

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

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the will of a French majority, the leading newspaper organ deprecates attempts to abolish the legal use of the French tongue as unwise and uncalled for, the *Week*, of Toronto, where French votes count for nothing, prints poems with the following refrain:—

One God, one Language and one Law!
Loud sound the slogan cry;
Our laws be sung in the English tongue
Or the bayonet by and bye.

“The trouble is,” says the *Gazette*, “that Toronto and Montreal are not far enough apart to keep this double endedness of argument from coming into collision.”

THE Montreal *Gazette*, which is republishing, among other papers, the articles which this REVIEW has addressed to *La Verite*, devotes in a late issue, a thoughtful and, seemingly, an almost meditative editorial to the subject, in which it speaks of “the conflicting forces that draw the pious Hamlets of our day this way and that.” “It is so easy,” the *Gazette* concludes. “to be dogmatic, to cite the text of creeds and articles and confessions of faith, and to show that by this standard and that everyone who does not accept it is in outer darkness. But to what purpose? What are we the better for knowing that a gulf yawns between us and our neighbors? If men acted on these formal beliefs human intercourse would virtually be at an end. The spirit of Christianity ignores such barriers, or disregards them. The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.” In a certain sense this may be a somewhat liberal doctrine, but in the sense in which the *Gazette* means it, as against, that is to say, the pedantries of theological *petite maitres*, we believe that it is not open to exception. At all events it is the view which commends itself to so enlightened and devoted a Churchman as Cardinal Gibbons. Writing in his recently published work, “Our Christian Heritage,” about aggressiveness and repressiveness in religion, His Eminence says: “It is not by coercion but by the voluntary surrender of the citadel of the heart that man is converted. Coercion only drives the poison into the social body where it secretly ferments. Our Divine Saviour never invoked the sword to vindicate His doctrines. He rebuked His disciple when he once drew the sword in defence of His master, and commanded him to put it back into its scabbard. The weapons of our warfare, says the apostle, are not carnal but spiritual; they are the weapons of argument, of persuasion, and charity. The only sword I would draw against the children of unbelief is the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God, and the only fire I would light against them is the fire of divine love which our Lord came to enkindle in the hearts of men.”

THE Holy Father is extending the hierarchy in Japan. He has lately created an Archbishop of Tokio, and has given that prelate four suffragan bishops. Whether the Mikado will think that His Holiness has committed an act of “aggression,” whether the new Archbishop will be denounced as the emissary of a foreign potentate, as “insolent and insidious, insidious and insolent,” remains to be seen. The *Weekly Register* conjectures that His Serene Highness will do nothing so foolish, however. “Only Anglicanism,” says that journal, “could yield that absurd spectacle of babyish jealousy; and even Anglicanism came to its right mind the morning after its outburst of petulant spleen. Japan contains no such element of disturbance. It takes all things with a calm which in the West would be called Christian resignation, but which the West calls torpidity and lethargy in the East.”

SOME of the London dailies are making merry, as may be seen by an article which we republish elsewhere, over the sensational character of the reports sent out regarding the presence of Buffalo Bill and his suite at the Vatican. They are also making merry at Mr. Stead, the late editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who, it will be remembered, went all the way to Rome a few months ago to give the Sovereign Pontiff a few suggestions as to the better government of the Universal Church. Speaking of the Buffalo Bill incident the London *Globe* says:—

“It is rumoured that Mr. W—m T. S—d yesterday at last gratified his ambition to have an audience with the Pope. A correspondent telegraphs to us that he believes he detected him in the disguise of a cowboy in the second row.”

THE Equal Rights agitation, says the Montreal *Gazette*, is developing one kind of political wisdom in its reverses. While in Montreal, where nothing can be done contrary to

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF JOHN LONGWORTHY.

M. F. EGAN IN AVE MARIA.

XIV.—A Model Girl.

Miles looked helplessly at the amused face of Bastien.

"You don't mean to say that—"

"I do," answered Bastien, offering him a cigar, which he mechanically took. "John Longworthy is alive and in New York, and his executors will pay no reward for the recovery of a live man, who can save you the trouble of discovering himself at any moment."

Miles gave back the letter; the game was up. He felt angry enough at Bastien to have knocked him down.

"Have your picture taken?" asked Bastien, hospitably.

Miles walked sullenly to the door, and as he was going out said: "I'm not sure that letter isn't a forgery. I half believe you've made away with him, after all."

Bastien smiled. "You'll find it hard to prove in the face of that letter and a dozen more."

Miles left, disgusted and indignant, but not convinced of Bastien's innocence. Bastien took up a note-book, and said to himself: "I am free from that fellow's prying, anyhow."

Miles Galligan left Bastien's studio in a condition of mind which was excessively unpleasant for him, and which would have had unpleasant effects on his sisters if he had been near them just at the moment. Miles, irritated and baffled, held them responsible for everything that had irritated and baffled him. Here he was with a political campaign almost on his hands,—a campaign which would either make or break him. To be sure, election day was far off, and even the time of the nominations was not near; but no one knew better than Miles that these were only episodes. The real event would be decided before the convention, or that meeting at the polls which the uninitiated regard as the important point in a campaign. Miles must begin to "lay his pipes" at once, if the fresh stream of general suffrage was to pour through them and bear him resistlessly toward the Capitol at Albany.

He must put money in his purse. But where was it to come from? This wretched John Longworthy was probably alive, after all—though Miles was half disinclined to believe Bastien,—consequently there was no hope of the reward for which he had worked so hard. The girls might do something, if they would; they might help him by agreeing with him to mortgage the house. It was worth at least fifteen thousand dollars, and he was sure they could raise ten on it. But, he reflected bitterly, what did they care for his advancement? If they had the proper spirit, they would be willing to work their fingers to the bone to elevate him to a position which would give him a political "pull" second to that of no man in his section of the city. If they had taken the trouble to conciliate Arthur Fitzgerald, he might have gotten some hold on Bastien—who no doubt was mysteriously and illicitly rich—that would have "paid." As it was, he saw no hope of that. Whether John Longworthy had been murdered by Bastien or not—and the date of that letter about the Cuban plantations might have been forged,—he was in a "no thoroughfare." He felt sure Mary could be induced to mortgage the house. But Esther would talk about the risk, and say that the house was the only thing in the world between them and poverty. He knew her well—Miles flourished his cane so viciously that a sailor, who was going into a Dime Museum, gave him a sharp reminder that he wasn't running the earth; and he awoke from his reverie for a moment, only to relapse again, and to emphasize the ingratitude of Esther. She'd be going to Europe next, to improve herself in music, instead of staying at home and assisting him to make a name in the world!

By this time Miles began to feel truly pathetic. It was easy for the girls to talk religion—Mary was a crank on the subject,—and to make him "mad" by trying to turn him into a devotee. Religion wouldn't get a man into the Assembly, and religion was a poor thing to be offering to a man when he wanted money; but the girls were always doing so, especially Mary. If they had more snap in them, like some girls of his acquaintance, he should not be compelled to bear the whole burden of his advancement on his own shoulders.

Miles, it is plain, had overlooked some things which other people might have seen, and which altered materially his pose

as an exemplar of injured innocence. It did not occur to him that he was thoroughly selfish, and that at this very moment he was wearing a suit of clothes he had bought with part of the money he had "borrowed" from his sisters. His frame of mind is not an uncommon one in people of his education and experience. Nor was he entirely responsible for it. Its blossom had been cultivated by one of the kindest and most foolishly affectionate of mothers, and here it was in full flower.

It was striking five o'clock as Miles reached Fourteenth Street and concluded to take the elevated railway to a political club he often visited. He was about to ascend the steps to the station when a light hand tapped him on the shoulder. He turned and saw a young woman in a dark-red cloak trimmed with fur, and a jaunty hat set above a profuse "bang." Her eyes were bright and brown; she had a great deal of color; one of her ungloved hands was covered with rings; she carried two books under her arm, and a box wrapped in a piece of soiled newspaper. She seemed delighted to see Miles, and he returned her effusive greeting in a pleased tone.

"Why, Nellie, where are you going at this time of day?" he asked. "I thought this was your busy season."

"So it is. Every sales-lady in the store is nearly run off her feet. I shall be on duty on Monday till midnight," she answered, keeping her hand on Miles' arm. "Oh, I'm nearly dead! Just think of it,—I was at the Morning Star Social on Wednesday night, and last night we had the gayest time at the Orion Coterie's reception. I danced till I couldn't stand, and I never laughed so much in my life. I went with Jim Dolan."

"Oh, you did!" observed Miles, frowning. "You must have had a good time. How did the thing go? Were there many women in the grand march?"

"Over a hundred. Lou Simmons had that old blue rag on again, and Jim and I laughed till we almost died."

"Oh, you did!" said Miles, sullenly. "Jim Dolan is a good enough heeler, but he'll never have much of a pull in our district,—I can tell you that."

"He thinks of running against you for the Assembly. Imagine it!" answered the young person, with a giggle. "The idea! I said: 'Jim, you'd have no more chance than the moon against Miles Galligan.' 'I wouldn't?' says he. 'No you wouldn't,' says I, and then he went off and danced the waltz quadrille with Lou Simmons. But I didn't care. I just sat and laughed and laughed! I was sorry you weren't there."

