

Sea Reverie.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Strange Sea! why is it that you never rest?
And tell me why you never go to sleep.
Thou art like one so sad and in despair—
(And the waves are the tears you weep)—
And thou dost never sleep; what ails the sleepless deep?

To-night I hear you crying on the beach,
Like a weary child on its mother's breast.
A cry with an infinite and lonesome reach
Of unutterably deep unrest.
And thou dost never sleep; why art thou so distressed?

But ah, sea! the mother's breast is warm
Where'er the child is laid, and the weary child
And soft arms that shield her own from harm
And her look is unutterably mild—
But to-night, oh, sea! thy cry is wild—so wild!

What ails thee, sea? the midnight stars are bright
How safe they lean on heaven's stainless breast.
Oh, sea! is the beach too hard, tho' e'er so white,
To give thy weary weariness a rest?
(And to-night the winds are a-come from the west)—

Where the shadows moan o'er the day's life done,
And the darkness is awaiting for the light,
Ah, sea! how the shadows e'er seek and shun
The sacred, radiant faces of the bright!
(And the stars are the vestal-virgins of the night).

Or am I dreaming? Do I see and hear
Without me what I feel within?
Is there an inner eye and an inner ear
Thro' which the sounds and senses float in
In reflex of the spirit's calm or troubled din?

I know not. After all that mystery,
Say only this—that that is what I know?
—Like the sea, we have the ebb and flow
In union, and the tides of the sea
Ever reflect the ceaseless tides of thoughts
In me.

Waves, are ye priests in surplises of gray,
Ringing by the fingers of the breeze with
white,
Is the beach your altar where ye come to pray
With the sea's ritual every day and night?
And the suns and stars your only altar-light.

Great sea! the very rhythm of my song—
And the winds are a-come from the west,
Like thy waves, moaning uncertainly along,
And my thoughts, like thy tide with a
snow-white,
Flow and ebb—ebb and flow with thy own
Mystic Muse.

MYSTERY OF THE INCARNATION.

The Blessed Virgin Mary.

The following beautiful discourse was delivered in the Dominican Church, Dublin, at the close of a series of Lenten sermons by the Very Rev. Fr. Burke, O.P. We copy it from that excellent Catholic journal, the Ave Maria:

"Drop down your dew, ye heavens from above, and ye clouds rain down the Just One," says the prophet; but he adds, "and open thou, earth, and bud forth a Saviour." The virgin womb of Mary was the earth from which the Saviour sprung. Mary's connection with the mystery of the incarnation may be viewed in a double light—first, her relation to God; next, her relation to man. In her relation to God we will consider what she received; in her relation to man we will consider what she bestowed.

From the moment that Mary was born into this world, from the moment she lifted her virgin eyes to heaven, her sweet and pure relations with God commenced. His gifts and graces were poured upon her head. Her relations with man began with the Man God, Jesus Christ, her Son; and it is then no longer a question of what she received, but what she gave.

Into these considerations I will divide my discourse this evening—Mary's relations to God, and Mary's relations to ourselves. First, then, this evening, I invite your consideration to Mary in the mystery of the incarnation in relation to God, in relation to what she received. Every gift of God, dearly beloved, whether it be vouchsafed to the pure and spotless virgin, or to the lowliest sinner upon the earth, takes the form of divine grace. In whatever form God's gifts may come, however much God's gift may be abused, it was originally intended as a grace. One may receive great natural talent and genius, wonderful intellectual endowments. He may turn these gifts against Almighty God, as so many of the highest and noblest of our geniuses have done; but they were given to him with the wish, with the intention that they should be employed in the service of God, of society, and of his fellow-men. Reason is a noble inheritance, a great fortune bestowed on man. He may use for the purpose of dissipation, vice, licentiousness, and degrading debauchery. He may employ it to enslave and give to the power of God who gave it. He may offend his God in a thousand ways by means of the very genius wherewith God has endowed him. But though man may misdirect and may abuse the highest and holiest gifts of God, it still remains true that whatever God gives man he wishes and intends it shall revert and turn to himself again through the reasonable homage of man's soul.

