

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
									✓		

# THE CATHOLIC SHIELD.

A MONTHLY CHRONICLE AND GENERAL REVIEW.

*"Scuto circumdabit te veritas ejus."*

Subscription: \$1.00 per annum in advance.

Single Copy, 10 Cts.

Vol. I.

OTTAWA, MARCH—APRIL, 1882.

Nos. 11 & 12.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
I.—Valedictory.....	161
II.—Separate School Inspection.....	161
III.—A little Bit of English (Mis) Rule in Ireland ( <i>concluded</i> ) .	162
IV.—Why I do not accept Darwinism.....	163
V.—The Secret of the Crucifix (Poetry).....	164
VI.—Veronica.....	165
VII.—Six weeks in Ireland in 1881.....	167
VIII.—The Irish Question.....	172
IX.—Educational Notes.....	178

## THE CATHOLIC SHIELD.

### VALEDICTORY.

The present number, as previously intimated, is the last issue of the CATHOLIC SHIELD. The publication does not cease for lack of support, but because the Editor, owing to other demands on his time, cannot longer attend to its supervision.

As our little periodical was not ushered into existence for the purpose of "filling a want long felt" in the community, we do not suppose there are any who will have reason to lament its demise; indeed we do not feel any inclination to weep ourselves.

They say that "the good die young." It were, perhaps, more truthful to say, "the young die good." But taking the proverb as it runs, must not we be very, very good, to be thus early removed from the wicked company of the printer's devil!

To our patrons and contributors we return our best thanks; to our brothers of the press, our hearty acknowledgements for exchanges and other favors received. Vale! Vale!

May we rest in peace!

*Wm. J. Whelan*

## SEPARATE SCHOOL INSPECTION.

We are pleased to record the appointment of Mr. White, late Principal of the Lindsay Separate Schools, as Inspector of Separate Schools for Ontario. Mr. White is a young gentleman of ability, and his training and experience have been such as to warrant the prediction that he will perform the duties of his new position with success. When Archbishop Lynch generously offered a reward of one hundred dollars to the first Roman Catholic student who would secure a First Class Certificate, Grade A, from the Toronto Normal School, Mr. White carried off the honors. We hope that he may be of great service to the cause of education generally in his new position.—*Canada School Journal, March.*

Mr. James Francis White, of Trenton, holder of a First Class Grade A, Public School Teacher's Certificate and a Public School Inspector's Certificate, has been appointed to the Inspectorship of Roman Catholic Separate Schools sanctioned by the Legislature last session. The chief duty belonging to the new office was formerly discharged by the High School Inspectors, when three in number instead of two as at present.—*Globe, March 25.*

Mr. White was until recently Principal of the Lindsay Separate School, which, under his management, became one of the most successful in the province. He enters his new office highly recommended by Father Stafford and other leading educationists in that section, and it is confidently expected that he will prove a most efficient Inspector.

The creation of this office and the appointment of Mr. White fully bears out our estimate of Mr. Crook's friendliness towards Separate Schools, and effectively disposes of the counter charges from time to time trumped up against him for political purposes. Mr. Crook has always given due consideration to proper representations from proper quarters in Catholic interests, but "cranks" like Mr. Bell he deservedly treats with contempt.

Probably it will be found necessary to appoint a second Inspector next year. If so, we feel quite certain that the Minister will act with equal promptness, and select none but a person equally well qualified for the position.

A LITTLE BIT OF ENGLISH (MIS) RULE  
IN IRELAND.

(Concluded)

Of course there was something to be gained by all this murdering of Irishmen—remuneration to be had for this “putting man and woman and child to death” so loyally boasted of by Sir Humphrey Gilbert (Raleighs half brother); and it gives us a rare insight into the titles of some of the Irish landlords of the present day. Raleigh had long wished to seize on the Castle of Barry’s Court, and the adjoining island, ostensibly because it “was a great strength and a safety for all passengers between Cork and Youghall,” but in reality because he hoped to get it as a reward for his services. This estate which extended from Rostellan Castle to Pota included one side of Cork harbor. Raleigh thus modestly asks it of Sir Francis Walsingham in 1581:

“I beseech your Honor that I may by your means “enjoy the keeping of this Barre Court and the Island; “or that it will please your Honor to writ to my Lord “Deputy, that he will confirm it unto me. Thus humbly “I take my leve, reposing myselfe and my estat upon “your Honor’s favor.

“From Cork the 25th of February.”

Raleighs petition was not granted. His want of success did not damp his ardor—in asking. Four years later, and one year after his first expedition to America, he asked, and this time obtained from Elisabeth a grant of 12,000 acres in the province of Munster. A marginal note in her own handwriting, on the warrant, attests the Queen’s anxiety to hasten the completion of the grant. “*Bis dat qui cito dat.*” Amidst the foreign undertakers who were devouring the lands of the Earl of Desmond, and the plunder of the Church, our Knight of the Velvet-Cloak was evidently the favourite, and was allowed to pick and choose. He began at the “havan roiall” of Youghall and at both sides of the river took the best. “Raleighs broad lands” says Mr. Edwards “were thickly wooded.” Molana Abbey, where Raymond le Gros is buried, was granted to Raleigh the year after the monastery was dissolved. The Preceptory of the Knights Templar at Renew and the confiscated lands of the order were granted to Raleigh by letters patent that are still preserved in the Duke of Devonshires archives at Lis-more. With such remuneration before their eyes is it to be wondered at, that the sordid sons of English gentlemen shewed themselves such zealous butchers of the Irishry. With such a title to their lands before them, can Irish landlords of the present day be said to have any?

Some recent writers have sought to prove that neither religious animosity nor nationality played any great part in these Elizabethian excesses in Ireland. The land question (land grab) they argue was the question of the day. This only lowers these excesses to

a lower notch of infamy. The more sordid the motive, other things being equal, the more degrading the crime. That “shop” is essentially an English idea, we allow; and is certainly a more degrading one than “Church.” Granting their contention we must look upon the Elizabethian outrages as far less excusable than the Crownwelliam. Meanwhile poor Ireland as far as she was concerned found no great difference. Whether down from motives of “shop” or of “Church” they were the same atrocities.

It may be interesting to some of our readers, whilst it will illustrate another phase of English mis-rule, to know what has become of all those wooded lands, which won for Ireland from the ancient chroniclers the name of “Fiodha Inis,” the island of the trees. In a letter addressed to Lord Burghly in 1588, Mr. George Longe in the true spirit of an English (mis) ruler urges my Lord Treasurer to transfer to Ireland thirteen out of the fifteen glass manufactories then existing in England, for the reason that “the woods of England will be thereby preserved, and the woods of Ireland wasted, than which in time of rebellion her Majesty hath no greater enemy there.” Gauging this idea with the suppression in after years of the woolen and other trades in Ireland, we shall find it a principle of English mis-rule to introduce manufactories in Ireland when they will be prejudicial, and to suppress them when they will be beneficial to her—an admirable principle of mis-rule, and one which throws considerable light upon England’s modern fear that Galway may become a port of departure.

Raleigh, still in the interests of money making, brought over gangs of English wood-cutters and soon made short work of venerable groves of oak and yew, wherever the waters of Avonduo and its tributaries could convey timber to his ships at Youghall. As it was the age of monopolies (the good Queen Bess granted a monopoly of all the old shoes in her dominion) Raleigh obtained one for exporting pipe-staves to the continent, and for years the wines of France, Spain and even Italy came to England in Raleigh’s hogs-heads of Irish wood. When Spencer first welcomed Raleigh to Killeolman Castle it was

Bordered with a wood

Of matchless hight, that seem’d the earth to disdain  
In which all trees of honor stately stood.

In a few years not a tree was left, and “the woody Killeolman” stood before the world a few naked fields surrounding the bare and burnt walls of the castle. Meet emblem of English mis-rule in Ireland. Let the American traveler in Ireland, as his eye wonders over these bleak hills and woodless valleys, keeps well in mind the fact, that e’er the Saxon invader trod the land those hills and valleys were clothed with stately oak and sombre yew; but that when English land hunger had settled in her plains, those noble oaks and sombre yews were ruthlessly cut down, lest their merciful branches should stay the English sabre as it

fell on crouching child and nursing mother in its mission of utter extermination. The thought will serve to nourish in his breast an ardent admiration for the many beauties of English rule in Ireland.

Lord Grey—that Lord Grey who was Raleigh's first master and from whom he doubtless drew his inspiration,—said, that the only way to deal with Ireland was by "a Mahometan conquest." Mr. Froude of eccentric memory is of the same opinion, and calls it "a cruel but in the long run a merciful suggestion." We do not know but that Froude is right. Better extermination pure and simple, than to be allowed to increase and multiply for a slow death, better the dull heavy thud of hanging and all over, than the slow silent straining of the rack for centuries repeated: *vive la Guillotine! à bas viva-section!*

But then what a state of governmental imbecility does this plea acknowledge? "Dragonade" is not government. "Putting man and woman and child to death," tears down the charter of the most ancient regime. You are out of court O England, in your government of Ireland; by virtue of seven centuries of miserable failure therein you are out of court. Would to God you had intelligence enough to see it! Whom the gods wish to destroy, them they first render imbecile.

Mr. Froude thinks, that had Cromwell lived he would have completed "a Mahometan conquest," i. e. a conquest of utter extermination. And yet it had been already tried and—failed. Whatever ideas of gain may have been the ulterior aim of Raleigh's acts, there is no doubt that Elizabeth's Irish policy (and no one felt this more than Raleigh) was Mahometan. Elizabeth's reign was not a short one. From the time when the Lord Deputy Sussex arranged with her for the assassination of John O'Neill down to her last interview with Raleigh was a period of forty years. During that time the only servants she rewarded for work in Ireland were the Mahometan conquest ones. It was not victories, it was extermination she wanted. Sussex with his hired assassins and poisoners was a failure and was rewarded. Ormond and the second Essex were recalled because Raleigh thought he had discovered some thought of Irish interests intermingled with their English work. Ormond was relentless enough in all conscience, but he was not prepared with the Gilberts and Carews to get the Irish to come in from the woods and mountains of Duhallow, under pledge of protection, and then seizing them unprepared, to hang them up as Raleigh did from the North-Gate Bridge to the Red Abbey of Cork. To Ormond the Irish were human beings with human rights. To the English they were vermin to be cleared off the earth by any means that offered. And with what result? One of Ireland's most relentless enemies in these our days notes these results with an evident inward chuckle. "The entire Province of Munster," says Mr. Froude, "was utterly depopulated. Hecatombs of helpless creatures, the aged, the sick and the blind,

the young mother and the babe at her breast, had fallen under the English sword: and though the authentic details of the struggle have been forgotten, the memory of a vague horror remains imprinted in the national traditions."

It is a pleasing picture truly this little bit of English (mis) rule in Ireland, and one well calculated withal to inspire the Ireland of to-day with confidence in buckshot policy.

H. B.

### WHY I DO NOT ACCEPT DARWINISM.

(POPULARLY STATED.)

Amongst the inhabitants of the sea are certain fleshy substances, in form resembling plants or flowers, called by Zoologists Polypi (we will call them *polipods*) and by others of less scientific attainments Sea-anemones. The stalk, such as it is, is in reality a stomach, and around a mouth of no very handsome form, but doubtless a useful one enough, are numerous arms, which float about in search of prey. Our polypod friend is of so simple a turn of mind, and so adaptive to circumstances withal that of you turn him inside out, as you do your stocking, the new interior becomes a new stomach, and the whole animal economy, refusing to be stayed by trifles, proceeds as usual. To say that those proceedings are simple in the extreme goes without saying. They consist in fact of eating and rejecting, for the food returns by the orifice through which it entered, a simplicity of arrangement more to be admired in the breach than in the practice. Irritate our friend, and he will immediately turn himself wrong-side out, (if such an amiable gentleman can have a *wrong* side) and will thus deprive himself of his last meal to please a neighbour. Any portion of this curious customer cut off from the rest, becomes in a short time a new economy setting up for itself, and asserting its polipod individuality with as much assurance and vigour as an Alexander or a Napoleon.

Now here from the Darwinian point of view, we have the great progenitor of *man*. Leave him alone only long enough—this pudgy little belly without legs will, thanks to natural selection and the battle for life, become a man.

To say that we do not like Darwinism would not be to state the truth. Dramatically, or from the point of view of pantomime, we love and admire Darwinism immensely. From the point of view of philosophy and common-sense (which are or ought to be the same thing) our love and admiration are considerably modified.

