

The Catholic Record.

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

VOLUME XXXVI.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1914

1868

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WAKING UP

Every community has the good people who are its self-constituted official advisers. They speak wisely if betimes overmuch; they have a remedy for every ill and comment upon those who talk not because they have no time. Good advice is betimes timely and necessary, but people who dole it out too persistently achieve garrulity which is dreaded by all who are aware of the fleeting quality of time. Their safeguard is to transmute counsel into action. We are not, we know, what we should be; but the official advisers should take us to the goal which we assure us should attract all human endeavor. It does not help us to tell us that we should do this and the other—to protect our children from getting under non-Catholic agencies. Just a question. Are these advisers of the same spiritual family as these children? Assuming that they do not repudiate their family connection with all that it entails, are they doing their duty by merely lifting up their voices in exhortation? Can they, with never a twinge of conscience, do nothing but talk while the cause of Christ is calling for workers, for men and women who are willing to give a little time out of their abundance to the protection and guidance of those for whom Christ shed His blood? There are opportunities on all sides. There are little ones to be shepherded while their mother's must work to gain bread for them. Through our sympathy in this regard these children are placed daily in charge of non-Catholic social workers. The boys who, while yet in their teens, go forth to battle with the world are exposed to the perils of bad companions, to the myriad influences of the streets. What about them? They may "cheek" you; they are, many of them, heedless, untractable, ungrateful, but they can be strengthened and protected by those who are not ingloriously wrapped up in their own selfishness. Sympathy can bridge a way to their hearts; and when cease that is done you can begin the fashioning of manhood. There is nothing new about this: we mention it in the hope of arresting the attention of our readers. If the German Catholics had had contented themselves with talk about what should be done they would be to day in a state of isolation. But because they recognized the necessity of united action and saw that the interests of the peasant concerned the man of wealth—that no Catholic lives to himself alone, they worked and planned together with the result that they formed and consolidated the Centre Party, which is enthusiastic in its devotion to the Church and to the Fatherland. If they had had but talked of their grievances they would have remained in the wilderness made by legislation. But instead of waiting for miracles to happen, or of some kind hand to ease their burdens, they drew out of their own manhood the forces that set their feet on the highway of prosperity. They came into their own by the way of co-operation and unity and they still hold it by the same means.

To-day the world is governed by the spirit of concentrated energies. Even sport is on plane of high tension. Clubs of all kinds exhaust energy and claim unwavering fidelity. There is one club which seems to be an exception and that is the family club. The father is too busy with his manifold activities to busy himself with his duties in the club and the mother's activity is sometimes devoted to bridge-whist or to keeping up with the fashions. The children are attired in gorgeous raiment but they do not get the influence and example—the blessing and strength that emanate from the parents who remember that every home can be as another home of Nazareth. Placing the family club on a firm basis and filling it with the light of eternity is a passport to happiness not only here but hereafter.

COME AND SEE

One of our Protestant exchanges, commenting upon a Catholic Bishop's appeal for vocations to the priesthood, and assuming from that that there is a lamentable shortage, gives this explanation: "It lies in the spirit of the time and the evident belief of the newer generation that the churches—and here the Roman Catholic organization is soon to suffer more than the rest—are not in touch with the shift in human emphasis. Rome, which boasts that it never changes, may yet have reason to envy the looser and more adaptable Protestantism." A little investigation would show our contemporary that the newer generation is as steadfastly Catholic as the old. One of our critics says the Church is becoming too strong, another thinks it is becoming weak. We would advise these people to visit our thronged churches on Sunday and see for themselves how near we are to envying loose Protestantism.

LOOKING IN

Now and then we meet Catholics who assume a fastidious tone in general conversation, hinting the extreme unsatisfactoriness of things and affecting disdain for commonplace convictions. These people are very tired, and they tire others. Frequently they become the centres of minute circles which distill the crude spirit of discontent out of the material life and letters supply. The times are out of joint, they say; but they are sublimely unconscious of their own decadent habit. Their susceptibilities are so ultra refined, their delicacy of sentiment is so uncommon, that they look for special consideration and resent its absence. As lights in a world of gloom they hold their heads high and look down upon simpler mortals. Some of them add insolence to their outfit and gird savagely at those who are bearing heavy burdens of public duty. These small coteries contrive to fill a large space on the small stage of affairs; but their presumption and conceit and lack of geniality doom them to oblivion at last. There is nothing so boring as the cant of culture. Smatterers of every kind lose their hold on essentials and wander among details until the mode obscures the man. For the most part, however, men and women whose minds and hands are fully engaged with the world's work pay little heed to these would-be reformers.

THE COMFORTER

We are all egotists when invested with the pomp of woe. The crape that swings at hundreds of sad drooping heads, that grim decoration so indicative of the scene within, has made small impression upon us in the past. Death and destruction daily stalk before us, a pageant of horrors, in the newspaper. But when the crape is hung at our own door, how very different? It seems the first instance in history—the one and only tragedy. Friends may do what they can to comfort the forlorn thus afflicted, but after all there is but one comforter. God help those who have not Him to listen in the hour of bitter need! Only the saint can rise supreme above bereavement—and saints are far rarer on this planet than one might thoughtlessly be led to believe. But when faith is strong, the habit of a life time, it comes forth at the crisis as a consolation whose place nothing else can take. This is often the blessing of the very poor. Their daily misery makes them live very near to God. Death levels all distinctions, but they who have had no real friend but God all their lives truly feel His help at the torturing time of death.

FADDISTS

Society has little or nothing to gain from those persons who are always displaying a morbid taste for the most extreme symbols, the most extravagant attempts to create superior standards of merit. To day a jargon of pretentious terms assails the intelligent reader of the newspapers and magazines; there are Futurists and Post-Impressionists, Symbolists and Cubists, and they denounce or deprecate each other as though they had inherited the spirit of medieval schoolmen. In the musical world Wagner is now too orthodox to suit the hyper-cultivated professionals who sway some fashionable circles. In short there is no department of modern life which has not been invaded by this swollen craze for pretentious innovation. Those best qualified to judge tell us that most of these tendencies to excess are due to a hunger and thirst for singularity which, so far from nourishing personal talent and power is but a by-product of that imitative habit which is fostered by an age of vast resources, as yet unaware of its new duties and increased responsibilities.

WHO SHALL OWN MEXICO'S OIL?

The real trouble in Mexico, according to J. M. Kennedy, who gives his opinion in the Fortnightly Review (London), is whether England or the United States will control the oil interests in that country. He upsets the old tradition about the soothing properties of oil, and presents it as an irritant between England and the United States. Both nations are anxious to draw oil from Mexico, not to pour it on the troubles of that country, but to convert it into cash. Just where the Mexicans come in we can not make out. Mr. Kennedy is rather absent minded in regard to their claims—that is, if they have any claims. "When we mention oil," he says, "we come, perhaps, to the most delicate aspect of the whole question, but the only aspect that will adequately explain it." There are about 150 oil companies in Mexico, possibly 100 are American, and 20 are English. The Standard Oil Company and an English company known as the Mexican Eagle control between them, it is said, from 70 to 75 per cent. of the whole output. Though America has more money invested there, England is the dominant foreign power in Mexico politically and economically, this writer asserts, adding:

"To speak frankly, though it is seven years since I travelled through the country, I do not doubt for a moment that the American commercial and financial interests are endeavoring by unfair means to oust the long-established English interests in Mexico, Chihuahua, which contains innumerable unexploited silver mines, and Sonora, which is soaked in oil, like a wet sponge, are States likely to excite the cupidity of a nation which wishes to expand and has never shown many scruples about its methods of expansion. In addition, the proximate opening of the Panama Canal renders it politically, economically and strategically desirable that the United States should have a strong position in Central America. That is the preliminary step to the waging of a great trade battle."

Mr. Kennedy recalls a petroleum deal in Colombia which was lost to the English through alleged American interference. We quote: "It is in case we should aim at making up in Mexico for what we have lost in Colombia that the United States Government is now supporting General Villa. Its control of the Mexican Government, added to its already established control of the governments of Nicaragua and Colombia, together with its virtual protectorate over Panama, will enable the United States practically to control the entire oil supplies of the American continent."—Sacred Heart Review.

DIFFERENT MEN, DIFFERENT VIEWS

"The Mexicans are an inferior race, they feel our superiority and resent it," declares Mr. Gregory Mason, who is special correspondent in Mexico, for the Outlook. He goes on, (in the issue of May 9):

"We need not pat ourselves on the back for this superiority; it is slight cause for self-congratulation to be superior to a savage, and the Mexicans, by and large, and granting the presence of an educated upper stratum among them, are a race of savages. Their art is the art of savages, their religion is filled with the superstitions of a primitive people. Eighty five per cent of the population of Mexico is illiterate."

To corroborate this statement he quotes another American journalist in Mexico, who told him "the Mexicans are Indians who think like medieval Europeans." Incidentally Mr. Mason refers to the methods of civilizing the Mexicans that are used by some of the "superior" Americans. We quote: "Several American wholesale employers of peon labor in Mexico frankly admit that they prefer ten years of anarchy followed by the 'good old days of peon labor' to intervention of any kind which would mean the restoration of peace and a higher wage scale. It is such men who frequently pay as low wages as 75 cents 'peck' per day, and it was they who flung flaming their employees with all sorts of 'hospital taxes' and other devices for reducing actual net wages until the revolution frightened most of them from the country."

In the same number of the Outlook there is a description of the conditions in the strike region of Colorado, where further proofs of "superiority" are given, by another special correspondent. The miners are principally Italians, Mexicans, and slaves. The land in the villages is owned by the companies, who also own the saloons, where men squander their earnings in drink and gambling. "Thus we see that here is as nearly a moral and social desert as is possible to imagine in a civilized country," comments the writer.

Perhaps conditions are exaggerated. But it would seem that Mexicans at home or abroad are not helped by the kind of American superiority they are subjected to. They seem to have gone of dreadfully since Mr. Frederick R. Guernsey made his admirable studies of them in their own country (1899-1900), and through the pages of the Boston Sunday Herald presented the Mexicans as he found them. We quoted freely in the Sacred Heart Review from those letters. Thus on Feb. 10, 1900, we reprinted this comment made by Mr. Guernsey:

"A contrasting picture of Mexican and American small towns is that here we have no hoodlums or toughs. People are too polite to be disagreeable. The insolent swaggerers of the pavement, the tobacco-spitting brutes of the street corners and the small bad boys, old in devilry, are not in evidence in the Mexican small town. Even the poorest peon you meet answers a salute with the grace of an old hidalgo. We wear out hats in a continual salutation."

"The Mexican woman is respectful and religious. She is a home goddess still, believes in her ancient faith, and is the cheery and counsellor of the men."

Mr. Carpenter noted also that old age is honored, that all the women and many of the men are diligent in church attendance: "On Sunday mornings the town turns out to Mass, and the church at every Mass is full of men, women and children." Furthermore, the clergy are reverently respected. They are zealous men, and are as essential to their people "as food and drink." They compare with New England towns in morality, home comfort and every essential of well-being, the Mexican towns make such a good showing that Mr. Carpenter exclaims: "Religion is not decadent here, and there is a general courtesy worth imitating. And yet we read of the lack of true civilization in Mexico! Rubbish. That will do to talk to ocean cavalrymen, not to men who know Mexico as it really is."—Sacred Heart Review.

EUCCHARISTIC CONGRESS OPENED AT LOURDES

Lourdes, France, July 22.—Cardinal Granity di Belmonte-Gennaro, who represents the Holy Father at the International Eucharistic Congress, opened the first session to-day with a speech of welcome to the delegates and read a rescript from the Pope. He expressed his pleasure at seeing such a large representation from foreign lands, and alluded especially to the delegations from the United States and Canada.

Among those present at the gathering were ten Cardinals, including Cardinal Farley, of New York, and 200 Archbishops and Bishops from all parts of the world. Services will be held in ten languages, in every church, chapel and hall in Lourdes. A choir of 200 priests will sing the chants and another great choir of 1,000 voices will make the music an important feature of the congress.

The congress will come to a close on Sunday, when the Cardinal Legate will celebrate Pontifical Mass at the Grotto, after which the great closing procession of the Blessed Sacrament will take place.

NO DIVORCE

Some weeks ago the New World printed a reply by Judge Pettit to Judge Gemmill who had attempted to defend divorce and had gone so far as to call it an institution of the Christian church. Judge Pettit's reply was copied by Catholic editors both in magazines and weekly newspapers throughout the country. He gave convincing figures which showed how truly great was the evil and commented on some of the sad consequences. The American people probably deal so leniently with divorce because they fail to appreciate what a widespread contamination it has come to be. Judge Pettit's article did much to reveal it in its true light.

Daily, however, the divorce question is forging ahead as one of the problems that must be solved. The question is how will the American people attempt to solve it? Will it take long years of experimentation, testing the theories of crank reformers, regarding uniform divorce legislation, restricted legislation, legislation of all kinds, but all with loop holes that permit the very evil they legislate against? If that is so time will be wasted, and results there will be none. If we are going to eradicate the disease there is only one way. Wipe from the statute book of every State every divorce law. Neither must there be one on the federal statutes. Let one degree go forth from the legislature. "There is no divorce in the United States."—Chicago New World.

GOOD LESSONS FROM SOCIALISM

However threatening Socialism is to public morals and the very foundations of society and good government it cannot be denied that its advocates display a zeal and enthusiasm worthy of the most admirable cause. The activities of the leaders of Socialism are incessant, vigilant, persistent. They must be honest and sincere in their work; otherwise they could not manifest so much energy and enthusiasm. If they are gaining ground it is because of their zeal, unguided and destructive as it doubt—but nevertheless real and ever active.

Father Bernard Vaughan, speaking to this subject, said: "I think Socialism always and everywhere is coming in like a tide, and if you tell me we don't notice it, the reason is because it is so ubiquitous. I think that Socialists have done two great things for us; that we owe a debt of gratitude to Socialists, first, for setting us an example how to work with sturdy enthusiasm and self-disinterestedness in a cause, and secondly, they have put us under an obligation by revealing to the world itself many social sores, which, but for them, might have been kept hidden away from the public. Personally, I have great sympathy with Socialists, but I do not believe in their scheme of action."

If the priests and laity of the Catholic Church were to show but one-half of the interest and enthusiasm of Socialists, the latter would not make so many converts to their cause. There must be a waking up on the subject all along the line. Something must be done for the straightening out of social disorders more than a mere expression of sympathy and interest. Action and not words will count.—Intermountain Catholic.

