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THE CATHOLIC SHIELD.

A MONTHLY CHRONICLE AND GENERAL REVIEW.

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EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

The Land Bill having passed the Commons, Mr. Parnell proceeded to discuss the promised release of the "Suspects" or political prisoners. Mr. Gladstone would not hear of it. Mr. Parnell persisted in his right. Mr. Speaker, ever faithful, ever true, called "order!" Mr. Parnell appealed. Mr. Speaker named him, and Mr. Gladstone moved his suspension amidst savage yells of delight from Whigs, Tories, Liberals, and—noisiest of all—young Churchill's party of imbeciles. "I call the public to witness that you, Mr. Speaker, have refused us freedom of discussion," said Mr. Parnell; and he withdrew from the Chamber, as the Sergeant-at-Arms, bidden on by the Speaker, was advancing to expel him. Mr. Gladstone, pretending to be amazed at this bold speech, declared that he never before heard such words used in the House. And never before were such disgraceful tactics resorted

to for the purpose of gagging the representatives of the Irish people. Public opinion everywhere condemns Mr. Gladstone.

If the English Radicals are content with the result of the conflict—if conflict it can be called—between the Lords and the Commons, there is not as much fight in them as we were led to suppose. Despite their threats and boasts, the Marquis of Salisbury has succeeded in amending the Land Bill to suit the requirements of "My Lords" and the squirearchy and property class they represent. We were told that it was to be war to the knife;—that the Birmingham Caucus, the head-quarters of borough Radicalism, had dispatched a swarm of stump speakers into the mid-land counties and the north to cry, "down with the Oligarchy!"—that the Democratic League, headed by Joseph Cowen of Newcastle, was sending out tons of that peculiar literature with which the advanced Radicals flood the country in election times;—that John Bright had written letters intended for publication in which he assailed the Lords with all the vehemence of his early and all the acrimony of his latter days;—that Mr. Gladstone would call an autumn session, introduce a still stronger and more sweeping Bill, and bid the Lords reject it at their peril. But when the decisive moment came, the Lords valiantly held the fort and Gladstone abandoned the attack, before the Birmingham stump speakers and the Newcastle tons of literature could be brought on the field. John Bright didn't fire a single shot, and the Commons made a complete "Bull Run" of it. So the Land Bill, as amended by the landlords, passed, and it is now hedged with all the majesty of English law. It is plain the Radicals have no leader, even if they have stomachs for the fight.

That the Land Bill which has become law can settle the Irish difficulty is not expected. The concessions made to the Lords were too numerous and too sweeping. "The landlords," says the correspondent of the *New York Herald*, "were given permission to drag tenants into court, thus opening up an immense vista of law suits and adding additional horrors to the life of the Irish peasant. Elements of uncertainty were admitted into the clause dealing with the fixing of fair rent, and the prospects of the tenant having his property

in improvements recognized were seriously diminished. The concessions made to the Lords under these three heads will cost the Irish tenants millions of pounds sterling, but the Government will avoid the danger of dissolution and loss of office." The Land League is strong enough to thwart this mischievous enactment, but that peace which some had fondly hoped Gladstone would succeed to restore is as far away as ever.

The Catholic Members of the British House of Commons—all representing Irish constituencies—were not slow to make known to the Holy Father their heartfelt sympathy with him in his present afflictions, and their intense horror of the recent atrocious insults to the memory and attempted desecration of the remains of his illustrious predecessor. Their address, of which the following is a copy, was entrusted to Cardinal Manning for transmission to His Holiness:—

Most Holy Father,—We, the undersigned Irish Catholic members of Parliament, desire to give expression to the feelings of grief and indignation with which we have heard of the outrage and insult offered to the remains of your illustrious predecessor, Pope Pius IX., in the streets of Rome. This cowardly crime revolts the conscience of Christendom. It exposes to the world the worthlessness of the so-called "guarantees," and enables us, your children, to realise the perils that environ you as visible Head of the Church.

Most Holy Father, as representatives of an ancient Catholic nation, whose proudest boast is its historic fidelity to the Apostolic See, we tender to you our heartfelt homage and devotion and give to you the pledge that in any measures for the protection of personal safety and legitimate rights of your Holiness, which may be deemed necessary, faithful Catholic Ireland desires to be associated.

A general election has been held in France and in Spain, resulting in both countries in an overwhelming majority for the revolutionary party. In France Gambetta is sustained, and his policy of persecution endorsed. The only serious attempt to displace him was by the extreme Left, or petroleum-throwers, who, being aesthetes in their way, found him not "utterly utter" enough for their refined tastes. The Bonapartists, under Prince Jerome Napoleon, a man without any sense of honor, made a ridiculous show of fight, whilst the Royalists fled at the first smell of smoke. It is difficult to reconcile the conduct of the latter with their professions. They pretend to represent the cause of religion and order, and yet in the face of the common enemy they will not sink those differences between their rival Houses, which have proved as injurious to the Church in France as the Wars of the Roses were disastrous to the people of England. "A plague on both your Houses!" If they were Catholics and Frenchmen first and foremost, their monasteries would not

be closed, their religious orders expelled, their clergy "militarized" in barracks, and their children deprived of religious education.

The Right Reverend Donald McDonald, for over twenty years Parish Priest of Pictou, N. S., was on Sunday, August 21, consecrated Bishop, to take charge of the important diocese of Harbor Grace, Newfoundland. This solemn ceremony took place in the church of Stella Maris, where he had so long and so faithfully ministered, and was performed by the Right Reverend Bishop Cameron of Arichat; his Grace the Archbishop of Halifax, and their Lordships the Bishops of St. John, Nfld., St. John N. B., Charlottetown and Chatham participating. It is said that the new Bishop will shortly proceed to Rome.

It is high time for the Provinces to adopt measures of some kind to regulate, or, better still, to prohibit the sale and use of intoxicating liquors on board steam-boats plying on our inland waters. The record of "horrors" for last month includes the details of a drunken orgie participated in by several hundred men and women on a lower St. Lawrence boat, resulting in the death by drowning of one of the party. During the passage between Montreal and Quebec, the bar, which must have been copiously supplied in anticipation of a big "draw," was constantly patronized by both sexes, and the scenes in the salons, according to some of the crew, rivalled the old Saturnalia. An inquest was held on the body of the unfortunate man who toppled over or was thrown into the water, but a Montreal paper makes the strange remark that not a single witness of his fall overboard was examined. The verdict was "accidental drowning," and no censure was passed on the managers of the excursion or the officers of the boat. The whole proceedings are not creditable to Montreal.

Ottawa too has contributed its page to the history of "outrages," and so well have the special correspondents performed their congenial task of "writing it up," that outsiders imagine the Capital is in the hands of a mob. The facts are that an old man—his second wife yet living in the States—went through the ceremony of a mock marriage with the relict of two husbands, and the same night was serenaded or "charivariated" by a crowd of boys and young men, whose morals were no doubt grossly offended. Stones were freely thrown at the house occupied by the obnoxious pair, which is situate in one of the suburbs of the city, but on the old man coming to the door in a bellicose mood, the crowd dispersed and fled. A few returning to the charge, he again came forth and again they fled. This time he started in pursuit, through the darkness. There was no further disturbance, and nothing more was heard or seen of him until the morning, when he was found dead by the road-side with marks of violence on his

person. The authorities acted promptly, and arrested the whole charivari party. As usual the newspapers have been busy "in the interests of justice,"—interviewing the prisoners, exaggerating their statements, and giving them hideous characters. Society demands that the guilty should be punished, but there is danger of over-doing the thing. Newspaper law is almost as bad as lynch law.

—:o:—

OR *versus* AND.

II.

(Continued.)

It is beyond a doubt that sentiment, which results from our rational powers and moral feelings acting in concert, is too good a thing to be dispensed with, either in our speculations or in our faith. But left to its own guidance, it is an *ignis fatuus*, a flitting capricious thing, moving in its gyrations by springs of its own on marshy and treacherous ground, and boasting many an incautious victim. To promote any useful purpose, sentiment must be able to show reason for its sallies; and in matters of faith it will be judged with unsparring severity. If it is a gift of God given to sweeten life, to stimulate, to elevate, to give high aspirations, it is given also subject to controlling reason. It is a favouring breeze that fills the sheets and speeds the bark, but whether to open sea or sunken reef is no affair of its. It needs a pilot. Reason will steer it, on reason's own waters; but when it reaches the unexplored expanse of revelation, faith must take the steering. Now the sentimental believer renounces both those guides: he scuds onward without suspicion of danger and indulges in sweet fancies, which, having no reality, will eventually cast him on some rocky shore. To speak without figure, he revels in joy over doctrines, images, or facts, which, for all he knows, may or may not be according to God's word, and some of which, as the Revision declares, are of human invention.

Here then is a man, who, unconsciously perhaps, but in fact, renounces the use of his reasoning powers and all external aids, and this too in the treatment of his most sacred interests, and despite the light furnished him by the new Revision. He anchors his hopes on the Version and the Cup. But, does not this blind sentimentality exert its magic power on the mind of a Turk, without justifying itself by any principle of reason? Is the reader of the Koran in the right faith because he feels he could adore that book? Like the Bible-reader, the Koran-reader warms to the often-read pages, and would bleed if forced to part with them? Not that his reason is at all clear on the truthfulness of what he reads, but that his joys are bound up with the volume; it is his *Ha' Bible*.*

To foster the idea that the veracity of Scripture could be established by the argument of instinct and sentimentality was simplicity enough: but our enthusiast finds an argument of equal calibre in the principle of friendship. The old Bible has been the companion of his life: on many a solemn sabbath day and many a stilly evening it has freely unbosomed itself to him, and mingled its sympathy with his distress. The inopportune Revision carries on its front a repulsiveness that throws him back on his old friend and serves to confirm his first love. But has he any security that no deceit lurked in the heart of the old acquaintance, and that there is nothing trustworthy in the new comer? Is he sure, can he clearly show to the satisfaction of any reasoning mind, that the old Version, any more than the new, is not a Thug, and that it has not been preying all his life time on the very vitals of his Christianity? In a case of so called friendship, where one of the parties is incapable of manifesting either thought or sentiment, there is no reaction, no interchange of affection, and, consequently, no friendship. The Bible sees not, hears not, speaks not, feels not, thinks not: it is not a sentient being that can reciprocate. It does not speak and explain itself; it does not protest against the false interpretations given to it, nor does it express its approval of the true: it is a dumb book made up of paper and ink, indifferent and insensible to the foul play which it every day meets. To interpret and enjoy the truth and beauty with which the Bible teems, no human means will suffice; it needs an interpreter of divine institution and guidance to match the Bible's divine inspiration. The Bible in every shape is a deep book, and needs other eyes than those of any private man to see down into its depths, other tests of truth than even the loftiest and most delicate feeling and fondness. Both are gifts of nature, and have noble purposes to serve; but away with them when they usurp a place not their own and darken the approach of truth.

