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# THE CATHOLIC SHIELD.

A MONTHLY CHRONICLE AND GENERAL REVIEW.

*"Scuto circumdabit te veritas ejus."*

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## PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

The following gentlemen are authorized to receive subscriptions for the CATHOLIC SHIELD:—

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The Publisher.

"CATHOLIC SHIELD,"

OTTAWA, ONT.

## TO OUR READERS.

At this season publishers of newspapers and periodicals expect prompt remittances from their patrons.

The attention of Catholic teachers is directed to "Educational Notes" in this number.

Our next issue will contain an interesting paper on the Separate School Question before the Parliament of Canada, promised for this month but unavoidably held over.

## EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

Mr. Gladstone has not yet exhausted his "resources of civilization" on Ireland; he may have something in reserve—one of those persuasive agents used with such effect in India—blowing from the cannon's mouth for instance—wherewith to demolish the Land League. So far, himself must admit, his policy has been a miserable failure. Parnell in Kilmainham has proved stronger than Parnell in Parliament, and more aggressive than at Wexford. The "No Rent" Manifesto is law to thousands of tenants, who have preferred to lodge their money in the Saving's Bank rather than pay it to the landlords, and are philosophically waiting for something to turn up. The *London Times* (Nov. 23) says: "We are unwilling to relinquish hope of improvement in Ireland, but cannot close our eyes to the fact that the most recent evidence points in the opposite direction. It is only too plain that after a brief interval of hesitation a considerable section of the people have decided to adhere to the policy of the 'No Rent' Manifesto." This is an important admission. The *Statist* opines that the Government will be driven to still harsher measures, until Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright will find themselves called upon to defend acts which even Castlereagh would be troubled to justify in Parliament. We shall see.

It is a pity the manipulators of the cable will not represent things as they really are at the other end. They would have us believe that the Land Court works like a charm; but the latest English and Irish papers report otherwise. Thus the *Morning Post* says:

"There are months and months of work already on the hands of the Commissioners, although not one-fiftieth part of the 600,000 tenant-farmers have yet sent in their cases. It is announced from Dublin that it is feared that the Land Commissioners will not be able to cope with the enormous amount of work which is amassing for them. The Government is in serious embarrassment. What will become of the tranquility of the country if the Land Court breaks down? How are rents to be fixed if it must take several years to go through the hundreds of thousands of claims for the fixing of a judicial rent that are expected? The difficulty of the Government is great."

Is it not sad to see an old Catholic people like the Irish follow such communistic, such revolutionary, such—well, such “too too” doctrine as this of “No Rent?” What a fall from grace! John Bull, the abettor of Orsini, of Cavour, and that old “crank,” Garibaldi, is going to see the Pope about it. There is no limit to some people’s impudence. Archbishop Croke, who, a few days ago, was a “village tyrant,” “reasonably suspected” of carrying dynamite, Connecticut clock-works, and wooden tooth-picks in his breeches pockets, has suddenly “evolved” into the “Christian Prelate,” the “wise counsellor” and “true friend” of the peasantry. The process of “evolution” in this case is much clearer than the Darwinian theory. His Grace’s repudiation of the League Manifesto explains it all. But, as Frank Hugh O’Donnell shows in a clever letter to the *Dublin Freeman*, it ought not to be difficult to secure substantial union and agreement between the Land League Executive and his Grace of Cashel. Archbishop Croke, recently, at Thurles, gave the following clear and explicit statement of his views:—“There is no good in having fixity of tenure if one is forced to pay an all but impossible rent. The commissioners under the Land Act would do well to bear that fact in mind, and so to reduce rents all over the country, as to enable the tiller of the soil to be wholesomely fed, fairly clothed and suitably housed, besides making all other needful provision for himself and his family. What remains after that is a fair rent.” Such is his Grace’s definition of a “Fair Rent” which he continues to prefer to the “No Rent” recommended by the Land League as a means of pressure upon the Government. Mr. O’Donnell does not see what comfort this can bring to the Government and the landlords. “I sincerely trust,” he says, “that no needless dispute will arise among the supporters of the Land League upon the question. If the tenants who conscientiously object to the absolute non-payment of rent will act up to his Grace’s definition of a ‘Fair Rent,’ I feel confident that the practical effect upon the landlords and the Government will not be appreciably diminished. If the very conscientious farmers, whose honest regard for the interests of their landlords makes them hesitate about avenging the despotic arrest of Mr. Parnell by a temporary stoppage of all rent, will strictly follow his Grace’s advice, and conscientiously pay over to the landlord not a penny but what is left ‘after the tiller of the soil has been wholesomely fed, fairly clothed, and suitably housed, besides making all other needful provision for himself and his family,’ then I venture to predict with absolute confidence that the net result will be practically identical in 999 cases in the thousand with the complete stoppage of rents. Of course, in the first place, the legal consequences will be absolutely the same. The legal right of a farmer to refuse to pay all rent whatsoever is precisely the same as his legal right to pay nothing but what may remain after he has comfortably provided for himself, his family, and his agricultural labourers in conformi-

with the earnest recommendation of his Grace of Cashel. Exactly the same processes in ejection, exactly the same distrains and sheriffs’ sales will be incurred in the one case as in the other. There will, indeed, be the gain that the more delicate class of consciences will be tranquilized; and though I am unable to measure the exact advantage of this precaution, his Grace the Archbishop is entitled to speak with more authority in matters of conscience than a layman. It results that in the one case, as in the other, whether ‘No Rent’ be paid or only so much as the tenant can fairly spare, the Government and the landlord will be obliged to have recourse to precisely the same extremities, legal and military, and can only be successfully met by precisely the same degree of popular union and determination. Surely there is no need, and no excuse, for dissension over practical identical situations.”

—

But the *Irish World* preaches “No Rent” under any circumstances, at any time—an absolute doctrine, an eternal law, for the destruction of landlordism, everywhere; therefore—therefore, what? Surely you do not hold the Land League responsible for the teachings of the *Irish World*. Be honest in this matter. All that the Manifesto calls upon the tenant-farmers to do, is “to pay no rents under any circumstances, until the Government relinquishes the existing system of terrorism and restores the constitutional rights of the people.” Father Sheehy, one of the delegates to America, speaking to this question in New York, said: “The Land League makes the payment of a rent contingent upon the release of the men in prison—contingent upon the right of free speech and of the rights that men are supposed to enjoy in civilized countries. What may occur after, it is for the future to determine.” And he proceeded to lay the ghost of Communism in the following plain words: “Let it be remarked that it was never the intention to rob the landlords—so far as I am aware—or to take the land from them without returning them an adequate compensation. But the ‘No Rent’ policy will force them to speak to the Government and obtain from it a new Land Act to release them from the land and permit them to leave the country as quick as they can. It is not with a view to instruct the people of my own race that I say this—I am speaking also to the American mind—I am anxious to inform Americans that we do not intend to rob the landed proprietors. We intend to do that which has been long withheld, which the landlords never did and which we are determined shall be done.”

—

As we write, (Nov. 29) an Irish National Convention is in session in Chicago, for the purpose of devising means “to assist the Irish at home in the struggle against the English rule of terror and reign of despotism.” There is a certain party of “Industrial Liberators” in the United States, who would dictate an impossible policy, sweetened with texts of Scripture,

to the tenant-farmers of Ireland, and will make a big push to carry it through at Chicago. We are glad to see that the designs of this cabal have been provided against. The *Irish American*, exposing them, says: "It would be hoping too much to assume that the coming Convention in Chicago might be exempt from the mistakes that have made too many of the efforts of our people unavailing. But we have confidence in the men who are at the head of the National movement in America. They, for the most part, are veterans; and we know they will stick. Above all things, they will not allow the cause of the Irish people to be dragged into a humbug movement for giving everybody in Creation a farm—whether he wants it or not—and making everybody "equal to everybody else," in all things. That dodge was played out long ago, here, in these United States, by a certain document which proclaimed that all men were *born* free and independent, but left the future maintenance of those attributes to the exertion of their own arms, and the pledge of their lives, their fortunes, and sacred honor, which the men of 1776 were ready to risk to obtain the priceless boon of liberty."

The tragedy of Garfield's death is over, and now the roaring farce of his assassin's trial is on the boards in Washington. The presiding judge makes a very good "Mistah Johnson," and Scoville as "Bones," and Guiteau as "Tambourine," are simply immense. Years ago Mark Twain said, they had an insanity plea in the States that would have saved Cain. Will it require a much stronger to carry Guiteau through?

Bismark is in trouble in Germany and Gambetta in France. The late elections were unfavorable to the former, and he finds himself face to face with a strong opposition. His embarrassment is the opportunity of the Catholic party, who form a solid phalanx under a trusty leader. Gambetta's quarrel is with the Senate. It has again refused to bow to his hat. He threatens re-organization, and he is not a man to threaten in vain. It is idle to dispute that Gambetta is supreme ruler in France to-day. The Senate resistance, though heroic, is a forlorn hope.

Writing of elections reminds us that our neighbors in Quebec are in the enjoyment of their quadrennial contest. As far as principles are concerned, the point at issue between the two parties is about equal to the difference between "Tweedle-dum" and "Tweedle-dee;" yet from Gaspé to Maniwaki the excitement is intense. The Ministerial candidate, the Opposition, and the Independent, are everywhere—even at church on Sunday. In one constituency, Montreal West, the fight seems to be between the Land League, on one side, and the Emergency Committee on the other; and a bitter fight it is. Whoever, candidate or journalist, has dragged the Irish question into the mire of provincial politics ought to be severely boycotted.

#### RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION IN SCHOOLS.

We do not intend to quarrel with educators who may differ from us in their views upon the question of religious instruction in schools; yet when the President of our Provincial University takes it as a subject for an address before the Ontario Teachers' Association, we claim the right of presenting the Catholic side of the question. The moment you define education to be a moral, intellectual and physical development, you admit not only the right but the necessity of religious instruction in schools. We feel that no person bearing the name of Christian would, for a moment, maintain that a true education was bound up in the intellectual and physical faculties alone. For, every educator, who knows the paramount importance of moral training in the formation of a child's character, must recognize only this triune education in its harmonious symmetry. The question then arises: Can any state or civil government, possessing no religion in itself, properly administer religious instruction in schools? And the question also arises: Would the suggestions of the learned President of Toronto University on this vexed subject, *if they were carried into effect*, fully satisfy the purposes of religious instruction in schools! We answer both these questions with an emphatic No! Nor has the state any more right to administer religious instruction of any kind in schools, than it has a right to enter the pulpits of the various churches and preach to the people. We would like to receive from President Wilson, in plain Saxon, his definition of a Christian School. Here is what Dr. Anderson, President of Rochester University, defines a Christian School to be. He says: "*The ends of a Christian School while working by its own laws and limitations ought not to be essentially different from a Christian Church.*" Mark this definition well, for it is grand testimony in favor of the views held by the Catholic Church in the matter of education. The ends and purpose of a Christian Church, President Wilson will admit, is the salvation of the people, whether that salvation be attained "through denominational catechisms or dogmatic theology." President Wilson would have no religious instruction relating to the Sacraments taught in schools, no dogmatic theology—perhaps, indeed, no God. For, if he would place an embargo on all instruction relating to the Sacraments, he must, to be consistent, equally forbid all references to God, since the very belief in the existence of a God is a dogma in itself.

If a pupil in school were to ask Doctor Wilson the question, how many persons are there in God, would the Doctor refuse an answer on the ground that the child was leading him into a theological chamber? What would the Doctor do, if he were confronted in school with a request to explain, "One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, &c." Would he tell the child that it was becoming *too dogmatic*? The Doctor says, "Canada is a Christian land." We sincerely hope so. We hope

too that the schools of this Province are essentially Christian, but we freely confess to the entertainment of grave doubts in the matter. Can a school be called Christian, in which there is no religious exercise, or in which there is not a semblance of religious instruction imparted--not even lessons on "the young ravens that neither sow nor reap," much less on "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow?" We think not. Then nineteen out of twenty of the Public and High Schools of Ontario are not Christian. Perhaps Doctor Wilson observes too that any shadow of religion that ever did linger around their thresholds is day by day growing less, as the great state educational tree lifts its proud head aloft. We will not continue this subject further, but submit the following question to President Wilson: Suppose he possessed a horse he highly valued, and wished to have it well trained, would he be willing to entrust the work of training it to the state, or would he not rather prefer to oversee the task himself. We feel certain that President Wilson would not commit *even the education of his horse to the state*. Yet Catholics are termed bigoted if they refuse to send their children to state schools, taught by state teachers, supported by state money, charged too with the particular vices of the state, which never had and never can have any *soul* in its works. Verily, religious instruction in schools is a dangerous rock for state educators to dash themselves against. We promise to return to this important subject at a future day.

—:o:—

#### WHO ARE THE SCOTS AND PICTS ?

The legendary history of Ireland and Scotland answers this question thus:—Cecrops the Egyptian and founder of the city of Athens, had a son named Gael or Gaël. This Gaël turned out to be of such roving and predatory habits, that his father found it necessary to send him back to his native country, Nile land. There he took part with Pharaoh and Moses in an expedition against the King of Ethiopia and was rewarded for his services with the hand of that monarch's daughter, Scota. Gaël and Scota, the African ancestors of the Gaelic and Scottish races, afterwards dwelt in Numidia, whence they sailed to Portu Gallia or Portugal, some centuries before the siege of Troy. Gaël and his followers next migrated to Galicia in Spain, where his wanderings closed in death, but not before his two sons, Hiber and Hermech, had discovered Hibernia or Ireland. Hiber returned to Spain which was called Iberia after him, as was also one of its rivers, the Ebro. Hermech remained in the green island, and warred on its giant aborigines Fingal and others. His descendants, lacking a leader against their formidable antagonists, sent to Milesius, King of Spain, of the Gaelic dynasty, and obtained from him a valiant prince of his family named Simon Breeh, who was crowned

monarch of Ireland about 695 B. C., on the stone brought from Spain by Hiber which was afterwards taken to Seone in Scotland, and is now in the coronation chair at Westminster Abbey. It is said to have been about 577 B. C. that the Hibernians or Scots of Ireland passed into the country since called Scotland but then known as Albion. They first occupied the Hebrides and afterwards part of Argyleshire (Ar-Gathelia.) Their progress to the east was stopped by the Picts, a Scandinavian race, who had entered through the Orkneys and taken possession of Caithness, Ross, Aberdeen, Perth, Fife and the Lothians. Fergus the son of Fargubar, King of Ireland, came over to Scotland, and was crowned upon the stone he brought over with him in 330 B. C. The Scots and Picts appear to have lived in mutual toleration, though without fusing, until 840 of the Christian era, when Kenneth II drove the Picts out of Scotland, and raised their capital Cameldon to the ground. Such in brief is the history of the Scots and Picts.

H. B.

—:o:—

#### IN MEMORIAM!

THE MOST REV. JOHN MACHALE, ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.

Died Nov. 1881.

*Clarum et venerabile nomen.*

Dead—great prince of the Irish Church,  
Strong shield of the poor oppressed ;  
Through Erin's heart a sword has pierced,  
And she kneels by her DEAD in the west.

And the morning breaks, through tears and sighs,  
O'er the brow of the dear old land ;  
But the widow'd mother wails and weeps  
For Erin's STRONG RIGHT HAND.

Dead—with the sacred fruits of years  
Garner'd in faith above ;  
On the altar of God, as tapers bright,  
Flame deeds of the Prelate's love.

Dead—but the sun of his life shall live—  
Shall beam through a NATION'S tear ;  
And the crozier-hand and the gifted tongue  
Shall bless each heart at his bier.

Dead—with a century kneeling by—  
The snow-crown'd years of the past,  
With mitred heads and trembling lips  
Utter the prayer, " At last ! "

T. O'HAGAN.

—:o:—

#### OUR GOOD ANGEL.

*And I saw an angel come down from Heaven.—  
Apoc. xx. i.*

Death is no spectre, but an angel, sent  
To lead us to our God. With no dark frown,  
But smiling we should welcome his descent,  
As he on noiseless wing comes gently down.  
Angel of peace ! he comes to soothe our woe ;  
The dearest earthly friend that man can know !  
Bearing this glorious message from on high,  
That life is endless—man can never die.

R. D. R.

## FATHER ABRAM J. RYAN.

Father Abram J. Ryan, the poet-priest of the South, preached his farewell sermon, a few Sundays ago, in the Cathedral of Mobile, Alabama, where he had labored during the preceding eleven years. It is said that he purposes going to Europe. Few of the American poets are more widely and dearly known than Father Ryan; and, especially in the heart of the South, he is warmly enthroned and reverently cherished. His poems have winged their way through the press of the United States and Canada, and in fact wherever the English tongue is spoken, admired by all lovers of poetry for their tender pathos and spiritual thought. True, many of his most beautiful poems are colored with the hues of the "Lost Cause;" yet who so heartless as would pluck a laurel from the brow of the poet-priest, because he has chanted a requiem by the biers of the noble slain. The critic who would refuse to honor genius, save at the shrine of his own religious or national thought, is narrow indeed, and unworthy of so noble and inspiring a task. We give below a few gems from his gifted pen, and promise our readers a review of his poems at some future day.

Six summers slept upon her low white brow  
And dreamed amid the roses of her cheeks.  
Her voice was sweetly low;—and when she spoke  
Her words were music; and her laughter rang  
So like an Altar-bell that, had you heard  
Its silvery sound a-ringing,—you would think  
Of kneeling down and worshipping the Pure.

*A Legend.*

Sweet sang the stream as on it pressed  
As sorrow sings a heart to sleep,—  
As a mother sings one child to rest  
And for the dead one still will weep.

*A Memory.*

In the hush of the valley of Silence  
I dream all the songs that I sing;  
And the music floats down the dim Valley.  
'Till each finds a word for a wing,  
That to hearts, like the Dove of the Deluge,  
A message of Peace they may bring.

*Song of the Mystic.*

Some reckon their age by years,  
Some measure their life by art;  
But some tell their days by the flow of their tears,  
And their lives by the moans of their heart.

*The Rosary of my Tears.*

The breeze is singing a joy song  
Over the sea to-day;  
The storm is dead,—and the waves are red  
With the flush of the morning's ray;—  
And the sleepers sleep, but beyond the deep  
The eyes that watch for the ships, shall weep  
For the hearts they bore away.

*Wrecked.*

T. O'HAGAN.

## CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY DEGREES.

A Catholic from Ontario, writing to the *Montreal Post*, a few weeks ago, complained that an Arts degree from the Catholic University of Ottawa did not shorten a student's time, if he entered the study of Law or Medicine. We regret that the writer should have made such a mistake—and that too through the public press. With respect to the saving of time, an Arts degree from the College of Ottawa is of equal value with an Arts degree from the Provincial University in Toronto, or from any degree-conferring College in this Province. And if the number of students in attendance be an index of the popularity of a University, the College of Ottawa with its three hundred enrolled students holds a proud and enviable position. Young men attending Universities with a view to taking degrees should endeavor also to remember, that no state or government charter can endue them with talent or genius, and that if they bring to a college neither ability nor labor, they will likely on leaving college face the world very single-handed. The same writer also complained because there is no matriculation examination in St. Michael's College, Toronto. St. Michael's College being affiliated with Toronto University may and does prepare students for matriculation, and all the succeeding examinations for the degree of B. A. in the Provincial University; but the College not being empowered in itself to confer degrees cannot hold matriculation examinations. We can say this for the College of Ottawa and St. Michael's College, that the young man who works faithfully—a requisite in even an Oxford or a Cambridge—and completes the course in either institution, need not be afraid to measure swords with other University Knights in the great battle of life. We do not wish to institute invidious comparisons between the different Universities in this Province, for we know that good work is done with good material in all of them. After all what is a University course? Is it not simply a curriculum of studies drawn up by a faculty of professors, and intended as an aid and guide to the real and earnest student in his future labors? Did you ever see a graduate, even with a gold medal pinned upon his breast, who, relinquishing all studies, could be dignified with the term scholar at the end of ten years? No; but we have met young men who, with the seal of the great University of Labor upon their earnest brows, had attended lectures faithfully in the great mental workshop of honest toil, and they could indeed be called scholars. The very kernel of true ambition is labor—not spasmodic, not purposeless, but hitting every time the target of design. How old and yet how true is the adage "*Labor omnia vincit?*" This would be an excellent motto for every young man to keep at all times before his eye. In college and out of college, at the bar and in the pulpit, in whatever capacity man is called to perform a task, labor—heaven

ordained labor—adorns, ennobles and illumines that task. See to it therefore Catholic young men, that you have first a definite aim in life, and then depend for your success upon the grandeur of your character and the nobility of your toil.

