

The Catholic Register.

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Calendar for the Week... June 24 - St. Elizabeth.

June 24 - St. Elizabeth. 25 - Nativity of St. John the Baptist.

June 25 - St. John the Baptist. 26 - St. Peter and Paul.

June 27 - St. Peter and Paul. 28 - St. Leo II.

June 29 - St. Peter and Paul, Apostles.

The Canadian Baptist has begun a reply to our challenge of last week.

At the end of its editorial page it chaps the argument off short, with the intimation that it intends to take up the thread of its discourse again next week.

We can wait.

Canadian Delegates to the Irish Friends Convention of 1898 and their friends would be interested in the publication of a "History and Album" of that historic gathering.

The author of the work is Rev. Daniel F. McCreary, vice-rector of the Irish College at Rome.

Father McCreary was in Dublin during the Convention, and we understand that he has gone to enormous expense to do justice to the subject.

It is rich in illustration, we believe, and is a substantial record of the Convention proceedings.

As we have not seen the book we cannot undertake to give any more elaborate description of it.

The price is 10s. 6d.

It would be hard to imagine anything slower than this Spanish-American war.

The correspondents fill the fill the newspapers with rumors day after day; but the public will read nothing more than the headlines.

The stuff is more disappointing and unprofitable than patent medicine reading notices.

It appears that the first transport conveying the American army of invasion are on the sea, and some of the ships have been reported off Santiago de Cuba.

At Porto Rico and Manila the atmosphere is heavy with long suspended fear of what may happen after the Americans have arrived.

Spain has made little show of preparing to put her naval force on an equality with the American fleet.

Germany and Russia are watching the policy of England, the former looking to break up any Anglo-American understanding, and the latter keeping a single eye to the acquisition of a coaling station in the Philippines.

Spain is friendless and not as self dependent as the occasion demands.

A minor poet the other day, warbling a wish for a newer creed than anything now out, said:

We look before and after And seek for what is not; We grieve for something better Than anything we've got.

The quotation is from memory. But such was the substance of it.

If the poet roasts anywhere around this neighborhood, we may find his wish realized in the new "Christian Science Church," dedicated on Sunday last in Toronto, and the ceremonies in connection with which have been described in the foremost of our daily papers in not less than two columns of type.

Mrs. Stewart who delivered the dedicatory address explained that the corner-stone contained a copy of the Scriptures and a copy of "Science and Health," a new handbook from the pen of a Christian Scientist.

The latter volume, she modestly claimed, "is the Little Book which St. John saw in the angel's hand."

It is a pretty notion in the art of advertising, and not more blasphemous than other wds. that confront all newspaper readers.

Mrs. Eddy, who describes herself as the "Mother" of the Church telegraphed an ornamental text from Boston.

It is charitable to believe that the flaming individual who promotes and supports every new patent notion in claim spirituality are honestly seeking a refuge from religious doubts and confusion; but charity is not credulity, and Christian Science overtakes both.

Our Anglican friends managed to jam enough sensation into a few sessions of their Synod last week to divert the public attention from the counter performance of the Methodists and Presbyterians.

Their determination to make a bit was evident from the very start.

Bishop Sullivan got after the Pope

on the opening day; but the Synod was quick to retaliate itself from the counter-plot. On the second day what proved to be most successful dramatization of the story of Job was put upon the boards. Hereafter at Methodist and Presbyterian conferences and assemblies nothing so bold has been attempted in this line.

It has merely been the practice for some prominent minister to make an assertion of incredulity as to an actual Job, this statement being the necessary preliminary of a heavy trial, one of the most popular modern forms of sensational religious entertainment.

But the Diocesan Synod of the Anglican Church in Toronto brought Job himself, instead of some minister who was prepared to deny him, upon the carpet.

Bishop Swinburn filled the part with marked ability. The Synod and general public saw in him the actual embodiment of religious patience.

Treated for long years with derision, often insulted in the hour in which he should have been respected as a father, his salary in arrears, his missionary zeal cooled for want of proper sustenance, and his grand cathedral site regarded as the very dregs of his episcopal incompetency—such was the story he unfolded.

The effect produced upon so notorious, if unsympathetic an audience was little short of edifying.

The Bishop—or Job—had retired from the stage, resigned, humiliated, broken-hearted, a candidate for exile.

After a brief intermission the curtain went up on the second act, revealing the penitent Synod at prayer.

Mr. S. H. Blake rose and delivered a stirring exhortation which brought tears to the most callous eyes in the gathering.

