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LETTER FROM HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP WALSH.
 London, Ont., May 23, 1879.
 DEAR MR. COFFEY:—As you have become proprietor and publisher of the CATHOLIC RECORD, I deem it my duty to announce to its subscribers and patrons that the change of proprietorship will work no change in its one and principles; that it will remain, what it has been, thoroughly Catholic, entirely independent of political parties, and exclusively devoted to the cause of the Church and to the promotion of Catholic interests. I am confident that under your experienced management the RECORD will improve in usefulness and efficiency, and I therefore earnestly commend it to the patronage and encouragement of the clergy and laity of the diocese. Believe me,
 Yours very sincerely,
 JOHN WALSH,
 Bishop of London.

MR. THOMAS COFFEY
 Editor of the "Catholic Record."
LETTER FROM BISHOP CLEARY.
 Bishop's Palace, Kingston, 13th Nov., 1882.
 DEAR SIR:—I am happy to be asked for a word of commendation to the Rev. Clergy and faithful laity of my diocese in behalf of the CATHOLIC RECORD, published in London with the warm approval of His Lordship, Most Rev. Dr. Walsh. I am a subscriber to the journal and am much pleased with its excellent literary and religious character. Its judicious selection from the best writers supply Catholic families with most useful and interesting matter for Sunday readings, and help the young to acquire a taste for pure literature. I shall be pleased if my Rev. Clergy will continue your mission for the diffusion of the RECORD among their congregations. Yours faithfully,
 JAMES VINCENT CLEARY,
 Bishop of Kingston.

Catholic Record.
 LONDON, FRIDAY, DEC. 1, 1882.

DEATH OF BISHOP CRINNON.

A sadder duty it has never yet been our lot to perform than to announce the death of Bishop Crinnon, of Hamilton, which took place at Jacksonville, Florida, on Saturday last. No sooner had the doleful intelligence arrived from Florida, whither he had gone in quest of that rest and recuperation which the labor—alas, too steady and unremitting of an arduous apostolate—rendered necessary, than a deep, overwhelming, inexpressible feeling of sorrow came over all who had known this good, this gentle, this pious and self-denying prelate. Who had known him but loved him? And who had loved him but revered him? In him shone resplendent the qualities which the apostle Paul had predicted of bishops, for he was

"Meek towards all, fit to teach, patient, with modesty admonishing those who resisted the truth."—Tim., II., 24, 25.

Was he not also, as a bishop should be, "without crime as a servant of God?"

Was he not also, "given to hospitality, gentle, sober, just, holy, continent, embracing the faithful word which is according to doctrine, that he might be able to exhort in sound doctrine and convince the gainsayers."—Titus, 7, 8, 9.

The deceased prelate was indeed a man endowed with admirable parts, and lived as one after God's own heart. Throughout his whole priestly career, and his episcopal administration, he spent himself in the work of saving souls. In season and out of season, he went about, as did he whom he served so faithfully, doing good. He had a father's heart, and everywhere he lived and labored the Catholic youth were the object of his special care and predilection. What marvel, then, if so many thousands in Western Ontario, where he was best known, and throughout this whole broad country upon which his virtues shed such lustre, now mourn his unexpected demise? What marvel if every heart be grief-stricken, every tongue speechless, every eye tear-bedimmed under this affliction? But who who mourn that his gentle spirit has quitted its earthly tenement for bliss superior, must bow in this, as in all other trials and sorrows, to the will of God; for God giveth and God taketh away.

We may question in vain; still respondeth the lower
 "Almighty," "Man knows not the day nor the hour."
 He was mine and I took him; why question ye me.
 On the secrets I hide in My breast, like the dove,
 the children of faith: why bewail ye the lost?

Bishop Crinnon, though an Irishman by birth, spent the greater part of his life in Canada, and was no idle spectator of its growth, but took the lively interest of the devoted citizen in all matters and measures tending to the welfare of the people. He was born at Collon, Co. Louth, Ireland, in 1818, and came to Canada in 1850, when he entered the seminary of St. Sulpice, Montreal, to follow a course of philosophy and theology. This he did with such diligence and success that in 1854 he received the holy order of priesthood at the hands of Bishop de Charbonnel, of Toronto. Immediately after his ordination he was appointed assistant pastor of London, Dean Kirwan being Parish Priest. He lived here for some months, and is yet affectionately remembered by many in connection with his ministrations in this city. Promoted in 1854, to the pastoral charge of Biddeford, he ministered to Catholics scattered throughout a vast expanse of country. Some idea may be formed of the extent and arduous character of his labor while in that position, when it is known

that he was for many years one of the three priests who had charge of the faithful in the whole Huron Tract.

