

The Catholic Register,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,
AT THE
OFFICE, 40 LOMBARD STREET, TORONTO.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

FOR ADVERTISING RATES APPLY AT OFFICE.

THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1893.

Calendar for the Week.

July 20—St. Jerome, Emilian, Confessor.
21—St. Alexius, Confessor.
22—St. Mary Magdalene, Penitent.
23—Ninth Sunday after Pentecost.
St. Appollinaris, Bishop and Martyr.
24—St. Vincent de Paul, Confessor.
25—St. James, Apostle.
26—St. Anne, Mother of the Blessed Virgin.

The Hospital Critic.

Society papers are universal in their choice of subjects: the earth is theirs and the fulness thereof. This, with the consideration that they are not guarded in their utterances, or careful of statements, makes them dangerous to the very people whom they could protect and instruct. More radical than ordinary socialists, they respect nothing. More dogmatic than theologians, their opinions are decrees.

Saturday Night is an example. In its issue of the 6th instant it starts off with the observation that "next year will close the contract for the school readers." Then, from the fact that some person is seeking some appointment, it gives the following common-sense remarks:

"Protestant or Catholic, I never saw anybody who was too good, nor did I ever find a man whose badness could be attributed to his religion, no matter what variety it was. What then, may I ask again, are we to think of those who in season and out of season are always after the Dogan with a noisy mouth and a suspicious mind? It must be confessed that this particular variety of a man has had too much influence in Toronto, but of recent years his kind has become so numerous that others have been forced to outdo even the most unreasonable. There was a time when Orangemen thought they could pretty nearly attend to the bawling of Papists, but now they are in the moderate class and they can be so high off only when they become sovereign pontiffs of their sect. Equal lighters to a certain extent because the higher degree, and when we saw such men as Principal Caven betraying a cause so recently espoused we had reason to admit that the new branch of Pope-haters had superior excellence in making their principles handy in a political campaign. Since then the P.P.A. and other branches of Protestantism have come into vogue, but no one has been able to excel the small politician who is ambitious to superintend the ashes and furnaces of the public buildings. He is the unofficial prop of Protestantism in Toronto. Moreover, he is loyal to the very core, and the Catholic Irish could not be permitted to wander at large without being decorated with a Union Jack if he had his way."

The article or series of articles ultimately turn away from a heated political discussion to the more agreeable subject of pleasure seeking, upon which "Don" delivers a homily. Before coming to this last horizon beneath his usual constellation of three stars, he devotes a good deal of space and bad humor to the subject of St. Michael's Hospital. "Don," in addition to his other qualities, is a funny fellow; he sees fun where none is meant, and where all but himself are in downright earnest. He saw fun in the deputation of Catholic gentlemen who interviewed the Council on behalf of the Hospital—it was the funniest thing that had been perpetrated in Toronto for years. What a dull city ours is to be sure, if that is the best joke it could get off. The point was that these gentlemen were claiming

the Hospital to be non-sectarian, and the funniest part of it all was that they did not see "the humorous phase of their mission." It is easy for scoffers in these days to turn religion and everything connected with it into ridicule, nor should we heed such mockery. But the deputation claimed, the Catholic people of this city claim, we all claim that St. Michael's Hospital is non-sectarian. It was built and is managed for suffering humanity, without distinction of creed, nation or colour. The fact that the good ladies who attend to it are religious, whose lives are consecrated to the service of the poor and the suffering, is a greater guarantee for sympathy and attention towards their patients than if they were working for hire, and is a surer protection that the money, public or private, is better spent than if the accounts were audited by public officers.

But "Don" tells us that: "His Grace Archbishop Walsh may think he did a very clever thing in inducing these Catholic gentlemen to go down there and make an exhibition of the Council; he did a very bad thing for himself and his Church." This is not true. Archbishop Walsh did no such thing. He is not the man to go truckling to politicians; and what he would not do himself he would not ask his people to do. The gentlemen who composed that deputation were not such that any Church authority would approach to enlist their aid in soliciting favors from the City Council. And when, again, "Don" alleges that they were gotten together by "extraordinary religious influence," he is merely trifling with truth and besmearing with mud a class that deserve more at his hands. Jealousy has blinded his judgment. If Archbishop Walsh had not spoken of Mayor Flewelling as he did in the circular on the Hospital, "Don" might not see so much fun, or might view it more equitably and charitably.

Protestant Heresies.

Nothing shows the absurdity of Protestantism as a religion so clearly as cases of heresy, which seem of late quite frequent amongst many of their bodies. We do not think that they are more numerous than before, especially when we consider the hundreds of different sects into which the original few have been split. But more publicity is given to religious views and more cognizance is taken by the church authorities. The thing was going too far, and they thought it was time to call a halt. But, nevertheless, it is absurd on the one hand that men should hold views contrary to those held by a sect and still want to belong to it. On the other hand, it is more absurd that the principle of private judgment should be laid down as a fundamental one, and then insist that every man must think as Knox, Luther or Wesley did. It is contrary to reason to place an open Bible in a man's hand and say: Interpret that as you please; but if you do not interpret it as I understand it, you cannot belong to me. The great want in Protestantism is that there is no authority, either judicial, interpretative or otherwise. The other day at Montreal, when the Rev.

