

CANADA'S STORY.

By "HISTORIOUS."

The history of a country, according to my humble view, is the record of its past; the story of a country comprises its past and present, and possibly, a glance into its future.

The sun rises, ascends to the zenith and sets; so every nation has its period to rise, to flourish and to decay. Troy was once great—the son of Homer alone commemorate her vanished splendor.

Civilization began in the East and like the sun, has ever continued its march towards the West. Reaching, after ages, the western end of Europe, with Columbus it leaped the Atlantic, and commenced anew on our soil its march towards the setting sun.

Catholic New England.

(By an Occasional Contributor.)

No section of this continent, and possibly no section of the world, has ever been more anti-Catholic than the New England States. It is unnecessary to tell of the intolerance of Catholicity which marked one, and even two hundred years of that region's history.

gantic tower is not as solid nor yet as wonderful of the tomb of Cheops—the grim index of unnumbered ages—So swiftly do we now move along that we can truly say our young country, compared to the nations of the past has nothing but a past and favored present, and a future that pen cannot picture.

It often occurred to me that our history could be told in a pleasing and brief way, in as short and useful a manner as possible, and that it could be made interesting without being labor. Lord Brougham, in his preface to his essay on the Philosophers, says: "I conceived that as portrait-painting is true historical painting in one sense, so the lives of eminent men, freely written, are truly the history of their times."

If personally I am unable to realize the work I thus suggest, at least I hope that some one, who is competent, will take the hint and write out the story of Canada. If, while glancing now and again at the minor and passing events, while plucking flowers from the parterres of our literature, while discussing questions social or scientific, we wish to turn to our history, to the moving powers that are working constantly in the bosom of our constitution, we should have before us our great public men, the fabricators of our laws, the moulders of our institutions.

At a meeting of the evangelical preachers recently held in Boston, Dr. Emrich, who is of German parentage, said:

"New England is being transformed and the people are being changed. Even on the Cape, the native population is disappearing. In their place are newcomers. Most of them are Portuguese and Catholics. Fall River, Lawrence, New Bedford, Ware and Spencer you will find full of French people, who are about all Catholics. All along the Connecticut river the Poles are coming in. They worship at the same altar. We are no longer Protestant in New England, as 66 per cent. of the people are foreigners, or the children of foreign-born people; yet I would rather live in Massachusetts than in Carolina or Colorado, where the native elements largely predominate."

He then proceeded to emphasize the good the Catholic Church has been doing and said that the scholars in the parochial schools in Worcester showed as keen a sense of the highest ideals as any children. Nor was this an isolated opinion. The next speaker was the son of President Elliot, of Harvard. He told why he could not become a Catholic, and that though an admirer of Catholic music, and of many beautiful souls

that he finds in her community, yet he is sorry to see New England becoming Catholic. He said: "I cannot worship like the Roman Catholics because I am for nine generations a New Englander, yet I cannot forget that it is the church that has not allowed the devil to have all the good music, and I can remember that it has been the refuge of many refined and beautiful souls. Because I appreciate the best that is in it, I cannot look calmly on when the Roman Catholic Church takes possession of New England."

Commenting upon these speeches the Boston "Republic" says:

"Most of our readers have probably seen the above statements reported in the daily press, but we cannot help repeating them because of the important bearing that truths of this kind must have upon Catholic communities. Anyone who has taken pains to make an investigation of the Church conditions of New England during the past ten years must have come to the same conclusions as the reverend gentlemen quoted above. While the tremendous increase in the membership of the Catholic Church among the men and women of Irish blood has been noted for years, little appreciation has been had for the tremendous increase in the attendance at Catholic Churches due to the men and women of French, Italian, Polish and other foreign bloods, who have come in large numbers to this section of the country the past dozen years.

Hardly a month passes which does not witness the dedication in some part of New England of a Catholic Church, and a goodly number of these have been erected by the French-Canadian people. In Boston we have at the present time three large Catholic Italian parishes, while a half-dozen other parishes have from two to twenty a thousand communicants of Italian blood. Numerous Polish churches have been erected in New England the past five years, while thousands of Syrians, Armenians and Lithuanians attend the different Catholic parishes in various parts of New England.

The unionism in Protestant denominations which Dr. Elliot proposes will not change things because no matter how much the different Protestant elements may attempt to get together, they cannot hope to compete in numbers with the Catholic Churches in future New England. While it may be possible for the Baptists, Methodists, Congregationalists and other Protestant sects to abate their difference and meet on common ground in order to have numerically respectable congregations, in many places in New England, the effect will not be a lasting one."

