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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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## NOTES.

The present Abbot of the Grand Chartreuse is evidently a man of simplicity and directness of speech. On the occasion of M. Jules Ferry's recent visit to the famous monastery, the fallen statesman noticed a large map, and asked what it represented. "That," said the Abbot, "is our beautiful monastery near Parkminster, in Sussex, England. That country has been kind enough to shelter and welcome us since we were banished by a herd of politicians here who call themselves lovers of liberty."

The experience of the past has been that all attempts to cripple or destroy the power of the Roman Pontiffs have been attended with more danger to the States making the attempt than to the Holy See. "If you can show me a single example in all history" Louis Phillipe is reported to have said to a French statesman, who advised him to break with 'he Holy See,' of a prince who made war against the Pope and had no reason to regret it, I will take your advice. M. Thiers the late President of the French Republic, is credited with having said a few years ago, upon being asked his opinion of the Roman Question, that while he was not a good Catholic, he had at least read history, and had learned there "that all who have eaten of the Pope *have died of it.*" The warnings of such men should have a meaning for the present Da Crispi government in Italy.

"I saw," says a correspondent in the *Laclede* column of Montreal *Gazette*, "in the little libretto I bought at Montreal, giving a description of the new church copied from St. Peter's at Rome, that St. Peter's has two clocks, one having the time in the French, and the other in the Italian fashion—the latter being, I believe, the 24-hour style, so that the C. P. R. and Mr. Van Horne have the authority of the Popes for the adoption of that useful mode of time-reckoning. This must be satisfactory to all concerned."

The Bishop of Limerick, who has been called "the forlorn hope of Mr Balfour, in Ireland," made a speech last week in which he made it clear that he is in principle a thorough Home Ruler. He said:—"I will take the liberty of saying that the time is coming, and coming fast, when larger responsibilities and a larger administration will be put in the hands of the Irish people, when they will manage not only local, but national affairs. The true foundation of our national independance will rest, first, on local independance, but national integrity and national honour will be strongly consolidated in every locality when the Irish people manage their own affairs independantly and thoroughly well for the common benefit."

We give on another page some portions of Mr. O'Brien's paper in the *Westminster Review* on Mr. Forster's *regime* in Ireland. The subject is hung with political and personal interest. The late Mr. A. M. Sullivan, in his work on "New Ireland," relates that foremost in the work of relieving the distress through the famine year of "Black '47," were the Society of Friends, and that amongst the most active and fearless of their representatives was a young Yorkshire Quaker whose name is still warmly remembered by Connemara peasants. "He drove," says the writer, "from village to village; he walked bog and moor, rowed the lake, and climbed the mountains; fought death as it were hand to hand in brave resolution to save the people. His correspondence from the scene of his labours would constitute in itself a graphic memorial of the Irish famine. That young Yorkshire Quaker of 1847 was destined a quarter of a century later to be known to the Empire as a Minister of the Crown, the Rt. Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P."

"The Life of Forster," on which Mr. O'Brien's article is based, contains a story of curious pathos: The diary of his daughter runs on May 8th.—"Father read to us Mr. Robinson's report of the reception of the seed-potatoes in county Mayo. This has been an altogether delightful incident, and it was a pleasure to hear the Chief-Secretary reading anything so different from an outrage report. 'I wonder whether they would call me Buckshot Forster if I went down there?' pondered father." Alas for the sequel of this melting little incident, writes Mr. O'Brien. "Mr. Forster did not go down among the poor Errismen, but a battalion of police did, to collect poor-rate off the unhappy wretches whom Mr. Forster had saved from starvation; and the result of their visit was that a poor young girl was transfixed through the bosom with a bayonet, and brought home to her mother—dead!" Incidents like this arise again and again out of the absurd theory that all cost "the law" must be carried out. In fulfilment of this maxim, poor-rate is levied off the famine-stricken, and tenants who have offered the last farthing of rent that their farm can make are evicted at the bayonet point. And yet people wonder that the present system of Irish government is not a success.

## STE. ANNE D'AURAY.

(Concluded)

At length, triumphing over every difficulty, and after having been subjected to severe examination by various ecclesiastical superiors, Nicolazic obtained the permission of the Bishop of Vannes for a suitable chapel to be built and endowed. This sanctuary containing the original ancient statue of St. Anne soon became an object of profound veneration, and the devotion to the august Mother of Mary assumed larger and larger proportions. The learned Bollandists give a lengthy list of the wonderful miracles that were here performed, and mention that many persons were punished in a remarkable manner for speaking lightly of the devotion to St. Anne. As at our own beloved "Good St. Anne's" of Beaupré, these miracles were not only of a temporal or physical nature, but even more frequently were miracles of grace, hardened sinners obtaining their conversion, and afflicted souls being strengthened and comforted.

