

"The Protestant Chronicle"

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

A small publication, bearing the title "The Protestant Chronicle," has been sent us, "for our edification," by some friend who declares himself to be a Ritualist, and into whose hands the paper came by accident.

By the title page we learn some interesting facts. Amongst these we find the maxim of the paper to be "Protestantism before Party Politics;" and under this bombastic standard the editor proceeds, at once, to espouse the political views of a certain junco.

From all this we may conclude that the "Protestant Chronicle," which claims to have nothing to do with politics, must be a very important organ. In fact, we glean from its columns that its editor is not only a prophet (of evil) for the British Empire, but that he has received a commission to upset the government, and play the mischief in general with the entire economy, domestic and political, both of Great Britain and of the world at large.

As a piece of refreshing literature, and as a sample of a style that has so long been obsolete that our readers may have forgotten all about it, we will reproduce an extract from the editorial on the dread of the nation:

"Indeed, no one seems to know exactly what they fear; but a vague sense of coming evil oppresses many a thoughtful man, and, while sincerely grateful for the blessing God has granted us, he wonders whether the calm will last. We think there is only too much ground for this presentiment, for surely if England will not hear the rod, God will smite her again more severely than before.

"Mr. Bennett Burleigh gives a striking instance of the lynx-eyed watchfulness of Rome, and shows how our Government subordinates everything to her. When on one occasion the beleaguered Vryheid garrison were rained upon for five consecutive weeks, unable to signal, and cut off from all communication with the world, a glint of sunshine brought everybody about the helio to hear the first message. It was flashed from the Dornberg, near De Jaeger's Drift, and had come by authority from afar. And the text of the eagerly awaited news from the outer world was: 'Send at once a return of the number of Roman Catholic soldiers in the South Lancashire Regiment.'"

Mr. Burleigh omits to state by whom this terrible message was sent—a British General, or the Papal Secretary of State. The omission is a grave one; but, as the matter must remain in doubt, we can only conclude that either Cardinal Rampolla, or else the "General" of the Jesuits was the author of the dispatch. The worst feature of the whole affair is that we have point blank evidence that "Roman Catholic soldiers" were actually in the South Lancashire Regiment, and evidently hatching treason upon the battle-fields of South Africa. Stupid fellows to have selected such a dangerous position when bent on the destruction of the Empire.

ment. Yet Ministers of the Crown, judges of the High Court, and magistrates, all ostentatiously set aside the law of the land to screen these firebrands. Worst of all they brave God's wrath, Who will surely visit the Empire in judgment if we continue to defy Him by making much of those who blaspheme Him daily by travestying the Gospel. After all, the nation is to blame, for the electors placed and sustain in office these pro-Romanists. If the masses do not free themselves from guilt by repudiating these sacerdotal statesmen God will assuredly smite us again, this time nearer home; for when the people awake to the folly they have committed, feeling the iron of priestly tyranny entering into their soul, they will find that they can only get rid of these enemies of all righteousness and freedom by a violent effort that will shake the Empire to its foundations."

Here is an editorial gem. It is a perfect "mirroring of the author's mind." He believes that "if England will not hear the rod," in all probability the ears of England are not sufficiently fine to catch the tones of a rod. He complains that England is drinking deeply of the scarlet woman's goblet, but he does not give us any information as to the kind of glass he uses himself, nor even as to the color of the lady's dress from whose hand he receives it. One fact of great importance is revealed to us: the Government of England is Jesuit-ridden. The Jesuit—whose name is not revealed—must have a jolly ride on the neck of such a sturdy old hippogriff. Some years ago we learned from a learned Presbyterian source that the "exercises of St. Ignatius" were merely an expression to designate "military drill," which "is one of the rules of that order." According to the "Protestant Chronicle" we must conclude that horsemanship is another of the items in the Jesuit's curriculum—hobby-horses and governments being preferred for practice.

This learned editor must have been astonished when he discovered the slumbering volcano upon which he has been standing. Just imagine "the Ministers of the Crown, Judges of the High Court, and Magistrates" setting aside the law of the land to screen all these enemies of the country. If, at the next election, the people do not turn out to the present ministry, we may expect to see the fire of heaven coming down upon the world. The "Protestant Chronicle" should omit its maxim—"Protestantism before party politics"—in its next issue. We are profane enough to speculate concerning the amount of patronage that the present ministry neglected to extend to the "Protestant Chronicle," or, is it the editor that was re-used some appointment which he considered to be his right?