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### THE LIFE AND WORKS OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

By T. O'HAGAN.

II.

Goldsmith graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, like many a young man who steps out of the shadow of a University, with no definite aim in view. He was in no hurry to acquire either wealth or fame. In fact, Goldsmith was never in a hurry to acquire anything—save pocket money to lend sunshine to his hours; and this he generally reached through the generosity of his friends. The all-persuading element in Goldsmith's social character was the happy knack of enjoying the present hour—especially when environed by a number of boon companions. He was always ready to laugh at misfortune in the face; dislodge the prefix, and with a humorous sentence blind the very eyes of poverty. On his return home to his mother's house from Trinity College, he appears to have entered upon the business of idleness with much philosophical satisfaction. True, he occupied himself with a little desultory labor; helping at times in his brother's school; running errands for his mother, and filling up large moments in the interval with a meditative play upon his flute. At the death of his father, the old homestead in which Goldsmith had passed his childhood, changed hands from his mother to Mr. Hudson, who had married his sister Catherine. His mother now resided at Ballymahon. His elder brother, Henry, who had been vowed into matrimony ere Trinity had placed in his hands his ribbon-tied degree, was curate to his uncle, and lived in narrow circumstances. He could, therefore, expect little more from his friends than a temporary home. In fact, their high tide of confidence in his genius and talent began to ebb. Goldsmith alludes to this circumstance in that piece of autobiography "The Man in Black" in the "Citizen of the World." "The first opportunity my father had of finding his expectations disappointed was in the middling figure I made at the University: he had flattered himself that he should soon see me rising into the foremost rank in literary reputation, but was mortified to find me utterly unnoticed and unknown. His disappointment might have been partly ascribed to his having overrated my talents, and partly to my dislike of mathematical reasonings at a time when my imagination and memory, yet unsatisfied, were more eager after new objects than desirous of reasoning upon those I knew.

This, however, did not please my tutors, who observed, indeed, that I was a little dull, but at the same time allowed that I seemed to be very good natured, and had no harm in me."

After Goldsmith had passed some time at home, in this varied occupation, veering between something and nothing, his friends hinted to him that he should set about doing something for a living. In his uncle Contarine he found a warm and kind friend, who never lost faith in his genius, and was willing, at all times, to share with him his purse and affection. His uncle advised him to prepare for holy orders—an advice not at all genial to the mind of Goldsmith. There are many reasons given why he did not like the idea of entering the clerical life. Perhaps the best, although very whimsical objection, he gives himself in his biography of the "Man in Black:—"To be obliged to wear a long wig when I liked a short one, or a black coat when I generally dressed in brown, I thought such a restraint upon my liberty that I absolutely rejected the proposal." At length Goldsmith consented to qualify himself for the Church. He spent two years of probation, a large portion of which was passed with his brother Henry at the old goblin mansion at Pallas—the scene of his birth. His brother was now surrounded by the bright circle of a happy family; and through his many amiable virtues was beloved by his parishioners. The domestic felicity which reigned in the good curate's home seems to have inspired the most tender affection in his breast; for we find a cherished memory of the kindness of his brother in the prelude to his poem of "The Traveller":—

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,  
And around his dwelling guardian Saints attend;  
Bless'd be that spot, where cheerful guests retire  
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;  
Bless'd that abode, where want and pain repair,  
And every stranger finds a ready chair:  
Bless'd be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd  
Where all the ruddy family round  
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,  
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;  
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,  
And learn the luxury of doing good."

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### A HOUSE OF CARDS.

By SAMUEL WAINRIGHT, D. D.

In his review of Professor Haeckel's "Natural History of Creation," or, as he would prefer to call it, "The History of the Development or Evolution of Nature," Professor Huxley has expressly formulated "the fundamental proposition of evolution." "That proposition is," he tells us, "that the whole world, living and not living, is the result of the mutual interaction, according to definite laws, of the forces possessed by the molecules of which the primitive nebula of the universe was composed."\* And he adds, "If this

\* This is positively quite too utterly utter for anything—Ed. C. S.

be true, it is no less certain that the existing world lay potentially in the cosmic vapor."

In this, of course, he agrees with Haeckel, by whom "full justice is done to Kant, as the originator of that "cosmic gas theory," as the Germans somewhat quaintly call it, which is commonly ascribed to Laplace."

Professor Tyndall agrees with both. Having discerned in "matter" "the promise and potency of all terrestrial life," he lays it down as fundamental that "the doctrine of evolution derives man in his totality from the interaction of organism and environment through countless ages past." By that "vision of the mind," which as he tells us, "authoritatively supplements the vision of the eye," he sees "the cosmic vapor" as a primitive "nebular haze" (the "universal fire-mist" of the "Vestiges,") gradually cooling, and contracting as it cooled, into a "molten mass," in which "latent and potential" were not only "life" before it was alive, and "form" before it was formed, "not alone the exquisite and wonderful mechanism of the human body, but the human mind itself; emotion, intellect, will, and all their phenomena...all our philosophy, all our poetry, all our science, and all our art—Plato, Shakespeare, Newton, Raphael." All that has been; all that is; nay, even all that is imagined only; was once—to the scientific eye, "in a fine frenzy rolling"—"potential in the fires of the sun;" just as those fires themselves had no existence (other than "latent and potential") until they were kindled by the condensation of "the cosmic vapor."

These quotations, and such as these—for they might be indefinitely extended—enable us to sum up the doctrine of agnostic evolution in two short propositions:—

First, "that the earliest organisms were the natural product of the interaction of ordinary inorganic matter and force."

Second, "That all the forms of animal and vegetable life, including man himself, with all his special and distinctive faculties, have been slowly, but successively and gradually developed from the earliest and simplest organisms."

But when we proceed to examine the scientific pretensions of the theory thus succinctly stated, we find, on Professor Tyndall's own showing, that they are worthless. Worthless, because unverified, and incapable of verification. "The strength of the doctrine of evolution consists," he tells us, "not in an experimental demonstration (for the subject is hardly accessible to this mode of proof,) but in its general harmony with scientific thought." "Scientific thought," however, can only mean "the aggregate thoughts of scientific men;" and, with these thoughts it is most certain that this doctrine of evolution is *not* in harmony. Mr. Darwin, with his usual candor, writes as recently as 1871, "Of the older and honored chiefs in natural science, many unfortunately are still opposed to evolution in every form." Since that date it is certain that, on the continent at least, the doctrine has been met by many distinguished botanists and zoologists with growing disfavor. To the same purpose is the still more recent admission of Professor Tyndall: "Our foes are to some extent they of our own household, including not only the ignorant and the passionate, but a minority of minds of high calibre and culture, lovers of freedom, moreover, who, though its objective hull be riddled by logic, still find the ethic life of their religion unimpaired."

But even if this were not the case, it would still be true, on Professor Tyndall's showing, that evolution as

above defined has not been "verified" "by observation and experiment;" and that "without verification a theoretic conception is a mere figment of the intellect." "Those who hold the doctrine of evolution," he tells us, "are by no means ignorant of the uncertainty of their data, and they only yield to it a provisional assent. They regard the nebular hypothesis as probable,...and accept as probable the unbroken sequence of development from the nebula to the present time."

"Probable," "provisional," "uncertain," and therefore "unscientific;" this, on the highest authority, is thus admitted to be the actual character of "the doctrine of evolution." But of what kind is this probability? When examined, it appears that even the alleged probability itself is at best a mere "supposition," "a theoretic conception," a probability hypothetical only, nothing more.

For example: Mr. Herbert Spencer tells us that "there is reason to suspect that there is but one ultimate form of matter, out of which the successively more complex forms of matter are built up." When we ask for the reason for this assertion, we are merely told that there is "reason to suspect" so, and that "by the different grouping of units, and by the combination of the unlike groups each with its own kind, and each with other kinds, it is supposed that there have been produced the kinds of matter we call elementary." But, for anything that appears to the contrary, the "reason to suppose" all this, and the subsequent supposing of it, exist only in Mr. Spencer's own mind, and have their *raison d'être* in the exigencies of the "constructive philosophy." Having however in this way "supposed" whatever he pleased, and having also justified his method of procedure by saying that there was "reason to suppose" so, he then in the very next paragraph, and without adducing any proof whatever, proceeds to treat these suppositions as if they were ascertained facts, and builds on them as if he took them for solid foundations. Thus:—"If then, **WE SEE** (!) that by unlike arrangements of life units, all the forms of matter, apparently so diverse in nature may be produced," etc., etc.

But this method of evolving science from supposition, and conjuring with conjecture for certainty, is by no means a monopoly of Mr. Herbert Spencer. In one sentence of his essay on "Scientific Materialism" Professor Tyndall states that "we should on philosophic grounds *expect to find*" certain physical conditions; and in the next, he commences an induction, from this mere expectation, with the phrase, "The relation of physics to consciousness *being thus* invariable!" a relation which, if it exists at all, does certainly not exist in any demonstrable form—so far is it from "being thus," or being in any way other than that of "expectation" merely, "invariable."

Similarly, when, in his controversy with Mr. Martineau, he claims "consciousness" for the fern and the oak, he says, "No man can say that the feelings of the animal are not represented by a drowsier consciousness in the vegetable world. At all events no line has ever been drawn between the conscious and the unconscious; for the vegetable shades into the animal by such fine gradations, that it is impossible to say where the one ends and the other begins.. The evidences as to consciousness in the vegetable world depend wholly upon our capacity to observe and weigh them?" What then? This, evidently: that since we are not possessed of any such capacity; and since, without that capacity the evidence is non-existent; it follows that there is no evidence whatever "as to consciousness in the vegetable



world." But if there is a fatal lack of evidence there is no lack of imagination; and Dr. Tyndall's imagination, always brilliant, is fully equal to the occasion. He supposes altered conditions for the observer, and then says: "I can imagine not only the vegetable, but the mineral world, responsive to the proper irritants." "I can imagine!" What? "Consciousness" in a cabbage, and in a granite cube. But on what evidence? None that I can find: but plenty that "I can imagine!"

