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THE CATHOLIC SHIELD.

A MONTHLY CHRONICLE AND GENERAL REVIEW.

"Scuto circumdabit te veritas ejus."

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
I.—Events of the Month	129
II.—Wanted!—A New Year's Gift.....	131
III.—The Life and Works of Oliver Goldsmith—III.	132
IV.—The Old Year and the New—(Poetry).....	133
V.—A Little Bit of English (Mis) Rule in Ireland.....	133
VI.—Another Year—(Poetry).....	135
VII.—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.....	135
VIII.—Benedict Joseph Labre	136
IX.—The Truth without Fear or Favor.....	139
X.—Church Chimes.....	139
XI.—Educational Notes.....	142

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

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

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TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Thanks to those who have remitted to the Publisher.

Kind regards to those who have not, hoping to hear from them soon.

A happy New Year to all.

EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

If "Liberalism" in Quebec politics means anti-clericalism, and "Conservatism" and the Church are synonymous terms, then the salvation of the Province is assured; for the elections of the 2nd of December made a clean sweep of the Liberal party. Religion—always supposing that the "Bleus" are the bulwark of religion—rules by a majority of 35 in a full house of 65. We shall expect great things of the Legislature at its approaching session, the very least of which will be the suppression of Sunday traffic on the Government Railway, conformably to the oft' repeated desire of His Grace the Archbishop of Quebec. By your fruits, ye shall be known, gentlemen.

The finding in Montreal, "fortunately in time to prevent its doing any damage," of the remains of a super-annuated clock, enclosed in an old tin canister, created a mild tempered panic from the steep shores of the Atlantic to the crested billows of the Pacific—as a well known Toronto scribe would say. In the morning paper, Monday, Dec. 25th, under the caption, "A Diabolical Plot," the news ran: "An infernal machine was found on Saturday night within the railings that skirt the Court House. It was discovered by a citizen, who, unaware of the deadly nature of the contents, took it to the Central Police Station. A former private in the Royal Artillery named Clark immediately pronounced it to be an infernal machine. It was in operation, and Clark was the only man who could stop it. It was four inches high, five wide, and ten long, and contained six pound of dynamite. It will be destroyed on Monday morning." This "infernal machine," it will be noted, took an infernally long time to make up its mind to go off, and even then it didn't go. It was "in operation" when discovered; yet "in operation" it was carried from the Court House to the Police Station; there it good-naturedly allowed itself to be fooled with by a lot of green detectives, and finally condescended to be stopped by the only man who could do it—Clark, late of the Royal Artillery. By this time the Sabbath was dawning, and those god-fearing authorities of Montreal adjourned the prosecution or execution of the "machine" until Monday, when

probably, they made a new discovery—namely, how long their ears had grown in the public estimation.

President Arthur's Message to the Forty-seventh Congress of the United States occupies eight columns of the *Globe*, and is pronounced by that journal, "not erring on the score of lack of comprehensiveness, for the author surveys mankind from China to Peru with the most exemplary fairness." The President assures Congress that "the negotiations for an International Copy-right Convention are in hopeful progress;" but "Mark Twain" appear to have his suspicions about that, and would rather naturalize as a "Canuck" and take out a Canadian copyright, if he could. Next is the re-assuring item, that "the surrender of Sitting Bull and his forces upon the Canadian frontier has allayed apprehension, although bodies of British Indians still cross the border in quest of sustenance." We had forgotten all about Sitting Bull, and are glad to learn that, though fallen, he has been treated with the honors of war. A hundred years hence, when celebrating the anniversary of the great warrior's back-down, it will be in order for the then reigning President, if a soft-head, to direct that a salute be given to the vanquished flag, or shirt, or any other Sioux relic that can flutter in the breeze. Other paragraphs in the message are very imposing, but, as they have not the remotest reference to this part of the globe, we pass them over.

The Roman Correspondent of the *London Times* pens a very interesting description of the ceremonies performed by His Holiness and attendants on the morning of the Immaculate Conception, when the Blessed Giovanni Battista de Rossi, Lorenzo de Brindisi, Benedict Joseph Labre, and Clara di Montefalco were raised to the honors of the altar. The pomp with which the Ambassadors and Ministers accredited to the Holy See, and especially those of Spain and Austria, went to the Vatican on this occasion was very noticeable. After the Gospel the Pope delivered the accustomed homily, in which he incidentally lamented that in these unhappy times he had been unable to celebrate the ceremony with all its ancient splendor in the majestic amplitude of the Vatican Basilica, but beyond that he made no assertion of temporal power, nor did he, as announced by the Ministerial *Diritto*, fulminate excommunications. We give elsewhere a sketch of the life of Blessed (now Saint) Benedict Joseph Labre.

The same day will also be memorable in history as the anniversary of the burning of the Ring Theatre, Vienna, wherein over 400 persons met a terrible death. Theatre going on Sunday or Church holiday is beginning to be regarded as unlucky, owing to the awful disasters that have befallen the practice of late years. A day set apart as religious should be religiously observed, on the

principle of giving to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's. True, people have been burned at church, but then, *they died at the post of duty.*

What the Chicago Convention accomplished, beyond the adoption of a series of resolutions and an address to the Irish people, has not yet transpired. Some of the speeches were sound and practical; others frothy and utopian. Those delegates who were ready to equip and support each a soldier in the Irish Republican Army, "when the proper time would come," cannot, certainly, be accused of an intention or desire to force the march of events. If the different Irish organizations represented at Chicago redeem the pledge, formally and solemnly recorded by their delegates, to raise the sum of \$250,000, for Land League purposes, before the 1st of February, friendly critics will overlook the rhapsody of the Convention, which, after all, could not well be provided against on such an occasion.

There has been much comment on the late pronouncement of Bishop McQuaid, in his Cathedral, Rochester, against "false doctrines in variance with the teachings of the Sovereign Pontiff," and his intimation that such doctrines were adopted and proclaimed at Chicago, with the support and approval of some priests, who "would do well, now that they have returned to their homes and their prayers, to sit down in serious calmness and re-read the Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII, beginning *Diuturnum*, and published in June of this year." "It is a pity," adds the Bishop, whom all respect for his high attainments as well as his sacred character, "the remembrance of it did not come to mind in time to keep them from leading the laity astray." There are others who have, no doubt, carefully studied the Encyclical referred to, and who hold distinguished rank as Theologians—some of them Bishops too—who do not view the "No Rent" Manifesto and the Chicago resolutions in the same light. If the Manifesto and its endorsement is calculated to lead people astray, surely faith and morals are as much imperiled thereby in Meath as in Dublin, and in New York, Chicago, Boston and Buffalo as in Rochester.

Closely following Bishop McQuaid's declaration, a remarkable article appeared in the *Catholic Union* of Buffalo, which has recently annexed to itself the *Catholic Times*, an organ which, if we mistake not, as a separate publication, enjoyed the confidence of the Bishop of Rochester. Father Cronin, who was one of the Vice Presidents of the Convention, says: "We were rejoiced to see at the Chicago Convention so large and distinguished a body of priests. They went there, even as their brethren in Ireland had gathered to the Dublin Convention, in the cause of Justice, Humanity and Right; and that action of theirs eloquently voiced the

sympathies of their illustrious Bishops." After reciting the tactics of the Land League, which he defends, he points out that "of course, in righting great wrongs which have obtained for centuries, some few amiable people may *per accidens* get rudely jostled in the crowd. But, if we mistake not, deeply rooted cancers are not removed without a writhing of pain; neither can the heavy, oppressive atmosphere be purified from azote, without storms which not unfrequently, whilst doing their purifying work, blow down a decayed old house here and there, root up some sapless trees that encumber the ground—and even scatter the golden grain in the plenteous barnyards. And, if we remember aright, those terrible people in Boston when they got 'real mad' did not stop long to consider that the tea they flung into the harbor was not their own."

It cannot, unfortunately, be denied that certain branches of the Land League organization in America have in their proceedings disgraced the cause they pretend to uphold. There is, for instance, the case of the Natick, Mass. branch, so trenchantly exposed in the article, "The Truth without Fear or Favor," which we publish elsewhere. Assuming the facts in this case to be such as they are represented by the *Catholic Universe*, we think with our contemporary "it is full time to cry a halt with the zealots who are injuring the very cause they profess to have at heart."

Owing to the wide circulation of the *Toronto Globe*, the letters of its Irish Commissioner must have already done immenso good among a class of people crammed from their infancy with anti-Irish prejudices. We consider Mr. Thompson's services, as an exposé of the evils of Landlordism, even more effective than the letters of Mr. Redpath and Mr. Locke. He does not indulge in such spicy language; introduces no rhetorical flights, but tells a plain unvarnished tale which carries conviction with it.

Life in Kilmainham prison, as described by the *Globe* Commissioner, is slow torture. The cells are dark and poorly ventilated, the inmates suffer frequently in winter from the cold—which is better, however, than the rush of foul, heated air, which is sometimes let in the cells through the pipes. Slowly, but unerringly, this poisonous air does its work; and in a few weeks the stoutest frame succumbs to it. Each prisoner is locked up in his cell eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. The strictest watch is kept upon the prisoners by the guards. While the authorities are aware of the deadly work the noisome air about the prison, and the long hours of confinement are doing, they refuse to take any steps to make the condition better.

WANTED!—A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

That the Minister of Education is well disposed towards Separate Schools, we have no reason to doubt.

That he will, of himself, spontaneously, introduce measures of amendment and reform, or impose unasked-for favors upon us, we have no right to expect.

Since Mr. Crooks assumed office he has always been willing to receive practical suggestions from proper quarters, and has never hesitated to embody points of improvement, or supposed improvement, when duly recommended, in his Acts legislating upon schools.

