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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. I.

Toronto, Saturday, Dec. 10, 1887

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Most. Rev. John Power, Bishop of Waterford, and Lismore, Ireland, is dead.

The funeral of Archbishop McGettigan took place on Wednesday. Ten thousand people were present.

A conference was held in London on Tuesday, under the presidency of Lord Herschell, to consider the condition of the working classes. Mr. Compton, M.P., Cardinal Manning, several labour members of Parliament and others interested in the subject were present. Resolutions were adopted calling upon the Government to undertake local relief works, and to take measures to assist emigration and prevent immigration.

The demise of the venerable Dr. McGettigan, Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of all Ireland, will occasion, it is believed, a new struggle in Rome between the Irish clergy who, almost to a man, it may be said are of nationalist sympathies, and the English politicians, over the selection of his successor. Lord Salisbury is understood to entertain the opinion that had he been in power in 1885, instead of Gladstone, he would have been able to prevent the appointment of Dr. Walsh to the archbishopric of Dublin, and he will make a big effort to have either Dr. Woodlock, Bishop of Ardagh, or Dr. Donnelly, Bishop Auxiliary to the Dublin See, both of whom are held in favour by the Castle authorities, named as successor to Archbishop McGettigan. If so, Lord Salisbury undertakes a piece of very difficult diplomacy. Sir George Errington's experiences, which are yet fresh in the public memory, made it forever plain that the Vatican is not to be influenced in such matters by any amount of English political intrigue.

The work of Coercion in Ireland goes on apace. The arrest of two additional Irish members of Parliament, Messrs. Timothy and Edward Harrington, and the sentencing to two months' imprisonment of Lord Mayor Sullivan, of Dublin, as a result of his second prosecution for

publishing reports of suppressed branches of the National Leagues, emphasizes the Tory idea of constitutional Government in Ireland. The next few days will witness, it is expected, the arrest also of Messrs. John Dillon and Healy. Events are fast moving to a head. The imprisonment of a few more representatives of the people, a few more weeks of interference with the liberty of the press, of the suppression of free speech and of the rule of the dragoon in a country five-sixths of whose people assert constitutionally their right to the management in their own way of their own local affairs,—a few more weeks of Lord Salisbury's government of Ireland as "a nation of Hottentots," and the world will begin to ask if, in submitting to it, the Irish are not after all just a little too dastardly. Not very many years ago—in the days of John Mitchell—under another paternal English Government, Irish political prisoners, their hands tied behind their backs, were made to lap their food like dogs from their prison floor. Some of those men are still living. They never made peace with England. Happily, the English democracy have no part in what is being perpetrated in Ireland to-day in their name by the Government. Neither the Ireland at home, nor the yet greater Ireland in exile, should be expected to withstand any too great provocation.

The letter addressed to the public press by Mr. Dwyer Gray, M.P., proprietor of the *Freemans Journal*, of Dublin, in regard to the health of Mr. Wm. O'Brien, and his treatment in Tullamore prison, together with the report of Dr. Moorehead, who is apprehensive that the treatment to which he is being subjected, may be followed by fatal consequences, have combined to awaken world wide sorrow and horror. To subject a man of Mr. O'Brien's delicate organization to all the rigours of the ordinary prison treatment, looks as if the complete breaking down of his health were the actual object of the Government. "If judicial murder is to be committed," Mr. Gray writes, "it is right that the responsibility should rest upon proper shoulders." In a late issue of *United Ireland* there is this sorrowful reference to the subject:—

"They are killing William O'Brien in jail. Later on, when the mischief is done, he will be sent to the infirmary, and possibly when the three months is over he will be tossed out of jail with some life still left in him, but clutched tight in the grip of hereditary, disease, broken in health, power and spirit, to totter down to an early grave. It is time for plain speaking. Those who know the inner history of O'Brien's life know this. That brothers and sisters dropped off from his side, killed by consumption, until he was left alone in the world. His mother died when he was a prisoner in Kilmainham. Many years ago the disease laid a strong hand upon himself, and it was by a flight into Egypt that his life was preserved. Since then, his life, with its hardship and exposure, has been a miracle to his doctor. But the germ of the deadly disease were sleeping and not dead, and who can doubt they will wake and stir to active and terrible life under the stimulating influence of the paved cell, the plank bed and the punishment regime of bread and water? William O'Brien is being murdered in Tullamore jail as surely as the police victims were murdered in Mitchelstown square, and Mr. Balfour may plume himself on both crimes."

SACRED LEGENDS.

THIRTEENTH PAPER.

THE EVANGELISTS.

The evangelists are the authors of the four gospels. Gospel is an old English form of two words—good and spell, and means, good word, good tidings; these are the same as the Greek word *evangelion*. The gospels are the most excellent part of the sacred writings. In them our Lord teaches by his own divine mouth the great lessons of faith and of eternal life. No charge appears to have been given by Him that His history or doctrine should be committed to writing. St. Matthew wrote for the Hebrews, St. Mark for the Italians, St. Luke for the Greeks; for all, the great herald, St. John. So says St. Gregory Naziarzen; Butler cites authority substantially in accord with this as to the first two gospels. St. Luke wrote to oppose false histories, he says, and St. John at the request of the Bishops of Asia, to leave an authentic testimony against certain heresies.

From the second century at latest, the living creatures mentioned in Ezekiel and in the Apocalypse were believed to typify the evangelists. The *man* is assigned to Matthew, who recounts the temporal or human origin of our Lord, the *lion* is given to Mark on account of the words at the opening of his gospel, "the voice of one crying in the wilderness," the *ox* or *bull* is given to Luke, who begins with the priesthood, and the *eagle* to the sublime evangelist who wings his flight at once beyond all created things to the contemplation of the Eternal Word. These symbols are not always interpreted in the same way or given to the same persons. The lion is sometimes the symbol of Matthew, the holy writer who explains the royal dignity of Christ, and again assigned to Mark, who is the historian of the Resurrection. The living creatures are regarded by some as shadowing forth the incarnation, passion, resurrection and ascension of our Lord. His fourfold character of man, king, high priest, and God. The Jewish doctors interpreted them as figuring the four Archangels, Michael, Raphael, Gabriel and Uriel, and afterwards applied them to the four great prophets, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel and Daniel. Associated with the evangelists, the witnesses of truth, are the four doctors of the Church, the interpreters of the truth, these are (the Latin fathers) St. Jerome, St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, and St. Gregory. The Greek fathers are St. John Chrysostom, St. Basil, St. Athanasius and St. Gregory Naziarzen. There are some other symbols of the evangelists in the collective character, noticeably the four rivers of paradise, of salvation flowing from on high to fertilize the whole earth.

MATTHEW, says Father Faber, "is the pattern of obedience to divine vocation, the model of prompt submission to holy inspirations, the teacher and the example of corresponding grace, who left all for God." This evangelist before his call was a tax gatherer, a publican, and named Levi. He was sitting by the lake of Gennesareth when our Lord said to him, "Follow me," and he left all and followed Him. He is named first among the evangelists because his gospel was written first, as an apostle he ranks seventh or eighth. It was at his house that our Lord sat down to a great feast in company with publicans and sinners, whereat the Jews were scandalized. He travelled into Egypt and Ethiopia, and led an austere life, so greatly in contrast to the magnificence and luxury of his life while sitting in receipt of customs. He overcame the magicians of Ethiopia, baptizing the people whom he freed from the influence of these enchanter. It is related that he raised the son of the king of Egypt from the dead, and cured his daughter Iphigenia from leprosy. This princess formed a community of holy virgins dedicated to the service of God, and experienced the divine protection in a wonderful way. The symbol of St. Matthew is a book and ink horn, his martyrdom was by the sword or a spear. This name signifies him that is given, and it occurs only once in his own gospel, and in the other gospels with reference to two events. It was the gospel of St. Matthew that the apostle St. Bartholomew carried into India. It was written about six years after the ascension, in Hebrew, or Syro-Chaldaic, the language spoken by the Jews in Palestine, and translated into Greek in the time of the apostles.