A resolution was passed, a funeral was organized, and the climax of the story reached. It was only natural to look for the bishop's own funeral after his most pitiful exit.

But here occurred a most surprising and happy situation. The Bishop did not die after all; and the funeral was not held to bury his long suffering Lordship, but the synodical hatchet with which his now repentant foes had so long lashed and mangled his episcopal dignity.

There was a joyful termination: re-entrance of the Bishop, no longer Job-like but now smiling all over his face, to be greeted by Mr. Blake with a cheque for arrears of salary and these words: "To-day, we elect you afresh to the high office of Bishop of the Synod, and swear to you again our allegiance and earnest desire to aid and help you."

After the conclusion of this edifying entertainment the Synod gave the poor Bishop a rest, and took up the affairs of divorced church members and clergymen who the such people to second mates.

It appears there had been a very fashionable marriage of a divorced person in one of the Anglican churches of Toronto a little while before.

The pastors of most of the other Anglican congregations in the city did not like it; and Dr. Langtry came to the Synod prepared to move for the penalty of deprivation upon any minister who would perform such a ceremony.

The Doctor held the indissolubility of the marriage bond to be "a law of the church." Principal Sheraton, on the other hand held it to be a law of "Popery"; and the Synod thereupon engaged in a wrangle almost as shocking to the best conscience of the public, we believe, as the fashionable marriage ceremony which Rev. Septimus Jones had performed.

The Bishop endeavored to pour oil on the troubled waters by suggestions of compromise and delay; but the merry war went on without cessation until the hour of adjournment was reached.

This was fortunate for many of the clerical members, and they took care not to turn up at the next day's session when the subject was reopened.

Mr. S. H. Blake declared that the clergyman in the case had made up his mind that there was nothing in the law of the church of England to justify him in refusing to perform the ceremony for the fashionable divorced woman who came to him to be married again.

This brought Mr. Blake and Dr. Langtry into direct conflict: "He did not take the Church of Rome as his guide," said Mr. Blake to Dr. Langtry.

"Nor do I. I take the Church of England."

After a great deal of this sort of thing a motion was adopted, on a division, asking the provincial synod to give an authoritative deliberance on the subject for the guidance of the Anglican clergy.

This mock parliament cannot fail to further demoralize the false public notion of the character of the marriage tie.

When Dr. Langtry brought the matter up he must have known that the Synod was divided, and that if half the members condemned divorce the other half would be sure to declare in favor of it.

And only half the evil is done, for when the matter comes before the Provincial Synod there will be another division, and though there may be another declaration against the marriage of divorce persons, a mere majority in favor of it cannot make it "a law of the church," because the minority will not care three straws for the opinion of the majority. Divorce is one of the most

appalling evils of modern social life, the analogy of divorced persons by alleged deluded persons is but the subterfuge of empty religious formalism to the power and influence of wealth; and if anything else was needed to extend the consequences of this state of things, the Synods and the assemblies amply provide it by their popular and undignified wranglings.

The German Elections—A Lesson.

It is five years since the German people last reported progress at a general election.

The lesson which the empire learned from the ballots of 1893 was so full of meaning, so expressive of intense, though disordered, political activity, that not only the confederacy itself but the whole of Europe looked forward to the contest of German parties in June 1898, as to an event foreshadowing whatever fate the 20th century holds in store for the most important political experiment of the 19th.

The German union founded on the constitution of 1871 has well stood the test of fierce internal religious war, provoked by the deliberate act of the state against the Catholic Church.

But it was the constitution itself provided the remedy for that trouble.

The outraged Catholics saw that by political organization they had a patriotic way open to redress, if redress was to be obtained at all for such a terrible national evil.

The Centre Party in the Reichstag then came into life, and its successful history has fully vindicated its grand spirit and its pure patriotism.

It has beaten at all points the enemies of the church within the state, and has reasserted the religious liberty of a great nation.

But anyone who has studied the political history of Germany since 1878 cannot fail to be struck by one fact that looms into nearer and more distinct sight year after year.

It is this, that although the children of the church in Germany have seen the hostility and persecution of the state gradually withdrawn, they still have plenty of reason for realizing the constant need of vigilance, if they would preserve that liberty which their political organization alone guarantees them.

In the new German parliament of 1878 the chief parties stood as follows: National Liberals 128; Conservatives (including Imperialists) 110; Catholics (Centrists) 106.

