

The Catholic Record.

"CHRISTIANUS MEI NOMEN EST, CATHOLICUS VERO COGNOMEN."—"CHRISTIAN IS MY NAME, BUT CATHOLIC MY SURNAME."—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

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HAVE REMOVED

112 DUNDAS ST.

NEAR TALBOT.

Her Treasures.

Here is her little store of things,
Flowers and feathers, and ribbons and strings,
Of beads, all mixed together, and here
Is the little doll she dressed
But the other day, she ran along
Into the garden; I heard her song
Flow like a bird's on the still clear air,
And now she is far away!

Singing still in another place
Heaven's sunshine falling upon her face
Still filling the sweet child's eyes,
But it does not reach me that song she
sings.

Though I fancy some times, that little wings
Brush by me in the dark,
And I almost feel the soft caress
Of her little hands, while I fondly press
The little cheek to mine.

And at times I hear in the twilight glow
Light, pattering feet, and this silent
room
With sudden music fill.

It may be for Heaven seems far away,
She is lonely, and misses her toys and play;
All the pretty garden flowers
The little cheek to mine.

Her heart was an full of love you know
For the smallest things; and she used to go
To sleep with this wicker doll,
Folded quite close to her baby breast,
And never missed as I went to rest
One look at the tiny pair.

So I think if the angels saw her grieve,
In the music's passage, they might give her
rest.

To open the pearl gate,
And wand'ring down to her earthly home
Though we see her no more, she may sometimes
room.

Like a little white flower of beauty blown
From the fields of Paradise,
Just as she is the reason I keep them here
These odds and ends, and her "dolly dear,"
Yes; that is she laid it down!

I like to fancy the little feet
Straying awhile from the golden street
In quiet evening hours,
How kindly they tread in twilight gray,
To the little room where she used to play,
And touch with tiny hand once more,
The treasured toys of earth!

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Cleveland Universe.

The Protestant ministers of Cleveland in a meeting last Monday, discussed the propriety of including Catholic hospitals in "a church collection," which the advocates of the plan, Rev. Dr. Robinson and Rev. J. M. French stoutly opposed such a course, giving as reason, "that he understood it to be the Romish policy to proselyte in their hospitals, as if possible win over to their belief Protestant patients happening to be in them." Dr. Robinson replied: "If Catholic and Protestant are ever to come together, surely it will be on a broad platform of doing good to others. I know of a lady, a member of my church, who was for a time under treatment at Charity Hospital, corner of Garden and Perry streets. She speaks most highly of the order of religious women who nurse the sick in that institution, and assures me that they never mentioned the tenets of the Catholic Church in her presence while she was under their care, though they had abundance of opportunity had they wished to take advantage of it." Dr. Robinson stood alone in his contention. Now, without suggesting to our separated brethren any *pro rata* or other donation to the Catholic hospitals, let us make the simple, safe suggestion that they appoint a committee to visit our Catholic hospitals, and then the city ministers will be in a better position to agree or disagree with Rev. Dr. Robinson.

Catholic Telegraph.

"A Liberal Catholic" may be defined as a man who deviates in word and deed from the corollaries of his faith, often even from his teachings, who has a low estimation of the clergy and his fellow Catholics, and a high one of all exponents and disciples of "Modern thought," and who lacks the brains to see the lamentable exhibition he makes of himself in the sight and judgment of friend and foe. For, needing the moral courage to be in all things, he is considered by both to be neither fish nor flesh nor good red herring."

Ave Maria.

The Abbe Callhat, an eloquent French preacher, addressing the pilgrims of Lourdes on a recent occasion, employed these inspiring words: "You desire to be saints! Let the world be to you a temple and a Calvary,—the temple to pray in, the Calvary on which to suffer. Prayer and suffering are the two indispensable elements of holiness. Prayer is an obligation of individuals, families, and nations; suffering is a means of reparation, and we must accept them. There is the secret of holiness as we discover it in the school of Mary, whom during her life we see principally in the Temple and on Calvary; and who appeared at Lourdes, her hands joined in prayer, and her feet resting on the stone of sacrifice."