The gifts that Mary received from God were intended as a preparation for the divine and crowning grace which she was destined to receive—the gift of divine maternity. And she most faithfully corresponded with the graces she received. You have seen how every gift of God resolves itself into its highest and most privileged form of divine grace; and every grace is increased and enhanced by the correspondence of the recipient. Mary's graces and her correspondence to those graces commenced even in her mother's womb. God, in view of the high destiny he had upon her, began her life with a grace more grand than any ever vouchsafed to man before, than any ever granted to the highest angel in heaven. She was conceived free from the taint of original sin. But you may ask are not the angels free from the taint of sin? are not the angels pure, through the same power that made Mary pure? I answer, yes. In what then does the gift that Mary received transcend that granted to the angels? In this, in the language of theology, their gift was general; Mary's was exceptional. The angels were purified by a universal law, made by Almighty God that all his angels could be faithful, and that they were unfaithful were the exceptions to that law. The demons were damned exceptionally; the angels were saved according to the law. But the whole human race sinned in Adam. No man, after the time of Adam—no matter how holy he might be—was exempted

from that sin. Adam defiled the fountain-head of our nature, polluted the source of our being. Sin, then, became the rule with many, exemption from sin the exception to the rule. For the forgiveness of original sin was needed the atonement of the victim. But for Mary the mystery of the incarnation, anticipated, the merits of the Saviour were applied to her before the time. For her and him the guilt of original sin was expiated before it was incurred. Oh! one grand, glorious, wonderful exception to the law of sin introduced by Adam's crime.

Here, then, the grace of Mary's immaculate conception places her on an eminence of instant and preeminent purity. All the men upon earth, all the angels in heaven, must look up to her. Even at her conception she surpasses all the angels in heaven in the extent of the graces which she has received. The graces of the angels and with the grace with which she began, perfect purity, sinlessness, and acceptability to God. From her birth she was sinless before the Lord; she basked in the bright sunlight of God's grace and favor. Her virgin bosom was the only home on earth worthy of God; and she alone of all God's creatures might truly say: "God himself is come to me, and I am become the mother of my God." That wonderful and adorable mystery of the incarnation, inseparable to the angels, inconceivable to man, is accomplished in Mary. When the Almighty bade his holy prophet go forth and announce this mystery to man, even the holy prophet, the inspired of God, was confounded and amazed, and he exclaimed: "Spare me, O Lord! and send me not forth with such a tale; for if I shall say to the sons of men, behold a virgin shall conceive and bring forth a son, and his name shall be called Jesus, and he shall be the Son of God, what man will believe me?" Yet it was all accomplished in Mary. For over four thousand years darkness overshadowed the world, and the face of God was hidden from his creatures. Mary was the bright day-star that was to herald the rising of the glorious sun of justice upon the world. Sixteen years, according to the best authorities, were spent in ardent preparation for the great mystery she was destined to accomplish, and every moment of her existence was an accumulation of God's graces in her soul. Oh! how wonderful are God's dealings with a faithful soul. The soul that corresponds to God's favors receives graces one hundred-fold. A thousand-fold—receives graces in an inconceivable addition known only to God. From the moment of Mary's conception she received grace after grace from God. Oh! how wonderful must have been that superstructure of grace in Mary when the first gift bestowed upon her surpassingly exceeded

THE HIGHEST FAVOR CONFERRED UPON MAN OR ANGEL.

God's favors are ever but the preparation for some crowning favor which he intends to bestow, if we merit it by faithful correspondence—some favor that will surpass and consummate all that we have done before. It is so in our own lives. I have had the happiness of administering the Holy Communion to many whom I see heretofore. God could give no higher favor than this, for it was himself he gave; but many graces thankfully received, faithfully improved, must precede the worthy assistance at the Table of the Lord. Grace went before the horror of sin, the spirit of repentance, the grace that made you resolve that you would die rather than that you would offend the Almighty. All these were necessary to fit you for the crowning grace of communion with God. Even so it was with Mary. Sixteen years of saintly sinlessness, of exalted purity, were her preparation for the crowning favor of God; and oh! how marvellous must have been that preparation of which the consummation was so high and noble, the highest and the noblest that God himself had in his power to accomplish. Surely might the archangel of God exclaim, "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee!" for she indeed abounded in grace.

