



PROCLAMATION

OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS, Patron of Catholic Schools. LEO XIII., POPE.

In Perpetual Remembrance.

(From the N. Y. Freeman's Journal.)

It is a custom at once founded on nature and approved by the Catholic Church, to seek the patronage of men celebrated for their sanctity and the examples of those who have excelled in, or attained, perfection of some kind so as to imitate them.

Now, as the study of his doctrines has in our day everywhere increased numerous requests have been made to have him assigned by this Apostolic See as the Patron of all Colleges, Academies and Schools throughout the Catholic world.

It was deemed advisable to defer satisfying the ardor of these prayers and supplications, that they might increase in number; but the opportunity of this declaration appeared after the publication made last year, on the same day, in our Encyclical Letter on the Restoration in Catholic Schools of Christian Philosophy according to the spirit of the Angelic Doctor, St. Thomas Aquinas.

We, then, who have for a long time earnestly desired to see all schools flourish under the protection and patronage of so excellent a Master, in view of the formal and so striking manifestation of a general wish, deem that the time has come for adding this new honor to the immortal glory of Thomas Aquinas.

No, here is the chief and a summary of the reasons by which we are actuated: it is that St. Thomas is the most perfect model Catholic can propose to themselves in the various branches of science. In him, indeed, are centered all the lights of heart and mind which justly command imitation; a learning most profound, most pure, and perfectly ordered; a respect for faith and an admirable harmony with divinely revealed truth; integrity of life and the splendor of the most exalted virtues.

His learning is so vast that, like a sea it contains all the wisdoms that come down from the ancients. He not only fully understood everything that was said of truth, everything that was wisely discussed by Pagan philosophers, by the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, by the superior men who flourished before his time, but he added to it, completed it, classified it with such perspicuity of mind such perfection of method and such propriety of terms, that he seems to have left his successors nothing save the faculty of imitating him while depriving them of the possibility of equalling him.

There is also to be considered; that his doctrine, being formed and, as it were, armed with principles of wisdom of application, meets all the necessities, not of one period alone, but of all times, and it is fully calculated to overcome the errors that are continually cropping up. Sustained by its own power and its own worth, it is invincible and strikes its adversaries with the greatest alarm.

We must appreciate, none the less, especially in the judgment of Christians, the perfect accord of reason and faith. Indeed, the holy Doctor demonstrates with evidence that truths of the natural order cannot be in discord with truths accepted upon the word of God; that, consequently, to follow and to practise the Christian faith is not a humiliating and despicable debasement of reason, but a noble obedience which sustains the mind and raises it to grander heights; finally, that reason and faith both come from God, not to be in opposition to each other, but that, being united together by a bond of friendship, they may materially assist each other.

time men began to sow the seeds of a liberty exceeding all law and limit, which has led human reason to repudiate openly all divine authority and to seek in philosophy for weapons wherewith to undermine and combat all religious truths.

Finally, if the angelic doctor is great in wisdom he is none the less so in virtue and in sanctity. Now, virtue is the best preparation for the exercise of the powers of the mind and for the acquisition of wisdom; those who neglect it falsely imagine they have acquired a solid and fruitful wisdom, because "wisdom will not enter into a malicious soul, nor dwell in a body subject to sins." (Wis. 1, 4.) This preparation of the soul, which proceeds from virtue, existed in St. Thomas not only to an excellent and eminent degree, but in such a manner that it merited to be divinely marked by a striking sign. Indeed, having come out victorious over a very strong voluptuous temptation, this most chaste youth was permitted by God, as a reward for his courage, to wear a mysterious cincture around his loins; and, at the same time, to experience an entire extinction of the fire of concupiscence. Thenceforth he lived like one exempt from all contagion of the flesh, and could be compared to angelic spirits no less for his innocence than for his genius.

For these reasons, we deem the angelic doctor in every respect worthy to be chosen the patron of all students. And in cheerfully pronouncing this judgment, we do so with the idea that the patronage of this most great and holy man will be most effective in the restoration of philosophical and theological studies, to the great advantage of society. For, as soon as Catholic schools shall have placed themselves under the direction and tutelage of the angelic doctor, we shall see the easy progress of true wisdom, drawn from sure principles and developing itself in a rational order. Pure doctrines will beget pure morals both in public and private life, and good morals will result in the salvation of nations, in good order, peace and tranquillity.

