

Witnesses to the Progress of the Faith in England.

There is an organization in England known as the "Protestant Alliance." It is composed of Non-conformists and "low" elements in the Established Church. Its business is to give the nation an annual warning to the effect that Britain is being gradually reconquered by the Catholic religion. Like most prophets, of good as well as of ill, the "Protestant Alliance" is accustomed to take out its reward largely in ridicule; but to some extent in cash. This year the "Alliance" was in fine prophetic form. On Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of the week before last its members held forth in conference at Shrewsbury; and as far as the newspaper reports justify us in forming an opinion, the principal feeling they succeeded in evincing in the land was one of contempt against themselves. Still they were more than covered current expenses. On the opening night of the conference we read that:

Several instruments of torture used by "catholics as well as Romanists for the purpose of penance were exhibited.

The exhibition, as we told, attracted considerable attention, so that it must have amply rewarded the expectations of the managers of the "Alliance" in the amount of the gate receipts. An interesting announcement was made by Rev. Mr. Emlyn Jenkins, who is presumably the press agent of the show. He said the meetings were to be "a counterblast to the superhuman effort being made by the Church of Rome to reconquer England and undo the work of the Reformation." There was at least a glimmering of reason in Jenkins' speech. No rational doubt can exist that the means by which the Roman Catholic Church is reconquering the heart of England for the Faith are superhuman or supernatural. But the idea of meeting the supernatural by a "counterblast" of the kind he described is either pitifully stupid or extremely sordid. To turn a penny in such a way betokens a shockingly irreligious spirit which must have grown up in England under Protestantism.

The events of the second day seemed to show that it is equally remunerative to assail the Established or the Catholic Church in England to day. Such at least is the meaning we take from the remarks of Rev. Thomas Hosking, who said he: "would rather be an honest Roman Catholic than a Ritualist playing the deceptive and unprincipled part of teaching 'Romanism' and at the same time receiving pay from the state." If there be any Ritualists in England playing the part alleged against them by Mr. Hosking their conduct is certainly most reprehensible. They are paid by the state for doing the work of the state. The ministry of the Church of England is really a branch of the civil service, paradoxical as it may sound. Not the best paid branch perhaps; but big pay, or small pay, or no pay, any gentleman engaged in that department of state work is doubly debarr'd from membership in the Catholic Church. He is debarr'd by the state, and he is positively debarr'd by the Catholic church itself. He cannot serve two masters. Therefore it is quite plain that Mr. Hosking fails to understand the facts of the case. Rev. J. Alcock, like Rev. Hosking, expressed almost a preference for the Catholic church pure and simple as compared with the Anglican sect. He said: "Cardinal Vaughan and his priests were altogether distanced in spreading medieval superstitions by the Anglican Church." As if that were not enough he said a great deal more to the same effect. And he attacked the Protestant Kiburn Sisterhood while neglecting to say a word against ladies in the Catholic communities. We can explain Mr. Alcock's position in no other way than to suppose he attacked the party that has the least public opinion in its favor. People of his sort always find it wise to do that. Only a short time ago it used to be otherwise in England. Now-a-days the bigots frequently assail the ministers of the Establishment, and Catholics are not insulted when they make pilgrimages through the streets of London or to the shrine of Thomas à Becket on the Tor of Cantebury.

Being firm believers in the complete restoration, sooner or later, of England to Catholicity these things do not greatly surprise us. But we own we were not prepared to hear that so much progress has been made as one

of the "Alliance" speakers described on the closing day of the Shrewsbury conference. This witness was named Mr. Frank Cable, and his occupation is set down as that of a "Hyde Park Protestant lecturer." Evidently he must be a prominent man in Protestant circles, and we hope he knew whomever he affirmed when he said that.

A prominent member of the English royal family has no less than eleven crucifixes in her bed room. That was a had omen for the future.