OLD IRISH MANUSCRIPTS

FAMOUS BOOK OF KELLS OFTEN ATTRIBUTED TO ST. COLUMBA

It is interesting to note that the early Irish Calligraphy appeared in twofolds—the round and the pointed. The former bears a close resemblance to that employed in the Latin manuscripts of the romance countries of the fifteenth century; indeed, a comparison of the earliest dead, a comparison of the earliest surviving Irish manuscripts with specimens of the Roman writing, as seen in the manuscript of Italy and France of the same date, leaves no room to doubt the origin of the Celtic hand.

The finest manuscript of this style is unquestionably the famous copy of the four Gospels known as the Book of Kells, in which both text and ornamentation are brought to the highest point of excellence; in fact, the very perfection of the writing, and the elaborate decoration of the art that adorns its pages, constitute an argument against the belief that it was the work of St. Columba himself.

Such a belief cannot be sustained; for, though we read in the life of the Saint that "diligence in writing" was one of his most noted characteristics, leading the active life he did—a life so strenuous that every moment must have been filled with missionary labor of some shape or form—it is scarcely reasonable to suppose that he could ever have found time for the leisure to train the hand and eye that executed the marvelous decorations in "the great Gospel of Columba"—a name probably given to the book, not because Columba wrote it, but because he founded the church in which it was used. Even without accepting the ascription of the Book of Kells to Columba, we have evidence of his diligence as a scribe in the Annals of Clonmacnoise, wherein we read that "he wrote three hundred books with his own hand. They were the Gospel and the book to each of his churches in the kingdom."

The book was preserved at Durrow, a small town where St. Columba founded an abbey in the year 546, and it is interesting and pathetic at this distance of time, to read at the close of the first and apparently the oldest portion of the manuscript, the following prayer: "I pray thy blessed, O holy presbyter Patrick, that whosoever shall take this book into his hands may remember the writer, Columba, who have myself written the Gospel in the space of twelve days by the grace of the Lord."

It is not surprising that many of such books were ascribed to the early Irish Saints; for, even though the knowledge of letters may have reached Ireland a short time prior to the coming of St. Patrick, it could not have been widely diffused, as we find from the fact that these great

Apostle on various occasions "taught the alphabet to each of the converts as were destined for Holy Orders." and in the history and laws of Ireland were purified and written, the writings and old books of Ireland having been collected and brought to one place.

Another famous scribe was Dimma, who wrote, it is believed, at the request of St. Cronan, that copy of the Gospels known as "Dimma's Book." This precious manuscript belonged to the Abbey of Roscrea, founded by Cronan; but both it and the shrine in which it was enclosed disappeared at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries. In the year 1789, however, some boys, hunting rabbits, discovered it, carefully preserved and concealed among the rocks of the Devil's Bit Mountain, County Tipperary; and, having passed through the hands of various private persons, it was eventually purchased for the library of Trinity College of Dublin.

Another book which, from very early ages, was treasured in County Leitrim, and which its ancient case, or cunndach, has come down to us from the ninth or tenth century, is that called the "Book of St. Moling." This interesting volume contains the Four Gospels in Latin, with a form for the "Visitations of the Sick," written in double columns in a fine, neat hand.—St. Paul Bulletin.

A VICTORY FOR DECENCY

The election in Rome recently resulted in a sweeping victory for the Catholic candidates. It was a crushing defeat for ex-Mayor Nathan and his followers. Prince Colonna, the Catholic candidate, headed the list with over 6,000 votes. Nathan, who brought up the rear, barely got his name on the list with 82 votes. These figures are indicative of the latent power of Catholics in the Eternal city. They show that the power, if exercised, would be able to put to rout the enemies of the Church.

It was through the inaction of Catholics that it was rendered possible for a rabid anti-Catholic demagogue to be elected Mayor of Rome. We know how he used his official position to insult grossly his official superiors. The Italian Government, in its turn, has insulted Catholic Americans by sending him to represent it officially at the Exposition to be held in San Francisco next year. The result of the recent election in Rome shows in what estimation he is held in the city of which he would never have been Mayor, if Catholics in Rome had been organized properly. It is earnestly to be hoped that the election is the beginning of the end of what may be called Nathanism.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

GERMANY AND THE FREE PRESS

An event which has excited some interest in Germany is the conviction, on July 22, of Herr Scholz, editor of the Berlin Socialist organ, the Workers. The conviction is the result of Scholz's editorial comment on the stormy scenes which marked the close of the last Reichstag. In an article of considerable bitterness, Scholz compared the ordinary courtesies which were extended on that occasion to the Kaiser, and in which the Socialists refused to join, to "the blind adoration of a pagan prostitute before his idol." It was this phrase in particular which aroused the resentment of the Government and brought on the indictment and subsequent conviction. Herr Scholz will retire to prison for six weeks—no novel experience, as he has more than once served similar sentences as a result of his intemperate writings. Herr Scholz and his friends protest that these prosecutions mean the abolition of the freedom of the press. This, of course, is far from true. They simply indicate that the Government intends to put a stop to the wanton attacks made on a lawful authority in Church and State by Socialist publications. Such action preserves rather than destroys liberty, which can not exist unless the rights of all are scrupulously safeguarded. A free press is not a privilege which is privileged to indulge in scurrility, propagate libel, and disturb the peace of the community. Liberty does not concede this to the individual citizen. Nor can it grant any such immunity to the press.

THE VALUE OF THE ATHEIST

"It was Huxley and Herbert Spencer and Bradlaugh who brought me back to orthodox theology. They sowed in me and my first wild doubts of doubt. Our grandmothers were quite right when they said Tom Paine and the Freethinkers unsettled the mind. They do. They unsettled mine horribly. The rationalists made me question whether reason was of any use whatever; and when I had finished Herbert Spencer I had got as far as doubting (for the first time) whether evolution had occurred at all. As I laid down the last of Colonel Ingersoll's atheistic lectures, the dreadful thought broke in to my mind, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.'"—G. B. Chesterton.

CATHOLIC NOTES

One of the largest schools in the diocese of Westminster (London) is that of the Ursulines at Forest Gate.

The late Senator Teocornal, of Chile, South America, left \$600,000 for the Catholic press.

Three hundred Catholic Sisters have offered their services as nurses to the War Department, should they be needed in Mexico.

There were 590 non-Catholics received into the Church in the Archdiocese of Milwaukee during the past year.

The non-Catholic business men of Mitchell, in the diocese of Sioux Falls, have contributed over \$6,000 for the new addition to Notre Dame Academy.

Interesting statistics have been published recently regarding the Catholic press of the German empire. There are 1,241 Catholic newspapers now appearing in Germany, Austria, and Switzerland.

The appointment of Hon. Henry F. Ashurst as chairman of the Senate Committee on Indian Affairs, puts this high office in charge of a Catholic for the first time since the committee was established in the Senate.

Bishop Koudeika has 4,000 Catholic Indian converts in his diocese of Superior, and many German, English, French, Italian, Polish, Bohemian and Hungarian Catholics. One of his priests is an Indian.

A long and strict decree has just been issued by the Sacred Congregation of Rites in which electric lights are absolutely forbidden on or over any altar containing the Blessed Sacrament or the relics of a saint.

Rathfarnham Castle, a magnificent fortress-like structure just outside Dublin, built on magnificent scale in Queen Elizabeth's time by Archbishop Loftus, will probably become the Jesuit Novitiate in Ireland.

There is an extraordinary movement of conversion among the people in China. Within ten years, the number of Catholics in the province of Peking has increased from 80,000 to 300,000.

Father Anatole Ghestin, S. J., announces that 5 important villages near Monte'nenn, in the Vicariate of Southern Tcheu, China, are eagerly studying the Christian doctrine, and he expects soon to baptize 6,000 catechumens.

The Oberammergau Passion Play will not take place until 1920. Pressure was brought to bear to have it performed every five instead of ten years; but the village authorities decided to retain its decennial performance.

A resolution was presented on May 14th to the General Synod of the Reformed Church of the United States in session at Lancaster, Pa., to have the Apostles Creed revised to read: "I believe in the Holy Universal Christian Church," instead of "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church."

No doubt it will surprise many to learn that there are 19 convents of native Sisters in the Vicariate Apostolic of Central Tokin, with over 450 Sisters, which shows that religious vocations are not lacking in this territory. On the contrary, in spite of its bloody past, Tokin has produced many exceptional souls.

In the recent death of the Right Rev. Monsignor Croke Robinson, M. A., Catholic England has lost one of her greatest preachers. Monsignor Robinson was received into the Church by Cardinal Newman in 1872. He was for some time clergyman of the Establishment, and a Fellow of New College, Oxford.

Among those who attended on the 29th ult., the ceremony of the consecration of the Oliver built in honor of the Venerable Oliver Plunkett at Drogheda, Ireland, were Count and Countess Plunkett, and Sir Henry and Lady Bellingham. The Count and Sir Henry was also present at the foundation of the church thirty-three years ago.

For the first time in the history of the kingdom, Holland's Upper House of Parliament has a Catholic for its presiding officer. On the death of the former incumbent Major Wilhelmina recently appointed Major General Baron Van Voerst tot Voerst president of the Senate. Baron Van Voerst is a descendant of the few noble families in Holland whose Catholicity antedates the so-called Reformation. Catholics forming the numerically strongest portion of the Senate's present conservative majority, the appointment, regardless of creed or party.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain died on July 2nd, at his London home, surrounded by his family and friends who for some days had been expecting the end. In his long career carrying the mind back to the palmy days of Disraeli and Gladstone, we have the rise and fall of the most remarkable public man of our day in England. It was from the very beginning a checkered career, full of violet changes and political surprises, quite as tragic in some respects as that of his distinguished contemporary, Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell.

AILEY MOORE

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

CHAPTER XXVI.—CONTINUED

"Let me kiss little Mary!" said the mother.

"Lie down, avourneen," said the old man.

"Ochone!" she answered, "I feel so queer—my head is so giddy!"

Daddy Jim, take care of Mary—poor little Mary—Mary," she said.

The child's face fell in towards the old man's cheek, and he trembled from head to foot—the face was icy cold.

He ran from the little room to the cradle—night was just falling, the fire was nearly out, the two elder children lay in a little straw beside the ashes.

O Hierna! Hierna!—Lord! Lord!" cried old James Nolan.

He ran to a corner, collected a little turf mould, got together a few sticks, and took some of the straw from beneath the two children.

A momentary blaze illumined the cabin, and the grandfather ran to the cradle again, looked in, turned the cradle towards the light, looked in again, steadily—steadily.

A groan burst from the old man's heart.

"Dead!" he exclaimed; "dead!" he repeated. "Starved!" he cried, and he went down on his knees.

Old James' first impulse in every excitement was to go on his knees.

"Glory, honor, an' praise be to God Almighty, an' the Virgin Mother!" prayed old James Nolan.

"I'm a sinner, a sinner, so I am."

And then the old man prayed over the dead body of the innocent baby, and he wept for the poor young mother; and he stooped over the little skeletons that slept through weariness, and cried in their sleep for bread, and he kissed them gently.

"Wonderful I don't die!" he said.

"Father!" cried Mary Nolan from the room.

"Yes, aggra!"

"Bring in little Mary."

"Och, she's asleep, aggra, all!"

"Och, she's dry; bring me in the poor baby."

"Not a bit of druth in it; not a bit of cushla," said old James, going to the door. "Mary, a lanav," he said, "the little angel is so quiet, that you must leave her now, an' get some rest, avourneen. Sure, Paddy will be soon in, an' then you can get up an' take—"

The idea was so terrible.

Oh, I was dreaming, Daddy Jim," she said. "I was dreaming little Mary was dead—poor baby."

"Dead!" said the old man, yet half-trembling.

"Aye, throth, I thought she died of starvation—ochone! my head!" cried the young mother.

"God is good!" said old James Nolan.

The old man went on his knees in the cold, dark, desolate cabin, and his right hand was on the cradle of the dead infant.

"Little Mary!" he whispered. "Mary! pray for your poor mother, an' your brother an' sister, an' your father! Oh, pray for them—pray for them! God's hand is on them! an' pray for your gran'father an' gran'mother. You're happy now, ma lanav."

He had not finished speaking, when a step was heard at the door, and soon a female form entered.

"God save all here!" said the person.

"God save you, kindly," answered James faintly.

"I believe you don't know me, Mr. Nolan."

"Och, but I am growin' stupid an' queer, Biddy; but sure I ought to know you, particularly these times."

"You ought to know poor Biddy Browne, that owes you many a meal, an' many a good hand's turn."

"Wisha, no, Biddy, 'tis I'm far in your debt—far, deep, indeed, a dhruifure (sister)."

"How is young Mrs. Nolan, an' the child?"

James placed his finger on his lips, and drew Biddy Browne over to the cradle.

"O Iosa Christ!" ejaculated Biddy. "Starvation!" answered James Nolan. "Starvation! an' we'll all follow 'on!"

"Oh, Mr. Nolan!"

"God's holy will be done!" cried the grandfather.

Poor Biddy Browne knew very well how things were with old James Nolan. She had met his son, broken-hearted and despairing, on the road, with hands lifted up to heaven, praying for succor. His clothes were dripping wet, and he was ghastly pale and much exhausted. He had gone to two, three, four houses, which contained honest and benevolent neighbors; but they saw the dreadful morrow, and every hour they heard of death—death—death. They wept with him or flew from him—only one could give him any relief and that relief was little. When he met Biddy Browne, he had just determined on selling his only coat for a meal or two, and returning home naked and despairing; but the beggar woman changed the current of his thoughts. Rapidly she saw his mind and the condition of his family, and as rapidly she had resolved what to do. She was just "goin' over to old Mr. Nolan's," she said, for poor Biddy made no scruple of a white lie, in order to spare "a decent boy's" feelings. "There was a body owed him

a crown, an' gov id to her to pay 'im," she said, "an' she was goin' to call in at Kinnacarra to bring a few things with her, for fear the family might want any of 'em. An' Biddy con- sidered, 'maybe you'd want a shillin' of the money since you'd down here," said poor old Biddy, putting her hand in her bosom and taking out the money.

"God is always good!" cried Patrick, seizing old Biddy by the hand and taking the proffered coin. "Biddy," he said, "I know who owes the money to my father, an' who's payin' him," and Patrick Nolan's eyes filled, and he shook Biddy Browne's hands convulsively. Patrick saw through old Biddy's kindly fraud.

