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ANOTHER NOVEL OF FRENCH CANADA.

Last week we had occasion to speak in pretty plain language concerning the moral tone of two new novels, both written with a seeming knowledge of Catholicism in the periods and places they relate to. We have since seen these books listed in the newspapers among the twelve best novels of the year. Heaven help the intelligence of the Catholic reader who would accept such a verdict!

To our mind the best Canadian novel ever written, and certainly one of the best books of the year, is "A Daughter of New France," by Mary Catherine Crowley (Toronto: The Musson Book Co.). Although not a Canadian, this author is better versed in Canadian history than some who profess to have made French Canada their private preserve. She indeed, holds the threads of our history so dexterously between her fingers that she is able to weave a story that excels in native color and dramatic strength. "A Daughter of New France" is the story of Cadillac, than whom none of the romantic actors on the new world stage of the seventeenth century more dashing personified the spirit of French adventure in his day. Let the author speak for her own tale. She calls it: "A story woven from the threads of reality" follows closely the historical and biographical records of the period and of later writers upon the subject, all available data being carefully studied.

To read this book is a genuine pleasure. The Catholic Church, which the talented author describes as the living Catholic Church, and her missionaries are genuine soldiers of the cross. Above all else, her women are as heroic and faithful as they are modest and beautiful. From the literary point of view the work is admirable. A love story, which is taken up on the first page and finished on the last is told in such a way that it is like the breath of pure and wholesome air in contrast with what is called devotion to art in the erotic romance with which latter day readers are unhappily better acquainted.

ANCIENT HYMNS MODERNIZED.

In a signed article in Saturday Night "Don" (Mr. E. E. Sheppard), tells how the preaching of Rev. Armstrong Black impressed him.

Assuming the preacher to speak for the church of which he is a minister, "Don" sees in modern Presbyterianism, the easy-going life of a social club. The discourse to which he listened dilated approvingly upon the social joys of life; and what surprised him most of all was to hear a version of the hymn "Jerusalem the Golden," in which Heaven was described as smacking of the pleasures of earth:

"I know not O I know not
 What social joys are there."

Is not this the apotheosis of "society"? So thinks "Don"; and he candidly says so.

It is not our intention to refer to the general argument so pointedly expressed by the editor of Saturday Night; but this hymn "Jerusalem the Golden," being, like so many others of the best of the hymns of the Protestant denomination, an imperfect translation from ancient hymns of the Catholic Church, we feel that it is a subject of general interest to indicate how time and the vagaries of fashionable phraseology have dispelled the original spirit. In the Oxford hymn books, the words quoted are rendered:

"I know not O I know not
 What joys await us there."

And this is the version which

"Don" was brought up on. But Dr. John M. Neale, who made in 1869 what he called a translation of the hymn to the extent of over four hundred lines, wrote it "what social joys are there," so that as far as the English original goes, the version sung in Rev. Armstrong Black's church is the correct one. What dictated the change is a matter for conjecture; but it is safe to say that Dr. Neale's idea of "social joys" was very different from the modern notion of the smart set, who fairly monopolize in these days the use of such words as "social," "society," etc. Dr. Neale's meaning, pious as it undoubtedly was, gave, however, no idea of the Latin original of the Benedictine, Bernard of Morlaix, whose theme was not "social joys," but de contemptu mundi. It was upon the rustic visions of Paradise of this monk that Dr. Neale worked to produce "Jerusalem the Golden," which, with the changed meaning that has befallen his phrase "social joys," would now seem instead of contemplating the world to appreciate the next principally because we may hope to get into "society" there as well. The work of the Benedictine poet is immortal, but its immortality can only be preserved in the Latin language in which he wrote. The English being subject to change, is certain to mean to-morrow, the opposite of what we understand by the words to-day, and something still different again the day after to-morrow. It is so in general literature; and when we see the effect upon religious writings, we are better able to understand the deep wisdom of the Church in preserving her treasures of praise and worship in the unchanging Latin.

A FATHER'S LETTER.

