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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 V

Toronto, Saturday Oct. 17, 1891.

No 36

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 An accepted bank cheque payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of amount of tender, must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.
 The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.
 By order,
 E. F. E. ROY,
 Secretary.
 Department of Public Works,
 Ottawa, 5th Sept., 1891.

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 Specifications can be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the office of G. O. Wickenden architect, Vancouver, on and after Friday, 11th Sept., and tenders will not be considered unless made on form supplied and signed with actual signatures of tenderers.
 An accepted bank cheque payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works equal to five per cent. of amount of tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.
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English mails will be closed during October as follows: Oct. 1, 2, 5, 8, 12, 15, 16, 19, 22, 23, 26, 29.
 N. B.—There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should transact their Saving Bank and money Order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such branch post office.
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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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Vol V

Toronto, Saturday Oct. 17. 1891.

No 36

SIR JOHN POPE HENNESSY.

COUPLED with the announcement of the death of Mr. Parnell was the news that Sir John Pope Hennessy, member of Parliament for North Kilkenny, was also dead. Sir John Pope Hennessy, it will be remembered, immediately after the exposures in the O'Shea divorce in December, 1890, contested the North Kilkenny elections, backed by Mr. Parnell's opponents, and defeated the Parnellite candidate, Vincent Scully, by 1,147 votes. There was a great, and possibly the greatest, test of strength in that district between the Parnellites and McCarthyites, and the defeat of Mr. Scully no doubt counted for a great deal in the future series of disasters which befell the Irish leader.

Sir John Pope Hennessy died at Queenstown rather suddenly. His death is due, it is thought, to the strain of the late political campaign in Kilkenny.

Sir John Pope Hennessy, K.C.M.G., was born in Cork in 1834. He was educated at Queen's College, Cork, and was called to the bar at the Inner Temple in 1861. He entered Parliament as member for King's county in 1859, and his election address was the first in which Mr. Disraeli's name was mentioned. He expressed his confidence in the foreign policy of Mr. Disraeli, but as a National Conservative reserved entire independence to himself in everything relating to Ireland. Mr. Hennessy was the first Catholic Conservative in Parliament. He carried the Select Committee in opposition to Lord Palmerston's Government for throwing open appointments in the Civil Service of the United Kingdom to public competition, and he amended the Irish Poor Law so as to provide for the rearing of pauper children out of the workhouse. He received the thanks of the Catholic Committee of England for the Prison Ministers' Act, and an address of thanks from the miners of Great Britain for some amendments he secured in the Miners' Regulation Bill. Sir John Hennessy drew the attention of the House of Commons to the decline of the population of Ireland, and urged the Government to keep the people at home by amending the Irish Land Laws and reclaiming the waste lands. He opposed the Government's system of education in Ireland on the ground that the so-called national system was anti-national. He voted for Church rates and in favour of the Church of England in England, but supported Government endowment in Ireland, by which the Irish ecclesiastical property founded before the Reformation would be restored to the Catholic Church and some ancient abbeys in Ireland revived. In foreign affairs he exposed the conduct of the Russian Government in Poland, and moved an address to the Crown to carry out the stipulations of the treaty of Vienna in favour of the Poles. He criticised the conduct of Lord Palmerston and Gladstone in their attack upon the Pope and supported the independence of the Sovereign Pontiff. He opposed the war in China and the bombardment of ports in Japan, but supported the Northern States during the American civil war. He voted against the New Zealand war, but supported the claims of the Australian colonies to complete legislative independence of Downing street. He was appointed Governor of Labuan in 1867, of the West African settlement in 1872, of the Brahams in 1873, of the Windward Islands in 1875, of Hong Kong in 1877, and of the colony of Mauritius in 1882. On more than one occasion his conduct as Governor has provoked remonstrances. He was created a K.C.M.G. in April, 1880. He returned to Parliament in his memorable victory, in North Kilkenny over Mr. Vincent Scully, Mr. Parnell's candidate, but he spoke seldom and attracted little attention since his election.

MR. PARNELL'S FUNERAL OBSEQUIES.

LONDON, Oct. 11.—The remains of Charles Stewart Parnell have been consigned to the tomb. At 2.15 yesterday the casket was carried from his late residence at Holyhead and placed in a hearse whence it was escorted by Parnell's colleagues to the station. Mrs. Parnell was unable to accompany the remains. At Brighton there was a terrific downpour of rain the whole afternoon. The train then started for Wellesden (the junction of the London & Northwestern Railway, with the roads from the east and south.) A great crowd rushed towards the carriage in which the remains were deposited. As the doors were opened every one reverently bared the head and stood with silent expectancy, apparently waiting for some leading Parnellite to speak. It was found, however, that time would not permit of any ceremony. It had been planned that when the coffin should be temporarily removed from the car some distinguished member of the League was to deliver an address, but all that it was possible to do was to uncover the coffin, which was lying in the case in which it had been placed for transit from Brighton, and to form a queue of the people who had assembled and allow them to pass in single file through the railway carriage. This was successfully carried out. Many persons in the line were moved to tears. Delegates from several branches of the London League placed wreaths upon the bier.

DUBLIN, Oct. 11.—The scene at Holyhead when the cortege arrived at 1.55 o'clock this morning was mournful in the extreme. Dozens of Parnell's close friends had come across from Kingstown to meet the body and burst into tears as they beheld the coffin. The remains were quickly placed aboard the steamer "Ireland." The chief mourners who sat around the coffin in the cabin were Mr. Henry Parnell, who bears a striking resemblance to his late brother; Mrs. Dickinson, a sister, and Miss Dickinson, a niece of the deceased. With these was Miss Maud Goune, who became famous for her stubbornness to the evictions in Donegal. She had travelled from Toulon to attend the funeral. All the Parnellites who had been at Brighton in attendance upon the body of their late chief were also aboard. The steamer arrived at Kingstown about nine o'clock in the morning. Despite a fierce downpour of rain and raw wind that made it almost impossible to stand on the pier, thousands of people were waiting. A singular scene was then witnessed. As the coffin was removed from the box which had encased it the crowd rushed forward and seized the box, tearing it quickly in pieces for the purpose of obtaining fragments of the wood as relics.

In a few moments more Dublin was reached and a great throng greeted the coming of the body of their leader. The coffin was borne on the shoulders of six stalwart Irishmen to St. Nicholas Church, near the Law Courts, where the Rector, Rev. Thomas Long, assisted by Rev. G. A. Frye, rector of All Souls church, Manchester, read the service of the Church of Ireland. The more immediate friends and the relatives of the deceased completely filled the church, the throng of general mourners remaining meanwhile outside in the pouring rain. The brief service being over the procession was formed and the coffin escorted by numerous Irish societies and by many thousands of citizens, was conveyed to the city hall and placed upon a magnificent catafalque in the central hall, at the foot of the statue of the great O'Connell.

OCTOBER DEVOTIONS.

It is doubtful if there be any form of Catholic devotion which obtains such a world-wide practice as that of the rosary, to which the present month is especially dedicated. Not alone is the rosary, or the saying of the beads, as the devotion is colloquially termed, practised all over the Catholic world, but its practice is common with all. There used to exist in certain unformed circles an idea that only those Catholics who were unable to read a prayer-book resorted to the recitation of the rosary. Such a notion obtains but very little credence nowadays, however; and as a matter of fact the rosary has always been a favorite devotion with the learned and intelligent class as well as with unlettered people. The saying of the beads is one of the regular exercises daily held in all our theological seminaries; the most learned ecclesiastics, priests, bishops, and even cardinals, have been known to recite the rosary daily, and the beads have slipped through the fingers of more than one royal personage, while their lips breathed the simple prayers whereof the recitation of the rosary consists. Of late years, owing, no doubt, largely, to the exhortations of the Holy Father, in that encyclical he issued on the subject a few years ago, this form of Catholic devotion has become more popular than ever, and, as a consequence, the services that are held each October in the churches attract every year larger numbers of people eager to assist at them.

The employment of beads for the purpose of enumerating prayers is said by some writers to be of Mohammedan origin, and that beads are employed by the Mussulmans for that purpose is undoubtedly true. But instead of the Christians copying this practice from the Mohammedans, the weight of evidence goes to show that the latter borrowed the custom from the Christians. Mohammed was not born until near the close of the sixth century, and nearly two centuries before that there is found in Christian records mention of a certain Abbot Paul, of whom Palladius speaks, who was accustomed to count his prayers by means of small pebbles, for which he afterwards substituted a string of beads; and the probability is that the practice dates back even farther than the century in which this pious abbot lived. Beads were known to the Phœnicians 3000 years ago, and the ancient Egyptians knew their use, as is plain from the fact that they are found among the adornments of many of their mummies. In enumerating their prayers, therefore, it is quite likely that the earliest Christians soon learned to avail themselves of an article that seems especially adapted for that purpose, though their use of beads by no means constituted the rosary as the devotion is now understood and practised.

The credit of instituting the present form of the rosary as a devotion is commonly ascribed to St. Dominic, the founder of the Order of Preachers. Yet there are those who maintain that long before he began to propagate this form of devotion other pious individuals had advocated it, and St. Albert of Crespin and Peter the Hermit are named in this connection. The subject would hardly seem any longer doubtful, however, since several Popes, in letters and briefs, allude to St. Dominic as the institutor of the rosary; and the present Holy Father, in the encyclical already alluded to, speaks of the illustrious father and founder of the Dominican order as "this hero great by the integrity of his doctrine, by the example of his virtues, and by his Apostolic labours, who advanced against the Catholic Church, animated with a spirit from above—not with arms and violence, but with the most absolute faith in the devotion of the rosary which he was the first to publish and which his sons have carried to the four corners of the world." Such expressions as these, similar ones to which can be found in many prior Papal letters, would seem to leave little doubt who was the real institutor of the present devotion of the rosary.

It was while he was preaching in Languedoc against the Albigensian heretics, whose errors had overrun that portion of France, that St. Dominic is commonly believed to have instituted the rosary. In consequence of the teaching of the Albigensians and their errors, many of the people of Languedoc had lost an understanding of some of the simplest duties of Christians, and their notions of orthodox doctrine had become sadly confused. Believing that the prayer which the Saviour Himself taught men would prove efficacious in dispelling their false ideas and leading them back to a realization of their Christian duties, St. Dominic embodied that in his rosary, adding to it the angelic salutation, and the devotion as originally instituted by him consisted in the recitation of fifteen Our Fathers and ten times that number of Hail Marys. The employment of this form of prayer proved very efficacious in extirpating the Albigensian heresy; in fact, it finally banished that error altogether from Languedoc, and when St. Dominic went back to Paris to announce his success to the then ruling sovereign, Louis VIII., that monarch hailed him as blessed and added: "Thy rosary prayer has become the stronghold of my kingdom."

The rapidity with which the new devotion spread and became popular was something marvellous. St. Dominic was constantly besought to go to this place and that and explain his rosary, in order that the people might more intelligently avail themselves of its use. He did visit many places on such errands, even passing into Italy,

where he spoke at Bologna and instituted the practice of the rosary, and when, some years later, he founded his religious order, one of the principle duties he enjoined upon his disciples was that they should by all means in their power spread the devotion of the rosary, a devotion which, it is almost needless to add, the Dominicans consider obligatory upon them to-day. The generally accepted opinion is that St. Dominic himself founded the first confraternity of the rosary, the date of its foundation being 1211, and the place of its establishment Toulouse. The extent of his travels in behalf of the new devotion may be partially judged from the fact that he is also said to have established confraternities in Palencia, in Spain, and in the ancient Church of St. Sixtus, at Rome. To his successors in the order of his foundation, the masters general of the Dominicans, is reserved even to the present day the right of erecting rosary confraternities, though, of course, that privilege is necessarily delegated by those dignitaries to many other individuals.

