

"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

THE ONLY CATHOLIC PAPER PUBLISHED IN ENGLISH IN NORTH-WESTERN CANADA.

VOL. XIII, No. 22.

ST. BONIFACE, MANITOBA, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1897.

Impressions

Of Rev. Mr. Pedley's Lecture.

Rat Portage Daily News.

How true it is that "what is one man's meat is another man's poison!" This

startling in a Christian clergymen.

During his travels on the Continent and in Great Britain and Ireland, he took with him two imaginary companions, an Irishman and a Scotchman. In the choice of these particular types, or rather representative men, the reverend gentlewe shall see as we proceed that he did not choose his types-he made them His type of the Irishman, or the equivalent "wild Irishman," he names "Pat," and endows with much "wit" (from the Pedley parlance, a "Papist;" his realization of happiness is to "get drunk" as often as possible, and "never twice in the same place." Ah, how very "wild" and how very Irish he must be!

His imaginary Scotch companion, his typical Scot, whom he names "Sandy," abhors even the suggestion of whisky, and reproves Pat in Mr. Pedley's "blessed, heavenly tone."

Are these fair types? Statistics tell us that there are five drunken Scotchmen to every three drunken Irishmen; Mr. Pelley should have chosen the eight for companions. It is quite true that the three Irishmen, nay, one Irishman would make more noise than the five Scots; while he would be proclaiming himself to the the world, they would be quietly hybernating behind the door.

Mr. Pedley and his companions visit Ireland. And why? He has not heart enough to appreciate anything Irish. Dublin, at its best, quoting some one, is "dear, dhirty Dublin." The "smell" of Ireland's capital does not agree with him. From Dublin they travel the one hundred and eighty miles to Killarney. On the way they see nothing prosperous, only two-roomed cottages with barefooted, bare-legged women and children; and about the cottages are a few chickens, geese and pigs! (You must laugh here).

Ah, Mr. Pedley, you do not tell us of the big houses that keep the others small, and spend it in Great Britain or on the Continent, and who rarely see Ireland-You do not mention the Irish industries that for hundreds of years were refused Patronage, that were ignored by the English markets, until Earl and Lady Spencer and Lord and Lady Aberdeen said "This shall no longer be!" Already Ireland is beginning to gain somewhat of her former hope: small thanks to those of Mr. Pedley's calibre!

On their journey south, the imaginary Pat. seeing an old woman, & .. , &c., exclaims, "Begorra, that's me ould mother!" Nothing more, no show of affection.

Reaching Killarney, Mr. Pedley is reminded that the lakes and mountains of British Columbia are much finer. He will not see that the hills and dales of Erin in "the wearing of the green" outrival all other mountains and valleys on the face of the earth. Even Mr. Pedley cannot alter the conditions, unless he can persuade the Gulf Stream-the faithful friend of the Emerald Isle-to change

At Killarney Mr. P. is pursued by women, young and old; the latter he dubs "crones." They offer for sale two kinds of bottles, the one filled with "mountain dew" and the other with-I expected to hear "holy water," but the veracious lecturer said-milk. The climax is reached when one of these women holds the mountain dew under the religious Sandy's nose! Oh, the reflection in Mr. Pedley's face! But what is the matter, reverend sir? Of course Scotch whisky is the best in the world, and the only mountain dew strong enough to reach Sandy's true inwardness, but he cannot expect to find it in Ireland!

Mr. Pedley says nothing of the beautiful city of Cork, the pride of Southern Ireland. Ah, reverend mayourneen, listen to the sweet "Bells of Shandon!"

Belfast. The lecturer now addresses par- | She had begged for the consolations of | sin of the king, Jane Askew, and Anne ticularly his "North of Ireland friends"quite properly, he does not call them the prosperity of Belfast, where are no paupers (and no Kallarney crones), but taunting Dean of Peterboro, and the torio of Bluebeard. Henry or the S. H. may be said of the lecture delivered in explain to them that this fair Ulster was the opera house on Thursday evening taken from the true Irish, who at the by the Rev. High Pelley, of Winnipeg. point of Cromwell's bayonets, were driv-His portrayal of the battlefield was a en, as that pions Protector put it, "to Hell word-picture, and his description of the or Counaught." Their lands and posses battle of Waterloo was full of force, fire sions were divided among his freebooters; and British sentiment. His ostentations everything was changed in their favor quoting of Victor Hugo was rather Mr. P. does not tell us of the deeplyreligious spirit of Ireland-stronger than death-or of the prayers and tears of the centuries. He does not tell us that rather than enjoy this murderons prosperity, the Protestant patriot Emmet gloried in giving up his young life on the scaffold; that the Protes ant patriot Sarsfield men was neither fair nor honest; in fact Earl of Lucan, and bero of Limerick, spent his life and fortune in resisting the Dutch invader, or as loyal Scotchmen titled King William "The Wee German Lairdie,"-that when no longer true to tils God, to his neighbor or to himself, Pedley mine). As to religion, Pat is, in the Protestant Parnell, her "uncrowned king," died loyal to Ireland, having sacrificed all his earthly possessions for love of country.