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still; he wept, the old man did, and the young man's eyes were filled with tears, for he pitied the grandfather's sorrow. And then the young man took old James Nolan's burthen, which stood by the mouth of this deep pit, and while the old man's hands and eyes were raised to heaven, his gray hair dripping with the rain, the saturated rags clinging to his shivering frame, the stranger deposited it reverently in the deep hole, and he covered it up and religiously placed the seeds of withered grass in their own place, and went upon his knees beside the man whom he had helped and saved, and they prayed together.

The young peasant was not satisfied with the services which he had rendered, and determined to accompany the afflicted James Nolan back to the "gap." In fact, the old man required such charity from the stranger, for a lassitude, or rather a prostration, had succeeded to his excitement, which would have rendered his return to the house nearly impossible. Together these two commenced the way back, the stranger giving the good old man such aid as he could bestow in ascending the hill.

They had not long proceeded on their route, when Cusack the Bible-reader overtook them, and, to say the truth, appeared horror-struck at the woe-begone condition of old Nolan. He approached him with an unusual degree of respect, and presented his hand; but Nolan did not perceive him—the poor man was so absorbed in his own sad reflections.

"Why, then, Mr. Nolan, where were you in the cold an' wet this winter's morning?"

James raised his eyes and he saw feeling in the countenance of the scolarian.

"I was planting little Mary," answered James Nolan.

"Your little granddaughter, the flaxen-haired little colleen?"

"Dead," answered Nolan.

"An' what—"

"Starvation," quietly interposed James, but looking into the face of Cusack steadily.

"Oh, Lord—"

"Yes, Mr. Cusack, little Mary died a martyr, like the holy innocents, thank God! The longest life she could have wouldn't have been happy a death," and old James looked up to the black sky.

"You could have full an' plenty, Mr. Nolan," said Cusack, shaking his head.

"And the curse o' God along with it!" said the shivering old man.

"Well, well!" ejaculated the apostate.

"See!" said old James, suddenly acquiring almost a miraculous energy; "Mr. Cusack, you know I'm only one out o' hundreds an' thousands that see their daughters fade, an' their sons drop down day after day into the grave; an' there's joy in the funeral when we know we follow it for God. Ochone! Mr. Cusack, nature never gave the hearts and souls that bear the heavy crosses we are carryin'; an' well you know, you wouldn't do it for the creed that pays you. I beg pardon Mr. Cusack—pardon an' pardon—the day will come when you'd give the universal word we were starved in the cause of little Mary."

True for old James. There were hundreds and thousands to whom the gibbet would have been mercy, who saw each other sink minute by minute for months into the arms of death. Such martyrdoms the days of Diocletian never witnessed.

"The darkest hour of the night is nearest dawn."

Old James Nolan had strange news to welcome—perhaps reward him, when he arrived at the "gap." In entering his own house, the good man was seized by Biddy Browne the beggarwoman, who summarily clasped him in her arms, and kissed him vehemently over and over again.

"Arrah! God is good! oh, God is good! Daddy Jim, and had luck to see each other sink minute by minute, and darting a look at Cusack, who had entered with the others.

"What's the matter, Biddy, eh?"

"Glory be to the Mother of God!" exclaimed old Mrs. Nolan. "Oh! wasn't she praying for us?" continued the old lady.

"There is the man that has all the news, and the lether and the money! Arrah wisha ma grein chree hu Paddy Hynes!"

"Paddy! Paddy! Peggy Hynes' good, honest husband—oh welcome to 'thou land wance more!" cried Daddy Jim.

"A lether for you, sir, an' £50 from your son," said Paddy Hynes, placing his two arms round the old man's neck. Old James fell into the traveller's arms in a state of insensibility. Was it wonderful?

But this morning brought more news and more luck. Mary Nolan had become rapidly conscious; and what was most wonderful, her dream about seeing her little baby in heaven had assumed for her such reality, that she was quite conscious the child had died. Indeed, it is likely that when she parted from it last, she had some notion of its fate, and that her mind had yielded under the pressure of the belief in the melancholy death. She was calm then and thoughtful, and grateful when she saw her little household rescued from an impending and terrible ruin.

"O murder, let me alone!" cried Biddy, once more. "O murder! if there isn't Paddy Nolan, clapping his hands for joy, comin' up the road, and Father Mick—ould Father Mick wid 'im. Glory be to God!"

James Nolan blessed himself, and Cusack looked pale and confused.

"Bennacht ahair!" cried Biddy, going on her knees at the door; "a blessing, Father!" cried the old beggar woman.

"Blessings on all here!" said Father Mick, looking the very sunshine of happiness; "blessings on all and every one!" cried the old priest.

"Great news!" cried young Nolan. "Och, Father," cried old James, "you're always the image o' God to us; you war hungry an' we all knew id before any of us wanted a meal."

"Hold your tongue, you old Rapparee," said Father Mick, fondly. Don't you remember when we were boys together? Go 'n' an' make a gentleman o' yourself," he said, fling into his arms a bundle, "and pray for happy days to the Moores of Moorfield!"

"The Moores of Moorfield! ahair! the Moores of Moorfield!"

"Everyone has his own again. Daddy Moran has left Moorfield to the 'Flower o' the Valley' and her brother, and ten thousand golden guineas besides."

"O Muire mahair!" cried Betty, flinging herself on her knees.

"And Biddy Browne? Go 'n' make a gentleman o' yourself," he said, fling into his arms a bundle, "and pray for happy days to the Moores of Moorfield!"

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into the hollow of his arm; with the ease of lifting a dainty trinket he swung her across his saddle. As he dismounted and assisted her to the ground.

"Oh, good sir," she half whispered in a voice that trembled, "how am I to thank you? You have saved my life."

"It is nothing, madam, I pray you do not mention the matter," and MacMahon swept the top of his right boot with his hat in that magnificent gesture which he had learned from his friend, Viscount O'Grady of the King's Guard. "I trust you are not hurt. No? Then permit me." He took off his riding coat and gently placed it on the shoulder of the trembling maid.

Her protests he laughed off with a jest; "but," she said, "my poor father, he will think me dead."

"Let me bring you to your father," he said gravely.

But even as he spoke, down the road came the thunder of hoofs, and two horsemen appeared from the shadows. At sight of the lady they pulled up and dismounted. The first, a thick set, middle-aged man with a strong, giving face, pushed forward and clasped her in his arms. "Thank God! thank God! my little girlie, Marjorie," he cried, as he kissed her forehead and hair, while she clung to him, sobbing. The second man was a groom. One glance at MacMahon was enough for him. They had played as boys together in Doughmore strand; but he made no sign.

Squire Stodart wheeled around. Two hats together flourished in the salute courteous of the time. Was there a sudden glint of recognition in the Squire's eye, or was it but a reflection from the east where now the sky was bright?

"Sir," said he, hand outstretched, "I am everlastingly in your debt. I perceive you are a stranger"—MacMahon bowed—but let me tell you that in these parts the name of Stodart carries weight. Count me and mine at your service. May I have the pleasure of knowing to whom I owe my daughter's life?"

"My name is MacMahon. I am a dealer, in search of good horse."

"God forgive me," he thought, "but, sure, cavalry is horse."

"MacMahon? MacMahon? Anything to the MacMahons—Ah! Yes, yes," suddenly producing a snuff box, and taking a huge supply which produced a violent fit of coughing—then, "to be sure, Mr. MacMahon, I can show you some in my stables that will be hard to beat. By gad, that reminds me. Lynch, go and look after those poor brutes."

Tim Lynch leaped into his saddle. When they good yards away he

"Suspected he hanged," shouted the Squire—"I beg your pardon, Father Tom! This gentleman is in my custody and there he remains."

The three walked out into the sunshine. For a moment there was a hush; and then—such an Irish cheer rang, such a yell of triumph and joy and courage and hope, as has been heard—aye—hundreds of times all over the world, from the throats of Ireland's sons when the fierce gladness of battle had roused them.

No horses drew the carriage that day to the squire's door. Men and women, and even the little ones, lent willing arms. In front rode the squire, on his black hunter, the proudest man in Clare. At the door Marjorie was waiting, and her eyes were shining. MacMahon bowed low over her hand, and she did not shrink when he kissed it. Father Tom laid his hand on her head; and she smiled bravely at him. "Thank God! Father Tom," said she, "thank God!"

"Thank God, my child," said he; but his voice was broken; and in his eyes a troubled look.

When they entered he faced the host. "Squire Slocard," said he, placing both his hands on the other's shoulders and looking him square in the face, "Squire, did that man die by accident, or—"

"I don't know," said the Squire; "ask Tim Lynch. He was there. But this I do know that it is not by accident you would die on the gallows of Bannis town if that fiend had reached Dunbeg Courthouse this day—not to mention your friend."

Father Tom fell on his hands. He bowed his head in his hands. It could not be; but the two needed refreshment and cheer after what they had gone through; and both they got.

"And now," said the Squire at its conclusion, "Father Tom, you are a free man to day as you were yesterday, and heaven knows that's not saying much; but as for you, my young friend—I told you once there were good horses in my stable."

Fond was the parting between those two, who as little boys had played together. "God speed you," said poor Tim, "and keep you safe, and His Holy Mother," and he kissed MacMahon's hand over and over, while his tears dropped full and hot. Well he realized that he had done to save the two lives. "God speed you!" And he stood at the gate looking into the darkness long after the last hoof-beats had died away.

But over the crest of the hill, where the first bent out the last view of the house, MacMahon, thinking of the last whispered words of Marjorie, and taking a long look at the lighted windows—sighed deeply into the collar of his riding coat.—J. O'H. Devine, in the Catholic Bulletin of Dublin.



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had to his credit a rising Church of 80,000 fervent Christians, and even martyrs, when his visit to Europe gave an impulse to the creation of the Society of Foreign Missions, in Paris, a society which has for nearly three centuries been furnishing the world with an army of French missionaries whose zeal for souls and intrepidity in suffering, even to martyrdom, are a source of pride for all Catholics.

For a hundred years after the establishment of the Church in Indo-China, the apostolate had its intermittent periods of peace and persecution, of wholesale conversions and wholesale martyrdom; but in the end the continued opposition of the native authorities to the faith reached a climax, and it was feared that the work of a century would have to be abandoned. It was a vicar apostolic, Mgr. Pigneau de Behaine, whose life reads like a romance, who in the middle of the eighteenth century succeeded in establishing the active intervention of France and gave that nation an influence in Indo-China which, he it is said to her credit, she used to foster the interests of the Church.

It was not till the accession of Minh-Mang, who detested Europe and Europeans alike, that real persecution broke out. The reign of this emperor, from 1820 till 1840, was a continual orgy of fanaticism, cruelty and hate. In 1838, he promulgated a decree absolutely proscribing the Christian religion and commanding the death of all Europeans who should be arrested on Annamite territory, as well as all natives who remained faithful to their Christian teaching. In 1838, the edict was extended to the entire nation and the executioners began to butcher Christians with a frenzy equalled only in the first ages of the Church. Free scope was given everywhere to the ferocious instincts of the heathens who were ordered to "strike with-out pity; inflict torture; put to death all who refused to trample on the heads of their gods."

For seven whole years this terrible edict was obeyed with un-paralleled cruelty. Bishops, priests, the faithful, even children of tender years, were put to death; but the excesses of Minh-Mang only served to bring out in strong relief the fervor and heroism of the Indo-Chinese. To cite one example: in the savage massacre of 1838, the native Christians, regardless of their own lives, brooked through hedges of soldiers, gathered up the blood, clothing, chains and yokes of their dead martyrs. Even the blades of grass crimsoned with their blood were carried away as relics.

At the death of this tyrant in 1841, the persecution slackened for a time, and the Church, active and invigorated by the noble examples of her martyred children, began to recuperate and grow again in numbers and in influence. This peace was not to last long, however. Ten years later Tu-Duc, another emperor, issued an edict accusing the Christians of conspiracy against him. Every European priest was to be cast into the sea and every native priest was to be put in two. Four years later the teaching of the Catholic religion was forbidden throughout the empire and the persecution was renewed with fury, thousands shedding their blood for the faith. Between the years 1857 and 1862 the list of martyrs in Annam alone numbered 115 native priests, 180 nuns and more than 5,000 of the laity. Almost one hundred towns, all centers of Christian activity, were destroyed, and 800,000 inhabitants scattered throughout the country. Forty thousand of these died of ill-treatment, starvation and misery, and the possessions of the remainder were confiscated. Tu Duc concluded a treaty of peace with France in 1862, not because there was any change in his hatred of Christianity, but because he feared that a revolutionary party which was growing would overthrow the support of France. Freedom of worship was an article embodied in this treaty, and an era of recuperation set in once more. Conversions multiplied by thousands, but petty persecutions and occasional assassinations of missionary

priests showed what might be expected if the fear of foreign intervention had not held back the tyrant's hand.

From 1874 to 1882 the Christians again enjoyed relative peace. But the mandarins began to disregard treaty obligations and a decree in the Royal Council for a general massacre of Christians. The decree was vetoed by the emperor, but it shows at least what the sentiments were that animated his advisers.

The following figures quoted from the Catholic Encyclopedia will sufficiently indicate the ruthlessness of their methods and the fierce determination to destroy every vestige of the Christian faith. In Eastern Cochinchina the martyrs included 15 priests, 60 catechists, 270 nuns, and 24,000 Christians (out of 41,284); all the charitable institutions and ecclesiastical buildings of the missions—including the episcopal curia, churches, presbyteries, 2 seminaries, a printing establishment, 17 orphanages, 10 convents, and 225 chapels—were destroyed. In Southern Cochinchina 10 native priests and 8,885 Christians were massacred in the province of Quang-Trung alone—the two remaining provinces applied hundreds of martyrs; two-thirds of the churches, presbyteries, etc., of the mission were pillaged and burned. In the mission of Southern Tong King 163 churches were burned; 4,700 Catholics were executed; while 1,181 died of hunger and misery. These figures apply only to the year 1885. In 1888, 8 French missionaries, 1 native priest, 63 catechists, and 400 Christians were massacred in Western Tongking, while 1,000 Catholics only saved themselves by flight. The carnage extended even to the remote forests of Laos, where seven missionaries, several native priests, and thousands of Christians were butchered.

Notwithstanding all those persecutions, without parallel since the fiercest days of the Reformation, the Church in Indo-China at the present time is fairly prosperous; nearly a million Catholics are practicing their religion under a well-organized hierarchy. But there are obstacles looming on the horizon, and it is to overcome these that Indo-China has been recommended to the prayers of our Associates during the present month. One of the greatest of these obstacles is the growing influence of Japanese and Chinese rationalistic thought among those intelligent races. A craving for knowledge, an ambition to surpass even Europe in this respect, is taking possession of them. Young men are sent to European universities to be educated, many of whom return to their native country with their paganism undiminished and strongly mixed with rationalism. And yet the faith must continue to make conquests in Indo-China. The vicars apostolic ask the prayers of our members for the welfare of the Church committed to their care.

