



THE CHURCH OF ROME.

HER PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

Extracts from the Protestant Historian Lord Macaulay's Essay on the Popes.

In this age of controversy, when every imaginable weapon is being used against the Church of Rome, it might not be out of place to quote a few lines from one of England's greatest critics, essayists and historians. Any one conversant with Lord Macaulay's works is aware that he has never had any love for Rome, nor for the Popes. Yet as an historian he has sought to be exact and undoubtedly he was deep and well-versed. Gifted with a prodigious memory, and endowed with a keen judgment, he wrote for posterity and for immortality. The following extracts are from his critical essay upon Van Ranke's History of the Popes.

"There is not, and there never was on this earth, a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church. The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when camelpards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century, to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends till it is lost in the twilight of fable. The Republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the Republic of Venice was modern when compared to the Papacy; and the Republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigor. The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the farthest ends of the world missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustine, and is still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit which she confronted Attila. The number of her children is greater than in any former age.

"Her acquisitions in the New World have more than compensated for what she has lost in the old. Her spiritual ascendancy extends over the vast countries which lie between the plains of the Missouri and Cape Horn, countries which, a century hence, may not improbably contain a population as large as that which now inhabits Europe. The members of her communion are certainly not fewer than a hundred and fifty millions; and it will be difficult to prove that all other Christian sects united amount to a hundred and twenty millions. Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temples of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor, when some traveler from New Zealand shall, in the midst of vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

Again he writes: "Four times since the authority of the Church of Rome was established in Western Christendom has the human intellect risen up against her yoke. Twice that Church remained completely victorious. Twice she came forth from the conflict bearing the marks of cruel wounds, but with the principle of life still strong within her. When we reflect on the tremendous assaults she has survived, we find it difficult to conceive in what way she is to perish."

BISHOP OF CHICOUTIMI.

Impressive Consecration Service in the Basilica, Quebec.

The consecration of Mgr. Thomas Michel Labrecque as Bishop of Chicoutimi took place on Sunday at the Basilica in Quebec. The ceremony began at 9 a. m. by a procession of over one hundred clergymen of all grades, Cardinal Taschereau in crimson robes and the bishop-elect walking last of all. The Cardinal himself gave the consecration, the assisting prelates being Archbishop Beaudry, conductor of the cardinal, and Bishop Blais of Rimouski. The other prelates in attendance were Archbishop Fabre, of Montreal; Bishop Moreau, of St. Hyacinthe; Bishop Racine, of Sherbrooke; and Bishop Gravel, of Nicolet. The ceremony was of an imposing character and the music excellent. An able sermon was preached by Mgr. Gravel on the duties of a bishop. A solemn

Te Deum was then chanted. After the ceremonies the attending prelates and priests dined at His Eminence's palace, and in the afternoon numerous citizens called to offer their congratulations to the new bishop.

Mgr. Labrecque is not only a distinguished churchman, but also a very popular man. The gentlemen of the city who were his class mates at the Seminary offered him a purse containing \$400. The Cercle LaSalle, of which he was patron, presented him with the pectoral cross, and the episcopal ring by Honorable Nicodeme Audet.

RELIGIOUS NEWS ITEMS.

Sir Ambrose Shea, governor of the Bahamas, has been confirmed as governor for another term of five years. He is a Catholic.

The authorities and students of Stonyhurst College have presented an address of congratulation to the Archbishop of Westminster.

Rev. Father Geyer, of St. John's Church, Marshfield, has been appointed to the position of Vicar General of the La Crosse Diocese.

At the request of Archbishop Ireland, Father Caillet, administrator of St. Paul, Minn., has been nominated domestic prelate at the Vatican.

Archbishop Ryan has established a home for widows in Philadelphia. The building selected will accommodate 85, besides the Sisters in charge.

Canon Johnson, for many years the trusted friend and secretary of Cardinal Manning, will occupy the same position towards the new Archbishop.

There will be elections in France during the month for Mother General of the Orders of the Good Shepherd, Marianites of Holy Cross and Sisters of St. Joseph.