The Carmelite Fathers were entrusted with the charge of this sanctuary of Ste. Anne d'Auray in A. D. 1627, and they considerably embellished the church. In the year 1639, Louis XIII., King of France, still further embellished it, bestowing on it a considerable relic of the Saint. In 1638 we find Pope Urban VIII., by bulls dated Sept. 22nd, granting great indulgences to pilgrims as well as to the confraternity of "Ste. Anne d'Auray."

During the French Revolution, in the year 1792, the Religious were driven away from Auray, their convent and church pillaged and sold, and the treasured statue broken up and burned. But one small piece, a part of the face, escaped destruction, and this fragment is now placed in the pedestal of the new statue.

In the year 1815 the convent and church were bought back and entrusted to the Jesuit Fathers who established a "Petit Séminaire" or college for boys, but these Fathers were expelled in 1828. The college, however, has been administered by other priests and professors, and is still the ecclesiastical college of the diocese of Vannes. From 300 to 400 boys are educated here, and those among the boys who have a vocation for the priesthood pass on to the "Grand Séminaire" at Vannes.

The present church is of modern construction, the first stone of it having been laid in January 1866. Unfortunately much of its beauty is hidden by the many small houses and shops which are grouped about it.

This splendid Basilica is built of granite in the Renaissance style. It is of imposing proportions and elegant form, and its summit is crowned with a statue of St. Anne which can be seen from afar. An elegant modern writer (Miss Anna Hervé) thus speaks of this statue. "It is this statue that the Breton pilgrim seeks with eager eyes, when on his toilsome way from his island home in the stormy sea, or his cottage on the wild and lonely moor. It is to this statue he turns and gives his last as well as his first salutation. At the point where, once past, he knows he shall no longer see the spire of his beloved church nor the statue of his cherished mother, he kneels, and with bared head and reverent mind, offers his last prayer and makes his last supplication to her who is so dear to the Breton heart."

The church itself is in the form of a Latin cross. The interior is divided into three naves, and we might almost say there are two other naves which spring from the transept and surround the choir; and opening on these naves are the numerous chapels situated in the apse. The choir itself is a marvellous masterpiece of taste and richness. It is all of polished brass and precious marbles. It is paved with fine mosaic work. Within the sanctuary a tablet is set in indicating the exact spot where the famous statue was found by Nicolazic as we have related.

The high altar is monumental and was the princely gift of Pius IX. The dais (or canopy), the reredos, the tomb or body of the altar, the steps leading up to it, are all hewn out of purest white marble, which marble had been taken to Rome from far-off quarries during the reigns of Titus and Domitian, as is attested by an inscription. The altar is adorned by statues of the four Evangelists sculptured by the celebrated Falguière, and a St. Joachim, by the same artist, is sculptured on one of the piers supporting the sub-arch of the choir.

The chapel specially dedicated to St. Anne is a marvel of art, and here, as in all parts of the church, are an incalculable number of *ex-votos*. In an elegant niche, surmounted by a richly

chiselled dome, is the miraculous statue of St. Anne which dates only from the year 1823, but in the pedestal of which there is to be seen the only fragment, the left side of the face, which escaped from the fury of the revolutionists.

In the painted windows which surround the church are depicted the various scenes of the wonderful circumstances we have already related concerning the building of the first church by Nicolazic.

We will now speak of the *Scala Sancta* or Holy Staircase. This is situated in the "Champ de l'Épine" (Field of the Thorn), a field of an oblong form, and is nearly opposite to the front of the church or rather Basilica, at only a short distance from it. This Holy Staircase is a remembrance of the Passion of Our Lord, of that Staircase which He ascended at Jerusalem. Great indulgences are attached to this devotion, and it is much practised by pious pilgrims.

This Holy Staircase consists of two long flights of twenty-eight steps each, connected at the top by a large platform on which there is an altar. Both steps and platform are roofed over, so that devotions may not be interrupted by bad weather. It is at this altar that Miss is said at the time of the great pilgrimages, when the church, although capable of holding three thousand persons closely packed, is not large enough to contain the multitudes which flock to St. Anne on these occasions.

The pilgrims making this devotion go up the flight of steps on the north side of the staircase, on their knees, meditating on the different stages of the Passion of Our Divine Lord, and saying a short prayer on each step, until they arrive at the top, where, at the foot of the altar on the platform, they make their concluding prayer. Then they walk down the flight on the south side and their devotion is finished.

It is from the platform of this Staircase that the evening sermon is given when the crowd of pilgrims is unusually large, and even Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is here given, amidst the blaze of torches and tapers which mingle their brilliant light with the milder rays of the moon and the sweet pale effulgence of the stars.

Around this oval inclosure, too, passes the procession called by the Bretons "la retraite aux flambeaux." One of the immense multitude of pilgrims bearing a lighted taper, protected from the wind by a gaily-coloured cup shaped envelope, and in serried ranks the pious crowd proceeds to the Basilica, passing along the streets, under the trees, around the oval, singing their hymns to well-known airs, with a fervour and soul-stirring accent that is contagious. Cold must be the heart that is not warmed to fervour on beholding the devotion of these pious supplicants.

