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The Catholic Weekly Review.

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CANADA

Reddito quæ sunt Cæsaris, Cæsari; et quæ sunt Dei, Deo.—Matt 22: 21.

Vol. III

Toronto, Saturday, Aug. 17, 1889.

No. 27

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Notes.

The announcement of the elevation of the See of Kingston to the dignity of an Archdiocese, has been confirmed by a message to Dr. Cleary from Mgr. Kerby, the Rector of the Irish College in Rome. The new Archdiocese will have as its suffragan Sees the Diocese of Peterboro which has hitherto formed a part of the metropolitan province of Toronto, and a new Diocese to be formed out of the Counties of Grenville, Stormont and Glengarry, with Cornwall as the episcopal seat. It is just possible, we believe we are correct in stating, that a second new See may be formed, and which will take in the remote districts in the northern and north-western parts of Ontario. In that case the new ecclesiastical Province will be very extensive, stretching from Glengarry to the height of land beyond Lake Superior. The Metropolitan See of Toronto will retain as suffragan Sees the Dioceses of London and Hamilton.

The wisdom of the action of the Holy See in thus dividing Ontario into two ecclesiastical Provinces will be more apparent in years to come. The progress of Catholicity, and the numerical increase of the French-Canadians in eastern Ontario, during the past ten years, has been very marked. Another ten years will witness still more remarkable Catholic progress. The creation of a new diocese, which in any event must soon have become an imperative necessity, it has been opportune to make at once. It is quite probable, too, that the advisers of the Holy See have not been unmindful of the fact that since the Church in the Eastern counties of Ontario is certain to comprise a large body of French-Canadians it is preferable on grounds of prudence, and in view of the very manifest prejudices of the non-Catholic population, that they should be under the spiritual charge of ecclesiastics belonging to this province. Our readers hardly need to be reminded that the jurisdiction of a Lower Canadian or French-speaking prelate over any portion of Catholics in Ontario would lead to no end of recriminations from our Orange neighbours about General Wolfe and the Plains of Abraham.

Mr. Peter Ryan has re-published in a Toronto paper the rather extraordinary letters which he wrote to the *Globe* in March last, defining his views on the relations which should exist between Church and State. Writing as a Catholic, Mr. Ryan "could not refrain," he explained in his first letter, from expressing his agreement with the *Globe*, "on the unwisdom of introducing His Holiness the Pope into the public affairs of Canada." And he goes on to state at some length his approval of, and concurrence in the course of that journal in the Jesuit question, and his opposition to the principle of State patronage or control.

With what Mr. Ryan's views may be as to the relations of Church and State we, of course, are not concerned, nor is it anyone's business, whatever may be thought as to the good taste or propriety of Mr. Ryan's making them public. We hope we do Mr. Ryan no injustice, but the Catholic public will regard his letters rather more as the work of an industrious politician chiefly concerned to apologize for, and extenuate, the course of that immoral and unscrupulous newspaper, than as the disinterested profession of the faith of a Catholic. That Mr. Ryan has been in reality employing himself in the work of political "pipe-laying," is, we think, made abundantly clear in the following passage:—

The *Globe's* splendid services on behalf of the Irish National cause, its generous policy towards the Catholic people for many years, its advocacy of Catholic rights in educational matters, and the freedom of our public schools from literature offensive to Catholics, were too fresh in my memory to cause me to look on its stand on the Jesuits' Estates Bill as the outcome of any hostile feeling towards Catholics or Catholicity, but rather in keeping with the general principle of Liberals the world over freedom of churches from State control or patronage.

And further on again we read that "the stand taken by the *Globe*, as I understand and interpret it, is fair, manly and dignified on this point (*i. e.*, the mention of the Pope's name) and such opposition on the part of the *Globe* conveys no impression of religious animosity on the part of the great Reform journal towards the Catholic Church or its people. The *Globe* has been eminently fair, and no more than fair, to Catholics. It has been the firm and constant advocate of Irish Home Rule and has not ceased amidst much temptation to 'cleave to that which is good.'"

In view of this the public we think will be justified in believing that the purpose which the publication and republication of Mr. Ryan's letters has been meant to serve, is mainly political.

On the subject of Roman Catholic loyalty, *Canadiana* brings out the following as evidence of the unity of sentiment that prevailed among the population of Canada seventy-seven years ago:—"In November 1812, a very important pastoral letter was issued by Monseigneur Plessis, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Quebec, recapitulating the glorious victories of Lord Wellington in Spain and General Brock in Upper Canada, urging the militia to zeal in their military duties, and ordering the *Te Deum* to be sung in all the churches in the Province in commemoration of the success of the British arms against France and the United States,"

THE ROMANCE OF A JESUIT.

From the French of De Bouigny d'Hagerne.

CHAPTER XIV.

In the year 1866, fifteen years after the occurrence of the events we have related, there was much talk in Paris concerning a Jesuit, a Pere Durand, whose fervent eloquence recalled that of the most celebrated preachers of later days, and who was said to be likely to succeed Lacordaire, Ravignan, &c., in the pulpit of Notre Dame. Much was said about his past life, and about the brilliant position filled by his sister, in the Faubourg St. Germain. It was also truly said that he now only left his humble cell to go to his confessional or to preach in some parish church, the poorer the better. His superiors having yielded to his desire of being left to the performance of the humblest functions of the ministry, the rumours concerning him soon died away and he was soon completely forgotten by the world. When the war broke out in 1870, he was one of the first Fathers who asked and obtained permission to follow the troops to the field of battle.

He was first sent to Metz, where he shared the sufferings and dangers of the soldiers; and after the surrender of that town, he accompanied these same soldiers into Germany, where he especially devoted himself to the service of the military hospitals.

Having taken the small pox from his sick patients he was obliged to return to France to complete his recovery, but directly his health was restored he asked to be again sent on a mission, and his superiors appointed him as almoner to Charette's corps of Zouaves. This appointment was particularly pleasing to him, but on the eve of his contemplated departure he received counter orders and was sent to the East. Everyone remembers the rigor of the winter of 1870 and 1871. Bourbaki's army which had set out from Bourges, had advanced eastward, and after obtaining some slight advantage over the few German troops they found in that part of the country, were met by several corps of Prussians, specially Manteuffel's, 40,000 strong, who, advancing with forced marches, were intent on annihilating the handful of Frenchmen who were fighting for their country.

One evening, it was the second of January, a battalion of Seine-et-Oise "mobiles," who had been sent as vanguard, were occupying the little village of Montereux, on the road from Gray to Dampierre. The snow had been falling fast all day, but suddenly, towards night time, the sky had cleared and a cutting wind had sprung up; it was one of those terrible nights which will never be forgotten by the soldiers who endured its rigors. The adjutant-major of the battalion had just made his rounds when, on arriving at the central part of the village he entered a large farm house near the church. A superior officer was there sleeping, near the fire on a chair, and a small remnant of supper was still on the table at his side. Aroused from his slumbers he stretched himself and inviting the adjutant to approach the fire inquired as to the disposition made of the men for the night, remarking that the cold was so terrible as to rival that of Siberia. Whilst chatting with the adjutant the commandant complained bitterly of having allowed himself, a man of forty six years of age, to be persuaded into making a campaign from which his age exempted him but which the personal wishes of the Emperor had induced him to undertake.

Just at that moment the door was opened by a soldier who stood aside to allow ingress to a priest. This latter advanced a few steps into the room saying

"Have I the pleasure of speaking to the officer in charge of the Seine et Oise battalion?"

"Yes," replied the latter, without turning his head or saluting the new comer. "What do you want with me?"

"I am appointed as chaplain to your battalion, sir"

"And who the devil has sent you here?"

"My ecclesiastical superiors."

"I know nothing about them."

"My appointment is sanctioned by the General in Chief and the General of Brigade"

"In that case enter on your duties, I can not prevent you

from doing so. I will warn you, however, that my men are anything but devout and you will not find means of doing much with them."

"May I at any rate count on your good will, sir?"

"My good-will! Certainly not. All I wish is that I may see as little of you as possible for I detest the cloth. Besides your proper place is at the ambulance, and for your own sake I would advise you not to try any proselytizing."

The priest could not help feeling the rebuff contained in the officer's reception of him and remained a moment silent. The adjutant-major enquired whether the chaplain had any shelter for the night, and, on receiving a reply in the negative, offered to accompany the priest in search of some unoccupied spot where he might take his rest. Before leaving the chaplain requested the commanding officer to attach his *visa* to the credentials with which he was furnished. As the officer, with a very ill-grace, was complying with this request, his eye fell accidentally on the name of the bearer of the papers.

Durand! he muttered to himself; how strange a coincidence if it should indeed be he! Then turning round and looking at the priest he questioned him for a moment concerning himself and then asked him whether he did not recognize with whom he was speaking.

"Now that the light falls on your face," replied Father Durand, "you seem to me wonderfully like one of my former friends, Anatole Meynaudier."

"At last we have recognized one another! now sit down and warm yourself. Have you supped this evening?"

"I breakfasted this morning and that ought to suffice for the whole day."

"Little as it is, do me the favour of partaking of what I can offer you. There is but little, and yet many a man in this army has not even so much as that little to night."

Whilst the priest was eating the frugal meal, consisting of a scrap of meat, black bread and hard cheese, the two men recalled reminiscences of their young days and recounted what had befallen them since they had last met. It was settled that should the Father not find a bed at the presbytery he was to return to the officer's quarters and sleep beside the fire. And now, said the officer, let us at once come to terms together. Anatole Meynaudier will never forget that he had formerly a friend, Charles Durand, and if the said Charles Durand has need of a friend's services, provisions or purse, he can depend on Anatole as that friend. But as regards our official relations there must be a different line taken. You know my former opinion about priests and I have in no way changed it. I should, besides, lose all *prestige* with my men were I to be seen in friendly relations with you. Therefore, when together in private you will always find me your sincere friend and old schoolfellow; everywhere else, please remember that you cannot do me a greater service than keeping out of my road.