The crowning gift of God to Mary was God himself. The eternal Son of God, the light of the Father's glory, before whom the purest and the highest in heaven kneel in speechless adoration, came down from his throne in heaven, from the bosom of the Almighty, to dwell in her pure bosom, to be her Son for ever. There had been pure and holy women on the earth before Mary's time; but to none but her had this great grace been granted, for none but she was worthy. There was the Mary, the sister of Moses, the friend of God, who led the virgin choir of the chosen people; but she was not worthy. There was the daughter of Jephte, who when it was announced to her that she must die, for her father had sworn to her, she must die, for her father had sworn to her, she must die, she sacrificed in obedience to her father's vow, but the life she must forfeit by which she might be the chosen Jewish maiden who would become the mother of the Messiah. Even to the strong woman and the valiant, the mother of the Machabees, who died seven deaths in the death of her seven sons for the faith of God—she was not worthy of this crowning favor. For Mary, and Mary alone, was reserved the highest, the grandest gift that an omnipotent God ever did and ever will bestow upon his creatures.

Such were the favors that Mary received from God. Let us consider now the favors that Mary conferred upon men. "Drop down your dew, ye heavens, from above, and ye clouds rain down the Just One, and open thou, earth, and bud forth a Saviour." It is the latter part of the text that we are now to consider. Earth as well as heaven, Mary as well as God, had part in

THE GLORIOUS MYSTERY OF THE INCARNATION.

that mystery by which man was redeemed from bondage and from sin and restored to the hope of heaven. We must consider now the essentials in the atonement, the essentials in the victim for this great sacrifice. Man has outraged the eternal majesty of God by sin. The offence is infinite, the atonement must be infinite to satisfy the justice of God. The offence was committed by man, and a man must be the victim. An infinite and a human victim is necessary for the sacrifice. God is necessary in this work of our redemption, for God alone is infinite. Man is necessary, for man alone has offended. The victim must be human and divine,

true God, and true man; as truly God as he is man, as truly man as he is God. Well then might the prophet exclaim: "O ye heavens! send down your dew, and ye clouds rain down the Just One!" and well might he add: "And open thou, earth, and bud forth a Saviour." For the purpose of the incarnation, therefore, the human element was as necessary as the divine. The victim must be God, that he may offer to God's justice an infinite atonement for an infinite offence. He must be man, that he may suffer and die for the sin of man. In Jesus Christ, the Man-God, that victim was found. He preserved in his person all the power, all the wisdom, all the glory, all the infinite merit of God; but he took to himself a human nature, capable of sorrow, shame, suffering, and death. That assumption was eternal. This is difficult to conceive, this is difficult to believe. There were heretics that recoiled from this; they could not believe that

THE GREAT AND ETERNAL GOD.

could associate to himself for ever this debased and degraded nature of ours; and some said: "Oh! yes, he was a good man; he was a just man; he was a holy man; but he was only a man; he was not God." And there were others who said: "He was God, indeed; his life proclaimed it, his words proclaimed it, his works proclaimed it, but he was not man." Belief in his divinity and belief in his humanity are equally essential for salvation. It is as necessary to believe that Jesus Christ was the Son of God as it is to believe that he was the Son of Man. Mary was an essential instrument in the hands of God to effect the redemption of the whole human race. She gave the blood of her Son, the flesh of her Son, the bone of her bone, to form the humanity of the Saviour. In her womb the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity assumed that human form that was necessary for him to work out our salvation. "And the Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us." Of all the human beings that lived upon this earth, Mary alone was pure enough to become the mother of God. Oh! how perfect must have been the purity, how spotless the sinlessness of that humanity of Mary from which the all-pure, all-holy God did not disdain to assume a body to himself! Remember, Mary's free consent was necessary for the consummation of this sacrifice. God never did and never will coerce the will of one of his rational creatures. He sent his angel to announce to Mary the honor that was intended for her, but she was free to refuse that honor if she chose, and her consent was necessary for her redemption. "Behold," said the angel, "thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and thou shalt bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus." And Mary answered: "How can this be, for I know not man?" Even for the dignity of the Mother of God she was unwilling to sacrifice the virginity to which she had vowed herself before the Lord. And the angel told her that by the instrumentality of the Holy Ghost should the mystery be accomplished; and then, indeed, the virgin cried out: "Behold, the handmaid of the Lord; he it done unto me according to thy word."