Beside the *Scala Sancta* there is what is called the *Cloître*, a place much frequented by pilgrims. The Seminary, of which we have already spoken, is connected with the church by an ancient cloister forming the four sides of an uncovered square. Some of the doors of the Seminary open on this cloister, and on its walls are the Stations of the Cross. In the centre of the square there used to be a large Calvary where the pilgrims knelt to begin the Stations, but this Calvary has now given place to an enormous plain wooden cross brought by pilgrims from the Holy Land.

St. Anne d'Auray has its miraculous fountain, which, as is the case with our own St. Anne de Beaupré, is the instrument of many miraculous cures. In the days of the Revolution Ste. Anne d'Auray suffered severely from the barbarous and reckless conduct of the mobs who pillaged and ruthlessly destroyed so many venerable treasures of the past.

The country immediately around Ste. Anne d'Auray is flat and uninteresting. Unlike Lourdes, no mountains look down upon this sanctuary which is approached by a road passing over a barren moor called a "lande." At no considerable distance, however, there are many spots of historic interest and many traces of past wars.

From Canada the easiest way of access would be by French steamer to Havre, whence there is direct railway communication to Rennes, and thence by way of Redon to Auray or to Ste Anne itself. From Paris also the route is an easy one.

The pilgrimage of Ste. Anne d'Auray being a sort of mother pilgrimage to that of our own "good St. Anne," we have thought that these few words concerning the mother might be acceptable to the pious clients of the daughter, the readers of the English *Anna's of St. Anne de Beaupré*

G. M. WARD.

## CONCERNING THE RÉCOLLETS.

After an interval of eighty-eight years, the habit and hood of the sons of St. Francis of Assisi, are again seen in the streets of a Canadian town, as the Rev. Père Frederic de Gayvelde, or his socius the good Frere Lazare, walk through the city of Three Rivers on business connected with their important mission.

Some eight or nine years ago, Rev. Père Frederic, then assistant superior of the Franciscans, who are custodians of the sanctuaries, or sacred spots of the Holy Land, came to our country to collect the amount which the alms given by the Faithful on Good Friday had provided towards the object to which his life is consecrated.

Again in the spring of the current year, this Reverend Father arrived in Canada, this time to remain, as Commissary for the Holy Land, his place of residence being fixed at Three Rivers.

Monseigneur Lasbêche having deeded to the Franciscans a small tract of land at the back of the Seminary grounds, it is Father Frederic's intention to erect thereon a modest dwelling for himself and his brother monk. In the meantime, these sons of St. Francis are the honoured guests of the Parish of St. Marie Magdeleine du Cap.

Their costume is not quite the same as was that of their brethren the Récollets. The latter wore a grey habit with a black hood or capuchin, while Father Frederic is clothed from head to foot in brown—I have written 'from head to foot' by force of habit, whereas, in fact, neither head nor foot of the poor father has any covering whatever,—the fringe of his shaven crown being entirely at the mercy of the winds of heaven, while his bare feet shiver on their inhospitable leathern sandals.

Among the many objects which he finds worthy of admiration in this Canada of ours, Father Frederic places foremost our river steamers. To stand on the boulevard at Three Rivers and watch one of these 'water palaces,' as he terms them, all decked with many coloured lights, floating off upon a July evening for a moonlight sail upon Lake St. Peter, is to the good father a source of mixed delight and sorrow—for beautiful as is the vessel in gala attire, and sweet as are the harmonious sounds resounding from her deck—still a 'moonlight excursion' is not a very edifying class of entertainment, and, moreover, is one upon which the Curé of Three Rivers has placed his veto.

Apropos of the sons of St. Francis, here is a very good anecdote which I came across to-day in an old number of *La Revue Canadienne*. It is related by that enchanting writer, M. Philippe Aubert de Gaspé, in his paper on the Récollets. Speaking of the last Superior of that Order in Canada, the Rev. Père de Béréy, M. de Gaspé says:—

The Duke of Kent had received an invitation to dine with the Rev. Père de Béréy at noon, that being the hour of closing the parade, which was held opposite to the Convent of the Récollets, on what is to-day the site of our little square with its pretty fountain.

Père de Béréy, who had been chaplain to a regiment, and had even been wounded while administering the sacraments to the dying upon a battle-field, had tastes and habits of a somewhat military order.

He bore a slight resemblance to the brave French officer who, after many years of service, had exchanged his uniform for a soutane, and who, when an oath escaped him, never failed to add, while lowering his eyes: "As I should have said when I was a colonel of dragoons."

I do not mean to imply that Père du Béréy went so far as the ex-colonel, but only that he was somewhat military in his tastes and habits.

Accordingly, on the appointed day, wishing to offer a fitting reception to the son of his sovereign, he had arranged a small park of artillery—a real triumph of mechanism, which should go off just as mid-day rang, and at the moment of the arrival of the Prince and his aides-de-camps.