Has it ever happened in any society that they have been admitted as guides to judgments and lights to demonstrations in science, trade, politics, government? No, the world's wisdom builds on more solid ground. And what in the daily transactions of life is summarily rejected as absurd or ridiculous, is actually taken up and made the boasted test of religious truth, the key of revealed science. Sad to think—there have been in every age men of consummate worldly wisdom who have made the fold of religion the scene of the strangest vagaries. What they hooted at in one case, they deemed good enough in the other. Reason might interpose and protest: vain its voice where blindfold fancy ruled supreme. And yet the delusion has its moral. To what a pitiable shift that man is reduced who throws off the authority of the Church and takes the helm of his eternal destinies into his own hands! Having given up the only means of coming at revealed truth, he is forced to fall back upon himself, and seek from within

* The *Ha' Bible* is the Scottish Presbyterian family Bible.

himself what he refused from the Church. She of her treasures gave him to read for his edification the holy Bible, which she had written with her own hand and under divine inspiration. She alone could explain the deep and beautiful meaning she had put into every page and line of it, but he, her own child, dared, in his waywardness, renounce his mother and appropriate her handiwork, renounce her double authority of parentage and authorship, apply the feeble resources of his own unqualified intellect to the expounding of the sacred text, and thus he ended in wresting the Word of God to his own destruction. Unavailing is his tenacity in clinging to a book which is sealed against him, a book not one text of which sound reason will ever sanction his interpreting. Since, therefore, there is no medium between a willing acquiescence in the parental wisdom and authority of the Church on the one hand, and the groping of feeble reason and blind feeling on the other, a wise man may see at a glance to which of the alternatives he ought to give his preference.

But it may be said that this train of reasoning does not reach the point at issue, that nature's gifts must indeed give way to truth, but that he who reads the Bible moves in the higher sphere of grace, is above reason, is guided by the Holy Ghost. Few will deny that, apart from the authority of the Church, there is no other guide of any value except reason; and in fact the Church calls in the services of reason, upon many an occasion. He, therefore who sets aside both Church and reason in his Scripture readings, and trusts his mental state and everlasting salvation to any third ruling and guiding power, ought first to ascertain if that power will be at hand when needed, and if he has the faculty of discriminating that power from other powers which are in hourly intercourse with human feelings and affections. For when there is question of such a power as a Spirit acting upon the mind, it must not be forgotten that beside the Divine Spirit there is the human spirit, the worldly spirit, the evil spirit. And where is the man that can say with any degree of certainty that he is guided by the Divine Spirit, when he puts himself under the influence of mere feeling? Who is the man that can discern between spirit and spirit? The Bible reader falls upon a passage that pleases or soothes him or throws him into ecstasies of joy. Is this the work of God? May it not be that the passage contains an idea or an image that touches some human chord of feeling and creates sympathy? In vain we are told that this is the doing of the Divine Spirit. We reply, that what can be accounted for upon natural grounds must not be immediately attributed to supernatural influences. In vain we are told that the subject feels the Divine Spirit stirring within him; for here again he is walking in the enchanted bowers of sentimentality.

M. M. M.

God commands man to forgive, but requires society to punish.

HORÆ INANES.

Discipulus.—It is often a matter of astonishment to me most worthy Magister, to see the wicked prosperous and the good man living in poverty and suffering. John the Baptist, Jesus Christ, the Apostles led lives of poverty and persecution and suffering, whilst Herod, Pilate, the High Priests, the Scribes and Pharisees possessed everything that goes to make men what this world calls, happy. And as in those days so in these. The pious Christian has frequently a hard lot: he is perhaps poor and must earn his bread with the sweat of his brow: severe sickness comes upon him or his family: he fails in his every undertaking: death overtakes him in his best years: he dies however necessary he is to his family. On the otherhand men, who have no religion at all—men who scarcely believe in God, prosper in all their concerns. Look at our Vanderbilts, our Goulds and a host of other millionaires—who has ever heard that they are saintly men, or even men of ordinary morality? And yet everything they touch turns to gold: they are rolling in riches: they have nothing to do but to eat and drink and make merry: the world admires and worships them: they are the envy of all mankind: they live in palaces: they are clothed every day in purple and fine linen. How is this? Is God unjust that he thus afflicts the good and rewards the wicked?

Magister.—No; most worthy Discipulus; no. God is not unjust, He cannot be; nor is this prosperity of the wicked an *injustice*. It may be true that the rich man prospers in this world, but this prosperity is often the punishment of his sins. If there were not a life beyond the grave, you might indeed well complain, that the wicked man was prosperous and the good man in adversity. But alas! for the rich and prosperous man, he is perhaps enjoying riches and ease and prosperity now only in order that he may all the more feel poverty and discomfort and adversity in the great hereafter. Nay, more; he is perhaps enjoying riches and prosperity now, lest he should turn to his God and repent. You know well most worthy disciple, the thousand and one woes pronounced by Holy Writ against the unbelieving and unrepentant sinner. But of all these woes riches and prosperity ("growing fat" as the Scripture puts it) are by far the greatest. And why? Because they lead the sinner on in his guilt. A fit of sickness, a stroke of adversity, the pinchings of poverty make man fall back upon himself and upon his God and lead to repentance: continued health, long prosperity, riches lead man to believe himself a God. You see now then how riches and prosperity may after a certain point, be given by God to man lest he should turn to repent. The hardened unrepentant sinner has after a time no claim to salvation: the tepid unbelieving man has no right to the merits of that cross in which he only half believes: he has denied God so often and his graces that at length God wishes no longer to save:

a stroke of adversity, a short sickness would teach him that there was a God and a life beyond the grave, but God will not send him those graces any more, for the measure of his guilt is filled up, he has mocked God too often to deserve any further graces or warnings. God allows him therefore riches and prosperity, and these riches and prosperity lead him on in his negligence of religion and forgetfulness of God, until it is too late, death comes upon him, the night when no man shall repent for "who shall confess to thee in hell?" asks the psalmist. They are the justice of God then most worthy disciple, these riches and prosperity *not* the injustice of God.

Again, most worthy disciple, think not for one moment that riches bring happiness; nay think not I conjure you that *riches* bring *richness*. No, I have seen thousands of wealthy men but not one rich one. Money never yet made any man rich. It is contentment alone that makes men rich. The rich man rolling in wealth and yet wishing for more is poor. The poor man pinched with poverty, and yet content is rich. Where is the rich man content with his riches? Shew him me, I have *never* yet seen him. There is this curse about riches that they bring with them *want*—desire of more. As well might the traveller in the desert seek to slake his thirst with the salt water of the ocean, as a rich man seek to slake his thirst for riches with money. The more he has, the more he wants; ever grasping, ever grinding, ever greedling. Like the fever patient ever craving water and yet unable to slake his thirst with it however much he gets, so the rich man is ever thirsting for money and the more he gets the more he wants. Riches then do not bring happiness. You are wrong then in supposing God unjust, because the wicked man is rich and the good man poor. Those riches, which a foolish world looks upon as prosperity, are in reality only affliction of spirit, and as such are sent to punish wicked men.

Disciple.—I grant you that the miser, the man who loves money for itself, is not happy, but he who loves money for the enjoyments it will bring, is surely happy. I see bad men rich and surrounded with all the enjoyments riches can give. This appears to me unjust, most worthy Master.

Master.—Again you are deceived. These enjoyments which riches give, what are they? They are but fleeting. No sooner are they present, than the want comes for others of a different kind; and so on want follows want, always wanting never satisfied. You have seen children with their toys. Give them a toy to-day. they are all enjoyment for a moment: they are in a perfect heaven. But how long will that heaven last them? At most a few days, then they cry for another toy: again heaven but only for a few days: the new toy cloy as the old one did, and they cry for another; and so it goes on, always seeking never satisfied. And as it is with children, so it is with man. For what is man but a huge baby? with this difference

perhaps that whereas a marble, a rocking horse, a wheel barrow will serve as playthings for the baby, the man must have dice and racehorses and fine carriages and fine houses and gilt furniture for his playthings. No, Discipulus, not all the wealth of Croesus, not all the riches of Golconda would buy playthings to keep that huge baby-man in good humour. You are wrong then in thinking God unjust because he allows the wicked man his playthings. they are only playing him into hell.

And even supposing, most worthy disciple, that these riches and enjoyments were genuine, supposing they really would buy that happiness which they are supposed to buy—*what then?* How long will that happiness last?

Disciple.—A life time.

Master.—Yes a life time *perhaps*. And what I pray you is a life time? Let us leap suddenly forward billions of years into eternity when you and I will be looking back upon our lives on earth—how long will those lives appear? Only as a moment—a flash of lightning—a puff of wind. And would you, most worthy disciple, give all the riches and enjoyments of a moment, a puff of wind, for the joys of eternity? I know you would not. Cease then to consider God unjust because he grants the wicked man his riches.

H. B.

SLANDER.

A LEGEND OF ST. PHILIP.

BY MARY E. MASSIX.

(In the Ave Maria)

One came to Philip Neri, head bowed down
In self-abasement, striking loud his breast,
His eyes bedewed with penitential tears.
"Father," he said, "once in an evil hour,
Not many days gone by, in jealous hate
Of one I judged my enemy to be,
I suffered my unhallowed thoughts to frame
And tongue to speak, a vile malicious lie.
The slander filled its lengthened measure well;
Passed him with scornful bows or stood aloof
They who of old had been his closest friends.
And I rejoiced to see his face grow pale
And his lip tremble as each insult fell
Awhile I hugged the evil spirit close:
Revenge was sweet, and hatred held its own.
But soon my better angel bent his head,
Shedding soft tears upon my hardened heart;
Then from these eyes the midnight blindness fell.
And in a burst of penitence and pain
I saw my crime in all its hideousness.
But when I sought to call it home again,
Alas! Though black and foul it had gone forth
I knew it not in very truth for mine,
Hailed and caught up and hurled as it had been
By eager friends who call such monsters toys—
Father, what shall my great atonement be?"