In the same category with the suppositions of Mr. Spencer and the imagination of Professor Tyndall must be placed the conceptions of Mr. Darwin. Like them, he has to assume as fundamental, certain propositions which he cannot prove. But then if he cannot prove, he "cannot doubt," or he "can hardly doubt;" and this incapacity for doubt serves as a highly convenient substitute for certainty. Thus, *e. g.*—

"I cannot doubt that the theory of descent with modification embraces all the members of the same class." And again: "I can indeed hardly doubt that all vertebrate animals having true lungs, have descended, by ordinary generation from an ancient prototype, of which we know nothing, furnished with a floating apparatus or swim-bladder." "It is conceivable that the now utterly lost branchiae might have been gradually worked in by natural selection for some quite distinct purpose, in the same manner as...it is probable that organs which at a very ancient period served for respiration, have been actually converted into organs of flight."

It would be sufficiently surprising, if we had not been so long accustomed to it, to learn that the possession of lungs which constitute the fitness of the possessors for living, not in water, but in air, betrays their aquatic origin. But it is much more surprising that men illustrious in virtue of their scientific eminence should expect a tissue of conjectures such as this to be accepted as if it possessed any scientific authority.

The branchiae are "now utterly lost;" that is, they are non-existent, except to the "imagination," to which "it is conceivable" that they might once have been otherwise. That "ancient mariner," the primeval ancestor of the human race, was "an ancient prototype of which we know nothing." And yet, strange to say, we do know this: that he was "furnished with a floating apparatus or swim-bladder." Something "might have been" made of the missing branchiae for "some quite distinct purpose;" for this, although not actual is at least "conceivable." Nay, it almost emerges from the realm of the ideal when we are to be shown the *modus operandi*—"in the same manner as"—as what? As in some other instance of which we have tangible proof? No, not that; but only as in some other instance where "it is probable," or at least supposable, that "organs which at a very ancient period" may or may not have existed to serve a given end, would be of great service to this theory if only it could be shown, first, that they did exist, and then that they ceased to exist, by having been "actually converted," into other organs to serve another and a very different end.

Mr. Spencer "supposes;" Dr. Tyndall "imagines;" Mr. Darwin "conceives." Tier on tier the towering fabric totters to its fall: no stability in the foundation, no continuity in the superstructure; "a flimsy framework of hypothesis, constructed upon imaginary or irrelevant facts, with a complete departure from every established canon of scientific investigation."

## ARCHBISHOP MACHALE.

[From the Dublin Freeman.]

A pillar has fallen in the Temple. A tower has tottered to the ground in Israel! John, Archbishop of Tuam, breathed his last at St. Jarlath's, July 13th, in the 56th year of his episcopacy, the 67th of his priesthood, and the 90th year of his age. His Grace was the senior prelate of the Catholic Church in the world, and in his person were most remarkably conjoined the purest attributes of priest and patriot. Born in the penal days, he lived to see shackle after shackle struck away; and mightiest and most trenchant of the strikers upon the galling irons of ascendancy in religion and rule, whether in the pulpit, the press, or in the platform, whether in the professional chair in Maynooth or on the episcopal throne, was John MacHale. He saw three rebellions, a decade of land agitations, more than one famine, the tithe war, the struggle for Emancipation, the war against proselytism, the great Repeal movement, the stand up fight between religion and godlessness, the National demand for Home Rule, and from the ripening moment of his ardent and intellectual manhood to the last moment of his life his hands, never wearied, were uplifted to the God of battles for blessings on and in stout aid of the cause of country and of creed. A personal and honored friend of more than one of the Popes, six of whom he had seen ascend the chair of Peter, Dr. MacHale took part in the grandest ecclesiastical events of the century at home and abroad. The anointed college of O'Connell, the foe of Derby and of Russell and of Palmerston, the diary of this prince of the Church is the history of Ireland for the greater part of the century. Lasting lustre has he shed upon the ancient See of Jarlath by the purity of his life, the brilliancy of his talents, his sterling principles. As a theologian, an honor to the Universal Church; as a rhetorician and controversialist, renowned amongst his fellows; sweet and graceful as a poet in his own loved tongue, awakening the willing praise of Moore, whose lyrics he translated, and the recognition of the schools for his sonorous rendering of Homer's stately metre into Irish, or in his learned leisure, or in the fierce arena of politics, John of Tuam was an Agamemnon, king of men; stood towering head and shoulders over the crowd.

John MacHale was born at the village of Tubberavine, in the county of Mayo, in the year 1791. His parents were of the farming class. The time was one of revolutionising transition. The New World and the Old were stirred to their depths. George the third was king. America had thrown the tea chests into the sea. Burgoyne had surrendered. Independence was achieved. France was raging with the passion of a fierce democracy. The flame had caught isolated Ireland. The future Archbishop saw the opposing troops of Humbert and Cornwallis; his boyish ears drank in the tale of the races of Castlebar. Emmet died on the scaffold. The Union was consummated before young MacHale had completed his tenth year. The Hessian was a British soldier's most familiar to his youthful eyes. With brow fanned by the breezes from Nephin and Croaghpatrick—the loftiest of Irish mountains—John MacHale made rapid progress at the local school. His talents marked him for the sanctuary—the goal of the pious peasant's most ambitious thoughts, wherein members of his family had labored as Levites in the Lord's Vineyard. The youth was soon sent to the Alma Mater of the Irish priesthood, Maynooth College. There his studies met

with that success which the observers of his boyish talents had presaged, and after a distinguished course Mr. MacHale was ordained, and appointed in quick succession to a chair of theology in the college. In this responsible position his lectures and writings, avowed and anonymous soon won him a recognized status as the ablest and most eloquent of controversialists and litterateurs. The reputation gained over the signature of "Hierophilus" went on increasing, growing daily more majestic and to the end was never marred by faltering or inconsistency. Talents so conspicuous, acquirements so remarkable, character so peerless, popularity and influence so general, could not fail of speedy recognition and deserved distinction in the great Republic of the Church. From his collegiate chair, Dr. MacHale was, after enlightening, and brightening the college for nearly twelve years, nominated to the Coadjutor Bishopric of Killala, with the title of Bishop of Maronia in *partibus infidelium*. He was consecrated on the 5th of June, 1825. During the nine years in which his Lordship the Most Rev. Dr. MacHale discharged his high episcopal functions in Killala, his time was occupied with varied noble tasks. Regulating the important diocese of which he had spiritual charge, he still found moments to cheer on his people towards the emancipation which was in sight.

O'Connell, the Kerry eleve of St. Omer was entering on his life-long struggle, which has ended in a deathless fame. The prelate threw himself into the cause with the fervor of a Knight and the influence of a Bishop. And from that day till the time when more than patriarchal age had numbed his energies, who has kept the banner floating more proudly—whose scutcheon has sustained less blot or tarnish? Yet in the midst of this excitement Dr. MacHale was the ecclesiastical student and pulpit orator. His theological work on "The Evidences of the Doctrines of the Catholic Church" was translated into the French and German tongues, an honor rare in these days of tardy intercourse. Not in Ireland only but in England was he regarded as in the front rank of preachers; and visiting Rome in 1832 he delivered in the Eternal City a series of discourses which shared the honor of his theological work, being translated into Italian by the Abbot De Luca, Apostolic Nuncio at Vienna. In the year 1834 the Most Rev. Dr. Kelly dying in Rome, Dr. MacHale was translated to the Archiepiscopal see of Tuam.

Here his star reached its zenith. Hence in the Church and in the nation his voice sounded like a trumpet on the battle field calling the army to the ranks. It was crowned with his new dignity he fought and conquered the Minister and the insulting Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, and won the fond cognomen of John of Tuam. It was then O'Connell, uncrowned King of Ireland, dubbed his Grace, amidst the plaudits of the multitude, "The Lion of the Fold of Judah." It was then the *Times* engaged in combat with his Grace, and, worsted, used to head his letters "Another Roar from St. Jarlath's." It was from Tuam he waged fierce war upon the soup-laden minions of proselytism and Exeter Hall, who sought to buy the priceless birthright of the famine stricken peasant of Connaught for a mess of pottage. He smote them hip and thigh, and "Jumporism" to-day in Connemara is as dead as Julius Cæsar. The idol of the people, his Grace was the "presidium dulce decus et tutamen" of the Episcopacy. The Preacher at the great National Synod of Thurles was John, Archbishop of Tuam. The Solon of the Episcopacy in the council chamber, he was its mouth-

piece in the pulpit. The friend of Pope Gregory, from whom he received his pallium, and whose vestments are still worn in great ceremonies in the stately cathedral of his arch-diocese, Dr. MacHale assisted at two councils in Rome in the reign of Pius, haloed with the memory of sacred and auspicious events. One was the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, the other was the Œcumenical Council, whereat the Infallibility of the Pope was proclaimed. At the latter the Archbishop voted with his friend—another friend of Ireland—Monsieur Dupanloup of Orleans in the minority against the opportuneness of the promulgation. On his return home (and who that ever witnessed those home-comings, with their huzzas and illuminations, could doubt the heartiness of the Archbishop's popularity to the end?) his Grace was the first to expound and proclaim the dogma from the steps of his high altar.

