

# The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

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## NOTES.

Mr. John Hooper has just informed his constituents that he has placed his resignation in Mr. Parnell's hands. Mr. Hooper has done good service to the party, and was one of Mr. Balfour's prisoners at Tullamore last winter. He is the editor and part-proprietor of *The Cork Herald*, a leading Nationalist organ in the South of Ireland, and he resigns his place in Parliament in order to devote himself to his work as a journalist. He was offered but declined the mayoralty of Cork for the coming year.

It is stated that Mr. Hooper's resignation will be followed by further changes in the Irish party. Mr. Hooper was one of the most regular attendants at all debates and divisions, but there are three or four gentlemen in the party who were equally remarkable for their continual absence, and they will probably be replaced by more efficient men next session.

To Mrs. Sherman, whose death was recorded last week, the Catholics of America owe the appointment of priests as chaplains to the Northern Army during the war. Mrs. Sherman was a Miss Ewing, a granddaughter of one of the men of 1798. She had three sons. One, now dead, was destined for his father's career—the army; another is a law student, and will probably play a part later on in American politics; the third is a Jesuit scholastic, now reading theology at Woodstock. The General is not a Catholic, but he allowed his wife to educate all her children in her own religion.

We learn from the *Manchester Guardian* that when Mr. Gladstone was at Birmingham the other day, he slipped across from Sir W. Foster's house to the Oratory to inquire after Cardinal Newman. He could not see the Cardinal but was received by the Father who habitually attends him. In conversation it came out that the venerable patient was fond of reading in bed, but that the Fathers had difficulty in finding him a safe and suitable light. Mr. Gladstone instantly replied, "I have the very thing by me," and posing back to Sir W. Foster's house, returned bearing a candlestick with a reflector attached, which

he left as a present for the Cardinal. Considering that this happened on the very afternoon of the Bingley Hall meeting—in the midst of the hurry and excitement of preparation—it is a striking instance of self forgetfulness and thoughtfulness for others.

"Our duty," Cardinal Newman has said, "is to follow the Vicar of Christ whither he goeth, and never to desert him, however we may be tried, but to defend him at all hazards, and against all comers, as a son would a father, and as a wife a husband, knowing that his cause is the cause of God."

We have received from the publishers, the Anglo Canadian Music Association, a copy of "A Grave in the Sunshine," a musical composition in which the verses which appeared in a Toronto paper after the death of the late Archbishop are set to music. Over the score we read that "After the attending physicians informed him on Friday that there was no hope of his recovery, the late Archbishop Lynch made a codicil to his will directing the church authorities to lay him on the sunny spot near the north wall of the palace garden." This, apparently, suggested the lines to a writer on a local paper who only a short time previously employed himself in writing similar doggerel, insulting and holding up the Archbishop to ridicule. On this account there are some people, perhaps unhappily, who do not appreciate them. Moreover it was perfectly well known to the members of the Archbishop's household and to others, that he had never made any request to be buried in the sunshine. The late Archbishop's solicitor, who drew up the codicil, scouts the suggestion as ridiculous. The fact is the Archbishop never in his life entertained a desire so unconsciously Pagan, as this to be buried in the sunshine. What he did request was his interment outside the church wall where the priests of the palace, and the passers-by, seeing his grave, might stop for a moment and breathe a prayer for him. That was a Christian idea, and more like the pious Archbishop. Only a Persian, or some Sun-worshipping religionist, would have made the other and alleged stipulation.

With regard to the piece of music itself, it is said to be a superior composition. The design of the cover is artistic, and if the publisher, an Ottawa gentleman, in issuing the music, has been actuated by a disinterested desire to perpetuate the memory of the late Archbishop, we could wish, notwithstanding what we have said, that the work have a large sale.

The amount and variety of religious enterprise in China is such, it appears from an address delivered lately by Dr. Williamson to one of the English Protestant missionary societies, as to be equally embarrassing both to the missionary and the proselyte. In Shanghai alone there appear to be seven different organizations; on which the *Pall Mall Gazette* observes:

Seven foreign missions for Chinamen to choose,  
Seven little churches with seven little "views,"  
Seven forms of meetings, seven sets of rules,  
Seven weekly sermons and seven Sunday-schools,  
Seven sets of buildings, at seven times the cost.  
What a lot of energy in China must be lost!