

## BOMB-THROWERS.

Highway robbers, burglars, pirates, common murderers, hangmen and similar characters are respectable and worthy citizens compared to the bomb-thrower. There is something so diabolical about the man who can fabricate or use one of these infernal machines that no language is sufficiently strong to characterize him. His deed is three-fold criminal—it is so because he has no provocation, no certainty of the consequences of his deed, and no power to check or curtail the effects once the fatal movement is made. He is the rankest of cowards; and society is better without cowards. He is the most inhuman of beings; and society is better without inhumanity. He is an enemy of all mankind; and society is better without concentrated egotism when it takes the form of enmity against the world. He is a viper—and vipers should be crushed: he is possessed of a devil—and the possessed must be exorcised; he is merciless, and, according to the laws of God and the laws of man, he has no right to any mercy; he has never known pity, and he cannot expect pity; in a word, the "bomb-thrower" deserves to be "hurled anywhere, anywhere, out of the world."

The bomb-thrower may imagine himself injured by some individual or other—and it is invariably pure imagination—but that does not give him even the shadow of an excuse for endangering and perhaps taking the lives of hundreds of his fellow-creatures. He considers that society is his enemy, and, as a rule, he has been one of society's favored children. The more kindness he has received from the world, the more determined he is to repay the same by declaring indiscriminate war upon mankind. What provocation had the anarchist Vaillant to do the deed that he performed in the Chamber of Deputies? Absolutely none. It is true that no one was killed; but that was not his fault. He did his utmost to perpetrate a number of murders, and he tried hard to take the lives of innocent, unsuspecting people, who neither injured him or even knew him. What provocation had the fellow who shattered the inside of that Parisian restaurant? None in the world. He knew when he threw the bomb that the result was likely to be fatal to a number of persons present; and these were people who were neither public officials nor representative in any sense. In fact they were entire strangers to the fiend. What provocation had the two men who entered the boarding-house on the Rue Saint-Jacques and quietly placed a bomb on the mantel-piece of a bedroom and coolly walked out, leaving the infernal machine to do its work of death upon unsuspecting, unoffending and simple-mannered people of that house? None at all. There is no excuse, there can be none, for such men. They are more dangerous to society than were the wolves, in early years, to the settlers on this continent; and a price was set on the head of a wolf. God certainly created these men, but the devil just as certainly has taken entire possession of them. No law can be too severe on them; no execution too prompt.

While the bomb-thrower is the most calculating of scoundrels, in one sense, he has the least calculation in another one. He goes to work, in cold blood, and calmly prepares his instrument of death; he selects his opportunity with the utmost skill and deliberation; and he goes about his work with every chance and every detail fully calculated. But he never calculates the probable consequences to others; he never takes into consideration the number of innocent, unoffending, unsuspecting crea-

tures that he may hurl into eternity, or leave maimed and disfigured for life. In the next place, he is unable to calculate the extent of damage that he may cause—even were he willing to reflect upon the matter. These facts alone should suffice to render the bomb-fiend most terrible in the eyes of society and should whet the sword of justice against him.

There is, however, another phase to this question which is of great importance. Once the bomb-demon throws his machine, or else leaves it in a locality, he has no longer any power to check the operation of destruction; even though he were suddenly to repent and wish to arrest the terrible instrument of death in its work, he is no longer able to do so. He has started that which he cannot stop; he has set a trap that he cannot prevent from being sprung. It is probable that he does not take this into consideration; or if he does, it only proves that he has a heart of adamant and the character of Satan. It is becoming a question of great moment how governments are to deal with these anarchists. Of course each nation would be glad if its particular government would decree the expulsion of such enemies from the land; but that would be merely sending them to some other country and, perhaps, receiving an exchange of criminals in the form of that of another country's bomb-throwers. It seems to us that Mr. Asquith's remarks in the British House of Commons are very wise and timely. It is no use for the government legislating the expulsion of these characters; it is its place to legislate for the entire crushing out of them, right there and then. It is evidently a war to the bitter end between the State and Society on the one side, and these anarchists of the extreme type, on the other. If the State and Society do not crush them they will inevitably crush the State and Society.