Leaving Ireland, or rather, "dirt, bare legs and whisky." the reverend gentleman and the saintly Sandy-Pat does not count-facing for Scotland, close their corporal eyes and invite spiritual imagination. "Approaching a cottage hard by, Sandy beholds a very proper looking personage. Ah, it is 'his auld mither!' How respectable she looks! She and Sandy are soon in each other's embrace. The reverend Hugh lingers behind, he cannot intrude upon sacred affection, but he can hear the spiritual sobbing and welcome. Here is affection for you at last. None of this in Ireland. Hide your face, Pat! An, the tenderhearted, emotional Scotch!" With appreciative tears streaming down my cheeks, I am reminded of Mungo Park's unexpected return home after several years in Central Africa. His mother hearing a knocking at the door, in the mildle of the night, exclaimed "Wha' can that be?" Whereupon Mungo's affectionate and demonstrative brother drowsily answered, "It's mebbe oor Mungo. I saw him get off the stage the day at Paisley!"

While my thoughts have been diverted towards Mungo, our party have been partaking supper. Turning from the frugal board, our pious Sandy implores would have shouted: "You lying here-'Hand me the buik, mither!' This is tic, take that !—and that !!—and that !!!" the climax. If you doubt it, you are re- A warm-blooded son of St. Patrick does Saturday Night,"

it is apparent that Mr. Pedley and Sandy only too well that Sandy was "wrong have resolved that Pat shall not see the in his history." When at his mother's dirt and unsurpassed drunkenness of breast the maternal supply ran short,

church, Sandy informs Pat that John Knox was the father of all Presbyterians. talk he was witness to that mother's Pat's rejoinder, something after this prayers and tears-to the yearly black style, "Well, I know some of his descendants of whom he would not be no possibility be merged in a feast. proud," is a mistake, Mr. Pedley. Pat | When but a child he learned that utter would have said, "You may be a descendant of his, Mr. Pedley, but the ing of "the curse of Cromwell." He Presbyterians I know are not proud of knows all about the "conversions" made the original John Knox. They do not glory in murderous iniquity, nor do well. He could have given you the they incite to it!"

Protestants listening to you, who with their Scotch blood have not inherited in ruins-he could have informed you any love for John Knox. Come and in- that Cromwell destroyed that beauliful his voice is hushed. He says he cannot

terview them. Edinburgh's historic castle of Holyrood is visited. Mr. Pedley refers to it as the place where Mary Queen of Scots "sinned" and suffered. What do you means in his power. Their priests were mean, sir? Apparently you are not fond bunted and murdered, but the people at in his one ambition—to paint a St. John of historical research. Those glorious "Reformers" and such as you, not only made history, but they captured and its consecrated walls. confined it: they thought to bury their deeds. They forged letters they compassed all her lifetime of misery, and at last the death of that noble woman and

Andrew Lang and Millar the Protestant, but honest historians, have dragged to light the irrefutable proofs of the used as a mild preliminary to the rack, to thinking people.

priest on the scaffold : her requests were "Irishmen." He congratulates them on denied. But the God she had served Katherine Howard. We find the latter where everything is levely. He does not headman's axe, her soul passed into eternity as calmly as from a downy pillow. Compare with hers the deaths of Join Knox, of Martin Luttier and of Queen Elizabeth!

I fear that your life, Mr. Pedley, will never bring her victorious death.

Mr. Pedley very fittingly also refers to Luther as another of his ancestors. Yes, rev. sir, your low buffloonery and coarse personal invectives are quite worthy of Martin. Historians tell us "The low tion. They were guilty of high treason buffoonery and coarse personal invectives with which Luther's writings were filled had never been heard of among When, in spite of the remonstrances of scholars and theologians before his time, and excited universal astonishment."

