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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. 11.

Toronto, Saturday, Mar. 10, 1888

No. 4.

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NOTES.

The motion for the introduction of the ballot in the Separate School elections of this city came up at the meeting of the Board on Tuesday evening, and was ruled out of order by the chairman. A resolution that the question be referred to Rome for decision was also ruled out of order. An appeal to the Board against the ruling of the chairman failed to carry, only four members supporting it, about an equal number not voting.

The Chevalier Hickey, editor of the *Catholic Review* of New York, and his companion, the Rev. P. F. O'Hare, rector of St. Anthony's Church, Brooklyn, were received by the Holy Father in private audience a few weeks ago. They were presented to His Holiness by Bishop Cleary of Kingston. The Holy Father gave them his blessing, and urged the Commendatore to continue his labours and to have hope that they would be profitable and useful. Commendatore Hickey said to the Holy Father that in so extensive a work he had many co-labourers and helpers, and that numerous friends had greatly aided him in many ways. For them, too, he asked the Apostolic Blessing. This petition the Holy Father granted, particularly encouraging the editorial staff to continue their labours in the spirit which had merited such general approval.

Professor Goldwin Smith, by way of helping on his Commercial Union agitation, the success of which would be a large advance in the direction of his life's dream, has been writing to the *New York Independent* among the American people a good deal of gratuitous abuse and criticism, and endeavouring to alarm them in regard to what he terms the race issue in Canada. "The election of a head of the State every four years, by popular vote," in Mr. Smith's opinion, "is about the worst political institution ever deliberately adopted by man." He says he has learned this fact "by observation," and as one critic observes, like the rest of his knowledge, Heaven-ordained inspiration. Were it not for the

continual ferment in which they are kept by this oft-recurring contest for the Presidency, Americans would learn to share Professor Goldwin Smith's alarm at the ominous growth of the French element in Canada. He says:

"By sheer numerical increase the lower races seem in a fair way to thrust the higher races—whose marriages are restrained by social pride, and whose women often avoid maternity—from the seat of power. The outlook is serious, because nothing can be more opposed to Anglo-Saxon civilization than the civilization of the French Catholic, while the French Catholic will find an ally in the Irish, German and Italian Catholics, who are so strong upon this continent. Nor can any thing apparently arrest the extension of French nationality except the action of assimilating forces more powerful than those which the Anglo-Saxon and Protestant element in Canada exerts, or can be expected ever to exert."

The priests, he says, encourage early marriages and the remarriage of the widowed. "They do the same thing in Ireland. Their professed motive is morality; perhaps the marriage fee is not forgotten; but the main inducement, I suspect, is the desire of multiplying the number of the faithful, and thus extending the dominion of the Church."

Passing over the malignant scurrility of his reference to the marriage fee, which, were that a consideration, priests might profitably encourage the Protestant institution of divorce which makes remarriages easy, Mr. Smith speaks in pity, mingled with pride, of the superior race: "By sheer numerical increase, the lower races seem in a fair way to thrust the higher races—whose marriages are restrained by social pride, and whose women often avoid maternity—from the seat of power."

Mr. Smith has a fine command of language, says the *Boston Pilot*, referring to the italicised sentence, and "nobody could improve upon such a graceful euphemism for murder." The *Philadelphia Standard* thinks there is something extraordinary, too, in Mr. Smith's assumption of the Anglo-Saxon being a higher race. It says: "When we think how Dece so well described the true born Englishman as a mongrel of various races, including the 'bucaneering Dane,' it is very philosophical, indeed, to talk of the mongrel race as being higher than any other. The Irish are a pure race compared to the Anglo-Saxon, and, therefore, higher; but in point of purity of blood we must all yield to the Hebrew race."

We in Canada are tolerably familiar with talk of this kind from Prof. Smith, but the comments of the American press on his article have some interest. It comes in for rough handling. The French and the Irish are virtuous; therefore they are prolific; therefore Anglo-Saxon civilization demands their extinction. That from Mr. Smith's point of view is about the position. The best thing would be as the *Standard* suggests, for Mr. Smith to introduce among the French Canadians certain points of civilization which would tend to keep down the race increase, such as intemperance, child murder, divorce, and the actions which led to them—marks and evidences of the higher civilization of the higher race, which are almost unknown among the French Canadians. "Why does not Mr. Goldwin Smith" it asks "write a book to extol these signs of higher civilization and form an Anti-Increase and Multiply Society to propagate his theories among the lower races?"

ANCIENT FICTION.

II.

At a very early period in history, little groups of men formed themselves into tribes under the control of a patriarch or chief. In the prophecy of Daniel, the four principal monarchies are prefigured under the images of gold, silver, brass and iron. The poet Ovid, following Hesiod, who wrote anterior to the prophet, represented different ages by the names of metals. The Golden Age is a tradition of the residence of Adam in Paradise, but the title may be extended to the period of innocence, peace and brotherly love which historians call the Patriarchal Age. There was no code of written laws in those happy times, disputes were settled by the elders of the people; and when their judgments were delivered in epigrammatic sentences, as was frequently the case, they were treasured and propagated as proverbs. This period, it need scarcely be said, was comparatively brief. In the course of time, some masculine nature would develop a commanding propensity for breaking heads, and would be forthwith suffered to rule those who feared him. This was the beginning of chieftanship, as well as the opening of that era of confusion and bloodshed which Ovid designates the Iron Age. All the wise sayings that floated about without owners were by degrees attributed to some mighty chief, by the pack of sycophants that then, as now, dogged the footsteps of the great. In some such way have been handed down the legendary stories of Helen, Theseus, Dardanus, Danaus and other representative but impersonal names.

A word must be said as to the form of the literature under discussion before I proceed farther. Poetry is the natural language of thought; the verbal manifestation of the soul. It is the crystal shrine that domes the loftiest hopes and aspirations of mankind. It is the lightning chain betwixt earth and heaven; the eternal ladder on which angelic thoughts of aspiration ascend from man to God; and of inspiration descending from God to His earthly children. It has a method and a style of intricacy and elevation, so that to be properly understood poetry must be read with unflinching attention.

Herein lies an explanation of the seeming contradiction, that, whereas poetry is the natural language of the feelings, it has ever had fewer votaries than prose. Intellectual excitement is an abnormal condition. Profound contemplation is arduous toil. Man has a natural tendency to avoid the latter, and to shun the former. Poets are the exceptions to this rule, and poets are "born, not made." It is to be expected, then, that poetry would give way to less complicated and restricted means of expressing thought. The human heart was ever the same. The people of our day know full well that luxury is, and has ever been, adverse to both physical and intellectual exertion. "Men do not talk in good literary prose," says Professor Masson, "much less in blank verse or rhyme." But it is prose of more or less literary exactness that the great body of men speak while transacting the general affairs of their lives. The true difference between the two forms of speech is based on effects, as they address the feelings through different faculties of the intellect. Applying this rule of natural aversion to toil to the matter under discussion, many things appear obvious which otherwise would be inexplicable.

