

wage useless war upon the men who make their livings by the sale of liquors, many of whom known the evils and themselves avoid the habit. The Church has enjoined her children to get out of the business wherever possible, and there is no doubt that as the movement progresses this injunction will be more and more acted upon.

Of Father Mathew and his work we cannot do better than quote the inspiring words of the great Archbishop of St. Paul: "He was indeed great. By the greatness of goodness. He was a great man in the greatness of his courage. He left an immortal name, and the result of his work is felt the world over. He had the courage in the face of great evil to take the pledge and keep it. Surrounded by a noble people of many virtues, too many of whom yielded to intemperance, and then all their virtues and good deeds were forgotten. He determined to deliver them, to go forth from one end of the island to the other, bidding them in God's name to save themselves from thralldom. Before he preached he acted himself. He was the first to say 'In God's name I will abstain.' That was the source of his power. Armed with the pledge he obtained six million signers in five or six years after beginning his crusade. The whole island was changed, and representatives of the English Government in Dublin said 'the prisons are closed, this is the happiest land, because they have listened to his voice.'"

Funds in Council.

People who entertain a mildly sentimental interest in a great cause have a way of lapsing into a disaffected mood whenever differences of opinion arise in the councils of the leaders in such a cause. This mood is very much in evidence at present. Men who were full of enthusiasm so long as Mr. Parnell kept up a dramatic fight for Ire'.n', weakly confess to the abandonment of the cause at every little evidence of disagreement between members of the Parliamentary party. The opponents of Home Rule make the most of the opportunities thus presented them and seek by creating vexation against the men in the lead, to cause a falling off in the real substantial advocacy of the cause itself, which is of greater importance many times than the personality of any man.

It is a curious circumstance that money, so often looked upon as the root of all evil, has more than once been a righting influence at such times. Last week a curious coincidence occurred which brings this fact to mind. While Dr. Thomas Addis Emmett was making it known that union upon the best possible course was necessary before adequate American financial support would be forthcoming, other Americans were dedicating a memorial to Robert Morris at Batavia. The importance of Morris's part in the War of the Revolution is worth reciting.

He was a man of unlimited credit when the colonies took up arms; and he used that credit like a true patriot as security for the expense of Washington's armies. There came a time when he even dictated the policy of

the army. A century of eulogy and panegyric, of Fourth of July oratory and American optimism has cast a glamour over the mighty figures of that stirring time. Men were then, as they are now, working in earnest. All the dangerous accompaniments of desperate thinking and speaking under high pressure were in evidence. Intrigues went on in the governing body, and integrity and ability succumbed. General Schuyler, the ablest of Washington's lieutenants was displaced from his command in a critical moment upon a charge from which he was subsequently acquitted. There were constantly such differences arising. Alexander Hamilton once sent his resignation to Washington, and here, there and everywhere the same conditions prevailed.

But notwithstanding that Schuyler was supplanted, Burgoyne was worsted. Then came Cornwallis. The French, too, took a hand in the war. Washington's Fabian policy of wearing out his enemy began to be unpopular; the French knew that their home support depended upon the accomplishment of some glorious feat of arms. Washington was for risking a great battle and occupying New York. But here Morris came into the councils, and pointed out that the British could easily retake New York by water, thus nullifying the effect of the victory. He therefore pledged his credit to keep the army in supplies if it would go at once to force Cornwallis from the country. This offer was accepted and the advice acted upon. Thus money cleared the air and drove the British power from the colonies.

As we have before pointed out conformity of opinion is not essentially the best indication. Hamilton and Jefferson were bitterly opposed to each other on matters of policy. The differences between Mr. Davitt and Mr. Healy are child's play in comparison.

It is to be hoped that Dr. Emmett's interference will be efficacious in like manner; but even if the results be less than could be wished for, Irishmen who have faith in the devotion of the Irish leaders, even in that of Mr. Redmond and Mr. Harrington, with whom it is often difficult to see eye to eye, should not be lightly turned from allegiance to the glorious cause because Mr. Healy thinks one thing and Mr. O'Brien another. Much less should earnest Irishmen be influenced into inaction by the taunts of the foes of justice to Ireland to which these differences give rise. Rather let us respect the impassive attitude of Mr. Blake who goes about laboring and keeping his counsel. The great meeting at Philadelphia bids fair to hold up his hands as they should be upheld, and it is well that such is the case.

Editorial Notes.

In his address on Saturday Mayor Kennedy said: "The statue erected to the memory of Sir John Macdonald was but the beginning of the erection of memorials of Canada's great sons. Future generations would remember the men of their day, and in the grounds around he trusted other monuments would be raised, all of them teaching

to the peoples of each succeeding generation that men who had exhibited devotion to duty, gave faithful services to the country, and unswerving loyalty to the Sovereign, would ever be honored by their fellow-countrymen."

On Saturday the *Mail* said: "In fact, public respect should be paid to the memory of all our greater statesmen, that coming generations may not only revere them, but may learn of them something that is useful and good. This consideration suggests the regret we must all entertain that Canada can boast memorials of no more than three of her statesmen—Macdonald, Cartier, and Brown. Why is there no monument to Alexander Mackenzie? Why are Baldwin, MacNabb, Lafontaine, McGee, Sandfield Macdonald, Howe, and a dozen of others forgotten? We should have, somewhere—in Toronto, if possible—monuments appreciative of the labors of these great men, that something more than a mere passage in history may be sent down to posterity as a reminder of the work they did for the country when it was young, and as a declaration to all who devote themselves to the public service in the future that for the good they do they will be remembered."

