

OUR WAYFARER

On Sensational Novels and Newspapers and Their Effects.

The Charm of "Fabiola" and the Reflections Which it Creates—The Gesu Library—Our Theatrical Critics and Their Prejudices When a Talented Irish Actor Occupied the Boards.

Judging by the popular ditties of the day, we shall soon have the "problem ballad" as well as the "problem novel."

It is inconceivable to me how any young woman with a sense of decorum can stand up in a crowded room and sing songs of the "Fallen by the Wayside" type; but it is done every day, and the fair warblers evidently see nothing objectionable in them.

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Being weather bound one day last week, I hunted around the house to find something wherewith to beguile the time and came upon a much thumbed copy of "Fabiola," which I immediately set down to read, for the fourth time at least.

I do not know why that story more than others of the same class should possess such a fascination for me, but the fact remains that it does.

Wherein lies the charm? Is it in the pagan heroine, or sweet Saint Agnes, or the soldierly Sebastian, or the boy martyr Pancratius? I do not know. We love them all, and enter into their hopes and fears, their joys and their sorrows as though their lives were interwoven with our own—such, at least, is my experience.

On consideration I think the great charm of the tale lies in its atmosphere. We feel that the delineation of the splendid paganism of the time is true to life, and we realize, even if only passingly, the enmity that must of necessity exist between the Church and the World for all time.

But this suggests a reflection. If the first followers of the new dispensation thought it necessary to eachew the world—and particularly its amusements—why do we not find it necessary?

I fancy I hear someone say: "Oh, the world is Christian now, and its amusements are carried on with adherence to Christian morals." Are they? Let us be honest for a moment.

Can we, by any stretch of the imagination, picture St. Peter or St. Paul's converts taking pleasure in the Sunday newspaper, as it is dished up to us latter day Christians?

But are we, then, all to become hermits? What will you? as our Gallic friends say. We must either suspect the early Christians of misunderstanding the spirit of the Gospel, or admit that their theory of the renouncement of the world, the flesh and the devil was something very different, in practice, from ours. The dilemma is a awkward—for us.

Perhaps we had better change the subject. Apropos of the foregoing. How many of us who have read Wiseman's "Fabiola" have also had the pleasure of reading "The African Fabiola?"—I forget just now who the author is, but think it is Father O'Reilly. This tale deals with the history and martyrdom of two saints whose names will live while the Sacrifice of the Mass continues to be offered—that is, to the end of time. Saint Perpetua and Saint Felicitas. The noble lady and the poor slave. For romance and thrilling interest, these two books are worth a cartload of the wishy-washy trash we lose so much time over daily.

Then there is Newman's "Callista," and the "Martyrs of the Coliseum," and the "Victims of the Mamertine." Every one of them calculated to satisfy the

most ardent lover of thrilling literature, leaving out of the account the amount of historical knowledge to be gained from them.

With a free library such as that of the Gesu at our command, we have no excuse for being ignorant of Catholic literature.

Since the city treasury cannot produce the wherewithal to pay for the repair of the reservoir, it is to be presumed that nothing will be done until a disaster enables us to pass round the hat to outsiders. There is nothing like that.

Has it ever happened, in the annals of journalism, that the nationality of public personages has influenced criticism directed at them? Of course not! Newspapers are much above that sort of thing. Nevertheless it is a little strange that one or two of Montreal's dailies should find so much to admire in the "Two Jacks" a short time ago, while "damning with faint praise" the acting of James O'Neill. Probably the "Two Jacks" was more to the taste of the scribe who informed us that the Irish tragedian was neither a Booth nor a Barrett, but that does not excuse him for his ungenerous criticism of a first class actor.

For a son of the church to die, rejecting her maternal embraces, is always sad; but the spectacle of others of her children publicly defending and rejoicing at such a death is inexpressibly sadder, and makes us wonder sorrowfully what the poor wandering soul thinks of it all, now that it has gazed upon "The light that never was on sea or land."

Verily: a man's works do follow him.

SILAS WEGG.

LARGE BEQUESTS

Made to Catholic Institutions by the late Mr. P. B. O'Brien, of New Orleans.

