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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. II.

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CONTENTS.

NOTES.....	127
CONTRIBUTED	
Montreal Gospel.....	Old Mortality 128
SELECTED ARTICLE—	
Scientific Freedom.....	B. B. 129
"Mike,".....	James Bowker 130
EDITORIAL—	
The late Hon. Thomas White.....	134
Pecksniffian Methodism.....	134
Mr. Mercier and Imperial Federation.....	133
A Canadian Shrine.....	133
The late Matthew Arnold.....	133
His Religious Opinions.....	133
An Oxford Contrast.....	133
CURRENT CATHOLIC THOUGHT:	
Ireland and the Faith.....	135
Tolter Churches.....	135
Father Matthew's Work.....	135
Father Drumgoole.....	135
CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.....	136
CANADA CHURCH NEWS.....	136
CORRESPONDENCE.....	134
THE MONTREAL STATUE.....	129
POETRY—	
St. Michael, the Weightor.....	Lowell 131

NOTES.

The world, says the London (Eng.) *Catholic Press*, has long been waiting for a definition of "Tory Democracy." It has been defined at last, and by the highest authority—the inventor and patentee himself. Tory Democracy is "the Democracy which supports the Tory party." So clear and explicit, don't you see? and withal so simple. It deserves to be ranked with the famous definition of an archdeacon as "a person who discharges arch-diaconal functions."

Speaking before the Catholic Club of Philadelphia, on his recent return from Rome, Archbishop Ryan took occasion to allude to the reports which appeared in the newspapers at the time of the celebration of the Pope's Jubilee, to the effect that His Holiness was so overcome by physical weakness that he fainted on one occasion in the middle of the ceremonies. Such reports, said his Grace, were altogether unwarranted: nothing in the deportment of the Holy Father indicated physical weakness. "I saw him," continued the Archbishop, "during the entire period of the demonstration, and failed to observe any evidence whatever of weakness. . . . The Pope is wonderfully well-preserved. He has not commenced to use spectacles in reading—a fact which, at his age, furnishes an evidence of great vitality. He is of a long-lived family, and it seems highly probable that he will be spared for many years to guide the destinies of the Church."

The Rev. Principal MacVicar, of the Montreal Presbyterian College, has written to an Ottawa journal on the subject of a union of the Presbyterian and Methodist bodies in Canada. The spirit of union, he says, is abroad, and he hopes, despite the difficulties in the way, for an early consummation of some plan of amalgamation. Mr. MacVicar speaks in his letter of "Presbyterian Catholicity,"

in regard to which, as outsiders, it may be permitted us to say that that "Presbyterian Catholicity" must be elastic which would include Dr. MacVicar and, say that Dr. John Hall, whom we quoted a few weeks ago as ridiculing the custom of Easter observances. Of this gentleman a Protestant paper, the *New York Living Church* observed in a late issue: "The Christian man who can stand up on Easter day, in this year of grace, and denounce the observance as 'a compound of heathenism and Judaism' is greatly to be pitied. As we read it, Dr. Hall's Easter sermon is as good against the weekly commemoration as against the annual commemoration of the rising of our Lord. Perhaps he keeps the 'Sabbath' and not the Lord's day. If so, he has gone back to the 'beggarly elements' which he professes to abhor. If he keeps the Lord's day, he commemorates the Resurrection every week. His argument from the etymology of 'Easter' is good against every month of the year and against every day of the week. His arguments, in reality, are good for nothing—not worth a serious attempt to answer."

It would be unfair, of course, to claim that Dr. Hall spoke for any number of Presbyterians in Canada in ridiculing the commemoration of the holy season of Easter, which is the world's witness from year to year that its faith in the supernatural is not dead.

Lest a sentence in a paragraph culled from an exchange and printed elsewhere in this issue in reference to temperance reform work among the Irish, whether at home or abroad, should be misunderstood by any of the Review's Irish readers who properly are jealous of the good name of the race, we venture to quote the concluding words of a lecture on the "Mission of the Irish Race," delivered a few weeks ago in Philadelphia, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane, of Virginia, Rector of the new American Catholic University.

"More than ever do I feel how truly O'Connell said that the two conditions and the two securities of her freedom must be religion and temperance. Still and always, as in his day, teetotalism must be Ireland's best policy, her best guarantee of peace and prosperity. And I rejoice to learn that the great Liberator scarcely insisted on this more strongly than does his successor, Parnell. If ever there was a time when Ireland needed level-headedness, it is now, and surely experience has abundantly demonstrated that Irish level-headedness and whiskey never did agree. Away, then, with whiskey, that Ireland's liberty may be won and may be made secure. And as Parnell now persuades his colleagues in Parliament to help on the same cause by letting drink alone, so over the Parliament House in College Green may God's holy angels hold aloft the motto: "No whiskey must enter here." We in America are helping on the dear old land towards the wishe-for goal. What we desire for her is the enjoyment of the blessings of a federal constitution such as we here possess. Let us prove to the world that Irish heads and hearts are as capable as any on earth of wise self-government and of national honour and prosperity. Let us prove how truly O'Connell said that under the guidance of virtue and religion the Irish people are fit to be the best and happiest people in the world. It is a noble aim; in God's name let us aim at it; with God's help let us realize it."

MONTREAL GOSSIP.

On Sunday, the 15th instant, the Province of Quebec celebrated one of its national festivals, that of the Holy Family. In Montreal the day was also chosen for the first public celebration of the Society of Artisans, which, though established only a few years ago, already numbers over six hundred members. These formed into a very respectable procession and paraded in the east end of the city, after which they attended Divine Service at Notre Dame, where Mass was sung by Monseigneur Soulé, Bishop of Ile Bourbon, and the *sermon de circonstance* preached by the Rev. Père Plessis, O.P.

An amiable but irresolute old lady, who had been promised a place in the pew of a friend, upon entering the vast Church lost her head, and forgot the number of the pew for which she had been told to look. With creaking boots and quaking heart, she proceeded on tip-toe up the main aisle, and suddenly halting near where your correspondent was kneeling, she audibly whispered to a man in the seat which she fondly hoped was that of her friend; "If you please sir, who occupews this pie?"

The dwellers in the loyal Province of Quebec are rapidly making inroads in the forest primeval. The work of colonization goes on apace; parishes are formed and villages growing up around the pioneer log churches, with incredible rapidity. At the 8 o'clock mass in the Church of the Gesu, on Sunday, the Diocesan preacher of colonization, Rev. Father Nolin, S.J., spoke on the subject and expressed himself much pleased with the returns of the past year. The Colonization Society of Montreal numbers now over one hundred thousand members. Each member pays ten cents a year towards the good work, which entitles him to a share in the mass said every Friday at 6 o'clock, at the high altar of the Jesuits' Church. Ten year tickets can also be purchased for the sum of one dollar. The Quebec Government has promised to cover one-third of the Society's subscriptions, and the money thus raised is employed in opening good roads to and through the Ottawa Valley, and the great country lying to the north west of it, and in building bridges, mills, chapels, etc. As the Rev. Father truly says: "It is very advantageous to join this Society, for the members greatly aid the progress of religion by helping on the opening of new parishes and missions. They contribute to increase their country's wealth and prosperity, by developing its agricultural and other resources and they have a share in the great spiritual benefits attached to the Society, so long as they pay their yearly contribution of ten cents.

At St. Patrick's and at the Gesu yesterday, sermons were preached touching on the burning question of the day, the "to be" or "not to be" of the statue of the Mother of God on old Mount Royal's Crown. Father Martin Callaghan at St. Patrick's gave a masterly explanation of the honour paid by Catholics to the Blessed Virgin. He quoted largely from Scripture—dwelling among other Biblical phrases upon the words of the angel, "Hail, full of grace, Blessed art thou among women!" It is strange, said the reverend preacher that the Protestants who so vaunt the possession of their Bibles disregard those words, while we Catholics, who are taunted with not having our Bibles, daily use them. Father Callaghan alluded to a clergyman of the city, who was announced to preach a sermon that day which would prove that the mother of God was "only a woman," surely a waste of trouble and of time, for it is her very womanhood in which we glory. She is "Our fallen nature's solitary boast." At the Gesu Rev. Father La Rue, S.J., did not allude directly to the subject, but after a few introductory remarks on the feast of the day, the patronage of St. Joseph, he went on to shew how the Catholic worship of saints is a practice most congenial to human nature resting on that powerful feeling of the human heart, which clings to, and seeks to commune with, those who have glided from this world of trial to the only real, everlasting, world of sorrow or joy. Such he said was the feeling common

to all, and which expands into that general outburst of respect and veneration, in the hearts of nations towards those heroes, who have won by their noble deeds the title of great and good, whose statues are sometimes unveiled amidst the enthusiastic cheers of vast multitudes. Repelling indignantly the charge of idolatry imputed to us by men whose ignorance of our doctrines is equalled only by their unwillingness to enquire into them, he dwelt on the slender reasons which serve to substantiate this odious charge, and stated clearly the teaching of the Church which attributes to saints no other power than that possessed by them on earth, that of ministering to the wants of their suffering bretheren, by the fervent prayers which they pour forth to the throne of God, through the passion and death of Him who is the one and only mediator between God and man—Christ Jesus.

