

Our Curbstone Observer On Friendship.

An article entitled "Is Friendship on the wane?" has attracted my attention; and that which draws my attention awakens my observation, and that leads to such jottings as these. I have no intention of answering this question, but will merely use it as a text to proceed with my personal observations. We are so accustomed to speak of our acquaintances as our friends that one is often in a quandry how to distinguish between the two. Yet there is a distinction to be made.

ACQUAINTANCES.—Almost every person in the world has a number of acquaintances, that is to say, people with whom one meets in public, or in business, or as passers-by. You are going down the street and you meet a gentleman of your acquaintance, he introduces you to another gentleman. In future may have frequent occasion to meet this latter, on street cars, or on the street, or elsewhere, and you bow to each other; it is quite possible that you meet so frequently that you begin to exchange a few words of conversation. Later on you meet at the house of some mutual friend, and you become more closely acquainted. It never goes beyond this stage; but that gentleman you look upon for all future time as an acquaintance. But are you justified in calling him a friend? By no means. The fact is that even your acquaintanceship is so slight that you are not even certain whether he would take the trouble to do you a good turn, or to put himself out to defend you in a case of necessity. You have no evidence that he has any special friendship for you. Yet how often do we not hear a person, in exactly this situation, talking of another as "a great friend of mine." Even in the ordinary affairs of business you cannot say that the man with whom you are dealing can be considered as your friend. He might do you a favor, or be glad to assist you in a business transaction, be willing to even go out of his way to help you in some scheme or enterprise; but would he ask you to his house, or would he give you access to the intimacy of his family? Possibly not. Then you may call him a business acquaintance if you like, or even a business friend; but you cannot speak of him as a friend pure and simple. The fact is that there is no friend without that his relations with you are based on friendship. The very words convey the meaning. As long as interest, or any taint of selfishness underlies his attitude towards you, there is not unalloyed friendship; and adulterated friendship is only a sham.

FRIENDSHIP ANALYZED.— We must not run away with the idea that because a person is not animated with the most perfect and disinterested friendship that he is therefore your enemy, or your antagonist. By no means. But the real genuine friendship is very, very rare. This may sound strange, but it is nonetheless the case. We will just examine the matter calmly for a moment. How many friends, good readers—that is people who hold a sincere friendship for you—do you possess? You will probably commence with your mother, or father, or sisters, or wife, or children; but the sentiment there is more than friendship, it is love. There may be many individuals, if you happen to be so fortunate, who entertain more than friendship for you; but you cannot designate them as mere friends. Then go down the scale in the opposite direction. The man who helps in such or such a business transaction is what you call a friend; but is his friendship purely disinterested? Has he not some personal interest in view? It may be problematical, or even baseless, but, for the time being, he believes it is to his ultimate interest to help you. Then that is not complete friendship. You are a young boy; a merchant befriends you by taking you into his employ. He sees in you talents that he can turn to account for the future benefit of his business. He has done a kindly deed in helping you, but the friendship is not purely disinterested. He is your patron, but can you call him in the technical sense, a friend?

This may seem very cynical; but it is not. I am only seeking to show the absurdity of the manner in which people talk of friendship and friends, as if the former were universal and the latter out of number.

FALSE FRIENDS.—Just as often do we hear mention the "false friends" that a man has. Now there is no such a thing as false friendship or false friends. Friendship cannot be counterfeit, and friends cannot deceive or injure one—the moment deceit or injury comes in the friendship vanishes. But there is such a thing as pretended friendship; there are such people as make-believe friends; they are simply enemies in disguise and their sentiment is hypocritical. The man who asks you, for old friendship's sake, to come and have a drink, when he knows that the one drink may prove your ruin, is not a friend, nor is the sentiment, which he invokes real friendship. He would be willing to spend a quarter of a dollar making you drink, but would not lend you that amount to buy a dinner for you if you were hungry. The man who induces you to gamble, when he knows that to do so means to rob your family and to bring hunger, cold and misery into your home, is not a friend; there is not the slightest evidence of any friendliness in what he does for you. The man who lends you money to enable you to do wrong, to commit sin, to ruin your health, and to damn your soul, may be what the world calls a "good fellow," but he is not a friend; in other words, he is an enemy; he is the familiar "sheep in wolf's clothing." It is not necessary that I should go over the entire list of false friends, as they are called—that is masked enemies; but I would remark this one point, when you hear of a young man who has untold friends, who has them on all sides, you may rely that he is in danger. Watch him for a few years and mark the result.

