

## Professor Tyrrell's Calumnies.

In our last issue we made extended reference to the rough calumnies of Professor Tyrrell, of Trinity College, Dublin, against the Catholic priesthood and laity of Ireland. In addition to the blistering given to him by Bishop Dwyer in the columns of the 'Freeman,' the rampant Professor has been flailed to some purpose by Mr. Hugh Law, a Protestant Member of Parliament, in the 'Daily Express.' Mr. Law's letter runs as follows.

'Sir,—It not infrequently happens that the letters which people write in vindication of some action of theirs which has met with criticism serve exactly opposite purpose.

That, I think, will be proved true of Dr. Tyrrell's letter in your columns some days ago. What a very strange document it is! First of all, he declares that he "never said, thought, or wrote anything against the Catholic religion," and then proceeds to repeat in prose what he had already stated in verse—viz., that "the Catholic clergy inculcate on their flocks cold acts of observance in lieu of sincere feelings of religion, and exact from an impoverished peasantry money to be spent on sacred buildings erected in places where no such edifices are needed, and where there are but a handful of worshippers to frequent them." And, finally, he seeks to clinch his argument by a quotation from a writer in the "Daily Mail," who finds in the cheap decorations of the Irish country chapel "the ugly expression of an ugly kind of disease," and who deplures (good Christian man!) the fact that "the shillings of the people, cheerfully given to God instead of to the nourishment of themselves, have raised the fabric of these chapels."

I will not insist on the discrepancy between Dr. Tyrrell and his chosen witness on the point as to whether the shillings are "exacted" or "cheerfully" given." My own knowledge, so far as it goes, indeed, bears out Mr. Young's rather than Dr. Tyrrell's view on the matter. I have known an old woman give literally and actually—nay, insist upon giving—all she had in the world towards the building of God's house, trusting with an apostolic faith (not often found, I regret to say, among Anglicans) that He to whom she gave would not fail to remember her. Nor will I express more than a passing wonder in what part of Ireland are these churches erected with "but a handful of worshippers to frequent them." I do, indeed, recall many edifices where the congregations are very sparse indeed; but, oddly enough, these belong not to the Roman Catholic but to the Irish Church. On the other hand, many people must, like myself, be but too familiar with the spectacle of worshippers kneeling outside the doors of a Roman Catholic chapel during the celebration of the Mass, the interior of the building being too full to hold any more.

As to the first part of Dr. Tyrrell's invective, I do not know what the Roman Catholic clergy "inculcate" on their flocks (no more, I very strongly suspect, does Dr. Tyrrell), but I do know something of what these flocks believe. I live amongst a Catholic peasantry, and I have over and over again been amazed (and I must add, as an Anglican, humiliated) by the evangelical simplicity, fervor, and reality of the faith by the light of which they live their daily lives.

Dr. Tyrrell would be better employed, I am quite sure, in inculcating similarly "sincere feelings of religion" among the members of the Communion to which he and I both belong.

I have only to add that it is strange to find a man like himself objecting to sacrifices made for the sake of religion. I should have thought that it was rather a matter for congratulation that still, in some small portion at least of the modern world, there are some few people who are still prepared to seek first the "Kingdom of God and His righteousness."

Very faithfully yours,

Hugh A. Law

December 2nd, 1903.

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## People We Hear About

Lieutenant-Colonel Harrington, recently knighted by the King, rose from the ranks of the Irish Fusiliers. He is still under forty.

The intelligence of the conversion (says the 'Catholic Times' of December 11) to the Catholic Faith of the Rev. Hardy Little, vicar of St. Martin's, Brighton, possesses a degree of local interest for the Catholics of Preston in that the rev. gentleman is a brother of the chief constable of that town, Major Francis Gore Little. Another convert of the same family is Mr. Douglas Little, a young gentleman who spent some time at Ushaw College, and who is now a novice at Perth preparatory to joining the Congregation of the Redemptorist Fathers. The late Rev. Sydney Little, who, years ago, edited the 'Catholic Times' for a short period, was another brother of the new convert.

Recent cablegrams in the Melbourne daily papers announced that Princess Elizabeth, granddaughter of the King of the Belgians and the Emperor of Austria, shot at her husband, Prince Otto Windischgratz and Mdle. Pauline Ziegler, an actress, with whom he was supposed to be carrying on an intrigue, seriously wounding the latter. The incident was said to have taken place near Prague, and the Prince was reported to have escaped through a window. Referring to the report, which appeared in the 'Kolnische Zeitung,' and was copied into other papers, the 'Catholic Times' says: 'We are glad to learn from Vienna that a most authoritative contradiction is given to the story. Reuter's correspondent says it is declared to be an invention from beginning to end.'

Miss Agnes Murphy and Miss Amy Moore, two London journalists who accompanied Ada Crossley to Australia, left by the Ventura recently for San Francisco. Both were intimate friends of the late Phil May. Shortly before he died he presented Miss Moore with a copy of his 'Guttersnipes.' On looking over the first pages Miss Moore said: 'You have written nothing on it?' whereupon May seized a pen and wrote 'From 1 P.M. to 1 A.M.' Do you see the joke? Miss Murphy says that during May's last illness he repeatedly expressed a desire to see a priest. Eventually a priest was sent for, and he was received into the Church. Then he was radiant with happiness. Sir Frank Burnand, editor of 'Punch,' was held responsible for May's conversion, but Mrs. May, who is a Protestant, says that it was her husband's own wish, and that no one had prompted him. His mother, who is still alive, is an Irishwoman, whose maiden name was McCarthy.

Speaking of Colonel Kenna, who is a nephew of his Eminence Cardinal Moran, and has lately been 'smashing' the new Mahdi to such good purpose, the Sydney 'Evening News' said editorially two weeks ago.—'A name that has come a good deal to the front lately is that of Colonel Kenna, now leading the mounted troops with Brigadier-General Manning in the fighting in Somaliland. Kenna is a somewhat picturesque personality. He is an Irishman, a Cavalry man (21st Lancers), and a typical man for Galway, so far as hard riding and devil-may-care pluck are concerned. He got his V.C. for bravery in the Omdurman charge, and while in India he was noted as one of the most accomplished and most determined steeplechase riders in the army. But not only is he a fearless man, he is also a very quick-brained leader and a rigid disciplinarian. His young wife died a few months after marriage, and for a couple of years he lost interest in everything—in fact, it was feared that his reason would go—but the South African war gave him a new zest for life, and he was one of French's staff in all the hardest work done by that General. If Kenna does not throw away his life in some border scrimmage, he should make a big name in the army, as he is yet a young man. Wellington, Roberts, French—these are all Irishmen, and all small men. In fact, the best fighting type turned out by the old country would seem to be the small Irishman, with the taste for horseflesh and the disregard of consequences that distinguishes his nation. If the army is called on active service again, even the War Office will not be able to keep Kenna in the background for long.' During the South African war the Cardinal (says the 'Catholic Press') invited the Colonel to Australia. He desired very much to come, but the authorities would not give him leave of absence, and shortly afterwards he was sent to Somaliland, where he has since been performing such singular military feats that his name is mentioned almost every day in the cablegrams.

A single trial of MOUNTAIN KING ASTHMA POWDER will convince the most sceptical of its efficacy.—\*\*\*