

THE EVENTS OF A MONTH.

The November that is now no more was a month of considerable interest to everybody. In the first week died Judge O'Connor, an honourable man who succumbed to over work. Before going on circuit—a task that he was not able to perform—he wrote a private letter to the writer of these observations, in which he made reference to the many sufferings he was undergoing. The appointee who takes the place of Mr. O'Connor is a man of marked ability, and it may be fairly said that he is the first leading counsel appointed to the bench since the time of Sir Matthew Crooks Cameron. It is satisfactory to think he is not called to this position without the qualifications necessary for it. It is a misfortune for the public that sometimes a man of no qualifications is put into position if the party requires the support of that man's church, and that when his church is of no account a man of undoubted capacity is overlooked. This by no means applies exclusively to the Catholics. Judge MacMahon's elevation may be taken to be that of a capable lawyer appointed with regard only to his legal ability, and in spite of being a favourite of the party in opposition.

The resignation of the Hon. Frank Smith is in some respects a matter of moment if the presence of an Irish Catholic from Ontario is essential to the complexion of the cabinet. Mr. Smith's enemies say he was of no use and had no power at Ottawa, and Mr. Smith's friends might now say the same—if the newspapers are to be credited. If he prevented some capable man of his race and religion from being a real, live minister of the crown, he not only didn't resign too soon, but he should never have accepted the shadow of a post he was supposed to occupy. When, however, important appointments were being made in his province as if he didn't exist, there was no course open to him as an honourable man but to resign. It is to be seen if he will stay resigned, or if he will return and continue useless and powerless as it is said he has been in the past.

The great Temperance Gospel question has been revived by an heretical discourse of the Rev. Mr. Macdonell, which gave great scandal to his clerical friends and corresponding comfort to the Brewers and the Licensed Victuallers. The rev. clergyman thinks that when wine is mentioned in the Scriptures, it is not cordial or syrup, but wine indeed. He is sound on that question, and there is no way out of the difficulty for his opponents but to reject all those portions of Scripture that say wine is good, or is bad, or is anything in fact. There should be no difficulty for his opponents in this rejection. The Canon of Scripture is just as much in the hands of the Rev. Mr. Johnson or the Rev. Mr. Milligan or the editor of the *Globe* or any one else, as is the meaning of words of Scripture itself. When it becomes more popular to pray for the dead, the rejected Maccabees will be received. They are coming in every day. When one says heretical, it is not without a sense of its misapplication, because one man like Mr. Macdonell is as orthodox as the man opposing him. The Scriptures are all things to all men; it is pretty clear they are different things to some of these clergymen. Mr. Macdonell is a really good man, but he has the fashion of unpleasantly disturbing his friends by these little vagaries.

What afflicts his soul, however, and cuts him to the quick is that he pays taxes, and His Grace, the Archbishop, pays none. However, he declares he will struggle with bailiffs and have his possessions sold out next year if this crying injustice is permitted. The *Globe*, whose paths lie often in unpleasant places, tries to convince this wrathful taxpayer of the error of his ways, but the pastor of St. Andrew's will not be comforted. His only consolation appears to be that while at our banquet to the Cardinal, the Queen's health and the Pope's health were both left to take care of themselves, the hospitality of Government House noticed Her Majesty, but took no note of His Holiness, and yet, a week after these dinners, Mr. Macdonell raked the Presbyterian Review fore and aft for its attacks on those Protestants who received the Cardinal with any show of civility. The sermons that followed and the letters and editorials on them show what a city we live in. It is probable the Mayoralty election will point in the same direction. A writer in the *Mail* of a few

days ago sees Protestantism in danger, and calls out the police in his own fashion. Freely translated, he implores the High Churchmen to put aside their tom-foolery, the Low Church to appear respectable and resist Rome. Toronto is a bigoted city, but we don't live in fear and trembling. The bigots mean harm, but they are harmless.

The attack on Bishop Cleary was one of the most ridiculous things of this month or year. The affair of some Catholic pupils in Kingston was, with the Public School moral story of Napanee, made the basis of very wild talk, and not a little mystification. When the dust was cleared away by the Bishop, and the facts appeared, the respectable press apologized and the thing was over. It is true that Dr. Joseph Wild and Mr. Peter Ryan had something to say, when the necessity for it had passed by, but these gentlemen had probably their own reasons, and if they enjoy each other's companionship, no one will complain of it. Except, perhaps, the Lost Tribes of Israel, the Catholic Church and its Bishops are the best friends Mr. Wild has; he no doubt inwardly chuckles over its indestructibility, it is bread and butter for him, as it will be for others for all time to come. He would give pounds and pounds of money to be noticed by an Archbishop. When the modern Peter addresses the Churches in Kingston, he possibly assumes that outside attitude by which a man born, say within the United Empire, may be an Englishman or an Irishman at convenient intervals. His attacks on things generally are not so profitable as those of his confreres, and it was an unguarded political remark that "he spoiled himself for the hustings." It is related, though not by the local editor at Napanee, who hid himself under the Bishop's pulpit, that Mr. Ryan's exuberance of language on the occasion of this remark, went far beyond any of his previous efforts. Be that as it may, Mr. Ryan would have done better to have minded his own business. When a Catholic layman or Bishop goes wrong in reality, there are not wanting plenty to blazon it to the world. In Mr. Ryan's case, though it may have been a labour of love, it was a work of supererogation. If, on the other hand, a layman or a Bishop need sound correction and fatherly advice, it would be supposed Mr. Ryan would be conscious how unsuitable he is to play the part of a spiritual Nestor. Mr. Ryan's great strength lies in matters political, and while he has always been foremost in denouncing upstart leaders for Catholics—self-appointed representatives—he should have been a better pupil of his own philosophy. He has all the talents, but no commission.

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The Church in Canada.

Under this heading will be collected and preserved all obtainable data bearing upon the history and growth of the Church in Canada. Contributions are invited from those having in their possession any material that might properly come for publication in this department

THE IRISH CATHOLIC COMMUNITY IN MONTREAL.

A narrative of the many forms in which the gratitude of a people was manifested to a beloved pastor, and one of his most zealous associates, honouring together the 50th anniversary of the day on which they consecrated themselves to the service of the Most High, and were ordained His priests for ever, would form a neat little memento of so auspicious an event, yet we may be permitted to make of that day an epoch in another sense, and choose it as the point from which to glance at the history of the congregation engaged in its celebration. To-day the position of the Irish Catholic community of Montreal and its vicinity is one of influence, power and prestige. The assessment rolls are evidence of the interest they command to the extent of millions of dollars. Their hold on commerce and manufactures, their representation in the judiciary, in the Senate and Commons of the Dominion, in the Local Legislature, at the aldermanic board, in the various offices of trust and emolument connected with public affairs, and their place in the learned professions, by men of their race and creed, leave no room for cavil. Census returns are scarcely needed to establish