Dr. MacHale's hostility to the Queen's Colleges and the Godless system of education is so recent both in its warfare and its victory that there is no need for us here to do more than passingly recall it. It may not be uninteresting, however, to produce once again the letter in which his Grace declined the Queen's offer to appoint him visitor for the Queen's College:—"SIR (the Archbishop wrote thirty one years ago to Sir Thomas Reddington)—I am in receipt of your letter of the 3rd instant, stating that you are directed by the Lord Lieutenant to inform me that the Queen has been pleased, by warrant under her Majesty's sign manual, to appoint me to be a Visitor of the Queen's College, Galway. Having the strongest conviction that the aforesaid College in Galway, together with the other Queen's Colleges in Ireland, is fraught with grievous and intrinsic dangers to the faith and morals of such of the Catholic youth as may resort to them—a conviction in which I am fortified by the repeated solemn condemnation of these institutions by the Successor of St. Peter, who has commanded the Catholic bishops of Ireland to take no part in forwarding them—I could not without a betrayal of the sacred duty I owe to the flock confided to my care, as well as the guilt of disobedience to the Head of the Church, accept the proffered office. Were I even free to accept without a risk of disobedience, I feel that, far from diminishing, I should be augmenting, the inherent evils of those institutions by giving a sanction to professing Catholics to associate themselves with the enemies of our faith, and thus give them effectual aid in carrying out a system fatal to religion under the specious pretense of affording it protection. I beg therefore, respectfully to decline the office of Visitor of the Queen's College, and have the honor to be your obedient servant, † John, Archbishop of Tuam." We need not say that Dr. MacHale was to the last true to Ireland. When Isaac Butt marshalled the Home Rule bands the Nestor prelate gave him his name, his blessing, and God speed. He has had the unusual honor of a statue in his lifetime. A few years ago on the occasion of the celebration of his Golden Jubilee, a marble statue was unveiled to him in his cathedral town in the presence of many Home Rule members of Parliament and a great gathering, the eulogium of Mr. A. M. Sullivan to his Grace on which occasion will not soon be forgotten. His sympathy with the tenants was native. It grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength. He saw them crushed by many a landlord made famine, and sent in coffin ships across the sea, America sent back to him two years ago thousands of pounds to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. His splendid donation

to the Mansion House Fund at that time was perhaps its highest testimonial and most honoring tribute. His last public appearance in this city was as chairman on the occasion of the unveiling of the statue to Sir John Gray, for whom his Grace maintained a constant friendship. The veneration, amounting almost to worship, which was exhibited for him on that occasion showed how deep his name and fame had burned into the hearts of gentle and simple. His patriotic efforts to save the Irish language from an ignominious death must command the respect and admiration of every Irishman that knows anything of the ancient history of his native land.

Dr. MacHale translated into Irish and published above sixty of "Moore's Irish Melodies" in the same metre as the original. In the opinion of those most competent to judge, the difficult work has been done most admirably, in spite of the shackles (injudiciously perhaps) imposed upon him by himself in a precise adherence to the original. In 1861 he produced a large octavo volume, comprising six books of the "Iliad," with a corresponding Irish translation in heroic metre. He had also published the "Pentateuch" in English and Irish translations, with notes and comments, forming the first volume of a Bible, to be followed by other parts on the same plan.

Dr. MacHale's life was of the simplest kind. An early Mass at the High Altar of the Cathedral; a plain breakfast; his study saw him all the morning engaged in the duties of his office, a visit to the neighboring college, a carriage drive or, surrounded by a bodyguard of mendicants, a brisk walk before dinner; the evening spent with his secretary, his administrator, or the professors of St. Jarlath's. Such was the sainted Archbishop's daily life. Of recent years the Most Rev. Dr. McEvilly elected coadjutor (cum jure successionis by the priests in conclave, assembled under the venerable Archbishop's presidency) relieved his Grace of the exhausting duties which he had so long and nobly discharged. To-day he is dead, and Ireland in spirit mourns in the darkened chamber of St. Jarlath's over a bier whereon lies a man and a prelate of whom it may be truly said—"We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

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The mystic letters written on visiting cards are a source of bewilderment to the Congress-men from rural districts, who cannot decipher their meaning. Once that stalwart Kentuckian, Senator McCreery, met a foppish young constituent who had just returned from Paris, and said to him: "I received your card the other day. I recognized your father's name which is the same as yours, and supposed that it was his son; but what did the letters E. P., written in a corner mean?" "Why Mr. Senator," replied the travelled man, "it is customary in Paris to write the initials of certain words on leaving cards. For example, had I been going away, I should have written P. P. C., the initials of *Pour prendre congé*—to take leave. As it was, calling myself, I wrote E. P., the initials of *En personne*—in person." "Oh," said McCreery, "I understand." A week or so afterward the two met again, and the young man said: "Senator, I received your card, but couldn't comprehend what the letters S. B. A. N. in the corner meant. Pray interpret them?" "With pleasure," said McCreery, his eyes twinkling with humor. "S. B. A. N. are the initials of Sent By a Nigger!" The young man tried to laugh, but really couldn't see the point of the inscription. Others did.

## CHURCH CHIMES.

The world is governed by its ideals and seldom or never has there been one which has exercised a more profound and, on the whole a more salutary influence than the mediæval conception of the Virgin. For the first time woman was elevated to her rightful position, and the sanctity of weakness was recognized as well as the sanctity of sorrow. No longer the slave or toy of man, no longer associated only with ideas of degradation and ideas of sensuality, woman rose, in the person of the Virgin mother, into a new sphere, and became the object of a reverential homage of which antiquity had had no conception. Love was idealized. The moral charm and beauty of female excellence was for the first time felt. A new type of character was called into being, a new kind of admiration was fostered. Into a harsh.....age, this ideal type infuses a conception of gentleness and purity unknown to the proudest civilizations of the past. In the pages of living tenderness which many a monkish writer has left in honor of his celestial patron; in the millions who, in many lands, and in many ages, have sought, with no barren desire, to mold their character into her image; in those holy maidens who, for the love of Mary, have separated themselves from the glories and pleasures of the world, to seek, in fastings, and vigils, and humble charity to render themselves worthy of her benediction; in the new sense of honor; in the chivalrous respects; in the softening of manners; in the refinement of tastes displayed in all the walks of society; in these and in many other ways we detect its influence. All that was best in Europe clustered round it, and it is the origin of the purest elements of our civilization.—*Luckey's "Rationalism in Europe."*

A writer in the *Journal of Science* has an article on the sanitary legislation of the Pentateuch, in which he examines the laws of health set forth by Moses, not from the position of the archaeologist, the orientalist, or the divine, but simply from that of one interested in sanitary science. He finds that the Hebrew law-giver long ago anticipated the oracles of to-day. "So peculiar," he concludes, "is human progress, that it has taken three thousands of years to bring the civilized world to a point less advanced than that occupied by Moses. Less advanced we say, emphatically, because if we now admit the value of personal cleanliness, the importance of avoiding putrescent and loathsome matters, and of expelling them rapidly from our cities, and if we are theoretically aware of the disinfecting and deodorizing power of earth, we are far from embodying this, our knowledge, in the practice of actual life. As to the avoidance of blood of the flesh of foul-feeding animals, and of such as are liable to introduce entozoa into our systems, we do not recognize even verbally the importance of the Mosaic teachings. We eat 'blood puddings,' we feed swine with blood and with foul-smelling offal, and then we eat the animals which have been gorged on this revolting diet. And we pay the price of this uncleanness in shortened lives and in waning vigor. We again call attention to the remarkable physiological insight displayed in the sanitary code of the ancient Israelites, and we repeat the question, whence did it spring?"

The Protestant Society for the Propagation of the Gospel will perhaps not be gratified to hear that their friend and leading missionary, Mr. Amine Nassif, who

came to England on the 25th of June, partly for the sake of a little relaxation and partly for the purpose of collecting funds for the extension of the English missions in Egypt, was received into the Church by Prior Vaughan at St. Benedict's College and Monastery, Fort Augustus, on the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross. Mr. Amine Nassif is a Syrian by birth, a native of Lebanon, and, when a child, was baptized a Catholic, but losing his mother when quite young, was brought up as a Protestant. Polished in manner, agreeable in conversation, intelligent and observant, a finished Arabic scholar and an eloquent and fluent speaker, he was selected as a fitting person to superintend the English missions in Cairo, and in cases where he found it impossible to make proselytes to his own Church was active in decrying the Catholic Church and in dissuading persons from entering its fold. On visiting Egypt in 1878, the Marquis of Bute made the acquaintance of Mr. Nassif, and the zealous missionary resolved to turn his friendship to good account and endeavor to persuade him to return to the Church he had abandoned. Finding, however, that Lord Bute's faith was firm and immovable, Mr. Nassif now began to feel somewhat uneasy about his own position and turned his mind to the study of polemics. On arriving in London last June, he devoted his time to questions of religion, attended "divine worship" in more than a score of churches belonging to various sects and denominations, and in many cases at the conclusion of the service boldly called upon the Minister and probed the reasons of the faith that was in him. The result, as may be imagined, was highly unsatisfactory, and at the end of two or three months, Mr. Nassif found himself more anxious and perplexed than ever. It was evident that he had not yet discovered the one and only true faith of Jesus Christ, and turning away from the Church of England he next had recourse to the Scottish Kirk. He found here confusion still more confounded, and after visiting Edinburgh, Perth, Aberdeen, and Inverness, he at length arrived at the door of the Monastery of Fort Augustus, where he fortunately fell in with the Hon. and Rt. Rev. Mgr. Talbot, Sir Charles Wolseley, Mr. Manly, of Spofforth, and Mr. Middleton, of Leamington, who happened to be on a visit to the College at the time, and were soon interested in his conversion. Mr. Nassif, who had intended to have left next morning, was induced to prolong his visit, and at the end of a fortnight, touched by the grace of God, had the happiness of being reconciled to the Church. The interesting ceremony took place in the Collegiate Chapel before the conventual Mass and in the presence of the whole establishment. As soon as the fervent neophyte had made his confession of faith in a loud clear voice, the monks and choristers sang forth the *Te Deum*, the strains of the organ were sounded during the Mass, and immediately after the "Domine non sum dignus" when the new convert had received the Blessed Sacrament as a loving child of the Church, the choir again rose and sang out the psalm *Laudate Pueri Domini*. About ten o'clock Mr. Nassif, accompanied by the Prior and Prefect of Studies, entered the study hall and delivered a touching address to the students—now nearly sixty in number. He spoke on the store they should set on the gift of the faith, the courage with which they should ever be ready to defend it, and eloquently commended himself to their prayers. In conclusion he announced that the Prior wished the whole house to share in the joy of this day—the greatest and happiest of his life—and had accordingly given them a holiday. Next morning Mr.

Nassif left for the western coast on a visit to Lord Howard, accompanied with the best wishes and fervent prayers of the Community of St. Benedict's.—*London Tablet*.

The comedy going on in England under the name of High-Churchism is graphically illustrated in the life of the late Rev. Mr. Browne. That gentleman had been in the army. After Waterloo his occupation was gone. His friend, however, "the last and worst" Duke of York, wrote him that he could have the excellent living at—in Cornwall. His Royal Highness said: "You needn't reside, you know; you can get a curate to do the work for eighty pounds a year or so, and you can live about town on the rest." The ex-officer was delighted, but he was not in orders. The Commander-in-chief of the army, the paragon of English morals, overcame that seemingly insuperable obstacle by writing to the Bishop of Cork as follows:

"Dear Cork:—Ordain Browne.

