

his charge. But when was the professional proselytiser honest or consistent or in any way capable of common decency? We may add that, now Dr. Barnardo has come before the world as an avowed proselytiser, his tactics in continuing to send his appeals to Catholic journalists are evidently those of obtaining their adverse notice, so as to keep up the flame of bigotry among his sympathisers and make a profit of it. Having, therefore, done sufficient to inform our readers as to the true nature of the institution conducted by this man, and to put them on their guard against, in any way, contributing towards its support, we shall not again return to the subject. Henceforward Dr. Barnardo's appeals shall go unopened into our waste-paper basket.

THE National papers received by the San Francisco A LAMENTABLE mail have not brought us much consolation touching EXHIBITION. the contest at North Kilkenny, and which was taken at Home, as in the colonies, for a fair test of the feeling of the country towards Mr. Parnell. The victory was, as we know, decisive, but much that took place during the struggle was humiliating and grievous to witness. It is true the matter has been greatly exaggerated. All kinds of people, with all kinds of motives, bitter enemies with malevolent intentions, jesters, and would-be wits—such, for example, as the "agreeable rattle" "Civis," of the Otago Witness, and funny folk of that calibre, to whose attempts at humour the stage Irishman—miserable, threadbare, scare-crow as he is, proves a perfect God-send, have raked up events and sayings that never took place. But this is a matter of course, and may be taken for what it is worth. If it affords the spiteful a snap, or the silly a giggle, why should we grudge them their gratification? Allowing for everything, however, what really occurred was bad enough. The spectacle, for instance, presented to the world by Mr. Parnell himself was most lamentable. Mr. Labouchere, we trust, has hit upon the right solution. For who is accountable for his actions when his mind gives way, and which of us is proof against this? Vulgar and familiar gestures, unbecoming exclamations, a line of conduct utterly out of keeping with the dignified reserve that, almost to excess, had characterised Mr. Parnell in by-gone days,—such was the rule of his whole behaviour. So low had he descended from his former station that we can even believe he wilfully misrepresented the nature of the attack on him that has been so loudly complained of—that is a blow received by him in the eye, and, as it was reported, from a bag of lime. The truth appears to be that he was struck by a lump of mud containing some particles of slack lime, and that some mischievous boys, who were also throwing chalk and flour, with no party bias, were the offenders. But his speech at Kilkenny, for instance, as reported in his own paper, *United Ireland*, of which he had taken forcible possession a week or two before, clearly betrays his fall. What can be staler, bordering more closely on slang, or more stupid than his vulgar allusion to Mr. Justin McCarthy. It might almost do for our delightful "Civis" himself, and, in passing, we recommended him to store it up for some brilliant occasion in the near future. He recalled Mr. McCarthy as having ordered a good stiff tumbler of punch and a bath of hot water and mud and to be in readiness on his arrival in the town. "He is a nice old gentleman for a quiet tea-party," he added. Could any of us have conceived that Charles Stewart Parnell would come to this? The spectacle is, indeed, one to be regarded with humility—one on which we would gladly draw the veil, remembering that no man among us, as we have said, is in his own measure proof against an equal fate. Mr. Parnell, however, has given his pledge that he will fight all over Ireland, and who can tell when an end is to be put to this deplorable exhibition? Unfortunately, men who ought to know better are blindly following him, and are egging him on. But as to the common sense by which such men are guided and the spirit that actuates them, it we turn once more to *United Ireland* we shall see of what value they are. Mr. Davitt, the Irish priest, and the English party are the objects of our contemporary's anger. Mr. Davitt is accused of agnosticism, the Irish people, on the other hand, at least by implication, of too ready compliance with the commands of their Church. "It was a typical Irish election scene," it says, "to see the priests coaching the agents as in old times." And yet, in another way, our contemporary would bring back the old times under still worse aspect. It would destroy the better understanding that has arisen between the English Liberals and the Irish people, and renew the prejudices and enmities of the past. Nothing but evil can now come of the leadership of Mr. Parnell. It has, alas, ended for us in confusion, humiliation, and sorrow. The nature of the contest at North Kilkenny—if this, indeed, had not already been done by the decision of the Irish hierarchy—the least to be said on the subject for any sincere Catholic—would have placed a seal for us on the conclusions to which of our own accord we had come at first, and rendered any renewal of our allegiance to Mr. Parnell completely impossible.