These little cannons were of pewter or lead, and were mounted on neat frames, and were the work of one of the brothers of the convent.

Whether the Prince (who was a great martinet, and who, according to an expression of the soldiers of his regiment, used often in summer to *faire la bacchanale* in their barracks at three

o'clock in the morning, to stir up the lazy with a vigorous supply of blows from a cane) whether the Prince had had enough of discipline for one day, or whether it was owing to some other motive, certain it is that he shortened the parade ten minutes, and withdrew into the convent, followed by his aides-de-camp. Père de Béréy, taken by surprise, and in despair at not having been able to shew off his piece of artillery at the moment when the Prince entered by the main door of the convent, Père de Béréy, as explosive as gunpowder itself, exclaimed in a rough tone:

"My Lord, we surprise only our enemies; I thought your Highness too strict in the matter of discipline to shorten a parade so as to make an unexpected assault upon a peaceable convent!"

The Duke, when the cause of the wrath of the son of St. Francis was explained to him, could not refrain from a hearty fit of laughter.

Père de Béréy, who had no mind that the money which his gallantry had cost him should be entirely wasted, at the end of dessert asked the Prince's permission to drink his Royal Highness' health, and as he pronounced the words:—"Gentlemen, to His Highness the Duke of Kent," a formidable detonation of artillery close to the door of the refectory, caused the windows of that apartment to vibrate.

Some persons have censured the last superior of the Récollets as being too much of a courtier, forgetting that as a scion of a noble French family he found himself at home in the society which he had frequented since his infancy, and that, if in English drawing-rooms his men's habit and hood exposed him to ridicule, still, his dignified carriage, his extensive knowledge, and his keen wit, that was both subtle and sarcastic, rendered him an opponent not to be attacked with impunity.

He even dined at the English officers' mess, where his sallies, his jokes, and his lively repartee were greatly appreciated.

The Père de Béréy was born in Montreal, on the 10th June, 1720, and was the son of Francois de Béréy, Sieur des Essarts, an officer in the French Army.

He was baptized Claude Charles, but assumed the name of Felix at his ordination on the 21st December, 1743.

From the month of August, 1763, to the month of October, 1767, he was curé of Chambly. He also ministered to the parish of St. Francois du Lac. In 1796, he became commissary, provincial and last Superior of the Franciscans in Canada.

He died on the 18th May, 1800, at the age of eighty years, and was buried in the Cathedral, in the chapel of Our Lady of Pity. For all of which information we must thank the invaluable book of Mgr. Tanguay.

If Mgr. Tanguay's dates are correct, Père de Béréy's tenure of the office of Superior was not of lengthy duration, as in the autumn of 1796 the community was dissolved, owing to the (in all probability) not quite accidental destruction of their convent and church by fire.

"One month after this disaster," says M. de Gaspé, there were scarcely three Capuchins to be found in the town of Quebec. The sons of St. Francis, dispersed throughout the colony, were peaceably earning their living like other citizens. Such of the monks as had made a course of studies, the Frère Lyonnais for instance, took the soutane and were ordained priests; those who had a sufficiently good education taught schools, the others sought occupation in trade or agriculture. Strange to say, the poisonous tongue of calumny never sought to tarnish the reputation of these virtuous men.

The government at once took possession of the site and ruins of their convent, and a few days after the disaster, buildings in which were sold all descriptions of liquor were erected in their beautiful orchard. Père de Béréy was, however, fairly treated by the conquerors, who allowed him a pension of two thousand dollars.

The last relic of the old Franciscans of Quebec was the celebrated elm, the "orme des Récollets" about which was woven many a legend. Some went so far as to assert that Jacques Cartier, on his first landing at Quebec, established himself with his fellow voyagers beneath its inviting shade. All maintained its existence for a period of over two hundred years, which estimate may easily be credited, as it measured fourteen feet and one inch in circumference.

The numerous antiquarians of Quebec protected with love

and reverence this ancient contemporary of the founder of their town, but alas! on the 6th September, 1845, during a strong gale from the north-east, one of the three stems into which this beautiful and memorable elm was divided, broke just at the place of its connection with the main trunk, and it became necessary to fell the remainder for fear of accident. A fragment of the trunk, three feet in height, was deposited in one of the rooms of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, where it perished in the fire of 1854.

There was also in Quebec another relic of the forest primeval, namely—the oak of the Ursulines, preserved within the enclosure of the monastery since the arrival of those ladies in 1639. It fell from old age on the 10th June, 1850.

Whereupon it became a saying that the old oak of the Ursulines had died a Catholic, while its contemporary, the elm of the Recollets, became the property of the Anglican Cathedral, had died a Protestant!

LORRAINE.

