

THE PASSING OF ORATORY.

There is much to be learned from the following thoughtful contribution, from the pen of Maurice Thompson, in a contemporary publication. Possibly, if closely analysed, we might find a few of his statements open to debate, but, on the whole, he gives a very carefully prepared and concisely told appreciation of old-time oratory, and the oratory of today.—

“It is frequently said that the oratory of the traditional,—we might add the classical,—sort is in the way of becoming extinct. Our age, given over to science and to scientific methods of thought and investigation, doubtless has set aside emotion and emotional influences wherever it could, in order to make sure of conclusions based upon an unprejudiced examination of facts. The result has been a wonderful advance in many fields of knowledge, and almost incredible physical conquests have led to a practical application of natural forces in human economy. But what has oratory lost or gained?”

“It has doubtless let go a great deal of mere tremendous appeal, more windy rage, and it has ceased to depend upon melody, mimicry, facial contortion and bodily gymnastics. We must not rashly conclude that this change is in any degree due to a great elemental reform in human nature. Now, as ever, the orator's audience can be easily carried off its sensible equilibrium by the ancient appeal of comedy, tragedy, farce, caricature, ridicule, invective. The sea of passion is ready to give every wind a full breast of boiling waves. We note, however, that there are fewer wrecks on account of oratorical gales nowadays. In other words, the emotion stirred up by gusty and roaring oratory does not, as formerly, end in conviction and lead to final action.”

“The advanced of popular education has relegated the oratory of stage passion to the stage, where it belongs. People still like the amusement afforded by comedy and tragedy; they thrill to a melodious voice and a finely modulated intonation; they warm to a splendidly leonine presence from which pours the sonorous tumult of open-voweled words; but it is mere delectation.”

“True oratory is, however, as efficacious as it ever was. The only restriction at present laid upon it is that it must not expect to carry us so far away that we cannot get back to sober and reasonable reflection before we make up our minds to act. The orator now understands that, however much his audience may enjoy a magnetic face, a sweet and powerful voice, bubbling humor, effervescing wit, scathing irony, pathos, and all the fine turns of a nimble and powerful imagination, there is to be a reaction before deciding the grave question at issue. This return to the quiet and soberness of reason puts all that has been said under deliberate scrutiny. Science, which is but a shorter word for common sense, tears of the splendid decorations from oratory, and tests its inmost meaning, upon that meaning, and that alone, are enlightened people willing to act in matters of importance to themselves, to their country, to mankind.”

“It is not then the passing of oratory that we have to recognize, but only the passing of that state of ignorance which formerly exposed untrained popular imagination to the influence of melodious deception and melodramatic make-believe, supported by a superb personal presence and the dangerous prestige of fame. We have come to the point of demanding much more of the orator than we formerly did. Once we were satisfied when our imagination responded; now we habitually and methodically take counsel of judgment in the presence of convincing facts; such counsel confines oratory to truth, or condemns its conclusions.”

Oratory is neither dead nor moribund; its power for evil is, however, very greatly diminished, and may in time almost disappear; but when the orator is on the side of right, when the facts are with him, and justice, truth and humanity aid him, then his eloquence may boom like the ocean and rush like the tempest, carrying us with it, and sober reflection will justify our impulsive assent.”

beach by crossing a succession of low sand hills covered with grass. There the wind got at us in its greatest fury, blowing us down every minute or two. As fast as we would get to the top of a sand hill we would be blown down to the bottom on the other side, thus getting ahead faster than we intended. When we reached the lifeboat station a large crowd of people had already collected and were cowering in the lee of the boathouse. To my surprise there was little surf, the wind having the effect of beating down the waves near the shore. The lifeboat was manned with myself as one of the crew, and several hundred people caught the ropes and tried to launch it. I could see the stranded vessel, a schooner, dimly now and then through the spray by the light of rockets which the crew were firing and the thought that my brother might be on board made me wild to get out. Four times the lifeboat was launched and as many times driven back again. The people pulled the boat out until they were up to their breasts in water. It was impossible to hear any directions given owing to the roaring of the wind, which filled

LORD SALISBURY'S REMARKS ON PROTESTANT CONFSSIONALS.

Early in March, Lord Kimaird moved, in the House of Lords for the return of all the cases in which the Bishop's veto has been exercised under the Church Discipline Act, 1840, and under the Public Worship Regulation Act, 1874. The noble lord also asked the Government whether a return could be obtained showing the number of churches in England in which confessional boxes had been put up.

In reply, Lord Salisbury—who reports say, was distinctly heard—made a most peculiar speech. While expressing his hostility to confession especially private confession, and the confessional box, he admitted a great truth, namely that greater powers than even the British Parliament had failed in efforts to coerce consciences. For a mixture of illogical, prejudiced, and unmeaning sophistry, it would be difficult to find a more extensive concoction of these elements in any other speech of equal length, ever delivered. Let us read his address in full; it is truly a masterpiece of subterfuge; a diplomatic effort to avoid both horns of a dilemma; a failure, in the sense, that he lands himself squarely upon the two horns.