From the new biography of the late Lord Russell of Killowen, is extracted the following letter written to his daughter on entering a convent. It is a beautiful father's letter:

Royal Courts of Justice,
 27th April, 1900.

My Darling Child—God's will be done! You have now taken the first serious step towards final retirement from the life of the world. The thought that it makes for your happiness, and that it is the will of God, softens the blow to your mother and to me — for blow it, beyond question, is to us — blow it is also, I know, to Lily (who has borne herself like the brave girl she is) and to Margaret also.

We hoped, selfishly in part, no doubt, but not wholly selfishly, to have your sunny nature always with or near us in the world — a world in which we thought and think good, bright souls have a great and useful work to do. Well, if it cannot be so, we bow our heads in resignation. We know you will do your duty, as it comes to you to do, well and thoroughly and unselfishly; and we have no fear that you will forget us. After all, it is something for us, poor dusty creatures of the world, with our small selfish concerns and little ambitions, to have a stout young heart steadily praying for us. I know we can depend on this; I know also you will not forget your promise to me, should serious misgivings cross your mind before the last word is spoken. I rely on this. God keep and guard you, my darling child, is the prayer of your father.

RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN.

ADVENT.

Last Sunday was the beginning of Advent, and the altars of the various church assumed their garb of purple appropriate to this holy time. Advent is set apart by the Church for prayer, fasting and almsgiving in preparation for the great festival of Christmas.

Even from a worldly point of view it is considered by many a relief to be freed from a wearying round of social engagements, and so the Church wisely makes this a time of bodily mortification and interior penance. While modern social amusements are lawful enough in themselves, if not kept in check, they are apt to gain too much of an ascendancy, causing some people to forget the Apostle's injunction that "Unless you do penance you shall all likewise perish." In fact a great many do not seem to realize how much they are attracted by a love of pleasure, until seasons like the present recall them to

a sense of better things. The Church, however, has always set a great value on interior mortification and this is the spirit by which we should be actuated in this Holy season of Advent.

OTTAWA COLLEGE VICTORIES.

The victory of Ottawa College over the Argonauts for the Canadian Rugby championship was well deserved. Ottawa College can now afford to be forgiving towards the newspaper backers of their opponents. The College play took all the talk out of this town of Toronto, which is seldom at a loss for something to say in its own praise. The members of the Argonaut team have taken the defeat in the most sportsmanlike style visible on this side of Parliament Hill. They say they were beaten fairly and that Eddie Gleason is invincible. It will take the newspapers a long time, however, to recover enough spirit to admit that the best team won. But everybody knows that is simply what happened.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S MESSAGE.

Those who looked for a strenuous declaration from President Roosevelt will be disappointed with his first message to Congress on Tuesday. It is a conservative document in every line, diplomatic and impartial to a quite remarkable degree. England and Germany which are scolding each other at the moment, and counting their ships and battalions, are coupled in a single paragraph emphasizing the good will of the United States towards the powers of civilization. The trusts are also handled prudently, but protection and the Monroe Doctrine are asserted with no uncertain sound for the edification of all whom it may concern. The message will therefore not tickle the fancy of Europe, and will not check the growing respect entertained for the United States in the chancelleries of the old world.

BISHOP CIANCY.

(From The Catholic Record.)
 Very many people will be disappointed that the Most Rev. Dr. Ciancy, Bishop of Elphin, Ireland, was unable to pay his promised visit to his friend, Rev. John Connolly, P. P. of Ingersoll — announcement of which was made in The Catholic Record a couple of weeks ago. The distinguished divine was obliged to sail for the old country on November 30th. The people of Ingersoll and others who had the pleasure of listening to him some four years ago, still speak in the very highest admiration of a sermon he delivered in the parish church while on a visit to Father Connolly.
 Our best wishes are cordially extended to the scholarly Bishop of Elphin, and should he ever again return to Canada he is assured of a hearty and millie faith.

HOW FENIAN SCARES ARE MADE.

