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The Catholic Weekly Review.

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CANADA,
Reddite quæ sunt Cæsaris, Cæsari; et quæ sunt Dei, Deo.—Matt. 22: 21.

Vol. I.

Toronto, Saturday, Dec. 3, 1887

No. 42.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Speaking at Carlisle a few nights ago, Mr. Michael Davitt declared that the Irish alone could settle the land question with the landlords. He went further than this to say, that he hoped support would be withheld from any land purchase scheme that might be proposed in England, even though it were suggested by Mr. Gladstone himself.

Mr. Charles L. Laçaita, M.P., for Dundee, a Liberal and Home Ruler, has retired from Parliament. He is still a Home Ruler, but announces as the cause of his retirement, that he cannot steadily support Mr. Gladstone. He believes him to be lacking in moderation, and to be hindering the conclusion of Home Rule in Ireland. By resigning, Lord Roseberry told him he played the game of his foes.

On the invitation of the Oxford University Russell Club, Mr. John Dillon, M.P., on Monday delivered an address in the Corn Exchange. Mr. Dillon reviewed the history of Ireland and said, the agitation in that country was necessary and justifiable. Without agitation the Irish would not have obtained the Land Acts, and it was a lasting honour to the Irish that they had refused to submit tamely to the detestable Castle Government.

Upon the conclusion of the new trial of Lord Mayor Sullivan, of Dublin, which was begun on the 1st inst., for printing reports in the *Nation* of suppressed branches of the National League, the Government, it is believed, will

institute prosecution against the publishers of a number of other papers for printing similar reports. The case of the newsdealer in Ennis, who has been imprisoned for selling copies of *United Ireland*, the sale of Mr. O'Brien's paper having been proclaimed, is the first in which a person has been prosecuted for selling newspapers. The arrest of news agents in this connection, the *Freeman's Journal* asserts, is illegal; but if legal, then the Dublin depots of the Rt. Hon. W. H. Smith's news companies must be prosecuted against similarly, since they have sold thousands of *United Ireland's*.

In a recently published letter written by Mr. Balfour the Irish Secretary refers to the "grotesque episode of Mr. Wm. O'Brien's clothes. Mr. O'Brien, he says, is not treated in Tullamore prison with either leniency or severity, and that he has succeeded in sheltering himself under the medical opinion that his lungs are delicate, and his heart's action weak. In a letter smuggled from Tullamore gaol to a friend in Dublin, Mr. O'Brien has thus replied to Mr. Balfour: "The substance of Mr. Balfour's statement that I pleaded weak action of the heart and delicate condition of the lungs as an excuse for not being forced to wear criminal clothes, is a cruel falsehood. I am not aware of such weakness and certainly never declared it. The medical examination never referred to this, my only weakness being in my left lung, which does not trouble me at present. If Mr. Balfour is acting on the belief that the state of my health renders the application of brute force dangerous, the course he has pursued could not be recommended on the score of humanity. For six days after committal I was subjected to constant threats of force and put on bread and water diet. When this proved fruitless I was led to believe that the point would not be insisted on. Thereupon my clothes were stolen. Since securing new clothes I have been unable to change them night or day for fear of their being stolen. No official intimation has yet been given to relieve me of this continued strain. This letter is the only means of vindicating myself against Mr. Balfour's foul and dishonouring imputations. Henceforth I shall not speak concerning my health. I do not take any nourishing food. In the face of intolerable calumnies, I leave it to honourable men to judge the chivalry of Mr. Balfour's false and heartless insinuations."

The elaborately arranged Unionist meeting held in Dublin on Tuesday, for the purpose of addressing which Mr. Goschen and Lord Hartington were brought over from London, though fairly successful in point of attendance, could hardly have been representative of Irish public opinion. The speeches of Mr. Goschen and Lord Hartington were nothing more than a rehash of I. L. P. U. platitudes. The Liberals and Nationalists, Lord Hartington said, were the deceivers of the Irish people, while he and those with him were the true friends of Ireland. The surroundings says the *Freeman's Journal*, proved that Lord Hartington and Mr. Goschen were avowed enemies of Ireland. Detectives guarded the two Englishmen as if they were a couple of czars. The meeting was attended only by those who held tickets, and no claim could be made that it was a free expression of public opinion.

ADVENT.

In the Latin Church, the name of Advent* is given to the period preceding Christmas, destined for the preparation of the faithful for the due celebration of the great Feast of the Birth of Christ. It is impossible to assign the exact date when this time of preparation was first instituted, nor when it first bore the name of "Advent." Its observance must, however, have first commenced in the West, for certainly the time of Advent could not have been assigned as a preparation for Christmas, until after the date of that Feast had been definitely fixed for the 25th of December. It was towards the end of the 4th century that this took place in the Eastern Church, though the Western had long previously celebrated it on that day. It appears that originally this preparation was of longer duration than what is now practiced and certainly its length has varied considerably in various ages.

At one time it would seem to have commenced the day after the Feast of St. Martin (Nov. 11th), and hence it was termed in popular language, "St. Martin's Lent." The penitential exercises have always been less rigorous than those of Lent, but still at the Council of Macon, held in 582 three days weekly of fasting and abstinence were enjoined: the Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. Previously at the Council of Tours, held in 507, it had been enjoined on all religious to fast every day from the beginning of December, until Christmas Day.

Now, however, the universal custom of the Church is to make the penitential period commence on the last Sunday of November, or the first in December, and continue to Christmas Day, so that four Sundays may always be counted in Advent.

Only Wednesdays and Fridays are now observed as Fast Days, and in every way the penitential character of Advent is less severe than that of Lent. It is still, however, a time when, like Lent, religious communities observe stricter retirement from the world than during the rest of the ecclesiastical year, and among lay people the joyous celebration of marriages is prohibited. We have already said that the word Advent is taken from the Latin word *adventus*, signifying *coming*, and this coming is the coming of Our Lord, which is of three fold signification. St. Bernard tells us that "in the first coming He comes in the flesh and in infirmity; in the second, He comes in spirit and in power; in the third, He comes in glory and in majesty; and His second coming is the means by which we pass from the first to the third." This three-fold coming of Our Lord is, then, the mystery we celebrate during the season of Advent, and we will now listen to the explanation given by Peter Bloisius of this three-fold visit of Our Lord.

"There are three Advents of Our Lord, the first in the flesh, the second in the soul, the third in judgment.

"The first Advent has already taken place, for Christ has been seen on the earth and has conversed with men. We are now at His second coming, provided always that we are such that He can come to us; for He has Himself said that if we love Him He will come to us and take up His abode in us. This second coming cannot then be a certain thing for us, since it is the Spirit of God alone that knoweth who are God's? As for the third Advent, it is very certain that it will take place, and most uncertain when it will take place, for nothing is more certain than death, and nothing more uncertain than the day of death.

"The first Advent was humble and hidden, the second is mysterious and full of love, the third will strike terror into all hearts. At His first coming, Christ was unjustly judged by men; at His second He justifies us through His grace; in the last, He will judge all things with equity. He was a Lamb at His first coming, will be a Lion at His last, but is a tender Friend in His second."