Now, mark the change that had taken place in 1898. The National Liberals were then only 68; the Conservatives and Imperialists 98 and Centrists 96.

Half a dozen new groups had come into existence, the most important being the Social Democrats who numbered 54.

The general election held last week told a still more significant story. The National Liberal party has been all but wiped out, only ten members in the new parliament saluting its banner.

The Conservatives and Imperialists have been reduced to 49, and the Centrists to 85.

What is the meaning of these figures? He who runs may read. In twenty years the three parties that formerly divided the Reichstag membership of 397 between them have so fallen out of touch with the popular pulse that they cannot now master among them anything like half the political strength of the empire.

The energy they have wasted has run into the formation of discordant factions of all kinds, Radical Unionists, Populists, Agrarians, Peasant Leaguers, Independents, Poles, Danes and Social Democrats.

And to-day the Social Democrats alone claim to have enrolled under their flag 2,000,000 voters; and what is more, the ballot shows their claim to be valid.

The experience of Germany will not be lost upon England and the British Colonies.

In British as in German states the only opposing parties upon clearly defined political lines are Conservatives and Liberals.

Catholic opinion must hold at all times certain independence of both sides, although all the experience of our democratic institutions goes to show that Catholic opinion is very quick to respond to an intelligent alliance or understanding with Liberalism.

But where Liberalism antagonizes, insults or assails the Catholic position, as it has done in Germany and in Canada, the probability, nay the certainty, is that the Liberal party will feel the effects of such a mistake itself quickly and sorely enough.

Patriotism is not confined to one political party or another; and Catholic opinion in all nations being essentially patriotic, there is no reason why Catholic electors should

not ally themselves with the party that adopts a patriotic policy, whether the party be called Conservative or Liberal.

In Germany there has never been any marked tendency whatever under the new constitution, (either on the part of Conservatives or Liberals to invite the friendship of the Centrists; and accordingly the Catholics have stood alone, holding—as they still hold—the balance of power in the Reichstag.

But as one of a dozen parties they have steadily lost strength, whilst the Liberal Party has drifted to hopeless shipwreck, and the Conservatives have fallen from a proud and magnificent position.

Let things but continue to drift along in the same way, and by and by, amid the confusion of warring factions in the legislature, the Catholics will find themselves facing a horde of the raw and eager recruits of Socialism and burdened with the responsibility of defending the Constitution against doctrines that strike at the base of all established social order.

Thinking men have long foreseen such a contest of Catholic and Socialist forces; and now it looms up almost within the view of this generation.

More of the "Anglo-Saxons."

The Hamilton Herald seems grieved over The Register's general lack of appreciation for "Anglo-Saxon" sentiment.

Our valued contemporary, THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, it says, has of late been indulging in a good deal of polite sarcasm about the talk of "Anglo-Saxon reunion" and "Anglo-Saxon civilization" and "the dominance of the Anglo-Saxon race," and Anglo-Saxonism in general.

Well, perhaps we have. But we can honestly say that there was no intention to hurt anyone's feelings, because we felt assured that on this continent, and in this generation, no one—not even Hon. David Mills—could stand up and say, "I am an Anglo-Saxon."

The Herald does us the honor of quoting our remarks on Lord Wolesey and Lord Roberts, and it asks:

Suppose the Irishman Lord Wolesey be appointed Governor-General, and suppose he be succeeded as commander-in-chief by that other fine Irishman, Lord Roberts, known to the world as Lord Roberts, how can these facts be cited as evidence against Anglo-Saxon ascendancy? Wolesey and Roberts are Irishmen because they are natives of Ireland; but both of them belong to the Anglo-Saxon race.

Irishmen of the "Anglo-Saxon" race! The Herald must be joking.

Now, there is Mr. Cochen who might have been a Rooshian, or a Frenchman, Turk or Prooshian, or an Italian; but where is the other man in all the world, except, perhaps, it be Mr. Chamberlain, who may belong to two or more races at once? Neither Lord Wolesey nor Lord Roberts ever made any such impossible pretensions.

They see both very proud of being Irishmen. But The Herald goes on to say: "Swift, Goldsmith, Flood, Grattan, Emmet, Plunket, John Mitchell, Butt, Parnell, and many more famous ones were Irishmen and Anglo-Saxons too, and the same may be said of many eminent living Irishmen who are ardent Nationalists."

This is almost too much. How can the intelligent and erudite editor of The Herald deceive himself so? A Scotchman may be a Briton; but he never allows himself to be called an Englishman.