Popularly stated Darwinism, or what is more properly called Evolution, supposes man, as the highest type of animal organism, to have been evolved out of some lower type of organism—this lower type to have been evolved in its turn out of a still lower organism, and so on until you arrive at the lowest of

all animal organisms, which for the sake of simplicity we will suppose to be our polypod friend, that demoralized being, all belly and no legs, we have just introduced to our readers. In other words, to express Evolution still more popularly (for we are not writing a scientific treatise) man has "leveled up" from the polypod through the ape to man. Our poets have formulated this theory with a certain genial sarcasm. Lord Neave puts it:

"An ape with a pliable thumb and big brain,  
When the gift of the gab, he had managed to gain  
As a lord of creation established his reign  
Which nobody can deny."

Here our poet gives the pith of the refutation of Darwinism nearer perhaps than he was aware of. But this is to anticipate. Mortimer Collins gives us the same idea in other words and livelier verse:

"There was an ape in the days that were earlier;  
Centuries passed and his hair became curlier;  
Centuries more gave a thumb to his wrist;  
Then he was Man and a Positivist"

Now at first sight this theory, though scarcely complimentary to man from an ancestral point of view, is a very fascinating and plausible one. There is always something fascinating in a self-made man. To see a millionaire with his palace home and fairy gardens, his fast horses and immense balance at his bankers, and to learn as an historical fact, that this merchant prince has evolved himself, or to use the more homely phrase has "leveled up" from the gutter child, through the successive stages of street arab, crossing-sweeper, boot-black, coster-monger, fruit dealer, man-on-change, to the merchant prince is like a glimpse of fairy land, or a chapter from the Arabian Nights. So with Man in his relation to the polypod. To see this noblest of God's creatures, Man, and to learn from him, that though now so noble, so powerful, so refined, he was once only a dirty little sac—eating and spewing and eating again:—to find him passing from this cul-de-sac of polypod-dom through all the different stages of insect, fish, reptile, bird and animal life to man, is a page of romance never dreamt of even in eastern story. 'Tis a wondrous picture doubtless—but is it true? We think not—and for this reason.

In this ascent from the polypod to man, we have evidently a new accession of power, which the evolutionists have failed to account for. The evolutionists have never told us the exact ladder of animal life by which the polypod has walked up to man. Positivists as they are, or profess to be, they are not positive on this. But they have told us in general terms, that the ascent has been made through certain non-specific animals; by a passage from one lower type to a higher. Now this passage from a lower type to a higher implies the accession of some new force. They call it by the specious name of "natural selection," "the battle for life," and "a geological number of years." Call it by what names they like, it is a fresh force—a force outside the type, and is unaccounted for. It is in fact the fairy wand of the pantomine, changing the

toad-stool into a blooming rose of gigantic proportions, and this again into "a blushing girl of sweet sixteen." Now as in the pantomine the fairy wand is something outside the toad-stool, the blooming rose, and the blushing maiden, so in the progress of our polypod friend to man-dom, "natural selection," "the battle for life" and "a geological term of years," are forces outside species, and must be accounted for as accurately as species itself, if Evolution has to be accepted as a philosophic account of man.

Here then is our answer to the question, "Why do you not accept Darwinism?" because Darwinism implies, that at every step of the ascent to man, there has been postulated a fresh influx of power, a gradual absorbing of new qualities; or as Dr. Martineau has expressed it in the jargon of the schools—an aggregate of inappreciable increments is simultaneously equated—in its cause to nothing, in its effect to the whole of things. As Shakespear would put it—"too much bread to such an inconsonable little sack." That would be a poor Euclid which should have more postulates than proofs.

There are notably two other processes, wherein the evolutionists postulate this fresh influx of power; in other words wherein they constantly fail to account for the new elements they introduce into their rational of evolution: first, in the transition from inorganic to organic life; and second in the long ascent from matter and mechanical force to the human mind and will.

An organic whole is not the mere sum total of the constituent atoms. "The parallel," says Huxley, "between a whirlpool and a living being is as just as it is striking. The whirlpool is permanent, but the particles of water which constitute it are incessantly changing." The turmoil of molecules in a living being may, he thinks, be likened to the vortex of Niagara, wherein the vortex is unchanged for centuries, whilst the drops of water which constitute it are changing every moment. Now it is precisely here that Evolutionism is weak and incomplete—it is here again that it postulates a fresh influx of force without accounting for it. If the molecules in a living being are always changing like the molecules of the vortex of Niagara and yet that living being is ever constituted by atoms entering, running their course and then going out, what fresh power is it that makes those atoms a living being whilst they are running their course, and leaves them only atoms before their entrance and after their exit from the animal vortex? Until Evolutionism has explained this power we cannot accept it as the true account of man.

H. B.

—:O:—  
THE SECRET OF THE CRUCIFIX.\*

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

It hung above a little Western altar,  
Within a chapel vowed to Lima's Saint—  
Aylum of St. Rosal! 'twas thy dear altar,  
Which held that Crucifix, antique and quaint.

\* The incident of this beautiful poem is founded on a fact of recent occurrence in one of the largest cities of the West.—Ed. "AVE MARIA."

That old and homely symbol of Redemption,  
Worn by the touch of time, and dark with age,  
Revealing still to reverent attention  
The Sacred Wounds—Love's dearest heritage ;—

For more than thirty years, the white-capp'd Sisters  
Had, kneeling, bowed before its sacred shrine,  
Whence, like the brazen serpent in the desert,  
Was lifted up Salvation's mystic sign.

But none amongst them, not the eldest daughter  
Of all St. Vincent's band that worshipp'd there,  
Could tell whence came that Cross above the altar,  
Or who had throned it in that place of prayer.

But, as the years, (each one a tranquil river),  
Swept with their peaceful freight to God's great Sea,  
Like gentle doves their nest adorning ever,  
The Sisters 'round that shrine wrought ceaselessly.

And what with linens and with fleecy laces,  
With flowers, and lights to guard the sacred Pyx.  
The sanctuary's fresh and radiant graces  
Quite put to shame the time-worn Crucifix.

And so it chanced, one day, that some sweet Sister,  
Moved by a zeal for God's fair dwelling-place,  
Set a new crucifix above the altar,  
And bore away the ancient sign of grace.

And to that spot, that pure and peaceful chamber,  
The room of the Community,—she went:  
Before a statue of our Blessed Lady,  
The homely image placed: and was content.

A day elapsed: but one brief day, and busy,  
When, like a flower, fresh with morning dew,  
Fresh with the dews of prayer, the Sœur Assisi  
(A little suffering Sister) closer drew.

To the old Crucifix. Around it floated  
A ruddy glow, as if from fiery heat  
Hidden within ;—a rusty hinge she noted  
Beneath the shadow of the Wounded Feet.

And, pressing on it with a trembling finger,  
The Crucifix swung open at its base,  
And in that little secret, hollow chamber,  
Behold! revealed, a tiny silver vase!

A cross upon its lid, its fair enclosure  
Fretted with gold,—a long-forgotten shrine:  
Within the tiny cup (O strange disclosure!)  
The Sister saw the SACRED HOST divine!

Borne on the bosom of some missionary  
(Whose bones long since had crumbled into dust,  
Over the breezy stretch of Western prairie,  
Thro' summer sunshine and thro' wintry gust

The Crucifix had gone upon its mission,  
Hid in the breast of pastor brave and bold,  
Bearing the dear Lord in His tiny prison  
Unto the sick and dying of the fold.

Until, perchance, the shepherd's feet had faltered  
Beside some rushing stream, in some dim wood;  
And, one sad day, with visage white and altered,  
They found him, dead, in that wild solitude;

And, searching, lifted from that breast, in sorrow,  
The little Crucifix, which gave no sign  
Of the great Presence hidden in its hollow,  
Under the shadow of the Feet divine!

O Crucifix! thou tellest the sweet story  
With the mute speech of every Wounded Limb,  
Tellest of one who perished for God's glory,  
And for the precious souls redeemed by Him.

And as (tho' long-conceal'd) thy Guest, unbidden,  
Revealed Himself most graciously at last,  
So shall that Christian hero's name, long hidden,  
Shine forth, one day, all glorious from the past.

## VERONICA.

*The Woman Who Handed a Veil to Jesus With Which to Wipe His Face.*

When Jesus was on his way to be crucified, a woman came out of her house to look at the procession going to Calvary, and seeing Him pale, disfigured, and covered with blood, could not restrain herself at the sight; but overcome with compassion, she pushed her way through the soldiers, and presented Him a veil wherewith to wipe His adorable face. Jesus pressed it to His countenance and, thanking her, returned it. This woman was called Beronice. It was she, according to the general belief, who had been cured of a flux of blood by simply touching the hem of His sacred garment.

However extraordinary the action of this pious woman may appear, says the author of "The Last Journey and Memorials of the Redeemer," those who know the then existing custom among Jewish women of wearing a woolen, silk or cotton veil on the neck or head, will not be surprised at it, as we also know that it was customary to offer it to friends met in tears or who were otherwise suffering. This, then, is in fact the primary signification of the word shroud, which Bergier defines in his theological dictionary: "A veil or handkerchief to wipe the face." This woman, therefore, only conformed to the custom of her country, though she had to encounter the fury of the soldiers and the rough treatment of the mob; and by her charity and generosity she was worthy of winning a pledge of eternal love. Her action, so full of devotion, will be extolled in all ages; and pious souls will bless her unceasingly for the honor she rendered to Jesus in His painful agony.

A low door at the left side of one of the streets of Jerusalem and a pillar of red granite lying almost at right angles with the entrance indicate the house of this holy woman; "or, to speak more correctly, the place on which that house was built, for even the ruins of it have disappeared, and it is now the site of the habitation of a Greek family." (Geramb, t. i. p. 324.) This is the Sixth Station of the Cross, distant about one hundred and fourteen paces from where Simon began to help Christ to carry the Cross; between the two the road rises moderately.

Entering her house and unfolding her veil this woman sees, with mingled feelings of wonder, joy, and tenderness, that Jesus in His infinite power had requited her compassion by imprinting upon this cloth the image of His divine face such as she had just seen it, pale and disfigured. What a precious memorial bequeathed to her by the Saviour! From that moment she was no longer known among the faithful by her former name of Beronice, but by that of Veronica, a name composed of two words, the one Latin and the other Greek—*vera, icon*, true image.

Kept during the first stages in the Catacombs, this miraculous image passed into the Constantinian basilica of the Vatican. It is now at St. Peter's in Rome, under the name of *Volta Santo*. It is preserved with other relics in one of the four pillars which sustain the dome of the basilica. "The relics, which are shown to the people on certain days," says Baron de Geramb, "are preserved in elegant niches above the statues, to which they ascend by steps hewed to the thickness of pilasters. Only the Canons of St. Peter's can ascend to them; so that whoever desires to see them must first be named titularly canon of that church, a favor which is accorded only to strangers of great distinction. In the year

1025 Urban VIII gave this title to Ladislaus, who afterwards became King of Poland, and in 1700 Innocent XII gave it to Cosmus III, Grand Duke of Tuscany. At an earlier period, in the year 1425, the Emperor Frederic III, being at Rome for his coronation, received from Nicholas V permission to see, in the habit of canon, the veil of St. Veronica." (*Voy. a Rome*)

In a fragment of one of those numerous works of piety mentioned of St. Jerome, which has been happily transmitted to us, St. Methodius, Bishop of Tyre, about the year 311, and soon afterwards a martyr, has preserved the interesting account of the translation of this relic to Rome. Here is the substance of his narrative :

The fame of the miracles of our Saviour had reached the ears of Tiberius through public rumor and the official reports of Pilate. The emperor having fallen sick, desired to see this extraordinary personage who was living in Judea. "If He be a god," said he, "He can cure me; if He be a man, He can help me by His counsel." He called one of his officers, named Volusianus, and sent him to Palestine with orders to bring Jesus to him. The officer embarked immediately, but, having an adverse voyage, he arrived in Judea only after the death of our Lord. Not being able to accomplish his mission, he wished at least to bring back to the emperor some memorial of the Nazarene. He learned that a woman who was living in the city of Tyre had been cured by Jesus and that she possessed His portrait. Volusianus sent for her and obliged her to follow him with the likeness. On his return Volusianus presented this woman to Tiberius, on seeing whom the emperor asked her if it were true that she had been cured. "It is so," replied the woman, presenting the image of our Saviour to Tiberius, who was cured on the spot. Penetrated with gratitude, the emperor repaired to the Senate and proposed to place Jesus among the number of the gods. The senators refused, upon which the prince, giving way to his anger and resentment, put to death many of the members of this illustrious assembly. As to the woman of Tyre, she remained at Rome and bequeathed the image of the Saviour to Pope St. Clement, who carefully preserved it and transmitted it to his successors.