An American exchange says: Catholic institutions, religious and educational, will get about \$200,000 by the will of Patrick B. O'Brien, who died in New Orleans last week. He was a wealthy retired merchant, and built the Church of the Sacred Heart in that city. His will, which has just been made public, provides that the Catholic University at Washington shall receive \$150,000, in three separate bequests of \$50,000 each, for the establishment of three professorships, to be devoted to such subjects as the administration may deem advisable, and to be known as the P. B. O'Brien and R. P. O'Brien chairs. Cardinal Gibbons is remembered with a personal legacy of \$5,000. Archbishop Janssens, of Louisiana, and his successors will get \$20,000, to be devoted to the education of priests intended for the Diocese of Louisiana. Other bequests include \$5,000 to the Church of the Sacred Heart, of New Orleans for educational purposes; House of the Good Shepherd, New Orleans \$5,000; Hotel Dieu, New Orleans, \$6,000 for two beds for incurables, and several smaller donations to charity.

Another item in Mr. O'Brien's will is a bequest of \$10,000 to Mrs. George Eastwick, formerly Miss Celeste Stauffer, with whom Samuel J. Tilden was reported to have been in love.

GENERAL NEWS.

Cardinal Klementz's district, the Archdiocese of Cologne, according to late statistics, contains more than two millions of Catholics.

Professor Stanford, the celebrated Irish composer, has written an Irish choral ballad, which was produced with much success at the Norwich Festival.

The late William Morris was, says the Westminster Gazette, an enthusiastic supporter of the Irish Nationalist movement, and in hearty sympathy with the doctrines of the Land League.

Mr. Justin McCarthy is now engaged in the preparation of the fifth volume of "A History of Our Own Times." This volume will bring the narrative down to the end of the sixteenth year of Queen Victoria's reign.

On October 4 the new church at Middleton was dedicated by the Archbishop of Cashel, and the ceremonial was witnessed by a large congregation, including the mayor of Cork. Cardinal Logue preached the dedication service.

At Toomevara, on September 16 Dr. George H. Powell was eating an apple when a wasp, concealed in the heart of the fruit, stung him in the tongue. That organ immediately became inflamed, and although every possible remedy was applied, he died three hours afterwards in great agony. He was about 35 years of age.

Cardinal Satolli has an interesting assortment of letters received from cranks during his stay in this country. Some are of a threatening character, ordering him to leave our shores immediately or to be prepared for terrible results. One suggests that he might use his influence with the Pope in order that Uncle Sam might gobble up the Catholic dominions of Canada.

Dr. D. J. A. Moloney, the famous African traveler, died on October 5 after a very short illness at Oxford Lodge, England. The Pall Mall Gazette says of this brave young Irishman: "Africa has its revenge upon its explorers. Yet another has been cut off in his prime, and that other one of the most capable of them all. Dr. Moloney never advertised himself, and his achievements, therefore, remain comparatively unknown. His rescue of the Stairs expedition

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tion will bear comparison, nevertheless, with many deeds of pluck and endurance that have become the commonest of talk. For months he battled with fever and starvation, the only white man who was not incapable of work, and in the end he succeeded in bringing the caravan from Katanga down to the coast. He returned so full of vigor that further adventures seemed to be waiting for him. But, like Dr. Parke and several others, he came back only to die."

"Brian Boru" is the name of the latest production in opera. The first performance was given last week. The Irish American, in referring to it, says: "The production of 'Brian Boru' marks a new departure in the Irish drama. Hitherto the stage Irishman was a coarse misrepresentation, his occasional wit being all that made amends for his vulgarity. The authors of 'Brian Boru' have abandoned all this; they have given us a genuine picture of Irish life and character, true to tradition and historic associations, and it is meet that they should receive the thanks and encouragement of every Irishman."

SOME NEW BOOKS.

"HOSTILITY UNMASKED" is the title of a pamphlet which has just been published by Beauchemin & Son, 256 and 258 St. Paul street, Montreal, and of which the Rev. H. Leduc, O.M.I., is the author.

The subject with which it deals is the School Ordinance of the North West Territories, passed in 1892, and its disastrous results so far as the Catholics there are concerned. As Father Leduc was a member of the Board of Education which was abolished by this school ordinance, he speaks with authority in the matter of which he treats, and he proves beyond a shadow of doubt that, under the system inaugurated in the Territories in 1892, Catholics have lost all control of their schools, and that those who control the system at Regina are openly hostile to Catholics and their schools. The facts here set forth show how clearly the late Archbishop Taché, in his "Memoirs sur la question des Ecoles," saw through the hypocrisy of the phraeology of the ordinance, when he said, "More astute than the Manitoba government, the government of the Territories has left to Catholic schools their existence; but it has deprived them of that which constituted their distinctive character and ensured their freedom of action."