### THE FORSTER TRAGEDY IN IRELAND.

Mr. Wm. O'Brien, M.P., contributes to the September number of the *Westminster Review* a powerful article on "The Forster Tragedy in Ireland." "If I were asked," he says, "the readiest means of converting thoughtful Englishmen to Home Rule, I should be disposed to answer by placing Mr. Wemyss Reid's two volumes in every English home. So I should advise Irishmen who are sore with experiences of the follies of English misgovernment to study Mr. Forster's bruised life as it is here revealed to us, and learn how much of pitiable misunderstanding there may be in the quarrels of nations. The acerbities of the story are gone. The infinite human pathos remains. However the physicians may describe his fatal illness, Mr. Forster died of the scars he received in Ireland in as real a sense as he would have died if he had not caught an early train the evening the Invincibles were searching the railway carriages in Westland Row for him. From chapter to chapter of the second volume one can almost see his hair whitening and the stoop coming over his rugged shoulders, and the stout heart within him dying down as the omen of hopeless failure thickened around him. There are few things in the all too insincere records of statesmanship so touching as his daughter's description of his attempt to persuade himself that he felt happy the evening he lined up at the back of the Ladies' Gallery to hear Mr. Gladstone's announcement of his resignation of the Irish Secretaryship."

Mrs. Vere O'Brien's diary notes, "but a curious feeling of excitement, and as though the tears were not very far off one's eyes." "Well," said father, "I think you might all drink the health of the right hon. gentleman the member for Bradford, as Gladstone called me to-night." The tears would not have been far off most Irish eyes if they could have rested on that melancholy festivity. One touch of human nature such as this would have had more influence in the Government of Ireland than all his police patrols and his 900 arrests. But Mr. Forster would have died rather than confess his softness. Herein you have the key to Mr. Forster's failure in Ireland, as well as to Mr. Balfour's failure on a totally opposite system. Mr. Forster was ashamed to show emotion as the ruler of an emotional race. Mr. Balfour would be ashamed to feel it. If Mr. Forster had gone to Ireland, as Mr. Balfour has gone, to "stand no nonsense"—that is to say, to trust to the policeman's horn-book for information, and simply to knock on the head whatever he could not understand—there would have been nothing specially instructive in his fortunes. Some thirty generations of English governors went that way before him. They came back each after his appointed time, and, according to his temperament, either heart-sick, like Sir Ralph Abercrombie, or as gaily as Sir Walter Raleigh would have returned from a raid for Red Indian scalps. It used to be plain sailing enough for "silken aristocrats with hearts of steel." There were no questions asked. The poor Irish woodkerns had no Mr. Parnell to move the adjournment of the House. The English common people had not the dimmest suspicion that their representatives were sending presents of poisoned wine to Shane O'Neill from Dublin Castle and wiling the chiefs of

the O'Moore county into the Rath of Mullaghmast to slay them after supper. The folk in the English shires knew no more of what was passing in Ireland than of what was passing in the country of the Anthropophagi and the men with two heads. Now it is wholly different. There would have been fifty Mitchelstown fusilades last winter only that the one fusilade was heard the next morning in every home in Britain, and every ex private of the Cape Mounted Rifles who now gives orders to fire on an Irish crowd in the remotest mountain village feels that millions of keen English eyes are fastened on his doings. That has a dampening effect upon Chief Secretaries as well as upon their subordinates.

There are, of course, multitudes of hot blooded Tory youths who will applaud the Chief Secretary all the more rapturously the freer he has been with his bullets and sarcasms. But a man of Mr. Balfour's keenness cannot help feeling that approval of this character is a mere *succes d'estime* which can only be secured at all from a specially-invited public, fenced around with lordly park walls, and kept in a good humour with slices of roasted ox and with merry-go-rounds. The average British father of a family, observing these things over the park wall, does not think that is the most judicious way of conquering ancient prejudices and appeasing a high spirited race of many millions, and it is a mere question of time how soon and with how much brusqueness he will step in and astonish the merry-go-rounders by telling them so. It was just because Mr. Forster represented the seriousness, the sincerity, the deep determination to be just, of the average citizen that he was so much more formidable a governor of Ireland from the Nationalist point of view than Mr. Balfour is. That was also why his failure was a matter of such acute anguish to himself. It is easy to imagine Mr. Balfour intensely annoyed when, for example, Mr. Goschen confessed the collapse of his boast of six months that the National League in "the suppressed" districts was "a thing of the past," but who can conceive of Mr. Balfour bursting into that heart cry of Mr. Forster's (heard only by his daughter), "I can never do now what I might have done for Ireland." His disappointments would be of the order that one associates less with tears than with fretfulness. It is easy to imagine him frowning at Dr. Bar's *betises* at the Rid'ey inquest. It is impossible to imagine his appetite failing because his Bann Drainage Bill miscarried. When he quits Ireland it may be with regrets for Mr. Arthur James Balfour, but for Ireland—ridiculous. In his view what Ireland requires is not so much governing as whipping. If he is not allowed to complete the job, it will be all the fault of the absurd squeamishness of the British workman in sparing the rod.