Persia and adjacent Asiatic regions have been early noted for the soothing powers of their climates, and the voluptuousness, indolence and effeminacy of their inhabitants. Before long, the Persians grew tired of poetic composition, and began to produce light articles in prose. Thus was produced the first great change that fictitious narrative underwent. Asia Minor fell under the dominion of Persia, so that the people of the former country, who were, if possible, more luxurious and indolent than their conquerors, imbibed, with the utmost avidity, the amusing prose fables of Persia. The Milesians first caught from the Persians this rage for fables, and they soon became perfect masters of the art by which they were produced. Indeed, their influence on early literature was so great that, if time served, we should consider it our duty to dwell at some length on the various accounts handed down to us by the chronicles of their scholarly achievements. We have found ourselves, more than once since this series of articles was begun, sighing for the condensing capabilities of the French cook, who used to boil a whole ox down to the diminutive compass of a single bowl of soup. As it is, a few words about

this intellectual nation must suffice. The Milesians were colony of Greeks who spoke the Ionic dialect, and were no ingenious than their neighbours. Of the tales they produced very few specimens now exist, although their fame will not die. They are said to have been highly moral, but, like other productions of a kindred nature, they have been allowed to perish, probably on account of their virtue.

Andrew Lang tells us plagiarism is as old as literature itself, and so it is. A curious case in point arises at this stage of a very imperfect investigation. One Parthenius Niceans, a Greek writer and author of the romance *de Amatoris Affectionibus*, wrote about forty tales, the plots of which, for the most part, were stolen from the Milesians. Mr. Andrew Lang's defence of the author of "She," in the course of which the remark just quoted appeared, reminds us that literary history like political history, repeats itself; for did not Mr. Haggart, to whose defence Mr. Lang rushed, steal his highly sensational albeit somewhat nonsensical story from the Milesian, Moore? In truth, the sensuous author of "She" holds more than one feature in common with the ancient plagiarist. The tales of Parthenius chiefly consist of accounts of every kind of seduction and the criminal passions of the nearest relations, in which respects they were not much worse than the modern fictions of Fielding, Sterne, Smollet and Lytton, and perhaps somewhat cleaner and purer than the detestable offal of Paul de Kock, Pizault Lebrun and Emile Zola. M. W. CASSELL.

THE CHURCH AND SCIENCE.

II.

THE CHURCH IS THE TRUE FRIEND AND PROMOTER OF SCIENCE.

Now, since reason and revelation aid each other in leading us to God, the author of both, it is manifest that the Catholic Church, so far from being opposed to the cultivation of reason, encourages and fosters science of every kind. The more she reveals the secrets of nature's bosom, the more the Church will rejoice; because she knows that no new revelation of nature will ever utter the words: "There is no God." Rather will they whisper to the eager investigator, "He made us, and not we ourselves."

Each new discovery of science is a trophy with which nature loves to adorn her altars. She hails every fresh invention as another voice adding its harmonious notes to that grand choir which is ever singing the praises of the God of nature.

At no period of the Church's history did she wield greater authority than from the twelfth to the sixteenth century. Science exercised not only spiritual, but also temporal power; and she had great influence with the princes of Christendom. Now is this the very period of the rise and development of the universities in Europe. During these four centuries, ninety universities were opened in France, thirteen in Italy, six in Great Britain and Ireland, two in Spain, and one in Belgium. At no time did the human intellect revel in greater freedom. No question of speculative science escaped the inquisitorial search of men of thought. Successful explorations were made in every field of science and art. The weapons of heathendom were employed in fighting the battles of truth. The principles of Aristotle, the greatest of ancient dialecticians, were used by handmaids to religion and, in the words of Cardinal Newman, "With the jaw-bone of an ass, with the skeleton of paganism, Greece, St. Thomas, the Samson of the schools, put to flight his thousand Philistines."

It is an incontrovertible fact that it is only in countries enjoying the blessings of Christian civilization that science has made any perceptible progress. And the writers, who for the last two thousand years have been most conspicuous in every department of physical knowledge, were, with a few exceptions, believers in Christian revelation. If we search for light among the followers of Lucretius, Confucius, or Mohammed, we shall find little to reward us for our pains.

In astronomy and geology, mechanics and mathematics, chemistry, physiology, and navigation, Christian scholars held a pre-eminent place. It is to Copernicus, a priest and canon, that the world is indebted for the discovery of the planetary revolutions around the sun.

It is to the learning and patronage of Pope Gregory XIII.

that we owe the reformation of the calendar and the computations which determine with nice accuracy the length of the solar year. Galileo, Kepler, and Secchi, Sir Isaac Newton, and Lord Bacon, Leibnitz, Lavoisier, Euler, Cuvier, and Descartes, are recognized as leaders in the field of science. They were, moreover, firm believers in revelation, while most of them combined strong religious convictions with scientific erudition. In the study of nature they do not fail to record with devout praise their admiration for the power and providence of the Creator.

The first circumnavigation of the globe, the discovery of the American continent, the doubling of the Cape of Good Hope, as well as the most accurate geographical survey of the earth's surface, are events for which we are indebted to Christian navigators and explorers, all actuated by an indomitable spirit of enterprise, and most of them inspired with the higher motive of zeal for the propagation of the Gospel. Marco Polo, Columbus, Amerigo, Vespucci, Magellan, and Vasco da Gama, were men of strong religious faith, who embarked on their perilous voyages with the benediction of the Church upon them.

Our own country is largely indebted to Catholic priests, who were the pioneers, not only of religion and civilization, but also of science. In one hand they bore the torch of faith, and in the other the torch of religion. They not only carried the Gospel to the aboriginal tribes of North America, but they explored our rivers, lakes, and mountains; and the charts that they sent to Europe over two hundred years ago are still admired as models of topographical accuracy.

With these facts before us it is difficult to suppress a feeling of indignation when we are told that Christianity is a bar to scientific investigation. These maligners of Christianity owe it to the Christian religion that they are able to revile her. Separate them from the universities and schools founded by Christian patronage; withdraw them from Christian traditions and literature, and they would die of intellectual stagnation.

There is no branch of art in which the disciples of Christianity have not excelled. Was not Michael Angelo a devout son of the Church? And who surpassed him in sculpture and architecture? To him we are indebted for St. Peter's Basilica, the grandest church ever erected to God by the hand of man. Byron found that

"Power, glory, strength, and beauty—all are aisled
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled."

And were not Raphael and Domenichino, Fra Angelico and Leonardo da Vinci members of the Church? And are they not the recognized masters in the exquisite art of painting? Mozart and Haydn, Beethoven and Palestrina were Christian artists, and were patronized by Popes and Bishops. And are they not acknowledged leaders in the rich and harmonious strains of music? Their Masses are as unrivalled in musical composition as our cathedrals are in architecture.

The apparent conflict between the deductions of science and the doctrines of Christian faith is clearly accounted for in the following decree of the Vatican Council: "There never can be any real discrepancy between reason and faith, since the same God who reveals mysteries has bestowed the light of reason upon the human mind; and God cannot deny himself, nor can truth ever contradict truth. The false appearance of such a contradiction is mainly due either to the dogmas of faith not having been clearly understood and expounded according to the mind of the Church, or to the inventions of opinion having been taken for the verdict of reason."

If these explanations are kept in view, they will serve to demonstrate that the apparent conflict between science and revelation has no foundation on which to rest.