Pere Durand thanked the commandant for his frankness and personal good feeling, and then saluting him retired from the quarters; and guided by Captain de Tralin, found his way to the village presbytery, where the good old cure made him welcome.

During the first few days that followed his arrival, nothing remarkable occurred to Father Durand. The spiritual care of the 72nd Infantry had been entrusted to him also and when presenting his credentials to the colonel of that regiment he had met with a far more encouraging reception than that of Anatole. The 72nd regiment was composed principally of peasants from Franche-comte and Auvergne and the men appeared to be well disposed towards their pastor, but still his thoughts always turned by preference to the "mobiles," although these latter seemed to be so indifferent to him. In vain he profited by every opportunity of entering into conversation with the soldiers, the coldness with which his advances were received proved to him that Meynaudier had by no means exaggerated the men's aversion to religion. The almoner did not allow his first fruitless essays to discourage him, although he knew that certain of these men amused themselves at his expense and had bestowed on him the nick-name of *St. Ignatius*. Many a time after a long day's march he would be found beside the ambulance for the

greater part of the night, only seeking repose after he had ministered to the wants of the sick and wounded so far as the poverty of the resources at his disposal allowed him to do. And, indeed, during these nights of watching the sick he would often experience immense happiness and consolation. Those very men who in the vigor of health had loudly proclaimed their scepticism and had shown their so-called wit by laughing at their chaplain were the very first to call for the priest when sickness or wounds seemed to menace them with death.

Everyone remembers that terrible campaign of the army of the East; everyone remembers how that brave army, after fighting for a month beneath a nearly perpetual snow-fall and exposed to the bitterest cold was forgotten altogether in the armistice and never mentioned. On hearing of the cessation of hostilities, the commanding officer, never suspecting what a terrible mistake and omission had been made, believed that with them also the war was at an end. Orders were given for directing all the corps towards the inhabited districts where provisioning would be easy, and for two days the thoughts of officers and men were turned towards arriving as quickly as possible in cantonments, where they could rest after their hard campaign. They believed themselves to be in perfect safety and did not even place sentries.

Suddenly the canon resounded through the valleys of the Vosges and of Jura. Monteuuffel's army had come down on them and many of the vanguard had already fallen beneath the enemy's bullets.

There was a general expression of anger and anguish. Treason was suspected and the Germans were accused of having failed to observe their sworn agreement. The generals displayed a flag of truce and asked for an explanation of the enemy's conduct. General Montauffel replied by producing the text of the treaty, in which the army of the East was not even mentioned. And this army, which had been forgotten by the republican diplomats, had wasted two days during which a hundred thousand Russians, marching day and night, had succeeded in surrounding them. Everything seemed over for them, and it would seem as if there were nothing left for them but to surrender. They did not surrender, however; though these brave Frenchmen were driven to a state of desperation they were not beaten. Though fighting on even terms was impossible there seemed to be a way to avoid surrendering to the Germans, and the French soldiers took to the mountains and sought refuge with the hospitable Swiss.

The result was a total and terrible rout and we will not attempt to describe that which more competent pens have already given to the world.

(To be continued.)

CARDINAL GIBBONS ON THE RIGHTS AND OBLIGATIONS OF LABOUR.

The following timely and weighty utterance from the Cardinal-Archbishop of Baltimore, published in the last issue of the *Cosmopolitan*, we gladly make room for in our columns this week:

The Redeemer of mankind has never conferred a greater temporal blessing on the human race than by ennobling and sanctifying labor and by rescuing it from the stigma of degradation that had been branded upon it. He is ushered into the world not environed by the splendor of imperial majesty, nor attended by the force of mighty legions. He comes rather as the reputed child of an artisan, and the days of His boyhood and early manhood are spent in a mechanic's shop. "Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary?"

The primeval curse attached to labor has been obliterated by the toilsome life of Jesus Christ. He has shed a halo around the workshop, and has lightened the mechanic's tools by assuming the trade of an artisan. If the profession of a general, a jurist, a statesman, and a prelate is adorned by the example of a Washington, a Taney, a Burke, and a Carroll, how much more is the calling of a workman ennobled by the example of Christ!

I cannot conceive any thought better calculated to ease the yoke and to lighten the burden of the Christian toiler than the reflection that the highest type of manhood had voluntarily devoted Himself to manual labor.

Labor is honorable on other grounds. It contributes to the prosperity of the country, and whatever conduces to a nation's welfare is most worthy of commendation. It is not the office or occupation that dignifies the man, but it is the man that dignifies the office.

Honor and shame from no-condition rise;
Act well your part—there all the honor lies."

Cincinnatus lent dignity to agriculture by working at the plough. Caligula, by an infamous life, degraded his crown and imperial purple.

De Tocqueville could not pay a juster and more beautiful tribute of praise to the genius of our country than when he wrote, in 1825, that every honest occupation in the United States was honorable. The honest, industrious man is honored among us, whether he works with his hands or with his brains, because he is indispensable to the nation's progress. He is the bee in the social hive; he is the benefactor of his race, because he is always producing something for the common weal.

God bless the noble working men
Who rear the cities of the plain,
Who dig the mines and build the ships,
And drive the commerce of the main.
God bless them! for their swarthy hands
Have wrought the glory of our lands."

As an evidence of the esteem in which the thrifty son of toil is held among us, we see from daily observation that the humblest avocation of life are no bar whatever to the highest preferment in the Commonwealth, when talent and ability are allied to patient industry. Franklin was a printer, President Lincoln's youthful days were spent in wielding the axe and in handling the plough on his father's farm. President Johnson in his boyhood was apprenticed to a tailor. Grant was the son of a tanner, and Garfield once drove a canal-boat. The examples are given not to excite a feverish ambition in the heart of the laborer or the artisan, but to illustrate the truth that no stain is affixed to the lowliest pursuits of life.

In honoring and upholding labor, the nation is strengthening its own hands as well as paying a tribute to worth. For a contented and happy working-class is the best safeguard of the Republic, while ill-paid and discontented laborers, like the starving and enslaved populace of Rome in the time of Augustus Cæsar, would be a constant menace and reproach to the country.

Labor has its sacred rights as well as its dignity. Paramount among the rights of the laboring classes is their privilege to organize, or to form themselves into societies for their mutual protection and benefit. It is in accordance with natural right that those who have one common interest should unite together for its promotion. Our modern labor associations are the legitimate successors of the ancient guilds of England.

In our days there is a universal tendency towards organization in every department of trade and business. In union there is strength in the physical, moral and social world; and just as the power and majesty of our Republic are derived from the political union of the several States, so do men clearly perceive that the healthy combination of human forces in the economic world can accomplish results which could not be effected by any individual effort. Throughout the United States and Great Britain there is to day a continuous network of syndicates and trusts, of companies and partnerships, so that every operation, from the construction of a leviathan steamship to the manufacture of a needle, is controlled by a corporation.

When corporations thus combine, it is quite natural that mechanics and laborers should follow their example. It would be as unjust to deny to workingmen the right to band together because of the abuses incident to such combinations, as to withhold the same right from capitalists because they sometimes unwarrantably seek to crush or absorb weak rivals.

Another potent reason for encouraging labour unions suggests itself. Secret societies, lurking in dark places and plotting the overthrow of existing governments, have been the bane of Continental Europe. The repressive policy of those governments, and their mistrust of the intelligence and the virtue of the people, have given rise to those mischievous organizations, for men are apt to conspire in secret if not permitted to express their views openly. The

public recognition among us of the right to organize implies a confidence in the intelligence and honesty of the masses; it affords them an opportunity of training themselves in the school of self-government and the art of self-discipline; it takes away from them every excuse and pretext for the formation of dangerous societies; it exposes to the light of public scrutiny the constitution and laws of the association and the deliberations of the members; it inspires them with a sense of their responsibility as citizens, and with a laudable desire of meriting the approval of their fellow-citizens. "It is better," as Matthew Arnold observes, "that the body of the people, with all its faults, should act for itself, and control its own affairs, than that it should be set aside as ignorant and incapable, and have its affairs managed for it by a so-called superior class."

God forbid that the prerogatives which we are maintaining for the working classes should be construed as implying the slightest invasion of the rights and autonomy of employers. There should not and need not be any conflict between labour and capital, since both are necessary for the public good, and the one depends on the co-operation of the other. A contest between the employer and the employed is as unreasonable and as hurtful to the social body as a war between the head and the hands would be to the physical body. Such an antagonism recalls the fabled conspiracy on the part of the members of the body against the stomach. Whoever tries to sow discord between the capitalist and the labourer is the enemy of social order. Every measure should therefore be discountenanced that sustains the one at the expense of the other. Whoever strives to improve the friendly relations between the proprietors and the labour unions, by suggesting the effectual means of diminishing and even removing the causes of discontent, is a benefactor to the community. With this sole end in view we venture to touch this delicate subject, and if these lines contribute in some small measure to strengthen the bond of union between the enterprising men of capital and the sons of toil, we shall be amply rewarded.

That "the labourer is worthy of his hire" is the teaching of Christ as well as the dictate of reason itself. He is entitled to a fair and just compensation for his services. He deserves something more, and that is kind and considerate treatment. There would be less ground for complaint against employers if they kept in view the golden maxim of the Gospel: "Whatsoever you would that men should do unto you, do ye also to them."

Our sympathies for those in our employ, whether in the household, the mines, or the factory, are wonderfully quickened by putting ourselves in their place, and asking ourselves how we would wish to be treated under similar circumstances. We should remember that they are our fellow-beings; that they have feelings like ourselves; that they are stung by a sense of injustice, repelled by an overbearing spirit, and softened by kindness; and that it largely rests with us whether their hearts and homes are to be clouded with sorrow or radiant with joy.