Mr. Cable, it will be observed, speaks like a man who knows the value of accuracy. He said the crucifixes were eleven in number. He might have said twelve. Had he desired in the least to exaggerate he would likely have stuck on one more to make up the dozen, and enable him to deal with round numbers which are more easily handled by all public speakers. But Cable said eleven, not a dozen, like a man who believes in sticking rigidly to the facts. We disagree entirely when he said the crucifixes in the bed-room of H.R.H. are "a bad omen for the future." That may be Cable's opinion, but it is not ours. However, we can afford to let that pass in the glow of interest which his information arouses. We have only to convert the royal family and the citadel of state Protestantism is captured. The Prince of Wales is not an insuperable difficulty. It is alleged that he is christened by a Catholic priest. It is true he is a Freemason, but the grace of God, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, has already operated on leaders of that secret and evil sect. The Marquis of Ripon from being a Masonic Grand Master has become a dutiful and zealous son of Holy Church. Others have had the same miraculous experience. The Prince of Wales is not an impossibility.

An Irish Famine.

An Irish famine is again threatened.

What a commentary this is upon the boasted position of ease enjoyed by the Irish tenant farmer under the land reforms of recent Governments. Will the Irish farmers be never done asking for more? How often we have heard the cynical and unfriendly question asked, by way of comment, when again and again public opinion knocks in Ireland's behalf in loud protest upon the doors of England's Parliament. 'Tis time the Irish have not, thank heaven, begged. They have not come looking for pity in a quarter where they realize that no sympathy is entertained for them or for their problems. The loss of one year's crop has been sufficient to bring the wolf of hunger to the doors of hundreds of the small farmers in the North and South and West. It is the old tale. The rent reductions of the Land Commission have worked no wonders in Ireland. The severe agricultural depression of a half a decade more than offset whatever legal pining down there has been done in rents. The judicial rents barely allowed the tillers of the soil to make two ends meet under favorable circumstances. Had this year's crop been husbanded they would have been toiled on. But the last weeks of the season brought incessant rain, flooding whole stretches of country, and leaving the tenants once more at the mercy of the landlords, who are now hungrier than ever, wasted by the long sustained fight against the national agrarian organization. When the crops began to rot the landlords realized that the outlook was as blue for them as for the tenants. On every hand they began to sue for what is called the "hanging gale," that is to say, the half year's rent which custom has ordained shall act as a sort of buffer between landlord and tenant in Ireland. In hard times it is considered criminal, and rightly so, to begin eviction proceedings for the "hanging gale." But the landlords being hard up this year were not inclined to stand upon ceremony, and as a consequence the crowbar brigade is once more abroad in the land adding the terrors of eviction to the British gunboats maintained on purpose to give aid to the landlords when they send forth the crowbar brigade into the remote glens along the western coast. These gunboats transport soldiers and policemen by sea, saving the landlords the expense and incon-

venience of land journeys. It is a disgraceful service for the fleet with which England is supposed to rule the waves; and it is little wonder that Irish cattlers should have bitter impressions of England's idle ships. During the Arran Islands campaign the storm raged so furiously that one of the gunboats going down to Cork was disabled, and the Arran operations had finally to be abandoned out of respect to the angry elements, not through any pity for the tenants, many of whom had already been cast out to find whatever shelter the bleak mountain side could afford in such weather.

These doings have once more reached the ears of the virtue-loving English nation where, at present, great sympathy is felt for the Armenians. The newspaper correspondents have gone over to prove the facts. The Manchester Guardian declares that no such appalling prospect has presented itself during the present generation. The paper should not have a great deal of difficulty in remembering that the same sort of a prospect presents itself with every failure of the crops, a thing that occurs every four or five years. The cable correspondents describing the situation say:

Up to the present, the Government is doing nothing. The Irish Secretary's tour in the west and north-west occurred before the bad weather set in, and at a time when little could be predicted of the harvest. Since then he has obtained reports from official sources—from landlord sources—which can only be described as misleading. The farmers on many of the large estates have apprised their landlords or agents that no rent can be paid this year because no rent has been earned. But the landlords, under the Land Act, are applying for ejectment decrees by the thousands, and an eviction campaign such as has rarely been witnessed even in Ireland is now in progress in many districts. As soon as the rigours of winter set in the demand for relief will be clamorous.

When will stupid, thick headed English Tories be brought to see that they are, through ignorance and prejudice, utterly incapable of forming laws for Ireland? They have already made English law a shameful slur, which has twice been cast in the face of the nation, once by Russia at the time of the Polish persecutions, and the other day by the Sultan of Turkey, to whom English virtue has attached many aliases, such as Abdul the Damned, the Great Assassin, and so forth. "Look at Ireland," says Abdul.

