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The Catholic Weekly Review.

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CANADA

Reddite quæ sunt Cæsaris, Cæsari; et quæ sunt Dei. Deo.—Matt. 22: 21.

Vol. II.

Toronto, Saturday Nov. 17, 1888

No. 40

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NOTES.

The difficulty to determine what Protestants regard as orthodox was well shown by a recent sermon of Bishop Vaughan's, in which he relates an amusing incident from his own experience. A member of the Church of England had become convinced that the Church of Rome was alone the Catholic Church, and laid before his minister his doubts, saying: "I believe in the invocation of the saints and in the seven sacraments." The minister replied: "My dear friend, many Christians believe in these doctrines; there is no reason why you should not hold them and remain where you are." The layman continued: "I must be really honest with you, I believe in the Papal supremacy and in the infallibility of the Pope." The minister was not startled in the least, but replied. "My dear friend, a large body of Christian men throughout the world believe in these doctrines. There is no reason why you should not believe them if you please, and remain where you are." It would be interesting to know what one cannot believe and be orthodox, according to the Anglican scale.

The *Freeman's Journal* says: Marriage is never a failure among genuine Catholics, because they are taught that it is a holy sacrament to be always respected and revered. Besides, they have, to aid them in fulfilling the obligations of matrimony, the Sacraments of Penance and of Holy Communion that keep fresh the grace of the marriage sacrament, and sustain it by their inspiration and the counsels of the Ghostly Father.

"It sounds like blasphemy," says the *Dominion Illustration*.

ted, speaking on the same subject, "to ask whether marriage is a failure. Answers are being poured in upon the American papers from thousands of pens, some of them steeped in scepticism, some in scorn, some in sneers, and almost none in submission to first principles. And yet no rule of life is so elementary. Marriage is a rite or a sacrament. It is indissoluble except for the one cause set down in the Bible. The family and society, are rooted in it. The morals of the Christian world are fastened on the sanctity and inviolability of the wedding tie."

The *Mail* of 14th inst. is exercised over the disposition to be made of the "conscience-money" which the Province of Quebec is about to pay for the confiscated Jesuit estates. It parades the fact that the Pope approves of such and such a disposition, as though his interference in the matter were an iniquity. It is a pity that so simple a matter should be so wretchedly garbled by any intelligent man. Grant that a robbery was committed a hundred years ago, that in the interim the rightful owners were not able to make themselves heard, that now it is resolved to do them justice, (all these premises are matters of history) and one comes to the mere matter of the proper disposition of the conscience-money aforesaid. The Pope alone is the arbiter of such matters when the beneficiaries are ecclesiastical bodies or persons; and his *beneplacitum* is as integrally part of the transaction as was, for instance, the vote of the Provincial Legislature.

The *London Tablet*, in the number for October 20th, collects the opinions of the continental press on the Emperor William's visit to Rome. The sense of the various editorial opinions is that, while the Emperor has been enabled to get an excellent idea of the possibilities of Italian usefulness in case of war without committing himself, the "terrible Crispi" has gained nothing what ever.

Grip of last week is as offensive as ever. A Miss with a mitre masquerades with Mercier, and the Lower Canadian priesthood are held up as the oppressors of a people who, under their control, are the best-to-do people on the American continent. They are the best to-do in this, that they are as yet free, in great part, from the tyranny of monopolistic trade with all its attendant misery of body and damnation of soul. They are a nation of thrifty, independent labourers or landholders, and while the system which has made them such may not be in touch with the times, it serves admirably to conserve the best interests of the people generally. "Mercantile enterprise," the cartoon assures us, suffers; yet half the continent is to-day at war with that very "mercantile enterprise" which remorselessly grinds its slaves to the dust and makes clods of what might have been men and women.

The Church in Canada.

Under this heading 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 and material that might properly come for publication in this department.

THE DIOCESE OF QUEBEC UNDER EARLY BRITISH RULE.

There are some circumstances in the history of the Church in Canada under British rule, of more than local interest. Towards the middle of the last century it will be remembered that, by the fortunes of war, Canada, with all its independencies, fell under the sway of the English. The Canadian population at that time may be set down at seventy thousand inhabitants, all of whom, with the exception of the civil and military officers and a few others, were Roman Catholics. Freedom of religion was guaranteed to the Catholics, but only such freedom as the laws of Great Britain permitted to Catholics. At that time there was no freedom for the exercise of the Catholic religion, there was no legal recognition of a Catholic in Great Britain. Apparently, therefore, the guarantee meant nothing; they seemed contradictory and nugatory, as much as to say the Catholics are to have freedom of worship so far as they can under a system of laws which prevent them from having any sort of freedom whatever. Yet within the first half century of British rule, these difficulties were cleared up, and to-day Catholics are in as good a position before law as any other denomination. Indeed, they are thought by some to be the favoured body under our constitution.

The occupation of Canada from 1759, when Quebec was taken, down to 1763, when the treaty of cession was signed, was purely military. So far as religion and other matters were concerned, terms of capitulation of Quebec and Montreal were the interim guides. Everything was uncertain; the ultimate destiny of the colony was in doubt; affairs were managed largely by the English commander as around a drumhead council. Fortunately for the Catholics, that commander was a reasonable, sensible man; and his conduct towards the Bishop of Quebec generally was, in view of his position and prejudices, not to be fairly found fault with. Bishop Pontbriand, who had ruled the ancient see for nearly twenty years, was ill at Charlesburg during the siege of 1759, and when, at the end of September, he returned to Quebec, it was to find the cathedral, the palace, the churches of the religious communities, all in ruins. The venerable Bishop survived the fall of his city less than one year. He died at Montreal on the 8th of June, 1760. His mandements and circular letters in these latter days refer generally to the sad state of the colony, which was reduced to a pitiable condition. "You will say to the poor," were his last words, "that I leave them nothing in dying, because I die poorer than themselves." His last letter, addressed to the canons, contained some instructions in regard to the approaching vacancy in the see, a matter which he foresaw would give rise at once to complications under the altered circumstances of the colony.