ST. MARK is the second evangelist, and wrote his gospel, it is said, from what he heard from St. Peter. Some say he was one of the seventy two disciples, and others that he was converted

by the chief of the apostles. He was the champion and assistant of Paul and Barnabas, as well as the favorite disciple of Peter. He laboured in Egypt, and founded the Church at Alexandria. He was put to death by the votaries of the Egyptian god Serapis, and dragged along the streets and highways till he died. A dreadful tempest of hail and lightning fell on his murderers and destroyed them. Some merchants from Venice many centuries afterwards took his relics to their city, and the stately Church of St. Mark was built over them. He is the patron and protector of their city, and there is a beautiful legend of its miraculous deliverance from the tempest of the waters, by the intercession of the Saint. There are also legends connected with his life at Alexandria.

His gospel was written, as is generally believed, in Greek, and about ten years after the ascension. Some attribute it to St. Peter himself, but it is only certain that the chief of the apostles approved of it, and published it to the Church to be read. The gospel omits the commendation given by our Lord to Peter on that occasion when He confessed He was the Son of God; while it narrates with particularity the denial of his master, and for these evidences St. Chrysostom admires the humility of St. Peter. It is the shortest of the gospels, and written with simplicity and elegance.

ST. LUKE is the third evangelist, a native of Antioch, the constant friend and companion of St. Paul. He stands towards the great apostle of the Gentiles much as St. Mark stands towards the chief. His gospel is sometimes ascribed to St. Paul, and without doubt the latter assisted him in his task, and approved and recommended the work. As Mark wrote his gospel at Rome under the eye of St. Peter, Luke wrote his when St. Paul was preaching at Achaia. St. Paul calls him the beloved physician, and it appears that he united that with the sacred duties of a fellow labourer with that apostle. He is also, but not on the like authority, said to have been a painter, and to have carried around with him two portraits, one of our Lord, and one of the blessed Virgin, and with the sight of these made many converts. "One of seven, painted portraits by Luca," as deciphered in the Catacombs, gives rise to the tradition that the evangelist was a painter. He is the patron saint of artists.

His gospel is in point of time after those of the evangelists already named. He subsequently wrote the *Acts of the Apostles*, which is a sort of appendix to it. His gospel was written in Greek about twenty-four years after the ascension, and is written with great elegance and dignity. He was crucified at Patras as is generally believed, at the same time as St. Andrew, but the Greek traditions in this, and in many other instances, assign him a peaceful death. Like St. Mark he was not one of the twelve, and possibly had never seen our Lord. The last and greatest of the evangelists, the glorious St. John, is the next to be considered.

FIRESIDE.

THE DUTY OF THE IRISH IN CANADA.

From the moment Mr. Gladstone sustained a defeat at the polls, and the Tories attained to power, it required no great gift of vaticination to foretell that inhuman Coercion would be applied to Ireland, without stint, and without mercy. This is the precise kind of diabolism to be expected from the Party of Retrogression, in dealing with what has been called, often it is true with unintentional irony, "the sister island." Had the Tories proven false to their odious political record, and for once conducted themselves like humane beings and honest men, whole thousands of the Irish would have been so astonished that they probably would have died of sheer surprise. It must have been a friendly dispensation that created the Tories too inordinately stupid to hit upon this Machiavelian plan for destroying a detested foe, and at the same time winning applause by the apparent philanthropy of their statesmanship. The Tories, however, were true to their political instincts, and an Egyptian blight of Coercion has fallen upon Ireland; evictions are in full swing; the chosen leaders of the people are being hounded as were the priests in the penal days; while the most trusted and beloved of the nation are confined and tortured in loathsome Bastilles.

The afflicted Irish people know what is before them; an heroic crisis must be endured, some harrowing experience undergone. They are ready to dare, to do, and if necessary

to die. That the brave people will finally triumph, does not admit of a rational doubt. It is only a question of time; a matter of a few weeks, or at most of a few months. Substitute years for months and it would still seem an airy trifle to a race that has struggled incessantly during seven long centuries against proscription, persecution, expatriation, rapine and massacre. The Irish outlook is now apparently as black as Erebus, but only apparently. Behind the mass of cimmerian darkness, the blessed light of freedom is pent, which ere long will burst forth like the brilliant flush of the resplendent dawn that ends a night of storm.

At the same time the situation of the British Government is most peculiar. The Tories are completely dependent upon the Unionist faction, and the English bye elections have unmistakably proved that those hybrid parliamentary wreckers are already repudiated by the British Electorate. The Unionists will soon disappear "inside" the Tory party like the young lady who rode on the back of the tiger.

Let us hope they will make a very unpalatable and unwholesome bolus for the Tory tiger—nauseous even to death.

The English people have determined to do now what they should have done generations since, that is, to study the grievances under which Ireland reels. Study is certain to produce sympathy. Therefore, while Goschen and Hartington and Chamberlain boast and bluster, the revolution will roll calmly over them, and leave them crushed as flat behind it as the mild Hindoo beneath the car of juggernaut.

In truth, the doom of those arrogant dis-sidents or disruptionists is already written. The dark grave is open to receive their defunct political carcasses. Whence did they secure their support? From the doubtful, the listless, the apathetic and the nerveless among the Electorate. The two latter component parts of their constituency they will probably retain for all time without exciting a single pang of envy, but the two former are irrecoverably lost to them. Talk as they may, there is not a Unionist leader who does not envy in his heart of hearts, the safe albeit inglorious isolation of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. The most blatant among them would eagerly clutch at an offer of a Foreign Commission, even if it led him to a region of hyperborean frosts or burning suns, if thereby he could escape the deep disgrace by which he is constantly menaced.

The Unionists endeavour to uphold what Swift has happily called, the division of hearts and the union of states. This is an apt paraphrase of the deadly union between England and Ireland, a union which was formed by bribery and corruption, and maintained by evicting, imprisoning, torturing, exiling and hanging. Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and a large section in England, have already proclaimed by their vote, that the people of Ireland must be accorded the natural right to govern themselves. In other words, a mighty majority of the Irish, Welsh and Scotch Electorates have declared for Irish Home Rule, and the same cause has obtained a marvellously strong support in England. Lord Salisbury says the Irish are a nation of Hottentots born to be ruled by the lash. Lord Salisbury has been compared to a toothless old dog whose bark is infinitely worse than his bite, but I am quite willing to accept his brutal enunciation as a sufficiently correct Tory estimate of the Irish. In blind hatred of the Irish, if in nothing else, the Tories and Unionists are thoroughly identified. It is this most Christian feeling that causes those double extra refined Aldiels of patriotism to oppose their puny voices to the thunderous demand for justice of the blended democracies of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland. It is Great Britain against Salisbury, Hartington, and Balfour. Mrs. Partington was a very noble-minded matron, but she did not keep back the Atlantic. It was grand of Ajax to defy the lightning, but the lightning probably took the defiance out of him with great promptitude.

Did a general election take place in Great Britain to-morrow, these quasi Unionists would be wiped out of existence. They have broken faith with the English people, before whom they came on the hustings with glib but insincere promises not only to rule Ireland according to the common law of the land, but to meet all her demands for land law reform. They have abundantly proven themselves to be what they are—a faction of distempered Liberals, soured politicians, stupid Tories, and tuft-hunting traitors.