We have had so much real enjoyment out of this funny publication that we can scarcely resist the temptation of quoting more of its splendid passages. As an evidence of how Rome directs and sways at will the British Government, we are given the following:—

"Mr. Bennett Burleigh gives a striking instance of the lynx-eyed watchfulness of Rome, and shows how our Government subordinates everything to her. When on one occasion the beleaguered Vryheid garrison were rained upon for five consecutive weeks, unable to signal, and cut off from all communication with the world, a glint of sunshine brought everybody about the helio to hear the first message. It was flashed from the Dornberg, near De Jaeger's Drift, and had come by authority from afar. And the text of the eagerly awaited news from the outer world was: 'Send at once a return of the number of Roman Catholic soldiers in the South Lancashire Regiment.'"

It would be unfair to close with-

out giving a sample of the "Protestant Chronicle's opinion of Ritualism. Speaking of the Education Bill, this erudite little paper says:—

"The Bill is a deliberate, though carefully concealed, attempt to put within the power of the clerical party the control of the education of the rising generation, especially in country places. Now clericalism means Ritualism, and Ritualism is only bastard Romanism, while Romanism in the ascendant in this, or any other nation or country (as witness the condition of Spain and Ireland), spells Ruin, Oppression, Misery, Abomination, Impotence, Slavery, Murder. That something in the Bill calls for the earnest and unwavering opposition of true Protestants is proved by the fact that the Romanists of Plymouth and other places have given it their benediction, and we are sure that whatever Rome blesses is cursed of God."

Being "sure" that God curses whatever Rome blesses, the editor has very good cause to be in dread—for, if what he is sure of is true, he must meet with the curse of God every hour in the day. If "Romanism spells" all the words in the foregoing list, Ritualism must spell every other bad word in the editor's vituperative vocabulary. And even in this—spelling properly and writing grammatically—both Romanism and Ritualism would have a marked advantage over the scribe of the "Protestant Chronicle."

OUR OTTAWA LETTER.

(From An Occasional Correspondent)

Ottawa, Dec. 29.

THE NEXT SESSION.—This is the season when the Capital is full of political rumors. In the first place the date of the opening of next session is a matter of speculation. It is now scarcely probable that the House will meet before the last week of February, or the first week of March. In view of the immense and important bill-of-fare, both in public and private legislation, there is every prospect of an all-summer sitting. If the members of Parliament and the officials in general dread one thing more than another, it is a summer session. When we consider that a vast amount of last session's work was left over, in order to give the Premier and his colleagues a chance to go to the coronation, and that there is a prospect of tariff revisions, of a Redistribution Bill, of gigantic railway projects demanding careful legislation, it becomes a matter of almost certainty that the summer days will have grown very short before the prorogation is reached. As the Premier is not now expected to return before the middle of January, it is very probable that March will be with us before the session begins.

PROVINCIAL SUBSIDIES.—There is also a good deal of speculation as to the result of the recent conference of the Provincial Premiers at Quebec. While some organs pretend to know what has been done, we may rely that it is all mere guess work; until the resolutions adopted by the Premiers have been communicated to the Federal Government and considered by the latter, there is no likelihood of the matters discussed and decided upon being given to the public. There is one statement made by a contemporary which appears to be well founded, although there can be no positive basis for it. Here is the passage:—

"It is stated that what the Provincial Premiers and their colleagues ask by the resolutions finally adopted recently, is what they call a readjustment of the Federal subsidy of eighty cents per head of the population of the provinces so that it may be always calculated upon the basis of the last decennial census, instead of upon that of 1861, as arranged at Confederation. When the population of any one province has so increased, however, that the subsidy at the rate of eighty cents per head would exceed the sum of \$2,500,000 per annum, the subsidy is to be reduced, according to the tenor of the resolutions, to sixty cents. This is said to be, in a nutshell, the net result of the conference, the other matters dealt with being of comparatively minor importance. And it is added that up to Saturday afternoon's sitting, practical unanimity prevailed amongst the delegates."