Those who devote themselves to sacred sciences, so violently attacked in our day, will find in the works of St. Thomas the means for fully demonstrating the foundations of the Christian faith, of enforcing supernatural truths and of victoriously defending our most holy religion against the criminal assaults of her enemies. All human sciences will understand that they will not, on that account, be interfered with or retarded in their onward march; but, on the contrary, stimulated and increased. As for reason, all causes for dissension having disappeared, it will return to friendship with faith, and will take it for a guide in the search after truth. Finally, all men thirsting after knowledge, fashioned after the example and precepts of so grand a teacher, will accustom themselves to a careful preparation for study by integrity of morals, and they will not pursue that knowledge which, separated from charity, puffs up minds and leads them astray, but that which "proceeding from the Father of Lights and the Master of Sciences" leads back to Him.

We have been pleased, also, to ask the advice of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, upon the subject, and their unanimous opinion being fully in accord with our wishes, by virtue of our supreme authority, for the glory of Almighty God and the honor of the Angelic Doctor, for the increase of learning and the common advantage of human society, we declare St. Thomas the Angelic Doctor, the Patron of Catholic Universities, Academies, Faculties and Schools, and we desire that he be by all regarded, venerated and honored as such. It is understood, however, that nothing is changed for the future in the honors and rank given to Saints whom Academies or Faculties may have selected as special patrons.

Given at Rome, near St. Peter's under the Fisherman's Ring, on the 4th day of August, 1880, and of our Pontificate the third.

THOMAS CARD. MARELLI, Secretary of Apostolic Rites.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

The Richmond Catholic Visitor publishes the following beautiful letter from H. E. Cardinal Newman.

To the Catholic Young Men's National Union, United States of America:

My Dear Friends,—I wish I knew how duly to express my sense of the great honor that you have done me by the request you have passed upon my life and writings, and by the congratulations with which you have accompanied it.

But there are acts of kindness so special that to attempt to acknowledge them worthily is almost to be unworthy of them. Such it has been my happiness to receive from various quarters on the great occasion which has given me yours, and each of them has had its distinctive claim upon my grateful and lasting remembrance.

For yourselves, it has touched me especially, and made me very proud, that, severed as I am from you in place, in nation and in age, you should have greeted me with that genuine personal interest and that warm sympathy, which is the best privilege enjoyed by an old and familiar friend.

Scene in the British Parliament

MINISTERS DENOUNCE THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

That ever active Mr. Parnell.

LONDON, September 3.—The House of Lords to-night adopted the Burials Bill and the Employers' Liability Bill, as re-amended by the Commons.

Mr. O'Connor will move to omit from the Appropriation Bill the item of £32,000 for salaries in the House of Lords.

To-night Mr. Parnell introduced his amendment, adding clauses of the Registration Bill to the Appropriation Bill. Mr. Forster, while opposing the amendments, blamed the Lords severely for their contemptuous treatment of the Registration Bill.

Sir Stafford Northcote rose to reply, and said he must enter his emphatic protest against the expressions used regarding the House of Lords, to which, coming from a Minister of the Crown, he had listened to with amazement and regret.

On Motion to go into committee on the Appropriation Bill, Mr. Parnell's amendment was rejected by 53 to 23.

The amendment moved by Mr. Dillon, tacking the Compensation for Disturbances Bill on to the Appropriation Bill, was rejected by 60 to 18.

In Committee, a debate arose on Mr. O'Connor's amendment throwing out the item for salaries in the House of Lords.

Sir Vernon Harcourt, Home Secretary, said Lord Redesdale had indicated that the House of Lords had rejected the Registration Bill to save the seat of a Tory Member.

The amendment was rejected by 181 to 18, and the Appropriation Bill then passed. Mr. Callan, Home Ruler, in a speech on local grievances, spoke of infidel members of the House, and of intolerant ignorant Presbyterians.

