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The Casket

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Shall we sharpen and refine the youthful intellect, and then leave it to exercise its new powers upon the most sacred of subjects, as it will, and with the chance of exercising them wrongly?

THURSDAY, JANUARY 21.

Sir Charles Dilke thinks that the policy pursued by the British Opposition of not interfering with the Government in foreign affairs is not always a wise one.

Rather a startling extension of the functions of government is proposed by a Farmer's Alliance representative from Kansas, who wants the Federal Government of the United States to become money-lender on real estate security to the farmers of the country.

The Boston Globe remarks that "the only wonder is that the children are not all hopeless liars." The little boy spends two-thirds of his waking time in playing that things are something else.

"Who made you?" God. That is what the catechism teaches. The tendency of certain scientists to look elsewhere for the origin of life is curiously illustrated by their reflections on a recent discovery.

One of the recent victims of influenza was a very distinguished Catholic in Europe, the Ambassador of England at Constantinople, Sir William Arthur White.

Showing marked ability, he was promoted to diplomatic positions in Serbia and Roumania, and on several occasions showed exceptional skill in dealing with the Russian Government.

It is a very common thing for a newspaper to publish poetical selections without giving the author's name. This we take to be a mistake; for, if a poem has real merit in it, the first question a reader asks is, Who wrote it?

The one thing certain in this world is death. Only a few weeks ago we announced the betrothal of H. R. H. the Duke of Clarence and Avondale to the Princess of Teck, and referred to the young pair as in all probability the future King

and Queen of England. Providence has seen fit to order otherwise. Last week we spoke of the Prince's illness and ere THE CASKET had reached the majority of its readers the sad news had flashed across the Atlantic that he was dead.

The sympathy of the whole world goes out to his bereaved family, and especially to his grief-stricken betrothed. As the Irish National Press well says, "All idea of royalty disappears before the tragedy in human life which will touch every man's heart."

An expression we quoted last week from the Presbyterian Witness recalls to mind one of those inimitable retorts of Cardinal Newman. The Witness said: "The Pilgrims insulted the statue of Victor Emmanuel." Therefore a statue can be insulted.

Protestants actually set up images to represent their heroes, and they show them honor without any mingling. The very flower and cream of Protestantism used to glory in the statue of King William on College Green, Dublin; and though I cannot make any reference in print, I recollect well what a shriek they raised

The Ottawa Citizen, a Government organ, informs us that Mr. Meredith is not to enter the Dominion Cabinet. This is a subject of congratulation to both the Cabinet and the Dominion. That there should be an attempt to make party capital out of his being left out, was to be expected.

CARDINAL MANNING'S DEATH.

From the Halifax Herald of the 15th inst., we reproduce in another column Archbishop O'Brien's eloquent and graceful tribute to the memory of the departed Cardinal. To the brief but comprehensive sketch of the Cardinal's career drawn by His Grace we forbear adding any words of our own.

"The spiritual man," wrote the Apostle, "judgeth all things." Cardinal Manning was pre-eminently a spiritual man. To him nothing in this world had any real value or meaning which did not make directly or indirectly for some spiritual end.

It sparkled in his eyes, it thrilled in the accents of his voice, and breathed through all his writings. To have seen the man was to have had a living confirmation of the truth so beautifully expressed by Longfellow:

Life is real, life is earnest, And the grave is not its goal; Dust thou art, to dust returnest, Was not spoken of the soul.

For what the poet sang the Cardinal lived and acted. He had crucified his flesh with its concupiscences, until the mortal body scarce veiled from view the immortal spirit within.

Out from the depths of his spiritual nature sprang his ardent zeal for the conversion of his countrymen and the spread of the true faith. His untiring efforts in the cause of Christian education, his sympathy and loving care for the homeless and the poor, his apostolic labours in season and out of season amid that vast wilderness of sin where his lot was cast, are all to be traced to the same source.

Now is not the day, nor this the occasion, to attempt even the faintest sketch of his life-work. Some words, however inadequate, to indicate what manner of man he was, must suffice. A study of his life would be in itself a liberal education, and one well fitted to prepare

any right-minded young man for a lofty mission in the world. We need not speak of his school days at Harrow or his brilliant course at Oxford. In 1830, being then 22 years old, he graduated with first class honors, taking his B. A., and soon obtained a fellowship of Merton College.

He [the fervent priest] has lived as if by the side of his Divine Master, and, beginning and ending the day with Him, he has ordered all the hours and works of the day for His service. He has lived among his people, and their feet have worn the threshold of his door. His day comes at last, and a great sorrow is upon all homes when it is heard that the father of the flock is dying, and the last Sacraments have been given to him.

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ARCHBISHOP O'BRIEN ON CARDINAL MANNING.

A great citizen, a great churchman, the foremost Englishman of his generation has passed away. To millions on both sides of the Atlantic, to men of every race and tongue, the news of the death of Cardinal Manning comes with the keen pain of a personal loss.

death will bring regret into homes unnumbered. His fine mental culture, combined with all the best qualities of a true Christian, not the least of which was a gracious affability of manner, formed a personality at once commanding and winning.

He loved the freedom of God's Church; and hence he longed to see the shackles of the concordat broken in France. Let us hope that his gentle spirit may soon enjoy that pleasure.

His work in reclaiming the drunkard, and in promoting principles of sobriety was long and earnest and sincere. His care for the poor and his labors for their better housing are well known. Nothing that affected mentally, morally, physically or socially, was uncare for by him. To



CARDINAL MANNING.

spend and to be spent in the service of his fellow-being was the motto of his life. The world has not forgotten his work of reconciliation, and his unswerving exertions in favor of the poor dock laborers, bending beneath the weight of eighty years, charged with the administration of a great diocese, and with innumerable other calls on his time and attention, the grand old man did not hesitate to undertake a task which seemed well nigh impossible of accomplishment.

And now at the ripe old age of 84, with the love and esteem of all that is best in the world forming an aureole of glory around him, his work well done, his faith well kept, his course successfully run, he has gone to his reward. His words will no longer be heard on the platform, in the pulpit, nor will his venerable form move again among the poor of London, but his example will live, and the lessons of his life-work will actuate many yet unborn.

Of his literary work we can make no mention now. And now at the ripe old age of 84, with the love and esteem of all that is best in the world forming an aureole of glory around him, his work well done, his faith well kept, his course successfully run, he has gone to his reward.

On 15th March, 1875, he was raised to the dignity of Cardinal amid the rejoicings of English-speaking Catholics, and the hearty good will of his countrymen of all creeds. But amid all the homage he received, and with honors thickening around him, he remained the same gentle, gracious, affable character, unspelled by praise as he had been undeterred by opprobrium and contempt.

With a full consciousness of the meaning of our words, we do not hesitate to say that he was the greatest prelate of his generation, equalled by few in the past, and surpassed by none. And from his greatness as a prelate, there naturally flowed, as an effect from cause, his greatness as a citizen.

It became evident that the prelate was sinking at about 4.30 this morning. About that time, the bishop of Salford, Dr. Vaughan, who was in attendance at the bedside, said Mass for the repose of the dying cardinal's soul. It was, indeed, while the bishop was actually engaged in this solemn office that the spirit of the illustrious prelate left its earthly tenement. He remained perfectly calm and conscious to the last.

YOU CAN FOOL

All the people part of the time, and part of the people all of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time.

Abraham Lincoln's famous saying is being freely used now-a-days in Advertising. Abraham might have gone further and said:

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