The venerable Father Josef, S. J., of the old Couar d'Alme mission, is a well-known figure throughout Idaho. Along with Fathers Blanchet de Smet, and others, he was among the first white men to penetrate the Indian country of the Northwest. He crossed the plains in 1844, and ever since that time has been living among the Indian tribes of the Rocky Mountains. Till the Northern Pacific Railroad broke way through the country, this venerable priest had never seen the electric telegraph, and had a very limited acquaintance with railroads. Street cars, type-writers, and other modern inventions of the kind, he never beheld till this year, when he paid a brief visit to Portland, Oregon. Seventy-eight years old, he has spent nearly half a century of his life entirely away from civilization. The hardships

of soul this condition tells! Can souls be pure and minds free from lustful promptings, when such is the disgusting habit of the times? This sort of nastiness is distressingly prevalent, even among Catholics. The common excuse is that it is a habit. If it be, how does it happen that in all nice society, in respectable families, the flippant, lewd, blasphemous fellow can control his pestilent tongue? How is it that the young man, the breath of whose nostrils is blasphemy and imprecation, who interlard his impertinent common places with a profusion of oaths and curses, who beweeches his unfortunate neighbor with sentiments expressed in the slang of the bar room; how is it, that when he addresses a decent matron or a man of some dignity or character, he can restrain himself from indulging in his slang habit? It is simply because he is a coward, he knows that a sound thrashing, or the loss of some material gain, awaits his immoral exhibitions. Such slanders on manhood should be tabooed by decency or whipped into a reformatory.

London Universe.

More frequent visits to Ireland of English members of Parliament with unbiased minds cannot fail to do immense good. They will learn much and on their return will help to remove the mist of prejudice which still lingers in the minds of the untraveled who have been brought up in the bondage of party and are still nurtured in ignorance. If Englishmen and Irish men were to know each other better they might treat each other more. Here is Mr. Rowntree, for instance, who lately went over to Ireland, and he stood up in the House of Commons on Monday night and said that the military organization of the Irish police was a shameful thing. He could not see the necessity of a figure, armed with rifle and bayonet, turning up at every roadside station in the country. In conversation with a constable, he was informed that there was no trouble from drunkenness, and that if the people were allowed to remain in their holdings at fair rental no agitator in the world would have the slightest effect upon them. The agrarian difficulty will be settled the moment Irishmen obtain the chance of living comfortably on their own soil, not before.

Catholic Telegraph.

Similar to Mr. Parnell in the absence of external marks of emotional feeling, is his Tory opponent, the cold-blooded and unpunctuated atheist, Balfour. Parnell is calm with the consciousness of right and the conviction of the rightness of his cause, which will prevail. Balfour is unexcited with the indifference to feeling begotten of deadened principle and the knowledge of despotic irresponsibility. He is one of those who show in scorn and laughter what they afterwards reap in the bitter tears of defeat, contempt, and hatred of his kind.

The following incident illustrates the result of running a country on the "infidel" or "freemasonry plan." At a distribution of prizes at St. Owen, a suburb of Paris, the prizes consisted of books of the most immoral character, given even to the youngest children. Many parents tore the prizes into shreds rather than allow their children's minds to be soiled by them. The *Ori du Peuple* contains a eulogistic article on the circumstance; and its author turns out to be the bookseller, a friend of the Mayor, who had bought up his goods for the occasion.

Boston Pilot.

The Duke of Marlborough, whom some of the vulgar rich of Newport have been lionizing, is angry because the papers have talked as freely about him as they would about any other notorious scamp. He has issued a card in which he threatens to collect a few of the free remarks that have been made about him with a view to framing the same and placing them in his dual mansion at home, where American visitors may be made duly ashamed of their country. As no decent Americans would be likely to visit Mr. Marlborough at home or abroad, we need not care whether the other kind would be ashamed or not at anything they might see in his habitation. They could not possibly see anything more disgraceful than his own.

Catholic Columbian.

Drunkenness is the shame of nature, the extinguisher of reason and the shipwreck of chastity. Let all abominate it.

