

THE CHURCH'S LOSS IS NOT PROTESTANT GAIN

Proselytism is extensively practiced by all Protestant sects under the hallucination that every soul they seduce from the Catholic Church is a gain for them. This mistake, however, is rapidly becoming discernable to thinking non Catholic writers who discover from statistical information that the children stolen from the Church through sectarian scheming, generally either return to the Church in which they received the grace of God's faith through the sacrament of baptism, or else grow up to be haters of the gospel and infidels in belief.

The Boston Congregationalist recently published an article on the 'Unchurched Masses' by Rev. C. E. Amazon, of Lowell, Mass., in which he calls the attention of Protestants to the fact that through their efforts many thousands of Catholics have been alienated from the Church in which they were born, without being won to the Protestant faith. He says: 'It is a great mistake to imagine that a good work has been done in a man the moment his faith in Rome is destroyed.'

Let us not forget that the collapse of Rome in America does not mean the strengthening of true Christianity. The French revolution gave the death blow to that system in France but left that country without religion. The writer adds that the Protestant Church has really no occasion to rejoice over the 2,000,000 members said to have been lost to the Catholic Church in this country during the last decade, for with few exceptions, they have not come to Protestant churches.

Whilst we agree with the Congregationalist preacher in all he says about sectarian stealing of Catholic children through Protestant proselyting influences we want to tell him very plainly that he is very much mistaken when he says that the French Revolution 'gave the death blow' to the Catholic Church in France. It is now approaching a century since that 'death blow' was given to that nation which the renowned Edmund Burke well described when he styled them the 'ablest architects of ruin' that had ever existed in the world and yet the Catholic Church is even now far from being a corpse in France! A Church that could count—in December 1881—29,201,703 Roman Catholics (being 78-20 per cent. of the total population in France), evidently did not suffer the agonies of dissolution from the 'death blow' described by the Rev. C. E. Amazon.

Nor can it be said that the Catholic Church was mortally wounded in her recent encounter with French Freemasonry when she can still count seventeen archbishops, seventy bishops, 55,094 priests, and 10,217 ecclesiastical students in French seminaries, as she did in 1880. Further, it was found from a return presented to the Chamber of Deputies in 1881, by the Minister of Public Worship, that there were in all 200,000 persons under religious vows in France, exclusive of 45,000 ecclesiastics who received pay from the State. The 'death wound' idea, therefore, is preposterous, as the French revolution merely administered a flesh wound to the Church, and from the blood of the martyrs to the true Faith which the 'sans-culottes' of every French revolution have made, will spring millions upon millions of brave French Catholics who will be an honor to the Church and a main stay to the citadel of Catholic faith, in that land so basely maltreated by her own degenerate sons.

IRISH METAPHORS

Irish orators and writers have always been famous for their wealth of simile when indulging in impassioned language regarding friends or foes. The late Daniel O'Connell once likened the clumsy efforts of a certain statesman to the attempt of a cow to plait the frill of a shirt. But trying as this may have been to the cow, that it was not beyond its powers may be judged from what other animals are capable of doing, according to a writer in one of Mr. Parnell's organs, who has taken his illustrations of English political characters from natural history. Lord Randolph is described as 'a mackerel penning facetious notes, but finding no sympathy with his wit among his depressed colleagues.' Lord Hartington is mentioned as 'a gorged Python ruminantly chewing his thumb nail,' and Mr. Goschen is pictured 'as an Egyptian skeleton flapping his damp wings with a raven's croak and a wolf's death rattle.' After this the comparison of Mr. Chamberlain to the first murderer, or of Captain O'Shea to Judas Iscariot is tame and commonplace. Mr. Parnell, however, has the face of an angel, 'softened and suffused with the glow of enthusiasm, the light gilding the edges of his beard like a halo!'

WHAT AND HOW TO READ.

The Westminster (London) Review under this heading, quotes from some interesting essays by Lord Iddesleigh, and Mr. Frederic Harrison, who, though a Positivist, is alarmed by the degenerate taste in literature.

