

and be inspired with respect and obedience for the hierarchy of the Church.

We fervently pray that the good God may be pleased to give you a long life of health to adorn the episcopate with your learning and virtues and that you may always live in the affections of your people and finally win the crown of glory with which God rewards His faithful servants.

And now we respectfully ask for the blessing of your lordship upon ourselves and our families.

Signed on behalf of the parish of Saint Andrew's, Port Arthur.

MICHAEL DWYER,
THOMAS RYAN,
J. J. O'CONNOR,
A. McGILLIS
JAS. A. MCINTOSH.

In replying his lordship said he felt he was not worthy of the high tributes paid to him, but he accepted them as indicative of what he ought to be. He would not make any attempt at eloquence but merely speaking as a father to his children, from the depths of his heart. It had given him great pleasure to visit a parish and note the zeal and homage to the church which was evinced. He was pleased to see such evidences of prosperity in the parish as was shown by the religious feeling, and also the educational and charitable institutions. He pointed out the grave responsibilities of the office of bishop and asked for the prayers of his flock that his work might be blessed to the furtherance of religion and God's glory.

Taking for a text "The office of the Good Shepherd," his lordship then delivered an eloquent sermon, of which limited space prevents a synopsis. He traced the history of the church from the advent of Christ on earth down to the present time, claiming that all other denominations and sects embraced under the name of Protestants were offshoots from the true Church, as established by our divine Lord.

Referring to some of the erroneous ideas held by Protestants, he denied that the church taught or approved of the worship of the Virgin Mary. It honored and respected her as the mother of Christ but the only beings worshipped by Catholics were God and Christ. Absolution from sin was not granted by the church for money or price and no one could get the benefit of it unless truly humble and penitent and willing to make full restitution, where possible, for wrong or injury done. Catholics did not bow to the altar but to the blessed sacrament hidden in it. They believed Christ meant what he said when he said "this is my blood and my flesh." In conclusion his lordship said he had only feelings of sympathy and charity for those who misrepresented the church, for probably they did not know any better, but they could gain a great deal of information by buying a child's catechism for the small sum of five cents. He asked his flock to pray to God to keep them from sin and that eventually all the world might become of one fold under the care of the true church.

The musical services were of a superior order during the day.

CATHOLIC NEWS FROM NEW BRUNSWICK.

Special to the CATHOLIC RECORD.

MISSION.

The Redemptorist Fathers Trimpel and Wynn are preaching a mission in Somerville, Kent county.

CONVENTS.

Rev. A. Ouellet, pastor of Shediac, is building a handsome convent for the Sisters of Charity. The Sisters will open their school in Shediac in January next. The convents at St. John, Fredericton, Carleton, Portland, Memramcook, Bouctouche, and Moncton are in a prosperous condition; and the large number of pupils attending them speaks well both for the practical Catholicity of parents, and the thoroughness of the instruction imparted by the devoted daughters of St. Vincent de Paul.

NEW PARISHES AND CHURCHES.

St. Mary's and Gibson, formerly missions attended from Fredericton, have been formed into a separate parish under the charge of Rev. Father Kiernan, late of Montreal.

St. Stephen, which has hitherto been attended from Millville, is now a separate parish. Rev. Wm. Dollard, late curate of the Cathedral, St. John, has been nominated pastor. The St. Stephen congregation are to be congratulated on their securing so able and genial a parish priest.

Rev. H. A. Meahan, of Moncton, is building a fine stone church at a cost of \$35,000. The undertaking is a heavy one for so small a parish, but Father Meahan's energy is safe to bring it to a successful issue.

Rev. Jos. F. X. Michaud, Bouctouche, is constructing a church which will prove one of the handsomest in the diocese of St. John. The frame is already up, and the parishioners hope to have the outside finished this fall. Bouctouche and Father Michaud are a parish and a pastor who deserve more than a passing notice, and we may refer to both again.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE.

This prosperous educational institution opened on Sept. 1st. The scholastic year '97-'98 bids fair to prove an unusually successful one. The Fathers of Holy Cross who conduct the college aim at giving a sound practical and Catholic education, commercial or classical, at a cost proportioned to the limited means of ordinary Catholic parents. One hundred and twenty dollars per year covers all necessary expenses. There are no extra terms, however, do not argue any inferiority in the courses of instruction, as is abundantly shown by the honorable positions occupied by St. Joseph's graduates. One hundred and eighty-six students attended the college during 1896-7; and there will probably be an additional forty or fifty during the present year. St. Joseph's confers academic degrees on graduates of the arts course, and business diplomas on those of the commercial.