Several observations may be made on this tradition : 1st. It says that Tiberius knew the miracles of our Saviour. This fact is also attested by Tertullian and St. Justin, who say in their Apologies that the acts of our Saviour, written by Pilate, were preserved at Rome in the archives of the Senate; and we know moreover that the governors of the provinces used to send to the emperors accounts of all the extraordinary events that transpired under their administrations. A similar practise prevails even now in France, in England, and in many other countries. 2nd. It contains no circumstance repugnant to reason, or which contradicts known facts. 3rd. It affirms that Tiberius, irritated at the refusal of the Senate to have Jesus Christ admitted into the number of the gods, avenged himself upon that body by putting many of its members to death. This detail, so far from being contrary to history, in reality accords with it by giving the reason of a fact reported by Tacitus and Suetonius—that is, the vengeance exercised by Tiberius against the Senate. However this tradition may be regarded, one thing is certain, that the *sacred veil* has been honored at the Vatican from the remotest antiquity. As early as the eighth century a solemn fast was established in its honor.

It will be said, however, that the sacred veil is honored in several churches, just as certain critics of our day are not afraid to assert that the body of the

same martyr is honored in many places. We will briefly reply to those pretended difficulties: 1st. It imports but little what passes in other churches; it suffices to know that the *sacred veil* is preserved at Rome, invested with the three principal proofs of authenticity—the antiquity of its testimonials, the priority of its veneration, and the judgment of competent authority. 2nd. The simultaneous existence of several veils or kerchiefs, sanctified by the touch of the Saviour, is not impossible; indeed, to those who are acquainted with the history of the first Christians it even seems probable. Many may have been called sacred veils because they contained particles of the true one. Particles, or even dust of filings, from the true cross are frequently deposited in others of various materials. Now, in the common language of Christians, these second nails are called sacred; and, although they have pierced neither the hands nor the feet of our Saviour, they are not the less objects of a just veneration. Many other answers could be given, but we have already passed the limits of simple note.

The Veronics venerated in certain churches can only be fac-similes, with perhaps a fringe from the border of the original; or they may, perhaps, have simply touched it. I myself possess one of these latter fac-similes imprinted on linen, which was given me at Rome. Those who desire more ample details of this holy relic, its authenticity, the solemnities of which it has been the object in all Christian ages, etc., will find them fully set forth in the Bollandists' collection, vol. iv., pp. 454, 463, and vol. xxvii, p. 87.

On my return from Rome, having presented one of these *Holy Faces* to a pious lady, she observed immediately that the holy crown was not represented on it.

With the opinion that I myself held at the time, that Jesus wore the thorns from the Pretorium to Calvary, I did not know what to reply. Some days afterwards, in reading over the Bollandists, I believed I had found (vol. xxvii, p. 87) the answer to this difficulty where I read that a veil had been offered to Jesus by St. Martha also, who, in company with other holy women, were seeking Him at the moment He came out from the grotto of Gethsemani, immediately after His agony, and before being betrayed, and that the same miracle as that performed in favor of Berenice was then wrought. But I have since, I think, found a better explanation in the text of the apocryphal gospel of Nicodemus :

"And Jesus went out from the Pretorium, and the two thieves with Him. And when they had arrived at the place which is called Golgotha, the soldiers stripped Him of His garments and girded Him with a cloth, and they put on His head a crown of thorns, and they placed a reed in His hands. And they crucified also two thieves," etc.

The words of this text plainly lead us to believe that the horrible farce of the Pretorium was re-enacted on Calvary, that the reed and the crown, as well as the inscription for the cross, were borne at the head of the procession as trophies of chastisement and as a proof of accusation, and that consequently Jesus had not this crown on when Berenice met him. To give more weight to our supposition let us add a word on the import of the apocryphal writings which we have just quoted. Tischendorf and Thilo, two of the most learned Protestants of our day, find nothing in this gospel indicating an origin posterior to the acts even of Pilate and a pseudo-gospel of St. James. There is no passage which may not have been written by one of the faithful living in the first ages of the Church. Nor can we dissent from this opinion.

## SIX WEEKS IN IRELAND IN 1881.

BY AN ENGLISHMAN.

*(From the Catholic World.)*

We had all been thinking, talking, and arguing a great deal about Ireland for many months past. Parliament had reassembled some weeks earlier than was usual, on the grounds that immediate and special legislation was imperatively required for the sister island. No sooner did Parliament meet than the Irish members, and the obstruction to ordinary business which they thought well to organize, were the subject of wonderment to sympathetic Englishmen, and of exasperation to the more common type who would criticise and condemn any conduct of the Irish members merely because the actors were Irishmen. London conversation for a fortnight was divided between discussions on the coldness of the weather and the warmth of the debates; and whilst the outer world was frost-bound and snow covered to an extent almost unprecedented in England, some alleviation for the unusual severity of the winter may have been found in the heat engendered by the exciting and fiery talk, both within and without the House, touching obstruction, coercion, outrages, landlordism, and land-bills. So things went on for some months, the philo-Irish dwelling mainly on the absurd exaggerations generally to be found in the accounts of outrages; on the terrible provocation which had goaded the poor tenants to commit acts of revenge almost justified by the injustice allowed by English made law, English indifference, and English misgovernment. They reminded us, too, that if such misgovernment was now slowly striving to mend itself it was still only ameliorated so far as and when, by violent and almost lawless agitation, England's attention was forcibly directed to the sores and wounds of the people whose lawgiver and ruler she had ignorantly and presumptuously dared to elect herself. The anti-Irish, on the other hand, could discuss nothing beyond the general unreasonableness of a whole people taking the law into their own hands; of the horror of outrages; of the cruelties practised on defenceless animals; of the power of England, which they were longing to put forth; of her sharp sword, which they would gladly see reddened with the blood of "those Irish," rebels in heart if not actually indeed. As their words touching a people the very elements of whose character they misunderstood and of whose history they were profoundly ignorant increased in violence, they heightened the excited hatred from which they sprang, until we have listened to talk, concerning those who are somewhat ironically considered as forming part of a united kingdom with ourselves, by the side of which the most violent anti-English declamations of a Parnell or an O'Connor, or even the incendiary speeches of O'Donovan Rossa, became the mere commonplace of justifiable political differences.

Feeling the difficulty of arriving even at an approximation to the truth, not exactly of the two views of the Irish difficulty—for those had their root in the tone of mind and character of those who held them—but of the facts on which, however erroneously, they professed to be based, we decided to combine the holiday which is due to every English man, woman, and child in August with the prospect of acquiring in Ireland itself a little knowledge of what was really going on in Ireland, and for the first time to make a short tour in the island which is comparatively so little visited by English tourists.

Finding ourselves in the west of England, we ventured to risk a twenty hours' crossing from Bristol to Cork—a step we should not recommend any to take who are seriously inconvenienced by the sea, for the Channel is rarely quite smooth and on this occasion was decidedly rough. The steamers, too, on this route, though fine and comfortable boats, cannot compare with the really magnificent mail-packets which ply between Holyhead and Kingstown. All ills, however, have an ending; and, though rather behind time, we steamed safely into Queenstown Harbor on a fine August afternoon.

The first glimpse of Ireland which meets the eye of those who choose the above crossing is typical and characteristic of the country. A magnificent modern cathedral stands out in bold relief on the top of the hill, while below and around it are specimens of the habitations of the poor—habitations the poverty and misery of which, at least in the country districts, are perhaps unequalled in the world. The Irish cabins alone are one ever-present reproach to the alien people whose misrule has allowed its victims to be housed in so wretched a fashion that we may confidently affirm no English gentleman would suffer the like even for his ox or his ass. It is a mark, however, of the religious fervor which has always characterized the Irish race that as the iron grasp of oppression has been relaxed and some measure of prosperity has been developed in the island, the earliest signs in which it has manifested itself have been the erecting of beautiful churches and the founding and endowing of religious houses, whilst the homes of the poor still remain as squalid as ever. The first-fruits of a returning prosperity have been devoted to God; and we may rest assured that in his good time he will not fail to remember and prosper, even in this world, those whose scanty earnings have not been devoted to easing their own wretched condition until his honor has been secured and his worship inaugurated in a building worthy of him to whom it is dedicated. We must ever bear in mind that the fine modern churches which we see in every Irish town are not the offerings of the few and isolated rich, but are built entirely by means of the pence of the poor.

There is a large emigrant ship at anchor in Queenstown Harbor this afternoon, and as we gaze on its crowded decks, peopled with many who will never again set foot on the well-loved soil of their native land, the cathedral crowning the heights above the port assumes a new and melancholy interest. To how many "exiles of Erin" must not this sacred pile have been the last vision and the last memory carried with them across the Atlantic of their well-loved country! As they steam out to the West it must still keep within view when all else has vanished; and when their misty, dew wet eyes can no longer descry the green fields of Ireland, clearing away the tears which dim their vision, they may yet behold the consecrated and consecrating figure, the *Maria Stella*, which sheds her gracious benediction from afar, and, remembering and echoing the prayer which perhaps an hour ago they prayed beneath her shadow, implore Our Blessed Lady's help and intercession, if for the future life before them, yet still more fervently for that land and for those loved ones the parting from whom is tearing their very heart-strings.

Our steamer does not stop at Queenstown, but quietly makes its way up the magnificent harbor, half sea, half river. The banks are ornamented with numberless villas and country houses, and the beautiful



green lawns and woods which surround them combine to make Cork Harbor one of the loveliest in the world. The verdant green is striking even to an English eye fresh from an English pastoral county. The scene is so peaceful that it is with difficulty we can realize that we are really gazing on the country disturbed which has lately roused such furious passions in our fellow-countrymen. It is evident that all the cattle have not perished at the hands of "Captain Moonlight" and his associates, as the excited imaginations of some have fancied; for herds are quietly grazing in the sunlit meadows as peacefully as if houghing and maiming had never been practised since the first Saxons vanquished the original Celt. When, however, we stop alongside the wharf the steamer is boarded by some officers of an unusual appearance. As no custom duties exist between the two countries, we are rather surprised to see some trunks fixed on and forthwith opened and examined. Our luggage is not touched, owing, no doubt, to the innocent and tourist-like appearance which we present; so, being free to leave the ship at once, we select a powerful-looking and very dark Colt from amongst a crowd of car-drivers who are noisily clamoring for a fare, and indicating our box, which he quickly shouldered, follow him to his car and for the first time mount the national conveyance.

"Why are they examining the luggage?" we ask as we drive off, already half-guessing the answer.

"Arra, but shure these be such busy times they are hunting for firearms," answers Paddy; and we are at once reminded that after all, and in spite of the peaceful aspect of the country, there has been repressive legislation, and that the Arms Act is an existing fact.

After securing a room at the hotel we sally forth to have a look at the town. The streets are wide and the shops are handsome; but Cork, like all the Irish towns we visited, is neither picturesque nor attractive. The ruin of the old has been too complete, leaving neither the moss-covered walls nor the ancient gabled houses which in the majority of European cities contribute so much to the irregular beauty of the streets. From its modern aspect Cork might have been built yesterday. We had heard rumors that an unusual incident, typical of the times, was just now taking place—viz., the unloading by the military and the constabulary of the "boycotted" ship, *The Wave*. We hastened, therefore, to the spot where we were told that this strange mingling of the arts of war and commerce was proceeding, and found that in this instance report was based on substantial fact.

With the original merits of the story we need not trouble our readers. Obstinate self-will and tenacity of legal rights on the one side may have been balanced by overstained sensitiveness and personal hatred on the other. Sufficient to say that the inhabitants of Cork had decided that if the unlucky vessel succeeded in discharging her cargo it should be by means of no help from them, and that no fellow-townsmen of theirs should lend a helping hand to assist Mr. Bence Jones out of the difficulty in which he had placed himself. He had, therefore, obtained the assistance of the military and the constabulary; and whilst we watched the unloading all was proceeding as quietly as if it was the natural business of soldiers to unload a cargo of bricks and timber, and of artillery wagons to carry them to their destination.

The ship was anchored close to the headquarters of the constabulary, where a troop of dragoons and a detachment of the Rifle Brigade were mounting guard. The surrounding bridges and wharves were peopled by

a quiet but somewhat sullen-looking crowd of men, who watched the proceedings with calm though far from uninterested eyes. They remained quiet, however, only so long as they saw that the soldiers alone were at work. The appearance of a civilian, who was wheeling about a truck apparently in the interest of the enemy, was a signal for the quiet to change itself into angry hisses and groans. On several occasions no sooner did this individual in blue shirtsleeves appear on the wharf than the cries and derisive shouts were renewed, and although he was safe whilst at work, surrounded and guarded by the united forces of Great Britain and Ireland, we fear that as soon as this protection is removed he may suffer some rough usage at the hands of those whose feelings he is now outraging; for he is no more nor less than a Cork man who is disobeying the order to have nothing to do with the boycotted ship, and who has thrown in his lot with his townsmen's enemy instead of with his fellow-townsmen. If it was tyranny on the part of these last to object, we fear that it is a tyranny that has been and always will be largely practised where a community is divided into masters and workmen, or a country into the conquered and the conquerors.

