



EDITORIAL NOTES.

THERE are three great feasts that fall in the month of March; according to their dates they are that of St. Thomas Aquinas, on the 7th, that of St. Patrick, on the 17th, and that of St. Joseph on the 19th of the month. As to the feast of St. Patrick we purpose issuing a special number that will contain not only the celebrations of the day, but also choice selections historical and literary, that will prove of interest to our many readers. We will refer to the feast of St. Thomas in another editorial note. As to the feast of St. Joseph we desire to specially call the attention of our faithful Catholic friends that while the 19th of the month is specially set aside to honor the patron of the Church and of our Province in particular, the whole of March is consecrated to the glory of good St. Joseph. He, who had the honor of being the foster father of our Divine Lord, and who was the special guardian of His Holy Mother, whose humble life was dedicated to the duty of earning—as a poor carpenter—the bread that was to feed the Holy Family, he, who was privileged to such a high degree, is to-day one of the most powerful advocates that our human race possesses in heaven. In honoring St. Joseph we honor the Blessed Virgin and, above all, we pay homage to Christ Himself. The Almighty had chosen this lowly man of Nazareth to fulfil one of the grandest missions ever given to a creature of the Eternal to perform. Faithfully and grandly did he walk the path which the finger of God had traced for him and he has left us a life-example that it should be the duty of every true Catholic to imitate to the best of his ability. Never has anyone had recourse to St. Joseph who asked in vain, and during this, his own month, we should redouble our exertions in paying homage and veneration to him and in begging of him to intercede for us before the great Throne, also to watch over the Church and the Holy Father, especially during his jubilee year.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS, was born in 1226 and died in 1274. In the forty-eight years of his life he performed miracles of work in the cause of God, and added to the philosophy and theology of our religion, more than any other man that ever lived—especially considering the short lease of life that he was granted. He was educated in a monastery at Monte Cassino. He entered the Dominican order, at Naples, in 1243. He was sent to Cologne, where he became a pupil of the illustrious Albertus Magnus. While a student he was so silent that he was called "the dumb ox." Albertus one day said: "You call Thomas a dumb ox, but he will yet bellow out his learning so loudly that the whole universe will hear him." He went to Paris in 1248. At the age of twenty-two he became a professor at Cologne. He subsequently taught theology in Paris and in 1258 he immortalized himself by his decision on

the Blessed Eucharist, which he delivered before the University of Paris. He is admired by the present Pope to such a degree that he has recommended the works of St. Thomas as the text-books for the great theological schools. He has been called the "Angelic Doctor" on account of the heavenly mildness of his character, and has been styled "the Doctor of the Schools" on account of his immense learning and the important works on philosophy and theology that he has left to the scholastic world. His feast is that of the class of philosophy in all our colleges. On his way to the Council of Lyons, in 1274, he was called from his labors by the Almighty and died in the odor of sanctity.

WE HAD OCCASION several times to refer to the idea of the Free Catholic Library and the great benefits to be derived from the realization of the plan. In connection with this vital question we would ask our readers to carefully read the following from the *Liverpool Catholic Times*:

"Few religious undertakings have been more happily conceived than the scheme promulgated by Cardinal Vaughan in his Pastoral, of establishing church libraries in every church in the diocese. It is a feature of the new plan that the books are to be kept, not in the schoolroom or some out-of-the-way cupboard, but in the church itself; and this for the all-sufficient reason that many people will read gladly a book that is put into their hands, though they would not take the trouble to seek out a library for themselves. We sincerely hope that the Cardinal's scheme will be a striking success, and that it will be taken up in other dioceses. We trust also that the demand for books which these libraries must create will lead to an increase of Catholic literature of a popular character at a moderate cost. We want historical works, books of devotion, of biography, and of theology, midway between the great and learned treatises, which are unknown even by name to the bulk of Catholics, and the cheap publications of the Catholic Truth Society. We Catholics are sometimes too apt to fancy that because we know the chief articles of the faith we have no more to learn. Hitherto the want of opportunity to read has stood in the way of an increase of knowledge; but when every church has a collection of books proportioned to the size of the congregation, we may look for a great increase, not only of religious intelligence, but of practical devotion."

LET US CONTRAST the expressions of two members of the British House of Commons,—the one an insignificant, unheard-of Unionist, the other a prominent and distinguished member of the English Bar. There are a number, a great number, of voting-machines in the British Parliament. They would remain forever unknown were it not that their names are, from time to time, called out in a division and recorded in the lists of the House. Sometimes, at rare intervals however, one of these no-bodies does actually catch the speaker's eye, and rises to express either a very meaningless platitude or else to make a regular jackass of himself, by braying out some grotesque or eccentric remark. Of this class the world has suddenly learned that there is one called Dane. Very probably a descendant of that barbarous and robber tribe, that under the standard of its black and ill-omened raven, came down upon the coast of Ireland many hundreds of years ago. This Dane arose the other night to inform the House of Commons that he had "never listened to such an insane proposal as that sketched by the Prime Minister." It is well known that all madmen believe everyone and every-