The first public ceremony of Bishop McDonnell was the blessing of the new Church of St. Augustine, Fifth avenue and Bergen street, Brooklyn, on Sunday, 15th inst.

Most Rev. Dr. Eyre, Archbishop of Glasgow, intends to endow Bearsden Catholic College with the £2,500 presented to him by the Catholics of the archdiocese as a jubilee offering.

In an address delivered at St. Paul, recently, Bishop Shanley advised young men to take up farms. The bishop has done a great deal in the way of calling attention to the fertile lands of the Red River Valley.

Rev. Augustus Tolton, the negro priest, will celebrate High Mass at the cathedral, in Boston, on June 5. In the evening he will lecture in Bowdoin Square Theatre, his subject being "The Catholic Church, the True Liberator of the Colored Race."

The Holy Coat of Treves has been sent in the presence of the civil and military authorities and replaced in the reliquary consecrated to it for centuries. Bishop Korum is preparing a detailed account of the miracles accomplished through its agency last year.

In July the Right Rev. Monsignor Farley, Vicar-General of New York, will sail for Europe to preach the sermon at the dedication of the Cathedral of Monaghan, Ireland. He has been invited to this honor by the Bishop by Monaghan out of respect to his family, who came originally from this district.

Bishop Zardetti has sailed from New York for Havre on his way to Rome, where he will present to the Holy Father the resolutions of the Catholic Workingmen's Benevolent Union of New York, adopted at the demonstration on March 2 in honor of the Pope. The resolutions have been magnificently engrossed.

It may be mentioned as a curious coincidence that the Archbishop of Westminster, who made his first speech to a London meeting since his accession to the office in the Westminster Palace Hotel recently, spoke in the same room where the late Cardinal addressed his last public audience, and stood on exactly the same spot while delivering his speech as the deceased prelate.

Rev. John McLaughlin, author of "Is One Religion as Good as Another?" at Coatbridge, Scot., recently closed a three weeks' mission, which was attended by extraordinary success and enthusiasm. During the last week of the services over 500 persons received holy communion daily, and over a dozen priests assisted Father McLaughlin in confessional work. The distinguished missionary, at the closing service, said that in all his experience he had never witnessed so successful a mission outside of Ireland.

A STATUE OF FATHER DRUMGOOLE.—A statue of the late Rev. John C. Drumgoole, founder of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin and of St. Joseph's Union, who died March 28, 1888, has just been completed and will soon adorn the front of the institution at Lafayette Place and Grant Jones street. This memorial to a well-known man is the work of Robert Cushing, the sculptor, who has been engaged on it for the last two years. The figure of the good father is of heroic size, ten feet high, and represents him in benevolent pose, listening to the entreaty of a little street Arab who clings to the cassock of the priest as, with uplifted face, he makes his plea. Father Drumgoole's left hand rests on the shoulder of the boy, to whose

story he listens with inclined head. The priest is shown wearing cassock and biretta. In the right hand is a half opened breviary, below which is a rosary depending from one of the fingers, while from a small pocket in the breast of the cassock peeps out a pair of eyeglasses. The conception of the sculptor is intended to convey the evolutionary effect of a three years' training in the school and mission, Father Drumgoole's chief monument. The face of the boy reading is the same as that of the gamine upon whose shoulder the paternal hand of the priest rests, but the expression has changed to a tranquil and contented one, the hard features of the street wif being softened into a look of bright intelligence. These two figures, which serve as a foil for the imposing central statue, are five feet three inches, and five feet nine inches in height respectively. One is supposed to be twelve years of age and the other three years older. After the group is cast it will be mounted on a pedestal consisting of twenty-five tons of Quincy granite.

DENIS FLORENCE M'CARTHY

A SKETCH OF THE FAMOUS IRISH POET.

Dublin—Glasevin—Scenes familiar to the Bard—A Beautiful Pen Picture by a Friend of the "True Witness."

