

should the Government interfere? Protestant parents are found by the hundred in Canada and the United States who are most anxious to have their children educated and trained to the exercise of every Christian virtue by the instructions and exemplary piety of Catholic Sisters. Neither have they or their children that horror of the religious habit displayed by the bigoted majority of the Pennsylvania Legislature.

When Abraham Lincoln besought the late Archbishop Hughes to send him on all the Sisters of Charity available and when those white bonneted nuns passed through the ranks of the wounded and dying on the battlefields of Antietam and Gettysburg there was no objection made to "their religious garb." In those days of strife and bloodshed the religious habit was a sufficient pass from camp to camp or even from "North to South." Abraham Lincoln did not share in the childish fears of the Christian Advocate, viz.: that the sight of their modest dress or modest demeanor "would force their religious peculiarities on the attention of his soldiers."

It did happen, however, that many a poor soldier, wounded to death and wasting his life away in the military hospital, was saved from the doom of the impenitent and the unbeliever by the unremitting kindnesses and mild influence of the Sister of Charity, whose "religious garb" became an object of respect and veneration even to the most case-hardened.

Bishop McGovern of Harrisburg has protested against the enactment of such persecuting legislation and says it will prevent Friends who are teachers from wearing the Quaker costume.

The Christian Guardian and other religious weeklies who favor such tyranny when exercised against defenceless nuns, should remember that no such exception is taken in Great Britain or Canada to the religious habit. Most of the National Schools for girls in Ireland are in charge of nuns and visited by Government inspectors, who never object to the modest habit of the Carmelite or Sister of Mercy.

The Canadian Government has always treated our Sisters and the "religious garb" with every mark of respect. But some religious weeklies are not above pandering to bigotry wherever found — when exercised, of course, against Rome.

The Watchman's Tirade.

The extraordinary article written by Father Phelan of the St. Louis Western Watchman in condemnation of Protestant Church associations has nowhere met with approval from Catholic Church authorities or the Catholic press. Protestants have received the censure in two ways. One set of people have arisen in indignation against Rome of the fables, taking it for granted that charges by a Catholic priest are false in the nature of things. Others have asked whether there is not ground for the charges and seem desirous of setting their house in order.

The Catholic press has had nothing but condemnation of the attack. Those who are engaged in its work recognize that Catholic and Protestant citizens should live together in amity and not in recrimination, and that while advice may be permissible, abuse is indefensible.

Now the Bishops and priests look upon the matter may be referred from these remarks of Archbishop Kain, Father Phelan's immediate superior.

"Father Phelan may have heard of the things he states, I have not. I have always considered that the two societies were bodies of young people banded together for good. I have never impugned their intentions. If any one of them is able to do good alone, as a body they are able to accomplish much more. I am a firm believer in organization. That is all I know of the bodies, and I know no reason for criticizing them. I think the public knows Father Phelan's characteristics too well to believe that his criticism meets with any sanction or to feel any great annoyance from it."

The Tipperary Superstition.

Some months ago the REGISTER published two articles from separate pens on the Irish belief in fairies. Singularly enough, the local sources from which both these sketches were drawn, are in the immediate vicinity of the place where the recent tragedy occurred. One would have thought that any affectionate or fearful tale concerning the "good people" would not at this day be regarded as other than imaginative, or at most the perpetuation of the fancies of other generations.

In this sequestered settlement in Tipperary however there were evidently some who believed in their fabulous powers. Acting upon the theory that a wicked fairy had taken possession of the body of an old woman, they called upon the woman herself to return, and in order to drive the evil spirit out tormented it with fire. Soon there was no spirit, whether of woman or fairy, in the scorched trunk.

It is perhaps useless to seek the cause of such an excess. Certainly the poor people believed absolutely that they were acting properly. Who is responsible for their position? It is not that they are singular in being superstitious. All people, however civilized, have their superstitions. They do not admit it always, for who will admit his own folly? It is perhaps safe to say that the same system that is responsible for the perpetuation of the economic evils with which Ireland is beset is responsible for this too, inasmuch as opportunity to obtain broader views of life and of the great problems of present and future is denied.

Rich imaginations that should be at work in art, in science, in literature, are forced back upon the rich pagan fancies of a vanished but beautiful world.

Titled Corruption

What manner of title to veto the House of Lords has may be inferred from the characters of some of the ancestors of sitting peers and the methods they used to obtain their peerages.

Mr. Swift McNeil, M.P., has recently set forth the story in unvarnished terms.

The Marquis of Londonderry is a descendant of that Castlereagh, who, in Lecky's phrase, prepared the way for "a crime of the deepest turpitude," the Union.

Viscount Dunlo and Earl of Clancarty, himself in disrepute and supported by his wife, a music hall singer, is descended from Richard Tronch, who received the title as a reward for fomenting the rebellion of '98.

The Marquis of Conyngham's forbears were as venal and corrupt as could be desired. One was rewarded for trying to break up the Irish volunteers. Another for deeds "compared to which the basest dishonor becomes honorable" received £15,000 at the Union. He received the present title by influence of his wife, who was a mistress of the "first gentleman of Europe," George IV.

Lord Cloncurry owes his seat to the fact that a similar price was paid for bribery to one Richard Lawless, a draper's errand boy of Dublin, who, as he grew up, saw the financial possibilities of the Union, changed his religion, and availed himself of them.