In 1858 Father Crinnon was transferred to Stratford, and had, besides that place, charge of St. Mary's, Mitchell and Kinkora. As Parish Priest of Stratford he accomplished an incalculable amount of good. Always a tireless advocate and promoter of Catholic education, he lost no opportunity to place his benefits within reach of his people. He built many schools and took lively interest in their working and success. But for men of such apostolic zeal as that of the lamented Dr. Crinnon, what, indeed, would have become of the Catholic children of Ontario?

The crowning work of his pastoral career in Stratford was the erection of the magnificent church which is to-day one of the brightest ornaments of that progressive town. This church was built at a cost of almost \$35,000, and was left upon Dr. Crinnon's departure for Hamilton with little or no debt. Shortly after Bishop Walsh's appointment to the episcopacy he raised Father Crinnon to the dignity of Vicar General, to the great satisfaction of the clergy and laity of his diocese.

In the spring of 1874 Vicar General Crinnon was selected to fill the vacant See of Hamilton and consecrated in his own parish church of Stratford on the 19th of April in that same year. That was indeed a memorable day for Stratford. Never before had any town west of Toronto witnessed such a gathering of prelates, and of clergy—and on few occasions in the history of the Canadian Church has there ever been such a representative gathering of church dignitaries from all parts of the Dominion and the adjacent states of the American Republic. Amongst those present were

ARCHBISHOP.
 His Grace Archbishop Lynch, Toronto, consecrating prelate.

BISHOPS.
 Bishop Walsh, of London; Bishop Horan, of Kingston; Bishop Fabre, of Montreal; Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester; Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland; Bishop Borgess, of Detroit; Bishop McNeirny, of Albany; Bishop Foley of Chicago.

PRISITS.
 Toronto Diocese.—Very Rev. Father Rooney, V. G.; Very Rev. Father Vincent, Superior of St. Michael's.
 London Diocese.—Very Rev. Dean Laurent, Rev. Fathers O'Connor, Wagner, and Murphy.

Hamilton Diocese.—Very Rev. Vicar-General Heenan, and Rev. Father Lennon, (secretary to Bishop elect).
 Kingston Diocese.—Very Rev. Father Farrelly.

Montreal Diocese.—Very Rev. Father Baillie, Superior, Seminaire St. Sulpice; Rev. Fathers Hogan, and Therien.

Ottawa Diocese.—Rev. Dr. O'Connor.
 New York Diocese.—Very Rev. Father O'Farrell, St. Peter's, N. Y., now Bishop of Trenton.

Albany.—Rev. Fathers Conroy, Hannett.
 Halifax.—Very Rev. Canon Walsh.
 Portland, Me.—Rev. Father Goodwin.
 Burlington, Vt.—Rev. Father McCauley.

Cleveland.—Very Rev. V. G. Hannon, Rev. Father Gauthier.
 Detroit.—Rev. Father Joos.
 Chicago.—Very Rev. Dr. McMullen, now Bishop of Davenport, Ia.

The sermon for the occasion was preached by the Right Rev. Bishop McQuaid of Rochester. It was one of lofty eloquence, befitting the solemnity of the occasion, and worthy the ability of the gifted speaker. Amongst other things, the learned Bishop said:—One had been taken to-day from his brethren in the priesthood and inducted into the order of Bishops. A crown had been placed on his head, and a ring on his finger. Strange things had been uttered in his ears, which, unless he was more than mortal man, must make him tremble at the responsibility which God had thus placed upon him; but he had also heard words of comfort and reassurance. He had heard read the Gospel of the Sunday of his consecration—"I know my sheep, and am known of mine. I lay down my life for the sheep." His was a position of authority, dignity, and grandeur. His priests and his people will kiss his ring, kneel at his feet, and crave his blessing; and when the weight of his responsibility crushes his soul, he will remember the Good Shepherd and take comfort and strength. He will be the ruler, guide, and constant friend of his people. He has been consecrated to rule over a widowed Church, and when he goes there the people will lay aside their mourning and hold a great day of rejoicing. He will there be a ruler in God's Church, and a teacher of God's truths. He could not go astray when joined, as he had been to-day, with Peter's successor.

