

ts by the light of the sequence is that the sequence is that of a being con-

"OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US." American Catholic Quarterly Review, April 1901. An Irishman writes this for English-speaking Catholics in the United States, who are mostly of Irish descent. I was not long since in a Canadian city, and a priest of Irish name, face, and parentage was giving some facts that seem strangely forgotten by some who think America vs. England still means freedom vs. slavery. Are we all quite sure we know what the facts are in this present world? "American priests come over here," said this Canadian Catholic High School manager, "and they begin by pitying us, who, alas! say they, are under England, and in the hotbed of Orange intolerance." They do not live far away; the border is not far off; but they live very ignorant of their northern neighbors. They go home wiser, and certainly sadder. For what does a short visit teach them? That in Ontario their brethren tell them they have nothing to complain of. The American priests think of their flock paying twice for schools, taxing themselves to support unsectarian and therefore generally irregular schools, and then paying for their own schools, which at least aim at not letting the young grow up ashamed of God and holiness. What is a greater matter? What does the Church think a greater matter? Well, under England's monarchy, in Ontario, as in Ireland, with modifications, as in a limited way in England itself, you give your education and you get government pay, the money of your own taxes as Catholics, and you pay not at all for any other schools. So that in Ireland the clergy can say education is practically "denominational," the parish priest is the manager of the school, and we are satisfied with the system. In England the Catholics have not given up one of their schools, having satisfied in every case the conditions of receiving grants from Her Majesty's Government. So our American priests return to a Republic—alas!—to receive not a cent for their schools, no matter how excellent in secular instruction, from the country that claims us all as free and equal. Then from the Republic across the ocean, from liberty, equality and fraternity, comes the same story, with French parents increasing in number, who to save their children from less godly and more vicious surroundings daily withdraw them in greater numbers from the non-Christian, or anti-Christian school, which alone get all the grants, all the taxes. As he takes up an Irish-American paper our priest will perhaps see a denunciation of England for withholding the grant from the Christian Brothers' successful schools in Ireland, because of their books not approved by the Board of Education and because of the religious emblem of a crucifix, holy pictures and statue, which—thank God!—the Brothers have not found it necessary to put away from the boys sight all the week. But even these religious, together with Jesuits and all others, share largely, according to their great success, in the exhibitions and prizes given by the English Government for the higher education of boys. But the protest of our Irish American against the government in Ireland, for intolerance, in one case, might be swelled into protests against the government in America in the whole system of secondary education. Facts are facts. Things are as they are; and their consequences will be what they will be. One obvious consequence already being, that Canadian clergy of Irish descent are becoming more and more blended with Englishmen. Who will blame them? Why should they wish their people to be double taxed for schools? They protest, naturally, against a local injustice in Manitoba; but why should they wish injustice done to their people all over? That injustice they will find, if they leave the English flag and join the American. We may storm about England's influence and against her imperial strength; we may scoff at Irish men and Frenchmen who submit more and more cheerfully to her rule. Let us ask these Catholics, descendants of the persecuted, and once themselves anti-English it may be, why it is that they thus submit. Take French Canada. Here is an incident of last year. To Montreal came a religious from France and published an article in La Semaine Religieuse, calling upon his Canadian cousins to observe the great anti-Catholic power, England—as if the good monk had just awakened from a sleep of one hundred and fifty years, when Protestant England fought with Catholic France—to observe how this England was tormenting and torturing the Catholics of Manitoba, and how French Catholics must watch their moment; must long for the day of retribution or vengeance; and must pray for the downfall of England as the enemy of God's Church. And this from a French monk, a monk from France, where laws worthy of England's old penal laws have been passed in this generation, whence a few years ago French monks poured once more into England and there freedom to set up their monasteries how and where they would, and to educate Catholic children without paying for the education of non-Catholics. Hear it, O Americans, O Irish-Americans, who remember when your fathers were paying tithes to the Protestant ministers to support services you could not go to, though in your own old churches, abbeys or cathedrals. That was hard, that was unjust; but what they did for the non-Catholic minister under England before she mended her ways, are not you doing now under America, America of to