"Were you, Nellie?" asked Miles, regardless of various hard knocks he was getting from pedestrians hurrying up the steps of the station.

"Indeed I was. Good-bye—but I forgot to say that the Lady Rosebuds give their reception next Wednesday. Come for me; I'm on the committee, and I've the right of inviting two gentlemen friends, but I care to ask only one. Don't forget—Wednesday, nine o'clock."

Miles assented and walked up to the platform, reflecting on the roughness of human life. Why had Heaven denied him a sister like that? There was style, there was snap! Nell Mulligan didn't talk religion, like Mary; she wasn't always making you feel uncomfortable, like Esther. She liked to have fun, and if a man took his glass of beer she didn't make a fuss. Her presence could never be associated with the odious lemonade. Look at her dress! Here wasn't a woman on Fifth Avenue that attracted more attention on the street, and he knew she didn't waste half the money Mary and Esther did.

Miles sighed sentimentally as he thought again of the red redingote, the banged hair, and the fascinating giggle; and wondered why he could not raise his relatives to the level of this bewitching creature, who let a man smoke when he pleased, and obligingly took a sip of beer with him in the intervals of Terpsichorean exercise.

XV.—Mary's Resolution.

Arthur Fitzgerald saw the near approach of Christmas with trepidation. He had promised to sing his part in the Mass at St. Mary's,—there was no escape from it. And yet he dreaded to meet Mary and Esther. They had come as near

to the cutting of his acquaintance as gentrywomen ever do; and he felt that he had no right to ask for an explanation, under the circumstance.

Mary watched him at the earliest Mass on Christmas morning. She noticed that he approached the altar railing with a look of absorption and reverence that gave her a pang. Why was not Miles there too? Why was it that Fitzgerald, with no better chances in life than Miles, should seem to her exactly what a brother ought to be, while her own brother was drifting day by day further from her ideal? She answered these questions with fervent prayers.

"Did you notice Mr. Fitzgerald?" Mary asked, as she and Esther left the church.

"No," said Esther, blushing suddenly at the remembrance of Miles' innuendoes—"no. Was he in church? I hope he will not forget about the music."

Mary saw the heightened color in Esther's face with a feeling of annoyance at first. This became a touch of almost physical pain she could not explain, and the cause of which she did not try to analyze. A new question presented itself to her mind. Should she encourage Esther's evident liking for Mr. Fitzgerald, or endeavor to stamp it out? Mary had so long been on the lookout for other people that her habit of managing for them had become second nature. This habit is one which, however desinterestedly it may be exercised, often leads to mistakes, and sometimes produces a curious blindness in the *habitus*—if one may misuse a word.

It was to Mary as plain as the sunlight that Esther admired Arthur Fitzgerald. That he was a charming person Mary heartily admitted; she had never met anybody so unaffectedly kind and amiable; and his unostentatious devotion had set him, in her mind, apart from other men—who to her were represented by Miles. The worst thing she had ever thought of Miles was that he was too much like "other men."

Mary cast another glance at Esther's pleasant face, which had gained a healthy color in the frosty air; she fell a little behind her, to observe the graceful poise of her sister's figure as she walked on, erect and supple, her hands in her little black muff, saying "Merry Christmas!" to all the old neighbors she met, with a cadence that sounded very sweet to Mary's ears.

Perhaps it would be well that Mr. Fitzgerald should be encouraged. Esther had no vocation for the religious life, and she might some day need a protector; for Miles—poor, dear Miles!—would always be more or less of a baby. Here the old pang shot through Mary's heart again. Was it jealousy that anybody should share her sister's affection, or—was it possible that she had once or twice thought of Arthur Fitzgerald with unusual interest? She laughed aloud, with a slight bitterness. Esther suddenly turned with a smile and a questioning glance. Mary had become absorbed in a little child who was playfully holding up a bundle of toys at a window they were passing.

"My life must be one long sacrifice," she said to herself, with an effort. "I have accepted it, and I must go on in the way. Let Miles and Esther have the roses—the thorns are good enough for me."

It was the first time that Mary had consciously said a thing like this, even to herself. She had never imagined herself an Iphigenia before; she had, with constant cheerfulness done the duty that seemed nearest to her. She had never been otiose enough to have time for self-admiration, which is the privilege of many excellent ladies, who get much pleasure out of elaborate self-sacrifices. But now she felt a thrill of knowledge of the depths of the power of sacrifice, and she made up her mind that, as Arthur Fitzgerald was evidently without a serious fault, Esther and he should be happy. Then she could live for Miles alone. She could devote herself to him, absorb herself in his plans, and become a factor in gaining for him that political position for which his talents so well fitted him. Only yesterday he had said to her, when she had presented him with a smoking outfit, done by her and Esther, in bewildering hues: "Some day I may wear this in the Gubernatorial Mansion, old girl!" She was pleased and moved, but she did not add a crisp twenty dollar bill, as Miles had expected, to the cherry-colored silk and black velvet paraphernalia she brought him.

After breakfast—at which Miles did not appear, and at which the sisters received many little gifts, for the mail had come—there was no time for introspection. It was necessary for Mary and Esther to get back to the church as soon as possible.

Arthur Fitzgerald ascended to the organ loft with some hesitation. Would these young ladies meet him with a cold stare? He said to himself that if they did it would freeze all the music in him. His doubt was set at rest; for Mary and Esther stood on the landing waiting for the sexton to unlock the door of the enclosure around the organ. Mary favoured him with a pleasant look, and Esther showed her dimples very amiably. A weight was lifted from his heart; he would have shaken hands with them effusively if he had not been in church. But Mary became suddenly perplexed. Ought she to invite him home to dinner? Fortunately, the need of banishing all distractions during the Holy Sacrifice obliged her to dismiss the momentous question of etiquette.

The music of the Mass was sung well—somewhat too rapidly, Mary thought—and Esther's solo, "When Shepherds," was very carefully done. Fitzgerald distinguished himself too. It was evident that his time could be trusted, though his voice was by no means remarkable. Whenever Fitzgerald had to go to the organ he thought of St. Cecilia, so gentle yet so wrapt was Mary's look.

After Mass there was a congratulation among some of the more musical people, who stopped a moment as the crowd dispersed. And even the little fellow who looked after the bellows grinned at Mary and said:

"We did this better than Mercadante's last Sunday."

Almost before she knew it Mary had given the proposed invitation, much to Esther's disgust; for she had hoped to tell her sister about Mr. Bastien's concerts, and as the first rehearsal would take place on the afternoon of December 26, there was no time to be lost. Esther began to feel the unpleasantness of having taken an important step without consulted her elder sister. What would Mary say? How could she, Esther, account for the *honorarium* which Mary, a woman of business, would certainly ask about? Esther heartily wished she had left Miles to his fate. And then she recalled the wish, remembering that it was Mary she had tried to save, not Miles.

Mary was surprised at Esther's obstinate silence as they walked home. She redoubled her efforts to be nice to Arthur Fitzgerald. To her relief he did not seem to notice the absence of Esther's chatter; in fact, he thought this was the happiest Christmas he had ever spent; and he wished he were as rich as Cræsus, that he might shower gifts on the graceful girl, who softened her kind words with a tinge of gravity. But when she smiled!—Fitzgerald thought of Sir John Suckling's "sun upon an Easter Day."

This *chapsodie de Noël* was suddenly broken into by the thought that he must meet Miles, who might begin by asking questions about John Longworthy.

To be continued.

THE HON. DANIEL DOUGHERTY ON ORATORY:

THE PULPIT, THE BAR, AND THE PRESS

THE Hon. Daniel Dougherty of New York, one of the foremost of American public speakers, lectured in Ottawa on St. Patrick's Day under the auspices of the St. Patrick's Literary Association, to one of the largest and most distinguished gatherings ever brought together in the Opera House.

Proceeding with the subject proper of the lecture, "oratory," the bare words of which, in cold type, convey no idea to the reader of their expression as they poured from the gifted speaker's lips, he explained the aims and objects, the penalties and the possibilities of oratory, and the power over his audience, whether, as he said, to fill them with strength in adversity, the love of virtue or the fear of God; rousing them to anger against the wrong-doer, the nation's enemies, or nursing with the still nobler ardor amid every peril and at every sacrifice, though the doom be death by the rope, the fagot or the axe, to adhere to truth, conscience, country or creed. He who possesses this rare gift, if animated by the high resolve

