Catholiq Weekly Review.

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

Reddite qua sunt Casaris, Casari; et qua sunt Dei, Deo. - Matt 22: 21.

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No. 16

CONTENTS.

Norks.	20
Contributed Articles.	
The Ascension G. M. Ward The Queen's Birthday in wontreal. J. J From Three Rivers Lorraine The Parliament Buildings J. K. F. Consecration of the Busiliea at St. Anne de Beaupre G. M. Ward The True Cross N. D. F.	244 246 246 247 247
The Romance of a Jesuit	212
EDITORIAL— LORD Tennyson and Dr. Ward. Cardinal Manning and the Irish Members Professor Huxley on Positivism. The Worship of Humanity The Word "Agnostic" The Late Hon. Thos. Ryan Mr. Gladstone and Italy English Newspaper Opinion Mr. Parnell before the Commission	245 245 245 245 245 246 246 246 246
	231
POETRY Apple Blossoms	211

Aotes.

His Lordship, Bishop O'Mahony, returned to the city on Tuesday of last week, after a sojourn of some months in the South, much improved, we rejoice to say, in health. An account will be found elsewhere of the welcome extended him on his return by the people of "St. Paul's" parish, in this city.

Scotland, or that portion of it which forms the Diocese of Galloway, will soon be astonished in all its little town ham lets by a singular visitation. A caravan, we learn from the Weekly Register, will enter into their midst, which will not be tenanted by gypsies, nor yet by an artist. It will not be the famous "Home Rule Van," nor will it belong to the Salvation Army. Its occupant will be a Catholic priest—the Rev. Lord Archibald Douglas- and the van itself will be divided into a "Mass house" and a room to work, eat, and sleep in. It is by this novel means that Father Douglas intends to bring home to scattered populations the words of truth which they would otherwise never hear, and that his life of hardship will have great results in the future, if not immediately, cannot be doubted.

We refrained, until the arrival of our English and Irish exchanges, from any comment upon the ampleasant, and what to many must have seemed the mexplicable, incident in the course of Mr. Parnell's cross-examination by Sir Richard Webster, in which it came to pass that Mr. Parnell admitted that he had attempted, deliberately, to mislead the House of

Commons. Had Mr. Parnell actually sought to mislead the House it would have been creditable to him to have confessed the truth before the Commission; but it turns out that it was not Mr. Parnell who misled, but Mr. Parnell who was misled, and by the Attorney-General. By quoting garbled extracts from the Irish leader's speech, he left that gentleman under the impression that he had intended to convey a meaning which the speech, judged by the whole context, did not bear. "I find," said Mr. Parnell, "by a reference to my speech in Hansard that the representation (i. e., the representation which the Attorney-General gave it) that all secret societies had ceased to exist in Ireland, was neither within the scope or argument of that speech, nor of the passage in question." In fact, the speech of Mr. Parnell which the Attorney General quoted from, had reference to an entirely different matter, namely, the existence of Ribbon organizations in Ireland, which began to crumble away from the date of the growth of a constitutional movement. So that the only vestige of a triumph which the Attorney-General secured in the course of his cross-examination is seen to have been secured by an unworthy little bit of sharp practice.

Lord Wolseley, who from his position might be expected to remain somewhat neutral in politics, is well known as an opponent to Home Rule for Ireland. Coming of North of Ireland Orange stock, this is, perhaps, not so remarkable; what is remarkable is the bitterness, not to say the indecency, with which he attacks those who may not share his opinions. Not content with political campaigning on public platforms, which is quite bad enough, and we venture to say, contrary to all military regulations, even if the officer happen to be English Adjutant General, Lord Wolseley carries his partisan feelings into private and professional intercourse. A few days ago he had the bad taste, during the delivery of a lecture on "The Military Strength of England," which cer tainly was not a political subject, to violently attack Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues for their part in the Home Rule movement. These distinguished public men he assailed as "the insignificant few who laughed at honour, who sneered at renown, and who despised patriotism, who loved to spout about freedom and liberty, yet who forgot the difference between these blessings and license, and who would willingly see the United Kingdom torn into pieces, if only they could once again flourish in Downing St. Only a mad Prime Minister, ' he went on to declare, would dream of restoring to Ireland the right of managing her own affairs. Probably England's "only General," who has never yet led a division against any civilized enemy, but who has been nursed and daudled into place and power, to the intense disgust of the best infiltary opinion in England, by the praise and puffery of the penny press, perhaps this swaggering Ulster roy sterer would dearly love to add to his "glories" a campaign in Ireland.