Mr. O'Brien then goes on to point out that Mr. Forster was made of more painstaking materials, and refers at length to his early connection with Ireland to show how wholly different a man he was from Mr. Balfour.

Says Mr. O'Brien: These are elements of failure congenital if I may so say, with every masterful Englishman, no matter how gracious his intentions, who, not content with pulling friendly with Irishmen in common concerns, will insist upon dictating the Irishman's inmost household arrangements. But I do not think it is difficult to place one's hand upon the two special and (perhaps) avoidable errors which brought Mr. Forster's administration to ruin, though with these Mr. Wemyss Reid's book acquaints his readers but slightly. They are—first, the failure to estimate the reality of Mr. Parnell's power; and, secondly, the failure to throw upon the House of Lords the responsibility of governing Ireland without the Compensation for Disturbance Bill which they rejected. Before the Bill was sent up to its doom in the House of Lords Mr. Forster not obscurely intimated that he nailed his colours to it as the very mainmast of his policy in Ireland. Had he either insisted upon his colleagues sending it up again with a peremptory message, or, failing Mr. Gladstone's compliance, compelled him to seek another Irish Secretary, he would either have saved Ireland from the horrible aftermath of trouble that followed the famine of 1879-80, or he would have placed upon

other shoulders the responsibility for the anarchy which he foresaw. The truth seems to be either that Mr. Forster and the Cabinet did not adequately estimate the gravity of the crisis which would arise when the 400,000 persons at that very moment on the charitable relief lists would be summoned to an account for their arrears of rent, or else the Liberal majority, fresh from their great triumph over Lord Beaconsfield's foreign policy, did not care to imperil their laurels upon an Irish issue only half developed. There was a third course open to Mr. Forster on the rejection of the bill. It was that which Sir M. Hicks-Beach had recourse to in the winter of 1886, when his own Cabinet had thrown out Mr. Parnell's Suspension of Evictions Bill. He might have snapped his fingers at the Lords by the extra legal methods first set in force by Sir Redvers Buller in Kerry, and by which to this hour Mr. Balfour keeps a clandestine check upon evictions—namely, by refusing police protection to carry out evictions which are deemed harsh ones. Mr. Forster did none of these three things. He did not resign, as he had threatened to do; he did not take any other measure to restrain the harpy landlords who had stoutly denied the distress ever after the Tory Lord-Lieutenant had appealed for subscriptions; and, far from exercising the "dispensing power" by which Sir M. Hicks-Beach refused Lord Clanricarde the means of extermination, Mr. Forster seemed rather to reproach the landlords (vol. 2, p. 376) with their "remissness" in not carrying out their evictions "on a systematic plan." His illogicality in this respect had the further disastrous effect of estranging him hopelessly from Mr. Parnell, because he was more logical. As the spring passed without any check upon evictions or any prospect save a Land Bill in the late autumn which might follow the fate of the Compensation for Disturbance Bill, and with a Coercion Bill in the meantime strenuously worked for the purpose of disarming the tenantry of their organization, Mr. Parnell and Mr. Dillon were driven into more and more bitter antagonism with the Government, and under the influence at one and the same time of the sinister counsels he received in Dublin Castle, and in fierce and often personal conflict with Irish leaders in Parliament, it grew to be more and more Mr. Forster's *ideo fixe* that Mr. Parnell's influence was not regarded by the people as their salvation, but was imposed upon them by terror, and that the statesman who should succeed in delivering them from their nightmare would acquire their secret and eventually their open gratitude. The root of all his errors was his misappreciation of the great man who for the first time in recorded history was able to bind together all the wild and wayward forces of the Irish race indissolubly. For instance, Mr. Wemyss Reid, like the faithful biographer that he is, thinks it his duty to Mr. Forster to contrast the outburst of crime that arose contemporaneously with the Land League with the subsidence of agrarian crime during the preceding quarter of a century, omitting to note—(1) That the Land League itself arose after and out of a period of distress, compared with which nothing a tithe so awful had been seen since the great famine; and (2) that if agrarian outrages had not flourished during previous twenty years it was because the young men of the country in all these years were engrossed in a widespread conspiracy of at least 200,000 men to prepare for an armed insurrection in the first moment of England's difficulty. Mr. Forster did not see at all Mr. Parnell's wondrous achievement in weaning the whole youth of a hot-headed race to constitutional courses. He saw intensely that Mr. Parnell had not, in addition, performed the unperformable miracle of keeping the collision of half a million of starving people with their bankrupt landlords altogether free from bloodshed—the said collision being one in which Mr. Forster himself had proclaimed the tenantry entitled to a protection which the law did not empower him to give. It may be admitted that the Irish leaders misunderstood Mr. Foster with compound interest. It is too often forgotten that in these contests speech is the only Irish weapon left unproclaimed. Still more amazing, it is forgotten that the men whose rude language is rebuked were themselves habitually reviled as though they were

