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

Reddite quae sunt Caesaris, Caesari; et quae sunt Dei, Deo.—Matt 22: 21.

Vol. V.

Toronto, Saturday Dec. 19, 1891.

No 45

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 I can most truthfully testify to the fact that
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 which were cured by the medicine of Rev.
 Father Koenig, of Ft. Wayne, Ind., have come
 under my personal observation. In other
 similar cases great relief was given even if up
 to this time they have not been entirely cured.
 It would certainly be a great blessing if the
 tidings were more widely circulated that many
 could be cured by this medicine.
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 Vote for ex-Mayor

JAS BEATY
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An improved system of civic administra-
 tion, and an effort to obtain a new City
 Charter.

Amongst other reforms, the appoin-
 tment of civic business into a few Per-
 manent Departments, controlled as to
 officials and service immediately by com-
 petent Heads under suitable By-Laws, but
 ultimately by the Council, the people's
 representatives as a body and not as in-
 dividuals.

Also the institution of a Board of Con-
 trol, composed of the Mayor, the Chairman
 of Committees (as ex-officio members) and
 heads of Departments to suggest methods
 to Control, Reduce and Manage the Ex-
 penditure.

Reduced Taxation as far as practicable,
 consistent with the necessities of the City.
 With this view, retrench and moderate all
 controllable expenditures in every depart-
 ment of work and service.

Equitable assessment and fair taxation
 on all property and classes, and so as to
 promote the influx of Capital.

Utilizing to the best advantage City
 Property and Assets and Reduce the Debt
 and encourage improvements.

Equivalent value in work and material
 for monies expended.

Business like financial arrangements to
 increase the credit and prosperity of the
 city.

An effort to procure pure water and
 thorough drainage to protect the health of
 the citizens.

To encourage manufacturing industries
 and induce the use of capital in the city
 and thus provide employment.

A readjustment of the Local Improve-
 ment System to render it fair and equit-
 able in its operations.

To establish a judicious relief system
 for paupers that will at the same time pro-
 tect the citizens from street beggars.

To establish a means of reformatory
 punishment for habitual drunkards.

To provide reformatory restraints in
 cases of first offences of a trivial nature or
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 tional features of the Queen City.

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	a.m.	p.m.
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G. T. R. West	7.00	3.40
N. and N. W.	7.00	1.10
T. G. and B.	6.30	4.30
Midland	6.30	3.35
C. V. R.	6.00	3.40
G. W. P.	6.00	2.00
U. S. N. Y.	6.00	12.10
U. S. West States	6.00	9.30

Express mails will be closed during October
 as follows: Oct. 1, 2, 5, 8, 12, 15, 16, 19, 22, 23,
 26, 29.
 N.B.—There are branch post offices in every
 part of the city. Residents of each district
 should transact their Saving Bank and
 money Order business at the local office
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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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Vol. V.

Toronto, Saturday Dec. 19, 1891.

No 45

LATEST CABLES.

ST. PETERSBURG, Dec. 15.—The Minister of War has summoned all the chiefs of the general staff to attend a council, which will be held for the purpose of making a new disposition of the Russian forces.

The Czar has authorized the holding of a congress on Prehistoric Anthropology in Moscow, in 1892.

The Quaker delegates who recently came to Russia to inquire into the distress in the famine districts complain that their investigation is hampered by obstacles raised to prevent their access to the provincial authorities. The Government officials decline to give the delegates letters recommending the provincial authorities to assist them, on the ground that the delegates might come to harm amid the disorders in the distressed districts. At the first sitting of the Central Relief Committee \$125,000 was paid in by the Czar, that being the amount he usually devotes to state balls.

There is good reason to believe Baron Hirsch's immigration scheme will shortly pass the Council of Ministers. It provides for a central committee on the immigration of Jews here and 50 sub-committees in the provinces.

Archduke Sigismund died to-day in Vienna from influenza.

NEW YORK, Dec. 16.—Among the steerage passengers arriving in this city to-day in the steamship *Dania* were two families of colored people from Liberia. They consist of Moore and Warne Davis, brothers, and their families, numbering 11 persons. The children wore scarcely any clothing, while that on the women was tattered and scant. Until May, 1890, the brothers were well-to-do farmers in Gainesville, Ga. Hearing of the excellent prospects in Liberia, they set out and travelled to Monroeville, Liberia. Their rosy expectations were not realized. Their money dwindled and their families almost starved. There was no work to be done, and the much lauded farming opportunities they found to be a myth. Things became so bad that Warne wrote to his friends, who assisted the brothers to return to this country. The party left to-day for their old homes.

PARIS, Dec. 11.—The ecclesiastical controversy caused a great disturbance in the Chamber of Deputies to-day. M. Hubbard introduced a motion condemning the hostile attitude of the clergy, and demanding that steps be taken for the separation of Church and State.

M. Fallieres, Minister of Justice and Public Worship, in replying to the motion, commented at length upon the conduct of the Archbishops of Aix and Bordeaux.

In response to an interruption, M. Floquet, the President of the Chamber, said that Pope Pius IX. had given his authority to Freemasonry and was himself a Freemason.

M. de Cassagnac and M. Baudry d'Asson instantly jumped up and called M. Floquet a liar.

A tremendous uproar ensued, lasting fully ten minutes. The members of the Right, shouting at the top of their voices, hurled various opprobrious epithets at the members of the Left, who responded with equal vigor. Cries of "Infamous," "Abominable" and the like were freely exchanged.

Bishop Freppel stated that M. Floquet's charge was a calumny and a slander.

Comte de Mun cried that M. Floquet's words were insulting and false.

Throughout the uproarious scene M. Floquet remained perfectly calm. When the clamor had subsided he simply remarked that the chair was powerless to deal with fits of madness.

M. Fallieres, resuming his speech, said that the Government was opposed to the separation of Church and State. The Ministry, he continued, would shortly introduce a bill dealing with associations, which would apply equally to religious and secular communities. He added, however, that this bill must not be regarded as a prelude to the separation of Church and State.

COLOGNE, Dec. 16.—At a meeting of the African Society here to-day Canon Kesperes read extracts from the diaries of African missionaries which told of revolting cruelty in connection with slave hunting in the neighborhood of Lake Tanganyika. One of the statements read as follows:—"The notorious slave hunter, Makatubo, brought back with him 20,000 people of every age and sex as the result of his last expedition to Kareme. These wretched people were chained in batches of a score. They were like living skeletons. While the caravan was traversing the Kuande country, where there was a famine, the marching slaves were obliged through hunger to dig up and eat roots which animals refused to eat. Hundreds of them died of hunger, fever or dysentery. A large number of women and children, whose want of strength impeded the rapid march of the column, were drowned. Laggards through illness were killed with cudgels at the rate of from ten to fifty daily. At night they were sheltered in roofless huts, while the goats which were being taken along were kept in covered stables. Every morning bodies of those who had died during the night were dragged out and thrown to the hyenas which followed the camp. Many of the poor creatures were covered with burns and sores resulting from the punishment inflicted upon them." Similar accounts were given of cruelties practised by other slave hunters. The missionaries ransom the slaves, and place those that are sick in a hospital whenever possible.

DENVER, Dec. 16.—The Atlantic and Pacific Railroad Company has conceded all the striking telegraph operators' demands. The following order addressed to Superintendent Goble, of the Atlantic and Pacific, was issued by President Manvell, of the Santa Fe, at noon to-day:

"Sign and accept the schedule presented by the operators and despatchers, namely, operators \$80 per month, 12 hours and extra; despatchers \$150 for eight hours work, and chief despatchers \$175 per month and no trick work.

(Signed)

ALLEN MANVELL.

TRIN. Dec. 15.—A desperate attempt was made yesterday to assassinate an ecclesiastic at Navara. The Canon Marchetti was hearing confession in the cathedral when a man in priestly garb approached the box, and falling down on his knees waited his turn to enter. Although no one knew him, and the Father confessor could not recognize in him a priest of his acquaintance, the air of devotion he assumed gave him the appearance of a penitent seeking to confess. As soon as his turn came he rose quickly and passed into the confessional box. A moment after the few attendants in the cathedral were startled to hear loud words, followed by a violent struggle within the dark box and cries for help. Before the people could reach the spot the supposed penitent rushed out of the confessional and disappeared from the church. Moans were heard from the confessional compartment, and Canon Marchetti was found insensible on the floor. He was bleeding from gashes in the face and neck, and had fainted. The Canon was removed to the centre of the church, where he could get air, the flow of blood was checked, and he soon began to revive. As soon as he had recovered his senses, he told of the fearful scene through which he had passed. He said the man, whom he supposed to be a brother priest, approached the confessional without arousing a suspicion in his mind. No sooner had he entered the box than he uttered some wild words, the purport of which the Canon did not understand. Then he dashed to fragments the grating between them with a blow of his fist, and, drawing a razor, madly slashed at him and cut all the portions of his body which he could reach. The Rev. Father called for assistance, fell to the floor to escape the murderous blows, and became unconscious. He says he does not know who his assailant was, and cannot imagine the motives of the man for the attempt on his life. The assassin seems to have made good his escape after leaving the church, and no clue has yet been found.

A CHRISTMAS PICTURE.

For the CATHOLIC REVIEW.

It is Christmas Eve in a studio; and from among a large number of students but three remain to celebrate the joyous feast in their bachelor chambers. They were forced to stand aside and be but spectators in the boyish pleasure of the others, who hurried off, laden down with presents for their homes in different parts of Canada. Neither was there the pleasant prospect of being the welcome guest at some friend's table, for everyone seemed so happy in his own family as to feel an outsider's company an unnecessary complement.

On this night of universal love and good fellowship the studio, usually so bright with the cheery presence and lively chat distinctive of Bohemian life, seems grey and empty, the only bit of warmth being the soft tints of a picture, before which stands the artist, throwing in the last light touches. The picture is a Christmas gift, ordered by a wealthy friend for one of Toronto's most wealthy families.

The painter's two companions lazily watch him; one from a comfortable but dilapidated sofa; the other out of the depths of an easy-chair, with his feet at a greater altitude than his head, but oftentimes their view of picture and worker is obscured by the light grey smoke of two holiday cigars.

At last the artist, a young fellow of straight, lithe build, turns from his finished work, revealing a dark face with beaked nose bespeaking the Jewish race. It is rather strange to see his eyes linger with keen pleasure upon this picture; for there, catching the last gleams of the evening's pale winter sun, is an exquisitely tender painting of the "Stable of Bethlehem." All the actors in that sublime scene are there. And it is scarcely conceivable that anyone but a worshipper of the Divine Child, a lover of his Holy Mother, and friend to his foster father could have done the work.

He had cast that subtle light of power emanating from the second Person of the Trinity over the new-born infant's face, and a consciousness in the eyes of the Blessed Virgin's, that she possesses her God as her son from now till the end of time, whilst meek, honest St. Joseph was skilfully depicted, offering almost divided homage to his two heavenly charges.

It is a grand triumph of genius over feeling. The young Jew felt nothing but love for his work and hatred for his subject. And yet, he is more attractive in his lamentable convictions than the Christian who proclaims his belief and rests there. The picture is too suggestive of the day to pass un commented upon. "Is it not odd," says the occupant of the sofa, "what a run there is on that kind of thing around this season," signifying his meaning by motioning towards the picture. "I remember when I was a good little Sunday school boy, receiving merit cards, with verses written in hideous colors, all ending with the same old rhyme, "Peace on earth, etc." "How about your gentle raising Curtis, has it the same religious fragrance?"

Two or three rings of smoke follow each other from out the arm chair. "Yes, about the same, I guess we all have been given a fair enough start on the right road, but we seem to swerve off it after awhile." "It appears to me," put in the young Israelite as he carefully wraps up the damp picture and sends it off to its lucky recipient, "that I, who have received none of that self-sacrificing training have got on just as well in the moral sense." "That may be in as far as we have done," answered Mark Curtis, "but had we lived according to our early precepts, why then I vow, we would be much better to-night."