To the efficacy of the form of prayer which St. Dominic instituted was also ascribed the signal victory which Christianity won in the sixteenth century, when the Christian fleet achieved its great triumph over the Turks near Lepanto, the victorious vessels being under the command of Don John of Austria. Of this victory the encyclical of Leo XIII. on the rosary says: "And the faithful ones of Christ, resolved to shed their blood and to offer their lives for the saving of religion and of their country, marched, unheeding any comparison of numbers, upon the enemy, massed not far from the Gulf of Corinth, while the non-combatants—pious army of suppliants—called upon Mary, implored Mary, repeating the formula of the rosary, and beseeching victory for those who were in battle. The Sovereign Lady, thus entreated, was not deaf; for in the naval action in which the combatants engaged near the Echinades, the Christian fleet, undergoing no great losses, carried a signal victory, and annihilated the forces of the enemy." By this triumph, which has since furnished a theme for innumerable orators and poets, the march of Islamism westward was checked, and Europe was saved from the barbarism and supersession which would unquestionably have resulted from a Turkish triumph.

To mention all the eminent personages who have been devoted to the recitation of the rosary would require a volume. Popes, bishops and saintly priests; kings, queens and emperors; learned doctors, lawyers and men of all professions have in times past, as at the present day, found the saying of the beads a grateful and efficacious method of prayer. The Emperor Charles V., that wise monarch of France, was so fond of the daily recitation of the rosary that on one occasion when his courtiers called upon him in regard to some state affair, he bade them wait, saying: "Let me finish my beads first." The unhappy Mary, Queen of Scots, always wore her chaplet at her girdle, and when she was summoned by the executioner, her rosary was one of the keep-sakes she gave to her weeping waiting women. The Emperor Frederick III., elector of Brandenburg, caused a rosary confraternity to be established at Cologne, and wrote his own and his wife's names on the top of the register. The Portuguese monarch, Henry I., was so pleased with the form of the devotion when it was first brought to his notice that he besought St. Louis of Granada to come to court and instruct him therein, in order that he might the more intelligently say his beads. Anne of Austria caused Louis XVI. to be inscribed on the register of a rosary confraternity while he was still in his cradle, and the English King, James II., had the beads said publicly at court, and employed a Dominican to explain the devotion to all who were present. It is related of the famous German musician Gluck that he never allowed a day to pass without saying his beads, not even when he was a guest at the royal palace at Versailles. When Haydn could not compose to his desires, he is said to have had recourse to his rosary, and it was often noted that Mozart, in the midst of his greatest triumphs, when the applause of assembled audiences was ringing in his ears, took his beads out of his pocket and began to pray upon them.

Better than all these examples, however, is the fact that the rosary has proven an admirable manner of prayer for those to whom any more complicated form would be difficult. The poor unlettered peasant, to whom hard fortune has denied the blessing of knowing how to read; the aged whose eyesight, failing them, makes the reading of a prayer book an impossibility; the sick on their couches of pain, all these, and many more besides them, find in the rosary a method of prayer as easy as it is efficacious. As might be anticipated, more than one Pope has unlocked the treasures of the church in order to enrich with indulgences this popular devotion. In fact, it may be said that from the day that St. Dominic first instituted his rosary down to the present time, the Holy See has been unsparing in the favors it has bestowed upon it; and none has shown himself a more devoted patron of the devotion than Leo XIII., who, during his pontificate, has spoken upwards of thirty times publicly in favor of the rosary.

The answers to prayers through the intercession of Mary, in every age of the Church, and in every state of life, and in all manner of trials, public and private, have taught the faithful that she bears an office of power and patronage over us—*Cardinal Manning*.

THE RELIEF OF VIENNA.

II.

It occupied but a few minutes; and then, the semi-circular battle-line of the Christian colour forming in admirable order, the king rode round the whole body, speaking to each in their own language; for there were few European tongues of which he was not perfect master. The order was given for the whole line to advance. The Turks, profiting by the halt of their enemies, had brought up large reinforcements, commanded by the Vizier in person. They were met by a furious charge from the Polish lancers, who at first drove all before them; but, led on by their impetuosity, and surrounded by the masses of the infidels, they were for a moment nearly overwhelmed. Their officers fell thick and fast. Waldech and his Bavarians came up to their rescue; but the struggle was still doubtful, when the second line and the imperial dragons, with Sobieski at their head; came down on the squadrons of the Turks with a tremendous shock. Everything gave way before them: on they went, through ravines and villages, and still, as they dashed, they swept their foes from one outpost to another, nor drew their reins till they touched the glacis of the camp, and the gilded peaks of the Ottoman tents rose close before their eyes. Here the whole Turkish force was drawn up to receive them. The front of their line bristled with artillery; the flanks were strongly protected by fortifications hastily but skilfully raised.

It was five o'clock. "Sobieski" says Salvandy, "had reckoned on sleeping on the field of battle, and deferring until next day the completion of the drama for that which remained to be done scarcely seemed possible to be completed in a few hours, and with tired troops. Nevertheless, the allies, in spite of the oppressiveness of the weather, were re-animated rather than exhausted by their march; whereas it was evident that consternation reigned in the Ottoman ranks. Far away were to be seen the long lines of the camels, hastily pressing forward on the road to Hungary; they might be tracked by the cloud of dust which darkened the horizon for miles." The Vizier alone showed confidence, as dangerous and unreasonable as was the panic of his followers. He counted on an easy triumph; and having, as a first step, ordered the slaughter of all his captives, including women and children, to the number of 30,000 souls, he appeared on the field mounted on a charger whose accoutrements, glittering with gold, rendered the animal equally unserviceable for battle or for flight. But flight was the last idea that suggested itself to the mind of Kara Mustapha. Dismounted from his overloaded horse, he might have been seen seated in a damask tent, luxuriously drinking coffee with his two sons, as if he had but to look on at his ease, and watch the dispersion of his enemies. The sight stirred the choler of Sobieski. So rapid had been his advance, that he had no artillery with him, save two or three light pieces, which Koski had dragged on by the strong arm of his artillerymen. These the King ordered to be pointed at the brilliant tent, from which the Vizier was now giving his orders; but the ammunition soon failed, and a French officer ingeniously rammed home the last cartridge with his wig, gloves, and a bundle of newspapers. We are not told the effect of his original charge; but at that moment the infantry came up under Maligni, the King's brother-in-law, and were instantly dispatched to a height which commanded the position of the Vizier. A vigorous attack soon carried them beyond the outposts, and planted them on the redoubts. Then a wavering hesitation was observed in the crowded ranks of the Mussulmans, which caught the quick eye of Sobieski and decided the fate of the day. "They are lost men," he cried; "let the whole line advance." And as he led them in person right for the Vizier's tent, his terrible presence was recognized by the infidels. "By Allah, the King is with them!" exclaimed the Khan of the Crimea; and every eye was turned in terror toward the spot where the dancing feathers of that snow-white plume carried victory wherever they appeared. Sobieski had sent word to Lorraine to attack the centre, and leave him to finish the disordered masses in his front. Then, surrounded by his hussars, and preceded by his emblazoned shield and the plume-bearing lance which distinguished his place in the battle, he brandished his sword in the foremost rank, calling aloud, in the words of the royal prophet, "Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord God of hosts, but to Thy name give the glory!" The enthusiasm of his presence excited his troops to prodigies of valor; his name rang through the plain; and, as the infidels quailed and gave way before the charges of his cavalry, led on by their glorious chief, a bloody token appeared in the evening sky, which struck a supernatural dread into their hearts. It was an eclipse of the moon, and the heavens themselves seemed fighting against the host of Ottomans. "God defend Poland!" the national cry, now sounded from the advancing columns of a fresh body of troopers. They came on at a full gallop, the other squadrons joining in their desperate charge. Palatines, senators, and nobles, they fell with headlong impetuosity on the masses of their foes; and such was the fury of their attack that, as man and horse went down before their lances, the huge body of the Ottomans were cleft in twain, and a road, as it were, cut in their centre, formed by the passage of the Christian troops. The shock was so terrible that nearly every lance of the Polish squadrons was snapped asunder; those lances of which

one of their nobles once said, that, should the heavens fall they would bear them up upon their points.

The Turks could offer no further resistance, there was but one thought among their ranks, and that was flight; their very numbers, instead of strengthening, only embarrassed them. The Vizier, but an hour before so proud and confident, was borne along in the panic-stricken crowd, weeping and cursing in turns. In the *melee* he came across the Khan of the Crimea, himself among the foremost of the fugitives. "You, too," he said bitterly, "can you do nothing to help!" "The King of Poland is behind," was his reply; "there is but one thing left for us. Look at the sky, too, and see if God be not against us." And he pointed to the bloody moon, which, close to the horizon presented a ghastly spectacle to the eyes of the terror-stricken infidel. And so the tide of flight and of pursuit swept on; conquered, terrified, and not daring to raise their eyes from the earth the Mussulman army no longer existed. The cause of Europe, of Christendom, and of civilization had triumphed; the floods of the Ottoman power was checked, and rolled backward, never to rise again.

An hour only had passed since the fight began; and when it closed, Sobieski was standing within the Vizier's tent. The charger, with its golden caparisons, was led to him by a slave, who held its bridle, before the door of the pavilion. Taking one of its golden stirrups, the King gave it in charge to a courier to bear to the queen, as a token of the defeat and flight of its owner. Then his standards were planted in the camp, and a wild and stormy night closed over the field of battle.

Meanwhile there had been an action as desperate, and as successful in its result to the Christian arms, on the breach of Vienna. The storming party was repulsed by the determined valor of Stahremberg and his shattered yet heroic followers. And then the Turks gave way, and Louis of Baden pushed on towards the Scottish gate, the garrison sallying from the walls and mingling with his dragoons, fell on the main body of the Janizaries occupying the trenches of the enemy, and cut them all to pieces.

The King passed the night under the tree; and after fourteen hours spent in the saddle, his sleep was sound and heavy. The sunrise broke over a scene of strange melancholy confusion. The Ottoman camp, so lately glittering in all its oriental splendor, was now deserted by its occupants, and bore in every direction the traces of their ferocious cruelty. As the Poles marched through it, they trod over the bodies of the Christian captives murdered in cold blood. Every woman attached to the camp had suffered a similar fate. Nor was this all; for camels and horses were found slaughtered in great numbers lest they should fall alive into the hands of the victors; nay, it is said the Vizier had beheaded an ostrich with his own scimitar, that it might never own a Christian for its master. The camp, with its silken pavilion and all its riches, was one vast charnel-house. The horrors of the scene were heightened by the signs of luxury that everywhere met the eye. The baths and fountains, the tissue and gay carpets, the jewelled arms and ornaments with which the ground was strewn, contrasted strangely with the heaps of ghastly corpses that lay piled around.