Mr. Campbell had acknowledged his Kingston address, they were at a loss how to reach him. And he, with no interpretative guide to help him, wanders far in his study of the Old and New Testament.

Home Rule Dangers.

Lord Salisbury has never been sparing of his compliments to Ireland. At one time he said the Irish were no more deserving of self-Government than the Hottentots. Now in a serious article written for the *Pell Mall Gazette*, the noble lord compares the people of Ireland to the Hindoos, and endeavours to make out a case against home rule from a colonial point of view. He pretends to see two dangers, the first and most sensible of which is the blow that (he says) will be given to India by the creating of home rule to Ireland. India, he declares, is held by the justice of England's rule, though the last resort is always force. The taste for surrender is contagious. It depends upon the answer given to Ireland what shall be given in response to the similar demand which is sure to be made in India. The second point of danger is the possibility of a war between Great Britain and another power. An unfriendly executive in Ireland could, in that event, cause untold distress by allowing an enemy to procure coal and provisions in Irish ports, by allowing the coast to be used as rendezvous for privateers.

How, may we ask, could any foreign power enter any port in Ireland while the British navy roams about her coast? And if invasion of that character is difficult now, is it reasonable to suppose that the difficulty would be lessened under a system of Irish self-government? Is it not more probable that Ireland, in the enjoyment of her autonomy could be more loyal to Britain than she would be under a system of Coercion in perpetuum as provided for her by the Salisbury-Balfour regime?

The Street Cars.

The question of the Sunday Street Cars still occupies a good deal of attention and space in at least two of the city journals. At a meeting last week the Sabbatarians maintained that the great objection to a vote in August is that the Council has no safeguard to ensure an honest election—that in taking a vote, there is no provision against personation, fraud, etc. It is, therefore, to be presumed that the Archbishop, who undoubtedly wished an equitable vote, should be warned that he had been deceived, and acknowledging this should withdraw his signature. This seems to be at least the argument of the Chairman. But there is no foundation for its conclusion. The safeguards for the vote, the power of administering oaths, are as much in the hands of the Council on the 26th of August as in January. If the Council cannot take a fair vote at one time, it cannot do so at the other.

The fact that there is power to swear a man in the case of a vote of election for municipal offices is an accident which is not essential to a vote upon street railway running. The way, as Mr. Osler in the *World* stated, is to test the vote in the courts. Why is it

to be presumed that the vote will be a fraud? At any rate it cannot be expected that an Archbishop should change his views merely because the Council has not the power to administer oaths, and because the Sabbatarians assume there will be a lot of crooked work. What we maintain is that the Council has just as much power in this question next August as it had on the last occasion the vote was taken.

The Anglican ministers of the city seem divided upon the subject. Mr. Langtry came out strong upon the subject, and received an *argumentum ad hominem* from the *World*, which commands no respect at all. The cause that needs espionage—such that men spy into their neighbors' homes—is not very strong. That cars will sooner or later run on Sunday in Toronto is the conviction of every thinking man and woman in the community. The plant needs no forcing, but steady attention and prudent precautions. It will grow, and in a few years at most people will wonder that it was ever opposed.

"Impecunious and Garrulous."

The lengthened debate on the Home Rule Bill furnishes daily illustrations of the old saying that whoever shows temper first is beaten in argument. It is not very long ago, in the early stages of the debate, when Lord Bontick, Conservative member, declared openly, and with the tacit approval of Mr. Balfour, that the Irish Nationalists were a murderous set of people. Lord Salisbury is never done harping on the old refrain "Home Rule, Rome Rule," and appealing to the bigots of England and Ireland not to allow the Green Isle to be governed with "Priests and blackthorns." Colonel Saunderson, an Orange M.P. for some county in Ulster, had to apologize for designating his opponents in the House as "a pack of assassins;" and now we have Mr. W. Broderick, Tory M.P., declaring openly in the House that the Irish members are "impecunious and garrulous," and therefore should be excluded as much as possible from the Imperial Parliament.

Mr. Thomas Sexton resented such words as highly insulting to his colleagues, his countrymen and to himself, and remarked that "the language of the hon. member was grossly impertinent and ought not to be tolerated in the House." Thereupon a storm arose, the Unionists shouting "withdraw," which Mr. Sexton very properly refused to do until Mr. Broderick had first apologized for the insulting epithets which had provoked the rejoinder. Both Chairman Mellors and Mr. Gladstone called upon Mr. Sexton to withdraw the word impertinent, when the latter said: "I am willing to do anything consistent with my duty to please the Prime Minister; but, considering the gravity of the insult offered to my countrymen, I have decided not to make any apology." These noble and well-timed expressions were greeted with loud cheers, and, as appears on the detailed account of the episode, was a point scored in favour of the Irish spirit and pluck over brutal insult and intolerance.

The taunt of impecuniosity comes with very bad grace from England to