And through that handsome, well-shaped head, resting carelessly against the threadbare cushion, flits the memories of Christmas Eves long past. He feels again the joyous excitements over the pleasant surprises that were made for the dear ones at home. How eagerly he had watched for Christmas dawn, knowing full well it would bring nothing but happiness in its wake. He thinks of his childish delight, when clasping his mother's hand he kneels before the wonderful little crib, that so faithfully represents in our churches the mystery enacted eighteen hundred years ago, the day that all the Christian world is compelled to honor the Holy Family without division, though they should ignore two of them the remainder of the year. They are all scattered, those who make the memory of home so precious. He himself had been the first to break the circle, and now, though his heart hungers with a feverish longing for the friends of his youth, it cannot be, for death will not wait for a man's indifference to pass away.

He had cut himself loose from all the home's holy associations, and, little by little, had drifted into the man of the world, who labors only where a large dividend of this world's profits may be received, and received quickly.

He had attained a trusted post in the Masonic Lodge, and in consequence threw away a second chance to experience the pleasures of a Christmas Eve at home. For his promised wife, strong in her adherence to Mother Church, would not marry beneath its ban. A more than "lover's quarrel" was the result, and they both went their different ways; she with God's blessing resting on her sunny head soothing her hidden grief; and he, to become harder and more defiant than ever.

If it were not for the ennobling influence of his art, that he loved

so well and followed so faithfully, his name might in time have swelled the criminal's list at Kingston, for he had not that powerful incentive that makes men earn their bread honestly by the sweat of their brow, willingly and gladly—the affections of home. But his work kept moist the ground where the seeds of his childhood's prayers were sown, and it needed but the bright healthy sunlight of God's grace to bring them to fruition.

"Wako up, Curtis," calls Harold Ewing from the sofa, "it is dull enough here without your going into a 'dumb dose' for hours at a stretch."

Mark Curtis slowly rises out of his chair, gives himself that peculiar masculine shake, and crosses to the window to take a look at the city before shutting it out with the heavy curtains.

It is a typical Christmas Eve. Snow on the ground, snow in the air, snow all around, whilst bright lights twinkle, sleigh bells tinkle a fairy music of their own, and "all the air a 'gracious message' holds," "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth to men of good will."

Suddenly there is a slam of the street door, a rush up the stairs, four steps at a time, and the door flies open as a jolly voice calls out "Merry Christmas."

"What a world of feeling lies in those two words, warming up the blood and brightening the eye as they ring the hand of the newcomer.

"I recognized your master touch, I vow, in the picture sent to my father's to-night, so off I hurried to invite you to come and help make Christmas pleasant for a dear little stray cousin of mine, just arrived from Halifax."

In a very few moments the four young comrades are on their way to Charley O'Riley's home.

The streets are thronging with shopping men and women of every description, with a common smile of gladness enveloping all. Stately dignity is laid aside for to-night, and all abandon themselves to the unmixed delights of buying every imaginable novelty. The rulers of our country bend over "jumping jacks" and big-eyed dolls with as much concern in their faces as if deciding the annexation question, and with good reason, for a mistake in this matter would mean more personal discomforts than a wrong move in the larger problem.

Friend meets friend, with a pleasant greeting that each knows is sincere, and even the enemy of yesterday seems not so unlovely to-night.

What a beautiful world it would be if it were always Christmas, nothing more or less than a realization of the Eutopian dream.

The O'Riley mansion is aglow with lights, that appear to smile a welcome to the three guests. And such a welcome is given as can only be given at an Irish hearth, so whole souled that even the phlegmatic few feels its influence and meets it half way.

Standing near the picture, with her sweet, modest face reflecting the pure beauty of her Model bending over the Divine Child, Mark Curtis sees his once affianced bride in the person of the "dear little cousin" he was to help entertain. It is needless to remark that "Barkis is more willin'."

It is drawing close to twelve o'clock when they all set out for Midnight Mass that is to be celebrated in the pretty little church on Sherbourne St.

When Mark Curtis passes beneath the portico bearing the inscription in gold "*Gloria In Excelsis Deo*," and hears chiming out in the midnight hour the sweet air, "*Adeste Fideles*," from St. James' tower, his lips, all unused to prayer, invoke a blessing upon himself and his two friends, who know even less than he.

The altar is one blaze of light and mass of flowers, a visible expression of love and homage to the New-born King. As the devout young priest, robed in his shimmering vestments, ascends the steps of the altar, a grand burst of joyous song sweeps over the heads of the prayerful congregation, "*Gloria in Excelsis Deo*." It echoes in the hearts of the people, then seeming to go forth and mingle with the mystic incense, rested upon the hands of the priest to be placed by him high at the Foot of God.

After Mass, Mark Curtis joins the people making their way to the little crib. Is it mere chance that a fair young girl also kneels beside him and hears the lowly murmured prayer, "Lord, I am not worthy to be called Thy son, but if Thou wilt make me as one of Thy hired servants?" and she knows that to both of them it will indeed be a "Merry Christmas."

L. A. HENRY.

"Watchwords from John Boyle O'Reilly" is the name of a little volume of selections from his poetry and prose, arranged by Katherine E. Conway who introduces them with an estimate of O'Reilly as poet and literary worker. The book is in press with the well known publisher, Cupples, and will be gotten out in the artistic beauty of typography, illustration binding, for which this house is famous. The tinted portrait of the poet is admirable, and so are the page pictures and head the tail pieces within. The book will be ready in a week, and will be in great demand as a Christmas book.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

For The Review

What shall we give to Jesus,
On this, His natal morn?
We have gifts of precious value
For each and every one,
Long wrought in secret corners,
Lest some chance glimpse display
The gold and brilliant colors,
Of the gifts we give to-day.
Not one dear friend is forgotten,
And even the poor rejoice
At the goodly cheer around them,
And the tones of a kindly voice.
And His claim is above all others
His gifts we can never repay,—
Oh, what of worth most precious
Can we lay at His feet to-day?
Our hearts? They are His already,
By a thousand tender ties.
And yet there are gifts we might give Him,
That the dear Lord would never despise.
There is many a soul in darkness,
There is many a soul in sin,
And the Love of God is an outcast,
From hearts He would fain enter in.
Oh! bring Him the soul of a sinner,
And the Angels of God will rejoice,
And His Heart overflow with gladness,
At the precious gift of thy choice.
Or open the gates of Heaven
To a soul in the fire of pain
That the justice of God has enkindled
To refine it from sinful stain.
Or if such great gifts are too mighty
For strength such as thine to bring
Ah! subdue in thine own heart in dwelling,
Perhaps, a predominant sin,
But bring some such gift fair morning
To the King on His manger Throne,
And surely He will requite thee
In a royal way of His own.

The Cedars, Simcoe.

R. LEWIS

SAINT HILDA'S ROSES.

SARA TRAINER SMITH IN "CATHOLIC HOME ALMANAC."

THAT Christmas Eve, Nora Middleton saw in the round mirror of her dainty dressing-table a very lovely, fretted, pouting face. She was so disappointed and provoked! Dr. Jack Hartley—her very own Jack—had just sent her one of his hasty notes to say he could not go with her to the great Christmas Eve party at Land's End.

"I will never forgive him for this!" she said, setting her little white teeth firmly under her childishly soft, red lips. "He knows my heart was set on going with him to-night and he promised—no, he did not promise. He never *does* promise! 'Duty before pleasure,' he is always saying. Well, I shall be no further hindrance in the way of 'duty.' (Men have the most convenient way of calling it 'duty' when they want to do anything disagreeable to other people!) This shall end it. I will be first with a man when he marries me, at least."

"Nora!" came a shout from the lower hall. "Do you expect me to wait all night? Remember, my 'best girl' is expecting me at Land's End."

"I do wish Jim would not use slang! And about Lucy, too!" Nora exploded in this wise while hurriedly shutting drawers, pulling covers straight turning out the lights and gathering together her belongings. An open note lay amid the laces and brushes trinkets and shining bottles of her toilet-table. She tossed it into the fire. But it fell short of the blaze, and in an instant she had caught it out, and with her hand on the key of the last gas jet, hastily scanned its heavily written lines.

"My Darling: Don't be angry with me! At the last moment. I am called away. I *must* go, for it is a poor little fellow over in Erin—a *very* little fellow in very sore straits. Jim will take you, and, if possible, I will join you later. If I do not, then good night my Own, and God give you indeed 'a merrie Christmas and a happie New Year.'
Faithfully, Jack."

The little note flew straight into the fire this time, the golden flame of the gas sunk to a blue glimmer, the door shut with a bang, and Nora's heels clicked sharply on the polished stairs. The hall was

empty, but the open door framed in a night scene of snow and moonlight with a light cutter and a spirited horse in the near foreground. Five minutes later, she and Jim were skirting the river and nearing the Long Bridge at the most exhilarating speed, but in utter silence.

"Jim, where's Erin?" she asked, when they "slowed up" on the bridge.

"Over there around the factories. Jack called off again?"

"Yes—so he says."

"So he says!" echoed Jim, in surprise. "Well, Nora, I shouldn't advise you to take *that* line with Jack Hartley. You will find yourself very much in the—very much mistaken, I mean. Hi, there, Ladybird!"

They were off the bridge and fairly flying, it seemed to Nora. It was certainly delightful. Her eyes sparkled and her heart throbbed with the excitement of it, but neither of them softened towards the writer of the loving little note turning to whitest ash upon the tiles of her hearth. Nora was bitterly, cruelly, girlishly angry, and a woman's heart can be steeled against her very dearest to a degree unreckoned.

Land's End was celebrated for its parties, for its splendors, for its hosts. The Duponts were a noble race in all senses of the word, and alive to every responsibility of their place, their fortune, and their following. Nora was a favorite with them all, had been much with them at home and abroad since she left school. But they had never seen "Jack," and, of course, could not do justice to the wisdom of her choice, made during their recent absence on a six months' tour. He had but just reached Holyoke when they started, and opened his office after they left. But six months is long enough time to make or mar any fortune or any life, and all the universe was changed to Nora while her friends were chasing golden hours across one quarter of the globe. To-night she was to have shown them why—was to have had her modest, yet ecstatic, little triumph, for Dr. Jack Hartley was just the man, she knew, to win all favor at Land's End. How could he—oh, how could he disappoint her so! At every return of her thoughts to the first sharpness of her anger, it grew hotter.

She was a very naughty Nora Middleton by the time the long drive ended at the open door of Land's End—very far, indeed, from usual self, and still further from the Nora Jack Hartley dreamed of by night and day, and thanked Heaven for in all his prayers. For Jack prayed and lived up to his prayers. He was a noble young fellow, true as steel to his convictions, and, of course, with an ideal worthy of such a nature. This ideal he had been for six months blissfully adapting to Nora Middleton, with what he considered beatific results. Was the future she planned for him during that drive to be the end of it all?

Her darkened spirit in no wise affected her beauty, though, and she had never looked lovelier, never been more delightfully gay than that night. It was yet early, however, when Jim came for her.

"Nora, do you want to leave before midnight?" he asked, in a low voice.

"Midnight? Why, Jim, the idea!" Then, suddenly, "Is Lucy going?"

"Yes. They have all gone,—I mean, her party. I thought perhaps—"

"You may go alone, then. I can come.—Mr. Willits is very anxious to take me in his new cutter. I think I shall go."

She was turning carelessly away, but Jim laid his hand on her arm.

"Nora," he said, quietly, "you cannot go home with Willits. You know that. Rather than suffer it, I would wait all night."

"Then you may go when you choose. I do not care in the least about staying another minute, if I cannot, stay as long as I like."

"Very well. I think myself you will be better at home." And Jim walked away, frowning and biting his moustache, annoyed at Nora's conduct during the whole evening, since he had a shrewd guess at its cause.