Such then is the three fold mystery of Advent and the Church celebrates it in her liturgy in two different ways: the one consists in prayers, lessons and other formulas; the others in exterior rites adapted to the holy season serving as a complement to what has been sung and said by her.

During the time of Advent the Church, except on the Feasts of the Saints, omits the sacred canticle *Gloria in excelsis*.

This marvellous and glorious canticle was first sung in Bethlehem at the cradle of the Divine Infant, and since the Blessed Virgin has not yet "laid Him in the manger," the hour has not yet arrived for us to sing "*Gloria be to God on high, and on earth peace to men of good will!*"

Likewise, at the end of the Sacrifice in the place of *Ite Missa est*, the Deacon exclaims, *Benedicamus Domino!* as if the Church feared to interrupt the prayers of the people, which should be ardent and prolonged during these days of expectation.

The use of the word *Alleluia* is not suspended during the month of Advent, as it is during Lent, for whilst uniting herself with the people of old in imploring the coming of the Messiah, the Church does not forget that for her Emmanuel has already arrived, is dwelling in her, and that she is eternally united to Him!

G. M. WARD.

THE NEEDED TEXT-BOOK.

By briefly examining what we already possess in the way of literary text-books, we can conceive a notion of what we want. The notable production of Brother Azarias is very excellent in its way. The author is a gentleman of vast erudition, and his book is a fair reflection of his cultivated mind. He fully meets the wants of younger and older persons who are in a condition to profit by practical suggestions. The wants of those beginning to read have been especially considered, while those who are more or less familiar with books and practiced in reading, have not been wholly overlooked. The design of the book is in every way praiseworthy; its utility as ably dealing with a subject which is not only great, but is constantly increasing, must be felt by all. Those who are beginning to feel an interest in books and reading, and who long for friendly directions as to what books they should read, and how they shall read them, will find that our author does much to satisfy their desires. He teaches that books "are a substantial world, both pure and good," if we only select them aright; and he tells how this may be done. But the valuable work of Brother Azarias is more of a criterion than a text-book or school manual, and as such is ulterior to the present subject, and is in fact out of court.

Although the Hand Book of the Rev. Mr. Jenkins is only a manual, it contains nearly one thousand more or less interesting sketches of literary men or remarkable books, ranging all the way from Gildas the Wise, to Ruskin and Longfellow. The author surveys this vast field from a purely Catholic standpoint, which fact alone should endear his work to the community for which it was prepared. The style of our author is certainly pleasing, but it might be somewhat less even. The richness of its contents, and the manner in which they are presented, makes the volume invaluable for purposes of reference, as well as very suitable for those of general reading. Such are a few of its commendable qualities, and its faults are equally perceptible.

It may not be correct to class in that category the fact that the author devotes several of his opening pages to the Saxon and semi-Saxon periods. If life were not so lamentably brief, it would perhaps be well to devote some time to the study of an era, so rich in great literary men who were also great churchmen. Such details must always be accompanied by much interest for the votaries of the ancient faith. But in spite of such predilections, English literature may be said to date from Chaucer, and the works produced anterior to his time form a literature themselves, being in a language different from that we now speak, and which was neither Saxon nor English, but a mixture of both. A very brief notice would, I think, suffice for the hybrid literature which preceded the age of Chaucer; more especially as the future will behold in England and America a literary energy on the part of Catholics to which that of Saxon England was but a clumera.

The author of the Hand Book is not always correct in his appreciation of authors, especially when a writer of light literature is under his critical lense. Indeed, the views of our author on the important question of fiction

* From the Latin word *adventus*, which signifies *coming*.

are too monastic for the times; but he is not the only writer who has fallen into the grave error of condemning fiction as radically bad in itself. Although the production of novels and poems occupies a majority of brilliant pens in our days; still the influence wielded by works of this kind is limited. I believe the modern novelist does little to guide or help those who may have complications of life to go through very similar to the complications which form the burdens of modern romance. But many of our romancists, such as Dickens, Scott, Griffin, Read, Elot, and even Anthony Trollope, often step aside to inculcate an important moral, if they do not make a whole tale teach some didactic lesson; and surely this is no little thing in an age in which, to be acceptable, the wholesome medicine of facts must be coated in the sweet sugar of fancy. Leisure is an attendant on toil, and it will abuse no leisure to read such novels; the only thing that should be regretted is their comparative scarceness. In general, the slight hold which the incidents of fiction take on the majority of minds is perhaps their best safeguard, more especially when the novelist is sensuous, vicious or immoral. The one grand problem of which all our novels are full, which is how to get ourselves beloved and married, is a question upon which, it is proverbial, nobody will take any advice or profit by any example.

These considerations make me of opinion that fiction may not only be tolerated by the good and virtuous, but that its production and use, within certain bounds, may be encouraged. With the example of Newman and Wiseman, and of our own Bishop O'Brien of Halifax, before me, I would hesitate before condemning fiction merely as fiction. The Rev. Mr. Jenkins fortifies his adverse opinion of novels by a quotation from the American Cyclopædia, as energetic as it is unreasonable. In this matter of fiction we must "accept the inexorable." Emerson says that books are only for one's idle hours; but while a Pascal or an Emerson may supply their place by the depth and force of personal reflection, to the generality of men, books not only serve to enrich and enlarge the mind, but also to stimulate, inflame and concentrate its activity. So long as human nature remains what it is, novels will be written and read, and an author who teaches how to distinguish between those which are good and those which are bad, does more good than he who brings both kinds under the ban of a universal condemnation.

If the manuals of Jenkins and Murray were interdicted to Catholic students, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to supply their places. Surely, the bigoted compilation of Dr. Collier, which contains innumerable passages most objectionable to Catholics would not be substituted. The student who would go to Taine for his ideas of Catholic literature, would soon learn to look upon it as "an exotic," or something worse. The volumes of John Morley, brilliant and profound though they be, are obnoxious on account of the avowed infidelity of their author. Thus, one may review the whole list of books, which were prepared for the use of students about to enter upon a course of English literature, without finding a single one adapted to meet the wants of our colleges.

When the "Traveller from New Zealand" seats himself to write a history of English literature for Catholics, he should bear in mind that Dr. Dryasdust has been very busy in this department. A repulsive aridity of style is only too characteristic of literary text-books. Unfailing freshness is what young people like best, and this should be possessed by the writer who undertakes to introduce them to some of the deepest themes that engage the attention of earnest minds. He should also excel in the rare art of literary portraiture, and he should make his characters walk their canvas. The political historian treats of the productions of human hands, while the literary historian has to weigh and describe the fruits of human brains. An agreeable writer, who is conversant with the many sides of his subject, and who is endowed with a fluent, easy, picturesque style, could do for Catholic literary history what Macaulay has done for political history.