One of them recently wrote: "The Apostleship of Prayer, canonically erected in our vicariate, in assisting us the help of the prayers of millions of its Associates, will be a pledge of our success. With confidence, then, do we solicit the help of those prayers, and our heartfelt gratitude is tendered to the pious souls who will think of our little folks hidden out here in an unknown corner of the Orient. The Heart of Jesus wishes also to be loved and served here." Let our readers generously respond to this appeal; let them pray that a land which has been so copiously watered with the blood of martyrs may bring forth a rich harvest of souls.

E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

SEEING LIGHT AT LAST

It is a reassuring symptom of the times that at nearly all conventions of educators recently held the nasty old had which was so hotly taken up at first—the thing called "sex hygiene"—was emphatically condemned, as wrong in principle as well as in the methods proposed for its study. On the other hand, there is a growing demand by educators that religious education be included in the curriculum of the public schools. The Hon. Bird S. Coler, former Controller of New York, who in his earlier years had been a stout defender of the theory that the segregation of children of one religion in special schools was antagonistic to American institutions and the American spirit of freedom, is now convinced that he was in error, and the schools in the right.

He said, speaking at St. Patrick's Academy, Watervliet, N. Y., on June 29, that the trouble with the public school system was the absence of the essentials that make for character building. Denominational diversity had made it impossible, he said, to agree upon the form which religious education should take in the public schools. Neither the so-called ethical culture system nor the scientific system could take the place of religious instruction.

How strange it is for me, with my early prejudices against the denominational schools, to be constrained by the facts of life to turn to these schools as the hope of the American people! I have found in the parochial schools the saving principle which has been eliminated in the Public School system. I found a secular education which in every recent test has shown superior efficiency over the Public School education. I found the idea of authority dominating moral instructions and the idea of the Divinity vitalizing moral instructions. I have found

the idea of personal responsibility to God being pressed home upon the mind of youth. I know of no other way of making good citizens. Therefore I can say that in its parochial school system your Church has built an institution that makes for the conservation of the American ideal of life and government.

Mr. Coler is not a Catholic, but, as we believe, a Methodist.—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

One rose in a sick man's room is worth forty on a bier.

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The Catholic Record London Canada

THIS SAME Dr. Griffith Thomas, in another communication to the Canadian Churchman, summarizes an article (which he designates as "of great importance") which has just appeared in the London Spectator. The article treats of the rights of the unconfirmed and of Nonconformists in the Church of England, and the writer is described as "one of the ablest and most experienced of ecclesiastical lawyers." His conclusion is that under the law of the realm no unconfirmed person, not a "notorious evil liver," can be refused Communion in the Church of England, from which finding Dr. Thomas concludes that "no spiritually-minded Nonconformist can be excluded in the mission field. This was the crux of the Kikuyu affair. There is nothing new, of course, in the contention of the writer in the Spectator. It is, however, significant that with no ecclesiastical tribunal in the Church of England lies the decision on so vital a point, but that the last word is with the lawyers. And yet they arrogate to themselves the title "Catholic."

THE QUESTION has recently been asked: "Was printing invented by Catholics, and were they allowed by the Church to make use of it?" The answer is a decided affirmative. Not only was the art of printing, from blocks or by moveable types, the invention of Catholics, but the whole art of printing and of the production of printed books was the product of Catholic times, and was from its very birth consecrated to the uses of religion. Gutenberg, the inventor of moveable type, was a devoutly religious man, and the first products of his ingenuity were the Bible and other books treating of religion. His last years were spent under the protection of the Archbishop of Nassau, and at his death in 1467 or 1468, he was buried as a Franciscan Tertiary. In Italy, too, and in France and Spain, the printing press was first consecrated to the service of the Church and the books produced by the early printers—good Catholics to a man—have never been equalled, even with all the aids of modern developments in the press. Caxton, the first English printer, was also a devout Catholic, and in the exercise of his art, religion had the first place. Little did Gutenberg, or Caxton, or any of the early masters imagine that so elevating an art would in the ages that followed be turned to so great a degree as it has been to base ends. It is incumbent therefore upon Catholics of this generation, by a liberal use of the type fount, to re-consecrate it to the highest welfare of the race. The spirit of evil must not be left in undisputed possession.

SEVERE ARRAIGNMENT

PROTESTANT WRITER SCORES CATHOLICS FOR THEIR SUPINENESS IN PERMITTING THE MENACE TO CIRCULATE THROUGH THE MAILS

The following exhortation of the Menace propaganda from the pen of Joseph Smith, first appeared in Truth, a weekly magazine published in Boston: "The Menace fairly reeks with filth and obscenity; its falsehoods and slanders are not only a disgrace to our American community, but a terrible reflection on the intelligence of the reflections who revel in its foulness and give credence to its cowardly propaganda. That such a thing is permitted to be published and circulated in a decent community is an indictment on our Christian civilization. Its whole stock in trade consists of the foulest stories about persons who have consecrated their lives to religion, education and charity inside the pales of the Catholic Church; nothing is too gross, vile and obscene to charge against churchmen and clerics of the highest character; and the unspeakable things hurled at the good women who are sacrificing their lives for the benefit of suffering humanity are so cowardly and vicious that it is a marvel that even a Southern community does not apply rope and tar and feathers to them. "I wonder how long our militant Methodist brethren would tolerate a constant stream of filth leveled at the men and women of their faith engaged in their many religious activities? Long enough perhaps to get at the authors with scourges and at a contemptible administration that permits its mails to be used as distributors of filth. How long would our Baptist brethren stand it? Well, the Baptists are not Quakers. And the ministry, brotherhoods and sisterhoods of the Episcopal church? Would that peaceful Church submit to such things? I doubt it. And so I marvel why the 16,000,000 Catholics submit to this weekly outrage on and insult to all they believe to be holy and sacred by that Missouri gang of blackguards. I confess I can't understand their supineness. I can't find

any excuse for their timidity, or whatever it is. The Methodists or Baptists would have invaded the White House long ago and scared ten years' growth out of the President and Postmaster General, and have stopped that insult to the decency and religion of the country. Whether the Catholics do or don't take some action, it is the business of self-respecting men of all faiths, Protestant and Catholic, to put that foul thing out of business. The Canadian Government has forbidden the use of the mails to the unclean thing; but it is a distinctly Southern enterprise the Menace to probably safe in the hands of the Southern Government. It is rather interesting to reflect that with so many Catholics in the Democratic party they have not influence enough to make their party lift its voice or hand to protect them, and the community generally, from this filthy sheet. If, however, they cannot get action from the Wilson administration and they continue to stick to him, it would look as if sympathy were wasted on them. "The battle for decency, and against obscenity, masquerading as religious intolerance, is not exclusively a Catholic concern; it is the business of all religious bodies; and it is acutely the business of Protestantism to drive the Menace out of the mails and out of existence, since the filthy publication has the impudence to claim that it is the protector and representative of Protestantism. "I for one beg to be excused. When I want a guardian for a wife, daughter and home I won't seek one in a brothel; when I want a defender of the faith I profess I won't hurt him in the gutters and the haunts of degeneracy nor will I estimate his valor, efficiency and moral worth by his ability to slander and defame womanhood and holy orders. So I say it is time to wake up to the dangers of this abhorrent thing poisoning the minds of ignorant thousands, breathing pestilence into credulous souls and breeding the seeds of national hatred and dissension for the gain of a few dirty dollars. "Make no mistake, the suppression of the Menace is a duty that Protestants owe to America, for it is a distinct menace to all the decencies of our life and a reflection on Protestantism itself. "My advice to Catholics is to organize and insist on the enforcement of the laws by this most contemptible of administrations. If they organize they will be abused; bigotry has many tongues; but they will be respected. Those who lie down must expect to be walked on; those who are afraid of hard names and hard knocks have no place in American life. With 16,000,000 they ought to be able to enforce respect and fair play, provided they have 16,000,000 spines under their shirts and not 16,000,000 rubber tubes. When the Postmaster General and his master have a choice to make between the Menace and its million (?) and decency and 16,000,000, they will probably enforce the law and remove the Memphis Americana from the mails."

must be the result of his inward light, subject to no authority whatsoever. A good many mad heretics have held such opinions; but perhaps this is the first time a bishop of the Episcopal Church, at least in America, has professed them openly. "Here was a bishop of Norwich in Queen Elizabeth's day who got into trouble over similar notions. Bishop Rainelander may answer that if he does not approve of a prophet's doctrine he will not let him preach. So too a physician's practice he will not employ him. But this cannot invalidate the physician's diploma; neither will the closing of a pulpit to a prophet deprive him of his function as defined by Bishop Rainelander himself. Besides, Bishop Rainelander is not the whole Protestant Episcopal Church. There are many bishops of that denomination who would admit prophets whom he would reject. What proves too much proves nothing. If Bishop Rainelander will acknowledge as prophets ministers of other denominations on the strength of their assertion of an inward call, why should the ministers and the laymen too, of his own denomination be in a worse condition? Moreover, how does he reconcile his theory with the twenty-third article of religion, and with the limitation he affixes to the exercise of preaching every time he hands the Bible to a newly ordained minister? Again, one may speak by word or by act. Every time a minister of some other denomination stands in a Protestant Episcopal pulpit he proclaims to his hearers by the fact, that he is an ordained minister, as much so as his brother at the reading desk or inside the communion rail, and all Bishop Rainelander's reservations can not change this, any more than any previous protestation of his could change the act of a preacher's proclaiming Arrianism, or Nestorianism, or Socinianism, should he decide to do so. The key to the whole difficulty lies in this, that despite his assumption of learning, Bishop Rainelander has quite forgotten that to preach lawfully one must be sent, as St. Paul teaches. He has not a word to say on the subject of mission. This, as regards sacred ministrations, requires authority in the sender, acceptance in the one sent and an external fact making the mission evident to the hearer. None of these can be found in the case in question. Whatever authority Bishop Rainelander has in the matter with regard to his own ministers—and it is extremely dubious—he has none over the Presbyterian. Indeed the Protestant Episcopal Church admits this; for it authorizes him to permit only, not a word does it say about commissioning the minister from without. To accept mission from an extraneous authority is the last thing in the mind of a minister preaching in the pulpit of another sect. Consequently, the third element is wanting. The congregation sees a minister addressing them through the courtesy of their own clergyman and bishop; whatever authority he has comes from his own denomination.—Henry Woods, S. J., in America.

THE OPEN PULPIT IN THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH

A minister of the Episcopal Church in Philadelphia asked leave of his diocesan to invite a Presbyterian minister to preach for him. The request might have been granted without any ado, as the General Convention enacted some years ago a canon authorizing such permissions. But Bishop Rainelander has very decided ideas on the essential difference between a minister of his denomination and every other Protestant minister and among his own people he is reputed a theologian—as the theologians go in the Protestant Episcopal Church. It seemed to him, therefore that he ought to seize the opportunity of justifying Canon 20, which had driven so many out of his sect, and was still a cause of trouble to many within it. He began very learnedly by distinguishing between vocation and ordination. The former he holds to be essentially an inward call from God, which may have for its term the ministry or the stock exchange. The vocation to the ministry needs "some sort of outward commission or authorization to complete it." The same is true of the stock exchange, but we may distinguish between prophesying—by which he means preaching—and the priesthood. For the former he appears to hold that no sort of outward commission or authorization is necessary. Hence a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church may welcome one as a prophet and at the same time hold that as a minister his outward commission or authorization received from the presbytery or the conference is worthless. Bishop Nealey of the Methodist Episcopal Church is indignant that the privilege of appearing in the Protestant Episcopal pulpit is reserved for Presbyterians. In this he wastes energy. Methodist, Baptist, Lutheran, Unitarian, anybody may do so if the necessary consent be obtained. He is more reasonably indignant over Bishop Rainelander's denial that the ministers of these denominations are "full ministers." If he examines the Bishop's theory more carefully his anger will grow, for according to it they are in the Bishop's eyes no ministers at all, only "prophets."

HOW THREE GREAT CARDINALS LOOKED UPON THE IRISH

It is interesting to note that the Tablet, that sterling English Catholic publication which has been a reactionary in the matter of Home Rule for years, if not since its establishment, has come to have more kindly feelings towards the question of self government for Ireland. The present Irish situation has called forth from the writer of its "Et Cetera" department these striking testimonies of three great Cardinals, who were personal observers of that which gave them their impressions of the people of the sister isle. In the strife of politics (which disturbs not this otherwise occupied page) we seem to hear just now of only one Ireland, the Ireland that has a vile and wanton insult to the Pope for its watchword, the Ireland that sees in its Catholic brother one who, because he is a Catholic, cannot be consorted with in the governing of their common country. That greater Ireland, that Catholic Ireland, which has not striven nor cried nor let its voice be heard in the streets during all this din and dust, has had from Catholic English men tributes of brotherly affection which some may care to recall to day. We will quote the dead rather than the living, and cite the sayings of three English Cardinals, then selves the personal observers of that which went to the making of their personal impressions. Cardinal Wiseman was a cosmopolitan in his judgment. A Spaniard by early impression, a Roman by long residence, an Englishman by duty, he had also that Irish blood in his veins which cement, and not in his case only, the union between Westminster and Dublin. The Cardinal after an Irish tour, gave in 1858 a lecture in the Hanover Square rooms, from which we make our extract: "And now, if I may use my own experience, I will say that nothing struck me more in Ireland than the characteristic resemblance which I found every where among the people. You can find in different parts of Ireland what you may call different national families. In some parts you will find more robust growth, a greater physical development; while in other parts you may observe a 'race,' as it is called, not so