A RUMOR.—During the course of last week a Montreal despatch which has created varied comment here,

was published in one of our dailies. It may, or may not, be of importance, and very likely the people of Montreal know more than we do about the matter. However, I send you the item for what it is worth:—

"When Mr. Tarte came down to his desk this morning at 9 o'clock he was asked as to the report from London that he was about to go to England and enter public life there. 'Well, I should like that very much,' he said in reply to a question, but beyond this statement he would neither affirm nor deny it. He said he believed it was only a question of time when colonialists would go to the British Parliament and be well received. Some day soon a Canadian would go over there and make his mark. He pointed out what had been done by Hon. Edward Blake, and spoke appreciatively of the society to be met in England and the great intelligence of the British House, while London seemed to him to be a most desirable place of residence, especially when Paris was so accessible."

THE SENATE.—The number of vacancies in the Senate since the close of last session is remarkable. In fact, the political complexion of the Upper House has been almost entirely changed within the last few years. When the vacancies are all filled the figures will then stand 41 Liberals to 40 Conservatives.

HOME RULE.—It has been announced that Hon. John Costigan will bring in a series of Irish Home Rule resolutions during the course of the coming session. It is probable that when Hon. Edward Blake was here this decision was reached by the representatives of Irish views both here and at home. In any case we may be certain that such resolutions will receive a hearty support. Much depends, as far as the unanimity of the House goes, upon the manner in which those resolutions will be drafted. Judging from the experience of the past we can well say that they are in good hands. It is difficult to imagine how any member of a Canadian Parliament could possibly be unwilling that Ireland should enjoy the same measure of autonomy that we possess. In any case this year circumstances in Ireland render an expression of opinion from Canada very opportune.

The Terror Of Death.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

It is evident to whosoever has pondered over the lives of the saints that for the martyrs and holy people, in all ages, death had no terrors. We have seen good men die, and they died perfectly contented. Some may be seized with that natural dread of dissolution which is inalienable from man, but the prospect of passing out of life and into another one was always both bright and consoling. It seems to be reserved for the very men who least believe in the soul, in immortality, in God, to be haunted by a perpetual fear of death. On this subject the "Literary Digest" reproduces a few very striking passages from recent publications. We will take the liberty of quoting a few of them:—

"The thought of death," observes "Le Journal des Debats," "seems to be as full of terror to our nineteenth century free-thinkers as it was to the devout religious souls of past generations. Alphonse Daudet acknowledged that this thought poisoned his life. It haunted Emile Zola; and Lazarus, whom he depicts in 'La Jolie de Vivre,' was a victim of this death-horror. The works of Pierre Loti are full of the same spirit. Maupassant was constantly possessed by it."

The only mistake here is to ascribe to the "devout religious souls of the past generations" a fear of death. It is true that these really pious and holy ones were seized with a constant fear; but it was not a fear of death, rather was it a fear of God's judgment after death. They were haunted by a fear of sin, in this world, and a terror of its punishments in the next. In their case the maxim that most fittingly applies is "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

As a sample of the free-thinkers' ideas on the subject, we have but to turn to "La Revue," which contains the result of M. Frederic de France's inquiry amongst French

celebrities upon this question. In prefacing his article he says: "Shall we believe with Mohammed that immortality is certain; or shall we say with Job that 'as the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more?' This is the eternal problem. The thinker seeks the truth from Krishna, from Plato, from Jesus, from Nietzsche; but neither the religious teachers nor the philosophers have succeeded in answering the riddle."

Here we have the one who has been seeking the opinions of others placing our Lord, Plato, Krishna, and Nietzsche on a level of equality, and then saying that neither these teachers or philosophers have answered the riddle. He must be intentionally blind if he cannot find the answer a score of times, and more, in the teachings and words of Christ.

It may be interesting, if not calculated to instruct us, to read a few of the replies given to Mr. de France.

"Why shall I regret to die," replied M. Brieux, the poet, when he was approached on this subject; "for so long as I am not dead, I shall hope to live. And when I am dead I shall not know that I am dead." M. Anatole France quotes a sentiment of Euripides. "We cling to this life," he says, "because we know no better. Let us not be vainly agitated by lies." M. Paul Adam, critic and novelist, declares:

"I would not regret to die if it were only a question of relinquishing the good things of life. I have no more confidence, however, in death than I have in life. . . . Death does not promise rest, unconsciousness; it is more likely to be an absurd and obscure palingenesis, of which I am afraid. On earth I realize that I have to expect material trouble, incessant work, the hostility of friends, the calculations of those around me. Will it be worse in death? The scientists answer: 'Probably.'"