The relations which a man bears to his Creator furnish trustworthy indications of his connections, not only with

his own thoughts, but with mankind. Religion is a perfect key to character; a truth which is all but overlooked in our text-books of literature. It is impossible to estimate the peculiarities of such mental constructions as those of Dryden or Gibbon, Emerson or Carlyle, Hume or Hawthorne, without first knowing their religious creeds, however imperfect, repulsive, or absurd some of them may be. Therefore, in a good history of literature, the religious belief of each author, with whatever modifications it was made to undergo, should be clearly and exhaustively noted and described. Had I a choice, I would much rather be spared the details of an author's domestic affairs, than be deprived of an account of his religious belief or unbelief. The Catholic scholar who will be the first to produce a history of English literature, written in a pleasing style, keen in discernment, simple and direct in statement, and picturesque in grouping; will find that he will have written a volume which will exhaust several editions, and procure for him high honors as well as considerable pecuniary remuneration.

M. W. CARBY.

The Church in Canada.

Under this heading will be collected and preserved all obtainable data bearing upon the history and growth of the Church in Canada. Contributions are invited from those having in their possession any material that might properly come for publication in this department.

CATHOLIC HISTORICAL NOTES.

THE JESUIT MARTYRS.

The following letter from Dr. John Gilmary Shea has a permanent interest and is worth reproducing in these columns. We have run across it in an old number of *Ave Maria*:

The following item has been going the rounds of the press:

"Mr. C. A. Hirschfelder, the Toronto archaeologist, has lately come across, while excavating in the ancient Huron country, an exceedingly interesting relic of the early Jesuits of North America. The relic dates previous to 1649, as in that year the Hurons or Wyandottes were nearly exterminated by their inveterate foes, the Iroquois; and Brébeuf, who was a missionary among them, was killed at the same time. The locality where he fell was in Medonte township, and is marked by a plain stone put there a number of years ago. The relic is a rosary, and was found quite near the spot where Brébeuf fell, and was undoubtedly in his possession either at the time of his death or shortly before. The rosary consists of round beads of wood joined together by pieces of link wire, attached to which is a crucifix which appears to be brass."

We thought the circumstances, as related, hardly warranted the conclusion that the rosary-beads belonged to the martyr-missionary, or to any of the Jesuit pioneers, and considered it strange that no one challenged the authenticity of the alleged relic. Before expressing an opinion, however, we wrote to John Gilmary Shea, LL.D., asking what he thought of the matter, and his opinion coincides exactly with our own. His answer is so much to the point, and contains such valuable information, that we cannot forbear publishing his letter—a liberty which we hope the learned writer will pardon. Everyone is aware that there is no better authority in matters connected with the history of the Church in this country than Dr. Shea:

ELIZABETH, N. J., Aug. 31, 1882.

REV. DEAR FATHER:—Rev. Father Felix Martin and Hon. Mr. Tache explored the Huron country, and by the aid of the Relations and of the Map in Creuxius were able to determine the site of nearly all the Huron towns where missions were established.

Father Brébeuf and Lalemant were taken in the town called by the missionaries St. Louis, and thence trans-

furred to the ruins of the town of St. Ignatius, where they were burned alive. After the Iroquois retired, the mutilated and burned bodies of the missionaries were found, and carried to St. Mary's, where they were interred.

There were hundreds of rosaries in the hands of French and Indians there, and unless there is some mark to identify one found on the site of either of these villages it would be folly to jump at the conclusion that it must have belonged to Father Brébeuf. It is to be hoped that the Toronto archæologist does not pursue this plan in all his investigations. If a Catholic archæologist had a pair of beads with no better evidence, and were to show it as a relic of Father Brébeuf, these archæological gentlemen would be the very men to turn us into ridicule, and talk about sham relics.

Since that time (333 years ago) the district has been traversed by hundreds of rosary-carrying Catholics; and the fact that the wooden beads have not decayed, or the wire rusted away, leads to the inference that they have not been buried two centuries and more.

The writer evidently never heard of any missionary among the Hurons except Brébeuf (his name was not Brébeuf); but there were, in fact, from first to last, no fewer than thirty; and as lay-brothers, *donnes*, and converts carried beads, there must have been several thousand in the Huron country.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN GILMARY SHEA.

REV. D. E. HUDSON, C. S. C.

THE FIRST PRIEST IN UPPER CANADA.

Writing to the editor of the *Irish Canadian*, Mr. W. J. MacDonell, R.H.S. says: "Allow me to say that so far as I have been able to learn, the first priest on the mission in Upper Canada in what might be called 'modern times'—that is, since the intrepid missionaries of the seventeenth century—was the Rev. F. McKenna, an Irish clergyman, who accompanied the first band of Scotch Highland immigrants, about the year 1776. Of this missionary M. Montgolfin, Vicar General of the Bishop of Quebec, and seventh Superior of the Sulpician Seminary, Montreal (died 1791), writes as follows: 'That missionary (F. McKenna) has been charged to accompany a new colony of Highlanders, about 300 in number, who, it is said, are going to settle in Upper Canada, where they hope to enjoy the Catholic religion without molestation. They have already arrived at Orange (Query: Where was that?), and intend to fix altogether in the same place with their missionary, who alone understands their language. I have given him the ordinary powers for ministering to his ambulating parish.'

"The Rev. William Fraser, or 'Priest Fraser,' as he was familiarly called, was born in Inverness, Scotland, in 1788, son of David Fraser and Mary Chisholm; was ordained at Quebec in 1819, vicar for Rev. Alexander (afterwards Bishop) MacDonell at St. Raphael's in 1820; appointed to Kingston in 1822, where he built a fine stone presbytery, afterwards occupied by Bishop MacDonell during his residence in Kingston, and subsequently used as an academy by the Nuns of the Congregation. Fr. Fraser was an active and zealous missionary; he died at Kingston in 1836."

BOOK REVIEWS.

GOVERNMENT IN CANADA; by D. A. O'Sullivan, D.C.L.

Under the above title Messrs. Carswell & Co., have just published a second edition of Dr. O'Sullivan's manual of our constitution. The present edition is a great improvement on the earlier one, both in point of size and in completeness. Taking the B. N. A. Act as his text the author goes deeply into such questions as are afforded by our peculiar form of government, and his views, the result of long and earnest study, cannot fail to be uniformly interesting and instructive. The learned writer takes a hopeful view of our constitution and of the difficulties and dangers that beset it. They obstruct at times its proper working but never seriously baffle it, and the result, looked forward to with every confidence, is its establishment

no a more fixed and certain basis as each successive obstacle is overcome.

The autonomy of the provinces, a question which is at present assuming considerable importance, is very ably treated as are also the general principles of federal forms of government and "imperial federation." The constitution of the United States is given in an appendix to the volume and is often alluded to throughout the work. These are some of the leading features of the book, which is brimful of information throughout, and will be found extremely useful by all who take an interest in our young and growing country.

EXCOMMUNICATION.

(Myr. Corcoran, in the *American Catholic Quarterly*.)