He ended by claiming for those great heroes, the saints of heaven, the honours paid to common heroes of earthly mould, such as the erection of public monuments; saying that statues and images of saints only served to recall to Catholic minds an exalted ideal of Christian virtue and heroism.

Very deep and sincere is the sorrow which reigns here to-day over the death of the Hon. Thomas White. He was a loving son of Montreal, a tried and trusted friend, and as such the city mourns him. Few public men in the arena of political life retain such freshness of spirit, such true kindness of nature as was his to the last.

He was a good man, a loyal Canadian and a true friend—a friend whose noble heart retained fond memories of comrades gone before him into that quiet land beyond our ken, and whose faithful spirit delighted in befriending their sons and daughters left behind to do battle with the world, that world which is always so hard a place for those who are heirs of nothing but an honoured name. May God reward his good deeds and grant unto him eternal rest!

OLD MORTALITY.

SCIENTIFIC FREEDOM.

Those who are subject to spectral illusions are often advised, as a remedy, to walk boldly up to the unsubstantial air-vision and clasp it in their arms, or, better still, if circumstances permit, unflinchingly to sit on it, and then invariably the terrifying phantom vanishes into thin air. A similar conduct would perhaps meet with a like success in the case of many of the ghosts of objections which the hierophants of infidelity are fond of conjuring up for our edification. There is a risk lest too much looking and listening should give them an appearance of strength and weight not their own, and enable them to make a sinister impression on our nervous nineteenth century faith, or at least tempt us to draw a sword which should be reserved for more solid foes, and make us wound ourselves in the vain effort to cleave them.

One such phantom objection, which seems to be a scare to many minds, is the reproach that we Catholics have no scientific freedom. In the harangues and lucubrations of the coryphæi of physical science, the Church, the mighty mother, generally figures as a sort of Goddess of Dullness, who lulls the aspiring inquirer in her soft bosom, and then puts her bandage over his eyes. The readiness with which a Catholic scientific man professes to submit his views to an authority which teaches without reference to their hypotheses, seems to them a sign of worse than Egyptian bondage, and justifies their regarding him as the champion of a retrograde obscurantism. "You hardly deserve the title of man of science," they taunt him; "you are afraid of experiment lest it should explode your *a priori* you cannot bring forth the smallest pet of a theory without living in daily alarm lest it should be strangled by a papal definition; you cannot give our most brilliant hypotheses a frank acceptance, because you are ever haunted by the suspicion of an approaching bull. Bridled by the Pope, ridden by priests, saddled with Moses, what freedom have you in scientific investigation, and consequently what right to be called a scientific man?"

The conclusion is certainly trying, and has put several disputants on their mettle and made them look to their weapons.

Some whip out the rapier of logic and try and split the spectre on the point of a distinction. "The Church," they proclaim, "has no right whatever to interfere in scientific matters," and then they add in a whisper, "as such." "The proper object of the Pope's infallibility is faith and morals alone. History, philosophy, science the higher criticism," (again *sotto voce*, "as such"—much virtue in an *as such*!) "are entirely outside his sphere." Others with the axe of theology attempt to beat down the monstrous shape, and minimize its alarming proportions. "After all," says one, "it is not so much, the yoke we bear is not so galling as at first sight appears. The conditions of an *ex-cathedra* pronouncement are hardly ever verified. The number of Scripture texts which have received authentic interpretation is delightfully small. Several of our theories of inspiration would allow you to live in much peace, and beyond the narrow region of the defined, you would find a field for hypothesis whose amplitude would surprise you. Look at me now. I am an admirable Catholic, and yet I don't believe in Adam's apple, I don't believe in Noe's ark, I don't believe in Daniel in the lion's den; and as for the naive anthropomorphism of Genesis, it excites in me a smile no less beaming than your own."

There is no intention of entering here into the many questions regarding the subject of the gift of infallibility, and the field in which it is exercised. These require the firm and delicate grasp of a theologian. Still less (we hasten to quiet alarms already, perhaps, excited) is it intended to discuss the case of that colossal bore, Galileo. All that is wished is to indicate what seems for a Catholic in his private interior warfare, the common sense plan of meeting gibes concerning his scientific freedom, which have lately become as persistent as poor Horace's "*libertino patris natus*." For with regard to the argumentation described above, however useful or necessary it may be in dealing with "those without," it suggests a pitiful spirit in a Catholic who chooses it as a weapon to fortify his own heart withal. The objection if only it be scrutinized a little closely, turns out to be a very poor ghost indeed. Let us approach the grisly horror boldly and clasp it in our arms with a schoolman's *Concedo totum*, and presently we shall find it melt and dissolve in our grasp, leaving us surprised that so faint a thing should have seemed so fearful. For, after all, what is this scientific freedom of which they are so proud, and the lack of which in us seems to them so abject? We have here only one more instance of "dust which is a little gilt," of a base thing admired because it is decked with a noble name. It often happens that a word which in one combination signifies something high, when transferred to another will express something mean, and yet will carry on to the latter something of the dignity and credit it has acquired in its first connection—just as sometimes a low man will be esteemed because he bears a name laden with the memories of the historic past. Freedom, liberty, independence are spirit stirring words, connected as they are with what we are most proud of in our nature and in our history, and therefore they come to be abused; and people try to persuade us that because a man should gladly make any sacrifice for his own or his country's freedom, that therefore free-printing, free-thinking, and free-loving are worth dying for. Freedom is a thing to be proud of only when it means the freedom of the will, or, secondly, when it means the freedom of the will to execute what reason dictates. In the first sense it is opposed to the blind instinct of brute creation; in the second, it is the opposite of slavery. But freedom of the intellect,—as distinct from freedom of the will,—is not a thing to be proud of at all. Scientific freedom is only another name for ignorance.—*B. B., in Catholic World.*

THE MONTREAL STATUE.

A SERMON BY REV. FATHER CALLAGHAN IN ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, MONTREAL.

At the ten o'clock Mass, which was celebrated in St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, on Sunday, all the pews were filled to their utmost capacity, and no standing room in the aisles was seen unoccupied. The Rev. Martin Callaghan ascended the pulpit and preached from the Gospel according to St. John. He explained the nature of sanctifying grace and enlarged upon the effects which it produces. At a certain stage of his sermon

he remarked: "In this connection I am, perhaps, expected to say something in reference to a subject which is considerably exercising the public mind, and calculated, in the designs of Providence, to elicit much good by promoting the cause of Catholicity. There has been a project formed for the erection of a statue of the Blessed Virgin upon Mount Royal park. Is it advisable that this project should be realized? It might be somewhat presumptuous on my part to pronounce upon this matter, but, waiving the question of advisability, I might ask whether the erection of such a statue would be unjustifiable on principle. Not a few persons assert that it would be unjustifiable, and in making this assertion they exhibit an almost incredible amount of ignorance, inconsistency and bigotry. We are living in the nineteenth century—a century which boasts of its enlightenment and of the manifold wonders which it has achieved. One would imagine that at least the people of nowadays should neither speak nor write but of what they know—should never affirm but what they can prove. Such, however, is not the case when there is a question of the Catholic Church. She is the victim of misrepresentation and illogicalness. Her claims and teachings are shamefully ignored and disregarded. She is held responsible for odious facts of history in which she was not implicated, and for daily crimes with which she is not officially connected. She is charged with doctrines which she indignantly repudiates. When Christ was dying upon the Cross, He implored His Father to pardon His executioners: 'Forgive them; they know not what they do.' His faithful and immortal spouse, cognizant of the slanders which are heralded forth on all sides to the prejudice of the original and ever-loving Mother of our Divine Redeemer, fervently pray that God will forgive her legion of vile detractors, because they know not what they say. We are generally reputed to divinize her, but we do nothing of the kind. We are accused of worshipping statues and investing them with a virtue which they do not possess. The accusation is devoid of all foundation. We are neither idolaters nor superstitiously inclined. Our Church has never inculcated, sanctioned or tolerated anything that might savour of idolatry or superstition. To her discredit and disadvantage, the eighth Commandment is violated repeatedly and unblushingly: 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.' A certain clerical, decorating himself with the title of Bishop, is advertised to establish a fact which nobody will dispute. He is prepared to prove with overwhelming evidence that Christ never intended that His Mother should be worshipped. All Catholics join with Protestants in holding that He never had such an intention. Protestants, in their attitude towards the Blessed Virgin, are glaringly inconsistent.