Travelling through the north of Ireland, a few years since, circumstances compelled me to pass a few nights in an old-fashioned inn, in one of the most sequestered parts of wild, romantic Donegal. A few miserable cabins, tenanted by gaunt and hungry peasants, a stretch of wild moorland fringed by a jagged sheet of water were the only views seen from the dingy window of the dilapidated inn known as the Blackthorn. It is a truth that the grandest and most picturesque scenes of nature grow tame and dull from long familiarity, a few hours tramping on the bleak and barren hills, satisfied my desires for natural scenery. I was glad to return to the dull companionship of the village inn, and listen to the oft repeated tales of misery and biting want argued by young and old in the same weary strain. What with centuries of wanton persecution, of a religion held by the majority of the people, rack-rental, brutal landlordism, unproductive soil in unskilled hands, it would be surpassing strange if Ireland was not the Niobe of nations, and the thorn of pretentious but poorly equipped statesmen of our days. Moore, in one of his graceful verses, alludes to the sons who have learned to betray, might this not be applied to those deluded men who, for the sake of a great name, are willing to sacrifice a great nation? I fear that the impartial historian will be compelled to treat them as the lower kind of demagogues, who finding their bread and butter occupation going to ruin, band together and make one last rally in the garb of patriotism to bolster up their iniquitous occupation. To say the least their tactics smelt of venality. True patriotism is the debasement of self, for the common weal of our country. It is not accompanied with murderous weapons, broken heads, and epithets far beyond the copious vocabulary of London fish-women. Wearing by the burden of tales that I was powerless to lighten, I delved into an old shelf, a kind of a what-not, in search of some reading matter. I was not particular as to the kind, novel or theological tract, it mattered little. Brushing away a mass of cobwebs, I was rewarded by a pile of printed matter, mostly sermons wherein it was shown to a mathematical nicety that the one desputant overpowered the other. One could almost see authors rising from the pages, those knee-breeched, silk-stocking, cross-country riding parsons, who cared more for a steaming haunch of venison than a sinner's soul, and who wrote their tracts as diversions after the exciting chase. These tracts easily written, and for the hour have more than a passing interest for the historian. They are a series of side lights to Irish history vividly portraying the greed and rapacity of the ruling element, and the recklessness of the ruled. Written in the name of God and justice, they are barren of both. Men who spend two-thirds of the day in hunting, drinking and the recital of scandals knew little of God, and left scant time for the exercise of justice. There could be no justice in the Ireland described so graphically by L. Faun, where it was custom.

"Whenever a peasant was got, To hang him by a tall-baring such as was There was trial by jury going on by day-light, And the martial law hanging the lawings by night. To them was hard times for an Irish gossoon, If he missed in the judges, he'd meet a dragon, And whether the sages or judges gave sentence, The devil a much time they allowed for repentance."

The genial and candid Sydney Smith could not defend his erring brothers in the ministry in their travesty of justice, it was often perusing a simile, a bundle of trash that he wrote "so great and so long has been the misgovernment of that country, that we verily believe the empire would be much stronger if everything was open sea between England and the Atlantic, and if skates and codfish swam over the fair land of Ulster, such jobbing, such profligacy—so much direct tyranny and oppression—such an abuse of God's gifts—such a profanation of God's name for the purposes of bigotry and party spirit, cannot be exceeded in the history of civilized Europe, and will long remain a monument of infamy and shame to England." In this unsorted litter of pamphlets, the names of whose authors have long since sunk in obscurity, I found the following beautiful lyric. It was like an oasis amid the arid sands. How it came there is a mystery as hard to decipher as the iron-mask. The tiny leaflet from its serried edges was torn from some, perchance, well-cold tome. Moths had cut through some of its smiles, and greasy thumbs left their impress on its metaphors. It, with its bright fancy and its scholarly longings, and young imaginations, fairy tints, was sadly out of place. It was like placing a gold fish in an allegator tank. The reader may have seen the little lyric under happier conditions, in some volume robed in green, and burnished with sunbursts and gold stars, the peculiar dwelling of Irish verse, but let him whet his appetite, youth and its beauties, the things that were, but cannot return, the days of Auld-lang-Syne touch most hearts, and of these the wail tells:—