For, when these northern barbarians, under the varied names of Vandal, Frank, Teuton, Norman, Longobard, etc., had occupied the whole of western Europe, infused their spirit everywhere, and stamped upon it the impress of their manners, habits of life and institutions, it became a matter of absolute necessity that there should be a new ecclesiastical polity and a thorough change of penitential discipline. And the Church, who, like a great Apostle, "becomes all to all, that she may gain all to Christ," wisely and gradually made the needed alteration, for the sake of her new children. By the training of centuries in their frozen northern homes, they had preserved their natural goodness and ranked far above the moral type of degenerate Greek and Roman. They were disposed to believe firmly and to show by outward life their religious belief, to imitate whatever they saw of good and to revere all that was holy. They were, however, but children of a larger growth, and had to be treated and disciplined as such. Moreover, they were rough, stiff-necked, overbearing, violent men, with whom gentleness and courtesy were but other names for cowardice. Again, they had an irresistible propensity to trample on the weak; to harry, rob and outrage those whose sex or state of life left them defenceless, women and clergymen; in a word, to assert in practice the *ius fortioris*, the right that is born of might. It is well to praise the virtues of extinct generations, but it is also just and—to understand Church history—necessary to recall the faulty character and evil deeds of those men, the

Duri ed alpestri avi,

—as the poet well calls them—rugged, unbending, terrible as those dangerous mountain heights around which so many of them had their birth-place and their home.

How was the Church, without sword or bucker, to deal with such men? How was she to enforce respect and obedience to her laws, to insure for her weaker children protection from these men whose hands were ever ready for violence, rapine and bloodshed? She did the only thing that remained for her to do.

She appealed to them through their faith, which was lively and solid, through their imagination and senses, by which they were enthralled. She held over their heads her spiritual weapons, of which the most formidable was the sword of excommunication. To threaten them in general terms that they were removed from fellowship with the Christian Church might have no great effect. But to have piled upon their heads in detail the dreadful curses of the Mosaic law and of the Psalmist, the maledictions that fell on Core, Dathan, and Abiron, in the Old and on Judas in the New Law; to be cursed by each high rank, singly and by name, of the heavenly court; to be cursed in each and every power of the mind and members of the body; to be avoided by all as a moral leper; to forfeit the intercourse of friends and family, even of wife and child; to be shut out from witnessing the Holy Mysteries or taking part, even as a listener, in the prayers of the Church; to live in lonely sorrow and then die under the curse of God and His Church—all this was sufficient to strike terror and dismay into the boldest, most obdurate soul. For many it was quite necessary; since nothing else could induce them to give up their ill-gotten prey, recall a deserted consort, break off an adulterous or otherwise forbidden marriage, or put a stop to hostile incursions with fire and sword for purposes of revenge or plunder. For it must not be forgotten that these baronial robbers, when they had returned safe with their booty to their mountain fastnesses, could defy the civil law; and that

the higher their title, the greater the boldness and ease with which they would repudiate a wife and take another. It was against these two crimes, especially, that most excommunications were directed. And if Europe did not turn out to be a large Budozin camp, if marriage did not sink to the level of Turkish degradation, we owe it to the Bishops and Popes of the Catholic Church, and to their sentences of excommunication.

LITTLE GLEANERS.

"So to-morrow is All Souls' Day!" observed Bertie to Fred. "I wish it was over—don't you? It's always such a dull melancholy day, and everyone looks so grave and goes about sighing, and when the wind howls—and it always does, you know—it's dreadful."

"I don't know that," returned Fred, who was more matter-of-fact than his brother; "the wind is howling to-night, and it's All Saints. It won't be worse to-morrow than it is now."

"Oh, yes, it will," sighed Bertie. "Nurse says we ought to think of the poor souls all day, and when I hear the wind like that, it makes me feel quite creepy and queer. It sounds as if it were their voices, you know, and I begin to think how frightened I should be if one was to 'pear to me. You wouldn't like to see a poor soul, would you?"

"I'm not sure," said Fred. "You see I don't know any except poor old Joe Tomkins, and I shouldn't mind seeing *him* a bit."

"Wouldn't you?" from Bertie, aghast.

"Not a bit. Why, one couldn't be afraid of Joe—dear old Joe, who used to give us rides in the wheelbarrow, and let us eat all the pears that wouldn't keep. Don't you remember how we used to run when we saw him coming up the garden-path in that funny old patched suit of his, and that old, old, *old* straw hat? I should run to him *now* if I were to see him."

"Ah, but he wouldn't look that now," cried Bertie. He wouldn't have his working clothes on, you know; Mrs. Tomkins has got them in the cupboard, I saw them myself."

Fred looked meditative. Old Joe, without his working clothes, would be quite another person; he could not fancy him at all.

The two little brothers stood, for a moment or so, looking out of the window into the gathering gloom, and then turning away, with one accord crept near the fire, beside which their mother was seated.

"Well, children," she said, throwing an arm round each, and drawing them to her, "you have been talking a great deal of nonsense, with just a little thread of truth running through it. As to to-morrow being a sad day, Bertie, it is sad, indeed, in one sense, to those who have lost those they love; but it is consoling in another, because they remember the prayers that will be said all over the world in which those dear souls will share. It is true that we should think of them a great deal—not to be afraid of them, you understand, for the dear souls are much too holy and good to wish to hurt us, or even to frighten us—but to help them. You know we can help them, don't you?"

"Yes," said Bertie, "big people can, but children can't do very much."

"We can't say such a lot of prayers, you know," cried Fred. "We can manage *little* ones now and then, but we really haven't time for very long ones."

"Little ones now and then will do very well," returned their mother, smiling: "no one would expect more of such busy people. Listen: I will tell you a little story which will show you what children may do if they will."

"There was once an immense corn-field, in which many people worked. It belonged to a great king, and it was his harvest at which they laboured, they had full liberty to work in their own fashion, doing much or doing little, being idle or diligent according as they would. But from time to time some one of them was summoned before the king, and was forced to give an exact account of the labour he had done, and the manner in which he had set about it. Woe to him if he had failed to accomplish his task (for the king knew the measure he could, and should, have gathered). If he came empty-handed before his Lord, he was banished forever from his sight. He that had worked well, on the contrary, received a wondrous rich reward; while he whose work was scanty or imperfect was

cast into a gloomy prison until his debt was paid to the full. But, shut up as they were, the poor prisoners could not help themselves, and were obliged to appeal to the charity of the passers by. Often and piteously did they cry to them, imploring them to spare some of their grains, and telling them that they had got time to bind many sheaves, and might well bestow on them out of their abundance. But, strange to say, their voices were seldom heard; people were so busy, or so merry, or so careless that the sorrowful pleading did not reach them. Some forgot all about the poor prisoners, and others thought within themselves that it would be impossible to push large sheaves through the prison bars, and therefore did not attempt it.

"Well, it happened that one day some little children, playing in the corn-field hard by the prison, heard the faint moaning, and looking up saw hands stretched forth through the grim, terrible bars.

"'Help us, help us!' cried the beseeching voices. 'Oh, you who pass by, how is it that you are so hard of heart? What would cost you almost nothing would be so much to us, and yet you deny it to us.'

"The children, feeling sorry for the poor prisoners, ran quickly to the place where the reapers were working, and following in their wake, gleaned the ears that lay here and there amid the stubble. When they had gathered as much as their little hands could hold, they ran back to the prison, and standing on their tip-toe pushed the ears through the bars. They could not carry much at a time, but day after day, faithfully and regularly, they brought their offering, and were rewarded by the prisoners' blessings.

