

that his assumptions must be false, because she knows that God's revelation must be true. She stands between such a man and the divine oracle of which she is the custodian; and when she sees him raise his profane hands and attempt to touch the temple of faith she cries out: "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther!"

Will you not agree with us that she is right in raising her voice against groundless theories that desecrate the truth and poison its very source? How can we consent to forsake the sacred fountain at which our forefathers slaked their thirst for centuries, to run after some mirage that these modern philosophers have conjured up before our imagination? If God's revelation is at the mercy of every sciolist, what, then, becomes of those great and consoling truths underlying our social fabric? They are no more than shifting sands beneath our feet.

The pathway of time is strewn with the wreck of many an imposing scientific opinion of men. And such will ever be the fate of those wild speculations and unfounded assumptions that impugn the truth of revelation. They may float for a time on the human mind like huge icebergs drifting along the ocean's current, chilling the atmosphere and carrying destruction in their path. But like the false theories before them, they are destined to melt away beneath the effulgent rays of reason and revelation, while "the truths of the Lord remaineth forever."—*Cardinal Gibbons in the American Catholic Quarterly.*

RECALLING THE STUARTS.

Our columns last week contained a letter from the Earl of Ashburnham, reminding our readers of the hundredth anniversary of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, "called by some the Young Pretender, by others Charles the Third." This is perhaps the first Jacobite demonstration of this generation. But the sentiment for the Stuarts, though the expression of it is generally confined to poets and writers of romance—including historians—has a hold on many hearts. Catholics especially have reason to bear in mind the sacrifices for the Catholic religion which the house of Stuart undoubtedly made; nor can it ever be forgotten that the house of Brunswick owns the throne of England not by hereditary precedence, but by virtue of its Protestantism. It may be news, and amusing news, to most readers that a league has been formed in London under the name of the White Rose, the members of which are devoted Jacobites, with a Catholic earl to lead them, and a Catholic viscountess as the appropriate advocate and illustration of a graceful cultus, and of the fascination of a lost cause. All these enthusiasts will muster, but there is no fear that Mr. Henry Matthews will direct the military or re-enroll the disbanded "specials."

The wearers of the White Rose are meditating the publication of their maiden book—a calendar full of facts and fancies about the Stuarts. A Pedigree will also be published showing—as modern histories fail to do—how the throne of England would have descended had not Protestantism changed the succession. Every school-boy knows that the act of settlement secured the crown to the descendants of the Electress Sophia, daughter of James the First's daughter—Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia. Hence Victoria now rules, to the exclusion of the rightful hereditary heirs of the English throne—the descendants of Charles the First. The male line of Charles the First, after yielding Charles the Second, James the Second, James the Third (the Young Pretender), and Charles the Third (the Young Pretender), ceased in the male line with Henry the Ninth (Cardinal York). But Charles the First's daughter, married to Philip Duke of Orleans, continued the rightful line more directly than did her aunt, which was set aside at the revolution simply and solely on account of its loyalty to the Catholic religion. Her descendants are held by the adherents of the White Rose to have been the kings and queens of England, beginning with Charles the Fourth, great-great-grandson of Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans. He was succeeded by Victor the Emmanuel, King of Sardinia, as Victor the First of England. His daughter became Queen Mary the Second of England, and her son Francis the Fifth, Duke of Modena, became Francis the First of England. He died without issue, and his brother Ferdinand, Prince of Modena, is the father of Queen Mary the

Third, the divine-right sovereign of England. Her throne being held, however, by Victoria, Dowager Princess of Sax-Cobourg-Gotha, as the White-Rosists say, she lives at Munich, and is the wife of Prince Louis Leopold of Bavaria, son of the present regent. This lady is thirty-nine, a good Catholic—and, let us add at once, not at all ambitious to wear the crown of England.

So much for the cause which the White Rose typifies. It is a sentiment, and no more. But there are certain reflections incidental to it which are not without seriousness. The word "loyalty" has become a phrase to be flouted in the faces of the advocates of Home Rule in Ireland. Yet the opponents of Home Rule, who take the name of Loyalists, are themselves the offspring of revolution and of regicide. If the League of the White Rose serves to recall this fact at the present time it will have done something to relieve current controversy of a cant phrase. Loyalty as a word appealing to sentiment in its old sense is appropriate enough on the lips of White-Rosists, such, for instance, as the Earl of Ashburnham (who is also a Home Ruler); but on the lips of the editor of the *Times* it merely means adherence to the present order of things and to Protestant ascendancy. Another curious study of the "might-have-beens" of history is presented by speculation as to what Ireland might be now had she been excluded, as a Catholic nation had every right to be, from the act of settlement. With its line of Catholic kings, in alliance with England, its present might have been serene. The writer of a very able article of a recent number of *Merry England* illustrated this theory by an astonishing amount of historical research; and his conclusion was that England, in her "Irish difficulty," is even now paying the penalty of her persecuting intolerance of two centuries ago. And yet another reflection must be made. If the Stuarts had been careful in their conduct, what opportunities they had to bring England back to the full faith. It was against their unhappy lapse from the law—proclaimed and exaggerated by the demagogues of the day—that the people of England protested when they bade good-bye to the rightful heirs of the crown. James the Second has left us a touching expression of the regrets with which he looked back on the wasted opportunities of his life; another illustration—and there were so many illustrations all through the history of the Stuarts—of the rightness of their knowledge and their feeling, in strange contrast to the weakness of their wills and to their evil deeds.—*London Weekly Register.*

For the REVIEW.

THE STUARTS.

There is an innate reverence in mankind
For what of ancient true nobility
Is left amid our sodden earthly race,
So full of medium men or wealth-blown pride,
That cheerfully we sympathize with those
Of those, who've nobly lived, ignobly died.
And high before our view there stands a House
Ill-fated, with ingratitude brought low,
The Stuart line of noble, pure descent,
With holy hopes and noble wish endowed;
The rest,—thrown in a sad and evil time
'Midst evil lives, with which that age was rife;
'Midst enemies and traitors raising strife.
Sad on Culloden was the overthrow,
And sad a human prince's earthly end;
But who of earthly race not demi-god
Could override so hard a life of woe?
Thus 'tis true men, bethinking of the wrong,
Could honour, did they live, the Stuarts' claim.

H. F. G. M.

The *Toronto Catholic Weekly Review* has entered on its second year.

The *Review* is unquestionably one of the ablest edited and best of our exchanges. From its first issue it exhibited rare talent and has steadily improved. We wish it every success and congratulate its editors and managers on their first anniversary, for their well directed labours.—*Washington Church-News.*