How can I unto him whom I have wronged,
 And unto God whose truth I have deformed
 Make reparation for this mighty sin?"

One moment paused the saint, his gentle eyes
 Turned on the culprit with reproachful look,
 Reproachful, yet compassionate and kind,
 As sanctity must ever look on sin.

At length with slow and serious voice he said:
 "My son, go thou into the market-place,
 Take thence a bird the archer has brought down,
 With dead, limp feathers waiting to be plucked;
 Take these between thy fingers, one by one,
 Gazing not in thy walk to right or left,
 Marking not which way this one floats or that,
 But still pursuing thy appointed way,
 Until the dead bird in thy hand lies bare;
 Then backward turning, stooping in thy path,
 Uplift each tiny feather lying low,
 Missing not one from out the scattered shower;
 Then will thy sin return to thee disarmed,
 Powerless as when its poison lay undrained,
 Then will thy reparation be complete."

"Father," the penitent replied, aghast,
 "How giv'st a task to do which mortal man
 May never compass within mortal bonds?
 What like a birdling's feathers, airy, light,
 Weightless upon the heaving, floating breeze?
 What like the autumn wind as swift and strong
 To bear such weightless particles away?
 What like that wind to spread itself afar
 Where sight and touch can reach it nevermore?"

"Thou sayest well," the patient saint replied,
 "And thus the breath of slander wafted far
 Into the market-places of the world,
 Beneath its scent of plague, its poison touch,
 On waves that widen and return no more
 From the vast sea of everlasting death."

.....

Even so, good friends and neighbors, everyone,
 Read we the page, con we its lesson well,
 And while we seek its moral elsewhere
 Take heed less haply it may touch ourselves.

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HALF HOURS WITH MODERN PHILOSOPHERS.

--

I.

At a period like the one in which we live—a period freighted with the lore of six thousand years, and whose glory sheds its tranquil splendor almost across the threshold of a century still unborn—when we feel around us the unmistakable spirit of the age assuming the form of educated philosophic enquiry, and impressing upon the anxious lips about us the earnest "why?" and "wherefore?"—it becomes our imperative duty to understand what doctrine we should abide, and what errors we should oppose. The hollow murmur of the winds translates to us the plaintive questionings of the victims of uncertainty, as world after world of the great ideal universe rolls past within reach of their intelligence, and is lost amid the gloom; while comes to them the sole conviction, that philosophy is obscure, unreal,

impalpable. Modern thought, in a thousand bowldering aspects, presents itself at every step; and our too impressionable minds seize greedily upon any derelict conception that may float within their grasp, and which too often proves the vantage ground of the enemy. We need seriously the strength of a sound philosophy, which fortifies and crowns literary study, and prepares for scientific work; that which will enable us to grapple successfully with the manifold heresies of our day, and give a truer knowledge of God, our nature, and this glorious universe of ours. I purpose therefore to consider in this paper, the striking features of modern philosophy, the sources whence it emanates, and the tendencies it develops: to present as fair an appreciation of schools and systems as is justified by the best recent authorities on modern philosophical progress, with no opinion of my own ventured beyond the pale of legitimate investigation.

The word philosophy, from almost "time out of mind," has proved the shibboleth to many a corrupt and specious system, which, whether ancient or modern, has made but little addition to the original stock, but has wasted the goods it received, and like the prodigal, has even become a tender of swine feeding upon the husks they eat. The swarm of followers they allure may cause us to be troubled for awhile, but upon investigation the reason why stands revealed, and we feel a pity for the multitude, some of whom find therein a sort of religion which so far satisfies the craving for truths higher than the sphere of their immediate wants or pleasures; other some that hail them as presenting a welcome deliverance from all scruples of conscience, and fears of a hereafter; and still another that "once wedded fast, to some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last."

The discussion of each system would prove the labor of a life time; so we must confine ourselves to a very general view of their salient points.

By modern philosophy we understand philosophy since its severance of all ties connecting it with theology, which characterized it in its scholastic form during the middle ages, its study of mind and matter by independent investigation, and its final expansion into the several schools we are to examine. Its grand divisions are the Transitional Period commencing with the revival in the 15th century, and marked by the rebirth of all ancient pagan doctrines; the Epoch of Empiricism, Subjectivism, and Skepticism; and the Epoch of Kantian Criticism, and the systems issuing from it until the present time. Passing the Transitional Period and its medley of revived *isms*, we are drawn to consider the beginning of independent investigation; which, with its vicious offshoots, is wholly embraced under the forms of Idealism and Materialism. To mention Idealism, and give no more than a passing notice of its fountain head Descartes, would be like playing Hamlet with Hamlet left out. And surely when we ponder on the genius equally skilled in the

use of sword and pen; combining warcraft and wordcraft; either elaborating some abstruse problem in analytical geometry, which has eluded the aching brain of many a burner of the midnight oil since then, or formulating some subtle philosophic thesis in his clever system, some thing more than admiration is awakened in us, and criticism stands disarmed; although his shallow, yet doubtless well meant principles, stand painfully apparent, stripped of all their potency, and looking, as they truly are, the source of every false and corrupt school that bears its damnation on its brow. We find him in the beginning of the 17th century (the Luther of philosophy) embarking upon a course of independent observation, rejecting syllogisms, and all transmitted knowledge, and placing, as a necessary preparation for philosophical investigation, partial skepticism. Sextus Empiricus, the ancient skeptic said: "I doubt everything!" "But you know you doubt!" was answered; "No I doubt that I doubt, since if I knew I doubted, universal doubt would not exist." Descartes did not go so far, but said he knew he doubted by doubting he thought; thought is action; that acts must exist; and thus he proves man's existence by thought. And hence the watchword of Cartesianism: "Cogito, ergo Sum."—Descartes reasoned from himself to external objects, denying the testimony of the senses; and finding no knowledge derivable from external objects, he consequently turned his attention inward, and investigated his own conceptions and acts of reasoning. Now he found he had an idea of God and the human soul, therefore they must exist: but by proving the existence of God and the soul from the fact that he had an idea of them, he makes all evidence purely subjective, places all truth in the intellect and not in the object, and thus lays the basis of a most advanced Idealism, making all objects depend for existence on our ideas of them. From this immediately springs Atheism; for one can say: "but I have no idea of God, nor can have from myself therefore God does not exist for me." By asserting the proposition, that after Creation, God sent the world whirling through space to be governed only by mechanical laws, and thus giving grounds for the denial of the Divine Providence, he gives a foundation for Deism. Upon his false definition of substance, as a being existing by itself. Pantheism—making the world God—finds its support: and by making clearness of knowledge our ultimate criterion of truth, he gives a pretext for those who would hold revealed truth and the mysteries of religion as false, which leads to genuine Rationalism. Could Bonhomme Cogito's statue, as it stands upon the public square of Tours, have seen with conscious eye, the evil courses these shallow principles were made to run before the unsparing logic of misguided men, it would lift its marble hands to heaven in holy horror of the "base uses to which they were perverted."

Contemporary with Descartes, Baruch Spinoza, a Dutch Jew, who had been expelled the synagogues for

his heretical beliefs, began the study of Cartesian philosophy, and the foundation of his own, which he erected upon Descartes false definition of substance. He maintained there was but one substance, God, of which all other bodies were but accidents, or expansions of the unique substance; and since we were all but parts of God, he maintained in his moral philosophy that there was no difference between virtue and vice. In Politics he held might and right to be identical, because, he said, justice is nothing else than the measure of our power. This doctrine, the most pronounced Pantheism, is monstrous in its consequences; for then force is the supreme law in morals and politics.

During the beginning of the 18th century, Malebranche, a countryman of Descartes, took up the doctrine of his master and further developed it. Descartes had said "every time we have a clear idea we possess certitude." Malebranche asked himself why, and explained it by saying, that we saw the idea in God, thus propagating Ontologism; and he further maintained that all our actions are but the occasion for the Divine power to act through us, which gives us Occasionalism. About the same time Wilhelm Von Leibnitz introduced the Cartesian method into Germany; but by overstepping Descartes dualism of spirit and substance, he explained the composition of the world and all bodies by his system of Monads, and became the Father of German Transcendentalism. Like Descartes, his system was designed to subserve a nobler purpose, and like him, his genius was a resplendent one, whose lustre threw its light upon many and long hidden sources of knowledge, and disputed with Newton the discovery of the calculus. He taught that bodies were but an aggregation of monads, which made known their existence merely by intrinsic forces. Leibnitz' Monad was a simple being, unlike the atoms of Democritus, occupying no space, and having no extension, and in fact conveying as clear an idea to us as the sum of 0 + 0 would. The primitive Monad was God, and we were the fulgurations thrown off. This ridiculous doctrine was improved upon by his disciple Wolff, and gave the key note to the later rationalistic German schools. Occupying the ground of the Leibnitz-Wolfian School, Immanuel Kant contrived an immense philosophical fabric, introducing many principles from the Experimentalists, and the Skepticism of Hume, and becoming the actual founder of Transcendentalism. Even now we can fancy the venerable form of this German seer in his solitary meditations, underneath the ancestral oaks of Königsberg, unraveling some shadowy conception and formulating that dreamy Subjectivism which gave, "to airy nothingness, a local habitation and a name." The spirit which pervades his vast system is absolute Subjectivism; where the subject thinking, the conscious "Ego" is the criterion of knowledge; and thus the forms of bodies—for by him we can never know the real essence of objects—is the product of the mind itself.