Nora came out on the step as the horse shook her impatient head for the twentieth time, and pranced gaily back and forth until every bell rung again. There was a merry crowd, laughing, jesting, teasing, pleading, as such a party will at such a time. Nora carried it off very well, good naturedly enough protesting against their attempting to detain her, and making it appear that she was the moving cause of the departure.

"Well, if you will, you *must*, I suppose," said Willits, the last to take his hand from the arm of the seat into which he had lingeringly tucked the heavy robes. "But you had much better have waited, and allowed me to drive you. I would have taken you to gather Saint Hilda's roses."

"Oh, Nora! What you have missed!" exclaimed the girls of the party.

"Oh, I don't care for such a long ride to-night, thank you! I have been there already."

"On Christmas Eve?" asked a voice in the crowd on the steps.

"Oh, no!"

Jim touched the horse, and they were off. Saint Hilda's roses! How long it had been since she last heard of them! Every one had

apparently forgotten them, Nora did not care to go home and she would like to annoy Jim—just a little. "Jim," she said, pleasantly. "It is such a lovely night! Take me round by Saint Hilda's, won't you? Let me see if there are any roses."

Jim looked down at her over his great collar and rough coat. Then his eyes twinkled.

"All right!" he said, coolly, and with a long, graceful sweep, the airy little cutter faced about, and went spinning down a side road. Nora bit her lip, and sat in silence. It was seven miles to Saint Hilda's and the wind blew cuttingly from that quarter. She would pay dearly for her joke at Jim's expense.

Saint Hilda's was—or had been—an old convent, now in ruins from a fire. There was a story current that the first nuns who came to it from abroad brought with them a certain rose-tree and planted it at the chapel door, where it grew wonderfully for years and blossomed in all seasons, but particularly about Christmas time. Ten years before, when Nora was a child, and soon after the fire, it had been a favorite amusement for several summers to ride and drive to Saint Hilda's, scramble over the blackened walls, sit in the garden grown wild, and examine the rose-tree. Then every one knew the story and every one intended to go again at Christmas and see if they could find the roses. But Nora had never heard of any one going, and, indeed, had almost forgotten it. What on earth possessed Jim to accede so readily to her wish?

The way grew blenker and bleaker, colder and colder. Nora drew the wraps closer and higher. Gradually, she sank comfortably into their soft depths, and laughed a little. After all, she would turn the tables on Jim. He could not seek shelter as she had done. Why, she was so covered up she scarcely heard the bells. Oh, how differently she had expected to go home! How many times she had rehearsed it in thought—the delightful chatter with Jack over everything—the getting his opinion and giving hers, the commenting and exchanging thoughts over her favorite people at Land's End, and her favorite pictures, statues, books,—all the delightful valuable treasures they had gathered in their journey. All to come to *this*—a cold, stupid, silent drive with Jim, who was, of course, good enough as a brother, but not—Jack!

They stopped, suddenly. Nora sat up, and pushed off the wraps, startled and surprised. Surely, they had not driven seven miles in that time? Yes, there was Saint Hilda's—black, and crumbling, yet with a certain beautiful peace about it in the moonlight.

"Jump out, Nora! And don't stay long, for I want to get home."

"Come with me!" said Nora, half hesitating.

"Can't leave the horse. Hurry up, now!"

She sprang out and ran quickly across the crisping snow to the chapel behind the high gable which still stood firm. She was ashamed not to go through with it now, but she was trembling.

There was the rose-tree, white with blossoms, green as June, sweet as incense. Nora stood still aghast. What had happened! Where was she! Not at Saint Hilda's.

There was a light in the air and everywhere. It came from the gaping roof of the old chapel, and was like nothing she had ever seen. There was a sound of music and the murmur of voices.

"It must be something now," Nora said to herself, plucking up her courage, and taking a step forward.

On the instant, the door flew wide and a crowd of people—strangers and strange looking—poured out of it, and surrounded her. A dumb terror took possession of Nora. The faces, the voices, the strange dresses—what did they mean? Another age, another race seemed all about her.

From their midst there came two beautiful and stately women who advanced to her and stood one on either side, smiling gently into her wondering face. The one wore a long, white veil, bound on her dark flowing tresses with splendid jewels, the other, younger and fairer, was simply dressed and her hair hung loose and uncovered. Behind them waited the crowd.

"Come and see!" said the elder woman, in soft tones to the astonished girl.

She laid her hand on Nora's arm, and her companion did the same. Thus led, and knowing the rest were following her, Nora went in at the low door, under the broken roof.

It was a wide, wild, ruined place; bare stone walls and scattered heaps of withered grasses and herbage. Some animals were grouped in the most sheltered corner, and there—

Nora's heart stood still. Was she mad? Was she dead? With one wordless cry, she sank on her knees before a group she knew full well—Father, Mother and the Divine Child. Not as she had seen them many and many a Christmas Eve in the splendid churches of her native land and foreign countries—not statues, deftly colored and of gracious presence, but real, living persons, beautiful and holy and majestic.

But how sad! St. Joseph's deep, kind eyes were bent upon her with strange rebuke, and the Holy Virgin's hands were clasped and her whole gaze entreating and warning. But the Babe's beautiful and innocent face, his tiny, helpless hands, his naked, shivering, tender body—at the first glance her heart was pierced with sorrow and shame. It was all clear to her now.

"A very little fellow in very sore straits," she heard Jack Hartley's kind voice saying somewhere. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least

of these, ye did it unto me," came from the Babe's soft lips.

Nora sank slowly away into the arms of her companions. She was dently cold and her wraps had vanished. What was Jim saying? Who was with him? "Wako up, Nora, wako up! Jack, just take her out of this, will you! Frozen? No, indeed! She's as warm as she ever was. She's had a good nap under the rugs. We came round by Saint Hilda's."

"Saint Hilda's!" echoed Jack. He had lifted Nora out and was half carrying, half accompanying her unsteady little figure.

"Yes, Nora wanted some of the Christmas roses, but I thought it was too cold to stop. You'll have to take her over next year."

Nora nestled a little closer to the strong arm that gently pressed her little hand to Jack's warm heart. They were in the library now, and Jim was gone.

"How did you come to be here?" she asked him, wonderingly.

"I was just passing on my way home. I have just come in from that call. Were you very angry with me, darling?"

Nora put up her other hand and clasped them both on his arm. She looked at him, but did not speak. Jack was satisfied with the look.

"It was a disappointment, indeed," he said seriously. "I was inclined to resent it, at first, but I knew they were poor people, and on Christmas Eve, you know."

"Was it a little baby, Jack?" asked Nora, in an awed voice.

"Yes, dear!—a week old to-morrow, I think. Poor little beggar! he fought hard for his life!"

"Oh, don't, Jack! Don't call him that!" hurriedly exclaimed Nora. He took her little hand and kissed it.

"I beg your pardon, darling, and I bless your gentle heart. On Christmas Eve of all times one ought not to forget the everlasting brotherhood. 'Inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these—' he broke off, and stood looking intently into the fire.

"Well, I must be off! Midnight"—as the bell tolled the first stroke.—"It will hardly be worth while to go to bed, if one expects to be at the first Mass. You will not get out so early? Better not, dear. Good-night and 'God be wi' ye!' I think I wished you a merry Christmas some hours ago."

"Yes!" assented Nora, very quietly. "Good-night, dear Jack—my very own Jack! God bless you!"

When he was gone and the door locked and Nora safe in her own room with that door locked, she ran straight to the cold and ash-piled hearth. Some scraps of tinder and edges of paper lay there on the outer verge of utter ruin. She snatched them up hurriedly and turned them over. One of them she kissed almost reverently. "A very little fellow" was dimly visible on it.

"Lord, may this be all the lesson I shall need!" prayed Nora. "I knew I was wrong and he was right," she thought. "Oh, how could I forget the Christmas meaning in its reality. I don't deserve to be loved so dearly—I don't deserve anything!" Then she debated whether to tell it all or not, and finally decided to "wait a while." She did not tell it for a year. Then, at the Christmas Eve party at Land's End, she led Jack into a quiet corner, well lighted and profusely set forth with portfolios and easels. There she showed him a lovely old engraving in which she saw her dream reproduced, and told him all about it.

"It was a blessed, blessed dream," she said, with a long, happy sigh. "But do you know, I never remembered seeing this picture until we came into this room to-night. Then it instantly flashed on me. I sat just here and looked over one of these portfolios on last Christmas Eve, but I was so angry with you, and Mr. Willits was—was saying such nonsensical things, I did not seem to see what was before my eyes. Strange thus should have taken such hold on me! I don't know what it means, though," she added, thoughtfully.

"But I do," he said, taking it from her for closer inspection. "There is a sweet, fanciful legend somewhere, that when Saint Joseph was seeking shelter for Our Blessed Lady on the first Christmas Eve this young girl was asked to give up her room and refused with haughty scorn. Later, when the news of the Babe of Bethlehem was noised abroad, she went out of curiosity to see it, and recognizing Saint Joseph, and seeing what she had done when she gazed on the Holy Child, sank down before Him as you see her. The story runs that she never ceased to mourn her uncharitable selfishness, but died before long of 'a broken and a contrite heart.'"

"Oh, Jack!" said Nora softly. "I shall never forget that! I shall never forget any of it!"

"It was indeed 'a blessed, blessed dream,'" he said, looking at her with tender pride. "Although I did not know the reason, you have been a lovelier Nora ever since, and, although I did not think it possible, a dearer one."

She answered his look with a happy smile, and her pretty graceful way of laying both hands on his arm—there was no one looking,—and a whisper.

"Now, you know why I wanted Saint Hilda's roses so much"—they lay on her breast in sweet and pallid beauty, delicate and pure as sculptured petals. "But don't tell where we got them, please! I could not bear *every body* running there to see them just for a frolic. It all seems too real—too holy. What a lesson!"

The Catholic Position in Regard to Mr. Meredith

The following, taken from an able editorial in last week's *Record*, is self-explanatory, and is the keynote to the Catholic position in regard to Mr. Meredith:

"Irish Catholic" knows full well that he does not represent the sentiments of any considerable number of either Irish or French Catholics in this Province, since it is known of all men that, with the exception of the mean few to be found in cities and towns, who are every ready to barter their religion for the promise or prospect of some petty situation, the whole Catholic people are fully alive to the insult and permanent injury that it is sought to inflict on them by the intriguers who are from week to week feeling the public pulse by paragraphs in newspapers, and by other methods also, to ascertain whether this offensive scheme could be foisted on us without provoking our just resentment. "Irish Catholic" also knows, for he is manifestly an agent of the party, that the grand purpose of this anti-Catholic scheme is to concitate the infidels and bigots whom Mr. Meredith gathered round his flag in his irreligious campaigns of 1886 and 1890; and that, were he elevated to a post in the Cabinet, as representative of Ontario, he would be nowise a representative of the four hundred thousand Catholics of this Province, nor indeed of any others than the un-Christian faction that rallied round him in his two unsuccessful campaigns. The Conservative party, or at least the more intelligent and honorable section of them, were disgusted, and did not conceal their disgust, at Mr. Meredith's repeated effort in the summer of 1890 to create dissension and religious strife in this Dominion, which ought to be harmonious in its manifold religious and national elements, and without such peace and mutual toleration can never acquire the status of nationhood. Hence, as an analysis of the ballot in the several cities and towns on the 4th of June, 1890, clearly shows, the respectable Conservatives stayed away from the booths and left Mr. Meredith to his fate. Even "Irish Catholic" himself candidly attests this by telling us that "the error into which Mr. Meredith was led has had the effect of paralyzing his bright prospects of becoming the most popular leader in Ontario . . . and many of his friends who were obliged to stand aloof in the contest of June, 1890, will regret that his withdrawal from the leadership of his party has become a political necessity." By what logic, we ask, does "Irish Catholic" arrive at his dogmatic conclusion, that "the Ottawa Government would undoubtedly be strengthened" by the co-operation of a singularly unsuccessful politician, whose public life is a record of ever-recurring failures, who stands at open war with a powerful and thoroughly united section of the people, and has so far forfeited the confidence and earned the disgust of true Conservatives, that they abandoned him in his hour of trial, and have caused "his withdrawal from the leadership of his party to become a political necessity"? There is another view of the question as to whether the Ottawa Government would "undoubtedly be strengthened" by the addition of Mr. Meredith to the Cabinet, and it is suggested very distinctly by "Irish Catholic" when he tells us of "the error into which Mr. Meredith was led, against, as is generally conceded, his own good judgment." Is it an argument for Mr. Meredith's sincerity of character, manly honor and political righteousness, that he believed in his heart and soul he was all the while engaged in iniquitous warfare against a vast multitude of his fellow-citizens for the destruction or gradual undermining of the rights and liberties which they hold dearer than life, and which have been solemnly guaranteed to them by the Constitution of this

country and ratified by the sign manual and seal of our sovereign lady the Queen? How then can it be "undoubtedly strengthened" by bringing to its Cabinet Council a now element of downright dishonest public action and ready abandonment of conscience and of the fundamental rules of public justice for the sake of personal aggrandisement?

