

**THE TRUE WITNESS  
AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.**

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WEDNESDAY,.....JUNE 1, 1892

“WHAT IS IN A NAME?”

Joseph Garibaldi, the notorious, has been dead and in his grave for many a year. There is, however, another Joseph Garibaldi in Rome to-day. He is an artist of high attainments and one of the foremost literary men in the Eternal City. He is the last Cavalier appointed by Leo XIII. to the Papal Order of San Silvestro. The name is nothing; it is the man that bears it that is of importance. His life can either render that name infamous, or glorious, according as he is vicious or virtuous.

FACTS VERSUS LIES.

A story has been going the rounds of the English Protestant press to the effect that Pius IX. told Mr. Gladstone, in 1864, that he would never allow railways in his dominions, as he was convinced that travelling by steam was bad for the health. The London Universe says that the object of this yarn is to paint the Pontiff as an ignorant and stupid old man. To refute the lying narrative, about that chat with Mr. Gladstone, it is only necessary to state that at the close of 1860 there were railways from Rome to Frascati, and from Civita Vecchia to Rome, as well as lines from Bologna to Modena and from Bologna to Imola. Falsehood must bow before Facts!

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE.

Last week, in speaking of our schools we promised a word to the parents with regard to the attendance of the children. We are now drawing near the end of this scholastic year, but in a couple or three months all the schools will be reopening and it is well that the parents should consider the importance of the duties which they are obliged to fulfil towards their young boys and girls. We will not say much this time for we purpose devoting considerable space to this matter; we will merely draw attention to one point. The regular attendance of the children at school.

It is in vain that teachers complain, that the priest preaches, that he urges and advises, there are always some parents who pay as little attention to what they are told as they do to the wind. If a thing is worth doing it is worth doing well. If a child requires instruction it should get all that it is capable of receiving. It is almost useless to send a child to school for a few weeks in the winter; the urchin forgets in the interval all he had learned and it is a constant recommencing at the bottom of the hill. There are some parents who have queer theories. They imagine that a teacher ought to be able to pour elementary knowledge into their child's head the same as he would pour water into a bottle with a funnel. Yet they never leave the child sufficiently long in his hands, or else the boy attends at such irregular intervals that the teacher is constantly refilling the space emptied by evaporation.

There are other parents who think they cannot do without their children at home; they require them to work about the house. Is that reasonable? what did they do before they ever had their children? How did they manage to do their work when the children were too young to help them? It is selfish in the extreme on the part of such parents to deprive their offspring of the only heritage they can leave them in order simply to have a little errand done or some insignificant work performed. They should sacrifice everything in that line to the future of those young beings who are destined to do battle with the world. The parents' duty is more than the mere feeding and clothing of the child. The mind must be cultivated and the heart educated, otherwise the parents are bringing into the world creatures destined to lead lives of misery. Unable to cope with their fellow-men in the great struggle of life, which in this enlightened age is fought with the weapons of knowledge, the ignorant youth becomes a slave to his fellow-men, a drudge and a victim of his parents' heartlessness. Ten

to one he will drift into the liberties, where he soon becomes schooled in the vices of the age, and ends his unhappy and inglorious career amongst the refuse of society. To educate the child according to the parents' means is a duty they owe to society, to the child, to their own souls, to the Church and to God; and the first requisite is punctual attendance at school.

PENTECOST.

Next Sunday will be the feast of Pentecost. Christ promised, before His ascension into Heaven, that He would send the Holy Ghost, the third person of the Blessed Trinity, to abide with His Church and to bring wisdom and fortitude to His disciples. The word of the Redeemer could not fail; whatsoever He promised to do He fulfilled to the letter. It was on the day of Pentecost; the beloved followers of the Saviour were assembled in a room where they were holding council with each other and devising plans for future action. They were sincere in their Faith, sanguine in their Hope and honest in their Charity or Love for Christ. But as yet they were merely a handful of ignorant men, brought up in poverty, uneducated, and very inexperienced. They knew more about catching fish than saving souls; they were better adapted to mending nets than to building up creeds. And still these were the men who were destined to go forth with a pilgrim's staff in one hand and a cross in the other, to traverse seas and continents, to enter the palaces of the emperors and the temples of the idolatrous, to convert the mightiest government the earth ever knew, and to mould it after their own ideas, to hurl the whole system of paganism to the ground, and upon the ruins of the golden palaces of the world-conquering Caesars, to build the most imperishable institution that the world ever saw; in a word, to tear down the eagles of the Roman Pagan Empire, and to replace them with the Cross of the Roman Catholic Church.