But we will pass over the list of the slain, and the details of a booty almost fabulous in value, to bring our reader to the walls of Vienna, where the agony of a long suspense had been exchanged for the joy of a deliverance at once so sudden and complete. Sobieski entered the city through the breach made by the guns of the infidels, and through which, but for his speedy succor, they would themselves have passed as victors. As he rode along by the side of Stahremberg, accompanied by the Duke of Lorraine and the Elector of Saxony, the streets resounded with acclamations of the people, who crowded about his horse. They kissed his hand, his feet, his very dress; and some were heard to exclaim, as they involuntarily compared the hero who had delivered them with the sovereign who had deserted them, "Why is he not our master?" They followed him in crowds to the Church of the Augustines, where he himself, filled with impatient enthusiasm, stepped before the high altar and commenced intoning the *Te Deum*, which was instantly taken up by his own Poles and the clergy of the Church. The sudden stillness caused by the cessation of the firing, which had been distinctly heard not only at Neustadt, but far over the Styrian Alps, struck terror into the surrounding population, who thought that the ancient city of the Christian Caesars had fallen into the hands of the enemies of the faith. A welcome sound, therefore, to them was the boom of the three hundred canons, the thunder of which accompanied the thanksgiving at the Church of the Augustines. The magistrates caused the ceremony to be repeated in the Cathedral of St. Stephen's; and as echoes of the chant rolled through its glorious aisles, Sobieski knelt, as his biographer relates, "prostrate, with his face upon the ground." There was a sermon too; and if the text was a plagiarism from the lips of St. Pius on the day of Lepanto, it was at least an appropriate one: "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John." The news of the great event, which fixed the destinies of the West, flew from country to country, and everywhere aroused the enthusiasm of the people. Protestant and Catholic states united in decreeing public thanksgiving to be offered in the churches for the great victory obtained, and everywhere it was celebrated with

rejoicings at court and in the houses of the nobility. Even in England, severed as she was from Catholic unity, the pulpits rang with the triumphs of the Polish king. At Rome, the feast of thanksgiving lasted an entire month. When the news of the victory reached the ears of Innocent XI., he cast himself at the foot of the crucifix, and melted into tears. The night saw the magical dome of St. Peter's blazing with its fiery illumination; and within that dome, a few days later, the great banner of the Vizer, which had been despatched to the Pontiff in the first moment of victory, was solemnly suspended side by side with the captured standards of Choczim.

But it was not to Sobieski's name alone that the glory and honour of her great deliverance was ascribed by the voice of Christendom. "Non nobis, Domine, non nobis!" had been his battle-cry in the front of the Turkish lines; and it taken up and re-echoed by the Church. Europe, in its gratitude, gave thanks to the interceding love of her whose image, on the shattered and crumbling walls of Vienna, had remained untouched by all the batteries of the infidels; and by order of Innocent, the Sunday within the octave of our Lady's Nativity, on which day the memorable action was fought, was thenceforward kept as a solemn festival of thanksgiving for this and all the other mercies bestowed on the Church through the gracious intercession, and has received the title of the Feast of the Name of Mary.

THE OFFICE OF A BISHOP.

The following eloquent sermon on a Bishop's office was delivered at Dubuque last week, by His Grace Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia on the occasion of the celebration of the silver jubilee of the Consecration of His Lordship Bishop Hennessy.

You are gathered round him whilst, in the full plenitude of the priestly office, he offers "that pure Host, that holy Host, that immaculate Host, the Bread of eternal life and the Chalice of everlasting salvation, even Him by Whom and through Whom and in Whom are given to Thee, Omnipotent God, all honor and glory—offered whilst angels praise and dominations adore and powers tremble." How appropriate an oblation of thanks for twenty-five years of benedictions on this diocese! And not only from this cathedral altar, from many others in the great diocese does the sacrifice of thanksgiving ascend to-day. With these oblations ascend the thanks of the heart of the prelate himself that God had blessed his ministry. He looks back on twenty-five years and beholds the change. His diocese then comprised the one hundred counties of the State of Iowa and had but forty-nine priests with but four small schools, without colleges, hospitals or asylums. In the fifty-three counties which now form the Diocese of Dubuque, there were, twenty-five years ago, but twenty-nine priests and two schools. Now he beholds himself surrounded by two hundred and three priests, six hundred Sisters of various Orders, three hospitals, a college, and schools in nearly every parish of the diocese, educating eleven thousand children. How vast is the work, visible in its entirety only to the Divine eye, which this outward progress represents! How many intellects enlightened, how many hearts touched, how many wounds healed and what foundations broad and deep and permanent laid for future good! "His works praise him in the gates," but he feels they are God's works effected through him; and gratitude, not pride, thrills his heart as they are enumerated. However, had he not fulfilled the triple charge given to him on the day of his consecration when the crosier and the ring and the book of the Gospels were delivered to him, his vast work had not been done. That triple charge imposed the exercise of fortitude, fidelity, and the ministry of the Word, and because he was faithful in these he has been so successful.

It needs much courage for a thoughtful priest to undertake the great and responsible duties of a Bishop in this century and in this country. We know how great and strong men in the purest ages of the Church trembled at such responsibilities—how men who would not grow pale before the lions in the arena, but would suffer persecution and death with joy for the sake of Christ and His religion,—hid themselves in fear and trembling lest they should be obliged to become Christian Bishops.

It may be said that this all belongs to a past age, but, brethren, the question remains whether these men of profound sanctity and learning did not know better than we do the sublime and awful responsibilities of the episcopate. When, however, a man who is called by God, as Aaron was, finds himself in such position, he must above all things show fortitude, and whilst tempering justice with mercy "must not neglect the strictness of discipline through love of tranquility." What fortitude our Lord "the Bishop of our souls" showed, notwithstanding all His sweet gentleness: How He denounced Scribes and Pharisees and priests and drove the buyers and sellers from the temple.

Mingled with justice and mercy, episcopal fortitude was one of the characteristic qualities of the administration of the Diocese of Dubuque during the last twenty-five years. At the very beginning of that episcopate it showed itself in the positive stand taken by the new Bishop on the Catholic school question. Many of the most influential Catholics were imbued with false principles on the subject, and imagined that because the teachers in public schools were, in many in-

stances, Catholic, their children would be safe in regard to religious training. But the new Bishop felt by a paternal instinct that the system itself was wrong which excluded Catholic religious instruction, and for a time had to be the victim of unpopularity. But he knew also that in permanent institutions like the Catholic Church the truth must finally be triumphant. He established parochial schools through the diocese and is crowning this great work by founding a religious Order, under the special patronage of the Holy Spirit, to continue, when he shall have passed away, his noble work. All this has been done quietly, but effectually, and the people who were opposed to him now acknowledge his wisdom, which is that of the Church. A Bishop must be a leader, not a follower, of the people. He must be imbued with the spirit of his age in all things in which that age is in harmony with the divine instinct of faith, but he must remember that he is commanded to go and teach all nations—teach with authority, teach what is unpopular, but salutary. He must be sometimes as a charioteer to restrain and direct an impetuous age, and sometimes as a leader to conduct a lagging one. He must love all that is true and good and beautiful, and correct all that is faulty in his people. He must not be constantly looking back, as if all good were in the past, but must be alive with a present living energy, conforming, without, however, subjecting himself, to the world around him. He should reverence the past, and gather from it lessons of wisdom for the present and the future. He must remember that it requires much less fortitude to fight the dead past than the living, acting, progressive and aggressive present; but this, too, must be fought when necessary in the interests of the still more important future.

The Bishop must also exhibit inviolable fidelity to the great trust committed to him. To him are entrusted priests and people, and on him more than on any other man depend the religious destinies of both. Priests who have left home, and sometimes country, who give up human love and human ambition and the pursuit of wealth, depend on him as on a father. A single error of judgment on his part may make one of them unhappy for life. Whilst lifted above them by his episcopal character, he is yet only their brother in the priesthood, and he must ever respect the priesthood of Jesus Christ in them as in himself. In synod, whilst legislating for them, he addresses them as fellow-priests—"consecratos." Christ with His Apostles must be his model. They had left all things to follow Him, and never had reason to regret that choice. Then the numerous communities of religious, male and female, who look up to him as a father and director; again, the poor, the sick, the aged, the outcast, depend on him after God. The children of toil are jealous of his love if he give it to the wealthy, and the wealthy, in far greater danger of the loss of their souls, need his advice and admonition even more. The great body of the faithful committed to his keeping are a trust for which he has to account to Him "from whom all paternity is named in heaven and on earth." And the sweet little children, the pure white lambs of the flock, these he must feed with choice food and defend from the wolves of death that howl around them, and sometimes even from the false principles of their own parents. Bound to them by ties stronger than those of blood or nationality, one with them "in the consanguinity of faith," he must risk life and reputation to defend them. The relations between Christ and the whole Church of God on earth—His holy Spouse—should be the model of the Bishop's relations with the flock committed to his care. Christ lived and labored and died to sanctify it; so should he. Relieved of all human ties he must give head and heart and body to the one object. It is the reason of his being and his vocation. His solitary life, for such it is, even amid the turmoil of the world, is not a mere natural one; if it be not supernatural it degenerates into the unnatural.

Having received the pastoral staff and ring, the Bishop receives the book of the Gospels, with the solemn injunction to preach its contents to the world, and that God would perfect the work. The preaching of the Divine Word is the first and special work of the Christian Bishop. Through it comes faith; and faith, saith the Apostle, "comes by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God." Faith comes by hearing "those that are sent," and the Bishop inherits the plenitude of the Apostolic mission, unshorn of a single prerogative. God speaks through him. "He who hears you hears Me." It is, then, by hearing, and not merely by reading, that faith comes, and by hearing "those that are sent." It has been sometimes asserted that the days of oral eloquence are coming to a close, that the book and the newspaper are taking the place of the orator. But whilst the Catholic Church shall continue, this can never come to pass. Should the mighty power of eloquence that thundered from the Athenian Bema and transfixed the Conscript Fathers of the Roman Senate, and proclaimed the great truths and mysteries of Christianity in the great Basilicas, the power that taught in Augustine and triumphed in Chrysostom and Basil and Bossuet—should it disappear from all other spheres of its action, will be ever found alive with a divine energy in the pulpits of the Catholic Church. It is an essential part of her mission. Eloquence may cast aside the "toga," but she will never be found without the "stole." He who created and blessed her knows her power and shall forever sanctify and preserve it in His sanctuary.

Man is so constituted that there can be no teaching like that of the

living voice. No other sinks so deeply into the depths of the human heart. And not only does faith come by hearing, but morality and civilization and the love of the beautiful and all the glorious things of which faith is at once the source and the preserver. As the magnificent throne of Solomon, formed of the purest gold and most precious ivory, was supported by statues of lions on each side thereof, so is the throne of our civilization supported by certain great strong Christian truths, which the Bishop is commissioned by God Himself to proclaim. Oh, splendid mission of the Christian orator!

BRIAN DALY.

BY LOUISE EMILY DOBRE.

III

"Well, dearie, I should have written to the man, and told him, late as it was, that I cleared him from all blame, but I did not know his name. I knew where his cottage was, as he had pointed it out to me that day we were out in his boat, but I knew no one who could go and see him for me."

"The Denistouns, grandpapa?"

"They were all abroad, having shut up the castle after Lord Denistoun's sad death. It had thrown a gloom over the place, and they were away from it for years, indeed, the old Lady Denistoun never returned there, she died at Naples. It is only within the last few years that the present owner has lived there, and as I met him, as you know, lately at Pisa, I felt very much tempted to come myself, and try and find out the man."

"After all these years, grandpapa, it seems rather doubtful if he may be there or alive," said Alicia, thinking it altogether a very strange freak of her grandfather's.

"Well, I must try, my child," said the old man gravely, "when we are getting old and near the end of our journey, we see things in a very clear light, and I have felt a longing to find this man out, and ask his forgiveness."

"He must have forgotten it, grandpapa, even if you do find him," said Alicia.

"I have not, and late though it is I cannot rest until I try and find him. I owe it to him, Alicia. Of course, were it quite impracticable to try and find him, it would be different, but it is not, and meeting Lord Denistoun at Pisa has simplified everything."