GOD THAT INSTANT BECAME MAN IN MARY'S WOMB.

Her free consent was given, and the work of man's redemption was begun. In this wonderful mystery, in which God himself deigns not to ask the consent of his creature for the great work which he was about to accomplish, we have before our eyes a wonderful proof of Mary's purity and Mary's grandeur. Mark the language in which the inspired prophet speaks of the Queen of heaven. "Who is she," he exclaims, "that comes like the morning rising, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, terrible as an army set in battle array?" Yet she is humble and loving as she is beautiful and glorious. Reflect what Mary has done for man in the great mystery of the incarnation. By that mystery, in which her part was so large, salvation was purchased for us all. We may scorn and trample upon the priceless gift if we will; but salvation is offered to us all, and there is no soul in the abyss of hell that might not be in heaven if he chose. Oh! how much has the incarnation of Jesus in Mary's womb given to men. It gives us the right to hope that when our dying eyes close for ever upon this world, they may open upon a world that is brighter far than this, that in death we may behold our redeemer, that in his creature we may see the great work which he is about to accomplish, that we may approach our Saviour; the certainty that if we be faithful to the graces we receive we shall never know death, but shall live for ever in the kingdom of our Father. All these priceless privileges were conferred upon us when Mary said to the messenger of God: "Behold, the handmaid of the Lord; he it done unto me according to thy word."

Behold, then, the position which this wonderful woman holds amid the human race. Behold all she has received from God; behold all she has given to men. God has made her his Mother. We have become her sons; she is our mother. When our Redeemer was crying on the cross, and his Mother stood at his foot in speechless agony, our Saviour, in his dying words, said to her, indicating his beloved disciple, John: "Woman, behold thy son!" and to St. John he said: "Behold thy mother." St. John stood thus the representative of the whole human race. That moment we became sons of the Mother of God; that moment all the intense love in Mary's breaking heart was poured out upon us. We are commanded to love and honor our parents. The same God that demands our adoration for himself demands our reverence for them. The same God that has said, "I am the Lord thy God, and thou shalt not have strange gods before me," has said also, "Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long in the land." We must honor our fathers and mothers in the order of nature, because God has commanded it; but God requires a reasonable, not a blind obedience, and it needs no command to induce us to honor the mother who bore us into this world. We honor and love her instinctively, we honor and love her because of the untiring care and the tender love she has lavished upon us. But if we thus honor our mother after the order of nature, how much higher should be our honor, how much deeper our love for our mother after the order of grace! Our mother brought us forth into this material life; Mary brought us forth to life eternal.

With much suffering and with many prayers did our natural mother give us birth; but Mary suffered for our sake such affliction, such agony as woman never before endured. We are the children of her agony and of her grace. She has proved her affection by the depth of the sorrows she has suffered for our sake, by the priceless value of the benefits she has conferred. Above all, at this holy season, when we commemorate the adorable mystery in which her share was so large, we should turn to our sweet and gentle Mother with renewed reverence and love. While we adore the Son, the Mother should not be forgotten; and in the temple of our hearts, purified by the holy sacraments of the Church, we should erect for her an altar where we may offer our humble homage to our glorious Queen, our earnest gratitude to our munificent benefactress, and our warmest love to our tender Mother.

NABBY IN EXILE.

The Aristocracy of England.

PLACEMENT.

The principal business of the aristocracy of England is to make places for themselves and their sons and nephews. No matter how large the number of the tenantry, the landed aristocracy must have Government employment for their surplus children, for they cannot all stay on the acres originally stolen from the people. And so British arms conquer other lands, or British diplomacy, which is a lie backed by a man-of-war, "acquires" it, and immediately a full staff of officials is sent out, all under magnificent salaries, to stay just long enough to be retired upon a fat pension. If possible, the expense of governing the "acquired" possession is squeezed out of the unfortunate natives; if not, the home Government makes up the deficiency.

Cyprus, an island made almost barren by years of Turkish misrule and oppression, is now in the hands of the English, with a commander-in-chief at £15,000 a year, and a complete staff, the cost of which is not less than £70,000 per annum, to say nothing about the armament necessary to be kept there.