WEDDING BELLS.—On Tuesday, 6th Aug. last, at the cathedral, St. John, N. B., by Rev. J. J. Walsh, Mr. T. E. Traynor, Branch Pilot, was married to Miss B. McEdden, daughter of the late Wm. McEdden. We offer our sincere congratulations to the happy couple and wish them many happy days.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

The English Tory Ministry remind one of the historical personage—probably invented by Sir Boyle Roche—who, finding himself in imminent deadly peril, committed suicide to save his life. The By-elections showed them that they had lost touch with the country, and that there was a re-awakening of Liberal favor, brought about by disgust at their Irish policy, that would swamp them on any appeal to the popular vote. Had Disraeli been alive he probably would have stolen the thunder of his adversaries, and reversed his whole programme in a sweeping Home Rule measure. The political manikens who are his successors in control, if not in ability of leadership, cling to the idols of waning feudalism, and do the one thing that will hasten the ruin not only of their party, but of the vested rights and privileges that have been, up to this, deemed so sacred to the nobility and rank of the British social fabric. They have proclaimed the Irish National League, and have begun to arrest its leaders.

The duty of the hour—with which no lesser duty ought to interfere—is to lead the children to the feet of Him Who commanded that they, above all others, should be brought to Him. Who, with a clear conscience, can disavow the command? The Church, speaking with Her Spouse's words, asks for the little children. Her schools are open. On the decision of this hour depends the future of the child in this world and the next. Woe to the parent who stands between the light of Faith and the children God has put in his keeping! Our readers can aid the cause of Christianity, of morality, of the highest patriotism, by urging on their acquaintances the right of Catholic children to Catholic teaching in Catholic schools. Let them use their chances during the coming week.

N. Y. Catholic Review.

Michael Davitt puts a big case in a nutshell when he says that the only crime prevalent in Ireland is eviction. And the landlords and landowners are the criminals. Universalism, so called, is one of the vaguest of the vague forms of religion professing to be Christian. It is next door to agnosticism, if not precisely in principle, yet in fact. There is a true universalism founded and inspired by Christ. That universalism is found only and always in the Catholic, which is simply another word for the universal Church. Those who would find anything larger or broader than the Catholic Church will look in vain for that which neither man nor God can give them. In His Church God gives us all this side of heaven, even Himself.

A Sister of Charity was returning to Boston from New York recently on a Steamer. As tea time was about to be announced, a colored waiter approached her and deferentially suggested that perhaps it would be pleasanter for her to go to the table before the general rush of the passengers. She gladly assented and took her place at the table for a very simple tea. The waiter left her without waiting for an order, and was gone so long that the Sister wondered what had become of him. At last he appeared with a large tray loaded with all the luxuries of the season and set it down before her. Of course the modest Sister was quite taken aback, and said to the waiter: "You have made a mistake; that is not for me." "Oh, yes, Sister," said he, "it is for you." "But I did not order such a supper as that; it certainly must have been ordered for some one else, and you have brought it to me by mistake." "No, Sister," said the waiter, "there is no mistake; it was ordered for you and you will please help yourself." Convinced at last, the Sister ate all she wanted. But to her great surprise, before she could gather up her things and leave the table, the waiter appeared with a second course of sweets, ice, fruit, etc. "My dear man," said the Sister, "that is too much. Who has ordered all those things for me?" "Do you see that gentleman over in the corner reading the paper? That is the gentleman who gave the order." "Then go and express my grateful thanks to him, and ask him for the pleasure of his name." The waiter conveyed the message to the gentleman and returned with this reply: "Tell the Sister that my name is of no consequence—she would not know me if I should tell it. I am a stranger and may never see her again; but say that I am always happy to avail myself of every favorable opportunity of testifying my profound respect for the white cornet which she wears, and which I first learned to venerate and love in our late war."