The Treaty of Paris (10 February, 1763) guarantees freedom of religion to the Catholics, "so far as the laws of Great Britain permit." The short fourth clause of the treaty containing the guarantee and this dangerous looking restriction of it must not have appeared to the Canadians so satisfactory as the diffuse wording of the capitulations.

By royal instructions, in force at this time, all Canadians were bound to take an oath of fealty, and the priests were officially notified that if they refused to take it they might prepare to leave the country. They were called upon to renounce the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of Rome, and were subjected to annoyances in their every day life. When, therefore, the English government saw its way to the appointment of a Catholic Bishop, it was no doubt because the position of Catholics in Canada, under the

treaty had been fully considered. The crown officers in England made the amazing discovery that the dangerous words in the fourth section were not in legal intendment such as were popularly understood. When it was conceded that the Catholics were to have freedom of religion so far as the laws of Great Britain permitted, the crown officers gave it as their opinion that by the phrase "the laws of Great Britain" were meant such British laws as were in force in the British colonies. Consequently, none of the penal laws of the old country were in force in Canada. Elizabeth's statute as to supremacy was the only one applying to the outlying realms of the crown; and by what must now be deemed a ridiculously strained construction, this statute was held to be in force. The freedom of religion was therefore complete to the Catholics, except that the supremacy of the King of England was to be recognized instead of the supremacy of the Pope. This did not read much more favourably to the Catholics than the unknown terrors of the fourth section as it stood. It was much as if an Eastern despot should say to his slave, I allow you perfect freedom of existence as to your body, but you must wear a different head hereafter.

Such was the state of the law and its interpretation when Bishop Briand, the first bishop since the cession, took charge of Quebec. It was as awkward a situation as could well be imagined, and each year added to the awkwardness.

In 1775, as the Abbé Ferland says, "Sir Guy Carlton declared publicly that if the Province of Quebec had been preserved to Great Britain, it was owing to the Catholic clergy. He testified his gratitude by allowing the Bishop to exercise his functions peaceably, and to dispose of the cures at his will without having recourse to the royal instructions, which seemed to him to have been prepared only for the destruction of the Catholic religion." The obligations to the clergy seem to have been forgotten as soon as the services of the clergy were no longer necessary but when the war of 1812 began, the clergy became important once more. In the interval the governors had tried the methods of persuasion, of bribes and of threats, and in all they were unsuccessful." They offer the Bishop an estate and revenues," says Mgr. Plessis in 1806; "*hæc omnia tibi dabo si cadens adoraveris me*. . . . In the preceding year, Attorney-General Sewell had discussed the situation with the Bishop, in the course of which the former said: "The government, acknowledging your religion, and avowing its officers to be officers of the crown, should provide for them as for all others. The Bishop should have enough to enable him to live in a splendor suitable to his rank; and a coadjutor also in proportion."

To which the Bishop replied: "I do not wish to see the Bishop in splendor, but I wish to see him above want. I do not wish to see him in the Legislative or Executive Councils, but as an ecclesiastic, solely entitled to the rank which is due him in society."

A short time after this Craig was replaced by Sir George Prevost, who, fortunately for the Bishop and the Church, was of a different disposition from that of his predecessor. The Bishop prepared a memorial showing what was the position of bishops before the Cession, and since that time; and also the position if would be proper for them to occupy for the future. After tracing the history down to the year 1807, when his own coadjutor, Mgr. Panet, was consecrated, he sums up the change in Craig's administration in this way:

"It is very well known that the bishops of Quebec do not pretend to exercise any other than spiritual authority over the Catholic subjects of their diocese; and neither their jurisdiction nor their titles were ever contested till these latter years; when some insinuations artfully spread, and some assertions advanced in the courts of justice of this Province, began to throw over the exercise and even over the existence of the Catholic episcopate of Canada, certain clouds, calculated to deprive these prelates of the influence which is necessary to them, whether for the conduct of their flock, whether for the success of services which the government of His Majesty might ex-

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MONTREAL GOSSIP.

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

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

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

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

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

Lawrence goes floating past the coast of the maritime provinces. Dr. Burns was separated by some miles of this dessicated iceberg from the city of Halifax, wherein he had left his spouse. Looking pensively out of the window, he sighed, then turned round with the expression which with him always precedes a pun, and said, "There is a grea-a-a-at coldness between me and my wife!"

With regard to Mr. MacVicar's carefully concocted "bogy" relating to the dark and dreadful doings at St. Mary's College, the Fathers took a good way of utilizing them. It was decided to give the boys the full benefit of the extraordinary fabrications of this enlightened *dominus*. Accordingly, the report given in the *Witness* was translated into French, and at supper, the boy whose turn it was to read aloud, mounted the chair with the wonderful document. He had not got well under way before he was interrupted by shouts of laughter from his hearers, who, when they heard that they had been represented to the public as being compelled to wear "cilices" and "chains," sent up shout after shout of laughter until the Refectory rang again. So overcome were they with mirth that recreation was allowed for the remainder of supper time. They are anxiously hoping that the Reverend MacVicar will give them another such treat.

The annual oyster-supper for the benefit of the Deaf and Dumb Institute on St. Denis street was this year a great success. These little *soirées* are always pleasant. One meets "everybody," one hears good speeches, one is edified by the extraordinary progress made by the deaf and dumb pupils; the music is capital, the oysters ditto, and the room extremely pretty, owing to the kindness and taste of Mr. Raymond Beullac, who always makes this share of the good work his own particular charge.