strong, nor possessing such powerful physical characteristics. Now, these varieties are to be traced in every part of England, and in every country of the world. But in the character of the people it seemed to me that everywhere there was a resemblance which was the stamp of the most strict complete nationality; and that nationality seemed all to be one in its great principles, as well as in all that it was doing, or trying to do." The record of this solidarity of the people reads perhaps rather ironically at this moment of passion; but the words are not altogether without hope or even promise of future union. The Cardinal continues: "The manners of the people, their looks, the countenances may be different, but one expression pervades them; there is in every man of them, wherever you go, a warmth and expansion of heart which is totally different from what you find—from what I have found in any other country. There is a spontaneity of expression; there is a facility of giving utterance to their thoughts; there is a brilliancy, even a poetry about them which animates the whole of the peasantry. They have a smile upon their countenance which is bright and cheering; the light of their eyes is not only brilliant, but most tender, and I was surprised in the multitude of persons whom I saw congregated, to the amount of thousands, to observe the sort of natural gentleness of bearing which belongs most markedly to a moral people. I never in the whole of my tour, and I have said my observation extends to tens of thousands of people, saw a rude act by one man against another. When a crowd of persons came together, one group behind them who had gratified their feelings would give way and say, 'Now let others come forward,' with a considerate and courteous manner which would do honor to any assembly of the wealthy, and what we call the educated classes. Gentle men, I believe a moral peasant is more of a gentleman than one who is merely born or bred so. The manner, too, in which they make known their gratification or their joy is the same throughout. I have seen for miles along the road hedges shut up, the windows and doors closed, but adorned with flowers and boughs, when they had left behind them these emblems of their good feelings could not receive a word or a look of commendation in return. It was their way of showing the spontaneity of their feelings, and this was the case all over the country; the same form of demonstration seemed to prevail everywhere." What is interesting to note is the almost identical testimony just borne by Mr. H. G. Wells to the kindly bearing of the people in the streets of Russian cities. During his recent visits he never in the streets heard one coarse word, saw an animal misused or a child struck. The associations between Ireland and Cardinal Newman are familiar enough. 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One wonders whether the events of the last few days have retarded or otherwise the fulfillment of that prediction. At any rate Cardinal Newman, portrait painter in words himself, would not recognize in the northern presentation of their Catholic fellow countrymen, the true lineaments of those whom he found to be "not only a Catholic people, but a people of great natural abilities, keen witted, original, and subtle." Cardinal Manning had Irish blood, and gladly would that wearer of the robes dyed with the blood of the Roman martyrs have shed his own for her sake. "Holy Russia," he once said in an irony rare with him; but "Holy Ireland" with all his heart. For years I have been saying these words." The Irish people are the most profoundly Christian and the most energetically Catholic people on the face of the earth." They have also been afflicted with every kind of sorrow, barbarous and refined—all that centuries of warfare of race against race and religion against religion can inflict upon a people has been their inheritance. But the day of restitution has nearly come I hope to see the daybreak, and I hope you will see the noontide when the people of Ireland will be readmitted, as far as possible, to the possession of their own soul, and shall be admitted, as far as possible, to the making and administration of their own local laws, while they shall still share in the legislation which governs and consolidates the Empire." A thousand similar words could be quoted from the great Cardinal; but they are not needed.

strong, nor possessing such powerful physical characteristics. Now, these varieties are to be traced in every part of England, and in every country of the world. But in the character of the people it seemed to me that everywhere there was a resemblance which was the stamp of the most strict complete nationality; and that nationality seemed all to be one in its great principles, as well as in all that it was doing, or trying to do." The record of this solidarity of the people reads perhaps rather ironically at this moment of passion; but the words are not altogether without hope or even promise of future union. The Cardinal continues: "The manners of the people, their looks, the countenances may be different, but one expression pervades them; there is in every man of them, wherever you go, a warmth and expansion of heart which is totally different from what you find—from what I have found in any other country. There is a spontaneity of expression; there is a facility of giving utterance to their thoughts; there is a brilliancy, even a poetry about them which animates the whole of the peasantry. They have a smile upon their countenance which is bright and cheering; the light of their eyes is not only brilliant, but most tender, and I was surprised in the multitude of persons whom I saw congregated, to the amount of thousands, to observe the sort of natural gentleness of bearing which belongs most markedly to a moral people. I never in the whole of my tour, and I have said my observation extends to tens of thousands of people, saw a rude act by one man against another. When a crowd of persons came together, one group behind them who had gratified their feelings would give way and say, 'Now let others come forward,' with a considerate and courteous manner which would do honor to any assembly of the wealthy, and what we call the educated classes. Gentle men, I believe a moral peasant is more of a gentleman than one who is merely born or bred so. The manner, too, in which they make known their gratification or their joy is the same throughout. I have seen for miles along the road hedges shut up, the windows and doors closed, but adorned with flowers and boughs, when they had left behind them these emblems of their good feelings could not receive a word or a look of commendation in return. It was their way of showing the spontaneity of their feelings, and this was the case all over the country; the same form of demonstration seemed to prevail everywhere." What is interesting to note is the almost identical testimony just borne by Mr. H. G. Wells to the kindly bearing of the people in the streets of Russian cities. During his recent visits he never in the streets heard one coarse word, saw an animal misused or a child struck. The associations between Ireland and Cardinal Newman are familiar enough. One recalls first of all some words, light enough in themselves, but linking together two Princes of the Church, he one of them, and Cardinal Cullen the other. "I used to say of him that his countenance had a light upon it which made me feel as if, during his many years at Rome, all the saints of the Holy City had been looking into it, and he into theirs." The Irish Cardinal, who (said a wit) achieved in politics the Cullenization of Ireland, sat for his portrait to several artists; but somehow it is this portrait by an English pen that presents him most fairly and most recognizably to our minds. "Gentleman," said Cardinal Newman to a Dublin audience, "it is impossible to doubt that a future is in store for Ireland for more reasons than can here be enumerated. First, there is the circumstance that the Irish have been so miserably ill-treated and misused

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

TENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

MORNING PRAYERS

"Two men went up into the temple to pray. The lesson of this day's Gospel, my brethren, is prayer; it is necessary and its humility. Our short sermon must be contented with a little corner of this great field—that is to say, morning prayers.

Suppose that your child is sick, what is your first work in the morning? It is, How is the baby this morning? Then follows much more: I think it is a little better today; it seems easier; or it passed a bad night; I hope the day will be cool, for it suffers from heat. So, anxiety for your poor little child consecrates your first thoughts and words to its welfare. And do you not know that your poor soul is either sick or runs the risk of catching a deadly sickness every day you live? There are bad sights on the streets that tend to sicken it; there are snares of the devil, such as cursing and foul-talking companions, bad reading and saloons; there is a spiritual cancer with flesh—which can only be kept from destroying the soul's life by constant and severe treatment. Now thoughts and words do your sick child little good; but they are the very best things for the soul, especially early in the morning. The man or woman who kneels down and says the morning prayer guards against temptation, heads off the noon day demon, and provides that happiest of evenings, that is to say, the one which follows an innocent day.

There's a saying against braggarts and promise-breakers that "fine words butter no parsnips." It is not true of words said in charity to our neighbor or in prayer to God. Sincere words addressed to God as the day begins sweeten every morsel of food the livelong day, lighten every burden and weaken every temptation. Why, then, are you so careless about morning prayers? It is only because you do not appreciate your spiritual weakness or you do not care what becomes of your soul before bedtime. But somebody might say: Father, can't you tell us something to make the morning prayers easy? It is very hard to remember them, and then it is so pleasant to get even five minutes' more sleep, especially in the winter time; and, again, I am always in a hurry to get off to work, etc. Now you might as well ask me to tell you how to clean a shirt, or to wash a good something to make you refresh a good wash and a clean shirt. If a man does not hate dirt, it is preching up the chimney to try to make him love to be clean. Prayer cleans the heart. Prayer clothes the soul with the grace of God. Prayer brings down God. Prayer drives away the devil. Or, I might rather say, that for a clean heart, and in order to get the grace of God, and in order to vanquish temptation, prayer is simply and indispensably necessary.

Once a man came to me and said: Father, for years I was addicted to habitual vice of the worst kind (and here he named a fearful sin); but I began some time ago to say the Litany of the Blessed Virgin every morning and the Litany of Jesus every night, and this practice has entirely cured me of that dreadful habit. Some such story as that, my brethren, every man must tell before he can say that he is delivered from sin.

For my own part, I look upon regular morning prayers as a plain mark of predestination to eternal life. "Ask and you shall receive; seek and you shall find; knock and it shall be opened to you," is our Lord's promise to those that pray; and the best prayer is the morning prayer. Be ready, therefore, to correct yourself for omitting it. The day you forget it go without something you like to eat, put a nickel in the poor-box, double up your night prayers, make a special request to your guardian angel to get you up in good time for morning prayer, the following morning. For the "Our Father," "Hail Mary," "Apostles' Creed," "Confiteor," and Acts of Faith, Hope and Charity, that you say in the morning will in the end give you a happy death and the kingdom of heaven.

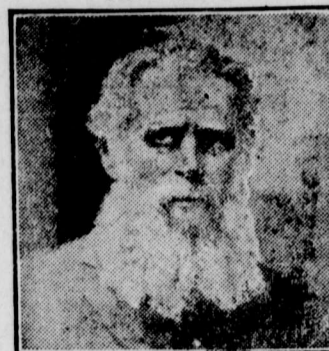
UNLIKE THE PAST

England never seemed to realize the folly of her policy that for centuries has driven from their homes the Irish people. Unwilling to submit themselves to her domination, particularly in religious matters they made exiles of themselves. Still England never seemed to appreciate the strength and energy, the will and determination that each year poured with Irish immigrants into other lands. She believed that every drop of Irish blood that sought refuge in other places left Ireland so much weaker, so much more ready to assent to the persecutor's edicts. Yet the efflux has never effected Irish strength requires her to prepare for self-defence, she is putting forth a force in no way inferior to those of the past.

But the fact that Irishmen have left their homes and have gone to other parts to enrich themselves and the lands of their adoption, is now Ireland's greatest asset. Thousands of poverty-stricken, unarmed Irish volunteers, even with the injustices of the ages giving them provokes, could still offer little telling resistance to England who with her hands

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in nearly every well of wealth the world over, has the military superiority that comes to a nation with riches. But the funds of the patriates are flowing into Ireland and have given her what thus far she has lacked when she wished to assert her rights. Results may with certainty be predicted to be other-wise than in the past. England too may learn to know the folly of her past policies in relation to the Irish people.—New World.

TEMPERANCE

ANTI TREATING IN FRATERNAL ORGANIZATIONS

A paper in Albuquerque, New Mexico, printed recently the following editorial:

"Out of the mass of suggestions for checking the evil of alcoholism, legislation, force, arbitrary limiting of personal liberty, and the rest, the suggestion which is refreshing. One of these is the suggestion made by Francis E. Wood of Albuquerque to the Knights of Columbus in a meeting of that order at Las Vegas recently. Mr. Wood suggested that the order as an organization place the ban of disapproval upon the great American institution of treating; that it take a stand against the custom handed down from our forefathers to 'have one on me.'"

"Mr. Wood suggests that if the custom of treating in saloons and other public places where liquor is sold is done away with, the consumption of alcoholic liquors in this country, instead of the regular annual increase, promptly would be decreased about one-half. He thinks the annual crop of habitual drunkards would be reduced by at least one-half. The chances are that Mr. Wood is just about right. Think over the list of your friends and acquaintances and count from among them the number of men who drink alone in public places. The small group of the number will astonish you. And from those who do drink alone, the confirmed consumers of excessive quantities of alcohol, count those who have reached the stage where liquor has become a necessity, who reached that stage through the sociability route. It is probable you will find ninety per cent. arrived that way."

"No man deliberately becomes a drunkard. The habit is a creeping habit. It does not grasp and throttle its victim all at once, like opium or cocaine. The treating custom is the national greaser of the skids. "It is mighty easy to 'take another' with a group of friends. It is mighty hard to keep away from the 'have a little one with me' when the other fellows are buying. One hates a 'piker' and hates to be one. Our national institution of treating is so well established and so widely respected that the man who doesn't conform just about has to climb on

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the water wagon and be a 'clam.' To stretch one drink into ten is the easiest thing under the shining sun; and with ten under the belt, there is no limit to liberality, even with the rent money.

"Mr. Wood doesn't propose to stop treating by law. He doesn't even propose to place any check on hospitality with liquor in the home; at least we assume he does not, since his suggestion is sensible in every other way. He doesn't even propose to make 'anti treating' a rule of the order he was addressing. He merely proposes that individual members of that order 'stop treating.' It is big enough, he thinks, so if every member would step out of the 'have one on me' brigade, there would be enough of a hole in the ranks to have a national movement. It would be a voluntary movement in behalf of the weak brother—and the brother who takes chances on becoming weak so long as he trains with the 'have another on me' crowd."

"Suppose the membership of half a dozen of the great fraternal societies of this nation should take up this proposal, make it an individual principle and abide by the rule. Wouldn't it make a hole in the drink evil? It would, for there are common sense, practical ways of checking the drink evil, and the limiting of the institution of treating; limiting it by personal, voluntary sanction and consent among large bodies of organized men, is one of those ways."

So well did a Colorado Knight think of this editorial that he had it reprinted in the Denver Catholic Register, with the query "Why can't the Colorado and Wyoming Knights of Columbus undertake a similar movement?" We are willing to give the suggestion the benefit of our circulation. No Catholic paper in the country has a deeper regard for the Knights of Columbus than we have, and none is less disposed to intimate that the members of the order as a whole are in need of an anti-treating regime; but there are many places where an anti-treating movement would, if successful, benefit materially more than a few Knights of Columbus. And the same is true of all other Catholic fraternal organizations. A tendency to con- sideration is one of the weak spots of our fraternalism. We want to be "good fellows," a good many of us, like our friends in the so-called "non-sectarian" orders. There is a great deal of talk about brotherhood and charity in most fraternal organizations, but a true exemplification of those virtues would be found in the removal of temptation from those whom we are supposed to love and cherish.

THE MODERN PERIL

Ferrer was not a dreamer. How ever perverse in his purpose, he was intensely practical in its execution. To his mind there were two things of supreme moment, the press and the school. Both have the same end in view, to set the seal of their doctrines upon the lives of men. The press is the great world's university; the school is more limited, but likewise more thorough in its work. The education they give is either for or against God. There can be no neutral press and no neutral school. He that is not with Me is against Me, scattereth. There can, consequently, be no middle way. The words of Christ are infallible truth.

What then is the gravest of modern perils? Clearly it is education without Christ. The irreligious press has power chiefly over those formed in the irreligious school. It is this mainly which has brought the world to its present pass, with revolution fomenting in every State, with confiscation, robbery, violence and lust openly preached in the public platform and taught in the very classroom. We give it high sound of speech. We give it high sound of law and representatives of the people do not, as a rule, dare to interfere. They themselves have been shorn of all their power by the education of to-day. There is no authority upon earth unless it comes from God. Even, therefore, though religion is merely ignored in our schools without being actually opposed, every reason for obedience, law and order has been taken away, in spite of fine phrases, anarchy remains the only logical rule of civil life. Each man may follow his own unbridled instincts. If education without religion is right, then Ferrer was right and he deserved the apotheosis which the world gave to him; his system of the Modern School, based upon opposition to all constituted authority, is right.

