

## The Press.

### THE ALL-CONQUERING POWER OF TRUTH.

"And what were the qualifications for such a task?" asked Archbishop Walsh in that powerful sermon in which he described the work of the early apostles in the conversion of pagan Rome. "They were poor, illiterate fisherman from far-off Galilee. They possessed neither learning, social standing nor wealth. They were the envoys of one who some time previously had been put to an ignominious death as a malefactor." There can be no more striking conception of the all-conquering power of truth than the thought of the appearance of such a band of missionaries among us to-day.—*Globe*.

Father Liberatore, the erudite Jesuit philosopher, who has just died at Rome, was one of the four founders in 1850 of the learned review, the *Civiltà Cattolica*. He was born at Barriè in 1810, and entered the Jesuit novitiate at Naples in his tenth year. His latest writing, about a fortnight ago was a preface to Father Brandi's pamphlet on the French question and Catholic duty. The learned Jesuit left behind him numerous manuscripts on theological, canonical and social subjects. On the morning of his death the Holy Father sent Mgr. Angeli to his bedside with the Apostolic Benediction. He died invoking the Blessed Virgin, the last words on his lips being *Scelus Sapientie*. R.I.P.—*Universe*.

### WOF WORTH THE DAY!

And the Consul's brow was sad,  
And the Consul's speech was low.

These few remarks by the late Lord Macaulay might have been penned while the gifted author had Col. Charles Pope in his mind's eye. The lines describe fairly well the appearance of the American Consul as he reflects that a Democrat must soon fill the consular throne. He cannot be as grieved to go as Toronto will be to have him go.—*Telegram*.

### GENTLEMEN, GENTLEMEN!

The caricatures (we suppose they call them cartoons) published on both sides by Irish papers during the recent quarrel are neither edifying nor artistic. They are bitter and vulgar, glaring in color and disfigured by grotesque draughtsmanship. Drop the pictorial mud-slinging, please, and give us some good portraits of historic Irishmen.—*Universe*.

### HE WASN'T IN IT FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

The United States yesterday voted away one of the few high offices in the gift of this continent, in connection with which the name of Mr. James L. Hughes has not been "mentioned."—*Telegram*.

### BUT HE WAS NOT.

A statement was made concerning that hapless miscreant, the victim of homicidal mania, who is awaiting the hemp at Newgate, that he was a Catholic. Neill Cream is not, but a Presbyterian. Even if he were a co-religionist it would prove nothing against Catholicism, for he could not have understood its tenets or practised its observances. Neither is the fact of his odious turpitude, properly speaking, attributable, although it is a shame to, Glasgow Presbyterianism. He is a monster of depravity, and belongs to no community of Christians.—*Universe*.

### THE SERPENT'S TOOTH.

Gratitude is scarce. Sir William Mackay, of New South Wales, during his lifetime gave a scientific collection to the University of Sydney worth £25,000 and an endowment of £8,000; erected a building for the Linnean Society and endowed it to the extent of £20,000. He also established scholarships, etc., at the University to a total value of £50,000. A year after his death it has been found impossible to raise £400 for the publication of a Memorial volume.—*Globe*.

### DOING GALLANTLY.

Justin McCarthy has an article in the *New Review* on John Morley's work in Ireland. John Morley is doing gallantly, and promises to achieve the reputation of a second—nay, of a greater Drummond. In the course of his observations the Irish leader says:

"Mr. Morley is dealing and has still to deal with the magisterial bench in Ireland. It is obviously necessary that the magisterial bench should now be recruited by men who understand and are not afraid to express the popular sentiment of the country."

Now, this is just one of the points on which the followers of Mr. Parnell are raising a bit of a rumpus. They say magistrates can wait. But better have good magistrates as soon as possible. Unfortunately, the tendency hitherto has been for a man from the popular side to become an inflated Whig as soon as he was saluted, "Your Worship." The country would hardly tolerate that now-a-days.—*Universe*.

