

THE CHURCH IN 1893.

The Glorious Position Occupied by the Holy Father.

We have entered upon a new year, which is fraught with deepest interest to the Church—a year which, more than others, may be teeming with blessings, burdens, hopes and fears. As those undertaking a voyage bless the ship at starting, so may we ask God's providence to watch over us at the threshold of this twelvemonth. We are warranted in the confidence of the Divine protection, but, come what may, welcome be the will of the Creator. Only do we trust from our heart of hearts that 1893 may neither be the potent *Annus Mirabilis* of Dryden nor the awful *Annus Terribilis* of the French poet.

Truly, it is marked out as a grand, a momentous, mayhap an epoch-marking, period for Catholicity. In it occurs the Episcopal Jubilee of the Holy Father, when Rome will assume some of those features of animation and magnificence which characterized her in her palmy material prime before the stranger lorded it within her gates, and when the Pontiff gave his benediction *urbi et orbi* from the loggia of St. Peter's to the salute of his own artillery from the Castle of San Angelo.

But if Rome has fallen away from her temporal greatness she is still spiritual mistress of the world, and the spiritual festivals at hand will be commemorated with befitting pomp and devotion, amid the joy of the congregated faithful and with the customary precision and splendor of the triumphant ecclesiastical ritual. Indeed the *fete* has been already inaugurated by a *Triduum* in the gorgeous Church of the Gesù, where the Romans, the trusty native Romans of the ancient stock, testified their affection for the person of their benign Chief Pastor. Anthems pealed exultingly; the rosary, *il novo labaro della Chiesa*, as it is termed, the new war banner of the Church, was recited; and the Most Holy Sacrament was elevated on the first evening by the Pope's Maestro di Camera, on the second by his Maggior-domo, and on the third by Cardinal Rampolla; and knees were bent in humility, and souls upraised in petition to the Throne of the Almighty that He might persuade Leo XIII. *ad multos annos* to conduct His Church along the path of peace and security. The eloquent Father Zocchi preached three sermons on the mission of the Papacy, the sweetener and strengthener of the universe, on the inseparable glory of Italy and the Papacy, and on the actual Pontiff, who is first among Italians.

And that he is the first there can be no doubt, not merely by his exalted position, but by his virtues and talents. That fragile, gray haired old man, with sagacious eyes, the brow of wisdom, and the plastic lips of eloquence, would be one to be noted in a multitude did he never enjoy the august dignity of dignity of Christ's Vicar on earth, which lifts him to such a giddy attitude above his contemporaries. Gifted with foresight and prudence beyond the common, yet bold and energetic, broadly experienced, element, and bounteous, he has the scholarship and character united to the amiability and knowledge of man, which impart such a powerful influence to an individual apart from the prestige of rank. We do not allude to his abstemiousness, his industry, nor his polish, no more than we do to the charm and accuracy of his divagations into Latin verse; these are but the accidentals of his Pontificate. The qualities which count for statesmanship, and the prudent guidance of the marvellous machine under his control, are those which appeal to us, at the moment, and which awake our unstinted praise and admiration.

Guizot said in a conversation with Victor Hugo, he esteemed Pio Nono

because he invited and appreciated advice. But if his Holiness asked the opinion of others he judged rationally for himself afterwards. His visit was to do what was right; he sought it, and he often discovered it. Graciously, and with a good will he conceded what was just, but he also knew how to say, "I will never do that." In fact, he was gentleness and firmness. Thus Guizot, who was a Protestant.

Hugo, an anythingarian, a Hugolatro—if we must assign him a school or belief—agreed that if Pio Nono chose he might become the most powerful sovereign in Europe. "No one," he said, "realizes what a Pope might become."

A Pope who would follow the drift of his times might govern and might move the world. He has so enormous a lever—faith, the conscience, the mind. Every soul is a mine ready to be fired by the spark which would flash from the Pope. What a conflagration, if it pleased him! What a conflagration, if he so willed it!