It is often erroneously assumed that the Scriptures professed doctrines which they never professed to teach. The sacred volume was not intended by its divine Author to give a scientific treatise on astronomy, or cosmogony, or geology, or even a complete series of chronology or genealogy. These matters are incidentally introduced to illustrate a higher subject.

The purpose of the Scriptures is to recount God's super-natural relations with mankind, His providential government of the world, and man's moral obligations to his Creator.

When, for instance, the sacred text declares that the sun is still in the heavens, it simply gives expression to the fabulous prolongation of the day; and this in popular language such as even now, with our improved knowledge of astronomy, we employ, for we speak of the rising and the setting

of the sun as if, according to the Ptolemaic system, we still believed that he revolves around the earth. The Church has no mission to teach astronomy. One may be as bad an astronomer as John Jasper and yet be a good Christian.

Again, the results of geological investigation, by which it is ascertained that ages must have elapsed between the formation of matter and the creation of man, would seem to conflict with the book of Genesis, which states that all vegetable and animal life was created within the space of six days. But the Church, as is well known, has never defined the meaning to be attached to these *days* of Genesis. We are at liberty, so far as the Church is concerned, and if the deductions of science are incontrovertible, we are compelled to ascribe an indefinite period of years to each day. The context itself insinuates that the day cannot be restricted to twenty-four hours, since for the first three days there was no sun to measure their duration; and in the second chapter of Genesis the word *day* is manifestly used to express an indefinite period of time employed in the creation of the material universe.

The Mosaic narrative simply records the creation of matter out of nothing, and the order in which life, both animal and human, came into existence. The chronological order of Moses is borne out by the researches of geologists, who have discovered that vegetable fossils are anterior to animal remains, and that those of the lower animals are more ancient than any human skeletons ever found. Our knowledge, moreover, of the laws governing the vegetable and animal kingdoms confirms this arrangement, since vegetable life derives its subsistence from inorganic matter, animal life is nourished by the vegetable kingdom, and man himself is sustained by the nutriment he derives from both.

The discovery of human fossils, and of other geological and historical monuments is sometimes boldly assumed to stamp the human family with a far greater antiquity than appears to be warranted by Scripture genealogies. To this I reply that the Scripture gives no precise date regarding the time intervening between Adam and our Lord. We have only conjectures resting on genealogies. The enumeration of Adam's lineal descendants is not claimed to be consecutive and complete. It is not denied that links may be missing in the chain of generation. There is also a marked discrepancy between the different versions of the Bible in computing the age of man. The Vulgate reckons four thousand years; the Septuagint, five thousand, and the Hebrew, six thousand years from Adam to our Saviour. Some Catholic writers, without any reproach from the Church, are disposed to extend the period to eight thousand years.

"Nothing is more strange," observes a recent writer, "than the incessant reproduction of old thoughts under the guise of new and advanced opinions. It would seem as if the human mind, with all its restless activity, were destined to revolve in an endless circle. . . . Professor Tyndall addressing the world from the throne of modern science, repeats the thoughts of Democritus and Epicurus as the last guesses of the scientific mind."

In fact, there is no class of men so dogmatic and so impatient of contradiction as certain modern scientists; and "this dogmatism is the more intolerable, as the so-called demonstrations of one age have sometimes been the butt and ridicule of succeeding generations." Not content with cultivating their own field, they invade the region of theology and politics. They speak as if they had an exclusive diploma to treat of everything in the heaven above, on the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth; and from their infallible judgment there must be no appeal.

The position of the Catholic Church in reference to modern scientists may be thus briefly summarized: The Church fosters and encourages every department of science. But just because she is the friend of true science she is opposed to all false pretensions to science. There is as much difference between true and false science as there is between authority and despotism, liberty and license. When she hears a man advancing some crude theory at variance with the received doctrines of revelations—with the existence of God, for example, or His superintending providence, or His wisdom, or His sanctity; when she hears him advancing some hypothesis opposed to the unity of the human species, to the spirituality and the immortality of the soul, to the future destiny of man, and to those other great doctrines that involve at once the dignity and moral responsibility of the human race, she knows

that his assumptions must be false, because she knows that God's revelation must be true. She stands between such a man and the divine oracle of which she is the custodian; and when she sees him raise his profane hands and attempt to touch the temple of faith she cries out: "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther!"

Will you not agree with us that she is right in raising her voice against groundless theories that desecrate the truth and poison its very source? How can we consent to forsake the sacred fountain at which our forefathers slaked their thirst for centuries, to run after some mirage that these modern philosophers have conjured up before our imagination? If God's revelation is at the mercy of every sciolist, what, then, becomes of those great and consoling truths underlying our social fabric? They are no more than shifting sands beneath our feet.

The pathway of time is strewn with the wreck of many an imposing scientific opinion of men. And such will ever be the fate of those wild speculations and unfounded assumptions that impugn the truth of revelation. They may float for a time on the human mind like huge icebergs drifting along the ocean's current, chilling the atmosphere and carrying destruction in their path. But like the false theories before them, they are destined to melt away beneath the effulgent rays of reason and revelation, while "the truths of the Lord remaineth forever."—*Cardinal Gibbons in the American Catholic Quarterly.*

RECALLING THE STUARTS.

Our columns last week contained a letter from the Earl of Ashburnham, reminding our readers of the hundredth anniversary of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, "called by some the Young Pretender, by others Charles the Third." This is perhaps the first Jacobite demonstration of this generation. But the sentiment for the Stuarts, though the expression of it is generally confined to poets and writers of romance—including historians—has a hold on many hearts. Catholics especially have reason to bear in mind the sacrifices for the Catholic religion which the house of Stuart undoubtedly made; nor can it ever be forgotten that the house of Brunswick owns the throne of England not by hereditary precedence, but by virtue of its Protestantism. It may be news, and amusing news, to most readers that a league has been formed in London under the name of the White Rose, the members of which are devoted Jacobites, with a Catholic earl to lead them, and a Catholic viscountess as the appropriate advocate and illustration of a graceful cultus, and of the fascination of a lost cause. All these enthusiasts will muster, but there is no fear that Mr. Henry Matthews will direct the military or re-enroll the disbanded "specials."

The wearers of the White Rose are meditating the publication of their maiden book—a calendar full of facts and fancies about the Stuarts. A Pedigree will also be published showing—as modern histories fail to do—how the throne of England would have descended had not Protestantism changed the succession. Every school-boy knows that the act of settlement secured the crown to the descendants of the Electress Sophia, daughter of James the First's daughter—Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia. Hence Victoria now rules, to the exclusion of the rightful hereditary heirs of the English throne—the descendants of Charles the First. The male line of Charles the First, after yielding Charles the Second, James the Second, James the Third (the Young Pretender), and Charles the Third (the Young Pretender), ceased in the male line with Henry the Ninth (Cardinal York). But Charles the First's daughter, married to Philip Duke of Orleans, continued the rightful line more directly than did her aunt, which was set aside at the revolution simply and solely on account of its loyalty to the Catholic religion. Her descendants are held by the adherents of the White Rose to have been the kings and queens of England, beginning with Charles the Fourth, great-great-grandson of Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans. He was succeeded by Victor the Emmanuel, King of Sardinia, as Victor the First of England. His daughter became Queen Mary the Second of England, and her son Francis the Fifth, Duke of Modena, became Francis the First of England. He died without issue, and his brother Ferdinand, Prince of Modena, is the father of Queen Mary the

Third, the divine-right sovereign of England. Her throne being hold, however, by Victoria, Dowager Princess of Sax-Cobourg-Gotha, as the White-Rosists say, she lives at Munich, and is the wife of Prince Louis Leopold of Bavaria, son of the present regent. This lady is thirty-nine, a good Catholic—and, let us add at once, not at all ambitious to wear the crown of England.