The island of Mauritius, a speck in the Indian Ocean, thirty-six miles long and twenty miles broad, furnishes sinecures for the sons of English nobility to the tune of £11,600 per year, and three little islands off the Malayan Peninsula, is governed by a parcel of "Sims" and "Hons." at an annual cost of £21,210.

These are only samples. England has such harbors of refuge for her surplus nobility everywhere, and the cost of supporting these locusts is a crushing tax upon the labor of the country. The items of pauperism and crime are easily accounted for.

Some of her stolen dependencies, however, are made to pay very well. The total receipts from British India for the year 1879 (customs, taxes, etc.) were £65,109,600, while the expenditures for the same year were £63,165,355. India is so worked as to support a vast army of officials and leave a balance of £2,000,000 for profit besides. But the real profit is much larger. The manufacturers and merchants of England compel the down-trodden natives to buy their goods at their prices, and a never-failing stream of wealth flows from India to England. India was a successful price of brigandage, and has always paid very well.

Other steals have been successful—in fact, they all have been. These younger sons, legitimate and illegitimate, have to be supported some how by the labor of the country, and to people of other countries is a saving of just that much from the people at home. But where is the necessity of supporting them at all? What necessity is there for their existence?

The peers of the realm number 487, and of this number 402 own, or at least get rent for, 14,129,931 acres of land, which bring them a rental annually of £11,979,839. In addition to this enormous income the most of them have appointments of various kinds, all of which make the position of peer a very comfortable one.

They have a very pleasant life of it. They all have a castle on their estates in the country, and in the season give made up of the same class, with a few poets, novelists, and painters to supply the intellect and make variety, indulge in all sorts of festivities; and in town, in the season, their houses are constantly filled, at no matter what expense. Then they each have a membership in all the clubs, and between their country houses and their town houses and their clubs they live in pleasure and idleness until death, which has no more respect for them than it has for their oppressed tenants, takes them to a place where there is no difference between a duke and a laborer.

Goat, by the way, is the fashionable English disease, and a nobleman or a squire of an estate would rather have it than not. It is a sort of mark of gentility, about as essential to his position as his family-tree, and no matter how they suffer under it, they bear it with fortitude as one of the evils incident to their rank, an evil that emphasizes their dignity. When Dickens sent Sir Leicester Deadlock into the next world via the family goat he did not satirize at all. The starved Irish never have the goat, nor do the working people who clamor for some measure of right. The Jack Cades never were so afflicted; only your noble, who toils not, neither does he spin; who goes to bed every night full of every flesh that exists, every wine that is pressed, to say nothing of more potent beverages. It is an accompaniment of "gentle birth" and of a liberal living—living so liberal as to be only possible by those who have other people's unrequited labor to live upon.

REVERENCE FOR NOBILITY.

An Englishman dearly loves a lord. There is a cringing servility, a hat-off reverence for noble birth in England that to an American is about the most disgusting thing he sees. My lord may be a thin-haired, weak-legged, half-witted being, capable of nothing under heaven but bullia and horses, loaded to the girths with vices, and only not possessing all of them because of his lack of ability to master them. He may be the most infernal chamber of the earth in existence, but if he is of noble birth, if he has the proper handle to his name he is bowed to

deferred to in every possible way. A London tradesman would rather be swindled by a nobleman than be paid honestly by a common man, and for one to have permission to put over his door, "Plumber" (for instance) "to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales" is to put him in the seventh heaven of ecstasy. The farm population of England shows outward deference, but they don't feel it and the Irish have so intimate an acquaintance with them that they refuse even lip service, and ignore the "hat-off" requirement altogether. This lack of respect for the nobility in Ireland is considered one of the most alarming signs of the times.

I saw a sample of this bowing to royalty in Scotland. I happened to be doing Holyrood Castle at the same time his Majesty Kalakaua, king of the Sandwich Islands was in Edinburgh. Now King K. may be a very good man, but in appearance he is an ordinary-looking man, of half-negro blood, and not a very remarkable mulatto at that. Our Fred. Douglass would cut up a thousand of him.