never to abuse it, may win enduring fame; and if events so shape themselves, may rank his name among the benefactors of his country and king. No names shine in history with purer radiance, nor stir the student's heart with loftier aspirations than the illustrious orators of ancient and modern time. An orator may be defined as one who in a public speech can persuade an audience to immediate action. Within the limited range of this definition there is the widest difference of opinion. Many persons have some reverend or popular favorite, whose particular style is their standard of excellence. There are those who regard the thinker the orator; with them language and manner are of little moment, so that there runs through the discourse a clear stream of thought appropriate to the subject. Others look on the speaker as perfect, whose quiet and conversational tones embody purity of diction, simplicity of style and force of illustration, and who thus carries his audience along in gentle harmony with him. Many prefer the debater ready on the moments to refute the arguments of his opponents and confound with them the subtlety of his reasoning. Still others choose the scholar who in the silence of the study has carefully written every sentence with delightful diversity of metaphor antithesis, climax and classical allusion, and then reads the essay off, or recites it as a schoolboy repeats his lesson. And once again there are thousands whose idol is the declaimer, fluent in flowery sentences which he delivers with a fine voice aided by graceful gestures that please the crowd, and start the shouts that shake the walls or make the welkin ring. With becoming diffidence I venture to assert that none of these are orators. If these are orators, then the land swarms with them; every pulpit, forum and rostrum have their share. Yet, there are now, as there has been in the past, few orators. England with all her intellect has had only four, and in the United States, where good speakers abound the names of their orators may be counted on one's fingers. An orator—of course I mean a master—one who has the magnetic power to seize the feelings and control the actions, is he who has a rare and exquisite combination of intellectual gifts, with natural sensibility and susceptibilities that gives him the mind to conceive and shape, the heart to feel, and the tongue to fire an audience with his own thoughts and emotions. Every speech, the aim of which is to persuade, must be built on the solid basis of common sense, reason or enlightened understanding, and a thorough knowledge of the subject. It should be conveyed in language and style simple and chaste, and never violate good taste. These requisites pre-suppose a high order of intellect. The orator ought to be as he really was in the days of Greece and Rome, an accomplished scholar. The higher the order of his intellect, the wider the range of knowledge; the deeper his insight into human nature, the more perfect his capacity to persuade. Yet if he were a thorough master of learning in every branch, if he could grasp with ease every question, no matter how intricate or profound, if his style were pure as Addison's and his thoughts grand as Bacon's, these accomplishments would not make him an orator. It is in what is called pronunciation, the delivery of the discourse before the audience, that the real and the distinctive characteristics of the orator appear.

Of the pulpit as a field for oratory, the lecturer said: There everything combines to aid the orator and wing his genius for its fiercest flights. Then speaking further of the modern modes of pulpit oratory, and the mannerisms into which many clergymen had fallen, he continued: But perhaps the greatest drawback to oratory is the style of sermons delivered. No one can question the correct reasoning, rich stores of knowledge, profound thought and scholarly taste displayed in the discourses of the many eminent divines of whom all our cities may be justly proud. But these sermons are often cold essays on scriptural, religious or moral themes. They take, for example, a text of scripture and illustrate clearly its meaning, divide the discourse into 'firstly,' 'secondly,' and so on, perhaps, to 'seventhly,' and 'lastly,' turning the text into as many different shapes, and showing with nicety its force and beauty in all. The preacher has filled his allotted half-hour, the congregation have been soothed, their minds have been charmed with the purity of the diction, the culture of the entire discourse and they leave the church much edified but

not one soul nearer God than when they entered. A congregation need not be told Sunday after Sunday that 'God liveth'; that vice is wrong and virtue right. These fundamental truths were taught at the Sunday School, ay, long before, at the mother's knee. It is unnecessary continually through years to explain the meaning of well known passages in the Holy Book. While every discourse must be built on truth, faith, reason and religion (and I do not wish to be regarded as underrating the efficacy and value of the sermons to which I have alluded) yet the daily work of the pulpit is not to convince the judgment but to touch the heart.

We all know it is our duty to love our Creator and serve Him, but the great aim is to make mankind do it. It is not enough to convert our belief to religion, but to turn our souls to God. Therefore the preacher will find in the armory of the feeling the weapons with which to arm his soldiers to defend against sin, assail Satan, and achieve the victory, the fruits of which shall never perish. And oh! how infinite the variety, how inexhaustible the resources of the armory; how irresistible the weapons when grasped by the hand of a master. Every passion of the human heart, every sentiment that sways the soul, every action or character in the vast realms of history or the boundless world about us, the preacher can summon obedient to his mind. He can paint in vivid colors the last hours of the just man; all his temptations and trials over, he smilingly sinks to sleep, to awake amid the glories of the eternal morn. He can tell the pampered man of ill-gotten gold that the hours draw nigh when he shall feel the cold and clammy hand of death, and that all his wealth cannot buy him from the worm. He can drag before his hearers the slimy hypocrite, tear from his heart the secret crimes, and expose his damnable villainy to the gaze of all. He can appeal to the purest promptings of the Christian heart, the love of God and the hatred of sin. He can depict the stupendous and appalling truth the Saviour from the most high throne descended and here on earth assumed the form of a fallen man and for us died on the cross like a malefactor. He can startle and awe-strike his hearers as he descants on the terrible justice of the Almighty in hurling from heaven Lucifer and his apostate legions. The letting loose of the mighty waters until they swallowed the wide earth and every living thing, burying even the highest mountains in the universal deluge—shadows of the coming of the awful day for which all other days are made! He can roll back the sky as a scroll, fly to heaven, picture its ecstatic joys, where seraphic voices tuned to celestial harmony, chant their canticles of praise. He can dive into the depths of hell and depict the howling and gnashing of teeth of the damned chained in its flaming caverns, ever burning yet never consumed. He can, in a word, in imagination, assume, the sublimest attributes of the deity, and as the supreme mercy and goodness make tears of contrition start and stream from every eye; or armed with the dread prerogatives of the Inexorable Judge with the lightning of his wrath strike unrepentant souls, until sinners sink on their knees and quail as Felix quailed before St. Paul. This may not please the too fastidious congregation, whose highest wish is to be soothed into forgetfulness, but thus can the fearless minister of the Most High do his great Master's bidding, and by the powers of speech lift souls from earth to heaven.

Passing from the Pulpit to the Bar, and from this theme, on which he dwelt with eloquence, the lecturer, after referring to the requirements, the opportunities and aims of the statesman, came to the subject of the press. But in these latter days, said he, there has arisen a power mightier than an army of orators, a power that has destroyed their influence, dwarfed their genius, lowered them to the level of ordinary mortals—a power that can banish kings, destroy dynasties, revolutionize governments, embroil nations in triumphant or disastrous wars, and, for good or ill, changing the aspect of the civilized world. The glory of the orator sunk when the printing press arose. The orator at best can speak to thousands, the press to hundreds of thousands. The orator speaks rarely: the press every day. The orator may at the choicest moment fall through ill-health, or one of many causes; the press, free from all ills that flesh is heir to, moves on its mission with the facility, power and precision of machinery. The orator

may move an audience; the press can arouse a nation. The speech dies with the sound that gives it birth; the press lives forever on the imperishable page. The orator now addresses himself less to the audience of the evening than to the world of readers of the next morning. Let us hope that the press may be as faithful, pure, devoted to truth, right, justice, freedom and virtue as the orators have been. The orators, as I have said, to their immortal honor, could never be silenced by the frowns of power or bribed to desert a noble cause; they dared, they defied tyranny, and preferred death to dishonor. If the press gloat in licentiousness, if it stoop to strike the private man, if it expose to the public gaze the sacred privacy of homes, if it violate all decency in trusting gentle women to the gossip of the town, if it catch at idle rumor or envious tongue to malign the innocent, if it shield the public wrongdoer or denounce the faithful public servant, if it ponder to the base prejudices and passions of the populace—then we may grieve that this great engine should work such mischief to society. If, on the other hand, its mission be to disseminate intelligence and truth, to educate the masses to be faithful to their country and just to their fellow-men, to expose with an unsparing hand to public execration the corrupt legislature or the unjust judge; if it be honestly independent instead of timidly neutral to all that concerns the city or the State, if it life up modest and true worth and hurl down brazen infamy, if all its aims be the public good, the honor of the nation and the glory of God—then we may be well reconciled that the days of oratory are over.

The lecturer's imitations of the prevailing style of oratory in the British Parliament in this utilitarian age, were lifelike word-pictures of the oral characteristics of such leading statesman as Gladstone, Lord Stanley, Pitt, O'Connell and Beaconsfield.

Sir John Thompson wrote regretting his inability to be present owing to an important debate. Letters of regret were also read from Hon. John Costigan, who was detained at home through illness, Hon. Mr. Laurier, Hon. Edward Blake, Hon. Mr. Mercier and others.

JOHN DILLON.

In his first speech after touching American shores on his return from Australia, Mr. John Dillon, M. P. one of the most respected public men in Ireland showed that he had not lost the thread of the great agitation while in the antipodes. In San Francisco he and Sir Thomas Grattan Esmonde had a great ovation tendered to them. Mr Dillon said among other things:

"It is now ten years since Charles Stewart Parnell assumed the leadership of the Irish people. Ten years is a short time, but in that ten years has been worked a revolution in the condition of the people that has never been worked elsewhere without revolution and bloodshed. When the odds he had to contend with are considered, I challenge anyone, no matter how bitter an enemy he may be of this great leader, to point out any man who has accomplished more with fewer resources. He was a young and unknown man when he sought to accomplish the proud work to which he has given the best years of his life. He might have attained distinction in the councils of the government or on the bench, but he declined it, and battling in the face of great odds has worked a revolution in the condition of his countrymen that is marvellous when it is considered that it was achieved in peace and without bloodshed.

"We find now that Irish citizenship and Irish liberty has pushed itself to the front rank of questions of European politics. Let us turn to the names against which Parnell has been obliged to contend in bringing about this revulsion of affairs. He has been assailed beyond any man in modern political history, and I want to say here that the more he is assailed the dearer he becomes to me. In 1886 he was assailed by the ordinary methods of the English government in Ireland, that is to say, he was put in prison, the habeas corpus act was suspended and he was consigned to a Dungeon without Trial.

