

THE CATHOLIC SHIELD.

A MONTHLY CHRONICLE AND GENERAL REVIEW.

"Scuto circumdabit te veritas ejus."

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All communications and remittances to be addressed :—

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OTTAWA, ONT.

THE CATHOLIC SHIELD.

EDITOR'S CARD.

The undersigned begs to inform the patrons of the CATHOLIC SHIELD that he is its sole Editor, and will be responsible for everything appearing in its columns. Having secured the services of some of the most competent writers available in the ranks of the clergy and laity, he can promise an instructive and entertaining journal every month. As to his course, he wishes to say that, in open questions it will be free and independent; in matters of doctrine, directed by the teachings of the Church; in all and towards all, shaped by Charity.

M. J. WHELAN,
Priest.

OTTAWA, June 1st. 1881.

AIM, MEANS, AND FRUITS OF EDUCATION.

The first and chief object of education is to cultivate, develop and direct the mind and heart of youth, so as to enable the intelligence, which was made to see and be nourished by truth, and the will, whose office is to love and practise what is really good, to feed and grow strong on this twofold nourishment of the soul, truth and virtue; or, in other words, to make of the young generation, good, enlightened Christians, to form them after the only perfect model of mankind, Our Lord and Saviour. It is therefore the duty of Parents and Teachers to endeavor to make of the children confided to their care, faithful copies of the Great Master, worthy citizens for earth and heaven; a task truly noble and meritorious, and worthy of their most earnest solicitude and constant care. Education has then for chief object, to instil into the mind and heart of youth, principles and sentiments of honor and uprightness, to induce them to acquire virtuous habits, to correct and repress by gentle persuasive means their vicious inclinations, and to be the safeguard of their innocence.

Another object of education, secondary in importance to the preceding, is to accustom the pupil to serious mental application; to make him esteem and love knowledge; to put him on the path that leads thereunto, teach him how best to make use of this long-sought-for treasure, when acquired, and thus prepare him for whatever station in life Divine Providence has marked out for him. Finally, education has for object to develop the pupil's physical powers, to strengthen his frame by wholesome exercise, that he may be enabled in after-life to support the mental and bodily exertions which his calling may require of him.

Parents and masters will succeed in their laborious, but highly meritorious task, if they train the children confided to their care, to be ever ready at the call of duty, to lend thereunto a willing ear and a ready hand; ever to sacrifice pleasure to duty. By so doing they will secure for them not only success in their studies, but also peace of conscience and genuine happiness, and in the world to come, eternal bliss and glory. If they wish their youthful charge to reap these most desirable fruits, they should themselves practice what they teach. Thus only will their words of counsel and correction have weight. Like St. Paul, they should be able to say:

"Be ye followers of me, as I also am of Christ." (1 Cor. IV 16.)

To our privileged youth of Canada, for whom the Church has multiplied Catholic Colleges and founded Catholic Universities, I would address words of encouragement, lest the prospect of such a long and difficult undertaking as that of following out successfully a complete course of study should damp their courage and thereby prevent them from persevering to the end and attaining the honor, influence, and smiles of fortune, which a complete educational training usually insures, together with refinement of mind, of manners, and of heart, when such training is not divorced from religion, an evil which is constantly guarded against in Catholic educational institutions. The length of the route that leads to virtue and knowledge, and the difficulties to be met with in the way, should not, dear youth, for a moment discourage you, nor slacken your energies; for the farther you travel along this route, the more powerful, active, and delighted your various faculties will become; and when the difficulties which you may now dread, are overcome, their remembrance will render still more delightful the possession of the treasures of virtue and knowledge, for which you shall have labored. We prize but little what we can pick up without toil. By a wise dispensation of the Almighty, who loves laborious activity, and detests sloth, the source of many a loathsome vice, everything truly great, grand, and noble has to be toiled for long and earnestly. And why not virtue, the brightest jewel of the soul, the most precious in the eyes of God; a jewel destined to purchase and adorn our heavenly crown? And why should we not toil hard for knowledge, the brightest ornament of the mind, a never-failing source of the purest and most refined pleasure, even when friends and cheery companions are absent; even during those hours of leisure, which often weigh so heavily on the hands of those whose minds are not sufficiently cultivated and stored with knowledge to enable them to converse with their own thoughts, to enjoy, by means of choice books, the delightful and instructive company of the saints and sages, the refined and learned of the past and present?

The noble task, you are called upon to accomplish is, as I have already said, to cultivate, to educate your mind and heart; to train your heart to the love and practice of virtue, and to store your mind with useful knowledge. Religion is the great educator of the heart. It is our holy religion that reveals to us the heavenly beauty of virtue, and the rich eternal reward with which it is crowned. You will, therefore, pay great attention to the study of our holy religion and the duties it imposes. Look upon this as your most important duty, a duty which you owe to God and his Church; to yourself, for your happiness in this world and the next greatly depends upon it, and finally to those whom the Almighty will hereafter confide to your teaching and care. You are next to apply well to the various

studies whose object is to educate the mind, to cultivate and develop its various faculties, to dispel the mists and clouds with which ignorance fills the understanding; in fine, to store the memory with the treasures of knowledge which the wisdom and learning of ages have collected. These grand results are obtained not so much by cramming the memory with a multitude of disconnected facts and ideas, as by studying thoroughly and leisurely those well chosen books placed in your hands by experienced instructors, in which strict order and logical connection are everywhere observed; for knowledge acquired in a hurried, careless manner, soon vanishes, leaving the mind almost a blank, and has little or no training influence on the mind, which still remains cloudy and embarrassed.

Education is a slow process. The mind, like a young plant, slowly and gradually develops itself, and is all the more healthy and vigorous when nature is not forced, when the mind is not burdened beyond its age and strength. What a foolish illusion, therefore, many young people labor under, who imagine, that universal knowledge can be imparted in a few short years, that after two or three years spent at school or at College, they know enough to insure success and eminence in after life. And unhappily they are too often confirmed in this vain conceit by older heads, to whom they naturally look up for counsel and direction. We cannot otherwise explain the distressing fact that very many of our Catholic youth, whose parents could well afford to give them a thorough education, are withdrawn from College before completing their collegiate course, during which the varied excellences of the classic writings of the Latins and Greeks, their natural and graceful elegance, their harmony and polish, their originality of thought and noble simplicity, are imitated and appropriated. They are thus deprived of the advantage of studying those immortal unchangeable models of genuine literary taste, which are beyond the reach of degenerating influences, and never yield to the whims of fickle fashion that ever sighs for change. They are moreover deprived of the key to the sense of a multitude of words in their own language, which is largely drawn from Latin and Greek sources, and can therefore never attain the propriety, precision and clearness of style of a classic student.

But what is most to be regretted, they are by this speedy withdrawal from College, prevented from acquiring that solidity of judgment, that logical and methodical turn of mind, that keenness of perception, that depth and expansion of intellectual vision, which the study of Philosophy begets. Philosophy is the study of the human mind and its various relations to the material and spiritual world, the study of the First Cause and his creative act, that is, of God and creation; the study of the principles on which certitude, religion and equity rest; all which enable the young Christian philosopher at once to detect

sophistry and error, and to poise in his tutored mind the respective merits of the various systems of philosophy which history records, and of those which now sway and divide the learned, many of which are fundamentally erroneous, or thoroughly materialistic and unchristian. Hence the importance of genuine philosophy; for false philosophy is the curse of our age, the venom which poisons with its unchristian, infidel, malignity so many works on literature, science, education and politics.

It is now easy to see that students who are withdrawn prematurely from College, thereby are rendered for ever incapable of ably upholding and defending their religious convictions, of ably representing their race and locality in our political assemblies, or of occupying to advantage any advanced post of influence and emolument. There may be exceptions to this rule; but they are few, and then genius, a very rare gift, supplies the want of mental culture, though oftentimes, this want of suitable training clips the wings and dims the eagle eye of genius itself.

I think few will deny that we Catholics here, as in the neighboring Republic, do not occupy that position in the social scale to which our numbers and natural abilities entitle us, a position which we should earnestly, perseveringly, and unitedly endeavor to better, and that without delay. Of course, the influence of hundreds of years of penal proscription in the old Land, is still felt, and this, in a great measure, explains our scanty proportion of representants in our federal and local parliaments, in offices of honor, influence and emolument. Our fathers came out here impoverished by the injustice and bigotry of their rulers. They came with humble aspirations; for, having been so long kept down the hill, habit somewhat reconciled them to their inferior position. But it is now high time that we should look up. We are here in a free country with equal rights to enjoy, if we are only wise, clever, and united enough to demand and obtain them. We are not inferior to others in energy or talent. Let us therefore earnestly and perseveringly cultivate those abilities. And to multiply and perpetuate the excellent results that shall arise from this self-culture, let us also generously patronize our schools and colleges; for education is a sure, speedy, and easy way to success in every course of life. Education is the path to rank, and fortune, and fame; and when thoroughly Catholic, education is also the path of truth and virtue, which leads far higher still, to the realms of eternal bliss and glory. Much has already been done, but much still remains to be done to render our Catholic schools thoroughly efficient and successful. This is a matter of the greatest importance for the future of our Catholic population, and to it we should devote our utmost attention, activity and zeal. Nor should those whose position and means enable them to give their children a superior training, a college education, neglect to do so. Such an education is required to fill advanced

posts with honor and to the best advantage. This superior college training is needed by those whom we shall put to the fore to represent us and fight our battles, to forward our religious, political, and social interests, otherwise they will be unfit for the honorable trust confided to them. This is why I advocate a thorough and complete college training for those of our youth whose parents can well afford to give it to them.

If we attend as we ought to self-culture, if we ever prove generous supporters of Catholic education, and if moreover we constantly encourage and help one another, believe me, when our fellow-citizens are looking out for candidates upon whom to confer civic or parliamentary honors, and when there shall be question of nominating to some lucrative office, or to some high position of honor or trust, Catholics will not be cast aside, overlooked and ignored, as they have too often been hitherto; and thus our holy religion will be better respected by outsiders, our religious and social interests better guaranteed and forwarded, and God better glorified before men in the faithful children of his one holy Church.