So much for the cause which the White Rose typifies. It is a sentiment, and no more. But there are certain reflections incidental to it which are not without seriousness. The word "loyalty" has become a phrase to be flouted in the faces of the advocates of Home Rule in Ireland. Yet the opponents of Home Rule, who take the name of Loyalists, are themselves the offspring of revolution and of regicide. If the League of the White Rose serves to recall this fact at the present time it will have done something to relieve current controversy of a cant phrase. Loyalty as a word appealing to sentiment in its old sense is appropriate enough on the lips of White-Rosists, such, for instance, as the Earl of Ashburnham (who is also a Home Ruler); but on the lips of the editor of the *Times* it merely means adherence to the present order of things and to Protestant ascendancy. Another curious study of the "might-have-beens" of history is presented by speculation as to what Ireland might be now had she been excluded, as a Catholic nation had every right to be, from the act of settlement. With its line of Catholic kings, in alliance with England, its present might have been serene. The writer of a very able article of a recent number of *Merry England* illustrated this theory by an astonishing amount of historical research; and his conclusion was that England, in her "Irish difficulty," is even now paying the penalty of her persecuting intolerance of two centuries ago. And yet another reflection must be made. If the Stuarts had been careful in their conduct, what opportunities they had to bring England back to the full faith. It was against their unhappy lapses from the law—proclaimed and exaggerated by the demagogues of the day—that the people of England protested when they bade good-bye to the rightful heirs of the crown. James the Second has left us a touching expression of the regrets with which he looked back on the wasted opportunities of his life; another illustration—and there were so many illustrations all through the history of the Stuarts—of the rightness of their knowledge and their feeling, in strange contrast to the weakness of their wills and to their evil deeds.—*London Weekly Register.*

For the REVIEW.

THE STUARTS.

There is an innate reverence in mankind
For what of ancient true nobility
Is left amid our sodden earthly race,
So full of medium men or wealth-blown pride,
That cheerfully we sympathize with those
Of those, who've nobly lived, ignobly died.
And high before our view there stands a House
Ill-fated, with ingratitude brought low,
The Stuart line of noble, pure descent,
With holy hopes and noble wish endowed;
The rest,—thrown in a sad and evil time
'Midst evil lives, with which that age was rife;
'Midst enemies and traitors raising strife.
Sad on Culloden was the overthrow,
And sad a human prince's earthly end;
But who of earthly race not demi-god
Could override so hard a life of woe?
Thus 'tis true men, bethinking of the wrong,
Could honour, did they live, the Stuarts' claim.

H. F. G. M.

The *Toronto Catholic Weekly Review* has entered on its second year.

The *Review* is unquestionably one of the ablest edited and best of our exchanges. From its first issue it exhibited rare talent and has steadily improved. We wish it every success and congratulate its editors and managers on their first anniversary, for their well directed labours.—*Washington Church-News.*

THE SEPARATE SCHOOL LAW.

The proceedings of the last meeting of the Toronto Separate School Board will have made it apparent to every Catholic that the importance of any amendment to our school law is not to be lightly estimated. Whether it be a resolution to amend the law by providing a ballot for the election of trustees, or a resolution that members of a religious community be no longer employed as teachers in the schools, the principle is the same at bottom. It is the desire to control the schools and their management without a proper regard to those who are rightfully entitled to their control and management. If the Separate School law is to be changed about and amended like the Public School law, then it is well that we should so understand it. To those who understand the object of Separate Schools, and to those who are aware of the difficulty that attended the carrying of the Separate School laws, there must appear to be something worse than ignorance on the part of those who are so anxious to have them amended, so that they may keep pace with the Public School law. Except for some efforts of the Minister of Education with Scripture readings, the Public Schools of this province have as little religion or religious training in them as it is possible to have in schools. Before the law, they are schools for those of all and every form of religious belief—Catholic as well as Protestant—and for those who have no form of religious belief. They are not Protestant; they are simply non-denominational; presumably Christian, though the law is not very explicit on that point. They are open to the Catholic, to the Protestant, to the Jew and the Atheist. They are intended to impart a rudimentary education with some morals, some Christianity, but with no religious denominational instruction, no church instruction. They aid no particular church, belong to no particular church, and no one denomination has a right over another in regard to them. They are the ordinary public means of education open to all classes and creeds, but not restricted to any in their application. Ministers of religion are not favoured as officers, for the very obvious reason that it would be impossible to satisfy all the denominations, or prevent the management from giving offence to those not represented. They are established for a certain purpose, and no doubt they answer it well.

Now, how is it with Separate Schools? There are Separate Schools in this Province for Catholics, or for Protestants, and for what purpose are they established by law? The Roman Catholics, not wishing to have their children educated without reference to their own religious belief—not considering that it is an education at all unless their religion is at the foundation of it—say, in effect, We want our children taught apart—taught in Separate Schools—we ought to have them taught as much religion as is possible—the schools must be Catholic and nothing else—they must aid the Church—they must take their teaching from the Church. These are the exceptional means of Catholic education specially intended for Catholics. There is no conflict of different denominations, and there is only one denomination to be represented. If Separate Schools don't exist for this purpose they ought not to exist at all. Now, it is not easy to imagine two sets of institutions, side by side—the Public and the Separate Schools—looking to results so widely different. The law locates these "denominational" schools to the denomination. It is then an internal, a domestic question with each of the two denominations, Catholic and Protestant, in their respective Separate Schools, who it is, or what body within that denomination, that is to control their separate education. Leaving the Protestants to settle that question for themselves, no Catholic can deny that Catholic education is a subject for his ecclesiastical authorities. The State is aware of that—was aware of it in 1863, and prior to that when the Act was passed. The State was aware of that when, in 1867, the Parliament of England guaranteed the existence of Separate Schools without fear of any prejudicial alteration. There is no fear of their prejudicial alteration.

To say that the separate law which hedges in this Catholic education is to be interfered with without due regard to the guardians of that law is to talk foolishly. The Attorney-General of Ontario will, no doubt, alter the law at the request of those entitled to ask, but he will not alter it until such request is made. If any school corporation in Ontario could amend the Act as it may seem best to them without regard to all others, it could present such inconsistency and confusion as could scarcely

be imagined. The only safe course for the government of Ontario or Quebec is to leave the law respecting these schools alone until they are requested to alter it by the proper authorities. These authorities are not to be determined—not to be detected—by such painful exhibitions as we have witnessed in this city for some weeks past. Suppose that a majority of the Separate School Trustees of Toronto had passed a resolution praying for an amendment of the Act, what answer could they give to the Attorney-General if he asked them if the Catholic body desired these amendments? In every denominational body it will be found difficult to exclude the clergy, and if, on enquiry, the government found out that the Catholic clergy were opposed to this amendment, it would be necessary to enquire if the clergy had any right to be heard in regard to changes in the law. And it would be a very extraordinary thing if the government in a denominational measure—say such as the Victoria or Baptist Colleges—were to disregard all the clergy of that denomination. It would be playing Richieu with the Cardinal left out.