The Boston Pilot calls special attention to Dr. Perry, the Protestant Episcopal bishop of Iowa. On August 12, American flocked to Westminster Abbey in London, to hear Dr. Perry in commemoration of the centenary of the P. E. Episcopate. Lo! and behold, the orator gave them to understand that he was breathing British air, and proved himself what most of his cloth were in Revolutionary day,—an out-and-out Tory, more English than the English themselves. With him our Revolutionary fathers were rebels, there were too many Irishmen among them. There is a streak of Orange loyalty about this Dr. Perry.

That was a strange statement, but not the less true, that "from the death of our Lord until the very eve of the Reformation, Paganism was never so wholly expelled from the European continent." Even yet, in these United States, in cities pretending to culture, there is a similar tendency in the public mind, tiring,—we presume, of Protestantism with all its variations. This, from an exchange, is in point: "The *Minnesota Pioneer* reports that there is a large demand for Buddhist literature in and about that city."

Colorado Catholic.

Speaking of the virtues, St. Francis de Sales says that when we have to combat a vice, we ought, as far as is possible, to practise the contrary virtue, as by this means we shall not only conquer our enemy, but advance in all the virtues. If you have to fight against pride or anger, study to incline your heart to humility and meekness, and to this end are spiritual exercises, the use of the sacraments, and the other virtues, like prudence, constancy and sobriety. To overcome a bad habit there must be system in the fight. There must be mental prayer, in which, by undisturbed and vigorous absorption of thought, the thinker realizes the evil of the habit and with affections glowing with the love of God, a practical resolution is made to win or die. But to make the exercise effective, no day should pass without careful examination of the progress made in the conquest of vice. The gathering gloom of night should find the serious Christian in the performance of the necessary, religious observance.

It is shocking to think that in an age of much light and grace the tongue of men drip with the filth of lewdness and blasphemy. What depravity, what impurity

of soul this condition tells! Can souls be pure and minds free from lustful promptings, when such is the disgusting habit of the times? This sort of nastiness is distressingly prevalent, even among Catholics. The common excuse is that it is a habit. If it be, how does it happen that in all nice society, in respectable families, the flippant, lewd, blasphemous fellow can control his pestilent tongue? How is it that the young man, the breath of whose nostrils is blasphemy and imprecation, who interlard his impertinent common places with a profusion of oaths and curses, who beweeches his unfortunate neighbor with sentiments expressed in the slang of the bar room; how is it, that when he addresses a decent matron or a man of some dignity or character, he can restrain himself from indulging in his slang habit? It is simply because he is a coward, he knows that a sound thrashing, or the loss of some material gain, awaits his immoral exhibitions. Such slanders on manhood should be tabooed by decency or whipped into a reformatory.

Irish American.

The statement appears that Mr. T. M. Healy, M. P., in consequence of the proclamation of the League, has cancelled his lecturing engagement in America. He was offered ten thousand dollars, all his expenses and a share of the profits, but prefers to stay and take his chance of arrest and imprisonment. Threats have already been heaped on the shoulders of his fellow countrymen, and conviction, if obtained, will be followed by numerous challenges to the Government. The Irish members are sure they can make the policy of suppressing the League odious by compelling the Lord Lieutenant to arrest a large number of Members of Parliament, thirty or forty of whom are said to be ready for martyrdom. English candidates also are prepared to volunteer.

The *Fall Mail Gazette* writes of the latest work of the devil's art, which the sun of Government protected landlording shines. At Elton, county Limerick, one year's rent was refused, and the game was opened fifteen constables charged with fixed bayonets and were repulsed by the inmates with pitchforks: so it is easy to imagine what the fight must have been like. District-Inspector Rice then charged the tenants with his sword, and after a while (it probably put it aside, and took to throwing stones at them instead. Then the priest, Father Matt Ryan, of all men, who was in prison a few weeks ago, induced the tenants to surrender, but "they struggled fearfully when being placed under arrest." "Placed under arrest" by the way probably a euphemism for "bludgeoned by the infuriated policeman."