There they sat, in grief and in anxiety; lone some of the presence of the Master that had ascended into heaven; fearful to move, not knowing what side to turn to, nor how to commence their mission. In the midst of their deep dejection, the sound of a mighty wind was heard, an unseen current of air rushed down the vortex of the skies and penetrated the windows, the closed doors, the very crevices in the walls of the room where they were waiting. Then a flash—as if of lightning across a summer night sky—and in the form of tongues of fire, the Spirit of God descended and rested upon each one. Wonderful transformation; for them all nature was changed in the twinkling of an eye. The gift of knowledge had come to them, and that of language was at once made manifest. In divers tongues they began to speak, and as they spoke the superhuman fortitude and courage, so long lacking, came into their breasts and clothed them in the invincible armor of soldiers in the Church militant. Their minds grew luminous; “for them the seasons changed, the atmosphere breathed, earth unfolded its fruits, ocean rolled in its magnificence, the heavens displayed their constellated canopy, and the grand animated spectacle of nature arose before them, with its mysteries resolved and its secrets revealed.” The hidden splendors of philosophy flashed across their minds, the deep grandeur of theology rolled out in comprehensible panorama before their vision, the beauties of revelation and the dogma of Faith became objects of positive knowledge to them. Thus endowed with the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost, the Apostles and Disciples buckled on their armor and went forth to the conquest of the world. In the language of the Prophet, the Saviour said to them: “Go forth with that courage which animates you; I will be forever with you.”

Upon that great day of Pentecost the envoys of Christ began their mission upon earth; with what success they and their successors have “fought the good fight,” the story of the Catholic Church, during nineteen centuries, can relate. And to-day, Leo XIII., seated upon his throne on the seven hills of the Eternal City, possesses all the gifts that St. Peter received upon the day of Pentecost; and he has the same need of them, because he is obliged to contend with enemies of the Faith, just as the first Vicar of Christ had to face the powers of paganism. St. Peter triumphed over the mighty empire of ancient and pagan Rome, and Leo XIII. has to contend with, and must triumph over the powerful empire of infidelity that looms up in this closing decade of the nineteenth century. On the day of Pentecost let all Catholics pray that the Holy Ghost may impart to our Pontiff extra graces, gifts and blessings, that the hand at the helm may guide the bark of Peter safely through the breakers that lash her sides and the quicksands that rise from the depths. The beacon of our Faith is yonder upon the summits; like the fiery pillar of captive Israel, it will cheer the wilderness of tribulation and conduct to the haven of eternal security, the land of our Saviour's promise!

ANOTHER EX-ROMANIST.

We are never surprised, nor do we find any fault, when we read of Protestant clergymen attacking the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. It is their business to preach, and they find a fertile subject in the history of Catholicity. When an exceptional one allows his zeal to carry him away and proceeds to overstep the mark and to enter the sphere of gross calumny, we find it expedient to call attention to his remarks and to correct his misstatements; but as a rule we have no desire to comment upon the clergymen of other denominations. A man is born of Protestant parents; he is educated from childhood in a Protestant atmosphere; the Church of Rome is constantly held up before his eyes as the arch-enemy of Religion; he enters college with these ideas deeply implanted in his mind; he comes out with a degree, and saturated with anti-Catholic sentiments; he has had little or no communication with persons of our creed, and less with works written by the adherents of our Faith; he goes to a University, studies Divinity, ever and ever growing more and more antagonistic to the Church of Rome; he is appointed to a ministerial charge, and he ascends his pulpit to preach the word of God as it has been taught to him. We cannot reasonably expect that such a man would have other than anti-Catholic ideas, sentiments, and principles; therefore, we cannot well complain if, now and then, he strives to impress his hearers with what he believes to be true. He is mistaken, but he knows it not.

There is a vast chasm yawning between that preacher and the ex-Romanist stamp of public declaimer. What we wonder at is the seeming confidence with which apparently honest Protestants listen to the most absurd statements, the most transparent falsehoods, the most ridiculous nonsense that these ex-Catholics fling before the public. Assertions that one would almost be surprised to hear from a mentally deranged creature. And yet, because they are against the Church of Rome, or against the objects that the Catholic holds most sacred, or against the beings whom he most venerates, they go down for gospel-truths, and are made use of as arguments in that endless controversy between orthodoxy and heresy.

