

Cardinal Taschereau.

Fifty two years ago on Monday last his Eminence Cardinal Taschereau was ordained priest. For more than twenty-three years he has been a bishop, and for eight years a cardinal prince of the Church, the first in the Church in Canada. The long line of distinguished successors of the apostles which began with Mgr. Laval, first Bishop of Quebec have in him one worthy of themselves. The French in Canada have at the head of their religious system a man whose every fibre is in sympathy with them.

He was born in the little parish of Sainte Marie de la Beauce on Feb. 17th, 1820, and is thus well into his seventy-fifth year. Having completed his studies he was ordained priest September 10th, 1842, on the 10th of March, 1871, was consecrated bishop, and on the 7th of June, 1884, was invested with the cardinal's hat. His ancestors came to new France in the beginning of the last century from Touraine and almost ever since one or more members of the family have been in some way renowned amongst men.

An idea of the place held by the family in the affections of the French Canadians may be inferred from the words of another great son of the people. Speaking at a dinner tendered by the St. Jean Baptiste Society on the occasion of the Sacerdotal Jubilee of His Eminence, Mr. Laurier spoke of the trials of the French Canadians during the first century after the conquest. He called to mind many of the patriots whose names live in the memory of every patriotic man in the Province. He spoke of the labors of Papineau and Lafontaine and the work of their lives in bettering the condition of those who had suffered from injustice and tyranny. But said he, "What name is more acceptable to us than any other? Is it Papineau? Is it Lafontaine? It is not Papineau. It is not Lafontaine. They were meteors of the night. The first name to the French race in Canada is that of the noble family which in all generations for a hundred years has furnished patriots and workers who have left their stamp upon the men and events of their time; which in the beginning of this century had the honor to number among its sons a martyr to liberty in the prison of Governor Craig; which has given five judges to the magistracy, an archbishop to the Church in Canada, a Cardinal to the Universal Church. Receive, gentlemen, the glorious name of Taschereau. Receive it with respect, not alone because we have with us the most illustrious personification of this noble family, but as well because the name is the symbol of those manly virtues which have made the strongest races and the greatest nations."

Cardinal Taschereau is a pastor of souls in the old time sense. He is the father of his people, the patriarch of the French race on this continent. He was in his early years a professor, and afterwards director at Laval University, and then and since did all in his power to make that venerable institution a great seat of learning.

How far he succeeded is evidenced by the multitude of brilliant men in public life who received their training within its halls. On the occasion of his jubilee there were none who approached to do him honor whose congratulations were more sincere than were those tendered by the faculty and students of Laval. The minister in charge of the Department of Education paid glowing tribute to his work as an educationist. In this regard his Eminence expresses the gravest apprehension concerning two features of latter day existence, the spread of irreligion and the increase in the volume of immoral, cynical books. Against both he cautions the people whose interests are dear to his heart. To his advice and the efforts of his predecessors as well as to their innate love for the practice of religion, must be attributed the present religious condition of the French Canadians, a people unique in simplicity of habits and devotion to religion in a continent where ideas of material prosperity and the practice of unlimited activity all make toward the overthrow of such ascetic practices.

When the present head of the Church in Canada was still a young priest he became engaged in a work that has ever since left in his mind a fondness for a people who are not of his own race, the children of the Irish exiles. While he was yet a student he had for companion Mgr. Bernard O'Reilly. When they were young priests they labored together among the fever stricken immigrants who perished in scores on Grosbo Isle. When the red hat, the emblem of his high office, was bestowed upon the successor of Laval, his old student companion and fellow-laborer in the field of mercy himself wore the episcopal purple. He was present during the jubilee festivities two years ago. But it was when the Irish Catholic children presented addresses to his Eminence that there was revealed his tender love for the offspring of the patients of his early priesthood. In addressing them he said, "How can I listen without emotion to your kind words when I think that before my eyes stand the sons of the victims—yes, the plague-stricken victims of injustice—whom with my own hands I tended fifty years ago. They died in sorrow, but their children have survived and prospered, and fairly promise to become the bulwark of God and His Church on this Continent."

A Catholic Almanac.

The Sisters of the Precious Blood have in course of publication an almanac which should find its way into the Catholic homes of this country. Information upon every feature of Catholic life will be given. It will include several short stories, and there will be dissertations upon points of faith and doctrine by bishops and others eminent in the Church. The work will be handsomely illustrated and will no doubt find ready sale as a Christmas publication.

The *Mail* thinks the appearance of a new ghost at Orangeville is a warning to some one in the coming Cardinal election. Possibly the P.P.A. lodges have gone in for this variety of "goat."

Innocent History.

Recently in the British House of Commons a suggestion was made which indicates in how far the term "National" as applied to a school system may be a misnomer. Mr. Morley was asked whether there might not be allowed in the Irish National Schools a history of Ireland from which all references to acute differences might be eliminated. No reasonable request as this however could not be granted. Irish schools without a text book on Irish history can scarcely in a country like ours, be conceived of. Yet the people are growing up in utter ignorance of the centuries gone by for all the Government are doing to prevent it.