He is a sort of a two-for-a-penny king, but he is a king for all that, and so all the dignitaries of Edinburgh, the mayor, the principal citizens, a duke or two, and a half dozen of right honorables showed him the city, and escorted him and lunched him and banquetted him. They brought him to Holyrood, and the entire lot of them formed in two ranks, and with hats in hand bowed reverently as this king of a few thousand breedless, semi-civilized savages passed to his carriage. And they glared ferociously upon the few Americans who, not just *au fait* in such matters, and not knowing precisely who the distinguished colored man was, stood with their hats on their heads inasmuch as it was raining. Had it been the king of the Fijis, and had it been raining hot pitchforks, these snobs would have stood with uncovered and bowed heads simply because he was a king. To these people "there is a divinity which doth hedge a king," no matter what kind of a king it is.

"Rank is but the guinea's stamp, A man's a man for a' that!"

But this class of Scotch have forgotten Burns. Possibly they never understood him. But Burns was wrong. Kalakaua may be a man, but the snobs who bowed to him so meekly are not and never can be.

HOW THE IRISH LIVE.

"Look upon that picture and then upon this!" I have shown how the English oppressor lives. Let us go, by actual figure taken from official sources, for a few actual facts as to the Irish tenant. The parish of Glencolumbkille, in County Donegal, is a fair sample of the west coast. In this parish there are eight hundred families. In the famine of 1880 seven hundred of these families were on the relief list, and on to the end of the famine (if famine may be said to ever end in Ireland) four hundred families had absolutely nothing but what the relief committee gave them.

The committees were able to give each of these families per head per week seven pounds Indian oatmeal, costing five pence farthing up to about five dollars and fifty cents per year.

These people all said that if they got half as much more, ten and a half pounds, they would be as much as they would use in times of plenty.

Your pencils and figures will show you that this would be equivalent in good years to an expenditure, per head, for every individual of one pound thirteen shillings and sixpence a year, or for the average family of my four and a half, seven pounds thirteen and sixpence per year.

This is the cost of food for the average family per year when the times are good. When potatoes are eaten, but one of the other constitutes the sole food of the people. As the cost is always about the same, figures are not changed in either case.

To this you want to add about three pounds a year for "luxuries." Luxury in an Irish cabin means an ounce of tobacco a week for the man of the house and the remainder of the £3 goes for tea. I admit this is an extravagance, this tobacco and tea, and I don't doubt that a commission will be appointed by Parliament to devise ways and means to extirpate the drunkenness of the man and abolish the tempt of the woman. This £3 a year thus squandered would enable the landlords to have a great many more comforts than they now enjoy. I presume the Earl of Cork could build another yacht on what his tenantry squanders in tea and tobacco.

Add to this £1 for clothing (an extravagant estimate) for each member of the family, and you have the entire cost of the existence of the Donegal family £12. 3s. 6d., or in American money \$67. 61¢.

The clothing provided for this pound a year means for the man of the house a pair of breeches, which he must have to work at all, a couple of shirts, a pair of corduroy trousers, and a second-hand coat of some kind. The women and children wear no shoes or stockings, and their clothing I have described before. Of bed-clothing they have nothing to speak of. A few potato-sacks or gunny-bags, or anything else that contributes anything of warmth makes up that item.

The Queen and the Prince of Wales sleep on down and under silk, and the Queen has 1,000 people about her person. My lord has his yacht in the harbor, and the humblest seaman on board sleeps under woollen and has meat three times a day.

Some day there will be a board of equalization from whose decision there will be no appeal. Then I would rather be the Donegal peasant's wife than the Queen.

To pay the rent and provide this \$68 for food and clothing costs the entire time of every member of the household. The land will not pay it—it is impossible to get it off the soil. So the man of the house plants his crops and leaves them for the women and children to care for, and he goes off to England or Wales and works in mines or in harvest fields in the season, or at anything to make some little money to fill the insatiable maw of the landlord, and to keep absolute starvation from the house.

Then the boy in America sends his stipend, which helps, provided his remittance can be kept from the lynx-eyed agent, who would raise the rent in a

minute if he knew that remittances were coming.

But the work of caring for the crops is not all the women and children do. They knit and sew every minute of the time they have from field work, making thereby from two to three cents a day. This knitting is done for dealers who furnish the material and pay for the work, and to get the material, journeys of twenty to forty miles to get the material and the same distance back again to deliver the finished work, have to be performed.

