

AN OBJECT LESSON.

Tolerance and Intolerance—Those who are Favored, and Those who are Ostracized—The Sons of William and the Sons of England share the Spoils The "Papist" Pays the Piper.

Is there not something paradoxical in the position of the Protestant Church in her relations with the Catholic Church? The Protestants claim that while they liberally confess that the Catholics have some chance of reaching Heaven if they conduct themselves in a proper and Christian manner, they contend that the Catholics deny them the slightest hope of attaining Paradise. It is never of any use to contradict this popular impression. If you deny it you are insulted with the statement that you are ashamed of this belief of your co-religionists.

But the course pursued by the Protestant Church is at variance with the position it takes in reference to this question. Protestant missions are chiefly interested in Catholic countries, but what do they accomplish? The results are certainly discouraging. The only proselytes they make soon become infidels. The Protestant Church should devote more attention to its own members.

In the course of twenty-five years passed among Protestants, (for the great majority of my co-labourers were Protestants) I have heard about one in twenty express implicit belief in the existence of God and a future life. The others were doubtful, or sneered at what they termed "doubtful theories." In those twenty-five years I have met but one Catholic who was inclined to doubt the great truth taught by the Scriptures.

Now, the efforts of the Catholic missions are almost entirely confined to the conversion of the heathens. There is no organized effort directed towards the conversion of the Protestants. The Protestants who join the Catholic Church are generally drawn to it by their own intelligence and by unsolicited enquiry. Well, where do these facts place the contention of Protestants that Catholics believe the members of the Christian Church outside of their own have no chance of Heaven, while they freely admit that Catholics may cherish some hope if their conduct is becoming a Christian.

If the Protestants really believe this why do they not leave the Catholics alone and limit their attentions to the heathens? The Catholic missions, believing that the salvation of the Protestants depends upon themselves, do not trouble about them, but confine their efforts to the conversion of the heathens, who are without knowledge.

I have been employed in Catholic newspaper offices as well as Protestant, both as printer and journalist. In the Catholic offices there is no difference in the treatment of the men Protestant or Catholic. This is not the case in Protestant offices. In the Catholic offices the matter of religion is never touched upon. A man might be employed for ten years in a Catholic office and never hear the subject broached. In a Protestant office there is but one subject tolerated, and that is religion. Either in joke or earnest it is always the subject of conversation or dispute. If I am making a new friend or new acquaintance I can tell very soon whether he is a Catholic or a Protestant. If he is not curious about my religion he is a Catholic. If he is inquisitive he is certain to be a Protestant.

I can give you an illustration. Shortly after my arrival in Montreal, about ten or twelve years ago, I formed the acquaintance of a young man who was then engaged as clerk in Detective Fancy's office. For two years we were close companions, and were almost always together. In fact for several months we boarded in the same house, and occupied adjoining rooms. Shortly after I returned to Toronto this young man came also,

and found employment here. For five years more we met nearly every day, and were frequently together at nights. For these long seven years I never knew what religion he was, and he never knew what religion I belonged to. The only thought I gave to the matter was that he was a Protestant, for his name was not Catholic. He also thought I was a Protestant, for my name, except with Irishmen, is not very definite.

Now, this is the way in which we finally discovered that we were co-religionists: I was on the road to Hamilton one day to report the consecration of Bishop Carberry at that city. I met my friend on the train. He was then a commercial traveller. The character of my mission, of course, brought the matter up—and out. Would this have taken place on the other side? I think not.

There is only one place in the whole of Britain's dominions where a fair spirit is displayed. This is in the army. There is not in the several branches of the service any inquisitiveness respecting a man's religion. Indeed, as the men are marched to their respective churches every Sunday morning. There is no prejudice relating to a man's religion except among the few North of Ireland Protestants who find their way into the army, and who are always bitter. There are never many Orangemen in the army. Their martial ardour has been dormant since the Battle of the Boyne, and even then it was not sufficiently strong to win them any glory. The part they played in the conflict was a very ignoble one. If the War Office had to depend on the Orangemen for recruits to the army Britain would be at the mercy of her enemies.

In proof of the liberal spirit prevailing in the different corps I will mention three instances which came under my notice. A Protestant couple were god-father and god-mother for the second child of my parents, a daughter, who died and was buried at Quebec. On the trip from Montreal to Toronto on the steamer *Banshee* another daughter was born. The captain of the boat was not only anxious that the child should be christened immediately, but that she should be named after the vessel. Both requests were granted, and the child was only five or six hours old when she was baptized by a minister of the Church of England, the only clergyman on board. The god-parents were the captain of the boat and the wife of the caterer of our officers' mess, both Protestants. Subsequently, while in Toronto, my father and mother were requested to become the god-parents of a child of Protestants. They did so, the ceremony taking place at St. John's church, on Stewart Street.

In the regimental schools, however, there was some degree of injustice. The regulations compelled the appointment to the position of schoolmaster only a member of the Church of England. This was especially unfair to our regiment, which was an Irish corps, and consequently chiefly Catholic. The great majority of the children in the school were Catholic. The schoolmaster was a moderate and generous man, but he considered it his duty to give us every morning what was termed a "sacred history lesson," at which he frequently related to us the alleged gross immoralities of the nuns, the monks and the priests. At our early age we did not clearly know to what church we belonged, and were not aware that nuns, monks and priests were peculiarly Catholic orders, so we accepted all we were told.

This was a public school, inasmuch as children of all Christian denominations attended it. If a union of the schools was accomplished here the situation would be much the same as that which prevailed over the regimental school of the British army.