L. J. C.

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STRIKES—AS AFFECTING EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYED.

In the present state of society, when all the signs portend an imminent calamity, when we view the body politic convulsed with startling schemes and theories, seeking the amelioration of laboring humanity, it devolves upon every good citizen to calmly front the issue, examine in its every bearing and accord the due meet of justice. To-day, throughout the civilized world, Labor stands breast against Capital, and vague delusive speculation usurps the place of practical belief. The conservative mass of society hold aloof and coolly view the situation, under the deception that the evil is transient and will meet, in time, its due redress; but, in the peril of the hour, this spirit of conservatism must be cast off or, unknowingly, the theories now promulgated will work an effect, the consequences of which must be of the direst character. In any emergency, the stern, practical common-sense of the community can be relied on, but a spirit of interest must be aroused and, in the discontented laborer, we must recognize a fellow-strugler for existence, a brother in nature and requirements, and one to whom, at all times, our kindest sympathy and assistance should be extended.

The question of labor presents such an extended and varied field of enquiry, that we are constrained to consider but two of its phases, hoping that the limitation may permit of a more thorough and just appreciation. Within the past few years, more than ever before, the public ear has been startled with reports of uprisings, "strikes" on the part of laborers; and, as the question of governmental interference has been raised, let us

endeavor, impartially, to discover what are the relative rights of employee and employer, and to what extent authority is justified in intervening.

"Strikes" may be considered under two points of view, viz: in themselves and in their practical results. Let us examine the question, first in the light of its intrinsic nature. What is the signification of the word "strike?" Nothing but the mere discontinuation of work on the part of an associated number of workers, having in view the obtainment of more equitable terms. Now, we must all admit that every time an honest means is employed to attain an end equally honest, the method adopted is intrinsically lawful and justly allowable. But this is exactly the case with the laborer; he is only exercising a natural right, a right as inalienable and inalienable as any upon which our social structure is founded. Man is constituted by his nature the master of his mental and physical powers, and while free will and liberty exist, he alone has an absolute right to determine their individual value, and to continue, or refrain from exerting them, at the sole dictate of his convenience or feeling. Thus, in reality, a "strike" reduces itself to an act of volition, legitimate in its every sense, and the declaration of a right as sacred as a mandate from heaven, since whatever is implanted by nature is the immediate handiwork of God. Moreover, if success attend the strikers' efforts and more favorable terms are obtained, it clearly demonstrates that a "strike" is a saving power in the hands of labor to procure a just redress. It follows, then that the oft-repeated cry for governmental intervention is a wild delusion, as the powers of authority in such cases are exceeded, and an interference, on its part, would be a gross injustice. The duty of a government is to subserve the natural rights of its citizens, not to destroy them, and an infringement, in this respect, immediately forfeits obedience. Furthermore, not only would such an exercise of power be a violation of natural right but also would, at all times, expose the poor laborer to the rapacity and injustice of too-exacting employers, render him impotent, and subject to all manner of imposition,—thus placing in the hands of Socialists and other presuming champions of humanity arguments justifying their plea that Labor is the unwilling slave of Capital.

But Economists will tell us that "strikes" are opposed to the primary principles of Political Science, and that the strikers rarely accomplish the end in view. It is advanced as a strict law of Economy, that the just wages of labor is in a direct ratio to the demand on the manufacturer and in inverse ratio to the number of workers available; and an advance in wages is allowable only when the capital invested is multiplying dividends, or, on the other hand, when the number of available workmen is limited. Since, claim the Economists, "strikes" can, in no manner, increase the capital in hand or, in reality reduce the number of workmen, if successful, they obtain,

an increase factitiously and, if not, they injure those willing to continue under the old rates. The argument is of a specious nature, for, in the first place it pre-supposes "strikes" originating from the sole motive of an advance in wages, when, in many instances, strikers desire a reduction in the hours of labor, the abrogation of unjust and onerous laws, or the removal of some peculiar grievance. In reality, the conclusions deduced by Economists are contradicted by a multitude of facts. Thornton maintains, that, although in many cases manufacturers are successful in overcoming and uprising of this nature, ten times to the manufacturer's once, the strikers rest victors in the struggle and succeed in obtaining their demands, which instead of conflicting with the interests of those not engaged in the "strike" contribute substantially to their benefit. Certainly the receipts of the manufactures are reduced, but should the pittance of the poor laborer be sacrificed to an unbridled love of gain?

Again, will Economists tell us that an increase in the cost of production, necessarily, increases the price of purchasable articles; therefore, the workman, who has need of one or the other of these, will find, eventually, that he is in the same condition as he was previous to the "strike" or worse off on account of the loss of time and trouble entailed. Experience proves to us that this law of Economy is far from being immutable. If some manufacturers continue in effect to realize the same profits, after a concession is made, the great majority are constrained by the force of the "times," and are obliged to rest satisfied with a reduced return. As Ricardo says, purchasable commodities increase in value, not on account of the price of labor in their manufacture but, on the other hand, on account of the materials and the quality of the labor expended. The opponents of "strikes" may tell us that in the consideration of this question, we look simply to the matter of gain without a thought for the losses involved. We are reminded that the spinners of Manchester, in their strike of 1829, suffered a loss of £250,000 sterling; those of Ashton about the same amount; and this has always been the case with strikes even up to the present time—a great pecuniary loss and consequent distress to the working classes. Necessarily, Strikers incur a pecuniary loss; but if you reflect that this amount of loss, at first view, so large, is divided between thousands of workmen, the force of the charge is in a great measure diminished. In fact, the loss incurred reduces itself to the loss of wages which the employees would have obtained if they had not engaged in the strike. Now, as every man of business has a right to risk a certain sum with the hope of an increased return, no authority can without abuse of power intrude in a speculation of this kind, by its nature strictly private and legitimate.

Economists further say that "strikes" are not only injurious to the manufacturers directly affected, but also indirectly to every other industry, to all classes of

society. When the coal miners of England engage in a strike, is not the price of coal exorbitantly raised? Are not many factories and manufacturers obliged to suspend business, and do not such losses necessarily affect the national welfare? We do not deny the premises but the consequences should not be exaggerated. England is peculiarly a country of strikes. In no other part of the globe have they been more frequent, carried to such an extreme or so obstinate, but, for all that, has England's commercial standing been materially affected? Without doubt, there are losses and great ones, but by certain manufacturers, by certain citizens only, while the mass of society has never suffered except in a passing manner. On what grounds, therefore, would the government have the right to interdict them? Is there any more semblance of justice, on the part of authority, to interfere in the interests of the manufacturers than in that of the "striker?" Surely, there is not. No manufacturer has the right to impose on the laborer in his employ and, for a greater reason, no authority can assume to constrain the employees to meek submission.

These conclusions, it may be said, are, in their present scope, theoretically just, but do not take into consideration the fact that, in many cases, the strikers are prompted to rebel through a desire for undue wages, and moreover that great social disorder often accompanies their act—as illustrated in the Pittsburg riots where the rights of property were violated and the business prospects of the community jeopardized. To these charges we reply in a few words the right in question has been proven, but, if in the exercise of that right the laborer conflicts with the legitimate rights of others, not only the state can, but ought to interfere and afford to her citizens their due protection. As to the objection relative to a demand for immoderate wages, it arises, in great part, from a gross misconception of what constitutes a just recompense to man for his labor. In our present social system, except in rare instances, the laborer is looked upon as a soulless article of traffic to be passed from hand to hand until, all powers of gain being exhausted, it be cast aside as worthless.

Rarely does Capital consider that she is dealing with Man,—the crowning work of a Creator, a being endowed with free-will and intelligence and one who will never submit to be deemed a mere commodity of trade. Man's nature and capacity give rise to wants which it would be blasphemy to suppose could be satisfied by such a heartless estimation. What effect can such an unnatural appreciation of man have upon our social progress? Christian society is not an aggregation of irresponsible individuals whom, if their immediate wants are satisfied. Capital may consider as justly recompensed, but an assemblage of families, in which assemblage every individual should be looked upon as either one who has actually assumed the responsibilities of a household, or is actuated by that laudable intention. When we pass the newsboys on our streets, let it not be forgotten

that in them exist the germs of manhood, that they stand before us, the prospective fathers of a coming generation. If consideration of this nature do not influence Capital in her gauge of human labor, the social structure must soon crumble. What are, then, termed immoderate wages are but often the righteous demand of man for assistance in the fulfilment of duties arising from his nature and social relations. Undoubtedly, many social disorders are the immediate results of "strikes," for men struggling to obtain a bare sustenance are rendered obdurate and reckless, but, have not the excesses of "strikes" found more than an equipoise in the unjust course pursued by Capital? The cry of distress from poor suffering Ireland, the struggle of serfdom in Russia, the strikes of England and America are attributable, in a great measure to one and the same cause—this total disregard of man as a living factor in society having duties to perform towards himself and these dependent upon his care and protection. When Capital will remove the veil from her vision, assume a rightful relationship to labor, and discover that by her nature she is designed to be the helpmate of man in the fulfilment of his various duties, we may look for, if not a lasting solution of the present question, at least a mitigation of the evils, at present so painfully apparent.

J. F. Q.

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THE WOOD-PECKER.

As I was yesterday morning walking in the garden, and contemplating the renescent plants and awakening frogs, my attention was called away by a gentle continuous knocking among the shade trees. Turning in the direction of the sound, my eyes fell upon a woodpecker perching against the trunk of a maple tree, and busily engaged at what I afterwards found to be its morning meal. At the time the creature was vigorously tapping the bark; but, suddenly desisting, it began to move round the side of the tree next to where I stood, making short halts at intervals in its progress. Then returning to its first position, it resumed the tapping operation, and, after a short time, repeated its tour half round the tree. At last, for some reason of its own, it flew away and alighted on a neighbouring elm. There it passed rapidly, almost shot, up and down around the tree, picking the little insects that after a winter's sleep, were returning to consciousness, in the interstices of the rugged bark. Thinking that I might now visit and inspect the work on the maple tree, I approached and found fifteen little cavities scooped in the bark, and running horizontally right and left. These cavities were rapidly filling with the sap that oozed from the interior, and, for some distance below them, the bark was moist with the flowing liquid. I thought of the golden age:—

"Flavaque de viridi stillabant illice mella."