If we have not obtained very many things that we want, honestly now, is it not because we have not asked for them?

What is worth having is worth asking for. It is foolish not to exercise the right of petition. Ask and you shall receive. (*Revised Version.*)

Now, suppose we unite in a respectful demand for something we badly want—a useful New Year's gift, if granted; and we see no reason why it should not.

Suppose we request Mr. Crooks to appoint a properly qualified Catholic teacher to the Inspectorship vacated by Mr. Buchan, and confine his duties to the Separate Schools of the Province, which he shall, from time to time, visit, inspect, examine and report upon.

Some months ago Mr. Buchan was appointed Principal of Upper Canada College. His successor, as High School Inspector, has not yet been named. Shortly after his transfer to the College, there appeared a semi-official announcement that it was not the intention of the Department to fill the vacant Inspectorship, as the work heretofore done by three officers could be distributed between Messrs. McLellan and Marling, without impairing its efficiency. But the *Mail* pretends to know that the office is kept open for Mr. Buchan's return, should the Legislature, at its approaching session, decide to abolish Upper Canada College, in which case his usefulness, as Principal, would be gone.

We have no means of knowing the Minister's intentions in the matter; but whatever they are, they cannot impair in the least the reasons that exist for the appointment of an Independent Inspector of Separate Schools, and the justice of our demand.

It is now one of the duties of High School Inspectors to visit, inspect and report upon Separate Schools, at such times as the Minister may direct.

We have already pointed out that these High School Inspectors are not competent to perform this duty with profit to the schools; first, because, not being Catholics, they do not understand the aim of Catholic education, and are wanting in the requisite sympathy with teachers; second, because they are too *high-toned*, in an educational sense, to form an accurate opinion of the work done in elementary and secondary schools. An Inspector or Examiner ought to have had experience in teaching grades similar to those in which he

examines; if he has only had experience in grades superior to those, it is worse than useless,—it is an impediment to fair judgment.

Now is the favorable time to secure proper inspection for Separate Schools.

It will not involve the creation of a new office. The office is already there awaiting the Minister's appointment. Of Catholic teachers competent to fill it there is no scarcity. We can point to half-a-dozen at least, and our acquaintance does not embrace the profession in the whole province.

Under the new arrangement, Messrs. McLellan and Marling would attend to their duties proper, for which they are specially qualified—the inspection of High Schools, and the third Inspector, a Catholic, would devote himself solely to the Separate Schools.

This would be a welcome relief to the two actual Inspectors, and a great boon to Separate Schools.

Mr. Crooks will not refuse the appointment, if properly approached. And what an acceptable New Year's gift it would be!

—:o:—

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

BY T. O'HAGAN.

III.

In our last paper we left Goldsmith spending the days of probation for the ministry with his brother Henry, and accordingly we find him presenting himself before the bishop of Elphin for ordination. There are many reasons given why he was rejected by the bishop. Some think the club at Ballymahon did not throw light upon his theological studies; others attribute his rejection to the fact of his having appeared before the bishop, on this solemn occasion, clad in a garb of gay and luminous colors. Perhaps, indeed, it was well for the Church that Goldsmith failed to possess the necessary requirements for entering the sphere of its administration. Had he been a clergyman in the Church, engrossed with its duties and its toils, learning, if you will, *the luxury of doing good*, and *passing rich on forty pounds a year*, the sunshine that greets us from the bright and happy pages of his many prose and poetic works might have never streamed from the chambers of his soul; the finger of his genius perhaps would never have written that sweet and tender poem, "The Deserted Village," which never fails to find a response in every feeling breast. It is this poem that Tuckerman, in his able essay on Goldsmith, beautifully terms "an elaborate and touching epitaph written in the cemetery of the world over what is dear to all humanity." Goldsmith refers to his rejection by the bishop in the following passage in the "Man in Black":—"My friends were now perfectly satisfied I was undone; and

yet they thought it a pity for one that had not the least harm in him, and was so very good natured."

So now that the Church had closed its doors to his vocation in that sphere, our graduate of Trinity was compelled to shape his mind for some new field of action, It is true that at this period his uncle Contarine wavered, not however in kindness, but in the expectations of his future hopes and success. Goldsmith next became a tutor; but this position with the servility incident to it he did not long retain. He had long formed a project of seeing the world, and accordingly, having thrown up his situation as tutor, he sallied forth with a good horse and thirty pounds in his pocket. Weeks passed by and nothing was heard of him. At length Goldsmith returned, like the prodigal son; but he had instead of the goodly steed a wretched little pony that he had nicknamed "Fiddle-back." His mother rebuked him for his wandering freak, but he succeeded in vanquishing her anger by a whimsical story that showed his keen sense of the humorous at this early age. Goldsmith, it appears, had often been invited by a college friend, living in the neighborhood of Cork, to spend a short time with him. On his way from Cork he resolved to call upon this friend, who used to write him saying: "We shall enjoy both the city and the country; and you shall command my stable and my purse." With his characteristic generosity, Goldsmith divided his last five shillings with a poor woman whom he met on the way to his friend's house. When he arrived he found his friend an invalid; but he received such a kindly reception that he felt remorse because he had not given the whole five shillings to his needy sister. He stated his case and opened his heart to his friend. His friend walked to and fro, rubbing his hands; and Goldsmith attributed this to the force of his compassion which required motion, and to the delicacy of his sentiments which commanded silence. The hour was growing late, and Goldsmith's appetite had been long at craving point. "At length an old woman came into the room with two plates, one spoon, and a dirty cloth which she laid upon the table. This appearance," says Goldsmith, "without increasing my spirits did not diminish my appetite. My protectress soon returned with one bowl of sago, a small porringer of sour milk, a loaf of stale brown bread, and the heel of an old cheese. My friend," continues the poet, "apologized that his illness obliged him to live on slops and that better fare was not in the house; observing, at the same time that a milk diet was certainly the most healthful. At eight o'clock he again recommended a regular life, declaring that, for his part, he would lie down with the lamb, and rise with the lark. My hunger was at this time so exceedingly sharp, that I wished for another slice of the loaf, but was obliged to go to bed without even that refreshment."

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

How swift they go!
Life's many years,
With their winds of woe
And their storms of tears,

And their darkest of nights whose shadowy slopes
Are lit with the flashes of starriest hopes,
And their sunshiny days in whose calm heavens loom
The clouds of the tempest—the shades of the gloom

And ah! we pray
With a grief so drear,
That the years may stay
When their graves are near;

Tho' the brows of To-morrows be radiant and bright,
With love and with beauty, with life and with light,
The dead hearts of Yesterdays, cold on the bier,
To the hearts that survive them, are evermore dear.

For the heart so true,
To each Old Year cleaves;
Tho' the hand of the New
Flowery garlands weave.

But the flowers of the Future tho' fragrant and fair
With the Past's withered leaflets may never compare,
For dear is each dead leaf—and dearer each thorn—
In the wreaths which the brows of our Past years have worn.

Yea! men will cling
With a love to the last;
And wildly fling
Their arms round their Past!

As the vine that clings to the oak that falls,
As the ivy twines round the crumbled walls;
For the dust of the Past some hearts higher prize,
Than the stars that flash out from the Future's bright skies.

And why not so!
The old, old Years,
They knew and they know
All our hopes and fears;

We walked by their side, and we told them each grief,
And they kissed off our tears while they whispered relief
And the stories of hearts that may not be revealed
In the hearts of the dead years are buried and sealed.

Let the New Year sing
At the Old Year's grave,
Will the New Year bring
What the Old Year's gave?

Ah! the Stranger-Year trips over the snows,
And his brow is wreathed with many a rose:—
But how many thorns do the roses conceal
Which the roses, when withered, shall soon reveal!

Let the New Year smile
When the Old Year dies,
In how short a while
Shall the smiles be sighs?

Yea! Stranger-Year thou hast many a charm,
And thy face is fair and thy greeting warm,
But dearer than thou—in his shroud of snows—
Is the furrowed face of the Year that goes.

Yea, bright New Year!
O'er all the earth
With song and cheer
They will hail thy birth;

They will trust thy words in a single hour,
They will love thy face, they will laud thy power,
For the New has charms which the Old has not,
And the Stranger's face makes the Friend's forget.

FATHER RYAN.

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

Sir Walter Raleigh's is a great name in English history. Like my Lord Mayor Whittington's cat Raleigh's *cloak* is historical. That a slashing young cavalier of twenty-eight should succeed in persuading "England's greatest Queen" at seventy, that he was desperately in love with her, speaks more for the lady's vanity than for the cavalier's sincerity. Some dignities shape the coat, Raleigh's cloak shaped his dignity. A few yards of velvet spoilt by a dainty foot, and that a lady's withal was a small exchange for royal favour and a baronetcy. Many a larger sprat has been cast to catch a smaller whale. And with equal sincerity.

But we sat down to write of British rule in Ireland, not of velvet cloaks and baronetcies. Let us return to our montons. To do so we shall have to go to Youghal of the "ould sod" and shall have to travel *post* some hundred years.

Raleigh's career in Ireland is little spoken of by modern historians and yet it has certainly left a deep mark on Irish history. Hundreds of Irish peasants execrate it to this day; and deservedly so, since he was one of the most active and daring of those representative Englishmen, whose lives appear to have been invented by the lord-of-misrule for no other end than to render British rule in Ireland *impossible*. But then, if popular history speaks of Raleigh's exploits in Ireland with becoming brevity, it may be hoped, if their credit is to be respected, it will deal equally leniently with our modern (buckshot) Raleigh.