It was, indeed, with the hesitancy of true humility that Dr. Crinnon accepted the episcopal dignity, but how fully did he verify the words of the preacher, that he should be a ruler, guide and constant friend to his people? The good people of Stratford, proud as they justly felt at the honor done their pastor, were, however, loath to part from him, whom they had so deeply loved and revered. On the evening of the day of his consecration,

after an eloquent sermon had been delivered by Rev. Father O'Farrell, of New York, now Bishop of Trenton, N. J., Mr. James Corcoran, on behalf of the congregation, presented the newly-consecrated bishop with an address and a purse of \$1,300.

"In this world of many sorrows, said the Catholics of Stratford in their address, parting from those we love is one of the keenest of all griefs; and you, my Lord, know that you carry with you to the exalted station you now fill, the heartfelt affection and regret of your old parishioners.

You are bound to us, my Lord, by many ties which we had hoped would not be speedily severed, but that you would be permitted to close the calm eye of your zealous life amongst those to whose eternal welfare a great portion of that life has been so earnestly devoted.

We do not murmur that the Holy See has otherwise ordained, but with the congratulations which we tender our co-religionists of your Diocese we cannot but mingle our own grief at your departure. You came amongst us some sixteen years ago, to find us disheartened and crushed with debt. You leave us to-day justly proud of the position to which your pious zeal has raised us, and full of hope for the future. Few of those who then knelt in the humble wooden chapel where you first offered for us the sacrifice of the Mass, dreamed that on its site would soon arise, "Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam," the grand sacred edifice in which thousands worshipped to-day, and which speaks in its own silent language of the holy relations that existed between you and your flock.

You bequeath us this church as a memorial of your pastoral love. We will reverence and guard it as did our ancestors the hallowed cloisters and consecrated temples of Ireland, and when the deep tones of its bell swelling over town, field and forest, summon us to prayer, we will think of and pray for the loving Pastor to whose untiring zeal we are indebted under God for its construction.

We know my Lord that you are poor in this world's wealth, but for the fruit of your labor has been given to us with a generous hand. We ask you then to accept from our full hearts the modest offering which we present you with these words of farewell, and crave in return your Episcopal blessing and a remembrance in your pious prayers."

The reply of the Bishop was eloquently touching and beautiful:—
 "In the goodness of your hearts," he said, "you attribute to me the merit of your praiseworthy deeds. Whatever has been done in this mission in behalf of our holy religion, has been done by you, not by me. I was the mere agent, you were the real actors; and therefore to you the credit and honor are due.

The erection of this church is not the only good work which you have accomplished, for the old church, which must now be regarded as a very humble structure indeed, was in its day considered a great work. You have also erected a comfortable residence for your pastor, and the land on which the church rests, and all that surrounds it, have been purchased foot by foot at considerable expense. This noble edifice which you have now completed, cost you the large sum of thirty-three thousand dollars, and the funds for all these have been contributed by you without a murmur.

I was glad to hear you say that you would guard this sacred temple as your fathers did the venerable ruins of Ireland. In those memorable days, when Ireland was free and happy, great and glorious your forefathers erected magnificent churches, colleges, and monasteries. Their crumbling walls are a living testimony of the faith and zeal of your sainted ancestors. Then their bishops and priests went forth to evangelize Europe, to bring the light of our holy faith to those who sat in darkness and in the shadow of death. And it is still the mission of Ireland to send forth bishops, priests, and people to propagate the same holy faith throughout the world. This mission, destined by Providence for Ireland, is an arduous and a sublime one; and you, my dear friends, in the backwoods of Western Canada, are faithfully fulfilling it.

You say that our separation is painful to you. Let me assure you that to me it is doubly so. I leave you with a sad heart.

In bidding you farewell my continual prayer will be, that the God of peace and charity may always abide with you."