The little receptacles were now brimming high with the saccharine juice, and sparkled in the bright sun like

dew drops. I thought it but proper to withdraw to a distance, lest my visit might prove an intrusion. The creature soon returned to the feast, took its position under the wells, and sipped every one of them dry. It resumed its tapping, and, having opened a new fountain, went bobbing off to the right, halting and sipping as before. It again adjourned to the elm, and again regaled itself with more solid food:

"Miscuit utile dulci."

It seemed as if, with the labour of pecking, and the variety of dishes, the creature's appetite was improving, and I came away leaving appetite to take its course, without spectator, guest or rival.

Returning an hour later to the garden I found that three additional holes had been made. At mid-day the number had increased to thirty. I could not help admiring the elegance of the little work executed by the winged artist. The holes were scooped in the form of cups, and notwithstanding the rapidity with which the bird plied its art, and the roughness of the material on which it worked, the surfaces within were perfectly rounded and smooth.

"Materiam superabat opus."

In every clime and season, as we look around us over beautiful nature, the Providence of God comes out before our eyes in charming traits. Each quadruped, each bird, each plant, speaks of the Being, who, unseen, manifests Himself in His Works. Who else taught the wood-pecker to look for nutritious juice in the maple? Who taught it to scoop with taste, and in such a direction as to catch the descending sap? Whence came its knowledge, that the cups once emptied would fill a second time, and that, while they were filling, it might improve the time in another field of labour. Nature is, indeed, beautiful and instructive; but only when we look narrowly into it and beyond it, to its great and wise and bountiful Author, Him who gives to all His creatures the means of self-support and self-defence. When our Blessed Lord spoke of the unbounded confidence which we ought to have in our Heavenly Father, He took the birds of the air to illustrate His sweet doctrine. "Behold the birds of the air; for they neither sow nor do reap, nor gather into barns; and your Heavenly Father feedeth them." Then, recalling to us our own position and value before God, He concludes: "And are not you of much more value than they?"

M. M. M.

Dr. Emmons, a New England divine, met a pantheist physician at the house of a sick parishioner. It was no place for a dispute; but the abrupt question of the pantheist was, "Mr. Emmons, how old are you?" "Sixty, sir; and how old are you?" "As old as creation," was the triumphant response. "Then you are the same age as Adam and Eve?" "Certainly, I was in the garden when they were." "I have always heard that there was a third party in the garden with them, but I never knew before that it was you," rejoined the divine.

THE QUEEN OF THE SEASONS.

By Cardinal Newman.

All is divine
Which the Highest has made.
Through the days that he wrought,
Till the day when he stay'd,—
Above and below,
Within and around,
From the centre of space
To its uttermost bound.

In beauty surpassing
The universe smiled
On the morn of its birth,
Like an innocent child,
Or like a rich bloom
Of some gorgeous flower;
And the Father rejoiced
In the work of his power.

Yet worlds brighter still,
And a brighter than those,
And a brighter again
He had made, had he chose;
And you never could name
That conceivable best,
To exhaust the resources
The Maker possessed.

But I know of one work
Of his infinite hand
Which special and singular
Ever must stand,
So perfect, so pure,
And of gifts such a store,
That even Omnipotence
Ne'er shall do more.

The freshness of May,
And the sweetness of June,
And the fire of July
In its passionate noon,
Munificent August,
September serene,
Are together no match
For my glorious Queen.

O Mary! all months
And all days are thine own,
In thee lasts their joyousness
When they are gone.
And we give thee May,
Not because it is best,
But because it comes first,
And is pledge of the rest.

A great many people say what they don't mean in their prayers. A Scotchman went behind a fence to pray, and declared to the Lord that if the fence should fall on him it would be no more than he deserved. At that moment a high wind blew the fence over on the petitioner. He rose hastily from his knees and cried out in a frightened voice:—"Heeh Lord! it's an awful world this: a body cannot say a thing in joke but it's taken in earnest."

EVOLUTION.

A DIALOGUE.

(Written for the CATHOLIC SHIELD.)

II.

Spontaneous generation.—Creation.—Darwin's Theory.

Evolutionist.—You are certainly candid. And spontaneous generation appears absurd to you! Permit me to show you on which side the absurdity lies. Everywhere about us life, real life is apparent. The air we breathe and the water we drink swarm with myriads of infusoria and animalcules. Do we not see decaying animal and vegetable matter continually producing other organic forms? For example if you take some ordinary black pepper, steep it in water, and expose it to the sun for a few days, you will find in the infusion an immense number of microscopic animals, which swim, dart, and whirl about in all directions, as they evade or pursue one another in a desperate struggle for existence.

Scholastic.—That is all very true; but where do they come from?

Ev.—They come of course from the pepper water; and it makes no difference whether you take animal or vegetable matter, if you place it in water and expose it to the sun, the infusion soon will teem with life. Far then from regarding decaying animal or vegetable matter as dead, science declares that it has in reality a dim life about it, which under favorable circumstances will cause it to develop into beings with lives like the organisms of which they once formed a part.

Sc.—Pardon me, but science never made such a declaration. I know that Professor Tyndall said as much, when he told the British Association, assembled at Belfast, that he discerned in matter a promise and a potency of engendering every form of life. This was bold language; and coming from so great a physicist as Tyndall, many regarded it as the teaching of science, and without further inquiry implicitly believed it to be true. Many others however saw that it was false, and knowing that science properly so-called cannot teach but truth, they knew that Tyndall's words were not the teachings of science. The Catholic hierarchy of Ireland vigorously attacked the materialistic doctrine of the learned Professor. Confronted by their superior science, what did he do? Did he like a man conscious of right re-affirm his declaration? No, he retracted it. In his "Apology for the Belfast Address," he confesses that the idea impressed itself upon him in times of weakness and doubt, and that it always disappeared in the presence of more strong and healthy thoughts. Thus, he completely reverses the judgment which he gave when led away by the fancies of his imagination. He has since done more. By a series of brilliant experiments, a detailed account of which he read before the Royal Society of London in 1876, he has conclusively shown that spontaneous generation is absolutely impossible; and that if animal or vegetable infusions exposed to free air soon swarm with life, it is because they have become impregnated with the germs of the exceedingly minute organisms which are constantly present in the atmosphere. To exclude these germs from the substances experimented upon, was a work of the greatest difficulty; but when their exclusion was effected, Tyndall found, as Pasteur and others had done before him, that infusions of any kind may be exposed

to air and light and heat for months without ever manifesting the slightest trace of life. Such, sir, is the teaching of science with respect to spontaneous generation, and the lifelessness of dead or decaying matter.

Ev.—You believe then that life cannot be evolved intrinsically from matter. Be very careful, my friend. Even the testimony of your scholastics upholds this principle of the doctrine of evolution. Do you not remember the words of your famous St. Thomas: *Corruptio unius est generatio alterius*? Supported by his infallible authority, are not they a sufficient rejoinder for you?

Sc.—Well, well! And you would bring in the testimony of St. Thomas in favor of your theory! You must have found his words in the same place in which you found your opinion of the great Scholastics; and you have certainly given them a meaning which they do not express in his works. *Corruptio unius est generatio alterius*, everywhere in the writings of St. Thomas and his followers, means that matter on losing one substantial form acquires another.

Ev.—Oh! I see that your Scholastic expressions are susceptible of almost any interpretation. Now, as you hold that spontaneous generation has been rejected by science as an impossibility, you of course imply that life can be produced from dead matter only by the act of a creative power. Many of our evolutionists believe the same. They hold that a few primary forms were created, and that all others, man included, were gradually evolved from those primary forms. For my own part, I can see no inconsistency in the idea, that a supreme Being could as readily fulfil the intention of his creation by consecutive transmissory processes as by a special individual act; and I would ask you, if we can, with a true sense of humility, look around us and view the heavens and this beautiful earth of ours, subjected to the same laws, in active inter-communication, and say that we stand alone the work of a special creation?

Sc.—Pray do not talk nonsense. Creation is a mystery which natural science may seek to penetrate, when it has explained the common mysteries surrounding us. Even the potency of matter to engender life, if such a potency existed or could exist, offers to use the words of Tyndall, "no solution of the mystery in which we are plunged and of which we form a part." Consider those laws of which you speak. They may be discovered, named and observed; but farther natural science cannot go. When Sir Isaac Newton was asked why an apple fell to the ground by the force of attraction, he answered, "it is beyond the limit of human reason, it is the will of God."

Ev.—But Newton was always intruding religion into the domain of science. Besides, he lived two centuries ago, and things have changed since then.

Sc.—They have changed indeed in this that some modern men of science propagate with the greatest zeal whatever ideas seem most likely to destroy religious faith. But they remain the same as to knowledge of the laws which govern the universe. That shining light of Evolution, Mr. Herbert Spencer, is, I presume, an authority for you on any subject. In his "First Principles," he says—doubtless with a true sense of humility—"It is impossible to form any idea of Force in itself, and it is equally impossible to comprehend either its mode of exercise or its law of variation." Time and space are also unintelligible. Why, then, are you unwilling to admit the idea of a special creation, because you cannot understand it? You have certainly no more reason to deny it, than you have to deny the existence of force, time and space. You admit, you

say, the creation of some forms of life. But if some were created, why not all? You are—if such a thing were possible—less logical than the French and German evolutionists. They deny creation altogether. They see that if they admit it for anything they must admit it for everything, and would thus be compelled to acknowledge the existence of a Creator in whom they professedly do not wish to believe. Yet with a credulity that is perfectly refreshing in this incredulous age, a Broca and a Haeckel place the greatest good faith in the existence of forms which they regard as necessary to constitute the basis of their theory of evolution, but which they themselves call into being out of nothing more than protoplasm and their inner consciousness! The infidel Rousseau was right when he said, "the incredulous are the most credulous." You believe in the creation of a few primary forms of life. Now I should like to know what those forms were, and how from them man could possibly be evolved.