Our velvet cloak knight landed in Cove harbor with what he calls a "footeband of one hundrethe men." One of his first acts was characteristically English. Writing from Cork, February 22nd 1580, to my Lord Burghley he claimed certain arrears of wages due. Viewed by the light of after acts of pillage, perfidy and murder of babes and women his claims appear eminently just, and his payment disgracefully inadequate. For this ruffian service he received only four shillings a day for himself, two shillings a day for his lieutenant, fourteen pence a day for four other officers and eight pence a day for every common soldier. And this for so much butchery of nursing mothers and helpless babes! Wages must have been disgracefully low in those days.

By the eve of November 10th 1580, Raleigh had begun richly to earn all arrears of pay if not an advance of salary. He had accompanied my Lord Deputy Grey de Wilton to that bay on the Atlantic coast, where Admiral Winter and Vice Admiral Bingham blockaded so successfully some six or seven hundred of Desmond's foreign allies. Hemmed in on all sides the brave garrison of Smerwick castle surrendered. It was thus, that Raleigh Edmund Spencer,

Mr. Cheke and other young gentlemen of that ilk won their spurs on that eventful day:—

“Don Bastian with the officers came out with ensigns trailing and gave themselves up as prisoners. The men piled their arms outside the walls, and waited defenseless to learn the pleasure of their conquerors. They were strangers and by this time alone. *The officers were reserved for their ransom.*” (How characteristically English! Modern Greek and Italian brigands do the same thing) Common prisoners were inconvenient and expensive” (it is an Englishman who writes) “and it was thought desirable to read a severe lesson to Catholic sympathizers in Ireland.” “The Lord of hosts” wrote Grey “had delivered the enemy to us, none of us being hurt, Mr. Cheke alone excepted. Then put I in certain bands, who fell straight to execution.” A certain number of the original party had fallen sick and had been sent back to Spain. With the exception of these *the entire party was slaughtered. A few women, some of them pregnant were hanged.* A servant of Sanders, an Irish gentleman and a priest were hanged also. The bodies, six hundred in all, were stripped and laid upon the “sands, as gallant goodly personages” said Grey “as over were beheld.”

This amiable picture of British rule is suggestive and representative. My Lord Deputy Grey de Wilton is said to have shed tears at the victory. If so, his tears must have dried up long before he wrote his matter of fact account of the butchery. It has been suggested that his tears (Queen Elizabeth wished that the cruelty had been undone) were for the subjects of the king of Spain, not for the wives—“some of them pregnant”—and babes of the Irish chiefs.

To the credit of one English gentleman, however, be it recorded, that the brave old tar, Admiral Winter, took no part in this “horrid massacre but granted “protection to a few, that escaped to his fleet.” But who then was to blame? Lord Grey does not say what orders he gave to the “certain bands he put in” His tears, if any, were after the event. Hooker’s supplement to the chronicles of Holinshed sets the matter at rest. “In the fort Sir James Fitzgerald, Knight and “Lord of the Decies was a prisoner by the order of the “Earl of Desmond; and one Plunket, an Irishman, and “one Englishman which came and accompanied the “traitors out of Spain. The Knight was set at liberty, “but the other two were executed. When the captain “had yielded himself and the fort appointed to be “surrendered, captain Raleigh, together with captain “Macworth, (brave names these!) who had the ward “of that day, entered into the castle and made a great “slaughter, many or most part of them being put to “the sword.”

Here our Knight of the velvet cloak acts a somewhat different part from that of ferrying a queen over a London mud-hole with a velvet cloak. England’s queen must be shielded even to her slippers from London mud, but the wives of Ireland’s chiefs some of them

pregnant, must be slaughtered to have their bodies stripped and laid out upon the sands, as gallant goodly personages as ever were beheld.

The exact number slain by these gallant Englishmen is nowhere stated. Holinshed brings us nearest the mark. “The fort was yielded, all the Irish men and “women hanged; and more than four hundred Spaniards, Italians and Biscayas put to the sword: the “coronel, captains, secretaries, and others to the number “of twenty saved for ransome.”

How much of this “ransome” went into the pockets of these young gallants (who massacred Irish women as a pastime) history recordeth not. Doubtless it was meant to eke out their poor pay withal.

How did it happen that Elizabeth’s captains with such small bodies of soldiers succeeded in the Desmond wars in routing such large bodies of Irish? Not counting the women and children “deliberately and systematically butchered” (Lecky Eighteenth Century, vol. II, p. 105) they routed over and over again five times—if we are to believe Hooker—sometimes ten times their number. This is all the more astonishing, as in Raleigh’s own life time the success was reversed, and we find under Hugh O’Neil, Owen Roe and the still later Sarsfield that Irish troops were a match for superior numbers of English forces. Raleigh supplies the explanation. It was a case of needle guns over flint locks.

“I myself remember” writes Raleigh “that within “these thirty years two of Her Majesty’s ships would “have commanded 100 sail of the Spaniards. I remember also when I was captain in Ireland, 100 foot and “100 horses would have beaten all the forces of the “strongest province. But of late I have known an “easterling fight hand to hand with one of her Majesty’s ships, and the Irish in this last war have been “victorious with an equal, or even with an inferior “force. And what is the reason? The Netherlands in “those days had *wooden guns* and the Irish had *darts*, “but the one is now furnished with as great a number “of English ordinance as ourselves, and the other with “as good pikes and muskets as England hath.”

That the Irish in the Desmond wars were badly armed is corroborated by Hooker, the chronicler and friend of Raleigh, who mentions the fact how the Spaniards (who surrendered at Smorwick castle) had brought armor and munitions of war for five thousand men, because they knew that the Irishmen were of bodies sufficient but that they lacked furniture (armor and arms) and training: and in these things they minded to furnish them. But there is another reason for this superiority of the English troops little creditable to the English character. Elizabeth’s captains introduced an infamous system into their warfare as new in Ireland in Raleigh’s days as English muskets. This new “ordinance” was “horrid assassination.” In the fifth book of his history of the world, Raleigh discusses the difference between killing a man in open field with

equal weapons and killing by guile. Writing from his prison in the Tower he condemns the lying in wait for blood privily as "guiltful murder." Yet he had high official example and exhortation against any scruples on his head. Chief Secretary Penton wrote to Walsingham "practice and subordination is as necessary as force." He means *sharp* practice. Instead of killing the greatest landowners in Munster by what he calls the "uncertain end of arms" he records how he told the Lord President to get some one to undertake that service" for the fine of a thousand pounds with "some further small gratification of Desmond's lands.

By the light of this proposal our modern Irish landlord assumes a peculiar hue. If the present possessors of Desmond's lands are "lineal descendants"—not of the impenitent thief but of *Fenton's assassins*, their nobility is of doubtful extraction, and the occasional shooting of an Irish landlord would appear to be the visiting of the sins of parents on their children to the twenty second and twenty third generation.

H. B.

(To be continued.)

:o:

ANOTHER YEAR.

We take the following poem from a beautiful volume of poetry entitled "The Household Library of Catholic Poets," edited by Eliot Ryder, Notre Dame University, Indiana. It is from the pen of our young friend, Mr. O'Hagan of Belleville.

Another year pass'd over—gone,
Hope beaming with the new;
Thus move we on—forever on,
The many and the few;
The many—of our childhood days,
Growing fewer—one by one,
Till death, in duel with each life,
Proclaims the last is gone.

Another year—the buried past
Lies in its silent grave;
The stream of life flows ever fast,
As wave leaps into wave.
Another year—ah! who can tell
What memories it may bring
Of lonely heart and tearful eye,
And Hope bereft of wing?

Another year—the curfew rings;
Fast cover up each coal,
The old year dies, the old year dies,
The bells its requiem toll.
A pilgrim year has reached its shrine,
The air with incense glows;
The spirit of another year,
Comes forth from long repose.

Another year—with tears and joys
To form an arch of love;
Another year to toil with hope
And seek for rest above;
Another year wing'd on its way,
Eternity the goal;
Another year—peace in its train,
Peace to each parting soul.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

In the bright firmament of American literature the poetic star of Longfellow shines with a mellow and chastening grace. Not only is the author of *Hiawatha* and *Evangeline* great as an American poet, but in the noble army of those who being free themselves would have others free. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow is to day perhaps the most popular of living poets. Nor is this to be wondered at. He has sung of the heart in its every mood. There is no grand sweep of imagination or passion in his verse, but his thoughts are ever adorned with the language of simplicity, grace and refinement. Around the sacred hearthstone of Truth, Friendship and Love, the children of mankind will sit warning their hearts and hands by the fire of his genius. Emerson in one of his essays says that the poet's habits of living should be set on a key so low that the common influences should delight him. His cheerfulness should be the gift of the sunlight; the air should suffice for his inspiration, and he should be tipsy with water. How the truth of this is felt in reading the verse of Longfellow! We give below a small casket of jewels from a treasured volume of the great poet.

We have not wings, we cannot soar:
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert air,
When nearer seen and better known
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

The Ladder of St. Augustine.

Through woods and mountain passes
The winds, like anthems roll:
They are chanting solemn masses,
Singing, "Pray for this poor soul,
Pray, pray!"

And the hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain,
And patter their doleful prayers;
But the prayers are all in vain,
All in vain!

Midnight Mass for the Dying Year.

Write on your door the saying wise and old,
"Be bold! be bold!" and everywhere—"Be bold;
Be not too bold!" Yet better the excess
Than the defect; better the more than less;
Better like Hector in the field to die,
Than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly.

Merituri Salutamus.

T. O'HAGAN.

:o:

Bishop Duhamel sailed from New York on December 28th, en route for Rome. The object of his visit is not known to the public.

BENEDICT JOSEPH LABRE.*

St. Augustine used to pray, "Lord grant me to know thee and to know myself. To know thee, in order to love thee, to know myself in order to despise myself." And these words were frequently upon the lips of Benedict Joseph Labre, and God answered him in an inspiration which drew him to a life of singular poverty and penance as a means of crucifying all love of the world's esteem.