Surely men do not amass wealth for the sole pleasure of counting their bonds and contemplating their gold in secret. No! They acquire it in the hope that it will contribute to their rational comfort and happiness. Now, there is no enjoyment in life so pure and so substantial as that which springs from the reflection that others are made content and happy by our benevolence. And we are speaking here, not of the benevolence of gratuitous bounty, but of fair-dealing tempered with benignity. Considerate Kindness is like her sister Mercy:

"It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown."

We are happy to say that commercial princes answering the description of the English bard do not wholly belong to an ideal and imaginary world, but are easily found in our centres of commerce; and if the actual condition of the average wage-worker in this country is a safe criterion by which we are to estimate the character and public spirit of American employers, we believe that an impartial judgment will concede to the majority of them the honourable title of

just, fair-dealing, and benevolent men. In our visits to England, Scotland, Ireland and the Continent of Europe, we have studied the condition of the labouring classes, and we are persuaded that the American workman is better paid and fed, better clothed and housed, and usually better instructed, at least in the elements of useful knowledge, than his brethren across the Atlantic.

Instances of genuine sympathy and beneficence exercised by the heads of business concerns towards those in their employ could be easily multiplied. Some time ago the head of a Baltimore manufacturing company received a message announcing the total destruction by a flood of his uninsured mills, involving a loss of three hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars. On receiving the news, his first exclamation was: "What a loss to so many families! Here are two hundred men thrown out of employment!" Of the personal injury he sustained, he uttered not a word.

But while applauding the tender feelings and magnanimity of so many capitalists, we are constrained in the interests of truth, humanity, and religion, to protest against the heartless conduct of others whose number, for the honour of our country, is, we hope, comparatively small.

When men form themselves into a business corporation, their personality is overshadowed, and their individual responsibility is lessened. And for this reason, many will assent in their corporate capacity to measures from which the dread of public opinion, or the dictates of conscience, would prompt them as individuals to shrink. But perhaps the injury is all the more keenly felt by the victims of oppression when inflicted by a corporation, as it is easier to obtain redress from one responsible proprietor than from a body of men, most of whom may be unknown or inaccessible to the sufferers.

No friend of his race can contemplate without painful emotions those heartless monopolists exhibiting a grasping avarice which has dried up every sentiment of sympathy, and a sordid selfishness which is deaf to the cries of distress. Their sole aim is to realize large dividends without regard to the paramount claims of justice and Christian charity. These trusts and monopolies, like the car Juggernaut, crush every obstacle that stands in their way. They endeavour—not always, it is alleged, without success—to corrupt our national and state legislatures and municipal councils. They are so intolerant of honest rivalry as to use unlawful means in driving from the market all competing industries. They compel their operatives to work for starving wages, especially in mining districts and factories, where protests have but a feeble echo and are easily stifled by intimidation. In many places the corporations are said to have the monopoly of stores of supply, where exorbitant prices are charged for the necessaries of life; bills are contracted which the workmen are unable to pay from their scanty wages, and their forced insolvency places them entirely at the mercy of their taskmasters. To such Shylocks may well be applied the words of the apostle: "Go to, now, ye rich men; weep and howl for the miseries which shall come upon you . . . you have stored up for yourselves wrath against the last days. Behold the hire of the labourers, . . . which by fraud hath been kept back by you, crieth, and the cry of them hath entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth."

In the beginning of the present century Mr. Pitt uttered in the House of Commons the following words which reveal the far-seeing mind of that great statesman:

"The time will come when manufacturers will have been so long established, and the operatives not having any other business to flee to, that it will be in the power of any one man in town to reduce the wages: and all the other manufacturers must follow. Then when you are goaded with reductions and willing to flee your country, France and America will receive you with open arms; and then farewell to our commercial state. If ever it does arrive to this pitch, Parliament (if it be not then sitting) ought to be called together, and if it cannot redress your grievances, its power is at an end. Tell me not that Parliament cannot; it is omnipotent to protect."

How forcibly this language applies now to our own country, and how earnestly the warning should be heeded by the constituted authorities! The supreme law of the land should be

vindicated and enforced, and ample protection should be afforded to legitimate competing corporations, as well as to the labouring classes, against unscrupulous monopolies. It would also be a humane measure if the government interposed its authority in forbidding both capitalists and parents from employing children under a certain age, and at a period of life which ought to be devoted to their physical, intellectual, and moral development.

But if labour organizations have rights to be vindicated and grievances to be redressed, it is manifest that they have also sacred obligations to be fulfilled and dangers to guard against.

As the societies are composed of members very formidable in number, varied in character, temperament, and nationality, they are, in the nature of things, more unwieldy, more difficult to manage, more liable to disintegration, than corporations of capitalists; and they have need of leaders possessed of great firmness, tact, and superior executive ability, who will honestly aim at consulting the welfare of the society they represent, without infringing on the rights of their employers.

They should exercise unceasing vigilance in securing their body from the control of designing demagogues who would make it subservient to their own selfish ends, or convert it into a political engine.

They should be also jealous of the reputation and good name of the rank and file of the society, as well as of its chosen leaders. For while the organization is ennobled, and commands the respect of the public, by the moral and civic virtues of its members, the scandalous and unworthy conduct of even a few of them is apt to bring reproach on the whole body, and to excite the distrust of the community. They should therefore be careful to exclude from their ranks that turbulent element composed of men who boldly preach the gospel of anarchy, socialism, and nihilism: those land-pirates who are preying on the industry, commerce, and trade of the country: whose mission is to pull down and not to build up; who, instead of upholding the hands of the government that protects them, are bent on its destruction, and, instead of blessing the mother that opens her arms to welcome them, insult and defy her. If such revolutionists had their way, despotism would supplant legitimate authority, license would reign without liberty, and gaunt poverty would stalk throughout the land.

We are persuaded that the system of boycotting, by which members of labour unions are instructed not to patronize certain obnoxious business houses, is not only disapproved of by an impartial public sentiment, but that it does not commend itself to the more thoughtful and conservative portion of the guilds themselves. Every man is free indeed to select the establishment with which he wishes to deal, and in purchasing from one in preference to another he is not violating justice. But the case is altered when by a mandate of the society he is debarred from buying from a particular firm. Such a prohibition assails the liberty of the purchaser and the rights of the seller, and is an unwarrantable invasion of the commercial privileges guaranteed by the government to business concerns. If such a social ostracism were generally in vogue, a process of retaliation would naturally follow, the current of mercantile intercourse would be checked, every centre of population would be divided into hostile camps, and the good feeling which ought to prevail in every community would be seriously impaired. "Live and let live" is a wise maxim, dictated alike by the law of trade and by Christian charity.

Experience has shown that strikes are a drastic, and at best a very questionable remedy for the redress of the labourer's grievances. They paralyze industry, they often foment fierce passions, and lead to the destruction of property, and, above all, they result in inflicting grievous injury on the labourer himself by keeping him in enforced idleness, during which his mind is clouded by discontent, while brooding over his situation, and his family not infrequently suffers from the want of even the necessaries of life.

From the official statistics furnished by Bradstreet and Carroll D. Wright, United States Commissioner of Labour, for eight years ending, December, 1885, comes the following summary:

Number of strikes in the United States for eight years..	5,453
Number of employed involved in the strikes.....	1,870,282
Loss to employed in wages.....	\$77,638,324

The loss inflicted by the strikes on the employers is but a little over half the amount sustained by the employed, who could much less afford to bear it.

It would be a vast stride in the interests of peace and of the labouring classes if the policy of arbitration which is now gaining favour for the settlement of international quarrels were also availed of for the adjustment of disputes between capital and labour. Many blessings would result from the adoption of this method; for while strikes, as the name implies, are aggressive and destructive, arbitration is conciliatory and constructive; the result in the former case is determined by the weight of the purse, in the latter by the weight of argument.

THE BIGOT.

BIGOT No. 1.

A group of bright little children seated on the porch of a New England summer hotel intently studying a book attracted the attention of one of the guests. He looked and saw that they were gazing at a picture in the book. The picture represented four or five monks, some dressed like Dominicans, others like Franciscans, engaged in torturing with pincers and roasting alive a beautiful woman half naked. "What is that picture?" said the guest. "It is Romish priests burning a Protestant!" replied the eldest of the children, a flaxen haired boy. "Are there more pictures like that in the book?" said the guest. "Oh yes!" replied the boy; "it is full of them." And sure enough it was full of illustrations, all calculated to inspire the young with hatred of the Catholic Church or cover it with ridicule. The pictured matter was as full of falsehoods as Redpath's history. Yet it was written in a plain, simple style in good English adapted to the minds of children. It was published by a respectable publishing house, which yearly sends out thousands of copies of books of a similar character to poison the mind of the young against the faith and practice of Catholics. There is hardly one of our readers who has not come across some of these bigoted publications. They produce the child a bigot. The little mind is filled with lies about Popes, bishops, priests and nuns, and the doctrines of the Church are ridiculed and travestied. Even writers as distinguished as Charles Dickens did not hesitate to stoop to this vile task of trying to inflame the passions of the young against "Popery." His *Child's History of England* is a proof. One of the most prominent American writers who have devoted themselves to this nefarious purpose is Goodrich or "Peter Parley," whose histories, lacking in truth as the inscription on tombstones, are in the hands of all American children. These books fill the country annually with a crop of young bigots, and of course very few of these young minds are able to get over their early prejudices in later life.

Is there a remedy for this evil? Yes; it is to produce a number of elementary histories, well illustrated to make them interesting, written by competent Catholics for the benefit of the young. One of the best things the late Father Hecker ever did was to publish the pamphlet, "It is honest?" and scatter it broadcast over the land. It was an appeal to the sense of fair play in every honest man's breast, against the common calumnies against the Catholic Church. If it did not always make converts, it certainly killed prejudice in many minds. Our Catholic colleges have clever professors of English literature and history. Will not some of them write truthful histories for the young, to counteract the fairy tales, but called histories of "Parley" and Redpath? The late John Hassard and John McCarthy did something in this line. But much yet remains to be done by our Catholic literateurs and our Catholic publishers to stem the tide of juvenile bigotry set in motion by attractive but false elementary histories.