Editor Bok, of the Ladies' Home Journal, made use of the following remarkable words:

"Aside from the increase that is bound to come to the Catholic Church through immigration, the greater increase is bound to come through the larger birth rate that characterizes the communities where foreign bloods are in the ascendancy. To repeat a situation which we think is typical of the entire city: Last year in Ward six there was one birth to every twenty-one of the population, while in Ward eleven there was one birth to every seven-eight. It does not require a mathematician to figure what the population of Boston will be twenty-five years from now. The Catholic Church was never stronger before in the world, than it is at the present time, and the future has never looked as promising as it does at the present time. Therefore, there is no reason to assume any great defection will occur among its members during the next quarter of a century. If this be so, it is incumbent upon the men of foreign bloods, whose ancestry does not, like Dr. Elliot's, date back nine generations, to bestir themselves into a consideration of a responsibility that rests upon their shoulders as to the future of New England."

We do not think that anything more is needed to substantiate our view and to indicate the wisdom of our forecast, when we set down a quarter of a century as the lapse of time needed to make all New England thoroughly Catholic.

POWER OF MONEY.

There is nothing to cavil at in the ambition which keeps most people striving all their lives to improve their circumstances, but the observer of life must sometimes wonder at the short-sightedness that accumulates wealth in external things without cultivating any inner resources to enjoy it. With money, it is true, a man can buy pleasure and luxury and even opportunity. He can change every outward circumstance of his

life, he can transform his condition his environment, his associations. His money can change everything in the world for him but himself. He must carry himself wherever he goes, and though his wealth could purchase the world he can get just as much happiness out of it as he is able to enjoy. Unless the soul that dwelt in the hut is too big for the palace he might a hundred times better have been content where he was.

In the last analysis, we have only what is within us. No man is poorer than he who spends his powers for wealth to enable him to live in a larger house, yet does nothing to enlarge the dwelling of his own spirit—who longs to see beautiful scenery, yet does nothing to brighten his own vision; who strives for bigger opportunities, but does nothing to increase his own capacity for opportunity. Poverty of soul is a destitution beyond external ministry.

No one will blame a man for getting as rich as he can, but let him not cherish the illusion that he can enjoy the happiness of riches without spending at least as much effort on his capacities as his investments.—Catholic Universe.

Loss of Religious Convictions.

Judging by the frequency with which the subject is discussed in the public press there seems to be little doubt that, outside of the pale of the Catholic Church, there is a great and growing loss of religious convictions in this country. In seeking for the causes of this Catholics are too apt to fall back on the Godless system of education in the common schools. Doubtless this is the cause of it; but there are others, one of the chief of which is the acquirement of the new knowledge which knows not constituted authority in matters of religion or in any department of learning, save its own oftentimes misguided opinion. The religious chaos that exists outside of the Catholic Church is largely responsible for this, which, in the case of the more learned, is ably assisted by the handmaiden of religious chaos, viz., intellectual pride. These apply the same methods of research into religious as into scientific matters; and consequently seek to establish religion as a science rather than as a faith. The supernatural is relegated as far as possible to the background, conviction being sought for and not faith, the child of God's grace. So that the tendency is no longer to accept the existence of God as a fact—the greatest fact in the universe, but to flitter away belief in Him in their vain endeavors to establish His existence in a manner satisfactory to individual intelligence.

A second sure cause of the loss of religious convictions is the new idolatry—the idolatry of wealth. "No man can serve two masters. Ye cannot serve God and mammon," is the Gospel warning. It is thus that Milton describes this master spirit of the world:

"Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell From Heaven: ev'n in Heaven his looks and thoughts Were always downward bent; admiring more The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold, Than aught divine or holy."

In no country in the world is wealth worshipped as it is in this; nowhere have so many colossal fortunes been made so rapidly. The feverish striving to accumulate wealth is the dominant feature of American life, a distinguishing phase of the national character. It has made us a mighty, but not, on the showing of our most earnest-minded men, a religious people. It is a proof of the verity of the Scriptural warning, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

A third cause flowing from the second is the new pleasures. With wealth came increased possibilities of spending it. The simple life of revolutionary days disappeared before the marvelous material advancement made during the nineteenth century, and the consequent changes in the conditions of everyday life. The pursuit of pleasure, so much of which tends away from God and ignores religion, has become a necessary adjunct of everyday life. "Why don't the men go to church?" has been an interesting topic of discussion for weeks in the columns of the press. This dereliction from duty was assigned to various causes; but it would appear from the bulk of the evidence produced that the pursuit of pleasure and ease on the part of the individual is the most formidable foe the pulpit has to contend with.—The Champlain Educator.

