

Intolerable Insolence.

The disgraceful scenes witnessed in the British House of Commons on Thursday night last are the direct and inevitable result of the unceasing and long-continued provocations to which Mr. Gladstone and his friends have been submitting, in almost silent acquiescence, for the past six months. Tory intolerance has been unsparing in its unjust and bitter attacks against the loyalty, the dignity and the honour of the Irish people. Irishmen have been treated as lower than Hindoos or Hottentots, as Rome-ridden, impecunious, garrulous, incapable of financing, and unfit to be trusted with the use or employment of fire-arms. Such fiery spirits, and eloquent debaters as Dillon, O'Brien, T. P. O'Connor, and others, had to bear in silence all these and more galling insults so as not to retard by one hour the day of Ireland's victory over hate and fanaticism. Thomas Sexton alone, on one or two occasions uttered his indignant protest against such intolerable insolence.

But while Irishmen mastered their feelings and repressed the indignation that sought to find vent in burning words, and the patience of Englishmen gave way, and last week a storm burst upon the House of Commons such as history has not chronicled since the days of Cromwell and the Long Parliament. The cablegram states that "blows were struck right and left; members fell and were picked up by their friends to fight again; the whole space between the front benches was filled with a struggling, cursing mass of members, striking, clawing and upsetting each other. Eventually Mr. Majoribanks, at the request of Mr. Gladstone, dug his way through the mass of belligerents, and by repeated appeals in the name of the Premier succeeded in stemming the conflict."

The whole blame and responsibility of the scandalous fracas will be laid at the doors of the Irish members, no doubt, especially of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who countered Mr. Chamberlain's cry of Herod against Gladstone with the too well-merited soubriquet of "Judas," hurled in retort. Mr. O'Connor's one word, however, was but the determining blast that precipitated a storm which had been accumulating for days and weeks previously.

Only the day before Mr. Chamberlain had ridiculed the idea of Ireland being ever, at any time, permitted by law to collect her own taxes. "If Irishmen," he said, "are allowed, after six years, to handle their own money they will be masters of the situation, and will have a good pretext for wringing more favourable terms from the Imperial Parliament. The financial plan, as presented now in the Home Rule Bill, is putting a premium on extravagant administration under the Irish Legislature."

Thereupon the aged Premier, usually so calm, spoke heatedly, but with perfect self control, and compared his adversary to the "Devil's advocate," whose function it was to misconstrue every noble act and blacken every virtue. Mr. Balfour jumped to the rescue of the discomfited Chamberlain, and said that the office of the "Devil's advocate" was preferred only in rela-

tion to the defunct. When Home Rule was dead and buried he would willingly take part in its canonization.

This truculent piece of borrowed witticism, although provocative of much laughter, did not appease the insatiate wrath of the member for East Birmingham. When the final closure of the debate in Committee was announced for ten p.m. Mr. Chamberlain began to characterize the whole proceedings as a most discreditable farce—as a mere sham, with the guillotine ready to fall on friend and foe alike, without regard to justice or constitutional rights, with Gladstone held up as a God. "Never, since the time of Herod, has there been such." Here the feelings of wrath, so long pent up in Irish breasts, could no longer brook restraint. "Mr. Chamberlain," adds the despatch, "got no further. Immediately there rose from the Nationalists such a roar of indignation as has not been heard in the House since the days of Parnell. Mr. Chamberlain plainly was startled, but he tried to talk on. He turned to the Nationalists, and the shrill yells of execration sounded above the uproar."

And yet, in spite of all the aggressiveness and provocation, of obstruction so tantalizing and unfair to a measure of justice to Ireland, her representatives will be condemned for their impatience, when patience ceased to be a virtue. It will be shouted into English ears on many platforms that the turbulent Irish, as the *Times* insinuates, are capable only of pot-house legislation; but the English masses in all parts of Great Britain will appreciate the feelings of disgust and resentment with which Irishmen received the imputation that their ablest and most honored statesman is no better than a fetish—that, in impiety and cruelty, he out-herods Herod.

A Recent Conversion.

The language of Bishop Ryan in regard to the recent conversion of Rev. Mr. Adams, a Protestant Episcopal Clergyman in New York City, affords a striking contrast to the Barnum-like methods of certain clerical advance agents when a poor Catholic lapses from the faith delivered to the saints. A reporter spoke of the happy event as a victory to the Church, but the Bishop gave him the true Catholic view of it—that the victory was mainly to the man himself. Every human soul is infinitely precious, the salvation of one alone is of more account to the Church of God than the rise and fall of states, and the destruction of all things material. And the soul of a simple laborer may be as precious in the eyes of God as that of the most learned student.