The Duke of Bedford called the first Baron Fitzgibbon and Earl of Clare an insolent parvenu and Pitt said he was a rascal. Dead cats were flung at his hearse and cast on his grave.

The record gets worse as it proceeds, and the road is a long one.

A story is told of Mr. Balfour's recent golf-starring tour. He made an iron shot in which he had sent the soil almost half as far as the ball. "What did I hit?" he asked his caddie, as he looked round to discover a hidden boulder or a decapitated stump. The only reply was about as crushing as could have been compressed into a single word—"Scotland."

Cardinal Gibbons, questioned about the alleged recognition of the southern confederacy by Pius IX., wrote as follows to the editor of a leading New York weekly quite recently: "There can be no evidence of the Pope ever having acknowledged the southern confederacy, since the Pope never made any such recognition. It is possible that Mr. Jefferson Davis may have written to His Holiness, giving himself the official title of president, and that the Pope may have replied to his letter as he would feel in courtesy bound to do. But the Holy See is too prudent to recognize officially any de facto government until it is duly and manifestly acknowledged by the civilized powers." This will not prevent the Apaiist, however who thinks capital can be made against the Catholic thereby, from repeating this often-exploded falsehood.

To My Delight.

Ma Colleen Bawn:—

From dark to dawn
For you I do be prayin'.
"May God's strong arm shield her from harm,"
"Tis this I do be sayin'.

Ashore machree, 'tis glad I be
When in the night I wake
And near you seem.—Though but a dream
It keeps my heart from breakin'.

For then I see you in your glee,
Your party ringlets flyin'—
As in the dance your merry glance
Sets many a possoon aighin'.

An' sure, ashore, you'll come once more
An' lighten my heart's sorrow?
The very sod your feet have trod
Would blossom a "good-morrow."

The light o' grace be on your face
Wherever this may find you:
No trouble stray about your way.
From—

"One you left behind you."
—MARY CONNOR.

Our Lady of Penitents.

They hanged him high on a withered tree
On the wasteland bare and black;
Pale in the dusk they turned to flee,
And never a soul looked back;

Mute they fled from the place of dread,
But each in his heart made moan;
"Oh, it's up away from yon gallows gray
For the foul fiend claim his own!"

Robber, murderer, beast of prey,
Fell as the were wolf's race,
None dared stay in the silent gray
To look on that dying face.

None dared hide while the death-gasp died
On the lips foredoomed to fall;
Yet all the days of his dark life through
Had he loved Our Lady well.

Still from his spoil would he choose the best
Of glittering gold and gem,
To hang in worship across her breast
Or lay at her garment hem.

And all night long, 'twixt the man and Death,
She hovered in glory there,
And held him up in his living breath
With her long hands slim and fair,

All night long did he harken—yea,
Till his evil soul was shriven:
She loosed his hands with the dawn of day
Lead on and stark swung the lifeless clay,
But the ghost fled forth forgiven.
—GEOFFREY R. THOMSON.

Teig the Smuggler.

[A Lamentation—Time: the close of the seventeenth century]

Wool-smuggling Teig smote the furrowed ceiling,
Swearing—"In Flanders lie gold and grace!"

So Thubbold went, scarce his joy concealing,
To meet Dutch William full face, to face!

Och, ochon!—
Yon black oak bench is a lonesome place—
Ochon a'us ochon!

Woe worth the world! Weary women's sorrow
Runs with the river its ancient course;

While man's may range with the wind, each morrow,
Till many mountains exhaust its force—
Och, ochon!—

We can but envy his heart's resource—
Ochon, a'us ochon!

O'rbold these boys from our wombs out-leading:
Three sons I have—shall I nurse them long?

They march to night in their folded sleeping—
The unconscious lips breath a battle song!
Och, oc hen!—

Ah, when the sinews are set and strong—
Ochon, a'us ochon!

Uprolling early o'er life's young river,
I hear the invisible war wind rise,
That glittering passion, will wait forever
My beardless three into alien skies!

Och, ochon!—
Bearing them south from my homeless eyes—
Ochon a'us ochon!

Wool-smuggling Teig in the card school cheating,
Swears that my Thubbold's as good as gold;

And asks a message—some wifely greeting—
How shall I answer, whose heart is old?—
Och, ochon!—

My life-blood nightly creeps ghostly cold—
Ochon, a'us ochon!

I'd say:—"Dear Thubbold, I'm praying for three!"

Almost reproached sweet Mary's Son!—
"O how, dear Lord, have we sinned before Thee,

To see our Island of Saints undone?"—
Och, ochon!—

"No hand to lift up the stricken one"—
Ochon, a'us ochon!

I'd say:—"Dear Thubbold, God gave thee to us:

The land, thy people desire thy blade,
Leave thou the camp of deceitful Lewis,
And Shemus, shrinking from his own shade!"—
Och, ochon!—

"Shemus MacCauheer" whose grave is made!"
Ochon, a'us ochon!

But 'twere in vain! my own voice's cadence
Thou wouldst not hear, so thou wilt not heed!

Our loves away, lonely wives and maidens,
In vain the winning red mouth may plead!
Och, ochon!—

Downcast, the ripest raspberries bleed.
Ochon, a'us ochon!

J. P. McCall, in United Ireland

*James, Son of Charles.

Without labour there is no arriving at rest,
nor without fighting can the victory be reached.

No man can be brave who considers pain to be the greatest evil of life, nor temperate who considers pleasure to be the highest good.—Cicero.