The parents of this holy man were not poor. True, they had fifteen children, of whom Benedict was the eldest, but by his trade as a merchant, the father gained sufficient to maintain his large family comfortably. On the 27th March, 1748, the little Benedict was baptized at the parish church of Amettes, in France, being then but a day old. From his earliest infancy it seemed as if the child was specially loved and favored by God, his disposition was so patient, so sweet, so docile. To his pious parents then it was an easy and happy task to instruct him in the holy Catholic faith, for he not only listened attentively, but seemed in his childish way at once to put in practice the lessons which he learned, and this is wherein so many of us fail. We are taught the fear of God, we read and hear the maxims of our religion, we have before us the examples of our Lord, His Virgin Mother, and the Saints, and yet this good seed seems to drop into our hearts week by week and year by year, without ever springing up into those beautiful blossoms of love, humility, meekness and fidelity, which God is watching for. However it was not so with Benedict Labre. He was a good, earnest little boy, and had made such use of his mother's teaching, that at five years of age he was thought fit to be placed under the care of a priest who dwelt in Amettes. He soon learned to read and write well, and was so anxious to get on, that his master often had to restrain him. Other children were being educated with him, and to them Benedict was always kind, bearing meekly any injury done to him. Once a little boy struck him, but he did not complain, and when the master found it out and questioned him, Benedict tried to excuse the offence; saying it must have been done by accident. Naturally, boys are very fond of amusement and these little fellows used to play and loiter about the streets when school time was over, but Benedict walked straight home without loss of time, and resisted all the persuasions of his companions to do as they did. This child of six years had a horror of small acts of disobedience, quarrelling, untruthfulness, and such faults. To him they were not little sins as so many call them, but offences which were giving pain to his Lord, and which therefore, were horrible to him. It is very possible that some of his friends would feel vexed and angry with his strict ideas of right and wrong, but at length they loved him all the more because he was so good, and his presence restrained their passions while his example became to many a model which they would strive to imitate. The little Benedict already began to do penances, trying hard to keep them secret from all but God. He would creep quietly out of his soft bed and rest his head on a piece of hard wood, and take that food which he liked least of what was provided by his mother. The child had made himself a small oratory, and at eight years old he would take a younger brother as server, and try to imitate saying mass; not

in jest, but with the deepest devotion of his little heart. It seemed, indeed, as if Benedict's young life was full of but one thought, the thought of God and His service. At all times in the day he loved to go to the church either to pray silently in some retired corner, or to serve the morning mass with his hands joined before his breast, his eyes cast down, and his whole heart fixed upon God. From five years of age he went regularly to confession, for he was so early filled with contrition for every offence, that he could not rest without receiving the pardon of Jesus. He loved to be at catechism, to join in the processions and other offices of the Church, and thus his innocent life passed until his twelfth year. At that age Benedict's good parents placed him under the care of his uncle, who was a priest, so that he might begin the study of Latin and other higher branches of learning, and for four years the boy applied himself to it with great pleasure. But at sixteen he began to have almost a dislike for study; not from indolence, but because his heart was turned to the knowledge of spiritual things, to the reading of books of devotion and the lives of the Saints; and above all, he loved the holy Scriptures, and for the rest of his life always carried a copy about with him. Benedict's uncle at first was much displeas'd at this sudden distaste for his course of Latin study, and ordered him to persevere in applying his mind; but though the lad tried to obey, he no sooner opened one of his books than the disgust from it became like a great weight upon his heart, and he longed more than ever to read only of Christ and His servants. At last Benedict told his uncle that he felt God did not mean him to pursue studies which would only be useful in the world, and he expressed a wish to go into a cloister the one which he had heard was more austere than any, La Trappe. The uncle represented the hardships of such a life, he told him truly that many far stronger in health were unequal to it, but all this did not serve to turn Benedict from his wishes, although the time had not come for him to seek to enter the cloister for which he longed. So, with this strong desire and hope in his heart, the young Labre went through his quiet routine of duty under his uncle's control. He rose very early, that he might pray in the silence and solitude of the morning hours; he served one or two masses if he had the power of doing so or, if another was before him, he withdrew silently, bearing the disappointment with the sweetness of one who saw in it the Will of God; he employed himself as much as possible in spiritual reading, was frequent in his recourse to the Sacraments, and withal, was so humble that at fifteen or sixteen years old he would place himself among the little boys for catechism, as if he needed the same instruction. When Benedict was eighteen his kind good uncle died, and he then returned home, to carry on the strict rule of life he had taken up. His great desire to enter La Trappe was still strong, but his parents refused their consent, until at last his patience and gentle persistence caused them to yield. Benedict was as much delighted as if he had received permission to enter some place of delight and in spite of the inclement season he set out upon a journey of nearly sixty leagues. Arrived there, the monks would not receive him; they looked at his young frail form, and bade him return to his home, until perhaps at some future time he should be more fit for a life of austerity. Benedict was deeply grieved, but the love of God in his heart was so strong, that he felt quite sure this disappointment had come for his spiritual good, and with that confidence he could not murmur, but returned to Amettes, quite exhausted by

the length of the journey. In less than a year the youth wrote to the Abbot of the monastery renewing his request to be admitted, but he was again refused; so as his parents had given leave for him to join the Carthusian Monks, Benedict journeyed to their house near Montreuil, in the year 1767. He found from the Fathers that it was necessary for him first to pursue further studies, so for this purpose he placed himself for a time under the care of the priest of Auctre, and then again presented himself at the monastery of Chartrouise, because it was the desire of his parents, although his own heart remained steadily fixed upon La Trappe. For six weeks, Benedict remained as a postulant at Montreuil; but God was calling him to a different state, so that He gave him neither peace nor content in the life, and at last the Father said to him, "My son, the Almighty does not design you to receive the habit of a Carthusian. Follow his inspirations and leave us." So Benedict left the monastery, feeling quite sure the Divine Will had been clearly shown in his regard, and writing to his parents, told them that he should again seek admittance at La Trappe—the one Order which he desired to enter. But it was in vain. Perhaps God chose this way of perfectly annihilating Benedict's will and desire for a holy life. The Abbot still deemed him too weak for such a severe rule, and, accepting the refusal with great humility, Labre went to the monastery Sept Fontaines of the Cistercian Order, where he was without difficulty received. Scarcely had he entered than he was seized with violent illness of body, and still worse distress of mind, and after six months it was thought right to send him away, as God showed so plainly that he was not suited to that life. So Benedict had to put from him all those holy desires for the silent and austere cloister life, he had thought of and prayed for since childhood; and saying, "Not my will, but Thine be done," he turned with more, fervent prayer to God, Whom he implored to grant him a clearer light upon his future course. Thus by these many trials and severe disappointments Almighty God led Benedict Labre to the strange, almost repulsive life of a poor, dirty, miserably-clad beggar, one who was loathsome in the eyes of the world, but very precious in the sight of heaven. The year in which he left Sept Fontaines Benedict started on a pilgrimage to holy places. He journeyed on foot, in ragged garments, bearing the severity of winter weather and the burning heat of the summer sun; going by lonely ways, where he met no other travellers, and thus was dependent wholly upon God for consolation. Whenever he came to a town or village, this holy man imitated the example of his Master, in doing good to the poor and sick and sorrowful, and at length his piety gained him such respect and admiration, that he became afraid lest pride and vain-glory might enter his heart, and he departed from the company of men to seek more solitary places. Eleven times he journeyed to the Holy House of Loretto, where he kissed with affection those sacred walls, and felt his heart inflamed with a greater love for Jesus and His Blessed Mother; and the priests who observed his devotion felt quiet sure he was a very holy man, and gave him leave to enter whenever he pleased. So here he would remain, kneeling motionless in prayer, weeping tears of joy and gratitude that God should suffer him to remain in a place where the Mother of Christ had dwelt. His food was any bread which was given to him, any cabbage leaves, fruit-peelings or useless things he might find in the streets; his clothes were rags, which were so dirty, that even people who felt kindly and charitably towards him hesitated to

approach him, and even some confessors were compelled to forbid him to come to their confessionals, because their other penitents would not enter where a beggar so filthy had been seen to kneel. In this Benedict found his most severe penance; his poverty was his choice for in his home he would have had every necessary comfort and convenience. The dirty rags which he refused to change were assumed, not because he was careless about cleanliness, but because he found in this way an extreme mortification, and a means of separating himself from the society and charity of those who might perhaps have taken some of his love from God. It has been very different with many other saints. Poverty and penance they have sought and loved, but cleanliness has been as dear to them as to us, so that we need not think a state like that of Benedict Labre is part of the practice of holiness and austerity. It certainly was right for him. Who can doubt it when they read how constant and how humble were his prayers to God for guidance, how faithful his resolve to subject his own will to the most holy will of God? With a heart so disposed it would not have been possible for him to pursue such a life had it not been the one path which was to lead him to heaven. We may wonder—we may not imitate him or any of God's saints, unless a divine voice speaks, and says to us as to them, "This is the way, walk ye in it,"—but while we wonder, we may not condemn, but dwell more upon the humble, prayerful heart of this blessed man, which ever found peace and joy in God amidst all suffering, reproach and contempt. In 1772, when Benedict made his last journey to Loretto he was observed to be more than usually thoughtful, as if he had some sweetness hidden in his heart which absorbed him wholly. The fact was that Benedict knew he was going to die before very long and that knowledge made him so happy, that he was always thinking of it. His longing for God seemed to grow daily more intense, and he would frequently murmur, "Call me, that I may see Thee." His grief for what in his humility he deemed his many sins, became stronger than ever, and he approached the Sacraments still more frequently in preparation for death. Early in lent, 1773, this poor man looked like one dying the very sight of whom moved all to compassion. In Holy Week he could scarcely support himself on his feet, and yet he would drag his poor weak body to the church, and kneel there for hours before the Blessed Sacrament. At last one day a fainting fit obliged him to leave, and rest a while on the church steps, and there a crowd gathered round him. A man named Taccarelli felt great pity for Benedict, and calling him by his name, said his house was ready to receive him. Doubtless God was the author of this compassion, for Taccarelli forgot the dying man's condition, and raising him in his arms, bore him to his own home, where he was laid upon a bed in all his ragged clothing. A priest was sent for, who bent over the beggar and said: "Do you wish to make your confession? Is there anything that you want?" And with a great effort Benedict murmured faintly, "Nothing, nothing." It was known that the holy man had received communion a few days before but the priest wished to give the help of Vaticanum, but death was too near for him to have that grace. His teeth were set together, his eyes closed and when they administered the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, Benedict was unconscious of all around. At eight o'clock in the evening they began to recite the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, during which his soul quietly passed away into the presence of God, at the very moment