BIGOT No. 2.

Here is a gentleman from Boston, polite, educated, cultured. His wife goes to the Catholic Church to hear the music. He himself, possessed of a sweet tenor, being acquainted with some Catholic musicians, sometimes sings in a Catholic choir,

or at a concert for the benefit of a Catholic charity. He is the most amiable of men. He is a merchant, keeps Catholic help and clerks, and chides them if they do not go to their own church every Sunday. He will even invite the priests to dinner sometimes and doff his hat to him in the street. In fact, he thinks Father A. the "meest fellow" he knows, and so when both happen to meet at the seashore in summer he will invite Father A. to a sail, or to his house for a game of chess. But our Boston friend is like some of those lunatics one meets at bedlam or Blackwell's Island, sane in everything but one. His crazy point comes out after the first game of chess, especially if he loses it. "Do you know," he says, "Father A., I have great respect for the Catholic Church. In fact, I would not object to my daughters marrying Catholics and turning with their husbands. But there is one thing I don't like and that is the Jesuits. I hope you are not a Jesuit, Father A.?" "No, indeed I am not," replies the priest. "But why do you dislike the Jesuits?" "Well, they believe that the end justifies the means, and they are plotting against our American institutions." "Well!" replied the priest, "this is news to me, my friend." "Why," says the Bostonian, "don't you know that they believe that the end justifies the means?" "I know nothing of the kind," says Father A. "I know the contrary. I know that the Jesuits condemn the proposition that the end justifies the means and that they are staunch-supporters of our republican liberty." "Oh, that is not so," replies our Boston friend. "I know better. give me your proofs," says Father A. "Every one knows it," says Boston. "Well, now, I am some one and I know it is a calumny," replies the priest. "You are prejudiced," says Boston; "I know the Jesuits hold that the end justifies the means, and that they hate our American liberties. I like your secular clergy, men like yourself, Father A., but these Jesuits are plotters." "Now see my friend," said Father A., "If I want to know the price of dry goods in Boston or the quality of silk I would take your opinion, for you are an expert in both. Suppose you gave me your positive opinion on these subjects and proved from other sources that you did not deceive me, what would you think of me if I persisted in refusing to believe you? Would I not practically be saying that you are a liar? Would I be a gentleman to refuse to believe your word? Now you know me well. You know that as a Catholic priest I know the theology of the Catholic Church and especially the teaching of the Jesuits. I have read their books. Now I give you my solemn word of honor that they condemn the proposition that the end justifies the means. Will you persist in refusing to believe me when I certainly ought to know the truth in the matter bet'er than you? I know that the Jesuits are not hostile to American institutions. Is not a Catholic priest an expert in such questions as you are one in dry goods?" "Oh, well!" replies the Bostonian, "we'll not discuss the question further. Have another game of chess!" But his tone and manner showed that he still believed that the Jesuits held the condemned doctrine and were foes of American liberty and that Father A. was a liar. Nothing could change his opinion.

For this kind of bigotry there is no moral remedy. A surgical operation similar to the one required, they say, to get a joke into a Scotchman's head, might get the truth about the Jesuits into the skull of our Boston friend.

BIGOT NO. 8.

He was a lawyer, impecunious and briefless. By good luck and good looks a wealthy woman fell in love with him and made him disposer of her mighty dollars. He was only half educated in everything except in the art of making and keeping money. He became ambitious. His ambition became greater than his talent or deserts, and so he foolishly bought a newspaper in order to have an "organ" to grind out his views and music for his processional from the bar to the statesman's chair.

So he became an editor. Sometimes he writes editorials, the rhetoric of which seems to have been studied on the back of a hippogriff. He scatters foreign words over his editorial page till he makes it look like a bill of fare in a fashionable restaurant. In this he imitates other fashionable Fifth avenue writers, like the author of "Valentine," and the hysterical Mrs. Rives-Chandler. "Will religion pay!" "Will it help to further my political aspirations!" There's the nut for our

lawyer-editor to crack. It will. So at once he publishes sermons of the leading Protestant clergymen, texts of Scriptures which he does not understand, photographs of the Methodist Bishops, and diatribes against Popery from Dr. John Hall or any other bigot who will write them. His newspaper became as spotted as a rabid coach dog or a loper, with squibs and sneers against Catholics. Before the presidential election his prejudices were held in abeyance lest Catholic Republicans should go back to the Democratic fold. But now that the election is over this treacherous shepherd gives his Catholic sheep up to the tender mercies of the Protestant wolves. He poses as the Pharisaic custodian of the Sunday because it would not pay to run his cabs on that day. He cut-Calvins Calvin, yet he hobnobs with Atheists, Anarchists and Socialists. He dines with Vanderbilt and Depew, and speechifies with Herr Most and the Socialists. He has always a kind word for them, but ever a blow for a Catholic. If a Catholic protests he pigeon-holes the protest for days, then publishes it with a forged date, permits the carrion crows driven out of the Church to caw their replies in his columns and then closes them against the Catholic who feels aggrieved. And this lawyer-editor poses as a typical New Yorker and a Simon-pure American. Is he a bigot! It is hard so say whether he is a bigot, a hypocrite, or an idiot, or all three together. Considering his mental calibre he is certainly the last in his office of punder to Methodist and Presbyterian prejudice, and in his gathering in the shekels from that dirty source and from other "no Popery" shouters he is also the other, too. His idiocy of course is incurable, his pharisaism can be unmasked. But is there a remedy for his bigotry!

Yes, a supernatural one is prayer. The only natural one we know of is a cowhide or the toe of a boot, and every honest man feels like applying it.

REV. DR. BRANN.

CARDINAL NEWMAN AND HIS SCHOOL.

The world is more familiar with the personality of Cardinal Newman than perhaps with that of any other living celebrity. In proof of this, says the *Weekly Register*, we may cite the fact that even "An Old Boy," who writes an article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* under the heading we have used, has almost nothing to say that most people did not know before. For the sake of the minority, however, we quote a great portion of what "An Old Boy" says on a theme that is always interesting:—

"The school of the Oratory at Edgbaston was opened by Cardinal Newman in 1865. He has stated in letters which have since been published that his great object was to open a school in which the lay element should be distinct from the clerical; that is, in which boys should be received who had no immediate intention of becoming priests. If after their school career they elected for such a life, well and good; but it was not to be as in many other Catholic schools, where those who are specially designed for the priesthood and those who do not feel any vocation are mixed together in one body. The school founded with these objects grew rapidly, and in its earlier days was under the direct supervision of the Cardinal, who, however, has for many years been unable to give it that close attention which he would have wished. His old age and his recent indispositions have prevented him from taking an active part in its management, but his influence is still strongly felt in every department of the school, and especially in that manly English character which the public schools alone are supposed capable of producing. Indeed, it is in its resemblance to an English public school that Edgbaston is chiefly remarkable among the Catholic colleges. Its rules, its institutions, its discipline, its curriculum have all been based on the English ideas of such things, many of the customs are those of Westminster, and the yearly Latin play in both schools, in December at the one and in July at the other, make the resemblance all the closer. In the one case, as in the other, it is the feature of the place, and in both the highest importance is attached to it. It is this fact of the opinions and methods being those of a public school which gives Edgbaston its peculiar value in the eyes not only of the old boys, who would in any case regard it as the *Alma*

Mater, but also to many who have feared that education in the hands of priests might lose those very characters which Englishmen are most proud of.

The school itself is a large, irregular building of red brick, built next to the Oratory itself and forming part and parcel with it. The building contains two quadrangles, outside of which are a large gravelled playground and field. The school has long had a rackets court, and a lawn tennis court was added a few years ago. The building stands on the Hagley Road, some three-quarters of a mile from the town of Birmingham, and in one of its pleasantest suburbs. It is some two miles up this road that the playing-fields are situated, at Ravenhurst, near Harborne. Here the school home matches are played, and not a few strong elevens, including that of the county, have played it out there, for the Oratory's cricket is one of its strongest points and is certainly watched with as much anxiety by the Fathers and masters as by the boys. A great deal is thought of the school's prowess in the game, and it is almost as good a thing for a boy to be a good player as a good Catholic or anything else.

The Cardinal, of course, in spite of his old age, is the moving spirit of the place. In the old times his figure was a familiar one in the cloisters and the corridors, or passing to the school chapel to give a special benediction. Lately the boys have seen much less of him, on account of his increasing infirmity, but that has not in the least affected the reverence with which he is regarded by the boys, and that could only be judged by those who witnessed the intense enthusiasm with which the news of his having been given the Cardinal's hat was received ten years ago. He also, on his side, remains as anxious as ever for the well-being of the boys. He learns the name of each new arrival, and is careful to inquire those of the winners of the chief prizes of the year. Those also who may be leaving the school are presented to him on the last day of their term, and are given some small memento by him, usually one of his own books with his name upon the fly-leaf.

As might be expected, the Edgbaston boys are as proud as can be of their school and its head. They fully recognize their importance in being, as it were, in the family of the wonderful old man, and they are quite alive to the place which the outside world gives him among its great men. His works, though hardly to be called exciting literature for boys, are nevertheless well read in the school library, and the story of his life is as familiar to them as to any of those who know of him only by name, and there is a fervent, if unexpressed, hope that he may for many years more be in their midst and at their head.

The boys see much less of Cardinal Newman than they did in the old times; this is, of course, only natural, for the Cardinal, who is now in his eighty-ninth year, was but sixty-four years old when the school was founded. Nevertheless, it is not unusual for them to meet him in the corridors of the two houses, or in the cloisters of the quadrangle, and whenever he and his attendant priest come across any of the boys it is the custom among them to kneel and receive his blessing—that is, at least, during the last few years, in which such occurrences have grown unfortunately more and more rare.