And Mr. Rameau de St. Perè has been publicly welcomed, banqueted in fact, by the leading French Canadian Societies of Montreal. The banquet was held in the Richeheu Hotel, and was unexceptionable in all respects. But there was one unlucky incident. After the toast to "the Queen," which was loyally honoured, and after which the band, of course, played the national anthem, the chairman proposed *La France*, this was drunk with enthusiasm, and the orchestra struck up *La Marseillaise*. As the stirring notes resounded o'er the festal board several of the leading gentlemen present sat down, and an expression of distaste flitted across the face of the guest of the evening, to die away with the last notes of the objectionable melody. Why any of the dwellers in the land founded and nursed by the "most Christian king" should adopt the tricoloured ensign of treason for their flag, and the wild hymn of the Commune for their anthem, has long been to me a puzzle. Mr. Rameau very wisely got over his annoyance, and the proceedings wound up in a happy manner.

Do you know the Church of Our Lady of Pity, where for so many years the remains of the venerable Mother Bourgeoys have reposed among those of her dear dead daughters? It is one of those spots, not rare in the heart of the great city of Montreal, where you can turn aside, and rest and pray. This little Church of the Congregation nuns was all the more lovely and beloved for being the last resting place of the saintly foundress of their order, but now her precious relics have been removed. It was thought, when it became known that the nuns had received a favourable answer to their petition for leave to remove the coffin, that the translation would be attended with great public solemnity and that the people of Montreal would have an opportunity of doing public honour to her who, conjointly with the Sieur de Maisonneuve, was the founder of their city. But those who thought this were disappointed. The proceedings were conducted privately, on account of the process of canonization pending at Rome. Quietly and silently, she, the sweet heroine of the early history of our town, was borne to her last resting-place out on the mountain, and those whom the cortège met went on their way, little dreaming that a

saint had passed them by—one whose name is as music to the ears of all those who truly love Canada.

OLD MORTALITY.

Montreal, 9th Nov., 1888.

SOME AMERICAN CATHOLIC NOVELISTS.

RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.

In a country whose population is composed of such heterogeneous elements as is that of the United States, it may be regarded as almost a necessary consequence that there should be a species of literature corresponding to each of these elements. That this is so is readily seen by a glance at American fiction. From north, south, east and west come specialists in story-telling, who have devoted themselves to the study of particular types in order that they may delineate them in the pages of a novel. The calm, uneventful lives of New England homesteads, so beautifully depicted by Hawthorne, now offers a subject to the feebler pen of Howells. At the other side of the continent, amid the rude scenery and still ruder men of Californian mining regions, has risen up Bret Harte to make the semi-outcasts of Poker Flat and Sandy Bar familiar figures to the generations which dwell in the "effete east." In a third point of the compass, where is found a picturesque, simple-minded race, still preserving many of the customs which their ancestors brought from the land of Evangeline, a Cable has become their historian. The peculiarities of the American negro, his grotesque humour, and strange mixture of simplicity and shrewdness have afforded material for many clever sketches by Joel Chandler Harris, the famous "Uncle Remus." The name of Edward Eggleston is inseparably connected with the "hoosiers" of Illinois. And it is in this group of novelists that Richard Malcolm Johnston takes his place.

Born and bred in Georgia, Col. Johnston has a great affection for his native state and its quaint, primitive-minded people. To describe them and their doings has been his aim, and he has succeeded in setting them forth as a unique class, separated in many ways from the rest of their countrymen. His stories are cameo-like in their clearness; the figures, boldly outlined though not elaborately drawn, are, above all, natural, and the incidents, though so simple as to be almost common place, are combined to form a series of very interesting plots.

It may be said that marrying and giving in marriage is the subject of "Mr. Absalom Billingslea and Other Georgia Folk." (New York: Harper & Bros.) Evidently the words "it is not good for man to be alone" have made a deep impression on the mind of Mr. Billingslea and all the other folk, for the former, though not a man given to celerity of movement either mental or physical, is given to both in order to escape from the state of single-blessedness; while Mr. Iverson Blount and Mr. Toby Gillam believe that the condition of widowerhood should be of as short duration as is compatible with decency. Mr. Blount is a gentleman whose views on marriage are not based wholly on sentiment, as may be seen from his wise advice to his daughter.

These episodes of love and courtship, the most important events in the calm, rural existence of the simple Georgia folk, constitute a series of prose bucolics, enlivened with a gentle humour which keeps the reader in a constant simmer of amusement. Instead of Tityrus and Amaryllis we have Josh Perkins and Milly Pringle, and the love-lorn swain, instead of tuning his pipe to please his mistress' ear, timidly approaches her guardian, hat in hand, and says, "Mis' Wimpy, come to ast might I cote Miss Milly, sir." How ludicrous this is, and at the same time how natural.

Our author has a keen eye, moreover, for the absurdities of that Methodism which has taken such a hold of the ignorant in the South. That pugnacious preacher, the Rev. Rainford Gunn, who cannot attain the height of pathos save when exceedingly angry; the old negro, Greene, who qualifies his desire for the death of old Mrs. Fitten by the pious condition, "ef in co'se it was de will o' de Lord—ef sbz mout go in de triump' o' de fajth;" and the ecstatic Ephrodotus Twilley, whose unction is so

great that he must fall into a fit whenever his soul is particularly elevated by the words of his pastor, all these are portrayed with a satire which is not the less keen because wholly lacking in bitterness.

The peculiar dialect spoken by the people of middle Georgia is one of the novel features of the books of Col. Johnston. He tells us that even the educated planters of the State, in the ante-bellum days, often used this homely phraseology from choice; and his own perfect acquaintance with it has given a new and piquant charm.

