

Students of its history in Ireland have long since known this but too well—now the world knows it.

The world also knows now that men who pretend to hold a divine commission from the Prince of Peace, men who demand the deference of their congregations to their claims of being leaders and guides in the way of truth—else what is their *raison d'être*?—the world, I say, now knows that such men, ministers and Bishops (by the grace of a temporal sovereign withal) are identified with the social and political curse and its methods—Orangeism.

When, on the morrow of their vehement rhetoric, they read their words in cold type, I know not whether they felt ashamed of them; but I would fain believe that many of their former admirers were grieved that men whom they had been reverencing as prudent and truthful and scholarly had laid themselves open to the charge either of deplorable, yea, criminal, ignorance of current history, or of wilful mis-statement of facts. Can it be possible, after all, that the days which we fondly believed were past, are still with us? Days when the whole stock of sectarian pulpits was deliberate falsification and reversion of all that was done, or said, or written, or thought by Catholics? Days when those who felt that they were usurping powers and functions that none should dare assume but he that is called by God as Aaron was (Heb. 5), had to justify their position by any means. Or is the explanation of the wild, crude and false assertions of their Reverences and Right Reverences to be found in the facts, 1st, that their knowledge of history never gets beyond the beggarly text book of the primary school, which they conned over and had flogged into them; and, 2nd, that their views of current events are seen ever and always through the warped spectacles of a party journal? The choice is not flattering—malice or shallowness.

Then there was Smith—Goldwin Smith. Pardon me, Mr. Editor; the Smiths are a large family and must get a living.

As for the virulent vaporings of the promiscuous lay element at the meeting, Catholics, who through this whole business have shown that they are *Christians*, may pass over them without any other emotion than that of pity. But the leaders, especially the so-called clerical ones, are they who will be responsible before God's high judgment seat, for the fanatical bigotry and murderous designs of the unfortunate, ignorant *canaille* whose worst passions they incite.

Yet there is a humorous side to almost everything. Who has not read of Don Quixote's terrible onslaught on the innocent windmills which he persisted in regarding as hostile knights? But if the immortal Cervantes had seen the valorous Hughes with two or three Bishops behind him on the Protestant *Rosinante*, bearing down through an Orange mist on the Home Rule movement, which they insist (against the earth) is a Popish Plot, with what a pencil would he have painted the scene—that is, if he could survive his merriment! Oh, for another Cervantes to make men laugh while angels weep!

P. J. HAROLD.

MR. O'BRIEN'S VISIT.

I must take exception to some of Dr. O'Sullivan's views and conclusions as given over his name in your last issue. It is easy to be a prophet after the event. Dr. O'Sullivan's prophecy deals with only half the question—the other half! I can accept Dr. O'Sullivan's view in so far as it deals with the prudence of Mr. O'Brien's visiting us at all. The time for debating and sitting in judgment on that, however, had passed. On this side of the Atlantic we viewed the question from one point, Mr. O'Brien and the Irish party viewed it from another. They came to their conclusions by starting from one set of principles, we to ours because we started from another. We had not seen the suffering victims of wholesale evictions driven from the homes of their forefathers, and their homes laid in ruins by the crowbar brigade; we had not seen the fire go out for ever on the hearths that perhaps

for centuries had cherished many a virtuous generation, and as an heirloom had passed down from father to son; we had not seen the grey hairs of the aged, the desolation of the widow, the helpless ruin of the orphan, as from the world's highway they looked for the last time on their once happy home; we had not witnessed all these scenes and many more that imagination cannot conjure up, and if we had we should, I think, be strongly tempted to do as Mr. O'Brien has done—to strike an enemy where most of all he feared a wound—to strike at his reputation. Do we not all know that public opinion is the only god that the heartless exterminator usually kneels to? Mr. O'Brien struck at Lord Lansdowne through public opinion, and the arrow, I would fain say, has pierced his armour and is rankling in a festering wound. This was Mr. O'Brien's aim in visiting Canada, and his mission has not failed. The opposition which Mr. O'Brien's visit provoked and the nature and strength of the arguments that his opponents employed against him in support of their own views are, to my mind, proof positive that Mr. O'Brien's visit was a success. The meeting called by the mayor, the presence on the platform of the most rev. and rev. clergy, their pandering to the taste and humouring the caprice of a vulgar rabble, and, later on, the concerted action of many Orange lodges, can scarcely be recognized as spontaneous expressions of loyalty. No, no, Dr. O'Sullivan, Lord Lansdowne has not gained by Mr. O'Brien's visit, but the Irish party and its friends have gained in public opinion and public confidence. We have been literally under fire and we have come forth from the ordeal like men of principle, confident in the justice of a cause which at length must win. A countryman of ours, and like us a Catholic, came amongst us to tell us of the wrongs done our fathers and our brothers and those we loved. We would have heard his story with eager though sad hearts, for it was, so to say, a family sorrow, but as we listened, an ill-bred, savage mob broke in upon us and laughed at our mourning and ridiculed our distress and mocked our tears. When these arguments did not convince us that Mr. O'Brien was an imposter, a liar and a cheat, then they produced others which they considered stronger—they were the assassin's. These are not the weapons, these are not the arguments of an honourable opponent who looks to the justice of his cause for success, and if Lord Lansdowne and his friends had none other they would have been more wise in answering by a dignified silence. The mob who, under the cover of night, in the streets of a city boasting of its high culture and civilization, attacked a defenceless and distinguished visitor and howled for his life as though he were a mad dog, was just the same mob who, a few hours before, had taken the place of the beasts of burden under Lord Lansdowne's carriage. They were never more at home than in that harness, for they are but animals, then as before determined on gratifying their own base instincts.

The vanity of the noble Lord, too, must have been flattered in such company. Their arguments were so like his own at Luggacurran—the forcible arguments of might and the letter of an unjust law. Lord Lansdowne may possibly have risen in the esteem of some few of Toronto's unprincipled citizens, but the verdict of the civilized world will brand his name as that of a heartless oppressor of the poor, and when it is forgotten, or remembered only to be execrated, Mr. O'Brien's fearless, gallant struggle in the cause of suffering humanity will be remembered with gratitude and affection.

C. B.

REV. FATHER DOWD.

CELEBRATION OF THE FIFTIETH YEAR OF HIS MINISTRY.

THURSDAY last was a gala day among the Irish Catholic population of Montreal, the occasion being the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the ministry of Father Dowd, the venerable pastor of St. Patrick's parish. The celebration was joined in by both Protestants and Catholics. It took the form of a double event, the anniversary celebration of Father Toupin, who has been Father Dowd's assistant for nearly forty years, and who