When, a few weeks ago, an alleged Fenian plot to invade the Yukon was reported in the press, we pointed out the inherent improbability of the story. Now an honest Scotchman, named Rankin, formerly of Cookshire, Que., coming out from Dawson, declares that one of the newspaper liars offered him \$50 if he would corroborate what had already been published. "I answered," says Mr. Rankin, "that I could corroborate no such story, and I stated that in my opinion a plot of such magnitude did not exist in the Yukon." There is, or ought to be, a law for dealing with matters of this kind.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Cardinal Vaughan has been ordered by his medical advisers to abstain from all functions of a public nature and to take a complete rest for two months. He has in consequence cancelled all his engagements for Christmas and the New Year.

An old country exchange mentions the death of E. J. Lonnert at the age of forty. He was the "creator" of those terrible travesties, "Ballyhooley," "Killaloe," "Ennis-corthy," "Mullingar" — written and composed by an Irish landlord sporting newspaper man, Robert Martin — which had a tremendous vogue till they were killed six years ago by healthy public opinion. They are best dead.

Pope Leo XIII. has bethought himself of his last resting-place.

The sepulchre is of white Carrara marble, on the lid of which there is a lion, with a paw resting on the Pontifical tiara. On the right is a statue of Faith bearing a candle and the Holy Scriptures, on the left a statue of Truth, with the Pope's arms in one hand. On the side beneath the lion is the inscription: "Hic Leo XIII., P. M. Pulvis est" (Here lies Leo XIII., Sovereign Pontiff He is dust.)

The following resolution was adopted at the meeting of Catholic Bishops assembled in Baltimore last week: "Resolved, That in the name of the Catholics of the United States we lament the assassination of President McKinley, and deplore the fact that in our land of enlightenment and liberty, such a crime should have been possible. Resolved, That we invoke the benediction of heaven on the administration of his excellency, President Roosevelt."

One of the "King Alfred Readers" adopted for use in the Liverpool, England, Board schools contains the statement that "The Pope issued a Bull of excommunication threatening to burn Luther and his followers at the stake." Mr. C. McArdle at a recent meeting of the School Board moved that, in view of the historical untruth imputing to the Pope the intention of burning the ex-heretic at the stake, the book be rejected. This motion was carried by eight votes to five.

Literary admirers of the late Robert Louis Stevenson will be shocked by the meanness of an attack made upon him by Mr. W. E. Henley in The Pall Mall Magazine. "There are people yet living," says Mr. Henley, "who, knowing Stevenson intimately, have not hesitated to describe him in a word of three letters, the suspicion of which might well make him turn in his grave." Further on Mr. Henley calls this missing word "the dread vocable." From the context of the article Mr. Henley means to imply that the persons he refers to hold Stevenson to be a "cad."

Mr. J. F. Hogan says two members of the new Ministry just formed in Western Australia are Irishmen. Mr. Timothy Francis Quinlan is a native of Tipperary. He is the Minister of Mines and Public Works. He was first elected for the metropolitan constituency of West Perth in 1890, when responsible government was first granted to the Colony by the Imperial Parliament. Mr. F. W. Moorhead was born in the King's County and educated at the College of St. Stanislaus, conducted by the Jesuit Fathers. He is now Attorney-General. He was called to the Irish Bar in 1887; and emigrated two years later to Western Australia, where he has built up an extensive practice.

With regard to the recent Galway election the London Globe, a Unionist organ, declared that Mr. Plunkett was forced into the contest by the government. This being the fact, the government cannot deny all responsibility for the methods of Mr. Plunkett's campaign. It will surprise many in Canada to know that the candidate of the government, himself a member of the government, conducted a pro-Boer canvass. A placard was issued in his behalf making approving references to Major McBride, who, like Col. Lynch, fought with the Boers. The placard was extensively posted in Galway and printed by the committee in the Unionist press. When the election was lost Mr. Plunkett repudiated the placard.

In a Thanksgiving sermon preached at Hamilton, the Anglican Bishop Dr. Moulin, referring to Mr. Redmond's mission is reported to have said: "If this Irish mission should land in Canada he hoped the people would know how to receive the visitors."

Dear, dear, but when good men get excited, they talk so wildly that the world only wags its head and waits till they cool down. Really Bishop Dr. Moulin was not inciting to a breach of the peace, inasmuch as Mr. Redmond and his fellow delegates had come to Canada and gone again before His Lordship gave way to his feelings in the pulpit.

