

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.

Vol. II.

Toronto, Saturday Oct. 20, 1888

No. 37

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NOTES.

Though Mr. Ruskin, says the *London Register*, may have rather hard things to say about monastic life for men, he has still kind thoughts of the monastic smile of women, as when, in the latest number of *Præterita*, he writes thus of his first meeting with Mr. Charles Eliot Norton: "He rose with the sweetest smile I ever saw on any face unless, perhaps, a nun's when she has some grave kindness to do."

The Duke of Norfolk is to lead to the hymeneal altar Miss MacTavish, of Baltimore. So the American journalists, who know everything and respect no barrier of private life, inform the world. The lady's first name is Virginia; she is tall, a daring horsewoman, somewhat eccentric, a strict Catholic, and very rich. "By an extraordinary oversight," says the *Universo*, "the Yankee newspaper-artist fails to tell us her exact weight, where she buys candy, her favourite mode of burial, and sundry other interesting particulars. It is just possible that His Grace of Norfolk does not make a confidant of every enterprising interviewer who obtrudes himself on his notice, and that when he does select another spouse he will keep his own counsel."

Mr. Edgar L. Wakeman, formerly editor of the *Chicago Current*, is at present in Ireland, and furnishes a weekly letter to an American paper. He pays this tribute to the hospitality of the Irish people:—"What other race on earth is like this one which, individually and collectively, with not a shilling between the body and the 'wolf at the door,' will beg, wheedle, blarney, and almost physically compel you to partake of their generosity? Not one."

At one of the meetings of the Evangelical Alliance held last week at Plymouth, the Rev. Prebendary Edmonds made an interesting reference to Cardinal Newman. The rev. gentleman declared that if there was a sin English Protestants never forgive, it was "the sin of perversion" to the Roman Catholic Church. Yet, in Cardinal New-

man's case England had broken the rule. "He has wandered far," said the Prebendary, "and has misled many, but he ever knew how to include in his love the Protestant religion he has deserted, and to maintain loving relations with men who would be welcomed at this Conference." It is of course a complete mistake, as the *Liverpool Catholic Times* points out, to imagine that Cardinal Newman, or any Catholic, can love the Protestant religion—in so far as it is Protestant he must oppose it—but this tribute from a prominent evangelical to the magical influence which the great Cardinal still wields over his countrymen is none the less remarkable.

Not the least delightful thing about that most excellent publication, *The Dominion Illustrated*, is the fine national sentiment, the sense of faith in the future of the nation, which is the mark of all that falls from the pen of its gifted editor. "A glance over the whole field of public opinion during the past three months," it says, "reveals a strengthened and loftier national feeling than existed before. It is more general, too, stretching from the east to the west. Partisan papers may seek to explain that sentiment away but they can't do it. Canada is immeasurably stronger to-day in the consciousness of sustainment and of determining to be itself, and nothing else, than it was before Mr. Cleveland's Retaliation message."

"Some of the papers," it continues, "whose object it would not be hard to fathom, complain bitterly that the writers and speakers should be called traitors who would hand over their country to another, on the transparent plea of material improvement, which cannot be shown, and which does not justify the risk of political change. Yet traitors is the word. It conveys precisely what is meant. Canada is well as it stands. Its institutions are no longer experimental, but marching fast upon results of practical thrift. We are a nation now, and need no officious bolstering."

"It is amusing," it goes on to say, "to observe the free and easy way in which the papers of the North-West speak of the older Provinces. They toss them off jauntily with the name of 'Eastern Canada,' as if we were far away and only lightly connected with them. . . . And yet the Old Provinces are still there. They cannot be shaken off by a shrug of the shoulders or even a blow betwixt the eyes. They carry the Ark of the Constitution in their hands, and no Ishmaelite may dare lay profane hands thereon. They are the depositories of the traditions of the country besides, and are the guardians of principles which have made it what it is. And—coming down to the hard pan—it is their money, their hoarded means, the fruit of secular toil, which has gone far towards the building of the North-West itself.

To all of which good sensible sentiment this REVIEW is glad to be among those Canadian journals which unreservedly subscribe.