On Monday, April 20th, Bishop Crinnon left for Hamilton, where, amid general rejoicing, he took possession of his Cathedral church. He at once entered on the discharge of his episcopal duties. Perceiving that the diocese was greatly in want of a larger number of priests, he proceeded, a few weeks after his installation, to Ireland, that fruitful nursery of ecclesiastical vocations, and there obtained the services of many worthy young levites who, now as priests of the diocese of Hamilton, reflect honor on the religion whose interests they so unceasingly promote, by their zeal, their energy, their piety and their varied and distinguished talents. Three years ago the clergy of Hamilton, with friends from many parts

of Canada, assembled to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of Bishop Crinnon's ordination as priest. On that occasion the priests of the diocese of Hamilton presented their chief pastor with an address and a purse of \$2,000. In the address they bear testimony to the wonderful progress made by religion since the appointment of Dr. Crinnon to the See of Hamilton. "We know," they said, "that as priest, from the morning you first took the chalice in your hand to the day on which, in obedience to duty, you sorrowfully severed your connection with parishioners that were devoted to you, your life was one of sacrifice and edification. It was your lot to endure the hardships incident to early missionary life, and it was your joy, in all humility to practice the virtues of a good pastor and to render service to religion such as were fittingly rewarded by your subsequent promotion to a higher sphere."

We are happy also to be able to affirm that your Lordship's administration of the diocese has been a happy one and attended with marked success. Coming amongst us at a time when, in the large field marked out for you, the laborers were few, you showed at once your clear perception of the pressing wants of the diocese, and your readiness and ability to supply those wants." The address was signed on behalf of the clergy by Vicar-General Heenan, and Rev. Fathers O'Reilly, Dowling and Keough.

Bishop Crinnon made a feeling reply, in which, with the humility characteristic of the man, he said, "with regard to the many churches which have been erected in this diocese these last five years, to you, gentlemen, and to your generous people, the credit is due. I have been a looker on, rejoicing, no doubt, in the good, but there is one thing and one thing alone on which I can have any claim, and that is the increase of the number of priests in the diocese, which is, as you know, the special work of a bishop, and even that work could not have been accomplished had I not been supported by you and your generous people. You see, therefore, gentlemen, how little is my share."

It is but three years since the priests of Hamilton addressed their bishop the words of congratulation which elicited such a response. But brief as is the period covered by three years, it witnessed substantial progress in the diocese of Hamilton. Before his death, Bishop Crinnon could count in his diocese eighty churches and chapels, fifty priests, eleven convents, three academies for young ladies, five eleemosynary institutions, giving sustenance and relief to nearly 500 persons, and Catholic schools in large numbers throughout his jurisdiction. A short time before his death Bishop Crinnon purchased an eligible site for a church in the northern portion of the city, and at the very moment of his death improvements undertaken by his order were being made to St. Mary's Cathedral, which when completed will, exclusive of the organ, cost \$10,000. These improvements, together with the new cemetery and St. Patrick's Church, an imposing structure on King St., completed in 1877 will ever remain standing monuments in the ambitious city of its second bishop—the Most Rev. Peter Francis Crinnon. He will long be mourned, and his name will never be mentioned but in grateful remembrance. His friends will often recall the thought so well expressed:

One by one life robs us of our treasures;
 Nothing is our own except our bread.
 They are ours and hold in faithful keeping
 Safe for ever, all they took away.
 Cruel life can never stir that sleeping
 Crowd life can never seize that prey.

Need we speak here of the qualities which distinguished the late bishop of Hamilton. His character was marked by a mildness happily blended with firmness, a courage ennobled by devotedness, generosity exalted by charity, piety that knew no relaxation. His administrative capacity was of the very highest order. As priest and bishop, he knew how to rule men without that constant invocation of authority which often makes it odious and always powerless. He was also endowed with a singular power of prevision, as evidenced by his every action in the course especially of his episcopal career. His self-abnegation was truly apostolic in its saintliness and sincerity. For such a man death could have no terrors, it could never find him unprepared. He looked not on it as the end of life, but the harbinger of unending happiness. Towards it he held the sentiments that one of his own gifted countrymen has clothed in immortal verse.