D. A. O'SULLIVAN.

PROTESTANT ASCENDANCY AND THE OLD ORANGE OATH.

In an address from the corporation of Dublin to the Protestants of Ireland, praying them to resist Catholic emancipation, the following passage occurs: "Protestant ascendancy, we have resolved with our lives and fortunes to maintain. And that no doubt may remain of what we understand by the words "Protestant ascendancy," we have further resolved that we consider the Protestant ascendancy to consist in—a Protestant King of Ireland, a Protestant Parliament, a Protestant hierarchy, Protestant electors and government. The benches of justice, the army and the revenue, through all their branches and details, Protestant, and this system supported by a connection with the Protestant realm of Britain."

Previous to this the Lord Chancellor of Ireland had declared from the judgment seat (1759), that "the laws did not presume a Papist to live in the Kingdom, nor could they breathe without the connivance of Government." Yet the Catholics, whose rights and very existence were legally ignored, were about seven times more numerous than the Protestants of Ireland.

The mild, temperate and humane disposition of the Orange body may be surmised from the charter toast of the association, drunk with great solemnity and joy, at civic feasts and on the first day of July (anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne) every man kneeling as he repeated the words said to have been put together in 1689. The toast ran thus: "The glorious, pious and immortal memory of the great and good King William, who saved us from Pope and Popery, brass money and wooden shoes. He that won't drink this toast may the north wind blow him to the south, and the west wind blow him to the east, may he have a dark night, a lee shore, a rank storm, and a leaky vessel to carry him over the ferry to hell; may the devil jump down his throat with a red-hot harrow, that every pin may tear out his inside; may he be jammed, rammed and damned into the great gun of Athlone, and fired off into the kitchen of hell, where the Pope is roasting on a spit and the devil pelting him with Cardinals!" The Catholics and liberal Protestants who refused to drink this toast, which was a standing dish, late in the evening, after the dinners of Dublin and other corporations, were incontinently declared from such recusancy to be "bad subjects." Not only ignorant yeomanry and country gentlemen, but nobles, and prelates and princes (for the Duke of Cumberland was Grand Master of the Orangemen) used to drink this toast, and swear to stand by the order—when they were too far gone with drink to stand by anything else.

The corner-stone of the Catholic University will be laid in May by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, and Bishop Spalding will probably deliver the address. The President, members of the Cabinet, and all the prominent officials will be invited. Bishops Ireland and Keane have had an interview with the President, who received them most cordially and evinced considerable interest in the University, making many inquiries concerning the plans. Mr. Cleveland expressed the hope that he would be able to be present at the laying of the corner-stone.

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LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

St. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 29th Dec., 1887.

GENTLEMEN,—

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

I am, faithfully yours,

JOHN JOSEPH LYSCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

FROM THE LATE BISHOP OF HAMILTON.

HAMILTON, March 17, 1887.

MY DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

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

JAMES J. CANNERY,
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAR. 10, 1888.

On last Sunday, in the Cathedral, His Grace the Archbishop alluded to the calumnies which had recently appeared against him in a letter to a city paper. He said he had made of them a thank-offering to God for the many blessings He had been pleased to bestow on his administration: He had taken the letter, placed it in an envelope, put it in the breast pocket of his soutane, over his heart, and had then gone to make a visit of an hour to the Blessed Sacrament, praying constantly, "My Jesus, mercy" for the souls in purgatory, and for the conversion of his calumniator.

Some matter will be found elsewhere in this issue recalling the Stuarts, the old line of Catholic monarchs, upon whom a savage attack appeared in the *Globe* a few days ago. A requiem mass for the repose of the soul of Prince Charles Edward was celebrated, it will be remembered, at the church attached to the Scots' College, in Rome, a short time ago. After the mass had been sung, the solemn absolutions were given by the Archbishop of Edinburgh. The editor of an English Catholic journal, who was then in Rome, wrote concerning the ceremony: "The whole scene, to me at least, was solemn and impressive; and indeed I think to many the sad music of the dirge must have sounded like the moaning of memories. . . .

For whatever their faults, there must have been some good in a family which had such strange power of winning to themselves a love and an enthusiasm, which was as pure, and as generous, and as absolutely selfless as any that the world has seen."

Sunday last, the 4th inst., was the hundred and tenth

anniversary of the birth of Robert Emmet, the young Irish patriot and martyr, whose noble enthusiasm nerved him to sacrifice fortune, position, prospects, the promise of fame, and life itself, in an effort to assert the nationhood of his country. No more pure-souled or disinterested patriot ever appeared on the tragic stage of human history. So long as the human heart may be spoken to by what is grand and heroic, the story of his life will awaken mankind's admiration, and other times and other men pay their tribute of love and of pity to his memory. To Irishmen his memory is an inspiration, and his words an imperishable inheritance. The story of his life,—sadder than the story of Chatterton—his youth, his gentle nature, his thoughts, his aims, his words, and his tragic death have been immortalized in both song and story, and shall live eternally fresh and eternally beautiful. Moore, his fellow-student and friend, mourns for him in some of his tenderest melodies:

"Oh breathe not his name; let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonoured his relics are laid,
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

"But the night dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls."

There is a singularly sour article in the last number of the *Quarterly Review* on the subject of the present position of the Roman Catholics in England. The writer makes every face as he swallows their *status*. From a variety of causes, he admits, the Roman Catholic body in the United Kingdom has come more prominently into view, alike in its ecclesiastical and its social aspect, during the present reign than at any other previous period since the Reformation. There has been a steady and notable increase in what he terms its "permanent plant, personal and institutional," that is, we presume, in the number of the clergy, monastic bodies, colleges, churches and chapels. The increase in England and Wales, between 1850 and 1888, is exhibited under five heads, as follows:

	Bishops.	Priests.	Relig. Houses.	School Children.	Churches.
1850.	8	826	17	24,000	597
1888.	17	2,314	587	286,000	1,304

The increase in Scotland has been as marked as it has been in England. Secession to the Roman Church is not a matter of the present day only, but of recurrent appearance, "and even of what may be called prevalence at certain periods"; even in the days before Emancipation, when converts, it is to be remembered, not only forfeited the most cherished civil rights by their action, but made a marked descent in the social scale, the well-known Bishop Doyle affirmed (in his third "Letter on the State of Ireland") that he received annually, on an average, two hundred converts from the Irish Established Church within his diocese—with these, and similar admissions, the writer proceeds to analyse and explain these grave religious phenomena.