Space does not permit of speaking more at length of this amusing volume, nor can the other works of its talented author, "Old Mark Langston," and "Dukeborough Tales," receive more than the mention of their names. The fact that Richard Malcolm Johnston is a valued contributor to such high-class periodicals as the *Century* and *Catholic World* shows that his merits are fully appreciated by the reading public.

DAVID RONAYNE.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

In a late number of the *London Star* we came upon the following rare bit about Cardinal Newman. The reference to his vitality and health points to its having been written before His Eminence's late illness: Cardinal Newman will be 88 next February, but his vitality and health are astonishing. His correspondence he conducts entirely by himself, and says Mass every day. Until lately he was accustomed to rise at six in the morning, and when the doctors insisted on his taking another hour in bed he was convinced that age was beginning to tell on him. The necessity, too, of the use of somewhat stronger spectacles for reading small print a year or two back caused him concern about his eyes; but there are few men so near go who can read at all. Cardinal Newman dines at one, and is a great believer in the wholesomeness of drinking nothing until the meals are over. He is passionately fond of music, and always assists at the quartettes and chamber music performed in the house. The Cardinal enjoys a good joke hugely, but can't abide puns. "That, sir, was a grave breach of gentlemanly behaviour," was his remark once when some wag had perpetrated that atrocity; and his answer to the man who asked him if he objected to smoking in a railway carriage is historic. "Sir, I do not mind at all, but I shall shortly be very sick." His Eminence hates smoking, and was rather astonished when Sir John Millais, in the middle of his first sitting, lit a briar pipe of tried service, with the inquiry, "Hope you don't mind smoking, Mr. Cardinal?" In Birmingham his Eminence is very popular, and the midland capital is rightly proud of possessing him. At every musical festival his place is sacred to him, and his entrance is always the signal for an outburst of enthusiasm. It was an impressive sight to see M. Gounod and Mr. Stanley publicly kneeling to him for his blessing before the first performance of the "Redemption." With all the municipal authorities the Oratory is always on the best of terms; for, although the Cardinal is not a keen politician, he is a model citizen. But the Fathers may be excused some consternation when there arrived one day from the Mayoress an invitation to a civic conversation addressed to "Cardinal Newman—and Lady!"

Of his contemporaries there survive few, but friends he has many, and admirers almost millions. Mr. Gladstone has before now visited him at his home at Edgbaston, and is numbered amongst the oldest of his friends.

Father Burke was riding one day in Dublin on the top of an omnibus and reading his Breviary. A theological opponent got on and thought to read Father Tom a lecture. "The Lord tells us, sir," he said, "that when we pray we should not be as the hypocrites, who love to pray in public and at the corners of the streets, that they might be seen by men. Now, when I pray I enter into my closet and when I have shut the door, I pray in secret." "Yes," replied Father Tom, without taking his eyes off the book, "and then you come out on the top of an omnibus and tell everybody all about it.

CLERICAL ANECDOTES.

THE REVIEW has been sent an old number of a Maritime Province paper containing the following good stories about clerics, the *raconteur* being the Rev. Frederick Lloyd, an Anglican clergyman in the Province of Quebec:—

Next to the proverbial Hibernian, clergymen have been more associated with wit and humour than other species of the *genus homo*. Bishops, priests, deacons, preachers, and even elders, have figured prominently and frequently in capital stories whose fun and merriment, if we except the last named, they have entered into with the keenest zest. Who that is familiar with the never-to-be-forgotten Reminiscences of the late Dean Ramsey, or reads the wit and humour columns of some of our ephemeral literature, is ignorant of this fact?

It is observable that by far the greater number of clerical anecdotes have reference, either remotely or immediately, to the sermon or catechetical instruction, while the remainder arise either from personal habits, surroundings, temperament, character or even personal appearance, of which last the following incident affords an amusing proof:

A newly-fledged cleric had ascended the pulpit of a church in the West of England for the purpose of delivering an oration, and being of the "High Church" persuasion, having very carefully placed his manuscript on the pulpit desk, he turned to the east for the ascription. On regaining his original position he was horrified to find that the precious manuscript had mysteriously disappeared. The unfortunate youth was at his wits' end, and seemed to realize fully his painful position. He looked everywhere for the truant, not even, in his despair, forgetting the roof, but all to no purpose. The congregation had been silent, and, it must be said, amused spectators of the strange manner in which the sermon had disappeared, but no one possessed the courage to go to the relief of the much distressed preacher, until at length a rough countryman, to whom the situation had become intolerable, shouted out in startling tones: "Can't yer find'n, sir? He's in th' purty thing behind yer back!" meaning the academical hood in whose stiff, new folds the manuscript had been caught during the orientation of its owner. A painful experience, truly, but irresistibly funny for all that.

Clergymen, like other mortals, sometimes get "mixed," as the following batch of anecdotes pretty plainly indicates.

A highly cultured Maine clergyman one morning announced that his text might be found in the Gospel according to *Acts*! It was another Maine divine who brought a glowing period to a close by the startling statement that "thus Socrates drank the fatal wormwood!"

These, after all, were mere slips of the tongue, and totally devoid of irreverence. I doubt if as much could be said of the following:—A Yorkshire clergyman had been taking an eager part in a cricket match on Saturday and next morning thoughts of the stirring contest would creep in; for much to the amazement of some hearers he said very solemnly, after reading the first lesson, "here endeth the first innings!" This brings to our mind an almost similar story which was told of a clergyman during the period when everyone was excited over Sullivan's opera "Pinafore," who astonished the worshippers in a London church with the following rendering of the tenth commandment: "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his servant, nor his maid, nor his sisters, nor his cousins, nor his aunts," &c.

This, if true, is certainly shocking; but, if untrue, it affords a striking instance of the readiness of a certain section of society to place to the credit of the clergy, the preachers and upholders of reverence for divine things, every story which savours, however slightly, of the contrary.