ONE EXAMPLE.—Out of many examples that I might cite I will select one. Twelve years ago I was standing in the St. Lawrence Hall talking to a relative from another city. A young man of my acquaintance came in; he was immediately surrounded by half a dozen or more "friends." During the hour or so that I was there the young man in question was absolutely surrounded, I cannot use any other term, by friends. Everyone knew him, each one was itching for the honor of a word with him, in fine he was to be envied. And he was really so beautifully dressed, so spirited, so clever, so everything that was attractive. In fact, he must have had lots of money too; and he knew how to spend it. When he went out, it was like a general signal for all the carters at the door—how they did run up and bow, and scrape, and offer their services. It was charming to see that man of unnatural friends. Last month I stood again at the door of the St. Lawrence Hall and I saw a human wreck zig-zagging down St. James street. The poor fellow was in the last stages of tramping, dirty, unkempt, badly clad, and going along muttering to himself like an idiot. The carter at the door shunned him, the ladies stepped aside to avoid him, and one of his sycophant friends of a few years ago dodged into a side entrance to avoid him. That picture told me a strange story of this world's friendship and friends.

HEROIC NUNS.— News from Mother Mary Paul, formerly Miss Mary V. Murphy, of New York, who left the United States last year to devote the rest of her life to missionary work in British East Africa, has been received by Father A. P. Doyle, of the Paulist Fathers, New York. The report which has come to Father Doyle tells of the nuns' arrival at Mombasa, after great hardships. After a journey overland over temporary rails so shaky that the nuns expected to be spilled every moment, they finished their journey in canoes. Thousands of natives waited for them, springing into the water neck deep and carrying canoes, sisters and all to the beach. One sister was ill of native fever when the letter was despatched. Mother Mary Paul's band of missionaries was recruited largely from New York state. It is the pioneer band of nuns in that field of labor.

The great high road of human welfare lies along the old highway of steadfast well-doing; and they who are the most persistent and work in the truest spirit will inevitably be the most successful.

Death Of Cardinal Vaughan.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

In the person of Right Rev. Herbert Vaughan, D.D., Cardinal-Archbishop of England, death has removed one of the grand pillars that sustained and ornamented the Catholic Church in that land. It has been the good fortune, or rather the Providential favor, of the Church in England, ever since the restoration of her rights and liberties, to have had men of transcendent talents and unquestioned weight—both socially and nationally as well as religiously—to rule the spiritual flock that claimed allegiance to the Ancient Faith. Proudly do they move across the stage of the past; the Howards, the Newmans, the Mannings, the Vaughans. And the day has finally come when, still in his vigor, though past the allotted four score and ten, this splendid figure should disappear from the scene. Unlike his great predecessor in many respects, Cardinal Vaughan was great in other ways, and he was the best calculated of all men to carry on a degree further the work that Manning had so admirably accomplished in his time.

Cardinal Vaughan was a thorough Englishman, by birth, by education, and by political instincts; he was, therefore, one whose presence, as head of the Catholic Church, in that country, tended much to efface the foolish yet perversely persevering idea that the Church of Rome sought to betray British liberties and to force a foreign domination upon the country.

He was born at Gloucester, on the 15th April, 1832. He came of one of those olden and aristocratic English families, the descendants of which never once abandoned the faith of Catholicity, and which conserved at the same time their social rank and their religious trust. His father, Colonel Vaughan, of Caurfield, Herefordshire, had fourteen children. Six daughters became members of different religious communities; five of the eight sons became priests. The eldest of these was Herbert. His education was received from the Jesuit Fathers, at their famous English College of Stonyhurst. Having completed the usual classical course the young student was sent to the continent where he studied philosophy, and subsequently theology at Rome.

When the Crimean war broke out the patriotism and national as well as family pride and spirit of the Vaughans became manifest. The young man volunteered his services, and marched in the ranks, as a private soldier, to the scene of that memorable struggle. In the rifle pits and trenches of Sebastopol he gave evidence of the courage within him, and won high commendation for his bravery. A brilliant military career seemed to open out before him. But he had done his duty to the country, in the hour of danger, now, in peace, he wished to enlist as a private, in the ranks of the Church Militant. But be it in army or in Church he was destined to rise to the post of command.

He became a member of the community which Cardinal Manning had established in London. Thus did he walk the avenue destined to lead him to the chair occupied by his patron and friend the great Cardinal. During the early part of his sacerdotal career, Father Vaughan established a college, under the patronage of St. Joseph, for the education of foreign missionaries, at Mell Hill, in Middlesex. About thirty-one years ago, in connection with this institution, he paid a visit to the United States. He went to Maryland to establish missionaries amongst the colored people of those Southern States.

A year later, 28th October, 1872, Bishop Turner of Salford, died, and Rev. Herbert Vaughan was consecrated his successor. His See included practically the whole North of England, with the great manufacturing city of Manchester as a centre. A Protestant contemporary, referring to the task that then awaited the future Cardinal, very truthfully says:—

"The position of a Roman Catholic Bishop in England is far from being a bed of roses, finding himself, as he does, face to face with alien, hostile and wealthy Churches, hampered himself by want of means, confronted by gigantic educational problems, and ruling over a heterogeneous flock whose differences of race

and of temperament call for the exercise of tact almost superhuman, and for patience far exceeding Job's. Bishop Vaughan threw himself into the work with characteristic zeal and courage, which deserved and won success, and left Salford at the close of his twenty years of government the best administered diocese in England."

