. It went along safely until it approached Corning, and then it ran into a limited passenger train, piled up a wreck of engines and cars, killed forty persons and injured sixty others.

"What was the cause of the disaster?" asks the Catholic Columbian. "The engineer was drunk. Under the stupor of liquor he passed by the danger signal paid no attention to the warning fuses that were burning, and disregarded the fluttered cloth of the flagman who had been sent back from the other train to flag him. 'Booze' had made him dull. "One more is added to the long list of horrors due to drink. It is a black record. It is the most powerful sermon for total abstinence that could be preached—hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of property destroyed, forty lives blotted out, and sixty cripples made—all by one man who was drunk."

Aprons of the foregoing, the following item from a daily paper of July 30 is not without interest: "Officials of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western have taken issue with the idea that so long as a railroad man abstains from intoxicating drinks while on duty the business entrusted to him is reasonably safe. They are convinced that the only safe thing for a railroad man to do is to let intoxicants alone altogether and to keep away from the places where they are sold. "As a result a new rule has been made prohibiting the use of intoxicants while on or off duty or the visiting of saloons or places where liquor is sold."

While gathering samples of American liquors for the Paris Exposition, Dr. Wiley discovered "fifteen-year-old whisky" made in less than twenty-four hours. The Italians in New York, who are in the business of "aging" liquors, begin the operation by taking the right quantity of water, high-proof spirits known as high wines are added. The color is obtained by the addition of

SUFFERED AGONY FROM DYSPEPSIA

"Fruit-a-lives" Makes Wonderful Cure



N. C. STIRLING, ESQ.

GLENCOE, ONT., Aug. 15th, 1911. "So much has been said and written about 'Fruit-a-lives' that it might seem unnecessary for me to add my experience. But 'Fruit-a-lives' were so beneficial to me when I suffered with distressing Dyspepsia, that I feel called upon to inform you of the remarkable and satisfactory results I have had from using them.

Dyspepsia and indigestion at everyone's knees, can give you more uncomfortable hours and days than most common complaints. "I am glad to be able to say to you that although in the past I suffered excruciating agony with Dyspepsia, I am now in perfect health.

"Fruit-a-lives" accomplished the desired result and I have to thank them for my very favorable and satisfactory state of health" N. C. STIRLING.

Why don't you try "Fruit-a-lives"? 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.

caramel, prune juice, essence of bark, burned sugar, etc. Glycerine gives the suspension of oiliness, for really old liquor clings to the side of the glass. To meet the expectations of the connoisseur's nostrils and palate, microscopic proportions of essential oils are added. The bottles, while moist outside, are sprinkled with wood ashes and fine sand. The label, printed in cheap ink, is dipped in weak tobacco juice. Six bottles are laid in a dusty old-fashioned basket, and the finishing touches are added over night by a colony of small spiders taken from tenement rafters and fed on meat jelly mixed with sugar. When on the following night some wealthy host produces the basket, his guests' appetite becomes sharpened, their admiration unbounded, and their gratitude unutterable. Thus a new community of interest links the dwellers of the tenement to the wealthy epicure, and if the former keeps sober he will eventually occupy the mansion of the latter.

TEMPERANCE NOTES

Inebriety and inefficiency go hand in hand. The first drink may be the first link in an unbreakable chain of habit.

Hard headed business men know the value of total abstinence. Some marine insurance companies make a reduction of 5 per cent. in insurance rates to ships on which no liquors are drunk during the voyage. Experiments in the French army showed that under all circumstances the French soldier is 40 per cent. more efficient when subjected to a regimen of total abstinence. Generals Roberts and Kitchener in Africa proved the same fact about the British army.

"If it could be shown," says a recent writer, "that the drinking man had better brains, or better muscles, or better earning power, or lived longer than the man who did not drink, there might be some argument in favor of drink, even in spite of all that has just been said. But thousands of experiments have shown that the brain worker and the laboring man are both at a disadvantage if they drink."—Sacred Heart Review.

What Mrs. S. Says

"Words are useless to express the wonderful magic of White Swan Yeast. Bread? Why we have never had such luxury on our table before." Sold in packages of 6 cakes for 5c. Free sample sent by White Swan Spices & Cereals, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

When the cry of alarm is abroad, and there are churches which call for help in the midst of darkening atmosphere, the Catholic Church keeps steadily on. She looks out upon the night, but its shadows have no terror for her. Her lights are burning, and the pathway gleams straight before her.