Our time being limited, we were unable to devote many days to Cork. There is, however, one excursion which none ought to omit, and that is a drive to the castle and groves of Blarney. The distance from Cork is but a few miles, and a car will convey the traveller thither in an hour. We refrained from the attempt to kiss the Blarney stone, and thus lost our chance of exchanging our Saxon slowness and dullness of speech for the fire and readiness of Celtic eloquence.

In the city itself there are numerous handsome churches and religious houses to be seen; nor must we forget the world-famous butter-market and other evidences of the commercial activity of Cork. Its comparative proximity to America gives this city exceptional advantages in this last direction; indeed we may say specially of Cork that which is more or less true of all Ireland—that its interests, hopes, and expectations are all fixed in a westerly direction, and that it dreads and hates all that comes to it from the east. Nor can this be wondered at, for all the sorrow, oppression, and injustice under which this poor country has for so many centuries groaned have originated in the east. From the east in the early days of its history came the savage and desolating Dane, and with reckless, ravaging sword destroyed a promising and already far-advanced civilization. When, after a fierce struggle of three hundred years, he was finally repulsed, he was succeeded by the proud and not less cruel Anglo-Norman, who again appears on the scene with the rising sun. And so through the middle ages down to the period of modern history—a history the beginning, middle, and (till our own day) ending of which may be said to be the story of Ireland's oppression, confiscation, massacring, and ruin at the hands of the hated Englishman, who again comes across the Irish Channel, and not across the Atlantic, to work his evil deeds.

All Ireland's foes have come from the east; whilst, in pleasing contrast, from the west have come sympathy and substantial help in time of trouble, and cheap and useful articles of commerce in time of plenty; whilst the poor Irish feel that when driven to the sorest straits by grinding poverty they have but to let their need be known to those who are already in America, and they will be relieved. Again, most Irish believe that in the vague future Ireland and the United States will in some way clasp hands across the Atlantic

even more closely than they do to-day. The millions of Irish in America never forget the land of their fathers, if not of their own birth; whilst the Irish in Ireland feel a sort of melancholy comfort in the thought that, should hard fate drive them to desert their passionately loved country, they will find a welcome and material comfort amongst those who have preceded them to that land of plenty which comes only second to their own country in their affections. We were surprised to find how completely all Irish hopes and interests centre in the New World; and we were told that the intense hatred of England and everything English which animates the native Irish pales before the savage contempt and loathing against the Britisher with which the Irish-American is imbued. The two branches of the Celtic family have strong bonds of sympathy, both in their common love of Ireland and their common hatred of England, the selfish misgovernment of whose rule the first may truly consider as the cause of their misery, and the second hold responsible for their exile.

From Cork we took the regular tourist's road through Bantry to Glengarriff, a spot of wild and rare loveliness, where, however, to all but the most callous the enjoyment of the beauties of nature must be sadly marred by the wretched poverty of the inhabitants. No doubt the bare rocks and steep mountain-sides which add so much to the beauty of the scene are largely responsible for the misery of those poor people—or, as we have recently been told by an enthusiastic admirer of the state of agrarian law which, thank God! is now a matter of the past, "Boulders will not grow turnips" (although, by the way, landlords have contrived that they shall yield them handsome incomes)—yet we cannot doubt that under a more equitable land tenure the inhabitants of the wilder parts of Cork and Kerry may yet enjoy, if not actual comfort, yet at least some alleviation from their present state of unexampled wretchedness.

Anxious to see for ourselves the actual habitations (it were mockery to call them houses) of this part of Ireland, which, we had been told by one who had visited well-nigh every corner of the globe, including the wild islands of the Pacific, were unequalled in the whole world for squalor and misery, we spent some days in visiting and talking to the people in the cabins and hamlets around Glengarriff. To any who are at all acquainted with the Irish peasant I need not say that we were cordially and kindly welcomed by all whose houses we entered. The courtesy and intelligence of the Irish are only equalled by that of the bright, high-bred Italian peasantry, and both may be said to belong to the aristocracy of nature. We had, however, not been misled as to the condition of these people. If, stepping off the highroad, you follow sometimes a path, sometimes a few stepping-stones across a bog, sometimes a mere track, or no track at all, to the cluster of hovels which constitute an Irish village, your worst expectations will be realized. One such near Glengarriff stands a quarter of a mile from the main road to Bantry. Skirting here and there a patch of barley or potatoes, but having to walk carefully to avoid stumbling over the loose stones and hard rocks, amongst which the nimble Kerry cattle somehow contrive to pick up a living, we reached a village which, we had been told, was typical of this district. It consisted of an irregular circle of a dozen or fifteen cabins. A rough and slightly raised foot-path ran round it, and this enabled us to enter the hovels dry-shod; for although it was a fine August afternoon, had it not been for the path this would have been impossible.

The open space round which the village was built was evidently the play ground and most favored wallowing-pit for the collective pigs of the hamlet, and we were glad to be spared the necessity of even crossing it. The ground was a deep mass of black, filthy mire, and in this dirt the pigs rolled and waded, and, after their unsavory bath, would unchecked enter the open doors of the cabins and again take up their position as honored members of the cotter's family. There were no windows or chimneys to the majority of the cabins, and it is difficult to understand how these poor people can exist in the cold winter weather when it must be necessary to keep the doors shut. To-day they are wide open; yet in spite of this, and of the bright sun shining without, we could hardly see on entering the first cabin we visited, and the smoke from the peat-fire burning on the chimneyless hearth still further darkened the dim little room. We descried, however, a few women, one cooking and two or three more squatted on the earthen floor, and a voice bade us welcome, whilst a hospitable hand contrived to find a rickety stool where no furniture had been visible to our eye, and on which we sat down, not without some misgiving that we should shortly find ourselves resting on a still lower level. As our eyes became accustomed to the half-light we discovered close to our hand a black cow, whilst a second was lying a yard or two off. Close to the fire was a rough pen, from which issued sounds of loud cackling, and which we found to be full of hens, who are said to lay more eggs when thus confined in a warm corner than if at large; whilst several children filled up any space in the hut not yet occupied by their elders or the live stock.

This household may be taken as a fair specimen of the south-west part of Ireland; and a worse-housed, worse-fed, and worse-clothed people it would be impossible to find on the earth. In this case the father of the family farmed a few acres of soil, much of which he had himself rendered capable of producing even the poor crops which he was now engaged in harvesting. For his land cabin together he paid six pounds a year to a landlord who, although resident, was hardly known, and who seemed neither loved nor respected. At the time we visited Glengarriff he was guarded by two policemen; and however disagreeable this may have been to himself, it was at fact which told still more against him than if did against his people. We found, whether in the case of landlord or agent, that those alone considered themselves in danger or took precautions of defence who had by their harshness, if not by their positive injustice, justly earned the hatred of those amongst whom they lived. Far be it from us to excuse or to palliate the manner in which the injured peasants have occasionally taken the law of vengeance into their own hands and worked a rough-and-ready justice for themselves. Yet we found that the mere fact that a landlord was specially protected was evidence that he was specially and deservedly hated by tenants whose friend and protector he ought to have been. We visited many a kind master, and conversed with charitable and considerate agents, and these we found moving freely about the country, both by day and by night, with no fire-arms concealed in their pockets and with no constabulary watching their coming in and their going out. These, too, had received rents which, if not quite up to the usual mark, were yet as much as those to whom they were paid were convinced that the people could afford, whereas the former class in many cases received nothing. In many parts of Ireland during the last two years the old yet ever-true sentence, "As we sow so

shall we reap," has been vividly confirmed and exemplified.

To return, however, to our typical cotter of Glengarriff. The six pounds rent he did not pay in actual money, but in labor. He was half tenant-farmer, half farm-laborer. His labor was paid at the rate of tenpence a day without food, or five shillings a week; it was therefore only after twenty-four weeks—nearly one-half a year's—work that he was able to devote himself to his own little homestead. Moreover, the landlord was at liberty to call on him for each of his one hundred and forty-four days' work on any day he pleased; and the peasant bitterly complained of his master's choosing all the fine days and leaving him only the wet ones at his own disposal. The tenant's crops rotting in the ground whilst he is harvesting his landlord's unpleasantly reminds us of prerevolution French days and the *ancien régime* with its *corvées* and similar tyrannies. We did not find that in this instance the rent had been very recently or exorbitantly raised, but certain grazing rights on the hillside had been curtailed. How the poor man and his family managed to exist is wonderful. Even in prosperous years there can never be enough grown on the little plot of ground which we saw to keep alive the six or seven people who were supposed to live off it; whilst any failure of the crops or unseasonableness in the weather must have brought them face to face with actual starvation. No doubt here, as in the general run of such cases, body and soul are kept together by the extra helps which most Irish peasants receive. A brother or son is perhaps already in America or in the colonies, and will yearly remit three or four pounds to those in the old home. Or the father will come over to England for a couple of months' harvesting work, and return with from six to ten pounds in his pocket, which he will husband with almost miserly care. Then Paddy's true friend, the pig, will also come to the rescue; and in some cases the sale of a pig will pay the rent of the cotter, whilst his hens' eggs, sold to an itinerant egg merchant, are also a source of small gain. Nevertheless, when all profits are told the peasantry along the coasts of Cork, Kerry, and Clare are miserably poor; and though no doubt the security of tenure which the recent Land Act has given to the tenants will induce them to reclaim more land—and in this way their condition may be slowly amended—we yet fear that the inhabitants of that lovely but barren district will never enjoy ease or real comfort. It remains to be seen whether the generation which is growing up and being well educated will be content to continue so hard a struggle for existence as their fathers have had. With knowledge comes power, and with recent legislation a certain amount of independence; and no doubt both these factors will not be without their influence on the future Irish peasantry—a peasantry which even to-day is remarkable for its bright intelligence and clear far-sightedness.

The cabins at Glengarriff, although owned by different landlords, are very like one another. The poverty, the want of furniture, and the lack of all sanitary and even decent arrangement were the same in each; and when once the primary and fundamental question of the land is put on a satisfactory footing we trust that it will not be long before the legislature takes steps to ensure the disappearance of habitations which are a disgrace to our civilization. The moral as well as the physical results of living in such abodes make the question of the dwellings of the poor only second in importance to that of the agrarian rights of the poor.

From Glengarriff we took the lovely road over the mountains to Kenmare—a road the wild scenery of which is only equalled in Europe by that on the heights of the Swiss passes, whilst from the Irish mountains you obtain glimpses of the sea, glistening in the sun far below you, which add a charm that is wanting in the beauties of Switzerland. We stayed a few hours in Kenmare, in order to visit the lady commonly known as "the Nun of Kenmare," to whom we had an introduction. The handsome new church stands close to the convent of the Poor Clares, amongst whom Sister Mary Francis is distinguished not only for her literary labors, but still more honorably for her philanthropic zeal and for the charity with which she has espoused the cause of the poor and the oppressed Irish. Especially during the famine of two years ago was her energy well directed; for she then by her zealous efforts collected fourteen hundred pounds to feed those who but for her care and forethought must have starved.

From Kenmare the highroad winds over a second pass to Killarney. The scenery, though at first hardly equal to that near Glengarriff, is of much the same character; but when once you have reached the summit of the hill a fresh and almost unrivaled panorama opens before you. Amongst wild mountains lie, nestling at their feet, the lovely Lakes of Killarney. With one *coup d'œil* you take in the whole beauty of the Irish lake district. The color of the mountains is rich brown, and the Water is a soft blue green; both are mellow, and though wanting in the brilliancy of tone which would gild such a scene in Italy, the harmony of the whole is perfect; whilst the fine outlines of the mountains add the beauty of form to that of color. This view breaks on you suddenly as you crest the hill, and is a lovely surprise. But though apparently lying close below you, 't yet takes two hours to drive to the principal lake, on which is situated the town of Killarney—a drive, however, through such sylvan woods of arbutus, oak and fir trees that you in no way regret its length.

Killarney is no exception, in one respect, to most Irish towns. A grand modern cathedral, designed by the older Pugin, has been built here, whilst a bishop's palace, a seminary, more than one new convent or school-house, are to be seen resting under the shadow of the huge church. The activity which has been shown of late years both in church and convent building, and equally in all matters connected with education, in Ireland is, as we have already noticed, remarkable. The thirst for knowledge is unquenchable. It may arise partly from a reaction against the penal times, when education was a crime and a price was set on the head of the schoolmaster; or perhaps from the feeling on the part of parents that any day it may be their children's lot to seek their fortune across the Atlantic, and that, in America, without education success is impossible; or it may be caused by the natural delight of a quick-witted people at finding any opening for the development of their intelligence. Whatever may be the reason, the fact remains that, however humble the hamlet, there is always a school, and that in the wildest mountain district the apparent solitude is often disturbed by the familiar small square, white-washed house which the eye soon gets accustomed to expect and to recognize as the "National school-house." Although a stranger may suppose the district to be bare and uninhabited, yet from near and from afar a sufficient number of young scholars will always be found to fill the school room. We heard nothing but

satisfaction expressed on all side as to the education given in these schools. It is legally undenominational, but is practically in the hands of the priests, and we may therefore confidently hope that the rising generation of Irish will in no way be inferior in religious zeal and faithfulness to their forefathers.