While on the subject of sermons another very amusing incident may here find a place. An old parish clerk was courteously thanking a church dignitary for kindly taking, on emergency, the service and sermon of a village church: "A worse preacher would have done us, sir," he said, "if we had known where to find him." A faithful and ac-

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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

ST. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 29th 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.

FROM THE LATE BISHOP OF HAMILTON.

HAMILTON, March 17, 1887

MY DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

You have well kept your word as to the matter of style, form and quality of the REVIEW, and I do hope it will become a splendid success.

Believe me, yours faithfully,

JAMES J. CARRRY
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, Nov. 17, 1888.

The REVIEW is not given to singing its own praises too loudly or of claiming for itself absolute journalistic perfection, yet conscious of its own devotion to the Catholic cause it has not hesitated to acknowledge testimonies to the effectiveness of its work when they came from those who by reason of their position or influence in the Church or in the arena of public life are most competent and most entitled to express an opinion. And amidst the difficulties of building up a Catholic journal of the best class it is to us a matter of no little gratification that such tributes are from time to time extended to the REVIEW from the highest authorities. A short time ago there appeared in these columns a letter of the warmest commendation addressed to us by His Grace the Archbishop of Halifax, well known as a prelate of great zeal and ability. Last week we had the pleasure of publishing an equally kind letter from the eminent historian, Mr. John Gulmary Shea, LL.D., and this week we lay before our readers the following letter from an eminent *litterateur*, Mr John Talon-Lesperance, F.R.S.C. This letter, like the others we have mentioned, is the more valuable since it comes to us entirely unsolicited.

To the Editor of the Catholic Weekly Review.

DEAR SIR,—I know of no better special paper than your REVIEW. I like your principles, your style, and your "make up," and trust that you will become a power in the Church and the land.

I am, dear sir,

Yours faithfully,

JOHN TALON-LESPERANCE.

Montreal, Nov. 3rd, 1888.

THE OLD CATHOLICS.

Dr. Dollinger has at length admitted what has long been known to the rest of the world (though those interested are slow to acknowledge it) that the sect called "Old Catholics" is a failure. It came into being with a great flourish of trumpets at the close of the last session of the Vatican Council, and was composed chiefly of certain malcontent German priests who had opposed the definition of the dogma of Infallibility, and a handful of the laity. If ever a sect began its career under promising circumstances so far as this world is concerned, it was the "Old Catholic." Bismarck, who was then in open warfare against the Church and had sworn to bring the Sovereign Pontiff to the feet of the German Empire, took the new sect under his special patronage. He plundered the Catholics of their cathedrals and churches and turned them over to the "Old Catholics" at whose disposal he placed the revenues of the State. He banished the religious orders from the Empire and invented a system of repressive measures known as the "Falk Laws," which he proudly boasted would in a few years make the Roman Catholic faith unknown in Germany. The contest thus begun was, in the eyes of men, a most unequal one. On one side was the mightiest military power in the world controlled by the first statesman in Europe; on the other was a feeble old man, a prisoner in the Vatican, and a Church robbed of its temporal possessions.

The victory, so men thought, could not but rest with Bismarck. Less than twenty years have come and gone since the memorable contest began. Pius IX. is dead, and in the Chair of Peter there sits another Pontiff, old in years and in wisdom, yet young in the vigour of his intellect and the fervour of his heart. The contest with the "Man of Blood and Iron" is practically over, and what, in truth, is the result? Leo XIII., though still a prisoner in the Vatican, is the victor, and Bismarck, who "never feared the face of man," who had sworn to put an end to the Catholic faith in Germany, is forced to admit that he reckoned without his host. He has lifted the penal laws from the Catholics of his country, has hailed Leo XIII. as the first of statesmen—"the most enlightened of his age"—and has even submitted matters of the gravest import to the peace of Europe, to the judgment of the Vatican prisoner. And what of the "Old Catholics" whom he had bolstered up to usurp the place of the everlasting Church. The Church is still there, more pregnant with vitality than ever before and exercising a great influence in the Councils of the Empire. And the sect set up by proud and rebellious men, against God's Vicar, is almost gone. Dollinger, great of intellect, one of the first scholars of his age, who in the days of his fidelity accomplished great work for the Church, has now to acknowledge that the work of his old age is a failure. Can we doubt that, in his heart, he bitterly laments the evil day when he set himself up against the authority of God, speaking through His Church, and rather than admit himself wrong, went out from her. Not hers the loss, but his, and his only. Great is the lesson here taught. It is that there is no true success, no true happiness, but in doing the will of God. It accentuates the words of Holy Scripture that it profiteth a man nothing "to gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul." May Dollinger, ere his eyes close in death, see the full extent of his folly, and repenting of it, sue for pardon. This is the worst Catholics can wish for him and his misguided followers.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH AND THE RITUALISTS.

A cablegram which appeared in the morning papers of Tuesday announces that the decision of the Archbishop of Canterbury to cite the Bishop of Lincoln before him on a charge of Ritualistic practices has startled all ecclesiastical England. Dr. King, the pres reports adds, is personally the most popular of all Mr. Gladstone's episcopal appointees, and was well-known for years before his elevation to the See of Lincoln in 1885, as canon of Christ Church, Oxford, and Regius Professor of Pastor Theology. He is a celibate and a believer in an unmarried clergy, and for the past two years a photograph of him, with a mitre, crozier, and elaborate vestments, surrounded by clergy in similar "Roman" apparel, has been one of the familiar portraits displayed in the shop windows. The services in Lincoln Cathedral since his consecration have, been ultra-Ritualistic, and complaints by the Low Churchmen began long ago, but Dr. Benson's resolution to proceed against him, the report states, cannot but result in grave scandal and injury to the Church.

