

pect from them for the maintenance of good order, or for the security of the Province in time of invasion. . . . For the future the spiritual powers to be exercised by the Bishop of Quebec should come from the Church by way of the Sovereign Pontiff. He is not permitted to despoil himself of them either in whole or in part, nor to draw them from any other source. . . . He desires then that he and his successors be civilly recognized as Roman Catholic Bishops of Quebec; having under their episcopal jurisdiction all the Catholic subjects of His Majesty, . . . and that the said bishops may enjoy, in an acknowledged manner, the rights and prerogatives up to the present exercised without interruption by those who preceded them in the government of the Church in Canada; and further, that the property of the Episcopal Palace be confirmed to the Roman Catholic Bishops of Quebec, and that they may transmit to the bishops, their successors, the acquisitions they may have made in that quality."

This unmistakable language was preceded by a memorandum which is worth reproducing, as it puts the conduct of the Bishop in its true light. It will be remembered that the Bishops of Quebec had from the time of the cession been in receipt of a small pension from the Government—a pittance of two hundred pounds a year: Mr. Sewell had proposed that they live in splendour as officers of the Crown should live; Sir George, that they should be put on a respectable footing, as he termed it.

"I am obliged to declare beforehand," writes the Bishop, when the shilling was again offered, "that no temporal offer can induce me to renounce any part of my spiritual jurisdiction. That jurisdiction is not mine. I merely hold it as a deposit for the Church, which I am in no wise permitted to dissipate, and of which I must render a good account."

Whilst the relations between Canada and the State continued in this way, the war of 1812 began. The Bishop, unmindful of past injuries, and acting only as his duty impelled him, threw himself with great energy into the defence of his country. He provided chaplains for the militia, counselled the curés, and issued a stirring address to warriors who were exposing themselves for the defence of their country and their firesides. The Catholic subjects of the King gave good evidence of their loyalty to the Crown this serious crisis, and gave it at a time when the loyalty of every man counted. Their services were praised and publicly recognized; as to the Bishop himself long before the treaty of Ghent was signed, the Colonial Secretary wrote to Sir George Prevost as follows:

"I have to inform you," Lord Bathurst says, "that His Royal Highness, the Prince Regent, in the name of His Majesty, desires that hereafter the allowance of the Catholic Bishop of Quebec be one thousand pounds per annum, as a testimony rendered to the loyalty and good conduct of the gentleman who now occupies the place, as well as the other members of the Catholic clergy of the Province."

The Anglican bishop and Mr. Ryland objected to the recognition of the Catholic Bishop in this way, but they were repulsed by the Secretary of State, who curtly informed Dr. Moutain that it was not an auspicious time to bring up such questions. In the course of a year or so, Mgr. Plessis was officially recognized as the Roman Catholic Bishop of Quebec. A mandamus issued on the 30th of April, 1817, by which a seat in the Legislative Council of Lower Canada was accorded to him in virtue of his ecclesiastical position. Subsequently, by a circular despatch of Lord John Russell, it was directed that the word "Lord" should be put before the name of the bishop. So ended the questions of Royal Supremacy, Ecclesiastical Superintendents, Rights of Benefices, and such kindred matters in the Church in Canada. *D. A. O'Sullivan, LL.D., in American Catholic Quarterly.*

Every Catholic family should have Benziger's Catholic Home Almanac for 1889. It is the most intensely interesting and instructive one yet issued. Send 25c. in stamps, or scrip, to Thomas Coffey, London, Ont., and you will get a copy by next mail.

## MONTREAL GOSSIP.

So much has happened here since I sent my last budget that I scarcely know where to begin. In the first place there was the entertainment provided for each other, the world and us, by our friends the Presbyterians. THE REVIEW, and most, if not all, of the Catholic papers have handled these "Evangelical Brethren" of the Alliance so well, that were it not for one point there would be nothing left for me to say on the matter—but that one is too delicious for me to pass over in silence. I refer to the morning when, after an "eloquent prayer," the singing of this exquisitely appropriate hymn,

"Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above—"

after various ponderous lies and flippant mis-statements from the "Friends in Council," the Reverend Dr. Burns, of Halifax took the floor. Having expressed his firm conviction that the line must be drawn on the aggression of the Roman Catholics, Dr. Burns remarked that "personally he liked the Catholics. He had had occasion, which he embraced, to attend a few Roman Catholic funerals, and rather liked it! He was always glad to be present on such occasions"!!! Now Dr. Burns is nothing, if not a punster, so he launched his little witticism—and alas! nobody laughed! Poor Dr. Burns! Small wonder that he grew bitter and attacked the Jesuits. And then he let his armour slip again and said: "It was really wonderful how people were converted to the Roman Catholic faith." Not at all, dear Dr. Burns. Take out your scrap-book and turn to the page whereon you have gummed the printed slips of a controversial discussion into which you incautiously ventured in your own fortress city, in the autumn of 1883—and in which you were most ignominiously defeated—place the letters which passed between you and your opponent in the hands of one of your intelligent youth, bid him divest his mind of prejudice, and possibly the result may be the same as the result of the visit of your young friend to Rome. For Dr. Burns wound up his speech with a touching little narrative. He "once knew," he said, "the son of a Methodist minister who went to Rome to sell books, and when he returned it was in the garb of a Catholic priest. Think of it, friends, the son of a Methodist minister a priest!" Yes, Dr. Burns, it is a strange thought—one that shows that the arm of the Lord is not shortened, and that He who, over eighteen hundred years ago, wrought a miracle of conversion in the neighbourhood of Damascus, can work another of a like description, even in this modern 'age of brass."

It is not so rare that a son of a Methodist minister becomes a priest. In a fair green suburb of a great English town, in a building from which the light of day has been banished by the insolent rudeness of one of England's peers, there now lies an invalid upon whom the eyes of the Christian world are cautiously turned, and by his pillow, in the garb of a son of St. Philip Neri, watches one who was the "son of a Methodist minister," who was himself an Anglican divine, who spoke many tongues and who ministered to the heathen in many lands, but who in the flower of his manhood and the height of his success, became conscious of his blindness, and who, when the scales fell from his eyes, "received his sight, rose up and was baptized."

And what of the holy invalid, the Prince of the Church, the idol of England, Protestant as well as Catholic? He, too, was a "minister"; but oh! Dr. Burns, will you, think you, be as calm, as exultant as he, when your last hour comes? Will you be able to say with him: "I know in whom I have believed, and I am certain that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day, being a just judge"? Before taking leave of Dr. Burns I would like to tell the readers of THE REVIEW of one of his witty (?) speeches made to me when, many years ago, I had the pleasure of meeting him. It was in the spring-time, when the ice of the Gulf of St.