It was after Gladstone had declared for home rule that the foul and abominable calumnies showered on Parnell began to

recoil on the heads of the enemies of his country, the people who concocted them. The forged letters intended to influence votes are too fresh in your minds through their being brought home to the unscrupulous perpetrators to need more than a reference. The counts against him were that he was a criminal conspirator. Why, they even call the Land League a criminal conspiracy. They charged him with treason. I doubt if there is an Irishman worthy of the name of man who would not be glad to be guilty of treason in Ireland. The recoil on the heads of Parnell's enemies was so great with the explosion of this conspiracy against him that he was acquitted by a jury packed with his enemies, something unknown in the history of public men under arraignment."

In speaking of the *Times*, Mr. Dillon said that it always had been an enemy to Ireland. It had poured forth the filthy torrent of its wrath on Daniel O'Connell, but in referring to the speaker it had frequently said "that O'Connell was quite a decent man alongside of Dillon." But to show you what the paper said of O'Connell, I will read you a tirade which they published on him. It reads this way:

Scum condensed of Irish bog!
Ruffian—coward—demagogue!
Boundless liar—base detractor!
Nurse of murders—treason's factor!
Sport thy filth, diffuse thy slime—
Slander is in thee no crime.

"That's what the *Times* said of Daniel O'Connell once. Now, we inquire what was the cause of this movement. The world over was prosperous, Ireland alone was the home of misery and the scene of constantly decreasing prosperity. Ireland was once prosperous, but her industries were put down by law and then kept down by English competition, and then the infernal system of land laws and rack-renting made it impossible for any man to acquire a freehold. And yet, in the face of this and the figures that show the extent of her contributions to the support of the government, people will come forward and tell you that the Irish people are poor because they are lazy. Our first object was to start and carry on the struggle for liberty, which achieved would remove all our evils. We wanted to put our people in a condition to live like human beings. We have partially succeeded in our battle with the land laws, and to-day four-fifths of the people of Ireland are safe in the possession of their homes. But it is not enough; we have another object—to relieve the people of Ireland the world over of the humiliation of getting up relief committees to send food home to their starving countrymen. With the accomplishment of our first object we accomplish the second. What we want in Ireland is that the judiciary and the executive of Ireland shall be in the hands of Ireland and there will be peace, prosperity and plenty for all. That is our movement, and I defy any one to say that it is an unreasonable demand, notwithstanding that every English newspaper and every telegraph line controlled by English gold is in federation to blacken us and retard our movement. There are true people, though, thank God. I belong to the poorest constituency in the world, and yet all the English gold that was ever minted could not carry it. And you people of America are true. Your generous aid has been poured into our laps in our darkest hours, and without it oftentimes we could not have struggled to our feet after falling under the crushing blows dealt our leaders. The west of America has a warm spot in the hearts of the Irish people. I once heard the late John Bright, then a great friend of Ireland, aptly illustrate this in one of his eloquent speeches. He said: 'When the Hebrew prayed in his captivity he opened his window and turned his face toward Jerusalem; when the Mohammedan addressed the Most High he knelt toward the East; but you, people of Ireland, when you turn your eyes across the ocean and in silent fervor you grasp in spirit the hands of the great republic of the West!'

It is stated that the Abbe Barbonneau, the Dominican from Paris, who has been preaching during the Lenten retreat in Notre Dame, Montreal, has obtained permission from Archbishop Fabre to open a branch of the Order there, and that on his return to Paris he will send out a number of Dominicans.

BUFFALO BILL IN ROME.

THE presence of Buffalo Bill and some of his company at the celebrations in the Sistine Chapel lately has inspired the daily papers of London to indite leaders even. That which appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* of Wednesday, the 5th inst., we reproduce:—

In the Middle Ages the periodical appearance in Rome of travelling menageries, exhibitions of monstrosities, mountebanks and jugglers, and other entertainments of the "side-show" order, was a source of great amusement to the citizens of the Eternal City; nor were these nomadic performances deemed unworthy of the patronage of the Pontifical Court. The menageries in particular were found not only diverting, but of direct utility to the Roman artist; and it is known that the illustrious Raffaele Sanzio made many studies of camels and elephants from the living specimens brought to the shores of the Tiber by some Barnum of the period. The sanguinary gladiatorial contests of the amphitheatre had been abolished by the first Christian Emperors, and martyrs were no longer pitted against wild beasts in the arena; but, even as late as the end of the fourteenth century, the great Roman nobles would occasionally organize a bull-fight or a boar-hunt within the ruined walls of the Coliseum. Of all the strange visitors who have attracted the attention of the Roman public, and who have been honoured by admission to the Vatican, the very oddest seem to be the Honourable Colonel Cody and his troupe of cowboys and Indians, whose presence in the Palace of the Supreme Pontiff on the occasion of the celebration of the twelfth anniversary of the coronation of Leo XIII., has been described in enthusiastic terms by an American correspondent. The account of the visit of Buffalo Bill and his painted braves to the Vatican almost vies in its picturesque hardihood with the celebrated narrative in a transatlantic newspaper of an alleged reception of Mr. Henry M. Stanley in Westminster Abbey, when, as the journalist cleverly put it, "the ecclesiastical authorities took advantage of the occasion to bury an old Scotch clergyman named Livingstone." In reality, the function in question was the funeral of the illustrious explorer, at which Mr. Stanley was present as a visitor. Similarly, Buffalo Bill and his merry men having been so fortunate as to obtain tickets of admission to one of the corridors of the Vatican to witness the passage of the Papal procession, the Yankee scribe has so ingeniously amplified the circumstance as to induce the inference that the enterprising proprietor of a travelling "side show" and his companions were the real heroes of the day.

It is, indeed, quite stirring to learn that, in the Sala Ducale, the great hall leading from the Sala Regia to the Loggia of Bramante, in which the Popes in former times gave audience to Princes, and the arabesque paintings on the walls of which are of the times of Paul IV. and Pius IV., there suddenly appeared a horde of savages in paint, feathers, blankets, and mocassins, and armed with tomahawks and knives. A vast crowd, we are told, had assembled at early morning in the Piazza San Pietro to witness the arrival of the pilgrims from the Wild West; but it is not stated that these undaunted red men came mounted on Mexican mustangs or wild buffaloes, or that they were attended by packs of prairie dogs looking remarkably like ground-squirrels. At all events, before half-past nine o'clock the Ducal Hall, Royal Hall, and the Sistine Chapel were thronged to repletion with members of the Roman aristocracy, priests, Monsignori, foreign tourists, and ladies of high degree. A pathway was kept through the middle of the audience chambers by the Swiss Guards, in their quaint and gorgeous garb specially designed for them more than three hundred years ago by Michael Angelo, and bearing aloft their glittering halberds. There, too, were the Noble Guards in their uniforms of scarlet and gold and nodding white plumes, almost recalling the panoply of our own gentlemen-at-arms; while these dazzling costumes were relieved by the more sober attire of the Papal gendarmery and by the black or purple cassocks of private chamberlains and apostolic cursors and notaries. The Papal Court, although shorn of late years of much of its numerical strength, is really on gala days the most splendid and the most artistic in Europe; but its grandeur

appears to have been wholly eclipsed by the uncouth gorgeousness of the red-skins and cowboys and their valorous chief. "Ye little people of the skies, Where are you when the sun shall rise?" The sun rose with a vengeance. At the sculptured portals of the Sala Ducale a tall and chivalrous figure suddenly presented itself. His raven ringlets fell in oleaginous clusters over his stalwart shoulders. With imposing grace he saluted with a sweep of his vast sombrero the Papal chamberlains, who, it may be wagered, quaked in their purple stockings at the spectacle of so much power and so much condescension combined in the person of the traveller whose home is in the setting sun, and who hails from boundless corn patches so tall in the stalks that an Apache Indian, sitting on the head of a giraffe, is invisible amongst the cobs. Sonorous was the clang of the high-heeled boots of that warrior brave as he strode through the hall now used for the Papal consistories when the newly created Cardinals are admitted into the Sacred College. Who dared those boots to displace would have had to meet not Bombastes Furioso but Buffalo Bill face to face. Yes, it was the swarthy chieftain of the Wild West, the unexpugnable conductor of the Deadwood Coach. Close to him swung along with the easy gait of conscious nobility the renowned Nat Salisbury; and next came Buck Taylor, "who towered hugely above the tallest man in the Palace." After him it might be thought that there followed the strong Gyas and the strong Clonthus; but, in default of these Virgilian worthies, there appeared Broncho Bill, in a full suit of buckskins, and whole posse of cowboys, most effectively splashed with mud. It was doubtless thought derogatory to cowboy dignity that these valiant "greasers" should treat themselves to a wash and brush-up before they presented themselves at the Vatican. But more interesting guests were to follow. Rocky Bear and his Sioux warriors brought up the rear. They were painted in every colour that the Indian imagination could devise, or that the "property man" of the Wild West could supply. Rocky Bear rolled his eyes as he stepped on tiptoe through the glowing sea of colour. The Indians and the cowboys were ranged in the south corners of the Sala Ducale, while Buffalo Bill and Nat Salisbury were escorted into the Sistine Chapel—unless the descriptive American mistook the Sistine Chapel for St. Peter's—where they were greeted by General Sherman's daughter. The idea of this estimable young lady "bossing" the Cappella Sistina is truly charming. A Princess invited the Honourable Colonel Cody to take his seat in a tribune set apart for the Roman nobles. Who was the great lady? The Princess of Trebizond, the Princess of Caraboo, or the Domina Cecilia Metella?