Space forbids our dwelling on the beautiful excursions to be made from Killarney, and even with most graphic pen-scenery which ought to be seen to be enjoyed is with difficulty brought before the reader by mere word-painting. Moreover, it was with the idea of studying the complicated political problem which is now distracting Ireland, more than with a view of enjoying the scenery, that we had planned our trip; so we will not ask our readers to linger either at the Irish lakes, nor at the picture-que bathing village of Kilkee, nor, again, along the wild coast of Clare, where the magnificent rocks of Moler rise six hundred or eight hundred feet straight out of the sea, though all the west of Ireland will well repay any who visit it with the hope of seeing fine scenery.

We will transport our readers, without any lingering on the way, to a wild spot in County Galway where we again saw some aspects of the land question. These, if less painful to the tender hearted than the cases at Glengarriff, were hardly more satisfactory, if we view them as showing the want of any sound or healthy system of land tenure, or in the commercial relation which must be always one element in the connection between landlord and tenant. We were the guests of a landlord who, whilst owning land hardly more fertile than the wilds of Cork, was yet honored, respected, and loved by his tenants. We visited in his company a series of cabins on a bare hillside, the inhabitants of which were but little more prosperous than the peasants of Glengarriff, though the habitations themselves were not so disgracefully wretched. Our approach was the signal for all within doors to rush out and see their landlord, who had a kind word for all and who was welcomed with apparently genuine good feeling. At the door of one cabin our host was met by an unfamiliar face, a fine strong young woman's who had but recently married one of his tenants. "And what induced a handsome young woman like you to marry a fellow living on this wild hill?" he asked. "Sure, then, but it was your honor's character that made me take him," was the prompt answer. "You see," explained our friend, "they look more to their husband's landlord's character than to his own in marrying." And, indeed, in this instance the landlord well deserved his good reputation. Conscious of the people's poverty, he had not enforced the payment of, or even asked for, his rent (which was below Griffiths' valuation), in one case at least, for the last twelve years. He told us he knew they could not pay, and therefore he did not go through the form of endeavoring to get that which was lawfully his own. Surely a system must be faulty which, in the case of a kind-hearted man, deprives him of his income, and which, on the other hand, allows the hard-hearted to hold the very existence of his tenants in his hands. Indeed, in Ireland the accumulated wrongs of ages seem visited on those now living; and the misdeeds of centuries will hardly take less than generations to undo. May the amendment which has at length been set going at any rate be in the right direction!

Although we travelled for six weeks through that part of Ireland which was considered the most disturbed, we may here remark that, beyond the appearance of an unusual number of the constabulary and soldiers,

we saw no signs either of outrage or riot. No doubt outrages have been committed, and since we left the country, and the government have changed their tactics both towards the people and their leaders, riots have occurred; but the number and gravity of both we believe to have been grossly exaggerated. Certainly last autumn tourists—ladies included—could wander through the length and breadth of Ireland without running the risk of any danger, or even of any annoyance.

With the present short days we are no doubt brought face to face with an unusual and alarming amount of crime, and, in spite of the suspension of the laws of personal liberty and the suppression of the organization which last year was held responsible for every misdeed, this seems on the increase. No doubt the present is a disheartening state of things for Englishmen to contemplate as the result of a session's work devoted to the pacification of Ireland. But if we consider that, in the eyes of most Irishmen, the first half of the session was devoted to exasperating Ireland, it is less difficult to understand: for we may truly assert that the majority of Irishmen were more enraged by the Coercion Act than they were gratified by the Land Bill.

The subject of the relation between the two countries is a long one, and far too important to be brought in as a mere finish to the foregoing pages. We ourselves believe that the most stupendous and all but unconquerable difficulties exist as to the finding of any happy *modus vivendi* between these two peoples, differing as they do in race and creed, in disposition and temper, in aims and expectations, and in hopes and fears, and who are yet locally placed in such unfortunate geographical proximity to one another as to explain the fact that the stronger has always willed to hold the weaker in subjection.

Six weeks in Ireland, though a short time, was long enough to impress on us strongly the radical difference between the races. Neither understands the other. The Englishman, conscious of having at length repented of his former sins and being anxious to undo the past, is irritated at finding his best intentions misunderstood and his plans for the prosperity of Ireland frustrated by what he considers the impracticability of the people. He fails to realize that it is not the being well governed from London that will content the Irish, but that their happiness as a people requires that such government should cease altogether. Good laws coming from the hand of the hated oppressor are only one degree better than bad ones originating at the same source. Ireland wishes neither for our good-will nor for our ill-will. She wishes that we should simply ignore her and let her work out her own salvation or her own ruin in her own way. Even England's best efforts at good government she mistrusts; and, considering the unfortunate results of some recent well-meant acts of Parliament, this is not surprising. An Englishman, again, feels aggrieved that as fresh and more liberty is given to Ireland by England it is mainly welcome as allowing freer agitation against England. But if we persist in governing a people hating our rule, is it wonderful that they should use against us the weapon of liberty, even if put by ourselves into their hands? All is fair in war, and none can afford to be generous. Liberty and self-government such as are happily enjoyed in England implies a willingness to be governed; but if this element is absent surely self-government is a contradiction in theory and ends in an absurdity in practice. Ireland has the same form of government as England; but



Why? will be naturally asked. Is Ireland barren? No. Are the Irish lazy? No. Has Ireland no capacity for commerce? She has. Why then do the Irish starve? Why is Ireland in a state of chronic rebellion? Let me explain: The area of Ireland is 20,000,000 acres, of which 6,000,000 are bog and mountain, leaving 14,000,000 acres of arable land; that is, Ireland is less than Ohio by 5,000,000 acres, while all Ohio is arable. The present population of Ireland is 5,500,000, thus giving to each inhabitant two and a half acres of arable land from which to raise food and clothing. This land is almost wholly held by a class known as landlords, who were brought in by the English when they invaded Ireland. These landlords paid nothing for the land; the majority of them do not live on the land, they have made no improvements on or in the land. They never spend a penny to enhance the value of the land, nor do they labor on the land. The naked condition of the Irish landlord is simply this—the English subdued Ireland, killed or banished the native chieftains, seized their lands, distributed them amongst successful soldiers or kingly favorites, who in turn rented the land to the natives. From the beginning the Irish landlord was a conqueror, without sympathy with the tenants either in religion or race. The Irish landlord reduced to his native deformity is simply a leech, that has sucked out the life and energy of Ireland to such a point that it has left the Irish people but potatoes for food and mud hovels for houses. To this add Ireland has no commerce; no home industries; no manufactories; no exports; not a single channel by which trade or money is brought into the country. Not that Ireland could have nothing to sell, or could not have manufactures, nor trade nor commerce. All these she could have. She has most fertile soil, coal, water-power, rivers, harbors, magnificent grazing capacity, and is capable of one of the finest linen and woolen trades in the world.

Every one of these has been tried and found a success; but Ireland's success was so much taken from England's products, so trade and manufactures are by law forbidden. Even the fish caught in Irish waters must needs go to English or Scottish ports to be branded ere they could get into the markets of the world.

It is but yesterday that an Irishman could get out of his native country unless he first went to England, from whence he shipped. Everything must go through English ports, though Ireland is a sea-begirt island with some of the best harbors in the world. Trade in Ireland there is none, nor under present or past laws can there be manufactures or commerce. Add to this that the greater part of the value of the land is drawn out of the country and spent in England or the continent by an absentee landlordism, and you have in full the true cause of Ireland's permanent beggary and chronic rebellion. For the better understanding of this whole subject let me enter a little more into detail.

In feudal times Europe was parcelled out among a class known as Feudal Lords, who governed their domains with almost regal power. The tenants, or serfs, as they were called, were attached to and owed allegiance to their Feudal Lord, he in turn to the King. The serf was attached to the soil and shared its products with his lord, each sharing in abundance or scarcity. As Feudalism passed away the land was divided—in France by a revolution whose horrors appal the world; in Germany, and Spain, and Italy, by legislative action. The same lately in Russia. In England and Scotland the system still remains—the last of Feudalism in Europe. At best, Feudalism was

possible only when the lord, or landlord, as he is now better known, resides on his estates, is of the the same race and religion as his tenants, spends his money among them and feels his interests linked with them. But a system utterly intolerable when the landlord is alien in religion and race, improves not his lands and spends his rents elsewhere than on his estates.

In England and Scotland the landlord lives on his estates, spends his rents there, is of the same religion and race as his tenants and sympathizes with them. The English and Scotch tenant has fixity of tenure and is sure that for a given number of years his rent will not be raised; besides, the improvements he makes are his own, and if he were turned out the landlord would be required to allow for them. In Ireland there is no fixity of tenure, nor right in the improvements. The tenant makes the improvements, and they belong to the landlord; the tenant has no fixity of tenure, and is liable at any hour to be turned out.

To land culture England and Scotland have added manufactures and commerce, by which the overplus population is provided for. In Ireland there are neither manufactures nor commerce, thus forcing the people to depend solely upon the land. But a country without manufactures is necessarily poor, and a tenantry without rights in their improvements is necessarily indolent. The spur to labor is self interest. Say to a man the fruit of your labor shall be taken from you and he will not work. As well expect a slave to be industrious as to expect a man to work without motive. The Irish tenant has no motive, knowing as he does that the improvements he makes will be taken from him, and the more he improves his land the higher will be his rent.

Ireland has all the disadvantages of Feudalism without a single advantage. The Irish landlord is almost wholly alien in race and religion; generally a non-resident without a single throb of sympathy with the people; seldom visits his lands; knows not his tenants; sees not their condition; spends his rents in England or on the continent and is represented by an agent who finds favor with his employer in proportion to the amount of rent he can quarterly remit.

Again, tenants in Ireland have no rights in the land, neither fixity of tenure nor right in improvements. They build, they drain, they clear, they fence, they manure, they reclaim bog, or mountain, or barren land only to have their rent raised or be turned out. The landlord makes no improvements, will make none. If the cabin of the tenant becomes tidy the rent is raised; if the fences and fields look clean the rent is raised; if the farmer begins to look comfortable, and his wife and children begin to dress well, his rent is raised. In Ireland industry is taxed: cleanliness is taxed, tidiness is taxed: every endeavor to improve the land is taxed. Turkey and Ireland are blighted with tax, in the former levied by the Government, in the latter by the landlord.

In Ireland there is absolutely no encouragement for industry, because there is no reward for labor. The Irish tenant is without motive or incentive to labor beyond raising a bare sufficiency to keep him from starvation. On the contrary he has every motive to be idle because he knows the moment his place begins to look neat his rent will be raised. The Irish are illiterate because schools were forbidden and a price put on the school-master's head. By English legislation Ireland has been reduced to a state of slavery. The Southern slave-master had invested his money in his slaves, and had consequently to the extent of the

money invested an interest to keep his slave in condition to work for him; but the Irish landlord has no such interest; the Irish tenant may live or die, but the rent must be paid.

Add to this, the Irish landlord is a conqueror; the tenant conquered; the landlord is hereditary foe and oppressor, identified with every curse and misfortune that has befallen Ireland and the Irish people; sits in Parliament to legislate against the tenant; is backed by soldiers and police to evict; is both law-maker and law executor. Every penny saved by the tenant is a penny's loss to the landlord. His interest is to keep the tenant poor and ignorant, and he has most successfully succeeded. There are, of course, exceptions, but they are against both law and custom. Ireland, of all the nations of the world, is the only one where it is the interest of the ruler to keep the people poor and ignorant. In both, English rule has effectually succeeded.

In the face of this condition of things is it any wonder Ireland is poor, its people ignorant, commerce and trade dead, the land covered with the mist of death, beggary in tatters, and the people in rebellion? The wonder is not that the Irish grumble or occasionally shoot an agent or landlord, the wonder is they do not shoot nearly every agent and landlord in Ireland. Were it not for the Catholic religion they would. The Catholic religion says, "thou shalt not kill," "thou shalt not steal," and the Irish people have preferred famine and death rather than robbery and murder. Woe be to the Irish landlord the day Ireland forgets her Catholic conscience and plays the role of France maddened by oppression and reeking in blood. If ever a people were justified in rebelling against oppression the Irish are. On the question of the right of Ireland to rebel against England there is no question: Ireland has the right to rebel against England.