Cardinal Gibbons, in reply to an invitation from the commission having charge of the celebration in Philadelphia of the Centenary of the American Constitution, addressed the following letter to the Secretary, Mr. H. L. Carson: "I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of the 8th inst., informing me that I am invited to offer the closing prayer and to invoke a benediction on the 17th day of September next. I gratefully accept the invitation, and I shall cheerfully comply with the request of the committee by performing the sacred duties assigned to me. In common with my fellow citizens, I heartily rejoice in the forthcoming commemorative celebration. The Constitution of the United States is worthy of being written in letters of gold. It is a charter by which the liberties of sixty millions of people are secured, and by which, under Providence, the temporal happiness of countless millions yet unborn will be perpetuated."

Baltimore Mirror.

A correspondent—it is needless to mention that she is a female—writes to the *Fredericton Observer* as follows: Eighty-four steamships arrive at Castle Garden monthly. Nearly fifty thousand foreigners arrived in April. Over seventy percent of the Irish criminal classes come in. Coming from all lands they will revolutionize us, change our customs, laws, and religion, or we must change them. Omissionary sits in Castle Garden and talks to the girls, and many a message is sent back to her of grateful remembrance. The Catholic Church, wiser than

we, has a home there already, and many of our Protestant girls go there. If they stay over night they must stay Mass so that there one night. The hardship of Protestant girls being forced to stay Mass during the night is too horrible to contemplate. Certainly, if this sort of thing is permitted to go on unchecked, these foreigners, will, as the correspondent observes, "revolutionize us." The intelligence of the *Observer's* representative will go a long way, however, towards averting the impending revolution.

Cleveland Universe.

A city subscriber asks us why have we been silent while the Adventists, recently camped in Cleveland, "poured hot shot into the Catholic Church day after day." We hope none of it struck our correspondent. It fell short so far as we are concerned. More seriously, as the French say, "the game is not worth the candle." With all due respect for the apparent earnestness of the Adventist gathering, the only reason we can conjure for the existence of the Adventists and similar sects is imbibed in Barnum's dictum: "The American people like to be humbugged."

Milwaukee Catholic Citizen.

Protestants are finding quite useful many of the elements of Church, faith and discipline that their "reformers" reject as "un-Scriptural," "idolotrous," or "Pagan." The matter of "Christian Unity" now under discussion in Congregational and Methodist circles is one of these. An exceedingly convenient thing, truly; something to be prized, something that compares well with this intermittent strife of sects that has so long characterized Protestantism. The want of an "intermediate state" is another deficiency in "the new teachings" which the reformers overlooked. It has played havoc with health. The Catholic Purgatory is a merciful, a rational and a necessary institution. Beecher saw this and he remodelled the Calvinistic Gehenna accordingly. All the sects will have to come to it. Protestantism is subject to the evolution of thought. It ought to gravitate towards Catholicity, so far as it retains any semblance of Christianity. Now we see a further recognition of the wisdom of the Catholic Church in what *Good Words*, a leading English Protestant magazine, yet in fact, there is a true universalism founded and inspired by Christ. That universalism is found only and always in the Catholic, which is simply another word for the universal Church. Those who would find anything larger or broader than the Catholic Church will look in vain for that which neither man nor God can give them. In His Church God gives us all this side of heaven, even Himself.

Catholic Union and Times.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan once said that an even, cheerful, kindly disposition was the true secret of beauty; and simple as that observation was it contained and still contains the whole alchemy of being beautiful. Nature in her external gifts may be kinder to one than to another; but she gives to the plain the opportunity to equal if not surpass her fairer rival. To the one she gives the beauty of form, but its hand-maid is vanity and affectation whose ministrations are seldom discarded by their possessor. To the other she gives a soul capable of attaining to a loveliness, whose attendants are dignity and worth and these are long abiding. Hence it sometimes comes that in a plain face we see a soul that glories in a magic that changes the before unlovely lines into the soft curves of beauty and renders the beholder oblivious of the fact that he ever thought it otherwise than charming. This is the reason that great men so often have what on the first impression seem to be uninteresting wives; but scarcely without exception they have the qualities which to Sheridan constituted beauty. A fretful, peevish disposition, or one that alternate with the quietude of a good change, he is accompanied by the loveliness of a goddess, becomes first an object of dislike and last of loathing. True beauty and lasting charms are those which spring from a gentle soul and a happy heart.

Catholic Columbian.