"Our divine Lord is ineffably admirable in the dispositions which He manifested towards the Blessed Virgin. He selected her to become His Mother from among all the daughters of Eve, and qualified her in an eminent manner so that she might become a worthy Mother for Himself. He dwelt nine months in her virginal womb, and spent in Nazareth at her side, under the same roof, thirty years of the thirty-three which He lived upon earth. At her charitable suggestion He performed the miracle of Cana by changing water into wine, and though He intimately realized all that He suffered upon Calvary, still He could not forget His devoted Mother, who stood at the foot of His Cross, and committed her to the care of the Apostle whom He loved in a singular manner, who reposed his head upon His sacred breast, and desired to be styled the Virgin Apostle. Christians should have the same disposition Christ had. 'Have,' says St. Paul to the Philippians, 'this mind in yourselves which also was in Christ Jesus.' Protestants are not Christians but everything else. Are they disposed towards the Blessed Virgin as He was? By no means. His august mother is a sheer nobody in their eyes. She appears something worse. She is an object of indifference and contempt. They should be like the Holy Ghost, who co-operated with the Blessed Virgin in the mystery of the Incarnation. Her own Son was 'conceived of the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary.' Not only did the third person of the Blessed Trinity consider her worthy of the sublime alliance which He contracted, but He also declared His formal intentions that throughout all times and places she should be elevated upon the loftiest pinnacle of grandeur and upon the costliest pedestal of glory to which any pure creature could aspire. 'From henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.' Where are these generations to be found? Is it in the bosom of Protestantism? With a few honourable exceptions, Protestants deem the Blessed Virgin

undeserving of their regard or slightest attention. If they could manage it they would banish her forever from the minds and hearts of all men. Ministers are afraid to mention her name or make it familiar to the ears of their congregations. They will debate with elaborate skill upon the Bible personages whom they admire, but never will they venture to extoll in their sermons the qualities which distinguished the Mother of our Divine Lord. At times Protestants lose all self-control and figure only as raving maniacs in the hatred which they bear her. The epithet which they refuse her has been always dear to Catholics. Only within the pale of our Church have generations existed that always called her 'Blessed.' Our pedigree is what is noblest and most enviable upon earth. We descend from those Christians who sang the praises of Mary in the crypts of the catacombs. We belong to a family that prides in all that has been most learned and saintly in by-gone ages. The most illustrious scholars and the greatest saints were children of the Catholic Church and our ancestors. All these scholars and all these saints loved to pay the sincerest homage to the Mother of Christ. By faith we claim a relationship with Columbus, who discovered this magnificent continent of ours—who sailed in a ship called Santa Maria, and styled the second island upon which he set foot Mary of the Conception; with Father Marquette, who named the Mississippi, which he discovered in his missionary travels, the Immaculate Conception, 200 years before the dogma was solemnly defined; with the first colonists of Canada, who founded this prosperous and peerless city which we inhabit, and called it Ville Marie, or City of Mary.

"It cannot be, therefore, unjustifiable on principle to erect a statue to the Blessed Virgin, and if it were erected it would serve as a triple monument—a monument of respect, a monument of gratitude, and a monument of edification. Mary should be respected. She is entitled to a special degree of sanctity on account of the dignity of the divine maternity with which she is endowed. What greater dignity can be conceived or bestowed upon an simple created being? Now, if we should respect the Blessed Virgin, we should manifest our respect, otherwise it would be only a mockery. One of the best forms which this respect can assume is unquestionably the form of a statue. We should be grateful to the Blessed Virgin. What would we be without her, and how without her could we hope for heaven? She has given us our Redeemer. Had she liked it she need not have become His mother. If she did become His mother it was by an act of her own deliberate choice; it was because she freely consented. She is the benefactress of the human race. Now, if the world shows its gratitude to those who have rendered it any eminent service by erecting statues for the purpose of commemorating them—if it perpetuates in bronze, in stone or marble its poets, orators, warriors, philosophers, statesmen and patriots, why should not all Christendom, why should not all men rejoice at the thought of erecting a statue to the Mother of our Divine Redeemer—to the privileged individual to whom, after Christ, we are indebted for the degree of civilization modern society is enjoying, for all the spiritual blessings we partake of in this life and for all the prospects which await us beyond the grave in the region of everlasting bliss. A statue of the Blessed Virgin would remind us of virtues which we will always require—which would embellish every family circle and render life meritorious. Mary excelled in every virtue. We cannot meditate too often upon her humility, charity, purity. We should be imbued with her spirit of prayer and generosity. If a statue were erected in her honour it would accomplish an incalculable amount of good. Should such an erection not take place, let us at least engrave her features in ourselves; let us constantly keep her as a model before our minds, and let us be living copies of this Virgin Mother of the incarnate Son of God—our loving and adorable Redeemer. Should the opportunity present itself let us raise to her honour a statue which will prove a worthy expression of the deepest respect, deepest gratitude and the most undying affection. It is in America that she should be honoured, and in every form that can be devised. With the highly gifted American poet, Longfellow, well may we say:

"This is the Blessed Mary's land,
Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer,
All hearts are touched and softened at her name.
Alike the bandit with the bloody hand,

The priest, the prince, the scholar and the peasant,
The man of deeds, the visionary dreamer,
Pay homage to her as one ever present.
And if our faith had given us nothing more
Than this example of all womanhood,
So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,
So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure,
This were enough to prove it higher and truer
Than all the creeds the world had known before."

"MICK."

JAMES BOWKER, IN THE IRISH MONTHLY.

"Evenin' Talagraft?"

The speaker was a bare-footed little fellow, whose few rags left his breast exposed to the biting wind and the driving rain, and whose feet were mud-stained and glistening wet. The tram-car into which he peered anxiously was full of comfortable people wrapped in cosy overcoats and waterproofs, and, immersed in thoughts of the day's business or the prospective dinner, they paid no regard to the waif taking his minor part in Irish journalism.

"Stop-press edition!"

Still nobody heeded the quivering treble, and, after a pathetic glance at the two rows of stolid faces, the lad turned away wearily with a hopeless look in his dark eyes, and coughing painfully as he stepped down into the rain pool and the slush of the wintry street.

"Bad cough, that," said a burly man sententiously to his neighbour, a sharp faced, dissatisfied, well-dressed woman, who at first seemed inclined to resent the liberty taken in addressing her, and then replied tartly enough:

"It's very likely it is assumed, they're so deceptive, these beggar boys."

To me the cough had sounded only too real; and just as the car was moving my conscience smote me that I had not given the little fellow the price of a paper or two, and something within urged me to go in search of the lost opportunity that might some day rise up and accuse me of having wilfully allowed one of God's creatures to pass before me, chilled and hungry, without having done anything to comfort and relieve him. Obeying the prompting, I went out, and finding the lad under the portion of the post-office where, apparently, he was sheltering until another car was brought into its place at the Nelson's Pillar, I turned towards him.

At once he cried, hopefully, "Talagraft, sur?" and seemingly he was not accustomed to charity, for when I gave him a copper or two, thinking that would be the best introduction, he evidently found it difficult to believe that I did not want his entire stock-in-trade of papers. When the fact did dawn upon him his face brightened, and as he crossed one cold, rag-wrapped little foot over the other, he touched his apology for a cap, and said, cheerily, "Thank you, sur."

"What's your name, my little chap?" I asked.

"Mick."

