

want to have a guarantee that they will be respected. We are tired of knocking at government doors, of begging around legislative halls, of crying out for what we consider should belong to us. We want to have the exact status of our people defined, as far as this Province is concerned at least, and then we may go peacefully on with our daily avocations without being constantly worrying about our future. We are not questioning the law that affects this case; we have no dispute with the authors of that law. An amendment can change it, and a year or so can rectify an error therein. But that which a simple amendment or a mere lapse of time cannot change is the status our people holds in this Province. In how far is a government obliged to recognize us? Let Mr. Taillon answer!

We are perfectly aware that the present case—that of the removal of Mr. Hart from the School Board—is one more of those attempts to fling dust in the eyes of a people, an attempt that cannot be allowed to pass, and that we have seized upon for the purpose of bringing the Government to time and making it feel that we have to be recognized as a serious factor in the social and political affairs of this Province. But higher than all mere individual cases of unfairness there is an absolute necessity of a general recognition of that position which our people, as well as every other people, must hold in the economy of the country. We are here for the purpose of making the voice of our people heard and to establish, in as far as in us lies, their rights and just claims. This we purpose doing and we will allow no political or personal sentiment to stand in the way when in the exercise of that sacred duty. We mean what we say and we say what we mean. For the present issue these lengthy but necessary remarks should suffice. We only trust that the Government of Quebec, as well as that of Ottawa, may clearly understand us and take the matter seriously to heart—and the sooner the better. The Irish-Catholic element is here to stay; it has as much, but not any more, right than any other section of our Dominion's population to fair recognition. This it is our mission to establish, and this is a mission we intend to fulfil.

THE SUMMER SCHOOL.

Here is a subject that is difficult to treat. Before we had the pleasure of a visit to the Catholic Summer School, at Plattsburgh, we imagined that were we only to attend a few lectures we could describe the whole scene; but after having spent a portion of the first week in that delightful town, after gazing upon the historic waters of Lake Champlain, after sitting in that magnificent opera house listening to floods of erudition from the brightest sources on our continent, after moving about amongst men and women who brought with them an atmosphere of learning and the true odor of zealous piety,—even after all that, we sit down quietly to reflect, and we feel totally unable to pen anything that might adequately convey our feelings. We felt so small amidst the number of intellectual giants that we almost dread—even from the present distance—to attempt an appreciation of their work. Already the story of all that has been done by and for the Catholic Summer School of America would fill many volumes.

Let us go back for a few moments, aided by memory, to the scene of the first week! We would like to treat separately of the intellectual and social aspects of that unique gathering; but again, such would require a whole treatise. We will merely give our per-

sonal experiences. On arriving in Plattsburgh you find yourself in a regular university town; your first move is to go to the central offices of the School, which are at present in the magnificent opera house, but which will be transferred to the School's own buildings when they are completed. In the offices you find a number of amiable ladies ready to give you all necessary information as to board, lodgings, excursions and lectures. Probably you meet with Mr. Warren E. Mosher, of Youngstown, Ohio, the genial, able and indefatigable secretary—and we might say father—of the Summer School. The work done by that young man is something wonderful; no obstacle is too great for him to surmount, no detail too minute for his careful attention. Needless to say that you feel at once at home and you already begin to breathe the air of the school, its influence is upon you.

When all your arrangements are made, you move about at will and at every corner you meet with some man or woman whose name is a household word in every Catholic American home where literature is cultivated or learning is prized. Yonder comes the stately form of that glorious apostle of the Paulist Order, Father Walter Elliot. It is not necessary to tell Canadian readers who or what Father Elliot is. With his loose summer garb, his broad brow, straw hat, and his soldierly step, he is the embodiment of unconscious strength and humble majesty. He has just been electrifying a vast audience, he has left hundreds, scattered in groups here and there, talking enthusiastically about his powerful oratory; he is on his way down to the lake shore, entirely oblivious of all the noise that he has created. Perhaps, like Williams, he might be repeating such sentiments as these:

"I rambled away on a festival day,
From vanity, glare and noise,
To calm my soul where the rivulets roll,
In solitude's holy joys."

There goes Father Thomas McMillan of New York; he who is the life, the soul, the heart of the Summer School. As solemn as an ancient sage, yet as brimful of humor of the richest and purest class as any man upon the continent. The determination of a grand purpose is set upon his features, and yet from beneath the serious brow flash the rays of soul that bespeak a nature in harmony with man, with the age, and with God's designs. We will never forget his first announcement of the excursion to "Cumberland Head, at twenty-five cents per head," "around the bay where we are told the *singing sands* hold carnival, which said sands have been engaged for the afternoon, to sing while the excursionists go and return. This being an official statement must be exact." What a glorious mind, what a happy nature; to meet such men is worth the trip itself.

Who would ever think that the quiet, pleasant, unassuming man who is trudging off with a grip-sack in one hand and his hat (fanning his face) in the other, were the learned, powerful, erudite Father Halpin, of the Society of Jesus? Yet he is the one who, in five lectures, kept the students of the school wrapped up in the wonders of "Moral Ethics," and who flung such a charm around subjects the most profound that even the least trained of his hearers could enter into the spirit of his theme, and go away far more learned than from a year's course of solitary reading. Behind him is a tall, white, stately gentleman, clad in the solemn black that becomes a judge, and walking with that steady gait that denotes a man much given to deep thought, great reasoning, or long meditation. He is Professor Robinson, of Yale University. He has just completed a series of

the most highly instructive lectures upon law that, perhaps, have been given in our day in America. We followed the lectures during three years at Laval, and we enjoyed beyond expression those learned hours with Langelier, Flynn, Alley, Casault and Tessier; but never before did we listen to an expounder of legal principles equal to Professor Robinson. He has the calmness of a judge, the reasoning of a philosopher and the quaint, but striking humor, of an old-time Irish barrister. His lectures are couched in diction not inferior to that of Storey, and in exactness of term much after the style of Coke. As a Reverend gentleman—a learned priest—remarked to us; "that man has drawn more principles of law out of Genesis than I ever imagined were contained in the whole Bible."

