

phase, and numerous arrests have been made and others threatened, what course will the press pursue? Will they go back to the old licentious way, and expose justice to another strain? It rests with the representatives of justice to see that they shall not.

\* \* \* \* \*

The news from the Irish Land war during the month may be briefly summed up thus:—The arrest of patriotic John Dillon, Brennan the Secretary, and other prominent members of the League, including a priest with an historic name, Father Sheehy; a series of monster meetings at which the greatest enthusiasm prevailed; some speeches powerful for good, and others which, if not misrepresented as they probably are, were better unsaid; a few conflicts between a justly enraged peasantry and a not always unwilling constabulary; and the virtual passage of Gladstone's Land Bill through the House of Commons. Parnell with thirty colleagues retired when the vote was about to take place on the second reading, which had a sweeping majority. This action, it is reported, was received with derisive cheers by other members, who seem to do nothing but howl, and has been held up to ridicule and condemnation by writers on this side, who, of course, know what the suffering people of Ireland require ever so much better than their own chosen representatives in Parliament. These flippant commentators, having twisted Mr. Gladstone's Bill out of all shape, are amazed, and offended, and even grieved, because the Land Leaguers do not receive it with extended arms, dilated eyes, and wide-open mouths, as babies are supposed, in the advertisements, to take Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. But, although dabbling in Irish affairs every day in the week, they have very carefully omitted to notice the authorized and unreserved contradiction of the infamous story they so industriously circulated, that the Pope had obliged Archbishop Croke to go down on his knees to the Archbishop of Dublin, and retract his firm and most called for vindication of the modesty of Irish womanhood. This may be enterprising journalism; it may pay well, but it is dishonest and contemptible.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Canadian excursion season opened on the 24th, near London, with a catastrophe, the result of criminal cupidity and carelessness, which cost over two hundred lives. More than six hundred men, women, and children, returning home after the days enjoyment, were literally packed into a small, rotten steamer, whose owners wanted to make money fast, and had an officer in charge who, when the impending danger was pointed to by some of the party, before leaving, coolly replied that "he knew his business,"—meaning his employers selfish interests. "About one mile below the city the boat suddenly collapsed, like an egg-shell, and became a total wreck, level with the water's edge. All the passengers were instantly plunged into the stream, more than half of them being underneath the debris."

The feeling in London when this dread news had spread may be more easily imagined than described. At least a thousand families were represented on the ill-fated vessel, and the whole population was plunged in mourning. The committal of the captain, who "knew his business," and of the smart men he knew better how to serve, would be an example to others who run excursion boats on the same principle. If there had been no holocausts under very similar circumstances last year, we might hope this would be a warning to future pleasure parties, but, as it is only one of a familiar series, the number of its victims only goes to show that some people pay no attention to precedents and will not be warned. And—saddest consideration of all—these disasters, constantly recurring, and the sudden deaths of every succeeding day, make little or no impression upon the souls of men, grown callous alike to the voice of conscience and the awful visitations of God. We are daily reminded—sometimes in a most solemn manner—that "in the midst of life we are in death;" but we live on as recklessly as before, as if there were no death, no judgment, no eternity for us. God avert from us all a sudden and unprovided end!

—:o:—

#### EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

N. B.—The Editor invites contributions to this Department from teachers and others interested in Catholic education. He wishes to make it a general, not a mere local record. Short communications giving the results of examinations, showing the progress of schools, or containing practical suggestions for their improvement, will be gladly published, if written on one side of the paper only, and sent in before the 24th of each month.

The celebration of the 12th of May in honor of the Very Rev. Dr. Tabaret, O. M. I. brought out in striking relief some of the charming features of a student's life in our Catholic Colleges. The joys of this festive anniversary were enhanced and hallowed by Religion, under whose salutary auspices the day began. Addresses in English and French, expressive of the students' esteem and filial affection for their learned, venerable and loving President, were presented on the eve and served as a fitting prelude to the feast of the morrow. In his response to the addresses, after expressing his thanks and modestly referring the praises fondly lavished upon him to his able and devoted collaborators, Dr. Tabaret feelingly alluded to the celebration as an additional link to the chain of mutual affection that unites now as ever the students of the College of Ottawa to their directors and professors.

His lordship, the Bishop of Ottawa, who is ever ready to share and increase the joys of the inmates of his own dear old College home, came at an early hour to say Mass for the students and to bless with due solemnity a beautiful statue of St. Joseph, which, with that of our Blessed Lady, graces the recreation grounds and reminds the students that, under the holy and watchful eyes of Mary Immaculate and her chaste Spouse, their glorious Patron, nothing unbecomingly should mar their sports, demean or tarnish their intercourse.

The day thus well begun, and happily continued on the pleasure grounds of the College and its picturesque villa, was brilliantly concluded in the Exhibition Hall of the College by one of the most successful musical and dramatic soirees ever given there. The theme was a thrilling one, the cause of Liberty, personified in the patriot Tell, and beautifully portrayed by the genius of Sheridan Knowles. The scenery painted for the occasion by the Rev. A. Paradis, O. M. I., professor of drawing at the College, and by Messrs. Daly, Munson, Thomas and Carroll, Ottawa artists, was thoroughly adapted to every scene, and contributed to render the action quite natural and its impression more vivid. The choruses rendered by the students during the play, with grand orchestra accompaniment under the