"Yours,

YORK."

In a few days after the reception of the above the "Rev." Mr. Browne presented himself before the Duke, to whom he gave the following note:

"Dear York:—Browne is ordained.

"Yours,

CORK."

The "reverend" gentleman went down to Cornwall, read himself in, returned to London, and never again visited his benefice, although he lived some fifty years after his ordination. This reminds one of the case of the Bishop of Liandaff who never visited his diocese, but spent his days "meditating upon matters and things super and sublunary on the banks of the Windermere."—*R. F. Farrell in the "Catholic World."*

Here is a beautiful paragraph from *Zion's Herald*, a Methodist paper published in Boston:

"It is a significant fact that the great immortal works of pictorial art in the galleries of Europe are illustrations of the divine Christ. The finest pictures, that command fabulous prices and give a name and character to the largest collection upon the Continent, are not landscapes or works of the imagination simply, but the divine Babe, crucified Son of God, Christ the mighty Saviour, the vicarious Sacrifice; the transfigured Deity, the ascending King, are forever placed at the head of acknowledged unapproachable art all over Europe. In spite of destructive criticism and speculative doubt, although the churches might be temporarily neglected, all along the walls of the great galleries, silent, eloquent, and persuasive discourses will be preached, appealing to the spiritual nature within man, interpreting the word of Revelation, and declaring with a solemn emphasis that cannot be forgotten, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; that He was truly the Son of God; and that He died the just for the unjust."

The *Zion's Herald* does not tell its readers that the artists who painted the great masterpieces to which it refers were Catholics; that their patrons were Catholics who ordered the kind of pictures which they liked best; and that sacred subjects were popular until the Reformation, when, in compliance with its spirit which introduced divorce, degraded marriage, despised virginity, and lauded sensual delights, studies of the nude

became common, and "wino, woman and song." Luther's penates, engaged the painters' brush.—*Catholic Mirror*.

In a recent address, Father Stafford said:—In France when he was there they had passed a law, (now awaiting the concurrence of the senate) to compel priests to serve in the army, so that every ecclesiastical student after he became a certain age would have to become a soldier and spend five years of barracks life. The man who had been working to bring that about was Gambetta, the man of whom they had read as being opposed to the connection of church and state. The measure simply meant the destruction of the Catholic religion altogether, for the life of a soldier and the life of a priest was incompatible and impossible. In Austria and Switzerland they oblige those who wished to become priests to pay a certain amount which went to the benefit of an army fund. If the bishops and priests of France did their duty they would not submit to Gambetta's policy. They should go to prison rather than allow themselves to be tyrannized over in that way in this vital matter. It was an act of down-right tyranny that would not be attempted outside of the land of "liberty, equality and fraternity." The fact was that the sooner the hierarchy of France separated itself from state connection the better. The union between the church and state, though in itself right and proper, where the state is Catholic, becomes practically when the state is infidel, like the union of a live soul and a dead carcass. In France it is like the union of the tiger with its prey. The first revolution stripped the church of all its property in France, and the state now doles out an allowance of about \$300 a year to priests, and about \$1,000 to bishops. The priests in Canada frequently receive a larger revenue than the bishops in France. It would be far better for the priests to fling the money back into the face of the government, and rely upon the faith of the women and the liberality of the men of France for support. They must come to the voluntary principle like us. They talked about liberty in France, but they have not the remotest idea of what liberty was, such as we have in Canada. The government wished to carry on its work of persecution in order to get at the remaining property of the church, and at Rome they expected further spoliation at the instigation of Gambetta. Father Stafford then alluded to the arbitrary and tyrannical expulsion of the Jesuits by a mere stroke of the pen, without giving them a form of trial, or hearing evidence for or against them. There was no argument against them in a court of justice to show that they deserved banishment; there was nothing said against them that could not be said against any person going into the Assembly opposed to the republican form of government. The Jesuits were simply banished by a tyrannical exercise of power; and in the act there was no "liberty" and not much "fraternity" either...As far as he could see the priests in France were not respected as in other countries, and until they took a proper stand and ignored the state altogether, except as good citizens, it would always be that way. When in Rome he had a short conversation with the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda, Cardinal Simeoni, who remarked that no where were the rights of Catholics better recognized than in Canada, and especially in Ontario, and that England was doing well everywhere for education. The Cardinal said the Catholics of the province of Ontario had an excellent reputation as practical Catholics in sustaining their church. These

remarks gave him (Father Stafford) very great satisfaction...The moral conduct of the people of Canada compared very well with any he had seen. In speaking of Paris last Sunday he had made a remark that required some explanation or modification. Paris is not France. It is not like any other city. It is the most cosmopolitan city in the world. The proportion of foreigners is exceedingly large; it is the resort of all classes; and even criminals flock to it in large numbers for there they feel safer than in other cities. The French must not, therefore, be held responsible for all that is done in Paris...He noticed in Paris and in other parts of France, as well as in Italy—more in Italy than anywhere else—that the women were doing hard degrading work the like of which they are never allowed to do in this country. Just in proportion as people lost the principles of christianity they lost respect for women; and the women of France and Italy had an individual and personal interest in maintaining the principles of Christ. He had seen in Italy, women walking bare-footed on macademized roads over which the very horses in this country would not travel, and bearing on their heads heavy burthens, while the men were walking along-side, well-dressed, with boots on, and with hands in their pockets, not doing anything. He had seen young girls, who ought to be at school, doing work that only slaves would be called upon to do... He had spent a Sunday in Naples, visiting the churches, and noticed that they were well attended. In one large church the majority of the people were men and most of them went to communion...He observed that in the big cities the good were better than the same in the smaller cities and towns, while the bad in the big cities were worse than in the smaller ones. There was this difference between Paris and London that what was done in Paris was done openly...He was in Paris on the 14th of July, the national fetes day of the city, when the whole population turned out and took possession of the streets and boulevards and enjoyed themselves to the fullest extent. He was out on the street from early morning until midnight observing the scene, and he had in that vast concourse of three millions of people seen but one person excited from drink. They all had their wine and coffee, and were gay and happy; but there was but one drunkard. In all the time he was on the continent he had seen only that one man under the influence of liquor. It might be said that this was an argument against total abstinence, and he would admit that if total abstinence were advocated in France and Italy the people would not understand it. There was no argument against wine drinking in those countries. It was only the criminals who got drunk and crime was not committed as a rule through drunkenness. He had met old residents in France and Italy who had told him that they had not seen five men drunk in their lives. Some might say that you could drink lager beer in Canada, but he did not think that could be safely done. He had seen nothing to change his opinion with regard to the use of drink, but much to confirm it. He had seen nothing in London or Liverpool or Dublin to cause him to modify his views with regard to drink. The Sovereign Pontiff on sending his blessing to the total abstinence society of our church here in Lindsay had sent one word as a message. That word was "persevere..." Father Stafford related as illustrating the attention paid in Rome to all church matters the fact that the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda said to him: "You gave your bishop a royal reception," to which he replied: "And he will always find us loyal." The cardinal said of Dr. Cleary,

"He is pious, learned, zealous and eloquent." He also alluded to his Grace of Toronto as a great prelate.

Mr. D. R. Locke ("Petroleum V. Nasby") bears the following tribute to the priesthood of Ireland:—

As to the priest there never was a wilder delusion than exists in the minds of the American people concerning him. I was at the houses, or rather lodgings, of a great many of them, but one example will suffice.

Half-way between Kenmare and Killarney, in a wild, desolate country, lives one of these parish priests, who are supposed to inhabit luxurious houses, and to live gorgeously, and to be perpetually singing. "The Cruiskeen Lawn," with a pipe in one hand and a glass of poteen in the other.

He is a magnificent man. In face and figure he is the exact picture of the lamented Salmon P. Chase, one of the greatest of Americans; and I venture the assertion that, had he adopted any other profession and come to America, where genius and intellect mean something, and where great ability finds great rewards, he would have been one of the most eminent of men. A man of great learning, of wonderful intuitions, of cool, clear judgment, of great nerve and unbounded heart, he would, were he to come to America and drop his priestly robes, be President of a great railroad corporation, or a Senator, or anything else he chose to be. But what is he in Ireland? His apartments comprise a bedroom just large enough to hold a very poor bed, and a study, in a better-class farm house, for which he pays rent the same as everybody else does. His floor is uncarpeted, and the entire furniture of his rooms, leaving out his library, would not invoice \$10. His parish is one of the wildest and bleakest in Ireland, and is twenty-five miles long and eighteen wide.

Now understand that this man is the lawyer, the friend, the guide and director in temporal as well as spiritual matters, of the entire population of this district. If a husband and wife quarrel, it is his duty to hear and decide. If a tenant gets into trouble with his landlord, he is the go-between to arrange it. In short, every trouble, great and small, in the parish is referred to him, and he must act. He is their lawyer as well as their priest. He is their everything. He supplies to them the intelligence that the most infernal Government on earth has denied them.

But this is a small part of his duties. He has to conduct services at all the chapels in this stretch of country. He has to watch over the morals of all the people. But this is not all. No matter at what hour of night, no matter what the condition of the weather, the summons to the bedside of a dying man to administer the last Sacraments of the Church must be obeyed. It may be that to do this requires a ride on horseback of twenty miles in a blinding storm, but it must be done. Every child must be christened, every deathbed must be soothed, every sorrow mitigated by the only comfort this suffering people have—the faith in their Church.

What do you suppose this magnificent man gets for all this? The largest income he ever received in his life was £100, which, reduced to American money, amounts to exactly \$484. And out of this he has to pay his rent, his food, his clothing, the keeping of his horse; and all that remains goes in charity to the suffering sick—every cent of it.

When the Father dies, his nephews and nieces will not find very good picking from what is left. I assure you.

"Why do you," I asked, "a man capable of doing so much in the world, stay and do this enormous work for nothing?"

"I was called to it," was the answer, "what would these poor people do without me?"

I am a vigorous Protestant, and have no especial love for the Catholic Church; but I shall esteem myself especially fortunate if I can make a record in this world that will give me a place in the next within gunshot of where this man will be placed. I am not capable of making the sacrifices for my fellows that he is doing—I wish to Heaven I was. I found by actual demonstration why the Irish so love their priests. They would be in a still worse way, if possible, without them.

