

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Reddite quæ sunt Cæsaris, Cæsari; et quæ sunt Dei, Deo.—Matt 22: 21.

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Notes.

An announcement was made in a city paper on Tuesday of the elevation of the Bishop of London to the Archbishopric of Toronto. We are not at liberty to say more than that the announcement was premature; but that the appointment of Dr. Walsh to be Metropolitan, an event so ardently hoped for in Toronto, is not unexpected.

Those Ontario papers which opposed the Jesuits' Estates settlement are endeavouring to make capital out of a foolish and sensational article which lately appeared in a Quebec journal, *Le Canadien*, accusing the Jesuits of having intrigued at Rome against the influence of Cardinal Taschereau, and of having betrayed the Papal Court into committing a diplomatic blunder. The culpable character of the article, which it is absurd to suppose had the cognizance of Cardinal Taschereau, has been condemned by the remainder of the French press of the Province.

The Boston *Pilot* of last week refers us follows to an infamous publication, which is now being largely quoted from in Toronto:—"Among the scandalous books on exhibition in the windows of certain fanatical anti-Catholics in Boston, and for sale, "for the good of the cause," is the "Monita Secreta," or "Secret Instructions of the Jesuits," an infamous book which has been made to do duty in almost every extensive anti-Catholic crusade since its issue in 1612. It is, of course a pure invention, and was attributed to Jerome Zahonowski, who had been dismissed from the Society, probably for some misconduct, and who took this mode of revenging himself. It has often been refuted both by Protestants and Catholics, and one only needs to read it with an ordinary degree of penetration and candor to be convinced of its perfectly mendacious and fraudulent character."

"It will do no harm to add once again," said the *Mail* in its editorial on the result of the recent division, "that so far as this journal can gauge the trend of public opinion, Ontario is prepared, before acknowledging herself beaten, which would be tantamount to confessing that she had ceased to be free, to insist on a revision of the constitution, even though the demand should put an end to Confederation."

This is the "We'll kick the Queen's Crown into the Boyne" style of argument.

It is not so long ago that Mr. Chamberlain, by way of solace for the loss of respect and of friends which his desertion of Liberal principles cost him, congratulated himself on a public platform that at any rate he was now "the colleague of English gentlemen." The English gentlemen, we should judge, must take joy in their colleague.

The N. Y. *Herald's* correspondent, "A Member of Parliament," in his dispatch dated Sunday last, describes the proceedings in the House when the announcement was made of the death of John Bright. Mr. Smith, the Government leader's speech, was, we are told, appropriate and sympathetic; Mr. Gladstone followed, and pronounced a generous eulogium which was couched all through "in that elevated strain which alone is tolerable on such an occasion." Lord Hartington, who spoke next, spoke in a manly manner. Though he could not keep the tone where Mr. Gladstone had left it, he at least did not disturb the effect his eloquence had created. Then Mr. Justin McCarthy rose and paid a warm tribute to Mr. Bright, on behalf of the Irish party, which he says was in every way good and seemly. Then Mr. Chamberlain got up, and brought things down to a prosaic level. "We could now compare," says the correspondent, the new school with the old, Mr. Chamberlain with Mr. Gladstone. Broad and deep indeed is the chasm which divides them. Mr. Gladstone talked of Mr. Bright's exalted purity and noble aims. Mr. Chamberlain began to tell of his pecuniary relations with his constituents. I have heard and read some strange funeral orations, but that a gentleman should rise upon such an occasion and say in effect, "Our organization, which I called into existence, was perfect, and we never let the deceased pay his own election expenses"—this I think is something new in necrological literature. He who drinks beer thinks beer was the dictum of Dr. Johnston, and I suppose that he who loves money dearly will think money, but at such a time and over such a man it was out of place to talk of election expenses. "Mr. Bright was a good man and we sent him here free of cost."

And thus it came to pass, he adds, that smiles were seen on the lips of many members as they left the House, in spite of the sadness and solemnity of the occasion.