

brethren—the invention of the Rev. 'Flaming' Flanagan—was this: that if the Disestablishment Bill received the Royal assent they would 'kick the Queen's crown into the Boyne.'

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A similar exhibition of Orange 'loyalty' has just been given by a writer in the *Northern Constitution* of Coleraine, who puts into plain if somewhat incoherent English the ideas which the heads of his party seek to convey by more ambiguous and roundabout means. In 'An Open Letter to the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, M.P.', this amiable and ingenuous soul thus exposes the real purport and significance of the Unionist challenge to the King: 'You are going to request King George to sign your rotten Home Rule Bill because you are a traitor; but I am going to write and see King George in person at Buckingham Palace and tell him "if you sign the Home Rule Bill you will lose your Crown and Empire."' That is a bad look out for King George; but the Coleraine man means every word of it. 'Can King George,' he continues, 'sign the Home Rule Bill? Let him do so and his Empire shall perish as true as God rules heaven. . . . Therefore, let King George sign the Home Rule Bill—he is no longer my King. You are advising King George to cut his own throat, and your name shall be despised and hated in all the best parts of Protestant Ireland. We can defy the very Throne before you can conquer us. . . . The day you arrest Sir Edward Carson, Ulster and Ireland is on fire, and a fire you shall never quench, and a fire that King George will be sorry for all his reign.'

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Our 'loyalist' has become a trifle muddled here: if King George is to 'lose his Crown and Empire' the day 'he signs the Home Rule Bill,' it is not easy to see how he is going to be sorry for it 'all his reign.' But passing by this little inconsistency we come upon a further modest and impressive instalment of Orange 'loyalty': 'We Loyalists are the best, not only in Ireland, but the best of the British Empire. We defy you; we despise your Government; we treat your rule as absolute humbug; and we shall face your army in the fields of Ulster and make you sorry you ever were Prime Minister of England.' Then comes the final challenge and peroration: 'Now arrest me if you wish. You can easily find me. Take warning, Prime Minister Asquith, you are on the brink of Hades. You are going to destroy Ireland to suit the Popish priests. You are going to have civil war in Ireland, and cover the fields of Ireland with blood. We have 500,000 Orangemen ready for you. I am ready also to defy you and your Rome Rule Bill to the point of the sword, and glorious to leave my blood on the Ulster fields to let all future generations know that Asquith was a traitor.' The latest cables only told us of 170,000 men ready to do 'General' Carson's bidding; and here they have already grown to half a million! Evidently it is, as we have said, a case of Falstaff's rogues in buckram over again. But after this all the world will know the length and breadth and height and depth of Orange 'loyalty.'

### Catholic Missionaries in China

What a splendid volume could be compiled of Protestant tributes to Catholic missionaries! It is, as a matter of fact, very largely by such tributes that the work of the Catholic missionary—if it ever does get publicity at all—is really made known to the world. Some years ago, the well known Anglican clergyman, the Rev. Canon Hensley Henson, writing in the *National Review*, said that the reports of non-Catholic missionaries are generally 'the advertisements of a money-raising society, and they are addressed to constituents—the rank and file of the denominations—who are as greedy of sensation as they are credulous of prodigies.' The Catholic missionary adopts a different plan. 'His work,' says a C.T.S. pamphlet, 'is carried on quietly and unobtrusively. There are no drawing-room meetings in which their successes are recorded. There are no leaflets distributed by them

over the country containing pictures of flourishing mission stations. There are no Exeter Hall gatherings, to which they exhibit promising converts. If the results of their labors gain publicity, it is, as it were, by accident. We will illustrate our meaning by a few examples. A Protestant of generous sympathies visited a Leper Island of Hawaii. He brought home accounts of the self-devotion of a hitherto obscure missionary priest; and all England became acquainted with the heroic life of Father Damien. The late Archbishop Benson on one occasion thrilled his audience with an account of the heroism of 23 youths of tender age, who, when persecution broke out in Uganda, preferred suffering a cruel death—that of being roasted alive—to renouncing the Christian faith. He did not mention—probably he did not know—that 18 of these 23 noble youths were Catholic converts.'

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To take but a single country, Father Wolferstan, in *The Catholic Church in China*, gives a number of testimonials from the pens of English travellers to the lives of self-sacrifice led by our missionaries in far Cathay. We select two or three of the most notable tributes. Mrs. J. F. Bishop, F.R.G.S., a scholarly Protestant lady, who, before her death in 1904, had built five hospitals and an orphanage in the East, bears the following significant witness in her interesting book, *The Yangtze Valley and Beyond*: 'Whenever I have met with Roman missionaries I have found them living either like Bishop Benjamin and Bishop Meitel of Souel, and like the Sisters in Souel, Peking, Ichang, and elsewhere, in bare, whitewashed rooms, with just enough tables and chairs for use, or in the dirt, noise, and unutterable discomfort of native houses of the lower class, personally attending on the sick, and in China, Chinese in life, dress, style, and ways, rarely speaking their own language, knowing the ins and outs of the districts in which they live, their peculiarities of trade and their political and social condition. Lonely men, having broken with friends and all home ties for the furtherance of Christianity, they live lives of isolation and self-sacrifice, forget all but the people by whom they are surrounded, identify themselves with their interests, and have no expectation but that of living and dying among them.' Another distinguished traveller, Captain (now Sir Francis) Youngusband bears the same impressive testimony. Travelling in Manchuria in 1886, Captain Youngusband made the acquaintance of two French missionary priests. 'We recognised immediately,' he writes, 'that we were not only with good but with real men. What they possessed was no weak sentimentality or flashy enthusiasm, but solid human worth. Far away from their friends, from all civilisation, they lived and worked and died; two indeed out of three we met have died since we left. When they left France they left it for good; they had no hope of return; they went for their whole lives.' Their abode he described as 'a plain little house, almost bare inside, and with stiff simple furniture.' 'It might be supposed,' he went on, 'that these missionaries would be dull, stern, perhaps morbid men. But they were precisely the contrary. They had a fund of simple joviality, and were hearty and full of spirits. They spoke now and then with a sigh of "La Belle France," but they were evidently happy in their lives and devoted to their work.' And of Catholic missionary work in this same Manchuria Mr. James was able to say in 1888: 'The example set by the priests is very fine. They live lives of the greatest self-denial and austerity, their rooms cold and bare of comforts as the entrance-hall of a workhouse, and their food simple and plain. They never dream of taking leave and enjoying themselves amongst their friends at home for a year. They are exiles for the whole of their lives. They have indeed forsaken houses, and brethren and sisters, and father and mother, and lands for Jesus' name's sake, but they rely on His promise that they shall receive an hundred fold and shall inherit everlasting life.'

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