In brief, there is not a moment to be lost, not an opportunity wasted to make a penny. The penny not earned makes the difference between enough food to sustain life, bare as life is of everything that makes it desirable, and absolute pinching, merciless hunger. No matter at what sacrifice, the penny must be earned and religiously applied either for rent or food. Clothing is always a secondary consideration—a place to stay in and food to keep life in the body—these are the first.

What is the amount paid the drones of England in the form of pensions? How much does the queen receive? How much do the little princess and princesses cost the nation? How much the dukes and dukings, the right honorables and the generals and colonels, and the secretaries, and all that? "Look upon this picture and then upon that!" A nobility rioting in extravagance—a whole people starving!

And yet there are those who believe the people of Great Britain have no grievances, but should settle down contentedly and in quiet.

If there is an American who does not hate royalty and nobility and aristocracy, in no matter what form they come to view, he either wants to become an aristocrat himself, or is grossly ignorant of what triplet of infamy means. If there is an American who does not sympathize with the common people of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, he is either a heartless man or does not know the condition of the laboring classes of that unhappy empire.—Tololo Blade.

PROTESTANT NOTIONS OF OUR BLESSED LORD.

Father Faber.

The Name of Jesus is the watchword of His people—the love of Jesus is their mark—the worship of Jesus their religion. The following are samples of Protestant heresies about the Person of our Lord among Protestants:—

1. Socinians (and Quakers) go on "the Bible only" principle, and so do the Protestants; yet they deny His divinity. Luther held that the Divine attributes were communicated to the flesh of Christ, and so that His flesh was ubiquitous.
2. Lutherans held the disgusting dogma of imputation.
3. Calvin held that the flesh was conceived separate from the Word, and that our Lord did not die for all.
4. Almost all deny the union of the Godhead with the Body in the tomb.
5. They deny the title of the mother of God, and so they attack all the consequences of the incarnation.
6. Anglicans quarrel about the Real Presence; but all agree (Art. XXVII.) that, whether it be there or not there is to be no worship of the adorable Sacrament.

II.

The practical way in which Protestants realize the Person of our Lord.

1. Meditation is a kind of prayer almost unknown to them.
2. They clip His atonement by denying the ease of reconciliation in the Sacrament of Penance; and they disregard His example, by scouting the Evangelical Councils.
3. They shrink from all the minute details of His Passion.
4. They think of Him as one who lived eighteen hundred years ago, rather than as living man to day; this comes of their having no Blessed Sacrament and no Madonna.
5. They are as distant with Him as if He had never been incarnate.

III.

All Catholic doctrine gathers round our Lord.

1. All Catholic teaching radiates from the Blessed Sacrament.
2. All rites and ceremonies, all feasts and seasons, have their origin in that Divine Source, our life and strength is the love of Jesus. Protestantism is Satan's copy of Christianity. It is past waiting; heat and life are coming out of it. History is against it; experience is against it; reason is against it; and faith not in it, and earnestness is against it too; our life, as Catholics, I say, is the love of Jesus—and by that love, hot, loyal, self-sacrificing love, we shall live down and master, with hardly an effort, the counterfeit Gospel of three hundred years ago.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

The Toronto Telegram of a recent date contains the following reference to a former criticism of Father Stafford's able letter on the school question.

We are assured that we have not put Father Stafford's views on the school question clearly before our readers. We said that he would like to see the public and the separate schools amalgamated, whereas he is only in favor of their being amalgamated in places where each kind could not be carried on efficiently by itself. In cities, towns, and rural sections, where the population is so situated that the two kind of Schools cannot be carried on with success he would combine them, on condition that the Catholic children received a quarter of an hour in their catechism and the Protestant children the same length of time in what they might agree on. He is opposed to the removal of the Bible from the schools, and says he prefers a Protestant with a Bible to a Protestant without one. Where the children cannot be educated together, and a short time allowed to religious exercises, he would have separate schools, but in no case is he in favour of schools without religious exercises of some sort.

One of the strongest and most uniformly operative of human tendencies is to imitate, and hence the race is likely to grow gentler and unskilled, precisely as it has constantly set before it models of generosity and self-abnegation.