The Irish are even more particular. It is not necessary, we hope, to explain to the editor of The Herald that an Englishman alone can pretend with any sort of grace to call himself an "Anglo-Saxon."

The name he is proud of, the name he usually wishes to be called, is an Englishman, of course. He only suffers himself to be dubbed an "Anglo-Saxon" when he falls to toadying to his rich American customer.

The word "Anglo-Saxon" is also used by Englishmen resident in the United States who have never taken the oath of allegiance, and who would proclaim themselves Englishmen all the time if it did not interfere with their business.

The root of the word "Anglo-Saxon" spells English and nothing more.

The Anglo and the Saxons were the same people; and they called themselves English—Latinized Angles, badly re-translated Angles.

Other people called them Saxons. They were Saxons; but they were entitled to call themselves what they pleased.

Asser, the biographer of King Alfred, called them "Anglo-Saxons," in order to discriminate between the English part of the Teutonic people and the Saxon family at

large. That is the whole history of the name "Anglo-Saxon."

Again The Herald says: "The fact is, there is no such race as a pure Anglo-Saxon race."

"Anglo-Celtic" would probably be a better term than "Anglo-Saxon" for the great though mongrel race which was cradled in the British islands, which has played so large a part in the world's history and is destined to play a still larger part."

There is no doubt as to the existence of an Anglo-Celtic element in our population, because there is a great and increasing rate of intermarriage of English and Celts.

At the same time there is still left a distinct Celtic race as well as an English race. But it is a fraud to style the Celt, the Anglo-Celt, or the Englishman an "Anglo-Saxon," in the sense in which the term is used.

The Wolesey, the Sleight, the Swifts, Goldsmiths, Floods, Grattans, Emmets, Plunkets, Mitchells, Butts, Parnells, etc., were Norman-Irish, who became "more Irish than the Irish themselves."

They were not "Anglo-Saxon"; nor are the aristocracy of England to-day "Anglo-Saxons," because their ancestors made easy conquest of the First English; and the First English had received the name of "Anglo-Saxon," two hundred years before the time of William the Conqueror.

But the Anglo-Normans are quite entitled to call themselves English, as the Irish Normans are right in calling themselves Irish.

For these reasons we must regard as a joke the following conclusions at which the editor of The Herald has arrived:

"Anglo-Saxon" is not a term which should be regarded by Irishmen with jealousy. It has come to be only a convenient name for the English-speaking peoples.

Probably the editor of The Herald has more right to claim Anglo-Saxon ancestry than have many thousands of Englishmen who proudly boast of their connection with the imperial race.

Ireland's Sad Condition.

Chevalier John Henry is asking subscriptions in Ottawa for the relief of the famine in the West and South of Ireland.

The Free Press has given him valuable assistance; but it would be desirable to have many more men and newspapers of the spirit of Mr. Henry and The Free Press in the Dominion, in order that the Canadian contribution to the famine fund should be made a success.

There are some politic English reasons why the stress of the present Irish famine should be minimized.

The subservient English press is willing to go to considerable expense to make it appear that the distress is an Irish political cry; and some newspapers in Canada are not averse to falling into the same line of policy.

The Ottawa Journal for instance, copies the articles of G. W. Stevens, a correspondent of The Daily Mail, London, whose letters in that paper have been denounced as mere perfunctory lying by every responsible journal in Ireland.

Stevens was sent to Ireland to deny the existence of famine; but his denials have been carelessly and lightly made.

Still the stuff penned by such writers is preferred in Canada to the truth. Mr. Fitzpatrick, the Solicitor-General, has gone to the trouble of asking Hon. Edward Blake for his personal evidence, and the following has been published in the Ottawa papers during the week as the result of this inquiry:

Chevalier Honey has received the following letter from Hon. John Costigan, respecting the Irish famine:

The Hon. Solicitor-General showed me a telegram he received from Hon. Edward Blake at a destination in the south and west of Ireland, and I assure you that Mr. Blake confirms the reports of extreme destitution there.

Knowing that many friends would be anxious to see the truth, I use in answer to the Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick's cablegram had been received, he authorized me to assure you and all sympathizing friends that Hon. Mr. Blake's answer removes all doubt as to the utter destitution of the people in the south and west of Ireland.

It is to be hoped that this grave statement by Mr. Blake will leave no room for spabby on the part of Irish-Canadian towards the famine sufferers.