"And lo! it came to pass that one day, on binding together the accumulated gleanings, the prisoners found they had wherewith to pay their debt; and joyfully passing out of the prison they laid the children's golden sheaves at the feet of the king. When the children grew to be men they too were bidden to join the reapers, and the day came when on their turn they were summoned to the judgment.

"Alas! they, too, had to acknowledge scanty work, and work ill-done, and the king was about to cast them into prison when, of a sudden, two that sat in high places rose and cast themselves at his feet: 'Remember, Lord,' they said, 'the work these hands have done in childhood, and the help they gave us of old.'

"Then the king called for an account of the grain the children had gathered up of yore, and on its being measured, there was found to be enough to pay their debt too, for it had brought forth fruit a hundredfold. There, children, my story is finished. Do you know what it means?"

"Yes, I think so," said Bertie, who looked very solemn; "the king is God, I suppose, and the reapers are all of us—"

"And the prisoners are the poor souls," interrupted Fred, "and the people going by and never heeding them are—just most people you know."

"And are the children's gleanings little prayers?" asked Bertie; "little prayers said every day?"

"Yes," replied their mother. "You see no one would expect children to do anything very great or very difficult. It would be like trying to get a whole sheaf through the bars at once. But better prayers (especially *indulgence prayers*) are the golden ears which will not only help the prisoners more than you can imagine, but which will bring forth fruit a hundredfold to yourself.—*M. E. Francis, in Merry and Wise.*

One of those noble and beautiful characters which carry the mind back to the palmiest days of the Ages of Faith, lately passed to his reward in Ghent. Francis Bleyn, the model of a Christian workman, was an humble weaver employed in the works of Messrs. Lousberga. The people called him *den heiligen Bleyn*. He was a fervent member of the Third Order of St. Francis, the rule of which he practiced in all its austerity. His life, a life of wonderful faith, was a continual career of mortification. Every morning before 6 o'clock, at the head of a group of his fellow-workmen, he might be seen making his way to the parish church of St. Sauveur to salute Our Lord in the Holy Eucharist before going to work.

If the crowns of all the kingdoms of the empire were laid down at my feet in exchange for my book, and my love of reading, I would spurn them all.—*Fenelon.*

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

St. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 20th Dec., 1886.

GENTLEMEN,—

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

I am, faithfully yours,

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DEC. 3, 1887.

We are glad to be able to announce that we have secured as a contributor to the REVIEW, Mrs. Pennée, a lady well known in the fields of Catholic literature. Mrs. Pennée, who at present resides at St. Anne de Beaupre, the far-famed shrine on the shore of the St. Lawrence, is a sister of the late Dr. Ward, editor of the *Dublin Review*, and famous the world over as an able exponent of Catholic philosophy and the successful antagonist of John Stuart Mill and the sceptics of his school. Mrs. Pennée, who writes under the name of G. M. Ward, has rendered great service to the cause of Catholic truth by her translation of many of the ascetical works of St. Alphonsus, and other spiritual writers. It is, therefore, with no little gratification that we are now able to number her among our regular contributors. We publish this week an article from her pen on the holy season of Advent.

We agree with the *Baltimore Mirror*, that it is rather odd, to say the least, to see the editorial columns of a Catholic paper given up to the serious discussion of a ruffianly American's prize ring prospects abroad, and confident predictions that the notorious fellow will ultimately succeed in knocking out the chief representative of the "profession" in England. Yet this is what may be found in a late issue of a New England Catholic journal.

The crusades inaugurated by the separated brethren for the conversion of all Catholics and Jews in America and elsewhere, are not held in much favour by American journals. Says the *Herald of Boston* :—

"There must be a great deal of superfluous energy lying around loose in some of our Protestant bodies, or a great lack of common sense, to neglect the legitimate heathen at home and abroad for the almost hopeless task of converting Jews and Roman Catholics to their bald and abstract notions of the Christian religion."

It was our unhappiness last week to have to rail, like Rosalind, "against our mistress, the world." THE REVIEW was, in turn, alluded to crushingly as "a most respectable journal devoted to a dudish propaganda of the Newmanese." Coming from the *World*, we are inclined to take this as a rather graceful compliment. "No person with the least tincture of taste," says Mr. Birrell in his clever *Obiter Dicta*, "can ever weary of Cardinal Newman," and it is no small pleasure to THE REVIEW to learn that it has been instrumental, however slightly, in directing attention to that most eloquent and exact of modern writers, whom Mr. Gladstone described as "the man in the working of whose individual mind the intelligent portion of the English public is more interested than in that of any other living person," and whose secession from the Church of England, wrote Lord Beaconsfield thirty years later, "is an event under which the establishment still reels."

It is not merely International Congress that we want in the opinion of that excellent journal, the *Brooklyn Catholic Review*, but the efficient organization and spread of Catholic Unions and societies. Not one hour too soon, it says, has a Catholic Union been organized in one of the historic cities of its state, judging from a letter received by it from one of the societies' secretaries asking to be supplied free with the *Review's* publications. From a St. Vincent de Paul Society, a Prison or Hospital Committee, or from any similar charity, the *Review* answers, it has no objection to receive such requests, and most cheerfully and freely will it comply with their wishes. That much it regards as a duty. But is, different it adds, with a magnificent body of four hundred professional gentlemen, whom it would be a pity to pauperize by sending to them free a two dollar paper, on the ground that they cannot afford to pay for it. This time twelvemonth it hopes a year of Catholic Union will have given them a dollar's worth of Catholic spirit.

What a thoroughly business people those Americans over the way, are! They have a "Beecher Memorial" to which they are soliciting contributions, pecuniary, literary and otherwise. They have subpoenaed every living celebrity, who ever met Beecher, to send "a few words of love," (a few dollars in gold). Jenny Lind was so appealed to, and the sensible old woman replied :

The terms in which you make it—(the request) cannot fail to be personally gratifying to me, and the reference to the words of the departed preacher—new as they were to me—would be equally so could I bring myself, trained in the Swedish-Lutheran and Episcopal Church of England as I am, to regard the pulpit as suitable for the praise of human worth and talents. I say all this in order to assure you and those with whom you act in this undertaking that I fully appreciate your invitation for me to take part in it. But to do so would on my part be rather an act both of presumption and of insincerity. For it is almost thirty-five years since I left America, and while I was there I had no opportunity to meet Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, or, as far as I recollect, did I hear him preach or lecture, and this equally applies to his visits to Europe since that time. Under these circumstances I really should not know what to express in writing suitable to be received into the collection which is being formed as a tribute to the late lamented preacher. Believe me, dear sir, yours truly,

JENNY LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT.

Were half the "subscribers" one-fourth as truthful the "Beecher Memorial" would be a blank, or its promoters would cart it out and bury it.

We wonder if the writers who are so indefatigable in their endeavours to prove that the Church has been *somper, et ubique et omnibus inimicus*, as the *Mail* says

public education, and is even now insidiously striving to strangle the public school system in vogue in Ontario, ever reflect how poorly supported are their assertions by the commonest testimony of history. It was in her monasteries and convents that the torch of knowledge was kept lit, the teachings of antiquity communicated, and learning fostered and encouraged in those early days when the nations of Europe were not emerged from barbarian darkness. It was in the old Ages of Faith, before Protestantism was dreamed of, that learning attained its, perhaps, highest advancement, it was the Church that first conceived the idea of great centres of intellectual instruction, and founded and endowed, or, where she did not actually found, at least aided in the establishing of, the ancient European Universities.

