

the "Scarlet woman of Romè" has not yet found its way to the rubbish heap. Have the Catholics of the Dominion shown themselves so unworthy of the name of Canadian that they are to be refused elementary courtesy? "Perils of the Red Box" seems to be prepared for gullible and weak-minded people. The hero is deliciously unpretentious, a paragon of virtue and a counterfeit catholic. The villains are two imbecile priests possessed of the instincts of the inferior beasts of prey. One, a cardinal after some ridiculous performances, involves himself in a ludicrous scrape, wherein he remains with his intended victim long enough to sacrilegiously urge upon him, sacramental absolution, while resolved to go to death, himself unshriven. The whole is a caricature of poor design and of far worst finish. The tone will secure little sympathy from well informed inquiring minds. There is also a proclivity in effusions of this stripe to paint the supernatural authority, vested in the Pope, bishops, and priests, of the Catholic Church, much as wholesale usurpation and tyranny. There are perhaps no more industrious readers than Catholics as a rule, but if publications, that aim at wide circulation, wish to alienate this patronage, let them deal in unprovoked and unfounded attacks on that authority, which it is the duty of catholics, so they conscientiously believe, to respect. This mistake perhaps may not be intended, still there is no reason why it should continue. To work at the formation of a distinctly Canadian literature, is laudable, but all true literature, eschewing, by the very nature of things, what is temporary, local, and confined to a faction, must rise to what is lasting, universal and appealing to humanity as a whole.