day, for the non-Catholic schoolmaster? It is true England still has rascally laws on the statute book against the religious and their holy habit. Nor are these all a dead letter, as when lately the Irish Chancellor declared to a Jesuit notice of wealth that he was joining an illegal society. Still, England pays her money—or her Irish subjects' money—to Jesuit schools that do good work. It is true also that she keeps some of her high offices insultingly closed to Catholics, while she preaches that she gives equal rights to all. Worse than that, the sovereigns take a brutal and blasphemous oath against the faith of St. Augustine and Alfred, St. Thomas and Henry the Fifth, Queen Catherine and Queen Mary. Our Presidents do not so. But what sort of ignorant No Popery do we find they sometimes listen to? And ask the praiser of free and equal America whether he in his millions will vote for every seventh President a Catholic; or cry every seventh, lest he say we would be having a man elected for his religion merely. No Popery! Why, in many respects our average American that makes a stir in the world, business man, politician, journalist, essayist, professor or poet, is fifty years behind the English. With his A. P. A., and his "famous" preachers, and philanthropists, he is, on his controversial side, something like the 1850 English of Papal Aggression, or like Belfast Orangemen of today, or the stolid bourgeois Partisans of England and Scotland, who have not this American's presence to be emancipated from prejudice, and who keep Irish Catholic boys out of universities with the same persistency that they show with Americans in keeping Catholics out of Senates and Parliaments. All one can say to these Irish-Americans who forget nothing and learn nothing about England is, just try the school laws of this land to which the Status of Liberty guides you; just try them, in the land of Cardinal Logue and Archbishop Walsh. Propose further that the Government shall withdraw all grants from reformatories and industrial schools in Ireland managed by religious men and women. Of course, to further assimilate ourselves to America, the nuns will have gone already from the "public schools." Then to liken Ireland to the other Republic that gave the Liberty Statue—"Oh, Liberty, what crimes have been done in thy name!"—the English Government will not see that the Catholic soldiers go in a body to the Catholic Churches, but will rather forbid that any English soldiers shall appear in a body at Mass. French soldiers are not allowed thus to appear. And Republics surely talk much about liberty, and ought to know what it is. Does the American Government distribute thousands of Catholic prayer books to its Catholic soldiers? Does the French? The English does. The fact of it is, as was said by an honest fellow born in an "Irish" settlement on this side of the Atlantic, where his grandparents anyway were from the old country, in worse days—the fact of it is, he said, that "the people where I am would not believe these things," would not believe in Lord Russell, a Catholic Chief Justice in England, nor in government schools suiting the priests in Ireland, nor in Catholic processions through English streets. No wonder! For not long since these last would have been stoned—their chief organizer says, by the way, that "it was the once persecuted Salvation Army that won the battle for our Catholic processions"—and in this last century a Lord Chamberlain in England, a young Catholic lady of rank who appeared at court; and I have heard a poor old Irishwoman in America tell of how the mission Fathers in her parish "at home," in County Armagh, were attacked in the church and had to escape from the town before their mission was ended, fifty odd years ago. But how long are we going on believing that we are living two generations back? English or American Colonial soldiers certainly drove the Acadian French Catholics out of house and home—before that again. Hence, even to day, France is Catholicism for their descendants in the simple folk often—they would scarce believe that England shelters exiled French monks; that in France a Bishop was last year fined for going a few steps in his vestments from his palace to his church—that was an illegal procession—that their young seminarians have to serve in barracks. Would they believe it? Would the Newfoundland fishermen believe that the French Government has forbidden French sailors to take notice of God's Friday? No, they know these things may not have the heart to tell their brethren. And one may well respect their sad reserve. But when the French monk came to Canada to denounce England, that shelters him and his from his own intolerant France, the French Canadian Archbishop promptly declared that the Frenchman's article was untrue and absurd and opposed to anything he would allow published with his episcopal sanction. When we are considering England's relations to her colonies, when we are watching events in Ireland and abroad, we must stand in the world as it is to day, and judge just judgment accordingly. Otherwise we shall see all amiss. And now, as to a further matter for self criticism, there is another great change that has come in England—the change in the Anglican religion—and that, too, has created new conditions, new affluities, new possibilities. This is still a change going on and a cause of great confusion. But it has revolutionized English art and architecture,