As a writer Cardinal Vaughan was forcible, concise, and most lucid. He had a logical mind, and while he was susceptible of keen emotions, he never allowed sentiment to carry him away from the logical course of his arguments. His pastoral letters, while Bishop Salford were masterly, and were published in pamphlet form constituting a grand and irrefutable plea for the Catholic cause, seen from almost every standpoint. He became proprietor of two of the leading Catholic publications of the British Isles—the London "Tablet" and the Dublin "Review." On the death of Cardinal Manning, Bishop Vaughan was selected, by Rome, as his successor in the Metropolitan See of Westminster. This elevation, which had been expected on all sides, was soon followed by his reception of the Red Hat, and once again England was represented in Sacred College of Cardinals. The works done by the eminent prelate, since he assumed the duties of his exalted office would constitute a full history of Catholicity in England, and of the Church in London, especially, during the last decade of the nineteenth century, and the opening years of the twentieth. The details of his own life will yet form subject-matter for the pen of some biographer, and they will be of a character to encourage and elevate the spirit of the true children of the Church in England. He was decidedly a great man, and the lustre which his life sheds upon the Church over which he presided will constitute the very halo of immortality that surrounds him at this moment.

It was noted how very deeply affected the Holy Father was on learning of the death of Cardinal Vaughan. Few men, in Church or State had a higher place in the esteem, and a more abiding place in the love of the great Pontiff. And, one by one, old and young, the Cardinals drop down to the tomb, while Leo still remains to carry on, amidst ever increasing difficulties and multiplying sorrows, the tremendous duties of the Vicar of Christ. He knelt long and prayed fervently for the soul of England's dead Cardinal, and in that prayer the entire Catholic world will join; and none more truly than the representatives of Catholic journalism.

Condolence.

At a recent meeting of the Ladies' Auxiliary, Div. No. 5, A.O.H., feeling reference was made to the death of Mr. Charles Doonan, esteemed brother of Miss Katie Doonan, a charter member of Division No. 5. A resolution of condolence was passed and ordered to be sent to the members of the family, and noticed thereof in the "True Witness."

The June Rainfall.

After the long weeks of drought we have got the rain, but it has come in deluge fashion. How we are never satisfied. Now we claim that we have too much of it. Just as if Providence did not know better than we do what is needed for our earth. Up to the 24th of this month the rainfall has exceeded that of the whole month of June last year, and it was surely a wet June in 1902. So far our rainfall of June has been 4.39 inches, while that of last June was only 3.75 inches. Our heaviest this year was on 12th June when we got 2.03 inches; the next heaviest on the 23rd, when we got 1.02 inches. Yet we cannot tell but this heavy fall of rain has been necessary in order to counteract the effects of the two months of rainless weather that preceded it. In any case we are not the masters of the situation. And even in this simple question of warmth and cold, of dryness and of rain, we can no more control the elements, nor guide events than we can check a cloud in its passage over the mountain. Where then is our vaunted power? We find nature confounding reason in all times—and God speaks in nature.

"Irish Lad" has been leaving all the other horses behind him. The Catholic Church is God's Kingdom on earth, and they who there serve Him find how true are St. Paul's words: "To serve God is to reign."

Home Rule Resolutions.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

Quebec, June 23.

There has been, from one source or another, considerable criticism of the opportuneness of the Home Rule Resolutions that have been moved, on different occasions, in the Canadian House of Commons. To those who have no interest in Irish affairs, and to those who are more or less adverse to the principle of Home Rule, as far as Ireland is concerned (but who are not averse to enjoying the benefits of a similar condition in their own land) these Resolutions may appear untimely. But if they have not always met with enthusiastic reception on the part of the British authorities, they have still done grand service. Their several repetitions have served to keep before the minds of British statesmen the real condition of Canada and the strange anomaly of having Ireland less free than a trans-Atlantic colony. We are under the serious impression that they have had much to do with the bringing of the Irish question to the very advanced point which it has now reached in the Imperial Parliament.