Dr. King's case, we dare say, will become an ecclesiastical *cause celebre*, and it will be instructive to observe it in its progress. The question must be one of some awkwardness—for the Anglican authorities, since it means, as we take it, the arraignment of Ritualism, that *cultus* which has sprung up in the Church of England and whose adherents make it their aim to come as near as possible to Rome both in the principles of their teaching and in the externals of worship. It was a witty remark of Lord Beaconsfield, in which he described the Church of England as composed of three parties, namely "the Latitudinarians" or Broad Church party, "the Platitudinarians" or Low Church party, and "the Attitudinarians" or High Church party. Lord Beaconsfield meant by the "Attitudinarians" the Anglican clergy of the type of those of whom it was reported by those who knew them, that they would array themselves in rich copes, light a dozen candles in their rooms and then recite Vespers, and who considered that, in this position, they combined all that was most imposing in St. Basil, St. Chrysostom, and St. Athanasius. It is not surprising that many Catholics came to look upon Ritualism as only a profaner form of Protestantism. But it would be unfair to say that the Ritualist clergy were all of them only a party of grotesque posturers. We know that amongst them are many men of great zeal and of self denial who are anxiously striving to infuse into their dead Anglicanism some of the doctrines of the true faith; endeavouring to dress up, "doctrinally and æsthetically," their poor old communion; and to bring it into some sort of doctrinal conformity with historical Christianity. And just to the extent that they have been seen to be in earnest, have they had Catholic sympathy. There is much to be said in their favour. Whatever may be thought of their logical position it would be wrong not to give them credit for sincerity in their convictions. And moreover, they have done good in preparing the minds of many for admission to the Catholic Church. On the face of it theirs would seem to be a movement which makes for Catholicism. For example, they teach that there is a visible Church on earth with authority given to it directly by God; that this Church ought not to be a mere creature or slave of the state, or confined to any one country, but that it ought to be Catholic and Apostolic, in communion with the Church throughout the world; and deriving its

powers by succession from the apostles. They also maintain the principle of authority against private judgment; that is, they admit that men are to receive the truths of faith from a divine authority, and were not intended to discover them by following their own judgments. Besides, they have a Catholic idea of worship and of the use of externals in the service of God, and therefore they have been of use in spreading a belief in certain doctrines of the true faith. Bishop Bagshawe, of Nottingham, claims for them that they have inculcated a far deeper and truer idea of worship than was common amongst Protestants of old times; that they have led many to a belief in the Real Presence, and in the use of the Sacraments, and prepared them to accept, without difficulty, a great many Catholic practices.

If we wanted an illustration of the truth of our remarks and the justice of our censures on *Grip*, we should point in last week's issue to the "Reason why Montreal is not Progressive," where the Church in the sister province is subjected to a gross and brutal insult. It is *Grip's* idea of "humour."

The intelligence that Mr. W. J. Macdonell has received at the hands of the French Government, the Cross of the Legion of Honour, will, it goes without saying, be hailed with delight by Catholics and Protestants alike. It is a fitting reward for many years of active service as Vice-Consul of France, and we tender the Chevalier our heartiest congratulations.

In the *Revue Canadienne* for September, Mr. E. Gagnon has an article on the country around Lake St. John, and refers to a devotion preached by the Montagnais Indians, who have a "reserve" on this Lake. He says that all the adults of the tribe know how to read and sing the prayers of the Church, and each family have a book of *plain-chant* with the words in the Montagnais language. The Jesuit missionaries originally, and of late years the Oblate Fathers have ministered to this wandering tribe and made of them fervent Christians. When they are on the "reserve" and the missionary is at home, they go every night at nine o'clock, no matter what the temperature may be, to the cemetery adjoining the chapel, and chant a *Libera* for the departed. They spent Christmas night, called, "the night on which we do not sleep," entirely in prayer: the singing of hymns takes the place of the holy sacrifice of the Mass, and of the instruction of the missionary who is nearly always absent, for at this season of the year, the tribe has left the "Reserve" to roam through the forest.

The publication of the correspondence of O'Connell¹ will be welcomed by all students of political history. What new lights will it not throw on the great liberator, on the warm Irish nature of the man, and on the bitterness of the struggle for Emancipation; what glimpses we shall get of the inner history of his times. It is pretty much agreed nowadays that the temper of English opinion in those times was peculiar. Mr. Walter Bagehot in his essay on Sir Robert Peel tells that when Mr. Percival, who for a time, about 1812, was Prime Minister of England, was killed by Bellingham an opponent, a noble lord "improved" the moment of the assassination by exclaiming to the peers in opposition, "You see, my lords, the consequence of your agitating the question of *Catholic emancipation!*"

"To those who now know England," remarks Mr. Bagehot, "it seems scarcely possible this should have occurred here only 44 years ago."

It is reported in the Roman correspondence of one of our old country exchanges, that when the Emperor of Germany was advancing bareheaded towards His Holiness Leo XIII., his helmet dropped from his hand. It was picked up by one of the attendants of the Holy Father and restored to the young Emperor. It was an accident, but it was also a very significant co-incidence; the meaning of which may be made known to us at no distant time. Strange things we know have happened. The secular potentates of the world cannot too often be reminded that there was once a great conqueror who, in the flush of his success, laid profane hands on a Holy Pontiff, and incurred excommunication. And the conqueror on hearing this said to one of his friends, "Does he think the world has gone back a thousand years? does he suppose the arms will fall from the hands of my soldiers?" and within two years on the retreat over the snows of Russia, as two contemporary historians relate, "famine and cold tore their arms from the grasp of the soldiers;" "they fell from the hands of the bravest and most robust," and "destitute of the power of raising them from the ground the soldiers left them in the snow." It was a coincidence so special as rightly to be called a divine judgment. At least so thought Alison, who vows with religious insight that "there is something in these marvellous coincidences beyond the operation of chance," and which even a Protestant historian feels himself bound to mark for the observation of future years.