has affected poetry and turned histories inside out, and has suggested, if not consciously, a return to many good things in the ideal of Catholic society. Care for the poor, and solidarity in social work, and the use of natural means for keeping people, young and old, in decency and in occupied leisurely things higher, and at the very least keep out of vice—all this good has been stirred up and helped in modern Protestantism by various religious movements, and among them by the one we speak of, which has also touched men and life by the side of that reverence to which Catholicism has never ceased to appeal. Talking of such work as that of the Y. M. C. A., a man who much dislikes its tone, yet allowed that in his wanderings as an engineer in large English towns he could see that the Y. M. C. A. rooms were usually the only refuge for young men without homes, after work hours were past, except the ever-abounding gin palaces. In a large city nearer us there is a magnificent Y. M. C. A. building, near the Catholic Cathedral. The Bishop, no doubt with wisdom, has warned young Catholics to withdraw from this very un-Catholic and often anti-Catholic place, where they found reading rooms, baths, gymnasiums, free classes, which things (though that city is in large part Catholic) they could not find any Catholic institution to give them. Now, do we not almost tempt God—if the words be not a violence here—when thus we neglect to give, what you rightly or wrongly demands: places of recreation, and under the guidance of the clergy at least in directly? Are we not much too indifferent to these things towards bridging over the gap between the saloon as recreation and the Church as the working place of the soul? I mean, is a man who occupies himself with fairly serious books, who has the companions that libraries and reading rooms make known to him, or who has his bathing and his billiards, his boxing, fencing and cards among fairly decent friends, where drink and dirt, and brutishness and scuffling are hidden or forgotten; is such a man not more likely to love religion, the Catholic religion, for its appeals, as Cardinal Newman said, especially to the poetry in a man; or, rather, the man finds the poetry, the quieter and more tender virtues, just those which his religion loves to put before him, and in which she would have him dwell? Is such a man not better able to follow history, to understand the true relations of Church and State, to enter into the spirit of the liturgy, to form high ideals of conduct, leading to the ideal of the greatest, towards which all things may work together by our cooperation, him indeed in whom we live and move and have our being? And can we not hope that such a one will in general help and not hinder the work of the Church and of its ministers, rather than the one who by ignorance, by idleness, by folly, if not by vice, lives during the week in a world so violently contrasted with the high and holy realm of Sunday that it is no marvel if he enters this last stripped of the needful wedding garment? There is some justification in that there not?—for what a charitable Protestant lady said, and not unkindly, to another Protestant that while the Catholic young women had the religious life for those who were most full of care for their neighbor, yet those among them who would not think of being more worldly and frivolous than many of their Protestant sisters of the world. And these last who are serious are too large a class to be compared the Catholics who have religious vocations. Again: readers of "The People of Our Parish" must have noticed how the Catholics of English-speaking America seem so greatly tormented with all difficulties arising out of social classes and surroundings. Certainly more Christianity of certain old world were more worldly and frivolous than many of their Protestant sisters of the world. And these last who are serious are too large a class to be compared the Catholics who have religious vocations. Again: readers of "The People of Our Parish" must have noticed how the Catholics of English-speaking America seem so greatly tormented with all difficulties arising out of social classes and surroundings. Certainly more Christianity of certain old world were more worldly and frivolous than many of their Protestant sisters of the world. And these last who are serious are too large a class to be compared the Catholics who have religious vocations. Again: readers of "The People of Our Parish" must have noticed how the Catholics of English-speaking America seem so greatly tormented with all difficulties arising out of social classes and surroundings. Certainly more Christianity of certain old world were more worldly and frivolous than many of their Protestant sisters of the world. And these last who are serious are too large a class to be compared the Catholics who have religious vocations.

