

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.

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NOTES.

It is somewhat singular that in the Queen's Speech read at the prorogation of Parliament the other day, there was not the slightest allusion to Ireland. And yet that land and its questions are uppermost in the minds of the British Ministers to-day.

Despite the absurdity and utter improbability of many of the despatches which come from Rome, we can not too frequently or too earnestly warn our readers against secular reports coming from there, and professing to give authentic information concerning the Holy Father and the affairs of the Church. The fact is, the Pope is surrounded by enemies in his own city, and among the most malicious of these enemies are correspondents of the secular journals.

Another step towards the success of Cardinal Lavigerie's crusade against African slavery has been taken in the reorganization of the Tunisian episcopate. The Pope has revived the ancient See of St. Cyprian. In two years the Cardinal Archbishop of Carthage has erected nine parishes, and in his metropolitan city the Sacrifice of the Mass is daily offered in six different churches. Cardinal Lavigerie's work has the most ardent sympathy of the Holy Father; what England failed to do by material force he will do by the spiritual power of the Church.

We understand that two of the candidates for positions on the Separate School Board of Toronto are in the whiskey business. It is a pity we have not a temperance organization in our midst strong enough to make the election of saloon men impossible, but in the absence of such a body individual Catholic electors will only do their simple duty by shutting out from any position of trust men engaged in that business. It is bad enough to see the names of Irish Catholics over the doors of most saloons, but we can hardly afford to commit to such men the educational interests of Catholic children. Catholics would do well to keep before them the words of Archbishop Ireland—the Saloon is the ante-chamber of Hell and the masterpiece of Satan.

The progress Cardinal Newman is making towards recovery is most satisfactory, yet when a short time ago Mr.

Gladstone was in Birmingham it was deemed advisable by his doctors that he should be spared the excitement of a personal interview with the ex-Premier. But the Cardinal wrote him a tiny note, in a feeble trembling hand, telling him that he was ill, and sending him his blessing. Mr. Gladstone was so impressed with this touching mark of attention that he insisted on calling himself at the Cardinal's residence and handing in his reply. Another pathetic little incident of the Cardinal's illness was his wish when he found himself recovering to see his old manservant who was his attendant many years ago in Ireland, and who is now in business in Birmingham.

The German Evangelical clergymen of New York, "representing 16,500 church members," are to celebrate this Holy Christmas season by issuing an address calling upon non-Catholics "to oppose the political power of the Pope, which threatens the civil and religious liberty of America." The full text of Catholic offending will be made clear in the course of a week, as will also the *modus operandi* by which the grand object of the Alliance is to be attained. The *Freeman's Journal*, commenting on this, says: "When Protestant was hanging and quartering Protestant in the other colonies of America, Catholic Maryland was opening wide its arms to the persecuted of every denomination, and setting the example of charity and brotherly love taught above all things by the Eternal Church of God. That is all the vindication that Catholics need in this or any other land."

Sister Mary Francis Cusack, or rather until lately Sister Mary Francis Cusack, better known perhaps as the Nun of Kenmare, who a short time ago resigned her charge of some charitable sisterhood, has published a book giving the story of her life and wanderings, in which, it appears, she poses before the world as a heroine who has been hounded almost to death by the "Roman Hierarchy." Many of her woes are apparently fancied. "Evidently," we quote from an American exchange, "Miss Cusack never had a vocation to the religious life, or if she had she certainly lost it through a continued disregard of its spirit and requirements. From the very first she seemed to be possessed of the spirit of unrest and cherished the delusion that she was divinely appointed to reform the world with her pen. Had the foolish woman studied more the hidden life of our Lord, written less and prayed more, her soul would now enjoy more of peace and she would not find herself in advancing years a floating bubble of conceit upon the world's rough sea. We have had no time to examine the advanced sheets of this book which we have just received, but a momentary glance at the chapter headings gives the keynote of her wretched howl. The former friends of this unhappy woman should pray for her." It has been stated that she has ceased to be a Catholic, but we gather that this has no foundation further than is to be found in the fact that the lady has ceased to be connected with the conventual life, for which it would appear she had little vocation. Her autobiography, lately published, is a 500 page volume, full of egotism, we are told, and silly twaddle.