**HAPPY EFFECT.**—*Persian Lotion* preserves the same delicacy and velvet appearance of the skin and freshness of the complexion as at twenty years of age. It also prevents pimples and all eruptions.

## A PROTESTANT PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

The manifesto of the Evangelical Protestant Union is just what it should be, issuing as it does from the hotbed for the produce of irreligious imbecility in season and out of season. This manifesto is called also a "plan of campaign."

They are still thinking of having a fight over the tiresome Lincoln business; though it seems it will only be a fight of words—an affair to be managed by the old scolds and squaws of Evangelicalism.

And they have been so silly as to make public their "plan of campaign," so that all the world is laughing, not only at the plan itself, but at that innocence which thus has defeated it even before the first engagement. And this is part of the Low Church "plan:"

1. The pulpit not to give an uncertain sound.

Does this mean "thump it well?" Are we to come back to the generation commemorated by Hudibras,

When pulpit drum ecclesiastic  
Was beat with fist instead of a stick?

But even if so, unless the "thumping" is all to one tune, the greater the noise the greater will be the discord.

2. Emphasize the fact that Holy Scripture is our sole rule of faith.

Yes, it is the Holy Scripture interpreted by each individual, and therefore it is a hopeless rule.

3. Keep well to the front the Thirty-nine Articles.

But it is too late—Anglicanism has rejected them as being no more than an Act of Parliament and containing many falsehoods and a store of blasphemy,

3. Let our church aim at simplicity.

Having after 300 years of the fiercest contest amongst ourselves arrived at no fixed form of worship, and there being no power in the land who can settle what is right for us or wrong in the matter of service, we (the Protestant Union) recommend you "to aim at simplicity." But what is simplicity?

There was the "simplicity" of the witty Dean of St. Patrick's which was made up of four white-washed walls, a wilderness of pews, himself, his clerk, and no congregation.

We know nothing less resembling simplicity than the Evangelical service; it is the most tortuous, twisted, inexplicable show in existence.

If by "simplicity" the Protestant Union means coldness, desolateness, formality, cadaverousness, whining, and stale cant, they have it already in superabundance, but these are not "simplicity."

4. If possible bring out the table; this will form a grand protest; avoid a heavy and cumbrous table.

But what is there to "protest" about? Each section of the Anglican heresy has been declared legal, so where can the harm be in a law-established religion of each acting as it is allowed to act?

Will it not seem rather clownish, not to say disloyal, for these Evangelical campaigners to be constantly "bringing out the table as a grand protest," when all the world remains in a condition of happy indifference as to whether they bring their table out or leave it alone?

5. Let the young learn by heart the Thirty-nine Articles.

Poor innocent victims! What a crying shame it will be if these Low Church pursuivants are to be allowed without protest thus to poison the minds of the young with falsehood and impiety. Better teach them by heart the "Newgate Calendar," or train them in what is known as "thieves' Latin."

6. Circulate sound literature clear on the three R's.

This is not meant for wit or fun, even of the lowest description. It is Low Church seriousness, and by it they mean, so they say, "ruin redemption and regeneration."

The "sound literature" for which they are going in search, must be clear on these "three R's," if not, the Thirty-nine Articles will have been learnt by heart in vain.

Really, Mrs. Pardiggle was a gentle, tender mother by the side of these male viragoes of the Evangelical school for infants.

And all this is the outcome from the trial of poor Dr. King for lighting a couple of wax candles once a day, and for standing with his face toward the east when not standing in some other position. Who will ever after this accuse the Low Church party of not seizing every opportunity, whether fair or treacherous?—*London Universe*.

There appears to exist a greater desire to live long than to live well. Measure by man's desires, he cannot live long enough; measure by his good deeds, and he has not lived long enough; measure by his evil deeds, and he has lived too long.—*Zimmerman*.

There is no remembrance which time does not obliterate, nor pain which death does not terminate.—*Cervantes*.

This very sage advice was given by an aged priest: "Always treat an insult like mud from a passing vehicle; never brush it off until it is dry."