A few Catholic teachers might be admitted, but they would, no doubt, occupy the lower grades and draw smaller salaries than their colleagues of the other persuasion. The appointment of a Catholic to the position of school inspector would be an impossibility, and if such a thing was effected there would be an immediate demand from Protestant parents for separate schools.

There is no organization among Catholics similar to that of the Orange association. The claim that this order is sustained by the self-sacrificing spirit of its members is most absurd and amusing, it is simply a self-making institution. The leaders of the society are thrust into seats in the legislative halls and municipal chambers, or are placed in well-salaried positions where they may be of use to the rank and file of the order. Of course a return for those services is expected, and it is always forthcoming. The humbler brethren are rewarded by comfortable situations of a lower grade. The influence which obtains them these satisfactory places retains them in them even when the occupant is an incapable and unsteady man.

A formidable rival to the Orange Order now, in power and influence, is the Sons of England. In this city the society has gained control of the City Hall, and its members employed in and through this agency outnumber all others. They have wisdom enough to fear the brethren of the Orange Order, and in most cases become Orangemen also in order to make themselves secure, although they have no sympathy at all with that organization. Between these societies, and the milder fraternal organizations, the poor Catholic has no chance at all, although he has to pay an equal share in support of these parasites.

Protestants who look with disfavour upon these combinations of selfish and mean-spirited men (who want the field all to themselves, and neither fairness nor favour for those outside of them) also suffer from this system of exclusion. I had an interview with the late Mr. Paton, Collector of Customs here, on the afternoon of the day on which he died. I was representing one of the city papers. He told me that he was nearly distracted by the politicians who were members of these secret associations. He further stated that they forced upon him men for whom he had nothing to do, and who, when they were entrusted with a little employment—withdrawn from others who were not over-worked—they were found incompetent to perform efficiently the few duties assigned to them. Thus the Custom House was overcrowded with employees, and many incompetent men were retained because of the influence of the ornaments of the orders—ornaments that were useful as well as decorative.

The Orange Order is very largely represented in the Custom House, but in the City Hall the honours are about evenly divided with the Sons of England. I do not think there is one Catholic engaged under the civic government except on the streets. I did know of one Catholic who was employed as a permanent clerk in the City Clerk's office, but he was ousted to make way for a "brother" in one of the orders.

These secret societies are a curse to the province, and make every honest man ashamed of his country. A gentleman who had been an Orangeman for many years, but who withdrew from the Order in disgust, remarked to me one day: "Yes indeed; the Orange Order is a great situation—'manufacturing machine.'"—G. M. H.

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Rendering Aid to Sufferers.

The southern papers speak in terms of praise for the good Sisters of Charity, who relieved the pains of those who suffered from the storm at Cheniere Island. Mentioning their aid the New-Orleans Picayune says: During the forenoon every portion of the boat was thronged by persons seeking either provisions or clothing. In the cabin the Sisters of Charity were attending to the latter. Over the floor were scattered bundles and boxes containing shirts, hats, socks, stockings, underwear for ladies and gentlemen, shoes, coats, dresses, petticoats and skirts. Every person who applied was fitted with good warm clothing by the good Sisters. It was a pathetic scene; strong men wept, and addressing the ministering angels in the peculiar garb, said: "Oh, I never thought I would be obliged to receive charity."

In that soothing manner peculiar to the Sisters, the poor fellows were made to understand that it was not given as charity; it was a gift from one friend to another who had experienced a heavy affliction. "You know," said Sister Francis Joseph, "our blessed Master has stated that it is more blessed to give than to receive. He was in want, and who was greater than our Saviour."

The words had a magical effect; the sob was smothered and a bright smile illuminated the face of the individual, who remarked:

"I will try and be brave, Sister, but the blow has been a hard one."

Consequences of a Crime.

The entering of a law suit in St. Louis the other day opened the abyss of shame and suffering that closed over the head of Almon B. Thompson seven years ago.

In 1886 he was the trusted cashier of the Provident Savings Bank in that city and embezzled nearly \$80,000, fleeing to Canada, where he was joined by his family, and all traces of him lost. All claims against him were settled by his father, but the Thompsons were never heard of until the entrance of a suit for a legacy under the father's will revealed their whereabouts. They are living in two back rooms of a shabby boarding-house in New York. Thompson, careworn and prematurely aged, is a book-keeper on a meager salary. The eldest girl is writing in an insurance office, while the younger is bedfast with a lingering illness and the mother is an invalid. Misfortune has pursued them from the moment the crime was committed. Sometimes the way of the transgressor is visibly hard.

"Ladye Mass."

Before the "Reformation" spread like a pestilence over England, there was celebrated daily in all the more important churches a votive Mass in honor of the Blessed Virgin. In the morning the bells rang out for the "Ladye Mass," and large crowds flocked to the altar or chapel specially dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. The vestments used at this Mass were unusually splendid, and the statue of the Mother of God was ablaze with lighted tapers. There were priests, called "Ladye's priests," to officiate at these shrines and to care for their adornment. This "Ladye Mass" in no way interfered with the regular Mass and Office of the day: it was "extra"—the willing expression of the love of the people for the Blessed Virgin Mary. Now that England has again been dedicated to the Mother of God, we trust that the hierarchy may once more see their way toward reviving the beautiful custom of "Our Ladye's Mass."

The fall of the year is a trying season for elderly people. The many cheerless, dark, dismal days act depressingly, not to say injuriously, on both old and young. Now is the time to re-enforce the vital energies with Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the best of all blood medicines.