

public assembly, and at the bar, in the daily press, in the magazine, in the essay and in the novel, they have constantly exerted themselves, in clearing away deep-rooted prejudices, by presenting truth in its most agreeable, attractive and convincing form. By no other means can the swollen tide of irreligion be stemmed, or the false, irrational and pernicious doctrines of our modern naturalists be exposed to the public gaze.

But even with these instruments of communication at our command, we must necessarily be the losers in a struggle, the judges of which are already estranged from us through the widespread influence of the foul literature which is being daily served up as food for the multitude, unless we bring with us to the fray an abundance of the best material Catholic teachings can bestow.

Hence the necessity of a Catholic education by Catholic teachers and in Catholic schools. That *religious indifference* is the direct offspring of a public-school training for Catholic children no one, either in Canada or the United States, can for a single moment deny.

This is a serious charge, but one which is, nevertheless, only too true, and the father who sends his child to a public-school, to pander to the wishes of a neighbor, or to display his great liberality, need not be surprised to find that his pandering and liberality have produced their just fruits. If, then, we ever hope to have a literature, bearing the impress of Catholicity, let us begin at the foundation, and make our schools, not only Catholic in name, but Catholic in reality. Let the readers, which we place in the hands of our children contain extracts from our best Catholic writers, and let our histories be impartial narrators of our country's progress. Thus far, we have been most unjustly treated, and the labors and sacrifices of our Catholic missionaries remain to be told by the future Catholic historian. Let us sincerely hope that that day is not far distant, when we shall cease to be satisfied with seeing our children imbibing a spirit of religious indifference which cannot fail to produce pernicious results.

M. F. FITZPATRICK, '91.



PIONEERS OF PROGRESS.

—Men

Perished in winter winds till one smote fire
 From flint stones coldly hiding what they held,
 The red spark treasured from the kindling sun ;
 They gorged on flesh like wolves, till one sowed corn,
 Which grew a weed, yet makes the life of man ;
 They mowed and babbled till some tongue struck speech,
 And patient fingers framed the lettered sound.
 What good gift have my brothers, but it came
 From search and strife and loving sacrifice?

—EDWIN ARNOLD.