Colonel Turner, of Bodeke fame, is continuing his pious duties at Kanturk. At Oatcreegan they have at last made a book of Peter McCarthy in order to try to force the priests to give evidence about the "Plan of Campaign." These evasive scenes should be made thoroughly familiar at Northwich. They are a cyclopaedia of comment upon the words and the action of the Government, and its "Bill to prevent Evictions."

Catholic Review.

His Eminence Cardinal Manning, than whom there is not in all the world a more illustrious example of the true Christian prelate, in a recent sermon on education, in answer to the question, "What, then, is education?" gave this answer, which is worthy to be written in letters of gold and placed on the door of every school-house, college and convent, and hanging up familiarly in every school-room in the country. "In one word, it is the training of the disciples of Jesus Christ and nothing else," and he goes on to ask, "What is a disciple?" and he replies: "A disciple is one who follows a teacher and the discipline of a teacher," and he proceeds to insist upon the necessity of not only informing the intellect, but also of developing and guiding the conscience, of training the heart and forming the whole man upon the Christian model. That strikes at the very heart of the matter. The fact is, the character of the education given to our children will depend entirely upon the light in which they are viewed by the teacher—that is, whether the chief prominence is given to the fact that they are disciples of Christ, or members of this world. And, here, the danger for Catholic teachers is not so much that they will err in theory as in practice. The teaching of the Church is clear and explicit; there is no getting round it. We are immortals, we are made for God, and eternity is our home. This world is a state of probation. We are here in God's providential school, the design of which is to fit us to dwell forever with Him, and to enjoy the full fruition of His glorious presence in heaven; and any education which does not give prominence to this idea, and keep this final end in view, is radically defective. Yet it is not lamentably defective that even in Christian and Catholic schools this grand end is too often obscured and kept in the background by the overpowering pressure of material interests? It is easier to walk by sight and sense than by faith. We are in constant touch with the material, the sensible. The disorders of our nature make us prone to earth. The necessities of the body must not be neglected, and here come in ambition, rivalry, unreasonable strife for worldly honors, worldly distinctions and the good things of this life. Hence that is considered the best education which is best calculated to fit our children for success in this life, and you will sometimes hear even Catholic parents say they prefer the public schools because they give their children more practical training and not so much religion. That shows where their hearts are and what views they take of the great purposes of life. Such parents need to

meditate seriously on that solemn admonition of our Lord: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall he give in exchange for his soul?"

Freeman's Journal.

We speak in all reverence, but we speak the truth: the vanity of choir-masters and composers—autocrats who make God Himself wait until they have finished their *fortiori*—have made the most worshipful ceremonies of the Mass a weariness to many. Why is the attendance at High Mass so small? Because people are impatient? Because they do not adore that Sacrament from which all the most august ceremonies of the Church radiate? No. Because they expect to kneel or sit, while singers, intent only on their own performance, trill and roulade and go through local and complex contortions. This sort of thing keeps people away from High Mass on Sunday—or, if they go, they do it as a penance. "Poor Mozart," writes Father Taunton, "has been badly treated by his friends, who have thus made themselves enemies. They have adopted sacred words to many of his secular pieces, and have palmed them off as the genuine sacred compositions of the masters." Thus "Don Giovanni" has been out into scraps. And we find the duet which expresses a soubrette's doubts as to the matrimonial intentions of a tenor doing duty as a setting to an *O Salutaris*, and a bit of ballet music tacked to an *Ave Maria*.

Catholic Citizen.

You put crosses on your churches; your choirs sing, 'Ave Maria,' some of your Ritualists have lights upon the altar and confessionals in the aisles. Why not open the whole question at once and investigate whether Catholicity, as a whole, is not superior, as its parts seem to be, over what Protestantism is and has been!

The American Catholic Tribune.

The Catholic Church stands like a beacon light shining across two thousand years with ever increasing brilliancy, calling to all the sons of men to come unto the Lord, and demanding that they come hand in hand, all races and classes without distinction. For in her Gospel she handed to her from our Lord Jesus Christ "all men" are equal.