Men who do not hesitate to uphold an education without Christ must not, therefore, be surprised if their pupils are more logical than they, if they demand that the full consequences of such doctrine be both taught and put into practice. To make this application more freely Socialists and anarchists have founded their own schools, as well as their own press. If any consideration is shown by such men for the Public School system of our country, it is only because they either hope to control it absolutely or are already in part doing so. The following is the "yell" with which the pupils of the New York Ferrer school one day surprised their delighted teacher: One! Two! Three! Four! What are we for? Modern School! Modern School! Rah! Rah! Rah!



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Five! Six! Seven! Eight! What do we hate? Public school! Public school! Ha! Ha! Ha!

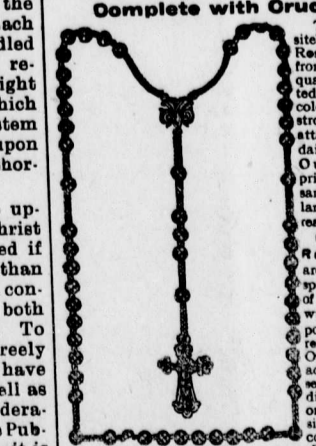
It was in this school that the young anarchists, blown to pieces on July 4 by the machine which they had evidently planned for others, had attended a meeting on the night before.

To protest against libertarian education; to restrain the violence of the advocates of sabotage and direct action; to imprison the men found guilty of unlawfully transporting dynamite in the cause of a feud; to hinder the progress of a bloody mob flaunting with impunity in the face of public authority its black banner inscribed Demolition; to close by the strong intervention of government troops the horrors of a long-protracted conflict between hired guards and desperate strikers who have proclaimed the existence of civil war; to hold up to public scorn the unconscionable capitalist offender, who in defiance of charity and justice is seeking only to increase his own wealth; to end the misrule of criminal monopolies whose sole purpose is to raise to the highest the price of products and commodities; to carry out these and a thousand other measures will not bring us any nearer to the true solution of our problem. Social reformers are for the most part like unskilled physicians. They are vainly making exterior appliances for a disorder seated deep in the blood. Heal it in one place and it soon breaks out in another.

Not Socialism, not anarchism, not an oppressive capitalism, not the vices of the slum or the excesses of the rich are the true sources of our misery. They are only the outward manifestations of it. They all proceed from the same cause, irreligious education. Here, then, is the modern peril. It is education without Christ. It is to this one evil that the attention of all our statesmen must be directed if the great catastrophe is to be averted. In vain have a thousand remedies been proposed, many of them, perhaps, worse than the evil they would cure. With the prophet Jeremiah we must cry out to the nations, not permitting our voice to be silenced.

"Be astonished, O ye heavens, at this and ye gates thereof, be very desolate, saith the Lord. For My people have done two evils. They have forsaken Me, the fountain of living water, and have digged to themselves cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water."

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Irreligious education is, therefore, the peril of our time. All neutral education, as our Lord Himself has taught us, is of a class with it. In our day the devil is leaving no means untried to destroy the Church. But the first and principle means to bring this about is education without Christ. In school and press it is carrying on a relentless war. That the gates of hell can never prevail upon us, for we have the infallible promise of God. But countless souls can be lost, anarchy in creed, in morals, in civil life can be made triumphant for a time. More than that, therefore, is the formation of character in the Catholic school, college and university of the utmost importance for the welfare of our nation. But even this alone will not suffice. The influence of the press must likewise be taken into account. It continues with us through all the years of our lives. The indifference, therefore, of Catholics who neglect their press is second only to the criminality of the Catholic parents who send their children to the so-called neutral schools and universities. All the world is alive to the power of the school and the press. Let Catholics not ignore it.—Joseph Hueslin, S. J., in America.

CATHOLIC SOCIOLOGY

In these days of sociological agitation it ought to be borne in mind by Catholics with justifiable feelings of pride that the Catholic Church was the champion of the people's right and of the laboring classes at all times and that her leadership on all social questions was particularly conspicuous and enthusiastic during the Middle Ages. In her great universities and schools Christian economics was a separate branch of study to which much time and attention was devoted. Among her distinguished churchmen who were lights on the subject of Christian sociology no one ranks higher than St. Antoninus, Archbishop of Florence, whose work flourished in the latter half of the fourteenth century. As the Catholic Church has her Angelic Doctor, her Seraphic Doctor, and her Doctor, so she has her Doctor of Christian Economics in St. Antoninus. And strange to say his teachings are as modern as those of to-day and as well adapted to the necessities and exigencies of the times. By nature this gentle Archbishop was well suited to his philanthropic mission. He was eminently charitable and a lover of little, helpless children. For men he founded the benevolent society of St. Martin, whose object was to relieve all manner of human suffering. The good Archbishop set an example himself by visiting the poor in the days of famine and distress, going from house to house on his pack mule and distributing provisions through the narrow streets of Florence. It is said that he changed the magnificent Episcopal flower beds into truck gardens for the poor.

But his doctrine on social problems and economics is well worth perusing and may be considered the final word on the subject ever said in these days of progressive ideas. St. Antoninus begins by saying that religion is the foundation of all true economics and sociology. Poverty in itself is not good, nor is wealth in itself bad. To accumulate riches for the sole motive of possessing them without any intention of using them for the benefit of our fellowbeings is morally wrong and indefensible. This would mean the upsetting of the natural rights of men; and the designs of Providence in their mutual dependence upon one another would be frustrated.

The Doctor of Christian sociology explains himself: "God gave us natural riches, such as property, cattle, food and the like; and also artificial riches, such as precious metals, clothing, etc., so that we might, by the application of them, merit eternal life. God has bestowed wealth on man so that he might look on Him as the 'Well-wisher of the race, might love Him and in His name give alms to those in need. Temporal goods are given to us to be used in the preservation of our lives. The object of gain is that by its means man may provide for himself and others according to their state. The object of providing for himself and others is that they may be able to live virtuously. The object of virtuous life is the attainment of everlasting glory."

In speaking of wealth and riches this great social teacher applies them to the workingman as well as to his richer employer. The object of wealth, little or great, is to do good with it for the ultimate purpose of an eternal reward. The greater the wealth, the more urgent and imperative the duty of charitable distribution and use. This idea on the relation of capital to labor and vice versa meets the most approved teachings of modern Christian sociology. It is analyzed by a writer in America: "The early Christian writers looked with suspicion upon trade. Their difficulty was the same as that which arises again in our day. Shall a man draw a profit from anything except his own labor? Saint Antoninus answers that trade whose main object is cupidly is certainly evil. It is justified if the trader seeks a moderate profit 'not as an ultimate end, but merely as a wage of labor,' to provide for himself and family, to aid the poor, or promote the common good. Upon the same principle he is justified in taking interest. Those who are unwilling to work, but 'directly seek by lending their money to merchants to secure

an annual interest besides the eventual return of an undiminished capital,' he denounces as evidently guilty of usury. Men, however, who would otherwise lawfully invest their money and consequently by lending it lose the profit they would gain by it, are no less clearly entitled to a compensation. The danger even of losing the money which is loaned, and other similar reasons, he admits, suffice to transform mere barren currency into productive capital. A moderate interest on money that would otherwise lie idle can likewise be permitted as an inducement for the making of loans."

This is Catholic theology as it is taught in the seminaries of the Church to-day. It is also good common sense—essentially and eternally opposed to the vagaries and trumpery of Socialism as preached by Marx, Engels and associates.—Intermountain Catholic.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CONTENT

This mundane sphere possesses a plethora of people who are secured on it and on themselves; all that is good, sweet, enjoyable seems to have lost its glamour and attractiveness; most things are to be looked upon with suspicious questioning because, forsooth, these keen observers have discovered that not everything is what it purports to be. Thousands have the distressing habit of groaning silently to themselves, and quite audibly to others, and the burden of their refrain is, "Things are not what they seem." And still this disgusting habit is but an exaggerated form of a weakness very common to all of us, the propensity to note faults and failures where by note faults and failures inclining and well disposed can elude success.

What a contrast to those who live such lives as the lives of those who know the philosophy of content. These seek their daily work and the spirit with which they assume their accustomed duties elevates it into the realm of prayer and sacrifice. They inure themselves to the setbacks or as they go with a feeling that all the little trials and discouragements, tribulations and sufferings are means offered them to climb the stairs of self-regulation. They never bemoan the curtailment of their liberty, never seek to reflect upon the ability or wisdom of their superiors. They do not deplore the darkness of the world nor the evil proclivities of the people surrounding them; but they make of what dreariness there happens to be a background for the light that shines day by day; and if perchance there comes a dark day, they immediately make a comparison with the bright days that have gone before, not to demonstrate that to-day is a dark day, but there have been, not so long ago, bright days, and there will be others soon.

What a beauty there is in such lives! What an inspiration they are to people inclined by nature to seek the dusky side of things and persons! How they contrast with the habitually disgruntled, the chronically dissatisfied! A mind attuned to good things soon learns to see them without effort. If we can but persuade ourselves of this, there will come into our lives a greater degree of humor and content. No great strain is required to bring them, for sunshine diffuses itself with amazing rapidity in all directions. If we give it a lodging in our thoughts, if we make brightness a state of mind, life will take on a new meaning, greater possibilities will present themselves and they will produce for us more lasting benefit.

WORK IS THE THING

A great many youths of to-day appear to entertain the idea that they are superior to their jobs. It is observed that there is a class of employees who seem to think it is disgraceful to take one's work seriously, and one who is conscientious and assiduous in attending to small details is regarded with a sort of pitying amusement.

That manner of conduct may possibly give a young man prestige among his fellows; but it doesn't lead to success. No man who accomplishes anything worth while ever felt himself above hard, pains taking work. Let a young man have a "lefty conception" of his ability if he will. But let him remember that the business world must be "shown." A man who proves to his employers that he can do efficient, intelligent work will, almost with-

out exception, receive commensurate advancement and compensation. That the demand for efficiency often exceeds the supply is perhaps due mainly to the fact that the American youth so often has a "lefty conception of himself," and will not put sufficient energy and determination into holding down his job.—Sacred Heart Review.

GOOD AND BAD DAYS

Good days and bad days exist only in your own head. The weather has nothing to do with it. Each day is what you make it yourself. Bad weather is only an unfortunate opinion. It's what you think and feel about it that makes each day what it is. You, within yourself, can make each day, every day, a good day. Put down in the notebook of your soul the post Runberg's thought, "Each day is a life." When you get up in the morning throw back your shoulders, take a deep breath. Meet the new day like a man. Say to yourself: "Another day—another life!" For all we know, it may be the only day we'll ever have. Let's make it the best day we can. Let's strive to see that it is a day worth while. Let's move a step forward in our work. Let's do all the good we can. Let's get all the happiness we can—to-day. Now is the only time you can control. Yesterday is a record. Tomorrow is a secret. To-day is yours, is mine.—St. Paul Bulletin.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

TRY IT AND THEN JUDGE

August is dedicated to the Most Blessed Sacrament. Our boys and girls should approach the Holy Table every day, if possible, during this month. Why should you go often to Holy Communion?

- 1. Because Our Lord Himself counsels daily Communion, as the Pope shows in his decree.
2. Because it was the common practice of the early Christians.
3. Because the Council of Trent exhorts us to receive Holy Communion as often as we assist at Mass.
4. Because the Holy Synod would deprecate that every Mass the faithful who are present should communicate, not only spiritually, by way of internal affection, but sacramentally by the actual reception of the Eucharist.

Many of those who still linger outside the Catholic Church though on its threshold, find in our riches of ritual a means of deepening those convictions which keep them where they are. When they have seen present at a High Mass or a feast day Benediction that say perhaps regretfully.

Give me a simple service. This elaborate ceremonial does not help my soul towards God. The incense, the lights, the bowings and processions merely withdraw my soul from its centre and stifle the voice of a prayer.

Bear with me when I say that I can pray best when away from your elaborate ceremonial and hidden in my own room, or best of all in the great silences within the hills or within hearing of the noble music of the sea.

A NUMBER OF THINGS TO BE SETTLED

A number of things have to be settled before a satisfactory answer can be made to this regretful question. The speaker must determine with himself how much, if any, of his dis-aste is but an overflow into the sphere of external worship of his innate distaste for doing anything under command. To enter the Kingdom of heaven as a little child demands a measure of self-surrender which balks many minds. Perhaps it is almost too much to expect from minds of every type the childlike self-surrender needed by each unit in a collective and external prayer.

Again, in preferring the hills or the seaside to a church as a place of prayer the speaker may be giving choice to a very natural sanitary instinct. He may be fixing the name of a spiritual judgment to the natural pleasure a healthy man feels in exchanging the overheated or under-ventilated air of a room for the winds from the heather or the surf. None are likely to part company with him on this point; and especially so, priests, whose lives are often shortened by long hours in the foul air of a place of public worship.

Moreover, it has to be determined by the speaker how much of his distaste for a ritual of prayer is not a misinterpretation of life. Pascal has written: "C'est entre superstitieux de mettre son esperance dans les formalites et dans les ceremonies; mais c'est entre superbe de ne pas vouloir s'y soumettre." We may translate and paraphrase this fine thought of Pascal thus: It is superstitious to look on ceremonies as an end; it is pride to deny they are a means; To refuse ritual is to deny oneself; for man's daily life is an elaborate ritual.

What, for instance, can be imagined more formal or, if the word may pass, more ritualistic than our meals? In every leisure and well-ordered house there is always at least one meal surrounded by as much formality as a royal reception. No country in the whole world has such an elaborate etiquette of the dining table as England. It might almost be said that the very hairs of head are numbered. Special phrases must be used. The meal is opened, like a solemn religious func-

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ADVISE TO GIRLS

Be pleasant at all times. A smile does more good in this world than all the preaching. Think beautiful thoughts. "Beautiful thoughts see angels bright." Remember that you are judged by your actions. "Do noble things, don't dream them all day long." Be conservative. Your acquaintances do not want your confidence. At all times be womanly. A masculine girl does not retain admiration.

ADVICE TO BOYS

Be careful not to grieve over the wickedness of others; watch yourself, "lest you grow a few sprigs of ungodliness." Be quick to believe good. Believe the good until the evil is evident. Do the little things, and then, if you have the time, dream of the great things. Be natural. Remember, there are others as lovely as you are. Have many friends. A chum usually is disappointing and leaves a sore spot which might have been avoided.