The noble lord he said:— “It seems to me that the great importance to which the noble lords attach to this matter of the confessional boxes, as distinguished from any other part of the question should override the mere technical objection which the House very properly put forward. I entirely agree in deprecating and dreading the spread of the practice of private confession in the Church of England; but remember you are dealing with a spiritual matter, and I very much doubt whether Parliament will find its powers adequate to accomplish the end which I believe the enormous mass of the people desire. If there are any means of repressing or discouraging the practice of habitual confession they would receive all our consideration. I fear, however, that you are undertaking an effort to coerce consciences, which greater powers than even the British Parliament have failed in, and that you are more likely to increase the disease than to stop it. However, that is a question of opinion, and one of which I should rather, of course, defer to the opinion of the Right Rev. Bench. I quite agree that after the speech of the Right Rev. Prelate, and in view of the general expression of opinion, that the return will not tell you one-hundredth part of the evil. If there is to be confession which I most earnestly deprecate, I would rather have the open confession in the church than the secret interview in the vestry. It is between these two you have to choose. My fear is, that, in the first place, you will not get an accurate return of the boxes there are, because everyone who returns the existence of a box returns a confession that he has broken the law. You won't get people to do that. They will simply put your circular into the fire, and beyond that you will be giving a vicious stimulus to a certain mistaken spirit of religious courage which will most undoubtedly, and I think most

our ears. The fifth time the boat was launched we were able to keep it from being thrown back and by degrees reached the stranded vessel. The crew consisted of eight men, and my brother was on board as a passenger. The schooner had come from Cardiff, in Wales, and was bound for Belfast, but was blown ashore at the place where she stranded. We took the men from the schooner and lashed them to the seats in the lifeboat, as we were. It did not take us long to get back. The crew of the steamer were cared for at the coast guard station and I walked home with my brother with the wind in our faces. It was like waddling shoulder deep against a strong tide with the wind in your face. It took us two hours to reach home, as we were repeatedly blown down before we reached there. That was the biggest blow I ever remember, and I never experienced anything like it in this country. During the next day or two there was nothing but tidings of wrecks from every part of the coast, and more people lost their lives on that occasion than in any single storm I ever remember before or since.”—The Weekly 'Nation.'

MARTYRS FOR THE HOLY FAITH

Holy Church has been remarkable in every age for her martyrs who have shed their blood in defence of their faith. It has been the seed of Christianity from the early days of the Church. In this age of enlightenment, civilization and progress, those persecutions which gave us so many great and noble examples of heroic loyalty and attachment to Holy Church, still continue. In far off China, the zealous missionary, as well as his little band of converts, face death like the martyrs of old. All the tortures cannot shake the constancy

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THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS AND CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

On Tuesday, 7th March, the Annual Convention of the National Council of the Knights of Columbus, was commenced at New Haven, Conn., and over one hundred delegates from all over America, were present. In the

report of the proceedings we read the following:— “The most important business of the session was the endowment of a chair in the Catholic University at Washington, D.C. The details of the

endowment will be carried into effect by the National Council of the Knights and the University Faculty; but it was voted that its general scope should be history, and that, so far as compatible with the purposes of the managers of the University, it should be devoted to original research. The Order will not name the incumbent, leaving that matter and all the details of the professorship to the University Directors. The sum of \$50,000 was donated for the establishment of the new chair. Very Rev. P. J. Garragan was present at the Convention, and before the vote was taken he made an address, outlining the aims of the University, recounting its great service in educating the Catholic youth of the land, and speaking of the special need of the proposed chair.”

STORMS ON IRELAND'S EAST COAST.

“People talk of big winds here,” said the Captain of a brigantine, who was once in charge of a coast guard station in Ireland, “but if they want to know what a real storm is like they should experience some of the big blows of the east coast of Ireland, along the Irish Sea north of the St. George's Channel. I have never yet experienced anything like them in this country, though I am told of western cyclones that tear up big trees by the roots and carry houses and occupants through the air.”

“At the north of the village is a long stretch of sandy beach called Cut Throat, which shelves off very gradually. When a vessel is driven ashore at Cut Throat there is no hope for her. She always sticks until she is beaten to pieces by the waves. The storm I refer to came up from the southeast in the afternoon. Some hours before a big storm, the Isle of Man, which is invisible in good weather, is distinctly seen; even the waves can be distinguished breaking on the shores. The day before the storm the weather was unusually fine and there was nothing to be seen but sea and sky from the shore of the bay. Toward evening the Isle of Man appeared almost as suddenly as if it had risen from the water. I never saw

such a phenomenon. The sea was so high that it was impossible to see the tops of the houses. The waves were so high that they were striking the windows of the houses. The sky was so dark that it was impossible to see the sun. The wind was so strong that it was impossible to stand. The rain was so heavy that it was impossible to see. The storm was so bad that it was impossible to describe. It was a real storm, and it was a real danger to the people of Ireland.”

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her healthy sisters enjoy themselves. She may be naturally beautiful, naturally attractive, naturally interesting and intelligent and witty, but the demon of ill-health is gnawing at the very vitals of her womanly nature, and she soon becomes a withered wall flower in comparison with her brighter and more healthy sisters. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a wonderful medicine for women who suffer in this way. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs concerned in wifehood and motherhood. It tones and builds up the shattered nerves. It restores the glow of health to the pallid cheek. It gives springiness and elasticity to the carriage. It makes the eyes sparkle with returning vivacity. It imparts animation to the mien and gestures. The fan that long lay listless and idle in the lap of an invalid again speaks the eloquent language of a healthy, happy woman. Thousands of women have testified to the marvelous merits of this wonderful medicine.