As for the threadbare argument suggested by "Irish Catholic" in his comparison of Mr. Meredith with the Hon. Mr. Mowat, who, he emphatically informs us, as it were of a newly discovered fact of recondit ancient history, was formerly one of Mr. George Brown's chief satellites, we may let this pass for what it is worth. It will neither hurt Mr. Mowat nor serve Mr. Meredith. We are nowise bound to Mr. Mowat for defence of the errors and weaknesses of his youth. We have read of many public men who began their political career on one set of principles and, as their minds matured and the condition of civil and social life had altered, were wise enough and honest enough to likewise alter their opinions in respect of the requirements of the body politic. Mr. Mowat has done so—so also has Mr. Gladstone; the Iron Duke of Wellington did the same, and moreover compelled his royal master to follow his example. Should the day ever come when Mr. Meredith will have publicly and unequivocally renounced his iniquitous policy of persecution of his Catholic fellow-citizens, as the common enemy of all Canadians, and looking to the present conditions of Canadian society and its manifest requirements of peace and good will among all denominations, rather than to the unsettled and turbulent state of things that existed quarter of a century ago, will have given sound, practical pledges to society that he will never again inaugurate or promote internecine strife, or agitate for persecution of any Christian denomination, then his elevation to any place of power and responsibility that may be within his grasp will meet no objection from us or from the Catholic people of this Province. We are a forgiving people—too ready to forgive. But we follow God's law of forgiveness on the sole condition of repentance.

...A curious letter descriptive of the riots and destruction of the property of foreigners in China has been written in Chinese by a Chinese Christian preacher, and published in the form of an English translation. The writer traces the cause of the ferment to the fact that the populace are ignorant of the reason and origin of the Christian missions, and he proposes a plan that shall settle the disturbances for all time. It is that the Ministers of the Western countries at Peking, "Uniting in speech," shall request the Emperor to send one of his most intimate, greatest, and most faithful officers in person to the Western countries to examine fully the Roman Catholic and Protestant Churches, as to their rites, teaching and books. On his return he is to report faithfully all his views to the Emperor. "Let the Emperor (continues the writer) then send forth his Imperial decree explaining the Roman Catholic and Protestant teachings and the meaning of the missionaries, and declaring it to all the people in the eighteen provinces. Then let this Imperial decree be engraved on stones and placed throughout all the provinces, one in every Yamen, college, private school, public hall, in every village, market town and city, and one in every great ancestral hall." If this be done the Chinese convert declares his belief that the rebels will have no power to use their cunning, for the foolish people will not give them a chance to deceive them. If it be not done, he adds, "China will always be as in the past sometimes swallowing and again spitting out, sometimes protecting and again seeking to 'urn the Churches out."

FUN.

"We are organizing a piano club. Will you join?" "Cheerfully! What pianist do you propose to club first?" — *Puck*.

"How many seconds are in a minute? Do you mean a real minute, mamma, or one of your great big wat-a-minutes?" — *Indianapolis Journal*.

Mr. Puffer (pompously) "Perhaps you don't know who I am, sir?" Railway Conductor — "Yes, sir, I do; you're a passenger, that's all." — *Puck*.

"Might I beg for a dance?" "Certainly How will No. 18 suit?" "Thanks, but I shall leave before that comes on," "So shall I." — *Fliegende Blätter*.

HIS MEMORY WAS REFRESHED.

He had on a salmon-colored overcoat which had streaked and faded across the shoulders and back in a curious fashion, and as he stood in front of a Michigan avenue clothing house and stared at the number, this condition of the garment was carefully recorded by the proprietor before stepping to inquire:

"Can I sell you something to-day?"

"I 'spose you remember me, don't you?" asked the man.

"No, sir! I never saw you before in my life."

"Don't remember of my coming here about this time last year?"

"Where you got dot overcoat, eh?"

"I came here about this time last year to buy an overcoat. Don't you remember of my having a big dog with me?"

"I doan' remember nodings. It vhas a great time to come back after a whole year to make a kick!"

"I told you I wanted the best coat you had for \$10. You replied that, owing to low rent and small expenses you could give me a regular \$18 overcoat for \$10. Don't you remember?"

"Not at all. Let's see! Why, at dis time last year I vhas in St. Louis, and my brudder vhas running dis store."

"My dear sir," continued the other. "I cannot be mistaken. Don't you remember I said I was going to Toledo?"

"No, sir—no, sir!"

"And that I thought I could do better in Toledo than here?"

"No, sir."

"Didn't you say you would advise me as a father in the matter of purchasing an overcoat?"

"Not von word, sir! I doan' advise nobody dot vhay. You vhas mistaken in der place. I guess you vhas down on Shefferson avenue. I doan' allow you von cent on dot overcoat. I never warrant him to you!"

"Didn't you—?"

"No, sir! It vhas some other place!"

"Look here! Let me explain."

"But dot explain doan' do no good."

"Perhaps it will. I did not buy this overcoat of you."

"O-h h!"

"Nor anywhere else in Detroit. In spite of of what you told me I went to Toledo."

"You doan' say!"

"And was ewindled—I paid \$14 for this coat, which wasn't near as good as the one you offered me for \$8."

"Vhell! Vhell! I pegin to see!"

"And now, as it is no longer fit to wear, I have come to you to get something to be depended on, owing to your low rent; you—"

"Oh! of course—of course! It vas so funny dot I doan' remember you, but my eyes vhas very bad dis fall. Yes, you come mite a big dog—and you vhas a perfect shentlemans—and I talk to you like a fadder. Why, of course! come right inside, und ash my stock vhas to large und I must reduce him at vonce I shall gif you a \$20 overcoat for shust half-price. Vhell, I do declare!—*Detroit Free Press*.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commended by

The Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto.

The Most Rev. C. O'Brien, Archbishop of Halifax.

Rt. Rev. T. J. Doughty, Bishop of Hamilton.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, Toronto

The Late Archbishop Lynch.

The Late Rt. Rev. Bishop Carberry, of Hamilton.

The Rev. Father Dore of "St. Patrick's" Montreal.

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion.

Published by

The Catholic Review Publishing Company. (Limited)

Offices: 61 Adelaide St. East, (opposite Court House).

A. C. MACDONELL, President.

PH. DEGRUCHY, Editor and Manager

REV. W. FLANNERY, Associate Editor

Terms: \$2.00 per annum, payable strictly in advance. Advertisements unexceptionable in character and limited in number, will be taken at the rate of \$2 per line per annum 10 cents per line for ordinary insertions. CLUB rates: 10 copies, \$15.

All advertisements will be set up in such styles to insure the tasteful typographical appearance of the Review and enhance the value of the advertisements in its columns.

Remittances by P. O. Order or draft should be made payable to the manager.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DEC. 19, 1891.

HOLD! THERE, MR. MEREDITH!

A good deal of comment has been already made on the letter of an "Irish Catholic," which appeared, week before last, in the columns of the *Catholic Record*. The writer of said letter advocated very strongly the appropriateness of Mr. W. Meredith's appointment to a seat in the Dominion Cabinet. Last week's issue of the *Record* had a very able article on the subject. It denies absolutely the opportuneness or the justice of such an appointment, and claims that the elevation of Mr. Meredith to such a representative position would be an insult to the Catholic body of ratepayers who exercise the franchise in this Province. The *Kingston Freeman* has also, in unmistakable and very forcible terms, sounded a note of warning to the men in power at Ottawa. It tells them very plainly that "they cannot afford to present themselves before the public as abettors of the most atrocious crime committed by Mr. Meredith in stirring up a religious war, wilfully and with malice prepence, and hiring a reptile press to inflame the evil passions of the worst men in society against a numerous, patient, peaceful, yet strongly united, section of Her Majesty's loyal subjects."

It is scarcely possible that Mr. Abbot will allow himself to be imposed upon to such an extent as to keep the Catholic electorate of Ontario locked together in one solid mass against his government at the next trial of strength between the two great political parties now striving for power. From the conversion of Geo. Brown and his fanatical followers, until the local elections of 1885, it was always a matter of doubt and speculation as to which way the Catholic vote would incline. In the fall of that year Messrs. W. R. Meredith, D'Alton McCarthy and Bunting, of the *Mail*, appeared on the scene, all three astride the famous Protestant horse, enfeebled with age, which had led Mr. George Brown to many an overwhelming defeat. The sight of the three doughty warriors, all armed cap-a-pie, and to the teeth with weapons of calumny, hatred and persecution of their Catholic fellow-citizens, drove all the latter into one camp for mutual defense and self-protection. For years they had been voting separately, or in small bands, as opinion or convictions about the tariff or the N. P. directed. But when the formidable war-horse loomed up as before the walls of Troy, they naturally took alarm, and profiting by the sad experience of ancient Illium, they stood together in one solid body to resist the entrance of that fatal machine within the enclosure of their city. The Catholic vote was massed to keep out the three champions of Orangeism, and massed it shall remain until W. R. Meredith & Co. show evident signs of repentance. But as the *Mail*, Meredith and McCarthy are but one and the same personality, at least externally and before the public there is little hope at present of witnessing a change for the better, and the public must judge them accordingly, viz., the Catholics who are traduced, slandered and held

up as "the common enemy," and all the dispassionate, honest Protestants of the Province, who united with them in 1885 and 1890 in voting down such elements of discord, disturbance and dismemberment of our free, happy and peaceful Dominion.

It will be much safer for the Ottawa Government to leave Mr. W. R. Meredith severely alone. They have enough on their shoulders already to bear up with securely; a little more added to the burden will inevitably bear them down to certain overthrow and disaster. Mr. W. Meredith at two Provincial elections made open war upon our school system, upon our Church and bishops; he ran over the country from city hall to country village and township school house exciting the Protestant population of the entire Province against all that we are ready to swear by and hold most dear and sacred. He did this without any provocation on our part. He did this when he had thousands amongst us who admired and esteemed him for his great abilities and many qualities. He did this when the fate of the Liberal party hung in the balance, and our people were wavering and undecided as to which side of politics they should rally *en masse*. He did at the wrong time, what he never should have done, and now he must pay the penalty, or the Government must expect a solid opposition from four hundred thousand justly incensed people at the next general elections.

THE BISHOP OF WINNIPEG'S MOTIVES.

It has been suggested to us that suspicion exists in the minds of many about the sincerity of the Anglican Bishop in Winnipeg, in protesting against the children attached to his church being educated in the public or secularist schools. They urge that by demanding Separate schools for the denomination over which he presides, Protestant public excitement may be still further aroused against the Catholic Separate school system, and that the appeal, which is threatened, of the bigots to the Privy Council, or "the foot of the throne," may be strengthened by the prospect of a breaking up of the Public school system. Should the Anglican Bishop succeed in establishing his claims to separate religious education for the children of his extensive diocese, there is no reason why the Presbyterians, the Methodists, and other heretical branches of the Christian church, may not insist upon similar rights and thus complete the destruction of the common school system in the Province of Manitoba.