Alicia did not answer. She knew that her grandfather was a proud man—the Heriots came of a proud family; and to think of his seeking out this poor man after half a century had elapsed seemed to her quite extraordinary. But the ways of grace are unlike the ways of nature, and Sir George Heriot had been learning many lessons lately taught him in his advancing years as he was becoming a more frequent communicant. It is in the Blessed Eucharist that every need the human heart and soul can experience is met and answered. Do we want light? Jesus is the Light of the world, and He will come into our dark souls, and Himself enlighten them. Strength? He is our Rock, changeless and unchangeable. Guidance? He is the Way, and to the perplexed soul He will in His own Sacrament of Love reveal His Will to it. What is there that we need that cannot be obtained in the sweet Sacrament of the Altar? Ah, our hearts say truly, echoing the voices of all ages and all saints.—Nothing. For He is God. He is everything, and He comes to us! He can supply all and every need; so, as Sir George learnt more and more of Jesus in His Sacrament, he also was led on to different lines of thought and action, and he desired very much to break down at any cost that proud spirit which he was seeing was so opposed to the Spirit of Jesus, so unlike the Heart of Jesus as He stoops to us in the marvellous humility of the sacramental species. And so he was impelled to come all this long distance, and though he had tried to tell Alicia about it, it was hard to put into words all the motives that had made him do this. And yet they really were very simple, as he thought the matter out with God.

"I see the cabin over there," said Sir George, "and I shall leave you here, dear, while I go."

In a few minutes more Sir George Heriot was standing in Brian Daly's cottage, and finding out without any doubt that he was the man he sought. Brian had offered his visitor a chair, and stood near him as the old gentleman told him the story. His face blanched as he heard it, weather-beaten as he was, it changed so that Sir George could see that he was visibly moved.

"What made you doubt my word?" asked Brian, hoarsely.

"My good man," said Sir George, "I think you must admit that it was very excusable, considering that you would not allow me to search you."

Brian was silent for a minute or two, and his hands clasped and unclasped several times. "Now, yer honour, I am going to tell you why I would not let you search me."

"You had a reason, then?"

"To be shure I had."

"What was it then? and why did you not say so?"

"Ah, yer honour," said Brian, "it's a long time ago, but everything

of that day is fresh in my memory. We were very poor, my wife and I, and it was just afore her baby was born, and she was that sickly and poorly that she never fancied the poor food as I could give her, and which she ate hearty enough when she was well. Yer honour, that day I was out wid ye, ye gave me a bit of your own food, and when I looked at it I saw it was a dainty bit of bird such as I never tasted in my life. And I thought how Mary would relish it, and instid o' ating it myself, I just put it in my big pocket for her."

"Why on earth did you not say so?" said Sir George, astonished beyond measure at the very unexpected reason.

"Because, yer honour, we were poor and proud as well, and I didn't like to let yer honour know as how I wanted the bit of bird for my wife. It was 'nt staling, yer honour, for ye gave it me for myself. She liked it, yer honour, an' it was the last thing she ate, for by next morning she and her babe were lying here dead. She never knew that I had been called a thief, though," said Brian, "ah, that was just about the hardest thing I ever had to bear—that and losing her."

"I am exceedingly sorry, my man," said Sir George, "exceedingly sorry, and all that I can say is that I was young, and probably very hot-tempered, and though it's years ago, it is not too late to ask your pardon."

How Sir George Heriot ever got those words out, he never knew, and no one but God and the heavenly watchers knew the struggle they caused him, as he rose and held out his long thin white hand, on one finger of which sparkled a diamond worth many hundreds of pounds, a present from an Indian prince, a great friend of his.

"You must shake hands now with me, and——"

"Bedad, thin, I will not!" said Brian, and his voice rose as he stood and faced the old nobleman.

Brian's nature was a curious one. He was less quick than his countrymen are in general, and was rarely roused to anger, but he had one strong national characteristic in that he never forgot. Revenge and hatred were very hard to battle against when he had been wronged. It had rarely happened in his peaceful life, and yet he remembered well enough that the feeling of unforgiveness about the pencil-case had kept him for months from the altar. And now all the old hatred and anger came back, and he poured forth a torrent of angry words, as Sir George Heriot left the cottage, with a grave sad look on his face.

That very morning, Brian had been to his Communion, and that afternoon he had knelt while the great Blessing was given, the Blessing of the most High, before Whom the angels veil their faces: and yet now there he was, torn by anger and passion, as he banged his cabin door and let all the whole force of his nature find vent in angry words. He was alone as he paced up and down the room, the one room of the cabin, with its earthen floor and its pig by the fireside. His own little house, where he had lived all these years, ah, those walls had never witnessed such anger. For the rest of his life, Brian never forgot that autumn evening. The sun set away in the west in all its pomp and glory, but Brian never looked out at it, and the evening grew into night and he could not rest. Late, as he sat over the fire, thinking, thinking angry wrong thoughts of Sir George, a knock came at the door. He was obliged to go and open, and there, to his astonishment, he saw Father Haggerty, the priest who had lately succeeded Father Flagan.

"Good evening, Daly. I was passing your door, as I have been off to the West Cliff to baptize a child, and I saw a light, so I thought I would look in."

"Come in if you like, yer riverence," said Brian, rather ungraciously, but still respectfully, for with all his anger, the instinctive reverence for a priest mastered him.

"Yes, I will," said Father Haggerty. He was a short, middle-aged man, hard-working, and full of love for his people and his work. He saw in a minute there was something wrong, and in a very short time, as he sat on the low black bench by the side of the peat-fire, Brian had poured out the whole story to him. The priest listened attentively, and nodded at intervals.

"Now, yer riverence, is'nt that a hard thing, for an honest boy as I always was, to be called a thief?"

"Oh yes, certainly. No one likes to be wrongly accused," said Father Haggerty.

"I who had niver taken a thing not my own all my life, to be called a thief by a villain of an Englishman, bad luck to 'em all," said Brian.

"Come, come, my boy," said Father Haggerty, who was some twenty years younger than Brian, but who called him "boy" after the Irish fashion. That's a bit strong, now. I don't think this gentleman was a villain at all."

"Well then, an Englishman," said Brian, as if that conveyed everything that was bad; for he disliked the English with an instinctive dislike latent in many Irish people of every grade.

"Well, well, grant that," said Father Haggerty, "but it strikes me, Brian Daly, my boy, that he's got the best of it to-night."

"How's that, yer riverence?" inquired Brian, very much surprised.

"You tell me he came all the way from Italy to see you."

"So he says."

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commended by

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

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

Rt. Rev. T. J. Dowling Bishop of Hamilton.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, Toronto

The Late Archbishop Lynch.

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

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

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCT. 17, 1891.

As was announced in the churches of the city on Sunday last a solemn requiem High Mass for the repose of the soul of the late Mr. Richard Walsh, brother of the Archbishop, was celebrated on Wednesday last at St. Michael's Cathedral. The Cathedral, which was draped in mourning, was well filled with worshippers, who testified by their presence the respect in which the deceased and his relatives are held. His Grace the Archbishop presided, in cope and mitre, and Rev. Father Walsh of Our Lady of Lourdes, son of the deceased, was the celebrant at Mass, having Rev. Fathers Bronnan, of St. Mary's, Ont., as deacon, and William, of the Cathedral, as sub-deacon. His Grace was assisted by Very Rev. Vicar-General Rooney and Very Rev. Dr. Kilroy, of Stratford. Rev. Father Hand officiated as Master of Ceremonies, and in the sanctuary were, besides the above, His Lordship Bishop O'Mahony, supported by Very Rev. Dean Cassidy and Father Reddin, Very Rev. Vicar-General McCann, Rev. Provincial Marjion, O.S.B., and Rev. Fathers Teefy, O.S.B., Brennan, O.S.B., Jonoghue, O.S.B., Frachon, O.S.B., Kelly, O.S.B., Krine, C.S.S.R., McCarthy, C.S.S.R., Egan, O'Rielly, Cruise, Lawlor, Jeffcott, Sheean and Flannery of St. Thomas.

The solemn Gregorian requiem music was sung by members of the Cathedral choir, assisted by Rev. Fathers Lamarche, McBride, Trayling, McMahan and Coyle, under the leadership of Rev. Father Rohleder.

The pupils of the various Separate Schools accompanied by the Christian Brothers attended in a body, as did also the pupils of Loretto Academy under the supervision of the Ladies of Loretto, and pupils of St. Joseph's Academy under the supervision of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

THE DEATH OF MR. PARNELL.

The death of the ex-Irish leader last week, news of which we briefly chronicled, came as a thunderbolt from out a clear sky. The awful suddenness of the demise, combined with its tragic surroundings, make it appear as a divine visitation. Volumes might be written for the purposes of morality, and no such point scored as the past year of the career of the ex-Irish leader afforded in the opposite direction.

Little more than a year ago feted and caressed, beloved by the Irish people the world over, and seated upon a pinnacle of greatness acquired by few. Enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen, in fact, as well as name, the uncrowned King of Ireland. The inceptor, practically, and guiding spirit of one of the most successful constitutional agitations of modern times, and the leader of a devoted and gallant band of men, whose peers could not be found in any party in the British Parliament. How great the change one short year brought forth. Hurlled from his high estate and position by the people who had loved him most. Unfortunate indeed for Ireland and himself that death had not intervened before scandal and disgrace had tarnished his fame

and dimmed his lustre, making it necessary that he should have been—not sacrificed by the hierarchy and clergy of Ireland, as some of the secular papers say, for the sake of an *idea*—but deposed for infringement upon the sacred and inviolable Catholic principle, the principle of chastity.

Since Daniel O'Connell no one occupied a more commanding position in Irish events than did Charles Stewart Parnell. On his entry into Parliament, as an adherent of the Home Rule party, Mr. Isaac Butt was leader. The programme of the party consisted of a few speeches yearly, and a motion for Home Rule, which was invariably defeated, and no more heard of until the next session, the masses of English and Scotchmen knowing nothing whatever of the movement. Mr. Parnell changed all this, he led a detachment of six or seven devoted men, who, though opposed by Butt, entered upon a policy of obstruction impeding necessary legislation and practically saying to the House of Commons, as Justin McCarthy, in a late work, ably puts it: "We do not want to be in your imperial Parliament. We ask nothing better than to be allowed to relieve you of all our national and local business, and to manage it for ourselves in an Irish Parliament in Dublin. We admit that the affairs of England and of Scotland are sacrificed to your present preposterous system, and we are sorry for it; but if the English and Scotch members are willing to put up with that state of things, we have no right to complain. We find, that, as things now go, we have nothing left but to fight for ourselves and for our own country; and we say to you, then, that if you will not give a full hearing to the grievances of Ireland, we will not allow you to get through any other business whatever."

It was necessary that the movement should be brought before the attention of the masses of Great Britain, being convinced that once this was attained success for the movement would be assured. The only way to obtain this hearing was by making the House of Commons itself the platform from which to speak forth their demands. By no mere speech making of the ordinary kind could this be accomplished. But if all public business but theirs could be stopped or hindered, the attention of the public could not fail to be aroused and reasonable people ask about the demands of the Irish representatives for Home Rule, study it, and, seeing its justice, advocate it themselves. The outcome has proven that the plan was eminently successful. On Mr. Butt's death Mr. Shaw succeeded him as Irish leader. Mr. Shaw was a man much of the same stamp as Mr. Butt and soon sank into the position of a mere nominal leader, Mr. Parnell being the actual leader of the party. At this stage of his career it is well, in the light of succeeding circumstances, to give the following description of him from the master pen of Justin McCarthy.