For the Coercion Bill no particle of justification could be produced by its authors; and that momentous fact is fast winning over the masses in England to the Irish side. The enfranchised democracy of England is being forced to reflect on the misgovernment of Ireland, by the spectacle of a drastic measure alleged to have been for the prevention of crime in a country where crime has scarcely an appreciable existence. When Hodge, who is the honest, blunt, burly personification of much of what is best in the English character, gets his horny hands on the Tories and their Unionist tail, someone will bite the dust, and it will not be Hodge. "There have none gone about to break Parliaments," says Pym, "but in the end Parliaments have broken them." The recent great Liberal victories in Liverpool, Spaldings, Bridgton, Northwick, and Coventry tend to substantiate the statement.

But while the Disruptionists can hang together the Tories will survive, and while the Tories remain in office Coercion will flourish. Such is the pitiful chain of destruction, such the poisonous serpent that threatens the vitals of a nation old as time yet fresh as the passing hour. The Tory-Unionist alliance could hardly be broken on the plain issue of Home Rule in the approaching session of Parliament, but the most dangerous rocks and shoals are not those which appear above the tide. A comparatively trivial side issue may lead to the demolition of this house of cards; for English ministries have a fashion of tumbling blindly over just such obstructions. For the present, Ireland and her friends can only trust in Providence, hope for the best, and keep cool.

Meanwhile the imperative duty of the Irish in Canada is clear. We must aid our poverty-stricken kindred who are nobly struggling to be free. Our numerous brethren in the United States, instigated by a touching patriotism, gallantly support their oppressed Motherland. Patriotism is something more than a romantic notion. In past history it appears everywhere as one of the chief roots of virtue; it lends a ravishing charm to the famous old classical stories; it has been the great theme of oratory in all ages, it has inspired the mighty minstrels to attune their harps to immortal lays; finally, it is a sentiment so pure and elevating that it never yet filled a human breast that was not thereby greatly purified and highly benefitted. Fortunately, we, of the grand old Celtic race need no instructions as to the inborn goodness of patriotism, and, let me add, least of all such of us as were born beside the majestic St. Lawrence or the queenly Ottawa, who breathed an atmosphere laden with the sweet ether of freedom, and tread a fertile soil which is our own, and which our manhood shall keep forever inviolate. It must not be said that Irish Canadians are waiting in hearty fealty for Ireland. The affection we bear for the Old Land will make us all the better citizens of the New.

Ireland has now become the battle ground of freedom for the people of the three kingdoms. There the masses are opposed to the classes, toiling democracy to landed aristocracy, Dives to Lazarus, right to might. We who were born on "the people's side of the barracks," as the chansonnier of France expresses it, should side with the people. If there be any "born lords" among us, they may pass the other way. Then, let every man, woman and child in the Dominion hasten to swell the Anti Coercion Fund with a generous contribution. Make no delay, because the money is urgently needed in Ireland. A silver dollar outweighs a volume of talk! The friends of freedom among the other nationalities should not stand idle, but join us in laying our national tribute on the hallowed altar of liberty. This is probably the last time our motherland will be compelled to tax the generosity of our expatriated children, and there is not one among us who would not wish to truthfully boast in years to come, that it was partly through his instrumentality that our country was enabled to take her rightfully place among the nations.

M. W. CASEY.

As our dreams are, such are we.
Our dreams are but the mirrors of ourselves.
We shape in thought what soon we dress in deeds.
And what we daily do within the heart
We grow to be. Our visions are ourselves.

—Henry Bernard Carpenter.

The Church in Canada.

Contributions will be collected and preserved all obtainable data bearing upon the history and growth of the Church in Canada. Contributions are invited from those having in their possession any material that might properly come for publication in this department.

BISHOP LAROQUE.

FOUNDER OF THE ORDER OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

Translated from *Le Courier de St. Hyacinthe* for THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW.

This venerable prelate departed this life on Friday, the 18th of November, at the Convent of the Precious Blood, St. Hyacinthe. He was born at Chambly on the 28th of August, 1808, and in 1821 with his cousin Charles, who succeeded him in the Bishopric, he entered the College of St. Hyacinthe, which had then been founded. As a student he distinguished himself, as well by success in his classes, as by the practice of those virtues for which he was noted during the course of his life. In 1829, after having finished a brilliant classical course, he embraced the ecclesiastical state, and on the 15th of March, 1835, was raised to the priesthood, by Bishop J. J. Lartigue. From this until 1845, he remained at his *Alma Mater*, filling successively and with distinction, the positions of Professor, Director, and Superior of the institution.

In 1847 Bishop Bourget, knowing his merit, called him to Montreal to assist him in administering his diocese and appointed him a Canon. In 1852, upon the termination of the First Council of Quebec, Bishop Prince, Coadjutor of Montreal, was delegated to carry the Decrees of that Council to Rome, and Canon Laroque was ordered to accompany him as secretary. During his sojourn in the Eternal City, His Holiness Pope Pius IX., appointed him Bishop of Cydonia in *partibus infidelium*, and Coadjutor of Montreal, in place of Mgr. Prince, who had been promoted to the new Diocese of St. Hyacinthe. On the 28th of October, 1852, he was consecrated in his native parish Church of Chambly, by Bishop Bourget, assisted by Bishops Guiges of Ottawa, and Cooke of Three Rivers.

The succeeding eight years were labourious ones, and Bishop Laroque never spared himself in seconding his illustrious master to carry out the many great works which he originated for the glory of God, and the salvation of souls. These incessant labours brought on the infirmity from which he suffered so much afterwards, and which too soon compelled him to resign his episcopal functions.

He was transferred to the Diocese of St. Hyacinthe in 1860, and suffering might be said to be the first act of his administration, for he was immediately prostrated by a violent attack of sciatica. For six years he suffered torments from this implacable enemy, and at length was obliged to request the Holy Father to allow him to surrender his charge of the Diocese. On the 17th of August, 1865, his request was granted, and in July, 1866, his successor, Mgr. Charles Laroque took possession of the See. In January, 1867, Bishop Laroque was named Bishop of Germanicopolis, and he retired to the Convent of the Precious Blood, where he remained until his death. The foundation of this Community was the principal work of the pious prelate during the short time he had charge of the Diocese, and after his resignation he continued to interest himself in its progress, taking up his residence in the house of the Order, for the purpose of better initiating these holy women in the spirit of asceticism and their special vocation by pious and solid instruction and advice every day. The Community of the Precious Blood is indebted to him for the Constitution which governs them, and for several works on spiritual subjects, among others: "A Manual of Devotion to the Precious Blood," "Meditations for Retreats," "Meditations for the Sundays and Principal Feasts of the Year."

Under the wise and successful direction of its venerable founder, the Order has made wonderful progress. To-day,

after 26 years of existence, the mother house is in a prosperous condition, spiritual as well as temporal, and three swarms have already left the hive to preach, by the example of their immolation, the glory of God—in the cities of Montreal, Toronto, and Ottawa. These new monasteries are also prospering, and vocations are flowing in more numerous every year. God wished to recompense even here below, the merits of His faithful servant by allowing him to witness the expansion and success of his work.