Next to strong legislation and merciless execution of the law, it seems to us the greatest safeguard of the world is in proper education and good, sound, moral literature. Vaillant became a bomb-thrower from reading Herbert Spencer's mad theories; thousands of these light-brained characters become—in their own minds—predestined heroes, simply on account of the immoral and infidel works over which they pour for years. Even as the famous "dime novel," now happily a thing of the past, was the cause of thousands of young lives being ruined and fine careers blasted, so the evil literature of this decade is calculated to create candidates for the madhouse and victims for the gallows. In presence of these outrages and the likelihood of many repetitions of them, it is time for all serious men to pause and for the world to ponder. It is high time that measures should be taken to suppress the infidel and immoral works of the age, and to encourage pure, Christian, soul-elevating and God-fearing works. Authors, who give their lives to serious study and utilize their knowledge for the benefit of mankind, should be encouraged by the public and by the authorities that govern. Pure and elevating journalism should receive a support in proportion to the good it is likely to produce and the evils it is calculated to crush. If we had less unsound books we would have less bomb-throwers. Surely it is time for Society to be up and doing; it is better to prevent crime than to have to punish it, when irreparable wrong is done.

Visitor: That painting is by an old master, I see. Mrs. M'Shoddie apologetically: Y-e-s; but the frame is new.

Teacher: Define quartz. Milkman's son, who is rather absent-minded: Pint and a half.

## OBITUARY.

MISS MARY EDITH SMITH.

On February 14th, at her father's residence, No. 78 Durocher street, passed away, at the early age of seventeen years and four months, a sweet and gentle girl, Mary Edith Smith. She was the beloved daughter of our esteemed and highly respected fellow-citizen, Charles F. Smith, Esq. Long and lingering was the illness from which the young lady suffered. She had been touched by the cold hand of consumption and gradually but painfully did she sink, until it seemed as if she were actually vanishing by degrees before the eyes of those who so well loved her. We understand that the medical men had given up all hope of saving her life some months ago; but her father actually nursed along, protecting her in a marvellous manner from the breath of the fell destroyer. The last short space of her life and her final departure recalls to mind that most touching of pictures, described by Richard Dalton Williams, in his imperishable poem, "The Dying Girl":

"Well, she smil'd and chatted gayly,  
Tho' we saw in mute despair  
The hectic brighter daily,  
And the death dew on her hair.

"When our kindly glances met her,  
Deadly brilliant was her eye,  
And she said that she was better,  
While we knew that she must die.

"I stood beside the couch in tears,  
Where pale and calm she slept,  
And tho' I've gazed on death for years,  
I blush not that I wept."

There is something pathetic in such a close to so young a life—it is like the plucking of the lily before it has fully expanded, like the shattering of a model before it has been completed. There is a sadness that seems too sacred for strangers to intrude. We will not break in upon the grief with any cold expressions; we will simply extend our sincere sympathy to those in sorrow and pray with the Church for the repose of her soul.

THE LATE MR. RICHARD LENNEN.

It is with deep regret that we learn of the death of our esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. Richard Lennen. The sad event took place at the Notre Dame Hospital on Monday. Some time ago, on account of failing health, Mr. Lennen sought a milder climate, but the fell malady, to which he succumbed, had done its deadly work and death seems to have enthroned himself in the system of one of the best-hearted, truest and most promising Irish Catholic young men of this city. The news will bring grief to the hearts of his many and warm friends, and all his relatives have our heartfelt sympathy. He was an active member of several patriotic, literary and Catholic organizations. Anything that tended towards the elevation of our race and the enlarging of that circle of influence which it possesses, found ready co-operation in Mr. Lennen. He not only laid down Catholic and patriotic precepts, but he preached them still more powerfully by his example and untiring energy in every good cause. Over his grave many a tear of regret will be shed and we know how much he will be missed by his host of friends. He was once president of the Young Irishmen's L. & B. Society, and a former secretary of the Shamrock Amateur Athletic Association. Cut off in the prime of life, still he has left behind him a record of honor and truthfulness that will be ever cherished by all who knew him or came within the circle of his influence. May his soul rest in peace is our fervent prayer, and may his reward be great in eternity.