At length His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. appeared, carried above the heads of his guards in his chair of State, the great peacock feather fans borne at his side, and preceded by the knights of Malta and a long train of Cardinals and Archbishops. The Indians and the cowboys bowed; but Rocky Bear, seemingly a more reverent "cuss," knelt and made the sign of the cross. It is stated that the Supreme Pontiff leaned "yearningly" towards his savage visitors, and blessed them. The benediction seems slightly to have thrown these simple children of nature off their mental balance, for it is said that it was only with difficulty they could be restrained from whooping, and the nervous tension became at last so great that a squaw fainted. It is to be hoped that some cautious cowboy present was provided with a "pocket-pistol," containing sufficient "fire-water"—otherwise "old rye"—to revive the squaw from her swoon; but Colonel Cody was fully equal to the occasion. He did not faint, or tremble, or blanch. The Pope gazed intently at the great scout as His Holiness passed by, and Buffalo Bill bent low, in honour of a benediction obviously intended exclusively for himself. It is somewhat discouraging to be told that, when the Sioux warriors returned to their camp, which appears to be close to the Castle of St. Angelo, they found that the only brave who had not attended the Vatican function had given up the ghost during their absence, and was lying stark in his blanket. The catastrophe caused apparently a terrible shock to the sensitive red-skins, for it is alleged that they temporarily relapsed into paganism, and began to howl and yelp in a most distressing manner over their dead brave, some of them tearing their flesh and sprinkling the funeral blanket with their

blood in honour of the deceased. It is not clearly stated whether the blood shed on the occasion was the genuine vital stream or so much red ochre or rose-pink from the dressing room. "Take it for all in all, Buffalo Bill, his cowboys, and his half-caste followers seem to have had a very "high old time" at the Vatican; and their reception in the Sala Ducale will afford plenty of subjects for graphic illustration for future posters and show-bills in the States.

IRELAND AND WHISKEY.

The following letter from the Rev. Dr. Edward McSweeney appears in the last number of the *Milwaukee Catholic Citizen*:—

An Irish hamlet, drawn from nature by one of its priests in the last number of the *Catholic World*, consists of thirty houses, including three public houses or saloons. I believe that's about the average throughout the unfortunate country. They are very exact in executing the laws in Ireland, I mean what legalists call the positive or statute laws, and no license is granted unless it is found, by oath of respectable witnesses, to be necessary for the requirements of the neighborhood. I remember reading two years ago how a place called Ballydeh (I used to regard the name as mythical, but it is real,) applied for another license on the plea sworn to by reputable residents, that twelve, more or less, were not enough for the needs of the miserable little village and the surrounding country. I suspect that the great distillers support, as they do in the United States, a large proportion of those Irish shebeens. If you saw the style of the liquor-stores in Dublin! Why, there is nothing in New York outside of the Broadway Art-and-Whisky Galleries, that can compare with the splendor of the Dublin saloon; and of course, and for this very reason, there is no such wretchedness and shocking poverty in the great American metropolis as there is in the Irish capital.

Archbishop Walsh announced a few months ago that he was about to get up a general crusade throughout Ireland in favor of Temperance. Lately, however, he despondently made known at a church dedication in his archiepiscopal city, that his hopes had been dashed for the present, and he could only look forward (he did not say with that confidence) to making a start at some future and more favorable time. I suppose he couldn't get his brethren to share his enthusiasm.

Archbishop Croke has ordered that a sermon be preached in every church in his diocese on Passion Sunday next, and that a special effort be then made to increase its membership and usefulness.

Seeing these things one is reminded of Cardinal Manning, of London, how he has succeeded in accomplishing so much in this particular department, and wields so much influence amongst the three million Londoners who never cross the threshold of any church.

He has *taken the pledge himself*. That is what he has done. He is the teacher not only but the leader of his people. He is, as the Scripture says of the ideal bishop, "the model of his flock heart and soul." (I. Peter, v. 9.) Father Mathew had to take the pledge himself before he could do anything. Bishop Warren, of Ferns, transformed his diocese in 1876, but he began by taking the pledge; I say began, because although he had been preaching exhorting, reproving for years, there was no result until *he took the pledge himself*. His clergy at once followed suit, and the people, of course, followed them. The result was magical in changing Emmiscorthy from dirt and poverty to decency and comfort, from degradation and disorder to self-respect and civilization. Bishop Warren died, and it appears his work has fallen away, like Father Mathew's work after his death. Why so? There are many reasons doubtless; but one seems to be the absolute need of example in the clergy if they would lead the people in this virtue of Temperance.

Now Ireland is the native soil, so to speak, of whisky, and if the stimulant be needed anywhere it is in Ireland.

You travel through great part of Asia and Europe, say all the way from Palestine through Greece, Italy and Switzerland, Austria, Germany, France, and England, and you never meet whisky as a beverage until you sit down to dinner on the steamer from Holyhead to Dublin, and notice the glass of grog ready set by the captain's plate. Hence it is very much

used; its manufacture gives employment to thousands, its delivery and sale to tens of thousands or hundreds of thousands even. The business is the most *respectable* in the land; it helps a man to get into Parliament; is no obstacle to Church preferment; and the stigma cast upon it by the Council of Baltimore, the largest council since that of Trent, (excepting only the Vatican in 1869) that stigma, allowed to stand by the Holy See, would undoubtedly have been unanimously voted down by the bishops of Ireland. How then can they reform the country? They fear the decrease in their revenues from the people, the loss of the splendid donation made *by the distillers to churches, convents, hospitals, etc.*, the breaking down of many of the most "respectable families who are in the trade, the disemployment of thousands, and so forth. Whiskey is their chief, almost their only business. They can neither live with it, nor, apparently, do they think they can live without it. Interest, therefore, genuine or fancied, custom, climate, geniality, tyranny, poverty and a national taste for the article, all combine to keep poor Ireland under the yoke of whiskey, a yoke more galling, degrading, and above all more damning than even the occupation of her soil and her government by foreign despotism. I only suggest some of the weighty reasons that may be brought forward to explain the apparent indifference of the Irish episcopate and clergy to the temperance movement, which has probably caused this sad change in the hopes nourished a short time since by the patriotic successor of St. Lawrence O'Toole, the last free archbishop of Dublin.

IMMORTAL.

He walked the world with bended head;
"There is no thing," he moaning said,
"That must not some day join the dead."

He sat where rolled a river deep;
A woman sat her down to weep;
A child lay in her lap asleep.

The waters touched the mother's hand.
His heart was touched. He passed from land,
But left it laughing in the sand.

That one kind word that one good deed
Was as if you should plant a seed
In sands along death's sable brede.

And looking from the farther shore
He saw, where he had sat before,
A light that grew; grow more and more.

He saw a growing, glowing throng
Of happy people white and strong
With faith, and jubilant with song.

It grew and grew, this little seed
Of good sown in that day of need,
Until it touched the stars indeed!

And then the old man smiling said,
With youthful heart and lifted head,
"No good deed ever joins the dead."

—Joaquin Miller in *N. Y. Independent*.

In the porch of the Church of St. George in Valabro, from which Cardinal Newman derives his title, is suspended his shield, on which three hearts are painted, and beneath these is the exceedingly beautiful and touching motto so appropriately chosen by him: "*Cor ad cor loquitur*: heart speaketh to heart!"

The story of a dispute in a Catholic church over the possession of a pew, that took place last Sunday in New York State, and was sent broadcast through the press, under the caption of "Knocked out by a Priest," is very unpleasant reading for Catholics. If these disputes are unavoidable, they should at least be settled outside of church.—*Baltimore Mirror*.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

A 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. Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, Toronto.

The late Archbishop Lynch.

The late Rt. Rev. Bishop Carbery of Hamilton.

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

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion

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THE REVIEW AND LA VERITE

III

HAVING removed, in our last number, certain issues introduced by *La Verite* extraneous to, and having no bearing upon, the subject under discussion between this REVIEW and that journal, we venture to briefly review the great movement in France, which is forever associated with the names of Pere Lacordaire, Count de Montalembert, and Mgr. Dupanloup, and which was bitterly opposed by the party of Veuillot and *L'Univers*. Having made it understood what that movement was that *La Verite*, which takes its light from *L'Univers*, condemns as pernicious and wicked, we shall be able to come at once to the question of the application of such principles as it espouses, to Canada.