WE used to be told that all that was wanted to AN EXPLAINED establish a complete reign of brotherhood and FALLACY. bring about the universal prevalence of a charity far superior to anything that Christianity could inculcate was that a thorough acquaintance with science should be-

come general. In fact, such was a chief argument brought forward in support of secular education—as indeed it still may be, for all we know to the contrary. Professor Huxley, nevertheless, is, for instance, an admirable representative of men who have a thorough acquaintance with science. We do not suppose, indeed, any one more versed in such knowledge could be readily found, and yet the Professor, as we occasionally see—is anything rather than a man and a brother—being also of a charity which seems rather doubtful. The Professor has just made another of those characteristic remarks, which, although we know we must not judge of the universal from the particular, are still very suggestive, as coming from a man who is the head of a more advanced school of the period. Referring to Cardinal Manning's late letter to General Booth, in relation to the General's proposal for the relief of the suffering masses, and in reference to the special passage in which the writer says he holds that every man has a right to bread or work, Professor Huxley says: "My opinion of the dictum of Cardinal Manning, to which you draw my attention, is that it is a very mischievous error." A spirit of universal brotherhood, therefore, and a perfect charity do not necessarily flow from a perfect acquaintance with science. On the contrary, a much nearer approach to them may be made, as we see, by those who are guided by what are by some considered the obsolete principles of an older system. Christianity, in fact, and the teaching of the Catholic Church may inculcate precepts much more suited to the requirements even of the enlightened age in which we live. Does not this throw a little doubt on the advantages to be derived from a pure secularism, and does it not tend towards pointing out the necessity for a moral training not quite consistent with it?

THE Bishop of Ossory, in addressing his people MR. PARNELL'S about the approaching election, North Kilkenny LEADERSHIP. being in his diocese, threw out a hint that it may be useful to keep in mind. "It must have struck the most casual observer of events during the past few days," said the Bishop, "that the hereditary enemies of the Irish cause have begun to exhibit a sudden partiality for Mr. Parnell and his followers." This, we say, is a hint that may prove useful to us. It is well to be on the safe side, and prudence would certainly seem to recommend that we should be very well informed concerning the motives of those who still claim our allegiance for Mr. Parnell. It is not necessary for us to believe that Mr. Parnell himself would directly play the traitor—though perhaps it is not inappropriate to recall that a famous predecessor in guilt of this, that is Dermot McCormugh, played such a part by the Irish people of his day. A correspondent of the *London Star*, moreover, relates a suggestive incident as to his having accidentally discovered one of Mr. Parnell's personal friends on his way to Hatfield, the residence of Lord Salisbury. The important point is, however, that artful enemies of Ireland, or people desirous, as the saying is, of twisting Irishmen around their little fingers, may find it to their advantage to favour Mr. Parnell. We see his crime made light of. People, we are told, who are quite as bad, condemn him. Nay, saints themselves have been guilty of as much. The first argument is unworthy of reply. It is too foolish not to make us suspect the man who urges it. The second is answered once for all by the venerable Canon Doyle. "We are told," he says, "of David's fall, but not a word about his quick repentance and overwhelming sorrow—not a syllable about the dreadful chastisements those sins, though repented of, brought upon David and his house. We are not shown the aged King prostrate on the ground, his garments rent, and his grey hair sprinkled with ashes, crying from the depths of a broken heart, 'Have mercy on me, O God, according to Thy great mercy, and according to the multitude of Thy tender mercy, blot out my iniquities.'" We do not in fact, see one argument which has been urged for the retention of Mr. Parnell's leadership that is valid. The chief of all, and that which seems to claim most attention, is that based on the services rendered by him in the past. But let us recollect the old saying respecting the gratitude due to the cow that gives the milk and then kicks over the pail. Mr. Parnell knew what the effect of his misconduct on the Irish cause must be, and yet he did not restrain himself. How, then, are we to believe that his motives were genuine? But let us not question the matter too closely. Whether his motives were pure or imperfect, whether or not the thought of self entered into his undertaking more than we believed it did, is nothing now to the point. He served us, and we remain his debtors, and would gladly be silent respecting his fall if he would permit us. What we would insist on is the necessity for Irishmen to know the character of the people and all their circumstances who urge them to remain faithful to Mr. Parnell. We quote again that warning given by the Bishop of Ossory as most deserving of attention—"It must have struck the most casual observer of events during the past few days that the hereditary enemies of the Irish cause have begun to exhibit a sudden partiality for Mr. Parnell and his followers."

THE writer of a letter from the Irishman in *Truth* A SAMPLE. is accountable for the following:—"You will remember, dear Lady Betty, that in his 'Confessions' St. Augustine naively exclaims 'O Lord! convert me—but not