

"Let us speak not in a spirit of defiance, but in a spirit of love, let us eschew all needless expressions which may give offence; above all let us remember that the grand object which we have in view is the discovery of the wisest methods of work—the strengthening of peace, the firmer cohesion of the members of the Body. By this course our very differences will serve to bring out more clearly the unity of our faith, and our diversities of thought will be at once a safeguard and protest against any narrowing of the limits which define the membership of our branch of the Catholic Church.—
BISHOP MACLAGAN.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

AS we are now approaching the end of the year, it becomes our duty to request our friends who are in arrears to pay up their subscriptions at once. ALL ARREARS MUST BE PAID UP TO THE END OF 1882 AT THE RATE OF \$2 PER ANNUM. If \$1 additional is sent the paper will be paid for up to end of 1883. As at this period a number are falling due, we trust they will now be paid promptly, as well as the next year in advance. In remitting it would be highly desirable if each subscriber would make sufficient effort to send on in addition to his own subscription that of one or more from his friends or neighbours; so that we may be able to double our subscription list, and thus be placed in the same position as we hope all our subscribers will be, in having a HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.

THE GENESIS OF COFFEE HOUSES.

TO prevent misapprehension, we at once beg to explain that by "coffee houses" we do not allude to those resorts which have a history and literature associated with the lives and writings of the great essayists of the last century, a full account of which we wrote for the Canadian press some years ago. Those celebrated places have had an unbroken succession of imitators, not in London only, but in the large provincial cities of the old land. We propose to show that those interesting establishments immortalized by ADDISON and STEELE, were not in any sense, nor to any degree, the suggestors or progenitors of coffee houses as auxiliaries of the temperance reformation. Being public houses without a license to sell liquors, they became popular among those who had no taste for the attractions of a tavern. Several such houses, known to us, were the resort of politicians of a very advanced type. One was the head quarters of a Republican club, presided over by a distinguished A. B. A.; another gave shelter to a literary circle, whose pens and voices were a power in the press and platform discussion of foreign politics; a third was the camp of sceptics and socialists; and one in a large town in the north was known to literary men all England over as the hostel in which a famous poet spent many of his evenings, wherein too a society met to consider educational questions. In the room of this society we heard a system of compulsory State education debated for several nights, years before an identical system was established in Canada, where, happily, public sentiment ripened on this question before it did in England, owing to the soil being more free from the stumps and weeds of prejudices rooted deep in the past.

We shall depart in this article from the customary form of editorial, in order to narrate what we personally know of a movement, touching which those who have already written appear to have been imperfectly informed. The authors of

various existing pamphlets on coffee houses date the rise of the movement at least twenty years too late. In the history of a nation, so brief a period as twenty years would be insignificant, although learned historians have quarrelled over dates differing by only as many days. But when the whole period covered by the annals of coffee houses, according to all current authorities, is only six years, the difference we claim to establish between their traditional date and the true historic one, is proportionately almost as serious as that which differentiates the Jewish date of creation from the term geologists demand for those operations they first imagine, then dogmatize about, and then change for a totally different theory about every ten years.

It may be asked how it came to pass that writers who set themselves the task of acting as historians of the coffee house movement should make so serious a mistake as to put the genesis of this work twenty years ahead, and to describe a tree full of leaf and fruit as coming into existence without planting of seed, or root growing, or any of the preliminary phenomena of growth? It arose simply thus: those authors were dwellers in the realm of Cockayne whose world is circumscribed within the sound of Bow Bells. Such persons in all matters have a fond belief reverse in kind to that formulated in the question "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" It is a local superstition that London is the only spot in England worth attention or study, that whatever institutions are not to be found there are "provincial," consequently so insignificant as to be unworthy the dignified recognition of the literary magnates of the metropolis. We could give a score amusing illustrations of this restriction of the Londoner's horizon, but all well read Englishmen are familiar with this amusing phenomenon, and to travelled foreigners it is a familiar subject of pleasantry. In the autumn of the year 1856, having to spend the winter in the south of England, we were invited by the Rev. SPENCER DRUMMOND, M.A., incumbent of S. JOHN'S Church, Brighton, to undertake a visitation of his parish for the purpose of organizing the benevolent and educational work in which he, with a noble band of Christian women, were actively engaged.