Religion, is with him, but moral consciousness, and Reason gives the moral law. He admits an Ideal God, of whose actual existence we are unconvinced by logical proof. Hence we have only a phenomenal knowledge of bodies, we err when we take spiritual aid for insight; and as rational beings, give laws to ourselves as sensuous beings. Through his influence we find Fichte establishing a more religious type in his Absolute Ego, or Ideal man, who is God. With the motto "Ego sum," he said that: "The living and moral world, or moral order is itself God, we need no other, and can comprehend no other; there is no ground in reason for going outside that moral order, and assuming, as the result of an inference from the effect to its cause, the existence of a particular being as the cause of that order." After this sacrilegious statement, we need not shudder at his remark when closing a class lecture at Jena: "Come to-morrow gentlemen, and we will create God." After him came Hegel the culminating point of Idealism in its wildest aspects. Stating that finite things are not, as in Subjective Idealism, simply phenomena for us, but are phenomena *per se* by their very nature, he concludes by saying, that we are but images of the universal Divine Idea. Here is the Cartesian principle at length brought to bay behind the cloak of Absolute Idealism. A glance would almost suffice to picture to us its influence upon art, society, and religion, when it proclaims: "We are God; God is the world; and every law, effect, phenomenal, are but the expression of this absolute Ideal." Thus we have seen the awful transformation of those principles which in France, like sparkling wine from its own sunny hills, danced airily through the brain, and with its subtle fumes stole away the better judgment; but borne amid the dykes and mud flats of the Layder Lee became debased beneath the hard cold touch of Spinoza; while floating across the storied Rhine, it found the very atmosphere of the Vaterland, in its Rembrandt lights and shadows; heavy with spectral traditions, and dreamy sonatas; pregnant with its legendary folklore, and fantasm of Walpurgis and the Brocken; a medium but too well suited to that Transcendentalism, which has been cleverly travestied: "as two holes in a sandbank; a storm washes away the sand, but the holes remain." Its pernicious influence has been too widely felt to need any detailed account of its varied effects. You who are familiar with literature, which is but "the expression of society" and history, which is philosophy teaching by example, know too well the story. It is the sister spirit of the Buddhism of the mythical East, and the very well-spring of the rhapsody and inspiration of those quasi-philosophic poets, Goethe, Schiller, and Heine in Germany; Lamartine, DeMussset, and Hugo in France; and Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Shelly in England. Goethe, at once, skeptical, mystic, and pantheistic, the great modern pagan. Coleridge steeped to the eyes in heretical and mystical lore at Gottingen, revealing his character and becoming a dreamer in his

"Christabel," and "An Ancient Mariner," where we find its spirit breathing from their weird and fascinating stanzas, and starting up in unexpected places to startle us by their uncanny nature. Wordsworth "the poet of the twilight" depicting nothing warm, living, and human, but as beings of a nether world in the garniture of words which express his symbolism, subjectivism of the world. This is not art, for his theory of art was spiritualistic, and his "web of metaphysical spider thread" is too fragile and tears when fingers of flesh and blood touch it. In a word, these principles and their developments, lead us away from truth, and inculcate false and corrupt doctrines; and "Time the Old Judge" has given his inexorable verdict, to warn us against the idols we may clasp to our bosoms, and the spectre we may introduce at our hearths.

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E. J. O'S.

THE HOUSE OF—FOOLS!

[From the Pall Mall Gazette.]

The Irish question is peculiarly a Catholic question for eight Irishmen out of ten belong to the Roman Church. Irish discontent was the natural result of Protestant intolerance, but the ascendancy of an alien sect was jealously maintained by the Lords. The House of Lords did its best or its worst to defeat the recognition of the rights of the Roman Catholics. One memorable instance, which lies outside the half century selected for review was typical of all that followed. Catholic Emancipation, regarded by Mr. Pitt, as one of the essential conditions of the Union, was postponed, until concession lost all its virtue. In 1825 even the unreformed House of Commons could no longer resist the claim of the Catholics to be admitted within the pale of citizenship, and the Catholic Relief Bill was carried by a majority of twenty-one. "Even in 1825," said Lord Macaulay, speaking nineteen years after, "it was not too late. The machinery of agitation was not fully organized; the Government was under no strong pressure, and therefore concession might still have been received with thankfulness. That opportunity was suffered to escape; and it never returned." How was it suffered to escape? By the action of the House of Lords. They rejected the Relief Bill by a majority of forty-eight. Three years later the House of Commons again sent up the Bill, which admitted eight tenths of the population of Ireland within the pale of the Constitution. Once more the House of Lords rejected the Bill. In 1829 the concession refused to justice was made "reluctantly, ungraciously, under duress, from mere dread of civil war." "The Irishman," said Macaulay, "was taught that from England nothing is to be got by reason, by entreaty, by patient endurance, but everything by intimidation. The tardy repentance deserved no gratitude and obtained none." The House of Lords, by its repeated rejection of the Relief Bill, and not less by its sudden capitulation, had led the Irish to believe that by "agitation alone could any grievance be removed."

After the Emancipation Act was passed it was some time before its spirit was recognized in the administration. For years after it received the Royal assent the Roman Catholics were virtually excluded from

the government of Ireland. To this day the justices of peace in Ireland are selected chiefly from the minority of the population, but in 1833 there was not in all Ireland a single Catholic judge, grand juror, inspector, or sub-inspector of police. The mind of the ruling power was hostile to the Irish Catholics, and every attempt to give effect to the spirit of the Emancipation Act was opposed by the House of Lords. In 1839 this opposition assumed the shape of an informal vote of censure, which led to the counter motions in the Commons in support of which Earl Russell made a speech on the government of Ireland which might be read with advantage by many of our statesmen to-day, so plainly did the old Whig lay down the principle that "nothing firm or stable was possible in Ireland unless the Government secured the good will and confidence of the Irish people." But the Lords did not confine themselves to censuring the Executive for attempting to govern Ireland "according to the wishes of the people of Ireland." "Every bill," said Macaulay in 1844, "framed by the advisers of the Crown for the benefit of Ireland was either rejected or mutilated." That Macaulay did not exaggerate may be seen by a reference to Hansard. The conduct of the Lords may be illustrated by their dealings with the Church Establishment. In 1833 the Government of the day passed the Church Temporalities Act; but, instead of appropriating the surplus revenues of the alien establishment to the furtherance of purposes approved by the majority of the nation, the Appropriation Clause was abandoned from fear of the Lords. The tithe war of fifty years ago had brought Ireland to the verge of anarchy. Coercion of the most rigorous type had been tried and found utterly wanting. In 1834 the Commons, by a majority of 360 to 99, passed a Tithe Abatement Bill. O'Connell declared on its third reading that the Bill "would form a new epoch in the history of the Government of Ireland. This was the first great step towards a conciliatory system in Ireland. He hoped no attempt would be made to blast the first step made towards the pacification of his country." Six days later the bill was summarily rejected by the Lords, by a majority of 189 to 122.

The next year the Tithe Bill was again sent up to the Lords. They struck out the clause appropriating a portion of the ecclesiastical revenues to national purposes, thereby securing the abandonment of the bill. In 1836 the Commons a third time sent up the bill to the Lords, and the peers again defeated it by the elimination of the Appropriation Clause. In 1837 the Tithe Bill was read a second time by the Commons by a majority of 229 to 14, but the death of the King saved the Lords the trouble of rejecting it. In 1838 the fifth bill dealing with the question of Irish tithes was introduced into the House of Commons. To secure its acceptance by the House of Lords, the Government assented to the elimination of the Appropriation Clause. The alien Church was to keep all its endowments; not one penny was to be devoted to the education of the people. The Lords triumphed, and the Church of Ireland was saved—for a time. The sequel of the victory was not seen for thirty years. In 1868 the Lords rejected Mr. Gladstone's resolutions demanding the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church. It was their last effort. In the following year the second reading of the Disestablishment Bill was carried in the Upper Chamber by 179 votes to 146, and the Establishment, which the peers had refused to adapt to the wants of the nation in 1838, was swept away altogether with their assent in 1869.

How far the Catholics were from participating in all the privileges of the Protestants may be inferred from the fact that the penal laws remained unrepealed till 1844. The action of the Lords in that year illustrates the difficulty—the permanent difficulty—of doing justice to Ireland through such an instrument as the House of Peers. The Penal Laws Repeal Bill of 1844, after being passed by the Commons, was sent up to the Lords in July. The measure repealed the whole of the Acts which made it penal for a Roman Catholic to attend Mass, and high treason to recognize the spiritual supremacy of the Pope, which forbade Catholics to bear arms or to own a horse valued at more than £5, which punished Catholics who taught children to spell without a license from a Protestant bishop, and sentenced to transportation for life those who administered the vows of any monastic Order to a subject of the Queen, which fined Catholics who did not attend Protestant service, and forbade the use of sacerdotal vestments outside the Catholic chapels. When it came before the House of Lords it was so vehemently opposed by the Bishop of London that the Lord Chancellor was compelled to remodel the measure by leaving out all the objectionable clauses. Even this did not remove the objections of the bishop; but the expurgated bill was allowed to pass into law. The clauses which were thus sacrificed to propitiate the peers left unrepealed the old Acts forbidding Catholics to teach without a license from a bishop of the Establishment, to wear sacerdotal vestments outside church, and to educate their youths as Jesuits, as well as those prohibiting members of any monastic Order setting foot within the Queen's dominions without a license from the Secretary of State. In 1845 an attempt was made to complete the work of repeal, but the same House of Commons which had sent up the comprehensive measure the previous year refused by a majority of 89 to 47, once more to send up "the objectionable clauses" to the House of Lords.

These laws, it may be said, were dead letters. Even that apology, however, fails in the case of the Marriage Laws. In 1835 the Commons proposed to repeal the penal law which permitted any scoundrel married by a Catholic priest to repudiate his wife when he pleased, by proving that he had attended a Protestant place of worship within twelve months of his marriage. This prostitution, of the marriage services for purposes of seduction in the name of Protestantism was maintained by the Lords by a majority of 41 to 16. Even the House of Lords, however, could not long resist the demand for a removal of this odious "privilege," and after a time they annulled their vote by passing a bill similar to that which they rejected in 1835. Thirty years after the vote on the Marriage Bill Lord Derby secured the rejection, by a majority of 84 to 63, of the bill relieving Roman Catholics of the oath of abjuration imposed on their representatives in Parliament. It was only an insult, but even an insult could not be surrendered without a pang. The same spirit of intolerance was even more painfully displayed in matters concerning the administration of justice. In 1839 the Lords, after long and angry debate, solemnly passed a vote of censure on an Irish judge, Sir M. O'Loughlin, because he had given directions that no juror should be set aside merely on account of his political and religious opinions. To this long list of samples we add two quotations. The first is Lord Russell's Record of the pledges given by England and Ireland when the Union was concluded: "The promises which were made at the time of the

Union were that Ireland should be placed upon an equality with England, and that she should be governed upon the same principles and should enjoy the same rights and privileges." These pledges and these promises to this hour have never been fulfilled. And why? Mr. Roebuck shall supply the answer. Addressing the ministerial majority which represented the English constituencies in 1837, he said: "You have tried on your knees to obtain justice for Ireland...and what has been your reward? Contempt and scorn. Your enemies have trampled upon your measures; they have contemptuously delayed, changed, or rejected them as the humor of their insolence suggested...What ought you to have done? What you did not dare to do. You should have boldly told the people of both countries that justice could not be gained by either while an irresponsible body of hereditary legislators could at will dispose of the fortunes and the happiness of the people. We have labored in order to relieve the miseries of Ireland, and if possible to heal the wounds inflicted by many centuries of mis-rule. We have not advanced one single step. Every year sees our labors rendered abortive by the headstrong proceedings of the House of Lords. If we wish for peace with Ireland, we must change this faulty system."