England holds Ireland by the right of conquest. England has oppressed and crushed Ireland as no nation has ever been; destroyed her laws and language; destroyed her commerce and industry; crushed out the energies of her people and reduced them to a state of beggary; forbade them education and by the most atrocious cruelty would, if she could, have robbed them of their faith. Faith and life are the only things England has not taken from Ireland. Ireland's right to rebel against England is not a question. Ireland has a right to rebel, and it to-morrow Ireland could throw off the yoke of England, Ireland would be justified in so doing nor would there be bishop or priest who would say nay. But Ireland can not successfully rise against England. She has neither arms, nor money, nor men, nor war supplies. To rebel merely to be slaughtered is folly, is crime.

It is not the right of rebellion that is in question, but the probability of success. Two things are needed to justify rebellion—a just cause and a reasonable prospect of success. The first Ireland has, the second she has not. Therefore the folly and criminal madness of those who would counsel rebellion and drive an unarmed people to certain slaughter and reduce them to condition worse than at present. In this you have the answer to the folly and criminal madness of the Fenians and Skirmishers who seek to goad on the people to rebellion and certain slaughter. In this also you have the opposition of the Irish and American bishops and priests, and sensible men, to any attempt at rebellion, or any measure that would bring Ireland into armed conflict with England. For rebellion more is needed than the blustering braggadocio of the dyna-

mites or the ridiculous invasion of Canada. Rebellion means sterner work, and wiser heads, and more honest hands than so far have presented themselves as the representatives of the dynamite folly, or "no rent-absolute." If Ireland is to succeed she must resort to other forces than armed rebellion or French communism. Ireland's cause is altogether too sacred and Ireland's present struggle altogether too important to be endangered, as it at present gravely seems to be, by the infusion of any unlawful principle or dishonest war-cry. If Ireland is to succeed, she must succeed on the justice of her cause, and God know she has cause enough, and justice enough to carry her to victory, and free her from the tyranny of landlordism. But Ireland must be calm and sober in her struggle, and in patience and unity agitate and discuss.

I ask, then, has Ireland no hope? Is there no means of uniting her people and enlisting the solid co-operation of her leaders, lay and cleric, bi-shops and priests, and presenting an unbroken front to the enemy? Is there no legitimate and feasible battle-cry under which Ireland can fight with success? I say yes. I say yes, with every fibre of force I have of body and mind. Ireland has a battle-cry, a legitimate battle-cry, that if properly used will carry her on to victory; will give her people food and clothing and make her as she ought to be, a land of free men, not of slaves.

What then is your battle cry, you will naturally ask? I answer, the Land League now, and Home Rule hereafter. Under these two battle-cries—Land League first, Home Rule next—Ireland will and must succeed. Her right to both is indisputable. No sane man disputes either and every sane man will say God speed to both, and by money and talents, and all permissible ways, do his best for their success. The Irish have a right to the land of their country; they have a right to self-government. The former, however, they must buy at a fair price, the latter they must be able to maintain. Let us calmly and dispassionately discuss both subjects, more especially the former.

No movement since the Repeal under O'Connell has so excited Ireland as the Land League agitation. Repeal was perhaps more noisy. The Land League is more intense, and comes nearer every man's door. The Land League has unified Ireland and excited the sympathy of the world. Two years ago the crop failed and Ireland was a beggar before the world. The occasion gave the Irish leaders an opportunity to bring the condition of Ireland before the world. Public opinion forced England to look the matter in the face; the press discussed it and English statesmen were forced to consider it. The Land League would not down. Ireland had gained the ear of the world, and for the first time in years Ireland forced England to listen to her, and for a whole session of Parliament discuss the Irish question, and in the face of most bitter opposition pass a land bill, that if passed ten years ago would have set Ireland mad with joy but to day has but whetted her appetite for more.

Now whence this recent power to stir up England to her centre and fix the eyes of the world on Ireland? Not in her cry for independence, that was raised in the repeal movement; not famine, that raged in '45 and excited no such force; not any new oppression, no new oppression has been inaugurated. I ask, then, in what consists this new power? Was it a mere change of Home Rule for Land League? Names are not power unless names involve principles. This the Land League does. It embodies a principle easily understood, and that appeals to the common honesty of man-

kind, viz., that the profits of a man's labor should be his own and that the land of the country belongs to the people of a country.

These are principles so clear and simple that none can doubt or gainsay them. It is the clearness and justice of these principles that gave the Land League its power and forced England to heed the voice of Ireland and give her some measure of justice. As long as the Land League recognized the rights of the landlord as well as the rights of the tenant, the Land League was simply irresistible. In the beginning the cry of the Land League was "fair rents," "live and let live." It planted itself on the broad principles of honesty—honesty to the tenant, honesty to the landlord. It recognized the rights of property, and agreed to pay a fair rent for the use of the land, but justly demanded for the tenant fair compensation for his labor and improvements. With such a battle-cry the Land League united Ireland, forced the attention of England, and commanded the sympathy of the world.

The better to understand this whole matter let me state some principles. First, then, I hold labor is the source of all wealth. Second, the land of a country belongs to the people of the country, not to a class. Third, every man has a right to a portion of the land of his country, if he is able and willing to purchase it. Fourth, I further hold when a man has acquired a just title to property, it cannot be taken from him without a fair compensation, but I further hold, if the public good requires a man's property, then the public good is above the private and the public may take this private property, but the public must pay a fair price for what it takes. Fifth, I also hold every country has a right to self-government.

Under these principles I hold: First, the Irish people have a right to the land of their country, but they must buy the improvements on it. Second the public good requires the Irish landlords to sell their lands, but they must be paid a fair price for them. Third, Ireland has a right to self-government and should have it.

Now, there are two ways to buy property—one by paying a fair rent, another by paying a fair price. In the first case the landlord gets a fair return for his investment, and in the second, a fair price for his land, which he can invest in trade or spend as he pleases. Both are just and as long as the Land League held these principles, the Land League was irresistible. It might by force be suppressed; its advocates imprisoned; jails be filled; soldiers and police overrun the land; discussion be gagged and the people silenced, but the Land League would not down, nor would its principles be silenced.

Truth will not down, justice will not down, and no cause founded on truth and justice will down. It may be silenced, but down it will not, and in time it will and must rise. It was this—truth and justice—that in the beginning made the Land League irresistible. So long as it recognized the rights of others and was willing to pay a fair rent its march was triumphantly onward and upward, nor would it have rested till it would have forced "fair-rents" now, and in time possession of the land. With the battle-cry, "fair rents now, and a fair price hereafter," the Land League would not only have won a land act as a partial instalment, but in time fairer rents, and in the end the breaking up of the present iniquitous land system of Ireland, and the sale of the estates in fee simple to the tenants, as has been done in France and Germany, and elsewhere in Europe. To me nothing is clearer than

that on the basis of "fair rents now, and a fair price hereafter," the Land League would and must succeed. Under such a cry Ireland would be united—bishops, priests, leaders, people, one. A whole people united, with justice and truth as their guide, will win, must win, and on that basis the Land League will win, must win.

What is the present condition of the Land League agitation? The leaders divided; bishops and priests crying out; the people confused; turmoil, division, weakness, prospective defeat. Everywhere fear that one of the fairest chances Ireland has ever had is about to pass away, and the Land League is to be another of Ireland's failures. This is a grave state of affairs, and one not to be met with a hurrah, or "down with those who are opposed to us."

I ask, then, why should any one cry halt to the Land League, or now hesitate to co-operate with a measure so full of hope, so fair, so powerful as this was in the beginning, exciting not only the active sympathy of the world, but forcing England to her feet? What has gone wrong with it that so many are beginning to cry halt or to say I cannot go with you? Something serious indeed when so many of the Irish bishops and priests are crying halt; when such men as Archbishop Croke, so pronounced as a leader and patriot, and so many in America are crying halt. Something serious indeed has gone wrong. What is it? The answer is given in the two words "No Rent." From the day these unfortunate words were uttered, the Land League has steadily declined, and there is grave fear that it is going to fail. God grant it may not; yet there is much cause for fear.

Now, what is "no rent?" On what is it based? In its naked deformity "no rent" means that the tenant, under the plea that he is poor and the landlord rich, will pay no rent for the use of the land he occupies. But this is theft—clear, unqualified theft, and is based on the communistic doctrine, "property is robbery."

On the same plea the robber is justified. No viler doctrine was ever promulgated in the streets of Paris. It is un-Catholic, it is un-Irish, and if continued in and forced as a part of the Land League doctrine, then the Land League is doomed, and no power on earth can or ought to save it. No special pleading nor plausible theorizing can conceal the fact that "no rent" means robbery. As well take a man's purse, as take his land. The cause of Ireland is too sacred to be wantonly dragged into the gutters, or the fair flag of Erin be tarnished by robbery. There is too much that is holy in the original Land League movement to require any of the mad doctrines of Paris to give it strength. Keep the Land League pure say I. Keep the stain of robbery from it. Let it stand upon the right of the tenant to a support from the land he cultivates, to a right in the improvements he makes, to fixity of tenure at a fair price now and ownership hereafter, and I pledge success to the Land League, and at no distant future an end to landlordism in Ireland. With the battle cry, "fair rents now and a fair price hereafter" the Land League must win, because it says "justice to the tenant, justice to the landlord," and under such a banner there will be unity, and strength, and victory.

There are two forms of the "no rent" policy—one "no rent absolute," the other "no rent relative." The first is "robbery absolute," the second "no rent conditional." The first can not be accepted, the second may or may not according to circumstances.

Catholic theology teaches that where a person has been cheated or robbed, he has the right to recover to



the extent of the injury done him—by force if necessary. If he can not recover openly then he may privately. Now no one doubts there are thousands of tenants in Ireland who have been robbed by their landlords and so would be justified publicly or privately in withholding the rent as a just compensation for the injury done them. Where such cases are clearly established the tenant is entirely justified in refusing rent till such time as he in fair measure has repaid himself for the justice done him by his landlord. But this compensation can not extend beyond the injury done to himself; it cannot extend back to the injury done his forefathers. Nor can the fact that landlords as a class have done injury to a people as a whole be made a reason why individuals should hold the rent. The injury must have been done by the individual landlord to the individual tenant ere the individual tenant would be justified in holding the rent. General injustice will not justify private injustice. Compensation must be from the particular individual injuring to the identical person injured. That the Irish landlords as a body have done injury to the Irish people as a whole, will not justify individuals to withhold the rent where the landlords have been unjust. Individuals may withhold rent to the extent to which they have been injured. But to proclaim "no rent" as a general principle is not tenable, and if persevered in will bring failure on one of the most sacred movements ever inaugurated in Ireland. This must not be, shall not be, and every man and woman here or elsewhere who has a particle of love for Ireland and the tenants' cause should rise in his might and cry out "it shall not be." The fair name of Ireland must not now be tainted by robbery. Heretofore Ireland has been honest, even if poor. She has preferred death to dishonor. Nor will she now write dishonor on her flag or place herself before the world as a robber and thief. Pray that the Land League may stand; that the principles it advocates may stand, and that folly may not destroy so much that is commendable. Resist the present system of land tenure, break it up if you will, but recognize the rights of the landlord. Cease not in your efforts till the people own the land and each man can put his foot upon a piece of ground and say "wind and rain may enter here but the landlord may not." And I believe the Land League is capable of doing all this.

To accomplish this you will naturally ask what I propose. Well, then, I propose: First, for the present the tenant shall pay a fair rent, but no more. Second, the landlord shall give the tenant fixity of tenure. Third, the improvements made by the tenant shall be the tenant's. Fourth, in time the landlord, shall be forced to sell the land to the tenant for which the tenant shall pay a fair price. Fifth, Ireland shall have Home Rule, and thus be enabled to develop her own resources, establish manufactures, and open up in her own way commerce which the world.

I believe all this can be ultimately accomplished if the Land League movement is not destroyed by the folly that has started this unhallowed "no rent" cry. By persistent agitation all this can be accomplished; not in a day, but in time it can. Sixty years steady agitation have given Ireland emancipation, enlargement of the franchise, schools, a Catholic university, Maynooth, disestablishments, the encumbered estates, and the late land act—a clear, marked, decided advance since 1829, when O'Connell was the first Catholic to enter the English Parliament since the Reformation. If as much be accomplished in the next sixty years, Ireland will be well on to plenty and happiness, her

tenants proprietors and her Parliament in Dublin. But rebellion or robbery will bring neither. The former will end in defeat, the latter in disgrace. England is not to be frightened by the threat of rebellion nor will she open her jails at the cry of "No rent." The cry will make her stronger and Ireland weaker. But give the tenant fair rent, fixity of tenure; give him, in Leinster, Munster, and Connaught, the tenant rights of Ulster and in twenty years Ireland will be changed from a land of death and desolation to a land of comparative comfort, and in forty years the tenant will be able to purchase the land. Then force the landlord by proper legislation—recognizing his rights while enforcing the tenant's—to sell at a fair price such portions of his land as he will not till. Let the landlord work as well as the peasant. This is not a world for drones. Let all men earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. If the landlord will not work let him starve. He is no better than his neighbor. To king and peasant alike God has said *work*. When the land is taken from the landlord, let him be paid for it, and with this cash capital let him start manufactures. There is no reason why an English or Irish landlord shall sit in idleness or eat the bread of oppression. God has given him no such privilege. The Irish people have a right to bread; they have a right to something better than potatoes and a mud hovel, often not fit for a pig. They have a right to the land. They have a right to an education. They have a right to self-government. But for their bread they must work, for the land they must pay, and for self-government they must agitate. By these means they will succeed, but they will never succeed by robbery or rebellion. "No rent" will kill the Land League, strengthen the landlord and fling Ireland back for years to come. "Fair rent, fixity of tenure, right in improvements, ultimate ownership and Home Rule," will unite Ireland, honor her cause, and bring victory. Which will you choose?

