

persons whose only crime is to have made a little more of that money which he is writing for and playing the blather-skite to make himself. There is something courageous—if even it be insane—in the real bombthrower, compared to the cowardly creature that hides in a London tenement and sends forth his heartless and illogical appeals to men whose brains are too light to grasp the fact that they are the dupes of the cunning and miserly editor of the anti-social publication.

Karl Blind, in an article on "Anarchism Old and New," in the current number of the Pall Mall Magazine, gives an apt quotation from Proudhon that is the embodiment, in a refined expression, of the anarchist's first principle. In his "Confessions of a Revolutionist," the notorious Proudhon said: "Whosoever puts his hand upon me, in order to govern me, is a usurper, a tyrant; and I declare myself his enemy." Thereby he declares himself the enemy of his own father, of his teacher, of the government of the day, of the judges, the juries, the law, and also the enemy of God. It would be easy for us to reduce this false principle to its logical conclusion and to prove it the source of all the attempts at reducing order to chaos that are so deplorable in our day. But we prefer to allow another revolutionist, a socialist of the first order, the notorious Louis Blanc, to refute the principle of his friend Proudhon. Said Louis Blanc: "I, too, am, of course, the enemy of usurpation. But how, if there is no law and well-ordered government, am I to hinder a man who is stronger than myself from becoming a tyrant over me?" Here, in a few words, is the assertion of the liberty of man, and the absolute necessity of government and order, power and authority, for the purpose of securing and guaranteeing that liberty.

We are not a little surprised that such publications are permitted to flourish in England. It is merely the making of bombs upon British soil, for the use of the mad men beyond the channel. The Daily News boasts that there is no English Anarchism; perhaps not; but decidedly England fosters and feeds a foreign anarchism, and the sooner she gets rid of it the better for herself and for the world.

ILLUSTRATED ANTI-ROMANISM.

A friend from Nova Scotia has sent us a beautiful specimen of illustrated anti-Popery, in the form of an A. P. A. circular that has been issued for the purpose of advertising a work entitled "Errors of Romanism." It is a unique production, and if the book it announces is in accordance with the sheet before us, it certainly will be one of the most convincing evidences possible of the sublimity of Catholic doctrine and the utter narrowness, vileness and un-Christian spirit of those poor creatures who seek to play upon the passions that men participate with the brutes in order to insult the dignity of that glorious intelligence which each one derives from God. "The Alarming Encroachments of Romanism demand that every Lover of Freedom possess and study this book." Now what is this book said to contain?

Apparently the political and religious peril of the country is pointed out in the form of an "indictment of Popery, and a full exposition of the Black Art of Jesuitical Diplomacy." This terrible work of the dreaded magicians is explained in the Jesuit's Oath. For the fun of it we will reproduce this so-called oath from the circular; it is so audacious that it provokes a smile and so ridiculous that, where it is not seriously

intended, it would create a degree of amusement. Here is the fearful oath of the Jesuits:

"* * "I do furthermore promise and declare that I will, when opportunity presents, make and wage relentless war, secretly or openly, against all heretics, Protestants and liberals, as I am directed to do; to extirpate them from the face of the whole earth; and that I will spare neither age, sex or condition, and that I will hang, burn, waste, boil, flay, strangle and bury alive these infamous heretics; rip up the stomachs and wombs of their women, and crush their infants' heads against the walls, in order to annihilate their execrable race. That when the same cannot be done openly, I will secretly use the poisonous cup, the strangulating cord, the steel of the poniard, or the leaden bullet, regardless of the honor, rank, dignity or authority of the person or persons, whatever may be their conditions in life, either public or private, as I at any time may be directed so to do by any agent of the Pope or Superior of the Brotherhood of the Holy Father of the Society of Jesus." * * *

This is illustrated by a double engraving; on one side is a priest behind a grating hearing the confession of a poor woman, on the other side a priest, without any separation from his penitent, listening to the story of a richly dressed lady.