when the bells of every church in Rome gave the signal for the "Salve Regina." He was thirty-five years old when he died, and in those years his soul had been his one great care. For that he had given up the world, with all its enjoyments and pleasures, for that he had neglected his poor suffering body; and now, as his reward, God took that pure soul into his own keeping, while even his wasted human form was to be honored upon earth. People who had shrunk from the beggar of Rome came eagerly to look upon his calm sweet face in death; the clothes, which just before none would have touched, were begged now as precious relics; the bed upon which he died, the room where he lay, were visited with reverence by persons of the highest rank; and he was known at last as one of God's true servants, one of those whose humility has drawn down Christ the lover of humility, to dwell in their hearts, and fill them by His sweet presence with all virtue and all grace.

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THE TRUTH WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOR.

(From the Catholic Universe.)

American events in connection with Irish affairs are crowding overfast on this side. We think it full time to cry a halt with the zealots who are injuring the very cause they profess to have at heart, and who are as undoubtedly doing a grave injury to the present and the future status of the Irish American element in these United States.

The *Boston Globe*, of Dec. 6, reports a case that is the logical outcome of the evils we see spreading around us. It crystallizes the most serious objections to be made against the course pursued in America by the leaders of the "No Rent" agitation.

This is the *Globe* case in brief: Rev. John Walsh is in charge of St. Patrick's church, Natick, Mass. The Land League there invited Mr. T. M. Healy, M. P., to address them. They did not originally consult the priest, or invite him to the contemplated "rally." The Protestant ministers of Natick were all early invited. The morning of the day in which the meeting was to be held, a Captain Blaney, representing the Land League, called at the priest's house and found him absent, in New York. Mr. Blaney stated that he had come to make arrangements with Father Walsh to entertain Mr. Healy at supper; left two complimentary tickets, and an invitation to Fr. Walsh to preside at the evening meeting.

That evening Messrs. Healy and Blaney duly presented themselves at Father Walsh's house to supper were kindly received by his sister. Father Walsh still absent. Rev. John S. Cullen, in charge of St. Bridget's church, Framingham, Mass., was present. A conversation ensued in which the priest maintained that Father Walsh had not been respectfully treated by the League in their arrangements. Messrs. Healy and Blaney became offended, and left the table and the house in high dudgeon.

[It could scarcely be expected that an humble priest's table would afford the spiced meats certain Cæsars feed on nowadays.]

Well, the incidents were personal enough to have been kept private, but the cholera of these Natick magnates was not so easily appeased. Next the League calls upon Father Walsh and demands that he repudiate

Father Cullen's action on the occasion. Father Walsh refuses; and now we have the League splurging through the public prints in the following series of resolutions:

WHEREAS, The treatment received by Hon. T. M. Healy, M. P. for Wexford, at the hands of Rev. Father Cullen of Framingham, by authority of Rev. John Walsh, on November 22, at his residence on East Central street, was unreasonably, ungentlemanly and unjust.

Resolved, That we, the members of the Central and South Natick branches of the Land League stigmatize the ungentlemanly treatment of Mr. Healy as a direct insult to every member of the Land League and to every trisman.

Resolved, That henceforth we shall pay no more pew rent or give any support whatever toward the church until such time as said Rev. John Walsh is removed from this parish.

In the name of decency and common sense what is this "No Rent" movement coming to in this country!

Here we have a priest—who does not seem either to have opposed the original Land League principles—apparently holding himself aloof at a given time from men whose manners or conduct he did not care to indorse by his personal presence at a political meeting; we have the same men *impudently* foisting an uninvited guest upon the priest's hospitality; and when at his table a welcome brother-priest exercises in private conversation his own right of personal opinion, we have the Land League of Natick rushing before the Protestant public with the above rodmontade, and appointing a committee to wait upon Archbishop Williams to remove Father Walsh from his charge!

"Cheek," in its slang acceptation, has been generally conceded a Yankee word and a Yankee acquisition, but for the name of the commodity surpassing the famed "army mule," or indeed the essence of all the mules in history, commend us to these patriots of Natick!

The priest then is the servant of these boors; his home and his table not his own. Nay more he is their slave. Their beck must drag him from the sanctities of the altar to the tumult of political strife; he shall not even hold an unuttered opinion against their political whimsies; body and soul he must openly commit himself to them. He can not force them to their religious duties—a charge God has consigned to his care—but they shall drive him publicly upon their secular platform, or deprive him of his charge. That is their idea of the fitness of things, and of the rights of the Catholic laity over their priests of the Eternal Order! Oh no, they are no longer "priest-ridden," on the contrary they would ride the priest.

And the politics they would force upon him, are not even, presumably, those of his own country; certainly they are not the politics of the flag that protects him, and protects as well these same "priest hunters," who have outraged its every fold by their ignorant, persecuting intolerance. Not the less, the priest must accept their alleged views on a question not even of domestic but of foreign politics, and one in which there are two Irish sides—with the array of the Catholic Irish hierarchy against the "No Rent" side.*

We presumed every man's house was his castle in this country, but it seems the patriots of Natick do not understand this or any other free country. We presumed every man had a right—which is not a mere tolerance—in this country to his private or public political opinion; these resolutionary patriots of Natick presume that in a priest's case at least he has not even the right to an unexpressed opinion, but theirs

* That remains to be shown.—Ed. C. S.

the right to dictate to him a public record on a foreign political question, else he shall be banished forthwith.

What a delectable body of men they would be to give the laws to a free country! What about *their landlordism* over the priest?—turn him out neck and crop, evict him if he does not choose to fawningly feed and entertain his guests of *their* selection; if he did not muzzle or has not apologized for a brother-priest, a welcome and invited guest at his table.

Now we ask any man of common sense how long can this class of incidents continue upon this soil without effecting a grave injury to an honest Irish cause—misrepresented by these brawling bigots—or without seriously weakening in this country the influence of the Irish-American element and its just claims to a high and intelligent order of American citizenship?

We know these disturbers are comparatively few, are in the main notorious traffickers in our own local politics, or nobodies seeking notoriety—but is it not time for the true American of Irish blood or birth—men who love and respect the old sire land, who would joyfully hail its rehabilitation among the nations—is it not time for them to rebuke the insensates and adventurers and isolate them to their own insignificant representation and the disaster they are invoking?

How long can these men go on attempting a distinct nationality within these States without incurring a decided American hostility? Can we have a distinctive Irish, German, or any other national life in the land without destroying our own political autonomies and the freedom of our institutions?—autonomies and institutions in which to-day the Irish-American element justly predominates as the chief builder and prop among the many building races that have appeared this splendid fabric; but in which the Irish-American figures only and truly as *American*, seeking no special privilege, claiming only the equal right which is his own, and asking no higher franchise than that of faithful American citizenship.

This is a serious condition of affairs, when a handful so to speak of brawlers and adventurers seek to compromise the citizenship of so faithful a body as is the Irish-American. It is the old Know-nothingism re-vamped, this time by the very parties who once suffered from it. In those past days we justly complained, and with bitterness, of the un-American rable who sought to make us alien on this our own soil—either of our adoption or our nativity—now we have a self-seeking, irresponsible, unreliable class within our own ranks who go about proclaiming themselves aliens, and denying in deed and in name that they are Americans whose first allegiance is to their American citizenship. Certainly we shall not stand idly by without protesting against this impudent falsifying of the Irish-American record.

True it is that at present the two American political parties are so gravely divided and so equally balanced that these proceedings meet with but slight open condemnation from the press of either side; but that does not alter the fact that the mistake being made is fundamental, and that Nemesis sooner or later overtakes all such vicious departures from the right social road. The present goes on record and builds into the future.

If that future is to be erected out of a continuation of the present criminal blundering that seeks to alienate the Irish-American from his first allegiance here, that seeks to draw a line in this country between Americans of Irish tradition and Americans of other European traditions—it will be a future in which all

the *Irish World* will be impotent to stem the torrent of an indignant popular opinion.

And though we know that the brawlers will vehemently denounce us for this warning of our honest opinion; will privately seek to introduce their abused system of "Boycotting"—well aimed in such a case as gave the policy its name, but an indefensible and reproachful system when employed in general to gag the right of free speech—though we know this, and know as well the noisy, mischievous tactics of these brawlers, we prefer to be right to the purchase of their favor at the expense of our principles and conscientious course as a journal devoted to the Catholic and American interests in which are embraced the great body of our Irish-American citizens.

We can afford to encounter the most unscrupulous opposition, we cannot afford to remain dumb dogs when such vital interests are compromised.

We have trespassed beyond intended space, but before closing our remarks must point one other moral.

