

The Catholic Weekly Review.

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CANADA

Reddite que sunt Cesaris, Cesari; et que sunt Dei, Deo.—Matt. 22: 21.

Vol. II.

Toronto, Saturday, April 14, 1888

No. 9.

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NOTES.

"Who can wonder at O'Brien's popularity in England and Ireland?" writes Mr. Labouchere, M. P., in the *N. Y. World*.—"Weak in health and only just out of prison, where cruelly severe regulations almost killed him, he is again in the breach, ready to dare all and suffer all rather than allow men of the Ponsonby stamp to ruin their tenants without a protest. There is no man living for whom I have more sincere admiration."

"If all that Wilfrid Blunt says of Mr. Balfour is true—and certainly the charges are made in plain enough English," says the *Chicago Times*,—"then Mr. Balfour as Secretary for Ireland is the right man in the wrong place. He would seem to be better equipped and qualified for a managerial position in the infernal regions."

Mr. Blunt has written a second letter to the *Times* respecting the evasiveness of Mr. Balfour's references to his statements, and respecting also the contemptuous letter of Mr. Brett, which lately appeared on the subject. As pedants of society, writes Mr. Blunt, Mr. Balfour, and his apologist, Mr. Brett, doubtless share the common drawing-room view of the Irish leaders, that they are not gentlemen, or persons to be treated as equals, or, indeed, for that matter, quite as human beings. "But to me," says Mr. Blunt, "they are equals and friends. We live in an age when the sham battles of Tory and Whig gentlemen are giving way to the realities of a fight for something more than office, and which will be fought without gloves." Mr. Balfour will, when that time comes, take his stand with the Loudon drawing-rooms, as against, Mr. Blunt says, the unpolished democracy, but the mass of the English voters will pay little heed to his social pleadings. "At the worst," concludes Mr. Blunt, "I shall be quiteready, if the present London world condemns me for my action in Ireland, to make a bundle of my social sins, and setting it, like Chris-

tian, on my back, fly from its drawing-rooms as from a city of destruction."

The project for the erection in Mount Royal Park, Montreal, of a colossal statue of the Blessed Virgin is well under way, and a petition on the subject has been presented to the Montreal City Council. The petition bears the signatures of Archbishop Fabre, J. J. Curran, Q. C., M. P., Judges Gill, Globensky, Jette, Matthieu and Lorenger, of the Supreme Court; Recorder de Montigny, Sheriff Chauveau, Messrs. A. A. Thibaudeau, J. B. Rolland, Owen McGarvey, J. H. Wilson, Louis Perrault, Alfred Masson, Edward Murphy, J. B. Durocher, D. and J. Sadlier, and about six hundred names of other leading French Canadian citizens. The grand monument, which will be of bronze of about 200 feet high, and which will cost, it is estimated, between \$75,000 and \$100,000, will become not only one of the most remarkable sights of the city, but a most precious historical souvenir, serving to recall to future generations the first name given to Montreal, *Ville Marie*, in honour of the first patroness of the city.

The Orange press of this province needless to say are opposed to the project, but its Orange following have nothing to do with the matter. Their veneration, of course, is confined to King William.

The death of the Rev. Father Drumgoole, of New York, the founder of the immense Missions for homeless children, in New York, who died from pneumonia, in that city, on Wednesday of Holy week, is deplored as a national loss. He was the Don Bosco of America. Statistics compiled up to March, 1885, showed that 15,730 children had been cared for by the Mission, 6,264 poor persons had received clothing, and over 7,680 pairs of shoes had been distributed. The Mission in Lafayette St. is a great ten-story building. An army of clerks are employed in the counting room and more than 1300 children are sheltered there and at Mt. Loretto. The work of the charity has grown to such proportions that Father Drumgoole's last scheme was to provide for a labour exchange to enable him to get places for the boys from the Mission.

"Credulous, yet shrewd," says a New York paper, "easily imposed upon, but prudent; strong, yet gentle; homely in manners, yet the truest gentleman at heart, Father Drumgoole was a living evidence of that Omnipotence which uses the pure in heart to accomplish his best designs.

"Father Drumgoole's name is famous. His death will be felt as a loss to the whole country. He was a benefactor to all the land. For through this great heart of the country—the city of New York—flows blood which tinges the national life. Father Drumgoole purified this blood. He changed the vicious child of the street into the self-respecting and neighbour-respecting Christian. He was a national benefactor."