"Papists" is Mr. Pedley's term of derision for Catholics. Again, he is worthy of his founder Luther who declared he wauld leave the "papists no rest from his curses until he sank into the grave." Such is the gentle prayer bequeathed to Mr. Pedley, Fancy prayer from such lips!

If you have not completed your course, Mr. Pedley, I would commend to you Luther's "Table Talk," and the language he used in that celebrated sermon at Wittenberg, six or seven years before his death. "It is not fit for any Christian to read "but you would enjoy it.

The trio leave Scotland and sanctity -take a long breath, Pat!-and they

return-to England. In London, they visit the Tower and are much interested in instruments of torture, notably the "Thumb screw." Upon examining it, Pat exclaims." Begorra, this is the Divil's own invintion!" The pious but malicious Sandy answers with hoarse, solemn emphasis, "No, it is the invention of the priests of your holy Catholic church, to torture Protestants!" Here is a pause to let this sink well into the conviction of the hearers. Some one sitting near me, who has been fed on this sort of carrion, conscious of my presence, bends the head to hide the broad smile of satisfaction.

Mr. Pedly does not dare to leave it as an assertion, so he qualifies it by adding, Sandy was wrong in his history, but Pat did not know it." According to the reverend gentleman, Pat could say noth-

You are mistaken, Mr. Pedley. Pat The trio hurry through Glasgow and his Church requires it. And Pat knew that city, so they proceed to Edinburgh, the infant Pat reaped the harvest her-In connection with St. Andrew's alded by that little thumbscrew more than three years ago. Before he could fast, all the more rigid that it could by and hopeless desolation was the mean. by Henry VIII., Elizabeth and Crom. names of martyrs whose blood bedewed By the way, Mr. Pedley, there were the soil all the way from Dublin to Killarney—the picture of Mucross Abbey temple of the living God and of "Papists;" that he unroofed it, battered its walls, stabled his horses in the sanctuary, and desecrated it by every vile

Mr. Pedley was not impartial enough to add "This little thumbscrew was Luther's and John Knox's friend from the very beginning of the Reformation. Upon those who could not conscientiously acknowledge Henry VIII. Supreme Head of the church in England, it was Smithfield. Eighty three, principally

her religion and for the attendance of a Bocher gave up their heads, as did Henry's two wives-Anna Boleyn and was with her; so from the scaffold, the ladies commemorated in the famous Orafigures as "Bluebeard," "Fatima," who is rescued by her brothers, is the lucky Katherine Parr, who is rescued by Death cutting off the monster, alias the Supreme Head of the Church in England. When Mary, always a kind-hearted woman, came to the throne, she pardoned all offenders, and tried to conciliate the Reformers. But Knox, Cramner, Ridley, Latimer and others, would be satisfied with nothing but her blood and deposiand of would-be regicide. Again and again did they return to the attack. Mary and her Catholic bishops, some of them suffered the death to which they had treated others, her enemies hastened to title her "Bloody Mary."

Those who suffered in Mary's reign were punished for political offencesnot one for conscience sake, Mr. Pedley! You have heard of the Tractarian movement in England? I refer you to the Clifton Tracts. They were written by learned Oxford men, and are that true history of the Reformation that was 'captured and imprisoned by the Reformers," but not lost. You know what the Tracts have done for England!

There are in Rat Portage many Protestants who would wince at the sight of that thumbserew. Its persuasions were tried in vain upon one of their ancestors. At last he was hanged, drawn and quargion left to them. They would now, like you, Mr. Pedley, be rejoicing in the "Reformation" and also in the humiliation of the "Papisis," but that their family history has been preserved to themtheir name was too illustrious to be lost.

Come to beg their acquaintance, Mr. Pedley. They have the grace of the old blood, and will teach you polite English. Good-bye, little Thumbscrew! Toddle home to Mr. Pedley and Sandy! They have first and best claim to you.

In Westminster Abbey, Mr. Pedley indulges in a play upon words. Tue mention of "abbey" pleases Pat, and when he beholds the statues begi with (Saint)"Canning," is convinced that quested to look it up in Burns' "Cottar's not hesitate to take St. Michael as his he is in a church. Sandy the Pious impatron as often as God's honor or that of | mediately repeats the first commandment, laying great stress upon the "images" and their non-worship. Pat's answer, that we may "look" at them, is flat; he would have added "Our Catholic churches we regard as the temples of God, and in them we love to place representations of His friends, the saints and angels. Your reformed churches are what they may be. You have in them "images" of the lion and unicorn. Why single them out from the other beasts? Why not "worship" the whole menage-

Sandy's "You miserable Papist would knock the superstition out of you," would be answered by another onslaught from Pat, of the order of St. Michael.