As an example we cut the following from the Providence, R.I. Journal. Surely any self-respecting Protestant would blush to put faith in such quixotic madness! “Margaret L. Shepherd, the brilliant ex-Romanist lecturer, whose great lectures first aroused the women of New England and other States to organize, will speak in the Music Hall, Providence, on Sunday, May 1, at 2:30 p.m., to both ladies and gentlemen. Subject: ‘The Pope will demand temporal power in America on Sept. 5, 1893. Will Americans submit?’ Mrs. Shepherd is the only anti-Catholic lecturer speaking on the Pope's designs for 1893. She gives startling and undeniable facts, and challenges contradictions from prelate, priest, or Roman Catholic layman. A silver collection at door.—(Adv.)”

We have no doubt at all that she is the only anti-Catholic lecturer, or lecturer of any other kind, who is “speaking on the Pope's designs for 1893.” There is not a Cardinal in Rome who could undertake such a subject with any hope of hitting the truth; much less this Mrs. Shepherd, with her “startling and undeniable facts.” If she succeeded in getting a good silver collection, we admire her spunk, her enterprise and cheek; at the same time we cannot say as much for the common sense, the wit, or the sanity of her hearers.

GROCERIES AND LIQUOR.

It requires very little circumspection to state the sentiment of the great majority of our city's well-wishers upon the question of the “Early Closing By-Law,” to which we refer in another column, in the report of Friday afternoon's meeting. There are no two ways about it; the root of the evil must be reached and the axe swung with no nsteady hand. The Gordian knot must be severed! The groceries and the liquor must be separated. Needless to go into a lengthy dissertation upon the question. As long as the grocery men are permitted to sell liquor, so long will rampant crime, endless sorrows, countless misfortunes infect society. They cannot be exterminated.

We will take two examples and we think they should suffice to prove that our contention is just; they illustrate beyond a cavil the truth of the statement that more permanent injury is done through the means of the liquor-licensed groceries than through the saloons.

A father of a family goes upon a prolonged spree; he gets laid up; he is unable to go out to the saloon to get more drink; what does he do? He sends his eight or ten year old child to the corner grocery and purchases a quart of gin; then he continues, uninterrupted, his debauch at home. Not infrequently such actions terminate in death. A Reverend clergyman told us of his being called to the bed-sides of men verging

upon *delerium tremens*, and found there, instead of medicine or restoratives, large quantities of liquor just purchased, by the wife or child, at the nearest grocery. Were there only wholesale liquor houses and saloons to deal with, that man's little girl or boy could not have got the destructive “fire water.” He would not be able to purchase a sufficient quantity to allow the wholesale man to sell him the liquor, and the saloon man would not risk the selling of it to a child. But there is a way of procuring it; the grocery store is there, and it has a liquor license over the door.

Unfortunately in high, in middle and in low society there are women who are addicted to intoxicating drink. It is sad to relate; but it is too true. In fact the number of female drunkards, whose lives are wasted, whose souls are perverted, whose hearts are seared, whose families are disgraced, whose children are cruelly wronged, is greater than the public imagine. Of these women there are hundreds who would prefer to drop dead upon the street, than to enter a public saloon, who would sooner suffer all the tortures conceivable rather than have it suspected that they drink. For them the hotel-bar, the saloon, the restaurant are forbidden ground. Yet they have liquor at home; they don't buy it wholesale, most decidedly! There is the ubiquitous licensed-liquor-grocery! There she can go “for her Saturday's groceries,” and bring home her quart of gin, or rye. It can easily be charged in the account as eggs, butter or other food. Perhaps she pays cash for it. No matter. Were the grocery man not allowed to sell the liquor, that woman would not be drunk all day Sunday, her Church would be attended, her children clean and neat, her home happy, her self-respect unshaken, her heart pure, her soul safe. The contrary is the case; because the corner grocery sells liquor! More on this subject anon!

OUR CRITICS.