Like Cardinal Manning, he is simple to a degree in his habits, getting up till quite lately, even if he does not do so still, between five and six in the morning, both in summer and winter. He then says Mass in a chapel adjoining his bedroom, and afterwards takes his breakfast, and during the day presides over the meals of the Fathers at one o'clock and at six. On great feast days, such as that of St. Philip Neri, who founded the Congregation, or of SS. Peter and Paul, the Cardinal conducts the service of Benediction for the boys in the school chapel, but even this light effort has been more than he could frequently undertake during the last two or three years. He still distributes the prizes, however, at the breaking-up, and, as has been mentioned, takes the very greatest interest in the Play—the Play which is the peculiar distinctive mark and glory of the school. More than one of the parts have been acted by the Cardinal himself in his boyhood, and the lucky fellow who happens to be cast for one of these receives more hints and more personal coaching from the Cardinal in the few rehearsals which he attends, than do his companions, a thing which makes him of no small impor-

tance in his own eyes and in theirs. The part of "Davus," in the *Pincerna*, is, if report speaks true, one of those last.

Of course the family, if one may so call it, which surrounds him in this his later time looks up to him with a reverence and loyalty which familiarity tends in no way to diminish, but rather to make more tender. Hence it is that you may search in vain among the boys for anecdotes of his wit or of his power of satire, while you will find many told of his kindness or of cases which put in evidence the power of his name in the outside world. There is one above all which is most illustrative, not only of that kindness of his, but also of the utter absence in him of any respect for persons. There had come to see him a person of no small importance, but whom, either from the time of his arrival, or for some other cause, Cardinal Newman could not find time to see, thinking, perhaps, that the boast of an interview was all that was being sought. Now no very long time after this there came from Massachusetts, in the United States, an old man and his wife, who had come all those three thousand miles to see, if they might, the writer of the "*Apologia*," and of that marvellous "*Lead, Kindly Light*." The hour at which they reached the Oratory was inconveniently late, the people themselves were Methodists, and Cardinal Newman had never so much as heard their names before; but they were given a long, long interview with him in a room off the playground which he keeps for his important visitors, and received the most charming and most cordial of God-speeds on their departure."

THE DEAF GIRL.

When childhood's laughing tones reveal
Deep blessedness of heart,
I feign the joy I long to feel
And check the sobs that start:
Shrouding the agony that lies
Within my dim, tear-blinded eyes,
Because on earth eternally
The door of sound is closed for me,
And man,—man knoweth not the key!

In solitude I love to dream
Of what I may not hear,
And muse how sweet a sound must seem
A human voice, how dear!
Alas! that dreams which soothe and bless
Should be so full of nothingness!
I wake, and all is mystery:
The door of sound is closed for me
And man—man knoweth not the key.

I shall not long be here on earth,
My mother's eyes are wet:
She felt, e'en when she gave me birth
My star would quickly set,
I grow less earthly day by day,
Then tell me why should death delay?
God calls me home, God sets me free;
The door of sound is closed for me,
But oh! it shall not always be.

My form is frail, my sight is dim,
Life's tide is ebbing fast:
My failing senses seem to swim
And all will soon be past!
Peace, peace! I hear sweet angel-tones
Singing in Heaven around the thrones:
One last brief prayer on bended knee,
The door of sound is open'd for me,
But God, God only, had the key!

GEORGE MURRAY.

Montreal.

The members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, desire to tender their thanks to their friends and patrons for the liberal response to their appeal for assistance in paying off the debt on St. Vincent's Hall. The Garden Party held in Moss Park Rink met with gratifying success. The following are the returns made by the several Conferences:

Our Lady of Lourdes, \$200.25; St. Paul, \$94.90; St. Basil, \$68.92; Our Lady (Cathedral), \$61.20; Sacred Heart, \$48.90; St. Mary, \$34.28; St. Peter, \$15; St. Patrick, \$10.50; Sundry Receipts, \$236.65. Total, \$760.55. Expenses about, \$165. Net proceeds, \$595.55.

Returns yet to be received will, it is expected, bring the amount up to six hundred dollars.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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IN CANADA.

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All advertisements will be set up in such style as to insure the tasteful typographical appearance of the REVIEW, and enhance the value of the advertisements in its columns.
Remittances by P. O. Order or draft should be made payable to the Business Manager.

LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

St. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 29th Dec., 1886.

GENTLEMEN,—

I have singular pleasure indeed in saying God-speed to your intended journal, *THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW*. The Church, contradicted on all sides as her Divine Founder was, hails with peculiar pleasure the assistance of her lay children in dispelling ignorance and prejudice. They can do this nobly by public journalism, and as the press now appears to be an universal instructor for either evil or good, and since it is frequently used for evil in disseminating false doctrines and attributing them to the Catholic Church your journal will do a very great service to Truth and Religion by its publication. Wishing you all success and many blessings on your enterprise.

I am, faithfully yours,

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF HALIFAX.

HALIFAX, July 11, 1888.

DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

I have been very much pleased with the matter and form of *THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW*. The high moral Catholic tone, the fine literary taste displayed make your paper a model of Catholic journalism. May it prosper much so long as it keeps to its present line.

Yours very truly,

J. O'BRIEN,
Archbishop of Halifax.

FROM THE LATE BISHOP OF HAMILTON.

HAMILTON, March 17, 1887.

MY DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

You have well kept your word as to the matter, style, form and quality of the REVIEW, and I do hope it will become a splendid success.

Believe me, yours faithfully,

JAMES J. CAREWY,
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUG. 17 1889.

The next parliament promises to be a parliament of parsons. An Ottawa journal states that the Rev. Dr. Hunter is mentioned as the Anti-Jesuit candidate for Carlton at the next election, and on all sides the political fever is raging in the clerical veins. It used to be supposed that their business was with theology. Or is it because they have no theology that they are now turning their attention to politics, and haranguing their hearers on Sunday nights like the veriest demagogues?

One of these clerical incendiaries in this city declared in the course of his "sermon" last Sunday evening, in reference to the failure of the "trooly loil," to bully Lord Stanley, as they had failed to bully the Parliament and the Ministry, that if the worst came to the worst "there remained the alternative of making their wishes known by force, and by insurrection." Pretty talk from a "loyalist." It was this same vulgar ruffian who from his pulpit in the May of 1887 called upon the Orangemen to mob Mr. William O'Brien, when that gentleman visited Toronto, and who promised to be there himself to help them. ("I say to you Orangemen who may be here to-night to rise up. Rise up, I say, and keep them in their place, and on the night when Billy O'Brien comes, see that he keeps his place, and if he exceeds here then mob him I say, and I will be there to help you." *Vide* daily newspaper reports.) Mr. William O'Brien, it will be remembered, was attacked by a murderous gang in the streets a few nights afterwards, and escaped death at their hands only by the intervention and mercy of Providence.

The moral of it all is that the loyalty of the Orangeman is much the same sort of thing here in Canada as it is in Ireland. The last argument of the Orangemen in Ireland, "We'll kick the Queen's Crown into the Boyne," has its counterpart in Canada in the threat to rebel, and to "smash Confederation." What a row, though, would have been raised had any such expression been let fall by a priest, or any unfortunate Papist.

"Between sixty and seventy gentlemen," says the *Halifax Chronicle*, "with such a respectable person as Dr. Cavan at their head, took the trouble to wait on the Governor-General of Canada to ask him in all seriousness to disallow the Jesuits' Estates Act, in defiance of his constitutional advisers and in the face of a vote of Parliament of 188 to 18. That men of recognized ability and good sense could be induced to engage in such a palpable farce only shows how necessary it is to have the political affairs of the country in the hands of men who know something of practical affairs."

The scenes that mark the departure of the Irish emigrant from his native shores—scenes which make the heart sore—have often been described in sympathetic and eloquent language. To mention only one of the best known, who has read without emotion "The Lament of the Irish Emigrant," the beautiful lines written by Lady Dufferin, which brings out, in all its strength and sincerity, at once the strongest and the tenderest side of the Irish nature, that of passionate attachment to his family and his birth-place? Another such exquisite description of one of these sad Irish leave-takings we chanced upon by accident lately in a poem written by Mr. George Murray, of Montreal, and entitled "Grace Connell," an Irish idyll. Mr. Murray, another of whose pathetic little poems we publish elsewhere in this number, brings one of these Irish farewells, with all its painful meaning, before the memory or the imagination in a few tender touches:—

The day of parting came; beside the quay
A giant steamer lay, prepared to house
The thousand emigrants that thronged the docks.
Oh! sad the sights, unutterably sad,
That met the gaze upon that crowded wharf—
Fond mothers, folding in their arms the necks
Of stalwart sons; gray haired, decrepit sires,
Invoking blessings on the heads of those
They could not hope to meet again on earth;
And tearful lovers, parted for a time.
There, too, were Grace and Nellie. From the huts
Of the poor hamlet tender-hearted dames
Had joined the sisters, wishful to assuage
The bitter anguish of the last farewells.
Grace scarce could speak; with deep convulsive sobs
She strained weak Nellie to her throbbing heart
And murmured "Nellie, love, God bless you both!"
The deck was cleared of strangers, then a band
Struck up "St. Patrick's Day," to drown the noise
Of groans, and prayers, and blessings and laments,
Back surged the crowd—the gangways were withdrawn,
And the huge steamer, with its joyless freight
Of Erin's exiles, slowly moved away.

An hour went by; Grace still was standing there,
Still gazing o'er the green Atlantic waves,
Rapt in deep thought. Softly the women came
And touched her, saying, "Dearest Grace, come home,"
She answered meekly, in pathetic tones:
"Kind friends I ask your pardon, leave me here.
Pray be not vexed—I fain would be alone.
Grant me this favour, for I am no' well,
My heart is aching. When the night has come,
Perhaps I shall be better. God is good!"