The funeral services took place on the 23rd of November, and were attended by an immense concourse of the clergy and laity from all parts of the country. His Eminence, Cardinal Taschereau officiated, assisted by the Rev. Canons Leclair and Ouellette, Deacons of Honour, Revs. M. Duhamel and Cadotte, Deacons of the Mass; and the Rev. Abbes Gagnon and Decelles, Masters of Ceremonies. The Rev. M. Dupuis of Farnham, delivered a magnificent funeral oration, after which the absolution was given and the remains were taken to the cemetery of the Precious Blood, where they were laid in a special vault, in the shadow of that Convent which he founded and fostered. The following members of the Episcopate occupied seats in the sanctuary. His Eminence, Cardinal Taschereau, Archbishop of Quebec, His Grace, Archbishop Lynch of Toronto; His Grace, the Archbishop of Montreal, His Grace, the Archbishop of Ottawa; and their Lordships, Bishops Moreau, of St. Hyacinthe, Lafleche, of Three Rivers; Grandin of St. Albert; and Racine, of Sherbrooke. There were present likewise about 150 priests from all parts of Canada and the United States. *Requiescat in pace.*

GARCIA MORENO.

PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF THE SACRED HEART,
1821-1876.

From the Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

Twelve years ago died Gabriel Garcia Moreno, the "Liberator of his Country, and the Martyr of Civilization." To his glorious memory Pius IX., whose rights he had so nobly vindicated, erected a statue in the City of Rome. His own country, by the voice of its legislators, bestowed upon him these noble and merited titles,—“Liberator, Regenerator, Martyr,” and, to carry his memory down to posterity, it decreed “that a marble statue should be erected in his honour,” bearing this inscription:—

To His Excellency Garcia Moreno,
The Greatest of the Children of Ecuador;
Who died for his Religion and his Country,
From a Grateful Republic:

I.

This truly great man was born in Guayaquil, December 24th, 1821, of an ancient and honourable family, distinguished for its merit as well as for its nobility.

In consequence of the incessant revolutions that agitated his country, his father, Garcia Gomez, had suffered severe reverses of fortune. All his children, with the exception of the youngest—the hero of this sketch, had finished their education before things had come to the worst, and had gone out into the world well qualified to make their own way in it. The devoted mother, Dora Mercedes Moreno, determined to take upon herself the task of forming the mind and heart of her youngest born. She taught him piety, love of duty, regularity of life, and, above all, she tried to impress upon his mind the beauty of an uncomplaining spirit under the greatest trials.

He was disciplined in the severe school of poverty; and his cradle song, says one of his biographers, “was the noise of conflict, and the roar of cannon.” Insurrections unceasingly renewed, ragged crowds filling the public places with their cries and alarms, and the incessant bombardment of his native city early prepared him for the stormy life he was destined to lead. Then a great sorrow fell upon his devoted mother and himself. At the moment when his love and protection were most needed, his father was taken from them.

But God did not abandon the widow and the orphan. Means were found to allow the young lad to follow his ardent desire for study. His masters could not sufficiently praise the eminent qualities of his mind, his perfect regularity, his love of learning, and especially his strength of character which they had never seen equalled in one of his age.

At eighteen, Garcia Moreno was possessed of a rich fund of learning. He had not followed any special branch of study—his desire for general knowledge was too great for that,—but he chose rather a wide and comprehensive course. With powerful and well balanced faculties, brilliant imagination and soul of fire, he grasped and retained in his wonderfully retentive memory, literature, science, history, eloquence, poetry, and each of these he cultivated with the exactness of a specialist. It is easy to understand how, under such circumstances, he was what he was, orator, historian, poet, mathematician, distinguished chemist and in comparable statesman.

Not indeed without excessive application were so many branches of learning mastered. He lived like a recluse among his books. For him no holidays, no vacations, no pleasures of any kind. He reposed himself from serious work by the study of foreign languages. French, English, and Italian became to him as his mother tongue. When the city slept, his poor lamp was still burning, as he bent over a volume of philosophy or algebra. When worn out by fatigue, he would take from the bed both the mattress and coverlet and throw himself on the bare boards, lest he should be tempted to sleep too long. He resumed his work at three. If his eyelids were heavy and disposed to close yet a little over his work, plentiful ablutions of cold water soon opened them wide enough. With such efforts it is no wonder that he obtained success. His name became celebrated in the capital. Whatever career he might choose to enter upon, he was sure of success.

When the time came to make choice of a profession, his religious sentiments inclined him towards the Church, but he finally began the study of law. He won all hearts by his brilliant qualities, his frank and open character and his loyalty. His love of study had hitherto shut him out from society. There came a moment when he yielded to the world's attractions and found pleasure in them. For a time he gave up his beloved books, but it was for a short time only. He soon returned to them with renewed fervour. He could never be satisfied to remain an ordinary advocate or judge; nothing less than being a Bayard—"a knight without fear and without reproach"—could satisfy his heart. Here is an example of his efforts to subject mere instinct to the power of his will. One day he was walking in the country, an open book in his hand, he suddenly found himself in face of an enormous rock that formed a natural vault, under which the sun could not penetrate. Profiting by its shelter to rest a few minutes without ceasing to read, he all at once discovered that the huge black rock over his head was almost entirely detached from its base, and could at any instant crush him to atoms in its fall. One spring and he was outside the dangerous cavern. Hardly had he taken the leap when the shame of having yielded to fear, even for an instant, caused him to return and seat himself under the trembling mass of stone. He remained there more than an hour. A man of such a mould would never retreat before the poignard of an assassin or the fury of a mob.

II.

As a servant of his God and his country, Garcia Moreno took an active part in the struggle which the defenders of the people and the Church organized time and again against the tyrants who would oppress them. The people of Ecuador love their faith, their priests, their Church, and its holy ceremonies. Their Spanish blood boils with indignation at the thought of their altars invaded, their Churches desecrated. The impious Constitution, promulgated by the government of 1848, roused a solemn protest against itself. Garcia Moreno, young and ardent, threw himself heart and soul into the work of organizing the faithful into patriotic societies, to resist their oppressors. Dominating by his eloquence, his spirit, his decided character, he electrified his party by words of fire, while he prepared them for an active struggle. After many alternatives of success and defeat and a struggle of sixteen years, he was elected President.

Twice during this time had he been obliged to exile himself to regain strength for the long conflict. He returned from his first exile more and more convinced that Jesus Christ is the only Saviour of nations, and that a state without religion must necessarily be under the heel of an autocrat or at the mercy of the Anarchist. On his way home to Ecuador, while at Panama, he perceived some religious sadly grouped near a ship to sail for England. They were Fathers of the Society of Jesus, recently expelled by the Freemasons from New Granada without other reason than that they were ardent defenders of the Roman Catholic faith. Might not his own beloved country profit by the stupid crime of her neighbour? Garcia Moreno presented himself before the superior of the little band and offered the poor exiles a refuge at Quito, where for a long time many families had desired to confide to them the education of their children.

Arrived at Guayaquil he replied to the pamphlets of the Freemasons by his *Defensa de los Jesuitas* (Quito, 1861), one of the best pleas ever composed in favour of the Society of Jesus.

He says: "How dare you publish those gross slanders, when it is notorious that everywhere the Jesuits have preached solely the law of the Gospel, submission to lawful authority and submission even to the iniquitous law that condemned them to exile? As to us, we know that war is declared, not against the Jesuits, but against religion and the Catholic faith. They will proscribe the Jesuits, then the secular clergy, then all the children of the Church. Thus will be dug the pit that will swallow up New Granada, Ecuador, and all Catholic states, if our cowardice goes far enough to submit to the accursed demands of the *Bande Rouge*. But no! that shall never be; the faith of our fathers shall never cease to illuminate our Ecuador. To defend her, neither the people nor the clergy will be down in silent resignation. We will march to the combat under the guidance of Divine Providence. If, like the Hebrews, we must pass through the Red Sea, God will open a passage to His chosen people, and on the other shore we will intone the song of triumph."