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curate description of the manner in which this very doubtful compliment was received by the dignitary in question, would form a fitting appendix to this grimly humorous story. We now give a few anecdotes in which bishops are the principal actors.

The late Bishop Blomfield, of London, was once caught napping while listening to a lengthy sermon. A companion, seeing his lordship nodding, and fearing that he might snore, which would be quite ineptical, gave him an occasional nudge. When the discourse was ended, the Bishop shook his neighbour warmly by the hand and said, "One of the most awakening sermons I ever heard!"

A short time previous to the demise of the late lamented Bishop Jacobson, of Chester, it happened that on a particular occasion when his lordship was present at the Cathedral, that the sermon was preached by a clergyman whose "views" were not well known. At the conclusion of the service when the Bishop was unrobing in the vestry, two of the Canons were discussing the merits of the discourse within hearing of his lordship. One thought it was "rather high." "How strange," replied the other, "I considered it rather low!" The Bishop on being appealed to for his opinion, quickly replied, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "I think it was rather long!"

Of late years it has become customary, when imparting religious instruction to the young, for the catechists, who are in most cases clergymen, to use a blackboard in order to illustrate their subject, and, by that means, make a more vivid impression of it upon the minds of the catechumens. But as, notwithstanding the fact that they are now-a-days expected to be encyclopedias, and able to do everything, clergymen are not always born artists, the blackboard has as frequently been used to the discomfort and confusion of the catechist as to the profit of the catechised. This is shown by the following anecdote:—

The Rev. Mr. G— was, a few years ago, catechising

a class of boys at Cowley, near Oxford, using a blackboard, and, if my memory serves me aright, for the first time. The subject was anything, but anyway it happened that during the lesson it became necessary to present an illustration of a club on the blackboard. After very careful drawing the club was duly exhibited, and, it must be said, to the satisfaction of the clerical artist. The question was put to the class, "Now, boys, what's that?" To the great astonishment as well as disappointment of the reverend catechist, the only response was a profound and prolonged silence. At last a small boy piped out in a shrill and squeaky voice from a corner of the class, "Please, sir, that's a codfish!" Mr. G—'s discomfiture was complete; and when, afterwards, he related his experience to one he said that he then and there registered a vow that he would forever renounce and despise blackboards.

Boys, particularly those who are correctly denominated small, are rarely eminent for mental lucidity on any subject; about the clergy and ecclesiastical matters generally they are usually densely ignorant. We will conclude this paper by furnishing a few amusing instances of such ignorance, whose accuracy is beyond suspicion.

At a recent clerical convention in New York a clergyman narrated a story of two boys in his district, one of whom said to the other, as a donkey passed by: "Do you know what that is?" "Why, yes," answered the other, "that's a donkey; I have seen lots of them in the 'Theological Gardens.'"

A boy who was asked to state in his examination paper what he knew about the Rev. John Wesley, wrote: "Wesley was the founder of the Wesleyan Chapel, who was afterwards called Lord Wellington; a monument was erected to him in Hyde Park, but it was taken down lately!"

It was another boy who stated that "Luther introduced Christianity a thousand years ago; his birthday was in November, 1884. He was once Pope; he lived in the time of the Rebellion of Worms."

DEAN HARRIS ON CHRISTIAN GOOD WILL.

A very large congregation says the *St. Catharines Journal* of Monday last, assembled in St. Catharine's church Sunday night to hear Dean Harris preach on Christian charity. He chose for his text the following verses from the 13th chapter of St. Paul to the Corinthians: "Charity is patient; is kind; envieth not; dealeth not perversely; is not puffed up; is not ambitious; is not provoked to anger; thinketh not evil."

To the astonishment of his people he read with a clearness and with a precision almost military in its severity the address of Rev. Mr. Burson, delivered in the Orange hall here last Monday evening, in which the reverend gentleman so fiercely attacked the Roman Catholic religion. When the dean had ended the reading of the discourse as printed in the daily papers, a silence painful in its intensity fell upon the people. After a pause sufficiently long to emphasize his meaning, he re-read the following passage from Mr. Burson's address: "In Great Britain the drift is all Romeward both in politics and in the established church; among dissenters the drift was towards infidelity." With a dignity of language befitting the sacred edifice and a manner studiously courteous the speaker continued. Every Catholic in his congregation, he said, and every Free-thinker in this city are indebted to the Rev. Mr. Burson for this humiliating acknowledgement. It is the most imprudent and from the Protestant stand-point, the most stupid admission that, to his knowledge ever escaped the lips of a Presbyterian minister. Its tendency was to develop into a conviction the prevailing opinion among intellectual men, that between the positivism of Catholicity and the negativism of unbelief there is no permanent abode for the thinking man. The insulting language of the Rev. Mr. Burson, he added, has done more to assist the cause of the Catholic church in this city than all the sermons that have been preached from his pulpit for the past four years. Its import, was also, he claimed, calculated to push into the abyss of in-

fidelity the evangelical churchman who has any doubt of the orthodoxy of his belief.