M. Jean Berthelot, the chemist, thinks that we feel the pain of death most when it summons us from work unfinished. "What poet, painter, or sculptor," he asks, "would not grieve to die before his work was completed?" Louise Michel, the anarchist-communist, says: "Under no circumstances would I regret to die, because in the eternal harmony of the universe the being that dies, the leaf that falls, the world that disappears, are obeying a rhythmic law that we do not understand as yet. At times I have wished to die, because it is noble to die for our cause, and because death is the great propagator of ideas."

Now, all this is simply agnosticism. It is beating the air in the vain hope to find some substitute for a faith in the hereafter. Anything but a belief and that which religion teaches is the principle that underlies all these opinions. They all avoid the real issue. Not one of them but would be glad to find some substitute for that which God has taught. They speculate about the chances of the future, but they deliberately decline to accept the certain and admit the logical. Yet there is one mystery that they cannot avoid, there is one certainty that they cannot ignore; that is the mystery and the certainty of death. Be their faith or their disbelief what it may, one thing is positive that "all men must die;" this they cannot deny without stultifying themselves. But they seek to escape from the second and equally positive fact that "after death comes judgment." This they imagine can be avoided by a disbelief therein. The bird of the desert hides his head in the sand and thinks that no eye can see him; we know the result.

THE SECULAR PRESS.

Preaching to a large congregation on Sunday at St. Edmund's, Miles Platting, the rector, Rev. Father Bradley, referred to a recent case in which evidence unfit for publication was given in a vivid manner by the press. He strongly condemned this course and urged the congregation to do what they could to prevent papers with such reports getting into the hands of their children.—Liverpool Catholic Times.

A STRANGE DEFENCE.

A novel defence was raised at Onwetry by a laborer from Trefonan, who was charged with stealing a pullet from a foul house. The dead pullet was identified by the prosecutor, and even the boot-prints corresponded with defendant's boots. The prosecutor admitted feeding his fowls with meal and corn only. Defendant declared that the pullet was his, and that barley would be found in its crop. The crop was opened and barley was found inside. The defendant was thereupon discharged.

Production of Literature.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

The amount that has been written about books would alone constitute a vast library, and yet a deluge of books is daily pouring forth from the presses of the world, and the inundation threatens to increase. When the learned Newton was dying he asked his servant what he would like to receive as a souvenir; the aged man asked for a portion of his master's knowledge. "Ah," said Newton, "I have been like a boy rambling upon the beach and picking up sea-shells. I have picked up quite a little collection, but I can see miles upon miles of shore extending before me, all covered with shells far more beautiful than any I have gathered, but my time has come, and I can never touch one of them." What a vast amount there is to learn that no man can ever have time to acquire! The person who possesses a fine private library of a few thousand volumes imagines himself rich in books; but what are all the volumes that he owns, and all that he has ever seen, and all that he has ever heard about, compared to the Alpine ranges of books that are to be found in the world?

These reflections suggest a very reasonable question: how many books are there in existence? It may be difficult, and possibly impossible, to count the exact number, but, with certain data furnished by reliable sources, it has been computed that the number of books in the world is many billions. A few statistics on this subject may prove interesting:—

"La Revue" (Paris) prints some interesting figures relating to the production and distribution of world literature. "A new book," it remarks, "is born every second." We quote further:

"In North America alone there are probably 700,000,000 volumes, distributed as follows: In families, 420,000,000; among scientists, lawyers, writers, and inventors, 150,000,000; in the publishers' and booksellers' hands, 60,000,000; in public libraries, 50,000,000; in college libraries, 12,000,000; in the hands of students, 8,000,000.

"The number of books in the whole world may be computed as follows:—

United States ... 700,000,000
Western Europe ... 1,800,000,000
Eastern Europe ... 460,000,000
Other countries ... 240,000,000

Total ... 3,200,000,000

"To this total are constantly added the new books published. Germany publishes 25,000 new works every year, France 13,000, Italy 10,000, England 7,000. At least every year throughout the world, 75,000 new books are published and the printing press multiplies each of these volumes say, on an average, 1,000 times. So that the above grand total is increased by 75,000,000 annually."

