

different sects arose. Their claim that the religious instruction in the schools is non-sectarian is, therefore, false. It might rather be called ultra-sectarian. Let us examine the nature of this non-sectarian religious instruction. It is the pride of Protestants, not that they teach anything definite concerning God and man's relation to Him, but that they have an open Bible. It is the only thing in which all the sects agree. It is, therefore, the only religious instruction on which all could agree, but as each sect explains its meaning differently, it must be the Bible without explanation or comment. The Lord's prayer and the ten commandments are found in the Bible, therefore they may be recited without comment or explanation. They could not agree on more. For instance, they could not agree among themselves as to the nature of the selections from the Bible, published with the authority of the Education Department. Whether it is religious instruction or not, it would be impossible for them to agree that any explanation of the meaning of a sentence, or even a word should be given; for the explanation that would please a Methodist might displease an Anglican, or that which would please a Baptist might be looked upon with horror by a Presbyterian. This certainly is not religious instruction. It is not even instruction, for there can be no instruction without understanding, and without explanation there is no understanding, at least for the majority. If, for the understanding of the ordinary lessons of the class-room, the explanation of the teacher is necessary, it is much more necessary for that of the highest truth which the Bible contains. Nor is such instruction religious. It cultivates neither the knowledge of God, nor the practice of virtue, while it begets indifference in religion, want of faith in God, and Agnosticism.

The demand of Catholics for separate schools was the expression of their desire for perfect religious education in the schoolroom. It was more: it was the assertion of the principle of liberty of conscience. If Protestant parents desire religious instruction for their children, they should accept the principle of separate or denominational schools. For the public schools in regard to religious instruction cannot be other than a compromise. If the doctrines which the reverend opposers of separate schools, so eloquently propound on Sundays, are of such vital importance to their adult hearers, the teaching of them is of equal, if not greater, importance to the young. As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined. C.

FLORES MEMORIE.

It was a bright evening in September, while the twilight dropped pearls of dew, that in company with Father K— and three schoolmates, we found ourselves for the first time in the yard of the old college—the Alma Mater of our boyhood. Looking up the aisles of memory, we see the tapering pine and fragrant balsam as of yore that was wont to sentinel our daily recreations—hear the mysteries of our future life discussed, and whisper to our dreamful and fluttering heart. Ah! how oft have we trodden the same old path, with the flushed sky smiling above. It is the opening of the college year, and there is a levelling among the great ones of antiquity, for the lofty-minded Homer, the majestic Virgil and the narrative Cæsar find seats together in the study hall. Homer is very troublesome—spending much of his time in fine toned double epithets and the passing of notes. But Cæsar always succeeds through *Gaul*. Who is that youth with peaceful brow? Is he one of the *adolescentes* of Rome who have not yet assumed the *toya virilis*? Behold in his hand the time-honoured "*Epitome Historiæ Sacræ*." He has started on his classical journey; long is the valley before he ascends the hill of completion—and then short will be the *vale* to his former classical route. Tell us, O young man, to whose heart the vocation of life has not yet revealed itself, if ever in the purple noon of college days you think of the iron reality that stretches beyond? Do you realize the wise words of Longfellow in his "*Morituri Salutamus*":—

"Write on your doors the saying, wise and old,
'Be bold! be bold!' and everywhere—'Be bold;
Be not too bold!' Yet better in excess
Than the defect; better the more than less;
Better like Hector in the field to die,
Than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly."

But let us hasten to the class-room! There we know of "battles, sieges and fortunes past." Welcome to mine eye the old, old seat where *declensions* marked the tide of toil from morn till "dewy eve." There sat our giant of labour P—, who robbed us of prize fruitage on distribution day. Tall and slumberous one, where art thou now? Is thy star set behind the Unknown? Where are all the heroes of the class room? Where the intellectual athletes? Have ye passed into the strength of days? Alas, before not a few is set the fatal asterisk of death:—

"I see their scattered gravestones gleaming white
Through the pale dusk of the impending night;
O'er all alike the impartial sunset throws
Its golden fires, mingled with the rose;
We give to each a tender thought, and pass
Out of the graveyards with their tangled grass,
Unto these scenes, frequented by our feet
When we were young, and life was fresh and sweet."
THOMAS O'HAGAN.

BISHOP DUPANLOUP.

AMONG the modern lights of the Church in France, the holy and energetic Bishop of Orleans is a noble and conspicuous figure. It was his to play an important part in the history of his country during a critical period, and he brought to the task exalted piety and great intellectual endowments. The story of his life as told by Abbé Lagrange, is an inspiration. To read of him as a student and his thoughts, reflections, resolutions and failures; of him as a young priest already renowned throughout France as a catechist of unequalled success; later, as rector of a college for eight years, from whose care several of the greatest bishops and archbishops were secured for France; as a preacher in Notre Dame; as a bishop, distinguished for his virtue, learning, patriotism, success and constant defence of Catholic education in France; and his gigantic struggles for the Papacy; as an academician, forcing recognition from the most learned society in the world, although that society had for many years no bishop among its members; as the friend and consoler of the great Catholic layman, Montalembert; and the contemporary and friend of such men as Lacordaire, De Ravignan, etc., and still distinguished among the distinguished; to read of him in all these positions and of his death literally in harness, is a comfort and an exhortation, a reproach and a stimulant. The life of such a man seems almost to teach us more than the lives of canonized saints, because they appear to us weak men, more like unto angels than men, and hence when we wonder and admire it seems folly to attempt to imitate them. But in Bishop Dupanloup we have a life of heroic virtue, and yet he is one of us. He had a temper; he made resolutions when young and did not always keep them quite faithfully; but his perseverance and prayer brought him finally to a saintly life, although we see him ever as a Frenchman, as a lover of literature, and so we recognize a man. The lesson, at least, one important lesson, of his life is, the importance of perseverance in good practices and of regularity in all things. He had his prayer hours and his study hours, and these, we may say, *he never missed*, and so his work as bishop was immense, as an author incessant, as a lover of God unremitting, as a lover of his country constant, and so of all those things which we admire in a saint, and love to read of in the lives of great men. E. P. G.

Quincy, Ill.

A surprising idea of the development of the Catholic press in Germany is given by the list of all the Catholic newspapers published in that country, which shows that these organs number no less than 181, being published in 144 different towns, some of them very small places indeed.