Ah! my heart is weary waiting, Waiting for the May— Waiting for the pleasant rambles, Where the fragrant lawns bloom, With the woads and alternating, Scent the dewy way. Ah! my heart is weary waiting, Waiting for the May. Ah! my heart is sick with longing, Longing for the May— Longing to escape from study, When the sun is hot and ruddy, And the thousand charms belong to To the Summers' day. Ah! my heart is sick with longing, Longing for the May. Ah! my heart is sore with sighing, Sighing for the May— Sighing for their sure returning, When the Summer beams are burning, Hopes and flowers that, dead or dying, With the Winter lay. Ah! my heart is sore with sighing, Sighing for the May. Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing, Throbbing for the May— Throbbing for the seaside billows, Or the water-wooling willows, When the wind is fair and ruddy, Glide the streams away. Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing, Throbbing for the May. Waiting sad, dejected, weary, Waiting for the May— Spring goes by with woe and warnings, Moonlit evenings, Sun-bright mornings, Summer comes yet dark and dreary, Life still ebb's away; Xmas is ever weary, weary, Waiting for the May.

This graceful and tender lyric, with its intricate metre made me long to know more of the author. On my arrival in Dublin I was saddened that the bard slept in Ireland's Westminster Abbey, Glasevin. The visitor to Ireland's metropolis will need no guide book to direct his course to the sacred spot that holds the ashes of Ireland's liberators O'Connell, Curran, Parnell, and the dust of her fiery young poets whose brilliant hopes, supported by an intellectual supremacy, rare in political movements, was doomed to the saddest failure. Every nation glories in some peculiarity, and clings to it, with the same persistency that a man clings to his hobby. Russia has her drosky to draw the traveller over the long stretches of arid plains and by tortuous mountain paths. Ireland has her famous jaunting car. Seated on one of those racking vehicles, driven by a cabby racy of the soil and brimful of wit, strongly recalling to my mind the "boots" readier in repartee, quicker with an apropos and drollier in illustration than my own Mickey" described by Lever in his last preface to Charles O'Malley. I was driven through narrow streets, past historic monuments, that once resounded with the sonorous eloquence of Irish genius, now the gathering place of imbecility, and other ills, to Ireland's most hallowed spot. The day was unpropitious for a poetical pilgrimage. Sombre clouds laid a lot of sea-gulls sailed over the gray Irish sky, and at the interval of a few minutes, rain fell in torrents. Despite these drawbacks, my driver whistled, sang or cracked his joke, and his horse delighting in the spirited name of flying Betty, as if accustomed to such scenes, jogged along with the utmost unconcern. From Dublin to Glasevin calls forth no eulogium from the traveller. Was it not the consecrated ground of Ireland's noble dead? I fear that the seeker in quest of natural beauty would pass it by, and hasten to that land of mystic beauty, so eloquently sung by the poet musician Balfe, in his Killarney. The first impression, conveys the idea of a park attached to some old manor with walls high enough to check the leaping propensities of the red-deer. From the four angles of the square enclosed plane, rise towers, high enough to command a view of the surrounding country. These towers are now in disuse. In years gone by, they were the necessary appendage to the Irish graveyard. In their enclosure, through the long watches of the winter nights, sat an armed band ready to open fire on the audacious body-snatcher. Few tales of these encounters remain in the memory of the people, but from them, one can have a tolerable accurate picture of the reck-

lessness of a class of criminals, and the state of society that winked at such nefarious practices. Let us remember that those were the days, when all crimes were rampant, in order that Ireland's death the Union could be affected.