To understand that movement, we must recur to what at the time was the state of the Catholic mind in France and elsewhere. The violence of the old French revolution, the infidelity of its leaders, the persecution it inaugurated against Catholics, its legal suppression of the Catholic worship, and its murder, imprisonment and deportation of Catholic priests had, not unnaturally, turned the whole Catholic mind against republicanism and linked the cause of the Church with that of monarchy; while the military despotism of Napoleon, his imprisonment of the Holy Father, and his efforts to subject the Church to his will and use her in forwarding his projects of conquest and universal dominion, had wedded the Catholic cause to that of the Bourbons, and the party of legitimacy throughout Europe then represented by the so-called Holy Alliance. The result was that in 1830 Catholics were almost universally united with the party of repression, the party of absolutism, the *oscurantisti*, and opposed to all movements in favor of popular liberty as then understood,

and then illustrated. In a word, the Church had been forced, by reason of the excesses of the leaders of the popular movement, to take sides with the dynasties as against the democracies. "The word *liberty* itself," says one writer, "was suspect, and he who spoke in its favour was looked upon as a bad Christian and a worse subject."

The revolution of 1830 came, and proved that the Catholic cause, if not separated from the sovereign's, would fail. That revolution proved to all men who had eyes in their heads that the people were mightier than their sovereigns; or at least too powerful and too imbued with a sense of their strength, and the sentiment of liberty to allow themselves ever to become again the quiet, peaceable, and orderly subjects of a despotic rule. It was clear that the repressive policy of the sovereigns must fail, and that the Catholic cause if linked to it, must fail with it. The Church everywhere shared the prejudices and resentments of the people against their temporal sovereigns, and the more she preached to them submission, the more she laboured to reconcile them to the old regime, and to make them quiet, docile, and obedient subjects, the more embittered they became against her, as an enemy of progress, and as the accomplice of despotism and tyranny. In point of fact the liberal party, the party of progress, the believers in modern civilization were estranged from her communion, were unbelievers, nay, more, were making war on her as the chief supporter of a political and social order they wished to make an end of once for all. "In this state of feeling the Church" writes Dr. Brownson, describing the period, "could not discharge her mission of winning souls to Christ, or of rearing up the modern world in the Christian faith. She had become odious to the modern world, and impotent to govern it." That this estrangement existed was not because the people had outgrown the Catholic faith, but because they found, or thought they found, the Church on the side of the sovereigns, as against the people, and sustaining an order of things which they held to be hostile to social and political progress. The circumstances of the hour, and the aim of the movement begun by Lacordaire and Montalembert have been described by Dr. Brownson in the following passage:

"The people's quarrel with the Church was political and social not dogmatical, and what they opposed in her was not her assertion of the divine, but her real or apparent suppression of the human. The true course was then for the Church to cease to make common cause with the people's masters, to sever her cause from that of the Holy Alliance, to accept liberty and bless it, to take up the cause of the people, hallow the irrepressible instincts of humanity, place herself at the head of the modern world, and aid and direct it in the great work of scientific, social, and political evolution. This was the thought of the *Avenir* and of the men grouped with Lacordaire and Montalembert around the Abbe de La Mennais. It required the complete separation of Church and State, the Church to give up all pecuniary support from the State, and to throw herself on the voluntary contributions of the faithful. Her liberty was no longer to be secured by concordat with the State, but by securing the liberty of the people, and obtaining a safeguard for her liberty in the general liberty of the citizen whether Catholic or non-Catholic.

The change recommended would have deprived the Church as a spiritual commonwealth of all political power, of all

power derived from the State, all political right of censorship, and of all civil power to enforce her sentences against heresy, error, or schism, and consequently would have abolished the whole of that system of mixed civil and ecclesiastical government which had grown up in the Middle Ages, and was continued to some extent in all Catholic Europe, and have placed the Church on precisely the footing on which she stands in the United States where she is free in the freedom of the citizen, and powerful in her intellectual and moral influence. It would have placed the Church on the side of liberty and made it the interest as well the duty of all churchmen to resist absolutism, and to sustain the freedom and equal rights of the citizen. It would have enabled the Church to resume her civilizing work, baptized modern civilization, and healed the schism between her and the modern world. The thought was grand and noble, and, what is more, was eminently Catholic."

It has been claimed by *La Verite* that the movement was condemned by the Pope; and that in speaking well of it, we have rendered our loyalty and orthodoxy as Catholics open to question. Beyond doubt the merit of all great changes is in their opportuneness, and even the most desirable reforms are injurious rather than beneficial if attempted out of season. It was so with the movement of Montalembert and Lacordaire. The great body of the French episcopacy was unprepared for the sweeping changes proposed; yet the changes were desirable and of the greatest importance to the interests of religion and society. The error on the part of their proposers was not in proposing them, but in demanding that they should be at once adopted; in being too impatient; and in not making allowance for the slowness with which the majority of men, particularly those who by their training are circumspect and conservative, consent to let any new ideas get into their heads. The Abbe de La Mennais unwisely forced a decision from Rome, with the result that the movement was censured. We have yet to learn, as *La Verite* implies, that the principle of the movement was condemned. As has been said in a preceding article the movement was simply censured as one the Church could not officially sanction at the time, and as involving changes incompatible, at the moment, with the existing interests of the Church. It was open to the further and fatal objection that it was likely to favour the false notions of liberty and to stimulate the religious indifference so rife at the time in revolutionary Europe. But the great principle, as we before said, remained untouched, for which Lacordaire contended, the grand thought of associating liberty with religion, of christianizing the modern, and then unbelieving, spirit of liberty, of baptizing the renascent civilization.

But though its progress was arrested, and though the Abbe de la Mennais fell away from the Faith, the movement did not fail. Its influences was seen in the revolution of 1848, which nowhere, save in the Papal States, assumed an anti-Catholic character. "Never since France became Catholic" says Brownson, speaking of its effects in that country, "did French Catholics conduct themselves more like freemen; show more the qualities that best befit the patriot, the citizen, and never did the Church in France assume a nobler attitude, occupy a more independent position, speak with a freer, a more inspiring or a more consoling voice, than under the republic of 1848. She saved the country from anarchy and French society from dissolution by the prompt and frank acceptance of the republic by the majority of her prelates and clergy, with the archbishop of Paris at their head, and their ready

and hearty espousal of the cause of liberty. Then we saw that Pero Lacordaire and his noble band of *liberal* Catholics, as they were called, had not laboured in vain. They had infused a confidence in political and civil liberty into the Catholic body and had disarmed the honest and intelligent liberals of their former hostility to the church, and made Catholics themselves feel that the liberty of the church would receive its strongest guarantee in the freedom of the citizen."

A little later and a great and lamentable change came over the Gallican church. After the *coup d'etat* of December 1851 and before the proclamation of the empire in December 1852 the French Church, partly from an exaggerated fear of socialism and partly in the fallacious hope of deriving greater advantage to religion from imperial influence than from popular liberty, threw in its lot with the cause of Louis Napoleon. The party of Veillot and the *Univers*, who had only sneers and abuse for the pure and disinterested work of Lacordaire and Montalembert, hailed the new Emperor as "the new Charlemagne," and the "new St. Louis," throw the French Church at his feet, and heralded the re-establishment of the Napoleonic Empire as the commencement of a golden age for the Church. Looking at the events that followed, at the position of the Church in France to-day, and who will say that religion has not been put back for many a year in that country by the abandonment of the cause to which the illustrious Catholic men grouped about Montalembert and Lacordaire devoted their wealth, their talents, and their lives? The story of that movement, in our humble judgment, is one of the noblest and most inspiring chapters in the annals of Catholic France; and made not less so by reason of the fact that the high souled and chivalrous men who were engaged in it endured, as for weary years, too, did Newman in England, and Brownson in America, measureless insult and obloquy, that they had enemies who mistrusted and misrepresented them, and that they yet remained pure in heart and steadfast in integrity and in purpose, holding fast to their convictions, continuing in their labour and in their work until the evening, unshaken and unruffled, calm and serene, till they laid them down gently and slept the sleep of sweet peace in the Lord who so tenderly loved them, and whom they so tenderly loved and so heroically served.

WE notice that Mr. Davin, M.P., in the course of an excellent speech in support of Mr. Brown's Bill for the prevention of cruelty to animals—a measure which we hope Mr. Brown will yet succeed in placing upon the statute books—fell into a slight inaccuracy. In citing some precedents Mr. Davin said:

"The Imperial Parliament in 1883 discussed this question and I find that some of the first sportsmen in England and in Ireland expressed their views. Take Colonel King Harman, one of the finest sportsmen I ever saw in my life, a man who follows the hounds to this day and who goes shooting and fishing."

The fact is that Colonel King Harman has been dead for some time, and it is scarcely possible that Mr. Davin was in earnest in saying that he still followed the hounds to this day and goes shooting and fishing, unless it be that Mr. Davin, since identifying himself with the Far West, has become converted to the Indian theory regarding the hereafter—the Happy Hunting Ground to which "Lo! the poor Indian" looks forward as a resort of illimitable sporting possibilities.

