

pronounced that he evidently was educated in the neighborhood of the York Cathedral.

But seriously speaking, it is too bad that men, pretending to education and claiming to preach the truths of Christianity, should be so blind and so reckless. Intentionally, or through ignorance, men of that class are calculated to do immense injury to the country. They do not preach Christian charity, the love of God, or the sublime morality of the church; they go about raising up strife, sowing the seeds of religious hatred, making enmity between people whose interest it is to live in peace. But what care they? Such a man comes into a community where the best of feeling exists; he fires his poisonous shafts, and as soon as he has set a conflagration of discord and fanaticism aflame, he goes away to some other place, leaving his victims to fight it out and end their quarrels as best they can. To undertake the refutation of such perverters of history would be as fruitless as it would be ridiculous. The only thing that can defeat them is the solid common sense of the people, who will not be set against each other to satisfy any man's whims.

#### GOOD MEN.

In the writings of Father Faber we meet with this very beautiful and very suggestive passage: "If, as Wordsworth says, all things are less dreadful than they seem, so is it true that all men are better than they seem." The thought is worthy of the fine mind that conceived it; nor is there any exaggeration in it. We have often heard the remark that the world is mostly composed of bad men, that no one knows all the wickedness of the world, that the evil in the hearts of men is terrible to contemplate. It may seem so; but we believe that the world is full of good men, that no one is aware of all the virtues that are hidden beneath the rough or polished exteriors we meet, that the beauty of a multitude of souls is wonderful to understand. We have met more good men than bad men during our short pilgrimage through life; we have found far more fine qualities than repulsive characteristics in the men of our time: and we have never yet met a really bad man who had not some redeeming feature, some soft corner in his heart, some ray of light in his soul. And even the darker the gloom around that being the more brilliant was that one beam—if only by contrast.

It is unfortunate that we should be ever ready to accept as exact the evil said about others and be always chary of accepting as truth the good set down to their credit. Yet such is the way of the world. There is a want of true charity in life. The consequence is that a very cold atmosphere surrounds the spiritual and the social spheres. In 1884, under very exceptional circumstances, we found ourselves in the company of a man who was considered the deepest-dyed sinner that breathed the air of heaven. It was in the woods of the north. This man had been an outlaw for years; he is still under the shadow of the law. He had been guilty of every crime mentionable. He had taken human life; he was the terror of all who worked with him; he was an incarnate demon whenever fortune brought him liquor. Scarcely could he pronounce a phrase without interlarding it with oaths and most obscene expressions. He scoffed at God, at religion, at morals, at the law, at mankind in general. According to all we had heard of him there was not one tender spot in all his composition, nor was his heart capable of

harboring a single good feeling. We spent three months with that man, in the same camp, listening constantly to his offensive language and witnessing his brutality. If ever there lived a thoroughly bad man he was that one.

One night, while awake in our blankets, we heard the chore boy saying his beads in the next tent. The foreman asked us what that fellow was muttering, as it seemed to be the same story over and over again. By the way this character was not a Catholic. When he was told that it was a special prayer asking the Mother of God to pray to her Son for us, he became interested. For several nights he listened attentively to the boy saying his rosary.

One night the lad was so weary after his day's work that he fell asleep without saying the beads. The foreman remained awake for several hours, but finding at last that the boy was not likely to repeat his prayers that night, he got up and went to the other tent. He awakened the boy and told him to say the beads. Next day the question came up between us, while chatting on the creek bank, and having asked him why he insisted on the beads being said, he made a strange reply. "The boy told me," he said "that he was asking the Mother of God to plead with God for him, because he was a great sinner, and God might listen to His Mother when He would not pay attention to the boy. Now, my mother was a good woman, and I loved her as much as a man like me could love. I know if she asked me anything I'd do it for her, but I wouldn't do it for the biggest man on the river. That boy is wise to get at God through His Mother. He knows what he is about. I wouldn't dare to talk to the Mother, let alone talking to God. I never did anything but swear and curse. I'd be ashamed to talk to God's Mother. But, see here, I'll get the boy to talk to her for me, and perhaps she might listen to him, and, maybe, she might be brought to mention me to God; and who knows but between them all I might get out of all this dirty cursing. I'd like to see my mother; if she is anywhere she is in heaven; and I don't want God to keep me from seeing her again."