That we may "Hear the Church" let all of us, her children, lead holy, edifying lives; frown upon sensuality, profanity and intemperance, and keep constantly before us the certainty of judgment and eternity.

It is to be feared that in Catholic families now a days the old and well approved practice of family prayers morning and evening is too much neglected. Thereby a great grace is lost since our Lord said: "Where two or more are gathered in My name there I am in the midst of them."

United Ireland.

In the history of tyranny there never was anything so ludicrous as the manner of the proclamation of the National League. They were truly a comical coterie that met in the castle. There was my Lord Ashbourne, of the loud voice and bland smile, whose recent election in the Court of Appeal in Father Keller's case, and in Lord Macarthur's case, in the interest of Gladstone, have the honor of the court and each particular hair stand on end with absolute amazement. There was Vice-Chancellor Chatterton, whose name the late Lord Justice Christian has made a synonym for stolid, self-asserting stupidity; and there—*clarum ac venerabile nomen*—was Pether, the packer, that well-deserving pillar of the State, whose gross blunders in *Silgo* were, in the opinion of the executive, redeemed by his grosser brutality. There was only wanting the Lord Lieutenant to complete the quartette. For this illustrious descendant of Lord Castlereagh his most enthusiastic admirers claim no higher merit than that of a harmless imbecile. His great State function is to sign his name. He was sent for to the Vice-regal cricket ground to sign away the liberties of an entire people. It is said that he refused to go until "over" was called, and he specially

stipulated he should be let back in time to have his turn at the bat. He was obviously pointed out by Father where his name was to go. He wrote it in a fair round hand with a final flourish, and half an hour afterwards he was back again in his flannels fielding for the I. Zingari. That evening, in his deepest tragedy tones, Lord Salisbury announced in the House of Lords that the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, after consultation with his privy council, had declared the National League to be an illegal association.

Irish People.

The Speaker gave the other night, a pretty fair sample of English justice when an Irish member concerned. An obscure English provincial paper had accused Mr. Dillon of conduct in House which that gentleman denied pointblank. Therefore, four English members, one of whom was responsible for the slander, rose in their places and accused Mr. Dillon of deliberate falsehood. Mr. Dillon appealed to the Speaker, but that authority was silent, and when Mr. Dillon flung the lie back in their teeth, he called the honorable member to order. What is with the Irish member rank blasphemy is with the English member but a choleric word.

If we sin, we, at least, are in good company. Here is an extract from the report of the Protestant Diocesan Synod of Ferns, which was held on Thursday at Enniscorthy:—

Rev. Canon Murdoch read out the list of the defaulting parishes, and suggested that the names of those which were in arrears should be printed up in large letters at the Synod meetings.

The Earl of Courtown—Is not that the practice in local National Leagues?

(Laughter.)

Rev. Canon Murdoch—Oh! I do not know, I never attend them (a laugh).

For one who does not make boycotting a science, Canon Murdoch seems to have a very shrewd notion of its principles. To have the Protestant Synod adopting boycotting as a weapon with which to whip the unholiness into godly generosity is certainly worthy of note. By the way, it is said there were several big rows at this meeting over sundry matters of *E. & C.* But it is worthy of note that the *Daily Express* thought it wise to omit all mention of it.

Colorado Catholic.

How many Catholic parents provide their homes with a little altar before which to summon their families to pray at stated intervals? How many Catholic mothers see that their little ones say their morning and evening prayers? At the judgment seat such questions will bear an alarming significance to wretched backsliders.

The best cure for the abuses and inequalities that prevail in society, is the practice of the cardinal virtues. The remedies of the crafty quack are altogether inadequate, and seldom, if ever, produce even temporary relief. This, of course, is to view the subject from a mere human standpoint. In the higher sense, which is the true one, riches and poverty are circumstances of indifference in the scale of life. Nor does it need to appeal to revealed truths for authority on the point. Equally of robust sense and some measure of morality have had a satisfactory appreciation of this truth.

AN ENGLISH CATHOLIC

On Ireland, and the Attitude of his Countrymen Towards Home Rule.

WHAT CARDINAL MANNING SAYS—WHO ARE THE MEN THAT ARE HOSTILE TO THEIR IRISH COUNTRYMEN?—AND WHAT ARE THE LANDLORDS—THE DUKE OF NORFOLK—TRYING TO IMPOSE ON HOME.