scarcely human beings, and that the whole Tory party is chuckling with unconcealed delight, while the principal newspaper in England undertakes to prove the elected representatives of the Irish people to be venal, assassins and fiends. The Irish members were not possessed of the Divine perfection which should have made them content to answer not a word. They struck back as best they could. The correct elocutionist is but a sorry match for 40,000 bayonets, with jails and fortresses unnumbered. Nevertheless, it is one of the saddest reflections of our time to see to what an extent the judgment of one potent statesman on the Irish question was overthrown by a few whirling words from the Irish benches. Mr. Forster was not exempt from the infirmity. The assaults of Mr. Parnell's lieutenants became all the more galling from the attacks of Mr. Parnell's secret allies in the Cabinet. Angered by the baitings he underwent in Parliament, his "long and bitter struggles" in the Cabinet, and his disappointments upon disappointments in Ireland, dosed with daily letters from the landlords, a few samples of which Mr. Wemyss Reid enshrines, warning him that "the (death) warrants of several of the local Limerick gentlemen were signed," that "unless the militia were removed before the 17th March there would be a general rising," and so on, through every note of panic, absurdity, and objurgation, his humane heart, racked with every detail of every outrage that could be laid to the charge of the people, while the hardships and fatalities they endured were sedulously concealed from him by the half-dozen Mr. Clifford Loyds among whom he had petitioned Ireland, bewildered, mortified, horrified to find himself figuring as the tyrant of a country which had been the dream of his youth to serve, and which in his heart he still honestly yearned to deserve well of, it is not difficult to understand his ever deepening repugnance to the malign influence of that pale, passionless young man who for ever coldly thwarted him, and who kept so marvelously within the law that even so late as October 22nd the law officers had to strain their consciences for a decent pretext to arrest him. That Mr. Parnell understood Ireland, and that Mr. Forster, with all his sturdy sense, did not, is the moral of every page of these sad Irish chapters. It would be, perhaps, a profitless inquiry at this time of day whether, if Mr. Parnell had been suffered to test the Land Act in the winter of 1881 after the manner he had projected, instead of being cast into prison and his organization smashed into chaos, seven years of lawless chopping and changing in judicial rents might not have been averted.

Mr. O'Brien discusses Mr. Forster's character as a man as revealed in Mr. Reid's life, and winds up by saying that those who might so much more easily than he have gone down against the tremendous forces he wielded will be the last to disturb his sleep with a churlish word.

#### MEN AND THINGS.

A daily paper tells us that Mr. Gladstone was only once flogged at Eton, and that he underwent this punishment for the chivalrous reason that he would not give up the name of some other boy who had got into trouble. This must have been under the head-mastership of Dr. Keats, of whom many anecdotes are afloat among old Etonians. One was told to ourselves, not so long ago. A boy named Rashleigh, with all the others of his class, was set to write a theme on the maxim: *Temere nil facias*. When the time came for giving in the papers, Rashleigh appeared without his, "Where is your theme, Sir?" asked the formidable doctor. "I haven't done it, Sir!" answered Rashleigh. "Not done your theme, Sir?" "No, Sir!" persisted he, undaunted by the near prospect of the "apple twigs." "Why you told me not to do it!" "I told you!" "Yes, Sir; you said, *Temere nil facias*—do nothing, Rashleigh." And the head-master was so taken by the Latin pun, that the apple twigs were allowed to repose on the shelf.—*Weekly Register*.



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### LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

ST MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 29th Dec., 1888

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 doctrine 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 of style, form and quality of the REVIEW, and I do hope it will become a splendid success.

Believe me, yours faithfully,

JAMES J. CANNON  
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPT. 22, 1888.

Our attention has been directed to the nature of a special series of sermons that are being preached against Catholic doctrines and practices by a Rev. Mr. Roy, the rector, we believe, of St. George's Church, Winnipeg. Mr. Roy professes that form of Christian belief, and embraces that system of latitudinarian theology founded about three hundred years ago by Henry VIII—of blessed memory—now in Heaven. The late Mr. Edward Everett, of Boston, who was a popular preacher, before he became a successful politician, once offered a "prayer," of which a newspaper reported on the following day "that it was the most eloquent prayer ever addressed to a Boston audience." Equally uncommon, we should judge, are Mr. Roy's special sermons. They are probably the most sensational ever addressed to a Winnipeg audience. This will, perhaps, be well enough understood if we say that the one before us contains, according to the newspaper heading, "some startling statements regarding the Monks and Nuns of the Roman Catholic Church, and the vows taken by them," and that a reading of it suffices to show that it has about it a strong spice of "smut" superadded.