The best among the English papers do not deny the crying need of immediate and generous relief from the Government; but the Government keeps English interests in the front all the time, and it is not in the interest of England at this juncture to admit the shameful condition of Ireland.

The editor of The Mark Lane Express, a journal of the highest standing, has been visiting Ireland and this is what he says:

There are few people in England who have not heard of the pitiful condition of

the Irish poor in the South and West, but not many are able to realize the dreadful state of affairs which exist. It is only necessary to visit the distressed parts of Ireland to see examples of "man's inhumanity to man," and how the men who are the cause of the suffering, and who are the cause of the suffering, are the cause of the suffering.

I have realized how bad it was until I looked upon it with my own eyes, and I consider that no words could be too strong to denounce it.

I must say, for myself, that I felt ashamed of the British Government, and of the British people, for their conduct in this respect.

Men, women, boys and girls labor cheerily enough on the mill works which I saw being carried on with a grant from some money raised in Manchester and elsewhere.

The people, though poor, are honest, and the girls are remarkable for their virtue.

The parents are generally healthy, though being out of doors so much; but they are old and decrepit to be found, and children who are falling away from want of nourishing food and better surroundings.

All these circumstances combine to make a case which should have more attention from the governing powers.

Mr. S. H. Blake Once More.

During the unseemly wrangle on the divorce question that took place last week in the Anglican Synod of Toronto, Mr. S. H. Blake is reported in The Globe to have delivered himself of the following amazing statement:

Mr. Blake replied that the Church of Rome adopted a rule on the subject, and that its enforcement depended on the quantity of money that a person—Henry VIII., for instance—was willing to pay.

All history shows us that a period of six years elapsed from the first commencement of the divorce proceedings until the time when Henry tyrannically decided to get rid of the Pope's authority in England.

During all those years Anne Boleyn had been living "under the king's protection," while the Pope was demanding under pain of excommunication that Anne be sent away and the queen taken back.

A private marriage was performed between the King and Anne by Ruisud Lee, after the lapse of three years of the period of royal protection, and Elizabeth was born within eight months of the date of the secret marriage.

It is recorded, in Dr. Bayley's Life of Bishop Fisher that Anne Boleyn's mother, who was present at the marriage, protested against it, declaring in the most solemn manner that the King himself was the father of the woman he had ruined and was about to wed.

It is a shocking story.

But Mr. S. H. Blake has the hardihood to stand up in the Synod and assert it during all the years before and after the secret marriage, while the king was occupied with every imaginable scheme looking to coerce the Pope into compliance with the royal will, the sole and only end the Pope had in view was to bleed and black mail Henry for more money.

This is a suggestion well worthy of a shyster lawyer; but it ought to be unworthy of a man of S. H. Blake's standing, no matter how bitter his religious opinions or prejudices may be. It is, we believe, the first time such a suggestion has ever been made; and after all it is well that it has emanated from the crafty brain of a lawyer.

Obituary.

"Mrs. O'Neill is dead." So ran the news through the township of King on Monday, May 23.

Everybody knew Mrs. O'Neill—everybody watched over her and prayed for her in the last four years of her affliction; and when her death was announced all felt that they should glorify God for another saint added to the heavenly court.

Our Dear Lord alone keeps account of the many noble souls who toil on the farm for years, calmly and faithfully performing their duties with hearts ever uplifted towards the Most High.

Could we have written at length the life, the sacrifices, and could we have portrayed the heroic and generous character of a good Christian woman, who had spent her long life in the service of the Master, what a delightful picture it would be. Such a Christian was our dear departed. She was fortified by the consolation of our holy religion and drew her last breath with the crucifix pressed to her heart and uttering the sweet words, Jesus, Mary and Joseph may I breath forth my soul in peace with you.

The deceased lady came to Canada from Ireland with her husband in the early forties and by honest industry made a comfortable home, and it was a great consolation to her in her matured years to see her own children who survive her all comfortably situated.

On the following Wednesday morning a long sad train of carriages followed the hearse to the Catholic Church, where a solemn Requiem Mass was offered up by the parish priest, Rev. Father Carberry.

The following Rev. gentlemen, former pastors of the parish, were present in the sanctuary: Rev. Father Goughier, Pickering; Minahan, Toronto; Keenan, Toronto; Goo; who came to pay their last tribute of respect to their old friend.

After Mass the earthly form of Mrs. O'Neill was silently laid to rest in St. Mary's Cemetery by the side of her dear husband who died four years ago, her six grandsons being pall bearers. May her soul rest in peace.