From the *Daily Freeman*: "They are noisy, but few; I can count them on my ten fingers." The words were spoken by the most eminent of English ecclesiastics, and the "noisy but few" are those of his fellow-countrymen who have made the name of English Catholic a reproach, wherever Irishmen are gathered together, by their fanatical opposition to Irish public opinion. Perhaps the reckoning was a mistake. Such it will certainly seem to those at a distance, who imagine Mr. De Lisle and Lord Denbigh and the Duke of Norfolk to be deputed and responsible political spokesmen, and who, therefore, denounce "the English Catholics" as though they presented one unbroken front of men loving liberty for themselves, but grudging it to others. What I have to say will point to a different conclusion. I mean it partly in self-defence, partly in the hope that at this moment it may be welcome to the Catholics of Ireland to be assured of the warm good will of every English Catholic who really is, what the coin of the phrase has failed to prove—"A Catholic first and an Englishman afterwards." After a brief course of argument, this writer declares: "The whole force of English Catholicism, whatever their politics, might, one would suppose, be reckoned to right the balance, and give, as Catholics, to Catholics across the channel, what Protestants, as Protestants, unjustly took away. As a matter of fact, a great part of that force is so ranged. There are even Catholic Englishmen who are Tories in all else, but Gladstonian in home rule. Mr. Wilfred Blunt had nearly converted Lord Randolph before Mr. Gladstone's hour had come. The *Weeky Register* was never a Gladstonian paper until Mr. Gladstone appeared as the prophet of home rule. As for the clergy, the *Irish* itself candidly admits that, without distinction of race or party, they are nearly all

ON THE SIDE OF HOME RULE.

The truth of the statement can be easily tested in London, where on that side—which is the side of the metropolitan himself—are to be found at Farnham street, ardent, fervent Home Rule; at Bayswater, nearly all the Oblates of St. Charles; at the Kensington Pro-Cathedral, Monsignor Harrington Moore, an Oxford convert, whose love for Ireland is not outdone, even by that of the clergy of Irish race serving under him; at Kensington, also, Monsignor Tyler; at St. Etheldreda's, Father Lockhart; Dr. Graham, at the Hammermith Training College; and Bishop Wether, at the seminary; and so on in mission after mission. What, then, is this influence which gives a bad pre-

eminence to a group of English Catholics as being in league with the most determined opponents of Ireland, which puts them into odious opposition with another Catholic people, and which severs them even from the bulk of their own Catholic fellow-countrymen? The answer is easy to find. They are not hostile to Mr. Parnell because they are Englishmen, still less because they are Catholics; but because they are landlords. I use the term as one which includes not the solitary owner of the soil, but his uncles and his cousins and his aunts, besides retainers of many sorts who reckon on his rent roll. Then there are the aunts' husbands' aunts, and the cousins' wives' cousins' with endless ramifications in families proverbially prolific. Holders of Irish land like Lord Kenmare and Lord Emly, who are not English Catholics at all, and the head centres of this anti-Irish feeling, and moving in Catholic society in London, where they tell their tale of woe to every corner, they naturally attract the sympathy of those with whom they mix, and whom they assure that the fight which is waged now in Ireland will shift its battlefield to the English counties once these Irish outworks are won. Thus it is that

A CASTLE OF FEELING

has been created, having its origin in chance associations and meetings and inter-marriage between Catholic Irish landlords and their Catholic English fellows. Moreover, some of the English Catholics themselves are dependent directly or indirectly on rents drawn from Irish soil. Recruiting this army of the actual martyrs of the great economic movement of our time are a group of eccentrics familiar to every cause. If they are a mystery to the world at large, they are a perplexity even to their friends. Their opinions are vehement exactly in proportion to their absolute ignorance of all the facts and figures on which reasonable opinions can be based. If they want to speak of the Archbishop of Dublin, or the Archbishop of Cashel, or the venerable head of the Irish College in Rome, they speak of them as "mild malefactors."