Our Quebec contemporary, La Verite, also recognized the spirit of hostility to Catholic interests in which the ordinance had been drafted; for it said after the ordinance had been signed: "It is the programme of the Protestant Protective Association and of Freemasonry in all its hypocrisy. Catholic schools continue to exist in name, but they have been robbed of everything that made them different from Public Protestant schools. Formerly there had been in the North-West, as there are in Quebec, a Catholic and a Protestant section of the Board of Education. Now there is no board. In its place there is a Council of Public Instruction, which is composed of the Executive Committee (of the Legislature) and of two Catholics and two Protestants appointed by the Lieutenant Governor-in-Council. These four appointed members, however, have no votes, and their presence at the Council is simply a farce. Arbitrary powers are given to the superintendent. Nuns are debarrued from teaching in the schools, by a cleverly framed clause which renders it obligatory on all teachers to go through a special course of training in Normal schools which are attended by both sexes. It was, of course, known that the rules of their orders would prevent them from attending these mixed Normal schools, and so the design to banish them from the schools was successfully carried out without mentioning Nuns at all. It is in the matter of text books that the hostile intentions of the ordinance is seen in its true light. Lingard and the Christian Brothers have been expelled to make room for Buckley and Robertson. Father Leduc's arraignment of the false and anti-Catholic tone of Buckley and Robertson's history is vigorous and lengthy, and is supported by historical references. The pamphlet is interesting reading, as it serves to throw a new light on the movement in the Northwest to launch the scheme of so-called National schools by committing a grievous injustice against Catholics."

THE Conspiracy of the A.P.A. is exposed and denounced with merciless vigor by J. A. Edwards, in a volume published by P. J. Kennedy, 3 to 5 Barclay street.

THE A.P.A., as readers of THE TRUE WITNESS are aware, is a secret politico-religious society formed for the avowed purpose of depriving Catholics in the United States of all share in the government of the country, municipal, state and national. As the author tells us, "From the first it has had for the support of the ignorant and vicious by false statements and appeals to prejudice. It has sought to alarm the credulous by every form of falsehood which ingenuity could devise. It has forged documents designed to excite the lower classes against the Catholics. It has by threats and otherwise secured the discharge of Catholics from their positions and has spared neither the maiden nor the widow. It assails with equal bitterness Catholics, who are the primary objects of attack, and Protestants who refuse to join in its ignorant crusade."

Mr. Edwards describes the methods by which this iniquitous association endeavours to attain its ends, quotes the oath taken by the members, and gives extracts from the speech of the President of the Supreme Council, at Milwaukee, last year. Incidentally he cites the satirical and cruel laws of some of the

New England States two centuries ago, which afford an instructive commentary on the boasted enlightenment of Protestant bigots.

THAT best of boy-story writers, the Rev. Francis J. Finn, S.J., has given us another delightful volume, entitled "Etheldreda Preston," (Benziger Brothers, New York and Chicago; 85 cents.)

The book is replete with interest and leaves a wholesome moral impression on the reader whether he be a young or an old boy. Maxims of manliness, courage and fortitude are skillfully inculcated in the course of the story in a manner which is rather felt than seen. The prevailing ignorance and prejudice against Catholics, which are among the phenomena of the social life of the United States, are dexterously handled by the author.

FROM the same publishers, Benziger Brothers, we have also received another volume, "A Woman of Fortune," by Christian Reid. It is equal to the best of the works already published by this gifted Catholic novelist. The plot is arranged with cleverness, the characters are artistically drawn, the dialogue animated, the descriptions well written and the tone dignified. It is a novel which will be read with both pleasure and profit. Price \$1.25.

THE CATHOLIC HIERARCHY

And University Education.

(Manchester News.)

THE Catholic Hierarchy have once more returned to the question of higher education for Irish Catholics, and at their annual meeting at Maynooth during the week raised another indignant protest against the unfair and unjust treatment to which, in this matter, they have so long been subjected. In recent years it has from time to time been vigorously agitated throughout the country, and nowhere has it more devoted champion than the beloved Bishop of this Diocese, the Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, whose numerous public expressions regarding it have attracted widespread attention. Their Lordships' joint pronouncement sets forth the facts concerning the matter in eloquent and forcible language, detailing the weary agitation which for the last forty years has been persistently urged, with the disappointing result that to-day the matter stands in exactly the same position. And this while the grievance is limited by all sections of politicians! Surely it is time this remnant of the penal days, which for ever must remain the reproach of British rule in Ireland, should be removed. People ignorant of the real circumstances, may imagine that it is a straining of the facts to insinuate that in this last decade of the boasted nineteenth century any section of British subjects should be still labouring under disabilities, yet such is emphatically the case.

