

May the Almighty be pleased to reward the charity of friends, by showering upon them all and their families His choicest blessings.

—IN our maiden number, we indicated with sufficient clearness and crispness, let us hope, our proposed line of conduct. We aim at no championship whatsoever. Nor do we ambition to make the Echo aught else but what is adumbrated by our legend from Pius the Ninth. Otherwise, this ECHO OF CLAIRVAUX is, to all intents and purposes, the proper "organ," if you will, of that uncannic free-lance in quest of the Sangreal, cyclopt A. T. McINNES. Hence, if either success continues as it does, to cheer it, or failure overtake it, which, "with fair field and no favor," we have have no fear of, then ours alone be the consequent glory or the shame.

Thousands of dollars are approvingly paid out yearly by Catholics to non-Catholics for non-Catholic, and often, semi-infidel literature. All right, say we, if such things must needs be so. Now, all what we contend for is our own right to strike in and capture some few odd ones here and there of these same dollars. Is there any that gainsays our right? If so, stand forth, Sir Knight, and make good thy assertion. Does it disqualify us, thinkst thou, that we are Catholic and a cleric? Or makes it against us that, whereas the non-Catholic journals are, with but few exceptions, literally horrent with hostile criticisms and the crudities of pseudo-scientists, ours, on the other hand comes to you, courteous Reader, "like old wine in a new bottle"—as the classic masterpieces of antiquity in the mantling embrace of the green modern ivy,—or like, in brief, what it really is, the time-tested, Church-

approved thoughts and "science of the saints" of old, brusquely syllabled forth by the ECHO OF CLAIRVAUX? Of a verity, we cannot find it in our heart to think so; and it would need more than a moral spile-driver to knock it into our head either!

Thus far, we see our way quite clear. On its present subscription list, we can successfully run it as long as we like. More subscribers, we certainly like to get; but they must, if they please, come without asking: we cannot, and we will not go cosseting over the country, piteously bleating for the hand and the milk of patronage.

THE GAEL AND THE GAELIC.

It is cheering to perceive that there is no danger of the Gael allowing the grand old language of his country to die. At home and abroad, wherever he or his kith may be found, the efforts made by Prof. Blackie in its behalf, meet with his warmest approval. Prof. Blackie is deserving of the everlasting gratitude of Highlanders. More: like the cannie Scot he is, we must say that he went about his work in the right way. Instead of frittering away valuable time and talent in the bootless effort of translating English masterpieces into tumid, hybrid Gaelic verses, he turned his parts to far better, purposely rendering Gaelic tidbits into clear, smooth, ringing English verses. Surely this was the only sensible course from the beginning. What is needed for the glory of Gaelic is to demonstrate to the literari of the world, by means of specimens translated into their own languages, the real richness, beauty, power, and flexibility of the Gaelic.