IRISH NEWS BY CABLE.

The Dublin Corporation on motion of the Lord Mayor, has adopted a resolution protesting against the tyrannical policy of the Government, and approving the patriotic conduct of Mr. William O'Brien. Casey, one of the men who was wounded during the melee on Friday at Mithellstown, has died. On Sunday he swore to a deposition identifying the constable who shot him.

The Libera press of England insists that the rapidly increasing crime in Ireland, including the killing of Constable Wheless, who was murdered by moonlight, is directly traceable to the Coercion act, which they have never failed to denounce. The predictions made when the act was passed are now being fulfilled, they say, and none but the government can be blamed. The leaders of the National Irish League threaten to cease their efforts to control the people unless England will alleviate the hardness with which it is now treating Ireland. It is, however, a matter of grave doubt if the leaders could now control the wrought-up passions of their injured countrymen. The time has almost come and is near at hand when but a slight fanning is needed to make the fire that is now smouldering in the hearts of the Irish break out in a wild fierce flame that are it checked will commit great havoc and widespread ruin. The priests, too, to whom the Irish always have rendered implicit obedience, are losing their influence in checking the people. A crisis seems certainly near at hand. It is now apparent that the government, during the recess of Parliament, intend to turn loose the dogs of war and spare no effort to carry out the provisions of the Coercion act. It is a desperate game that the government is playing, and they propose to force the issue and either win or lose. Mr. Balfour is at present in Dublin preparing for the siege and the battle, the rumblings of which already begin to be heard, will soon begin in earnest.

London, September 17.—The Cabinet has closed the session of Parliament with the declared intention to shut all legislation concerning Ireland during the next session. This is accepted as a true interpretation of that passage of the Queen's speech which refers to the postponement of "many important measures affecting other portions of the Kingdom, which doubtless you will be able to resume without the hindrance of the coming session." This is taken to mean that in opinion of the Ministers quite enough time has been given to the discussion of Irish grievances. Apart from the language of the address, moreover, the Ministerial party do not attempt to conceal their determination not to permit Irish business any longer to absorb the attention of Parliament to the exclusion of all other matters. The decision applies not only to the next session but the following session as well. If the plans of the Ministers are thoroughly carried out all Irish questions will be definitely thrown aside to make way for legislation on English and Scotch affairs. Ireland in this event will be left to the tender mercies of the Coercion act and its brutal operation at the hands of ferocious constabulary in Ireland. The Gladstonians declare that it is not possible for the government to put aside Ireland, and they will do their utmost to prevent Lord Salisbury and his colleagues carrying out their scheme. They are already forecasting a plan of obstruction in order to meet the further stringent rules of procedure which the government are preparing for the opening of the new session. The center of interest is

now transferred from Westminster to Dublin, and gloomy predictions of what is going to happen are in many mouths. The Queen expresses the hope that the Irish legislation of the session will gradually effect complete restoration of order in that country. The interjection of the word "gradually" shows how little sanguine such expectations are. What is evident is that there will be a struggle. Neither government nor league is going to surrender till each has formed a more accurate estimate of the other's strength. Mr. Parnell has borrowed some of Mr. Dillon's defiant spirit. Mr. O'Brien's friends complain bitterly that their hero not only is sent to prison but is treated as a prisoner and subjected to ordinary prison discipline. They declare, nevertheless, that they are ready to share his fate. Mr. Dillon's estimate is that thirty or forty Irish members of Parliament will follow Mr. O'Brien to jail before the winter is over. Perhaps this computation may prove exaggerated. Mr. Balfour has gone to Dublin to govern. When that fact becomes known throughout Ireland a change in the situation is possible enough.

DILLON FEARS TROUBLE.

BALFOUR DETERMINED TO GET THE NATIONALIST LEADERS INTO THE CLUTCHES OF THE LAW.

