

# The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

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## NOTES.

The serious illness of Mr. Bright obliterates party feelings, and now that his life seems to be threatened, the Irish people show a disposition only to remember his former generosity to them. "Those who remember the prime and manhood of the people's Tribune," observes the *Nation*, and experienced the sympathetic services of those years, cannot contemplate his suffering without regret. Most Irishmen, notwithstanding recent events, echo Mr. Gladstone's prayer for his old colleague."

From all accounts of the causes which led to the estrangement between Father Lambert and Bishop McQuade, it appears clear that Father Lambert was at all events not the aggressor, and has maintained an attitude of dignity and forbearance. "All Catholics, and even well-disposed Protestants," says the *St. Louis Watchman*, "will regret the feud between Father Lambert and his bishop, the more so as there is no cause of quarrel between them. In a moment of weakness, Bishop McQuade entered into a controversy in the newspapers with Father Lambert, on a subject on which he was not well informed and in which consequently he took the wrong side; and, as might have been expected, the author of 'Notes on Ingersoll' readily disposed of his imprudent antagonist. Out of this newspaper quarrel grew an estrangement and subsequent friction that have lasted for several years—entirely too long for the good sense of the litigants and for the patience of the public. The matter has gone to Rome, and the decision Rome will give will probably be: antagonists in the arena of old were stripped; Knights of the quill must wear neither mitre or beretta." "The public in America," adds the *Watchman*, "is Cæsar, and Bishop McQuade appealed to Cæsar."

From the *Weekly Register* of London we learn that Sir George Errington has issued a sort of apology for his political opinions, which have been of a somewhat shift and transitory kind on his own showing. He has done so through the medium of a letter to Rev. Austin Powell. That he has done so the *Register* thinks is to be regretted,

as also it is to be regretted that Father Powell in return has permitted himself the use of terms needlessly offensive to those who disagree with him—as it thinks the great majority of his fellow Catholics in the British Empire very heartily do. "It is not good," says that journal, "to hear a priest condemn as rogues and robbers a multitude of the priests who live about him. It is not good to hear such terms applied to the whole Hierarchy of Ireland—for even the Bishop of Limerick does not falter about Home Rule or think it "indissolubly linked with nefarious practices." That men are not "good Catholics" who do not share Father Powell's opinions in so thinking it, is an implication which Father Powell will be the first to regret when he has ceased to be so feverishly anxious to pull Sir George Errington's chestnuts out of the fire. Diplomats have not shone lately as discreet letter-writers. But the *gaucheries* of Lord Sackville are harmless enough when compared with those of the amateur envoy to the Pope, whom the Pope declined to see. Lord Sackville gave unselfish advice which could injure nobody but himself. Sir George Errington, in writing what he supposes will benefit himself politically, cares not what ill-will he may breed or whom he may wound."

The Catholic Total Abstinence Union, says an exchange, which embraces the various total abstinence societies organized in this country, is recognized even by non-Catholics as an association of level-headed, sober-minded men—bishops, priests, and laymen,—who believe it is their bounden duty to prevent drunkenness as far as they can by moral suasion and by peaceably but firmly opposing the saloon interest. Its members do not meddle in politics: as a body they take no part in the strife of parties. For this they have received high commendation from politicians themselves. It is by persuasive influence, such as this organization exerts on the community, and not by hot-headed fanaticism, that the solution of the great drink question will be obtained.

The *New York World* of last Saturday publishes a map showing what the United States will look like after the annexation of Canada. It cuts Canada up into 27 new States and territories. With delicate consideration for the perplexities of future map-makers, it names them all; and with a freedom from partisan bias beyond praise, calls two contiguous territories respectively Cleveland and Harrison. It generously apportions fourteen new Senators, 52 Congressmen, and a probable representative in the Cabinet to the Dominion. It has figured it out that the United States could buy Canada for about \$300,000,000; and if the Republicans should have failed in their patriotic endeavours to reduce the surplus, it might be applied to the reduction of Canada's enormous debt. "Having conquered the Western wilderness," says the *World*, warming into poetry, "the star of empire northward points its way. This consummation," it continues, "would at once remove what is about the only disturbing foreign factor in contemporary politics by shaking off Great Britain from the North American Continent. There would be no more trouble about fishing treaties or retaliation measures, and peace with all nations would be assured by making the United States absolute master of the vast Western Continent." The *New York World* is too premature.