We will skip the illustrations—or rather vulgar and blackguard caricatures—of internal convent life, of the administration of the various sacraments, the blessing of the nuptial bed, of drunken monks, chained nuns, and a hundred such like demoniac imaginary scenes. Taking the last page of the circular, we would be almost tempted to reproduce it were it not that we might shock too much the feelings of some of our readers. It begins by informing us that "Rome's Rule is Ruin;" that the "results of Romanism are Illiteracy, Illegitimacy and Crime." The book intends proving that "the sufferings and martyrdom of the early Christians" were due to "Popish persecution and all its horrible details." This is quite refreshing. Probably St. Peter—being the first Pope—was in league with the Roman Emperor to overthrow Christianity and destroy the first Christians. It is also likely that he had a hand in driving the early Christians into the catacombs. But we will drop joking. On the last page is another double illustration; on one side is the playground of a public school, with a lot of lads running after a football and the master joining in the sport; on the other side is the interior of a school recreation ground, with a few poor, thin, miserable specimens of humanity sitting in corners, cringing before a couple of priests that look at them through a window, and bowing in presence of a huge prelate, who seems to be about five feet four in height and four feet five in diameter, dressed in pontifical robes, carrying the Jesuits' beads, wearing a tiara, and to all appearance, like the Lord High Chancellor in "Mikado," representing in his person a monk, a priest, a bishop and a Pope. Behind this strangely dressed dignitary is a chapel, with the door open, two urchins hugging each other on the altar steps, while a third is taking a plunge into a holy-water font. Beneath this queer picture is an announcement that the Jesuits run Washington, that a Cabinet minister confesses the responsibility of Rome for the Pollard-Brackenridge case, and that the departmental clerks are poor on account of all the money that nuns extort from them.

It is unnecessary for us to go into any further description of this circular. It is the herald of a book; the book is the production of some perverted or insane minds; and the whole is palmed off on the honest Protestant public as an argument in favor of some anti-Catholic movement. We repeat that it is so

abominably ridiculous on the very face of it that no serious person could do otherwise than despise the spirit that dictates such trash. Still there is a lesson in all this that we should learn and that our Protestant friends should take to heart.

Poor and hollow must be the pretensions of any organization that can stoop to such methods of religious (or rather anti-religious) propaganda. If ever the grandeur of Catholicity shone forth upon our continent it surely is in this closing decade of the nineteenth century; and the puny efforts of distracted bigots to create a prejudice against the Faith of ages and against the adherents of that Faith, bring the true elements into such a striking contrast that in the inverse ratio of the Church's glorification is the degradation of her enemies in the minds of all honest men.

We are not sorry that these people go to such extremes, for they thereby destroy any effect that their work might be calculated to produce. Rather do we rejoice, for we behold in all these low, irrational and degrading appeals a guarantee of a greater respect for our Church and her principles on the part of all fair-minded and Christian-spirited members of other denominations. If Protestantism has sunk so low that it requires these men to advocate and push its cause, then we see the fatal writing upon the wall of Protestant success. But we are confident that no Christian—no matter what his denomination may be—can possibly read the works of the class referred to without feeling an instinctive contempt for the men who make use of such instruments and a corresponding admiration for that ancient Church which has weathered the storms of centuries and is as powerful, as infallible, and as glorious to-day, as she was when Christ first handed the keys to St. Peter. All unwittingly these poor creatures are working out the designs of Divine Providence; they are illustrating the weakness of their cause as compared with the stability and permanency of the Church that they vilify. Of all this evil some good may yet come. But when their caricatures are forgotten, their blackguardism a thing of the past, the Church will still be triumphant, riding grandly over the billows of time, and entering the haven of that eternal rest which the Founder of Christianity has promised to all her faithful children.

JUST A THOUGHT.