"The tall form, once straight as that of an athlete, now prematurely bowed by illness and weariness; the clear cut, handsome face, clearly cut as that of a Greek statue; the subdued tone, and composed manner of speaking, the self-control which crushes into submission all natural nervous excitability, and enables him, in the midst of no matter what conditions of surrounding excitement, to maintain the appearance of a cold and almost icy quietude—all this harmonizes perfectly with the keen, direct, utterly unrhethorical style which sends argument straight and sharp to its purpose, as an arrow is sent to its mark. One of the qualities which specially inspired Parnell's followers with confidence in him was his unerring power of forming a judgment as to the best course to be taken under suddenly changed conditions, and where there is no time for deliberate choice. Then he showed the instinct, the genius, of the born commander.

I was convinced of the absolute sincerity and single-mindedness of Mr. Parnell; and I saw in him a man of genius unmistakably sent to do a certain work, himself hardly conscious as yet of any particular mission. Never was there a human being who gave himself less of the ways and the airs of a man with a mission. Always plain, simple, straightforward, intensely practical, he hardly ever talked of anything but the work of the very hour, of the very moment; he did not seem to be capable of forming an abstract idea about anything. I never heard him speak of the sun-burst, of the ancient glories of Ireland. I never heard him talk of freedom and the brotherhood of nations. I never heard him use a rhetorical or poetical expression of any kind. For all an outsider could see, Parnell's whole soul and sense were always absorbed in the fate of the particular clause of the particular bill which the House was then trying to discuss, and which he was

trying to obstruct. You saw the heroic in him only in his absolute freedom from any manner of self-conceit, or self-sufficiency, or self of any kind. He seemed to me one of the very few human beings I had ever known, in whom there was neither vanity nor fear. There was something almost mechanical in his way of compelling himself to do things which he did not like to do. He always hated speech-making, and he was always making speeches—because he thought he ought to make them. He believed himself to be an incurably bad speaker; and yet he kept on speaking, as if, like Charles James Fox, he was determined to improve himself at the expense of his audience. Under all his manner of proud, cold, imperturbable composure, we who knew him knew there was a temperament singularly nervous and sensitive. Sometimes he shrank so much from the odious task of delivering a speech, that he had to force himself to the task, to drive his spirit at it as one may drive a horse at a fence."

Shortly after a split occurred in the ranks of the Irish party. Mr. Shaw and his following taking one side of the house. Mr. Parnell and his adherents the other. The split was caused by Mr. Shaw desiring to sit with the Liberals, who had been just returned to power in the general elections of 1880. Mr. Parnell opposed this, saying that the Irish members were in opposition to every party who did not pledge itself to Home Rule, and desiring to sit with the Opposition. That Mr. Parnell's views were acceptable to the majority of the Irish people was told at the following general elections by the defeat of all those who had remained with Mr. Shaw. Parnell was now the recognized leader of the Irish party and, together with Mr. Davitt, established the Land League. His record since that period is within the memory of all. His career one universal triumph. Sad it is to think that when all the machinations of his enemies could not prevail against him a series of overt acts by himself should have been the cause of his final ruin, and, incidentally, of his death. Verily the life of the transgressor is hard. The good that he has accomplished, the sacrifices made by him will be ever gratefully remembered by the Irish race. His faults unremembered. Over his grave the right hand of conciliation should be accepted and the party, once more united, under the leadership of McCarthy or Dillon. The continuance of the opposition, by a small faction of Parnellites, only tends to keep that which was his weaker side and fatal blemish before the public view, when it would remember but its best. That fratricidal strife will cease is the wish of all true lovers of Ireland in every clime.

COMPARISONS GALORE.

It is said that comparisons are odious. They are not so, however, to the erudite editor of the *Orange Sentinel*, provided they have even the appearance, in any way, of militating against the Catholic Church. In his last issue he institutes a comparison, taking one side of it, he tells us, from the Revised Edition of the New Testament, and the other part from a recent cable from Rome, and concludes: "And so on an ass, more than eighteen hundred years ago, the Lord of Heaven and earth entered the temple of God in Jerusalem, while to-day we find a man, called by Roman Catholics His vicar, enter his temple in Rome carried aloft on the shoulders of his papal guards dressed in rich white vestments, wearing his papal tiara, and preceded with the blare of trumpets and the beat of drums. What a comparison."

If, instead of the Swiss guard, a contingent of Orangemen had been supplied to "carry the Pope aloft" the difference as to the character of the bearers would be scarcely perceptible. Considering the lapse of time, more than eighteen hundred years, the progress of civilization in that time, and what evolution is claimed to have effected in the animal kingdom, the difference would merely consist in the number of carriers. What need then of going so far as Rome for comparisons when they can be found much nearer home? Has not the *Sentinel* thousands of times shown that everything Papal is dreadfully out of harmony with religion and civilization, and what need, if all this has been fully and perfectly established, to return to it once more? How would it do in the next issue to institute a comparison between the "Lord of heaven and earth," and the future pope of the Protestant Church of Great Britain, or his worthy son, another man cut out for a future papacy?

These are born Popes, who came into this world with tiaras on their heads, and filled with the grace of the Holy Ghost to enable

them worthily to fulfill the high and holy functions of their office. It may be seen by the newspapers how faithfully they are preserving and fostering the grace of their holy vocation, and how zealously they are guarding it from the least taint. Their mamma is in the Pope business just now, and has the holy youths in training to succeed her worthily.

This old lady Pope, who has had long experience in the Apostolic chair, and who knows what is expected of one in training for that holy office, has been lecturing the future *defensor fidei* on what she calls his delinquencies. She arraigns him on the charges of keeping low company, inveterate gambling propensities, advertising actresses, hard drinking, being in debt, looseness of morals, and being generally too fast. His son, too, and heir and presumptive apostolic successor, will no doubt come in for a certain lecture from Pope Victoria about some little transactions in which his name has been mixed up of late.

He will be told how disedifying to the truly loyal and faithful Protestants of Great Britain would be any levity on the part of their future spiritual chief. But the fact is the old Protestant Pope herself does not know what Protestantism is now and perhaps she little suspects how it is plunging the world into infidelity. The Pope of Rome goes to confession just as punctually as any of his spiritual subjects; but in the new order of Popery this institution has been dispensed with, as the exercise of tyrannical power over consciences.

If Pope Victoria had the institution of the confessional at her disposal it would amaze her to find what a power it would be to correct, tame, and discipline her wayward boys and fit them for their future Apostolic calling. Just fancy the Prince of Wales going to confession to his mamma, and fancy her in exercising the power of the keys which she has inherited from the prince of the Apostles, refusing him absolution on the ground of his refusing to pay his debts, and removing the proximate occasions of sin. He would no doubt urge on his mamma that he had thought the blessed Reformation had relieved the world of these relics of Mediaeval superstition and barbarism, and that, for his own part, he would go directly to God who alone can forgive sin, without any intermediate agent. God can forgive him his sins without requiring restitution, making any conditions, or asking any impolite or perplexing questions.

Moreover, it would be well to understand once and for all, that Protestants want none of these things and would not have them. Was it for this our forefathers of blessed memory struck for liberty? was it for this they possessed themselves of the property of the Catholics and threw off the yoke of those superstitions, which require examination of conscience, confession, restitution, and all kinds of penance and self-denial. No, never shall Protestants submit to these abominations, but struggle to death to maintain that easy-going religion, which requires nothing in this life and promises everlasting beatitude in the next. Leaving the confessional and spurning the ghostly councils of his spiritual directress, he exclaims that he will never confess again, except directly to God. She probably would assure him she did not mean to interfere with his liberty of conscience as to what he believed, or, as to what he did, but appearances must be kept up and public opinion conciliated.

Compare again, the introduction of the Catholic Church into the world and that of Protestantism. The former went forth poor, without staff or script in her hand; Protestantism stepped at once into the rich possessions of the Catholic churches and monasteries, and found itself provided with temples, schools, colleges, universities and hospitals; founded and endowed by Catholic piety and charity. The Catholic Church had to make its way not only against paganism, but also against the corrupt nature of man and the whole force of the temporal authority. Protestantism, in every country where it gained a footing, had the temporal authority and the corrupt nature of man at its side, as its unwavering supporters; while Catholicity had to encounter physical force, plunder and murder. The Catholics suffered persecution from Jews and Pagans, the Protestants persecuted the Catholics. The apostles in propagating the Church became martyrs themselves, the reformers in propagating Protestantism made martyrs of others. The apostles and their successors gained the world to Christ by their preaching and their virtues, the reformers gained the nations by the sword, fines, confiscations, imprisonments, exile, death—by their tyranny, persecution, vices and crimes. The Catholic

Church is preserving and teaching the true faith, which she alone has been commissioned to teach, while Protestantism, being purely an affair of the world, the flesh, and the devil, is bent on destroying all Christian faith by reducing it to mere opinion. The instruments of God in propagating His Church were men eminent for the holiness of their lives, while every one who has read history knows that the authors of the Reformation, after Satan himself, were courtiers, demagogues, dissolute priests and apostate monks, and that their motive was emancipation from the restraints of Catholicity and the promotion of their ambition, their cupidity or their lusts. The restraints of religion imposed on the human race by God's holy law they have designated and still designate, Romish tyranny, and they are never done boasting of having freed the human race from this slavery, as they call it. They have succeeded pretty well in giving plenty of liberty both in faith and morals. It is no wonder, then, that an easy religion which gives people a good time in this life, unaccompanied by any of the disagreeable sensations, arising from remorse of conscience, and promises eternal life for nothing at all but their *Protestantism* (which means nothing) can obtain followers. "There is no miracle," says a witty author, "in the propagation of a religion like this, except the miracle of a stone falling to the ground." It is quite different when there is question of obtaining recruits for a religion which demands self-denial, and duties hard to flesh and blood. It is quite natural that those who are urged on by the devil, and who worship the world and the flesh, should institute derogatory comparisons, and abuse the Church of Christ, which is a standing reproof to their licentiousness, which they falsely call the liberty of the children of God. Compare their divorce laws and divorce courts, the outcome of Protestant licentiousness, with the attitude of the Catholic Church in regard to the Sacrament of Matrimony. These laws are laying the axe at the very root of society by destroying the links that bind it when depriving matrimony of its sacramental character and necessary force. It is the existence in their midst of the Catholic Church, that is preserving even Protestant society from the utter destruction threatened by this hell born product of Protestantism. Look again at a few more specimens of the doctrines taught by the founders of Protestantism, and compare them with the teachings of the Catholic Church. "That God is the author of sin." "That man has no free will to enable him to avoid sin." "That it is impossible to observe the Commandments." "That the most enormous crimes do not injure a person in the sight of God." "That faith alone can save a man." "That we are justified by *faith, only* is a

most wholesome doctrine," says the Book of Common Prayer, "and very full of comfort." "Only believe," says the father of the Reformation, "and without the load of fasts and the mortification of abstinences, without the pain of confession, and the hardship of good works, depend upon it, you will be saved. You are even as sure of salvation as Christ Himself is. Yes, *sin*, and *sin* boldly, only believe, and your faith, although you commit fornication or murder a thousand times a day, I say, shall save you." It is needless, for the sake even of comparison, to state here what the doctrines of the Catholic Church are on these points, they are the doctrines taught by Christ Himself, which may be summed up in these words: If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments (Matt. 9: 17). Faith without works is dead (James 11: 29). Finally, the true Church exhorts us to be perfect, even as our heavenly Father is perfect.