And while we consider the Home Rule Resolutions of the Federal House we should not overlook those that have been twice moved in the Quebec Legislature. We all remember when Hon. Mr. Flynn and Mr. F. Carbury brought in similar resolutions some years ago. This came from the Legislature of the great French Province of Canada, and the action had a striking significance. During the last session like Resolutions were moved, seconded and adopted in our Legislature, and they have produced more effect than some people would be glad to admit. In glancing over a Belfast exchange, in the columns of which the Quebec Resolutions are published, we find an editorial appreciation of them, that to our mind is of the utmost importance at this particular juncture. So significant is that editorial that we take the liberty of reproducing it in full. It is thus the Belfast editor writes:—

"The letter which Mr. John Redmond has received from the Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Quebec, conveying resolutions passed by that body on the 25th April last, is published at an opportune moment. It contrasts in large degree with the attitude of the Speaker of the British House of Commons towards the Irish leader on the question of Mr. M'Hugh's arrest. The resolutions which Mr. Speaker Rainville transmits to Mr. Redmond, though prefaced by a formula reminiscent of the Declaration of Independence of Washington, still breathe the spirit of loyalty to the British connection which has been engendered by experience of self-government under the aegis of Great Britain. The resolutions proceed to say that the Legislative Assembly of Quebec view with the greatest satisfaction the measures which the British Government is now adopting for the purpose of removing discontent with regard to the existing law relating to land tenure in Ireland. But they also express the sincerest hope that in the near future the Parliament of Great Britain will grant such form of self-government as will satisfy the patriotic desires of the Irish people, and thereby strengthen their loyalty and devotion to the Empire in the same manner as self-government in this country has created an indissoluble bond of union between Canada and the mother country." The fact that Canada is Britain's nearest and most important possession, as well as its most loyal and—excepting Ireland and Malta—also its most Catholic, has frequently been brought under the notice of British statesmen in recent controversies. The Quebec Legislative Assembly, however, do not seem to have an appreciation of the ethics which govern the conduct of those who from time to time are placed in a position to misgovern this country. It recommends that copies of the resolutions should be sent to the Prime Minister, but first of all to the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies. When these resolutions were drafted the critical position in which both right hon. gentlemen have allowed themselves to drift was not in contemplation. The resolutions will not only lose none of their force through this circum-

stance, but will, we believe, prove a strong factor in convincing such statesmen as survive the present crisis of the expediency, from an Imperial point of view, of granting Ireland her just demands.

Here is an evidence, beyond all question both as to its source and as to its significance, that Home Rule Resolutions, whether they emanate from a local Legislature, or from a Federal Parliament, are of weight in the great struggle that has been so manfully carried on during all those years and that is now almost about to be crowned with triumph. Those Resolutions are of a moral weight; they tell of experiences under the safeguards of political autonomy; they speak of the sympathies and moral support that the cause receives on this side of the Atlantic.

Old Letters.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

Possibly I might as well remove the title "Old Letters" and adopt another one, more in accord with the present subject-matter of these brief articles. But as I am in hopes of returning to the said letters, may be in a next issue, I consider that the conservation of the heading matters little, compared to the matter in the body of the contribution. Having, then, no letter yet at hand—for my package has not turned up—I will, for this week relate a short anecdote about a letter. I have the one to which I refer in my possession still, and I give the substance of it—as far as I can remember it.

"Queen's Hotel, Toronto, 9th April, 1883.

Dear Sir:— Would you do me the favor of going to the Registry Office in your city and finding for me whether the deed of hypothec (mortgage) upon the property of L— Z— of Toronto (situated in the County Two Mountains, Quebec), in favor of J— N— P— formerly of Montreal, now of Brockville, has been ever registered. An immediate reply will very much oblige, for the information is needed in connection with a civil suit now being tried at Os- goode Hall, here. I am, in haste,

Yours very truly,

This was followed by a species of scrawl that might have been a letter cut out of a Chinese laundry receipt. I worked for about six hours over the puzzle. I turned the signature upside-down, viewed it from every corner, and finally gave up all idea of discovering the name of my correspondent. I then set to work to get the information that he required. Of course, that was not to be had in this city, so I was obliged to secure it in the county wherein the property was situated. Finally I had the information. Then I wrote what I considered to be a very clear letter on the subject. But to whom was I to address it. The "Queen's Hotel, Toronto," gave me no clue. He might have been a passing guest, one of a hundred; or he might have been a person who had just dropped in and secure a sheet of the hotel paper and written his hurried note—not taking time to go to his own office. But where was his office? Or was he a lawyer? or was he merely interested in the case as party to the suit? All these questions, and a hundred more I asked myself, but I could not answer one of them. I placed the letter in an envelope, put a stamp on, and awaited developments. Probably I had had all my trouble for nothing, and very likely I would be set down, in my correspondent's mind, as a careless, impolite, or may be crazy fellow.

Well matters remain thus for six days. One morning I was startled, at an unusually early hour, with a telegram. I opened the message and it read thus:—

"Brockville, Ont., 15th April, 1883.

Did you get my letter. Answer to Brockville—please hasten."

There was the name, clear as day, but written by the telegraph official. He was minister in the Ontario Government at that time—since dead—and I did hasten to send my letter, with a P. S. telling the cause of the delay.

Sincerity is the basis of all true friendship. Without sincerity it is like a shiu without ballast.