

for with the Duke of Norfolk, says the writer, "anti-Irishism has become a sort of second religion demanding personal sacrifices only inferior to those he has always so exemplarily made where the admitted interests of goodness are at stake." But the position of the Duke, with great fairness, is very carefully and kindly explained in his pages. At an early age he fell under the influence of Lord Beaconsfield. That the aged leader could impress a young man deeply, who that has read "Coningsby," can doubt for an instant? That "the young Duke" was impressed is a matter of notoriety. "The offer of one or two offices in Tory administrations—an offer peculiarly gratifying to one brought up amid traditions of Catholic exclusion from public life—has bound him to his new political party, as only he could be bound whose nature is so full of loyalties to all about him. That those loyalties are restricted in their scope is his Grace's misfortune rather than his fault. In private life he sees only one picture, hears only one story, and the fidelity to friends and the belief in their reading of events obscure from his vision, that larger loyalty to the commonwealth, that more immense faith in the destiny of peoples, which perhaps a separate room at the Oratory School at Edgbaston would not suggest, and which Arundel Castle seems proudly to defy." Yet, undoubtedly, the loss to the laity of their natural leader is nothing short, in the present instance, of a mournful misfortune.

Under his Grace's presidency the meeting was held. There were present, besides those named, the Earl of Denbigh and Lord North, "Tories of the Tories, delighted to dare anything to win the Pope over as a sort of election agent, admirable men in private life, in politics the Invincibly Ignorant, claiming our pity." There had been preliminary talk of petitioning the Pope against Mr. Parnell, but the difficulty was to get other than Unionists to sign it. "Can you get Lord Ripon to say that the Irish Bishops scandalize him?" asked an English Prelate who had been taken into confidence. The promoters couldn't. But they would appeal for advice to the great Oratorian. "A young literary man," (doubtless Mr. Wilfrid Ward) whose father Cardinal Newman had known at Oxford, was chosen for this particularly delicate mission. To Birmingham he went. He saw the great man for two hours, and he came away no wiser. His Eminence counseled his friends to ascertain, before they presented such a petition, whether the Pontiff would wish to receive it. Beyond this he was not willing to commit himself. "With that habit he has of drawing subtle distinctions," reported the clever but bewildered emissary, "he could not be got to denounce even the Plan of Campaign. Circumstances govern such doings; you cannot damn them in the abstract. Are there not occasions when it is even laudable for a man to steal a loaf of bread?" So the idea of a petition was abandoned, but it was decided that the Duke himself should go in person to Rome to lay the whole matter before the Pope, and to learn how far religion to-day would lend its aid to the mighty in their warfare with the weak. To Rome he hastened; "the Pope listened to him a little, but not much; certainly he was more willing to talk about Monsignor Ruffo-Scilla, the Envoy to London, whose host the Duke was about to be. Other personal matters seemed to interest His Holiness rather than political ones, and further talk on the Irish question was left over till a more convenient season—which never came. His Grace waited in Rome in expectation of a second audience. 'Let him not tarry,' said the Pontiff to an intermediary, 'where the weather is so hot.'"

There seems no reason to doubt what the author of the little book has to say in conclusion of the anti Irish agitation among Catholics in England; that it is as weak mentally and morally as it is electorally. Its promoters are not men of affairs, nor of ideas; they are the men of acres, and no more. It is morally weak because it is against the priest as much as it is against the peasant, and because it has no sanction in Christendom, which turns pitying eyes towards Ireland. The Catholic Clergy of England itself are her friends; Catholic France, with her own bitter experiences, sends her sympathies to Ireland; and the press of the world pronounce for her. All this

is known, and much more. And yet these thirty English Catholics, adds the author, include men of lofty honour, who would not harbour a mean thought if they knew it, nor consciously let self interest bind them into a "trade union." When the battle is won, the joy will be lessened, since they, too, are not among the victors. "We shall be humble before the Providence which gave us a hand in the good work, while others—in the van of many a good cause—look askance, fretful in the patient Church, despairing of the Republic."

THE SECTS AND THEIR MISSIONARIES.

Every year we see in the reports made to their mission board, by the various Protestant sects, figures representing money expended for the propagation of the 'gospel' among the benighted of every clime except their own.

Among the items of expenditure is one which calls for a few remarks; it is "— dollars for the French Canadian Mission."

Now, on what principle do Protestants of any shade assume to preach the gospel, as they understand it, to Catholics? For the money is employed in attempts—that seem thus far to be futile, or nearly so—to seduce Catholics from allegiance to their Church. Is it because, like the Chinese, Catholics are heathen? Do the Protestant people about us, in Toronto for example, believe when they contribute to this proselytizing fund, that the Catholics are sunk in the abyss of heathen darkness? They meet us every day, on the streets, the boats, the cars; in the courts and the counting-houses, the lecture halls, the schools, the hospitals, the legislature. They brush past us, compete with us, argue and discuss with the poor and the rich of us, the virtuous or the vicious of us, the politics, social ethics, scientific and religious questions of the day. They cannot therefore but know us intimately; and knowing us, they know the average Catholic the world over, and, don't forget, there are hundreds of millions of us! Now, come, be candid, fellow men, when you put your penny in the box to evangelize the Catholics of Lower Canada, do you believe them to be heathen? Are they to be evangelized like the aborigines of Dickens' "Borrioboola-gha?"

And you, preachers, ministers of the gospel, as you wish to be called, do you *honestly* regard us as heathens? No subterfuge, please, yes, or no? If we are not heathens, then we are believers, and need none of your preaching or your *colportage*, none of your soup and small clothes which your brethren were fain to peddle in the famine days of poor Ireland. We have our preachers who can trace their mission back through ages of fiery persecution to the cradle of Christianity.

But if we are heathens, it is certainly time we discovered it. We and our fathers and forefathers have believed our doctrines for ages; they preached them in the gloomy catacombs and the gory sands of the Coliseum, and professed them from the gibbet and the stake, in the palaces of monarchs and the wigwams of the painted savage; under the burning sun of tropical Africa, centuries before Livingstone or Stanley were born, and among the glaciers of Iceland before Colombo rejoiced in the discovery of a new continent. It is, I say, time we found out we were heathens; but hold! we must have more authority for the discovery than that of a preacher or a conference of preachers, self-constituted and self-commissioned.

But my reverend friends will say, "The French Canadians have a deformed and disfigured gospel preached them by their priests. Even many of the priests are in the dark, enthralled by the superstitions of Rome, for proof of which apply to Chiniquy, Beaudry, etc."—"We wish, they will say further, "to rescue these benighted people from this awful superstition, abomination, corruption, and so forth." All this means, translated into English, that Catholics are only partly heathens, and the pious mission boards (and all who support them) merely want to win us over to the pure gospel. Very well. The Protestants then have the pure gospel and the Catholic Church has a corrupt evangel. If these propositions are true the Reformation was justified. If they are true, the