If our contemporary of the *Sentinel* wanted to be impartial, he would have plenty to reform even in the followers of the glorious Reformation, commencing with the future head of the Protestant Church in Great Britain, and his worthy son. He were better employed in inculcating a little self-restraint and self-denial than in everlastingly proclaiming the glorious liberty of the Bible. Is this Bible liberty which he proclaims the *rustianism* which we so frequently see exhibited by Orangemen? He is too much occupied with the Pope to attend to this. He sees a greater calamity, a greater menace to the peace of society in the event of an old man eighty-two years of age being carried through a crowd by his faithful guard. Why does he not see the beam in his own eye? Why does he not defend some of the absurdities and contradictions of Protestantism? This is not his mission, this is not his purpose.

If he can blacken the Catholic Church he has fulfilled his mission. We should not be disheartened at this, and it is only the imperfect Catholic who will. Opposition, on the part of the enemies of God, to the Church of Christ is an evident realization of the prophecy of our Lord. The sects are separated from one another, opposed to each other in views and interests, condemning one another, they will uniformly act in the most harmonious alliance when there is question of injuring or attacking the Catholic Church. In the face of this common enemy they become one, as Herod and Pilate united, to crucify our Lord. Heresy and impiety, separated as they may be, become united for the purpose of outraging, scourging, belying, blackening, and annoying the holy Church of Christ.

LEX.

Catholic News

...His Grace the Archbishop paid his first official visit to Adjala on Saturday, 3rd ult. He was met at the station, on the arrival of the morning train, by a large number of the St. Francis, St. Mary's and St. James' congregations, who escorted him to the latter church.

On Sunday he administered the sacrament of confirmation to 120 children, and although this was the third service of the morning, the large edifice was crowded to the walls within the body of the church and on the spacious gallery. It was estimated that there could not have been less than 3,000 people present.

Before confirmation was administered His Grace delivered an appropriate sermon in his own very effective style. At the close an address mounted on an elaborate frame was read, to which His Grace replied in feeling terms.

On the following Wednesday His Grace proceeded to Tecumseth, where he administered confirmation to 32 children. After addressing the congregation and children forcibly and eloquently, as is His Grace's wont, he was made the recipient of the following address, which we take from the *Cardwell Sentinel*.

To THE MOST REV. JOHN WALSH, D.D.,
ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

May it please Your Grace—We, the people of this parish, humbly approach your Grace on this your first episcopal visit to the mission of Schomberg to tender you an earnest and heartfelt welcome, and to assure your Grace of our sincere attachment to your person and dignity; likewise to wish you many years of health and vigor to administer the affairs of the great archdiocese of Toronto, to which you have been so deservedly elevated by the wisdom of our holy and illustrious Father, Pope Leo XIII.

Our people have looked forward for this visit with unfeigned anxiety during the last twelve months, while this pleasant anticipation was engendered in us by the very many testimonials of esteem and respect which flowed spontaneously in on you from the clergy and people of the archdiocese alike. In past years, when you were parish priest of the most important parishes of Toronto, you were the beloved of the people; when Bishop of London, when your true worth as a Bishop of the Church of God was fully recognized and appreciated, not less so, likewise, your administration of the archdiocese of Toronto proves of the greatest advantage to the spiritual

and temporal prosperity of the Church in this fair province of ours.

In our own small parish here we desire to make known to your Grace the kindly feelings and harmony existing in this parish, not only among ourselves, but, also, with the different denominations we associate with. True it is that we are few and far between, on account of time and circumstances, but, with the help of God's grace, we shall always endeavor to co-operate with your Grace according to our means, and fervently pray that God may preserve your Grace to live for many years to advance the interest of the church of God here and the glory of God hereafter.

Again we beg to be permitted to say that we welcome your Grace to the Archdiocese of Toronto and to our parish this day, and humbly beg your Grace's episcopal benediction on this parish, on ourselves and families.

Signed on behalf of the parishioners:

Wm. King, Michael Murphy, J. O'Hara, John Trainor, John O'Neil, James Doyle. His Grace, in reply, thanked the gentlemen for their kind words, and gave them encouragement, help and advice to persevere in the faith.

His Grace then proceeded to Schomberg, where he remained the guest of Rev. Father Hagarthy, going from thence to

Toronto Gore, the following day, (Thursday), where he administered confirmation to 50 children.

The St. Alphonsus Young Men's Catholic Association will hold their annual election of officers for the year 1891-2 on Tuesday, Oct. 27th between the hours of 6 and 9.30 p.m. at the Association's Hall McCaul Street. An exciting election contest is promised, as St. Alphonsus has a large membership of young men, and two strong tickets have been placed in the field engineered respectively by Messrs. Andy Cottam, and Vincent McBrady. The tickets are as follows.

Cottam Ticket
 President... Andrew Cottam.
 Vice-President... Thos. Callaghan.
 Treasurer... M. J. Butler
 Financial Secretary... W. McDonough,
 Secretary... H. Devine,
 Librarian... J. M. Clark,
 Assistant Librarian... J. J. O'Brien,
 Sergeant-at-arms... J. Mann,
McBrady Ticket.
 President... V. McBrady.
 Vice-Pres... Philip Cummins.
 Financial Secretary... Thos. Slattery,
 Recording Secretary... John Murphy,
 Treasurer... Stephen J. Dee,
 Librarian... D. McLaughlin,
 Assistant Librarian... Thos. W. Connell,
 Sergeant-at-arms... G. C. C. C.

Mr. Cottam, who is also president of the La Salle Alumni Association, the election of officers for which comes off next week, having thus two elections on hand, is putting his efforts in canvassing there being trusty to secure his return, and the return of his ticket.

A meeting on behalf of the McBrady ticket, at which Ald Burns will preside will be held on Wednesday evening next, at 8 o'clock, in the Hall of the Association, McCaul St., at which the members of the ticket and their friends will deliver addresses.

...Rev. Fathers McInerney, C.S.S.R. and Grogan, C.S.S.R., of St. Patrick's church, returned last week, after giving successful missions at Markdale and Melancthon.

...Much to the regret of the parishioners of St. Patrick's church, Rev. Father Cooke, C.S.S.R., was, on Tuesday 9th ult., transferred to St. Clement's College, Saratoga. Since his arrival in Toronto some 6 months hence, Father Cooke has made many fast friends by his unassuming piety, devotion, and rare gift of eloquence. For the month preceding his departure he gave a series of instructive lectures at Vespers each Sunday on the Sacraments of the Church. Whilst regretting his departure his many friends trust that the rest and relaxation he will be able to take in the balmy air of Saratoga will restore his health and strength, which had been very poorly of late.

DIocese of Hamilton.

...The following account of the presentation of certificates and testimonials awarded to Separate school pupils is taken from the Hamilton Times of the 2nd inst.:

Yesterday afternoon the pupils of the 4th and 5th forms of all the Separate schools in the city assembled in the large hall in the rear of St. Mary's Cathedral for the distribution of testimonials of merit obtained during the month of September, and also the certificates of admission to the High School to those who were successful at the last entrance examination.

Bishop Dowling, who takes a lively interest in the schools, honored the children with his presence, and presented the testimonials and certificates to the happy winners. The pupils of the Sacred Heart school rendered a short but interesting programme of choruses, solos and recitations, and the pupils of St. Mary's school gave an exhibition of club-swinging. At the close his Lordship expressed himself de-

lighted at what he witnessed, and exhorted the children to make their school work sure and substantial, in order that they might rise in the scale of society in after life and discharge their social duties efficiently.

Father Craven, who is also a great friend of the schools, particularly those of the east end of the city, addressed a few encouraging words also.

Fathers McEvay, Brady, Clarkson and Coty occupied chairs on the platform.

The following is the list of those who were awarded testimonials and certificates.

SCHOOL OF THE SACRED HEART.

Fourth form—Testimonials of merit for conduct and application were presented as follows: Excellent—Miss Winnifred Roach; good—Misses Winnifred Leary, Irene Cummings, Josephine Crotty.

Fifth form—Excellent—Misses Cummings and Callon; good—Misses Margaret Prindoville, Margaret Dore, Kate Hughes.

Recitation, "The Shrine of the Sacred Heart." Miss Cummings.

Medals for punctual and regular attendance, to be worn during October—Misses Lily Smith, Mary Nelligan, Edith Hurley, Julia Forster, Katie Hughes, Ida Cashan and Julia Cummings.

Recitation—"The Night Blooming Cereus." Miss Alice Valentine.

ST. PATRICK'S SCHOOL.

Excellent—Miss Jessie Murphy; good—Misses Angela Cummings, Josephine Crotty.

ST. THOMAS' SCHOOL.

Excellent—Misses Annie England, Lottie Ronan and Master Peter Le Gault; good—Miss Sarah Ronan.

ST. VINCENT'S SCHOOL.

Excellent—Misses Mary Duffy and Eva Hays; good—Mary Murphy.

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS DEPARTMENTS.

TESTIMONIALS OF MERIT.

Form 6—Excellent, Henry Mullin, Lawrence Baine, Cornelius Donovan, William Lawlor, John Wilbee, James Allen, Maurice Cummings; good, Philip Peer, Joseph Crofton, Jas. Lahey, John Delorme, Hugh Hennessy.

Form 5—Excellent, Thomas Sweeney, John O'Brien, A. Blatz, Robert Barrow, John Campbell, John Kennedy; good, F. McDonald, Wm. Jessop, T. Cushen, P. Best, J. Sheehan.

Form 5—Excellent, M. Ball, J. Green, C. Burns, J. Hennessy, W. Sherring; good, J. Horrigan, W. Brick, G. Coffey.

ARCHDIOCESE OF QUEBEC.

ORDINATIONS.

The following have been promoted to Orders by His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau, in the Basilica, Quebec, on Oct. 8, and 11:

ARCHDIOCESE OF QUEBEC.

Subdeacon.—Revs. N. Garipey, M. Michaud, Aurthur Simard, P. Hebert, J. Cinqmars, O. Dugald.

Minor Orders—Messrs. H. Dorian, L. Duchesneau, J. Pagnet, P. Fillion, A. Pare, P. Leclerc, O. Plante, J. Thibaudeau, B. Paradis, J. Voilleux.

Tonsure—Messrs. P. Fourmer, A. Lemay, C. Desrobbers, J. Veilleux, G. Dumas, B. Lamoutagne, C. Martin, D. Boulet, A. B. Langlois, —Chamberlain, —Chateaubrand, L. Lenesque.

Priesthood—Rev H. Simard, Quebec.

DIocese of Harbor Grace, Nfld.

Minor Orders—Mr. Wm. Finn.
 Messrs. H. P. McPherson, Antigomish, N. S.; D. F. Forbes, Halifax, N. S.

Messrs. J. Ryan, and Andrew O'Neil, St. John, N. B.

Messrs. J. Blacquiere and Patrick Hogan Charlottown, P. E. I.

Mr. Thos. O'Brien, Ogdensburg, N. Y.

DIocese of London.

...On Saturday, the 3rd inst., La Sallette was honored with a visit from His Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of London, who reached that parish at 4 o'clock p.m., for the purpose of examining the children who were preparing to receive the sacraments of Confirmation and Holy Communion.

On his arrival His Lordship was met by the Rev. P. Corcoran, pastor of the parish, and by members of the congregation, who welcomed him on his first visit to them. His Lordship proceeded immediately to the church, where the candidates were assembled, and for two hours he examined them individually on the Christian doctrine.

Owing to the care which had been bestowed by the rev. pastor in preparing them, the children, for the most part, were found to be well instructed. His Lordship, however, rejected some of the candidates who were not sufficiently prepared, or who were not old enough to understand properly the nature of the important duty which they were desirous of fulfilling.