Who—in the majority of cases—are these men who are working this mischief to the Irish cause and Irish race? How do they compare with our Irish-American fathers, who even in the very humblest avocations were the grand missionaries of our faith in this land? They were indeed peer to the Irish, Catholic and valorous, faithful at home and abroad, who upheld the Celtic name and fame on every battle-field of Europe, and peers to that remoter ancestry that Christianized the half of Europe, and illumined its every hall of learning.

Fit generations those to rear, guide and sustain the fabric of a Christian empire. No grandeur would have compensated them for their Catholic faith, dearer to them even when in poverty and chains than the dominion of an entire world. For what does it profit a people if they gain the whole world and lose their own soul?

But the mischief-workers on this soil, who are they?—Let every community answer for itself. We know what the honest answer will be.

The ruffianism of to-day may help to swell a mob, may even engage in the secret cowardly assassination—but no country or cause was ever saved by such means and by such men. The Church and the priest is the ready taunt on their lips. They have forgotten to learn their own duties and business in attempting to teach the priests theirs. They raise no hat on passing the church; beads would burn their fingers. If they go to the Mass, what is the next immediate place they resort to?

What kind of a Fontenoy would such as they fight? *Are they Catholic Irish?* "Boycotting" the very priest at the Altar of God!

Let us back to the days when the faithful Irish peasant trudged through the lone watches of the night, where in some cave or on a mountain top beneath God's canopy of heaven the old and young in silent secrecy were gathering to bend with prostrate knees before the elevated Host—possibly to hear the silence broken by the crack of the pistol and the Cromwellian curses as the "priest-hunters" rush in upon the affrighted concourse;—let us admire that fidelity, that devotion, that consciousness of the inestimable privilege to kneel before the Real Presence, our Lord and Savior, to lay before Him our burdens and place at His feet our petitions;—let us reflect on the dangers braved as that loyal peasantry sought through the black night the hidden ministry of their priest, or protected their loved *saggart* at the peril of their lives, scorning in their starvation the infamous price set upon his head;—and then let us pass from this splendid stalwart Ca-

tholic type to the worthies of Natick and their "Boycotting" resolution:

Resolved, That henceforth we shall pay no more pew rent or give any support whatever toward the church until such time as said Rev. John Walsh is removed from this parish.

Pows! Their fathers—God rest their honest, faithful souls—would have died thanking God for the privilege of attending Mass, barefoot, on their knees, in the open air!

CHURCH CHIMES.

The Russian persecutors of the Catholic Church in Poland are beginning to feel thoroughly ashamed of themselves. It will be remembered that a large number of those Unites who would not join the Schismatic Church, even when powder and shot were brought to bear on them as means of conversion, were transported to Southern Russia, hundreds of miles away from their homes, where they have been lingering and dying a slow death for the last four or five years. Their physical condition is about as bad as bad can be. Of late some schismatic priests were sent to them who tried once more to "convert" them; but these poor exiles would not heed their wiles. Thereupon they were told that they might return to their homes even unconverted, provided they would abstain from turning their relatives away from the Greek Church, and would sign a paper to that effect. The poor, down-trodden peasants were keen enough to see the trap set for them, and, one and all, refused to promise or sign anything bearing on their faith. So they are still kept in exile for the time being; but it is quite on the cards that their persecutors will ere long have to give way, and let them return to their homes.—*London Universe.*

Rev. Dr. Errett, editor of the *Christian Standard*, of Cincinnati, lately spent a few days in Big Rapids, Mich., and writing home to his own paper, says in the course of his letter: "The Sisters of Mercy have a hospital here, whose patients are mostly supplied from the northern lumber region. They have an agent out selling tickets of admission for \$5, which will admit the purchaser to lodging, boarding, nursing and medical attendance for any period of illness during the year. Their buildings are of a cheap kind, and so is the furniture; but everything is clean and neat, and the universal testimony is that the Sisters are the best of nurses. There were nearly 60 patients there when we visited them. The cheerfulness with which these refined ladies accept their lot, and the tenderness with which they care for the suffering, are beautiful to witness; and the impressions they make on the hearts of the hundreds that come every year under their healing ministry is uniformly that of admiration and gratitude. And this leads us to ask, why, in all the efforts of our Christian women for a better recognition in Christian activities, is there no labor in this direction? These ministries of kindness in behalf of the sick and dying are certainly those in which a woman's heart and hand are needed, and no fruits of the Spirit are more welcome to the world than those of benevolence and mercy. Nor are any more welcome to heaven."

Emile de Girardin, one of the writers who contributed most extensively towards spreading a revolutionary spirit among the French, was vouchsafed the wonderful grace of a death-bed repentance. He made his confession in the most edifying manner to l'Abbé Sabatier, a Paris priest. Oscar de Poli now relates an incident in the life of M. de Girardin, which probably obtained for him such great mercy at the last hour.

Several years ago an Italian refugee and correspondent for some Italian newspapers was hiding in Paris. All his life he had been struggling for the unification of Italy against the Pope; yet, notwithstanding his errors, he was mercifully granted the grace of receiving all the consolations of religion before death. With faithful respect for the last wish of her husband, the widow was most anxious to give him suitable religious obsequies, but his long sickness had exhausted their modest resources, and she had not even enough to bury him. In her dire distress she went to one of his compatriots who had rapidly accumulated a very large fortune, and told her trouble with the greatest confidence, for he had been her husband's companion-in-arms, and had proven himself a friend to the last hour.

But the millionaire belonged to an intolerant Masonic lodge. At first he kindly received the unhappy widow's request, and turned towards his secretary, purposing to relieve her need, when a thought struck him, and he brusquely asked: "Are you going to take him to the church?" "Certainly," answered the weeping widow, "it was his dying request." "Madam, either no church or no money," said the insolent man, in a rough voice. "What!" exclaimed the poor woman, "you, the friend of thirty years—you, so rich, you could easily—" "Take your choice," he interrupted. "Is this your final answer?" she asked. He answered only by an affirmative nod. The sorrowful widow's heart was cruelly hurt, but she quietly said as she left the room: "He whom you called your friend will have the funeral of the poor, but the funeral will go to the church."

The same day Emile de Girardin learned through a third party the particulars of this awful distress, and the shameful behavior of the wealthy Italian.

"It is abominable," he cried; "It makes humanity blush for shame! There should be an ignominious pillory for such actions."

Right away he sent the poor woman fifty Louis d'Or anonymously, and, thanks to his liberal generosity, she had the sad satisfaction of giving the remains of her lamented husband suitable burial.

A long time afterwards she succeeded in ascertaining the name of her discreet benefactor. We may easily believe she offered many a fervent prayer for his conversion, and her prayers were heard in heaven.

In the crowd which followed the body of M. Girardin to its last resting-place was noticed this white-haired woman, weeping bitterly and praying earnestly for the repose of his soul.

Miracles when they occur ought to be treated with respect, and the first element of respect, in such cases is caution in deciding that they are miracles—a matter in which it is very easy to usurp the functions of the Church. We are glad to see that Sister Mary Francis Clare, the Nun of Kenmare, who recently visited Knock and apparently was miraculously cured there, insists that some reserve in this respect is necessary. Her account of the favor she has received is in excellent taste and will be read with interest. "I am greatly

distressed," she says, "at seeing a paragraph with a most exaggerated account of my visit to Knock. Such reports, from whatever source they emanate, do incalculable harm, as they throw discredit on real miracles. The facts are simply as follows:—I obtained permission to visit Knock and went there, accompanied by the chaplain of the Kenmare convent. I neither asked for, wished for, nor expected a miraculous cure; in fact, I may say truly, the idea never crossed my mind. For the last four years I have been unable to kneel down for one instant, even to receive Holy Communion, from acute rheumatism. On approaching the place where the Blessed Mother of God is said to have appeared I knelt instinctively, and on rising in a few moments I found I was perfectly cured of this long-standing malady. How far this may be termed a miraculous cure I leave it to ecclesiastical authority to decide. Probably, however, it is only one of these cures for which the recipient may indeed, thank God, but which could not be accepted by ecclesiastical authority for the confirmation of a devotion. I was not carried into the church, and the rest of the statement is equally absurd; but I have recovered my health in a manner which, in ordinary language, might be called miraculous. I have been for nine years entirely unable for the least physical exertion, and though by no means unable to move about for a very few hours in the day, I have not been able for the least exertion beyond that. Since my visit to Knock I seem scarcely able to feel fatigue of any kind, no matter what labor I have to endure. I hope shortly to publish an account of my visit to Knock, which has confirmed me not a little in the hope I have always had that the Mother of God has indeed visited Ireland. May I take this opportunity of asking, may I will say imploring, those who may read this letter to pray with the whole fervor of their souls that God's will may soon be fully manifest. The Church has not yet spoken in the matter. All it speaks we may not do more than hope and pray. But since the devotion has not been forbidden, we may both hope and pray, and surely there can scarcely be a subject more worthy of our prayers. For the same reason I would beg of those who report supposed miraculous favors to be most careful in writing, lest harm come of exaggeration—at the same time it is a supreme duty to have any cures which appear miraculous fully and truthfully reported."—*Catholic Review*.