Without seeking to institute comparisons between the two last occupants of Peter's Chair, it seems to us that Leo XIII. comes near to the Frenchman's ideal, as expressed in the last work from his pen, "Choses Vues." He marches abreast of the age. His vision is as extensive as some beacon, high raised, which casts its beams of light over long levels of land and sea.

He is the foe of the abominable slave-trade in Africa, endeavouring to put it down by honest, sincere zeal, not by extended over-grown territories, or giving to commercial syndicates the power of nations. His Holiness is not like those who loudly talk of spreading the light of progress and the Gospel, whilst sedulously pushing the sale of quick-killing rum by the persuasive means of quick firing guns.

In the United States we find a delegate of the Holy Father mediating between the hierarchy and the priesthood, acting by mild methods of counsel and conciliation, and sensitive of offending the native jealousy of the Republic.

In France, where the Republic has now existed for over twenty-two years, the same discreet course is adopted. The interests of the Church are to be considered foremost and are to be safe-guarded; but those of the State are to be respected. Frenchmen are recommended to be good Republicans, and the intrigues of Bonapartists, Legitimists, Orleanists, Boulangists, or whatever the factions are called which are sapping the established rule, are frowned down at the Vatican.

In Spain the Holy Father is equally severe on conspirators, although those conspirators profess to be among the most ardent adherents of the faith. In Italy the curse of Masonry is inveighed against, not that Masonry, which may be often an innocuous convivial tomfoolery in England, but the secret organization whose morals may be gathered from the circumstance that its Grand Master, Adriana Lemmi, was condemned in his youth to a year's imprisonment for theft at Marseilles. In Russia the train of events with the Holy See runs in much smoother grooves than before, and in Germany no longer prevails the uneasiness of Bismarck's arrogant Kulturkampf, but the young Emperor exhibits tolerance and exchanges compliments with the Holy Father. With the exception of China and Hungary, the policy of Rome is without dangerous enemies, and even there the troubles which beset the Church will in every likelihood be appeased in the year which has just begun.—*London Universe*.

Cannot Refrain.

"I cannot refrain," writes Mr. Robert George Watts, M. A., M. D., M. R. C. S., Albion House, Quadrant Road, Canonbury, N. London, Eng., "from testifying to the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil in cases of chronic rheumatism, sciatica and neuralgia."

Dean Egan.

The Very Rev. Dean Egan of Barrie was invited to Thornhill on Thursday of last week to receive an address and purse from his late parishioners. The presentation took place at Father McMahon's residence, where a very pleasant evening was spent the Dean, as usual, distinguishing himself by his ready wit and humor. Following is a copy of the address:

To the Very Rev. Dean Egan.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER—It is with feelings of deep regret that we say good-bye to you, who have been our beloved pastor for so long. For many years yours has been the guiding hand to lead us on our pilgrimage through this life, ever pointing to a higher and better home beyond the grave.

In obedience to the voice of his Grace the Archbishop you leave us for a higher and wider field of labour; and although we are deeply pained to part with you, it is with feelings of joy we see you promoted to the dignity of Dean, which you are so well fitted to fill.

By your zeal and energy you have ever done your utmost for us and our children in religion, and lightened our trials by your genial ways. Our respect and esteem you shall always have, and our poor prayers will follow you, asking our dear Lord to send you every blessing in this life and an eternal reward in the next.

Please accept the accompanying purse as a small token of esteem and gratitude from the congregation of Thornhill Roman Catholic church.

Signed on behalf of the congregation: James Marshall, James Whelan, T. J. Hughes, W. J. Enright, William Bannan, Chas. J. Foley.

Thornhill, March, 1893.

DEAN EGAN'S REPLY.

MY DEAR FRIENDS—It is an old saying that "from the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh;" but if ever there is an occasion on which the very fulness of the heart would prevent one from finding expressions for his feelings, the present is such a one for me. Words are but a very feeble expression of the thoughts which crowd upon my mind when I attempt to thank you for your beautiful address and handsome present.

I am thankful that this presentation has been postponed, as the delay has spared me much of the pain of parting with people who were so dear to me, and who had so many claims on my gratitude.

