

solutely without financial fee or reward, disbursing through all these years a stream of benefactions which God and His angels and the recipients may know of, but of which the world knows nothing and never shall know. So that the imputation of the "St. James' Gazette" is wholly groundless. Dr. Parker's wealth was acquired while he was in the Protestant ministry, and no doubt derived from his labors as a Protestant minister. We do not say a word against Dr. Parker for having amassed a fortune. Since the point is raised, however, it is fair play to the Catholic priesthood to state that the Catholic priest usually dies worth about as much as suffices to bury him. Cases in point are numerous and ubiquitous, and have been frequently commented upon admiringly by the Protestant newspapers. A notable case lately was that of Dean Donaghy, of Melbourne, who died worth eighteen pence, a fact which led a Melbourne Protestant paper to remark that the gentleman had always about eighteen pence, more or less, but that as soon as he found he had more he parted with the surplus to the first poor man he met.'

A Romeward Movement

Two of our New Zealand secular contemporaries published the following paragraph in their issues of last Saturday:—

'It is now stated that the actual secessions from the Anglican congregation at St. Michael's, Shoreditch (London), to a local Roman Catholic Church were not so numerous as at first reported—forty at most—and nearly all the Sunday school children have returned to St. Michael's.'

The man with the diminishing glass is well known, if not greatly beloved, in the newspaper world. A few years ago, for instance, the writer of a letter in a Napier paper, commenting on a lecture by Mr. Henry M. Stanley, on Central Africa, coolly declared that the great explorer was really not 'well up in his subject'! And a sceptical confrere went to the trouble of writing to a London paper declaring that Lord Lister, Professor Huxley, and other great scientists were mistaken in supposing that Louis Pasteur had discovered a cure for hydrophobia! It is the familiar case of the zealot described in 'Hudibras':—

'For all men live and judge amiss
Whose talents jump not just with his.'

Like the philosopher of the Sandwich Islands, we like to 'smell of things before we swallow them' For that reason we have, up to the present, made no reference to the movement of conversion at Shoreditch. We preferred to wait and watch the course of events. But the matter has taken such a definite turn, and is now so much of the domain of public property that it is too late to minimise either the number or the significance of the conversions that have taken place there. The regular communicants in St. Michael's Anglican Church (says the London 'Tablet') were little more than a hundred. 'Putting aside inflated numbers on the one side,' says our London contemporary, 'and a ridiculous attempt to minimise the movement on the other, it may be repeated that the majority (of the regular communicants) have formally entered the Catholic Church, or are catechumens awaiting their early reception. The number actually received up to the present date (March 14) is 53. To this number must be added one of the late curates of St. Michael's, Mr. Hume. Each week brings fresh additions to the ranks of the neophytes. Between 30 and 40 children with their parents, or with the parents' consent, are also attending instructions, and more than 20 have been transferred to the day school for secular instruction. The services continue to be of the heartiest and most earnest character. Hymns, familiar in tunes and words, are sung at the evening services, especially on Sundays and Thursdays, the rosary is recited with inspiring energy, and the instructions of the clergy are followed with obvious eagerness and interest. The old Catholics who are able to obtain admission feel their own devotion warmed in sympathy with the new fire of the neophytes, and bless them for it.'

The 'Los Von Rom'

In curious contrast with the attempted minimising of the Romeward movement in Shoreditch was the eager credulity with which the non-Catholic religious press fastened upon and boomed the treasonable pro-German political conspiracy of a few years ago in Austria,

known as the 'Los von Rom,' or 'Away from Rome.' A passing fillip of interest has just been given to the insignificant and discredited movement by the squalid troubles which have fallen upon its foremost standard-bearers. 'The deputy Wolf, the grand organiser and chief of the movement, has,' says the London 'Tablet' of March 21, 'been the defendant in a divorce suit on the part of his wife, which has disclosed a series of the most scandalous facts regarding Wolf himself and others of his fellow-leaders. Serious breaches of morality have been revealed on the part of Wolf, for which his only defence was drunkenness. Moreover, he himself, writing to a Gratz newspaper, alleges very serious misconduct on the part of his wife with two other prominent organisers of the "Los von Rom" party, the deputies Schoener and Stein. The whole unsavory business is of such a public and disgraceful nature as to most seriously shake the confidence of the most ardent partisans.'

James Clarence Mangan

Chesterfield said in a letter to his son in 1746: 'I am very sure that any man of common understanding may, by proper culture, care, attention, and labor, make himself whatever he pleases except a good poet.' Chesterfield merely casts in another mould the well-known dictum of Horace regarding the poets that are born such, and the manufactured variety of verse-spinners. The true poetic instinct seems to break out somehow, as a spring will force its way even through the pores of a rock. It broke, for instance, through the hardest obstacles in the case of James Clarence Mangan, the centenary of whose birth falls on May-day—Friday of this week. In the literary world Mangan is comparatively little known. And yet he was, perhaps, the most striking genius that was ever produced by the Land of Song, and one of the most remarkable poets of the nineteenth century. His poems are marked by a rare tenderness and pathos, and a richness of imagery that has seldom been surpassed. Mangan's career gives a point to the saying of Josh Billings, that 'most awl the good poeckry was rit up a garret.' He was born in poverty in Dublin on May-day, 1803. He received a meagre training at a poor-school near his birthplace. Amidst the hard and grinding drudgery of his boyhood and early youth he contrived to devour books in a random and erratic way, and to explore the literary treasures of several modern European languages—German, French, Spanish, etc. Somewhere in the thirties he secured employment in the Trinity College Library, and there he wrought mechanically and dreamed the days away and swallowed the contents of great tomes while roosting upon a ladder. He was a strange compound of filial affection, exquisite sensibility, fine impulses, and (like Edgar Allan Poe—another child of genius) of hopeless intemperance. He was the bond-slave of opium and fire-water. 'There were two Mangans,' says his publisher, Mitchel, 'one well-known to the Muses, the other to the police. . . Sometimes he could not be found for weeks, and then he would reappear like a ghost or a ghoul, with a wildness in his blue, glittering eye, as of one who had seen spectres. . . Yet he was always humble, affectionate, almost prayerful,' and 'the cry of his spirit was ever: "Miserable man that I am, who will deliver me from the wrath to come?"'

The shy, sensitive, reticent Mangan lived a life apart in the midst of his poor home and family and friends. There are lines in one of his best-known translations from the German that seem to fit the man whose hair was white and whose face was ghastly and corpse-like at thirty-five:—

'Time's defacing waves
Long have quenched the radiance of my brow—
They who curse me nightly from their graves,
Scarce could love me were they living now;
But my loneliness hath darker ill—
Such dun duns as Conscience, Thought, and Co.,
Awful Gorgons! worse than tailors' bills
Twenty golden years ago!'

Here is the closing stanza:—

'Tick-tick, tick-tick—not a sound save Time's,
And the wind-gust as it drives the rain—
Tortured torturer of reluctant rhymes,
Go to bed, and rest thine aching brain!
Sleep! no more the dupe of hopes or schemes;
Soon thou sleepest where the thistles blow—
Curious anti-climax to thy dreams
Twenty golden years ago!'

One day in June, 1849, Mangan went to bed to rest his aching brain. It was in a miserable lodging-house