Three events may be said to have conspired to work the change in the status of the Catholic Church in England—namely, the re-establishment of the hierarchy in 1850, and the creation of the country into a proper ecclesiastical province; the vast Irish immigration caused by the famine and fever of 1846-47, and, more potential than either, the Romeward movement of the most powerful section of the Tractarians, the Anglo-Catholic school having its cent-

Oxford, the secession of one of whose members, Cardinal Newman, dealt a blow to the Church of England under which Lord Beaconsfield said the Establishment still reels. The names of Cardinals Newman and Manning, Frederick Oakeley, William Dodsworth, Frederick William Faber, Edward Carswell, William Maskell, Robert Isaac Wilberforce, William Palmer, of Magdalen, Thomas Harper, William George Ward, and Thomas William Allies, will at once occur to those whose memory keeps record of the movement; and there were several others," says the writer, "of less note, but of more than respectable abilities, and influential in their spheres, who took the same step, followed by not a few laymen of scarcely inferior mark." From the date of their accession to the Church, it entered upon a new phase of its existence.

The questions then, which the writer in the *Quarterly* sets himself to unravel are: How far did this convert movement deplete the energy of the Church of England by draining it of eminent clergymen and laymen? Has this draining process been sustained since 1851 in respect of the mental powers and acquirements of the converts? Has the energy so withdrawn from the Church of England been effectually transferred to the Church of Rome, especially in the creation of an English Catholic literature capable of holding its own in comparison with the Church of England literature? and, finally, what is the actual progress made by the Catholic Church in the nation at large?

The reference to the creation of an English Catholic literature capable of "holding its own" with the Anglican literature, is certainly rich in its way, but not more so than what follows. What follows, indeed, is more than absurd; it is amazing. The writer proceeds to analyse and to weigh certain events which have occurred within the memory and experience of many men who are living, and his article, whether viewed in its historical retrospect or its logic, is the most singular literary production we have ever seen printed in a periodical of the calibre of the *Quarterly*. With the figures above given, and by a number of rapid exercises in multiplication and simple division, he demonstrates to us, however astonishing it may seem, that Catholicity has been a flat failure, yielding in England in point of growth only a fraction of a convert to each of the bishops and clergy as a reward of fifty-four years of unceasing "proselytising." A survey of the recorders even must be disappointing. To the men already named, "of more than respectable abilities," he alleges there are but few to put near them. "Dr. Northcote, Mr. N. Oxenham, Mr. J. B. Morris, Mr. H. J. Coleridge, Mr. Wm. H. Anderdon, Provost Fortescue, Mr. Joseph Stevenson, and Mr. J. B. Dalgairns pretty nearly exhaust the record. Of notable laymen, law gives Mr. James R. Hope-Scott, a grandson of Sir Walter Scott, Sir George Bowyer, Mr. Badeley, and Serjeant Bellasis; science contributes Professors Pepper and Barff; art, Augustus Welby Pugin and Mr. J. R. Herbert; scholarship, Mr. P. A. Paley and Mr. Le Page Renouf; diplomacy, Lord Lyons; politics, Lord Ripon, Lord Emly, and Matthew Higgins (Jacob Omnium); literature, Mr. Aubrey de Vere, Mr. Coventry Patmore, Mr. Kendon H. Digby, Mr. James Oxenford and Mr. James Grant," in all, he says, about sixty, of whom "Cardinal Newman alone stands in the very first rank." These converts "had been reared in a no-Popery tradition of the raw-head and bloody-bones character," and the unfortunate men, "when they gradu-

ally learnt something of the ascetic, the charitable, the devotional, the missionary, the literary aspects of Roman Catholicism, made haste to abandon their old prejudices." But the influence of this convent element, we learn, was not as great as might have been looked for. Newman and Faber attached themselves to a "hyper-Italian society," the Oratorians, while the majority of the clerical converts succumbed, we are told, to the usual law of reaction.

Then as regards the literary aspect of the movement, we are told there is little activity to be recorded. Religious philosophy is represented by Cardinal Newman's "Grammar of Assent," Mr. W. G. Ward's "Essays," F. Harper's "Metaphysics of the Schools," and Dr. Mivart's "Contemporary Evolution," but the rest is pretty much a blank, the beautiful writings of Father Faber—a graceful poet, he says, but a man of little judgment, learning, or mental balance—"bearing the same relation to theology as meringues and ice-cream do to a nutritious dietary." As the result of his inquiry in this line the writer contends that much more is needed before there can be a show of competition with the theological literature of the Church of England. And at the very time he was writing this article the Catholics of England were presenting the Pope a library of 12,000 volumes written by English Catholics within the last fifty years, embracing theology, history, poetry, natural history, travel, and light literature.

Coming to the last question, that of the actual progress of the Church in the nation, he finds himself confronted by a slight initial difficulty, the absence of a religious census of the country. A trifling difficulty of that description does not deter him. He has recourse to the immigration and population returns, to show that the Roman Catholics of England are relatively just where they were in 1669. He takes no account whatever of emigration, carrying everything before him, and producing the most astonishing results by a species of expert arithmetical legerdemain.

The article can scarcely be taken seriously. It is very ingenious and very contradictory, but space forbids our following it further.

But not all this special pleading can disguise the fact that Anglicanism is in a state of active disintegration, that a revolution is working within Protestantism, and that the conversion of England, her return to the old faith of Augustine and Thomas, so long cherished and prayed for is no foolish dream. Cardinal Newman tells us in one of his historical essays, how three centuries ago the Catholic Church, that great creation of God's power, stood in the land in pride of place. It had the honours of near a thousand years upon it, it was enthroned in some twenty sees throughout the broad country, based in the will of a faithful people, and ennobled by a host of saints and martyrs. Its churches recounted and rejoiced in a line of glorified intercessors, Canterbury alone numbered sixteen, from St. Augustine to St. Dunstan and St. Elphege, from St. Anselm and St. Thomas down to St. Edmund. Then it had its religious orders, its monastic establishments, its universities, its wide relations all over Europe, its high prerogatives in the temporal state, its wealth, its dependencies, its popular honours—"where was there in the whole of Christendom a more glorious hierarchy?" Mixed up with the civil institutions, with king, nobles, and people, "it seemed destined to stand so long as England stood, and to outlast, it might be, England's greatness."

Then Heaven permitted that that beautiful presence should be blotted out. The Church was destroyed, her priests were cast out and martyred, her temples profaned, her revenues seized by covetous nobles, or squandered upon the ministers of the eighth Henry's new faith. "But at last the work was done. Truth was disposed of and shovelled away, and there was a calm, a silence, a sort of peace, and such, says Cardinal Newman, "was about the state of things when we were born into this weary world." And again a change came. "Three ages have passed away; the bell has tolled once, and twice, and thrice; the intercession of the saints has had effect, the mystery of Providence is unravelled, the destined hour is come, and, as when Christ arose, men knew not of His rising, for He rose at midnight and in silence, so when His mercy would do His new work among us, He wrought secretly and was risen ere men dreamed of it. He sent not His apostles, as at the first, from the city where He has fixed His throne. His few and scattered priests were about their work, watching their flocks by night, with little time to attend to the souls of the wandering multitudes around them, and with no thought of the conversion of their country. But He came as a spirit upon the water, He walked to and fro Himself over the dark and troubled deep, and wonderful to behold, and inexplicable to man, hearts were stirred, and eyes were raised in hope, and feet began to move towards the Great Mother who had almost given up the thought and the seeking of them. . . One by one, little noticed at the moment, silently, swiftly and abundantly they drifted in, till all could see at length that surely the stone was rolled away and that Christ was risen and abroad. And as He rose from the grave strong and glorious, as if refreshed with His sleep, so, when the prison doors were opened, the Church came forth, not changed in aspect or in voice, as calm and keen, as vigorous and as well furnished as when they closed on her. It is told in legends of that great saint and instrument of God, St. Athanasius, how that when the apostate Julian had come to his end, and persecution with him, the saintly confessor who had been a wanderer over the earth, was found, to the surprise of his people, in his cathedral at Alexandria, seated on his episcopal throne, and clad in the vestments of religion. So is it now, the Church is coming out of prison, as collected in her teaching, as precise in her action as when she went into it. She comes out with pallium and cope, and chasuble and stole, and wonder working relics, and holy images. Her bishops are again in their chairs, and her priests sit round, and the perfect vision of a majestic hierarchy rises before our eyes."