What has been the treatment of Irish Catholics in this vital matter of higher education? While provision of the most ample and complete kind has been made for all other denominations who in the aggregate only constitute a small fraction of the population of the country, absolutely no attempt has been made to do likewise by Catholics. Trinity College, Dublin, and the Queen's College of Belfast, Galway and Cork have been doing for the other religions that which there is no corresponding institution to do for Catholics. But it may be said that these Colleges are open to Catholics. Such is, undoubtedly, the case; but need it be wondered at that Catholic parents refuse to allow their children to run the risk of losing their faith—which they prize above all earthly considerations—and which it has been too frequently shown is seriously endangered by the influences of those essentially anti-Catholic institutions? The attempt of our paternal rulers to keep Irish Catholics in a state of ignorance, has been, it must be admitted, only too successful so far as the higher branches are concerned. The present Chief Secretary has even stated that from time to time it has been found necessary to pass over public appointments to Protestants, which he would have thought right to give to Catholics had they been qualified for them. But, as the Bishops state, however humiliating this statement, nobody can be surprised at it. It is not that the Irish Catholics are less endowed with natural talent and ability, but, as has been shown, it is due to the want of opportunities to develop those talents. "To be crushed by law," says the Bishop's statement bitterly, "into a position of inferiority, and then made to suffer in consequence, has for a long time been the lot of Irish Catholics."

In the elementary schools, and still more in the Intermediate examinations, Irish Catholic boys and girls have proved to demonstration, that, given equal facilities, a fair field and no favour, they can compete with any. The working of the Intermediate system has more pointedly brought home to the leaders of Catholic thought in Ireland the injustice of the conditions under which they suffer. Having successfully passed through the several grades, what can be a more legitimate aspiration for any young man to entertain than a university course? Yet here in the midst of his career a period is placed; the doors of higher knowledge are shut in his face—"No Catholic need apply." And then, forsooth, we are snatched with the bitter gibe that we are not fit for public positions.

This is the state of affairs which the Irish Archbishops and Bishops have set

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themselves to remedy, and in their noble work they have the unanimous voice of three and a half millions of Irish Catholics at their backs. Surely when the Government have made such an provision for the half million of Protestants they should see the equity of dealing similarly with the three and a half millions of Catholics. The Bishops claim no concession that has not already been given to others, they simply ask equality. They do not desire to impair the usefulness of existing institutions; they simply ask for a university of their own wherein the Catholic youth of Ireland may pursue the higher studies without menace to their faith. Here is an opportunity for a Government professing sympathy with the country, not, indeed, to grant a favour, but to right a grievous wrong; and we trust it will be availed of gracefully and promptly. For forty years the Bishops of Ireland have been patiently but it is effectually urging the Government on this matter, and no wonder, in the bitterness of their disappointment, they exclaim:—"Our wishes and our demands count for very little. We get whatever the Cabinet, which has been formed by English public opinion, thinks good for us; but we are made to feel bitterly the uselessness of constitutional agitation on our part. Violence and excess obtain ready recognition, and lead to the redress of grievances; but the constitutionally expressed desire of the Irish people through Parliamentary elections and the action of their members of Parliament count unfortunately for very little."

We do not see how the Government can further resist the united demand of the Catholics of Ireland for the remedy of this vexatious and injurious grievance. They may rest assured that the agitation begun forty years ago is not going to be abandoned now, but will be continued until our just rights are granted.

For Publication.

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I am past seventy; yet, since I took the Paine's Celery Compound, I feel as well as an old man can feel. For this condition of health I can think of no other cause than use of the Compound.

I am, gentlemen, Yours thankfully, JOHN IRELAND.

Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, P.Q.

A farmer asked an Irish priest, a well-known wit, what a miracle was. He gave him a very full explanation, which, however, did not seem quite to satisfy the farmer, who said: "Now, do you think, your reverence, you could give me an example of miracles?"

"Well," said the priest, "walk on before me and I'll see what I can do."

As the farmer did so, he gave him a tremendous kick behind. "Did you feel that," he asked. "Why wouldn't I feel it," said the farmer, rubbing the damaged place. "Begorra, I did feel it, sure enough."

"Well," said the priest, "it would be a miracle if you didn't."

A gentleman whose nose and chin were both very long, and who lost his teeth, whereby the nose and chin were brought very close together, was told, "I am afraid your nose and chin will fight before long, they approach each other so very menacingly."

"I am afraid of it myself," replied the gentleman, "for a great many words have passed between them already."

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