Dublin, September 18.—Mr. Dillon in an interview to day said that it was impossible to deny the gravity of the agitation in Ireland. The most disturbed district was South Galway, where a new agent had been appointed who displayed great activity and trouble might be expected there. The outlook for the coming winter was a gloomy one. Mr. Balfour was apparently determined to get all the Nationalist leaders into the clutches of the law, and he (Dillon) would not be surprised if in a month or two the majority of the leaders, including himself, were found picking oakum. Mr. Balfour had been in Dublin consulting with the magistrates. That looked like action, but Mr. Balfour always started them by hurling proclamations into their midst and then flying from the country immediately, being apprehensive, perhaps, for his own safety. The government's persistence in enforcing the Coercion Act would be certain to lead to trouble. He was positive that if the Land Commissioners gave only inadequate judicial reductions the Salisbury Cabinet would find themselves face to face with a condition of things unparalleled in the history of Ireland. The Commissioners in the past two years had been just, but there was every reason to fear the result of the latter Tory appointments. In that respect there was much danger in the situation. The government appeared to be determined to force an outbreak of crime. If Mr. O'Brien after his trial was treated as a common felon there would be violent indignation, not only throughout Ireland, but in America. Referring generally to the causes of disturbances, Mr. Dillon said that the resident magistracy as a body were incompetent and that the constabulary, though a splendid body of men, were political agents of an unpopular government, in a constant state of hostility to the people.

United Ireland.

Clare has answered the Coercionist—proclamation. To the Executive force of chronic tyranny has replied the live voice of a brave people resolute for liberty. The first decisive battle of the closing campaign of Ireland's freedom has been fought out, and the forces of tyranny have gone down. The Castle proclaimed free speech in Clare, and in tones of triumph which have reverberated through the three Kingdoms, Clare has proclaimed its contempt and defiance for the Castle proclamation. Not one meeting but two have been held in the teeth of the ukase of the Castle. It was a strange spectacle. Ennis witnessed last Sunday. The pre-arranged of the peace provoking and inciting to violence. The guardians of the law tramping on the law. The Irish people championing the English Constitution against the English Government. Only cooperation could have prompted the criminal folly of the proclamation of the Clare meeting. It is hard to realize the mingled meanness and madness of the proceeding. The Government takes its stand on the sanctity of the law, though justice and morality cry out against it. It is compelled, it complains, to lend its forces to the wanton but legal savagery of evictions. So long as the law helps the rich against the poor the Government is the laws most obedient servant. When the law changes sides the Government defies the law. The landlords' right to rob is not more legal, surely, than the tenants' right to protest. The Executive sends the same police and soldiers to help the landlords' robberies and stifle the tenants' protest in blood. There was hardly an attempt made in Parliament to vindicate the legality of the proclamation. Judgment went against the Government by default, if not by confession. The Attorney-General for Ireland admitted the case of the Nationalist when he admitted that the proclamation could not constitute the meeting illegal. The Executive of which he is a member were prepared, on his admission, to shoot down men who were engaged in a legal proceeding. Terrible as were the powers granted under the Coercion Act they did not stretch to this. The Government, with its mechanical majority of a hundred at its back, did not dare to ask Parliament for power to suppress free speech in Ireland. They vigorously disclaimed any such intention. The Coercion Act, they protested, was wanted only for criminals, and sheltered no design against political opponents. A

CLARE'S COUNTER PROCLAMATION.

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A Queen of Song.

MISS ROSE BRANIFF ARRIVES AT THE RIDEAU-ST. CONVENT.

Miss Rose Braniff, of the conservatory of Boston, who has already established a national reputation and is one of the most brilliant soprano singers in Canada, has arrived in the city and has accepted the Rideau street convent to teach voice culture at an enormous salary. Miss Braniff was born in Brockville and has been under training in the Boston conservatory for years past, where she has graduated with the highest honors. Critics who know whereof they speak, talk of her as a second Jenny Lind, Sister Theresa, the superiress of the Rideau street convent, it is to be congratulated for having secured the services of so distinguished an artist, who will be an acquisition to the musical talent of the Capital.—*Ottawa Free Press.*

During the year ending July 28th, 1887, forty-four converts were admitted to baptism in St. Augustine's Church for colored Catholics, Louisville, Ky., of which the Rev. John P. White has pastoral charge.