SPEECH OF A NATIONALIST

What Dr. Quinn, of Belfast, said.

At a demonstration held at Barrow, Ireland, on the 14th August, Dr. Quinn, the chairman, said:—

Did the majority of the Irish people comprehend the meaning of Home Rule, they would rise in their wrath against it. For few recognise the fact that Home Rule means a sub-legislative assembly sitting in Dublin, making laws under the shadow of the Castle and a British Viceroy; without army, without navy, without a single one of the safeguards which nations deem indispensable to their liberties.

Moreover, it would be a sub-assembly which England could at any moment quash and extinguish provided it came in contact with her superior pretensions and greater powers. (Loud cheers.) The majority of Home Rulers have a vague idea that Home Rule means, or will lead to repeal or separation. But Home Rule never means, and never can mean, thatism which even the least intelligent man can comprehend—Nationalism.—(applause)—Ireland for the Irish, Ireland a nation. This, gentlemen, is an "ism" which England will never grant until Ireland forces it; till England, according to Mr. Froude, "has been beaten to her knees." I was in New York when that Englishman delivered his series of lectures upon our country. England will never yield us Home Rule or Independence till "she has been beaten to her knees," and I assure you, my fellow-countrymen, you will never beat her to her knees by demonstrations, by talk, by banners, by resolutions, by Parliamentary obstructions, by any means under Heaven, save one.—(Loud applause.) "But your talk is of war, of revolution," cries out some moral force Home Ruler. "You are rather premature, my friend," I reply. My observations and conclusions are simply historical and logical. God forbid that I should imitate the language of some gentlemen of the Land League, and try to force a premature rebellion. I would wish to see Ireland

BYER READY FOR BATTLE, but I also hope to see her win her liberty, as might the volunteers, without the loss of one drop of blood; but, if blood must be spilt, well.—(Cheers.) England now knows that there is, as somebody says "smouldering civil war" in Ireland. England—baffled and beaten and laughed at—chooses to lose her prestige in Afghanistan, where Ayob Khan "licked" her, without demonstration, banners, or Home Rule speeches. (Cheers.) Why? Because she knows that in the impending and inevitable European war she must take part; that Ireland would not then be a thorn in her side, but a dagger in her

heart. Therefore she strives to goad Ireland into rebellion by sending soldiers and bullets instead of compensation bills to the West.

She longs—oh, how eagerly—to seize her by the throat and strangle her before the terrible day of retribution comes. Thus Ireland will be rendered powerless and prostrate, trampled, swooning in her own blood; she would be unable to strike the tyrant to the earth. Terror would have seized men's souls, and our claims would be postponed for twenty years. Oh, Irishmen, be on your guard! Let not your impetuosity provoke you into retaliation. Take a lesson from that tiger, the English Government, which lies in wait for its prey days, weeks, months, eye, years, in order to make the spring more certain, more deadly.

(Cheers.) Gentlemen of the Home Rule Associations of Great Britain, organize, educate, read. Do whatever you will as regards registration and Parliamentary action, provided you make it an imperative condition that every member under forty-five shall possess a rifle and primer. (Laughter and applause.) Remember the nearer you are to the centre of the bull's eye the nearer you are to the accomplishment of genuine Home Rule. (Laughter.) Even if you didn't hit the bull's-eye, you might be able to kill the "cow in the next field," and meat in those hard times is so expensive that, if we could obtain the animal, we would probably have the stray marksman as a good shot. (Laughter and cheers.) Let our young men not forget to take lessons in the rapier. The exercise is admirable, and imparts a grace to the figure that charms the eyes of the young ladies. Let them be adepts in all the manly arts, running, boxing, stone-throwing and swimming. Let them read and study; avoid all party association (for the Orange men are our brethren, though ignorant); and never forget that temperance will crown the whole. Above all, let them concentrate their attention upon one grand aim—the redemption of their native land—