RELICS AND MIRACLES

BY CARDINAL NEWMAN.

The Fathers are in dust, yet live to God :
So says the Truth : as if the motionless clay
Still held the seeds of life beneath the sod,
Smouldering and struggling till the judgment-day
And hence we learn with reverence to esteem
Of these frail houses, though the grave confines ;
Sophist may urge his cunning tests, and deem
That they are earth ;—but they are heavenly shrines.

I suppose there is nothing which prejudices us more in the minds of Protestants of all classes than our belief in the miracles wrought by the relics and the prayers of the Saints. They inspect our churches, or they attend to our devotions, or they hear our sermons, or they open our books, or they read paragraphs in the newspapers, and it is one and the same story—relics and miracles. Such a belief, such a claim, they consider a self-evident absurdity; they are too indignant even to laugh; they toss the book from them in the fullness of anger and contempt, and they think it superfluous to make one remark in order to convict us of audacious imposture, and to fix upon us the brand of indelible shame. I shall show, then, that this strong feeling arises simply from their assumption of a First Principle, which ought to be proved, if they would be honest reasoners, before it is used to our disadvantage.

You observe, we are now upon a certain question of controversy, in which the argument is *not* directly about *fact*... We accuse our enemies of untruth in most cases; we do not accuse them, on the whole, of untruth here. I know it is very difficult for prejudice such as theirs to open its mouth at all without some misstatement or exaggeration; still, on the whole, they do bear true, not false witness, in the matter of miracles. We do certainly abound, we are exuberant, we overflow, with stories which cause our enemies, from no fault of ours, the keenest irritation, and kindle in them the most lively resentment against us. Certainly the Catholic Church, from east to west, from north to south is according to our conceptions hung

with miracles. The store of relics is inexhaustible; they are multiplied through all lands, and each particle of each has in it at least a dormant, perhaps an energetic virtue, of supernatural operation. At Rome there is the true cross, the crib of Bethlehem, and the chair of St. Peter; portions of the crown of thorns are kept at Paris; the holy coat is shown at Trèves; the winding-sheet at Turin; at Monza, the iron crown is formed out of a Nail of the Cross; and another Nail is claimed for the Duomo of Milan; and pieces of our Lady's habit are to be seen in the Escorial. The Agnus Dei, blessed medals, the scapular, the cord of St. Francis, all are the medium of Divine manifestations and graces. Crucifixes have bowed the head to the suppliant, and Madonnas have bent their eyes upon assembled crowds. St. Januarius's blood liquifies periodically at Naples, and St. Winifred's well is the scene of wonders even in our unbelieving country. Women are marked with the sacred stigmata, blood has flowed on Fridays from their five wounds, and their heads are crowned with a circle of lacerations. Relics are ever touching the sick, the diseased, the wounded, sometimes with no result at all, at other times with marked and undeniable efficacy. Who has not heard of the abundant favors gained by the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, and of the marvellous consequences which have attended the invocation of St. Antony of Padua? The phenomena are sometimes reported of Saints in their lifetime, as well as after their death, especially if they were evangelists or martyrs. The wild beasts crouched before their victims in the Roman amphitheatre; the axeman was unable to sever St. Cecilia's head from her body; and St. Peter elicited a spring of water for his jailer's baptism in the Mamertine. St. Francis Xavier turned salt water into fresh for five hundred travellers; St. Raymond was transported over the sea on his cloak; St. Andrew shone brightly in the dark; St. Scholastica gained by her prayers a pouring rain; St. Paul was fed by ravens; and St. Frances saw her guardian Angel. I need not continue the catalogue: here one party urges, the other admits; they join issue over a fact; that fact is the claim of miracles on the part of the Catholic Church; it is the Protestant's charge, and it is our glory.

Observe, then, we affirm that the Supreme Being has wrought miracles on earth since the time of the Apostles. Protestants deny it. Why do we affirm? Why do they deny? We affirm it on a First Principle; they deny it on a First Principle; and on either side the First Principle is made to be decisive of the question... Both they and we start with the miracles of the Apostles, and then their First Principle, or presumption against our miracles, is, "What God did once, He is *not* likely to do again;" while our First Principle, or presumption for our miracles, is this: "What God did once, He is likely to do again." They say, "It cannot be supposed He will work *many* miracles;" we, "It cannot be supposed that he will work *few*..." The two parties you see, start with contradictory principles, and they determine the particular miracles which are the subject of dispute by their respective principles, without looking to such testimony as may be brought in their favor. They do not say, "St. Francis, or St. Antony, or St. Philip Neri, did no miracles, for the evidence for them is worth nothing;" or "because what *looks* like a miracle was not a miracle;" no, but they say, "It is *impossible* they should have wrought miracles." Bring before the Protestant the largest mass of evidence and testimony in proof of the miraculous liquefaction of St. Januarius' blood at Naples,

lot him be urged by witnesses of the highest character, chemists of the first fame, circumstances the most favorable for the detection of imposture, coincidences and confirmations the most close, and minute, and indirect, he will not believe it; his First Principle blocks belief. He laughs at the very idea of miracles or supernatural acts, as occurring at this present day, he laughs at the notion of evidence for them; one is just as likely as another, they are all false. Why? Because of his First Principle: there are no miracles since the Apostles...

Now, on the other hand, let us take our own side of the question, and consider how we ourselves stand, relatively to the charge made against us. Catholics, then, hold the mystery of the Incarnation; and the Incarnation is the most stupendous event which ever can take place on earth; and after it, and henceforth, I do not see how we can scruple at any miracle on the mere ground of its being unlikely to happen. No miracle can be so great as that which took place in the Holy House at Nazareth; it is indefinitely more difficult to believe than all the miracles of the Breviary, of the Martyrology, of Saints' lives, of legends, of local traditions, put together; and there is the grossest inconsistency, on the very face of the matter, for any one so to strain out the gnat, and to swallow the camel, as to profess what is inconceivable, yet to protest against what is surely within the limits of intelligible hypothesis. If, through divine grace, we once are able to accept the solemn truth that the Supreme Being was born of a mortal woman, what is there to be imagined which can offend us on the ground of its marvellousness? Thus, you see, it happens that, though First Principles are commonly assumed, not proved, ours in this case admits, if not of proof, yet of recommendation, by means of that fundamental truth which Protestants profess as well as we. When we start with assuming that miracles are not unlikely, we are putting forth a position which lies imbedded, as it were, and involved in the great revealed fact of the Incarnation.

So much is plain at starting, but more is plain too. Miracles are not only not unlikely, they are positively likely, and for this simple reason, because, for the most part, when God begins, He goes on. We conceive that when He first did a miracle, He began a series; what He commenced, He continued; what has been, will be. Surely this is good and clear reasoning. To my own mind, certainly, it is incomparably more difficult to believe that the Divine Being should do one miracle and no more, than that he should do a thousand; that He should do one great miracle only, than that he should do a multitude of less besides. This beautiful world of nature, His own work, He broke its harmony, He broke through His own laws, which He had imposed on it; He worked out His purposes, not simply through it, but in violation of it. If He did this only in the lifetime of the Apostles; if He did it but once, eighteen hundred years ago and more, that isolated infringement looks as the mere infringement of a rule: if Divine wisdom would not leave an infringement, an anomaly, a solecism, on His work. He might be expected to introduce a series of miracles, and to turn the apparent exception into an additional law of His Providence. If the Divine Being does a thing once, He is, judging by human reason, likely to do it again. This surely is common sense... Suppose you yourselves were once to see a miracle, would you not feel that experience to be like passing a line? should you, in consequence of it, declare, "I never will believe another if I hear of one?" would it not, on the

contrary, predispose you to listen to a new report? would you scoff at it, and call it priestcraft for the reason that you had actually seen one with your own eyes? I think you would not; then, I ask, what is the difference of the argument, whether you have seen one or believe one? You believe the Apostolic miracles, therefore be inclined, beforehand, to believe later ones. Thus you see, our First Principle, that miracles are not unlikely now, is not at all a strange one in the mouths of those who believe that the Supreme Being came miraculously into this world, miraculously united Himself to man's nature, passed a life of miracles, and then gave his Apostles a greater gift of miracles than He exercised Himself. So far on the principle itself; and now, in the next place, see what comes of it. This comes of it,—that there are two systems going on in the world, one of nature and one above nature; and two histories, one of common events, and one of miracles; and each system and each history has its own order. When I hear of the miracle of a Saint, my first feeling would be of the same kind as if it were a report of any natural exploit or event. Supposing, for instance, I heard a report of the death of some public man, it would not startle me, even if I did not at once credit it, for all men must die. Did I read of any great feat of valor, I should believe it, if imputed to Alexander or Cœur de Lion. Did I hear of any act of baseness, I should disbelieve it, if imputed to a friend whom I know and loved. And so, in like manner, were a miracle reported to me as wrought by a member of Parliament, or a Bishop of the Establishment, or a Wesleyan preacher, I should repudiate the notion: were it referred to a Saint, or the relic of a Saint, or the intercession of a Saint, I should not be startled at it, though I might not at once believe it. And I certainly should be right in this conduct, supposing my First Principle to be true. Miracles to the Catholic are facts of history and biography, and nothing else; and they are to be regarded and dealt with as other facts; and as natural facts, under circumstances, do not startle Protestants, so supernatural, under circumstances, do not startle the Catholic. They may or may not have taken place in particular cases; he may be unable to determine which; he may have no distinct evidence; he may suspend his judgment; but he will say, "It is very possible;" he never will say, "I cannot believe it."