Earl Spencer, in a speech at Newport, England, last week rebuked the politicians and newspaper writers who would gag the critics of the government during the progress of the war. He asked: "Was there any precedent for this desire to impose complete silence on those who could not approve of and agree with the government policy? (Renewed cheers.) No such thing had ever occurred. In the eighteenth century strong speeches were made against those who opposed the policy which lost them the American States, and they were called 'Americans'; but who were these men so denounced? They were some of the highest political philosophers, men who were quoted on every possible occasion as not only Big Englanders, but as men who in their speeches and writings uttered opinions Englishmen were proud of — he referred to Chatham, Burke, Pitt, and Charles James Fox. He ventured to say that in the future those who had criticised the policy of his Majesty's

Government would be proved to have been right, and the Government would be proved to have been wrong (cheers). He, therefore, protested against this doctrine of silence. He considered it was the absolute duty of patriotic men to speak out, to criticise the action of the Government when that action was detrimental to the true interests of the country, and was bringing difficulties in a very rapid and a very distinct way."

The Dublin Freeman's Journal makes the following editorial comment upon the great reception given to Mr. Redmond in Ottawa: "The analogies drawn between the condition and circumstances of Ireland and those of Canada by the Irish delegates in their visit to Canada, and the argument that Home Rule would prove to Ireland the blessing that Home Rule has proved to Canada was so far back as this very month eight-and-twenty years ago relied on by Mr. Isaac Butt in his great speech at the Home Rule Conference in the Rotunda in 1873, which laid the foundation of the present Irish National movement. Ireland," said Mr. Butt, has, like Canada, two races of different religions at one time keenly antagonistic to each other. When Home Rule was established in Canada the Irish Orangemen from the banks of the Bann fraternized with the Roman Catholic descendants of the French Canadian settlers. In Ireland under the same system Protestant and Catholic would forget all jealousies in the love of a common country."

In contrast with this generous spirit of the Irish Nationalist press, we take the following contemptible extract from The Toronto Mail of Nov. 30, being an answer to a pretended enquiry:

"Tommy Tough," Toronto—No, my dear boy, I did not advertise Mr. Redmond; it is the old game; he has been round with his hat for a copper collection. The Nationalist M. P.'s at Westminster are not getting their wages and they can neither buy new togs nor old whiskey; they want both badly, but the latter is in urgent need. Of course, the next move in English politics will be a redistribution bill, when Ireland will have between fifty or sixty members; this will entirely spoil the game of the agitators, who will then have to cast about for some other means to make a loafing living.—Flaneur.
 Comment is unnecessary.

OTTAWA CORRESPONDENCE

Notes of the Late Home Rule Demonstration.

The Irishmen of the Dominion Capital, with their many friends of other nationalities, gave an emphatic assurance on the night of the 21st ult. that a united Irish Party was the only one that could secure an attentive hearing. During the lamentable discussions and bickerings which threw Home Rule into the background and caused it to be made a subject of cruel jest and reproach amongst its enemies, and of pain amongst its advocates, Mr. John Redmond paid a flying visit to Ottawa, ostensibly for the purpose of promoting the cause which Irishmen at home, as well as in foreign lands, had next to their hearts, but in reality for that of adding fresh fuel to the fires of discord. Perhaps I am rather severe on Mr. Redmond in charging him with a desire of transplanting in foreign lands the deplorable discussions which had proved so disastrous to Home Rule aspirations at home, but whatever his motives were in visiting Ottawa at that time very few of his fellow-countrymen misunderstood its effect. Men of Irish birth and Irish blood, paid to Mr. Redmond that respect which was due to an able, a courageous, and I will add, an honest fellow-countryman, but they positively refused to listen to his eloquent voice at that particular moment.