IRELAND A NATION. (Loud cheers.) Yes, Ireland a nation is a sentiment that rises to every lip and thrills the hearts of millions of our countrymen who are scattered over the world. Our beautiful Ireland, with its ancient and magnificent history, is too great to be the handmaid of any other Power. Two thousand years before England had emerged from barbarism, Ireland had her poets, her legislators, her parliaments. Contemporaneous with Egypt in her high and early civilization, before Solomon had built the Temple of Jerusalem, before Athens had risen to her marvellous splendor, under Pericles, Ireland was a nation, great and renowned. (Hear, hear.) Among the very earliest to embrace the Divine religion, her children became the missionaries of Europe, the teachers of the Saxon hordes, and bearers of the Christian Doctrine to every land and every people, the evangelists and illuminators of the earth. What need to name the host of wondrous men she has given to the Senate of the bar, to the pulpit, to the State? But it is in the battlefield that her genius has shown out most pre-eminent and glorious. From the Battle of Clontarf to the days of the gallant O'Neills and Sarsfields—(cheers)—on to '98, '48, and '95, where is the "slave so lowly" as not to feel that his ancient and proud country can sink to the level of a province—to the rule of a few whom our forefathers ever despised, and often scourged. (Loud applause.) Is our country, so rich, so lovely, so fertile, with resources unbounded, with women so pure and men so gallant, ever to remain the footstool of the

DESCENDANTS OF ROBBERS, and of beggary, nay, bastard aristocracy? (No, no, and cheers.) Is the Ireland of Tone, of the Emmetts, of Fitzgerald, of Meagher, Smith O'Brien and Mitchell—(applause)—to remain for all time the hickspittle of her despisers? Are our people to be for ever trampled and robbed, and when landlordism has done its worst, and most our children be clothed in rags, and sent gentlemen around the world to beg for Indian meal? Ay, worse! Are many of them to remain absolutely naked, as has been proven, and go down to the grave amidst the ravings of hunger and want? Remember, oh my country, that one million and a half of our unfortunate wretches perished in the famine of '47, and remember that the guilt lies at the door of our oppressed accursed oppressors! Remember, too, the bishops have testified that the scenes of '47, and worse, would have been repeated but for the efforts of noble Parnell and the charity of the world! My God! Ireland ever a beggar, and her children made to appear the offshoots of the earth! Ireland seeks no revenge. No; nothing but justice. But the vengeance of the Almighty is on the track of her persecutors. (Applause.) They by whose bloody hands our people have suffered so long—so enduringly—will assuredly be soon chastened; and when that perilous hour comes upon our enemies every true Irishman will be up and doing—will strive that his country be no longer the scoff and scorn of aristocracy—every true Irishman will rise in his might, and swear before the throne of heaven that come what may Ireland must and shall be a nation. (Loud applause.)

NEVER-FAILING SUCCESS.—MRS. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP is a certain remedy for all diseases with which children are afflicted during the process of teething. It has stood the test for thirty years. Never known to fail. Gives rest to the mother and relief to the child. Cures wind colic and regulates the bowels. 3-4

STARTING UP IN SLEEP IS A SURE sign of worm trouble. There is no hesitancy in using BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMBIS. Remember, if there be worms thereabout, they will destroy them. Worms are the cause of many infantile ailments. Price, 25 cents a box. 3-2

Burning of the Marine City.

FULL PARTICULARS OF THE LAKE HURON HORROR.

A Canadian's Story.

The steamer Marine City was burned off Alpena, on Lake Huron, about 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon. She had a large number of passengers, most of whom were rescued by the tugs Vulcan and Grayling. The exact loss of life is not known, but the latest estimates place the number at eighteen. Most of the survivors came to Bay City from Alpena on the Metropolis, a few remaining at Alpena and Alpena.