Such has been the progress of the Church in England since the opening of the present century, the blood of the martyrs being recompensed in our own day in the re-consecration of the soil to God.

A LESSON IN ENGLISH.—The philosophers graduated and received their degrees at Fordham; the rhetoricians became, in name at least, philosophers, and we were now rhetoricians, but we would not join the Debating Society gentle Father Ronayne made us feel how well we could do without the society, by making essays and debates part of our regular class work, and we even gave lessons in English to Father P., who was supposed to teach us trigonometry and calculus. How vividly comes back the announcement of the result of one competition in mathematics: "Dixson sumting; McKelosky sumting; all the rest noding."—*The Navier.*

THE LATE MRS. CURRAN.

The mortal remains of the late Mrs. Charles Curran, of Montreal, were removed from Ottawa to Montreal at 9 o'clock on Friday morning. The funeral ceremony took place at the Basilica, where a solemn requiem mass was chanted. As the long line of mourners, headed by the hearse bearing the remains, turned on to Sussex-street, the Cathedral bells tolled mournfully, and were silenced only when the funeral halted at the main entrance. The interior of the Basilica presented a sadly beautiful and impressive scene, the altars and the fronts of the galleries being completely screened in mourning. His Grace Archbishop Duhamel officiated, and was assisted by Very Rev. Vicar-General Routhier, Rev. Fathers McGovern, Plantin, Bouillon, Campeau and others. The catafalque was placed at the altar rails, and was enclosed in a scalloped char of burning tapers. There were over fifty members of Parliament present at the service, and the pall-bearers were Right Hon. Sir John Macdonald, Sir Hector Langevin, Hon. John Costigan, Sir Donald Smith, Senator Howland, and Hon. Thomas McGreevy. Amongst those present were, Hon. John Carling, Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, Hon. Thos. White, Hon. J. A. Chapeau, Sir Adolphe Caron, Hon. J. S. D. Thompson, Mr. Perley, M.P., Mr. Bain, M.P., J. Royal, M.P., H. Robillard, M.P., J. G. H. Bergeron, M.P., Mr. Taylor, M.P., Senator D. Boucherville, Mr. Colby, M.P., deputy speaker, Lieut.-Col. Ojimet, M.P., speaker of the House of Commons, Mr. Wallace, M.P., Mr. Guillet, M.P., Mr. Carpenter, M.P., Mr. C. Wilson, M.P., Mr. Stevenson, M.P., Mr. Hesson, M.P., W. McNally, Montreal, E. J. Chambers, Montreal, T. Owens, J. C. Rykert, M.P., N. F. Davin, M.P., F. McDougall, ex-Mayor, P. Baskerville, ex-M.P.P. The scholars of the Christian Brothers' school and the orphans attended the funeral in a body. The chief mourners were Mr. J. J. Curran, M.P., Charles Curran, grandson of the deceased, Rev. Father Curran, Mr. P. J. Brennan, and the three daughters of the deceased lady, who are Grey nuns in the convent there. The remains were conveyed to Montreal by special train on the C. P. R. at 11 a.m.

On the arrival of the special train at the Montreal depot, a large number of prominent citizens were present to pay the last tribute of respect to the deceased lady. Amongst those present were Rev. Brother Arnold, of St. Ann's, Messrs. Edward Murphy, Hon. L. O. Taillon, S. H. Ewing, B. J. Coglin, R. Gault, J. Slattery, G. Desbarats, J. Globensky, John Hall, M.P.P., William Wilson, James O'Brien, Dugald Macdonald, Ald. Cunningham, Owen McGarvey, Ald. D. Tansey, E. Tansey, John P. Whelan, R. R. Samuel, Ald. Richard White, Ald. J. Griffin, W. J. O'Hara and a large number of others. At the cemetery the remains were taken to the mortuary chapel where they were received by the venerable pastor of St. Patrick's, Father Dowd, who read the closing service for the dead. Rev. Father Dowd assisted on this occasion as a mark of his great esteem for the deceased lady, this being the second time he had performed the office since his advent in Canada, the first being at the burial of the late Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

DR. O'CONNELL'S PREFERMENT.

Dr. Denis J. O'Connell, the present rector of the American College, who has been selected to fill an episcopal see of the Catholic Church in this country, is one of those quiet workers whose light does not suddenly shine forth, but who has long been an active energy in religious circles, and is destined to become a shining light of the American hierarchy.

The present writer was a schoolmate of Denny's, and remembers the time when he and Denny trudged to St. Mary's College, in Columbia, S. C., an institution founded and conducted by the rector's uncle, Dr. Jeremiah O'Connell, the present head of the Benedictine House in North Carolina. Denny was a big boy and I was a little one, and frequently we little fellows used to club together and give him a thrashing, in return for the various individual castigations he would administer to us when he got the chance.

The whirligig of life threw us apart for about seventeen years. In the fall of 1883 I settled in Baltimore as the editor of a Catholic paper there, and who should I first encounter but Dr. D. J. O'Connell, the old Denny of school days. He was then the private secretary of Archbishop (now Cardinal

Current Catholic Thought.

PROTESTANTISM AND DIVORCE.

It seems that whatever the Church inculcates, Protestantism is sure to oppose. The Church, true to the teachings of her Divine Master, regards matrimony as a sacrament; Protestantism says it is merely a civil contract. The Church forbids a divorced man to enter into second espousals during the life of his former partner; and this inflexible law she has held although it brought persecution upon her, and involved in schism kings and entire nations. Is there anyone so simple as to doubt for an instant that England would be Catholic to-day had the Pope acquiesced in Henry VIII's repudiation of Catharine and his marriage with Anne Boleyn? And merely because the Church has taken this stand, Protestantism allows divorces for even trivial causes. Henry VIII. was divorced from Catharine of Arragon by Cranmer; Luther permitted the Landgrave of Hess to have two wives at the same time; and from their day down to the present, Protestantism has allowed divorces for causes that have not even the shadow of scriptural authority, and as a rule its ministers will join in second wedlock parties thus divorced. Let then these bigots cease their tirades against the Church. Had she no other mission than this, she would still deserve the respect of mankind. Should her voice ever be stilled in this land of ours, what would become of woman; what of the family?—*Church News*, Washington.

THE HOLY SEASON.

