

that occasion only because it is more selfish.

We are firmly of the opinion that no man can, if he would, cause the abandonment of Home Rule by the British electorate. If Lord Rosebery chooses to assume any theatrical attitudes, he will find a practical people setting him back.

But the main hope is still the fact that the Irish party is always prepared for war, though its hand be against every man and every man's hand against it. If a second lesson be necessary, they are ready and able to impart it.

Mgr. Toner's Success.

Some time ago, during the presence of Mgr. Patrick Toner in this city, in commenting upon the object of his visit to this continent we were obliged to comment upon the unfairness of the United States Government in the matter of refusing Catholic priests the privilege of celebrating Mass and administering the sacraments to Catholic seamen when the warships are in port. Mgr. Toner had generally been met by the assertion that "the ship's chaplain could do all the praying necessary," and he was constantly refused admission to the men-of-war.

It is gratifying to note that the request of the zealous prelate has been now acceded to, Secretary Herbert having given him this brief and pointed letter:

"Should any officer at any time show any disposition not to encourage you in the exercise of your sacred functions among the men under his command, you have but to show him this letter, and in case you do not receive a favorable response I should be glad to be informed of the fact.

"The fact that a minister of one denomination is on board a ship as chaplain the department does not believe should interfere with the right of the other denominations to visit and minister to such of the crew as may desire their services."

The Downfall.

M. Zola has been advertised into a prominence that is almost fame. He is a master of the French language. He has clothed the vile in loveliness of speech. He has chosen subjects which are forbidden by good manners—startling subjects. He has written the books which people read and advise others not to read. He has just put *Lourdes* into a novel, and now proposes to take the Pope in his net. All this has been done that he might attain a cherished ambition. But the effort has been too much for him. Instead of gaining he has lost.

There was an election to membership in the French Academy the other day. M. Zola was a candidate, and there was one other. M. Zola has stood for this position fifteen times. It is the aim of his life. He once received eleven votes. This time he received not one. Poor Zola!

While he was in Rome the Congregation of Rites concurred in pronouncing favorably upon the verity of miracles said to have been wrought by certain saints. Zola did not bother. On November 18th the decrees confirming the miracles of Bernardino Realini of the Society of Jesus, and Clare Isabelle Gherzi, of the Franciscan Order were

read approved of in the presence of the Pope. If those were sham miracles Zola's fame was made. He could have been present at the investigation. But he is at work on the new sensation, so stayed away. And meantime the friends who had theretofore voted for his admission to the academy voted against him.

Newfoundland.

THE CATHOLIC REGISTER is pleased to learn from late despatches that Mgr. M. F. Howley, late Vicar-Apostolic of St. George's, Newfoundland, has been made Bishop of St. John's, in succession to the late Bishop Powers who died in 1893. Apart altogether from his capacity for administration, Mgr. Howley possesses acknowledged ability in the literary arena. That in common with other distinguished prelates His Lordship appreciates the influence of THE REGISTER appears from the fact that he has been an occasional contributor to its columns. Within the past month many of our readers will have recognized a controversial article from his vigorous and learned pen.

A Disgrace to Humanity.

The News of the 15th inst. contained an account of the work done by the city in relief of the sick poor in which the statement is made that Dr. Sheard has been able to save the city at least three thousand dollars within ten months. Dr. Sheard was careful to point out that every patient admitted to the hospital at the city's charge costs, on the average, fifteen dollars. He spoke of the great care he had exercised in dealing with all cases brought before his notice and no doubt thought to impress the public with the advantages of such an administration.

Catholics, however, will be likely to remember that during the preceding year St. Michael's Hospital received a part of the public grant. Not so this year. Dr. Dwyer, the energetic house surgeon of St. Michael's evidently did not think Dr. Sheard's statement of the case as candid as it might be. He therefore sent to the News a letter in which he explained that St. Michael's had during the period in question treated gratuitously two hundred and fifty patients, which at the rate of forty cents a day heretofore allowed would have cost the city just the three thousand dollars Dr. Sheard takes credit for having saved.

This shows a very discreditable desire on the part of the health department to take credit for a saving not effected through any virtue of the work of that department. And it shows what must be considered a lasting disgrace to the government of the city which persists in refusing to recognize the claims upon public charity of those two hundred and fifty poor people who for good and altogether sufficient reasons preferred the ministrations of St. Michael's Hospital. To say that the benefits of charity shall be denied to those whose desire it is that in their time of sickness they shall have the comforts of religion offered them in a Catholic hospital, is to make a by word and a reproach of the very name of charity.

The city which thus yields up the care of a large part of its sick poor to

the voluntary care of a section of the community itself poor in the goods of the world, incurs, thereby a stigma of dishonor and dishonesty from which it is to be hoped its good name, tarnished enough already, will be speedily redeemed.

St. Michael's Hospital as now improved by the addition of the surgical wing and operating room is perhaps the best hospital in the Province, and as good as any in the Dominion. Let us have an end of the bigotry which denies it a fair share of the city's apportionment for the work in which it is engaged. We may have another word to say upon this matter.

Editorial Notes.