RICHERS OF RITUAL

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tion, with a procession. We may move our head or our hands except by law appointed. The very meats we eat and wines we drink are a law of the Medes and Persians. Nay, the very order of taking them may hardly be broken, and unless a man would be a social outcast he dare not transpose the items of the menu. To crown it all, in this same menu we have even the strange phenomenon of a ritual language not "understood of the people."

Now that the nation has largely given up even song and evening prayer, its appetite for ritual, has become identified with its appetite for food too. The chief liturgical act of the day is no longer the morning sacrifice, but the evening meal.

All this can be quite mistakenly condemned. It is not all in vain; nor vain at all except in so far as the evening meal is of greater worth and duty. The rest of it is merely a misplaced instinct for what is divine.

Imagine what a meal would be if men and women sat down at a well-spread table with no other intent than to consume as much as they could as quickly as they could! The action of taking food is of itself so gross and humiliating that a meal without manners would be an unendurable orgie. The Ritual of Meat-taking is not necessarily a sacrifice to Bacchus, but to Minerva. It prevents the animal within us having its way. Thereby it unchains the mind. What meal unguarded by formality would give room for intelligent talk? Yet it is mostly at the evening meal that the family meet face to face; and talk is the better fare. The evening meal is thus the one common act of the household. Unless sanctified by ritual it would be a mere carrying out in public of acts better done in private. But as it is the one common act of the day it is only less holy than a common prayer; and if it is not a sacrifice it can come near to being a sacrament.

Lastly, it is more than likely that those who prefer hills and the sea to a formal house of prayer are really misinterpreting the whole idea of prayer. Even private prayer is not a mere self-satisfying thought and effort over disagreeable things. The end of prayer is not spiritual satisfaction, but spiritual strength. Now a man's whole soul may be braced up by a fatiguing ceremony which leaves him almost fainting; and a man's whole soul may be undermined by a walk in the hills which has braced up his fatigued body.

In public prayer we must be careful to recognize that all worship has two objects; one primary, the other secondary. The secondary object is to enable men to reach certain "emotions." The primary object is to enable man to worship God with collective worship. We might almost state the difference between the two by saying that in the first God is the object, in the second man is the object. It is the very genius of the Catholic Church to seek first the worship of God, assured that all else needed for God's bounty. It is perhaps the particular half-truth of Protestantism to look upon the end of worship as some spiritual emotion, with which, in the dim alleyways of the human soul, can be confounded a mere aesthetic emotion. On the other hand, the Catholic Church is almost careless of the emotion but zealous for God.

Under the pressure of this great idea the Catholic Church covets to give God, the Supreme Being, a worship of supreme perfection. It is not content to offer the Most High only the second best. All we have is not enough for Him who has given us all we have—yes, who has given us all He has and is.

To keep back the best from God is to steal from the necessary holocaust.

PROMOTE TOTAL ABSTINENCE

The Holy Father, in order to promote temperance, has granted to the members of all total abstinence societies, canonically erected, a number of spiritual favors including the following plenary indulgences: (a) On the day they become members of the society. (b) On the feast of the patron of each sodality. (c) On the feast of St. John the Baptist, or the Sunday immediately following. (d) On four feast days in the year to be named by the Ordinaries one for all. (e) Once a month on a day to be chosen at the will of each member, if during the entire month they have devoutly recited any prayer approved of by the Most Rev. Ordinary for each sodality.

His Holiness has granted also that all Masses offered for the repose of the souls of deceased members, shall have the same effect as if they had been celebrated at a privileged altar. The Catholic Church puts temperance among the great virtues and insists that all her members should practice it. She encourages them also to abstain altogether from intoxicating beverages. She knows that in virtue, health prosperity and peace they will be better off if they do not drink alcohol in any form or to any extent than if they indulge in its use even with great temperance.—Catholic Columbian.

caust. Moreover, as the best must be given somewhere, if God does not receive it some other creature like ourselves must receive what is fit only for the Most High. The Creator is robbed to pay the creature; and the work of God's hands is given the worship due to God alone.

Now, Art is man's highest expression of intelligence and emotion. Yet Art even at its highest is not wholly worthy of God. Deliberately to offer Him less than the highest Art, when we have the highest in our giving, would be to deny or slight His Godhead.

When, then, the solemn services of the altar are accompanied by the full worship of Art—when the rite takes place in a building planned and built on noble lines and lavish of noble spaces—when all around on the walls and distant roof and even on the feet trodden floor beautiful shapes make appeal by their form and color—when the eye is filled with the stately pageantry of serving men and boys and attendant priests who encircle the altar with a wreath of mystic movement—when the ear is appealed to by music not made after human harmonies heard on land or sea, but after some superhuman melody heard on the mount of vision—when the life waited incense summons us Godwards through our lowliest sense, no doubt every avenue of approach to God is thronged. Yet the whole ritual is not a supreme worship offered to our senses, but Art's supreme offering laid humbly upon the Altar of God.

A soul unaccustomed to these high ways of worship might say, "What senselessness! What idolatry!" The exclamation would indeed be true, and the rite would be idolatry if offered to the senses or even to the intelligence of man. Yet it is no idolatry, but poor and halting worship of the Most High, since it is man's best offering to God alone.—Very Rev. Vincent McNabb, O.P.

WHAT SHOULD BE TAUGHT

LESSON

BIGOTS SHOULD NOT FORGET

"NO POPE'S RIOTS OF 1780" In these days when certain societies are busily engaged in fanning the flames of religious fanaticism against Catholicism, and when great noblemen show a similar spirit by leaving anti-Catholic restrictions in their wills, it may not be inappropriate to quote what Charles Dickens (who admitted that he had "no sympathy with the Romish Church") says in his preface to "Barnaby Rudge"—"the powerful pen picture of a senseless and false religious cry, which crystallized itself into the Gordon riots; riots which for a time paralysed the arm of the Government, and rendered impotent the magistracy; riots in which, in four days, seventy-two private houses and four strong goals were destroyed, and which the loss of private property was estimated at £155,000; in which 200 people were also dead in the streets, 250 more badly wounded, many of whom died of their wounds, and many hanged; while the number who perished in the conflagrations, or by their own excesses, is not known, but they were considerable, says the Catholic Universe of London, Eng. Says the great novelist:

"These shameful tumults, while they reflect indelible disgrace upon the time in which they occurred, and all who had part in them, teach a good lesson. That what we falsely call a religious cry is easily raised by men who have no religion, and who in their daily practice set at naught the commonest principles of right and wrong; that it is begotten of intolerance and persecution; that it is senseless, besotted, inveterate and unmerciful! all history reaches us. But perhaps we do not know it in our hearts too well to profit by even so humble an example as the 'No Popery' riots of 1780."

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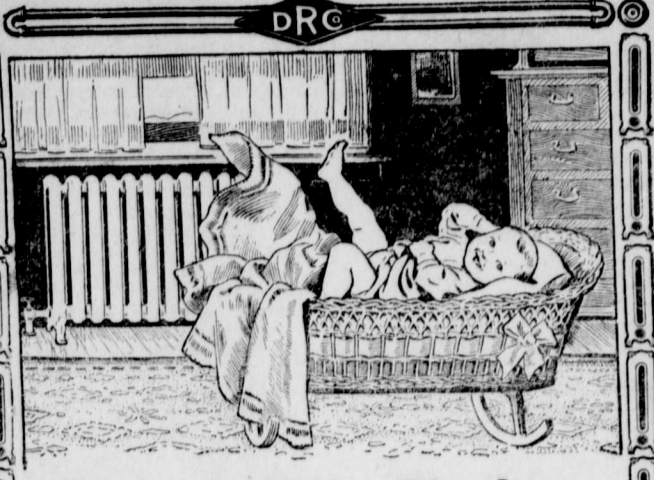
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Kicked off the Blankets Kant Katch Kold

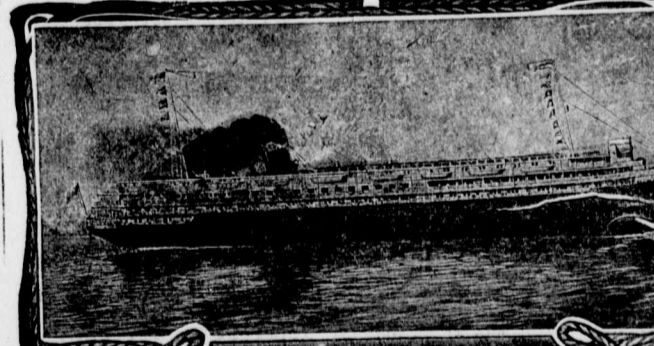
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UNIONISTS AND THE VOLUNTEERS

(From the London Catholic Times)

The peers' party are greatly disturbed by the growth of the National Volunteers. They trusted to intimidation through the forces of bigotry, but they find that the supporters of constitutional principles are not to be intimidated, and that the forces of bigotry are small compared with the broad minded lovers of justice for people of all creeds. But they have no other weapon to rely upon, except the anti Catholic fanaticism of a certain section of the Ulster Protestants, and they are determined to use it as long as possible by way of threat. Even the fact that a rebellion led by Sir Edward Carson would not have the faintest chance of success, for the rebels would not only have to fight the King's troops but National Volunteers four or five times more numerous than themselves, does not deter them from encouraging dissent. Speaking at the same meeting as Lord Charles Beresford, a member of a family, traditionally hostile to the Catholics of Ireland, the Duke of Norfolk, at Leeds publicly mingled his voice in the Orange warwhoop. Through a Catholic himself, he felt, he said, "their friends in Ulster were justified in dreading being brought under the dominance of such a Parliament as the Home Rule Bill would set up." Feeling displayed during the meeting, especially around the platforms from which the Duke and Sir Mark Sykes endeavored to speak, afforded evidence of the indignation aroused amongst Irish Catholics in this country at seeing co religionists ally themselves with hereditary enemies of their creed in an agitation which is based on hatred of the Catholic religion and the Pope and the object of which is to deny to the Catholics of Ireland rights which would readily be granted to them if they had not been so true to their faith and the head of their Church. When the Irish Volunteers, who met at Dungannon in 1872, were being organized, the Earl of Tyrone wrote to one of the Beresfords that the Catholics in their zeal were forming themselves into independent companies, and had actually begun their organization, but that seeing the variety of consequences that would attend such an event, he had considered it is his duty to stop their movement. The Beresford whom he addressed was in favor of drawing a distinction between the Protestants and the Catholics, and Lord Charles Beresford, speaking at the meeting addressed by the Catholic Duke of Norfolk, left no doubt that that is a sentiment which he, too, entertains, for he said "there was one class which had always been loyal"—in the Beresford sense of the word—"and another which had always been disloyal." We know what the accusation of the loyalty against Catholics, coming from the lips of a favorite accusation against the Catholic martyrs of this land, and the records of their lives protest against the Catholics of Ireland, though Lord Charles Beresford's Catholic ally, the Duke of Norfolk, appears to have listened to it in silence. But the appeal to bigotry is now out of date. The hopes that rested on threats of treasonable violence have vanished. The rise of the national volunteers has shattered the plans and prospects in which the Unionist leaders have been taking comfort. The idea of the vast majority of the Irish people having recourse to arms to defend the rights guaranteed by the Constitution did not apparently occur to these prudent political guides until it was almost realized. At the present moment they are amazed and distracted. They know not what to think or to say. Some of them who wildly cheered on Sir Edward Carson when he was boasting of his intention to break every law and to call into existence in Ulster a force which would defy the Government are feebly asking how it is that the illegalities in Ireland are permitted. Others endeavor to derive some little satisfaction from the thought that if Sir Edward Carson's Volunteers are a comparatively small minority, they are better organized and armed than their rivals. But all are anxious and dispirited. Well they may be, for the policy of intimidation is dead. No body believes that even the most fanatical of the men whom they have been urging to insurrection are willing to take the field against

their fellow-countrymen. No one imagines for a moment that the Duke of Norfolk will be seen on horseback, with the other prominent Covenanters, leading them on. But this much is certain—that if in an access of wicked folly they and the politicians who are financing them seek to prevent Ireland from enjoying what a law duly enacted assures to her, they will discover that the Catholics and Nationalists think liberty worth fighting for. A despatch to the New York Tribune, "those misguided but good hearted fellows, the Ulster Volunteers, are so unwise as to resist the Home Rule Act after it has received the royal assent; their bullets will be met by our bullets, their Maxim guns by our enforcement of the law of the land." But Mr. Devlin firmly believes that no such conflict will take place, for in the same despatch he expresses the conviction, as one who knows Ulster well, that such animosity as has been stirred up by the Tory gun runners is largely on the surface and that the Nationalists may look forward to the inauguration of Home Rule under conditions of good will amongst all Irishmen. The truth is that the Volunteer movements of to-day will have the effect which the Volunteer movement of 1882 had under the impulse and inspiration of the Protestant patriot, Henry Grattan. They will do much to extinguish narrow sectarianism and to foster a national spirit amongst the Protestants of the north.

The Ulster Protestants are not visionaries. They are well aware that they cannot prevent the majority of their fellow countrymen from securing the boon of self government, and that any attempt on their part to set up a Provisional Government would not only prove a failure, but would have disastrous results on business. The Nationalists could punish them by dealing elsewhere, and anything like civil war would be a blow to the prosperity of Ulster, from which, in all probability, it would never recover.

The National Volunteers constitute a guarantee, in addition to the usual legal safeguards for the maintenance of Constitutional principles in Ireland, and the prospect as to divided authority in the direction of the organization may be dismissed as, at the best, mere idle speculation. No doubt there is need for a tactful handling of the situation. As Mr. John Redmond points out in the letter which was published on Saturday, it is of vital importance to the national cause that the question of control should be settled in an amicable spirit and without friction of any kind. It may be safely assumed that on both sides every effort will be made to arrive at a mutually acceptable working arrangement and that the urgent necessity for united action will quickly bring about an agreement. The members of the Provisional Executive Committee are men the excellence of whose motives cannot be questioned. In founding the National Volunteers they were animated by no selfish ambition. Their aim was the protection of Ireland's national interests, and they must feel how essential is harmony with the Irish Party whose purpose in supporting the movement is the same.

In any event the perfect sympathy with the Home Rule Cause which pervades the force is an assurance that the influence of Mr. Redmond and his Nationalist Parliamentary colleagues will be fully recognized in the shaping of the policy which will be pursued. This power which has been called into being by Mr. Bonar Law, Sir Edward Carson, and the Unionist Party makes the application of the Unionist panacea of coercion again in Ireland an impossibility. The Unionist leaders, whilst struggling to keep the Nationalists of Ireland in a state of inferiority, have powerfully helped to place them in the position of freemen.—Liverpool Catholic Times.