THE Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, the estimable Bishop of Limerick, has lately appeared in an odd light for a Bishop. It appears that his Lordship, however separated from some of his countrymen in politics, has a common trait in his love of horses. It seems that he deals in hunters, and in January of last year sold to a Mr. Donovan a hunter for £100. The bargain was duly concluded and the Bishop returned £5 out of the £100 as "luck money." Mr. Donovan lent the horse to a friend for a day's hunting, and at the end of the day the horse died. Mr. Donovan said of heart disease. Upon learning this, the Bishop returned the £95 to Mr. Donovan; but hearing subsequently that the horse had been overridden, he sued Mr. Donovan for the £95 on the ground that he had been induced to return it by fraudulent representations. The verdict of the jury was that Mr. Donovan had misled the Bishop by saying that the horse had been proved to have died of heart disease, but that he did not mislead him intentionally. Each side claimed judgment on this verdict, and last week the Lord Chief Baron delivered in favor of Mr. Donovan, on the ground that the Bishop having returned the £95 as an act of generosity could not in law recover it back. It would seem from this that the attempt to import candour and generosity into a horse-dealing transaction is doomed to desperate failure; and whether the Bishop of Limerick will have quite so uniformly firm a conviction that the decisions of "law and order" always execute justice, as he formerly had may perhaps be open to question. The circumstance further establishes an exception to what had, profanely, become a commonly accepted axiom, namely, that in a horse deal with the clergy, the clergy have a knack by reason a wicked person might say of their acquaintance with the science of casuistry—of getting the better of the bargain.

There seems to be no reason to doubt the announcement which is made on good authority that the Holy Father would consent to act as the mediator through which the simultaneous disarmament of the European nations might be brought about. The Holy Father's influence has always been thrown on behalf of peace. He holds that the existence of immense armies which are draining the health of Europe and inflicting suffering upon the toiling masses, is anti-Christian. The German Emperor wrote an autograph letter inviting the Pope to send an ambassador to the Berlin Labour Conference. In reply the Pope sent an autograph letter, saying he could not take part unless his representative was given precedence over all the delegates. Then the Emperor wrote another letter urging the Pope in the interests of mankind to take part in the Conference, so far as he could, and at least give to it his moral support. To this the Sovereign Pontiff, it is understood, readily consented. The Holy Father, it is further said, has written a document dealing with the entire problem raised at Berlin, which has been diplomatically communicated to the Papal Nuncio in Germany and will be laid before the International Conference. There seems little reason to doubt that a great movement is on foot to give the Pope a leading part in the effort to deal with the universal labour troubles, and that His Holiness regards it as the office and duty of the Church to put itself at the head of the world-wide reform demanded by organized labour. He holds that nations must adopt the principles of Christianity, and that the Church is the only power competent to deal with the tremendous issues involved in the social and industrial movement. The German Emperor has conceded that the Powers cannot accomplish much unless organized

Christianity comes to their aid. Nations and rulers alike are beginning to realize that if the millions of armed men who trample upon the bread trays of the poor were stripped of their uniforms and set to work creating wealth a great deal of the present distress in Europe would disappear. One nation, however, dare not begin to disarm before another, and it will be the part of the Pope, the Peacemaker among the Nations, to negotiate between them for a general disarmament. Up to the present time the Vatican has managed to keep its negotiations with the German ambassador secret, but that they are well advanced is borne witness to by the resignation of Bismarck, the man of Blood and Iron, and the bulwark and genius of militarism.

There is an article with a point in it in the last number of the *Week* on "The French Canadian Member of Parliament." We of Ontario are told by a certain section of the press and a corresponding section of public leaders that the French contingent in Parliament always votes solid at the bidding of the Church; that they are less loyal to Britain than they are to Rome; that they have an abiding hatred of the people of Ontario; that, in short, they are bad citizens, bad Canadians, bad legislators and bad neighbours. It is not surprising that, where these statements are believed, there should be a corollary belief that French Canada must be anglicised before we can be a united and prosperous people. "I do not wish," says the writer, "at this stage to discuss this latter belief and its far reaching consequences, but merely to say that in the opinion of one Ontarioan at least it is based upon a wrong idea of French Canada and its representatives in Parliament.

This "solid column" theory of the French members is only more mischievous, we read, than it is ridiculous. "Imagine," we read, "a solid column containing at once Mr. Laurier and Mr. Chapleau, Sir Adolphe Caron and Col. Amyot; and counting in its ranks Mr. Lavergne, a prohibitionist, Mr. Lepine, a member of the Knights of Labour, and Mr. Bourassa, who for five years has represented a French Catholic riding in the face of the bitter and determined opposition of the parish priest! So far are they from being pawns under the finger of the Church that it is very seldom noticeable that the Church affects their action at all. They are at all times busied with the affairs of their constituencies, looking after the material interests of those by whose votes they are elected. Take the order paper for any day of the session and you will find the names of French members down for questions as to the mail services, the harbour accommodation, or other matters touching the convenience or the necessities of the people they represent. They are engaged in the business of Parliament which seems to be very much the same for the County of Quebec as for the County of York. The prevalent idea that Parliament is forever struggling with race and religious problems is due to the opera glasses of the press which magnify such debates, but are reversed during the routine legislation. It is not an uncommon occurrence for a question asked at the assembling of the House, about, say, the Hull riots, and discussed in a half hour, given as much newspaper space as the entire balance of the sitting."

We publish elsewhere a remarkable letter from the Rev. Dr. Edward McSweeney in regard to the drink evil in Ireland. We fear that it is only too true that that unhappy country presents not only a political problem but a social one also.

Men and Things.

The Hon. Daniel Dougherty while in Ottawa last week visited the House of Commons and was kindly welcomed by Sir John Macdonald, the Hon. Edward Blake, Sir John Thompson and several members and senators. Mr. Blake said he was particularly pleased to meet Mr. Dougherty, as his name was familiar to him for many years.

The book that William O'Brien wrote in prison is to be brought out soon after Easter by Longman, Green & Co. It is a historical novel, and the title is "When We Were Boys." It deals with the Fenians, and several Irish American characters are introduced. A part of O'Brien's book met with an accident similar to the one that befell Carlyle's French revolution. O'Brien lost the first eight chapters, and at one time it seemed as if his health would not allow him to re-write them. He has, however, just now completed the missing part of the book. It is already in process of translation into French and Italian.

A very kindly tribute is paid to the late Mr. Biggar by "Toby, M.P.," in *Punch*. Mr. Biggar had, indeed, become almost indispensable of late years to the versatile writer of "Essence of Parliament." In that, as in all other respects, it is impossible to fill his place. "Toby" says: "He would be surprised if he knew with what warm and sincere feeling his sudden taking off is mourned. Some thirteen years back he was certainly the most abhorred person on the premises, and gleefully chuckled over the consciousness of the fact, but the House, with nearer knowledge, learned to recognize his sterling qualities, and, now, when death rounds off, with tragic touch, the comicalities of his public life, everyone has a kind word to say for Joseph Gillis."

The late Mr. Biggar was seldom known to joke, and if he did so it was with a serious object in view. During Mr. Brand's (now Lord Hampden) Speakership the Government had been guilty, to his thinking, of a mean action, and this made Mr. Biggar very wroth. On the following day a member, addressing the House, made use of the phrase, the honor of the Government, upon which Mr. Biggar rose and said: "Mr. Speaker, I rise to a point of order. I want to know if the honorable member is in order in attributing honor to the Government?" The Speaker, for perhaps the first time, seemed at a loss how to deal with this novel point of order, and only after some moments Mr. Brand replied, in gentle tones, "I think the honorable member for Cavan is trifling with the House."

The revolution that the Hon. William F. Cody, or Buffalo Bill, has wrought in Rome, writes the Rome correspondent of the *Pilot*, is quite unprecedented. No day passes without a considerable attendance of clergy. It required, it would seem, an American to show the present caterers of public amusement in Rome that a show can be decent as well as entertaining; and as the "Wild West" is both, it is patronized by all, even the clergy. Many of the latter are specimens of types said to be fast disappearing from the face of the earth. Thus admiration of excellent horsemanship, remarkable sureness of aim in shooting, and study in ethnology go hand in hand. Again, it must be admitted that the director of the establishment, Buffalo Bill, has the manner of a cavalier of Louis XIV's time. On several occasions I have had conversation with him, and his voice and manner are as attractive as his appearance—which says very much indeed. On being asked how he descended from the Codys of Kilkenny, he replied: "No." His father, he said came from the north of Ireland. His entertainment at Rome, with Monte Mario, crowned by Shelly's pines, in the background, and the mighty dome of St. Peter's filling up the middle distance on the left, is situated on one of the most picturesque and historical sites in the world. He is a great success, over 14,000 attending daily, and he and his show are the leading subjects of conversation since his arrival.

In a recent address delivered at Sherbrooke, by Mr. Joseph Tasse, ex-M.P. and editor of *La Minerve* of Montreal, there was more truth than poetry. After speaking of the enterprise and financial standing in Quebec, he said: "In the House of Commons Quebec is represented by 65 members in a total deputation of 215 while in the American House of Representatives we would have about ten deputies in a total of 350, each member representing somewhere near 152,000 souls. Each State has but two representatives in the Senate, therefore the new State of Quebec would have two Senators out of 81, while at Ottawa we have 21 out of 78." Mr. Tasse was particularly practical when speaking of the position of his co-religionists in that country, which never tires of boasting of its civil and religious liberty and equality. It appears that since the formation of the United States but two Roman Catholics have held portfolios in a Washington Cabinet. "The Catholics of the United States, although now numbering 10,000,000 souls, have been for twenty years and more without a single representative in the Supreme Court of the nation. "Glorious Republic!" cried Mr. Tasse, in derision, and he was cheered again and again.

From Our Exchanges.

A GREAT MOVEMENT.

On next Sunday—Passion Sunday—an important event will occur throughout Ireland.