Such, then, is the answer I would make to those who urge against us the multitude of miracles recorded in our Saints' Lives. We think them true in the sense in which Protestants think the details of English history true... If, indeed, miracles never can occur, then, indeed, impute the narratives to fraud; but, till you prove they are not likely, we shall consider the histories which have come down to us true on the whole, though in particular cases they may be exaggerated or unfounded. Where, indeed, they can certainly be proved to be false, there we shall be bound to do our best to get rid of them; but till that is clear, we shall be liberal enough to allow others to use their private judgment in their favor, as we use ours in their disparagement. For myself, lest I appear to be in any way shrinking from a determinate judgment on the claims of those miracles and relics, which Protestants are so startled at, and to be hiding particular questions in what is vague and general, I will avow distinctly, that, putting out of the question the hypothesis of unknown laws of nature (that is, of the professed miracle being not miraculous,) I think it impossible to withstand the evidence which is brought for the liquefaction of the

blood of St. Januarius at Naples, and for the motion of the eyes of the pictures of the Madonna in the Roman States. I see no reason to doubt the material of the Lombard Crown at Monza; and I do not see why the Holy Coat at Troves may not have been what it professes to be. I firmly believe that portions of the true Cross are at Rome, and elsewhere, that the crib of Bethlehem is at Rome, and the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul also. I believe that at Rome, too, lies St. Stephen, that St. Mathew lies at Salerno, and St. Andrew at Amalfi. I firmly believe that the relics of the Saints are doing innumerable miracles and graces daily, and that it needs only for a Catholic to show devotion to any Saint in order to receive special benefits from his intercession. I firmly believe that the Saints in their lifetime have before now raised the dead to life, crossed the sea without vessels, multiplied grain and bread, cured incurable diseases, and superseded the operation of the laws of the universe in a multitude of ways. Many men, when they hear an educated man so speak, will at once impute the avowal to insanity, or to an idiosyncrasy, or to imbecility of mind, or to decrepitude of powers, or to fanaticism, or to hypocrisis. They have a right to say so, if they will; and we have a right to ask them why they do not say it of those who bow down before the Mystery of mysteries, the Divine Incarnation. If they do not believe this, they are not yet Protestants; if they do, let them grant that He who has done the greater may do the less.

CHURCH CHIMES.

The Catholics of Algeria are now in possession of the site of the house wherein St. Augustine lived for forty years, and where he died. They have bought also considerable land adjoining, and have erected for the ancient town of Hippo much needed educational and charitable establishments. The charity of other dioceses, and of pious people in France, have materially aided in this most desirable acquisition for the church in Algeria.

Although only 10,866 out of 21,803 electors voted in the recent municipal elections in Rome, the result is more encouraging than appeared at first. The three candidates of the *Unione Romana*, Prince Plustiniuni-Bandini, Count Vespignani, and Signor Camillo Re, were not the only Catholics elected. It appears that no less than four of the other successful candidates are equally staunch Catholics, and that the moderate Liberals who have been victorious were only four in number, and these are not only in favor of religious education but are honest and able administrators. The *Diritto*, an organ of the Left, says that the clerical victory has produced a great impression not only in Italy but abroad. It has certainly encouraged the Catholics in the rural districts. In the Pontifical States nearly all the rural municipalities show a majority for the Catholics. The same is seen in the Neapolitan district. At Fratta Maggiore, for instance, out of twenty-four Councillors elected sixteen are priests, one of whom has been named Syndic.

Very Rev. John McMullen was consecrated at Chicago, on July 25th, Catholic Bishop of the newly created See of Davenport, Iowa. The ceremony took

place at the cathedral of the Holy Name. Archbishop Feehan was the celebrant, assisted by Bishops Spalding of Peoria and Baltes of Clinton. The sermon of consecration was preached by the Rev. Dr. McGlynn of St. Stephen's church, New York. The ceremony was of a very imposing character.

The Very Rev. Father McMullen D. D., who has been for a long time vicar general of the Chicago diocese, was born March 3, 1833, in the town of Ballinacinch, in the county of Down, Ireland. The family moved to America in 1837, settling in Lower Canada, and subsequently moving, first to Ogdensburgh, N. Y., then to Lockport in that State, and finally to Chicago, where the future bishop entered the college of St. Mary's of the Lake, graduating in 1853 with high honors. His education was completed at the Urban College, Rome, and in 1858 was ordained priest, and returned to Chicago, where he was appointed pastor of St. Louis Church. Since that time he has been engaged in promoting the growth of the Church in that diocese, establishing churches and missions in different parts of Chicago and its suburbs. In 1861 he became president of the university where he graduated, and was succeeded by Dr. McGovern in 1865. In 1870 he was made rector of the Holy Name, and in 1877 he was appointed vicar general of the diocese.

The energy with which Mgr. Dupanloup, the late Bishop of Orleans, thrice combated the late M. Littré's candidature for admission to the Academie Française, even sending in his resignation when the compiler of the famous dictionary was finally elected, is well known. That the prelate was actuated by conscientious motives and not by personal bias, is proved to-day by the publication of a letter addressed by him to M. Littré on May 23, 1863. In it he expressed his deep regret at having had to oppose the candidature of one whose qualities deserved his respect, and continues: "Allow me to offer you my hand. Let me entreat you not to abandon, on account of what has passed to-day, the religious search of the true in the all-important questions that are the supreme interest of every life. The noble labor is far above all the rest. Suffer me, then, Sir, to invoke with ardor that God whom I adore, our common Father, that he may enlighten you as to the truth and as to the fragility of your doubts and that, allow me to add, He may also manifest to you the purity of my intentions and the sincerity of the esteem which I retain for your character." The publication of this document forms an interesting supplement to all that has lately been written about M. Littré.

There are no less than 7,800 children being educated in the free Catholic schools of Liege in Belgium. It will scarcely be believed that the municipal authorities of that city—the majority of whom are unfortunately Liberals—refused to allow these children to take part in the general muster of all the school children which was held on the occasion of the late National Fetes. A circular had been issued by the authorities, it should be observed, urging all Belgians to forget their differences, and to unite in doing honor to their Sovereign and their country by taking part in these fetes. And the Bishops of Belgium had intimated their wish that where it was possible, and where the fetes were not turned into manifestations of hostility to the Church, Catholics should join in them. Notwithstanding this, the Catholic school children in Liege were forbidden to march past in procession. The leading inhabitants of

Liege have drawn up a protest, which they have forwarded to the King, complaining of these intolerant proceedings, and declaring that King Leopold has no more loyal subjects than those who were absent from the fetes by no fault of their own.

In consequence of the violent proceedings which accompanied the funeral transportation of the body of Pius IX, to the Basilica of San Lorenzo, Leo XIII decided upon drawing up an official document of the fact. There was a certain indecision at the Vatican as to the form and importance to be given to that document. But when it became known that Signor Mancini, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, had hastened to apprise Italian representatives abroad of the fact by a circular note, in attempt of justification, the Holy Father immediately ordered his Cardinal Secretary of State to draw up a summary relation of what happened in the night of the 12th July, and to send, without delay, a communication of the facts to all the Apostolic Nuncios, in order that they may communicate them to the Governments near which they are accredited.

The *Catholic Universe* furnishes an English text of the pastoral letter of His Eminence Cardinal Moreno, Archbishop of Toledo, Primate of Spain, which so displeased the monks who form the Government of United Italy, that they have been jabbering about it ever since. We believe the weak-kneed Ministry, who are a disgrace to Spain, have rebuked the fearless Primate, but they cannot take the sting out of the following passages of his trenchant letter:—

With a full heart we have to-day to afflict your spirits, dear brethren and beloved children, with a narration, certainly sad enough, which is that of what happened a few days since on the occasion of the translation and interment of the mortal remains of the incomparable Pius IX.

It was necessary to verify the translation, as in fact it was verified, at twelve of the night, and despite the advanced hour, many thousand Catholics, moved as it were spontaneously, took part in the funeral ceremony, with lighted tapers in their hands, chanting psalms and reciting devout prayers, while on the balconies of the houses on the route, which unexpectedly appeared adorned and illuminated, the occupants scattered a wealth of flowers upon the funeral car. This great procession marched in complete order through a beautiful carpeting of flowers, when suddenly there presented themselves some bands of miscreants, instruments, without doubt, of the revolt, who beheld with evil eye that imposing Catholic manifestation, and commenced to insult the cortege, breaking out afterward in cries, resounding revolutionary songs, and concluding by cudgeling and stoning the peaceable and defenseless citizens, who guaranteed by the law, and believing themselves sheltered by public authority, with whose knowledge this religious act was being authenticated, assisted in the funeral procession, the affair resulting in quite a number bruised and not a few wounded.

The police, meanwhile, witnessed almost impassably these sacrilegious attempts, worthy of savages. We say wrong; the savages would have been ashamed to have perpetrated them, and perchance would complain, and with reason, of being compared to the demagogues of Rome, quoting in their defense the recent occurrence with the body of the son of Napoleon III, the which a Catholic writer opportunely recalls. On the conducting of this body to the port whence it was to be embarked

to Europe, the Zulus, not only did not offer it the least insult, but also respected those charged with its escort by the Empress, anxious to embrace her dead son, giving unequivocal marks of the sentiment which possessed them in viewing those inanimate remains, besides not daring to commit the slightest offense against this august lady nor those who accompanied her when later she went to visit the place where the unfortunate prince had succumbed.

How different the course pursued by the revolutionaries of Rome! For there is also the particular that the Prince Napoleon went to battle against the Zulus, and that although they killed him, he too had gone forth to kill; and notwithstanding this, those who abhorred him in life as an enemy, after his death respected his corpse, and paid homage to his misfortune. But Pius IX., what injury did he ever inflict on any one in Rome? Far from causing the slightest ill to any one of his children, he wished to be, in imitation of his Divine Master, magnanimous and merciful with all. He found them proscribed, and he restored them their country: some wished that he should inaugurate reforms, and he effected them; many craved that there might be greater liberty, and he conceded it as far as it was possible for him to concede it.

Every word, every action of his dried many tears, and his entire life was an interminable series of benefactions, in such a way that it may well be applied to him what the Sacred Scripture said of our adorable Redeemer: *Pertransit bene faciendo*. He passed his life doing good. And yet to this great Pontiff, to this great King, model of Pontiffs and of Kings, to this Pope who with full hands scattered benefits on Rome, and on all sides, who would believe it! outrage was offered in death by the same who insulted him in life. Ah no: the Zulus and the savages would not have comported themselves so iniquitously against him; and we repeat that without committing a signal injustice, we could not affront them by comparison with the demagogues of Rome.