Ev.—Different views are entertained. According to Mr. Darwin, there existed at an extremely remote period a group of animals resembling in many respects the larvae of our present *ascidians*, and divided into two classes; the one retrograding and producing the *ascidians* which now exist, the other rising to the height of the animal kingdom by giving birth to the vertebrates: all of which is readily proved by the similarity of the changes that take place in the embryonic development of the *ascidian* and the vertebrates;—a similarity so close as to establish clearly that there must be a genetic relation between the two cycles of life, hitherto regarded as distinct. From the *ascidian* we advance to the *amphioxus*, the lowest known vertebrate; and here again the same relationship is manifest. The next step in the order of evolution is that occupied by the cartilaginous fishes, which closely resemble the *amphioxus* both in structure and habit. We can now easily trace the procession of being to the *lepidosiren*, an amphibian animal like the frog. And now, on the testimony of Mr. Huxley that extinct reptiles have affinities to birds, and the *platypus* of Australia to birds and reptiles, the *platypus* holds the next place in the order of succession. From it, through an implantental mammal, the *kanagoo* was next evolved. Then comes the *lemur*, the lowest of the *quadrumana*; and after the *lemur*, the *sim-adae*. The latter seem to have divided into two classes, producing the *platarhine* and the *catarrhine monkeys* of the new and old world respectively. From these in turn descended the *anthropomorphous* or *man-like ape*, and from it the *ape-like man*, who was our immediate progenitor.

Such, Sir, is the doctrine of man's origin held by modern science.

Sc.—Say, rather, by some modern scientists.

Ev.—Well, by some modern scientists, if you will; but these the most famous our age has produced. I have not entered into a detailed account of the processes involved in the transformation of being from one species to another, through all the grades of animal and vegetable life; but I can state with confidence that the grounds which have led to the wide acceptance of our doctrine are such as never can be shaken.

Sc.—And what may those grounds be?

Ev.—Briefly, that species both of plants and animals rise above and pass into one another by almost imperceptible gradations; and that between the higher mammals and man, who, to speak plainly, is only an improved ape, there exist innumerable points of similarity in embryonic development, structure and faculties.

Sc.—Then, according to you and Mr. Darwin, man has been derived from something like the *larva* of an *ascidian*, by gradual progressions through the whole animal kingdom. But to establish your theory, you make conjectures wholly unfounded, and you coolly assume as certain what is opposed both to reason and experience, and which therefore should be rejected by any man endowed with common sense.

Ev.—You are surely jesting. I stated broad facts, and made no assumption that was not founded upon them.

Sc.—I beg your pardon. In the first place, you bring in as necessary links in the chain of evolution, certain animals of whose past or present existence there is not the slightest evidence. You next assume as granted or as true what is utterly impossible, namely, that one species of animals or plants can give rise to another species. This assumption includes another, equally contrary to reason and experience,—that there is in organic beings an invariable tendency to differentiate and improve. Finally you assume that because man resembles some animals in structure and in *some* only of his faculties, he has *therefore* been derived from them.

Ev.—Although I must say that the most definite information has not been obtained with regard to the animals you refer to; yet the hypothesis of their existence is highly justifiable, especially when we have once demonstrated the certainty of genetic progression, and have considered by what gradual stages this progression advances. We can then, I say, most scientifically assume the existence of intermediate forms, by pursuing the same method of investigation as in all scientific inquiry.

Sc.—By your method of investigation or invention, any hypothesis however groundless is to be admitted provided it supports the theory of evolution. In other words, where observation fails to supply you with facts you can draw for them on your imagination. You speak too of having demonstrated the certainty of a genetic progression. In fact, however, you suppose that also, and by doing so you assume as certain a manifest impossibility, that is, that species can change.

Ev.—And you call that a manifest impossibility!

Sc.—Certainly, Sir, since it is contrary to reason and contrary to experience. But perhaps you are not properly aware of what essentially constitutes a species.

Ev.—Naturalists, I believe, in determining whether two or more allied forms ought to be ranked either as species or varieties are guided by the following considerations; the amount of difference between them, whether this difference relates to few or many points of structure, and, especially, whether they are of a constant type for a continued length of time.

Sc.—I am glad to find that you are partly right. There is something then upon which we can agree. Similarity of structure is one of the characteristics of species, and constancy another—one, I am surprised that you would acknowledge. But species is constant through all time. This is readily proved by the philosophy you affect to despise. It defines species as a certain type and essence of individuals which are fertile *inter se*. Now essences cannot change; hence species is immutable, and thus reason proves your assumption to be false.

Ev.—Let your philosophy rest in the dusty tomes from which you took it. Fertility and sterility are no safe criterions of identity or distinctness of species, since they are easily affected by changed conditions of life, by close inter-breeding, and are governed by highly complex laws. What constitutes a species is a question

for naturalists to define, as they have necessarily to make it the first object of their study. Shall we then admit with regard to it the arbitrary decision of your misty philosophers, whose knowledge of the laws of nature must have been very limited? In this case, *faber fabricet*.

Sc.—No one will deny that other conditions besides difference of species may effect fecundity. But this in no way weakens the scholastic doctrine, which has been propounded anew by the greatest naturalists of modern times. Linnaeus, Cuvier, Blainville, Agassiz, Quatrefages, with many others of less note, all hold that continued fertility is the distinctive and essential mark of the identity of species. They thus prove that the old Scholastics understood well the true basis of natural history; for it is on the separation of species and their subsequent classification that natural history as a science is founded. The great Cuvier and his brother Frederick tried repeatedly to produce intermediary species, but always failed. The hybrids, after two or, at most, three generations, either became completely sterile, or returned to one or the other of the parent species. Flourens, the late Director of the *Jardin des Plantes*, repeated and varied the experiments of the Cuviers, with the very same result. Since the promulgation of your theory, enthusiastic evolutionists have been untiring in their efforts to produce new species, and I need not remind you that they have not succeeded in forming a permanently fertile hybrid even between animals so closely related as the hare and the rabbit. Within the limits of a species races and varieties may indeed arise, but even then, for the most part, only by the intervention of man. As Linnaeus said, with profound sagacity: *Naturæ opus semper est species; culturæ sæpius varietas*. In reality, Sir, species and genus are always nature's work, while varieties arise often through cultivation. Varieties, as I have said, may change and do change; but the mutability of species, without supporting which you cannot advance one step in your theory, is contradicted not only by reason, observation and experiment, but also by the most certain historical facts.

Mummies have been disinterred in Egypt after a sleep of thirty centuries; and they are identical with the Egyptians of our day. Figures of dogs, oxen, crocodiles, &c., sculptured on the ancient monuments of that country, correspond exactly to the animals now living there. Thus, so far as species is concerned, the oldest historic records bear witness that it has remained unchanged.

Aristotle, who lived two thousand years ago, was almost as distinguished a naturalist as a philosopher. He diligently studied the *fauna* and *flora* of the countries conquered by his pupil and friend, Alexander the Great. He classified and minutely described that *fauna* and *flora*; and modern naturalists testify that the animals and plants now existing on every coast and isle of the fair Aegean, and in its purple waters, correspond exactly to the descriptions given by Aristotle. The two thousand years which have passed away since he lived have not changed or altered anything. Hence history confirms what observation and experiment have proved concerning the constancy of species.

Ev.—What an idea of history you must have! Do you imagine that the annals of the world are limited by the age of Aristotle or the Egyptian mummies? Two or three thousand years are but moments in the existence of the universe. Hundreds of thousands of centuries preceded them, wherein the work of evolution could progress. Historical evidence obtained from ancient

monuments or writers is of no possible value in the case, as the constancy of species during the comparatively short period of three thousand years does not militate in the slightest against my doctrine. The proper history of the world's existence is a broader field of study than you conceive it to be. It is the record of endless ages of progressive change, graven by the hand of nature in every rock and stone.

THE IRISH STATE CHURCH.

(From McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times.")

"The Irish Peasant to his Mistress" is the name of one of Moore's finest songs. The Irish peasant tells his mistress of his undying fidelity to her. "Through grief and through danger" her smile has cheered his way. "The darker our fortunes the purer thy bright love burned;" it turned shame into glory; fear into zeal. Slave as he was, with her to guide him he felt free. She had a rival; and the rival was honored, "while thou wert mocked and scorned." The rival wore a crown of gold; the other's brows were girt with thorns. The rival wooed him to temples, while the loved one lay hid in caves. "Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas, are slaves!" "Yet," he declares, "cold in the earth at thy feet I would rather be than wed one I love not, or turn one thought from thee."

The reader already understands the meaning of this poetic allegory. If he failed to appreciate its feeling it would be hardly possible for him to understand the modern history of Ireland. The Irish peasant's mistress is the Catholic Church. The rival is the State Church set up by English authority. The worshippers in the Catholic faith had long to lie hid in caves, while the followers of the State Church worshipped in temples. The Irish peasant remained through centuries of persecution devotedly faithful to the Catholic Church. Nothing could win or wean him from it. The Irish population of Ireland—there is meaning in the words—were made apparently by nature for the Catholic faith. Hardly any influence on earth could make the genuine Celtic Irishman a Materialist, or what is called in France a Voltairian. For him, as for Schiller's immortal heroine, the kingdom of the spirits is easily opened. Half his thoughts, half his life, belong to a world other than the material world around him. The supernatural becomes almost the natural for him. The streams, the valleys, the hills of his native country are peopled by mystic forms and melancholy legends, which are all but living things for him. The very superstitions of the Irish peasant take a devotional form. They are never degrading. His piety is not merely sincere: it is even practical. It sustains him against many hard trials, and enables him to bear, in cheerful patience, a lifelong trouble. He praises God for everything; not as an act of mere devotional formality, but as by instinct; the praise naturally rising to his lips. Old men and women in Ireland who seem, to the observer, to have lived lives of nothing but privation and suffering, are heard to murmur with their latest breath the fervent declaration that the Lord was good to them always. Assuredly this genuine piety does not always prevent the wild Celtic nature from breaking forth into fierce excesses. Stormy outbursts of passion, gusts of savage revenge, too often sweep away the soul of the Irish peasant from the quiet moodings in which his natural piety and the

teachings of his Church would hold it. But deep down in his nature is that faith in the other world and its visible connection and intercourse with this; his reverence for the teaching which shows him a clear title to immortality. For this very reason, when the Irish peasant throws off altogether the guidance of religion, he is apt to rush into worse extravagances and excesses than most other men. He is not made to be a rationalist; he is made to be a believer.