These are about as nearly that man's words as one could recall them after so many years. He is still alive; he has grown older and quieter; we do not know what kind of life he leads: but will any one dare to say that there was no real good in that man's heart? Yet if we were to mention his name, not one in a thousand of the people in the valley of the Ottawa, who knew him, but would say that he was a demon and devoid of all goodness, that there was not one redeeming trait in his character. We have taken this exceptional case and recorded the exact facts, in order to illustrate our contention that there is more good than evil in the world, if it were only brought to light. But one of the features of evil is that it is constantly before the eyes of men, while the principal characteristic of good is that it loves to hide itself from the public gaze.

This is a subject upon which we would love to dwell, but we cannot crowd out more immediately important subjects. Still we would beg of our readers to start out in the morning with an eye upon the brighter side of life, with a determination to see all the good possible in each individual, to make allowances for human frailty and to seek the perfections and not the defects in men. Try that plan and you will find a wonderful change in the world. You will suddenly discover that nature is brighter, the air more inspiring, the scenes more attractive; you will find a grace in the move-

ments, a charm in the expressions, a light in the features, a harmony in the voices of men—whereas before you could only discover shortcomings that shocked your feelings and grated on your nerves. If you want to enjoy life, be charitable to the world, and you will find good men all around you.

#### SIR FRANK SMITH.

Elsewhere we give a short sketch of the very honorable and successful career of the eminent Irish Catholic, whose great services to the country have been recently recognized in a most signal manner. Sir Frank Smith (it is more familiar to say Frank than Francis) is one of the most prosperous and most universally respected sons of our race in Canada. During his long and checkered term of years he has ever been in the vanguard of duty, and his deeds of charity as well as his evidences of patriotic devotion have only been excelled by his sterling truth and fidelity to the grand principles of the Holy Faith that has been the glory of the Irish race at home and abroad.

So universal is the admiration that his disinterestedness and straight forward course have created that we find even political opponents and members of other faiths paying glowing tributes to his worth. He has been a successful business man; and he well deserved that success, for the foundation stone of the edifice of his life-work was honesty and the spire of it carried the emblems of patriotism and of faith. Our contemporary, the Toronto Mail, which of late years has been so anti-Catholic in all its methods of journalistic warfare, had to draw the line when it came to the personality of the newly created knight. It is thus the Mail comments upon the career of the distinguished gentleman:

"Sir Frank Smith has risen from the ranks. By his remarkable business capacity he has made himself a merchant prince. In political life he has held a distinguished and disinterested place. Pursuing the policy which, according to his light, was the best for the country, he has stood superior to the blandishments of office and of power, and has held his position as a member of the Cabinet without salary purely on account of the influence which his high character brought to him from a large section of his fellow-countrymen. A Roman Catholic, he has permitted no religious differences to disturb his judgment in the prosecution of his public duties. Socially he is a most kindly and estimable gentleman. He has, indeed, a chivalrous disposition, and the knightly distinction will fit him well. Everybody who knows Sir Frank Smith will hope that he may long live, and that St. Patrick in his person may lend lustre to St. Michael and St. George."

On the day that Sir Frank Smith was chosen by the Sovereign to be the recipient of a knighthood, another prominent personage—one of our greatest railway magnates—Sir William C. Van Horne was marked for a similar honor. Under these circumstances it is interesting to know what estimate the successful and wonderful railway genius had formed of the great merchant, politician, banker, statesman and patriot who was associated with him on such an exceptional occasion. On the twenty-eighth of May the new knight addressed the following letter to the other. Coming from such a source this document speaks volumes for Sir Frank Smith's real greatness; self-interest has never swayed his life; and he has always sought to hide rather than trumpet abroad the good things he has done and the important works he has accomplished. It is thus that the letter runs:

MONTREAL, May 28, 1894.