'If modern literature has any competition to read, it is not that of the old classic writers, but of the daily, weekly, or monthly periodicals, which fall as thickly around us as the leaves in Val-lombosa, and go near to suffocate the poor victim who is longing to enjoy his volume in peace whether that volume be of Sophocles or of Shakespeare, or of Goethe or of Burns. Or if by chance our would-be student is one who for his sins is engaged in political contests himself, he may recall the position of Walter Scott's Black Knight at the siege of Front de Boen's castle when defeated by the din which his own blow made upon the gate contributed to raise how, under such circumstances, he must wish that he was like Dicaopolis in the 'Acharnians,' and could make a separate peace for himself.'

This reference to Sir Walter Scott leads us to say we rejoice to read, not only that Lord Iddesleigh, but what Mr. Frederic Harrison says of the great man and to express our assent and consent to their judgment of him.

We read Scott's romances, but how often do we read them, how zealously, with what sympathy and understanding! I am told that the last discovery of modern culture is that Scott's prose is commonplace; that the young men at our universities are far too critical to care for his artless sentences and flowing descriptions. They prefer Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Mallock, and the euphuism of young Oxford, just as some people prefer a Dresden shepherdess to the Caryatides of the Erechtheum, and pronounce Mozart to be 'passe.' As boys love lollypops, so these juvenile fops love to roll phrases about under the tongue, as if phrases in themselves had a value apart from thoughts, feelings, great conceptions, or human sympathy. For Scott is just one of the poets (we may call poets all the great creators in prose or in verse) of whom one never wearies, just as one can listen to Beethoven, or watch the sunrise or the sunset day by day with new delight. I think I can read 'The Antiquary,' or 'The Bride of Lammermoor,' 'Ivanhoe,' 'Quentin Durward,' and 'Old Mortality,' at least once a year afresh.

Scott is a perfect library in himself. A constant reader of romances would find that it needed months to go through even the best pieces of the inexhaustible painter of eight full centuries and every type of man; and he might repeat the process of reading him ten times in a lifetime without a sense of fatigue or sameness. The poetic beauty of Scott's creation is almost the least of his great qualities. It is the universality of his sympathy that is so truly great, the justice of his estimates, the insight into the spirit of each age, his intense absorption of self in the vast epic of human civilization. . . . And this plerious and most human and most historical of poets, with out whom our very conception of human development would have ever been imperfect, this manliest and truest, and wildest of romancers, we neglect for some hothouse hybrid of physiological analysis, for the wretched imitations of Balzac, and the jargonisms phrasemongering of some Osric of the day, who assures us that Scott is an absolute Philistine.'

In the same spirit and to the same effect speaks Lord Iddesleigh:

'Think what a mine of wealth we possess in the novels of your own great master—what depths he sounds, what humors he makes us acquainted with! From Jeanie Deans, sacrificing herself for her sisterly love, in all but her uncompromising devotion to truth, to the picture of the family affection and overmastering grief in the hut of poor Steenie Muckle-back it; or again from the fidelity of Meg Merrilies to that of Caleb Balderstone; you have in these and hundred other instances examples of the great power of discerning genius to seize upon the secrets of the human heart, and to reveal the inner meanings of the events which history records upon its surface, but which we do not feel that we really understand till some finer mind has clothed the dry bones with flesh and blood and presented them to us in appropriate raiment.'

We here part company with Lord Iddesleigh, and recur to Mr. Harrison. In the outset of his essay we utter—to borrow a phrase of David Deans—this 'cry of a howl in the desert':

'How shall we choose our books! which are the best, the eternal, indispensable books? To all to whom reading is something more than a refined idleness these

questions recur, bringing with them the sense of bewilderment; and a still, small voice within us is forever crying out for some guide across the Slough of Despond of an illimitable and ever-swell-ing literature. How many a man stands beside it, as uncertain of his pathway as the Pilgrim when he who dreamed the immortal dream heard him 'breaking out with a lamentable cry, saying, 'What shall I do.'