There may be some truth in the suggestions and hints thrown out ament the real motives of the Anglican Bishop. But there must be some stronger proofs adduced of his Lordship's insincerity than mere suspicions. His case is a very strong one, in so far as it is positively maintained that Anglican Separate schools existed before Manitoba became a distinct province with a written constitution. The Bishop also declares that several parochial schools, which were built by his diocesans, and frequented by their children, have been seized by the advocates of the public system and converted to the uses and purposes of godless education.

The Bishop has a perfect right to protest against this piece of high-handed injustice on the part of the Manitoban authorities. As he has a perfect right, according to the constitution, to claim for his church all the immunities and privileges of the Catholic Separate school system, why then impute want of sincerity to the Anglican bishop, who is so zealous for the preservation of the schools erected and used by his own people, as he is for the preservation of what he professes to believe as the true Faith in the minds and hearts of the children committed to his Episcopal charge? The principle of his action is the true standard which the Catholic Church has always upheld. Give a christian, moral, training to your children, have God's holy law imprinted on their hearts and memories, teach them every day the lessons of truth and honesty, of self-restraint, charity and the fear of God; make them Christians first and scholars afterwards, and you will thus fulfill your whole duty to the family, to society and to God. On such principles have all Christian nations bequeathed the inheritance of religious life to posterity, and handed down the knowledge and practice of heaven's law from sire to son. Catholics have at all times insisted upon the necessity of Christian education, together with a solid training in every secular branch of art and science for their children.

If the Anglicans of Manitoba follow the good example why should we suspect their sincerity? The Anglican Bishop is perfectly right in not troubling himself about what the Presbyterians may do or the Methodists may threaten. If the latter have little or no regard to the religious education or moral training of the children attending the public schools, they shall be very likely to reap the reward of their indifference in a future generation of latitudinarians or downright infidels.

In the *Birmingham Daily Gazette* (date Nov. 26) we read of a case in point, that very evidently shows what results may be expected from a system of education that ignores all history of religion and the sacred and potent influences of divine faith in directing the minds and shaping the character of young people. It appears that for some time a secularist majority has had control of the school board in that city, and that at a recent election of trustees two dissenting clergymen, Rev. F. M. MacCarthy and Rev. Dr. Crossley, used their influence in having eight secularists returned by popular vote. Some of the deplorable results of such godless education are instanced by the *Daily Gazette* of the above mentioned date, two of which are here given.

At the court proceedings, exactly three weeks ago, two instances of ignorance were given which shocked the community. In one case a man was charged with breaking into a house, but the only witness against him was Charles Robbins, twelve years of age. The lad was put into the witness box, and, questioned by the stipendiary magistrate told the court that he was educated at one of the public schools of the city. "The magistrate asked him what book he was holding in his hand. The boy had the Bible in his hand ready to be sworn, but though the boy opened the book and glanced at several of its pages, he said he could not tell what the book was. Furthermore, the lad admitted that he had past all the standards at the public schools, and that he had never been to a Sunday school. On hearing this the magistrate thought it would be wrong to convict upon such evidence as the boy might give, and he discharged the prisoner." In the second case a boy of eight, charged with breaking some church windows, said he did not know of the existence of the Ten Commandments, although he attended school every day.

The *Birmingham Gazette* goes on to remark "As for the two heathen boys, we can imagine they are just such as the Rev. F. M. MacCarthy and the Rev. Dr. Crossley most admire. They are indeed splendid examples of what the young become in the godless schools. Here they are duly stamped as models of secularist manufacture. The one, aged twelve, does not know the Bible by sight; the other, aged eight, never heard of the ten commandments.

It is very reasonable to suppose that other towns and cities where Godless education prevails must have witnessed similar deplorable instances of youthful depravity and regrettable ignorance of God's law, nay, probably of God's existence.

Not long ago it was cabled that in Liverpool two boys, aged ten and twelve, murdered a third boy in order to get his clothes; and for their inhuman cruelty got off with a light sentence, owing to their woeful ignorance of the first lessons of Christianity.

Why, therefore, should it be suspected, or even dreamt of, that the Protestant Bishop of Winnipeg is not sincere in his anxiety to preserve his parochial schools, and save from heathenism the offspring of the people over whom he has charge? His example may awaken serious reflection in the minds of the rev. leaders of other denominations and force them to the conclusion that the Catholics had God and Christianity and right on their side when they resisted all the efforts of politicians and secularists to rob their children of that divine, saving faith, which is the groundwork and foundation of all genuine morality and all true civilization.

The liberal scheme of doing away with all denominational differences, and establishing in the schools one set of religious principles upon which all might agree, seems as repulsive to the Anglican Bishop of Winnipeg as it is abhorrent to the Catholic bishops of England. Last September several leaders appeared in the *Nottingham Daily Express*, advocating the new system, when the Catholic Bishop, Right Rev. Dr. Bagshawe, addressed to the editor the following vigorous letter:

The purport of some of your recent articles on the future teaching of religion in public schools is truly startling to the Catholics. Your scheme is to do away with all existing faiths, and to substitute for

them a new Board school State religion, to be forced upon all children by legal machinery. It is clear that there is no such thing existing now as a "form of religion common to all the faiths." The attempt to make and enforce one will be the beginning of a new religious persecution. We grasp the idea, and pronounce it to be one worthy of Julian the Apostate in his attempt to destroy Christianity. I have written to our Liberal candidates to know whether your notable scheme is adopted by them, and by the Liberal party. I await their reply with no small anxiety. They can hardly ask us to support their party if that party adopt a policy that threatens to destroy us.

Hitherto the denominational system has been acknowledged and fostered by British Legislation, and has given the utmost satisfaction to all classes, except to the Freethinkers and to men of no faith. With such enlightened and energetic champions of Christian training as Cardinal Manning, Bishop Bagshawe and others, it is scarcely possible that any future government will attempt the destruction of a system that is so popular, and that is attended everywhere with the very best results.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

The Annual Report of this Society in Canada for 1890, and which is published in Quebec, has through an accident been delayed until a few days ago. Upon examining it we find that there are 110 Councils and Conferences in the Dominion. The number of active members is 4,096, and the number of families relieved during the year was 2,501, composed of 10,078 persons. The total amount of money collected was \$50,253, of which \$8,188 was contributed by the members themselves at their weekly meetings, and the amount expended in relief was \$39,904.

The work done is no doubt very creditable, but the number of Conferences strikes us as very small. Surely there are more than one hundred parishes in this broad Dominion that require a Conference of St. Vincent de Paul—to look after the poor and assist the pastors in the other good works that are a necessity in a parish. If our parish priests, in the towns and villages particularly, who are generally overworked, considered what a help such an organization would be to them, we are certain the Society of St. Vincent de Paul would be more widely extended. We are confirmed in our opinion on this subject by an item which we have read in an English periodical. It is taken from an address delivered to the Conferences of Malines by the Cardinal Metropolitan of Belgium.

Addressing himself particularly to the parish priests, he says: "You find every day with regret that you cannot supply all the needs of souls, which from all sides at the same time solicit your attention, schools for youths and patronages to be managed, the poor and sick to be visited, children to be instructed, libraries to be founded, abuses to be suppressed, pious practices to be introduced, and so many other works which you know so well. I can understand that you are powerless before this accumulation of wants. Here then are helpers; here is an army, or rather a brigade of disciplined, obedient and devoted volunteers, who offer themselves to you freely and generously, asking only to labour and fight in the widespread field of ignorance, heresy and vice. Would it in truth be sensible, would it be priestly to refuse their services. One word more. You remember these words in the Gospel: The Kingdom of God is like the leaven which a woman took and put into three measures of meal, until the whole was leavened. I will venture to say that the Society of St. Vincent de Paul may become in a parish the sacred leaven which raises it, pervades it, and transforms it, giving it the relish of things holy and sanctifying."

At this season of the year, during the festivities in connection with the holy Christmastide the calls upon this society are numerous. God's poor must needs be attended to, and that they, too, may enjoy and partake of the good cheer so universally indulge in, at this season, and join, with thankful hearts, in the psalm of praise and thanksgiving offered up to the Most High, food and fuel are supplied with a little more lavish hand, no deserving individual being overlooked. Those who are not members of the Society can aid this noble work by their contributions to its funds and we trust that, in thankfulness for the many favors accorded them, they will do so, ever bearing in mind the words of our Blessed Lord. He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord, and shall be repaid fourfold.

The work that the Society has done in Toronto can best be shown

by the table which we will publish next week.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The following words of a great writer, taken in connection with recent conversions to the faith, are opportune:

LET me beg of you, my brethren, to consider how beautiful is the Catholic Unity in doctrine by which the Faith is preached, without shadow of change and with authority, in each Catholic cathedral and church; and how revered it is by the faithful. See how the Catholic teaching is set high in our colleges above the assaults of infidelity and the contradictory wranglings of so-called scientific theories; how striking is the Catholic Unity in government, by which spiritual jurisdiction, issuing from Christ, flows in fair subordination through Bishop and Priest, so that each Pastor knows his own flock, while his flock knows him and hears his voice.

What a contrast between this blessed vision of peace within the Church and the scene of disorder and tumult that oppress you outside! There, nearly every pulpit is made the centre of a different teaching, which, delivered without authority, is heard without submission; there, sometimes the very foundations of Christianity are upturned to be shaped anew, according to individual bias or the caprice of an excited assembly; there, the flock strays after strangers whose own the sheep are not.

Here seasonably come those words of St. Augustine: "Diverse doctrines resound, various heresies arise. Fly to the tabernacle of God—namely, the Catholic Church; there you will be protected from the contradiction of tongues."

I will also appeal to you in the affectionate words which the same holy doctor and Father of the Church addressed to the Donatists of his day: "Come to us, brothers, come! that you may be engrafted on the true vine. You yourselves cannot but perceive what the Catholic Church is, and what it is to be cut off from the stem. If then there be among you any who have care of themselves, let them arise, and come and draw vigor from the root. Let them come before it be too

late; before they lose the little Catholic sap that yet remains to them, and become dry wood fit only for the fire. Come, then, to us, brothers, if you will, and be engrafted on the vine. It grieves us to see you lying as you are, fopped off from the tree. Reckon, then, one by one, the Pontiffs who have sat from his time downwards on Peter's very seat, and mark the regular succession in that order of Fathers. That seat is the rock, which the proud gates of hell overcome not."

WINNIPEG, Dec. 9.—Application was made before the Chief Justice this morning to have the Church of England motion to quash the city by-law argued before the full court. Mr. Perdue, for the Church of England, stated to His Lordship that although the motion to quash the by-law would not come up in the ordinary course until December 17, it had been agreed that the matter should be brought out at the earliest date possible, and as the matter was one of the very greatest importance, he would ask His Lordship to refer it to the full court, as that course would save both considerable time. If the matter was argued before a single judge and an appeal was taken from his decision to the full court, it would cause much more delay. It was very essential to get the opinion of the full court as soon as possible, and if it could be done to get it before the court this present term. Mr. Howell, Q.C., stated he was instructed to appear for the Crown. The Government were extremely anxious to know just what their powers are, and if they can legislate re public schools. The Government intended to contest the matter all through, and would ask leave to file a further affidavit, as it desired to bring the Presbyterian body before the court at the same time. Mr. Campbell, Q.C. stated he would consent on behalf of the city to the proposed reference to a full court. The Chief Justice observed that as the Crown had a right to ask for trial at the bar, and this was a somewhat analogous proceeding, he would refer the matter to the full court.

Catholic News

...St. Alphonsus Club met Tuesday night in their hall on McCaul street. President Cottam in the chair. The debate on Canadian Independence was continued by Messrs. T. Callaghan, W. Callaghan, M. Rockamore, and J. G. O'Donoghue for the affirmative, and their arguments were combated by Messrs. J. I. Travers and W. Boland. The debate was further adjourned until next Tuesday, when it will be concluded. The work on the clubs new home on William street is progressing very favourably.