The condition of the tenant in Ulster is vastly better than in any other part of Ireland, and because the Protestants are mostly in Ulster it is claimed their religion is the cause. This is a mistake. The religion of the tenants of Ulster has about as much to do with their prosperity as the Emperor of China had to do with the last eclipse. The cause of Ulster's prosperity is in the tenure of the land there, not in the religion of the tenants. Let me explain.

During the reigns of Elizabeth, James I., Charles I., and Cromwell, the Irish chieftains were defeated, murdered or banished, their lands confiscated, and the people driven to "Connaught or hell," as it was said. Then English and Scotch adventurers, or kingly or queenly favorites were brought in, the lands divided and Protestants imported from England or Scotland with directions that they be "planted," that is that they be so rooted in the soil, that they would remain. For this purpose fixity of tenure and right in the improvement of the lands were guaranteed. Thus the tenant had motives to work, for his savings were his own. He had fixity, hence had motive to improve. As long as he paid his rent he was practically immovable. If the landlord wished to dispossess him, he must compensate him for his improvements, and often the improvements were of more value than the land. To this was, and is due the prosperity of Ulster, not to the religion of the people.

In the other province of Ireland there is no such protection. There the tenant is absolutely at the mercy of the landlord. He has neither fixity of tenure nor right in his improvements, nor incentive to improve,

nor motive to cleanliness; on the contrary shiftlessness, dirt, squalor, are all at a premium for the simple reason that the least sign of improvement means a rise in rent. Hence the houses of the Irish peasantry are hovels, their clothing rags, their food potatoes and their condition beggary.

In America monopolies are becoming grave cause of fear; monopolies in manufacturers, monopolies in railroads, oil, coal, iron, land. The most dangerous of all monopolies is that of land. But in Ireland the land is the one grand and all absorbing monopoly divided among a class of men foreign in race and religion; without sympathy or interest in the people; absentees, who spend their money in England or on the Continent. Most of these landlords hold thousands, many of them tens of thousands of acres, and that in a country where there are but two and a half acres of arable land to each inhabitant, and that taxed to the starvation point, and the tenant liable to be turned out at an hour's notice. Nay, many of them living on a perpetual notice to quit as was the case with the late Lord Leitrim, who regularly served his tenants with a notice to quit at the semi-annual payment of rents, and at whose hands, it is said, no comely woman was safe. No wonder he was shot, yet his death was murder.

To remedy these evils was the Land League started, and in honestly seeking their remedy is the strength of the movement. The object of the Land League is to do what has been done in France and Germany—divide the land among the people. Half the population of France lives by agriculture. Five million farms there are of less than six acres; half a million average sixty acres; and there are only fifty thousand that average six hundred acres. The peasants of France in great measure own their own farms. Hence their wonderful industry and extraordinary wealth, that enabled the French people to pay so promptly the frightful indemnity exacted by Prussia at the end of the late Franco-Prussian war. The like is unknown in the history of the world. Even we, with all our wealth and wonderful expansion, could not have done what France did. The indemnity was the savings of the French farmers and the strength of Prussia was her peasant yeomanry, nearly every one of whom was a freehold farmer.

As in France, nearly half the population of Prussia lives by farming. In both countries the land is divided into small compact farms, that in their clean and neat appearances give both countries the appearance of a highly cultivated garden. The cause in both countries is the same. The people own the soil, hence have a motion for industry. The same is in Italy and Spain.

In the year 1811, Prussia following in the line of France, abrogated medieval serfdom, bought up the land from the land owners divided in into small farms and then sold them on easy terms to the people. The same is now being done in Russia, and though not yet accomplished, Russia is on the right road. In a few years Russia will have transformed her boors into independent land-owners. In this will be her strength and with the grace of God the end of her Nihilism.

The same must in time come to Ireland, England and Scotland—to Ireland first, because there land tenure is worst. The great manufactures of England and Scotland have, so far, saved these countries from a land revolution but with the prospective decadence of trade in England and the rapid development of our trade in America, the land question cannot long be delayed in their country. People will not starve while

landlords riot in wealth. The Land League is the entering wedge for land reform in England and Scotland. The movement has already begun in Scotland and promises to be one of the questions in the coming Parliament. In the face of these facts it behooves every lover of Ireland to see that Land League movement in Ireland be not outlawed by the insane and dishonest cry of "no rent." Let honesty give strength to the struggle and unity give courage to the timid, then there will be hope for the tenant, hope for the landlord, and hope for Ireland. If the cause of Ireland is entrusted to the madmen who form the radical wing of the Irish party, then her cause is done for, and the Land League will be ruined by the usual enemy of Ireland—disunion.

As ever in such movements there is in the Land League agitation a class of mad, irresponsible men, without means or position, which nothing to lose and all to gain, adventurers—who under the plea of patriotisms are constantly pushing themselves forward and assuming that they are the voice of Ireland, and are the only and true exponents of the Irish cause. They are ever crying blood and thunder, and to hear them talk one would suppose the British lion would be torn to pieces in a week. Dynamite and bluster is their stock-in-trade. They have a wonderful itching to handle money, are constantly crying for more, and when asked to give an account for monies received they have no account to give. If any one questions their doctrines or doubts their motives, such person is covered with abuse, denounced as a traitor to Ireland, anti-Irish and in league with England to crush Ireland. As a class these men never will accomplish anything, but will damage any cause in which they are engaged. Their doctrines are untenable, their actions dubious, and they end in ridiculous Trout River expeditions. They bring ridicule on Ireland and the Irish cause, make men disgusted with their dynamite farce. Witness the late proceedings here in the vile attack, made on Archbishop Croke and "others" because they condemned the "no rent" policy. No man doubts Archbishop Croke's patriotism, or his earnest, honest efforts in behalf of his country. No man in Ireland has said nobler words than he in behalf of the people, but because he would not accept what cannot be accepted—"no rent" as a battle cry, then he is a traitor to Ireland. These men are a scandal to Ireland, a weakness to her cause, and will bring disunion and defeat wherever they are. Their maxim is "rule of ruin" and for self they would sacrifice the most sacred cause. If the Land League fails, they, and they alone, will be the cause.

In conclusion, let me present in condensed form the results of all I have said: First. I hold the land of a country belongs to the people of the country, not to a class. Second. All men must work, and thus be a factor of wealth in the country. Third. Where men hold large tracts of land to the grave detriment of society and will neither till it themselves, nor at a fair price rent to others who till it, then in such case society in self-defence has a right to take from such landlords the land they hold and give it to those who will till, but society in such case must pay the landlord a fair price for their interest in it. Fourth. Where land is rented as a permanent form of land tillage, then there must be fixity of tenure, at a fair and moderate rent guaranteed the tenant. Fifth. The fruits of labor must accrue to the laborer, else there is no incentive to work; hence the improvements made by the tenant must belong to the tenant. Sixth. No man should be permitted to

acquire wealth at the expense of another, nor is it safe for society that any one man, or class of men, should, by legislation or otherwise, be afforded the means of acquiring a monopoly in either land or trade. Seventh. The people of a country have a right to self government.

Guided by these principles, I hold: First. The people of Ireland have a right to the land of their country, but they must pay a fair price for it; or if they rent, then a fair rent for the use of it, the improvements made by the tenant being guaranteed to the tenant. Second. The Irish landlords, having abused their trust, oppressed the people and refused to cultivate their lands, shall be forced by proper legislation to sell their lands for which the people shall pay a fair price. Third. Ireland shall have Home Rule.

All this, I believe, can be obtained by steady, judicious agitation, and is embodied in the principles of the Land League. Hence, I hold by the Land League in its original form, which means "the Land for the people and Home Rule for Ireland," but I refuse to fight under the battle cry of "No Rent."

### EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

#### CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

*From Lenten Pastoral of Rt. Rev. Kilian Caspar Flusch, D. D., Bishop of LaCrosse, Wis.—(Catholic Citizen)*

A more thorough Christian education of our Catholic youth is becoming a crying necessity and calls for our immediate attention. A great deal has already been done in the diocese in this regard. In 26 congregations good Catholic schools are established and supported. But there are several congregations able to support a school that have not as yet made any endeavors to establish one.

Christian parents, if in this time of indifferentism and infidelity, you wish to preserve in your children and hand down to posterity the precious treasure of your holy faith, you must provide for the more thorough Christian training of your children. You must establish Catholic schools. We must make the training and education of our children thoroughly Christian, both in the school-room and in the family at home. We hardly need to advert to the fact that schools which exclude religious training, as our public schools do, were repudiated by the Church long ago.

"The school of a Christian people cannot be separated from the Church without sin" (Card. Manning). Your children are baptized in the Catholic faith, and by the grace of holy baptism, were made children of God. As such, they possess a strict right to instruction in their holy faith; a strict right to the training of their conscience by the knowledge of the divine precepts; a strict right to the means of grace. They are strictly entitled to an education which is based upon the doctrine and the example of our holy Redeemer. The children claim this right by a title divine and holy, which is far superior to any claim which they may have to temporal goods or inheritance in this world. The place where this divine right is secured to the children is the Christian school. There is no other chance for a sufficient Christian training and education of our youth. It is a mockery to say that the parents should instruct their children in catholicism at home and prepare them for the holy sacraments. They have neither the time nor the patience, and frequently not the ability, for such a task. Nor are the so-called Sunday schools in any way sufficient for the requirements. For smaller missions where it is impossible to establish a Catholic school, these Sunday-schools are good and even necessary, because it is better to have some instruction than none at all. But in larger congregations having a resident pastor, both the pastor and the people should strain every nerve to establish and to keep up a good Catholic school for the Christian training and education of the children. Parents, save your children! They are the most precious and responsible trust divine Providence has confided to your care. Those that neglect the Christian education of their children, sin grievously and make themselves unworthy of the holy sacraments.

In connection with the foregoing, we beg to advert to the powerful influence of the press on the minds of our youth, which is so

fond of reading. By the agency of an irreligious press, the seed of indifferentism and infidelity is sown in the unwary, irreligious and corruption of morals are spread among our reading youth.

We, therefore, exhort pastors of souls and parents of children in particular to be on their guard, lest the enemy sow cockle in the Master's field—the hearts of those intrusted to their care. Do not, beloved brethren, support by your money such papers as poison the minds of their readers, mock religious belief, and ridicule whatever is holy and dear to you. On the other hand it is a duty on the part of Catholics to support their own Catholic papers, which labor to counteract the evil influence of a corrupting journalism and which furnish sound and instructive reading.

#### PHILOSOPHICAL SEANCE AT THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF OTTAWA.

Yesterday being the feast of St. Thomas it was appropriately celebrated by the students of philosophy.

Mr. Edward O'Sullivan, of Lawrence, Mass., delivered the first essay, entitled, *The Philosophy of the Holy Fathers*. The speaker developed this comparatively difficult essay in a manner which evinced a serious study of the principles of the history of philosophy and of the philosophy of history. These principles he applied by demonstrating his thesis with all the precision and profoundness of an ardent student of philosophy, by showing the origin, progress and glorious triumph of scholastic philosophy in the doctrine of St. Thomas Aquinas. Mr. Ed. O'Sullivan proved by his able management of his subject that beauty is but the splendor of truth; for the graceful charms of his style were but the natural accompaniment of the solidity of the doctrines by him laid down throughout the course of his lecture.

Mr. Constantineau, of Ottawa, then pronounced an able discourse in the beautiful language of Bossuet and Fenelon. His subject was "Progress." He asks what is progress, and answers that true progress of man consists essentially in the right culture of his intellectual faculties, and the proper direction of his will. He proves that man was not created in a savage state, that he did not lose his natural knowledge by the fall of Adam, but that evil passions and the habits of a nomadic life were the cause of this great loss which man was obliged to repair by making serious efforts towards the acquisition of a necessary knowledge. Then taking a historical view of his subject, by comparing the different stages of society, the essayist clearly demonstrated that society has ever been progressing in the various branches of scientific knowledge and in the attainments of art. Speculative science attains its highest points during that period of history called the Middle Ages. Art rises to its culminating point towards the end of the same epoch. Natural sciences have come forth in the bright effulgence of their glory during our own age. The young orator succeeded in establishing these different parts of his essay, and, while he proved his thesis, he at the same time kept aloof from all exaggerated ideas in treating his subject.