But while we are watching the Professor a tall, strongly built, elegant looking man, with a firm step, a quick eye, and a happy smile passes by. It is the Rev. Dr. Conaty, of Worcester, Mass., the editor of that beautiful and delightful publication, "The Catholic School and Home Magazine." Dr. Conaty is president of the Catholic Summer School. He is a man of great learning and of a corresponding absence of pretension; he has a fine mind and a burning heart; he loves his vocation, he loves his people, he loves humanity at large; he is a powerful speaker and one whose deep convictions are patent when he rises to address an audience, convictions that, by a special gift, he transfers to the breast of each one who hears him. He is a man that any observer would pick out of a hundred men as something exceptional in character and in aims. He has lofty ideals, but no whims; he has grand flights of fancy, but no fads; his ideals are all to be realized, and his fancy will reach its goal; for religion is the basis of all his actions and God's glory is their target.

For this week, we must confine ourselves to a certain limit, nor do we wish to risk omitting many whose names and whose labors deserve the highest attention. Still we cannot pass over the Rev. Joseph H. McMahon, of the New York Cathedral. We heard him once—it was for only twenty minutes—he was speaking on the social influence on Catholic life. It seems like a glorious dream; such fervor, such energy, such kaleidoscopic blending of language, such lofty ideas, such close reasoning, such power of expression, such sublime eloquence! The man seemed bound up in his grand theme, and one would imagine that the assembly had vanished, that the Opera house had disappeared, that, like a prophet of ancient Israel, he were thundering his great message from a mountain top, that the Catholic world was his audience, and that his clarion notes went ringing down the vestibule of centuries. It was a scene never to be forgotten! Thank God for such men! Thank God that our Church in America has such vitality and such mighty priests!

In presence of such men—and scores of others of their calibre—one feels how little he knows, how poor and scant the few crumbs that he has picked up from around the great banquet table of learning, how insignificant his petty fledgling attempts to rise, compared to the eagle flights of master minds, the lark like soaring of mighty thoughts. And yet the simplicity, the humility, the calmness, the Catholic meekness that will lead such men to sit at the feet of children in the world of education and seek to glean something new from those whose place it would be to learn! Were it only the refinement of the social intercourse, apart from the constant series of intel-

lectual treats, the Catholic Summer School of America is doing more for the Faith and for the State than any existing institution of its class on our continent.

WHEN war breaks out in some remote land it is wonderful how soon people, who may never have given the country a thought, become familiar with the geography, names, customs and all connected with the place. There is war today between Japan and China on account of Korea. Let us suppose the following dispatch from the seat of war; shorn of all explanations it is an exact account of what has taken place; how many of our readers can make head or tail of it? "In King Kai Province the trouble began, Han-Yang—that is to say Seoul, on the Han—the Salt River was garrisoned by Koreans, whom the Japanese attacked, expecting to seize the 'King Ki-Tao.' Of course the Koreans depended on Suwen, Kwang-Chiu, Sinto or Kai-Seng, and Kang-Wa to keep Han-Yang safe. But past experience shows that several times both Ming and Taiko banners floated over Seoul and that the Kam Sa more than once had to take refuge up the Salt River (or Salt creek); therefore the Japanese are confident of success in their attempt to drive the Koreans from Han-Yang."

CLEMENCEAU has had another duel. This time he was satisfied with piercing his opponent's cheek. It seems to us that any man in France who would have the cheek to challenge Clemenceau, either to an encounter with swords or with pistols, deserves to have a slight lesson taught him. If there is anything to boast about in the barbaric practice of duelling, then Mr. Clemenceau has the almost sole right to do that boasting. Although always silent regarding his own prowess, and never referring to his many feats on the "field of honor," (?) still he has more successes to record than any living man. What surprises us the most is the fact that high-strung, educated and sensible men can perceive that they are only degrading themselves when sinking to the low level of personal encounters. There is some credit due the pugilist, for he goes at it with his fists and he risks the blows of his antagonist; it may be brutal, but it is not cold-blooded. But the duellist is a mean specimen of humanity at best, and as far as Christianity goes, he is the best illustration of its absence in certain grades of society.

CELEBRATION AT ST. ANN'S.

FEAST OF ST. ANN CELEBRATED WITH GREAT SOLEMNITY.

The feast of St. Ann was celebrated with befitting solemnity in St. Ann's Church yesterday. Many of Mr. Shea's admirers had expected to be treated to a Mass of his own composition, but as Mr. Shea considered it best to postpone the production of his Mass until a future occasion, Lambillotte's Mass in E flat was rendered by Lavigne's orchestra from Sohmer Park, assisted by a choir of thirty trained voices. The soloists were: J. Morgan and William Murphy, first tenors; Ed. Mullarky, second tenor; T. C. Emblem, baritone; E. Finn and Ed. Quinn, basses. At the Offertory Mr. Emblem sang Gounod's "Ave Maria" arranged by Mr. P. Shea. At the conclusion of the Mass Meyerbeer's splendid "Coronation March" was rendered with fine effect. The evening service was equally good, although the choir had not the assistance of the orchestra. The music comprised Azola's "Lux Domine," Dubois' "Ave Maria" in four parts, and Rossini's beautiful "Tantum Ergo," and Clarke's "Commemoration March." All these compositions were rendered in a most artistic manner. Rev. Father Strubbe himself wielded the baton, P. Shea presided at the organ, and J. Morgan led the choir.