"What else?"

"O'Brien," he answered, "but they only call me Mick."

"What's your father doing?"

"He's in 'Merica, they say."

"And where's your mother?"

"Buried," he said, softly.

"And where do you live?"

"Anywhere where they will let me," he replied.

A sad feeling came over me as I thought of that vague address. Yet it is the only one which can be furnished by hundreds of those little camp followers of that weird and ghastly army of those whom some of our rising and promising politicians do not hesitate to term the "surplus population." Huddling, as they are forced to do, night after night, in corners and passages, with the frosty wind wailing a lullaby for them—while your chubby children, my Lady Dives, are nestled beneath eider-down quilts in carefully warmed nurseries—what other address could these small outcasts give? Ragged, and unwashed, and penniless, they are of no importance in the eyes of the tax-collector, and their whereabouts, therefore, is of no moment to the State until they require a cheap contract coffin, and we are obliged, for our own protection, to give them a few feet of that earth which, with the fulness thereof, still is the Lord's. If only they were young calves or pigs, their housing and feeding

would be the subject of scientific "proceedings" of Royal, and anything but Royal, learned societies, for they could be made to contribute their quota to that increase in the national wealth which we vaunt so much; but being only street children, made in the image of God despite their dirt and their famished looks, it doesn't much matter where they herd, so long as they keep out of the way of respectability taking, after an evening party, a short cut homewards through the back streets, and of authority personified in the policeman, with his Darwinian belief in the evolution of latent possibilities of crime.

I looked at the lad pityingly, and then after a pause he went on:

"I'm living now at Lazarus-street, at Tim Grogan's. They let me sleep in a bed with Pat, and Joseph, and little Denis."

"Do they feed you?" I said.

"Oh, yes," he replied promptly, "when they have anything; but Tim's out of work some days, and I don't sell any *Tala-grafts*."

Then the hollow cough came on again, and the poor little chap nearly choked in the paroxysm. With the fear of stern political economists and all sorts of charity-organization people before my eyes, I ought to be afraid to confess that I gave him something to get the "Tim Grogans" and Pat and Joseph and little Denis a warm supper: but, if I sinned in the way of "indiscriminate charity," I am, like noble John Ruskin, content to leave my conscience burdened with the memory of the coins given not "systematically," but simply because of the pale face and thin waist.

On my way home I called upon a medical friend who frequently on his rounds prescribes loaves and mutton chops, and, after having prescribed, acts as his own pharmacien and provides them, and asked him to look in at Lazarus-street the following morning and ascertain what could be done for Mick and the Grogans.

The next evening also was wretchedly wet, and there was no sign of the little fellow about the trams or under the portico, so I went to my friend's house to ask for news. The doctor had visited Lazarus-street, and, after some difficulty, had found the Grogans in a small room at the top of a tenement house. Tim was at home, out of work, his occupation, that of a dock labourer, being a somewhat precarious one; the place was fireless, and with very few articles of furniture: the wife was "washing up" some bits of crockery after what seemingly had been a scant breakfast; the three little lads were playing at a game of some kind upon the bit of the floor not occupied by the two beds, in one of which Mick was dozing when his hacking cough would allow him. It leaked out incidentally, for the poor are not garrulous in respect to the help they afford each other, that Tim, coming home late one night, had found Mick huddled up in the passage and had brought him in for the night, and that they "could not find in their hearts" to turn him away again, seeing that he was motherless, and that, as the wife added parenthetically, "he had such a cough, the craythur."

As indeed he had, for when my friend came to examine him he found that days and nights of hunger and exposure had done their work only too well upon the tiny frame, and, therefore, without wasting time, and after seeing to the needs of Tim and his family, he took Mick away to the Children's Hospital in Temple-street, and left him there in all the unaccustomed luxury of clean sheets after his warm bath.

"Poor little mite," my friend said sadly, "his has been a hard experience of life; but it will be only a short one, for he is seriously affected. The sloppy streets and the wintry rain have killed him as they kill hundreds of the waifs whose death is noticed only because it affects the Registrar-General's statistics; the child-toilers who know nothing of the sweetness of child-life, and who are followed by poverty even into their roughly filled-in graves, over which nature cannot grow daisies."

A few days afterwards I went to the hospital, and found Mick in a comfortable cot in one of the wards. He was watching with deep interest a Sister portioning out the dinners, and altogether he seemed to be in a state of positive enjoyment. Now and again, however, the hollow cough reminded me that the Angel of Death was hovering near, biding his time, and as I thought that the worn-out child was not far from the knowledge of the great mystery, I thanked God for the seedling thought divinely sown in a loving heart, and which had sprung up and developed into the sheltering home, where the long

rows of tiny martyrs had come to find a few days and nights of peace before they were led into the eternal rest.

I could see something in his pathetic eyes that seemed like light from the unknown country, and which told me that the little feet from which the city mud had been tenderly removed by one of the Sisters—an everyday St. Elizabeth of Hungary—would soon be stepping through the Valley of the Shadow, and perhaps I did not merely fancy I heard a heavenly voice whispering to him: "Fear not, O little one, for I am with thee. My rod and My staff they shall comfort thee."

Taken as he was from the stony-hearted streets, from the hopeless days and cheerless nights of a city arab's struggle for bare life, from the driving sleet and the clinging rain, into the warmth and peace of the hospital, doubtless his dreams of heaven did not bear him far beyond the four walls of the quiet ward, and the angels had the gentle face of the Sister who waited upon him so tenderly and lovingly. Hundreds of such waifs gain their first experience of happiness when they are fortunate enough to become one of the pathetic band of a Children's Hospital "indoor patients," with their pallid faces and wondering eyes.

Poor little Mick, he was "far too young to be motherless," and, a few months afterwards, he died at the breaking of the day, the Sister who watched by him through the weird hours of the night gently pressing upon his paling lips the farewell kiss the dead mother could not give, but which thrilled through her in her place in Paradise.

So he passed into the Kingdom, the soft "Irish eyes" closing wearily upon the world which had been so hard and sorrowful, to open in the gladness of the heavenly dawn.

ST. MICHAEL THE WEIGHER.

Stood the tall archangel weighing
All man's dreaming, doing, saying,
All the failure and the pain,
All the triumph and the gain,
In the unimagined years,
Full of hopes, more full of tears.
Since old Adam's conscious eyes
Backward searched for Paradise,
And, instead, the flame-blade saw
Of inexorable law.

In a dream I marked him there,
With his fire-gold, flickering hair.
In his blinding armour stand,
And his scales were in his hand;
Mighty were they and full well
They could poise both heaven and hell.
"Angel," asked I humbly then,
"Weighest thou the souls of men?
That thine office is, I know."
"Nay," he answered me, "not so,
But I weigh the hope of man
Since the power of choice began
In the world of good or ill."
Then I waited and was still.

In one scale I saw him place
All the glories of our race,
Cups that lit Belsbazzar's feast,
Gems and the wonders of the East,
Kublai's sceptre, Cæsar's sword,
Many a poet's golden word,
Many a skill of science, vain
To make men as gods again.

In the other scale he threw
Things regardless, outcast few,
Martyr ash; arena sand,
Of St. Francis' cord a strand,
Beechen cups of men whose need
Fasted that the poor might feed,
Disillusions and despairs
Of young saints with grief-grayed hairs
Broken hearts that brake for man.

Marvel through my pulses ran
Seeing then the beam divine
Swiftly on this hand decline,
While Earth's splendour and renown
Mounted light as thistle down.

—James Russell Lowell.

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LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

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

GENTLEMEN,—

I have singular pleasure indeed in saying God-speed to your intended journal, THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW. The Church, contradicted on all sides as her Divine Founder was, hath 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.

FROM THE LATE BISHOP OF HAMILTON.

HAMILTON, March 17, 1887

MY DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

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

JAMES J. CANNERY,
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1888.

The death of Mr. Matthew Arnold, the accomplished poet and critic, which removes from us one of the first of modern English men of letters, conveys with it some very serious, almost melancholy, reflections. A man of ripe culture, of high moral principles, and of a kindly, gentle nature, he was without Faith, an Agnostic, who satisfied, or sought to satisfy, the spiritual out-reachings of the heart and of the reason by a system of religion, which he built upon an elaborate evisceration of the Bible.