The Situation in Manitoba.

The settlement of the Manitoba school question, which has been scheduled for weeks, has not yet arrived. The World says a hitch has occurred; but of that or any other rumor in connection with the negotiations between the two governments we know nothing. There are two parties and two parties only intimately concerned in the issue of the negotiations. These are the respective supporters of public schools and of separate schools in the Province of Manitoba. The public school supporters are represented by the Greenway government, and the separate schools by Archbishop Langevin. The great bulk of the population of the Dominion is interested in the matter, deeply interested; but only in a religious or a national sense, or in both senses combined. Mr. Laurier has repeatedly declared that he will do even justice to both parties intimately concerned; and if that is his honest intention we should expect to see him, or his delegates Mr. Tarte, in impartial consultation with the properly accredited representatives of the two parties to the dispute; that is to say with the Greenway government on the one hand and with Archbishop Langevin and the gentlemen who have from the beginning of the trouble been associated with him on the other hand. But according to the report of Archbishop Langevin's sermon on Sunday last, telegraphed from Winnipeg, his Grace does not appear to have been recognized in the least by the Dominion government. Mr. Greenway and his conferrers only have been consulted. This may be "conciliation" intended for Mr. Greenway; but we fail to see where Catholic opinion and interests come in. We do not understand for a moment that the Catholics of Manitoba have requested Mr. Laurier to sell their interests for them to Mr. Greenway and call the political barrier "conciliation."

Sir Wemyss Reid, in The Speaker, testifies that he has seen the head of Cromwell stuck on a spike in the house of a friend in Kent.

Molly Carow.

(For The Register.)

"Oh! Molly Carow, you're the core av me heart,
An' you'll break it to bits av yo say we must part,
But you'll not be so cruel, faith, your own is too soft.
An' besides, I've two pigs an' a cow in the croft,
Wid a nato two-roomed cabin all furnished galore,
An' a heart full av love - now what could yo want more?
An' I'd wed yo to-morrow, I would, good av' thrue,
Av only yo'd let me, sweet Molly Carow."

With a toss of her head, and a flash of her eye,
And a shrug of her shoulders, did Molly reply:

"Av yo think I would wed yo for what yo have got,
Sure, that is the sort of a colleen I'm not.
Young Patsy O'Loone giv av car to me now,
I don't care for your pigs, or your cabin or cow,
An' what is much more, air, I don't care for you,
So I never will wed you," says Molly Carow.

Nonplussed for a moment, then cries wicked Pat:
"Yo mistook me entirely I didn't mean that."

"Not mean it," cries Molly, "desatoful spalpeen!
If yo didn't mean that, then pray what did yo mean?"

"Bo aisy," says Patsy, "I'll toll ye, asthore,
An' so, faith, the very same words as before,
They're not, 'marry me,' but, 'let me marry you,'
Sure, that was my meaning, sweet Molly Carow!"

F. T. C.

The Montreal correspondents of the daily papers, recognizing the expediency of appointing a Papal Ablegate for Canada, have announced the name of Rev. Father Forbes an English Jesuit for the position. It is now only needs that Rome recognize their foresight and the wisdom of their selection. The Montreal correspondents feel quite easy that everything will turn out exactly as they have said it. The appointment "will shortly be made." It is a pretty well known fact that Rome is not in the habit of confiding its policy to newspapermen before hand, and it is largely to the credit of the Montreal correspondents that an exception is made in their favor.

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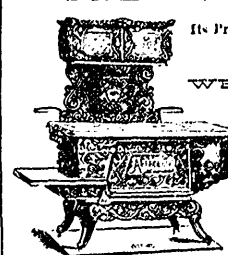
MARRIED
Practically - LORENA WATKINS, on the 9th ult., by the Rev. Father O'Neill, Mr. Patrick Purcell to Miss Amelia Longway, Logan.

DEATHS.
Died on Thursday, the 10th November, Mrs. Mary Ann O'Brien, wife of M. J. O'Brien, 441 John street, north, Hamilton, Edward Murphy, aged 79 years.

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By order of the Board,
S. C. WOOD, Managing Director.
Toronto, 21st October, 1896.

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