IRISH PAINTERS.

By "ORUX."

It is now exactly a year since I occupied several columns of the "True Witness" with contributions on Irish art and artists. I then reproduced in full one of Thomas Davies's essays on the subject, and thereby showed all that had been done in this line of national education. Sixty years have gone past since that eminent writer penned his essays, and I find to-day the New York Sun touching upon the subject of "Irish Painters" and corroborating, at this distance, and all unintentionally, that which the student poet and keen critic advanced six decades ago. The occasion of the Sun's article is the gathering together of Irish paintings for the St. Louis World's Fair. For reasons not mentioned, the works were never sent to America, but have found a place in the Guildhall, London, where they are now the objects of universal admiration. I purpose taking some extracts from that article as illustrative of what Ireland has done in the artistic line. My main object, however, is to accentuate that which Davis wrote about the lack of national character in the best modern works of art, and the means suggested for remedying the void and utilizing such precious materials. The following passages are from the Sun:

ANCIENT ART.—"Once upon a time Ireland was a leader in the arts. It was not alone the magic of her singers, but the faith and genius of those who built her churches and wrought splendid metal shrines to be placed therein; the fertile brains and cunning fingers of her designers; the dainty handiwork of those who set out ancient lore on snowy vellum, amid a regal blazing of crimson, gold and azure. In these arts Ireland at one time excelled the whole of Western Europe.

PAINTERS SCATTERED.—"Now, it is from illumination or design that painting naturally develops, and these arts were moving toward their perfect form when, in the twelfth century, to bring an leave a legacy of unrest, came the Anglo-Norman invasion. The arts need peace and settled life. Ere one century of that unrest—which endures until this very day—had gone by, the beautiful arts of Ireland had withered away. The development of a great and ancient tradition was checked, and Irish painting, such as it is, has perforce grown up as an offshoot of the school of other nations. The Irish painters are scattered over the face of the earth. You often do not know—they often do not realize—that they belong to Ireland. They have no centre, no rallying point, no common tradition."

A NATIONAL SUGGESTION.—After speaking of how this special collection was gathered together the writer says:

"What may ultimately result from this exhibition is a matter which, to all Irishmen, should seem important. No one who sees those pictures could well deny the artistic capacity of the Irish race. And from what has just been stated it will be evident that they have been produced under conditions which, though possibly favorable to the individual painter, were not so to the development of a national school of painting. In the work of all original Irish writers of to-day something of the common race instinct, common traditions, common aims, is apparent; and the organizers of this exhibition, prominent among whom are Hugh P. Lane, are of the opinion that a distinct school of painting might easily be developed. If this is to be brought about it is desirable that Ireland should possess, in addition to the Dublin National Gallery, which contains chiefly old masters, a permanent collection of modern art, something akin to the Luxembourg gallery in Paris, where one sees not merely the national art, but also the work of great contemporary painters."

A WIDE FIELD.—Now I must quote the entire passage in which the writer tells of how scattered over the world are the Irish artists. This will bring me to the comments based upon

my last paragraph, and which I reserve for another issue. The facts set forth in the following are exceedingly interesting:

"As far as six score of the painters whose works are shown at the Guildhall are concerned, it must be said that in gathering all these to her bosom Erin has spread her arms a little far and somewhat wide. There is, for example, an ably painted head by John Singleton Copley, who was born in Boston in 1737, and is commonly looked upon as the founder of American painting. A large marine picture shows the work of Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., whose birthplace was Northumberland, and three portraits are from the brush of Catterson Smith, a Yorkshire man, who at the age of 88 went to London, and thence to Dublin, where he became president of the Royal Hibernian Academy. If prolonged residence constitutes nationality, what of George Chinnery, a very interesting portraitist, here represented by ten works? For half a century he lived and practised his profession in either China or India, chiefly the former. It sounds adventurous and romantic, for Chinnery died in 1850, and in his days it was not so easy for foreign devils to come and go in China.

CONTEMPORARY PAINTERS.

"Then among contemporary painters are found J. J. Shannon, A.R.A., Irish by descent, American by birth, French by training, and English by practice; Marie Fisher, of Anglo-Irish parentage and Bostonian birth and John Lovery, George Henry and others associated with the Glasgow school. One or two other painters are usually thought to be Australian. Nevertheless the bulk of the 465 exhibits is the work of men and women indubitably Irish, and many are the names, either of painter or subject, that bring to mind makers of history, political, social or artistic.