FOREWARNED, FORARMED.

"A few days ago," says the *Philadelphia Catholic Standard*, "we casually noticed, on a news-stand, a cartoon representing 'Miss Canada with her arm in that of Uncle Sam's,' on the same side of a turn-stile, and with only one bar of the stile between them. Canada is represented as gazing with anxiety and perplexity at two school-houses. Over the one which is nearest to Canada there is a cross, and also a flag, on the latter of which is the inscription: 'Public (French) School.' In front of this school is the figure of a Catholic clergyman closing up the rear of a procession of children entering the school-house. On the front end of the other school-house which is nearest to 'Uncle Sam,' is an inscription in letters, 'U. S. Public School,' and the United States flag floats over it. Below the cartoon are the words, 'Annexation the only remedy, followed by a legend representing 'Uncle Sam' as saying (pointing to the Catholic French Public School), 'That's not English, you know, but you can make it quite American.'"

The underlying thought, as the *Standard* admits, is unmistakable. It is that the abolition of Catholic Public Schools in Canada would be a certain consequence of annexation; and that those Canadians who are striving to destroy these schools will most easily accomplish their purpose by bringing about a union with the United States. The subject is one that we have more than once treated upon. We have frequently pointed out that Professor Goldwin Smith, the chief advocate of annexation and the arch-enemy of the Catholic Church in this country, has, to do him justice, never attempted to conceal his belief that annexation will prove the surest instrument with which to crush out the Church and the French Canadians. And so long as that is the case, the *Standard* is a staunch enough Catholic journal to see what some of its American Catholic contemporaries, the *New York Freeman's Journal* among others, have failed to see, namely, that Canadian Catholics are opposed to the annexation proposal, and that the Catholics of the United States, if they are wise, will not play into the hands of its American promoters. The *Standard* says:

"To be forewarned is to be forearmed, runs the old proverb; and doubtless the majority of our Canadian friends who see this cartoon will accept the warning it contains. In fact, many of them have anticipated it. There is one barrier in the way of a union between the United States and Canada which, under existing circumstances, makes it impossible for the Canadians to consent to incorporation into the American Union. It is the idolatrous worship of secularism by the majority of the people of the United States, and the anti-Catholic bigotry of a large number of them.

"It was this latter element that rendered it impossible, at the outset of our war with Great Britain for Independence, for the Canadians to accede to the proffers made to them by the Commissioners of the "Thirteen Colonies." The Canadians at that time would not have been unwilling to break with Great Britain and cast in their lot with us could they have done so consistently with their self-respect and their religious rights. But they had had too many unmistakable manifestations of the hatred with which their religion was regarded by the majority of the people in each of the Thirteen Colonies, and of the penal laws and political disabilities to which Catholics were subjected in each of those colonies (with two or three exceptions) not to see clearly that union with the Colonies (soon to become States) could only be accomplished at the expense of the rights and liberty (political and religious) of the Catholics of Canada; and Catholics

then were a much larger part of the population of Canada than even now they are. Hence it was anti-Catholic bigotry and refusal to accord equal rights to Catholics that lost Canada to us a hundred years ago."

The *Standard* says further that since then the position has not materially changed, and that Catholics are still in the majority in almost every Province of the Dominion; probably in every Province except that of Ontario. They use the power this fact gives to defend their own political and religious rights, without, however, abusing it (as do Protestants and non-Catholics in the United States) by refusing equal religious and political rights to those who differ from them in belief. In the Province of Quebec, for example, where the Catholics are in an overwhelming majority, Protestants can complain of no inequality as respects the provisions for the instruction of their children in their religious belief. But a number of bitter anti-Catholics in Ontario are bent on secularizing the Separate Catholic Schools established in Ontario, where Catholics are in a minority; and bent also on effecting "a revision of the Constitution," that is to say, upon destroying the rights and privileges guaranteed to the Catholic people of Canada for the free exercise of their religion, by treaties and grants from the Crown. And despairing of being able to accomplish this while Canada remains in her present political condition, they seek to effect a connection with the United States, in the hope that by swamping the five million Canadians among fifty million Americans, the weaker of the two will go under, and that the new race will step in and sweep away from off the face of this north half of the Continent every vestige of the French-Canadian and Catholic, with his religion and traditions. In the work of bringing this about, the *Standard* sees that there is a faction of anti-Catholics in its country which is co-operating with the anti-Catholics in Canada. And since we in Canada are fully able to perceive this, the *Standard* understands why the Catholics of this country look with distrust upon the annexation proposal, since whatever advantages might accrue to us in a commercial sense by union with the Americans would be purchased at the price of our religious freedom.

We referred in a late number to the clause in the Bill recently passed by the English Parliament for the prevention of cruelty to children which provides that children under the age of ten shall not be employed in the theatres; and to the arguments, for and against, which were urged during the various stages of the discussion. While many and strong arguments were adduced in favour of the continuance of this form of child labour, such as the necessitous conditions of parents, the squalor and wretchedness of the children's early surroundings; yet the majority of Parliament, including nearly all the Catholic members, were on the side of what the *Weekly Register* termed "that elementary principle of humanity which shrinks from the idea of a child coming into contact with the life of the stage which—withstanding all exceptions to the contrary—is accidentally associated in every city with corruption." On this very interesting but difficult subject, Mrs. Bancroft, a gifted and good woman, and, like her husband, a Catholic, has written to the *Register* the following earnest and sympathetic letter:—

"SIR,—As since my earliest childhood I have been associated with the stage, I may, perhaps, be permitted to speak on this vexed question as to the employment of little children in theatres.

I fail to understand what baneful influence there can be in their atmosphere to affect the moral nature of any child. My experience of our theatres is that children are there so

petted and made much of, so coddled and cared for, that when the run of a play in which they had been employed comes to an end, the little creatures often cry bitterly at the thought of being taken away, probably in their hearts dreading to return to squalor, neglect, or rough treatment. I have seen such children kindly cared for in various ways, and have known the poverty of their parents relieved by subscriptions, and in many cases weekly allowances, from very meagre purses—often when the money could but ill be spared. I have also known actresses to teach some of these children, that by the time their term of service ended they have been able to read and spell fairly well—surely a comparison to many neglected ones outside the playhouse. The only matter, in my opinion, to be regretted in connection with the engagement of humble children for pantomimes, or occasional productions, is their having often to return to gutter acquaintances and gutter morals. This is indeed to be deplored; for who can tell what jewels may be lying dormant, for the mere want of proper polishing, in such big bundles of humanity? It has always seemed hard to me that these half-enlightened little creatures, some of them with sweet natures, should be thrust back to the evil communications of their street playfellows, who often torment them on account of their half-fledged refinement, or tease and jeer at them as a caged bird who suddenly gets his freedom is pecked at by his feathered brethren, until, by constant intercourse with vice and bad example, they wander back to their former state, uncared for, and probably lost to all chance of redemption.

What is more touching on the stage than the prattle of a clever child? What more refining to itself? If none of tender years are to be allowed to act what will become of "King Richard" and the Princes in the Tower; of "Charles I." without his boy and girl; or where will be the sorrows of poor "Triplet" if robbed of his starving little ones; and will not dozens of other delightful plays be lost to the public? As one who has been a "stage-child" herself, and who well remembers the value of her little earnings, let me plead for those now in a like position, for I will hope that my voice may be regarded in some way as that of an expert.

Your obedient servant,

Campfer, Engadine, July 27.

MARIE E. BANCROFT.

Although other opinions prevailed, not one, we fancy, of the advocates of the clause would deny that the question would be rid of all difficulty if in every theatre, the "Babes of the Boards" were certain to come under the care of a Mrs. Bancroft.

THE ATTACKS UPON THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

The Equal Rights agitators recall the three Tooley Street tailors. "A more indecent exhibition," says the *Montreal Gazette*, "of disappointed fanaticism than the attacks of journals like the *Globe* and *Witness* upon the Governor-General because of the tone and language of his reply to the Equal Rights Association, is happily seldom afforded." After following them up for some months it is at last forced to add that just what these advocates of the unconstitutional exercise of disallowance want passes its understanding. For months they employed themselves in distributing petitions through Ontario, calling upon His Excellency to disregard the advice of his Ministers, and acting upon his own responsibility, to veto the Jesuits' Estates Act, or, in any event, to exercise his prerogative of dissolving Parliament. A deputation journeyed to Quebec to press these prayers upon the Governor-General, and because Lord Stanley has accorded the Equal Rights representatives the exceptional favour of a personal hearing, and a statement of his views, he is now subjected to coarse abuse. "The main principle of the Equal Rights Association," says the *Gazette*, "would seem to be license to vilify and traduce whomsoever may disagree with its particular views." If these self-constituted exponents of public opinion did not desire to learn Lord Stanley's opinion of the Jesuits' Estates legislation, why was he asked

to exercise the prerogatives of the Crown, and to act upon his own responsibility? Why, having appealed to Lord Stanley to act contrary to the advice of his Ministers and the opinion of Parliament, and having been honoured with the courtesy of a personal statement of the reasons why he deemed that such a course would be unconstitutional and unwarranted, should they hint at his recall, and pursue him with abuse?