Of course we rejoice in the conversion of such men as Mr. Adams or Mr. Russell, since their example may lead others to enquire into the truths of Catholic faith, and accept them. But it is well to keep in mind the position and work of the Church. She is no political organization, nor benefit association, nor dealer in sensational literature. She is the divinely-chosen Ark out of which no man can be saved from the deluge, and however great a man may be, when he enters her

protecting roof the principal gain is to himself, so while we rejoice, in the communion of saints, with the angels of Heaven that another soul has entered the bark of Peter, we do not lower ourselves to the level of some of our advertising sects, and place him on exhibition as a rival to the champion prize-fighter or ballet-dancer in the affections of the amusement-loving public.

But perhaps we expect too much of our "Evangelical" brethren, when we consider they are only human societies, with the business instincts more fully developed than the religious (as in the case of some of their missions), we can excuse them. Then again conversions are so rare, and to get a real, live Papist, especially if caught in the wilds of some convent or monastery, is such an elevating (?) and delicious treat, not to mention that some of them have many of the qualifications for fame which have drawn packed houses to see the James Boys and Lottie Collins. Truly it were sufficient to make the great Barnum turn green with envy could he see how his "Great Moral Show" has been out-moralled in Ontario during the past year.

The Siamese Difficulty Settled.

The Siamese ombroglio appears to be, for the time at least, settled. It was a battle of diplomats only, and the English papers seem to feel that Lord Dufferin is victorious. Certainly, on the face of things, he is not, as Siam has accepted France's ultimatum. But in spite of this apparent gain for France, there is a rumor that Foreign Minister Develle is about to resign. There is a feeling that, though France has obtained all she demanded, she really wanted Siam in its entirety; and the outcome of the affair will be that France gains a few thousand square miles, while England acquires the good-will and protectorate of Siam, which would be virtual possession. Whatever comes of it, there is little doubt that Siam is doomed as an independent power. We have heard much of English interests and French interests, but nothing of Siamese rights. It is fortunate, at any rate, that the difficulty is settled without bloodshed.

Quebec Schools.

Some newspapers of Ontario have been expending volumes of cheap pity on the benighted condition of education in French Canada. It will perhaps be new to them to learn that the highest praise has been bestowed on the Educational Exhibit of that Province at the World's Fair in Chicago. A bad custom has gained ground in Ontario to criticize everything Catholic in Canada, simply because it is Catholic, and our French-Canadian brethren have had to bear the brunt of the battle. It will be gratifying to them to receive the praises of independent judges in the matter.

In Ontario we have altogether too much of the John Bullish sentiment that "whatever is," among us, "is right," and that all other systems of doing anything, are wrong. The old Province of Quebec has produced by

her system men quite as learned and capable as this much-vaunted Province of ours. In fact, on the floor of the House of Commons, where the merits of both systems may best be compared, the French members are superior to the majority of English-speaking representatives in oratory, breadth of statesmanship and liberality of opinion.

If newspapers like the *Toronto Mail* would devote their energies to setting their own house in order, and pay less attention to prying into their neighbor's, this Canada of ours would be more united and contented. The schools of Quebec are turning out better educated men to-day than those of Ontario; their professional men, who are supposed to be the mainstay of a country's civilization, are a superior body of men, in fact, setting the religious aspect of the question aside, a thing most difficult in practice, the education of Quebec, with the liberal modifications proposed by the Bishops, will be superior and more effective than that of Ontario.

Book Notice.

Donahoe's Magazine is at hand, crisp and interesting as usual. It contains articles on the Money Trouble, the Irish Question, American Art, and one on the Fenian Raid by John F. Finerty. Among the illustrations are a number of pictures of John Boyle O'Reilly at different ages. But to us the most attractive was a charming article by Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C.S.O., called "From Altar Boy to Priest." It describes, as he says, "the different phases of the evolution that develops young Mike McCarthy into 'his Reverence, Father Michael.'" The trials and triumphs of the young server until the great day when he can "serve Mass alone" are narrated with a gentle humor and grace that will strike a responsive chord in the heart of every man who ever served Mass.

But it is in College life that he is at home. One sentence bearing on a present question goes to show that the Reverend author did not make any of his course in the good city of Toronto. "It is a distinct relief to him to discover that the true Catholic Sunday is not the Puritanic Sabbath of long faces, solemn accents and general oppressive gloom; but that, having sanctified the day by devout attendance at Mass and sermon, Vespers and Benediction, he may, without fear of breaking the Third Commandment, throw himself with genuine zeal into a game of baseball, cricket, or lacrosse."

That would be all right in a city where people have learned to mind their own business, but if students in this city disturb the post-prandial nap (meditations, we mean) of the good citizens, they are berated in indignant letters to the city journals as if they were reprobates, or threatened with police.

The Rev. Mr. Adams, who became a Catholic last week, has been declared by his former co-religionists to be insane. It seems to us that St. Paul suffered a similar accusation. But Mr. Adams prefers the 39 stripes of St. Paul to the 39 Articles of Cranmer.