

sent, viz., that they are to hold St. Patrick's day as they list and yet put a veto upon the Twelfth. We know full well the meaning of that sort of thing. Better civil war than that. Our Protestant liberties we will never yield, and by pursuing their present course they are sure to raise the Orange question from one of a local and sectional character to one of national and religious liberty. We believe this thing cannot be done in liberty-loving and law-abiding Canada. If it is attempted, there can be only one result. Let our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens attempt to maintain their St. Patrick's day in certain parts of the Dominion by force of superior numbers, or by the Jesuitry of a cunning mayor, and at the same time to silence the voices of the Orangemen and control their actions, and we give them warning that the next Twelfth will witness a procession that will be little short of a NATIONAL DEMONSTRATION.

CIVIC HOLIDAYS.

THESE have been going the round of our cities, and some are still events in the future. They are evidently very much esteemed through the country. With most hard-working people a holiday is never out of place. At least there are not too many of them in the course of the year to encourage a feeling antagonistic to the Civic Holiday. Such a respite from labor is appreciated all the more in such a tropical season as that through which we have been passing.

There are special advantages connected with the Civic Holiday. It is an advantage to have only one city at a time released from toil and business. It does not crowd the railways, and there is much comfort in consequence enjoyed on the journey—in passing over the country in a time of great beauty and promise. If we resolve upon spending the day in another city, it makes us sure of seeing our friends. But above all the Civic Holiday is of value in enabling us to see for ourselves the growth of cities and sections of the country other than those with which we are identified, and of cultivating friendly intercourse with our fellow citizens.

In some portions of Great Britain the people have long been familiar with such holidays. But there is the difference that they manage to have two or three days together instead of one. If they included, for example, the time between Friday of one week and Tuesday of another, it would furnish a sufficiently long period to visit friends at a distance, or to undertake a pretty considerable journey for recuperation. It is quite evident that there will be more of this holiday making in the future. People need more rest than they have been accustomed to take. They feel it does them good, and we know from experience that it does not make them lazy. It fits them for doing their work, and therefore employers lose nothing by granting a respite now and again to their co-laborers. On the contrary, they gain. They are, too, for the most part, feeling that they are the gainers, else they would not encourage the idea for a moment.

As a rule, the more barbarous a nation is, the less of holiday will characterize it. So much so, that it is only in heathen countries where men have to toil on year after year,

without even enjoying the blessed seventh day. What would Canada be without the Sabbath? Has not the Lord's Day proved itself the bulwark of Christian civilization? We are learning the special value of an extra holiday in the new moons, and the harvests and the nation's wealth and industry are not impaired by it; on the contrary, they are improved.

ALWAYS THE SAME.

THE Church of Rome has not falsified her motto—"Semper Eadem." Notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary she is always the same. She is always the same in principle, however much her practice may be varied by circumstances. She is always the same in her ends and objects though the means by which she endeavours to attain them are many and widely different. Her great object is to obtain control of the temporal affairs of men through the exercise of pretended spiritual power, and thus aggrandize herself. For twelve hundred years she has not swerved from this course. To this purpose her policy always tends, different as it may seem in different ages and countries. By fair means or by foul means, by force or by flattery, by the most high-handed tyranny or by the most abject and cringing sycophancy, she has always sought this grand end. When the power was in the hands of kings, then kings were frightened or fawned upon, just as seemed most judicious, until they virtually gave their power into the hands of the Church; when the power is found to be in the hands of the people then the people are either kept in ignorance and driven by superstitious terrors to do the will of the hierarchy, or they are deceived by false professions of liberalism and toleration so that they give the priest or the Jesuit more than his proper share in the management of their public affairs. How long will Archbishop Lynch and his successors continue to preach liberalism and toleration in Ontario? Just as long as they are not in a position to influence the majority of the inhabitants or to control the civil government of the Province. When will Bishop Bourget proclaim toleration in Montreal? Never, till the French Evangelization Society has taken more than half his flock away from him. Would matters be different if Lynch were in Montreal and Bourget in Toronto. Not at all, the difference is neither in the men nor in their religion, it is only in the material they have to work upon. The humility with which Rome pleads her cause in Ontario, in Britain, and in Germany, is prompted by the same spirit, rests on the same principles and tends to the same end as the arrogance with which she issues her intolerant edicts in Quebec and in Spain. The Church of Rome is always the same not only in great things but in small; not only in her dealings with communities but in her treatment of individuals. Even where her power is smallest that power is made the most of; and no means is left unemployed to shew it off to the best advantage in order, if possible, to gain adherents. The following article on this subject is from the Belfast "Witness." The incident which it records smacks strongly of old times:—