The Hon. Edward Blake appeared before the English Privy Council in behalf of the Catholic minority in Manitoba.

A telegram has been received in England from Mgr. Moupe, Vicar-Apostolic in China saying: "Violent persecutions in Li Chuwaw. Help us. Sending a letter." The statistics of Catholic population in China were published in a recent issue. In Corea there were in 1893, 22,419 Catholics and about 800 Protestants.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor having failed grotesquely in his efforts to secure the triumph of the Progressists at the School Board elections, is now coming in for some criticism about his theological attainments, a field in which he chose to run a tilt with Cardinal Vaughan. Up to the present Tay Pay seems a little discomfited.

Father Doyle of the Paulists, recently addressed a class of Presbyterian theological students on methods of Preaching. Dr. Briggs in introducing the lecturer said: "I am glad to welcome Father Doyle here as the representative of the great Mother Church of Christendom, whose head recently issued a touching appeal for the reunion of the Church. He breathed a spirit like that of the Master Himself."

A comment made by the Catholic Columbian of Columbus, Ohio, is the frankest thing we have seen in American Journals for a long while: "The sudden and unexpected death of Sir John Thompson, the Canadian premier, last week, caused universal sorrow in the Dominion. The late premier was a convert to Catholicity but the fact that he professed spiritual allegiance to Rome did not cause our Canadian neighbors who are non-Catholics, to have any apprehensions of his civil loyalty. In certain respects the Canadian Dominion is far in advance of this country, with all our boasted freedom, toleration and progress."

Having given our readers some substantial evidence of wishing them a merry Christmas in the shape of our excellent special number, we can now only conform to the generous customs of New Year's Day by first wishing all our readers many years of happiness, and second, by ourselves taking a pledge (though not this time the one so strongly advocated by the president of the League of the Cross) to make THE REGISTER for 1895, not only the best in Canada, which it now is, but even more representative and better than it has ever been.

Denny's Daughter.

Denny's daughter stood a minute in the field I was to pass,
All as quiet as her shadow laid before
Along the grass;
In her hand a switch o' hazel from the nut
tree's crooked foot;
An' I mind the crown o' clover crumpled
under one bare foot.

For the look of her,
The look of her
Comes back on me to-day;
With the eyes of her,
The eyes of her
That took me on the way.
Though I seen poor Denny's daughter white
an' stiff upon her bed,
Yet I be to think there's sunlight fallin'
somewhere on her head;
She'll be singing Ave Mary where the flowers
never wilt,
She, the girl my own hands covered with the
narrow daisy quilt.

For the love of her,
The love of her
That would not be my wife;
An' the loss of her,
The loss of her
Has left me lone for life.
—Moirá O'Neill.

The Kings.

A man said unto his angel:
"My spirits are fallen through,
And I cannot carry this battle;
O brother! what shall I do?"
"The terrible Kings are on me,
With spears that are deadly bright,
Against me so from the cradle
Do fate and my fathers fight."
Then said to the man his angel:
"Thou wavering, foolish soul,
Back to the ranks! What matter
To win or to lose the whole,"
"As judged by the little judges
Who hearken not well, nor see?
Not thus by the outer issue,
The wise shall interpret thee."
"Thy will is the very, the only,
The solemn event of things:
The weakest of hearts defying
Is stronger than all these Kings."
"Though out of the past they gather,
Mind's doubt and bodily pain,
And pallid thirst of the spirit
That is kin to the other twain."
"And grief, in a cloud of banners,
And ringlotted vain desires,
And vice, with the spoils upon him
Of thee and thy beaten sires."
"While Kings of eternal evil
Yet darken the hill about,
Thy part is with broken sabre
To rise on the last redoubt;
"To fear not sensible failure,
Nor covet the game at all,
But fighting, fighting, fighting,
Die, driven against the wall!"
—Louise Imogen Guiney.

A Broken Song.

"Where I am from?" From the green hills
of Erin.
"Have I no song now?" My songs are
all sung.
"What o' my love, then?" Alone I am
farin'.
Old grows my heart, an' my voice yet is
young.
"If she was tall?" Like a king's own
daughter.
"If she was fair?" Like a mornin' o'
May.
When she'd come laughin', 'twas the runnin'
water:
When she'd come blushin', 'twas the break
o' day.
"Where did she dwell?" Where once I
had my dwellin'.
"Who loved her best?" Th' are no one
now will know.
"Where is she gone?" Och, why should I
be tellin'!
Where she is gone, there I can never go.
By Moira O'Neill.

Call Early.

There's silence in the house to-day,
The children do not want to play:
They hang around, their movements slow,
Their voices are subdued and low;
Each face shows earnest thought, because
To-night's the night for Santa Claus.
Anticipation running high,
They waited as the days dragged by,
And almost hourly on parade,
The largest stockings they've surveyed
From early morning light, because
To-night's the night for Santa Claus.
Papa down at the office sits
And all day long his eyebrows knits;
He's almost tired enough to drop;
But, on he toils, he cannot stop;
He's had no time to loaf, because
To-night's the night for Santa Claus.
—New York World.