In the preface to this vigorous apostrophe, he says: "They will call me a fanatic and a Jesuit for consecrating my leisure to write this *Defensa*. That matters little. I am a Catholic and proud to be one, though I cannot be counted among the fervent children. I love my country and deem it a duty to work for her happiness; more than that, I am revolted by tyranny wherever I meet it, and detest the cold barbarity of those men who can remain between the victim and the destroyer."

(To be continued.)

The present condition of a part of the Highlands of Scotland is certainly as bad from every point of view as anything in Ireland. The crofters in the island of Lewis have been reduced to the very verge of starvation. A large tract of land in that island has been set aside as a deer park, for the amusement and sport of the landlords and their friends. The starving crofters have resolved to kill the deer to supply their needs, and not only resolved to do so, but have actually begun doing so. A sloop of war, with sixty marines, has been ordered to proceed to Lewis. The whole picture is a pitiable one to be presented so near the very centre of that nation which we must consider to stand at the very head of all the nations of the earth. There is no doubt about the crofters' grievances and starvation, but though the despatch tells us that the sloop carries marines to the starving people of Lewis, it says nothing about her carrying food.—*Halifax Chronicle*.

The pulpit of St. Saviour's, Dublin, has been occupied during the past few weeks by one who seems destined in time to fill the place of Father Burke. Not since his day has the church—and it is one of the largest in the city—been so thronged as it has been evening after evening during the retreat for the male members of the Sodality of the Holy Name, conducted by the Rev. Antoninus Keane, D.D., O.P., an alumnus and graduate of Conliffe college, who, after some time spent in the secular mission in the Irish metropolis, recently joined the Dominican Order.

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LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

ST. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 20th Dec., 1886.

GENTLEMEN,—

I have singular pleasure indeed in saying God-speed to your intended journal, THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW. The Church, contradicted on all sides as her Divine Founder was, hails with peculiar pleasure the assistance of her lay children in dispelling ignorance and prejudice. They can do this nobly by public journalism, and as the press now appears to be an universal instructor for either evil or good, and since it is frequently used for evil in disseminating false doctrines and attributing them to the Catholic Church, your journal will do a very great service to Truth and Religion by its publication. Wishing you all success and many blessings on your enterprise.

I am, faithfully yours,

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DEC. 10, 1887.

Pastor Milligan takes a fling at "this man Cleary, of Kingston," whom he professes to admire as a staunch out-and-out Papist. The Bishop will scarcely demur to the qualification since Mr. Milligan could find nothing to put as his antipodes but the wholly pitiable ex-pastor of St. Stephens, New York.

The *World* affects to believe that THE REVIEW is opposed to the appointment of Canadian priests to the Canadian Bishopsrics. The *World* is mistaken. In the words of the Ministerial head of one of the departments at Ottawa, we beg to assure our contemporary, which continues to take a distinguished interest in the general well-being of the Church, that "there ain't nothin' to it."

The Rev. Mr. Macdonnell discoursed in his sermon to the St. Andrew's Society, on several "ominous straws." His recent utterances on the temperance question will have disposed his hearers to disassociate those straws from iced lemonade or other matters of like specific gravity.

The Rev. Mr. Macdonnell has fallen on evil days lately. He had the courage—or the audacity—to put himself on record against fanatical temperance propositions. Whereupon the Rev. W. J. Taylor kicked at him, and the Rev. E. A. Stafford jumped on him, and a hundred other Reverends sharpened their teeth for his prompt disposal. The Rev. Macdonnell knew enough to come in out of the rain. He quite as promptly kicked the Pope two consecutive times, and the Ministerial Association has declared that he is in the state of grace again, and has elected him its President.

We have made arrangements with the publisher of *Donahoe's Magazine* to club, commencing with the new year, the *Magazine* and THE REVIEW for one year for \$3.

A notice of the *Magazine* will be found elsewhere in our reading matter. Taken separately the subscription price of each is \$2. By this arrangement subscribers may have at the end of the year two volumes aggregating 1,800 pages of the most carefully compiled Catholic reading matter, and for no more than would be asked for a book of 300 pages.

A Mr. Charles Durand has been visiting the Catholic Sunday schools (more correctly, "Catechism classes") of this city, and has found many things to admire. He has likewise given his Catholic readers many things to admire. One, for instance, is the obtuseness which could interpret any possible Catholic answer to the question "Is Baptism necessary for salvation?" in such shape as this: "No, salvation comes by the sacrifice of the blood of Christ on the cross and our belief in Him as our Saviour through faith." The bulk of the sentence may pass, but the "No" was, we firmly believe, never uttered by pupil or teacher. If any Christian brother teaches his class in so bungling a way as to give colour to Mr. Durand's report, his superiors should attend to his sad case without delay.

The *curios* of evangelical theology increase in number if not in interest. The Rev. Mr. Crosby, by the grace of a good voice and the urgency of an empty pocket-book, revivalist, has discovered that one of the miseries of Hell is the absence of children. He is not a regular minister, we presume, and the *regulars* will no doubt pardon him his ill-chosen allusion to their innumerable sources of happiness. The genial soul went the length of settling for his audience all the knotty points about the final destiny of the wicked, in a way which must have gained him their hearty good-will, and their most sincere prayers, that he might not be making a mistake. The "worm that never dieth" no doubt meant memory, and the "fire that is not quenched," probably referred to remorse; but literal hell-fire! pooh!! And his hearers are presumed to be satisfied with *no doubts* and *probablys* in a matter of the first importance. Would a business man take a *probably* for an answer in a matter of one-millionth of the importance of this one?

Writing to the editor of the *World* on the subject of the offensive way in which Protestants, and particularly Protestant clergymen, speak of the Church as the "Romish" Church, Mr. W. J. MacDonell says:

"The termination *ish* may be accounted in some sort a degree of comparison, by which the signification is diminished below the positive, as *black*, *blackish*, or tending to blackness; *salt*, *saltish*, or having a little taste of salt." These are the words of our venerable friend, Mr. Lindley Murray. In Saturday's paper you inform us that Lord Lyons "has joined the Romish Church," and then go on to say that he was "received into the Roman Catholic Church." Now the Roman Catholic Church is most decidedly positive, while, according to the above quoted authority, *ish* is below the positive.

Romish is not *Roman*. In reality the *Romish* people are those who imitate the Roman Catholic Church, but have not the courage or honesty to join her communion."

It is hardly probable that people who have so often proved themselves incapable of learning a lesson, will profit by these very trite remarks of Mr. MacDonell, but that will be because they act on the principle: "it makes all the difference whose ox is gored." It is not within the creed of Protestants to treat either justly or impartially that Church whose very existence effectually deprives their fondest arguments of any cogent force.

The late Hon. George Couture, Legislative Councillor, and Knight of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre was a princely benefactor of the Church in the Province of Quebec, and foremost in works of charity. During his life he gave upwards of \$125,000 to the Hospital of St. Joseph de la Deliverance, Levis, and to the magnificent church being erected at the same place \$30,000. On his death he created a fund of \$15,000, which will bear his name to board in the Hospital the old and infirm and the orphans of Notre Dame de Levis. The Convent of Levis received \$1,000 for poor pupils, the Hospital, as a last gift \$3,000 and the College at Levis, a valuable property. The Convents of St. Charles, Cacouna, St. Anselme, la Prefecture Apostolique de la Cotè Nord, all received liberal benefactions. A quarter of his property will be employed to sustain the poor of his native parish, and to provide for the education of the children of the poor. "These," says *Le Canadien* "are works that count. But what shall we say of all the alms, of all the gifts which his inexhaustible charity has found means of giving for the last fifty years! Without ostentation, of a reserve bordering on timidity, he gave without reckoning how much human glory his donations would bring him. He did not amass for the pleasure of acquiring riches and obtaining the luxuries and comfort that fortune brings. Of a nature essentially charitable and beneficent, he wished to give a large part to the poor, to the disinherited and to the unfortunate in life. Not one unfortunate left his house without being relieved. We will never know how much alms his discreet charity has commanded him to give." What a glorious example such a man is to the rich Catholics of Ontario and elsewhere!