When, therefore, a contemporary recently bewailed the decline of the religious hold upon America, the Catholic reader was a little dumfounded. He could see no diminution in the attendance at Mass; on the contrary, he found the increasing necessity in every district around him of building new churches to supply the spiritual needs

LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS

A. McTAGGART, M.D., C.M., 75 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada

References as to Dr. McTaggart's professional standing and personal integrity permitted by: Sir W. R. Meredith, Chief Justice. Sir Geo. W. Ross, ex-Premier of Ontario. Rev. N. Burwash, D.D., Pres. Victoria College. Rev. J. G. Shearer, B.A., D.D., Secretary Board Moral Reform Toronto. Right Rev. J. F. Sweeney, D.D., Bishop of Toronto. Hon. Thomas Coffey, Senator, Catholic Record London, Ontario. Dr. McTaggart's vegetable remedies for the liquor and tobacco habits are healthful, safe, inexpensive home treatments. No hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a certain cure. Consultation or correspondence invited.

of the ever enlarging congregations. In fact, the whole history of the Church in the present day is the history of a Catholic people whose numbers increase so rapidly that it is difficult at times to find enough priests to minister to him. There are parishes even in the old world, as in Vienna, with 25,000 members; in Paris one parish has 83,000 and it is reported one has even 100,000.

What is the explanation of this, except that the Catholic Church is quiet amidst the awful turbulence aroused by the sectaries around her. They persecute her, but she grows the more steadily for the persecution. She hears the dying cries of sects that once were powerful, and she sees the violence which may be brought to bear upon her. But it will be only violence; she knows no death cry, for she cannot die.

In fact, it is this very security, born of a divine promise that often lulls her children to sleep when they should be awake. Her children are trusting and confiding; hence they cannot at times see the pitfalls laid in their path by designing enemies.

But whatever they may suffer in this way they do not and cannot lose the heaven-born certainty that their faith is divine, and that while all human religions are crumbling around her, she at least will remain, as clear, as beautiful and eternal as when she first came from the hands of her divine Founder. —Pilot.

PROBLEM OF CHURCH DEFLECTION

There seems to be no end to the complaining of our dissenting brethren among the Protestant churches concerning the alarming evidences of decadence in the rural churches of their persuasion. This decadence is all the more surprising because, generally speaking, country people—those engaged in farm work, are more religiously inclined than church members in the city. It would be difficult to assign any good reason for this falling off, save that Protestantism has lost its vigor, and its inherent principles have become so identical with mere humanitarianism and so-called broad christianity that they no longer leave the impression of being an active force in prescribing redemption by a God-man, who is really God and really man for the redemption of mankind from sin. The doctrine of the atonement is no longer with the leaders of Protestantism what it was with Luther, Calvin and the other protagonists of the reformation. It has been emasculated by the higher criticism and modernism—and what is left of it might just as well fit into the religious systems of Buddha or Confucius. The only concession still made in favor of Christianity is that its teachings are far superior to those of heathen philosophers and theologians. But the divine personality of Christ has been cast aside.

Protestant writers are not all willing to open their eyes to the truth and they seek for and easily find other convenient reasons to account for the great deflection which is going on, not only in the rural, but in the urban Protestant churches as well. The falling off in the cities is more easily covered up by adventitious aids of institutional clubs and societies, where church affiliation is not always a condition of membership. In the rural churches, however, the decadence has been so plain and rapid that many novel methods have been suggested to meet the emergency. Thus the Rev. M. B. McNutt in one of the church organs expresses the belief that one of the greatest needs of rural life to day is play, and that the church should concern itself in the recreation of its people. "That may be very well from the social standpoint, but seriously speaking, could not the farming youth find his recreation, amusement and play outside the walls of a church? We do not discourage the plan of furnishing the right kind of amusement under the auspices of a church, but we doubt very much whether such a course is an incentive to bring people to divine services and make them Christians. "Athletics, sewing bees, parties, community picnics, lyceum courses, plowing contests, home-talent dramatics and concerts" may be helps to hold the congregation together, but they can never be a substitute for that real, virile, genuine Christianity, of which Protestantism had once the semblance, but of which it is fast losing every vestige.

It is not the lack of play, but the lack of Christianity in the Protestant creeds of to-day, that makes up the problem in the decadence of rural churches. To assign other reasons for it may be plausible, but they hit far away from the truth. Thus when the writer, inviting discussion of the matter, says: "Changing social conditions, improved machinery, the introduction of the automobile, rural delivery of mail, the telephone, these and other innovations have gradually forced the church to ask: 'What must we do to save ourselves from death?' he either has not found the true causes that threaten disaster, or fails to state why they do not act discouragingly upon the attendance at Catholic churches.

According to a recent official report from 25 to 70 per cent. of the farming population in the prairie states belong to no church and attend none.