To say that that Church is opposed to education which calls upon her people to make such considerable sacrifices as have been made by even Catholics in Ontario for the education of their children, is preposterous nonsense; while to assert that the Church, for the reason that it has found it necessary in her own case to have recourse to the Separate School system, is *ipso facto* the enemy of the Public Schools of the province, is the clumsiest calumny. The Church, it may distinctly be said, is not opposed to the Public Schools, although it is the case that she finds herself unable, as the guardian, divinely appointed, of the faith and morals of her children, to approve of the godless system of instruction which obtains in the State Schools. With her it is a fixed principle that religion is not to be eliminated from the educational life of her children. The training up of her youth in the knowledge of their eternal destiny, their moral development, and their spiritual uplifting, these are not to be subordinated to secular learning, but rather should be co-expansive in progress.

It is a fact that Protestants may, and often do, say things by way of comment which, if uttered by a Catholic dignitary, would provoke a storm of indignant remonstrance. For example, a late issue of the *Montreal Witness*, a Presbyterian paper, contains an article on "Coarse Language and Free Manners in Women," by Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, the drift of which it approves, it is to be presumed, since it gives it place in its columns. "Girls," it says, "from lack of proper restraint at home, too often indulge in speech and actions which are far from ladylike or refined, and not many years ago would not have been tolerated in good society. But of late, at home, making or receiving calls, on the streets, or in the cars, this loud, boisterous, free and easy behaviour is painfully noticeable." And yet we have not heard any tremendous outburst of indignation against the *Montreal Witness* for having foully slandered, by implication, "the wives and daughters" of Canada.

A correspondent, "W.," in the *Ottawa Citizen* of Wednesday, points the same moral still more clearly. He says:—"From platform and pulpit, and through the press, denunciation of all that Catholics hold dear has become of such frequent occurrence as to have long since ceased to be a novelty. Catholic doctrine has been so grossly misrepresented as to bear no likeness whatever to the genuine article. Catholic convents have been time and again—through the mediums above mentioned—denounced as hot-beds of immorality, and the inmates of these institutions have been held up as leading lives of the most foul and infamous character. The long bead-roll of Achillis, Gavazzis, Widdows, Chiniquys Maria Monks, and Edith

O'Gormans, not to mention a host of others less celebrated, or rather less notorious 'slingers of filth,' bears witness to my assertions. Nor have they lacked encouragement at the hands and through the purses of tens of thousands of persons who apparently revelled in this wholesale defamation of ladies who, sacrificing every worldly pleasure, have spent and are daily and hourly spending their lives in their quiet homes in the love and service of their Divine Spouse." Did it never strike, the correspondent asks, these good people, who became so ferociously outraged at the idea of a Catholic Bishop having presumed to say of the girls of this country that they were at times, he observed, somewhat boisterous in their deportment, to ask themselves what the feelings of their fellow countrymen of the Catholic religion must be when they hear and read of their daughters, sisters, and other female relatives who have adopted the religious vocation, denounced "not only as lacking modesty, but actually being creatures of the vilest description."

This is a point of view which, in the heat of the recent discussion, does not appear to have been touched upon. Its moral is obvious. Truthfulness, moderation and charitableness in speech respecting one's neighbours, is a duty not less incumbent upon Protestants than it is upon Catholics, whom—through ignorance let us hope it is—they habitually vilify.

We wish to rescue from oblivion the following important historical item contributed by Mr. C. A. B. Pocock, Commander R.N., to the columns of the *Mail* of the 18th ult. By so doing we shall confer a great favour upon the future Rohrbachers, Darras and Alzogs. Mr. Pocock says: "We Anglicans appeal not to such a thing as the Vatican Council of the Holy Roman Church, held in 1854, which decreed the dogmas of the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God and the Infallibility of the Pope when speaking *ex cathedra*, to be articles of faith necessary for salvation, but to an Œcumenical Council of all bishops from east, west, north and south." Why, we thought that even the traditional school-boy—we had almost said news-boy—was aware that the Vatican Council was held in 1869-70, and that the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was not proclaimed, or even mentioned, during its sessions. After his historic labours, Mr. Pocock grows facetious and exclaims: "The Anglican is the Catholic Church of all English-speaking people, and their glorious inheritance. In her hoary antiquity the Reformation is only an episode. She is identical in doctrine with the Church of Jerusalem" (he refers as proof to Acts 11:42) "Before the present denominations of Christians came into existence, she was praying daily, as she does now, 'that all calling themselves Christians may be led into the way of truth, and hold the faith in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life.'" This all reads very pretty, but it is chopping logic with a vengeance. "The Anglican is the Catholic Church of all English-speaking people." Why not say: "The Anglican Church is the Anglican Church?" It would be more truthful and less ridiculous, and that is something. It is amusing to hear Anglicans speak of "their branch of the Church"; and of "its hoary antiquity." They forget that before the "Reformation," and as far back as Christianity in Britain extends, it was the "Roman Mass" which was daily offered up upon their altars—the same "Roman Mass," be it remembered, which their Articles anathematize as "idolatrous." Mr. Pocock requires to begin his history

over again. It is hardly becoming in one who displays such lamentable ignorance concerning so momentous an event in the world's history as the Vatican Council, to lecture his brethren on points of history, or "Christian union." He had better have stuck to the sea.

ST. PETER, PATRON OF MISSIONARY PRIESTS.

A SONNET BY HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF HALIFAX

Out in the deep let down thy sea bleached net,
 What though the night was spent in labour vain,
 The fish abound: speed on, the prize to gain,
 Thy fragile bark, men's souls thou'lt capture yet,
 But then as now with brow bedewed with sweat,
 The harvest whitens o'er the world's vast plain.
 The reapers few, and some untimely slain,
 But in my word thy hope unbounded set.
 The Master thus: and I, on whom He raised,
 As on a rock, His Church by blood divine,
 The message took. I viewed the fields to-day
 That ripen fast, thy sickle,—God be praised—
 O mission-priest is grasped: thou, thou art mine;
 Set out, for thee and for thy work I pray!

Illustrated Catholic Missions.

THREE VISIONS

Three visions in the watches of one night
 Made sweet my sleep—almost too sweet to tell,
 One was Narcissus by a woodside well,
 And on the moss his limbs and feet were white;
 And one Queen Venus, blown for my delight
 Across the blue sea in a rosy shell;
 And one, a lean Aquinas in his cell,
 Kneeling, his pen in hand, with aching sight
 Strained towards a carved Christ; and of these three
 I know not which was fairest. First I turned
 Towards that soft boy, who laughed and fled from me;
 Towards Venus then; and she smiled once and she
 Flew also. Then with tooming heart I yearned,
 O Angel of the Schools, towards Christ with thee.

W. H. MALLOCK.

Current Catholic Thought.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITIES.