Brighton is built upon the sea front of two spurs of rolling hills, locally called "downs." Between these barren, flint-strewn, almost herbageless, far stretching mounds, there runs up northward from the shore, a level open space. This plain is fenced in as lawns for the use of the state-ly tenants of terraces, whose front windows look out upon the Steyne in all its brilliance of fashionable equipages, gay promenaders, invalids and loafers, mingling with whose talk and laughter like the profound bass of an orchestra, sounds ever and anon the swelling tide waves which rattle over the shingly beach. Behind these dwellings on the eastern side, flush up to their scanty rear premises, was a district unique in the character of its dwellings and their occupants. Turning suddenly eastward from the Steyne about one-fourth of a mile north of the shore, we instantly plunged from splendour to squalor, from luxury to starvation, from loud, demonstrative gaiety and wealth, to sullen, gloomy, misanthropic, sodden, unhuman misery. In this region poverty reigned so dire, so chronic, so cruel as to set benevolence a problem, the solution of which is ever distracting, almost overwhelming, too often, alas! wholly unsatisfactory; indeed often the tenderest charity aggravates the ills it fain would mitigate. The street we have turned into runs up the slope towards the breezy

downs, on the higher points of which are caught bright glimpses of the sea. Leftward and northward are narrow streets built from end to end as one block of houses, which are fronted with concrete made of dark flint stones set in mud coloured mortar. The whole surface of these streets is a flat walk of irregular, dingy, metallic looking stones, about the size of an apple. These dungeon like walls are pierced with square windows of the meanest type, and with doors a decent amateur carpenter would blush to own. The houses are all cellared, the slope giving in some cases a floor level at the back to rooms which at the front are some few below the pavement. The dwellers within these most dismal, most lugubrious, most heart sinking and eye offending streets, are the heterogeneous multitudes who live by the chance occupations of a watering place, some of which are vicious, some criminal, some honest as the day, but followed under essentially and irremediably degrading conditions. They have no trades, no skill, no education, they live from hand to mouth, never a day ahead in work or savings; their life is a hopeless, aimless, abject, degraded blank. A large number of laundries are here driven at high pressure in the season, filled with poor women of all ages, chiefly young, slaving their lives out in a sickening steam from dawn to dusk, oft, indeed, from dusk on to midnight, to earn a miserable living, and gin to stir their collapsing pulses or drown their sense of bitter misery and shame. Here and there we find itinerant musicians of so humble a class, that a shilling or two per day fills up their hopes, and an extra sixpence makes the day which brings it memorable. We knew one little band, whose ages were all under eighteen, two boys and two girls, orphans, who with violins, harp and triangle, trod their weary round in the bitterest weather, half clad, even stockingless, yet who in their empty room, for they owned not even a chair, played their simple music to wile away the night, and with love made bright, and with patience made holy their desolate home. How happy we have made them by a sixpence, and an encouraging word in praise of their music, and a promise to come again. We have seen these little stragglers come in with a halfpenny worth of wood, boil a tiny kettle, then with a fraction of tea, sugar, milk and bread, set out a meal, the best they ever tasted, save by some great stroke of fortune, being with this repast as content as, aye, more so, than the luxury crowned epicures whose sumptuous dinners could be smelt amid these starving homes.

We spoke to our good old pastor and his excellent curate, the Rev. Mr. STAPLETON, about the misery of their flock when at meals, the cost of fuel; especially with the tremendous prices they paid when buying tea, etc., by the ounce at a time. A noble hearted physician, Dr. BEARD, took counsel with us, and we succeeded in organizing a coffee room, where, warmth, light, seats, games, and a stove for any who liked to make their own tea or coffee, were provided gratis, and a large cup of tea or coffee with bread could be had for a penny. That room was on Nelson Street, Brighton, just below the Schools; the care-taker was a tinsmith, named PILFORD, and it was opened at this season in 1856. The movement had essentially two aspects—we aimed to kill two birds with one stone—1st. We sought to provide a cheaper, more comfortable meal than these people could get at home; 2nd. We meant to draw them from the vile gin palaces, where even their poverty was deepened by coppers being spent upon spirits—a purchase of temporary unconsciousness at the price of health