God's creature! Death! thou art not God's compeer!
 An Anarch seeped in primordial night,
 Immortal Life's eternal opposite:
 Nor art thou some new Portent sudden and dread
 Boiling, like sea-born cloud, a noontide sphere:
 Thou art not Adam's forfeit by the night
 Of Calvary sunset-steeped, and changed to light:
 To God man's access, through the gates of penance
 Thou art not a soul detached a gentle ritual:

His was indeed a spirit detached from things of earth. It was the spirit of apostolic fervor and self-sacrifice. It was that spirit of zeal for saving souls which has carried the light of faith and the blessings of religion to the furthest countries of this new world. God has now called his servant to his rest. That it may be rest

eternal and that light perpetual may shine on him is the prayer not only of the Catholics of Hamilton, but of all who prize merit and love righteousness.

THE LATE JUDGE DRUMMOND.

The death of Judge Drummond, of Montreal, which took place on Friday last, removes from life a gentleman who, for many years, occupied a foremost position in Canadian public life.

Hon. Lewis T. Drummond was born in Coleraine, Ireland, on the 28th of May, 1818, and was the son of Mr. Thos. Drummond, a prominent attorney of that place. He came to Canada in 1825, and entered upon a collegiate course at St. Nicholas College, under the Rev. M. Leprohon, the venerated mentor of a whole generation of distinguished men. He graduated with credit, came to Montreal, and entered the office of the Hon. Judge Day in 1836. He rose at once to a prominent position in his profession, especially in consequence of his being retained to defend the political offenders of 1837-38, in which memorable trials he gave evidence of distinguished abilities. He contested Montreal in the moderate Reform interest with the Hon. George Moffat, and was returned. He did not however, take his seat, owing to the dissolution of the House, and by a singular coincidence was returned by acclamation, without his knowledge, for Portneuf. He continued to follow the banner of the Reform party as borne by the Hon. Robert Baldwin, not identifying himself with the extreme party. He represented Shefford from 1852 to 1858, during which time he was in the Ministry, first as Solicitor-General, and subsequently as Attorney-General. He remained in Parliament, representing Lotbiniere, from 1858 to 1861, and Rouville from the latter date to 1863, when he was defeated at the general election and retired from political life on being elevated to the Bench, in March, 1864. He resigned his judicial duties in October, 1873, owing to the illness which has now culminated in his death. He was a member of St. James' Parish Church, on St. Denis Street, in which the last rites were performed on Monday. In 1841 he married Miss J. E. Delartch, who survives him. He leaves besides two sons, one of them for the past fourteen years in the Jesuit order, while the other follows mercantile pursuits in the city. He leaves also one unmarried daughter. His death is immediately attributed to inflammation of the bronchial tubes, and was not anticipated at the time, but he sank rapidly, and passed away quietly on Friday night. On Saturday morning, on motion of Mr. J. M. Loran, Q. C., the Superior Court adjourned still Monday out of respect to the deceased gentleman.

Let us go further, and ask, has not the real advancement of civilization been procured by men of faith, by Saints of God? Montalembert in his "Monks of the West," gives a magnificent recital of the benefits which the world owes to these monks, those monks now despised and persecuted by heresy and infidelity.

Lands that were abandoned and uncultivated they cleared and made yield abundant harvests. Their monasteries were the very foci of civilization whence learning and charity disseminated their numberless blessings on whole communities. What riches have, for instance, gone forth from the order of St. Bernard? Who could enumerate the treasures divided among men by the humble Cistercians, who themselves live in absolute poverty?

MEN OF SCIENCE AND MEN OF FAITH.

Science does honor to its men of invention, its men of genius, and its heroes, and, in doing them honor, sheds glory on itself. The discoveries of human genius deserve to be celebrated, and the memory of the man who has endowed his fellow-creatures with the benefits of any useful invention is worthy of all homage. Science has in our day made a progress that is truly marvellous; human genius has followed up its conquests in the field of nature beyond even the semblance of truth and reality. Steam power has almost annihilated distance and now electricity conveys from place to place not only the signs and symbols of words, but the very words preceding the voice of man itself. These triumphs of science are perfectly legitimate, for God has blessed man with an intelligence that subdues and makes subject animal as well as material nature. But now it remains to be seen whether such progress achieved within an incredibly brief period of time has added to any appreciable degree to the happiness of mankind.