Col. Bob Ingersoll considers that man is almost a deity and that with sufficient development of his faculties and a sufficient lapse of time, as well as sufficient of many other requisites, he can command the universe. It is very true that were man possessed of sufficient power he would be omnipotent; that is axiomatic. It is also true that the results of human power have been most wonderful. In fact were our forefathers to awaken from their graves and to behold the world as it exists to-day they would not believe their own senses. By study, application and genius man has succeeded in scaling mountains, traversing prairies, spanning rivers, binding continent to continent, doing away almost with the obstacles that the ocean presented to intercourse between hemispheres, placing fleet steamers on the bosom of the deep and an electric cable along its bed. Man has grasped the very lightning of heaven and chained them to his chariot to speed along the avenues of our cities, or to convey thoughts with the rapidity of a flash over thousands of miles of space. Yes; wonderful are the works of man!

Man can build an engine; but can he

create the metal for the construction? He can seize the electric fluid; but can he supply that fluid if it had no existence? Yet with all his power, talent, knowledge and genius there is one simple thing that man cannot do. On the confines of the material he stops, and once he enters the realm of the spiritual he becomes powerless. Let us suppose that all the wisdom of the ages, all the talents of the greatest men of the centuries, and all the genius of the human race, were combined in one man, and that his stupendous power were multiplied by a million times; yet that man, with all his gifts, could not stop one thought from flashing through our mind. He could kill us, perhaps, but even then he could not prevent us from conceiving a last thought; and even having destroyed our life, he becomes still more impotent, for he cannot follow the soul beyond the limits of the mortal, nor can he prevent it from thinking for all eternity. He may have the power to imprison, to chain, to coerce our bodies, to forbid us to entertain special thoughts; yet he is unable, absolutely unable, to prevent a thought from rising in our mind. Until man is able to perform that feat Mr. Ingersoll need not boast of human omnipotence.

What is our mind? It is simply a breath of God. If, then, the great atheist is totally unable to check that mind in any way, completely powerless when trying to prevent that mind from thinking, how, in the name of all reason, can he expect to destroy, to wipe out, to efface the Creator, the God of whom that mind is only a breath? If he must acknowledge his impotence in presence of a mere creature, how much more confounded should he not be in presence of the Creator? It is all very well for materialists to boast their knowledge and their power; but when it comes down to a fine point, and they are brought to the great test, they inevitably stand dumbfounded and are obliged to admit their ignorance and their dependence upon a power which they will not recognize, but which their very lives continually prove. The atheist of our day is a rare bird; we doubt if there really exists one. Men may take a pride in proclaiming their atheism, they may imagine that they are doing something great, they may strive to make themselves believe that they disbelieve; but, in the quiet of life, in the solitary moments of serious reflection, above all, in the hour when the icy clutch of inevitable fate comes on, we doubt very much if there exists a man who can honestly say—and feel that he is saying the truth—"there is no God."

CONCERT AT THE SAILORS' CLUB

Thursday's concert at the Sailors' Club was one of the most enjoyable of the season. The hall was crowded with sailors and citizens, and everyone enjoyed the excellent music, singing, etc. Mr. R. B. Milloy was in his usual good form. A large number of citizens came especially to hear Miss Milloy, who it was expected would contribute to the evening's entertainment. This talented young lady, however, was unavoidably obliged to postpone her appearance until next week. The great favorite of the evening was Mr. Burke, of the S.S. Lake Huron, whose very clever songs and recitations earned for him five encores; his recitations particularly were received with acclamation. The following ladies and gentlemen contributed to the programme: Miss Holts, Miss Wheeler, Miss Long and Miss M. A. Lawlor, Messrs. J. Dodd, Breen, Burk, Greenwood, Parks, R. B. Milloy, Murray and Carpenter. Mr. H. Singleton presided.

Teacher: "Now, remember, that in order to become a proficient vocalist you must have patience." Miss Fipki: "es, and so must my next door neighbour."