"What," he asked, "have the Catholic neighbours of the Rev. Mr. Burson—the Catholic wives and daughters of some of the members of his congregation—done to him to justify this wanton and unprovoked assault upon their religion?" To say that the intention was not to wound the Catholics of this city, but to expose the diplomacy and errors of their church will not palliate, much less excuse, the rudeness of his attack, for the rev. gentleman has lived too long not to know that to a Catholic his faith is dearer than his life. Whatever circumstances might conspire to condone the offensiveness of such language in a large city, there can be no excuse for it here in St. Catharines, where, he claimed, we are all neighbours, and meet each other almost every day in friendly converse. Apart from its bad taste, the address was, he said, an open and deliberate attempt to build up a wall of separation between Catholics and Protestants, and tended seriously to affect the peace and prosperity of this city. He did not believe that there is a member of Mr. Burson's congregation so intolerant as to sympathize with him in the indecent onslaught he has made upon them. Nor could he bring himself to entertain for a moment the suspicion that the merchants and business men who worship in Knox church would acknowledge that the Catholic faith has made them less honest than their neighbours. He had lived among the people of this city for almost five years, and cheerfully bore witness to their intelligence and liberality of thought. Nowhere had he found a kindlier feeling between Catholics and Protestants. He had done his best in his limited way to perpetuate this friendly sentiment, and from his knowledge of the people of this city he had reason to hope that long after Mr. Burson and himself were in their graves this Christian fellowship would continue to live. The Rev. Mr. Tovell, he added, was a comparative stranger among us and may have offended in ignorance. It is possible he said, that before coming here he lived in a rural parish where the amenities of refined society were not known, and, consequently, the angularities that attach themselves to bigotry could not be removed by association with educated men and women. For him, therefore, there is some excuse. The dean concluded by saying that he would leave the members of Knox church and the public at large to judge of the wisdom or expediency of a minister of the gospel of Christ scattering in the furrows of society the seeds of religious rancour and bitterness that might some day ripen into a hatred from which there would be reaped a harvest of barren regrets.

Every community by a mysterious law of distribution is cursed, it would appear, with some one whose mission among the people is to stir up bad feeling. These disturbers of the religious quiet and tranquility of a neighbourhood have always existed and, in all humane probability, will continue to exist. Like Milton's fallen spirits, they never die

Salted with fire they seem to show,
How spirits lost in endless woe,
Can undecaying live.

THE URN OF TEARS.

It is related that in times past a poor widow, who had been left without means, concentrated all her affections on her only child, a little girl named Odeta. She was the widow's only comfort. God had enriched the child with rare gifts both of nature and of grace, and bestowed on her so many charms that her mother almost idolized her.

Odeta never caused pain to anybody, though when she was grown up her mother sometimes gently reproached her. When night was coming on the child would sit for a long time gazing fixedly on the heavens with a tender melancholy in her beautiful blue eyes.

"You are thinking of something, my child," her mother would say.

"Yes, mamma; heaven is so beautiful!" answered the little angel.

A species of terror seized upon the mother. "What if my Odeta should be taken from me!"

The day arrived when the child was to make her first communion. The happiness that filled her soul, the emotion with which her heart was stirred as she received our Lord, cannot be described. When the night arrived, full of joy, she looked up again to heaven and was plunged in thought. But the lively transports of her soul and the ardour of her heart caused her to become feverish, and the fever soon increased alarmingly. The doctor could do nothing to arrest the malady, and soon Odeta died.

Who can describe the sorrow of the poor mother now doubly desolate? She wept as if she would weep all her tears away. But how fervent were her prayers, and how beautiful her resignation to the will of God.

When the sun went down the desolate mother, shutting herself up in her little cabin, far from the sight of men from whom she could receive no consolation, looked up to heaven and prayed. Every morning before dawn she was on her knees praying. She could sleep but little, now that the tiny bed was vacant beside which she had so often knelt and prayed over her sleeping child.

Late one night the mother was still praying, her sobs and sighs ascending to heaven, the moon in its last quarter, with its feeble rays, barely rendered visible the sorrowful picture, when suddenly the door opened and a gentle but dazzling light burst into the room.

"Odeta!" screamed the mother, recognizing her child in the glory of the vision. "Odeta, my child?"

The child carried in her hands a golden urn, which she bore carefully, because it was full to the brim.

"Mother," she said, "God has sent me to you. Here are your tears; He has thus preserved them, because you were resigned to His will even whilst you wept most bitterly. Oh, mother, if you only knew how happy I am! Weep no more, because if you do the urn will overflow, and then God will send me back to the earth in answer to your prayers. I have so much happiness that I do not wish to lose it, and it is better for me to wait for you in heaven, and for you to merit it by your resignation."

The vision disappeared, leaving the room filled with heavenly odors. The widow fell upon her knees in a kind of terror, and returned hearty thanks to God, repeating over and over again, "Oh my God! how beautiful—how much happier is my daughter in heaven!"

One more tear escaped from her eyes, it was not a tear of sorrow, but of gratitude, so it did not cause the urn to overflow, and Odeta remained in heaven.—*Ass Maria.*

THE PERPETUATION OF PROTESTANTISM.

It was my aim, Brothers of the Orotory, in my preceding lecture, to investigate, as far as time and place allowed, how it was that the one-sided view of the great religious controversy, which commenced between Rome and England three centuries since, has been so successfully maintained in this country. Many things have changed among us during that long period; but the hatred and jealousy entertained by the population towards the Catholic Faith, and the scorn and pity which are felt at the sight of its adherents, have not passed away, have not been mitigated. In that long period society has undergone various alterations; public opinion has received a development new in the history of the world, and many remarkable revolutions in national principle have followed. The received views on the causes and the punishment of crime, on the end of government, on the mutual relation of town and country, on international interests, and on many other political questions, have sustained, to say the least, great modifications; sciences, unknown before, bearing upon the economy of social life, have come into being; medicine has been the subject of new doctrines, which have had their influence on various civil and municipal arrangements; how is it, then, that the feeling against Catholicism has remained substantially what it was in the days of Charles the Second, or of George the Third? How is it that Protestantism has retained its ascendancy, and that Catholic arguments and Catholic principles are at once misconstrued and ignored? And what increases the wonder is, that externally to our own island it has happened otherwise; there is scarcely a country besides ours where Catholicism is not at least respected, even if it is

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