The Irishman was bound by ties of indescribable strength and complication to his own Church. It was the teacher of that faith which especially commended itself to his nature and his temperament. It was made to be the symbol and the synonym of patriotism and nationality. Centuries of the cruel, futile attempt to force another religion on him in the name of his English conquerors, had made him regard any effort to change his faith, even by argument, as the attempt of a spy to persuade a soldier to forsake his flag. To abandon the Catholic Church was, for the Irishman, not merely to renounce his religion, but to betray his country. It seemed to him that he could not become a Protestant without also becoming a renegade to the national cause. The State Church set up in Ireland was to him a symbol of oppression. It was Gessler's hat stuck up in the market-place: only a slave would bow down to it. It was idle to tell him of the free spirit of Protestantism; Protestantism stood represented for him by the authority which had oppressed his fellow-countrymen and fellow-Catholics for generations; which had hunted men to the caves and the mountains for being Catholic, and had hanged and disembowelled them for being Irish. Every argument in favor of the State Church in England was an argument against the State Church in Ireland. The English Church, as an institution, is defended on the ground that it represents the religious convictions of the great majority of the English people, and that it is qualified to take welcome charge of those who would otherwise be left without any religious care or teaching in England. The Catholics in Ireland were, to all other denominations together, as five to one: the State Church represented only a small proportion of a very small minority. There was not the slightest pretext for affecting to believe that it could become the mother and the guardian of orphans and waifs among the Irish people. In many places the Protestant clergyman preached to a dozen listeners; in some places he thought himself lucky when he could get half a dozen. There were places with a Protestant clergyman and Protestant church and absolutely no Protestant worshippers. There had not of late years been much positive hostility to the State Church among the Irish people. Since the abolition of the system of tithes, since the dues of the parson were no longer collected by an armed military force with occasional accompaniment of bloodshed, the bitterness of popular feeling had very much mitigated. The Irish people grew to be almost indifferent on the subject. "With Henry II," says Sydney Smith, "came in tithes, to which, in all probability, about one million of lives may have been sacrificed in Ireland." All that was changed at last. So long as the clergyman was content to live quietly and mind his own flock, where he had any to mind, his Catholic neighbors were not disposed to trouble themselves much about him. If, indeed, he attempted to do that which, by all strict logical reasoning, he must have regarded himself as appointed to do—if he attempted any work of conversion, then he aroused such a storm of anger that he generally found it prudent to withdraw from the odious

and hopeless enterprise. If he was a sensible man he was usually content to minister to his own people and meddle no further with others. In the large towns he generally had his considerable congregation, and was busy enough. In some of the country places of the south and west he preached every Sunday to his little flock of five or six, while the congregation of the Catholic chapel a short distance off were covering great part of the hillside around the chapel door, because their numbers were many times too great to allow them to find room within the building itself. Sydney Smith has described, in a few words, the condition of things as it existed in his time: "On an Irish Sabbath the bell of a neat parish church often summons to church only the parson and an occasionally conforming clerk; while two hundred yards off a thousand Catholics are huddled together in a miserable hovel, and pelted by all the storms of heaven." In days nearer to our own the miserable hovel had for the most part given place to a large and handsome church; in many places to a vast and stately cathedral. Nothing could be more remarkable than the manner in which the voluntary offerings of the Irish Catholics covered the face of the country with churches dedicated to the uses of their faith. Often the contributions came in liberal measure from Irishmen settled in far-off countries who were not likely ever again to see their native fields. Irish Catholic priests crossed the Atlantic, crossed even the Pacific, to ask for help to maintain their churches; and there came from Quebec and Ontario, from New York, New Orleans and Chicago, from Melbourne and Sydney, from Tasmania and New Zealand, the money which put up churches and spires on the Irish mountain-sides. The proportion between the Protestants and the Catholics began to tell more and more disadvantageously for the State Church as years went on. Of late the influx of the Catholic working population into the northern province threatens to overthrow the supremacy of Protestantism in Protestantism's own stronghold.

It has often been said that if England had not persecuted the Catholics, if she had not thrust her State Church on them under circumstances which made it an insolent badge of conquest, the Irish people might have been gradually won over to the religion of England. To us nothing seems more unlikely than any such change. The Irish people, we are convinced, would under any circumstances whatever have remained faithful to the Catholic Church. As we have already endeavored to show, it is the Church which seems specially appointed to be the guide of their nature. But it is certain that if there had been no persecution and no State Church, the feelings of the Irish people toward England would have been very different from what they actually are even at this day. There would have been no rebellion of 1798. There would have been no hatred of Protestant to Catholic, Catholic to Protestant. All this is obvious; every one says as much now. But there is another view of the question; there is another harmful effect of the State Church and its surroundings, which is not so often considered nor so commonly admitted. This is the indirect harm which was done by the setting up in Ireland of a "British party," to employ a phrase once familiar in politics, a party supposed to represent the interests of the English Government, and indeed to be, as it was commonly called, the Protestant garrison in Ireland. Naturally the government always acted on the advice of that party, and as a matter of course they were frequently deceived. The British party had no way of getting at

the real feelings of the Irish people; they were among them, but not of them. They kept on continually assuring the government that there was no real cause of dissatisfaction in Ireland; that the objection to this or that odious institution or measure came only from a few agitators, and not from the whole population. It will not be forgotten that down to the very outbreak of the American War of Independence there were the remnants of a British party in the Northern States, who assured the English Government that there was no real dissatisfaction among the American colonists, and no idea whatever of severing the connection with England. The same sort of counsel was given, the same fatal service was rendered, on almost all important occasions by the British party in Ireland. It was probably from observing this condition of things that Mr. Gladstone came to the conclusion that the Fenian outbreak, the Manchester rescue, and the Clerkenwell explosion furnished a proper opportunity for a new system of legislation in Ireland. One of the sad defects of our parliamentary system is that no remedy is likely to be tried for any evil until the evil has made its presence felt in some startling way. The Clerkenwell explosion was but one illustration of a common condition of things. We seldom have any political reform without a previous explosion.

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"TANTUM ERGO."

'Tis now the Vesper hour; glad sunlight streams
In golden radiance through the casements high.
Staining the marbles with broad opal gleams
Brighter than drifted flushes of the sky.

Upon the altar starry tapers shine
With happy radiance, while the lilies slight
Hang brimming o'er with slumberous golden wine
Poured by the sunbeams in each chalice white.

Slowly the circling mists of incense rise,
Fading serenely 'mid the lapses dim:
Far through the jasper gates of Paradise
Float chords Æolian of seraphic hymn.

Adown dim aisles the long, gray shadows creep.
The organ sigheth on the languorous air.
Till one by one the sweet tones fall asleep.
And silence hovers o'er us like a prayer.

The tabernacle portals open wide,
The kneeling priest awaits his kingly Guest,
Who cometh in the purple eventide
Just as the day drifts down the beautiful west.

Hark! hark! Divinest music breathes around.
And every head bows lowly at the cry;
Earth's guardian spirits echo back the sound:
"Jesus of Nazareth, Jesus passes by."

A silence falls like dew: the kneeling throngs
Cast down the heart's palm branches at his feet:
Voices celestial chant triumphant songs.
And angel harps rain silvery echoes sweet.

We know the King hath gone upon his way.
Lo! as we lift our dazzled eyes in prayer,
A dreamy glory gilds the shadows gray:
A something tells us that he hath been there.

Now gently fade, O thou divinest light!
Veil thy rose gleamings 'neath a starry pall.
Still thro' the solemn lapses of the night
Our hearts shall feel God's benedictions fall.

THE GOSPEL OF HYGIENE.

(From the "Catholic World.")

There is a large class of Protestant books which may be described as ethically "on the fence." These are written with the laudable intention of giving advice to young men, forming the character of young women, brightening the domestic hearth, advocating the "small moralities" of life, and gently leading the tottering footsteps of age to the peace of the tomb. It is much to be feared that these well-meaning books have seldom any readers, the very persons whom they are intended to benefit being the first to eschew them. There they stand, however, upon the library shelf of Young Men's Christian Associations and public lyceums. Bound in blue and gold, they are presented to young lady graduates and find their way into Christmas stockings. They pop out at you in hotel parlors, and lurk among your magazines and journals. They have often a pleading earnestness of title, such as *Young Man! whither? or Maiden! wherefore?* but their clean, uncut pages awaken a fear that they often plead in vain.

Every man believes that he can give advice, and this is the *raison d'être* of such books. But the difficulty is, there is only one way of enabling men to practise advice—i.e., by the help of supernatural grace—and it is the utter ignoring of this essential which makes such books so incongruous. Despite the appeal to "religion," their cardinal teaching is the worldly good which comes from being virtuous; or, in other words, it *pays* to be holy, and morality is a powerful factor in the completion of Number One. This is an intensification of Pelagianism, and, we blush to say, it is confined almost exclusively to the writings of the "great American moralists." Heaven knows we are sordid and selfish enough without seeking excuse in Scripture or incentives in ethical science. But the moralists know our love of money, our intense business energy, and our practical way of viewing most questions in their pecuniary relations, and thus is evolved the morality of selfishness, with its mystic symbol A1.