"Romanism is still Romanism. Yet there are multitudes who think that it is something other than what it was when, in the long ago, it handed over its refractory children to the

civil power to be burned or mutilated for the good of Holy Mother Church. There are multitudes just now within the circle of Episcopal Protestantism playing at Romanism as a popular and harmless pastime, who never for a moment suppose that they could become persecutors, or that they could belong to a religion that would persecute. They think that modern Catholicism—the Catholicism of J. H. Newman and Dr. Manning—is totally different from the Romanism that broke its solemn pledge to John Huss and burned him; from the Romanism of the Spanish Inquisition; from the Romanism that revoked the edict of Nantes; from the Romanism that lighted the fires of Smithfield to burn old Bishop Latimer at the age of seventy-two, and his loyal companion in the Gospel, the no less famous Bishop Ridley. They forget that the Papal syllabus is only of yesterday. They forget the history of Achilli and the boy Mortara. They forget the Grimes' case of last year. All these important facts—important for the light they throw upon the system and workings of modern Romanism—they forget, and so on this Roman Catholicism goes, deceiving and tyrannising over the nations.

If anything would open the eyes of those Irish Protestants who are now playing at Romanism to the nature and character of this dangerous mystery, it would be the incidents that took place in Bandon last week in connection with the death and funeral of Mrs. Loane, late wife of the proprietor of the Devonshire Arms Hotel in that town.

The following are the facts of the case as we learn from the Cork papers, both Catholic and Protestant:—Mrs. Loane, who had been very ill for a considerable time, and suffering from divers delusions, according to the testimony of Dr. Belcher who attended her, called in a few hours before her death the newly-appointed Roman Catholic priest of Bandon, who, for the past two months, has been residing in the Devonshire Arms. She did this, it is said, at the instigation of a late house-keeper. Be that as it may, the Roman Catholic canon was instantly at her bed-side, and administered to her the last rites of his Church. It is due to the Protestant clergyman—the Rev. Mr. Eccles—to say that he had been visiting her at seven o'clock the previous evening, and saw no reason to suppose that the poor old lady had any intention of renouncing Protestantism. However, no matter under what conditions achieved, Canon M'Swiney had made a proselyte. But even this achievement was not enough for him and for the glory (?) of Rome. He must bury his freshly-made proselyte. Nobody else must have anything to do with her dust. He must. And yet this is somewhat strange and inconsistent. For we ourselves have seen and been present at hundreds of Roman Catholic funerals which no priest attended, and at which no burial service was conducted. But it would never do to bury Mrs. Loane thus. Nor would it do to let the Protestant clergyman officiate. True, the husband asks the rector and curate to conduct the service. He sends them the usual mourning. He sends none to the priest. He does not invite the priest. But what of that? The priest comes uninvited. The priest supplies his own mourning. He takes charge of the remains. He claims them as the property of Holy Mother. And, in spite of husband and friends, rector and curate, sexton and all, he carries out his purpose, and officiates at the grave and over the remains of this old Conservative Protestant of Bandon!

This is carrying things with a pretty high hand surely. But this is Rome's way, though her poor deluded people won't see it, and the poor mongrel Protestants of to-day won't understand it. But it is her way all the same. She took the child, Grimes, last year from its father, and would not give it back until he compelled her through the Queen's Bench. She takes hold of this poor dying and deluded Mrs. Loane within a few hours of her latter end, and won't let go her grip of even the dust and ashes if so be she can secure a triumph. And this was in Bandon, on whose gates were written long ago, as tradition says—

"Turk, Jew, Atheist, may enter here,
But not a Papist."

It were not to be wondered at, if these words were inscribed upon its bridge again. But it were better to have their Protestantism in the heart than political Protestantism upon the lip. The one will keep the citadel in presence of Rome's most witching wiles; the other—well. Let Oxford, with its hostility to Catholic emancipation and its subsequent perversions to Romanism and opposition to vital Protestantism, give answer."

AMONG the popular names for hotels and saloons in New York, the "Rapid Transit" is new and good, for as the "Baptist Weekly" puts it, "the frequenters of such places generally make a rapid transit from respectability to contempt, from comfort to poverty, from health to disease. An ordinary liquor saloon issues as many 'Rapid Transit' tickets to destruction as many a railroad station sells for places on its line."

THE model for the monument to Luther which is to be set up in Eisleben, the birthplace of the great reformer, in honor of the four hundredth anniversary of his birth, is now completed and has been sent to be cast. The monument represents Luther clad in a long gown and wearing a barret. With his left hand he holds the Bible to his breast, and with his right he hurls away the Papal Bull. The pedestal of the statue is four square, with a design on each side, the foremost showing an angel with a shield bearing the name of "Martin Luther," trampling on a recumbent devil, while the other three represent scenes in Luther's life. The first shows him arguing with Dr. Eck, the second in his study translating the Bible, the third with his family and Melancthon.