The jubilee celebration of the Seminary of our Lady of Angels, Niagara Falls, would not have been complete had not its founder, now the venerable and reverend Archbishop of Toronto, been present to recount the moving history of its foundation, of which he was so great a part. How wonderfully heaven shapes our ends, rough hew them as we, or as others, will. From Texas to Niagara, surely, was as the Archbishop says, an almost impossible span, yet the Lazarist with a vocation to build a seminary and convents and monasteries at Niagara, is gradually transplanted from the Empire State of the South to its great compeer in the North, and finally even to a new temporal allegiance, all however, aiding in the design of Providence accepted by the missionary. For the simple but most interesting history of the early struggle of the college, *tanta molis erant condere gentem Romanam*, we refer the reader to the Archbishop's address, published on another page. That it was truly a work of faith and duty and was correspondingly blessed is evident. After telling of the "mad" purchase of two farms by penniless missionaries

with a view to the future, rather than to their actual bank account, he explains, how they proposed to pay for them. "Now a stronger effort must be made, more earnest prayers must be offered up to God to secure and perfect His own work, for it never came into their heads for one moment that they were tempting Him by what the world would call their mad purchases, for they were convinced that God had chosen this spot, the most famous on this continent, that His name might be glorified, and the gospel truth go forth from a place which exhibits such grandeur in the temporal order. Masses and prayers for the souls in purgatory were the usual devotions of the day, and earnestly was this duty performed both by priests and students. Beads and visits to the Blessed Sacrament were added, and became, as it were, the lightning rods that attracted the mercy of heaven. Souls released from purgatory are powerful intercessors before the throne of God."—*Catholic Review*.

The following admissions of Protestant writers are invaluable.—

There is nothing between skepticism and the Catholic Church—*Monsieur D. Conway*.

The moral, intellectual, and educational state of the lower orders in England is the lowest in the scale I have ever witnessed—quite on a par with the savage, and sometimes even below it.—*Dr. Shaw*.

We have a great human sink in every great town reeking out crime, disease, and disloyalty; there are thousands in England in a far worse plight than the serfs in Russia, the slaves in Africa, and the negroes in America.—*McGregor*.

In Edinburgh, in two or three generations, Protestant Christianity will be substantially put down. Drunkenness, infidelity, and Sabbath-breaking are all on the increase.—*Mr. Gall*.

Everybody knows what bitterness of hate prevails among Protestants; they forget their temporary brotherhood, and fall into the bad practice of assailing their neighbors.—*Mr. Frothingham*.

If there is any positive Christian truth, the Roman Church is the only witness.—*Westminster Review*.

The Catholic Church is the only safeguard of liberty in Russia against the encroachment of the State.—*Lamp*.

The number of Protestant theological students in Germany is diminishing so rapidly that it is found difficult to fill the vacancies among the Protestant clergy.—*Colony Gazette*.

The Protestants soon learned to despise the great edict of Nantes by which their liberties were secured... they were not content to exercise their own religion, unless they could also trouble the religion of others... the Catholics in France (the enormous majority) displayed a spirit of forbearance and a Christian charity to which the Protestants could make no pretense... if the Protestants had carried the day, the loss to France would have been immense, perhaps irreparable; they would have revived those religious persecutions which they had already attempted to end, and would have put a stop to the acquisition of all real knowledge.—*Buckle "Hist. of Civ."*

They are very bad Christians, but excellent Protestants.—*Hugh Miller*.

The Prussians are morally slaves of enslaved minds. In 1834 the king, who had invented a religion of his own, with the object of fusing Calvinists and Lutherans, commanded all his Protestant subjects to adopt it. Troops were quartered on the peasants, and thousands

fled to America to find the liberty denied them at home. Catholicism is the only barrier at present in Prussia against a general and debasing despotism of the State over mind and action.—*Laing "Notes of a Traveler."*

Germany is now without a creed and without a free press.—*Mayhew.*

Any thoughtful man must cease to respect the Reformers in proportion to the extent of his reading. They appealed to the ignorant. Advanced thinkers are learning to esteem them less and less—the artistic failures of Protestantism are due to its purely transitional character.—*Hullam-Froude—Anthropological Review.*

Whatever is good in the New Zealander existed in him before our missionaries arrived, and these virtues are fading away under their assumed Christianity. The only fruit of Protestant teaching is to convert the native into an infidel.—*Trollope.*

"I will never go to Canossa," the famous declaration of Prince Bismarck, has ended in humiliating surrender, and he is now not alone standing at but thundering at the gate of Canossa. Recently in the German Chamber he made a complete and humiliating surrender to the Church which in the self-same Assembly he had so often outraged and insulted. In the first place, one of the first incidents of the war between Prince Bismarck and the Holy See was the withdrawal from the latter of the German Ambassador. This was an open and public announcement made to all the world of the fact that between the German Empire and the Holy See there was a quarrel—deadly, irreparable, to the death. In view of this incident, what, we may imagine, were the straits to which Bismarck was reduced when he made to the German Parliament the speech in which the last stage of the journey to Canossa was recorded. "It was intended," said the Prince, "to insert in the Prussian Budget an item providing for a diplomatic representative at the Holy See." In other words, Prince Bismarck, uninvited by the Pope, who has always regarded the persecution with defiance and disdain, is about to send an envoy to. "with bated breath and whispering humbleness," express the deep sorrow of the Prince for having ever entered on a conflict with the Eternal and Invincible City. Prince Bismarck was of course taunted by his old friends in the Chamber with having "gone over to Rome," and he answered in his usual tone of blunt frankness, "If I were really inclined to continue the struggle with the Church, I should be hindered by the fact that my former allies have deserted me and forced me into the arms of the Centre (Catholic) Party."

Bismarck is forced to kiss the rod, but he does not care to conceal how bitter the ordeal is for the proudest man in Europe. It remains to be seen, however, whether even his utter surrender to the Catholics can preserve the most detested statesman in Europe. United Germany, as built up by Prince Bismarck, has been an enormous failure. The people are poor, discontented, and turbulent, and it is only by a savage code of repressive laws that the Revolution is kept down for a time. There was a period in very recent history when the Emperor of Austria was the most unpopular of European sovereigns. At this moment no throne in Europe is so safe. A short time ago the Emperor visited Austrian Poland, a province whose risings have in our own time shaken Austria to the base. He was entirely unprotected by military or police, but he traversed the province with the most glorious body-

guard which ever surrounded a sovereign. In each parish the farmers of the country, splendidly mounted, rode cheering and huzzing by the side of the Emperor's horse, and the moment he crossed the boundry of the parish a new escort took up the duty, so that Francis Joseph passed right through the province of Cracow with no safeguard save the people's bodies, and no protection save the people's love. On the other hand, the Emperor of Germany has over and over again been shot at in the finest street of his capital, and strict precautions are necessary to save him from the fate of his nephew, the unfortunate Czar Alexander.

The truth is that the military system of Germany is a weapon of enormous oppression, and is rapidly becoming intolerable. "Prussia," said Bishop Dupanloup, "is not a great nation; it is a great camp," and never before was a sounder political truth shut up in a neat aphorism. A system which brings the flower of the nation to fester in camps for the best years of their lives is a system which may be just tolerated by France, the richest nation in the world, but cannot long be tolerated by a nation essentially poor. As long as the Emperor lives it is, no doubt, certain that the bloated ornaments of which he is so proud will be continued, but the Emperor is a very old monarch; his health is in a critical state, and he will be succeeded by a prince who has served with distinction in the field, but all whose tastes and inclinations are reported to be pacific. The accession of the Crown Prince to the German Throne might, but for one reason, eventuate in a policy of disarmament and peace. The one great force tending in the opposite direction is the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine. It is certain that as long as France is France her people will watch eagerly for a chance of winning back the fine province and the two great cities torn from her by military disaster. The pecuniary fine has long since been forgotten, but everyone knows that Germany will keep her flag flying over the conquered provinces only so long as she can hold them with the sword, and this it is which imposes on her the duty of a perpetual preparedness.

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

READING.

I.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE SUBJECT.

We imperil in no way our statement when we say that there is no other subject so worthy of the careful study and attention of a teacher as that of *reading*. Whether you dignify it with the title of elocution, surround it with the aurora of oratory, or give it the more common classroom term of reading, a study of the proper expression of thought through, that God-given gift voice, is and should be the most important subject in every school and college curriculum. But you may say, are you not attaching too much value to the subject of reading when you assign to it a superlative importance in the schoolroom? We think not. You have only to recognize the fact that it is through the medium of reading alone we reach the garnered wisdom of

ages; that the rich granaries stored with the philosophical and scientific wealth of centuries open their portals to the sesame key of reading, and that a true estimate of knowledge is not measured by its bulk in the individual, but by the number of minds it reaches, the number of persons to whom it is communicated. It should also be borne in mind that it is the application of knowledge, not the possession of it, which constitutes the true end of education. He whose mind is stored with wise and noble thoughts is indebted to the world, nor does the world cease to be his creditor until he has communicated those noble thoughts to others. A man is estimated for what he gives, not for what he receives. But if there be no avenue of communication, no outlet from the soul, no passage for thought, how can man apply his knowledge, how can he flash glowing thoughts into the mind of others through the electric current of speech? We hold then it is of paramount importance that the subject of reading should receive very great attention in our schools—not as jewelry of the mind for special occasions, nor lip accomplishment for trivial thought, but as a means of developing in the fullest extent the faculty of speech which binds man to man with the cineture of knowledge, allies mind to mind with the current of thought, and throws upon canvas every color, every hue that lights up, as with a heavenly torch, the inward chamber of the soul.

CRAMMING.

A term used in regard to education, to denote the fault of filling the mind with facts, without allowing it sufficient time to arrange and generalize them, to compare them with its previous acquisitions, or to determine their real significance, as related to general principles. It is thus a kind of mental stuffing, and, consequently, is opposed to the true object of education, which, as the word etymologically considered implies, is not to pour something into the mind, but to bring out, by appropriate exercise, its latent faculties. In college phrase, students are said to *exam* for an examination, when they make preparation with undue haste, impressing upon their memory by repetition a mass of things about which they expect to be questioned, but which, when the examination is over, they immediately forget. Such a process is exceedingly injurious to the mind, since it is a misdirection of its powers, wasting them at a time when they should be all steadily employed in the formation of those habits of acquisition and thought, which constitute the basis of a sound intellectual character.