The great Irish National Temperance League movement, proposed by Archbishop Walsh of Dublin, will be simultaneously inaugurated in all the Catholic churches. Archbishop Croke has issued a circular to his priests ordaining the foundation of a temperance society in every parish on the Sunday above mentioned, and the enrolling from date of all children at First Communion or Confirmation, as pledged total abstainers until the age of 21.

This must be viewed as a grand and important movement in Ireland, and the unity with which it is made is especially gratifying. If it succeeds in Ireland we trust that a similar movement will take place here.—*Milwaukee Catholic Citizen*.

THE DESECRATION OF THE HOLY LAND.

It seems that our American cousins are bent upon turning the Holy Land into one vast show-ground. Some Massachusetts citizens, it is said, are getting up a company for the purpose of running a railway through Galilee to all the principal towns of Palestine. We do hope that the Turk will put a stop to the project; but it is sad to think that Catholics should have to look to their ancient foes to preserve the holy places from what would virtually be a desecration. Railways would mean swarms of irreverent, mocking tourists, who would make a pilgrimage to the fields and villages hallowed by our Saviour's feet, a most painful experience. Things are bad enough as they are, as every traveller who visits Palestine knows; but the idea of a "Nazareth and Jerusalem Railway Company (Limited)" strikes one as peculiarly uncanny and horrid.—*Liverpool Catholic Times*.

"TOO MUCH QUININE,"

Rev. Dr. Lorimer of Chicago, in the course of a lecture last week at Holyoke, Mas., remarked, "I hate Catholicism, I hate Romanism and I hate the sight of a Roman Catholic." The doctor subsequently excused the violence of these expressions by saying that he had taken too much quinine. We notice that his Chicago congregation has since given him a six week's vacation. We trust that he will recover.

But isn't it a little remarkable that an over-dose of Jesuit bark operates that way on the minister? The discovery of a connection between this well-known drug and anti-Jesuit and anti-Catholic exhortation must be regarded as an important theological event in the Protestant world.—*Milwaukee Catholic Citizen*.

The *London Standard* says the key to the cipher telegrams which were lately read in the House of Commons by Mr. T. Harrington was discovered by Archbishop Walsh of Dublin.

General Catholic News

A Mission for Italians is being conducted this week in St. Vincent's chapel by Rev. Father Cruise, assisted by Rev. Father Walsh.

Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, has issued a Pastoral condemning the practice of cremation, which, his Eminence says, is chiefly advocated by Freemasons and other enemies of religion, with the avowed purpose of secularizing funerals, and depriving them of all Christian character.

People are wont to look upon a priest's first Mass as having some peculiar spiritual advantage or efficacy. They do not always know precisely what, but they associate with it some particular boon. It will doubtless be of interest to many to know exactly what this is. The priest himself gains a plenary indulgence. His relatives to the third degree inclusive, gain the same privilege. The rest of the faithful who assist gain an indulgence of seven years and seven quadrages, as they are called.

During a sermon last Sunday night Archbishop Cleary said that outside of the Church in Kingston there were calumniators who were attacking and vilifying the confessional and other sacraments of the Roman Catholic church. That was what Christ promised the church, that she would be contradicted and persecuted. The calumnies alluded to were not worthy of his attention. He would be wasting his time to refute them. A 10-year-old child in the separate schools could successfully dispute them. The statements of these calumniators, made from Sunday to Sunday, were so silly and childish that those who uttered them would receive good did they join the first form in the schools and learn something about the teachings of Christ.

The Very Rev. Dean McCann, of Brockton, preached the sermon at St. Michael's Cathedral last Sunday evening, his subject being, "He that is mighty hath done great things in me" Luke i, 49. No human being, said Father McCann, occupied so great a share in the history of man as the Blessed Virgin. She was announced by the Almighty in the beginning foreshadowed in the promise made to the patriarchs, and proclaimed by the prophets. David chanted her praises, the angel Gabriel announced her to man as full of grace, and the evangelists in the new dispensation accorded her divine motherhood. The Catholic Church had always encouraged devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and asked her children to invoke her intercession. She found that this agreed with reason, and was sustained by the highest authorities in the eyes of faith. The Cathedral was crowded during the service.

On Wednesday evening, the 19th inst., after the adjournment of the business of the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Ass'n. at their hall on McCaul St., the chairman, Rev. Jos. Henning, C.S.S.R., delivered an eloquent lecture, painting a most vivid word picture of the grandeur and sublimity of the Papacy. At its conclusion the President, Miss O'Reilly, presented the Rev. Dr. Henning with a basket of most rare and beautiful flowers and in a few well-chosen and telling words, requested his kind acceptance on this, his fete-day, of a small token of the heart-felt feelings of gratitude and esteem entertained for him by the Society. It is needless to add that the thanks of the recipient were expressed with the fluency and power so characteristic of him. A recitation by Miss Dunn, the talented and rising young elocutionist, was followed by an original poem by Miss May Newton, on Shakespeare's "Heroines" as given by the Society at its public meeting Feb'y 16. Music then brought to a close one of the most enjoyable evenings ever spent by the members of the C. Y. L. L. A.

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THE POSITION OF CATHOLIC LAYMEN.

It certainly would prove very astonishing, if we failed to perceive the true inwardness of it, to find our brethren of the non-Catholic religious press generally so far afield in respect to the real relation which the Catholic layman bears to religious movements within the Church. The teaching of the average Protestant paper on this point is misleading, and, we believe, intentionally so. We are familiar with the insinuation that is reiterated and re-echoed by the Protestant press, to the effect that Catholic laymen are the abject subjects of their ecclesiastical masters, that they are strangers to that spirit of independent manhood that is the birthright of true Americans, and that they have no voice in determining their own course in matters touching their religious and civic duties, when it is to the interest of the Church to impose an obligation of obedience to her decrees in such matters.

It is not only implied, but it is openly charged, that Catholics are forced by "the hierarchy" and clergy to pursue a course of action that is contrary to the promptings of their own instincts and judgment; that they are *compelled* to accept the parochial schools and pay for the maintenance of the same, in spite of the fact that an overwhelming majority of them object to such schools. In short, we are told that so thoroughly are the laity under the malign influence of this ecclesiastical despotism that they dare not call their souls their own, much less attempt to assert their rights and manhood.

There are not a half a dozen Protestant papers in the country that have not wilfully striven to keep alive this impression among their readers.

Why? Emphatically not because the writers who inculcate these erroneous opinions have any grounds of justification, and certainly not because they could not learn the truth, if they did not know it, and wanted to. There isn't one of them who has not enough acquaintance among intelligent Catholics to satisfy himself of the falsity of these assumptions if he was fair enough and honest enough to want to do so.

There is a fixed purpose in the studied misrepresentation of which the persons in question are guilty. It is a vital feature of their campaign of bigotry. As long as the mass of unthinking non-Catholics can be kept in ignorance of the truth, and made to believe that the Catholic body in this country is a hugh, inert force that only acts in obedience to the manipulations of crafty ecclesiastism, there appears to be sufficient warrant for the violent tirades of malice that are hurled against the Church by sensational preachers and alarmists, who pretend to discern a wicked political purpose in every movement of that system, inimical to the spirit and principles of American liberty.

When the eyes of Protestants are opened and they investigate for themselves the spirit that actuates the Church in her crusade against godless education and the vicious isms that are gnawing at the vitals of society and the nation, the occupation of the alarmist is gone, and it becomes plain enough that Catholic movements are the development of a common desire among all classes in the Church for the improvement and perpetuation of all that is best in the social and political system under which we live.

In all matters pertaining to their civil and social welfare Catholics think and act for themselves, and nobody is better aware of this fact than the religious editors who proclaim the reverse.—*Catholic Mirror, Baltimore.*

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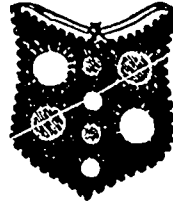
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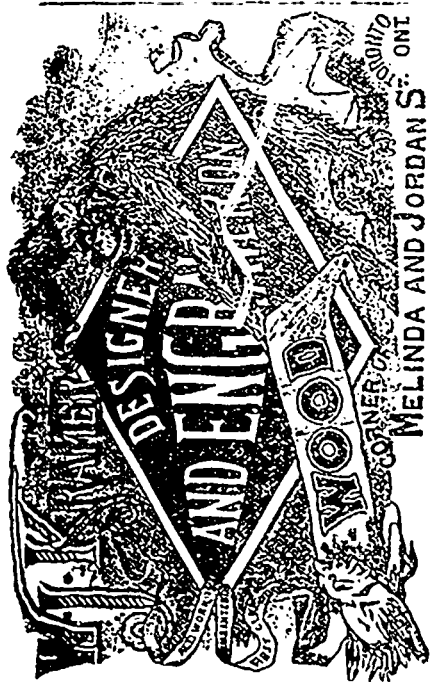
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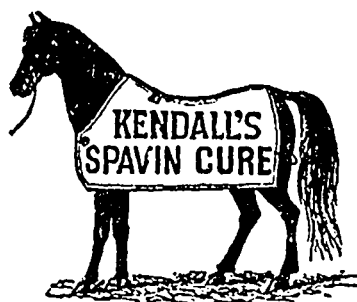
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