As the Jews of old sought, in the prophecies and in the history of former days, the proof of their election as the chosen people of God, so the Catholic Church can cite in evidence of her divine mission, the most sublime of prophecies and the most beautiful of histories. When our blessed Lady, filled with the Holy Spirit of God, broke forth in that Canticle of Canticles, the *Magnificat*, she predicted that "from henceforth, all nations shall call me blessed." Who, of all the nations which claim the name of Christian, call Mary blessed? Catholics only, in the fulness of their faith and love, pay her this tribute. It is their delight and glory, and Protestants even, recognizing the fact, have striven to make it their reproach. They blame us for the practice, and so doing, contradict the Divine Spirit which spoke through her; for if ever there was inspiration, if ever the spirit of God spoke by merely mortal lips, he spoke by the mouth of Mary, the mother of God. As the Jews now perpetuate, by their very exclusiveness, the fact of their having been rejected from the position of the chosen people, so Protestantism, by a like fatality, is compelled to bear witness to its own degeneracy. We never hear Protestants (if we except those few artificial creatures who call themselves Ritualists) speak of her as blessed. The merest human prudence, the commonest forethought, should have preserved them from so glaring a deviation from the divinely foretold practice of true Christians, but the divine wisdom has preserved this devotion for its own, as it guards and saves for them the very name of Catholics. A couple of ranting revivalists have lately visited this city. One of them delivered a sermon (or lecture, or speech) on "Three notable women." He chose "Naomi, and Orpah, and Ruth," as his notables. Let us imagine him or any

other Protestant attempting to preach the praises of the Blessed Virgin. Who has ever heard of such a one escaping the most bitter attacks, when indeed anyone has been found rash enough to venture on such a subject. Love and veneration for the blessed mother of God have always been Catholic devotions, true indexes of true Christian faith. The "nations which call her blessed" are, everywhere and in all ages, Catholic.

The New York Catholic papers will print this week a recent declaration of the Holy See, having incidental connection, it is said, with the land theories of Mr. Henry George. In this pronouncement Rome declares it to be an article of faith that the Church may not only possess, but also administer private property, without hindrance from the state. The right of private ownership in land is therefore indirectly asserted, in contradiction to the cardinal principle of the George school, that the land belongs to the people and cannot be appropriated to private ownership. The publication of the document will be looked for with much interest. The foundation principle of Mr. George's system is that private ownership in land is unjust and that the abolition of individual ownership is all that is necessary to put an end to all poverty. Had Mr. George been content to confine his contentions against the evils resulting from the exaggerated acquirement of property, and kept himself to the advocacy of the common ownership of land as a more advantageous social policy than that of individual ownership, it is safe to say that he would have largely spared himself from the criticism that has been visited upon him. But in resting his condemnation on a moral objection, namely, on the theory that the private ownership of property is "unjust," Mr. George enunciated a principle as contrary, it is believed, to Holy Writ, as it is opposed to the practice of the Church, and the consensus of Catholic teaching. The first Christians owned land, and neither our Lord when He was on earth, nor His apostles rebuked them. The principle which Mr. George condemns as unjust, is one which the Church from the earliest days has in her own case accepted. She has herself acted on it, and having for her support the continuous teaching of Catholic doctors and bishops, the question narrows itself down to a simple one of correctness as between the Church and the Anti-Povertyites—between Mr. Henry George, and St. Augustine and St. Thomas Aquinas. In his encyclical on socialism, the Sovereign Pontiff denounced those who "assail the right of property and seek to seize and hold in common what has been acquired by lawful inheritance, or by mental or manual labour, or by one's own economy," the Church recognizing the inequality that exists among men commanding "that the right of property and ownership derived from nature itself, be held intact and inviolable." As to the efficacy of the George principle as a means unto the abolition of poverty, it may be doubted if any combination of political economy and philanthropy could be devised to accomplish that eleemosynary object. The poor, God has promised, we shall always have with us, poverty, according to Bishop Herbert Vaughan, "being a direct consequence of original sin," whose presence in the world "no political, social, or philosophical course of action will destroy."

The retreat of the St. Vincent de Paul Society of St. Joseph's parish, Ottawa, began Thursday and will last until Sunday.

1888.—LIFE OF LEO XIII.

"The Popular American Catholic Magazine,"—the cheapest in the world! One hundred large pages a month. Two handsome volumes of six hundred pages each per year. DONAHOB'S MAGAZINE will commence its tenth year in January, 1888. The magazine is filled with interesting matter; Tales, Biography, Episodes, in Irish and American History, Poetry, etc. Many of the bishops and thousands of the clergy have given it their support. It is gotten up, so far as mechanical execution is concerned, in fine style good print, paper, etc. Its grand aim is to afford reading that will elevate and instruct the present and coming generations. Terms.—Two dollars per year, in advance. One dollar for six months. Any person getting a new subscriber, and sending us \$3, will receive two copies to separate addresses. Premium—Every subscriber on sending money in advance (\$) will receive an excellent life of our Holy Father and Pope. Every Catholic should have a life of the great Pontiff. Remittance should be made by post-office order or registered letter. Address, DONAHOB'S MAGAZINE, Boston, Mass.

Written for the CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW.

THE LAURENTIDES.

Of old men dream'd, and dream'd, and still do dream
Of wonder lands and strange and vast expanses
Amid unbalanced splendours and void planes,
In awful heights of space and lonely silence,
Who, peopled with imaginary life,
The wide horizons of the r'ghostly vision,
Whose senses, open'd in huge solitude,
The human hearing taste and sight transcending,
Become the lenses of angelic sense
Unlimited. Far mightier spec'acles
Than those of dreams has Nature; larger realms,
Had men the gift to see them in their fulness;
But lust is as a film upon their eyes—
Were men not moles, whose habitudes of darkness
Make dim the needless vision of the soul.

Behold the mighty Laurentides. Could Slumber,
Within the proscenae of our dreams,
Build such a scene as this? Could even Blindness
Sit unastounded? Mark these utmost bounds:
The barren wastes that chill cold Labrador,
The voiceless terrors of the Polar seas,
The thunder-riven mountains of the West,
And, to the South, transcontinental fields
Of sunlit prairie, and the mighty lakes
Whose stormy capes, and sad-hued battlements,
Defy the ceaseless menace of the waves.

Laurentia! Superb Laurentia!
The rude Norse gods, or hoary Jove, or Vulcan,
Could not have breathed thy native atmosphere—
Child of primæval violence gigantic—
Life's very father—old at history's birth,
Untutored by the wisdom of decline
Of these last bland creations—whom the sunlight
Found aged, and the swarming seas in wonder
Beheld unpeopled. Where the forest herbage
Upon the savage rocks could find no home.
Laurentia! In thy rude leagues there dwelleth
Great desolation throned upon the heights,
Whose guarded boundaries of massy ice-fields,
And rivers turbulent, and forest wilds,
Forbid the access of our gentler age;
And, better fit for Scandinavian heroes,
Cycloppian dwelling, and titanic war,
Seem haunted by the ghosts of vanish'd ages,
Whose warfares rent the silver-veined hills,
And in the rudest wastes wrought worse destruction.