thing except themselves to be crazy or insane. After this very wise remark, the said Dane proceeded to give his explanations, which consisted in the announcement that it was the "fixed determination of the loyalists of Ireland to have "nothing to do with an Irish Parliament"—the Bill virtually asked them to set "up a Popish Parliament and the ascendancy of the Church of Rome." Having said all this Mr. Dane sank back into the obscurity out of which he had just popped up and the waters of rational debate flowed over him and covered up his personality forever. Sir Edward Clarke, a bright light in the realm of British jurisprudence, yet a bitter opponent of Mr. Gladstone and Home Rule, in opening his speech against the measure said:

"During the last seven years the world had seen with admiration the unflagging enthusiasm with which Mr. Gladstone had devoted himself to this cause, and there would be but one sentiment among members of all parties—that of congratulation that the right honourable gentleman had been spared to give the House so splendid an example of physical and intellectual power as they had just witnessed."

There are samples of two opponents of the Irish cause: one an educated gentleman of mark, whose opposition is dictated by conviction, the other a petty tool of an orange faction whose narrow mind cannot conceive anything good in an opponent.

ELSEWHERE we give a notice of an entertainment to be given by the St. Ann's Young Men's Society on St. Patrick's night, which will consist of a five-act drama, entitled "Lamb Dearg Aboo," or "The Red Hand Forever," which was written by a member of the society, Mr. James Martin. It is not often that we have the pleasure of commenting upon an addition to real Irish literature from the pen of a Canadian of our race and creed. Consequently we deem it but proper to say a word about this historical drama—the scenes of which took place during the Irish rebellion of 1641, when Owen Roe O'Neill figured as a leader of men—and to express as concisely as we can our humble opinion upon the merits of the work. After its reproduction on the stage we will be in a position to comment upon it as to its theatrical success. Speaking, now, from a purely literary standpoint, we must say that the grouping of the prominent personages of that day is very complete, and the ever-increasing interest, sustained admirably throughout, marks the work as far above the ordinary, and gives evidence of the writer's real dramatic ability in the line of authorship. The numerous incidents, brought in for the purpose of relieving a lengthy drama of all the weight that must necessarily fatigue the most interested audience during five long acts, are of a genuine character, and noteworthy on account of all absence of low caricature of the Irishman. In fact, there is something elevating in the whole play, for the very wit and humor parts are of a class to show to the world how the Irishman can be funny without being vulgar. The weaving of imaginary

scenes into the historical threads is very ingenious, and presents a finished piece of literary workmanship. It would be difficult to enter into a study of the play unless we were prepared to write a full criticism; but we can honestly say that the piece is a credit to the young author, a gauge of great future success should he continue to write, and is an honor to the society for which it was written, and to all Irish-Canadians in general. We anxiously await its production upon the stage. We may add that it is out of the old beaten track, very different from the usual Irish dramas that have been for years past given to the public. This soars into the elevated region of a glorious history, and brings us face to face with the immortal deeds of immortal characters on the page of Ireland's good-bye.

NEARLY every day we hear of new and extraordinary outrages upon social order and justice perpetrated by the Masonic bodies of Italy and other laudative are daily informed of some prominent member of the Secret Societies, and especially of the Masonic one, returning to the Church. In the *Catholic Standard* of Philadelphia we read the following:

"Freemasonry appears to have no unrequited career in Spain. Some heedlessly join that pestiferous league, but from time to time announcements are made of those who have seen the error of their ways, and have made an edifying retraction of their past views, returning penitently to their Mother Church. *El Patriota*, of San Sebastian, states that Senor Roja Armas, recalled to a sound mind by the infirmities of his body, has recently asserted before witnesses, and being in full possession of his intellectual faculties, that he formerly became a Freemason for political motives, but that for some time past he had recognized the evils of that sect, and desired to be reconciled to the Catholic Church."

This not to be wondered at when the Society has for its chief spirit, Adriano Lemmi, the fellow who spent a year in the Marseilles prison for common robbery in his younger days.

"AND still there are converts and still they come," once remarked a venerable priest of our acquaintance. He was right. The last one of prominence to join the church is a former New York Episcopal Minister, the Rev. Mr. Locke. Up to last December he was an assistant at St. John's Church, New York City, the chapel which has stood in Varick street since 1809. He sailed for England on the tenth of last December. He was a High Churchman, but no one ever suspected that he intended leaving the Church of England. On reaching England, he began to study at Oxford. His correspondence with New York friends told of his progress in studies, but gave no hint of his intended change of faith. At last Dr. Brown, received a letter dated tenth of February in which the writer said that he had after long consideration felt that his proper sphere of labor was in the Catholic Church. He is now in Rome. Mr. Locke is one more of the many who came over to the truth after careful and conscientious study.