...Much concern was aroused amongst Catholic circles by the news of the sudden death of Mr. James Lydon, auctioneer, of 43 King-street east, at 10.30 a.m. Wednesday. The deceased had been suffering from a varicose vein in the right leg, which he for some time took to be rheumatism, and treated under that supposition. He was confined to his bed for some ten days, but seemed better. About 4 a.m. he began to suffer much pain about the heart, and passed away about 10.30 a.m.

Mr. Lydon was born in Sheffield, Eng., where his aged mother still lives. He was 46 years of age, having come out to this country when a young man. For 20 years he was travelling, making, however, Toronto his headquarters. About two years ago he settled in Toronto. He leaves a widow but no children. Much sympathy has been expressed for his family.

Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

A regular meeting of this society was held on last Sunday afternoon being the Sunday within the Octavo of the Immaculate Conception in St. Joseph's chapel of St. Michael's cathedral.

In the absence of His Grace the Archbishop who had a prior appointment, and who sent his regrets at not being able to attend, the chair was taken by the Very Rev. Vicar General McCann. There were present, Rev. James Walsh of Our Lady of Lourdes, Father Walsh, C. S. S. B., chaplain of the Centre Division, the Vice President of the Society, Messrs. A. MacDonell, J. J. Mallon, Martin Burns, M. Kiely, P. Hughes, John Rodgers, P. Hynes, Thomas Long, Hugh Ryan, D. Miller, Hugh Kelly, Dr. O'Sullivan, J. Gorman, J. P. Murray, and about fifty others.

The Vice President informed the meeting of some changes that had taken place in the officers of the conferences, and of other occurrences affecting the Society since the last general meeting, and the Secretary read reports from the conferences for the portion of the year which had elapsed.

Father Walsh thanked the Society and the Hospital Board in particular, for assistance given him in carrying on his work in the Central Prison, of which he gave a very interesting account.

The Very Rev. Chairman expressed his pleasure at being present at the meeting of the Society, and addressed the members some words of encouragement to continue the good work they were engaged in, after which the meeting adjourned.

...Ground has been broken for the new Catholic University which has been located one mile west of Guthrie, Oklahoma, on the highest piece of land to be found within a radius of five miles. The new building is to be 48x100 feet in size, four stories high. The school will be for girls exclusively. Mother Paul, lately of Creston, Io., pays for the building and will have charge of the school.

C. M. B. A. News.

Toronto, Dec. 14th, 1891.

Branch 15 elected the following officers for 1892, at its annual election held this date:

President	P. J. Costello
1st Vice President	P. J. Rooney
2nd "	Thomas Foley
Treasurer	Wm Burns
Recording Secretary	F. P. Kavanagh
Asst. Sec.	James Callaghan
Financial	John S. Kelz
Marshal	Thomas O'Grady
Guard	R. Aylwood
Trustees	P. J. Costello, Charlie Burns, Thomas Foley.
Delegate to Grand Council Convention	Chancellor J. O'Leary
Alternate to Grand Council Convention	J. J. Dutton.

Respectfully yours.

F. P. KAVANAGH.

Rec. Sec.

On Tuesday the Rev. Mr. Cotton and his wife were returned for trial to the Assizes on a charge of cruelty to several children who were inmates of the institution known as the Carogh Orphanage. Mr. Cotton was next charged with the manslaughter of a boy named Thomas Collins or McCallum. Evidence having been given, the case was adjourned to the following day, when defendant was returned for trial to the Assizes.

The Rev. Mr. Cotton will be brought up at the Winter Assizes, which open at Carlow on the 4th December. He has been committed for trial on two distinct charges of cruelty to inmates of the orphanage. Mrs. Cotton will also be brought under trial at the Winter Assizes.

A BRAHMIN CONVERT.

From a letter of the Vt. Rev. Dr. Coudou, Bishop of Mysore, India, to the Annales de la Ste. Enfance.

THE Christians of Dassapore, having established a school some years ago, chose for teacher a young pagan Brahmin, the son of "Shanuboga," tax-gatherer of the villoge. He was to teach not only reading and writing in Canarese, but also the prayers in common use among Christians. It was in the fulfilment of this latter duty that he heard the first call of grace. The beautiful language in which the Christians addressed themselves to God pleased him much. In order to understand it better he asked for books of explanation in parsing which he was inflamed with the desire of becoming a Catholic. Meanwhile, without revealing his intentions to any one, he recited the Christian prayers morning and evening, and several times a day the "Hail Mary," for which he had an especial attraction. In her turn the Mother of God did not forget her young pagan client, one night she appeared to him, sleeping or waking he could not say, and encouraged him to persevere in the resolution of becoming a Christian.

Having seen the Bishop on one occasion at Dassapore, he tried to find out where he lived. But he dared not say a word about his determination to his family, who would not have failed to put him to death rather than let him embrace Christianity.

A fortnight after the first apparition the Blessed Virgin appeared to him again, this time eliding him on account of his delay, indecision and tear, and directing him to set out at once. "To what place?" asked the grieved young man. "To Bangalore," was the answer.

Setting out on the morrow at daybreak, he met a poor pariah Christian, and asked if he knew the road to Bangalore. "Yes, sir," said the beggar.—"Do you wish to go with me?"—"Yes sir."—"Well, follow me, or rather lead me, and tell no one whither we are bound."

After twelve days' journey, the two travellers reached Bangalore. The beggar led the Brahmin to our church, the native vicar of which, Father Shanta by name, was known to the young aspirant. The priest, after having heard with great pleasure all that the young man had to say, encouraged him and sent him to me. The Brahmin, in accosting me, asked for Baptism. I told him he should first learn the prayers and be instructed in Christian doctrine. "I know the prayers," said he, and repeated them. He then recounted to me the two apparitions of the Blessed Virgin, and again begged to be baptized. Seeing his great frankness and simplicity, I made up my mind to send him to our seminary, there to prepare himself for Baptism. Though evidently disappointed at the delay, he expressed his willingness to go.

Now the trials began for him. In the seminary it was a regular, monotonous and secluded life. Overcome by tediousness, he yielded discouragement, and leaving the seminary, went to Father Shanta to borrow money in order to return to his village. Remonstrance, encouragement were all to no purpose. He wept and kept repeating, "They do not want to baptize me; I am going away." Father Shanta told him to wait a few moments. The poor Brahmin sat under the porch of the church and began to sob.

Father Corree, then a young missionary, who was in a room adjoining that of Father Shanta at the time, moved by the sobbing of the young man, began to say his beads for him, entreating the Blessed Virgin to retain him whom she had miraculously condescended to bring to us. He had not finished the first decade when, as if moved by a supernatural force, the poor fellow, his face beaming with joy, threw himself at the feet of Father Shanta, exclaiming: "I am resolved to return to the seminary! I do not want to go away." He did return indeed, and from that day began to make himself at home there.

His relations, however, who had been seeking for him, soon came to know that he had gone to Bangalore to embrace the Catholic religion. His father arrived here, and in a threatening tone demanded back his son. "Your son," said I to him, "may go with you if he likes; I did not send for him, nor will I send him back. But if he shows himself constant in his determination of becoming a Catholic, I will confer Baptism upon him."—"We shall see," replied the grumbling father, who betook himself to the seminary. There he reproached his son with dishonoring the family by embracing a religion that was meant for a low caste of people, conjured him to return to his home, threatened to curse him and deliver him over to the police, etc. The young aspirant bore the assault with the greatest calmness, but declined to comply with the wishes of his father, who thereupon brought the police. But he behaved towards them with the same firmness, and, with that irony which Indians know so well how to use, said to them: "I thank you, sirs, for your visit; I am going to make a declaration, and you will be my witnesses. I came here of my own accord, and I wish to become a Catholic. I am eighteen years old, and according to the law, I am my own master." The policemen then went their way. The father, enraged and disappoised, also took his departure.

Shortly afterward, on the Feast of St. Francis Xavier, the catechumen received Baptism and was named Maria Francis. For the past two years he has been teaching at the school of Sattihally. The rank he holds among the Christians, along with his marriage to a Brahmin girl, also a neophyte, saves the honour of his caste; and the family,

hitherto so opposed to him, are now quite content. It is even said that some of his relations are disposed to follow his example.

May the Blessed Virgin, whose motherly intervention shines out in his story, deign to continue her protection to the follower of her Son!

MACKINAC A SPOT MADE FAMOUS BY THE JESUIT FATHERS.

MR. J. M. DUFFY contributes this delightful sketch of a spot made famous by the Jesuit Fathers, to the *Chicago Herald*: Up at the very head of Lake Michigan the great green covered island of Mackinac "Island of the Giant Fairies" the people of the Northwest find in this legendary spot the rarest of resorts. The whole atmosphere there is permeated with the past. Nature has there performed a plethora of her miracles. The annihilated red man, now only a reminiscence, has peopled every nook and ravine with strange, supernatural beings, and has twined round every spot some romantic legend. The poet has been there, and has woven the history of this beautiful spot into tuneful verse, and the novelist has expended her energy in romantic stories of some of the island's inhabitants. Hence, the practical dwellers from the city, on pleasure and novelty bent, find there all things seemingly arranged for their especial interest. The island has borne the flags of three nations, the lilies of France, the cross of England, and at last our own colors, which to-day stream idly over the ramparts of the queer old fort, with its white-washed walls.

The island of Mackinac is of triangular shape, and, from its high elevation, rare situation and natural beauties, is, of course, easily first among the surrounding resorts. To the south of the island, across the straits, is the point of the lower peninsula of Michigan, with old Mackinaw City buried among the pines, while to the west lies the upper peninsula, and spread along its eastern shores from the heights of the island one sees the thriving town of St. Ignace and here finds a mint of history deposited in as beautiful a country as the sun shines on.

The spot, St. Ignace now, is ancient Michilimackinac, and, though the term was by no means confined to the present town, but applied to the whole peninsula and island, it gradually became so restricted, then finally to the island alone, where it was at length contracted to its present form. The first inhabitants, say the close students of the region's history, were the ancient miners, who were similar to the mound builders of the great valley below them. Of the white men the first to come were the French, and the individual Frenchman to whom the honor of being the first "pale face" to visit the straits is given, history records as John Nicolet, and the date of his visit as 1654. But Nicolet left no traces of what he saw. He was followed by Nicholas Perrot and many other voyagers and traders, who, for the most part, left few if any memoirs, till those "pioneers of the New France," as the French Jesuits were called, arrived on their hazardous mission. They were not passing visitors. They came, most of them, to yield up their very lives, either at the hands of barbarous savages or to the rigor of the terrible northern climate. The break in the ranks was instantly filled by some new hero, who underwent the same martyrdom of either the stake, the tomahawk or the scalping knife. Wonderful to tell, they recorded what they found, saw and did, and these records, forwarded by Indian messengers over long and terrible journeys, were preserved in the houses of the order in Canada, and to day, scant though they are, supported by the marks the missionaries left behind them, remain the living authentic history of the Northwest.

Father Claude Allouez, S. J., was the first Jesuit to reach this wild spot some time in the early part of 1670. Father Allouez did not tarry long at St. Ignace, but pushed on to the present site of Green Bay; and, following in his footsteps the next year, came Father Dabion, his superior, who selected the present site of St. Ignace as the place for the first mission. A few of the Indians, it is related, and at least one Jesuit, wintered there, but it remained for that "intrepid soldier of the cross," the loved and venerated Father James Marquette, to found, a year later, on the very spot which was to be the last resting place of his mortal remains, the first mission of St. Ignace.

For many years the exact history of this mission was not written, and it remained for Very Rev. Edward Jaeger, the famous Indian scholar, who was stationed there, to discover, stowed away in the Jesuit colleges down in old Quebec, the ancient documents containing the history of the early mission, and from the data and diagrams found among these documents to finally discover the lost grave of the great and heroic Marquette himself.