Mr. Pedley contemplates the wondrous plan and architecture of the Abbey and St. Paul's. In admiration and awe, even

Do not attempt a description, Mr. Pedley! You would be in the plight of Raphael's brother artist, who despairingly complained that he could not succeed night stole into their ruined temple to the Baptist. "Live like St. John the pray, and they buried their dead within Baptist," urged the scraphic Raphael, "and you will be able to paint him!"

Return to the faith of your fathers, Mr. Pedley, and you will be inspired to conceive and build, to speak and to pray as they did.

Among the friends dearest to my heart, are Scotch Protestant friends. They do not include any malicious, sanctimonious Sandys; they can take their toddy Scottish Queen's innocence, that inno- the executioner's axe, to being hanged, openly or they can leave it alone withcence never doubted by fair-minded, drawn and quartered and to the fires of out hypocritical cant. A certain Presbyterian clergyman, whose friendship As ye live, so shall ye die !"says Holy priests, suffered for this offence alone. highly prize-how I should like to name The trio return to the north and visit Mary Stuart died the death of the just. even women, so Mary Plantagenet, coulman, does not think that religion con- also "utterly out of the question."

sists in Mr. Pedley's "blessed heavenly tone," and In jibes and jeers at the Old Faith. His sympathies are broad as Ian McLaren's, and "he prayeth well," for the loveth well both man, and bird, and

The Manitoba School Question.

Catholic Rec rd.

We are again informed by cable despatch s that the decision of the Pope in regard to the Manitoba school question will be issued in a few days, and it is asserted by the correspondent of the London Daily Chronicle that its contents as already announced will be to maintain the right of Catholics to have Catholic ${
m schools.}$

No announcement has been nade to the ecclesiastical authorities of Montreal, to the effect that the Pope's decision has been authentically made known, but as Archbishop Bruchesi is now in Rome it is believed that he will at once send a cablegram when such will be the case.

Mr. Tarte being interviewed by a Mail and Empire correspondent, is reported to have expressed doubt as to the accuracy of the despatch which states that the Pope refuses to sanction Catholics in Manitoba attending the Public schools, the reason he gives for his opinion being that the Holy tered. Without fear and without re- Father "has sanctioned the system proach, he was a Catholic nobleman, in in vogue through the United whose veins coursed the bluest Norman | States and Canada." Mr. Tarte blood that ever ennobled England. How has evidently mistaken the situa-I wish I dare write the name-it has tion. The Pope has not given always been very sweet in my ears. His any such sanction, Catholic family at length embraced the only relischools having been always strongly urged by the Holy Father, wherever they can be successfully put into operation, but where they cannot be established the secular Public schools may be made use of by Catholics, while parents and pastors of parishes are required under such circumstances to make an extra effort to secure a religious training for the children. This is something very different from what Mr Tarte asserts to be the case. This gentleman continued:

"I never expected that there would be any other opinion expressed by His Holiness as to the abolition of Seperate schools in Manitoba. There was no variance as to the question of fact, and in this respect he repeats what we have said again and again. On the other hand His Holiness advises no violence to regain the rights which have been lost to Catholics, rather he advocates the same sunny ways of peace and conciliation for waich Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberal party have ever stood."

Mr. Tarte is rather premature in thus asserting so positively the course which the Holy Fath. er advises. We may say, however, that we have never advocated violence in the matter, but we have advocated that Catholics should maintain by every legitimate means, the rights guaranteed by the Constitution. We shall, however, await the Pope's decision before discussing further what course the Catholics of the Dominion ought to adopt now. We may add, however, that even the Globe, which has hitherto declared that the Manitoba school question has been definitely settled has now come to the conclusion that "we have not heard the last of it." In a recent issue of that journal it is said: "No concessions except a complete surrender of principles would satisfy the heads of the Church, and this was, of course, utterly out of the question."

The Globe desires that Catholics must do all surrendering, that we should give up our constitutional rights whithout a mur-Scripture. The whole world knows that The S. H. and Cranmer did not spare him! - and whom I revere as a righteous mur or a struggle; but this is