Arrived at Glasevin, we entered by one of the gates, and in company with a paid official, one of the kindest of men, we wended our way by green lawns, and well kept paths, past monuments of marble and granite, eulogizing worthies whose fame travels no further than the cold stone upon which it is chiseled until we come to a strange looking mass of stone devoid of all artistic show. This said the guide is the grave of Curran. "Have you heard of him? he was a great man, sir, a wit, an orator, his daughter loved Emmet, Moore made a poem on it." Such was the bare chronicle, vouchsafed by my humble guide, parrot-like repeated. I blathered him not, it was his bread and butter trade to repeat these few lines to every stranger that visited the cemetery. To the curious herd it was sufficient, and the scholar needs no ciceroe to point out where genius lies entombed. At that moment I was thinking of that mind when the radiance was shed over the banquet-hall of the Knights of St. Patrick, or when its fiery eloquence was pleading the cause of his country, before the bar of humanity. The facile and graceful pen of Irving has enshrined in one of his charming sketches, the memory of his daughter's love-affair with the ill-fated Emmet. Those who know Curran's life and the gloom that hung over it like a mountain mist, until it finally veiled it, will forgive, or at least be indulgent to the lonely old man. Those who follow, through continental Europe, the wanderings of Curran's daughter, her marriage to a brute, her lonely life, made doubly so by the ever accompanying phantom of her murdered lover, will need no poet's sympathetic verse to bring up a tear. Froude, the author of a romance of history, avers that the history of the unhappy country that his pen has so often traduced does not possess a single incident worthy the dramatic pen. What strange criticism, but it plainly argues what Moreau and other specialists have been trying to prove, and what Dryden has so well put.

"Great wit is assured to madness near allied, And thin partitions do their bounds divide." Surely a sane mind, gifted with far less critical ability than Froude, could perceive a noble dramatic plot in Emmet's fate. Until prejudice and passion are destroyed by a bond of hearts, not of paper supported by a standing army of 30,000 as it is at present, a union characterized by Barrington as a disastrous measure, that "at one blow extinguished the pride, the prosperity, and the independence of the Irish Nation," will the English critic fail to find the epic, lyric, dramatic element so richly diffused in the strata of Ireland's history. A few steps from Curran's tomb stands a small block of marble, cut in the exact shape of an Irish milestone, a stone common on Irish highways telling the traveller the distance from town to town, and often reviving his drooping spirit, and giving new strength to his weary legs, by the joyful announcement of an inn near at hand, and a jolly landlord to welcome him in that indescribable manner only known to the Irish tavern-keeper. It was evident that this unpretentious, unartistic stone marked a grave of some one, the charm of whose life was not forgotten by the living. Although it was hidden away, so sheltered was the nook that here and there tufts of green grass, like scattered bouquets, arose, confirming what the gifted Collins wrote of Thompson:—

"The year's best sweets shall odorous rise, To deck its best poet's sylvan grave."

WALTER LECKY. (To be Continued.)

Home Rule Resolution. Mr. Devlin, M.P., has given notice of his intention to introduce into the Dominion House of Commons a resolution stating that in the opinion of the House the time has arrived when a substantial measure of Home Rule should be granted to Ireland, and also that the House express the hope that in the approaching British elections a majority be returned to power pledged to enact such a measure. The House had previously expressed itself in favor of Home Rule for Ireland. Every sign of the time, however, are pregnant with victory for Mr. Gladstone at the forthcoming elections, and it may be well to consider whether such a resolution as Mr. Devlin proposes to move, the spirit of which has our entire sympathy, would be politic at the present time. Its passage would not strengthen Mr. Gladstone's hands, whilst a defeat would be certain to do harm to the cause. Would it not be preferable to withdraw the resolution entirely, and put it some hard work in organizing, holding public meetings, and securing subscriptions for the benefit of the Irish Parliamentary Party, to strengthen their hands in the coming contest instead of a Catholic Review, Toronto.

Order of Railroad Telegraphers is now said to number 26,000 members, with a protection fund of \$80,000 and a general fund of \$40,000. It is proposed to make the order include all telegraphers.

Mrs. Margore, known the world over as Mrs. Tom Thumb, is in trouble at Ogden Utah, her wardrobe, jewellery and theatrical effects having been seized on an overdue \$7,000 note given in part payment for a museum at Denver.

A despatch from Nashville says a general riot alarm has just been turned in. A mob 1,000 strong is seeking a negro charged with a criminal assault. The police have been armed, with Winchester rifles.

PASTORAL LETTER

OF HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP FABRE.

On the Erection of the Diocese of Valleyfield, and the Appointment of Bishop Emard.