In fact it is a question whether really the rapidity of commercial interchange and social communication, and the multiplication of mechanical forces now at the disposal of the artisan, have really added to the veritable happiness of mankind by reason of the well-being they have procured for him. Is not human wealth a something of its essence relative? And does not human misery increase and multiply in the same proportion as human wealth?

At the same time that new factors of well-being are placed within the easy reach of man new sources of depravity are opened, to deluge him with misfortunes and sufferings previously unknown. In fact, the engines of material destruction and moral corruption perfect themselves to the same extent as those of mechanical utility. It is, we repeat, questionable whether it is better to live in this

sixth century than to have lived in times when steam power, electricity and dynamite were unknown. If we look at the social agitation which now undermines so many states, or at the violent disaffection of the masses towards the existing state of society, it does seem that mankind is not now more happy than, nor even as happy as in former times. Men have a clearer apprehension of their misery, and the inferiority of their condition; the evils of poverty have become sharper and therefore less supportable. This may indeed be the result of so many triumphs over nature, if moral progress does not accompany material advancement. In our estimation, the works of men of faith, the deeds of those saints whose memory the church celebrates, are more found in their effects, more durable in their results than those of heroes of scientific research. Let us consider the sum total of the real benefits respectively conferred on man by, for instance, the inventor of railroads, and let us say, Saint Vincent of Paul, and it must be confessed that Saint Vincent of Paul, by the establishment alone of the Sisters of Charity, relieved more misery, consoled more misfortune, alleviated more of the burdens of poverty than have railroads conferred wealth and happiness. At all events, the beneficent deeds of the saint in relieving both soul and body have certainly created more real content than have our iron roads the world over.

Who will not say that we in Canada are also afflicted with a superabundance of clerics, lawyers and politicians, and that we are sadly deficient in men of cultivated hands as well as brains. We have, indeed many intelligent mechanics, civil engineers, foremen and managers of machinery, but we have all we require of them, and are, besides, wanting in that supply skilled agriculturists of which rapidly growing needs of the country render the requirement more and more imperative.

The Constitution continues: "young man of the future in the South—the best in the land—should start as soon as he leaves school, some department of manufacturing. He must first, of course, make him a skilled mechanic—learn a trade in other words—and he need not should not dislike the phrase. It is certainly as honorable and as profitable to set a horse's shoe as to put a case in a justice's court, or a ribbon in a retail store, or serve any other half-paid and precarious employment. We must get rid of shabby gentility that despises labor, and especially labor in which skill and are harmoniously and effectively united."

We give hearty endorsement to the views of the Southern journalist, and are as applicable to Canada as to the state south of Mason and Dixon line. The very idea of learning a trade shocks the nerves of many of our youth, urban and rural. We aim at something, in their estimation, loftier—mediocrity or failure with starvation on a most respectable scale—in a profession or occupation where skilled manual labor is not required. Is it not youths of this description that criminal classes are largely recruited? If in every town, we can find of that living street corner state of lazy repulsive looks, of blasphemous speech and treacherous trade, we owe it to the honor of youth so large a proportion of which is permitted to hold its labor and the learning of respectable trades. We are in hearty accord with the belief that the better educated, the better mechanic, superintendent, engineer or agriculturist he will make; and that the school is as useful and essential to the future mechanic and agriculturist as to the future lawyer or merchant. But to effect this, we need our contemporary justly pointing a change in public sentiment.

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We believe that public sentiment could be very beneficially influenced in this regard by judicious training and the inculcation of notions in all our schools of the necessity of labor, its value and its power to command respect. Only should such notions be inculcated.

Thanksgiving services were held in all the Catholic Churches at Montreal on Monday, the occasion being the 60th anniversary of Bishop Bourget's ordination.

EDUCATIONAL WANTS.

The Scientific American calls attention to an article from the Atlantic (Ga.) Constitution on the educational wants of the South. We believe that the very same wants which the Constitution declares to exist in the South, and which the Scientific American affirms to be felt as a typically widespread evil in the northern States, are also to be met with in Canada. The Constitution says: "we have an over-supply of clerics, lawyers, politicians, and we always will have but we are sadly deficient in mechanics and civil engineers, a foreman and managers of machinery. If we gather enough money to start a factory, we have to send other States to get men competent to guide the machinery and conduct the inside operations of the factory. If we build a railroad, we must employ outside import engineers, and afterward men skilled in operating railroads."

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