

# 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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## EXIT 1891.

What solemn thoughts on Time's all crushing pow'r  
And priceless value of each passing hour,  
Arise! with words the saddened heart to cheer,  
In kindly greetings, blent with Christmas joys;  
And sad reflections on earth's worthless toys,  
Naught else may poet's fancy conjure here  
Or bring to memory of th' expiring year.

## WINTER.

Europe, all winter, felt the chilling blast  
Of north winds fierce as never in the past  
Swept down from Alpine heights with deafening roar.  
Locked were her lakes and streams in Ice's bands  
Snow buried Spain and France's sunny lands,  
Unlooked-for ills to suffering thousands bore,  
Crossed o'er the seas and whitened Afric's shore.

## PEACE.

Tho' dismal prophets alarm spread with fear,  
No deeds of carnage stained the peaceful year;  
On friendly missions were arm'd war ships seen  
Before High Cronstadt, greeting Russia's Czar,  
In awful pomp and circumstance of war;  
Or in the Sound, saluting, England's Queen.  
From trumpets blare and cannon's brazen sheen.

## PARNELL.

Ireland this year laments a fallen chief,  
And droops in deep-felt anguish, plunged in grief  
That he should sink who bade her Sun to rise;  
That he, so brave, so stern, should him incline  
Before the flame of love's unshadlow'd shrine  
And fall like Samson or Solomon the Wise,  
His fame, his country's hope, his all, the sacrifice.

## SIR JOHN.

Fair Canada her chieftain's loss bewail'd;  
By many worshipped, by some e'en yet assailed  
For imperfections. What mortal's free from blame  
Sir John took Right and Public weal for guide;  
Confederation his aim, his work, his pride,  
His country's glory, his only path to Fame;  
Her ill-success, her faults, his only shame.

## CHILI.

The flow'ry meads of Chili's blooming vales,  
Where genial summer, all the year, prevails,  
Were crimsoned dark with Crime and Patriots' blood.  
Balmaceda, a slave to Pride and Lust,  
With Freedom's banner trailing in the dust,  
Usurp'd a throne, where tyrant ne'er had stood,  
But raised the storm, and sank beneath the flood.

## BRAZIL.

Long years, in fam'd Brazil, Dom Pedro reign'd,  
The people's idol, with guilt or blood ne'er stain'd,  
Whose Royal breast gave Truth and Faith a home,  
Known for his gentleness, and Heaven's sweet charity,  
He father'd the poor, and bade the slave go free.  
The secret Lodges hurled him from the throne,  
He died in exile, much wept, and blessed from Rome.

## ROME.

Impiety and rapine yet hold sway  
In God's chosen city where pilgrims love to pray  
And thousands gather from far-off distant lands  
To place their love-sent offerings at his feet.  
And in His Vicar, Christ Himself to greet.  
Like Paul, tho' captive, "fetter'd by those bands,"  
The wide world's homage Leo still commands.

## UNITED STATES.

The rolling Mississippi laughed in glee  
When all Missouri intoned the jubilee  
Of Kenrick, the aged High-priest—pioneer  
Of Christian Faith and holy sacrifice;  
Who made the altars smoke and temples rise  
In far-off Western prairies. He reaps, this year,  
The Golden Autumn of a grand career.

## CANADA.

While other lands with dewy skies unblest'd  
Were arid, unproductive, famine-pressed,  
Our Tiller's hopes a bounteous harvest crown'd;  
Soft summer's showers and bright suns rob'd our fields—  
In all the golden treasures Ceres yields—  
Rich fruits of varied hue and kind abound  
While Peace and Plenty shed their blessings round.

## FATHER DOWD.

Villa Maria, plung'd in silent grief,  
Unreach'd, like Rachel, by solace, woe's relief;  
For dead is her great Priest. His name was known  
And honor'd where e'er known, and lov'd by all.  
No light but Heav'n's could his great soul enthrall.  
For glories earn'd, for triumphs nobly won,  
On brow of Saint no brighter halo shone.

## IRELAND.

A winter, dreary, desolates the vales  
Of Erin, the unhappy; piteous wails  
Are borne in prayer, to Mercy's throne sublime.  
From men dishearten'd, their ranks by faction cleft  
From weeping mothers, of love and hope bereft,  
While want and discord lure their sons to crime,  
They turn to Heaven and us for aid in time.

When Christmas chimes and carols rend the skies,  
And God is bless'd and hymns of thanks arise,  
For all his boundless mercies and plenteous store  
Let charity open wide our hearts and hands  
To brothers suffering in less favor'd lands,  
Waft Christmas gifts to ev'ry hapless shore  
That all rejoice and Bethlehem's God adore.

The room in the Palace of Brussels, where Prince Baldwin, the King's nephew, rendered his last breath, has been converted into an oratory at the desire of his mother, the Countess of Flanders. The altar is in the place formerly occupied by the bed. His little library containing his prayer-book and rosary-heads has been left untouched. The Cardinal Archbishop of Malines has blessed the chapel. The Holy Sacrifice was celebrated there for the first time on the *fete* of the Immaculate Conception.