Whence came this eldest of the Earth's formations?
Of her fecund womb by eruption born?
Like molten glass from the red crucible,
Shot prematurely to the clouded air
In wierd, pre-solar gloom? Nay, it was wasted
From the primæval hills in glit'ring sand,
And pour'd by long-forgotten rivers downward
Into a steaming, cyclone-stricken sea,
To lie for ages on the Ocean's bosom,
Uplifted last from the abyssal deep,
And menacing the sultry firmament.

The mountain sides were delicately 'graved
And fashioned by the patient sculptor Water,
Whose sensitive and watchful fingers wrought,
Arm'd with th' unyielding chisel of the ice
With glacier, avalanche, and boist'rous torrent:
Who, on the architecture of the world,
Carved deep the mountains' haughty lineaments,
And made mo. . . . in the ample plains,
And bas-reliefs of sculptured history
To tell Mankind the story of the world.

While other lands were plunged beneath the sea,
And tales submerged rose to the air of heaven,
And restless Change inhabited the world,
Kneading the clay that should be moulded Man . . .
In after ages; while broad waters swarm'd
With life innum'erable both small and great;
And rivers, lakes, and fields brought forth their kind,
And Nature bore all to their destined graves,
And stamped their forms as seals upon the rocks—
Seals to the bond whereby all creatures die.
Laurentia in dreamless slumber lay,
And Change, before her uninvaded shores,
Beat on the shingled precinct of her sleep,
And, like a wave, recoiled. Vast Laurentides,
In all thy first barbaric state sequestrate
From lesser, trivial, and more changeful times,
Rude with uncultured unembarass'd greatness,—
No garden for a petty mind's contentment,
With measured littleness in order ranged—
But like the sombre many-voiced forest,
Peopled with startled echo, awesome shapes,
Where wand'ring shafts of sunlight gild the leaves,
And wand'ring thoughts illuminate the mind.
Where every tree should teach Mankind of greatness . . .
To rear life's graces on a brood based column
Of virtuous years, to cast a wide protection
And hospitality o'er gentler beings,
To live in goodly neighbourhood with all men,
And lift a brave face to the changeful sky.

Yet has age soften'd these austere, cold wilds,
That are not barren of Earth's gentle tenants,
Whose breasts, in these inhospitable wilds,
Would else be childless; and no barren consort
Of Power is the All-Mother who has nurtured
The furry peoples of the northern wastes,
Made all the crystal waters bring forth silver,
And beat the cold air with unnumbered wings.
Bright humming-birds flash in the southern sunlight
Of that strange land whose snows surround the Pole;
The Moose, the antler'd Deer, the genial Bear
Range unprovoked wilds unexplored by Man;
The Beaver's architecture dams the streams;
And great fish in innumerable lakes
Flash their cold silver where the mirror'd sky
Is framed in high impending rock; where woodlands
Unmask the boyish unrestrained cascades
Whose leaping lights flash back the laughing sun.

Laurentia! Superb Laurentia!
Thy mountains in the garments of the cloud,
Thy rivers pouring down o'er crystal leagues
Their glassy waters to the solemn sea,
Thine isle-germed lakes, thine old, old solitudes,
Thy woodland courses where impetuous fires
Race madly o'er the desolated plain,
Thy water ways, where dwarf'd voyageurs pursue
The tenor of their unaccompanied way,
Thy sad-hued silent woodlands, where the snow
Lies all the summer long, and sheets th' moss,
And weighs the tree boughs down for half the year—
Oh! All thy mountains, plains, lakes, seas, and snows
Are fraught with mighty teachings unto Man—
It is a land of solitude and toil
Where Man with nature and himself may dwell,
And learn the mystery of life and death,
And read the story of the distant past,
And mighty promise of great things to be;
It is a stately temple where are said
By wind, and flut'ring leaf, and rippling stream,
And all the eloquence of utter silence,
By congregation of all living things
The ceaseless Credo: "I do indeed believe."
It is a shrine where all the dread blind Laws
Wield the huge Forces that command the World—
It is a Book o'er which Mankind may pore,
And read the symbols and the signs of God.

H. R. A. POOCK.

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP McGETTIGAN.

The death of the Most Rev. Daniel McGettigan, D.D., Roman Catholic Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland, is announced. He was consecrated Coadjutor Bishop of Raphoe, which diocese comprises nearly the whole County of Donegal, on 18th May, 1856, and succeeded Right Rev. Patrick McGettigan in that See 1st May, 1861. He was "translated" to the Archbishopric of Armagh and Primacy of All Ireland, in succession to Most Rev. Dr. Kiernan, 11th March, 1870. The deceased Prelate had thus been for over thirty-one years a member of the Episcopacy. The Ecclesiastical Province of Armagh comprises the eight Suffragan Dioceses of Meath, Derry, Clogher, Raphoe, Down and Connor, Kilmore, Ardagh, Dromore. Founded originally by St. Patrick, its first Bishop as the Primate of All Ireland, this honour was for ages disputed by the Archiepiscopal See of Dublin. The matter was, however, at length settled—towards the end of the seventeenth century—by the Pope and Cardinals, who decided (*more Hibernores*) that, while the Archbishop of Dublin should be Primate of Ireland, he of Armagh should be Primate of All Ireland. The Archdiocese includes the entire country of Louth, almost the whole of Armagh, a great part of Tyrone, and a part of Derry. The deceased prelate had for not many years past, at least, taken a very prominent part in Irish public affairs. The Right Rev. Dr. Finegan, Bishop of the Diocese of Kilmore, whose demise is also announced, was consecrated about a year and a half ago. On the occasion of making the first pastoral visit of his diocese he contracted pneumonia, which necessitated his going to the south of France for the winter. Recovering his health somewhat, he profited by his proximity to Rome to make his first visit *ad limina Apostolorum*. Returning to Ireland he lingered for some months, but finally succumbed and died a few days ago, as already stated. Dr. Finegan took an active part in Irish politics as a Nationalist. The Diocese of Kilmore includes nearly all of the County of Cavan and parts of Leitrim and Fermanagh.

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

Cardinal Taschereau was informed yesterday that the Bishop of Chicoutimi, who has been seriously ill, is now recovering.

The Very Rev. Maurice A. Walsh, V. G., will be Administrator of the diocese of Philadelphia during the absence of Archbishop Ryan.

The Sovereign Pontiff has conferred the Cross of Commander of the Order of St. Gregory, upon M. Carry, editor of the *Moniteur de Rome*.

A Brazilian Bishop, Monsignore de Silva Barros, has entreated the people of his diocese to celebrate the Papal Jubilee by liberating their Negro slaves.

The Milwaukee *Catholic Citizen* chronicles with just satisfaction the generous donation of \$20,000 to St. Benedict's convent and academy, St. Joseph's, Minn., by a Catholic who desires his name kept secret.

Notwithstanding the millions of dollars spent by the various Protestant sects in India, it is satisfactory to know that their missionaries admit four fifths of the conversions to Christianity are made by the Catholic Church.

The Right Rev. Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, who sails for Rome with Archbishop Ryan on Saturday, will visit Jerusalem. Archbishop Ryan expects to be in Rome at Christmas. He will, if possible, return to Philadelphia by Holy week.

The Apostolic Vicariate of Dakota has at present 90 priests, 140 churches, 100 stations without churches, 20 diocesan students, 24 parochial schools, 4 convents, 4 academies, 10 Indian schools, 1 hospital, and a Catholic population of 80,000.