Just two years ago Mr. Richard Holt Hutton, well known as an essayist and as editor of the London *Spectator*, contributed to the *Contemporary Review* two articles in which he compared, or rather contrasted, Mr. Arnold and Cardinal Newman. Great as was the contrast between the subjects of his papers, the one a prince of the Church holding the cardinal articles of the Christian Faith, the other a rationalist, a speculative agnostic, rejecting not only the deposit, but the very possibility, of Revelation, recognizing no God save "that stream of tendency, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness," knowing no salvation except "sweet reasonableness," acknowledging no resurrection except the resurrection from a selfish to an unselfish heart, none the less, Mr. Hutton maintained that a remarkable relation existed between them. Newman was far and away the most characteristic and influential Oxonian of the second quarter of this century, and Arnold the most characteristic and influential Oxonian of its third quarter, they both drank deep of the genius of the great University to which they belonged. The Cardinal was perhaps most widely known by his invocation of that "Kindly Light," which he desired should lead him on through the

gloom of life's troubled existence, Arnold by his description of the spirit for which we ought to yearn as one of "sweetness and light." They were both masters of a style in which light and sweetness predominated; they were both poets, the one a theologian first and a poet afterwards, the other a poet first and a theologian not even afterwards—since a theologian without theism would amount to a contradiction in terms—but rather what Mr. Hutton described as "a rationalizer of theology, an anxious inventor of supposed equivalents for theology." In both, again, he saw a singular combination of gentleness and keen irony; they were both ample in sympathy, both merciless in their logic; they were both, besides, witnesses to the great power of religion, the one "by the imaginative power he shows in getting over religious objections to his faith," the other by the same power he showed in "clothing a vacuum with impressive and majestic shadows till it looks something like a faith." And there, we think, lovers of Newman would prefer to part company with Mr. Hutton in his comparison. For whether as rector of St. Mary's, Prince of the Church, or simple Father of the Oratory, "to the single heart," has the Cardinal ever told us "there are but two things in the whole universe, our own soul and God who made it." And this truth did not fall within the scope of Mr. Arnold's spiritual vision. "I don't think," wrote Mr. Arnold, "that there is even a low degree of probability for the assertion that God is a person who thinks and loves." That the University of Oxford should have produced two such men in the same century, the first of whom he terms "the great Romanizer," and the second of whom "the great rationalizer," is a fact Mr. Hutton thinks not lightly to be passed by, and a sign of the instability of the most serious convictions of earth "alarming enough to make the whole head sick and the whole heart faint." Mr. Hutton was dismayed by the difference between the intellectual and moral atmospheres breathed by two men for more than half a century contemporaries.

Mr. Arnold's religion, we have said, he built upon an elaborate evisceration of the Bible. In "Literature and Dogma," which is Mr. Arnold's expurgated version of the Bible—and a book none too profitable for us to read, one leaving a disagreeable impression—he commences by giving up absolutely the assumption that there is any Divine Being who thinks and loves revealed in the Bible—a proposition for which he does not consider there is even "a low degree of probability." And yet he proposes to demonstrate for us the power and truthfulness of the Bible. One naturally asks, "Then, what remains that can be of any use?"

"Starting," he replies, "from what may be verified about God,—that He is the Eternal which makes for righteousness,—and reading the Bible with this idea to govern us, we have here the elements for a religion more solid, serious, awe-inspiring and profound than anything which the world has yet seen. True, it will not be just the same religion which prevails now; but who supposes that the religion now current can go on always, or ought to go on? Nay, and even of that much decried idea of God as the stream of tendency in which all things seek to fulfil the law of their being, it may be said with confidence that it has in it the elements of a religion, new, indeed, but in the highest degree serious, hopeful, solemn, and profound."

It is to be borne in mind that by "Eternal" Mr. Arnold means nothing more than "enduring," enduring in human history, Mr. Arnold looking forward, apparently, to no life

beyond that on this earth. The true secret of life, he held, was "the secret of Jesus." "He that loveth his life shall lose it, and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal." This he has called the sublime "secret of Jesus." But he regarded it as a mere natural secret, which Christ had discovered, and which any man for himself may re-discover, a merely natural process for obtaining our longings for higher life, of obtaining "exhilaration." Mr. Arnold's *rationale*, a Christian writer replied, "is a mutilation of the true experience of man as delivered by the Bible from Genesis to Revelation." To follow up Mr. Arnold's religious opinions any farther would be futile, nor, indeed, would these columns be the place. His idea of "life in the highest degree" ("Literature and Dogma," p. 203) was "in the power of doing right, hitting the mark, succeeding. That is, it has the character of happiness, and happiness is for Israel the same thing as having the Eternal with us—seeing the salvation of God." Surely this is not the meaning of the "secret of Jesus." In which of the Beatitudes did our Lord speak of *hitting the mark, of succeeding?*"

"Solemn, hopeful and profound," though Mr. Arnold believed it, how crippled and helpless his religious position really was we may gather from one of the most beautiful of his poems, "Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse," in which we detect the regret, without either sympathy or hope, which he experienced in visiting the home of one of the austere monastic orders:

"For rigorous teachers seized my youth,
And purged its faith, and trimmed its fire,
Showed me the high, white star of Truth,
There bade me gaze and there aspire.
Even now their whispers pierce the gloom:
What dost thou in this living tomb?"

"Forgive me, masters of the mind!
At whose behest I long ago
So much unlearned, so much resigned—
I come not here to be your foe!
I seek these anchorites, not in ruth,
To curse and to deny the truth;"

"Not as their friend, nor child, I speak!
But as, on some far northern strand,
Thinking of his own gods, a Greek
In pity and mournful awe, might stand
Before some fallen Runic stone—
For both are faiths, and both are gone."

"Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
The other powerless to be born,
With nowhere yet to rest my head,
Like these, on earth I wait forlorn,
Their faith, my tears, the world deride—
I come to shed them at their side."

We are greatly pleased to learn that that delightful little periodical, *Annales de la Bonne Sainte Anne de Beaupre*, is shortly to be issued in an English dress. This publication, which has, for many years, enjoyed a wide and deserved popularity amongst the French-speaking Catholics of Quebec, has been instrumental in creating and fostering in that Province a true and solid devotion to the great Saint in whose honour Canada has raised the majestic Basilica which now adorns the shores of the St. Lawrence. Year after year an ever increasing throng of pilgrims wend their way to the far-famed shrine of Sainte Anne de Beaupre, and there, by their devotion and piety, bear testimony to the great love which the French-Canadians, as a people, bear to the Mother of the Blessed Virgin. In the year 1885, 80,000 pilgrims are estimated to have visited the shrine, and, although we have not the figures before us for last year, we believe the number could not have fallen far

short of 100,000. Of these many came from great distances; from the numerous French-Canadian settlements in the New England States and in the Far North-West with a sprinkling here and there of English-speaking Catholics from Ontario and elsewhere, but the vast majority hailed from the different dioceses of the Province of Quebec. That so few from this Province visit the Shrine may be due to the very meagre knowledge most of our people have of the wonderful miracles God has there been pleased to work, and the innumerable graces He there dispenses through the intercession of Saint Anne. Occasionally a paragraph creeps into the secular papers, but it usually takes the form of a scoff or a sneer at the simple faith of the multitudes who delight in calling Saint Anne their mother and protector. The issue of an English edition of the *Annals* must, therefore, tend greatly to increase devotion to the Saint in Ontario and other parts of Canada, and result ere long in numerous pilgrimages to her Shrine. During a visit which we had the happiness of paying to Ste. Anne de Beaupre last year, we had occasion more than once to lament the fact that no part of Ontario east of Ottawa (which ecclesiastically is part of Quebec) was there represented. Every diocese in the sister Province possesses some enduring memorial in the form of a chapel, an altar, or some object of devotion, but we looked in vain for any tangible evidence that the Catholic people of Ontario took the least interest in her who has been declared their Patroness and Protectress. The chapel of St. Vincent de Paul, which is the gift of all the Conferences of the Society in Canada (the Toronto Conferences included) is the one exception to this rule, but the *Annals* are, we feel, destined to aid in bringing about a happier state of things. The modest price (35 cents per ann.) at which it is to be published will put it within the reach of everyone, and it should attain to a large circulation. Great spiritual advantages may be gained by those who become subscribers. Further information may be obtained from Rev. C. E. Carrier, Levis College, Levis, P.Q.