A VISIT OF A FEW DAYS

THROUGH THE CLAY BELT OF NORTHERN ONTARIO

The undersigned, after having taken a trip over the lands of Northern Ontario, wishes to write a short account giving his opinion of that wonderful and beautiful country known as the Clay Belt. As I have travelled around for ten days looking over the different places it may be of some interest to any one contemplating a change to read what little information I can give about what I have seen. Leaving North Bay I travelled by the Timiskaming & Northern Ontario Railway to Cochrane and thence by way of the National Transcontinental Railway to Hearst. On my arrival at Hearst, tired after my journey, I stayed over night at the King George Hotel which, together with all the town, has since been wiped out by fire. However, after a good night's rest, and having inhaled my share of the pure, healthy and invigorating air of that beautiful country, I never felt better in my life, and started to travel down the Algoma Central & Hudson Bay Railway south from Hearst. Distant about two miles from Hearst, I arrived at the Mattawishquiash River and here visited some settlers. Mr. Wyborn took me around and showed me his crops (oats, peas, potatoes and green stuff) which, to be sown on new land not as yet well cultivated, and

also considering this exceptional dry season, looked very good. He also showed me a plot of wheat shot out and looking splendid. After this I continued my journey south to Staverst which is the first station south of Hearst, on the Algoma Central & Hudson Bay Railway. Here I found several settlers just starting in, some of whom have nice bungalows built already and some land cleared. At this place I remained several days and travelled for miles over the country. Here the Algoma Central & Hudson Bay Railway have spent a lot of money brushing out roads ahead of the settlers. The same company is also erecting a sawmill at the Mattawishquiash crossing near Hearst, and at Staverst another mill is being planned by a recent settler. As the roads are cut out 30 feet wide and in a straight line, one standing on the railway track and looking east and west can see for several miles ahead through the small growth of evenly sized spruce and poplar. It puts one in mind of a straight road cut through a large level field of standing timothy, and in itself looks beautiful. The roads being out ahead of the settlers; one can travel over the country looking at land without much difficulty.

The soil is a reddish colored clay seemingly loose and rich; it is covered with from 6 inches to a foot or more of black vegetable mould. The surface is not level but undulating or slightly rolling, and there are no stones, fallen timbers or large stumps to bother. I have travelled considerably both in the Western States and the Canadian prairies and have not seen the general aspect of the Clay Belt. Looking at it now in its natural state with the nice spruce and long slender poplar, and looking ahead say eight or ten years when the country will be opened up and the timber cleared off. I am certain from what I have seen that it will compare favorably with, if not surpass, either of the above districts. I noticed on my travels both by rail and on foot that any place where the land was well cultivated the crops looked fine and this convinced me that after this wonderful and beautiful country, known as the Clay Belt of Northern Ontario, is settled it will be one of the most productive farming districts in the Dominion of Canada.

NEIL MULVANEY,
Española Station, Ont.
July 22, 1914

MARTYRS' SHRINE

Waukegan, July 27, 1914. We are having a lively time here. Pilgrims are flocking hither from many parts of the Dominion and even from the United States. Many stay for a week and more and all seem enthusiastic about the place. Remarkable cures have taken place; that, in particular, of a Winnipeg lady, suffering since three years horrible pains from attacks of gall stones and declared incurable by her doctor. All her pains have disappeared since fifteen days, after the application of a relic of our Canadian Martyrs. Pilgrims leave Toronto at 5 p. m. by the C. P. R. and reach Martyrs' Hill (now on the timetable) at 9.55, where an omnibus meets them for the shrine. Many, however, prefer to take the 8 a. m. Grand Trunk train for Waukegan, where they arrive at 12.47, and from whence they drive to the Shrine, a little more than four miles.—J. B. N.

CATHOLICS IN THE REVOLUTION

Mr. P. H. Winston (a Protestant) in his book "American Catholics and the A. P. A." pages 27, 28, says: "Without Catholic aid the American Colonies could never have achieved their independence, says a writer in the Jersey Journal, (Jersey City, N. J.) Catholic Ireland was the first to sympathize with and assist the struggling patriots, and this aid and sympathy were alleged by the British Court as reasons why petitions of Ireland for religious and political enfranchisement should be rejected. Of the soldiers of the Revolution, none were more illustrious than Gen. John Stark, the hero of Bennington; Gen. Richard Montgomery, who captured the British general and his forces at the Cowpens; the brave Gen. M'oylan, who fought by Washington's side of every field; Commodore John Barry, the father and founder of the American navy commander of the first ship to hoist the Stars and Stripes; Commander Jere O'Brien, who fought in Machias Bay the first sea fight of the Revolution—the Lexington of the sea.

"Major Gen Robinson, commissioner for the exchange of prisoners of the British forces in answer to the question by Edmund Burke, 'Of what nationality was Washington's army composed?' testified before the same committee June 8, 1779. 'One half Irish, about one fourth natives, and the rest were Scotch, Germans and English.'

"Ireland was not the only Catholic friend of the Colonies in their long struggle for independence. Catholic France sent a formidable fleet and furnished 10,000 men and \$3,000,000 in aid of the Revolution, and the names of Lafayette, De Grasse and Rochambeau are imperishably connected with it. "The Catholics of Canada raised, armed and equipped two full regiments that rendered invaluable aid and performed heroic service, while Catholic Spain threw open her home ports and the port of Havana to the

American marine, and contributed 3,000 barrels of gunpowder, blankets for ten regiments and 1,000,000 francs for the young republic.

"From Catholic Poland came Pulaski and Kosciusko—immortal names. "All the foreign assistance that came to the struggling patriots came from Catholics and Catholic countries, while at home there was not a single Catholic Tory, not a single Catholic that faltered in his allegiance to the cause among the native independence. Even among the native Indian tribes, there were found Catholics to aid in the work of achieving American independence. Orono, the Catholic chief of the Nenobscots, was commissioned an officer by the Continental Congress and with his tribe rendered invaluable service along the Canadian frontier.

"The names of Lafayette, Rochambeau, Pulaski, Kosciusko, De Kalb and De Grasse should silence forever the tongue of slander which imputes to their religious motives utterly at variance with the cause which they so bravely and manfully upheld. No one at that time even whispered that Catholics entertained religious principles incompatible with the safety and freedom of the country. Both in war and peace American Catholics have been devoted and loyal subjects of the Republic."

Gen. Washington in an order issued by him on Nov 5, 1775, prohibiting the non-Catholics of Boston from burning the Pope in effigy, says: "As the commander-in-chief has been apprised of a design formed for the observance of that ridiculous and childish custom of burning the effigy of the Pope, he cannot help express his surprise that there should be officers and men in this army so devoid of common sense as not to see the impropriety of such a step. It is so monstrous as not to be suffered or excused; indeed, instead of offering the most remote insult, it is our duty to address public thanks to our Catholic brethren, as to them we are indebted for very late success over the common enemy in Canada."

AN INTERESTING SUGGESTION IN AID OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS

In a paper on "The Sodality as a Spiritual Factor in Schools and Colleges," read before the Catholic Educational Association convention at Atlantic City, Rev. Edward F. Garesche, S. J., the editor of The Queen's Work, made some interesting and practical suggestions to our Catholic educators in regard to enlisting the Catholic children in the fruitful work of the Apostleship of the Press. The writer called attention to the obvious fact that if we wish to interest our Catholic laymen most effectively in this Apostleship, the time to begin is early in the child's career, when it is interested and impressionable. If we get our school children practically interested in our Catholic papers and magazines, they will be faithful supporters of Catholic periodicals after they have grown up.

One very practical way of bringing about this desirable interest on the part of the children, which the writer suggested, was enlisting the help of Student's Sodalties in gathering copies of Catholic papers and magazines from relatives and friends, to be given to the inmates of hospitals and institutions. In this way the children will be taught the value and worth of Catholic publications, and will learn to look on it as a good action to give them into the hands of others.

Another way of interesting the children—perhaps not so universally practicable—is that of encouraging them to collect subscriptions for a Catholic periodical. This might form a profitable and meritorious work for summer time. Some other very interesting suggestions were made in this paper concerning work for the children—for instance the giving of entertainments to the inmates of public institutions which has been so successfully carried on by some of our American College Sodalties. The consolation and pleasure which the children feel at their new found power to entertain others, make them wish for still further opportunities to help their neighbor.

The principle underlying these excellent suggestions is worthy of great emphasis. A great deal of the indifference and lack of practical interest in spreading Catholic literature, which we sometime complain of in our own folk, really has its root in the fact that we neglect to interest our children in Catholic magazines and papers. It is to be hoped that this idea will grow and bring forth good fruit for Catholic literature.—Buffalo Union and Times.

DIED

BURKE.—At Lindsay, Ont., on Friday, July 10, 1914, Mrs. Margaret Burke, wife of the late Patrick Burke, in her eighty-seventh year. May her soul rest in peace!

RYAN.—At Port Arthur, on Wednesday, July 15, Stephen Patrick Ryan, in his twenty-ninth year, killed by train. May his soul rest in peace!

O'CARROLL.—On July 26th, 1914, at 340 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Roseanna (Tilly) last surviving daughter of Doctor M. O'Carroll, fortified with all the rights of the Catholic Church. May her soul rest in peace!

MCINTYRE.—At her home near Parkhill on Sunday evening, July 19th, Margaret McVeigh, beloved wife of L. C. McIntyre, closed a useful and holy life, aged fifty-eight years. May her soul rest in peace!

LANGEVIN.—At the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Arthur J. O'Leary, Ninette, Manitoba, on June 28, 1914, Mrs. F. X. Langevin, in her seventy-ninth year. May her soul rest in peace!

PRIEST RESCUES DROWNING BOY

GOES OVER AFTER FOUR YEAR OLD, BRINGS HIM UP AND SLIPS AWAY From the New York Times
Freeport, L. I., July 22.—A crowd of about 400 excursionists had gathered on the pier at High Hill Beach, across Hempstead Bay, at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon waiting for a steamer to take them back to Freeport. As the boat had room for only 150 at a time the crowd pushed close up to the edge of the pier. After the boat had filled up and the gang plank had been withdrawn the crowd still urged forward. As a consequence William Baring, a four-year-old boy of Freeport, was pushed overboard and went under at once.

There was something like a panic among the women on the pier at the sight, and in the midst of the excitement the Rev. Father Theodore F. King, of Bellmore, L. I., broke through the crowd and jumped over after the child. He dived twice without success, but on his third trial managed to get the boy and bring him to the surface. He made his way back to the pier and handed the child up to George Johnson, of Bellmore, who took him to his mother. He was revived with considerable difficulty. Meanwhile Father King slipped away to a nearby fisherman's hut, put on some old clothes and went back to his home. No one on the pier knew who he was, and his part in the rescue might not have been known had not some of his parishioners seen him in the fisherman's clothes. He is

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Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of seven per cent (7%) per annum upon the paid up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the three months ending the 31st of August, 1914, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after Tuesday, the 1st of September, 1914. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st of August, 1914, both days inclusive.

By Order of the Board,
JAMES MASON,
General Manager.

Toronto, July 22, 1914.

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JAMES MASON,
General Manager.

Toronto, July 22nd, 1914.

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rector of St. Barnabas' Church at Bellmore, to which he was transferred about a year ago from St. John's Church, Brooklyn.

AN UNINTENTIONAL REFLECTION

A Welch deacon, on one occasion acting as chairman of a meeting in support of Mr. Lloyd George, with strong convictions, but with no sense of humor, introduced him thus: "Gentlemen, I have to introduce to you to-night the member for the Carnarvon Boroughs. He has come here to reply to the Bishop of Asaph. In my opinion, the Bishop of Asaph is one of the biggest liars in creation; but, thank God, yes, thank God—we have a match for him to-night."

TEACHERS WANTED

A CATHOLIC TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. 1, Rutherford holding second class professional certificate. Duties to commence Sep. 1st. Salary \$600 a year. Three years experience. Apply to R. R. deLamorandiere, Killarney, Ont. 1867-2

WANTED A QUALIFIED CATHOLIC TEACHER for S. S. No. 2, Gurd & Patsy Sound. Duties to commence Sep. 1st. Apply and state salary to Gasper Vestergaard, Sec. Trout Creek, Ont. 1867-3

TEACHER WANTED FOR S. S. No. 1, Osgoode. Normal trained teacher. Salary \$500. Duties to commence Sep. 1st. Apply to James O'Leary, R. R. No. 3, Osgoode Station, Ont. 1867-3

WANTED FOR C. S. S. No. 1, STANLEY. Normal Trained teacher. Duties to commence September 1st. Salary \$400. Small attendance. Apply to E. J. Gelineau, Sec. Treas. R. R. No. 2, Zurich, Ont. 1868-1

TEACHER WANTED HOLDING SECOND-CLASS PROFESSIONAL CERTIFICATE for Separate School No. 1, St. Augustine. Duties to commence Sep. 1st. Apply to Mr. Thomas Kelly, Secy St. Augustine, Ont. 1868-2

MALE TEACHERS WANTED FOR SENIOR and junior fourth and senior and junior third book classes; also for science and English in Catholic schools. Apply to Mr. J. M. McLaughlin, Sec. Treas. Box E, Catholic Record Office, London, Ont. 1867-7

WANTED QUALIFIED TEACHER FOR S. S. No. 6, Brumley. Fine school near church, beautiful locality. Duties to commence in Sept. 1914. Apply, stating salary to Rev. R. J. McEachen, Osgoode, Ont. 1867-2

WANTED A TEACHER HOLDING SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATE for Separate School Section No. 10, Lobo, Frontenac Co. Salary \$500 per annum. Duties to commence immediately after summer holidays. John A. Keon, Sec. Treas. Sydneyham, Ont. 1867-3

TEACHER WANTED FOR SCHOOL SECTION No. 1, Nichol. Second class normal. State salary and qualifications to Michael Duggan, Aris P. O., Ont. 1866-4

SITUATION WANTED EMPLOYMENT WANTED FOR A YOUNG man aged 18, who has had 4 or 5 years' experience on farm. Wages \$12.50 per month for three months to end of October. Applications received by William O'Connor, Children's Branch, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, Ont. 1868-3

HELP WANTED WANTED YOUNG WOMEN ASSISTANTS to college housekeeper. Good wages paid. Address the Matron, Assumption College, Sandwich, Ont. 1867-4

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