

would forbid the use of the Scripture at the opening or closing of the schools when the trustees so desire."

So long as the state of affairs met their own views, they could see no grievance open to the Catholics. But once their own ideas of propriety are interfered with there is a different kind of story to tell.

If the Government persist in their determination to make the schools altogether secular, there is a possibility that the real convictions of the Protestants will be brought into the conflict and there may yet be hope that the rejection of such a measure by the people will lead to a reconstruction on the old and only fair basis, secured if it is to be hoped by enactments less susceptible of evasion than the Manitoba Act of 1870.

The Retort Courteous.

The outspoken strictures made by Cardinal Vaughan upon the claims of the Anglican Episcopate have given rise to several very pretty rows, but for downright petulance the Archbishop of York has distanced all competitors. The appended correspondence will explain:

RIGHT REVEREND SIR.—Speaking at a meeting at York on behalf of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, you are reported, according to the Daily Telegraph, to have described Archbishop Vaughan as "an Italian Cardinal." I have the honor of filling the post of chaplain to the Vaughan family, and I herewith avail myself of the liberty of reminding you that your statement is not true. Cardinal Vaughan is an Englishman, and a member of one of our oldest English families. It cannot be that you were ignorant of the nationality of Cardinal Vaughan.

If you consider that your language can escape the charge of misrepresentation because Archbishop Vaughan is a Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, allow me to remind you, further, that this very title, before the event mis-called the "Reformation" took place, was given to Archbishop of Canterbury. I can scarcely suppose that anyone would be so silly as to describe Archbishop Langton as an "Italian Cardinal" because he is called, in the preamble to Magna Charta "Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, Archbishop of Canterbury." Are the Primates of France, Spain, or Austria to be called "Italian Cardinals" because the Holy See has honored them with the Roman purple? Finally, let me remind you that every Prelate who occupied the See of York, down to Nicholas Heath, the last legitimate Archbishop, derived his jurisdiction from the See of Rome. Were they all Italians?

One has a right to expect that a person who occupies an official position in the State Church should not give expression to utterly baseless statements such as you are reported to have made at York.—I am, Right Reverend Sir, your obedient servant,
OWEN C. H. KING.

This is the reply of the Archbishop of York to Father King:—

BISHOP THORPE, York,
4th November.

DEAR SIR.—The Archbishop of York desires me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and to express his regret that you should be so imperfectly acquainted with the history of the Church in your own country as to make the statements which your letter contains.—Yours faithfully,

ROBERT BOOKER,
Secretary.

The Beginning of the End.

The highest tribute to the personal popularity of Chief Justice Meredith has just been rendered by the electors of London who have returned his old opponent, Mr Hobbs, by a majority of 800.

From what we can learn this election may be regarded as the beginning of a revulsion of popular feeling. The underground order which for the past couple of years has been appropriating a prominence in the affairs of the country altogether out of proportion to the value of its expressed views on public questions has here received an unmistakable intimation that its pretensions have been examined and soberly rejected, that the distrust created by its outpourings of bigotry has subsided, that its attempts to subvert the functions of the franchise have been unavailing.

It is to be regretted that the new leader of the opposition should have flung himself into this ignoble contest at his first trial of strength. In his speech of Nov. 14th at London after a set of bitter references to the Church he came fairly into the open. He seemed to be elated with the prospect of P.P.A. success. He said: "It is a great pity we ever had Separate schools. If I could remove them, I would. If it can be done I am willing to assist in doing it. And in doing this I believe I would be doing what is in the interests of the Roman Catholics themselves." This pleasant hint that the Catholics are a pack of fools who do not know what is good for them and that they would be vastly better off to accept the saving advice of their enemies seems to have been resented not only by the Catholics themselves but by a reasonable general electorate.

It is a significant fact that on the morning following the election there appears in the Mail an interview which goes to show that the process of disintegration is already pretty far advanced. The person interviewed was for some time the treasurer of the organization. He gives the interesting information that "at the meeting in Hamilton last January action was taken compelling members of the order to vote for the nominee of divisional councils, by which action ten or twelve men control the votes of three or four thousand."

Surely the good sense of the country which boasts its respect for and adhesion to British political institutions must be sick and tired of this bureaucracy working like moles underground, and tired too of the puny and disingenuous defence made for it by its public advocates. When thieves fall out honest men get their due; and it will not be surprising if after the dust is laid the standing of Catholics with their fellows will be better than ever before.

Mr Blake.

The cable announces that in a recent speech delivered before his constituents at Longford on his return from America Mr. Blake expressed his intention of remaining in his position as member of the Imperial House until the close of the present Parliament, but intimated that after that he was not prepared to

promise a very constant attendance as he could not but look upon his exile from his home and family without very painful feelings.

There can be no doubt that with his advancing years the prospect of remaining thousands of miles from his home instead of resting after the toils of a life spent in public service, cannot be of the pleasantest nature. Nevertheless those who beheld with admiration his gallant response to the call of the Irish party can scarcely refrain from the hope that he will remain until the object for which he gave up so much of the joys of life has been attained, a time which, there is every reason to hope and to think, will not be long delayed.

Editorial Notes.