In the month of June, 1671, on the site of the present St. Ignace, Father Marquette erected the first temporary chapel and his own "cabane," and surrounded by his Hurons passed the winter. With the coming of the early spring he departed with Joliet on a voyage of discovery, and the following year his successors, Fathers Nouvel and Pierson, built the new, or second, Huron church, on the particular spot where the more famous missionary was afterwards buried. The position of this church is now definitely located, and the records tell that it served the Indians for nearly twenty-five years, until it

was finally destroyed by fire. In the meantime, and closely following Marquette's departure, came several bands of Huons and kindred tribes known as Algonquins, who settled a little to the north of St. Ignace, where they built the Algonquin church, in which it is known Father Hennepin officiated, but whose further history, save the knowledge that nearly thirteen hundred lived around its stockade, is lost. These Algonquins, however, abandoned their church and moved still farther north, as is evidenced by the finding of Indian tools and implements on the northern bluff overlooking the present town. Other Algonquins came still later and settled on the shore of Lake Michigan, west of the Point, and from the separation of these two villages of the same nation arose the building by Father Henry Nouvel of the church known as St. Francis Borgia, after one of the generals of the Society, which sent out missionaries to the new world. Father Eujabran aided and finally succeeded Father Nouvel in the care of this chapel, and in Duluth's account of St. Ignace, dated 1680-81, mentions him as "the missionary of St. Francis Borgia."

Thus far it was all pure Indian history until 1677, when the French settlers began to be mentioned, the fur and corn trade being their principal occupation. La Salle arrived at the Point in 1779, on his famous expedition on the Griffon, one of the oldest crafts and the first sailing vessel on the upper lakes, and he naturally created quite a commotion, which was duly chronicled. Shortly after the visit most of the Indians were withdrawn to Detroit, and, as nearly all of the French settlers went with them, old St. Ignace was deserted, except by a few of the roughest of the two races, between whom there was continual strife until in 1697, when nearly all of these few remaining had disappeared, Count Frontenac, Governor of Canada, urged that the post be re-established, and his advice was followed.

After a great treaty between all the Indians and the French, signed in Montreal in 1801 (the same year Detroit was founded), the Ottawas of St. Ignace demanded that their old pastor, Father Eujabran, be restored to them, and that "the liquor trade be prohibited in their country;" so that St. Ignace is the home, the birthplace of prohibition in this country, and the Indians were and are on record as the first prohibitionists.

There was peace for a period of a few years then, until the missionaries left the place in 1806, burning the church before leaving. Fifteen years later the inquirer finds mention of Charlevoix's first visit. For nearly fifty years succeeding, the post remained stationary and under the French flag. But at the close of the French and Indian war, when Quebec and Montreal fell, all that French territory passed into the hands of the English, who occupied St. Ignace in 1761. Two years later Pontiac entered into his famous conspiracy against the English, which ended unsuccessfully, but owing to the danger from attacks, in 1780 the British moved to Mackinac island, on the plateau of which they built a fort, the remains of which constitute a part of the present structure. St. Ignace fell into secondary importance as a military post, and remained thus until, in pursuance of a treaty in 1796, the United States took possession of Michilimackinac, old Mackinaw and the island. In 1812, following Hull's disgraceful surrender of Detroit, and the whole country tributary to that post, these points of vantage again came under the British colors, until on July 18, 1815, on the conclusion of peace between this country and England, American troops once more occupied Fort Mackinac and St. Ignace, which have remained American territory ever since.

St. Ignace is consequently an old city, the scene of much stirring early history, and, as old cities go, has hardly kept abreast of the pace set by the modern. The population, now about 3500, have at last wakened to the fact that their splendid location has been overlooked, and the great natural advantages of the country have been unused and unappreciated—in truth, unknown to any save themselves. Great forests form a background for the city, vast deposits of gypsum abound, the non country is only a few hours' ride by roads that penetrate into its very heart, the finest fish in the world throng the waters of the straits. Nature has done nearly everything for this place, and man has neglected her offering. The city is stretched along the shore for nearly ten miles. It is a fringe along a splendid water front, with great ore docks pointing out toward Mackinac. What strikes the observer approaching by boat is this magnificent natural harbor at the head of three great lakes, the natural highway of the entire water commerce of the Northwest. But the people of St. Ignace, like those of nearly all the older towns of this section, are a satisfied lot, deficient in that energy that takes advantage of natural qualities and makes a great city. St. Ignace has the material for advance, and during the last year a movement under the leadership of Mayor Chamber and other prominent citizens has been started to push the place to the front, not only on a business basis, but as a summer resort.

As the latter St. Ignace certainly deserves attention for its fine drives, beautiful natural parks, ideal spots for homes, magnificent scenery, cool breezes in the very midst of summer, accessibility and all the conditions that go to make a summer resort delightful. In all qualities it is certainly the equal of its handsome and popular island neighbour, and in some it even excels, which is high praise indeed.

St. Ignace is the county seat, and has a court house and city hall.

Four public schools and twice as many churches are supported by the inhabitants. Two very fine newspapers look after the politics of the Michiganders, who meet in various societies in seven public halls.

Three well equipped hotels, capable of accommodating 400 guests who may arrive by railroad and the ten steamship lines that reach St. Ignace, and run all through the year. Strange to say there is not a street car in the place, and a man was found who had never seen or heard of such a thing. A new water works system "the Morgan" — applies the town.

One of the sights down at the docks is the great steel transfer steamer St. Ignace, the property of the railroads. She is said to be the only vessel of her kind in the world, and runs between the town and Mackinaw City, carrying a whole train load of cars. She is of 30,000 horse power, is covered all over with steel, giving her the appearance of a war vessel. Winter and summer, in rough and mild weather, plowing, when necessary, through three feet of solid ice, she is continually passing to and fro, keeping the straits always open. She is a monster and a wonder, and it is said she is soon to have a companion like herself.

The mere tourist of St. Ignace finds much to interest him. The great drives through Cheachock park up the bluffs and down the shore of Michigan for miles and miles are the delight of the horseman, and the magnificent picture of the island opposite is an ever-changing panorama of nature.

Yachting, fishing and hunting are common sports. St. Anthony's rock, a huge, rugged spur, stands bolt upright fifty feet, in the midst of the houses of the town, having on one of its edges the remarkable profile, beard and all, of the venerable saint. It is a strange effect of nature, and its "face" excites the wonder of the beholder.

There are still other places of particular interest to the visitor, but none to compare with the grave of Father Marquette and its simple monument. It is a first question, both there and at Mackinac, "Have you seen his grave?" and every traveller who can possibly reach the spot makes the pilgrimage to honor the man whose name is a household one in the States.

It remained for the indefatigable Father Jaeger, then pastor of St. Ignace, to find not only the true place of Marquette's burial and positively establish its claim, but to prove the identical spot. This done, the body was found, proved by documents, and the place shown to be the site of the second Huron church.

The old documents proved that Father Marquette died in May, 1675, and was buried on the banks of the Pere Marquette lake, near the city of Ludington, and that two years later the remains were disinterred, the bones cleaned and wrapped in birch bark and, accompanied by a convoy of Indian canoes, were reverently carried to St. Ignace, where on June 7, 1677, the burial took place at the hands of his faithful Kickapoo and Iroquois tribes.

Upon this spot was erected the present monument, a modest, tapering, white marble shaft, about ten feet high, surmounted by a small cross, and standing in the midst of a grass plot about twenty five feet square, marked off by a white picket fence. The monument is simplicity itself and bears, besides the inscription below, in a circle about midway from the cross, just the letter "M." The inscription in Latin translated says that the stone is

In memory of
REV. FATHER J. MARQUETTE, S.J.,
who died
May 18th, 1675,
in the 38th year of his age,
and was buried in this sepulchre
A.D., 1675.
May he rest in Peace.
This monument was erected by the
citizens of the town of
St. Ignace,
A.D., 1882.

THREE TEARS.

For The Review.

On Baby's cheek so rosy red,
A trembling tear had found a bed,
But Mother's kiss of tender care
Forbade the teardrop's sleeping there.

In every heart there is a spot
Where sleeps some dead "Forget-me-not."
And sad the tear that mourns with thee
In solitude, its memory.

But O! thou mute, mysterious tear,
Who look'st through film when death is near,
Is it despair — is it regret?
That brings thee there thus desolate?

Sweet mercy, thou, in loving zeal,
Wilt bear this last lone tear's appeal
Unto the court of heaven, where
Our God will hear its silent prayer.

Ottawa, November, 21st, 1891

E.

IRISH CATHOLIC LITERATURE.

The enormous majority of eminent Catholic writers since the period of Catholic Emancipation have been religious or secular priests. Unfortunately no record has been kept either of the titles or of the authorship of Catholic books; at least, not in such form as would enable us to trace proportionate progress from the year 1829 to 1891. It was not until Dr. Newman became a Catholic that English Catholic literature became a power. The reason is perhaps not far to reach. Before that rational surprise that national stirring of dry bones—Catholic writings had been mainly apologetic. Henceforth they became didactic, even aggressive. They who had been for three centuries on the defensive now accepted the nation's challenge to literary combat. And, happily, the new champion of Catholic rights was the exact man for both the Catholics and the Protestants. Gentle, yet powerful; unobtrusive, yet vigilant; a typical and proverbial lover of precise truth, yet exquisitely considerate for others' beliefs, Dr. Newman was the sort of man whom men of all sides would have selected to represent the highest tone of their ideas. He gave the key-note to English Catholic literature, which for forty years had been temperate yet unflinching, both defensive and aggressive in good taste. More than this he created a new Anglican literature, in the sense that he invited a friendly reconsideration. What have been called "Catholic books by non-Catholics" were in great measure a fruit of that truth-loving peaceableness which the spirit of Dr. Newman's writings seemed to commend.

If we were to be asked; "What writers would you think of principally, as having won over the English mind to Catholic sympathies; not speaking for the moment of Cardinals Newman and Manning, whose princely rank has possibly gained for them a wider hearing?" might we not say that Father Faber led the way, and that Mr. Allies, Canon Oakley, Father Formby, Morris, Coleridge, Bridgett, Harper, and Dr. Ward come in the front rank; though certainly Faber will be thought "primus in paret." Father Faber was perhaps the most popular writer of his day, because he was both poet and theologian, a man of personal winningness and a great preacher. He seemed to meet society, all society, on its own terms; for he appealed to the purest sentiments of human nature, and was equally domestic and ascetic in his writings.

In the old days of Cardinal Wiseman it was a common thing for Protestant critics to try to pull to pieces the Cardinal's teachings; no such antagonism has been ventured upon with Cardinal Manning, and this not only because the English have begun to understand Catholic teaching, but because the Cardinal understands the English mind. Nor is there any living Englishman who, on the subject of education, or on that of the rights of the working classes and of the poor, has shown a greater mastery of facts or principles, or has written so convincingly about both. "A man of his time," a wide-hearted originator, a severe worker for the temporal good of the greater number, his writings are all as practical as is his conduct, and both are those of a Catholic and a "true Liberal." Politics with Cardinal Manning are the natural science of active good. His Irish sympathies are not political, they are beneficent; his propagandism of total abstinence, like his diligent working for poor schools, has the stern practical notice of pure Liberalism. There would be no English Radicalism in the modern sense of discontent, if all English gentlemen would act, speak and write with the pure Liberalism of the great Catholic ecclesiastic, whose lucid pamphlets have had much influence with English legislators as well as with the best writers on the press.