The later conduct of the agitators clearly uncovers the motives underlying their whole propaganda. It is no longer open to question that the Jesuits' Estates Act has simply been used by these gentlemen as a stick with which to berate Catholicism in all its forms. They aimed their agitation professedly against the Jesuits' Estates legislation, and it has been developed by its promoters into a simple crusade of race and religion. On the assembling of the convention of the Equal Rights delegates in Toronto in June last the Separate School system came in for vigorous attack at the hands of more than one of the delegates, and that a demand for its abolition was not formally incorporated as a part of the Equal Rights programme, was owing simply, we believe we are correct in saying, to the appeals of the Quebec delegates to the Ontario enthusiasts to stay their hands. The incident ought not to have been without warning. Religion in the domain of politics, the agitators should remember, is a two-edged sword. If the religious minority in Ontario enjoys, under the constitution, special privileges, so also does the religious minority in Quebec; and if these safeguards, these marks and pledges of tolerance are to be swept away as respects the Catholics in Ontario, is it certain that they will not disappear as respects the Protestants in Quebec? In order "to curb Quebec," the *Mail* tells us, the Equal Rights agitators will now demand a revision of the constitution. And therein will begin the danger. It is a step which may commend itself to those in our midst who desire to smash Confederation, as the preliminary step to annexation, but it will never be countenanced by any patriotic or right-minded man who is anxious for the maintenance of the unity of the nation, and that the people of its composite population should live in peace.

The leaders of the agitation, if they have faith in their professions, should test the constitutionality of the legislation in the courts. Since the Order-in-Council allowing the Act was approved by the Governor-General in January last there has been no other practical means available for upsetting the legislation. Since then it has been beyond the power of any tribunal other than the courts to destroy it. Were the agitators only concerned to destroy the legislation in question they would long since have brought it before the highest Court in the Empire; that they have not, and that they have applied all their energies to the work of organizing a race and religious crusade in the country, reveals, more than anything else, the meaning of the agitation and the motives of its promoters.

We republish in another part of this number the article contributed by Cardinal Gibbons to the August number of the *Cosmopolitan* on "The Dignity, Rights, and Responsibility of Labour." His Eminence treats, in a clear and simple manner, one of the most pressing questions of the day, examining it in the light of Christian principles, which, if followed and understood by the wage-earners on the one hand, and by their employers on the other, would bring to an end the strife which, in the great centres of population, daily becomes more serious and more bitter between these two elements in society.



HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP CLEARY

Most Rev. Dr. Cleary received on Monday a letter from the Archbishop of Ephesus, Dr. Kerby, Dr. Cleary's professor in the Irish College at Rome forty-five years ago, and now at 86 years of age rector of that College. The letter is dated Rome, July 30th, and contains the following passages: "A thousand congratulations on the elevation of your see to the dignity of an Archdiocese. The important decision was made by the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda on the 22nd inst, and confirmed definitely by His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII. on last Sunday. Your Grace will henceforth have a larger sphere of action for the spreading of the Kingdom of God, the defence of the rights of the Holy Church so violently assailed in our day, and the promotion of all good works ordained to the salvation of souls." "The bulls will be expedited forthwith and your pallium will be granted at the next Consistory."

IN THE CHURCH OF THE GESU.

Feeling vastly as if we were about to "do" St. Peter's, Rome, Slowbridge and I sauntered, one Saturday afternoon, not long since, to the Church of the Gesu.

Arriving at the entrance, a notice, placarded to the right, announced to the public, viz., Slowbridge and myself, that a pamphlet containing descriptions of the frescoes and paintings was obtainable from the sacristan. While we were debating as to which aisle would the soonest bring us there, the massive centre door was pushed slowly from within, and a woman, shrouded in black, issued from her retreat. She had such a sad, unsmiling countenance that we almost feared to question her, and when Slowbridge, gaining courage, spoke, she was answered in that dull monotone which belongs to misery alone.

Following her direction we soon gained the vestry. Here there was a slight delay. The priest was being interrogated by one of his flock, and so we had to wait with the patience which comes from necessity. When our object was made known, the reverend father hurried away, returning in a few moments with two pamphlets, entitled "College St. Marie et Eglise du Gesu." We bowed our thanks and clasped the

precious pamphlet eagerly, while I made a suggestion timidly. "Shall we bring them back afterwards?"

He smiled a little at this. "They were twenty five cents each—'a small trifle; it went to the church.'" Here we discovered that one book would suffice for us both; Slowbridge paid for it, I carried it, and thus things were even!

An air of supreme solemnity was throughout the holy building; it seemed sacrilege to even whisper commentaries upon those life depicted figures. Here and there were stray worshippers—women, who had stolen in from their work for comfort and courage; some children, with curious, staring, uncomprehending eyes; a few men, bearing the mark of life's bitter struggle in their forms and faces. What sight more beautiful, more touching, than to witness a strong man bent before God's altar in prayer? It brings before one so vividly a vision of him "who was wounded for our transgressions."

What pages of life's unwritten history may be read in a place such as this! "La grande dame," in her silks and furs, sobbing out her sorrow in the confessional, while the carriage awaits her at the door; the poor widow praying close by for forgiveness and strength. They are sisters in sorrow, these two, though they know it not, though they pass each other, touch each other in the aisle. An old man, with snow white hair and serene countenance, is saying his rosary, while a child kneels beside him following each movement. Presently the child espies the waxen figure of a monk; so life-like, so death-like is it, that the child's curiosity must be appeased. Cautiously, on her hands and knees, she creeps, until her hand touches the carven features. Their cold ghastliness fills her with fear; she retreats hastily, and, reaching the old man's side, slips her fingers into his, reassured at the living contrast!

Fearful of disturbing those in prayer, we pass slowly and silently from one fresco to another. Above the High Altar a realistic representation of that grey morning at Golgotha keeps us spellbound, the cross, freighted with that most wonderful sacrifice, standing out against the sky, the weeping women at the foot, the merciless men, "gazing unmoved at what they had done"—even the camels standing by, so natural in every detail, add startling reality to the portrayal.

St. Ignatius, in the cave of Manresa, and the crucifixion of three Japanese martyrs, Paul Michi, John de Goto and James Kisoi, in fresco, are worthy of admiration for their execution alone, while the representation of the death of Fathers de Brebœuf and Lallemant, who, by the hand of the Iroquois, perished at the stake on the shores of Lake Superior, March 16th and 17th, 1646, gives us an insight into the suffering of those who have done so much for our country and Christianity.

While we were meditating before the features of St. Francis Xavier, the students of St. Mary's College had entered; they fill the south transept. One seats himself at the organ and then their beautiful Lenten Litany rises on our ears. St. Francis Xavier is forgotten as the soul-stirring supplication swells through the church, and we, too, fall on our knees.

"*Sancta Maria*," chimes one rich, rare voice.

"*Ora pro nobis*," the choir of fresh young voices takes up the strain.

"*Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nostri*," blend they all as one voice, and the sun steals in through a high window and slants down on the sweet boy singer. An impressive sight, the devotional band of boys on their knees in the gloom of the transept, while the form of their fair young leader rose by the organ, rapt in the sunlight of a springtide afternoon, and to our fancy the sweet face of St. Cecilia looked on and listened with approval.

We had gone to admire, to criticize the walls' wonders, but we had gained something greater than an afternoon's amusement—we had gained a deeper consciousness of that life which is *the life*, yet, as we step out into the busy, noisy street, where wealth and poverty, joy and misery, meet and pass each other by, it seemed as though the peace of the church could not be so near. But still that divine petition was ringing in our ears, echoing in our hearts—

"*Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nostri*."—*Ferrars in Dominion Illustrated.*

Irish Affairs.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL ON THE IRISH QUESTION.

Lord Randolph Churchill has accomplished another somersault in the political arena. For some months past it was thought that his Lordship was mending his ways, and had all but sown the last of his wild oats. When the discussion took place on the introduction of the Royal Grants Bill his attitude was, from the Tory point of view, so correct and his speech so loyally perverted that he was regarded as a man of broad and statesmanlike views, and any amount of flattery was poured on his head. Immediately afterwards, however, he proceeded to Birmingham, and has aroused the ire of the *Standard* and the *Times* by his denunciation of coercion. Lord Randolph's Birmingham speech is, perhaps, the best he has delivered for some years past. He spoke nothing but the truth when he said that ordinary crime in Ireland is almost nil. There were, he continued, undoubtedly unpleasant features in the Irish question. They had, in the first place, constantly recurring eviction of tenantry on a large scale. Another matter which is repugnant to his Lordship was the continual sending of Irish Members of Parliament to prison. The suppression of meeting, another fact which excites painful and disagreeable feelings in the English mind. "We have," he continued, "a state of things in Ireland for which, I think, history afforded no parallel and no guide whatsoever." The time has come, according to Lord Randolph, for the Unionist party to make a great effort to mitigate and, if possible, remove the political discontent at present existing in Ireland.

They could not, said Lord Randolph, mitigate, or, much less, remove such discontent if they relied solely on the repressive action of the Executive Government. In no period of the world's history had a policy of police ever conciliated the discontent of the people. It was rather to the legislation of a conciliatory character that they ought to look to—legislation which showed that we should trust the Irish people, as we had trusted the English and Scotch. It was to legislation of a constructive character—to legislation which enlarged the limits of local liberty. The present moment was singularly opportune for initiating legislation of that kind. With restored order they had increased prosperity, and the feeling of justice to Ireland largely existed among the English people. It was not necessary for him to say that he was unalterably opposed to anything like Repeal of the Union. The idea of a separate Irish Parliament was inadmissible, and the construction of a separate Irish Government was impracticable. What then ought to be the direction of our conciliatory policy? It must take the direction of popular local government in that country; it must take the direction of great decentralization of administration. The great obstacle to the institution of a popular local government was that the great majority of the constituency in Ireland were occupiers of land, while the minority were the landlords. It was, he continued, absolutely necessary to establish a peasant proprietary as a preliminary to local self-government. Referring to Mr. Balfour, Lord Randolph said that there would be some in London who would be shocked at any one who called himself a Unionist speaking a word on behalf of the Irish people. Many of his audience had, no doubt, read about a certain character charmingly described by Mr. Charles Dickens. His name was Podsnap, and he was a person who was very contented with himself, and who was extremely surprised that all the world was not equally contented. "Well," exclaimed his Lordship, "it was a great mistake to suppose that that was a character of fiction. I know Mr. Podsnap very well!" his allusion to Lord Salisbury's nephew tickled the palate of the audience.—*The Nation*.