The magnificent display of Irish enthusiasm at the Russell Theatre on the night of Thursday, 21st ult., proves most conclusively that Irish hearts can be easily reached by the man who changes from the error of his ways. From the moment of his arrival until his departure he, with his Parliamentary colleagues and associates in National Councils who accompanied him, were the subjects of every possible attention, a feeling which has its best illustration in the fact that after paying all expenses, which ranked unusually high, five hundred dollars in gold were placed in his hands to assist him in carrying on the great work in which he is engaged.

The vast hall known as the Russell Theatre was on the night already mentioned crowded to its utmost capacity. Premier and plebeian walked in shoulder to shoulder, and as Sir Wilfrid Laurier moved with stately step to a front seat, his appearance elicited a loud burst of cheering which was again renewed when Mr. John D. Grace, in full dress, entered a box, accompanied by Mr. McNamara, the talented son of an old friend of mine who fills a position of trust in Walkerton, County of Bruce. These gentlemen, it is almost needless to say, were during the entire proceedings the cynosures of all observers.

Speaking of the cheers and clapping of hands, which continued at

short intervals, I am reminded that the most demonstrative of all, and that which towered high above everything, also came from the rear of the hall. Every eye was directed to this point, but it did not take long to discover the real offender, who was neither larger nor lesser than Mr. Bernard MacCormac, for many years a respected resident of Goderich, but now a prominent official in the Militia Department at Ottawa. Irishmen can be demonstrative, as they were fittingly so on that evening, but not amongst them could any one be found who could clap as loudly, shout as lustily, nor laugh as heartily as did "Farney" MacCormac on that memorable night.

A few minutes after 8 o'clock Mr. D'Arcy Scott, the President of the St. Patrick's Association, accompanied by Mr. John Redmond, Mr. P. J. Waterford City; Mr. Thos. O'Donnell, M. P. for one of the divisions of Kerry, Mr. P. A. McHugh, M. P. for North Sligo, Mr. M. J. O'Farrell and Dr. Freeman took seats on the platform. Mr. Scott, who acted as chairman, opened the proceedings with a masterly speech, which was the breaking of some new ground, and the presentation of Ireland's case in a form which drew from an intelligent audience general manifestations of endorsement. Mr. Scott closed by introducing, in appropriate terms, Mr. John Redmond, whose appearance was the signal for a salvo of real Irish cheers. It has been said that Mr. Redmond is the foremost orator of the British House of Commons. I am not an orator myself, nor yet the son of one, and hence am ill-qualified to judge, but knowing that Mr. Thos. Sexton is no longer a member of that Parliament, and that Mr. Bradstone's voice is stilled with the silence of death, and remembering the magnificent display of oratory on that evening, I am not surprised to find Mr. Redmond placed on so lofty a pedestal.

Mr. Scott, in fitting terms, introduced Mr. McHugh as the next speaker. Mr. McHugh is a Connaughtman, and no mistake about it. He spoke well and eloquently in that language which has been forced on the historic Province of his birth, but judging by his melodious brogue, I will not be surprised if he is yet heard from in that sweet and expressive language which was spoken by Irish scholars long before the Anglo-Saxon tongue was known. His description of jury packing and of the plank bed assigned to any one who had the audacity of criticizing British methods for securing a conviction, had in it an element of spice for the whole proceedings.

Mr. Thomas O'Donnell, the only man who has endeavored to shed a ray of light on the stupid Parliament of England through the medium of an Irish speech, was next introduced and vehemently cheered. Mr. O'Donnell, who is only 29 years of age, is classed as the "baby" of the British House of Commons. It was my pleasure to meet this gentleman and to enjoy a long conversation with him touching Irish affairs, which was held in the tongue of our forefathers. His accounts from the Old Land were encouraging, not the least gratifying being the fact that Irish is now taught in the schools almost universally.

Mr. McDonnell, whose voice was enriched with the "Kerry brogue," which made that county proverbial throughout Ireland, spoke in a strain equally eloquent with that of his colleagues, but it was only when he commenced his address in Irish that the wildest enthusiasm was aroused. To Irishmen like myself, who understand Mr. O'Donnell, it must be a source of gratification to find men of Irish blood who could not understand a syllable uttered by the speaker vociferously demanding an encore. God Save Ireland!

RAMBLER.

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