The following is a brief resume of the Pastoral Letter issued by His Grace Archbishop Fabre, on the occasion of the erection of the new diocese of Valleyfield, and the official appointment of the Rev. Canon Emard to the See. Having referred to the remarkable and touching solicitude of the Holy Father for all the members of the immense flock that shelters in his fold, and the attention which the Sovereign Pontiff pays to the general interests of the Church and to the particular requirements of each kingdom, state, or province, His Grace refers to the signal favors which our country owes to the boundless charity and indefatigable zeal of Leo XIII. Then the letter speaks, in grateful terms, of all the benefits which the episcopal See of Montreal has derived, during half a century of wonderful development, from the protection of the Vicar Christ. It enumerates the works of benevolence and piety, the establishments of charity, education, and religious homes that have sprung into life. Thus came into existence the diocese of Ottawa, in 1847, and that of St. Hyacinthe, in 1852. On the 8th June, 1858, Rome, desirous of recognizing and rewarding all the good done here, erected Montreal into an archdiocese and joined to it the dioceses of St. Hyacinthe and Sherbrooke. To-day a new favor is added to the many others. Then the letter announces officially that: "By a Bull, dated 5th April last, the Sovereign Pontiff, at the request of the Bishops of the Province, and in virtue of his supreme authority, has detached and detaches from the diocese of Montreal, the five counties of Soulanges, Vaudreuil, Beauharnois, Chateauguay and Huntingdon, to form with them a new diocese, the See of which is at Valleyfield, and the care of which is confided to Canon Joseph-Medard Emard, doctor in Theology and Canon Law, and our Chancellor."

Then His Grace refers to the wisdom and light which God bestows upon Kings and Pontiffs in the exercise of their functions. Confidence is expressed that the corner stone of the new diocese—the Bishop of Valleyfield—will be the first of a long line of pious prelates, and to him years of health and prosperity are wished. In a most delicate manner does the pastoral touch upon the eminent merits and virtues of the new bishop, and express the deep regret with which his departure, from his heretofore high office beside the Archbishop, is felt. A rapid glance is cast over those nineteen years during which His Grace has had charge of the souls in the great archdiocese of Montreal, and particularly those of that portion now falling under the care of the new bishop. Before recommending the new prelate of Valleyfield to the respect, obedience, and affection of his flock, His Grace makes use of these tender words:—

"Your joys and your sorrows, We have participated in; your labors and your sacrifices, We have known and admired; your multitudinous works, We have encouraged in their foundation, and followed, with happiness, in their progress. Your interests, were therefore Our interests, your affections, were Our affections, your cause, was Our cause, in a word, to be brief, your life was Our own life. And it is with deep emotion that We bid you Adieu. We shall remain your Metropolitan, it is true, but We will not cease to be for you what We have been heretofore. Adieu also to you, devout priests, fervent religious, beloved virgins of the Church, who have been Our consolation and Our glory. The direction and responsibility of your souls are confided to other hands; under another pastor you will henceforth exercise your sublime apostolate as mediators between man and God. To your new bishop you will bring that spirit of life faith which caused you to see in Us a successor of the apostles, the representative of Jesus Christ, the delegate of the Holy Ghost."

The 65th at the Gesu. Sunday afternoon the 65th Battalion had a church parade, and attended services in the Jesuit Church on Bleury street. Major-General Herbert, the Commander-in-Chief of the Forces, accompanied the soldiers and was present at the service. The church was filled with civilians as well as military men. It was four o'clock before the soldiers marched into the sacred edifice. Before the Benediction, a most impressive and eloquent sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Rhulman, S. J., upon the duties of a soldier. In graphic language the preacher told of those duties towards God, towards his country and towards himself. After the service the 65th reformed and returned to the drill hall.

Society of St. Vincent de Paul. The Society of St. Vincent de Paul of St. Joseph's parish, celebrated on Sunday the festival of their patron Saint by a special service in St. Joseph's church. Good music was selected. Before and after church the 65th marched in procession, and afterwards assembled in their hall, where speeches were delivered.