IRISH SUBJECTS.—"There is Daniel O'Connell, painted by Joseph Haverly; John Philipot Curran, by Hugh Hamilton, and Thomas Moore by Sir Martin Shee, an Irish president of English Royal Academy. There are genre pictures of Daniel Maclise, R.A., and others, theatrical to our way of thinking, but immensely popular at the Royal Academy some sixty years ago. Numerous represented is William Mulready, R.A., greatly admired by the pro-Raphaelite brotherhood, whose influence on English art was very wholesome."

MORE RECENT TIMES.—Coming to more recent times, there is much excellent work by Walter Osborne, who died only last year, and among his works a portrait of Lord Powerscourt, who died only last month. A good landlord, so they said in Ireland, was Mervyn Edward, Viscount Powerscourt of Powerscourt Court, County Wicklow. He was a great believer in afforestation and planted numerous trees with his own spade.

By J. B. Yeats, R.H.A., father of W. B. Yeats, the poet and playwright, there is a series of interesting presentments of interesting people, such as Katherine Tynan Hinkson, the poetic daughter of a County Dublin farmer; Lady Gregory, translator of ancient Irish epics, such as "Cuchulainn of Muirthemne;" and John O'Leary, who edited the Irish People, the organ of the Fenian Brotherhood, and who was one of the famous committee of three which governed that brotherhood. There is a good picture by Augustus Burke, brother of that ill-fated Under Secretary for Ireland, Thomas Henry Burke, who with Lord Frederick Cavendish was assassinated in Phoenix Park, and by Miss Purser there is a portrait of one of the most influential men in Ireland, Douglas Hyde, LL.B., president of the Gaelic League, scholar, poet, dramatist, actor and folklorist, author of "The Literary History of Ireland." In their own tongue they call him An Craibhin Avbhinn, which being translated works out as "the delighted little branch."

CONCLUSION.

I close with this remark of Davis: "We have the great artists—we have not their works—we own the nativity of great living artists—they live on the Tiber and the Thames." Next week I will develop this text.

A TYPICAL

Born in the palace of most illustrious kings of the thirteenth century, daughter of King of England, the King, sister of the Prince, grand-niece of the mother, Isabelle, of France, Louis X., Philip Charles IX., nevertheless died a humble servant in a convent of Germany. From her childhood she at the court of the King, an example of every virtue, earnest desire was to live the only object of her love she was asked to marry powerful princes of her time she had in her heart such ambition that no human nobility to be dreamed of, tistly her. She had resolved no other spouse but of the Great King, whose love elevates all the souls, the only one wearies and never passes to this invisible bridegroom vowed her virginity. The aversion which Eppinested for earthly marriage, according to her father's ward had resolved to give her to the Duke of Guelders whose help was greatly needed him to continue the war one hundred years—which began against the King. Pressed to consent to this young princess besought Spouse to make her know that she had to use in for him or sworn fidelity. It is chiefly in face of ordinary facts of which the saints are full—facts so reasonable if one judges, with the light of reason comes to us to repeat the sacred writer: "How incredible are thy judgments, O inscrutable thy ways!" Constrained to give her the proposition made to mia asks three days of retreat to the apartments assigned her, requesting the court not to trespass on her solitude, she was pleased to enlose her order was respected. Guided by the spirit of young girl renewed in a new story of Saint Agave herself of the island which she found herself borrowed habit—a habit woman—and left secretly palace. Afterwards, with time, she directed her steps to the sea, and took passage which was just sailing Netherlands. Arrived there on foot, begging her city of Cologne. Great was the astonishment of London, and especially the court of England, the appearance of the august was known. A battle of English armies on the would not have caused Messengers were sent by the different countries of as well as to Flanders, to Germany, to try to fugitive. On a certain day that gers who were seeking princess in the towns were in Cologne, they strange spectacle. On the town a scaffold was on this scaffold, tied to infamy, was a young girl as a thief to the outrage asperated crowd. Rumor in a hospital of the city she had volunteered her sick, under pretext she had stolen the clothes of her companions. Puzzled, the English come nearer to the pill seized with astonishment victim of the hue and people they recognize eign's daughter! But assurance of her identity, ters their minds, but a question, so perfect resemblance between the young lady who is before the princess whom they ardently to restore to They go to the magistrat reveal to them the real presence in Cologne, as the favor of seeing the woman. Their request is granted because it is really the King of England, accused of theft by a wife in the hospital where, by, she had dedicated her