"La Revue" makes the following estimate of the number of books contained in the largest libraries in the world:

Bibliothèque Nationale ... 3,000,000
British Museum ... 2,000,000
Imperial Library (St. Petersburg) ... 1,500,000
Berlin Library ... 1,000,000
Strasbourg Library ... 700,000
Vienna Library ... 600,000
Munich Library ... 550,000
Oxford Library ... 550,000
Leipzig Library ... 500,000
Copenhagen Library ... 500,000
Stuttgart Library ... 500,000

Total ... 11,400,000

It must be remarked that the foregoing does not include any of the libraries on the American continent. With such a statement before us, what must we think of the man who claims to "have read everything?" In fact, we have here a positive evidence of the finite character of human learning, or knowledge. The longest life-time, multiplied by thousands, would not suffice to count the books that have been written, not to speaking of reading them. This all brings us back to the simple statements made by Thomas a Kempis in the first chapter of his inimitable "Imitation of Christ." "If one were to know the Bible by heart and the sayings of all the philosophers by rote, what would it all avail him if he had not charity and the grace of God? That great and simple writer tells us that he would prefer to feel compunction than to know its definition. After all, that entire mass of books is but a Babel tower of confusion erected to scale the heights of knowledge, but only demonstrating the futility of all human effort to know that which God has reserved for Himself.

Dr. Magr...

A week ago last Rev. Dr. A. L. Magr... ent priest and presi... Mary's Seminary. B... that institution. O... Tuesday his funera... he was buried with... the Seminary that... much to uplift and... vice was held in the... Cathedral of Baltim... sacred edifice was th... lates, priests, and le... Pontifical Mass of R... lowing were the off... Celebrant, Cardinal... priest, Mgr. Duffy, B... deacons of honor, R... Heyvemat, professor... uages, Catholic Univ... James F. Mackin, p... Paul's Washington; d... ward A. Kelly, Chic... Rev. P. O'Donnell, B...

It would be impos... text of the eloquent... Dr. Magr... life, of... Bishop Donahue, of... few extracts will pr... ing and timely. Com... St. Paul's letter to... which the Apostle sa... study to present thi... unto God, a workma... not to be ashamed, ... ting the word of tru... pronounced this beau...

"Thus wrote St. P... loved Timothy at the... long and arduous life... of death was slowly... deepening about him... the time a prisoner... Rome. He knew that... numbered. He felt th... down his life and po... blood for the faith o... which he had preach... his parting words, hi... age to Timothy. Des... and prison and blood... great heart yearned f... of Christ's gospel, a... his trumpet call to b... enemies of truth: 'Th... my son, be strong in... which is in Christ Je... things which thou ha... by many witnesses, t... mend to faithful men... fit to teach others a... a good soldier of Chri... Carefully study to... approved unto God, ... that needeth not to... rightly handling the..."

"Two thousand year... since St. Paul wrote t... eple, but in all the in... turies the same cry h... The fight with error a... unceasing. It has, ind... and flows, but it alwa... powers of hell, allied... weakness and concup... from the struggle unce... from Pope and patriar... saint the same call co... the succession of thos... fight on the side of... truth!"

"As the great milita... powers build forts and... demies and camps to... science of offensive w... warfare and to establi... of refuge or supply, so... tual warfare, universi... ies, seminaries, colleges... have ever been foster... aged by the Church, wh... recruits may be adequ... and the veterans may r... time for healing or rep... iant men have ever bee... front of the fight. Tho... shared to some extent... heroic characteristics o... of the Gentiles, with h... intellect and his mighty... consuming love of Chri... wearied labors, his p... preaching, his imprison... chains, his bitter death..."

"Time would fail us t... immortal roll—the Leo... ory, the Innocents, th... Sixtus and Pius, Bonif... Dominic and Thomas, I... Francis, and all the re... goodly company. When... of the troops flagged a... need to form the line... again to the charge. Di... dence raised up a St. C... romeo in Italy, a St. V... an Olier in France, to... heart and spirit into th... them true priests of God... hortation to Timothy r... ears of the veterans; it... so to those who would... time, enroll themselves i..."

In speaking of the life... ceased priest, the Bisho... "Only the recording a... all-knowing God can righ... the extent of the influ... illustrious dead. He ap...