But that which involves a greater gravity is that the Government of the Quirinal, which, besides not paying officially the royal honors to the venerated remains of Pius IX, though it would be no more than a compliance with the pre-script in the famous and boasted law of the *Guarantees*, designated the hour when it was better suited to avoid scandals; yet notwithstanding, on that night of shame, with greater shame even than that sad night, so qualified by an eloquent and vigorous Spanish statesman, did not know or did not wish, or could not avoid them; and in whichever of these three cases, it results that the supreme Pontificate can no longer remain at the mercy of a Government which, through indifference or weakness tolerated the perpetration of so great scandals before its eyes, or had not the strength to repress them. To-day the remains of Pius IX were insulted, and what security can there be that to-morrow the sacred person of Leo XIII, will not be the object of equal insults? Is it not to be feared that what happened to the remains of his venerable predecessor, will happen to him at the time least expected, even without going out of the Vatican where he truly finds himself a captive?

Hence it is that the Church demands with such anxiety the temporal sovereignty of the Holy See, in the present state of things more than ever necessary for the free exercise of the spiritual power. The Catholic world has the right to exact that the infallible oracle of its faith be free and independent, and the Catholic world can have no certainty, as it is necessary, that

the Pope is free and independent, except when he is sovereign, for only the sovereign power depends on none. And it is seen how this question of sovereignty which can be political everywhere, is in Rome a question essentially religious. In Rome there can be no sovereign people, nor sovereign assemblies, nor kings, nor dictators, nor consuls, nor tribunes. In Rome there can be no other sovereign power than the Pope, much as it may pain the revolutionaries. The States of the Pope belong to the Catholic world, and the Catholic world wish that they be respected, that he may be free and independent. Not the very Pope can despoil himself of his liberty and independence.

On the same subject, Cardinal Guibert, Archbishop of Paris, has written the Holy Father, much to the annoyance of M. Gambetta:—

PARIS, July 18, 1881.

Most Holy Father,—I could not repress a feeling of indignation and deep sorrow on learning what has just happened at Rome on the occasion of the removal of the mortal remains of Pius IX. Not even the natural respect for the dead could restrain the hatred of the wretches who are a disgrace to humanity. They chose the moment when a pious and contemplative crowd was escorting to their last resting-place the venerated remains of the late Pontiff, to give vent to their profane fury, threatening to throw the body into the river, insulting the deceased by their barefaced attempts. What is to be expected from revolutionary passions when conscious of impunity? The scenes that took place during that awful night of the 12th of July, in the centre of Christian civilization, are worthy of the darkest days of barbarism, and will leave an indelible stain of disgrace upon the period, full of sadness, in which we live. Indeed, if these men cannot allow the hearse bearing the remains of a saint and great Pope to pass by in peace, how are we to expect that they will show respect to your august person? And we may gather from that what we are to think of the so-called liberty guaranteed, we were told, to the Vicar of Jesus Christ by those who usurped his States. I wish before all to lay at the feet of your Holiness the expression of the feelings oppressing my breast, and which are shared by my venerable coadjutor. These feelings are those of all Christian people. The clergy and faithful of my diocese are imbued with them, and I feel sure I am the faithful mouthpiece of them when I state, most Holy Father, that we shall strive to cheer your heart by fresh marks of respect, love, and devotedness.

The Encyclical of his Holiness Leo XIII. (says the *London Weekly Register*) though addressed to Catholics and understood by them in the light of their own faith and theological knowledge, is commented upon by Protestants with the same unscientific conjecture which they generally apply to the study of the Scriptures. They should, therefore, be told that the recent Encyclical contains nothing new, nor even fresh, and that commentaries upon those passages which have offended them were written long ago by such eminent theologians as St. Thomas Aquinas, Bellarmine, and Suarez, a summary of whose opinions has been set down by Balme. "The kingdom is not made for the king, but the king for the kingdom," says the Angelic Doctor, "for God has constituted kings to rule and govern, and to secure to every one the possession of rights; such is the aim of their institution: but if kings, turning

things to their own profit, should act otherwise, they are no longer kings but tyrants." According to the same Saint, "whenever laws are unjust (and observe that in his opinion, says Balme, they may be so in many ways), they are not binding upon conscience, unless for fear of creating scandal or causing greater evils...Laws are unjust...because they are opposed to the common weal; or on account of their aim, as is the case when a Government imposes upon its subjects onerous laws, not for the good of the commonweal, but for the sake of self-interest or ambition; or on account of their author, as when any one makes a law without being invested with proper faculties; again, they may be unjust in form, as when the taxes are unequally divided among the multitude, although in other respects tending to the public good. Such laws are rather outrages than laws."

"Kings, princes, magistrates," cries out the venerable Palafox, "all jurisdiction is ordained by God for the preservation of His people...for man's right, not for his injury." "When Louis XIV, said, 'I am the State,'" says the Spanish Abbe, "he had not learned the maxim from Bossuet, Bourdaloue, or Massillon. Pride, exalted by so much grandeur and power, and infatuated by base adulators, was here speaking by his mouth. How unsearchable are the ways of Providence! The corpse of this man, who said he was the State, was insulted at his funeral; and, before the lapse of a century, his descendants suffered death on the scaffold!" Further, it is historical that Rome forbade the book (of course the precise reason for the prohibition is not explicitly stated) in which Don Felix Amat, Archbishop of Palmyra, makes use of these words: "Jesus Christ, by His simple and peaceable answer, 'Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's,' has sufficiently established that the mere fact of a Government's existence is sufficient for enforcing the obedience of subjects to it." "Every man," says Balme, "who is jealous of his rights might acquiesce in the decree of the Sacred Congregation" with respect to such a book. "I have quoted remarkable passages," pursues the same author, "from a work of Suarez, written in refutation of a publication of King James of England. This king could not bear the idea of Cardinal Bellarmine's having established that *power of kings does not emanate directly from God, but is communicated through the medium of society.*"

The above are mere jottings from the mass of exalted Catholic opinion. The Divine Right of legitimate civil power, to whomsoever delegated—King, President, or Senate, is one of the most lofty and ennobling doctrines of the inspired and infallible Church of God; but "Divine Right," as some of our Protestant contemporaries have accused us of upholding it, is the very burlesque of a high dogma, as obnoxious to the heart made free by truth as it is to the councils of the highest authority upon earth. Among the many instances of insurrection to which the words we have quoted give sanction, the case of America rising against the imposition of a merely selfish tax will occur to every mind. The Encyclical teaches politics fundamentally only. The Holy Father assuredly will not and cannot descend into the details of application, which are left to the collective conscience of the people, to the individual conscience of the legislator, the publicist, and the citizen. Nothing is so striking as the necessary reticence with which the Encyclical passes by the special cases of nations.

The Buffalo *Catholic Union* is a cleverly edited and carefully managed paper. It is edited by Father Cronin, and published by the Buffalo Catholic Publication Company, Denis T. O'Reilly, Manager. At a meeting of the Company held August 3rd, a dividend of 5 per cent was declared, which shows that the *Union* is appreciated by the public. The following Directors were elected for the ensuing year: Right Rev. S. V. Ryan, Bishop of Buffalo, Very Rev. Wm. Gleason, Rev. E. Kelly, Rev. J. Rogors, and Messrs. Jno. McManus, Jno. Corcoran, and Peter B. Ryan.

That the Catholic Church has ever been on the side of the people, upholding their rights, alleviating their wrongs, supplying their wants, teaching their ignorance, and ministering to their necessities, is well known to history. The fact, however, is sometimes denied, and is often forgotten in these days. It may be well if some persons are confirmed, and some are reminded of the fact, by a Protestant author. The Rev. E. Cutts, D. D., in a work published by the London Christian Knowledge Society, a Protestant organization, gives his testimony on this point in the following terms: "In the Middle Ages the Church was a great popular institution. One reason, no doubt, of the popularity of the Medieval Church was, that it had always been the champion of the people and the friend of the poor. In politics, the Church was always on the side of the liberties of the people, against the tyranny of the feudal lords. In the eye of the noble, the laboring population were beings of an inferior caste. In the eye of the law, they were chattels. In the eye of the Church, they were brethren in Christ, souls to be won and trained, and fitted for heaven. In social life, the Church was an easy landlord and a kind master. On the whole, with many drawbacks, the Medieval Church did its duty—according to its own light—to the people. It was the great cultivator of learning and art, and it did its best to educate the people. It had vast political influence, and used it on the side of the liberties of the people. By means of its painting and sculpture in the churches, its mystery plays, its religious festivals, its catechizing, and its preaching, it is probable that the chief points of the Gospel history and the doctrines of the creeds were more universally known and more vividly realized than among the masses of our present population.—"Turning Points of English Church History," pp. 161-166.

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

The following details in regard to Catholic education in Syria are interesting: Under the direction of the Catholic missionaries 40 men and 27 women are employed as teachers, and in the 67 schools 2,500 poor children enjoy the benefits of a Christian education. In an Oriental seminary connected with the University of Beirut, 40 pupils receive gratuitous education, to prepare them for the priesthood, and especially for the missions. Pope Leo XIII., who established the Catholic university, had expressed his desire that it be provided with a printing-office, from which scientific works in Greek, Chaldaic, Syriac, Nabonite, Armenian, and Coptic languages may be issued, this being essential for the diffusion of Catholicity. The printing-offices have been procured, and are now in full operation; there are five steam presses, a hydraulic press, and various other machinery for stereotyping; a type-foundry and a book-binding complete the establishment. More than sixty workmen earn a livelihood in this institution. The Fathers also publish a weekly journal in Arabic, which has already rendered important services to the cause of the missions.

In places where Catholic schools have existed in the Diocese of Buffalo since 1876, it has not been allowed to admit children to First Communion who have not attended a Catholic school previously for at least one scholastic year.