Ought it not to be food for deep thought and criticism that in the rural districts the Catholic Church is everywhere the most flourishing? There is no complaint that the churches are not well filled at every service; and there is no need of heroic methods to bring the people in. Their interest centers about a real Christ, truly and substantially present on their altars and the word of God which they hear preached to His divine nature, is the Son of God. It is not surprising, therefore, that not only the rural churches are well filled, but many of them are specimens of architectural beauty. Thus we read that on a Kansas prairie, five miles from a railway station, German Catholics built and paid for a \$30,000 church. In the Catholic Church there is no problem to solve, for Catholics have an abiding faith, which is the impelling force of all loyal church attendance. —Intermountain Catholic.

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS advertisement with image of suspenders and text: YOUR DEALER KNOWS why the SLIDING CORDS feature of the "President" Suspenders is such a wonderful improvement over the old common kinds. Ask him. The price is 50c. at all dealers. Light, Medium or Heavy Weights. DOMINION SUSPENDER CO. NIAGARA FALLS

POINCARÉ SAYS HIS PRAYERS

In France the people and the press have not yet stopped talking about the unusual and significant honors heaped upon M. Poincaré during his recent visit to Russia. But an incident occurred while he was there that has made some people merry and has provoked others to anger. He was compelled to say his prayers in public. It was at the grand review of 40,000 men. The sun was just setting, and the rays illumined the faces, as well as the armor of the troops. It was 7 o'clock, and as the bell tolled from the adjacent tower a bugle call commanded attention. Instantly the Czar uncovered, and with him the 40,000 soldiers stood bareheaded listening with the profoundest reverence to the recitation of the Our Father. It was their evening prayer.

What were Poincaré's thoughts at that moment as he stood bareheaded, and to all outward appearances praying? A short time before he had publicly announced that religion prevented even the prominent politicians of his own party from having a voice in the government of the country. He was once a Catholic, and now before him he sees what was substantially all schismatical Russia, from the autocratic Czar down to the humblest soldier in the ranks, uniting in a solemn act of homage to Almighty God. And yet he was asking Russia to help the atheistic Governments of France in case of war. Would they make good allies?

Some of his friends at home are indignant over the whole affair, and are protesting that the Czar had no right to "drag" him, as they express it, to such a ceremony. The same men saw nothing when Fallières a few months ago courteously received the representatives of Mohammedanism in Algiers and benignly assured them of his protection. It was noticed also that the Marseillaise was not played at any of the receptions, but that, on the contrary, the authorities paid him the dubious compliment of making him listen to the Marche Napoleonienne. Was it to remind him that Russian soil was once littered with

French dead in the famous retreat from Moscow?

Poincaré was received with great enthusiasm on his return to France, but he has not yet told all the diplomatic secrets of his mission or manifested his personal impressions.—America.

PEWS AND CHURCH FURNITURE advertisement: VALLEY CITY SEATING CO. DUNDAS ONT.

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract OF Malt with Iron advertisement: W. LLOYD WOOD General Agent Toronto :: Canada

The Northern Life Assurance Company of Canada advertisement: ENTHUSIASM is the key note of success in the profession of a Life Insurance man. The Northern Life has room for good men who are honest and have the ability to write Life Insurance. W. M. GOVENLOCK, JOHN MILNE, Secretary, Managing Director

Could You Be Sure? advertisement: If Death called you tomorrow, could you be sure that your wife and children would have food to eat and clothes to wear? Let the North American Life assume the responsibility. Its policy-contracts are liberal. North American Life Head Office, 112-118 King St. W., Toronto, Ont.

Cure that Bunion advertisement: DR. SCHOLL'S BUNION RIGHT removes the cause of your bunion or enlarged toe joint by permanently straightening the crooked toe. Gives INSTANT RELIEF and a FINAL CURE of all bunions, corns, blisters, stretchers never cure. Dr. Scholl's Bunion Right is comfortable, sanitary, convenient, Guaranteed or money back. 25 cents each or \$1.00 per pair at drug and shoe stores, or direct from Dr. Scholl Mfg. Co., 111 King St. W., Toronto. Illustrated Booklet Free

The Range is the Soul of the Kitchen advertisement: The modern housewife knows the important part the range plays in the household economy. She knows how vitally important it is to eliminate from the kitchen all possible work, worry and waste. And the range is the soul of the kitchen. Its influence is felt every day and all day by the entire family. The Gurney-Oxford Range is a strong advocate of modern household economy. Not only does it cook and bake without disappointment or failure, but it is a positive influence for economy. It burns less coal—it requires less attention—it conserves time. The Gurney Foundry Co., Limited TORONTO - CANADA MONTREAL - HAMILTON - WINNIPEG - CALGARY - VANCOUVER