In elementary education, cramming is, therefore, especially pernicious; and it is at this stage, that it is the most likely to occur. It may assume various forms, but chiefly the following: (1) Crowding the memory with verbal *formulae*—definitions, rules, statements of facts, names in geography, dates in history, etc.; (2) Overtasking the powers of the mind with a multiplicity of studies, or with such as are not adapted to its immature condition, and, therefore, cannot be comprehended; (3) Undue haste in instruction, so that the pupils are compelled to commit to memory what they have had no time properly to digest in their minds. Cramming may be the result either of the ignorance of the teacher, or of circumstances which compel him to violate the correct principles of education for some special end, as the preparation of pupils for a public exhibition in which they may make an imposing display of their superficial acquirements. Such a sad

perversion of the teacher's work as this implies is of too frequent occurrence; for parents and patrons are too fond of witnessing such displays, and there are teachers whose eagerness for praise or patronage is sufficient to overcome their sense of the true object of their vocation.—*Blackie*

WINTYB, Dec. 9th., 1881.

To the Editor of the SHIELD.

DEAR SIR,

Any Journal which professes to forward the cause of Catholic Education must be welcome to all interested in that great object.

The SHIELD supplies a want long felt by Catholic teachers, and surely merits the generous support of all.

I notice with pleasure the intention of discussing in its pages all school subjects. Such a course will make it a very valuable aid to those engaged in teaching.

Wishing the SHIELD a very prosperous career,

I remain,

Yours respectfully.

E. DORLE.

Teacher Separate School.

The Sisters of Loretto have eight convents in Ontario, all of which are well attended.

Rev. D. O'Connor is Superior of Assumption College, Sandwich Ontario.

The last issue of the *Harp* is bright, instructive and entertaining. Mr. Donovan deserves credit for his able management of this excellent monthly.

Rev. Father Teedy, M. A., is Professor of Mathematics in St. Michael's College, Toronto.

Brother Joseph is Director of the St. Catherines Separate Schools, which have an attendance of 580 pupils.

Rev. Dr. Kilroy is Chairman of the Stratford Separate School Board. The Separate School buildings of Stratford are a credit to Dr. Kilroy and his people.

There are 100 pupils registered in the Port Dalhousie Separate School.

There are 1100 pupils registered in the Hamilton Separate Schools of which C. Donovan, Esq., B. A., is Principal and Rev. J. S. O'Leary, Superintendent. Very Rev. E. J. Heenan, V. G., is Chairman of the Separate School Board.

Mr. Phelan, formerly Headmaster of the Parkhill Public School, has succeeded Mr. O'Hagan as Principal of the Belleville Separate Schools.

Mr. C. J. Mahoney of the Law Office of O'Sullivan & Perdue, Toronto, was the winner of a scholarship at the recent Law examination at Osgoode Hall. We congratulate our young friend and admire the mettle of his pasture.

Rev. Father Tiernan is Chairman of the London Separate School Board.

Rev. Father O'Connor is Chairman of Perth Separate School Board.

The January number of *Donahoe's Magazine* is a particularly good one. The veteran journalist well understands the management of an Irish Catholic Magazine.

A Catholic Literary and Debating Society has been formed in Toronto. A good step. Such a Society should exist in every city and town in Ontario where twenty intelligent Catholic young men can be mustered.

Mr. M. O'Connor for many years the efficient Secretary Treasurer of the Toronto Separate School Board has declined re-nomination as Trustee.

Mr. M. James, late of Addington, succeeds Mr. Guttridge in charge of the Perth Separate School.

Mr. M. V. Lynch, a well known and successful Catholic teacher is Mr. O'Hagan's successor in Belleville.

There was considerable disappointment yesterday in Cataragui Ward at the announcement of Dr. Phelan not allowing himself to be nominated. The doctor's friends were confident of placing him at the head of the poll, but he positively declined the honor, for this year at least.—*Kingston Whig*.

We are glad to see old students of the College of Ottawa coming to the front in municipal and political matters, enjoying the respect and confidence of the public. Dr. Phelan's has been a most successful career.

Father Stafford's letter *in re* the employment of Catholic teachers in Public Schools is reserved for comment in our next issue.

Mr. A. W. Guttridge, late of Perth has been appointed to the Principalship of Lindsay Separate School. Under date Oct. 8th, 1881, Mr. Mitchell, P. S. Inspector for the County of Lanark and town of Perth, bore the following testimony to Mr. Guttridge's acquirements: "He has had charge of the Separate School under my jurisdiction for the past two years and during that short period has raised it to a position second to none in Eastern Ontario. Enthusiastic and an excellent disciplinarian he cannot but give entire satisfaction in any position to which he may be appointed." It cannot detract from the weight of this certificate, if we remark, in the interest of legal facts, that the Separate School of the town of Perth is totally independent of Mr. Mitchell's jurisdiction as Inspector. The Law is plain on that point.

It is often said by reckless and surface-thinking Protestants that the Catholic Church is the foe of education. There never was a statement which reflects in clearer light the colors of its falsity than this—Catholic Church, the foe of education! Who reared those classic piles—the Universities of Oxford, Padua and Salamanca? Was it Protestant England, Protestant Spain or Protestant Italy? Read what Chancellor Fleming said of the Catholic Church as an educator, in his inaugural address before Queen's University, Kingston: "During the long period" said the worthy Chancellor "when Europe was sunk in the grossest barbarism and brute force reigned supreme, the colleges and convent schools were the great repositories of learning; and to them and to the ecclesiastical teachers who conducted them, we are mainly if not wholly indebted for the treasures of classical literature which have been preserved to us. There cannot be a doubt that from the fifth to the fifteenth century, literature owes all to the shelter of the Christian Church, that it has been the sanctuary of the culture, the philosophy and even the traditions of literary antiquity." Noble words from a Protestant Chancellor of a Protestant University! Even the light from the great sun of Truth will at times break in where the clouds appear in thickest texture in the sky.

The Catholic Church, recognizing the necessity of moral training in the child, in the youth, and in the man, refuses to divorce religious instruction from primary education, intermediate education or higher education. Protestant thought is divided against itself in this matter. The State advises however that no religious instruction be given in its universities, which are intended to beget

young men for the bar, the bench and the pulpit. Which now is the parent of true education? The Church or the State?

"Members of the Roman Catholic Church have no objections to the Lord's Prayer, but both Roman Catholics and Protestants resent coercion."—*President Wilson on Religious Instruction in Schools*.

We thank thee President Wilson, for this bit of information presented as it was before the Ontario Teachers' Association. This will prove something new to the ear of the Catholic parents of this Province who teach their children to lip in reverential accents the prayer taught to the Apostles by our Divine Redeemer—yes teach them to lip it long before they cross the threshold of a primary school. Why President Wilson, if you were to enter the humble abode of any Catholic family in this land, at the twilight of eve or the twilight of morn, you would hear more lips uttering the sacred editions of the Lord's Prayer than are tuned to its harmony within the enrolled circle of Toronto University. The Catholic Church, however, has not as yet introduced the Darwinian theory into the Lord's Prayer by giving it an artificial caudal appendage "For thine is the Kingdom, &c.," and consequently refuses to have her children taught this novelty. Yes President Wilson, you are right; Catholics do not like coercion in educational matters: they wish to send their children to schools where their faith will be preserved intact. We thank thee for so truly interpreting our mind!

The Roman Catholic population of Canada (1,846,800) is provided for by 23 Bishops, 1559 priests and 1617 churches. There are also 13 Seminaries, 40 Colleges, 85 Academies, 247 Convents, 92 religious communities, 43 Asylums, 34 hospitals and 3541 Elementary Schools.

Prof. Fletcher, the new incumbent of the classical chair in Queen's University, Kingston, took as a subject for his inaugural address "Benefits of Classical Study." He argued that the study of the Romance languages, Italian, French and Spanish, would not train the intellectual powers like the study of classics; their study demanded little more than memory whereas a course in classics cultivated memory, reason, taste and imagination.

Richard Grant White has his pen again upon the Public Schools of the American Republic. It appears from the statement of Prof. White that, notwithstanding the wide diffusion of state educational knowledge, dishonesty reigns in high places, divorces increase, crime and vice are rampant, filial respect and paternal love have both diminished, and as for the modesty of our young men and even of our young women, they do not blush to confess that they have lost it. Why does not some promoter of state education successfully answer Richard Grant White? The Editor of the *New England Journal of Education* for instance.

As a complement to the above, the following remarks by an American lady speaking upon the education of women are very appropriate: "Our average girl would much rather work in a factory or a saloon because she can be called 'Miss,' dress finer, and imagine she can be called a lady. Poor girl! It is this delusion, this false pride, that crowds the streets nightly with pretty young girls, some of whom count only twelve short summers. With Hamlet, I exclaim, 'O horrible! most horrible!'—'I lived' adds the lady—in a house in which there was a girl, Annie, not seventeen, and she attended in a restaurant. I once said to her, 'Why do you not take the situation of a seamstress or a nurse in a gentleman's family?' She turned upon me in the most insolent way, saying, 'Me be a servant! That will do very well for Irish, or Dutch, or English girls, but I am an American and feel myself as good as any lady!'"

Miss E. de St. Remy, of Kingston, has a paper in the *Educational Monthly* for November upon that important subject "The Training of Girls." The trouble is that every "Ladies' Academy" in the country arrogates this patent to itself. True many of them understand how to train girls—not to address but to dress. The curriculum is too largely made up of training.

And now the *Mail* reports that at a late meeting of the Toronto Public School Board several members expressed their satisfaction at the manner in which Inspector Hughes answered the *Globe*;—but the *Globe*, as it says quite another thing: that several members stated that the system of "cram" pursued in the public schools was much worse than revealed by the *Globe*.