Every one will welcome the good news contained in the following extracts from one of Harold Frederic's recent cablegrams: "I have been making a tour of South and West Ireland. The harvest all round is the best for a decade. Even in the poorest and thinnest soils potatoes escape any discoloration or blight, and their yields are plentiful. Other root crops, and general cereal crops, almost uniformly tell the same welcome story. Recent legislation has done a good deal towards securing the benefits of this to the people who have done the work. The altered tone of the relations between the constabulary and the people is very noticeable, and, with here and there an evil exception like the Marquis of Sligo, there is less friction of the agrarian sort than I have known in Ireland before since 1884."

The *Christian Guardian* says: "Every visitor to the Old Country must have had his attention arrested by the monuments and statues to eminent men which have been erected in cathedrals and public places, to perpetuate the memory of statesmen, generals or philanthropists. It is a fine thing when a country has public servants who deserve to be remembered, and a people who duly recognize their worth. It cannot fail to aid in promoting patriotic feeling among the people."

The ingenious *Mail* suggests that there might be some fellowship between the statues of Brown and Macdonald in the Queens Park, at times when the busy world is hushed in sleep, and goes so far as to ordain that jokes may be admitted but not talk of politics. It may indeed be disagreeable to be always on good behavior, but wouldn't it be rough on George Brown to confine him to jokes? Those who are anxious for Sir John's enjoyment would do well to set McGee within speaking distance.

A celibate order is to be established by Methodists. The members will take vows for five years, after which they will be yearly renewable. Their dress will include a brown cassock, a black cross on the breast and a black girdle. The *Guardian* says people will not like it, but the order must be judged by the work it does. Well! well! Perhaps consistency will soon bring these people to be more reasonable about Catholic priests.

Under the Violets.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Her hands are cold; her face is white;
No more her nudes come and go.
Her eyes are shut to life and light—
Fold the white vesture, snow on snow,
And lay her where the violets blow.

But not beneath a graven stone.
To plead for tears with alien eyes;
A splendor cross of wood alone
Shall say that here a maiden lies
In peace beneath the peaceful skies.

And gray old trees of hugest limb
Shall wheel their circling shadows round
To make the scorching sunlight dim
That drinks the greenness from the ground
And drop their dead leaves on her mound.

When o'er their boughs the squirrels run,
And through their leaves the robins call,
And, ripening in the autumn sun,
The acorns and the chestnuts fall,
Doubt not that she will heed them all.

For her the morning choir shall sing
Its matins from the branches high
And every minstrel voice of spring,
That trills beneath the April sky,
Shall greet her with its earliest cry.

When, turning round their dial-track,
Eastward the lengthening shadows pass,
Her little mourners clad in black,
The crickets' sifting through the grass,
Shall pipe for her an evening mass.

At last the rootlets of the trees
Shall find the prison where she lies,
And bear the buried dust they seize
In leaves and blossoms to the skies.
So may the soul that warmed it rise!

If any, born of kinder blood,
Should ask, What maiden lies below?
Say only this: A tender bud,
That tried to blossom in the snow,
Lies withered where the violets blow.

Autumn Day.

The day goeth in gray
Like a gray nun;
There's a bird on the highest spray
Singing that summer's done;
Singing so sad and gay
Of summer over and gone.

The day's wimple of gray
Round her cheeks drawn,
Hides what her eyes say;
A wimple finer than lawn
Hides the eyes of the day
Since the gray flower of dawn.

She counteth her rosaries
Of the minutes and hours;
Dewy gray are her eyes;
Gray eyes sweeter than flowers
She keepeth her mysteries
Holy in her gray bowers.

The day goeth so slow,
Like a gray nun;
Whispering sweet and low,
Orison, benison:
And only to see her go
The stars come one by one.

—Full Mall Budget.

The Death of Pope Hildebrand.

By AUDREY DE VERE.

"Justice I loved; the unrighteous way by me
Was hated; for that cause exile I die."
Thus Hildebrand; his prelates wept hard by,
Save one—his best and dearest. All night
He had watched that sufferer, while Salerno's
Beat on the neighboring coasts. With kind-
ling eye
Fixed on the dying man, he made reply,
Risen from the ground, yet bending still his
knee:
"Father, not so! All wrongs save one may
rage
Around God's Church, affront its earthly
head;
A prison may be his home, a rack his bed—
Exile he cannot be, for God hath sworn:
'The heathen I will make thy heritage,
And thy possession earth's remotest bourn.'"

—Ave Maria.

Domus Aurea.

Alone Our Lady walks the world,
With icy tracery embossed;
The moon her head hath aureoled
With silver rays a-tipped with frost;
The pine-cone is her thurifer,
And in her path hath deftly tossed
An incense like the breath of myrrh.
But nature's homage all is lost,
And fails to stir the soul in her;
For that chaste breast doth Him enfold,
Who was before the ages were,
Safe-sheltered in His House of Gold.

—D. H. Buel, S.J.