MR. T. J. CROWE.

On Saturday last took place the funeral of the late Mr. Timothy J. Crowe, cousin of the vice-president of the Shamrock A. A. Association. He was ailing for a long time, and at last death relieved him from his sufferings and secured for him the reward of a well spent and useful Catholic life. He was a young man of good talents and fine promise. He was a pupil of Brother Arnold, and, like all the boys whom that venerable teacher has trained, he went into the world well equipped for life's battle. But it pleased Divine Providence to cut short his career on earth, and in bowing to that Supreme Will he proved his true Christian spirit and noble character. We extend our sympathy to all his friends in the hour of their sorrow and add the words of the Church: "May he rest in peace."

## ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

THE ENGLISH ACADEMY'S ENTERTAINMENT.

On Sunday afternoon the members of the English Academy of St. Mary's (Jesuit) College held their usual meeting, to which the members of the French Academy, the reverend professors and directors of the College and the members of the Catholic Truth Society, as well as several prominent citizens, were invited. The occasion was the inauguration of the new and magnificent library of the College.

The event was celebrated by a lecture delivered by Mr. J. K. Foran, Editor of the TRUE WITNESS, on the "History of Two Colleges." The lecture took in the story of the old Jesuit College of Quebec, which was built in 1635, and was the oldest educational institution on this continent, and the present College on Bleury Street, which was opened in 1851. The object of the lecturer was to point out to the students how they now enjoy the fruits of that seed which was sown in the pioneer days by early missionaries, and which took root in a soil dampened by the blood of Jesuit martyrs.

The President of the Academy, Mr. Thomas Walsh, both at the opening and at the close, spoke in most happy terms and gave evidence of fine tact and a splendid command of language. The proposer and seconder of the vote of thanks, M. Thomas McMahon and T. D. McGee, acquitted themselves most creditably of the duties that fell to their share. As the mover has usually more prominence than the seconder of a motion, it may not be out of place to remark that Mr. McMahon's effort was really a masterly one. It was evidently *impromptu*, because all his remarks arose naturally from the subject of the lecture that had just been delivered, and his appreciation of the different points was most highly critical—that is to say, critical in the proper sense; taking the cream of the subject, he rapidly condensed it and reimpresed the most important facts and arguments upon the minds of the pupils. There is much and great things to be expected in the future from such young men, and they are a credit to the College and to their Academy.

The President of the French Academy, Mr. Edmond Brossard, spoke in a few choice and appropriate words the gratification of its members on being present, and expressed the hope that the lecturer would some day favor his Academy with an address in French.

On the whole the inauguration of the new library was an event in the history of the College and one that will long be remembered by all who were present.

## ST. ANTHONY'S PARISH.

Mr. E. F. Casey, at one time bass soloist at St. Patrick's, has been appointed leader of the choir. The appointment is an excellent one.

Miss M. Donovan, a talented musician, has also been placed in the position of organist.

## HOW MANY SOULS ARE LOST.

Seasonable and to the point are the remarks which we find attributed to Mr. Anthony Comstock. It is a sad picture of the havoc among souls transpiring every day. "Thousands of youths," he says, "every year are turned aside from paths of virtue and honesty by the assaults that are made upon the citadel of thought through criminal and obscene publications. The editor who makes his stock in trade the highly sensational details of loathsome crimes, in my judgment is the seed-sower from whose scattering much of this demoralization results."

## GOOD IN HARD TIMES.

These times help us to find out the value of our friends. Husbands and wives come nearer in sympathy as they face a common trial. Many a wife during these months has banished the shadow of care from her husband's face by showing him how bravely she is ready to face poverty with him, says an exchange. Children who have thought of their parents too much as simply sources of supply are finding new satisfaction in making and carrying out plans to help the family. It is a great thing to value anew our resources, to estimate the wealth of our health and love and faith and experience apart from money, and to find that we are still rich.