No Catholic will deny that the Church has scandals. She has ever had the reproach and shame of being the mother of children unworthy of her. She has good children;—she has many more bad. Such is the will of God as declared from the beginning. He might have formed a pure Church; but He has expressly predicted that the cockles, sown by the enemy, shall remain with the wheat, even to the harvest at the end of the world. He pronounced that His Church should be like a fisher's net, gathering of every kind, and not examined till the evening. Nay, more than this, He declared that the bad and imperfect should far surpass the good. "Many are called," He said, "but few are chosen;" and His Apostle speaks of "a remnant saved according to the election of grace." There is ever, then, an abundance of materials in the lives and the histories of Catholics, ready to the use of those opponents who, starting with the notion that the Holy Church is the work of the devil, wish to have some corroboration of their leading idea. Her very prerogative gives special opportunity for it; I mean, that she is the Church of all lands and of all times. If there was a Judas among the Apostles, and a Nicholas among the deacons, why should we be surprised that in the course of eighteen hundred years there should be flagrant instances of cruelty, of unfaithfulness, of hypocrisy, or of profligacy, and that not only in the Catholic people, but in high places, in royal palaces, in bishops' households, nay in the seat of St. Peter itself? Why need it surprise, if in barbarous ages, or in ages of luxury, there have been bishops, or abbots, or priests, who have forgotten themselves and their God, and served the world or the flesh, and have perished in that evil service? What triumph is it, though in a long line of between two and three hundred popes, amid martyrs, confessors, doctors, sage rulers and loving fathers of their people, one, or two, or three are found who fulfil the Lord's description of the wicked servant, who began "to strike the manservants and maidservants, and to eat and drink and be drunk?" What will come of it, though we grant that at this time or that, here or there, mistakes in policy, or ill advised measures, or timidity, or vacillation in action, or secular maxims, or inhumanity, or narrowness of mind, have seemed to influence the Church's action or her bearing towards her children? I can only say that, taking man as he is, it would be a miracle were such offences altogether absent from her history. Consider what it is to be left to oneself and one's conscience, without others' judgment on what we do, which at times is the case with all men; consider what it is to have easy opportunities of sinning; and then cast the first stone at churchmen who have abused their freedom from control or independence of criticism. With such considerations before me, I do not



wonder that these scandals take place; which, of course, are the greater in proportion as the field on which they are found is larger and wider, and the more shocking in proportion as the profession of sanctity, under which they exhibit themselves, is more prominent. What religious body can compare with us in duration or in extent? There are crimes enough to be found in the members of all denominations; if there are passages in our history, the like of which do not occur in the annals of Wesleyanism or of Independency, or the other religions of the day, recollect there have been no Anabaptist pontiffs, no Methodist kings, no Congregational monasteries, no Quaker populations. Let the tenets of Irving or Swedenborg spread, as they never can, through the world, and we should see it, amid the wealth, and power, and station which would accrue to their holders, they would bear their faculties more meekly than Catholics have done.—*Cardinal Newman.*

### EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

#### TO TEACHERS.

It is our purpose and hope to make the SHIELD a first class School and Literary Journal, through which the Catholic Educators of Ontario, whether Professors within the classic rooms of a College or Teachers of our Separate Schools, may become acquainted. No work is so worthy of the united effort of a Catholic people as the education of their children in harmony with the divine teachings of holy Church. To this end we will bend every energy of the SHIELD. We feel sure that Catholic Teachers, Catholic School Boards, and promoters of Catholic Education in general, will kindly assist in strengthening the fibre of our resolve. No pains will be spared to make the Educational Department merit the close attention of Teachers. With this purpose in view we will discuss practically in each succeeding number of the SHIELD one of the school subjects—commencing in the January number with "Reading."

Education in Manitoba is administered by a Provincial Board of Education consisting of twenty-one members, twelve of whom are Protestants and the other nine Roman Catholics. The Board is divided into two sections, dealing respectively with the Protestant and Roman Catholic Schools. These two sections have identically the same power. The disposition of school affairs in the Province of Quebec is somewhat similar; full justice being accorded to the Protestant minority by measures that enable them to govern and control their own schools. Is educational Ontario with its beasted liberality unable to gaze at the sun of justice? In what department of the educational government of this Province are two hundred and fifty thousand Catholics represented? And yet the principle of Separate Schools, in a crippled form, has been tramping through this Province for more than twenty years. Catholic teachers of Ontario, let us see to it, that before a year has passed the Minister of Education presents to this wandering, shivering, Separate School principle, a new suit of clothes.

It is pleasing to note that the average attendance of pupils in the Separate Schools of this Province is much greater than that of the Public School pupils in many of the Counties of Ontario. In Prince Edward the percentage of average attendance in the Public Schools for the year 1878 was 47; in Frontenac 36; in Middlesex 44; in

Waterloo 52; in Hastings 53—that of the Separate Schools for the whole Province the same year was 52 per cent.

Very Rev. C. Vincent, V. G., Superior of St. Michael's College Toronto, has been chosen by the College Faculty as their representative in the Senate of Toronto University.

The Protestant Teachers of Quebec held their annual convention at St. John's the last week of October, for the purpose of deliberating over the interests, of the Dissident or Protestant Separate Schools in that Province. We cannot see why the Protestants should have Separate Schools in Quebec. Oh! we forgot; we thought we were speaking of the Separate Schools of Ontario!

The State School System of the United States is the glory of the Republic. So think the promoters of it. We have, however, some able minds who think otherwise. Richard Grant White, for instance, fails to see such halo around its bell, Richard Grant White is acknowledged by the American mind to be an able thinker and a classic writer—*except when he deals with the American School Question.*

Not the least among the great and holy works of the late lamented and venerable Archbishop MacHale, was the establishment of Christian Brothers' Schools throughout his vast Arch-diocese. The "Lion of the fold of Judah," faithful shepherd as he was of both the religious and national fold, saw that the National Schools of Ireland were but hives of semi-infidelity and proselytism, and at a great expense substituted the Schools of the Christian Brothers in their stead.

The withdrawal of our 300 girls from the Public Schools of Lewiston, Me., who are to attend henceforth a Catholic Parochial School, will involve the closing of at least six of the Public Schools. This is truly a heavy slap in the face of the boastful American State School System.

The investigation that has been going on for some time into the system of "cram" pursued in the Toronto Public Schools will result in good for true education throughout the whole Province. The *Globe* deserves credit for laying bare the question. It is to be hoped that the inquiry will prevent teachers both in Public and High Schools from becoming mere intellectual taxidermists, issuing their cards in the various School Journals, and receiving promotions as a reward for their skilled art.

The town of Windsor possesses very excellent Catholic School facilities. There are few more beautiful Convents in Ontario than St. Mary's Academy, Windsor, which has an attendance this year of one hundred pupils. The Catholic School house too is a fine building and very well equipped.

Rev. J. J. MacCarthy is Chairman of the Brockville Separate School Board.

Mr. A. W. Guttridge has resigned the Principalship of Perth Separate School. Mr. Guttridge failed by only 17 marks at the last examination for First Class Certificates.

Rev. P. Bardon M. A. is Chairman, and A. Hawkins Esq., Secy. of the Brantford Separate School Board. The number of pupils in attendance at the Brantford Separate Schools is 365.

J. Brennan Esq., is the popular and energetic Chairman of Chatham Separate School Board.

Peterboro Separate School Board advertise for a staff of teachers. The Separate School building in Peterboro is one of the handsomest school structures in the Province.

There are fifty teachers engaged in the Catholic Schools of Toronto, which have an attendance of 3000 pupils.

Miss Doyle is teacher of the Whitby Separate School. Unostentatious in the display of its efficiency, the Whitby Separate School, with its able teacher, may be well classed amongst the first Separate Schools in the Province.

The Toronto Separate School Board have established a High School in the building formerly used as De LaSalle College. We commend this step of the Board as a wise and judicious act. It would be well if a few more Catholic High Schools were established in our cities, supplemented by a government grant.

A. O'Leary, Esq., Barrister, is Secretary of the Lindsay Separate School Board.

Mr. C. J. Doherty, the Conservative Candidate for the Local Legislature in Montreal West, is a Gold Medallist of McGill University.

The statement of an eminent professor of medicine, that students who passed through his hands rarely distinguished themselves if they were smokers, and the corresponding statement that within half a century no young man addicted to the use of tobacco has graduated at the head of his class at Harvard College, if reliable, are certainly strong arguments against its use.

Little Boston girls are required to learn by memory the latitude and longitude in degrees and fractions of degrees of no less than twenty-two towns, capes, promontories, bays, points and heads on the Scotch and English coasts. There is a lot of such stupid folly in one shape or another indulged in all our model public schools. To cram their little heads with a lot of useless knowledge is the aim and pride of automatic teachers.

Russia and France are just now most active in establishing manual training schools. In the Russian technical schools pupils pay about \$15 a year, taking ordinary school instruction for four and a half hours a day and working for five hours. Austria has eighty industrial schools which give instruction to about 4,000 pupils. In the French schools articles are manufactured for sale.

The *Philadelphia Record* says that of the 50,000 primary scholars in that city, rarely 50 per cent go into the secondary schools. Forty-two per cent of those who do go from the primary into the secondary schools never get any further.

Father Stafford, that stalwart friend of Catholic Education, has, we are glad to learn, returned from Europe much improved in health. Relating to his congregation the impressions of his tour, he said that when in England he visited one of three Catholic training schools established in that country. Two of them were under religious. One is in Liverpool and is called Mount Pleasant Training School. These training schools are similar to our normal schools for teachers, and receive a contribution from the government for their support, the same as the other training schools. He found that the Liverpool institution occupied a front place in the work of training teachers; and that their pupils were amongst the best teacher in England. It would be gratifying to him if we had one such school in this country, particularly for girls. In Ireland the Loretta sisters still held the leading place as teachers and were maintained mainly by the upper or better classes. Neither in England nor on the continent had he seen the schools so well supplied with maps, globes and other school furniture as in the province of Ontario. He might add in connection with a remark he had made the previous Sunday that many people in the old country believed that over education was producing a distaste for manual labour. It was objected that a great many became unfitted for manual labour by the education they had received and he heard the same objection stated in this country. It was maintained that it was not the duty of the state to provide superior education; that the state should simply provide the common or ordinary education and leave to the family or the individual the responsibility of obtaining or providing the higher class-

cal or professional education. There was not in Italy a government grant for superior education; and public opinion was moving in favor of this general policy. He was himself disposed to think that it was wrong to employ the public funds to give a special education; and that persons who were qualifying for the professions ought to do so at the expense of the family and not of the state. Of course there was a certain argument in favour of giving a superior education to boys of talent at the public expense; but that argument would apply to editors of newspapers as well. It was undeniable that a good editor of a newspaper was in many ways a great benefit to a community, but still there was no special education provided for him by the state. A great deal could be said in the same way in favor of educating clergymen at the public expense, for they undoubtedly exercise a beneficial influence, and had as good a right to a special education as lawyers or doctors, but they did not get it.