The First Communion was given to the children at 8 o'clock on Sunday, the 4th inst., the Mass being celebrated by His Lordship.

At 10.30 o'clock High Mass was celebrated by Rev. H. Traher, P.P. of Simcoe, and His Lordship confirmed the forty-seven candidates who were admitted to receive that sacrament.

His Lordship then preached an effective and practical sermon on the duties of parents and children. His heartfelt and eloquent words made a deep impression, and we are confident that they will tend to make his hearers more zealous than ever in fulfilling their duties, and especially to make the fathers and mothers more anxious that their children shall be thoroughly instructed in both moral and secular knowledge.—*London Record.*

...A despatch from London dated Oct. 9, says that aristocratic circles are astounded by the demand in the Liberal Federation for the abolition of the House of Lords is to put it mildly. The public declaration that the upper house shall be done away with was discussed last night in the clubs as nothing short of treason, and it was amusing to see retired admirals and generals fretting and fuming over the daring impudence of the common people, who thus undertake to assail one of the cherished institutions of the monarchy. Mr. Gladstone's speech, threatening the immediate extinction of the House in case it should hold out against an Irish Home Rule bill, has made the lords even angrier than before, and there are menaces, loud and deep, of what will happen should an attempt be made at coercion. The average daily attendance at sessions of the House of Lords is not over 40 in a peerage numbering six or seven hundred, and it has been said that the house was in danger of dying out of existence through the very neglect of its own members. Among the absentees are most of the men who really have the prestige and family or personal standing that would make their acts as legislators influential with the people. A few old legal drones, a few bishops, the members of the Government who are peers, and a few others who drop in to say that they have been there, constitute the actual House of Lords. The others seldom think of exercising their legislative duties, although, upon occasion, extremely jealous of their privileges. Such is the institution which the Liberals have pledged themselves to abolish.

Very Rev. Canon Francis Marenga, vicar-general of Syra, an island of the Grecian archipelago, among the Cyclades, is at present in Baltimore.

Mrs Grace Archbishop Walsh of Dublin paid a visit to Treves during the exhibition of the Holy Coat. The total number of pilgrims this year was not little less than 2,000,000.

The pontifical decree and brief proclaiming the Blessed Virgin patroness of the Belgian Congo has just been published. The decree is signed by Cardinal Aloisi Masella, prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, and by Monsignor Vincenzo Nussi, secretary of the same congregation. The brief is signed by Cardinal Ledochowski. The decree relates what has been done by the King of Belgium and by others of that country for the spread of the Gospel, and refers to the temple which he hopes will be erected in the Congo in honour of the Blessed Virgin, and that the day of Aug. 15 the feast of the Assumption, may be considered as the patronal feast.

Rev. Charles Collins, an Oblate missionary, residing at Colombo, in Ceylon, contributes to Les Missions Catholiques of Aug. 28 the first of what promises to be a very able and interesting series of papers on Buddhism. Father Collin has made an exhaustive study of his subject, and, unlike many western enthusiasts who have adopted the Buddhistic fad, knows whereof he writes. We translate. "One cannot but laugh at those Americans and Europeans who publish books on esoteric Buddhism. In the doctrines of Buddha there is absolutely nothing of the esoteric—that is, of the mysterious; for not only were they to be preached indiscriminately to all, but Gautama (Buddha) pretended that system was based on pure reason; and he instructed his disciples to accept, in the way of doctrine, nothing but that which was proved to them. He was the worthy precursor of our modern rationalist." *—Arc Maria.*

Canon Charles Graham has been appointed by the Holy See coadjutor bishop of Plymouth, Eng., in consequence of the failing health of Dr. Vaughan. Canon Graham is the eldest son of the late Colonel Graham of the Royal Engineers, and formerly in the service of the East India Company. He was educated at Park, Bath, and entered the ministry of the Church of England, but after a short service in that communion joined the Catholic Church. He spent some time at the English College in Rome, where he passed through the minor orders, and eventually was ordained priest in 1857. Soon after ordination he went to Plymouth, and has ever been a resident at the Cathedral. For many years he has acted as secretary to Bishop Vaughan.

The rumor that a full biography of Cardinal Manning is being prepared recalls an incident that occurred some time ago. An author who was, or was said to be, writing the life of the Cardinal, was requested to meet His Eminence. The latter mentioned the report about the proposed life, and added: "I don't like being gibbeted while I am alive; when I am dead they can do what they like with me." The life did not appear, nor do we think that any biography deserving to be called "full" will be published until the period when the great prelate's modesty and humility will run no risk of being wounded by the eulogies which his biographers must perforce pronounce the time, still far distant, let us hope, when he is enjoying in another world the reward of his magnificent, unselfish labors in this. *—Arc Maria.*

A dispatch from Manchester, N H., conveys the following information: The announcement is made public to-night that Rev. Herbert Boothby, a deacon of the Episcopal Church, a

graduate of Oxford University, and a scion of one of England's noblest families, who has been visiting in this city, has announced his intention of renouncing his faith and becoming a follower of the Church of Rome. He was a high churchman and the announcement of his proposed step has created a profound sensation. He is at present being instructed by Rev. Father Emerson of St. Joseph's Cathedral, and is under the care of the Society of Jesus at St. Mary's College, Montreal. Rev. Father Emerson first met Mr. Boothby at St. Anno de Beaupre, where he had gone to enjoy a retreat from the outer world.

...Apropos of the recent election of the general of the order of Dominicans at Lyons, France, the *Liverpool Catholic Times* gives this description of the mode of balloting provided by the rules of the great society of preachers: "Each voter writes the name of his nominee on a slip of paper, which he places in a receptacle for the purpose. The papers are counted and then opened, and the names are written down by the appointed scrutators (the three oldest provincials), who place opposite each name the number of votes recorded. The process is similar to that of a conclave. The voting thus goes on without interruption until one of the names gets the required majority of two above the half, to prevent a candidate voting himself in if he happens to be in the chapter, but if he is not a voter himself, and outside the chapter, a single majority suffices. The election must be completed within a day. The voters are the members of the order only, and do not include the cardinals of the order, as one account says, nor the master of the sacred palace. Also, though any member of the order among the fathers is eligible who has the requisite faculties and a few years' profession, yet, naturally, the choice is among the provincials."

We clip the following from a local journal, says the *Boston Republic*, Boston has a Miss Drexel now. The name of the devoted girl who gives up the advantages and luxuries of almost unbounded wealth, and will spend the remainder of her life in doing good and in the retirement of a convent, is Miss Jeanette Cockran of New York. Last week she became a member of the order of the Sisters of Mercy of this city, but the fact of her taking vows has only recently become known. Miss Cockran is the daughter of Colonel Robert Cockran of the law firm of Cockran, Wells and Blake. His residence is at Mount Vernon, Westchester county, N Y. Miss Cockran was born in Cambridge and educated under the tutelage of the Sisters in the Convent of St. Francis Xavier, from whom she conceived the idea of devoting her life to charity. All her education has tended to that end, and her parents' efforts to dissuade her have been in vain. She is only 20 years old, is highly accomplished, is a good musician, with literary tastes. She is a blonde, with close cut, curly hair. Her manner is reserved to strangers, but warm and cordial to friends. Friends thought that an introduction to the gayeties of society life would induce her to abandon her project of leading a conventual life, but the supposition was a vain one.

The hostile "demonstration" which the rabble in Rome is said to have made, the other day, was precipitated, it is alleged, by the uncompromising remarks of a French pilgrim at the tomb of Victor Emanuel. If such be the case the action of the pilgrim is blameworthy, because it presented the very pretext for which the "Roman youth" who "demonstrated" were eagerly waiting.

The hoodlums of the Eternal City, like those of less classic places, relish the thought of a scrimmage with persons of respectability. If such an outbreak can be made to assume a

political complexion so much the better. Especially is this true of Rome at the present moment. There, that portion of the youth likely to distinguish themselves in affairs of this kind are imbued with the fiery devotion to seditious principles and lawlessness characteristic of maturer malcontents, and which, when occasion requires, can be conveniently masqueraded in the guise of patriotic ardor.

The mob alluded to in the dispatches as the "Roman youth" belong to the classes, which, in Italy, have arrayed themselves against Christianity. Its constituents care precious little for the memory of King Humbert's father. At heart they are anarchists of the worst type, whose every emotion breeds opposition to the tranquility of peace and order. Their aversion to all established law is only less keen than their hatred of every person and every object representing religion. They would unquestionably inaugurate to-morrow, if they were numerically powerful enough and did not lack the courage, a crusade of violence against Church and State alike. Prevented in this by fear of authority that from motives of self preservation dare not countenance in them a spirit which, after all, is but a palpable imitation a little more radical, possibly, and feebler—of its own, this element is, nevertheless, quick to seize upon every available opportunity to exploit its rank anarchistic animus. Under circumstance with which all persons of even ordinary intelligence may be said to be familiar, Catholic visitors in Rome, especially pilgrims, might be expected to act a little more judiciously than did the impetuous Frenchman at the Pantheon, and thereby deny the revolutionaries the excuse they crave to establish a reign of terror. *—Catholic Mirror.*

Right Rev. Mgr. Bernard O'Reilly writes as follows. "The brief notice contained in this morning's *Herald* of the lamented Cardinal Louis Rotelli, late Pro Nunzio in Paris, and the chief part he he had in introducing into France the liberal policy inaugurated by Leo XIII. through Cardinal Lavergne, make me hope that further details of this great Prince of the Church will prove acceptable to your readers. I had the honor of being intimately acquainted with him during my three years' stay in Paris, and there are some things in what I here write about his diplomatic labours in France which, so far as I am aware, have never yet been made public. Leo XIII. counted on Cardinal Rotelli to be in Rome, one of his own most able and most trusted counsellors and co-operators. The Cardinal was in the full vigor of his manhood, accomplished, experienced, devoted. He was doubly dear to the octogenarian Pope. He had rendered the Holy See precious services while at Constantinople. What he had accomplished in Paris the reader will partly guess from what I have stated. In him the Church loses a Prelate full of the very richest promise and ripest ability; the United States loses an enlightened admirer and poor Ireland a warm and steadfast advocate."

At the recent Temperance Convention Bishop Keane delivered an eloquent and earnest address, of which the following is a summary. He said:

"The discussion between the cause of temperance and the liquor interest is always one of deep interest, and awakens deep feelings in the hearts of those who meditate upon the subject. The controversy never has seemed to be so intensely interesting as it is at present, when the liquor power is apparently massing all its forces for a tremendous effort toward a lasting victory. If ever there were a time when good people could leave the temperance cause to others, that time is past. When the liquor interest hands itself into a power of aggression, as it has done in the state of New York, boasting of its

power to control the state and even the presidential elections, it is time for every good citizen to look the matter in the face and regard it as a personal duty to suppress its growing power."

The bishop referred to the condemnation of the liquor traffic by the second and third plenary councils held in Baltimore. "The bishops," he said, "knew that all the evils afflicting the church and the land were focussed in the evil of drink."

The bishops did not curse the liquor traffic, because they already knew of the curses continually invoked upon it by those who were crushed by its effects. Must not every man who loves God and humanity join in the curse? And if any one stands up to defend the traffic does he not at most deserve to share the curse?

"The liquor business," continued the bishop, "is a good business for Catholics to get out of, for every Catholic in the business is consciously or unconsciously bringing dishonor upon his church and his religion."