The Irish Canadian and the Canadian Freeman have taken us to task for having given expression to our honest opinion upon the advisability and opportuneness of the moving a Home Rule resolution in the House of Commons. We gave our emphatic opinion and we also gave the facts upon which it is based; the whole affair is logical, and only the unwilling fail to grasp it. The divisions and misunderstandings on the other side of the Atlantic, the risk of a default, or even a resolution passed with a slim majority, on this side of the ocean, the coming election and in the teeth of it the danger of nullifying the effects of all former resolutions: these are the ground-work whereon we based our opinion, and we expressed it as we conceived it.

Can our Ontario contemporaries say as much? Did either of them give expression to a positive opinion and state their honest reasons for entertaining it? They talk of partisan influences. Come, come! you live in glass houses, don't hurl rocks; they fall wide of the mark! Since the present editor took full control of these columns, that is to say since the middle of last February, despite the fact that an election contest raged in this Province, we defy the Irish Canadian or the Canadian Freeman to find one political article on the pages of the TRUE WITNESS. We recognize no political influences in Canada, and have no particular political leanings. The very editorial that preceded the one so criticised, would suffice to show that we take and keep an independent stand.

But what about our critics' political leanings? They have none at all! Yet they both consecrate columns to the glorification of Mr. M. Adams, because he saw fit to attack the Conservative government, to which party he belongs, on a question pertaining to the Maritime Provinces. The fact of having said a word against the party, which the Independent Irish Canadian and Canadian Freeman oppose, was sufficient to have that gentleman appear as a hero in the columns of those organs. Still they religiously refrained from alluding to the other fact, that Mr. Adams was the only Catholic in the House of Commons, who voted for Dalton McCarthy's indefensible and abominable motion to deprive the Catholics in the North West of their rights. And these are the writers who tell us that we are allied to a Canadian political party. Even if we were, we would be no worse than themselves; but we are not, and we again defy them to point to one line that would indicate that our reason for expressing our opinion, with regard to the Home Rule question, was a petty political one. We are fully in harmony with the principle, but we are not blind, nor do we think it proper to keep silent until the harm should be done, and then begin to “cry over spilt milk.”

We publish elsewhere part of an editorial that appeared in the same number, and on the same page of the Canadian Freeman, as did the severe criticism of our course. One would imagine that their compositor and ours had set from memory, but had first read the same copy. The very reasons that we give, why the movement of a Home Rule resolution is untimely, are given by the

Freeman itself, and in stronger terms than we used. Two more contradictory articles never appeared in one issue of a paper. Either the Freeman does not believe what it writes, under the heading of “The Final Battle For Home Rule At Hand,” or else it was, according to itself, absolutely wrong in finding fault with the TRUE WITNESS. Reconcile the two articles as best you can.

We gave our opinion, we repeat it; and all cool-headed, rational and serious Irishmen agree with us; the impetuous, the thoughtless, the unreflecting are ever ready to take a rash step, reckless of the consequences!

THAT SUNDAY PAPER.

Thus the *Herald* writes the biography of the *Sunday Morning*:

“Another journalistic infant has expired ere its swaddling clothes had fairly been discarded. *Sunday Morning* has elicited the golden snuff, and can now be compared with a nut and a nutcracker in the list of journalistic failures. Hence to its ashes. It came, like all the others, to fill a long-kept want; but, as it failed to do its proprietors' pockets at the same time, it has been relegated to the limbo of the “has-beens.” Until the next speculative genius comes along Montreal must be content to do without a Sunday paper.”

We are not alone in our opposition to aught that may tend to the secularizing of Sunday. The Sunday paper leads to the Sunday amusements, to the “Solihor Park” style of desecration, and finally to everything except quiet, prayer, church and rest. Let the public get a taste for these Sunday nuisances and priests will preach in vain; the barriers are broken, and the theatres, the dime museums and the other resorts of profane enjoyment will be soon opened. It is not the last, but the first glass that kills; it is not the unbridled license for Sunday desecration that is the danger, but the first attempt to break through the universal law that makes the seventh day one of rest and quiet. Let a breach be once made in the dyke, and the Zulu Zee of infidelity, immorality and unchristian life will overflow our social world.

THE OLD MAN ELOQUENT.