Bishop Charlat's twenty-fifth anniversary was recently celebrated at Indianapolis. Among the gifts presented to him was a silver plate piled up with \$1,000 in gold from the clergy of the diocese.

large assortment of fetters and handcuffs were required for the firm and resolute Government of Ireland, but the gag was not included in Coercion. At that time the Government was not without hope that the Liberals of England who had been hoodwinked over Home Rule might be hoodwinked again over Coercion. That hope is dead. The wonderful by-elections have knocked it on the head. The Government have nothing to hope and nothing to fear from the Liberal Unionists. They are playing off their own back the desperate game of open, naked, Tory tyranny. Their lease of the Treasury Benches drops with the next general election, and there is no hope of a renewal. Terror is far more brutal and unscrupulous than courage. The Executive had no excuse to offer for its outrage on the Constitution; no colour of excuse. It was admitted that the meeting could provoke no disturbance. There is no chance of a fight where all are one way of thinking. A counter Orange demonstration under O'Connell's statue was not thought of in time. The Government proclaimed the meeting, they avowed, because its after consequences would be dangerous. Why, certainly! The coercionists had good reason to apprehend danger from the Clare demonstration, but they had no more authority to suppress it on this ground than they would have to send Mr. Gladstone to the Tower or Mr. Parnell to the gallows. It was feared, said one of the official apologists of the proclamation, that the Coercion Act would be denounced. It needed no prophet to make this prediction. We venture to hope that from every National platform in Ireland, and every Liberal platform in England, until the hour of its repeal, the brutal and savage Coercion Act will be denounced. A man must obey a law, however unjust, or take the consequences; but there is nothing to compel him to respect it. It is not merely a right, but a duty, to denounce unjust laws—to cover them with such odium and contempt as will secure their repeal. The object of every constitutional movement is to discredit some existing law as the first step to change it. The alleged disturbance of Clare was not a more tenable excuse. Mr. Balfour's quarrel with the League is that it has suppressed crime; but even he could hardly attack the Clare meeting openly, at least on the ground that it would disclose moonlighting, which, sparse and spasmodic as it is, and limited to a single district, has lent the last faint shadow of an excuse to coercion. The proclamation was an act of barefaced power. The only real excuse attempted was that the proclaimed meeting was in Ireland. This geographical excuse cannot avail the Government for an act of tyranny which in England would have produced a rebellion. The nominal rights of the two countries are the same. If the proclamation were legal there would be an end to the Englishman's boasted privilege of free speech. Free speech is the subject's protection against the Government. It is worthless as a spiked gun if the Government have inherent power to suppress free speech on its irresponsible discretion. The battle that has been fought and won last Sunday in Clare has been fought and won in England centuries ago. The democracy of England, looking for the first time with their own eyes on this country, see the earlier chapters of their own history repeated here; see us laboriously lay the foundations of that freedom of which they are crowning the capital. If Clare's vindication of the sacred right of free speech was unavailing by blood, no thanks to the Executive. They deliberately and of malice aforethought provoked the people to a tumult that might have assumed almost the dimension of a war. The courage combined with patience of the people averted the terrible calamity. It is fortunate that the indignation the Government tyranny excites is largely cooled by contempt for their cowardice and incompetence. But this cannot condone the blood-guiltiness of their policy. We charge it boldly, their last hope is to provoke the Irish people to violent resistance, which may be met by violent repression; to tempt them by some ferocious *sortie* to break the impregnable lines of their Constitutional defence. The Tory Government are caught between two fires. In front is the unconquerable distal of Irish Nationalism against which they are vainly exhausting all the resources of barbarous warfare, while the indignant and overwhelming forces of English Liberalism are rapidly marching to raise the siege.

DILLON FEARS TROUBLE.

BALFOUR DETERMINED TO GET THE NATIONALIST LEADERS INTO THE CLUTCHES OF THE LAW.