On the conclusion of the retreat on Sunday Bishop Cleary announced to the priests that Kingston had been made an archdiocese and he an archbishop. Rev. Father Murray, Cornwall, having resigned, his resignation was accepted. He comes to Kingston, and Rev. Father McRes, Curate of Glen Nevis, will take his place as administrator until the appointment of a Bishop for the diocese of Cornwall.

Men and Things.

There is danger that the cause of humanity and civilization in Africa is about to lose its foremost champion. Cardinal Lavigerie, who has enlisted all Europe—with the exception of Signor Crispi, who hates him because he is a Catholic and a Frenchman—lies dangerously ill at Lucerne. He had gone thither to attend the Anti-Slavery Congress, and has been struck down by an attack of pleurisy. So far has the disease gone that the Pope has sent him his benediction *in articulo mortis*. It is to be hoped that better news will soon be heard of the modern Apostle of Africa.

In his article on "Social Life at Ottawa," in the August *Cosmopolitan*, Mr. W. Blackburn Harte says some interesting things about Lady Macdonald. After describing her as strong and robust, with large, well shaped head and strongly marked features, Mr. Harte observes that "there is the same lurking determination and power about her eyes and mouth that one notices in Sir John's face. Indeed, it is generally remarked that in their long married life, the Premier and his wife have become wonderfully alike both in their habits of thought and in physical expression." Lady Macdonald, Mr. Harte continues, is a brilliant conversationalist, and has a wonderful power of drawing out people, and by getting them to talk about their hobbies, mentally taking their measure. She is a shrewd judge of character, and her opinion on all subjects are worth having. She is a warm friend to the struggling literateurs of Canada, and is herself a valued contributor to many of the leading English magazines. She has much of the personal magnetism that has been a material factor in Sir John's long and successful career, and when she takes an interest in a person, she is truly a delightful hostess."

THE ANTI-CATHOLIC AGITATION IN CANADA.

The fanatics who, under pretence of concern for equal rights and religious freedom, are striving to prevent the Quebec Provincial Government from completing an act of simple justice to the Catholics of that Province, has received a decided rebuke from Lord Stanley, Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada. A deputation of the leading agitators called upon him in Quebec and made a formal demand that, regardless of the advice of his Council of Ministers, he should in the arbitrary exercise of his power, veto the act of the Provincial Legislature of Quebec appropriating \$600,000 to the Catholic Church in that Province, as compensation for the property which had been taken by the Government from the Jesuits, and the proceeds and revenues of which the Government was enjoying.

It was a simple act of compensation for property taken. The justice and propriety of the act had been conceded by the Provincial Government, by the General Dominion Government and by the British Crown. These fanatical agitators under pretence of regard for religious freedom had protested against the act had endeavoured to get the Governor-General to disallow it had, failing in this, endeavoured to get his Council of Ministers to advise him to disallow it. Disappointed in this, had memorialized the British Crown and endeavoured to get it to interfere; rebuffed by the British Ministers, had endeavoured to get the Dominion Parliament to ask the Governor-General to do what he had already for good and sufficient reasons, refused to do; rebuffed again by the whole Dominion Parliament (thirteen votes excepted), these miserable bigoted anti-Catholic agitators now demand from the Governor-General to arbitrarily annul that which after careful consideration, guided and supported by the judgment of his Ministerial Council and that of the Parliament of the whole Dominion of Canada, and as well as by the Provincial Parliament of Quebec, he had already refused to annul.

Can impudence and blind, persistent bigotry go farther? Yet the whole procedure is of a piece with the conduct of these Calvinistic anti-Catholics since the days of Calvin and Knox onwards. In the name of religious rights and freedom they ruled Geneva with an iron hand and imposed on the people of that city one of the most odious tyrannies the

world has known. Under the same names and pretences they endeavoured to crush out all religious freedom in Scotland. Under these same pretences, in the days of Oliver Cromwell, they tyrannized England until the English people could endure it no longer. Raising the same hypocritical cries, they have succeeded in keeping Ireland in a chronic condition of religious, political and industrial subjugation. Under the same pretences they kept, until recently, Catholics in nearly every State in our Union subject to various political disabilities; and under the same pretences to-day they would prevent, if they could, the Province of Quebec from doing a simple act of compensatory justice.

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

Archbishops Ryan, of Philadelphia, is sojourning among the Thousand Islands.

The Catholic University has received another valuable gift, Rt. Rev. Michael J. O'Farrell, Bishop of Trenton, having presented it with two thousand folio volumes of excellent books.

The statue of the late Very Rev. Father Tabaret, purchased by the Alumni of the College of Ottawa, through the kind offices of his Grace Archbishop Duhamel, during the latter's visit to Rome, last winter, has arrived in Ottawa, and is an excellent likeness of the venerable founder of Ottawa's Catholic University. The statue will be erected on the College grounds, in front of the massive buildings of the institution, facing Wilbrod street. With the pedestal, now being prepared by the Granite Company, it will stand fifteen or sixteen feet from the base, and prove a veritable monument of the Alumni's esteem for one they all venerated as a father. It will besides be an ornament to the whole city, of which Father Tabaret was so long a foremost figure. Not one of Ottawa's citizens loved this city more than he, not one watched with deeper pride and heartier interests its growth, not one contributed more of his means and energy to assist in its development. Father Tabaret had faith in Ottawa, and in Canada. He was, in fact, more Canadian than Canadians themselves. The ceremony of the unveiling of the statue it is expected will be one of the most interesting events ever witnessed in the capital city of Canada.

In the third volume of the new edition of "Chambers' Encyclopedia," under the article "Catholic," we are told that the term literally signifies *universal*, and therefore "cannot properly be applied to any particular sect or body, such as the Roman, Anglican, Genevan, Reformed, Lutheran, or Presbyterian, all of which form merely portions, more or less pure, of the 'Church Universal.'" The writer, indeed, has to admit that "the name has been retained by the Church of Rome," and that although "Protestant divines" object, "yet the term Catholic is still used by the populace of almost every Protestant country as synonymous with Roman Catholic, so that from their minds all conception of the literal meaning of the word has vanished." Further on, under the article "Ceylon" a brief account is given of Christian missions in that island. We are told that, after the expulsion of the Dutch, the Baptists began missions; then the Methodists, Americans, Anglicans, and so forth. Of Catholics not a word. Now, how does the case stand? The *Illustrated Catholic Missions* for March states that out of a population of some two and three-quarter millions there are 205,770 Catholics. By the latest census of Ceylon, we find that all other Christians combined—Protestants, Wesleyans, Presbyterians and Baptists—amounted to just 35,406 in all. Yet the writer in *Chambers'* never even mentioned the existence of a single Catholic or Catholic missions! The American edition of the new Encyclopedia will no doubt be "an exact reprint of the English," and Catholic readers will do well not to place too much reliance on the "information" therein given.—*Cath. Book News*.

In a recent interview Cardinal Manning took great delight in saying there was nothing in his whole episcopal career

which gave so much consolation to his heart as the fact that there was not a single Catholic child in London, known to the clergy or anybody, who was not in a Catholic school. His Eminence said he was urged to erect a Cathedral, but the Cathedral he wanted to see during his episcopal career was a cathedral built up of living stones, the souls of his congregation. He said he would leave to his successors if need be to erect a cathedral, but he would do his duty and have all the children in his diocese instructed in the Catholic faith.

We regret to find some of our Catholic contemporaries still dwelling on the miraculous character of the incident of the preservation of the statue of the Blessed Virgin in St. John's Catholic church, Johnstown, from the effects of the awful flood. As was fully explained in the *Mirror* by a priest of the vicinity shortly after the flood, there was nothing whatever miraculous about the preservation of the statue, though the circumstances were very remarkable. No wrong impression concerning the incident should be allowed to exist.—*Catholic Mirror*.

A SONG OF KILLARNEY.

By the Lakes of Killarney, one morning in May,
On my pipes of green holly I warbled away,
While a blackbird, high up on the arbutus tree,
Gave back my gay music with gushes of glee,
When my Eileen's voice stole
From the thicket of holly,
And turned just the whole
Of our fluting to folly.
And softly along
Through the myrtle and heather
The maid and her song
Swept upon us together.

'Twas an old Irish tale, full of passionate trust,
Of two faithful lovers long laid in the dust,
And her eyes, as she sang, looked so far, far away,
She went by me, nor knew she went by, where I lay,
And myself and the grass,
And the deeshy red daisies
Should let our dear pass,
Only whispering her praises,
Till the lass and her lay
Through the myrtle and heather
Like a dream died away
O'er the mountain together.

Alfred Percival Graves.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

We have made arrangements with Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., publishers of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases," which will enable all our subscribers to obtain a copy of that valuable work *free* by sending their address (enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) to Dr. B. J. KENDALL CO., ENOSBURGH FALLS, VT. This book is now recognized as standard authority upon all diseases of the horse, as its phenomenal sale attests, over four millions copies having been sold in the past ten years, a sale never before reached by any publication in the same period of time. We feel confident that our patrons will appreciate the work, and be glad to avail themselves of the opportunity of obtaining a valuable book.

There is a man in our town
And he is very wise, sir,
When e'er he doesn't feel just right
One remedy he tries, sir,
It's just the thing to take in spring
The blood to purify,
He tells his friends, and nothing else
Is he induced to try

because, having taken Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to cleanse his system, tone it up, and enrich the blood, and finding that it always produces the desired result, he considers that he would be foolish to experiment with anything else. His motto is, "Prove all things and hold fast to that which is good." That's why he pins his faith to the "Golden Medical Discovery."

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	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
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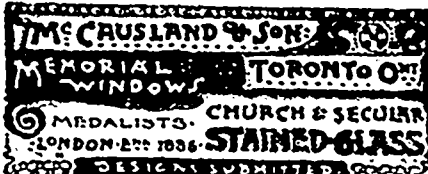
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