One more, in the House of Commons of England, has the potent voice of the Grand Old Man—Gladstone—made the echoes ring with an eloquent and argumentative appeal for Ireland. It is a grand and wonderful spectacle to contemplate: the English Government on the one side, with its broken promises and its demagogue Prime Minister offering a stone instead of bread to a long suffering and abused race; and, on the other, the hopeful and serried ranks of a loyal opposition, with the aged, eloquent and mighty leader, bending under the snows of eighty odd winters, and despite old age, proving to the world that “the soul is still mistress of the body she animates,” while he thunders, with prophetic voice, the rights of the down-trodden island in the ears of the listening nations.

Gladstone's attack upon the Government's Irish policy was a speech marked with great eloquence, pregnant with logical deductions, and statesmanlike in the highest acceptance of the term. Having torn the mask of false promises from the face of the Unionist party, he arraigned Lord Salisbury, in no measured terms, before the tribunal of the country, for having wilfully incited to civil war, pointing out how the Premier sought to play upon the fanaticism of a few misguided men, in order to carry his political battle by means of violence and disloyal agitation. Then he cut to pieces the sham measure which Mr. Balfour attempted to justify.

He pointed out that the power it was proposed to confer upon the Viceroy of Ireland concerning the divisions of counties and the power of dissolution would place the control completely in the hands of the majority of the whole bill. This proposal alone constituted a radical difference between the Irish Local Government bill and the English and Scotch measures. Mr. Gladstone next analysed the joint committee's proposal, showing that it was a departure from the popular element and favored the landlords, helping them to retain all the seats of county councils. No such provisions exist in the English or Scotch acts. Continuing, Gladstone said that the bill throughout had the brand of injustice for Ireland. After ridiculing the manner in which the checks on the actions of the county council would be applied, Mr. Gladstone commented upon the proposed protection of the municipalities. According to the Government, this meant putting the municipalities into the hands of the landlords, who would be obliged to protect the large-rate payers. If the Government wanted to protect the cess-payers why not put the power of electing the board of sanitary districts in the hands of the cess-payers, who would look after the interests of their own class only?

The speaker then on the Liberal's one great advantage as tending to a clear issue. It gave the people power to measure and determine exactly the value of the splendid Conservative promise of absolute equality with the laws of Great Britain. It was the one great compensation promised Ireland at the time of the Union for the loss of her own Parliament. Where was the equality in this bill. If the people of the country were misled concerning the treatment of Ireland, with such evidence upon their faces, Gladstone said that the bill Ireland wrong. Mr. Gladstone asked, in respect to the measure? No; the stamp of injustice was the brand of degradation. If Ireland was capable of accepting a measure so grossly unjust and unworthy of the great men who had led her in times of adversity, unworthy of that happy, better destiny, he trusted and believed she was about to accomplish it.

There is a great and all-inspiring hope for Ireland, provided the Grand Old Man is spared to the cause for a few years; yet, a few months, perhaps! The near future is potent with great changes. Salisbury's astrologer has cast the horoscope of coming events, and the mighty leader foresees a terrible crash of hopes and a political catastrophe. Therefore it is that he turns to-day, with the inconsistency of a doomed and distracted combatant, to the advocacy of violence, such as he was wont to condemn and to falsely lay at the door of Ireland's advocates. But the giant of the political

arena is not dead; his hand has not lost its cunning, nor has age enfeebled his powerful voice, nor dimmed the brilliancy of his superior intellect. The summer is at hand; the autumn's breath will probably fan the brow of a new Prime Minister, and he shall be Gladstone. Ireland has her chance to-day. Let her sons become a unit! Burying all partisan feelings, all likes and dislikes, in the common cause, under the chieftainship of the veteran hero, they are sure to march to a glorious triumph. Might we not address him to-day in the words that we wrote in 1890? Surely a writer may sometimes quote himself:—

“High Priest of the nation! In Nature's great plan,  
As some figure sublime, like a glorious ‘old man,’  
‘Midst the multitude kneeling you've taken the stand  
Sneering at minister and to command!  
To the thoughtless and heartless a lesson you teach.  
To the faithless and soulless a sermon you preach.  
Cementing divisions and healing all smart,  
In the wedlock of happiness ‘uniting two hearts.’”