An innocent history of Ireland would be a work of art. At no time during the past seven centuries has there been a period when some form of oppression was not practiced upon the Irish people. Although calling the schools "Irish National" there is evident design of making the schools English.

We are not altogether without a daub from the same brush even here. Until a few years ago the study of English history predominated in our own schools, Canadian history being practically crowded into an unwelcome table of names and dates which pupils were expected to memorize without the least understanding. True, there are great lessons to be learned from English history. Much may be accomplished in the way of creating ideals in the minds of youth. But there is also much of this same in the history of the United States and in the lives of its great men of whom children in school learn nothing.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy tells of the astonishment with which he first learned that there had been great Irishmen. He was then a young man and had heard nothing of the kind in his youth. One would have expected this state of affairs to have been remedied rather than perpetuated.

Editorial Notes.

The *Globe* of Monday says:—Since Mr. J. C. Walsh became editor of THE CATHOLIC REGISTER the paper shows great improvement; it is brighter and fresher in its news columns, and its editorials are moderate in tone and marked by excellent literary workmanship.

The *Canada Presbyterian* says: "If the late Christopher Finlay Fraser were taken as a specimen of the kind of men produced by the teaching of Rome, and some of the P.P.A. leaders taken as model Protestants, the comparison would go hard with Protestantism."

Mr. Norman Murray of Montreal, sends a copy of a large poster in which he announces his intention of appealing against the judgment that imposed a fine upon him. He wants subscriptions. A Protestant, a French-Canadian and an Irish Catholic will be engaged as counsel—funds permitting, no doubt. That is a combination which should win almost anywhere. What a pity Mr. Murray's good sense in his private quarrel cannot be carried into public affairs. We repeat, it is a good combination.

Invocation to the Muse.

Written for the Register.

To-night I am waiting, am watching and longing
For one who is absent and lingering still,
The shadows are falling and memories thronging
But shadows and memories the heart never fill.
Oh! come from thy beautiful valleys afar,
Oh come from thy mountains of glory and splendor;
Nor highland nor lowland should ever detain
The lover from hearts that are faithful and tender.

Long, long have I waited; oft even hath
Lone I me
Still watching in haunts thou art wont to frequent
Shouldst thou give all thy thoughts to the joys that surround thee
While lonely thou leavest me here to lament?
Oh! come from thy islands of beauty and light,
From lakes where thou lovest to linger at glowing;
Nor watery channels, nor shades of the night
Should check thy return tho' afar thou art roaming.

Art thou nearer approaching? The darkness is falling
Her mantle more closely round even's fair form.
Must I leave with no hope of thee even be-
holding
Whom once I could meet with a hand-clasp
so warm?
Return! by thy rivers which ripple along,
Or by paths so lavished with nature's adorn-
ing;

Nor murmur of waters nor music of song
Should lead thee to look on a true heart
with scorn.

Ah true! I have alighted the ways thou
didst proffer—
E'en these have forsaken to keep twixt the
walls

Of the homely but much-trodden streets
where the collier
Is chiefest adornment, and nature-love palls.
I'm weary, and nothing can freshen the
heart

Like the balm of which Nature but knows
the soothing.
Shouldst thou scruple to lend of thy com-
fort a part
When the mother to offer her solace is
willing?

I've turned from the highway, I wait in the
valley

Where rustles the carpeting autumn hath
spread.
The purple-topped hills with the clouds
seem to dally,

And candles of Heaven appear overhead.
Then come from thy dwelling on water or
land!

Let's wander again thro' the meadows and
wild-wood!

Inspire me still with thy thoughts pure and
grand,
Dear Muse! Friend of youth and companion
of childhood.

— "Rose"

An Irish Linnet.

When Carroll asked Kate for her heart and
a hand
That contriv'd just a hundred good acres
of land,

Her lovely brown eyes
Went wild with surprise,
And her lips they shot scorn at his saucy de-
mand:

"Young Carroll Maginn,
Put the beard on your chin
And the change in your purse, if a wife you
would win."

Then Carroll made Kate his most illigant
bow,
And off to the Diggins lampooned from the
plow:

Till the beard finely grown
And the pockets full blown,
Says he, "Maybe Kate might be kind to me
now!"

So home my lad came,
Colonel Carty by name,
To try a fresh fling at his cruel ould flame.

But when Colonel Carty in splendor steps in,
For all his grand airs and great beard to his
chin,

"Och lave me alone!"
Cried Kate, with a groan.

"For my heart's in the grave wid poor Car-
roll Maginn."

"Hush sobbin' this minute,
Tis Carroll that's in it!"

I've caged you at last, thim, my wild little
linnet."

— London Spectator.

The prizes of the Solicitors' Apprentices' Debating Society, for the year 1893 '94, have just been awarded, and first honors have been scored by Mr. John F. Moriarty, of Killarney, who obtained the Gold Medal for oratory, and the McSheehy Prize for legal debate. Mr. Moriarty is apprenticed to his brother, Mr. David M. Moriarty, solicitor, of Killarney.