"I am not a prohibitionist, though I respect the good and honest people who are working for prohibition. Their means seem to me radical and extreme, though I have never spoken against them, and, please God, I never will. But I am for absolute prohibition for Catholics having anything to do with the liquor business, no matter who takes it up."

At the end of his discourse Bishop Keane called upon all present to rise, and he administered a temporary pledge to all who responded to his appeal, which comprised nearly the whole audience of 1000 people. He then imparted his episcopal benediction.

After the rally Bishop Keane was presented with a purse of gold by John F. Couch, president of the society. A meeting of the society was held, and some seventy-five new members were admitted. Letters were received from Father Conaty of Worcester, President Capen of Tufts College, Rev. P. A. McKenna of Marlboro, and Dr. Talbot of the cathedral, regretting their inability to be present. The committee in charge of the rally consisted of Messrs. J. J. Dervan, C. A. Gornley and N. L. Kelley.

DOGHERRY.

...Shakespeare is always quite indifferent to "local color." Having his constables in his eye, he forgets all about Messina, about Sicily, and foreign manners, and makes his watchmen as thoroughly English as they are immortally diverting. Mr. Halliwell has printed a part of a letter from Lord Burghley to Mr. Francis Walsingham, written in 1586, and describing the English Dogberrys of the day.

"As I came from London homeward in my coach, I saw at every town's end the number of ten or twelve standing with long staves. And these worthies he took for mere idlers, but he found them to be watchmen, lying in wait for three malefactors who were wanted. About those persons the watch knew only that one of them had a hooked nose. "Surely," Lord Burghley goes on, "these watchmen stand so openly in plumps as no suspected person will go near them; and if they be no better instructed but to find three persons by one of them having a hooked nose, they may miss thereof," and so thank heaven that they are rid of three knaves. Dogberry may have been studied from one of these intelligent members of the old English police. He is the eternal type of the conceited official absolutely absorbed in his own importance and among all Shakespeare's many Malaprops, Dogberry is perhaps the most consistently entertaining. Almost every speech he makes contains a jewel. Tears of absurdity drop from his lips like real pearls from those of the girl in the fairy tale. All his phrases have become by-words, as: "To be a well-favored man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature."

"For your reading and writing, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity."

But it is absurd to quote passages which every one knows by heart, and which no one can read or remember without being moved to Lord Chesterfield's vulgar infirmity of laughter. Pope and Swift are said never to have been heard to laugh. Lord Chesterfield hoped that his son never would laugh. Could any of those persons of quality ever have read the address of Dogberry to his watch, or his reiterated complaints about being written down an ass? The delicious expedient by which the watch sits on the church bench till two, with the proclaimed intention of then going all to bed, brings about the fortunate coincidence by which Borachio and Conrade are overheard conspiring. The watch "recovers the most dangerous piece of lechery that was ever known in the commonwealth;" and if Dogberry had not been so delightfully Dogberry, Don John's plot would never have come to the ripening, and there would have been no play. The scoundrels would have been denounced before old Leonato in the morning, before Claudio had the chance of displaying his odious character in church, but, alas, Dogberry, when he does come to Leonato with his story, bestows all his tediousness on him. "Yea, an 'twere a thousand times more than it is." There is a daring and humorous originality here, which only Shakespeare would have ventured. If there is a parallel to such momentous news being so absurdly delayed, it is in the "Agamemnon," where the chorus of dotards, dodders and drivels plays the Dogberry while the fatal net is woven, the fatal stroke at the King of Men is being dealt within the palace. But the Eschylean chorus only makes us angry, like British statesmen quibbling and dividing and perorating while the days went by and Khar-toum was left unrelieved. Dogberry, in spite of our impatience, compels our mirth in the crisis of fair Hero's fate. *Andrew Lang, in Harper's Magazine.*

HIS HOLINESS ON DUELLING.

The deep impression made by his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. upon the conscience of the entire Christian world by his wonderful and comprehensive grasp of the great questions agitating civilized nations, and the clearness and force with which he proclaims the teachings of the Church as she advances in her divine mission of teaching all nations, leading and directing the true Christian civilization, are most gratifying to all thinking Catholics.

His recent encyclical on the labor movement which is making itself felt throughout the world has been received with profound respect by all creeds and denominations, and is destined to exert a most effective and beneficent influence in recalling men of all conditions to a clearer appreciation of their obligations to society and to their fellowmen, and so tending to harmonize the discord of conflicting interests, and holding in constant view the great command, "Love ye one another."

Last week his Holiness replied to a communication from the Archbishops and Bishops of Germany, Austria, and Hungary on the subject of the evil practice of duelling. His defining of the attitude of the Church toward the great industrial agitation was clear, convincing and dealt with fundamental principles, approving and blessing the lawful and just efforts of the laborers to better their condition by associated effort and organized action. With equal clearness and authority, on the other hand, does his Holiness condemn the duel, and analyze and expose the mistaken notion of honor which impels men to resort to the duel. The best copy of the celebrated painting by Van Dyke of "The Holy Family," which hangs

in the Royal Gallery at Turin, Italy, is at present for sale. This picture and its copies have a special significance for Catholics. The Blessed Virgin with the Child Jesus in her arms and St. Joseph standing near, brings to their minds the sufferings that Christ who "was made man," endured for their sakes. Mr. H. Weidenbach, who is probably one of the best authorities in the United States on paintings of this kind says that the best copy that was ever made of this picture was made half a century ago by Angero. The copy was purchased by an American gentleman for \$3,000, who brought it to this country. It is four and a half by five feet in dimensions. Since its purchase the gentleman has kept it in his private collection. He now wishes to dispose of it at its original price. Catholic treasures of this kind are exceedingly rare in this country, and wealthy Catholics should come forward and prevent this one from passing out of sight. Mr. Weidenbach, who has cleaned and restored most of the pictures in the churches of New York, says of this picture, that there is nothing like it in any church in the country, and that it only wants to be seen to be at once appreciated.

duel for a fancied vindication, when in reality they assume a double guilt in seeking to kill their opponents and willfully placing their own lives in unnecessary danger, an act condemned by all laws, human and divine. He shows that the Church has always set her face against the evil practice and has visited severe penalties against the offenders.

The fundamental principle of civilized society, which necessarily condemns the duel as a flagrant violation of social order, is expressed by his Holiness with unanswerable force when he says:—"Indeed, we can think of nothing which is a greater contradiction to civilized discipline and which undermines the just order of things more than if the right is left to every citizen to defend his own rights and to avenge his honor as best he thinks fit."

How forcibly and aptly does this principle apply not only to duelling but to its kindred outrages, lynching, and lawlessness by individuals or masked marauders.

"It is a holy and just feeling," says the Supreme Pontiff, "which prevents man from committing murder; and he who bears insult and calumny rather than neglect duty certainly shows a more exalted mind than he who, upon the slightest offence, snatches up arms. In our opinion he shows true bravery—that kind of bravery which it is right to call virtue." The American people gratefully recall the great influence exerted in this country over half a century ago by the noble minded Bishop England of Charleston in putting the ban of public condemnation upon the practice of duelling. The solemn words of his Holiness recall that praiseworthy agitation and renew its application to the present time and to all the world, reinforced with the blessing and approval of Pope Leo speaking in the name of the whole Church.

It never takes more than three or four bottles to work a complete change in the former condition of the stomach, and to create a strong appetite for regular and substantial food, with the ability of properly digesting the same.

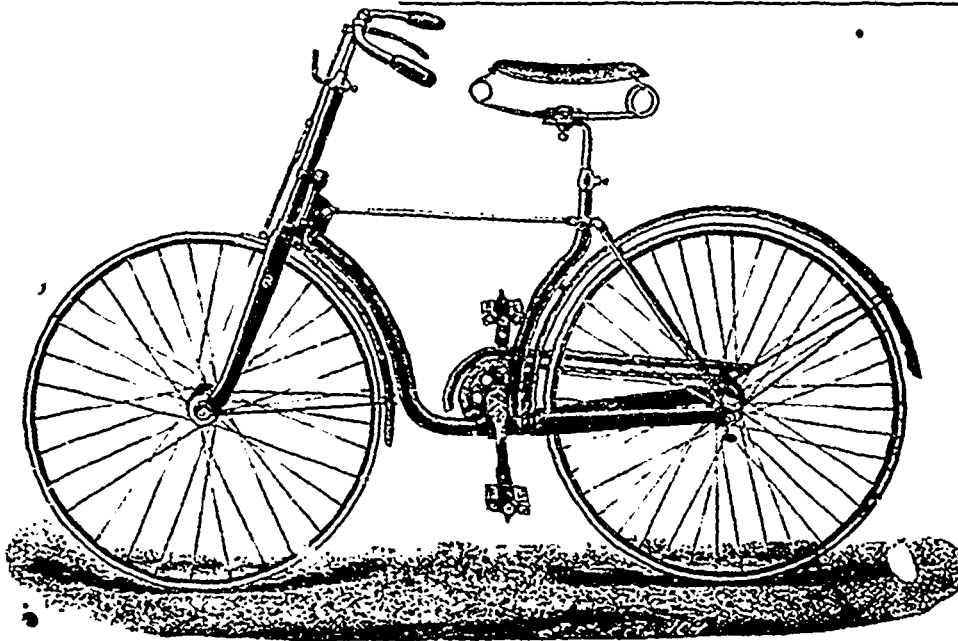
Nervousness and sleeplessness have also disappeared.

While the system is thus being built up again with its natural materials, while the natural stimulus is thus being restored to the circulation, the desire for liquor or artificial stimulant gradually decreases in the same proportion, and after an average of three weeks' faithful use of the Antidote, the system can do without liquor or artificial stimulants, and does no longer call for them; *the patient is cured.* He was a slave to disease; he is now again his own master, in good health.

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

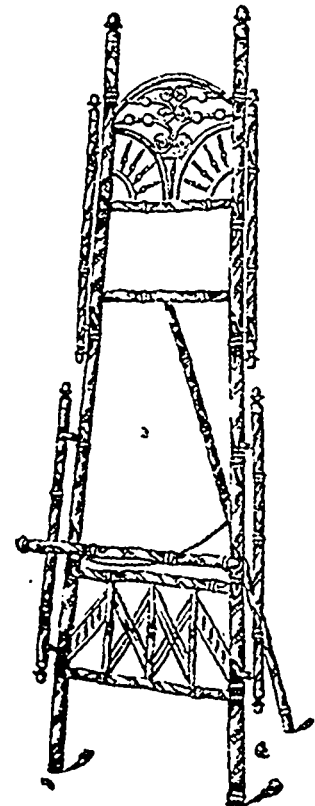
THE REVIEW, with its increased size and the new feature about to be introduced, is now in the front of Canadian journalism. We take this opportunity of thanking the many friends who have sent us in lists of subscribers, and as a still further incentive, for efforts on our behalf, we have determined to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

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

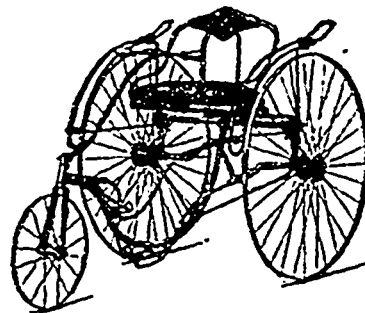


The frame is made of imported weldless steel tubing; the front and rear forks of special steel, concaved; the handle upright and bar, as also the spade handles; the swivel head and its brackets; the double rail bottom bracket; the sprocket shaft, cranks and pedal pins; the front and rear axles are all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

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



Fancy Umbrella stand
 worth \$6.50 Given with 10 subscribers



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



St. Basil's Hymnal,
 With Music and Words Given with two subscribers.

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