WILLIAM A KING, of St. Catharines, Ont., who has been engaged in getting out ties at Cheboygan for the Detroit & Butler Railroad, was a passenger. He was smoking in the bar-room at the time the Marine City left Alpena. In the room at the time were Messrs. Cady, Cole and another. Mr. King remarked, "The boat is on fire—small smoke." It was about twenty minutes after the steamer had backed out from the dock and headed on her course. He went aft, finding it difficult to go through the smoke, but groping his way at to the after cabin stairs, he proceeded to the hurricane deck at the stern. The crew were throwing water with pails about the smoke stack. The water had no effect. Mr. King picked up the hose, but the fire at that time had shut off the engine and it was useless. The crew still labored drawing up water with ropes attached to the palls. It being observed that the flames increased, Mr. King urged the crew to launch the boats. There were no passengers at the after hurricane deck that Mr. King could see. Two of the boats were launched—one a life-boat and the other a yawl. They were immediately filled with passengers, who stood upon the guards and lower decks. An effort was made by Mr. King and the crew to launch the life-raft—a big construction of lumber piled on the hurricane deck, but nothing could be done with it and the attempt was abandoned. Mr. King climbed down over the stauchion and broke in the window of one of the staterooms and found therein three life preservers. In coming out he met two women and a little girl. The woman said, "For God's sake, give us the life preservers!" He put one on the little girl, gave one to each of the women, grabbed a short piece of wood which he found lying near by and jumped overboard. The fire was crowding him close at this time. It was after the Vulcan had rescued the passengers forward. He did not see the women jump, but saw them afterwards in the water. He thinks Clerk McIntosh saved one of the women and the little girl. Mr. King, after swimming five or ten minutes, was picked up by the Vulcan's yawl boat. About eight others were picked up at the same time. The water was alive with swimmers when he struck it. There were men hanging to chairs. Mr. King, after getting on board of the Vulcan, observed a big, stout man in the lake sinking, and while in the act of doing so pawing the water in a vain effort to keep afloat. A woman with a little girl, perhaps eight years of age, in her arm, clung to a rope which hung from the after-gangway of the Marine City. The woman's hold was low down, and the waves as they rolled up dashed over her and the child. At last the child resigned her grasp and went down, the mother powerless to save her. What became of the woman, Mr. King can't say. He thinks the Marine City was on fire before she left the dock. The blaze could hardly have acquired such headway in so short a time—less than half an hour. Mr. King reached the hurricane pier when Mr. King's supper at the Alpena hotel. Sunday night, Mr. King heard a citizen remark that as he (the citizen) stood on the pier, looking at the Marine City backing out, his little boy observed: "Papa, look at the smoke; the boat is on fire." The citizen's eyes were not so sharp and he simply thought the boy had reference to the usual smoke from the smokestack. Mr. King lost everything but the clothes on his back.

A BRAVE WOMAN. "The bravest, coolest, woman I ever saw," said Dr. Stockwell, of Port Huron, was Mrs. Clough, of Marine City, who was accompanied by her ten-year-old boy. I saw her all the time from the first alarm of fire until she was rescued, and not once did I hear her utter a scream or act anything but the cool, brave woman that she is. Her little boy, too, never cried—and he fully realized the situation, too—and did just what his mother told him to do. With her boy standing bravely at her side and obeying every word, Mrs. Clough busied herself attending to a small boy named Voigt. Twice young Voigt attempted to jump overboard, and both times Mrs. Clough held him back, telling him to be quiet; that he was safer on the boat than in the water. In this way she kept the two boys at her side, and quelled the fears of other passengers, many of them men, until rescue was at hand."

A BRAVE BOY. On the ill-fated steamer was a 15 year old boy named McElroy, whose home is in Cleveland. While the passengers were hurrying to and fro seeking life-preservers and climbing to the lower deck, young McElroy remained quiet until nearly all had gone below, when he buckled on a life preserver and went to the lower deck. No sooner had he reached there than a lady rushed to him and cried, "For God's sake, give me your life-preserver!" Without a moment's hesitation the boy took

off his life-preserver, and not only gave it to the lady, but helped to adjust it about her person.

A SICKENING CONTRAST to the action of the brave young McElroy was the action of two men whose names are not known, who, in quick succession, forcibly took life preservers away from Mrs. Clough, of Marine City. The second life-preserver was taken away from her just as Dr. Stockwell approached and observed the cowardly act. The doctor ordered the man to return the life preserver to the lady, at which she said, "Let him have it if he needs it more than I," but the doctor insisted, and the cowardly man handed it back to her and slunk away from sight.