That Mr. Mercier in his speech at the Club National banquet at Montreal should have denounced Imperial Federation as a scheme to be combatted by French Canadian Catholics with all the energy at their command, and as a movement to encompass their national destruction, was only natural when we bear in mind the grounds on which Professor Smith has been advocating the movement in Canada. Not long ago he said, "By sheer numerical increase the lower races seem in a fair way to thrust the higher races,—whose marriages are restrained by social pride, and whose women often avoid maternity—from the seat of power. The outlook is serious, because nothing can be more opposed to Anglo Saxon civilization than the civilization of the French Catholic, while the French Canadian will find an ally in the Irish, German and Italian Catholics who are so strong upon this continent, nor can anything apparently arrest the extension of French Canadian nationality, except the act of assimilating forces more powerful than those which the Anglo Saxon and Protestant element in Canada exerts or can be expected ever to exert." In view of such an announcement it is not wonderful that the French Canadian should take Mr. Smith at his word, and look with no favour upon the movement which he supports in such a manner. Nothing, we may be sure could be further from the minds of the statesmen—men of all parties—who are at the head of the Imperial Federation movement in

England, and who are sincerely bent upon securing, with constitutional liberty for every part as regards internal administration, the permanent unity of the Empire, than any share in or sympathy with the mischievous and demagogic views Professor Smith entertains in respect to the Canadian side of the question. Imperial Federation, as we understand it, implies peace within the empire, and it may be doubted if Mr. Goldwin Smith, entertaining the views he does in regard to Ireland, and the extinction of the French Canadian, can be said in the strict sense to be a Federationist at all.

Perhaps no death since that of the late Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee has caused so universal and heart-felt a feeling of sorrow, as that of the Hon. Thomas White, Minister of the Interior, who passed away on Saturday last, at Ottawa. He was a man of intense devotion to duty, of great natural gifts, and one of the most promising figures in the public life of the country. He was in public life, what he was in private life, a conscientious, kindly and Christian man.

It must, doubtless, have been consoling to the Rev. Dr. Potts, the Rev. Mr. Johnson, and to the widowed congregation of the Queen St. Methodist Church, Toronto, to read in the *Empire* of a few days ago that their brother and former pastor, the Rev. Mr. Longley, shortly before betaking himself to the United States as a result of the revelations lately made public respecting the racy relationship he maintained with a young woman of his congregation, attended Dr. Fulton's lecture against nuns and convents, grasped Dr. Fulton by the hand at the conclusion of the lecture, and exclaimed to him: "You will be rewarded both here and hereafter for your noble exertions in preserving female purity."

Correspondence.

A MIDDLE STATE.

To the Editor of the CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW

SIR,—Does the "Church of England," *alias* the "Protestant Episcopal Church," *alias* the "Catholic Apostolic Anglican Church," *alias* any other title its adherents may choose to assume, seriously teach the existence, after death, of a place of purgation, or probation, wherein suffering souls may be assisted by the prayers of friends still in the flesh? If yes, what about the XXII. Article, which affirms "the Romish Doctrine of Purgatory" to be "a fond thing, vainly invented, and grounded upon no warranty of Scripture, but rather repugnant to God's Word." If no, what about the concluding words of the inscription recently placed in Holy Trinity Church (see *Daily Mail*, 14th inst.) in memory of the late Chas. Darling, "Grant him, Lord, Eternal Rest"?

The "Book of Common Prayer" may be searched in vain for these, or any similar words, used in this sense; but they may be found in the Requiem Masses of the Roman Missal, "Grant them (the faithful departed), O Lord, eternal rest, and may perpetual light shine unto them." If this be not "Romish doctrine," in the name of common sense, what is it? Perhaps "Commander Pocock, R.N.," or some other self-constituted champion of the "Historical" non-descript, will rise and kindly explain.

QUERIST.

April 17th, 1888.

ARCHBISHOP RYAN IN ROME.

We make this week a further extract from the address of the Archbishop of Philadelphia to the Catholic Club of that city, on the occasion of his recent reception upon his return from Rome:

"At the audience granted to the American visitors, almost one-half of those who were presented to the Holy Father were non-Catholics. His Holiness asked each person present if he or she desired to have his blessing, and all without exception replied in the affirmative. He made a remark to me concerning the large number of non-Catholics among those present, and I responded that there was reason why that fact should be regarded as a favourable omen, as among those who had been received into the Church in the United States there were many who traced their first favourable impressions of Catholicity to their presentation to the Pope; that this had been for them the *initium fidei*—'the beginning of faith.' Thereafter, in every instance, the Holy Father accompanied his blessing with the words, '*Sit initium fidei*'—'May it be the beginning of faith.' All who were present were charmed with his manner, and no one more than myself. When I was in Rome four years ago I thought that his manner was very reserved. His apparent reserve, however, was due to the fact that he is a great student, and constitutionally is a very serious man, as you have probably inferred from the portraits you may have seen of him. On the occasion of the Jubilee, however, his accustomed reserve had given place to a warmth and cordiality of manner which impressed with its sincerity all who approached him. This was not assumed for the occasion; the greatness of his nature precluded any such idea, but it was plainly the natural expression of the emotions of his heart evoked by the great occasion.

"Before leaving Rome I was an observer of a scene to which very little reference has been made in the published reports, because it is one that is witnessed there every year; but it was to my mind a spectacle of more than ordinary impressiveness. I refer to the Requiem Mass which was chanted for the late Pope Pius IX. It was the tenth anniversary of his death, and the ceremony took place in the beautiful Sistine Chapel. It contrasted forcibly with the scenes of glory and triumph which marked the canonizations and beatifications of the Jubilee. I heard the living Pope lift his voice in prayer for the repose of the soul of the dead Pope. It furnished one of many evidences that the infallibility of the Pope does not mean his impeccability, for they pray for him still. We are accustomed to hear, in the prayer for the Pope, the name of the present Pope Leo XIII.—'Thy servant Leo';—but there, surrounded by the Cardinals, we heard the present Pope Leo, now in his seventy-eighth year, lifting up his voice in prayer and uttering the words, 'Thy servant, Pius'; thus recalling the memory of his predecessor, whom I had seen, years before, standing on the same throne on which Leo then stood. These Requiem services were of two-fold significance. They reminded us that the highest and the greatest are yet human and that, though the individual in the chair of St. Peter may die, his office is immortal. Pius may be Pope of one day, Leo the Pope of another, but every incumbent of the office realizes how infinitely far above him is the Church. The Church will live when he is dead. He is but a weak mortal man. He lifts his trembling hands to bless, but it is Christ who blesses. The hands of the Pope are soon paralyzed in death and another Pope succeeds him. The individual is insignificant, but the great Church of God is all powerful. The office of him who stands at the head of that Church is immortal—immortal to bless humanity—immortal as one of the essential parts of that marvellous organization which Christ created—immortal as the leader of that Christian civilization, and the head of that universal kingdom of God upon earth, which Jesus Christ established.

"As the name of the dead Pope was chanted by the living Pope in trembling accents, I thought, 'Oh, how little is humanity, God alone is great.' It is the office that dignifies the man, not the man (great and learned though he may be) who dignifies the office."

The Rev. Luke Rivington, formerly a member of the Cowley Brotherhood, and well known among Oxford men and the High Church party, was received into the Church at Rome, on Easter Saturday.

Current Catholic Thought.

TAXING CHURCHES AND SCHOOLS.

There are people in favour of taxing Catholic churches, and legislating parochial schools out of existence, while Catholics are taxed to support schools to which they cannot in conscience send their children. These efforts to impoverish Catholics and make the money they expend unavailing to them, has a fine example, which we are astonished some of them do not cite. The Emperor Julian, who abandoned the Catholic Church as not in harmony with the spirit of his century and Roman ideas, justified his seizure of Catholic property by saying: "I show myself the true friend of Galileans. Their admirable law has promised the Kingdom of Heaven to the poor, and they will advance with more diligence in the way of salvation when they are relieved by my help from the load of temporal possessions."—*Philadelphia Standard*.

PRESERVED BY THEIR FAITH.

Whatever influence the faith of the Irish element may have had on their politics there can be no question that their fidelity to their religion has saved them socially from the degrading consequences of the oppression to which they were subjected.