The Irish clergy as a body are "surprised ruffians." The Irishman who was "against the government" has his counterpart in this curious specimen of English humanity, who is "against the people," who thinks the Catholic Church—that greatest democracy in the world—is somehow endangered if Bomba is burnt in effigy; who is so simply out of touch of the times that when he takes his mild pleasures he is firmly persuaded that Satan is a sleeping partner in Maseklyne and Cooke. A popular movement is his pet aversion; he sympathizes with the Oxford recluses, who would not heed the Romeward invitation of Father Ignatius Spencer, because, forsooth, Irish Catholics imitated "the low ways of the popular religions," had tea parties in churches and festivals aboard steamer! That these fastidious persons should ever find harbor and refreshment in the Catholic Church is, to some, a surprise; but to all it must be a joy for their presence proves the breadth of the Church universal. Later on, speaking of the head of the Catholic opposition,

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

Our writer says: In private life he sees only one picture, hears only one story; and the fidelity to friends and the belief in their reading of events obscure from his vision that larger loyalty to the commonwealth that more immense faith in the destiny of peoples, which perhaps a separate room at the Oratory school at Edgborough would not suggest and which Arundel Castle seems proudly to defy. I have not heard that in the intention of the noble founder the spire of St. Philip's Church was to overtop the castle—it fits the type of the Catholic dominating landlord; the Catholic, whose religion was founded in renunciation, whose apostles have left to the world the example of Christian communism, and who, in England, is heir, on this land question, to the true teaching of Colet and of the martyred More, re-affirmed to day by our own Manning. Well, there are disappointments in life, fallings short in ourselves and in those we would fain have to lead us, which must always remain as mysterious as they are mournful. And greater than the grief of the lady who has left to the world the example of Christian communism, and who, in England, is heir, on this land question, to the true teaching of Colet and of the martyred More, re-affirmed to day by our own Manning. Well, there are disappointments in life, fallings short in ourselves and in those we would fain have to lead us, which must always remain as mysterious as they are mournful.

And so, under his grace's presidency, they held their meeting. Besides those already named, there were the Earl of Denbigh and Lord North, Tories among Tories, delighted to do or dare anything to win the Pope over as a sort of Tory election agent—wild dream; delighted, too, to let Lord Salisbury know what good followers of his "the English Catholics" are. How should it be otherwise with those whose vision of the world is bounded by their own hedge rows and who mistake their own group for the body politic? Admirable men in private life, in politics they are

THE INVINCIBLY IGNORANT.

who claim our pity, for, blameless though they be, there will never be a heaven in this world for those who are so ignorant as to be misled by Parnellism and the democratic Toryism of Lord Randolph a delusion of the devil. There was also present Sir Charles Clifford, in whom the Tories may congratulate themselves that they have won a recruit who is a man of affairs—other than his own—and with him was his son-in-law, Mr. Arthur Moore. Other Irish Catholics were Captain Ross of Bladenburg, of castle and station; and Mr. Haasey Walsh, a gentleman who lives philanthropically in South Kensington who placed units against a Nationalist opponent's hundreds at an election, I think in his own King's county, and who now took all spirit out of the meeting by a prolonged historical review of the position of Ireland and England. Mr. Wilfred Ward, who has adopted Toryism in his playtime as a complete relaxation from the wisdom of philosophy, began to think he took his pleasure early; and it needed Mr. De Lisle's proposal that all the heads of religious orders of women as well as of men should be asked to petition the Pope against Parnell, to bring back twenty-nine smiles to twenty-nine faces. There had been preliminary talk of such a petition. But the critical difficulty was this—only Unionists could be got to sign it. "Can you get Lord Ripon to say that the Irish bishops condoned him?" asked an English proselyte who had been taken into confidence. The promoters couldn't. They would appeal for advice, not to Philip,

drunk with sympathy for Ireland, but to Philip sober in Birmingham, a recluse who had never loved popular movements in the old days, and was not likely to love them now. Recluses are