“Like the sun, in the morning, coming out of the East,  
In his garments of glory, as a king to a feast,  
You arose on the night of this country's gloom,  
And your beams fell ardent on a country's doom.  
Towards the zenith you rose, past the mid-day,  
In the slopes of the West to the evening's decline,  
Here and there, through the day-time, a cloud might be seen  
To blot out the sun and to shadow his sheen;  
But the cloud passed away, and more gloriously bright  
Shone the orb, in its pristine effulgence of light.  
Behold you the sun setting far in the West,  
When crimson clouds follow'd and usher'd his rest?  
What a grandeur unequal'd each raylet imparts  
To the sky and the earth ere the day-glow departs!  
Time collecting your beams, towards the close of your day,  
They illumine your path, like the heavenly stars.  
The face on the just, in a halo sublime,  
And shines them in light at their sunset of time!”

THE CANADIAN FREEMAN

Extracts from its Editorial on “The Final Battle for Home Rule At Hand.”

The *Canadian Freeman*, after criticizing the TRUE WITNESS for having stated that the existing divisions in the old country and the danger of a defeat here, are reasons sufficient why a Home Rule resolution is untimely at the present juncture, publishes the following in the same issue and on the same page:

It has been declared by Lord Salisbury to dissolve the British House of Commons on the 30th June, the writs for the general election will be issued immediately after dissolution and the new House will have its first meeting three weeks hence. What in view of recent incidents seems likely to be the outcome of the contest? According to the latest estimation of Mr. Schmalhurst, the chief organizer of the Liberals, the Gladstonians and Mr. McCarthy combined may expect a majority of seventy, on the other side of the House, who have picked up the hearts of late, not only by Schmalhurst's estimate with derision, but by a talk which led to the rupture of the Irish Republican party. Mr. Gladstone, the factor will find himself unable to carry a Home Rule measure through the next House. It is certain that the breach in the Unionist ranks is irreparable. Recently the McCarthies undertook to hold a meeting in Cork, and had to proceed to the military from an attack of the Redmondites. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. William O'Brien made known the interesting fact that certain members of his faction carried on in Cork, to carry out a species of compromise substantially identical with that which we have often advocated. A committee of McCarthies, he said, had discussed the possibility of a coalition with the aim of avoiding conflicts by abstaining from contesting seats which the Redmondites seem likely to win.

It is a melancholy fact that during the last twelfth month comparatively little has been said about the subject of Home Rule in the meetings in Great Britain. Mr. Gladstone himself and Mr. John Morley from time to time remind their followers that the first day of the next Parliament will witness the contest for local self-government to Ireland. At the Liberal speakers, including Sir William Harcourt, touch the subject as seldom and as briefly as possible. The subject is a subject of two bitterly hostile Nationalist factions was not a powerful argument for Home Rule. For if, as his signposts, not only the constabulary but the militia are needed to protect the McCarthies from the outcrops of the Redmondites, who is to interpose when the soldiers are withdrawn? The answer is that so long as one or two obnoxious individuals are allowed to thwart the reconciliation of the Irish factions, the less said before hand in England about re-creating Ireland to the control of such men the better.

Please reconcile the foregoing with the following which appears in their preceding article:

Probably if the resolution in question had been put on the table by a member of the government the TRUE WITNESS would not have had a word to say about it. Reading between the lines of the *Canadian Freeman*, Mr. Gladstone can be seen that the paper is afflicted with jealousy, breathlessly saying, “the resolution was mentioned for it is certainly no mere formality as Mr. Gladstone would have us believe. It makes no difference how many resolutions are sent across the ocean concerning Ireland; the same old enmity ancient comes back, viz:—‘They know how to run their own affairs in Europe without advice from Canada.’” But it is the feelings and sympathies of the people's representatives in the Ottawa parliament that we want to know and hear about. At election times the shout goes up about the time that Ireland should have had that the law-riding, law-abiding, in respect of its shackles, etc. and the vote-hunters and candidates promise to do what is in their power to help to remedy the injustice.

Pastoral Visitation.

The following is His Grace's itinerary on his pastoral visitation for this week: Sunday last at St. Laurent; Monday at St. Genevieve; Tuesday at Le Beaud; today (Wednesday) at St. Dorothy; tomorrow (Thursday) at St. Rose; and Friday at St. Martin. His Grace will return to Montreal on Saturday.

New Mexico.—A Blowdown on the Wall or Coming to the Coast There? Handers Toronto—A lovely day in Canada. Ya Gumbo, the Great Canadian, is in the end for you, starting by comparison of “Drawing the Shelves,” and a better place above, at the top of the map. All of this is from the pen of a Canadian who lives in the States, and who has been in Canada for some time. W. E. H. B. 20, Bloor.