Their religion has conserved for them the soul of civilization—and so long as they held to it their tyrants found it impossible to press them down into a condition of abject slavery. Their wonderful power of recovery under the surroundings of liberty and progress is due to the latent civilization contained in their virile Christianity.

Had the oppressors succeeded in stifling Irish religion the consequences would be much more disastrous than they have been. The character of the nation would be altogether mean compared to what it is. And this renegade spirit would run into all other convictions and relationships. The servile spirit would distinguish a race put through a furnace seven times heated of such persecution.

The nation's morality has been preserved as well as its manliness by fidelity to faith. No doubt if drunkenness were looked upon as a vice the Irish people would have been as temperate as they are chaste; but it is only within the present century that the right view of this matter has been taken.—*Catholic Citizen, Milwaukee*.

FATHER MATHEW'S WORK.

Why is it that we do not now witness a total abstinence movement as vigorous and universal as that in which Father Mathew was the central figure? Fifty years ago a leader was needed to inspire devotion to the cause. As soon as he appeared, he found able and active assistants, and the sympathy and support of the masses was rapidly won. The heart of the people is, we believe, as sound at present as it was in the time of Father Mathew, and guidance and encouragement are not sought in vain. The distinguished Pontiff who rules the Church, in his Brief to Bishop Ireland, unmistakably counsels total abstinence on the part of the clergy and laity, and all the most prominent ecclesiastics throughout the English-speaking world have in no uncertain manner proclaimed their views on this most important question. The great need of the day is a network of temperance organizations sustained by the active and practical sympathy of the most influential men in the various districts, especially the clergy whose province it is to warn their flocks against temptations, to point out to them the necessity of combating vice, and to strengthen their hands in their efforts to save their fellow-men from degradation and ruin. It was his love of souls that made Father Mathew an apostle of temperance. "If," said he, in starting his movement, "only one poor soul could be rescued from destruction by what we are now attempting, it would be giving glory to God and well worth all the trouble we could take." This motive, which exerted so absorbing an influence over Father Mathew's mind, should be as potent now as it was then, for drunkenness still claims its mul-

titude of victims—still produces bad fathers, bad husbands, bad children, bad members of society, and is still plunging men and women into eternal woe.—*Liverpool Catholic Times*.

FATHER DRUMGOOLE.

Those who are enthusiastic about anti-poverty may study with profit the life of that holy and faithful priest, Father Drumgoole. Loyal to God, loyal to man, loyal to his vocation—to the vows he took when he entered the priesthood—loyal to his Bishop, loyal to himself—all the loyalty came back to him a hundred-fold, and, when he was called away, he left behind him a sweet memory and a great and good and lasting work. He did not talk and blare anti-poverty in truculence and self-adorations. He set to work, under the blessing of God, of the Church, of the Pope, as is characteristic of the Saints, whether or not their names be placed on the Church altars, to relieve poverty at its very source. What this humble priest effected in the relief of poverty this county knows. He did not effect it by "making faces" at the Pope, at society, at his Bishop, at the Church. He did it by turning his face to the altar, to heaven, to God, to the Immaculate Virgin, to the heart of man in humble and earnest appeal. The appeal was answered, how nobly we see. Father Drumgoole did not hire halls to hear himself speak. He did not tag a noisy coterie to his coat-tails. He did not go around with a brass band. He never posed as a martyr. He had anger against no man. He never had the great opportunities offered by an established mission, so far as the numbers and aggregate wealth of the parishoners count. He never rebelled save against Satan. He went about his work quietly, humbly, cheerfully. He became a beggar for God's poor. And men and women, recognizing the man's truth and earnestness, men and women of every class and kind, little children, even—Protestant and Catholic, Jew and Gentile—though, of course, Catholics in the main—all joined hands to help Father Drumgoole's apostolic work along. Whose was the reward? Not Father Drumgoole's, save the reward the Almighty gives to a faithful conscience, a life well spent; a man who walks with God to the end of his days. The reward was to society, to the human family, to the city, to the poor whom Christ told us, how truly! we shall have always with us. Only give us a Father Drumgoole in every large city in this country, in all countries, and poverty will be largely and most efficaciously relieved. It can never be abolished by self-infatuated theorists, John Bulls of this or any period, talking, preaching anti-poverty from pulpits, platforms, or the press. Quiet, practical, godly work like that of Father Drumgoole's will always meet with its reward. The world and the Church together know where to place and how to gauge such men. But for those who would trade on poverty to advertise and pecuniarily compensate themselves—to try and grow rich out of the poverty cry—the hard world even has nothing but loathing and contempt.—*The Catholic Review, Brooklyn*.

SHANDON BELLS.

The late A. M. Sullivan is credited with the following parody of Father Prout's "Bells of Shandon":

I've heard bells rattle
Round the necks of cattle;
The Chinese in battle
Use hideous gongs;
And down in Galway
The natives always
Enswarm their bees
To the beat of tongs.
But there's something sadder
To drive one madder
Than gongs or tongs
Struck discordantly;
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
With discord dinned on
The roaring waters
Of the river Lee.

The greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth, and have it found out by accident.—*C. Lamb*.

THE "GERALDINES."

The New York *Herald* must have been betrayed into a curious historical jumble, when in an editorial article, in its issue of Wednesday last, it referred to Colonel Thomas Fitzgerald of Philadelphia, as a possible presidential candidate, in the following terms:—

"Colonel Thomas Fitzgerald * * * * has been put in nomination as the lineal descendant of a dynasty of Irish kings and the oldest American representative of the Duke of Leinster's family."

What particular Irish royal dynasty our contemporary refers to, is not easy even to guess at, as the "Geraldines" never claimed any rank higher than that which their swords had carved out for them as Earls of Desmond, and leaders of the most powerful sect of the Norman-Irish element. They never were "Irish Kings," even in the name. But, still more absurd is the *Herald's* attempt to connect the present Duke of Leinster with the Geraldines. He is neither a Geraldine nor an Irishman; and every true Fitzgerald repudiates him and his claims, as Thomas Davis did in his splendid poem on the subject, written nearly half a century ago, in which he thus apostrophises the old race of Desmond:

"Ye Geraldines, ye Geraldines,—since 'Silken Thomas' flung King Henry's sword on coracil board, the English thames among,—
Ye never ceased to battle brave against the English sway.
Though axe and brand and treachery your noblest cut away.
Of Desmond's blood, through woman's veins, passed on th' exhausted tide:

His title lives,—a Saxon churl usurps the lion's hide;
And though Kildare towers haughtily, there's ruin at the root,
Else, why, since Edward fell to earth, had such a tree no fruit?"

Not even the olden title of Desmond—the Earl of Kildare—any longer survives; and the man who "usurps" the place of the chieftain of long ago is an Englishman whose rightful name is Seymour, but who has been graciously permitted, "by Act of Parliament," to assume the name as well as to possess a great portion of the estates of the Fitzgeralds—just as another Englishman, named Chichester, assumes the name and possesses the lands of The O'Neill. The Irish people repudiate both as impostors; and the acts of both have long proved that the national verdict thus pronounced on them was just and well-deserved.—*The Irish American*.

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

The Pope, through his almoner, the Right Rev. Monsignor Cassetta, gave an Easter alms of twelve thousand francs to the poor of Rome.

Rev. T. E. Walsh, C.S.C., president of the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, U. S., is attending the International Scientific Congress of Paris.

The London *Star* says:—The French papers are full of the announcement, made some time ago, that the Duke of Norfolk is about to be married to the second daughter of the Comte d'Haussonville. The family of the Haussonvilles is one of the most ancient in France, and is connected with many of the leading French families, such as the Broglies and d'Harcourts. Madame de Stael was also one of the ancestors in the direct line of Mademoiselle d'Haussonville.

It is proposed to hold an exhibition in London, during the course of next winter, of pictures and objects of interest connected with the Royal House of Stuart. Upon the General Committee, as might be expected, Catholics are strongly represented. Among the Catholic names we notice those of the Earl of Ashburnham (president), Lord Bray, the Marquis of Bute, Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, Mr. James Doyle, Lord Arndell of Wardour, Mr. Everard Green, Lord Herries, Mr. Cashel Hoey, Viscountess Maidstone, Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott, the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Orford, and the Rev. Joseph Stevensca, S. J.

CANADIAN CHURCH NEWS.

Mr. Justice Taschereau has left the Capital for Rome to witness the ordination of his son.