There died a few weeks ago in Paris the widow of a man whose name will ever be held in regard by Catholics. This was Madame Ozanam, the widow of the founder of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. When Archbishop Ireland was in Paris some time ago in the course of an address he recommended Frederick Ozanam as the model Catholic layman. Next morning he was called upon by an elderly lady who, to his surprise, thanked him for his tribute to her husband. Ozanam died in 1853.

Signor Crispi has a prospect of bad times ahead. It seems likely that he will soon be replaced by Signor Zanardelli, who was elected premier two years ago. He now heads a strong party formed for the purpose of defeating their old friend and chief, Signor Crispi. Of late Crispi has been acting as a dictator and has suspended the National Constitution in several provinces. When the legislature meets in a few weeks he will have to answer for his temerity.

Another of the pet traditions of anti-Catholics is likely to soon crumble into nothingness. There has been a statement looked upon as of almost scriptural veracity that the Jesuits were the heart and soul of the Guy Fawkes plot. Father Gerard, S.J., has just published an address containing the result of his investigations on the subject. They are of a nature such as should forever dispel the bigoted charge. Father Gerard sums up his remarks by pointing out that the plot was the doing of a handful of desperate men; that it admirably served the purpose of the Minister who made the utmost use of the circumstances, and did not hesitate to indulge in every species of fraud in order to incriminate men utterly innocent of the crime, who have been held guilty ever since by Protestant tradition.

Two religious, Sister Marie Zélie d'Ermonet and Sister Justine de Beaumont, recently were awarded by the Societe Fraternelle des Sauveteurs of the Seine-et-Oise medals for saving life. Both had shown heroic self-abnegation in nursing patients stricken with terrible contagious diseases, and by their admirable conduct had saved lives which must otherwise have perished. One of the Sisters was present at the festival of the society, which was held at Pontoise, and when she went forward to receive her medal the applause was tumultuous.

The Tales My Father Told.

For the Register.

When the day's hard work was over,
And the evening's meal was done,
As the moon from out the heavens
Chased afar the loitering sun,
Then we gathered near the turf-fire,
Made a circle round its light,
Held our breath, expectant, waiting
For the children's great delight.

Over in the warmest corner
Lies old "Gray" our faithful dog.
In his dreams he's chasing rabbits,
Through the bush, and by the bog,
Near him "Pussy" gently purring,
Blinking with maternal pride
At the kit, so fat and fluffy,
Cosy napping by her side.

And my Father, may God rest him—
Tall and fair, and true of heart,
Greatest hurler, finest wrestler,
But athlete in Ballingart—
Lights his pipe, and stirs the embers
Showering shadows on the wall,
Lifts young "Patsy" in his strong arms,
Casts a glance of love o'er all.

Little Bridgie, sweetest fairy,
Rests her head on "Daddy's" knee.
While the little colleen Mollie
Snuggles closer up to me;
And our mother, fondest woman,
Strokes wee Willie's hair of gold
Listening in a very rapture,
To the tales my Father told.

Soon began the short night's pleasure,
Tales of warrior, patriot, saint,
Stories of dear Ireland's glory,
Fairy lore and fables quaint.
Most we loved to hear him telling
How upon the battle-field,
Brian and his noble courtiers
Made the roving Danes to yield.

Then upon the walls of Limerick,
Watching its defenders brave,
Heard them shout their wildest war-cries,
Saw the fiercest blows they gave,
Saw O'Hanlon and his followers—
Saw Dewey so strong and bold,
Saw them living, breathing, fighting
In the tales my Father told.

Now would come a touch of sadness,
And the tears would fill our eyes,
As we knelt in Boden's churchyard
Where Wolfe Tone so lonely lies.
And this grief was oft redoubled,
When we heard brave Emmet's name,
And we called him hero, martyr
Worthy of the highest fame.

But through all the joy and sadness,
Like the veins in marble white,
Went the hope that in the future
We would see the glorious right
Of our country's freedom dawning.
See her brightest days unfold.
Kindled was this fond desire,
By the tales my Father told. H. W.

In Memoriam Honore Mercier.

O, true and gentle, kind and brave!
Detractors now may stand aside,
While we who loved thee, by thy grave,
Recall the virtues they denied.
We know thee in thy strength and power,
We know thee when affliction came,
And proudly at this solemn hour,
Shall vindicate thy worth and fame.

Stand back! Let faction hold its peace;
We knew him as a man—a friend,
Stand back! and let your slander cease;
You had your triumph—gained your end.
But he is now beyond your hate,
But not beyond the love we bear;
For love above all things is great,
While hate is parent of despair.

He's far beyond your cruel rage,
This patriot by traitors sold;
Most faithful in a faithless age,
Politician without guile or gold.
In friendship ever firm and true,
In fortune's smile or frown the same.
True heart that never falsehood knew!
Pure soul serene and free from blame!

Aye! free from blame! His fame will shine
Among the noblest of our land,
Whose glory was their faith divine,
In virtue and the helping hand.
Peace! Peace! O, let the great dead dwell
In silence! Let the living weep,
For He who doeth all things well,
Has given His beloved sleep!

—Carroll Ryan.

Earthquake shocks have occurred at Milazzo, on the north coast of the Island of Sicily, and the fact that the volcano of Stromboli is nearly in a state of eruption is accepted as proof that the disturbances are of volcanic origin. The inhabitants of Milazzo continue in a state of greater terror. They are living in huts hastily erected in the fields. Elsewhere the feeling of alarm is subsiding, and business is resuming its normal course.