We talk much of converts, but let us not scandalize them. The other day an American Catholic paper had a word as to the model church choir of the world—in Glasgow—and why? Because the members of the choir, coming in, knelt down, the men on one side, the women on the other; nor did they talk all through the sermon; nor did they salute friends below in the aisle. And we think that a model! It shows to what we have sunk. And yet we hope to impress Protestants by the worship of God's Church, "performed" indeed, in a bad sense, in surroundings the opposite of those. Such a choir and ritual as is seen in the Paulists church in New York, that is the common form to which Anglicans are now accustomed, as far as they can give true dignity to their remains of the Catholic offices, which they eke out with the words and forms of the Church, thrown away by those beginners of sad Anglicanism, of whose very High churchism Heine said that it was "Catholicism without its poetry." But their choirs, habited in cassocks and cottas or surplices, form in their vestries, and a Catholic collect is sung and responded to. They walk in procession in through the church, the people standing; they kneel in their stalls, and the people and they pray, if they will, in silence. That is all good old Catholicism, is it not? Alas! as a convert organist said lately, when I think of all that beauty and orderliness, and "contrast it with the screaming and scrambling in the organ loft of this Catholic Cathedral," and he said on: "What ever is Catholic seems to me to imply here everything that is horrible." He might have said for horrible, "un-Catholic." For is not irreverence un-Catholic; and is it not a glory of the Church to speak of her art, her music, her use of God's natural gifts in her worship of Him? And is it "Catholic" now to have frivolous music, hideous painted windows, repulsive statuary, and architecture in wretched contrast to that of some of the sects, to whom yet we appeal to come and admire the Beauty of Holiness? This is taking things by the worst side; but it is a side. After fearful music we have heard the preacher speaking thereof as offering God our best—if only it had been anything like that—and in a church little worthy not in its congregation, as some now say, still less of Almighty God, as plenty used to say; have we not heard that it reflects credit on everybody connected therewith? It was a Protestant that wrote, about Catholic buildings, not of to day: "They dream not of a perishable home Who thus could build, his mine in hours of fear. Or dwelling thought, to seek a refuge here; Or through the aisles of Westminster to roam. Where bubbles burst, or folly's dancing Melts, if it cross the threshold." Of course, trust in self, we all know, is a basis of morals. Yet, Emerson's "Trust thyself; every heart vibrates to that iron string" is Emerson's, and may therefore naturally have an un-Christian undertone. In America we have surely needed individualism, and even perhaps self-complacency. But if there is any country in the world that can profit by "the great school of reverence" as the Protestant Guizot called the Catholic Church, surely it is this one. Were it not for the Catholic Church in America, where would modesty be seen raised to humility, or courtesy to reverence? We have thus cast it away when now even those without are envying us who have it. And yet the very trust in self in the country and the present must make us feel, though there be cause for rejoicing, there is amongst some of us a strange and monstrously anti-Christian murmuring that what is American is right, or must surely be so; a tyranny it is, none the less dangerous because we call the despot the State, or the Republic, and not the Emperor. Hobbes' crusher of real liberty, his lord over body and soul, was the "Leviathan," with crotchet as well with sword, which might be the sign of a republic, of oligarchy, or of king, if only the soul were not free under its sway. Christianity came to smite Caesarism; to give the true freedom; not the freedom to think wrong or to do wrong, but to assert one's right, to be at one with the absolute, with truth, with God. Christianity undermined the Empire; that saying has truth in it. St. Paul was loyal indeed to the State, but not in Caesar's sense. The Catholics were most of them loyal under Queen Elizabeth, but not to the giving up of the Faith, what the State claimed. Does it not require all the wisdom of the Church, all the good sense of her rulers, all the tact they can put forth to guide us in this our