Mr. Farrell McGovern, of Almonte, next came forward in an essay on the Eye and Ear. The worthy representative of the first year's course of Mental Philosophy produced an elaborate amplification of the thesis—sensitive knowledge. What he said of the eye and the ear could be proved of the other senses with the same evidence, did the establishing of such proofs fall within the scope of his essay. A thorough knowledge of physiology, an extraordinary familiarity with the theories of light and sound also a correct idea of the thesis of sensitive knowledge were shown forth by Mr. McGovern in the course of this essay, which was treated in a masterly manner by the youthful student.

With this essay—which was a striking proof of the usefulness and necessity of a serious study of the natural sciences, in order to attain any degree of high perfection and marked distinction in the acquisition of the queen of them all, mental philosophy—this interesting seance closed its proceedings.

Leaving aside as unworthy their efforts, the superficial study of natural sciences, these students have seriously profited of the boon of a complete curriculum of studies, embracing all the different branches of sciences which prepare the Christian youth to take his stand in the world at the end of his course in a manner which can but reflect the highest credit and honor on the cause of Christian education.—*Ottawa Free Press*, March 9.

## THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

The frequent references made to the Separate School system during the session of the Ontario Parliament recently terminated shows that public attention is being directed in a very marked degree to the present status and efficiency of that system. For a long time it was the practice of certain of the enemies of Catholic education to deem the existence of Catholic schools a matter of too little moment to require attention. Others, again, when deigning to refer to them, indulged in either violent condemnation of the system or in prophecy of its speedy downfall. There is now quite a change in the attitude of the non-Catholic public in regard of our schools. The number of friends of Catholic education amongst non-Catholics has year by year increased, till it may be said that in the Province of Ontario a large majority of Protestant citizens is well affected towards the Separate School system. It has, however, numerous enemies, some quiescent, awaiting a well-timed opportunity for assault, others as loud and pronounced in condemnation as ever. It is well, in our estimation, for the friends of Catholic education in Ontario that it should have its enemies, for enmity ever makes friends vigilant, active, and earnest. The time may come—we cannot say how soon—when all the vigilance, activity and earnestness of the friends of the Ontario Separate School system will be called into play. It is our duty to prepare for that time by giving the condition of our Schools, the causes of their inefficiency—wherever inefficiency exists—and the further legal protection demanded for their growth and solid development, such consideration as may lead to their being placed on a solid and unassailable basis. The present condition of our Catholic Schools affords just ground for self-congratulation. When we compare their present status with that of twenty years ago, we see on every side evidences of marvellous progress, impervious to the most adverse criticism. In every city and town of Ontario where Separate Schools existed in 1863, there has been, as our readers well know, so very decided an improvement in the condition of our schools as to lead to the hope that in the next twenty years a much more decided improvement can be effected. There has been advancement in the character of school buildings, in the number and quality of teachers, and in the intellectual training of pupils which even a comparison with the progress of the public schools in that time cannot but bring into fuller light. The causes of the rapid progress of our schools in the face of adverse legislation, and of ill-disguised if not open hostility on the part of school officials, as well as the indifference of a large number of Catholics themselves are (1) the thorough devotedness and noble self-sacrifice of the Catholic laity of Ontario in the organization and support of Separate Schools—(2) the ceaseless supervision and active assistance extended to the schools by the hierarchy and clergy of the Province, and (3) the untiring though materially ill-rewarded labor of the Catholic teachers, lay and religious, in the furtherance of the moral and intellectual welfare of the Catholic youth of Ontario.

Wherever inefficiency now exists, it is due, as has always been the case, to either one of these causes, the absence of adequate legislation, the hostility of departmental and municipal officers, the indifference of Catholic schools-supporters, resulting in unwise selections of trustees, the employment of ill-qualified teachers, the want of necessary school requisites, and the irregular attendance of children.

Several amendments to the School law have been, of late years, made in a direction beneficial to Separate Schools. These amendments should be utilized to the fullest practical extent, and others necessary—and there are some very necessary—called for and vigorously insisted upon. The hostility of government departmental and municipal officials should never be allowed to pass without ready exposure and severe condemnation. Many of these persons find a particular gratification in impeding the work of Catholic education. Their conduct should meet with so stern a reprobation on the part of Catholics as to lead, if at all possible, to their official decapitation. Too much attention cannot be given by Catholics to the selection of Separate School Trustees. An inefficient board of trustees, either in whole or part, always exercises a most deleterious effect on the schools under its care. If thoroughly devoted Catholics only be appointed to these important charges, there will be earnestness in school management, wise selections made of teachers and a ready provision of all requisites called for in progressive and efficient schools. We have now in this Province a body of Catholic teachers second to none in the Dominion. By their fruits are they known. Many of them have grown gray in the noble work and have the consolation to know that through their assistance a generation of patriotic citizens has risen, a credit to country and religion. Others are but beginning what must be a

useful and honorable career. All of them, whether lay or religious, in view of past services and present merit and efficiency, require and should have generously extended to them the ready and undivided support of every section of the Catholic population of Ontario.—*Catholic Record.*

## THREE IMPORTANT QUESTIONS.

It is a difficult thing to convince many parents who are not indifferent in religious matters—who hear Mass and approach the Sacraments—that their children would not suffer temporal loss by attending a Catholic school. Catholic as these parents claim to be, the question of temporal gain or loss is paramount. It is so important in their eyes, that the spiritual question, "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" weighs, in comparison, very light. But it is a sad truth, the application of which is not confined to nominal Catholics, that the supposition that a boy or a girl is better fitted for the struggle by the public-school process, is widespread. The parochial schools in this city are overcrowded, it is true, not because the number of children in the parishes is proportionately represented, but because the school-buildings are inadequate to hold the comparatively small number of children that attend them.

Illiterate people are most eager in defence of the public schools. "Education" to them means something rich and rare, mysterious, high and incomprehensible. The more red tape there is about it, the more valuable it becomes in their eyes. Hence the enforced lack of "book-learning" among many of our people, who, deprived of all their rights and privileges by the despotism of England, are really incapable of truly defining what this dazzling mirage, modern education, is. It is odd to find Irishmen who gloriously sacrificed all the advantages of learning rather than give up that Faith which was dearer to them than life, or anything that life could give, willing to imperil the spiritual welfare of their children for something which they are by no means sure will bring these children even the coveted "mess of pottage." Esau sacrificed less, but gained more than these people. It is honorable to Irish faith and Irish firmness that so many of the race are ignorant of those things which a blind world values as most precious. It is shameful that so many of that race, illustrious, above all, for its devotion to the Church, should follow the counsels of a blind world and allow their children to risk the Faith for which Ireland suffered all sorrows and all wrongs. There are many reasons why a parent in this country should value education highly. It is supposed to be the key to all temporal good; and so it would be, if it were real education, but it is not. If it gave a child's hand skill, if it guided and helped him to concentrate his thoughts, if it trained him for those tasks for which he is best fitted, it would be worth a sacrifice, but not the sacrifice which many Catholics are willing to make for its counterfeit.

There has been an easy, go-as-you-please air about many of the Catholic parochial schools which confirmed ignorant or careless parents in prejudices that their inclinations led them to adopt with readiness. Lax pastoral supervision and incompetent teachers have, in some localities, made parochial schools words of reproach, and created an antipathy towards them which years of earnest and zealous work only can remove. If all Catholic parents knew their duties and felt their responsibility, a badly-managed Catholic

school would be impossible; for the interest and encouragement of the parents would so spur on managers and teachers, that neither the proper spirit nor the necessary means would be lacking. But in some Catholic "parishes"—the word is a convenient one and expresses what we mean—the parochial school seems to be an exotic, existing because the Church insists on Catholic education, supported, though grudgingly, because of that fact, and governed intermittently by anybody who will teach for the least money. The Pastor may make his periodical appeal for funds and pupils, but, so long as the school be managed in a half-hearted way, the people, ignorant of their duties and dazzled by the public-school's superficial show, will not respond. His appeals will not move them, unless he can show that he is giving them something in return for their contributions. It is useless to say that these people have not the true Catholic spirit. It is admitted that they have not. Nevertheless, their children must be saved; and the children will convert the parents. Parents who believe that their children can learn as much Catechism during an hour on Sunday as they learn during five hours in school on week-days, believe as well that the dry bones of the Catechism shall cause their children to live. If they had the true Catholic spirit, they would not hold this article of a popular and perverted creed. A Catholic school which teaches only the sentences of the Catechism is a Catholic school only in name. It is better than a public school, where even the "Supreme Being" is merely acknowledged, but it is not what it ought to be; and it ought to be a centre of Christian knowledge, where the spirit of Catholic teaching should reign over every act and word. It should give the child the means of defending his faith. It should heighten his reverence and inflame his zeal by those practices and examples which the Church presents to us. Every other object is second to these, and all other knowledge accessory.

The cause of Catholic education in this country has had two obstacles to overcome—the ignorance or carelessness of the people, and the inefficiency of Catholic schools. Each helped the other. It is only of late that the need of systematizing Catholic parochial schools has become apparent. And who that reads Bishop Elder's very practical circular in this number of the *Freeman* can doubt that it has become apparent? Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, and other eminent prelates have attempted to organize a Catholic school system in their Dioceses which will give Catholic schools the intelligent and constant supervision they need.

There are thousands of Catholic fathers, practical men, with good intentions in the main, who would liberally respond to any appeal for assistance to the cause of Catholic education, provided that the parochial schools gave the thoroughness in the rudimentary classes which is to-day so rare in every branch of instruction. Business-men of common-sense and moderate means want their sons and the boys whom they are compelled to employ to have a thorough grounding in the three great Rs, which include spelling. They do not ask for superfluities. American boys, whose school-time is generally limited, need thorough, practical grounding in what are called the "rudiments." If a boy have time for geometry, it is well for him to learn it, since in some trades he may find use for it. But during the short time which the average American boy spends at school, he does well if he learn how to apply readily and effectively the three Rs to the practical purposes of life. A school which does not prepare him to earn

his living is practically a worthless school, since he must waste time in unlearning what he has learned.

The questions before Catholic educators are these: How to make parochial schools Catholic? How to make Catholic schools practical? How to convince Catholics, religious and lay, that it is not necessary to accept the public schools as models?—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal*.

#### THE LINDSAY SCHOOL.

The *Canada School Journal*, in an article on the Lindsay school, says: "The separate school for boys is attended by about two hundred pupils and has attained a high degree of efficiency during the past four years, during which it has been conducted by Mr. White, the gentleman who won the prize offered through the liberality of his grace Archbishop Lynch to the Roman Catholic student who first obtained a first-class provincial certificate, grade A. The separate school for girls is one of the best school buildings in Ontario. Everything pertaining to the health and comfort of the pupils has received due attention in its construction. The furniture and fittings throughout are of the most approved modern pattern. The intellectual and moral culture of the pupils in both schools is attended to with the greatest possible care, but Father Stafford has recognized the fact that it is not in either of these departments that the schools of the country are weakest, and has wisely made the most thorough arrangement for the recreation and physical development of the children attending these schools. The boys' school has a large, well-fitted gymnasium as well as a good playground, and the girls have a large field surrounded by a high board fence, in which they are encouraged to enjoy in a real, hearty manner games of ball and other exercises which have too long been misnamed "manly sports." These girls have an organized "snow shoe club," and their large field affords ample opportunity for practice-tramps during the winter season. Father Stafford claims to be a leader in introducing this and other games calling forth vigorous physical exercises into girls' schools. So far at least as snow shoeing is concerned we think he is entitled to the credit of first introduction. Foot and base ball, e. c., have for some time been practised in appropriate costume in Vassar and other schools for young ladies. We cannot too highly commend the wisdom and justice of the man who recognizes the fact that the physical constitution of a human being is a most important element in deciding his success or failure in life, and who believes that one of woman's best rights is a vigorous body. Such a man Father Stafford is, and he never allows a theory to grow cold or stale before putting it into practise.

Mr. Bell, Orangeman and M. P. P., Toronto, would, we fancy, not make such an exhibition of himself were he to become conversant with the workings of our separate schools. He would discover that in Lindsay and other places of Ontario, his "backbone" inspectors could learn many useful lessons from such men as Father Stafford, and he would also find that separate school children are able to hold their own in competition with pupils of the *Common* schools.—*Ed. Catholic Record*.