Lord Lyons, late British Ambassador at Paris, who

was recently received into the Church, is dead. Lord Lyons' conversion occurred six months ago, and he had been a regular attendant at mass for four months, although he was only baptized a few weeks ago by the Bishop of Southwark, when his severe illness appeared likely to result seriously.

It may not be generally known that soon after the proclaimed independence of the United States, the Portuguese Minister to their government was a priest—the Abbé Correa. He was an accomplished scholar and a man of edifying life and had been chaplain to Kosciuske. The Abbé Correa was also a member of the French Academy and founder of the Royal Academy of Lisbon.

The *Bulletin*, the organ of the conferences of St. Vincent De Paul, publishes the general report of the past year. "Our progress," the report says, "has been such as the vigilance of the general and superior councils would lead us to expect. One hundred and fifty-six conferences have been instituted, that is to say, exactly the same number as in 1885. These new conferences are in the most diverse latitudes."

A number of Jesuit Fathers have just left England for foreign missions. On Monday, Father Piemonte, an Italian member of the Society; Father Barrante, a Spaniard, and Brother Reynolds, an Englishman, left Liverpool for New York *en route* to Honduras. Father Turner, Mount St. Mary's, Chesterfield, and formerly of St. Helen's, Lancaster, and Father Chandler, formerly Prefect of Studies at St. Ignatius' College, Malta, have left for Jamaica. Father Barker, formerly of St. Walburga's, Preston, has gone to Demerara.

CANADIAN CHURCH NEWS.

Rev. Father Dowdall of St. Patrick's Church, Ottawa, has left Ottawa for Mount St. Patrick.

There is a large and flourishing Catholic Total Abstinence Society in Dartmouth, N.S., of which Mr. L. C. Ernest Page is President.

The President of the St. Vincent de Paul Society acknowledges thankfully the receipt of \$100, from Mr. Goldwin Smith, for charitable distribution by the Society among the poor.

The Rev. Mother General of the Grey Nuns of Ottawa has recovered from her late indisposition and will soon make her annual visit to the houses of her order in the United States.

Very Rev. Father Vincent, C. S. B., Provincial of the Basilians in Canada, is expected at St. Michael's College about Christmas. Father Vincent has been in France since July last, and his health has greatly improved under the sunny skies of his native land.

The Rev. Father Lacasse, O. M. I., has just returned from his mission to the Indians of Labrador and Hudson's Bay. He has brought with him to Quebec a young Naskagio Indian, twelve years of age, for the purpose of having him instructed in the French language. If he succeeds, this young man will act later on as interpreter for the missionaries in those far-off countries.

The Catholics of Yarmouth, N.S., are preparing to build one of the handsomest Churches in the Lower Provinces. It is to be of brick of the *renaissance* style of architecture, with grand cathedral windows, the interior with triple arched ceilings, beautifully frescoed, the arches supported by massive pillars which separate the side aisles from the nave.

Le Courier du Canada says: We are happy to announce, that the *Etudes Religieuses, Philosophiques, Historiques et Littéraires*, which has been suspended for the last seven years will immediately resume publication. The aim of this excellent review is to defend religion, to combat modern errors, to

maintain in their integrity the doctrines, rights, and prerogatives of the Church and the Holy See. It is edited exclusively by members of the Society of Jesus.

The Abbé Laflamme, S.T.D., member of the Geological Society of France, of the Royal Society of Canada, and Professor of Laval University, has published a biography of Dr. Michael Sarrazin, Member of the Superior Council of Quebec, corresponding member of the Academy of Sciences, and Royal Physician. Canadian society in the early days of the colony, although fully occupied in providing the necessaries of life, was not without its *savants*, and Dr. Sarrazin was one of the most noted.

The Bishop of Nicolet, P.Q., who is at present in Rome, was lately received in private audience by the Holy Father, to whom he presented, on behalf of the Archbishops and Bishops of French Canada, an elegant Latin address. He also presented a magnificent quarto volume containing the discourses and compositions of the pupils of the Seminary of Nicolet, recited at an academical *soance* in celebration of the Sacerdotal Jubilee of Leo XIII., and finally offered the Peter Pence to his flock.

The Rev. Joseph Auclair, cure of the parish of Notre Dame, in Quebec city, who departed this life during the past week, and who was interred beneath the sanctuary of the Basilica on Friday morning, has occupied that dignified position for over thirty-seven years. He was exceedingly charitable, and leaves as monuments of his devotion the Maternity Hospital of St. Joseph, the Commercial Academy, and other institutions of a like nature. The vacancy will only be filled after the sanction of the Holy See has been obtained. Cardinal Taschereau

officiated at the mass *de requiem* and delivered an eulogium on the virtues of the deceased. Bishops Langevin and Racine and a great number of the clergy were also present, and the funeral cortege comprised an immense number of citizens of Quebec of all classes and creeds.

We regret to have to announce the death of Rev. Sister Duguay, Superior-General of the Grey Nuns, which took place, suddenly, on Nov. 30th, at the Ottawa Convent. The deceased had spent 27 years of her life in religion. The funeral took place on Saturday morning at half-past nine, from the convent building. Archbishop Duhamel officiated, assisted by Bishop Grandin, of St. Albert, Vicar-General Routhier, Rev. Fathers the Principal of the Oblates and the Superior of the College; Rev. Fathers Bouillon, Campeau, Plantin, of the Basilica; two Rev. Dominican Fathers, Rev. A. H. Lassise-raye, parish priest of St. Francois du Lac; Rev. Fathers Gaudet, Chapelain, Langevin, Director of the Seminary, Proc. D. D. Gendreau, Ferron, Rev. Champagne, of Gatineau Point; Allard, Chaplain of the House of Mercy; Rev. LaRose, of Ogdensburg, and two Brothers of the Christian Doctrine. A large number attended the funeral, among them being the Superior-General of the Grey Nuns of Montreal, and Sister Curran of St. Boniface; the Superior-General of the Grey Nuns of Quebec, and the Mistress of Novices; the Superior-General of the Providence Convent, Montreal, and Sister Thomas, cousin of the deceased; four Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame, Ottawa, two Sisters of Mercy, two of the Convent of Good Shepherd, Sister Bernadette of the Precious Blood, and the children of the Water Street and Rideau Street Convents, who attended in a body. The funeral cortege proceeded from the convent to the Notre Dame Cemetery, where the remains were laid in their last resting place.—R.I.P.

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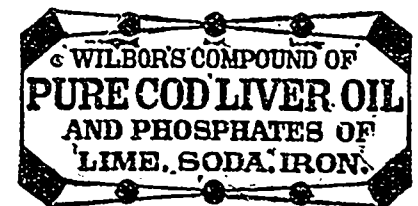
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C. EUG. PANET,

Colonel,

Deputy of the Minister of Militia and Defence,
Ottawa, 25th November, 1887.



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A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 20th October, 1887.

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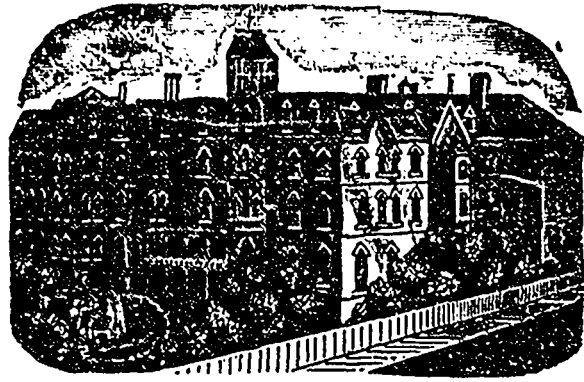
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