Although such books claim to be embodiments of moral philosophy, they are excluded from any claim to that noble title by their failure to assign any motive for the moral actions which they counsel. Dr. Holland's *Every-day Topics* and T. Starr King's *Substance and Shadow* give no reason whatever for the morality which they inculcate, except the overmastering importance of A1. We have several excellent American moralists, as Dwight, Wayland, and Hopkins, who, falsely, it is true, but generously, hold that benevolence is the highest good, in direct contradiction to the A1 ethicists. In fact, these latter gentlemen, emboldened by the full-fledged development of their system in the intense selfishness proclaimed by evolutionism, have dropped the "ideal," and represent life as a desperate struggle for bread, in which the fittest survive, mainly through physical power, which may fully claim to be "moral" in the highest sense.

This brutal muscularity is not to be viewed as synonymous with the beautiful strength which the Greeks idealized, thus taking away the gross realism attached to the sinews of a pugilist or an athlete. But young men and women must take exercise "in order to breathe to the full the bounding pulse-life of nature, and feel the royal exhilaration of the uncorrupted animals of the forest. An unhealthy man cannot quaff the fullness of life's intoxication." If this means anything it means something which a Christian would regard as the

animality spoken of by St. Paul. The coarsest ridicule is showered upon the "puling wretches" who cannot take the stroke in a boat-race or do without an afternoon cup of tea. Dr. Hall and Dio Lewis both claim to be "moralists" in the truest sense, and trace all vicious inclinations to something physically wrong, and the A1 philosophers echo them most faithfully. One would think that no spiritual being could become so blinded as to place his highest moral good and its continuance upon the state of his nerves. We thought that Moleschott and D'Holbach were classed among materialists. But we are told by "Christian philosophers" that there is no thought without phosphorus, no moral purity without a just equipoise of temperament, and no conscientiousness without a big bump in the coronal region.

To read these moralists one would fancy that the chief duty of man is to keep and to improve his health. Morning prayer may be advisable, but the bath is indispensable. There can be no moral cleanliness without the vigorous use of the flesh-brush and the towel. The highest spiritual perfection depends upon the efficiency of our shower-bath, and the glow of devotional fervor is undesirable unless the whole body is at normal temperature. The beauty of the advice comes in with the introduction of the Scriptural warrants. All of us know the conditions of bathing, but how few of us last summer at Long Branch or Cape May realized that we were fulfilling to the letter the "moral injunctions" of Moses, John the Baptist, and the "far-seeing Saviour!" The morning bath, according to the moralists, is the genuine baptism, "and theologians who prate about sacraments show that they know nothing about hygiene." Among the benefits of the bath may be noted "a firm determination to fight the battles of life and to overcome temptation"—a happy consummation which most of us think is brought about by prayer. But then prayer, being a "liberation of force," is unscientific. The young man and woman are conjured to preserve their health at all hazards. Cherish it as you would your own soul. Leave nothing undone to gain it, if lost. It is the pearl without price. Without health you have no show in the awful, the terrible battle of life. You are elbowed, driven to the wall, looked upon as a horrible burden, a leper from whom the Goddess of Health shrinks appalled. You drag out a miserable existence, unpitied and avoided, and you are liable to be hurried to a pauper's grave, with a feeling of glad relief on the part of the survivors. On the other hand, how glorious is bonny, buxom health, etc.

The young man, in view of the supreme excellence of health, is implored to guard it with all the defences which bran-bread, oatmeal, and abundance of pure water throw around it. He should carefully avoid the style of collars known as Piccadilly, and reflect long upon the proper width of his trousers. Ignorance may laugh at braces, but how many can trace the ruin of their health to too much tightness! A false etiquette permits the closing of windows when the thermometer is at freezing-point, though arctic travellers scout the idea. All the vertebrate animals *should* wear flannel; and what if silly domestics *do* grumble at your insisting upon a warm foot-bath, with mustard, every night? It is the chief moral duty to preserve your health, and all other duties must group themselves around it. Whatever virtues you practise, never omit your practice of the dumb-bells, and make it an invariable rule never to give a penny to a mendicant whom you suspect of not having washed his face. Ten to one, if he bathed, he would not be a beggar. If your church is unventilated

on no conditions go to it. Rather take a leisurely walk to a public garden and inhale the Great Spirit of Nature, who cannot send his vivifying influence into the dingy tenements and lurking-places of disease which men, as if in irony, call his dwelling-place. Be careful that your toes are well protected in bed, and, if sleepless, on no account turn your mind to any devotional or other emotional subject, but calmly count one thousand until Morpheus waves you into the land of dreams.

In fact, the A1 moralists are so intent upon the importance of health that they forget all about any Christian practices which have not a medical aspect. Some praise the sanitary regulations of certain monastic orders, and vegetarians in particular are quite enthusiastic over the fasts prescribed by the Catholic Church. But as the church has not made bathing an article of faith, "like the grand old Mosaic covenant" she comes in for a number of raps, particularly as she certainly does not appear to condemn the "horrid austerities practised by some of her saints, under the delusion that they are propitiating an angry Deity." Of course the whole spirituality of the Christian faith, as a ministry of sorrow and of suffering, is hidden from these men, who worship Hygeia without even the graceful forms of the old Romans and Greeks. The natural man recognizes health as the chief of our temporal goods, but neither Greek aestheticism nor Roman valor believed in coddling our bodies or placing physical strength as the *summum bonum*. Health is chiefly valuable, morally speaking, as an admirable facility for serving God and our neighbor more earnestly; but heathenism itself rejects it as an end. The *nirvana* of the Indie creeds is something heroic compared with this valetudinarianism. Sickness sweetens and purifies most men, and we may never know the genuine beauty of a friend's character, or his reserves of patience and tenderness, until we see him stricken with disease and pain.

The young man, glowing with health and fully acquainted with the number of bones in his back, must now proceed to develop his will-power. For the benefit of ordinary Christians it may be said that the will-power corresponds to the divine help we are promised in order to fulfil God's commandments. The will-power dispenses with the aids to salvation. But here, alas! there is a slight hitch. Before you can be assured of possessing the will-power examine your face well in the glass. If your chin retreats, and the angle formed by the tip of your nose, and your ears, and the top of your head does not fulfil the conditions of Cuvier's facial angle, return at once to the dumb-bells. Your whole future will now depend upon rectifying this unfortunate defect. Much may be done by physical exercise, but you must bring the moral faculties into play. Exercise your will in doing disagreeable things. Force yourself to get out of bed on a cold night, and to stand on one leg in your room. Run around the corner in your bare head and slippers, and face the ridicule of the passers-by. If you prefer one side of the street, take the other. Try to like people whom you naturally detest. Bring the will up with a jerk, if you find it disposed to shrink. Be of good courage when you hear people speaking of you as obstinate and mulish, for it is a sure sign that you are advancing in will-power. It is hardly necessary to add that the favored mortal whose facial angle is perfect has no difficulty in obeying the Ten Commandments. In fact, he rather smiles at the limited number. The most disagreeable duties are cheerfully assumed, and he is a walking fulfilment of the Delphian oracle, "Know thyself!"

On reaching maturity the young man is advised to study well the characters of those with whom he comes in contact in business. From the serene height of his virtues, he can quickly detect the weaknesses of those unfortunate men who did not enjoy his moral training. He studies their weaknesses. He watches their unguarded moments, which are only too frequent, seeing that they generally have no will-power. He seizes opportunities. He does disagreeable things for the sake of the exceeding great reward in the future. He seeketh a wife (vide *Young Ladies' Guide*), and he lives, in full physical strength, to a happy old age, and descends into the tomb after the manner prescribed in *The Sloping Pathway*, by the same author.

Books on old age, which flourish under such titles as *Looking toward Sunset*, invariably assume that the old gentleman is, to use a rather slangy expression, "pretty well fixed." He has nothing to do but to be didactic. He gathers his grandchildren around him and tells them of his early struggles, his fierce fight against the temptation to buy an overcoat when he had the money and sorely needed one; his dispensing with a clerk and washerwoman when he was founding the fortunes of his house; his rough experience when he acted as a private watchman, and his triumphant defeat of coalitions of watchmen against him; his encounter with an Irish coalman when he expressed his determination to put in his own coal, and his glow of manly satisfaction at thus having saved a quarter; his determination to become a rich and honored member of society; "And now my children" (smiling) "see me."

There is a very charming book of Cicero's, *De Senectute*, in which he describes the compensations of old age, but he evidently was not aware of the kind of compensation here described. The retrospect of old age, according to Jolly, should take in manifold deeds of heroism, of kindness, of doing service to the commonwealth. But if the chief crown of old age is to be a night-cap of United States bonds the halo somehow or other vanishes. Even Macbeth's dream of honored old age is an improvement upon this, and the great old men whom Cicero describes had little fortune beyond honors and troops of friends. There is nothing more beautiful than age in its full ear of good works; but Heaven save us from "descending the vale" in a patent invalid-chair, talking morally about our triumphs, which were somebody else's defeats!

It is only when one reads these goody-goody books that he realizes the extent which the biology of evolutionism has reached. The speculations of Herbert Spencer have quite supplanted the old teachings of the English moral philosophers. The deformity of evolution is most apparent in its moral essays. There is something quite fascinating in the scientific writings of the Darwinian school; but then, you know, the great struggle for existence took place myriads of ages ago. You cannot be expected to sympathize with the extinct species that went down before the fierce onslaught of the "fittest." It is all like the wars of the giants. But when the evolution theory applies its sociology you begin to regret that you ever felt any interest in the vile thing. Spencer, the moralist of evolution, asks you such horrible questions as Whether deformed persons should be encouraged to live; whether there is any "charity" in succoring the incurable; whether imbeciles and the insane had not best be disposed of as we are counselled to dispose of them in Plato's *Republic*; is life worth living for those who cannot make a living?—and other suggestions which go with a chill to the heart of him who, afar off, follows in the foot-steps of the

infinitely compassionate Redeemer of mankind. What business has anybody to be poor, lame, blind, or dumb? Whose fault is it? What right have sickly people to get married, or, if married, to preserve their diseased offspring, that will grow up burdens on society? Why do we encourage idleness and improvidence in the building of almshouses and refuges, when without them the wretched race of *imbeciles* would quickly perish under the law of the survival of the fittest? O horrible outcome of science! This is your boasted redemption of humanity! Rejoice, O man! if you are strong and well to do, and filled with the comforts and appliances of this life, for they will enable you all the more readily to overthrow and stamp out your weaker brother!

EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

When President Garfield took Blaine of Maine into his Cabinet, making him Secretary of State, surely he foresaw the selection would wound the feelings of Roscoe Conkling of New York, to whom, more than to any other, he owes his own berth in the White House. He knew these two Senators were deadly rivals for the "boss"-ship of the Eastern States, and that Conkling's cunning manœuvres at Chicago had defeated Blaine's bold attempt to secure the presidential nomination for himself. But, as if Garfield did not consider Blaine's appointment a sufficient insult and injury to the gentleman from New York, he next proceeded to reward with lucrative positions some of the latter's personal enemies, notably one Robertson with the office of Collector of the Port of New York. This was too much for Conkling, and nobody was surprised to hear that he opposed with all the force he could command the choice of the President when submitted to the Senate for ratification. The result was a dead-lock in legislation for several days, over the petty appointment of a collector of tolls! A glorious spectacle truly in a great Republic! At last somebody had to give way, and the somebody was poor Mr. Conkling, who, together with Mr. Platt, his colleague from New York, resigned on May 16th. This was what Mr. Secretary Blaine desired but feared Conkling would not be fool enough to do. Of course, Conkling means to be elected again if he can, as a protest against the administration, although he pretends he will not move a hand to secure that result. With equal resolution Blaine is determined that his old rival, now his victim, shall not be re-elected, and the legislature at Albany will be the scene of one of the wickedest faction fights ever waged. Grant supports Conkling, and makes a warm appeal in his favor, bitterly denouncing the President and his advisers, but Ulysses A's prestige is gone, and his touch puts a blight upon everything. This embroilment is regarded by Democrats as the beginning of the end of the Republican party; by the independent press as the final collapse of the "Machine," which has run the departments in the interest of political gamblers, during every administration for decades of years. If so, there is a

good time coming for our neighbors, such as we enjoy on this side, where there are no "machines," no "bosses," no scandals, no lying newspapers; where there is brotherly love, and unalloyed enjoyment of the Syndicate, the Census, and the great N. P.

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We have had our little sensation too in Ontario over a resignation. The elevation of Mr. John Alexander Boyd of the Toronto bar to the Chancellorship of the Province, over the head of Mr. Vice-Chancellor Blake, was very distasteful to the latter gentleman and his friends, and his resignation followed as a matter of course. Probably it was not unanticipated by the powers that make judges. Be that as it may, the Vice-Chancellor's action did not surprise many, while to very many his descent from the bench gave positive satisfaction. Not that he did not possess all the required legal attainments, but because of his bigotry or rather craziness, on religious and social questions, which he could not control even in the administration of his high office. A member of the junior bar, writing in one of the Toronto papers, declares, from his own observation, that a Catholic, or a High-Churchman, or a Licensed Victualler, interested in any case appearing before Vice-Chancellor Blake, was always exposed to some sneer or reproach from that godly-minded dispenser of justice and open bibles. In no case, however, can it be said that justice miscarried owing to his prejudices; and there is no reason to suppose they were the considerations that stood in the way of his promotion. His friends assure us, it is his intention to devote most of his time, his undisputed talents and well known energy, to religion and morality. Every Christian is expected to do a little in that line. And there is demand just at present for another Reformer, with a big soul if not a big stick, in the Anglican establishment at Toronto. Bishop Sweatman, who was to do or die to the tune of "Hold the Fort," has gone back shamefully on his Low-Church professions, and is introducing surpliced choirs into all the churches, to the amazement and horror of the pure evangelical party, those Israelites in the wilderness, to whom the ex-Vice-Chancellor is a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. It was the ex-Vice-Chancellor who elected very Low-Church Sweatman to the bishopric. What should he now dethrone him, even as Jehu did Ochozias, and assume the office himself, in the interests of religion and morality! Bishop Blake! That would be a relief, indeed, to his brother, in whose side he has long been a thorn.

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As straws show which way the wind blows, so when your tailor, measuring you for a trousers, asks if you will have a pistol-pocket, his query indicates clearly enough the onward march of civilization. The six-shooter has superseded the cane as a useful article of wearing apparel, and among some classes it is more common than the handkerchief. Here and there

legislatures have tried to correct the tastes of the rising generation in this respect, but in vain. Young Canada and Young America will not submit to apron-strings. It would seem, however, as if the pistol were, in turn, to be superseded by the vitriol bottle, as an effective instrument for the assertion of manhood's rights, and the gratification of his whims and passions. We are now assured that the bill to punish vitriol throwing, which has passed both Houses at Albany, supplies an actual need in the criminal jurisprudence of the United States. Only the other day, a young laborer, nettled by the refusal of his lady-love to become his wife, determined "to spoil her face," as he said; and, in order to make a sure job of it, procured a phial of vitriol and a rubber glove—the latter to protect his own hand during the operation—waylaid the unfortunate girl, rubbed the acid well into her face, and then quietly walked away, leaving her disfigured for life. He was arrested, but it was found that under the criminal law, as it stood, he could only be committed for assault with intent to do bodily harm, for which the extreme punishment is five years imprisonment. The new act just passed fixes the term between two and ten years, at the option of the magistrate. This is no punishment for such a devilish crime. It deserves the whipping-post once a month for ten years, or life. If society can endure the pistol-pocket, it cannot tolerate the vitriol bottle.

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The third act of the Biddulph tragedy is before the public, and, unless the horrible plot it reveals is a huge and vindictive conspiracy against innocence, a terrible retribution will surely follow in the fourth and last. If justice has been so long thwarted, blame is not to be attached to its administrators, but to an unscrupulous press, which, usurping the prerogatives of jury and judge without assuming any of their responsibilities, found guilty all to whom street gossip had attached suspicion, and sentenced them to speedy execution at the hands of the populace. Against this outrageous attempt to prejudice the public mind and interfere with the even course of justice, the elements of common decency and fair-play in the community revolted; a sympathy was created for the accused that would not otherwise have been aroused, under the influence of which the jury, elected to try the case of the supposed ring-leader, discarded altogether the mass of circumstantial evidence upon which the prosecution relied, and interpreted in his favor the very slightest contradiction in the direct evidence of the one pretended witness of the Donnelly but hery. These good men and true realized the awful responsibilities of their position; they felt they were trying, not alone the prisoner in the dock before them, but the freedom and integrity of the court-room as well; and who can deny, irrespective of late developments, that by their verdict they protected both against a most wicked and violent attack? Now that this repulsive tragedy has assumed a new

phase, and numerous arrests have been made and others threatened, what course will the press pursue? Will they go back to the old licentious way, and expose justice to another strain? It rests with the representatives of justice to see that they shall not.

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The news from the Irish Land war during the month may be briefly summed up thus:—The arrest of patriotic John Dillon, Brennan the Secretary, and other prominent members of the League, including a priest with an historic name, Father Sheehy; a series of monster meetings at which the greatest enthusiasm prevailed; some speeches powerful for good, and others which, if not misrepresented as they probably are, were better unsaid; a few conflicts between a justly enraged peasantry and a not always unwilling constabulary; and the virtual passage of Gladstone's Land Bill through the House of Commons. Parnell with thirty colleagues retired when the vote was about to take place on the second reading, which had a sweeping majority. This action, it is reported, was received with derisive cheers by other members, who seem to do nothing but howl, and has been held up to ridicule and condemnation by writers on this side, who, of course, know what the suffering people of Ireland require ever so much better than their own chosen representatives in Parliament. These flippant commentators, having twisted Mr. Gladstone's Bill out of all shape, are amazed, and offended, and even grieved, because the Land Leaguers do not receive it with extended arms, dilated eyes, and wide-open mouths, as babies are supposed, in the advertisements, to take Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. But, although dabbling in Irish affairs every day in the week, they have very carefully omitted to notice the authorized and unreserved contradiction of the infamous story they so industriously circulated, that the Pope had obliged Archbishop Croke to go down on his knees to the Archbishop of Dublin, and retract his firm and most called for vindication of the modesty of Irish womanhood. This may be enterprising journalism; it may pay well, but it is dishonest and contemptible.

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The Canadian excursion season opened on the 24th, near London, with a catastrophe, the result of criminal cupidity and carelessness, which cost over two hundred lives. More than six hundred men, women, and children, returning home after the days enjoyment, were literally packed into a small, rotten steamer, whose owners wanted to make money fast, and had an officer in charge who, when the impending danger was pointed to by some of the party, before leaving, coolly replied that "he knew his business,"—meaning his employers selfish interests. "About one mile below the city the boat suddenly collapsed, like an egg-shell, and became a total wreck, level with the water's edge. All the passengers were instantly plunged into the stream, more than half of them being underneath the debris."

The feeling in London when this dread news had spread may be more easily imagined than described. At least a thousand families were represented on the ill-fated vessel, and the whole population was plunged in mourning. The committal of the captain, who "knew his business," and of the smart men he knew better how to serve, would be an example to others who run excursion boats on the same principle. If there had been no holocausts under very similar circumstances last year, we might hope this would be a warning to future pleasure parties, but, as it is only one of a familiar series, the number of its victims only goes to show that some people pay no attention to precedents and will not be warned. And—saddest consideration of all—these disasters, constantly recurring, and the sudden deaths of every succeeding day, make little or no impression upon the souls of men, grown callous alike to the voice of conscience and the awful visitations of God. We are daily reminded—sometimes in a most solemn manner—that "in the midst of life we are in death;" but we live on as recklessly as before, as if there were no death, no judgment, no eternity for us. God avert from us all a sudden and unprovided end!