A University, when fully realizing its idea and design, is not simply a school or college, or a collection of schools and colleges in which the higher studies are prosecuted under the direction and instruction of professors of pre-eminent ability and profound learning in their respective specialities. It is rather a community whose members are all animated by the common desire and purpose to train and develop their minds and prosecute such studies as natural tastes and special intellectual gifts fit them for or their sense of duty impels them to. A Catholic University is such a community animated by the spirit of the Catholic religion and controlled and governed by ecclesiastical authority.—*Catholic Standard, Philadelphia.*

THE IRISHMAN OF FICTION.

Lover and Lover have done as much as the powerful force of literature could do to degrade the Irish character in the eyes of the world—if the English misunderstand the Irish, if Americans misunderstood the Irish, this is due to the flippant, frivolous, servile and witty personage they have usually depicted as an Irishman—a creature who would fight for every fool that throw him a gold piece or gained his affections by knocking him on the head in a fair fight. Lover's or Lover's opinion of the Irish character might be summed up in the lines:

"I haven't a genius for work,
 'Twas never a gift of the Brady's,
 I'd make an elegant Turk,
 For I'm fond of tobacco and ladies."

If our reverend friend wants to give the patrons of his library an idea of Lover as a novelist, at his best, he should recommend "Lord Kilgobben." So far as memory serves after some years, there are no vulgar travesties of Irish character introduced into that novel. Lover, less of a novelist than Lover, has a tendency to condone breaches of the Sixth Commandment when committed by a "gentleman."

Why has it been so hard to convince the world that the Irish are a serious and conservative people? Why have Americans not sooner known that in Ireland there dwells a race not absolute slaves of impulse, passion, and superstition? Because most of the so-called Irish literature, read far and wide, has been in league against the Irish. Lover's "Micky Free" and Lover's "Handy Andy" have been accepted as types. It was understood that the Irish were the hired bravoos or the natural buffoons of Europe.—*Freeman's Journal, N. Y.*

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.

Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt (not Sir Wilfrid), who has just been condemned to two months' imprisonment in Ireland, is a man of romantic history and disposition. His wife, Lady Anne Blunt, is a daughter of Lord Lovelace and of Ada, Byron's daughter. Mr. Blunt is an English country gentleman, and a man of good family and fortune. He is a slight, blonde person of medium height and with refined and well-cut features. His countenance is handsome and nervous. He has been much at variance with his countrymen, who, as is natural, do not entertain a high idea of his judgment. Some of them, indeed, have not scrupled to say that he was mad. At the time of his intervention on behalf of Arabi, certain of the English papers ascribed his success with the Egyptians to the fact that in the East an obliquity of intellect is regarded as an evidence of the Divine favor. But the only evidence of madness which unprejudiced persons will be able to find in Mr. Blunt, is that his devotion to certain oppressed nationalities is such that he is ready to sacrifice his comfort on their behalf. Before he became the friend of Ireland, he was the friend of Mohammedans, of the populations of India, and the champion of Arabi. He has also spent much time in India, studying the problems of that country, and is a strong advocate of Indian self-government.

But Mr. Blunt is a poet. He has published "The Wind and the Whirlwind," the subject of which is the war in Egypt. But he has also written upon lighter and brighter subjects. He not long ago acknowledged the authorship of "The Love Sonnets of Proteus," published by him anonymously some years since. The title of his little volume is a confession that the objects of his devotion have changed with some rapidity and facility. The book is dedicated "To One in a High Position," no doubt Lord Lytton, the allusion evidently being to the latter's residence in India.

Mr. Blunt tells us that in these poems he has closed his account with youth. He confesses his errors and imperfections, but with no great contrition. "No life," he says, "is perfect that has not been lived, youth in feeling, manhood in battle, old age in meditation."

CANADIAN CHURCH NEWS.

Mgr. Grandin is likely to remain over the winter in the College of Ottawa.

The usual advent services are being held in St. Michael's Cathedral and the various parish Churches of the city.

Wednesday last, the 23rd of November, was the 36th anniversary of the consecration of His Grace Archbishop Taché of Winnipeg.

Rev. Father Cruise, whose ordination was announced in these columns last week, has been appointed to the charge of the Italian Catholics of this city.

Rev. Father Henning, C. S. R., is preaching a course of Advent sermons at St. Patrick's Church. On Sunday evening last he chose as his subject, "Matrimony," and delivered an eloquent and practical discourse thereon.

The municipal authorities of the town of St. Malo, France, the birthplace of Jacques Cartier, have subscribed 1,000 francs, or \$200, towards the fund for the proposed monument to be erected near Quebec to the discoverer of Canada.

The Rev. Father Colin, Superior of the Seminary of Ste. Sulpice, Montreal, who has been very ill for some time, has returned from Hot Springs, Ark., greatly restored in health.

The Rev. Father Drouet, O. M. I., has been appointed Superior of the Oblates of Montreal. The Rev. Father Lefebvre, O. M. I., the late Superior, has been appointed Provincial Consulter.

Louis Touitsaint Tougas and his wife, a French-Canadian couple residing in Worcester, Mass., recently celebrated their golden wedding. They have 12 children, 97 grandchildren and 3 great-grandchildren.

The new Church at Head St. Peter's Bay, N.B., is approaching completion and will, when completed, be one of the finest churches in the province. The design is strictly Gothic, and the architect is Mr. Thomas Raymond, of Quebec.

Contractor Beemer has bought the right of way for a railway from Quebec to the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré and expects to have the railway available for pilgrims next summer. Hitherto the travel has been by road or steamboat.

A retreat is being held at the French Canadian Church of Jean Baptiste in Seventy-ninth street, near Lexington avenue, New York. The spiritual exercises are conducted by the Rev. F. C. Hamon, S.J., of the College of the Holy Cross, Worcester, Mass.

In the course of a sermon on the Seventh Commandment in St. Basil's Church on Sunday evening last, Rev. Father Cushing, C.S.B., Superior of St. Michael's College, spoke in terms of strong condemnation of the land theories of Henry George.

Rev. Father Lacombe, O. M. I., so well known as the veteran missionary to the Indians in the North West, has left Calgary, where he was last stationed, and goes for the winter to Lowell, Mass., where the Oblate Fathers have a house. Rev. Father Leduc, O. M. I., replaces Father Lacombe at Calgary.

St. Peter's Total Abstinence and Benevolent Society, Halifax, is in a flourishing condition. The second anniversary of its formation was celebrated on Tuesday in St. Peter's Church, when a stirring temperance sermon was preached by Rev. Father Biggs, and afterwards a social entertainment was held in Reform Club Hall.

A young girl of the Sioux Indians has made her profession as a nun at the convent of the Gray Nuns, Three Rivers, P. Q. She was brought as an infant by the missionaries to the Sisters, who educated her. She is a good French and English scholar, and speaks both languages with equal fluency. Present at the profession was observed the Chief of the Muskegon Indians, dressed in the distinctive costume of his race.

Encouraged and guided by the energy and zeal of their pastor, the Rev. A. Roy, C.S.C., the Catholics of Sackville, New Brunswick, have just erected a tasteful little church under the invocation of Our Lady of the Rosary. Those who have followed the wanderings of the Acadians in Longfellow's beautiful poem, "Evangeline," will be interested to learn that about a hundred and fifty years ago they had a chapel in that district, which was pulled down after their expatriation, when Sackville became a stronghold of the Methodists. It was probably the first Catholic chapel built in New Brunswick.