Cardinal Taschereau gave a splendid Easter Sunday dinner to all the prisoners in the jail at Quebec.

It is stated that a parishioner of St. Ann's church, Montreal has just made over to the Little Sisters of the Poor a parcel of his property, amounting in value to the handsome sum of \$50,000.

The programme which the Christian Brothers and the Roman Catholic clergy of the city are preparing for the celebration on May 4th of the beatification of La Salle will be an extensive and interesting one. All details have not yet been arranged, but the chief features of the celebration will be the morning and evening services at St. Michael's cathedral. In the morning at High Mass the children from the several schools, under the charge of the Christian Brothers, will form part of the congregation, and will be addressed by the Rev. Father McCann. The celebrant will be Archbishop Lynch. In the evening Rev. Father Rooney will deliver a panegyric, on the latest saint added to the calendar, who will now be referred to as the Blessed Jean Baptiste De La Salle. It is expected that the musical service at St. Michael's will be exceptionally grand. Gounod, who is a native of Reims, as was La Salle, has written a new mass to be sung for the first time on the occasion of the celebration, and Father Laurent hopes to procure it in time for production here. May 4th is not the anniversary of either the birth or the death of La Salle. He was born on the 11th of April, and died on Good Friday, April 7th. May 4th is the date upon which his remains were removed to Rouen from the cathedral, in which they were first deposited.

INFALLIBILITY.

Now, suppose an intelligent heathen to be placed in the midst of a Christian community, and the question to arise in his mind as to which of the numerous denominations had the just claim to be that authorized, infallible teacher, aside from any claim which the Catholic Church might set up on historical grounds, must it not strike the mind of every candid person that a most powerfully influential argument would be drawn from the fact that she alone of all the so-called Christian denominations claims to be such a teacher? All the Protestant sects, without exception, scout the very idea of infallibility, and thereby confess that they themselves are fallible, and therefore uncertain and unsafe guides and teachers in those great and important concerns which have reference to a future life. The fact is, such an infallible teacher is just as necessary as the original revelation. They are necessarily and inseparably associated and interdependent. Without such an infallible teacher Christianity is an inextricable mystery—a delusive riddle, which will forever elude all human ingenuity to unravel. The Catholic Church claims to be such a teacher and she exhibits all the marks and characteristics which go to confirm the truth of the claim, and, therefore, she alone furnishes sure and unmistakable ground for faith, and free and unrestrained scope for the highest aspirations of the soul.—*Catholic Review, Brooklyn*.

FOOD TESTS IN NEW YORK.

OFFICIAL ANALYSIS OF BAKING POWDERS—ADULTERATIONS IN CREAM OF TARTAR.

Under the direction of the New York State Board of Health, eighty-four different kinds of baking powders, embracing all the brands that could be found for sale in the State, were submitted to examination and analysis by Prof. C. F. Chandler, a member of the State Board and President of the New York City Board of Health, assisted by Prof. Edward G. Love, the well-known United States Government chemist.

The official report shows that a large number of the powders examined were found to contain alum or lime; many of them

to such an extent as to render them seriously objectionable for use in the preparation of human food.

Alum was found in twenty-nine samples. This drug is employed in baking powders to cheapen their cost. The presence of lime is attributed to the impure cream of tartar of commerce used in their manufacture. Such cream of tartar was also analyzed and found to contain lime and other impurities; in some samples to the extent of 93 per cent. of their entire weight.

All the baking powders of the market, with the single exception of "Royal" (not including the alum and phosphate powders, which have not the virtue of even an impure cream of tartar), are made from the adulterated cream of tartar of commerce, and consequently contain lime to a corresponding extent.

The only baking powder yet found by chemical analysis to be entirely free from lime and absolutely pure is the "Royal." This perfect purity results from the exclusive use of cream of tartar specially refined and prepared by patent processes which totally remove the tartrate of lime and other impurities. The cost of this chemically pure cream of tartar is much greater than any other, and on account of this greater cost is used in no baking powder but the "Royal."

Prof. Love, who made the analysis of baking powders for the New York State Board of Health, as well as for the Government, says of the purity and wholesomeness of the "Royal:"

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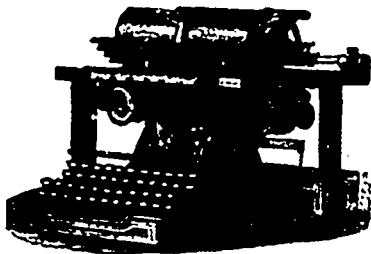
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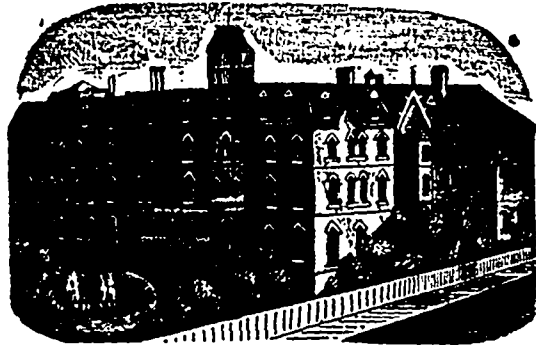
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SEALED TENDERS marked for "Mounted Police Clothing Supplies," and addressed to the Honourable the President of the Privy Council Ottawa, will be received up to noon on Monday, 16th April, 1888.

Printed forms of tender, containing full instructions as to the articles and quantities required, may be had on application to the undersigned.

No tender will be received unless made on such printed forms. Patterns of articles may be seen at the office of the undersigned.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted Canadian bank cheque for an amount equal to ten per cent of the total value of the articles tendered for, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender is not accepted, the cheque will be returned.
 No payment will be made to newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority having been first obtained.

FRED. WHITE,

Comptroller N. W. M. Police.

Ottawa, March 27th, 1888.

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\$9,999.00 IN GOLD TO BE GIVEN AWAY

In order to introduce my Nursery stock throughout the United States and Canada, I will give away \$9,999.00 in gold as follows, to the parties sending me 14 Three Cent Canadian, or 21 Two Cent American Postage Stamps for any one of the following collection of plants or bulbs, which will be sent by mail (postpaid), in April next, and guaranteed to arrive in good condition:

- No. 1.-3 Hardy Roses.
- 2.-2 Everblooming Roses.
- 3.-2 Hardy Climbing Roses.
- 4.-3 Dahlias.
- 5.-3 Gladiolus.
- 6.-3 Hardy Grape Vines.
- 7.-5 Raspberries, 4 each, black and red.
- 8.-30 Strawberry Plants, 4 each, 26 kinds.

All letters with stamps enclosed as requested above, for plants, will be numbered as they come to hand, and the senders of the first thirteen hundred letters will receive gifts as follows:

1st. - \$250	The next 20, \$10 each.
2nd. - 100	The next 40, 5 each.
3rd. - 50	The next 415, 2 each.
4th. - 30	The next 870, 1 each.
5th. - 20	

After 50 thousand letters have been received, the senders of the next eleven hundred letters will receive gifts as follows:

1st. - \$125	The next 10, \$15 each.
2nd. - 125	The next 15, 10 each.
3rd. - 75	The next 40, 5 each.
4th. - 50	The next 410, 2 each.
5th. - 25	The next 560, 1 each.

After 100 thousand letters have been received, the senders of the next one thousand letters will receive gifts as follows:

1 and 2.....	\$100 each	The next 2, \$20 each
3, 4 and 5.....	75 each	The next 15, 10 each
6, 7 and 8.....	50 each	The next 300, 3 each
9, 10, 11 and 12.	25 each	The next 600, 1 each

After 150 thousand letters have been received, the senders of the next eleven hundred and nine letters will receive gifts as follows:

1.....	\$100 each	The next 10, \$20 each
2.....	75 each	The next 15, 10 each
3 and 4.....	50 each	The next 300, 3 each
The next 15.....	25 each	The next 410, 1 each

Any person may send any number of times for any of above collections.

If three cents extra is sent, I will send in April a printed list of the names of all persons who are entitled to the gifts.

As a direct investment this will not pay, but my object is to introduce my stock, and build up a trade by mail. I employ no agents, but deal direct with customers, and can sell and deliver stock to any part of the United States or Canada, either by mail, express or freight, at about one-half the price charged by other Nurserymen through agents. Send me a list of wants and I will quote you prices. Mention this paper, and address all letters-

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