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EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

N. B.—The Editor invites contributions to this Department from teachers and others interested in Catholic education. He wishes to make it a general, not a mere local record. Short communications giving the results of examinations, showing the progress of schools, or containing practical suggestions for their improvement, will be gladly published, if written on one side of the paper only, and sent in before the 24th of each month.

The celebration of the 12th of May in honor of the Very Rev. Dr. Tabaret, O. M. I. brought out in striking relief some of the charming features of a student's life in our Catholic Colleges. The joys of this festive anniversary were enhanced and hallowed by Religion, under whose salutary auspices the day began. Addresses in English and French, expressive of the students' esteem and filial affection for their learned, venerable and loving President, were presented on the eve and served as a fitting prelude to the feast of the morrow. In his response to the addresses, after expressing his thanks and modestly referring the praises fondly lavished upon him to his able and devoted collaborators, Dr. Tabaret feelingly alluded to the celebration as an additional link to the chain of mutual affection that unites now as ever the students of the College of Ottawa to their directors and professors.

His lordship, the Bishop of Ottawa, who is ever ready to share and increase the joys of the inmates of his own dear old College home, came at an early hour to say Mass for the students and to bless with due solemnity a beautiful statue of St. Joseph, which, with that of our Blessed Lady, graces the recreation grounds and reminds the students that, under the holy and watchful eyes of Mary Immaculate and her chaste Spouse, their glorious Patron, nothing unbecomingly should mar their sports, demean or tarnish their intercourse.

The day thus well begun, and happily continued on the pleasure grounds of the College and its picturesque villa, was brilliantly concluded in the Exhibition Hall of the College by one of the most successful musical and dramatic soirees ever given there. The theme was a thrilling one, the cause of Liberty, personified in the patriot Tell, and beautifully portrayed by the genius of Sheridan Knowles. The scenery painted for the occasion by the Rev. A. Paradis, O. M. I., professor of drawing at the College, and by Messrs. Daly, Munson, Thomas and Carroll, Ottawa artists, was thoroughly adapted to every scene, and contributed to render the action quite natural and its impression more vivid. The choruses rendered by the students during the play, with grand orchestra accompaniment under the

direction of Rev. J. B. Balland, O. M. I., were all selected from Rossini's famous opera, "William Tell." These and the delightful overtures of Rossini and Beethoven that bedecked the performance received great and well deserved applause from the select audience that filled the spacious Hall.

The study and suitable rendering of such a drama must have had a highly beneficial effect on the juvenile amateurs, whose easy and graceful bearing and gesture and spirited delivery bespoke careful training and won repeated plaudits. For several it was doubtless the occasion of developing elocutionary powers which, had it not been for this impulse, might have remained latent and thus deprived them of an important means of success hereafter. The classic language of this fine drama, impressed so as not easily to be forgotten, will permanently tend to cultivate their literary taste. In their memories are now indelibly impressed the leading facts of an historic popular movement, allusions to which they will ever readily comprehend.

Thus the closing scene of this anniversary celebration combined utility with pleasure, and like the effusion of filial sentiment of the eve, and the religious ceremonial of the morning, in which faith and piety were fostered, it exercised an excellent educating influence upon the students. Such a result could not fail to be highly pleasing to their honored and beloved President.

The educational institution of Notre Dame du Sacré Cœur, generally spoken of in Ottawa as the "Rideau Street Convent," is so well known not only to residents of our city, but at a distance, that it does not require us to herald its excellence through our columns. Its system of instruction, the refined and superior education inculcated, the care given to the development of the moral and intellectual faculties, and the thorough religious training imparted to the pupils confided to the Ladies' care, all contribute to fit them for their future position in society and to endow them with such qualities and acquirements as will cause them to adorn their homes. These are universally admitted facts, and it must be pointed out, in support of what is here asserted, that the children of many of our best families, seek within the walls of the Convent an education which, if equalled, is certainly not surpassed in the City.

The date of the foundation of the institution is 1845; it has, we are glad to state, taken a firm root in our midst, and it is one Ottawa is justly proud of. Several of its branches flourish in the neighboring republic, seven schools having been established in the Empire State alone. In Lowell, Mass., the Order opened a school this year, on the public school system, and the Ladies can already boast of no less than 700 pupils. Here, in this city, all the separate schools for girls as well as the High School, are under the supervision of the Sisters of this Community. The foregoing will give an idea of the work so successfully accomplished by the Grey Nuns who are entitled in a high degree to the patronage of our Catholic families.

In perusing the early history of Canada, the reader is forcibly struck by the resemblance which this period of our country's existence bears to the primitive ages of Christianity. It was truly an age of Faith, of heroic virtues and high souled chivalry. The blood of its martyrs' crimsoned our soil and secured to future generations, the possession of this beautiful land, now the home of civilization and refinement.

Among the many chosen souls whom God had destined to be the pioneers of the faith, and the bearers of the Gospel's consoling truths to the benighted savage, was a young girl of humble birth, who, having learned by a divine revelation of her vocation for the far West, and of the sublime mission she would there exercise, severed every tie that bound her to home and kindred, and vowed herself irrevocably to the heroic task of instructing the children of the redman. Distributing all her possessions in alms, she passed under the protection of Governor de Maisonneuve to the Canadian forests, guided by naught save the bright star of confidence in God. In the Fall of 1633 she landed in Montreal, then, a dreary and desolate wilderness. Here, amid such trials and privations as we, accustomed to the comforts and luxuries of this sensual age, can form no conception of, she began her heavenly mission. The children of the dusky savage were the first and dearest objects of her charity. To their untutored minds she revealed the knowledge of a Creator, and taught them the first notions of our holy religion. Thus did Margaret Bourgeois, animated with that spirit of fervent charity which shone forth in all her works, labor unwearingly until at length the haughty savage, won by the charm of her virtues, bowed in meek submission to the sweet yolk of Christianity. In the year 1656 Margaret Bourgeois founded that famous order of Religious, known throughout Canada and the United States, as the Congregation de Notre-Dame, and which, for more than two hundred years, has been the chief source, whence the female youth of this country have received that greatest of blessings, a religious education. This venerable tree planted by the Sainted Margaret has taken deep root in our soil; its ramifications extend throughout the

Dominion of Canada and the United States, and to-day 18,000 children are sheltered from the storms of error beneath its protecting branches. Instruction is imparted by 900 religious, in one hundred and fifty mission houses and schools. One of the most important of these branch houses, is the Institution of Ottawa, founded in 1868 by the Rev. Father Collins, Parish Priest of St. Patrick's, under the patronage of the Right Rev. Dr. Guigues, then Bishop of Ottawa. It holds a prominent rank among the Educational Establishments of Ontario and is growing rapidly popular owing to the solidity and finish of the education it imparts. Equal care is bestowed on all branches, whether literary, musical or artistic. Here the most useful branches are not overlooked, they receive special care and attention, the young ladies being daily allowed a short time for the exercise of domestic economy, etc.

This Institution contains also most perfect arrangements for the health and amusement of the pupils. The rooms are lofty and the ventilation is perfect. The dormitories have been constructed with a view to obtaining the most perfect system of sanitation. The many advantages which this Institution possesses for imparting a superior education, and the care given to the refinement and accomplishment of mind and body must commend it to those parents who are desirous of affording their daughters a good education. It has notably received the attention of many distinguished visitors since its establishment. His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne, and her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, have several times visited the Institution, the latter, on one occasion, subjecting the classes to a critical examination in the subjects taught. She was also pleased to present a collection of models in drawing and design to the Institution. At the late Dominion Exhibition, held in Montreal, the Council of Education for the Province of Quebec awarded to the Congregation de Notre-Dame, a first class Diploma for the system of education followed in the Institutions of the order, besides six first class diplomas for special branches.

PUBLISHER'S COLUMN.

THE "CATHOLIC SHIELD"—HOW RECEIVED.

Our little publication has received a cheery welcome from the Catholic press. The following kind notices in particular will be long remembered:—

A new monthly journal called the *Catholic Shield* has appeared in Ottawa. It contains sixteen pages and is gotten up much in the same style as the *New York Catholic Review*. It has a handsome appearance, is clean looking, and well printed and in so far as mechanism goes is certainly a success. But in our opinion it is more than mechanically successful. It is well written, and there is an absence of egotism about it, which is as unusual as it is indicative of success in this age of puffery and self assertion. We give its salutatory article in full.—*Post*, Montreal.

We have received the first copy of the "*Catholic Shield*," a Monthly Magazine, published at Ottawa. It is full of valuable and interesting reading.—*Freeman*, St. John, N. B.

This is the title of a new monthly published at Ottawa, the printer being A. Bureau, Sparks street. It is arranged in a convenient form of sixteen pages, and is intended to assist, as its leading article states, "in a modest way in propagating what is true and combating what is false in religion, philosophy, science, social economy, history, and the arts." The initial number gives evidence of considerable ability; and we have little doubt the *Catholic Shield* will more than realize the expectations of its friends. In wishing it success, we may state that the annual subscription is only one dollar.—*Irish Canadian*, Toronto.

We have received the first number of a new Catholic monthly published in Ottawa, entitled "*The Catholic Shield*." It is in sixteen page form, and presents a remarkably neat appearance. The matter, both original and selected, bears evidence of talent and good taste, and we earnestly hope our new contemporary will meet with that liberal support which it so eminently deserves.—*Catholic Record*, London, Ont.

We are in receipt of the initial number of the *Catholic Shield*, a sixteen-page monthly, at Ottawa, Ont. Its object cannot be better stated than in the words of its able salutatory: To assist in a modest way, in propagating what is true and combating what is false in Religion, Philosophy, Science, Social Economy, History and the Arts; and in cultivating a popular taste for the True, the Beautiful, and the Good." We trust the *Shield* will receive the patronage which its general excellence entitles it to.—*Catholic Union*, Buffalo, N. Y.