Speaking of the recent appointment of Rev. P. Hamel, S.J., as Superior General of the Society of Jesus in Canada, the Port Arthur *Sentinel* says: "The position is one of great honour and importance, for the Jesuits are noted as being the most enlightened and eminent body of men in the world, and

when one of their number is chosen to fill an important position, merit of a high order is the necessary qualification. From our own personal acquaintance of Father Hamel we can testify to his great literary abilities and broadness of thought, and whilst here gained a host of friends by his kindly demeanour and Christian charity. The intelligence of this well-merited honour bestowed upon the Reverend Father will be received with gladness by all classes of the community." Father Hamel has for some time been parish priest of Port Arthur.

At the Conven. of the Good Shepherd (Sisters of Our Lady of Charity) West Lodge, Parkdale, there took place on Monday morning last the solemn ceremony of reception and profession, which, in a cloistered order, is one of unusual impressiveness. The ceremony was conducted by His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, assisted by Rev. Fathers McCann and Nevin. The mass was said by Father McCann, and Father Nevin preached a touching and appropriate sermon on the religious life, contrasting it with life in the world. There was only one candidate for reception, Miss Gibson, from Ireland, who, in religion, takes the name of Sister Mary of the Sacred Heart, and two for profession, Miss Baze, in religion, Sister Mary of St. Joseph, and Miss Laliberte, in religion, Sister Mary of the Immaculate Heart of Mary; both of Ottawa. In a clear and distinct voice each one in turn pronounced her vows, kneeling before the altar, and during the singing of the *Libera Nos* prostrated themselves upon the floor and were covered with a plack pall, the convent bell at the same time pealing forth its solemn tones to signify their complete death to the world. Those who, by the kind invitation of the sisters, were enabled to witness this impressive ceremony, are, we are sure, not likely soon to forget it.

At the conclusion of the ceremony the invited guests were accorded the rare privilege of being shown through the convent by some of the Sisters, and of inspecting the machinery in the large steam laundry attached to the convent.

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES

The Jesuits are about to open a college in Carinthia, a Slavic province of Austria.

The Rev. Thomas Esser, O.P., of the German Dominican Province, has been appointed, at the request of the Irish Bishops, to fill the chair of Scholastic Philosophy at Maynooth.

Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, and Bishop Stephen Vincent Ryan, of Buffalo, will sail by the steamer *Alaska*, on Tuesday, December 13th.

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart for December contains, besides the usual devotional articles, short stories, etc., a sketch of the private life of Archbishop John Carroll, from unpublished letters.

The Father General of the Jesuits has sent two additional priests to Alaska to help Jesuit missionaries already engaged there in spreading Christianity among the native tribes of that vast territory.

The Salvation Army has appeared in the streets of Rome, and its captains and soldiers are seen in every direction offering an Italian edition of the *War Cry* for sale. Passers-by are a good deal amused by these men in strange uniforms, but otherwise, quietly remarks a Roman paper, the Salvationists do not seem to be making a good business of it.

Before leaving Ireland, Mgr. Persico paid a second visit to the great ecclesiastical college at Maynooth, Ireland, where 520 aspirants to the priesthood—a larger number than any other college in the world can show—were assembled to greet him. Maynooth is just 92 years old. It has trained hundreds of priests, not for Ireland alone, but for America, Australia and other distant parts.

At a recent audience granted by the Pope to Bishop Flood, of Trinidad, the latter presented a piece of white poplin sent by Mgr. Woodlock, of Ardagh, with the request that His Holiness would wear the soutane made from it at the celebration of

his Jubilee Mass. The Holy Father, who has always had a great personal esteem for Bishop Woodlock, whom he himself consecrated in the Sistine Chapel, in 1879, willingly promised to comply with the request.

Among the gifts which have been made to the Holy Father, on occasion of his Jubilee, is one which has had a curious history. It is a painting by Annibale Caracci, representing the *Ecce Homo*, which on the day of the arrest of Pius VII., in July, 1809, had been stolen from the Vatican Gallery by a French soldier, and after passing through many hands in France, had finally come into the possession of a worthy ecclesiastic of Burgundy, who, at the pressing request of the Bishop of Dijon, generously restored the picture to the Holy Father, and the Bishop had the satisfaction of placing it in the hands of Leo XIII.

The Holy Father has fixed the month of February as the period, during his Jubilee celebration, at which the cornerstone of the new basilica of St. Patrick, in Rome, will be solemnly blessed and placed. Prior Glynn hopes to be able to add the name of Archbishop Carr, of Meibourne, representing the Antipodes, to those of Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, and Archbishop Croke, of Cashel, as one of the preachers of the day.

The venerable Capuchin, Cardinal Massaia was recently received in private audience by the Holy Father, to whom he presented the fourth volume of his important work relative to his thirty years of mission life in Upper Ethiopia, just issued from the press of the Propaganda. This fourth volume of *I miei trentacinque anni di Missione nell' alta Etiopia*, is specially valuable because of the large geographical map, the work of

the celebrated Antoine d'Abbadie, member of the Institute of France, the first modern explorer of the African regions, and the prince of geographers relative to Ethiopia and Eastern Africa. The Holy Father greatly admired the splendid copy presented to him, and warmly congratulated, blessed, and encouraged the venerable author to proceed with the weighty task of completing the entire work.

Our English exchanges announce the death of the Rev Father Keogh, a well-known priest of the London Oratory. He was born in 1833, and educated at St. Edmund's College, Ware, where he was the favourite pupil of the famous Dr. Ward. At the age of twenty-one he joined the London Oratory, and then began a long life of devotion and varied usefulness. Father Keogh was the author of "Specimens of Scientific History," and a collection of lives of new English *Beati*. His devotion to this latter task, which is only half completed, is thought to have hastened his last illness. He also finished and prepared for the press Father Knox's "Life of Cardinal Allen." St. Raphael's Hospital for Catholic men, the only institution of its kind in London, of which Father Keogh was the founder, will perpetuate his memory. *R.I.P.— Ave Maria.*

In old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white-winged angels now. But yet men are led away from the threatening destruction. a hand is put into theirs, which leads them forth gently towards a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward; and the hand may be a little child's.— *Geo. Elliot.*

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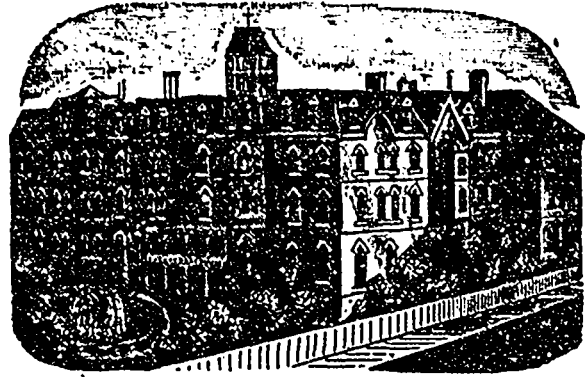
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