And such success may be called a development of Catholic literature in the right direction of a potent influence on legislation. Another influence—and one that has worked on the national mind—is the disillusioning of the imagination in regard to the so-called Reformation;—of the imagination, which had been bound to do the whole duty of the reason, because the reason knew not facts, knew not principles. That conspiracy against the truth called Protestant history has been unmasked by a score of modern Catholic historians. Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries," "The English Martyrs under Henry VIII.," "The Life of the blessed John Fisher," Father Bridgett's "Life and Writings of the Blessed Thomas More," or Father Morris's "St. Thomas Beckett," and other lives, like Mr. T. Orleban Payne's "Old English Catholic Missions," or Canon Estcourt's and Mr. Payne's "Records of the English Catholics of 1715," with the various "Records" and "Registers" which have been recently published, have all been reviewed by the leading journalists of Great Britain, and, as a rule, with a generous admission of their truth.

It is not too much to say that the "general public" have no knowledge of even the existence of the Catholic writings of their fellow countrymen; while as to the splendid productions of French, Spanish, Italian and German Catholics, not even the titles of any such books reach the multitude, still less a synopsis of their contents. What a grand work it would be for a few Catholic capitalists to form a society for the reproduction of "foreign" works; to have branches for redistribution in all great towns; not caring to make profit out of the speculation, but only to sell the books at cost price to the multitude. The "Catholic Truth Society" and "St. Anselm's Society" have

done a great work; but they have no command over the national Protestant press. Moreover, all Catholic societies in England have this chronic difficulty to contend with; a want of social union, of Catholic combination, of a free and generous spirit of brotherhood. In England the Nonconformist congregations have a sort of freemasonry of mutual aid; among Catholics the social barriers destroy harmony. The world gets in the way of Catholic fellowship. Mammon worship has its votaries among good Catholics. It is as true of Catholics as of non-Catholics—to quote the words of Cardinal Gibbons—that "the rich are daily becoming richer; the poor poorer; luxury, high living, and the pride of life are on the increase. The thirst for wealth becomes more insatiable; the cries of the distressed more sharp, and loud and poignant." The rich Catholics in England go with the stream; they allow conventionalism to crush out their better natures; they will not coalesce in a Catholic spirit, in such way as to make Catholic interests their sole object.

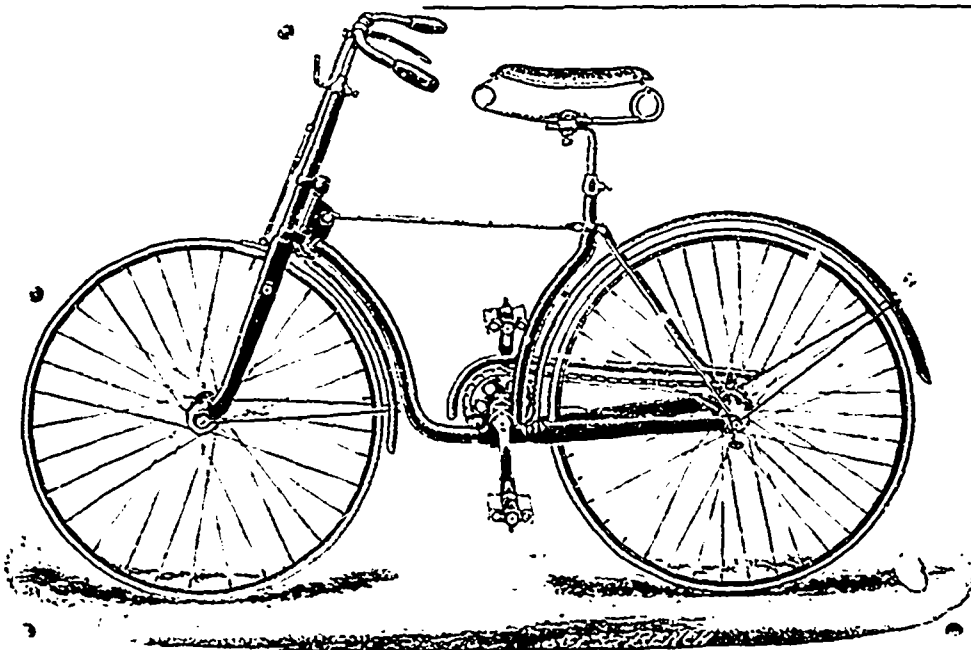
This dark side does not lessen the meritoriousness of the individuals who have developed, if not created, Catholic literature. With the certainty of only a "small sale" for their productions—about one-third of what might be looked for in the United States—there is little encouragement to devote years to severe labor; indeed, few Catholics have either the time or the funds. Then, again, that preference for "general literature," which is manifested by the wealthier class of English Catholics, throws cold water on the energies of those Catholics who would be willing to work much if they were read much. An illustration of this Catholic preference for non-Catholic products is found in the fact that there is no Catholic daily newspaper; yet such an organ would be a great help to Catholic writers, because it would bring their products before the eyes of the whole world. Is it likely that the *Standard* or the *Daily Telegraph* is going to devote a couple of columns to a new book by a "Roman" Catholic for no better reason than that it is an exposition of Catholic truths, or a knock-down blow to old Protestant prejudices? If even an Encyclical by the Supreme Pontiff is only just so far alluded to as may serve the purpose of its being made to favour party interests, what hope is there for the Jesuit Father who demolishes some fond Protestant tradition, or for the Catholic layman who is disrespectful to Elizabethanism? The Catholic "weeklies" go only into Catholic grooves. Nay, it is true also that Irish newspapers, like Irish books, are but little read on the English side of the St. George's Channel. Numerous volumes of great merit by Irish Catholics have been published in the last quarter of a century. Ask for them at the English circulating libraries, and you are told that there is little demand for them. Yet it would be easy to name a score of modern Irish books, historical, political, polemical, which are not only worth reading by every Englishman, but which it is every Englishman's duty to read. Groove is the insular English failing; nor does the average Catholic indulge the habit of buying, or so much as reading, Irish works of even acknowledged literary merit. The same is true in regard to Irish newspapers. It is the rarest thing in London to see a copy of an Irish Catholic newspaper on the library table of even a Liberal English Catholic; while as to the English Catholic anti-Home Rulers, they regard such journalism as poisonous, and would put the *Nation* or even the *Irish Catholic* into their stoves. Now it is obvious that, in these days, Catholic literature and Catholic journalism ought to be mutually auxiliary and sympathetic; journalism ought to assist literature as to publicity, just as literature enlarges the sphere of newspaper usefulness. English Catholics do not feel this, not as a community. They have no objection to subscribing to the *Tablet* or to the *Catholic Times*, but they will not help Ireland by helping its newspapers, nor help England by starting a first-class daily paper. Political bias is a fatal deterrent to Catholic energy. Perfectly united in religion there is no community in England which is more divided by politics than are Catholics; while socially, there is no communion which is more divided and subdivided, more enslaved by the feeble canons of conventionalism. Literature necessarily suffers by such failings; for freedom is the very atmosphere of the literary spirit, which like a bird's spirit, only takes securely to the ground, because it knows its natural movement is on the wing. A few rival Catholic newspapers, however admirably conducted, cannot succeed in either uniting the Catholic community or in opposing a united front to the enemy. Rivalry is not wanted, but one action. Cliqueism is the national blot on a Catholicism whose worst foes are those of its own conventional household. *Boston Pilot*.

BOSS FOR HEAVEN. Archbishop Ireland, in a recent lecture at St. Paul, Minn., in favor of an Eight Hour day for work, said:—"The labourer is born for heaven as well as for earth, and it is his inalienable right, from which no power of individual or society may deprive him, to fit himself for his future home, and to acquit himself of the present duties which devolve upon him as the creature of God and the heir to paradise. Time must be given to religion if we would have him cultivate his moral life and practice the moral virtues that render him a benefit, instead of a threatening danger, to his fellow men and the whole social fabric.

These Illustrations represent a portion of our Premiums which we offer for the getting up subscription clubs,

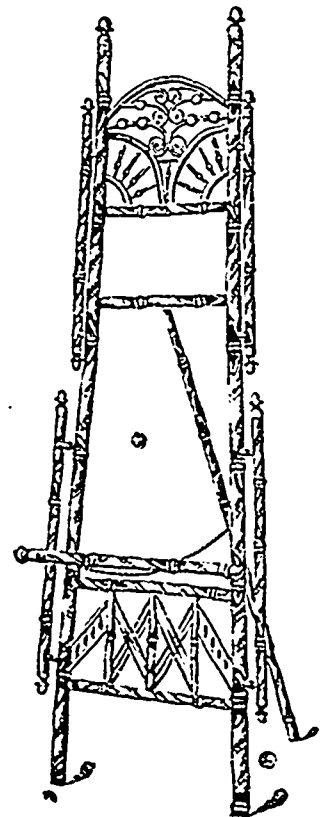
THE REVIEW, with its increased size and the new feature about to be introduced, is now in the front of Canadian journalism. We take this opportunity of thanking the many friends who have sent us in lists of subscribers, and as a still further incentive, for efforts on our behalf, we have determined to donate the following premiums to those sending in to us the number of prepaid subscribers as designated below. All these goods are of the best quality, manufactured by the well known firm of the Gendron Manufacturing Co., 7 and 9 Wellington St., Toronto,

and 1910 Notre Dame St., Montreal, and can be seen at their warerooms at either of these two cities. We ship them prepaid to any destination in Canada or the United States. We have no hesitation in saying that this is an unprecedented offer, and our reputation, we think, is sufficient to warrant the promptful-
 filment of obligations, and a guarantee that goods are as represented. We wish to double our circulation during the next six months, and take this as the most effective way of so doing, at the same time remunerating those who work on our behalf.

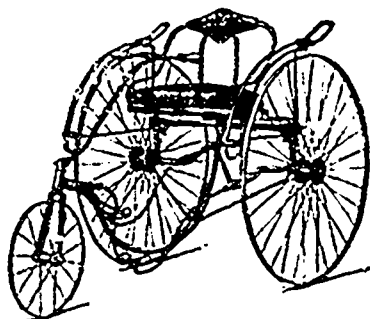


The frame is made of imported weldless steel tubing; the front and rear forks of special steel, concaved; the handle upright and bar, as also the spade handles; the swivel head and its brackets; the double rail bottom bracket; the sprocket shaft, cranks and pedal pins; the front and rear axles are all made of steel dropped forgings—the only absolutely reliable material.

No. 2 Safety Bicycle, worth \$85.00 given for 90 subscribers
 No. 3 " " \$100.00 " 120



Fancy Umbrella stand
 worth \$6.50 Given with 10 subscribers



Girl's Tricycle
 worth \$10 Given with 15 subscribers



St. Basil's Hymnal,
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What do the Jesuits Teach.
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AS ALDERMAN

For No. 6 Division

Election takes place on Monday January 4th

Municipal Elections

WARD NO. 6

The Votes of the Electors of Ward No. 6 are respectfully solicited in favor of the Re-Election of

ALDERMAN ATKINSON

As Alderman for 1892

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ALDERMAN FOR THE CITY OF TORONTO

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Department of Public Works, Ottawa, Dec. 5, 1891.

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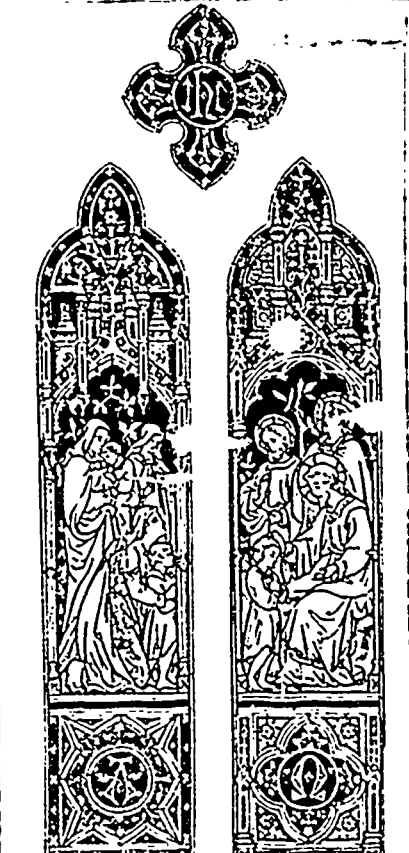
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