Dublin, September 18.—Mr. Dillon in an interview to day said that it was impossible to deny the gravity of the agitation in Ireland. The most disturbed district was South Galway, where a new agent had been appointed who displayed great activity and trouble might be expected there. The outlook for the coming winter was a gloomy one. Mr. Balfour was apparently determined to get all the Nationalist leaders into the clutches of the law, and he (Dillon) would not be surprised if in a month or two the majority of the leaders, including himself, were found picking oakum. Mr. Balfour had been in Dublin consulting with the magistrates. That looked like action, but Mr. Balfour always started them by hurling proclamations into their midst and then flying from the country immediately, being apprehensive, perhaps, for his own safety. The government's persistence in enforcing the Coercion Act would be certain to lead to trouble. He was positive that if the Land Commissioners gave only inadequate judicial reductions the Salisbury Cabinet would find themselves face to face with a condition of things unparalleled in the history of Ireland. The Commissioners in the past two years had been just, but there was every reason to fear the result of the latter Tory appointments. In that respect there was much danger in the situation. The government appeared to be determined to force an outbreak of crime. If Mr. O'Brien after his trial was treated as a common felon there would be violent indignation, not only throughout Ireland, but in America. Referring generally to the causes of disturbances, Mr. Dillon said that the resident magistracy as a body were incompetent and that the constabulary, though a splendid body of men, were political agents of an unpopular government, in a constant state of hostility to the people.

United Ireland.

Clare has answered the Coercionist—proclamation. To the Executive force of chronic tyranny has replied the live voice of a brave people resolute for liberty. The first decisive battle of the closing campaign of Ireland's freedom has been fought out, and the forces of tyranny have gone down. The Castle proclaimed free speech in Clare, and in tones of triumph which have reverberated through the three Kingdoms, Clare has proclaimed its contempt and defiance for the Castle proclamation. Not one meeting but two have been held in the teeth of the ukase of the Castle. It was a strange spectacle. Ennis witnessed last Sunday. The pre-arranged of the peace provoking and inciting to violence. The guardians of the law tramping on the law. The Irish people championing the English Constitution against the English Government. Only cooperation could have prompted the criminal folly of the proclamation of the Clare meeting. It is hard to realize the mingled meanness and madness of the proceeding. The Government takes its stand on the sanctity of the law, though justice and morality cry out against it. It is compelled, it complains, to lend its forces to the wanton but legal savagery of evictions. So long as the law helps the rich against the poor the Government is the laws most obedient servant. When the law changes sides the Government defies the law. The landlords' right to rob is not more legal, surely, than the tenants' right to protest. The Executive sends the same police and soldiers to help the landlords' robberies and stifle the tenants' protest in blood. There was hardly an attempt made in Parliament to vindicate the legality of the proclamation. Judgment went against the Government by default, if not by confession. The Attorney-General for Ireland admitted the case of the Nationalist when he admitted that the proclamation could not constitute the meeting illegal. The Executive of which he is a member were prepared, on his admission, to shoot down men who were engaged in a legal proceeding. Terrible as were the powers granted under the Coercion Act they did not stretch to this. The Government, with its mechanical majority of a hundred at its back, did not dare to ask Parliament for power to suppress free speech in Ireland. They vigorously disclaimed any such intention. The Coercion Act, they protested, was wanted only for criminals, and sheltered no design against political opponents. A

CLARE'S COUNTER PROCLAMATION.

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A Queen of Song.

MISS ROSE BRANIFF ARRIVES AT THE RIDEAU-ST. CONVENT.

Miss Rose Braniff, of the conservatory of Boston, who has already established a national reputation and is one of the most brilliant soprano singers in Canada, has arrived in the city and has accepted the Rideau street convent to teach voice culture at an enormous salary. Miss Braniff was born in Brockville and has been under training in the Boston conservatory for years past, where she has graduated with the highest honors. Critics who know whereof they speak, talk of her as a second Jenny Lind, Sister Theresa, the superiress of the Rideau street convent, it is to be congratulated for having secured the services of so distinguished an artist, who will be an acquisition to the musical talent of the Capital.—*Ottawa Free Press.*

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