Love and veneration for their faithful priests has been always a characteristic of our race, and I sincerely hope the day shall never see the dawn when that spirit shall have been extinguished.

I feel indeed that in this address you have been unconsciously drawing a picture of me which your own ardent fancies had painted, and that it is to your warm Irish hearts, and to your undying attachment to the *Soggarth Aroon*, rather than to your deliberate judgments, I am indebted for the flattering copy. I am not at all surprised that you so much exaggerate my humble endeavors, when I know that your hearts composed this fond and glowing panegyric having your eyes fixed on the priesthood of our race.

Since his Grace the Archbishop has honored me by promoting me to the Deanery of Barrie I shall carefully study the picture you have drawn and try with God's grace, by approaching the original, to promote the glory of God in my new sphere and show my gratitude to his Grace.

I have tried to correspond with God's grace, which is never wanting to any of us, and especially to the priest in the discharge of his sacred functions. Whatever was wanting in me (and I believe without any affectation of humility, that to have been a good deal) you yourselves have sup-

plied by a faithful co-operation with my efforts.

All admit that home ties are sacred, but far from sacred are the ties that bind the priest to his flock. I have spent amongst you more than eleven years of what were the prime of my life. Now that I have left you to fulfil a new appointment I shall remember you in my prayers, and especially in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

A Bishop's Drive.

Dr. Grant was fond of telling a story on himself—of how one day he fell asleep at a sermon, and awoke as the preacher, Cardinal Wiseman, was emphatically pronouncing the words, "Charity never sleepeth!" It was probably the only time that Charity ever caught him napping. He was always on the *qui vive* whenever a good work was to be done. Sometimes his quickness in seizing an opportunity of this sort led to incidents that were both droll and picturesque.

He was driving home from Norwood one Christmas Eve. The cold was intense; everything was covered with frost and snow. The cabman, petrified on his box, was slapping his arms about vigorously. The Bishop watched him for a while, compassionating his discomfort; but concern for his bodily sufferings was quickly followed by anxiety as to the probable state of his soul. Was it as chilled and frozen as his blood? The Bishop let down the window in front of him, and entered into conversation with his charioteer by a few kind words of sympathy, which soon led to the desired information. The man was an Irishman, consequently a Catholic by birth, but the wear and tear of life had been too much for him; he kept the faith, but he had long since given up practicing it.

"Well, now," said the Bishop, in his most coaxing tone, "you are going to turn over a new leaf this Christmas. Promise me, like a good boy, that you will go to your duty before the week is out."

"Oh, then, bedad, and there's nothing I'd like better, my lord, if only I had the time," declared Paddy; "but sure I never have a spare minute. It's either driving I am, or looking after the mare at home."

"Indeed, I dare say that's true," assented the Bishop; "but where there's a will, God sends a way. Just pull up a moment." And before the cabman knew what was coming, the Bishop was up on the box beside him, "Now, just see how good God is, he said, affectionately, putting his arm through his companion's. You could not go to the priest, so He has sent the priest to you. Now, let us begin, and make a good, hearty confession; we have plenty of time and nothing to interrupt us."

With the docility of a child the poor fellow made the sign of the cross and began. So they journeyed on to London, the silence broken only by the rumbling of the vehicle and the dialogue of the two men, the rough voice of the penitent alternating with the low tones of the confessor, while angels, keeping their vigils in the mid night heavens, sang a new canticle, whose echoes fell upon the soul of the prodigal brought home that night. He went to communion on Christmas morning, and told the story of that memorable drive, amidst tears and blessings, when Dr. Grant had gone to his rest.—"Life of Thomas Grant," by Kathleen O'Meara.

The trouble with most cough medicines is that they spoil the appetite, weaken digestion, and create bile. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, on the contrary, while it gives immediate relief, assists rather than impairs the assimilative process.

KIDNEY PILLS.

Watson's cough drops will give positive and instant relief to those suffering from colds, hoarseness, sore throat, etc., and are invaluable to orators and vocalists. R. & T. W. stamped on each drop. Try them.