From weeds pass we easily to ashes. However buoyant and reckless we may be, with the hot blood of youth bubbling in our veins, and even hardened in middle age by the scepticism of ignorance or the callousness of false philosophy, we cannot help at times, especially during these Lenten days of bleak winds and lowering skies, looking into the depths of our being and sounding its utter shallowness. The gray dawn creeps through the pictured windows; the tapers flicker over the shrine; men, women and children gather around in the hot breath of their whispered prayers; you kneel bent over the flags of the old church; and at once a surpliced figure stands before you; the sign of salvation is traced on your brow; ashes are sprinkled on your head, and you hear the tremendous words muttered like strokes of doom: "Remember, man, that dust thou art, and into dust thou shalt return." Like a flash your memory travels back to the very beginning of things, to Genesis or Beresith, where this curse was first launched at Adam and Eve, nigh to the garden gate, and as you walk away along the gloomy aisle, the awful version of the Vulgate smites your heart: *Memento homo, quia pulvis es*, and Jerome, sitting before his cell, graves on the Theban sand no comfort, but only this: *Et in pulverem revertetur!*—*Laclede in the Montreal Gazette*.

THE LIGHT.

There is no shadow where my love is laid;
For (ever thus I fancy in my dream
That wakes with me and wakes my sleep),
some gleam
Of sunlight, thrusting through the poplar shade,
Falls there; and even when the wind has played
His requiem for the Day, one stray sunbeam,
Pale as the palest moonlight glimmer's seem
Keep sentinel for her till starlight fade.

And I, remaining here and waiting long,
And all enfolded in my sorrow's night,
Who not on earth again her face may see—
For even Memory does her likeness wrong—
Am blind and hopeless, only for this light—
This light, this light, through all the years to be.

—H. C. Bunner in *The Century*.

Gibbons, and had recently come from a rather wild mission in the West to take that post. I think Gen. Gibbons, U. S. A., a brother of the Cardinal, and his exact opposite in every respect, being bold, rough, and profane of speech, while the prelate is one of the gentlest beings on earth, recommended the young priest for the office. Father O'Connell told me lots of good stories about his rude experience among the tough, but generous miners and hunters of the far West.

When the fall of another year rolled around, the Rev. Mr. O'Connell was put to his trumps in managing the business of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. He was, besides private secretary to Archbishop Gibbons, assistant secretary of the council, and that meant that he had all of the real hard work to do. He had to answer all the voluminous correspondence, not only the Latin letters from Rome, but letters in French, Italian, Spanish and German, which conveyed from the prelates of those nations good wishes to the American bishops.

He had to follow and record the discussions, to put the decrees at the conclusion in shape, and, when they were returned from Rome with amendments, to weld the whole together in clear, vigorous and classical Latin—a task which he accomplished in a style which Latin scholars declare has not been equalled in this country. In addition to this, the pastoral letter of the council, after being torn to pieces in the debates, was submitted to his alembic, and, considering the dry subjects of which it necessarily treats, and the grave style which those subjects demanded, it is really a masterpiece of good writing.

One night after supper Father O'Connell climbed up to my den with the document in his hand, and said he guessed he would have it set up. Next day was press day for our weekly, and the regular eight pages were already in type. I ordered the printers to fix up their cases, and we sent out for more help to set up the pastoral in a special supplement. At his invitation I joined in with Father O'Connell to smooth out the rough places in the letter, and we worked away all night. What we did upon that letter need not be mentioned here. When the task was finished Dr. O'Connell leaned back in his chair and exclaimed:

By Jove! what would those great bishops think if they saw two up in this little den, hammering out smooth their great message to the American people?"

He will soon be a bishop himself, now, and an uncommonly good, strong, and genial one, too.—*H. P. Mc.*, in *N. Y. Evening Sun*.

CANADIAN CHURCH NEWS.

The choir of St. Peter's cathedral, Peterborough, presented the Rev. Father Conway with a writing desk and chair, previous to his departure for his new parish of Norwood.

Speaker Ouimet has decided on Saturdays and Sundays to invite the Catholic members of the House of Commons to enjoy his hospitality.

On the 28th ult. all the Catholic bishops of the Province of Quebec, presided over by Cardinal Taschereau, met to select those names for submission to the Pope for an election to the vacant bishopric of Chicoutimi. Of course the result is not yet published.

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

The Rev. C. J. Duthrie, M.A., Trinity College, Oxford, sometime Anglican curate of St. Paul's Knightsbridge, has been received into the Church at the Edgbaston Oratory.

The annual Irish Parliamentary banquet, in celebration of Patrick's Day, will be held at the Cannon-street hotel, on an international feast. Mr. Parnell is expected to preside.

Cardinal Gibbons, in his article on "Christianity and Modern Science," in the *American Catholic Quarterly*, asks, "Is it a remarkable fact, which shows the special supervision of God over His Church, that, in her long history, she has never officially interpreted a single text of Scripture which was afterwards contradicted by an authenticated discovery of science?"

STRINGENT LIQUOR LEGISLATION IN AUSTRIA.

A report from Mr. Phipps, of the Embassy at Vienna, just issued by the Foreign Office, discusses a bill for the regulation of the liquor traffic in Austria recently presented by the Government to Parliament. "It is intended to combat the social effects of drunkenness, a vice which has made great progress during recent years in Austria." The statistics cited at the Vienna Hygienic Congress "also afforded proof of the salutary effects of the legal restriction imposed on alcoholism." Fifty years ago in Sweden the average consumption of alcoholic drinks was 51 litres per head per annum; now, owing to legislation, it is only 8 litres per head. In Norway a reduction of from 16 litres to 3½ litres per head has been effected, while in the Netherlands the number of brandy shops has been reduced from 49,000 in 1881 to 27,975 in 1885. By the new Austrian *projet de loi* licences are required for trade in liquors in less quantities than five litres; no other trade can be carried on where liquor is sold, not even that in estables, except

in hotels, dining-rooms, &c. "This stipulation is regarded as of exceptional importance, inasmuch as shops in small localities are frequented by all classes, and women and children who would be ashamed to visit or frequent public-houses, acquire in them a taste for strong liquors." The number of public houses is restricted to one for every 500 inhabitants; communes with less than a population of 500 cannot have more than one public-house. Shops where spirituous liquors are sold must be closed from 5 in the afternoon of the day preceding Sundays or feast days until 5 a. m. of the next succeeding working day. This does not affect dining-rooms, coffee-houses, &c. "Debts incurred for liquor in quantities of five litres and under are not recoverable at law if the debtor can be proved not to have paid a similar debt previously. All mortgage or guarantee bonds or promises given for such claims are null and void. Persons convicted three times of drunkenness may be prohibited by the local authorities from visiting any public house in his neighbourhood for a year.

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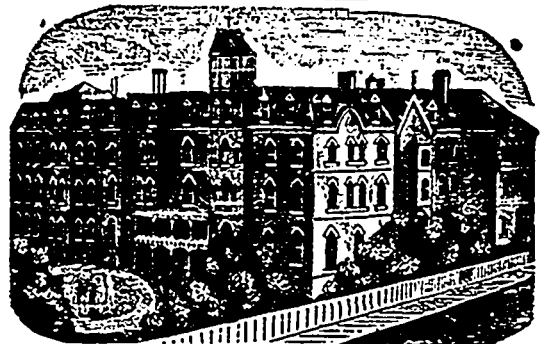
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