Dear Sir Francis:—For reasons which you readily apprehend, I am somewhat late in offering you my heartfelt congratulations upon the high honor you have just received. I don't know that you have ever been told that all those who have been prominently con-

nected with the C. P. R. Company for the past ten or twelve years have felt themselves under a debt of gratitude to you, which they can never hope to repay; all of them realizing that but for your friendship and strong support and for the exercise of your sound business sense in council at one time, the Company would have met with disaster almost on the eve of the completion of its work, and the country would have been thrown into a state of financial prostration from which it would not have recovered even yet. Not one of us can ever forget this, and the success of the C. P. R. is never spoken of that we do not and will not always think with gratitude of the honorable—the really Right Honorable—Sir Francis Smith, and wish that all the honors and blessings of this world and the next may come to him.

Faithfully and sincerely yours,

W. C. VAN HORNE.

To Sir Francis Smith.

It is always with sincere pleasure and legitimate pride that we hear of the marked success of any of our fellow-countrymen and co-religionists. Each one of these personal honors is a triumph for the cause of centuries. No more active, effective and warm-hearted advocate and supporter of Home Rule than Sir Frank. But far more potent than his many donations, as an argument in favor of Ireland's cause, is the example of his whole life. He is one more of those Irishmen to whom we can proudly point and whose deeds and principles may be quoted against the narrow-minded men who strive to argue that Irishmen are unable to govern themselves.

As an Irish Catholic who has been an honor to Church and nationality, as a Canadian who has served this country in a disinterested manner, such as is rarely met with (his services even to-day are gratuitous), we desire to express our sincere and hearty congratulations and to wish Sir Frank many years of life, health, prosperity and happiness to enjoy and to do honor to the title he has received.

HERE is the story of what happened at the village of Southampton, on Saturday, 26th May last. Read it attentively:—

"In the village is a large tannery, controlled and managed by the firm of Bowman & Zinkan. I. E. Bowman, M.P., of Waterloo, C. W. Bowman, in Southampton, and Mr. Zinkan, Southampton, are the partners. There are about 70 hands employed, and to outward appearances matters were running smoothly until last Saturday morning, when the teaching of the P. P. A. was carried from the lodge, which met on the evening before, to the tannery. When Mr. Fred. Bowman, the bookkeeper, arrived at the tannery on Saturday shortly after 7 o'clock he was astounded to find that the engines were at a standstill, and no fires had been kindled, while the men were standing in groups discussing the situation. About twenty-five of the men, who are of the P. P. A. persuasion, declared that they would not work unless Mr. McDermott, who is a Roman Catholic and foreman of the tannery, was dismissed by the firm. They had no grievance against the foreman, but they plainly intimated to the bookkeeper that the sole reason why they wanted McDermott dismissed was because he was a Roman Catholic."

The whole affair was dictated by the lodge which met on the previous evening. Mr. Bowman, to his credit, refused to dismiss the foreman; he said that rather than submit to such tyranny he would allow the tannery to be closed. In presence of these facts what have Rev. Mr. Madill—a Christian (?) minister—and his associates to say? If there were any shame in these people, or even had they ordinary human hearts in their bosoms, we would know how to speak to them; but under the circumstances, we can only deal with the P. P. A. as does the eagle with the serpent—soar out of his reach and leave him to crawl and hiss.

#### A CARD OF THANKS.

Miss A. Cassidy wishes to express her heartiest thanks to those members of the Rosary Circle who so generously contributed to the handsome gold watch that was presented to her at Father Martin Callaghan's concert on Tuesday, May 22nd.