THE CAPTAIN was off watch when the fire broke out. He was asleep and rushed out in his pantaloons and shirt, as did Mr. Voigt. He soon realized the situation and did all that could be done to save life. Communication with the afterpart of the steamer was cut off by the fire. Yesterday Mr. Voigt asked the second mate why he did not launch the life-raft, which would float fifty people. The mate answered that he tried to launch it with three men, but the raft was jammed and could not be lowered, and finally the second mate himself managed to get on a bit of plank and safely swam to the Vulcan. The sea was quite rough, about as rough as it is ordinarily seen in the Detroit river, although the wind was light. Mr. Voigt saw one man, apparently one of the crew, drown when near the Vulcan. The man threw up his hands and screamed: "Save me! save me!" His efforts only served to send him down. The life-saving station was about six miles away from the scene of the disaster, but the life-saving crew came up in their boat at tremendous speed.

The Campaign in Afghanistan

LONDON, September 4.—A Candahar despatch gives the following information respecting the routing of Ayob yesterday.—The plans for the attack were carefully made and based upon reconnoissances which put General Roberts in full information of the location and strength of Ayob's camp. The attack was made with four brigades, who marched over the difficult road, dragging their artillery and never complaining of fatigue. The troops were burning to avenge the disaster to General Burrows, which took place near the spot on which the prospective engagement was to be waged. The long, wearisome but rapid march, over 300 miles, between Cabul and Candahar seemed to have made the men more anxious to meet Ayob and redeem the reputation of the British army in Afghanistan. On arriving in front of Ayob's camp the assault was begun at once with vigor. His entrenchments and outworks were less formidable than had been anticipated, and the defenders were driven from them by a heavy artillery and infantry fire. The Afghans resisted stoutly for a time, but their lack of discipline made their dearest foregone conclusion at close quarters. With the loss of his guns Ayob's army took to flight by way of the ford across the Argandab River. He lost all his camp equipment. The loss of the British was considerable.

LONDON, September 5.—It appears by the last despatch that General Roberts commenced his attack upon Ayob Khan's force at 9 o'clock on the morning of last Wednesday at Babawal Kot, a village 600 yards from the English position, which had first to be taken. This was done gallantly by the 32nd Highlanders and 2nd Ghorkas, covered by artillery, with a new screw gun battery. The two brigades advanced steadily until Pierpysal was reached, where the Afghans were in great force, but the enemy could not resist the British advances. Shortly afterward Ayob Khan's camp became visible, and by noon the English victory was complete, and the camp was in the British possession. There were 210 British soldiers wounded; 11 natives were killed and 72 were wounded. The cavalry are marching to Kakoran. The Bombay cavalry have started to open communication with General Phayre. General Roberts requested General Phayre not to push on too many troops, but to utilize the transport conveyance for stores and supplies.

LONDON, September 6.—A despatch from Quetta says Ayob Khan's mountain battery escaped. A large quantity of Snider and Martini ammunition was found in Ayob Khan's camp previous to Ayob's flight. He left Colonel Maclean and six Sepoys prisoners. The guard soon after paraded them for execution. Maclean's diary ended August 15th.

LONDON, September 4.—A despatch from General Roberts states that the defeat of Ayob Khan is complete, although figures could not be given. General Roberts hopes that the British loss will prove slight. Ayob's camp was captured and two lost guns of the Royal Horse Artillery taken by Ayob after the defeat of General Burrows, were recovered, and several wheeled guns of various calibre captured. General Roberts adds that the attack upon the camp was evidently a surprise to the Afghans, who apparently did not dream of being assaulted and defeated so easily in their stronghold. When the British troops arrived at Ayob's camp, they found the freshly murdered remains of Lieutenant McLaine, who was taken prisoner in a sortie made by the Candahar garrison some days ago. Lieut. McLaine had manifestly been retained as a prisoner until Ayob realized the certainty of his defeat, when he fully murdered him. The Afghan horse was disintegrated and fled in different directions, although Ayob and the main body are supposed to have fled towards Herat. At last accounts General Roberts' cavalry were in hot pursuit.

The steamer Hoching, from China, arrived at San Francisco last week. She is the first Chinese steamer, owned and manned by Chinese, which has ever crossed the Pacific.