The following passage is only to accurate a description of much of our modern literature.

Who now reads the ancient writers? Who systematically reads the great writers be they ancient or modern whom the consent of ages has marked out as classics—typical, immortal, peculiar teachers of our race?

With regard to the nature and extent of our reading Mr. Harrison substantially agrees with Lord Iddesleigh:

'A wise education and so judicious reading should leave no great type of thought, no dominant phase of human nature, wholly a blank. Whether our reading be great or small, so far as it goes it should be general. If our lives admit of but a short space for reading, all the more reason that, so far as may be, it should remind us of the vast expanse of human thought, and the wonderful variety of human nature. To read, and yet to so read that we see nothing but a corner of literature, the loose fringe, or flimsy and wastes of letters and by reading only deepen our natural belief that this island is the hub of the universe, and the nineteenth century the only age worth notice—all this is really to call in the aid of books to thicken and harden our untaught prejudices. Be it imagination, memory, or reflection that we address—that is, in poetry, his tory sciences or philosophy our first duty is to aim at knowing something at least of the best, at getting some definite idea of the mighty realm whose outer rim we are permitted to approach.'

Mr. Harrison is as great an admirer of Homer as was Lord Macaulay.

'One knows (says Mr. Harrison)—at least every school boy has known—that a passage of Homer, rolling along in the hexameter, or trumpeted out by Pope, will give one a hot glow of pleasure, and raise a finer throb in the pulse; one knows that Homer is the easiest, most artless, most diverting of all poets, that the fiftieth reading rouses the spirit even more than the first; and yet we find ourselves (we are all alike) painfully pshawing over some new and uncut barley-sugar in rhyme, which a man in the street asked us if we had read, or it may be some learned lucubration about the site of Troy by some one we chanced to meet at dinner. . . . To ask a man or woman who spends half a lifetime in sucking magazines and new poems to read a book of Homer would be like asking a butcher's boy 'Adelaide.' The noises and sights and talk, the whirl and volatility of life around us, are too strong for us. A society which is forever gossiping in a sort of perpetual 'drum' loses the very faculty of caring for anything but 'early copies' and the last tale out. Thus, like the tars in the noble parable of the Sower, a perpetual chatter about books chokes the seed which is sown in the greatest books of the world.'

To be continued.

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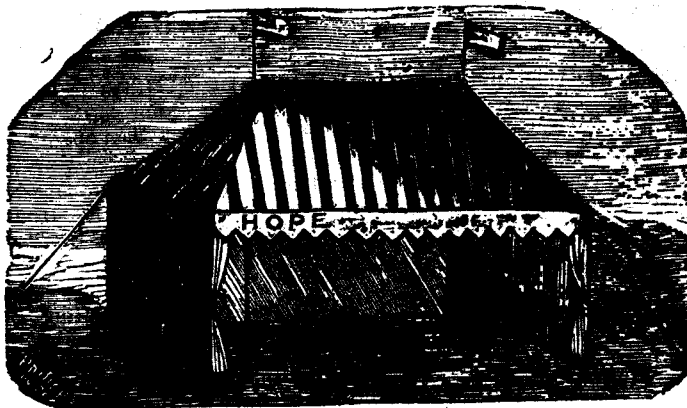
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Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contracts may be seen, and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at this office or in the first case at the Post-Offices at the termini of the said route, and in the other instances of the Postmaster at Portage la Prairie.

W. W. McLEOD

Post Office Inspector, Winnipeg 27th Aug. 1886.

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The Postmaster General will pay a reward of Two hundred and fifty dollars for such evidence as will lead to the arrest and conviction of the party and his accomplice or accomplices who stopped and robbed the Prince Albert Mail South of Humboldt on the 17th instant. Such information may be communicated to the Commissioners of the North-West Mounted Police Regina or the undersigned.

W. W. McLEOD, P. O. Inspector's Office, Winnipeg Man., 29th July 1886.