atmosphere of subservience to what even Emerson called "the inconceivable levity of local opinion?" Perhaps he would not be offended were we to apply his words to a whole country. And so we, at any rate, can apply them; we who are the heirs of the ages, the inheritors of the full truth, the children of a divided duty; which yet is indeed but one single duty, if in all things we take care lest we judge of the greater by the less. Catholics first, Americans after: as in England one of the household of faith said, Catholics first, Englishmen after, while a Protestant ecclesiastic the late Bishop of London, reversed the order for his religion and country. How absurd to do any such thing! As Bryce says in his Holy Roman Empire, Christianity from the first, and so in the nineteenth century, and so in the nineteenth century, has rejected the notion of a national religion as an essential absurdity, and the negation of the supernatural. Bishop Creighton's words imply the non-existence of Christianity would men observingly disbelieve them out. Our own eyes of the mind, may not be favorably opened by public deeds here of late in America as well as elsewhere? Not in this world is our place of rest. Nor is a country a lawful idol to any patriot. That cosmopolitanism of the Church, Lecky says, what an advantage it gives her people in their education, her priests especially. But let us try to use our advantages better, and in those things that we now have ventured to consider. Let us remember that "the Saxons may live again to God," that if not in Ireland, yet in other English speaking lands we Irish Catholics have our great and never sufficiently thought of responsibilities, with the possibly more wondrous future; that if France be lost to Christianity—of which there is little sign—Germany may be saved; that "our ancestors are our ancestors, and we are the people of today"—of every day, indeed, not bound in to petty doubts and fears. What have we to do with this judging any, with closing hearts of suspicion against any who are seeking the truth, or being led they know not how into that city where men still dwell with their imperfections, but yet at whose centre shines the fullness of that light, which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world? W. F. P. STOCKLEY, Fredericton, N. B. It is God's great book that we behold when we cast our eyes over the world. All the centuries are like its pages, all the years are like its letters, placed by the hands of God, Who alone is acquainted with His own eternal conceptions and understands the whole of His work.—Mgr De Segur. We must be humble and patient; never doubting that that whatever we ask for the glory of God and the salvation of our soul will be surely granted to us in God's own time. If we are not heard we may be sure that what we are praying for will not redound to His glory nor our own utility; and so we should desist from wishing for it. God has promised to open to him who knocks; but He did not say He would not keep us waiting.—Abbe Gros, S. J. KOLA TONIC WINE. When all other remedies fail to cure you of indigestion, dyspepsia, rheumatism, and nervous troubles, try Kola Tonic Wine of Kola, Celery and Pepsin manufactured only by the Hygiene Kola Company, 84 Church St., Toronto. The following testimonial was unhesitatingly from Mr. Gourley, of the city directory: Toronto, April 9th, 1901. Hygiene Kola Company. Gentlemen: I have used one bottle of your Kola, Celery and Pepsin, and desire to testify to the wonderful relief I have experienced. I suffered for over a year with indigestion and stomach trouble, and have tried other remedies without any material benefit. I am glad to inform you that your Kola, Celery and Pepsin have completely cured me; it has also restored my appetite and toned up my system better than any remedies I have ever used. It cannot be too highly recommended. Yours truly, J. J. GOURLEY, 95 Jarvis St., Toronto. Nerve Food. If you have neuralgia, Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil will feed the nerve that is crying for food—it is hungry—and set your whole body going again, in a way to satisfy nerve and brain from your usual food. That is cure. If you are nervous and irritable, you may only need more fat to cushion your nerves—you are probably thin—and Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil will give you the fat, to begin with. Cure, so far as it goes, Full cure is getting the fat, you need from usual food, and Scott's Emulsion will help you to that. If you have not tried it, send for free sample, its agreeable taste will surprise you. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, 200 and 210, all drug stores.

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Smith vs. Truth. In his review of the latest century, published on Sun, of April 14, has Cardinal Newman: man was a man of genius, a most charming and persuasive personal fascination and exuberant mind. What he is to love of truth; system, not aspiration; and as a reasoner highly sophisticated, however honest a man. Anthony Frode was at one as little in sympathy with ideas of his former master than is now. Yet this is the center in his essay on "The Later Reformation," published in the month of the year: whole life has been a struggle had neglected his own inner thought of them at all, not to bear a most powerful and to support the convictions of which was superstitiously sensible object had been to destroy the real relations between maker, and to shape his own present conclusion as to his career as neither generous nor even Smith. It is therefore, judged Frode, both agonistic and unreasonable in his Newman—Casket Anti-