DIFFICULT PEOPLE TO APPROACH;

some of them have a way of snapping your head off before you know where you are. A young literary man, whose father Cardinal Newman had known at Oxford, was chosen for the delicate mission. To Birmingham he went. He saw the great man for two hours, and he came away no wiser. His eminence counselled his friends to ascertain before they presented such a petition whether the Pontiff would wish to receive it. Beyond this he was not willing to commit himself. "With that habit he has of drawing subtle distinctions," reported the crestfallen emissary, he could not be got to denounce even the plan of campaign. Circumstances govern such doings; you cannot damn them in the abstract. Are there not even occasions when it is even laudable for a man to steal a loaf of bread? So, all things considered, the idea of a petition was abandoned, the document, although bursting from the breast of one of the two gentlemen who had prepared it, was not even produced at the meeting. It was decided that the duke himself should go in person to Rome and lay the whole matter before the Pope, telling him, the speakers suggested, that conversions in England would be stopped (and Peter's peace, too), if the tongues of the Irish prelates were left loose. The duke agreed to go, with a hand strengthened by what he had seen and heard at the meeting, but still with a free hand. To Rome, therefore, he fled, and Pope Leo XIII. listened to him a little, but not much. It was to the Vicar of Him who told the troubled young man, in ages long gone, to sell his great possessions and to give to the poor, that the largest landlord of all England now came to learn how far religion to day would

LEND ITS AID TO THE MIGHTY

in their warfare with the weak. Perhaps the Pontiff so felt the situation, he was more willing to talk about Monsignor Ruffo-Sella, the envoy to London, whose host the duke was about to be. Other personal matters seemed to interest His Holiness, rather than political ones, and further talk on the Irish question was half left over till a more convenient season—which never came. His grace waited in Rome in expectation of a second audience. "Let him not delay," said the Pontiff to an intermediary, "where the weather is so hot." But the visit was not fruitless, for the mission of Monsignor Persico to Ireland is in part a result. If only the little landlord group were willing in their hearts to welcome his advent and were ready to accept his word how happy that visit to the Vatican might still prove to have been. But I fear that some what may—unless it be a new Svonarola to preach a gospel of unselfishness—these few men must remain irreconcilable, perversely so, honestly so, impudently so. The fact must be faced. Perhaps it is not formidable. Some readers may smile that I gave it two thoughts, but I gave it thirty. I know it is not formidable electorally. They mean thirty ballot papers at the polls, perhaps hardly that, the thirty Catholics who made the meeting; and these are far more than a thousand times that number of Catholic voting papers in London alone on the opposite side. Nor is it formidable on other accounts, difficult to go into, but impossible to suit from an entirely candid consideration. It must be said that mentally and morally this agitation is as weak as it is electorally. I mean that its promoters are not the men of affairs among us, nor the men of ideas; only the men of acres, who are men of acres and no more, and who are not far-sighted enough to see beyond the boundaries of those broad lands, where for generations they have "added barn to barn and field to field," not knowing, I say morally weak, because the agitation is

AGAINST THE IRISH PRIEST

as much as it is against the Irish peasant—hearts under cassock and under position thrill together at the sound of the voice of the liberator, and morally weak because it has no sanction in Christendom, whence all turn eyes of pity towards Ireland—the clergy of England itself, you admit, as a body are against it; Catholic France, with all her own viler experiences, sends her quick sympathies to Ireland; the Catholic press of Italy, of Belgium, of Germany, pronounced for her; our own colonies, by the voice of their prelates and their people, speak words of hope and comfort to the second mother of Catholic peoples all the world over; and Catholic America frets amid her own freedom, since the old country is still waiting to be free—

Oh, my own dark Rosaleen.

Do not sigh, do not weep!

The priests are on the ocean green.

They march along the deep.

There's wine from the royal Pope

Upon the ocean green;

And Spanish ale shall give you hope,

My dark Rosaleen!

My own Rosaleen!

All this I know, and more, it is written so plainly on the face of contemporary history that he who runs may read. Yet I know, too, that these thirty English Catholics include men of lofty honor, who would not harbor a mean thought if they knew it, nor conscientiously let self-interest, when the commonwealth is at stake, bind them into a close trade union. When the battle is won, our joy in the triumph will be lessened since they, too, are not among the victors. We shall be humble before the Providence which gave us a hand in the great work, while others—in the van of many a good cause—looked askance, fretful of the patient church, despairing in the republic.

The Catholic University.

Baltimore, Sept. 7.—There is being held to day at Cardinal Gibbons' residence a meeting of the trustees of the proposed Catholic University. It is an earnest that there are influences at work to have the college established at Philadelphia, or in some western city. The information comes from an authentic source that the successor of Bishop Keane, of Richmond, who is booked for the rectorship of the university, will be Rev. Dr. O'Connell, rector of the American College at Rome.