Monsignor Seton, of Jersey City, is reported by the *New York Sun* to have said in a sermon recently: "I will tell you what is forbidden by the Bishop of the Diocese, by the Archbishop of the United States, assembled in Plenary Council at Baltimore; forbidden by the Sovereign Pontiff, the Pope: It is forbidden to build a \$100,000 church and a magnificent residence for the pastor, and to have no Catholic schools in the parish. . . . When I came to this parish I found a good school, with 400 children. I thank God I have been able to raise it up so that you have 700 children. If I lived in a magnificent priest's house, opposite a \$100,000 unpaid-for church, and had no Catholic school in that parish, I would go with my two curates and hire three little rooms, and I would turn my palatial priest's residence into a Catholic school. You see the little brick house where your three priests live. Every high wind that blows shakes that tottering brick house. We have been urged to build a better one. Why have we a good school? Because the Bishop of the Diocese has said there should be a Catholic school in every parish; because the Bishops and Archbishops of the United States, in Plenary Council assembled, have said: 'Let there be a Catholic school in every parish;' because the head of the Catholic Church, Our Holy Sovereign Pontiff the Pope, has told us that there should be a Catholic school in every parish."

Mr B J Rickoff, of Cleveland, Ohio, said of geography at the Atlanta meeting: "What would be the result of an inquiry among the more intelligent tradesmen and members of the professions as to the knowledge of geography which they have retained or accumulated, we will say, at from thirty-five to fifty years. I do not speak of that alone which they have learned in childhood but of the sum total of all the knowledge they may claim at the time of the inquiry. I think it would be found that they know very little as compared with the fourteen or fifteen year old miss who has just passed her examination for the high school in any one of our towns and cities, except as to those points which they have in later years looked up for the purposes of business or pleasure. Not having any relation to the course of reading or business pursuits of matured years, the names and locations of rivers, mountains, lakes, cities, capes, nations, etc. drop from the memory of most men, as the features of people who pass us in rapid moving procession. The study having served its purpose in the recitation room and on examination day is promptly dismissed from the mind. Test the value of a study thus pursued by any standard you please, and it is valueless, except as to its general outlines, which can be learned in one-third of the time now allotted to it. As studied it contributes little to our stores of useful information and still less to the discipline of mind, inasmuch as it begets a habit of careless indifference to what we have learned."

In a recent discourse, the Bishop of Manchester, Eng., said that when he was in this country, the greatest defect he noticed in the schools was an attempt to teach too much, and teaching it imperfectly.

Says the *Catholic Times*: The Archbishop of Cologne has had a curious experience in a recent examination of children. "Is the Sacrament of Confirmation necessary to salvation?" he inquired of a boy. "No, Monsignor," responded the lad; "but when there is an opportunity of receiving it, we should not lose it." "Well said," replied the prelate. Then turning to a girl he asked if the Sacrament of Matrimony was necessary to salvation. "It is not," was the quaint reply; "but when the occasion arises it should not be lost."

The City Companies of London recently offered a number of scholarships for competition by children of both sexes, and among the papers submitted by the 207 that entered the lists (81 were girls) there were some remarkable contributions to the great heap of the world's misinformation. One pupil, in reply to the question "Where is Buenos Ayres?" instead of "combining her information" separated it in the following startling fashion: "Buenos is in Germany, Ayres in France." Another remarked of the climate of England that it "determines to be rather unhealthy on account of its having so many smells and stinks, such as Tanners and many others," while a third declared: "The Old World naturally was Europe, and now the New World is Europe, Asia, etc.," which, indeed, is not the case. But, as is almost always the case in such examinations, the history papers proved the sorest puzzles, as witness these specimen answers:—

Milton wrote a sensible poem, called "Canterbury Tales."

Henry II, got drinking intoxicating liquors until he was commonly called drunk."

Magna Charta was so that the people should not worship the place where Moses died."

Magna Charta was ordered by the king to be beheaded. He fled to Italy, but was captured and executed."

"Free trade means not connected with any other establishment and charging no discount."

Finally a boy described Henry II, as doing penance for his share in Thomas-a-Becket's death by walking bar-foot and receiving whacks with a birch," a style of penance with which, we take it, the candidate was not personally unacquainted. The publication of these answers has brought forth a flood of recollections of similar blunders, one of the newest being that of an under-graduate who last year rendered a passage from Sophocles. "It is a fearful thing for a public man of reputation to have a public reputation for lying," while another made Theocritus say—not. The four year-old seal was broken from the mouth of the wine-jars, but—The monkey was scratching from his head the dirt of four years standing. It may be doubted whether these answers would not be eclipsed in ludicrousness by a series of selections from our own civil service reform examination papers, nor is there any parallel among them for this melodious description of the suspense of the English people during the Prince of Wales's illness ten years ago, which is taken from an English college poem, the author of which must have expected a prize, else he would not have entered the competition.

And day by day the electric message came.

The Prince no better, but still much the same!

Let this couplet be an awful warning to worthy folk who may think of imitating President Garfield's hours of convalescence by calling on the poets for prize poems.—*N. Y. World.*

THE COLLEGE OF OTTAWA.

Among the educational establishments of the Dominion, the College of Ottawa is to be found in the first rank. It is an institution of which the Catholics of Canada have reason to be proud, and especially the people of Ottawa, for it has grown up with their beautiful city and kept pace with its material and intellectual progress. The Old-time Fathers who were the first missionaries to arrive in Canada, after it became an English colony, whose name is a household word in the city of Ottawa and in almost every Catholic home in the Dominion, have spared neither trouble nor expense to make this College fit to compete with any institution of the kind in North America. Not only do students from all parts of Canada hasten thither to profit of the many advantages which it affords, but its fame has spread to the neighboring Republic, and every state and almost every city in the Union has representatives among the students of Ottawa. No wonder then, as will be seen by the following extracts taken from among many others, that not only our own city papers, but the most influential journals of Canada and the United States are loud in their praises of the College of Ottawa.

"This institution which has in a great measure adopted the English University system has been rapidly growing in favour for the past thirty-three years, and now stands in the first rank of classical and commercial colleges in the Dominion. *Canadian (Montreal).*

"In the Catholic University of Ottawa, the course of study has been adapted to the requirements of the country and is such as will enable our Catholic young men to high successfully the battle of life. *True Witness, (Montreal)*

"Every Catholic in the Dominion should manifest a lively interest in this one of the greatest Catholic educational institutions in the country, in which English is the official language and is taught with special care, and which having a University charter may yet be developed into a successful though friendly rival to the great institutions of Toronto, Montreal and Quebec. *The Tribune, (Toronto)*

It is with pleasure that we bring under the notice of parents the old-established and well-known institution of the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate, the College of Ottawa. Under the patronage of St. Joseph, this institution for over thirty years has formed to virtue and learning a large portion of the youth of Canada and the United States. It is the *Ursa Mater* of the present Bishop of Ottawa and of several most prominent men in the Dominion of Canada, men who have distinguished themselves in every walk of life. *Irish Constitution, (Toronto)*

The thorough, comprehensive and practical course of studies followed at the College of Ottawa, its numerous and highly efficient staff of professors, together with its central and attractive situation have endeavored to make it widely and very favorably known

throughout the Dominion and in the different states of the neighboring Republic. *Catholic Record, (London, Ont)*

The *Tablet, Catholic Herald, and Weekly Union*, of New York, the *Pilot* of Boston, the *Western Home Journal* of Detroit, the *Pilot* of Chicago, the *North Western Chronicle* of St. Paul, Minn., and many other American journals re-echo the praises of the Canadian papers and highly recommend the College of Ottawa as a medium of religious and secular education.

It would be unworthy then of the Catholics of the Diocese of Ottawa, not to patronize an institution of which even strangers are proud and which has done so much to supply the diocese with pious and learned ecclesiastics and lay men, conspicuous as well for their virtues as for their talents and deep intellectual acquirements.

IMPORTANT WANTS

We publish elsewhere in this issue a very able and timely article from our contemporary the *Catholic Shield* of Ottawa. We endorse that article with our whole heart, and join the *Shield* in calling public attention to the wants of the Separate School system in this Province, and reminding Catholic parents that they are not in full possession of their educational rights, for which they are bound to agitate, and which they must demand, till the wants are satisfied.

During the past week we have seen that the members of the Teachers' Association were in session to consider the needs and drawbacks of the Public Schools, and to make known to the Minister of Education the result of their deliberation, but there was to me in the meeting to point out what might tend to promote the interests of the Separate Schools, none to say a single word in their favor. Can it be that the Separate Schools are so well provided for by law, so thoroughly equipped and managed, that no alterations in the law are necessary, no improvements possible? Would that it were so! But alas! it is not so. It is meet, therefore, that the supporters of Catholic Education should raise their voices and make themselves be heard before the bar of public opinion, otherwise their claims will be ignored, their rights be trampled upon, and the Catholic youth of the country will suffer an irreparable loss.

We want the Minister of Education and the public to know that the Catholics of Ontario should enjoy the same educational rights and privileges as the Catholics of Quebec granted to the Protestants of that Province. To be placed on equal footing with the Protestants of the sister Province, the Catholics of Ontario must have their own School Inspectors, their own training schools for teachers, and be represented in the Council of Public Instruction, or Central Committee. The taxes that they are now paying to High Schools and collegiate Institutes should go to the support of the Separate Schools, so as to raise their standard and render them more efficient, and what they contribute for the support of Model and Normal Schools should be given to training schools for Catholic teachers.

To a portion of the school rates, paid by companies and all corporate institutions, the Separate Schools are justly entitled, because in such companies or firms Catholics have vested rights, either by becoming shareholders or by paying a part of the bonus granted them. With a Deputy Minister of Education that will look after the interests of Separate Schools, with a Catholic Board of Examiners to grant certificates to teachers, along with the requirements mentioned above, the Catholics will be in possession of their educational rights and upon an equal footing with the Protestant minority of the sister Province. Such, then, are the chief wants of our schools, and for such we must agitate.—*Irish Canadian.*

We shall return to this subject next month, when we hope to be able to quote the views of some of the most eminent Separate School teachers in the Province.—*Ed.*

The following is a record of the Belleville Separate Schools, at the examinations held during the past year for High School Entrance and Teachers' Certificates: 1.—Nine pupils have passed the High School Entrance Examination, a pupil from the Separate Schools heading the list of successful candidates from the City Schools on two occasions. 11.—At the recent High School Entrance Examination, Mary Durand took 408 and James Dolan, but twelve years of age, 392 marks out of a possible 500. 11.—Two pupils took Third Class Certificates last summer, and five who have written for Second Class certificates at the recent examination are yet to be heard from, three of them being only fourteen years of age.