The Ottawa Teachers' Association held its annual meeting last month. The proceedings were more than usually interesting. Among other questions discussed was "Religious Training in Schools." We copy the following from the *Citizen*:

Miss Preston, of Victoria Ward Primary School, read an essay on "The Moral and Religious Training of our Schools." We are quite safe in saying that this is one of the best essays read before the association for a long time, whether we consider the beauty of style, depth of thought, or the pointed and spirited mode of expression. In Miss Preston's opinion the great majority of our schools sadly want some definite plan of moral and religious training, and that any such training now being done is of the most fortuitous character. Without laying the blame of the omission wholly upon the teachers, for the provisions made by the Education Department for moral and religious training are of the most meagre description, she thought that the teachers could do far more than the great majority of them were now doing. Miss Preston illustrated how this might be done by explaining how she did it herself.

J. McMillan said he agreed with Miss Preston's conclusions. The State was largely to blame for the neglect of religious training in our schools. He believed that great harm was resulting from this neglect. He was opposed, however, to any one giving religious instruction unless there was some guarantee that he was competent to do so. The State did not exact any such qualification on the part of teachers. The department regulations provided that clergymen so desiring, could give religious instruction once a week, after school hours, to the pupils. This arrangement would not, perhaps, give all the results desirable, but it did provide a way so that some religious instruction might be given. Considering the fact that in the great majority of cases where deep religious instructions are awakened, it is done during youth before bad habits are formed, he considered it a great and crying shame that the clergy of the country, with hardly an exception, had never taken advantage of that regulation. He regretted that he could not make that statement in a far more public manner. During the fifteen or sixteen years he had been teaching in the city of Ottawa, no clergyman had ever visited his class for the purpose of giving religious instruction.

To the Editor of the "CATHOLIC SHIELD":  
SIR,

A journal devoted to the interests of Catholic Education and Separate Schools in Ontario, if properly conducted, would certainly be productive of much good; and as I am informed you purpose making the "Catholic Shield" such a journal, I hope you will receive that encouragement which your laudable work deserved.

In that part of our School Act pertaining to Separate Schools, are certainly many defects, which it is the duty of all interested in the welfare of our Ontario School System to endeavor to have remedied as speedily as possible.

The following are the chief requirements at present, to give our Separate Schools the position which they should occupy:—

I. All school tax paid by Separate School supporters on property, *occupies* as well as unoccupied, situate within three miles of a Separate School house, should go to the Separate School Board.

II. A Catholic who has become a Separate School supporter should not have the privilege of thereafter withdrawing his taxes from Separate Schools so long as his property remains within the stated limit.

III. So much of the rate levied annually upon the several Towns and Villages, as well as Townships, equivalent to the Legislative Grant, which shall have been levied upon and collected from any



persons being supporters of Separate Schools in said Towns and Villages, should be paid over by the County, and municipal treasurers to the trustees of the Separate School of which such persons are supporters as aforesaid. Art 2 Sec. 26, Act of 1879 should be amended to include Towns and Villages.

IV. Authority to establish Separate High Schools, supported similarly to the present High Schools and Collegiate Institutes.

V. Catholic Inspectors for Separate Schools; say one in each diocese: said Inspectors to be subject to similar regulations as the Public School Inspectors.

In your article—"The School Question Again" in Nov. No., have you not made a mistake in the part relating to the borrowing powers of Separate School Boards? See Sec. 24, Act 1879.

Faithfully Yours,

SAMUEL R. BROWN,  
Headmaster Sep. School.

LONDON, NOV. 12th, 1881.

The section cited by our correspondent is not worth the paper it is printed on. We said in the article referred to, that "some of the presumably good points (of the Law)—late amendments for instance—are absolutely worthless in action." Sec. 24, Act 1879, is one of them. It has been tried and found wanting.—Ed. C. S.

Our talented and energetic young friend, Mr. T. O'Hagan, has been appointed to the principalship of the Chatham Separate School, one of the best equipped in the Province. Belleville's loss is Chatham's gain. Our sincere condolences to the former. our hearty congratulations to the latter.

To the Editor of THE SHIELD.

DEAR SIR,

Through the kindness of one of your contributors I received last month a copy of your excellent journal, the SHIELD.

There can I think, be only one opinion regarding its usefulness—that it is the best possible medium for an interchange of ideas among those interested in Catholic Education, and for awakening Catholic public sentiment to a true sense of the wrongs under which our school system still labors.

Judging from the variety, vigor and finish of its articles, it is safe to say that in the SHIELD the scholar and the general reader will find an unfailing source of profit and delight, and the Catholic Cause, what it should not lose through lack of support, an able and timely champion.

Respectfully Yours,

W. V. LYNCH  
Sep. Sch. Teacher.

BARRIE, ONT. NOV. 15th, 1881.

That Massachussetts' much vaunted school system is still not quite perfect is sometimes conceded by the candid Bostonians. The *Journal*, for example, asks if the thoroughness of the system does not overweight it and rub it of some of its most desirable results. There is a formidable list of subjects taught and there is a tendency to lengthen it. Already the grade of instruction in high schools is above that which colleges maintained twenty-five years ago, and some forty towns are voluntarily maintaining such schools. "There are no days," continues the *Journal*, "showing what percentage of pupils end their student life with the schools of the grammar grade, nor what is taught in these schools; but that vast numbers enter upon active life with but scant mental discipline is too well known." "Too much time has been spent upon a variety of studies. It seems absurd that it should still be necessary to preach the doctrine that a few subjects thoroughly understood are of more advantage than is a smattering of many."

Bread and butter school boards should be reminded, says the *N. Y. Tribune*, is more useful and wholesome than cake. The San Francisco Board lately decided that it could not afford to spend \$50 a month on teaching fifty or sixty little children on the kindergarten plan, but it found it perfectly easy at the same meeting to employ a drawing teacher at \$135 a month. The fifty or sixty little Arabs consequently drift about the streets neglected, while the costly drawing teacher directs in the higher grades a study of doubtful utility. Neither in this country nor in England has drawing instruction in public elementary schools proved an unequivocal success. In the course of the many years during which the

experiment has been tried there has been no evidence to show that the plan was better than that of establishing special technical schools in each city and large town. Probably the day will come when school boards will recognize this fact; and will realize too, that the free kindergarten which brings under proper influences the rough little wanderers on the city streets is a school which cannot be too carefully tended and heartily encouraged.

A writer in the Philadelphia *Ledger* says, "I think we have about the vilest plan of education in our public schools that was ever devised. To save my children from being reduced to idiocy I sent them to private instead of public schools as long as I could afford it, but this winter concluded to give the latter a trial. The other day I heard my little girl sobbing over a rule which she was trying to commit to memory, in the following words, to wit: Rule for Short Division Rule, dash one, write the divisor at the left of the dividend, semicolon, begin at the left hand, comma, and divide the number denoted by each figure of the dividend by the divisor, comma, and write the quotient beneath, period. Paragraph, 2. If there is a remainder after any division, comma, regard it as prefixed to the next figure, comma, and divide as before, period. If any partial dividend is less than the divisor, comma, prefix it to the next figure, comma, and write a cipher in the quotient period. Paragraph Proof period dash multiply the quotient by the divisor, comma, and add the remainder, comma, if any, comma, to the product, period. Utterly amazed that any educator of the young should expect children under ten years of age to commit to memory such a jargon of words that even the mature mind cannot follow the meaning of, I made inquiry and found that the pupils were required to study rules in this way in order that they might be able to write them out and "point" them not correctly, but according to the book. I also found that if a comma was left out, though the sense remained unchanged, the pupil suffered as much in loss of marks as though she had committed a vital blunder."

A passage from the Manuscript Memoirs of Henry de Mesmes, gives a pleasant picture of college life in the sixteenth century, and may be taken as an example of the sort of labor imposed on a law student. "My father," he says, "gave me for a tutor John Maludan Limoges, a pupil of the learned Durat, to preside over my early years, till I should be old enough to govern myself. With him and my brother, John James de Mesmes, I was sent to the college of Burgundy, and was put into the third class; I afterwards spent almost a year in the first. My father said he had two motives in sending me to the college; the one was the cheerful and innocent conversation of the boys, the other was the school discipline, by which he trusted we should be weaned from the over-fondness that had been shown us at home, and purified, as it were, in fresh water. Those eighteen months I passed at college were of great service to me. I learned to recite, to dispute, and to speak in public; and I became acquainted with several excellent men, many of whom are still living. I learned, moreover, the frugality of the scholar's life, and how to portion out my day to advantage, so that by the time I left I had repeated in public abundance of Latin, and two thousand Greek verses which I had written after the fashion of boys of my age, and I could repeat Homer from one end to the other. I was thus well received by the chief men of my time, to some of whom my tutor introduced me. In 1545, I was sent to Toulouse with my tutor and brother, to study law under an old grey-haired professor, who had travelled half over the world. There we remained for three years, studying severely, and under such strict rules as I fancy few persons now-a-days would care to comply with. We rose at four, and having said our prayers, went to lectures at five, with our great books under our arms, and our ink-horns and candlesticks in our hands. We attended all the lectures until ten o'clock, without intermission, we then went to dinner, after having hastily collated during half an hour what our master had written down. After dinner, by way of diversion, we read Sophocles, or Aristophanes, or Euripides, and sometimes Demosthenes, Tully, Virgil, and Horace. At one, we were at our studies again, returning home at five to repeat and turn to the places quoted in our books, till past six, then came supper, after which we read some Greek or Latin author. On feast days we heard Mass and Vespers, and the rest of the day we were allowed a little music and walking; sometimes we went to see our friends, who invited us much oftener than we were permitted to go. The rest of the day we spent in reading and we generally had with us some learned men of this time."—*Notre Dame Scholastic*.