Mr. Roy is out in the *role* of the old-time Reformers. It was unfortunately a characteristic of these so-called Reformers that much of their language was of a sort to scandalize even a moderately, decent and delicate pagan. "An unfavourable estimate of the reformers," says Mr. Froude, (*Times of Erasmus and Luther*) "is unquestionably gaining ground among advanced thinkers." "In nearly every country where their boasted Reformation triumphed," observes Mr. Lecky, "the result is to be mainly attributed to coercion." "The Reformation," observes another historian, Hallam, (*Literature of Eu-*

*rope*) "appealed to the ignorant." A knowledge of the true character of its agents "cools every honest man's zeal in proportion as his reading becomes more extensive." Another writer, who judged them solely by their own language, has described them as "a very low species of ecclesiastical prize fighters." Luther, says Mr. Hallam, spent his life "bellowing in bad Latin." Luther declared of Zwingle, who presumed to differ from him, that he was satanized, insatanized, and supersatanized," and that his damnation was certain. Zwingle said in reply, "When I read a book of Luther's I seem to be looking at an obscene pig grunting among the flowers of a fair garden." Calvin said of Luther, "Would to God he would think a little more of his own vices!" while Bueer said of Calvin that he was a mad dog, and Beza applied to him language which modern society does not permit us to repeat. Then again Luther called Henry VIII. "the grossest of all pigs," which is quite within possibility, and Erasmus said of Luther that he was "a savage beast and a furious boar." As for the English and Scotch reformers, they were, if possible, worse. Even Dr. Littledale (the author of the *Plain Reasons Against Popery*) wrote that they were "utterly unredeemed villains."

These are facts which have seemed to us worthy of observation. For what the Church, in those old ages of faith, when she was queen of the nations, created, those homes of human genius, and those abiding places of religion and supernatural charity through which the Church looked forth, as in the song sung by Solomon, like the morning star, bright and musical, fair as the sun, clear as the moon,—what the Church, through the spirit of God present in her, created, these men brutally destroyed. The first fruit of the Reformation was the degradation in the race of Faith. "Its complete suppression of the conventual system," says Mr. Lecky, an advanced Rationalist (*History of European Morals*) was very far from a benefit to women or to the world. No fact in modern history is more deeply to be deplored." "It is an unquestionable and most instructive fact," observes Macaulay "that the years during which the political power of the Anglican hierarchy was in the zenith were precisely the years during which national virtue was at the lowest point." The destruction of the convents and monasteries was regretted by so rough an old bigot as Carlyle. He deplored in characteristic language that men should have "turned loose four-footed cattle and Henry-the-Eighths into them!"; and he probably estimated pretty truly at what cost to Christian art and Christian piety was purchased the triumph of the *Entour* of the Tudors.

Things have changed somewhat since then, and this Mr. Roy, realizing that after all monasticism has survived, sets about to root it out, after the manner of the earlier "Reformers," by unworthy arguments addressed to the ignorance, and the passions, and the greed of the people. "Christ," he said, speaking on Sunday evening, the 9th inst., "has rejected monkery as a form of life unsuited to Christianity. Christians are to be in the world, though not of the world. . . . Monasticism stands condemned by the text, as its root idea is selfishness. . . . The history of those who enter monastical institutions, establishes the fact that the whole system of monasticism rests on the master sin selfishness. It is a mistaken idea to suppose that devotion and self-sacrifice fill the convents with inmates. Far from it. Who are they who enter the convents and become nuns, and take the vows of poverty, obedience and

celibacy? Those, as a rule, who have not the courage to fight the battle of life and give it up in sheer selfishness and despair." And then he added the shocking words following: "There are three classes of women who become nuns: First, young girls, who become interested in religion and blindly follow the path of piety, believing the priest's declamations against conjugal love and domestic affection as unholy and tending to eradicate the love of Christ. Second, those who fail to captivate the regards of men, are yet conscious of an irresistible need of loving some object, and therefore seek to be loved as they say by the Lord Jesus Christ, who is represented as a young man of marvellous beauty and most winning look, with a heart shining with love and seen transparent in his breast. No greater mistake can be made than to suppose that it is devotion and self-sacrifice that fill the convents. Most of the women, though certainly there are exceptions here as everywhere, so as to confirm the rule, enter for the reasons above given. And convents being filled with women, there are not wanting men to follow their examples. And so we have herds of men and women, shut up for life within the four walls of convents, fettered and shackled for life by the triple vows of poverty, obedience and celibacy."

Next this Mr. Roy, by some extraordinary process of reasoning known to him, proceeded to prove that monasticism, by its vow of poverty, its renunciation of property, was, in principle, communism. "The only difference," he said, "after all, between ecclesiastical communism and French communism is that one is black and the other is red." The convents, he said, deprived the poor of their earnings; the Sisters of Providence manufactured their own drugs, thus unfairly competing with the chemical profession; others engaged in education and so defeated private enterprise. In their vow of common property "was the principle of the 'combines' as against free individual competition," in which Mr. Roy involved himself in a contradiction in terms, since in describing monasticism as communistic and at the same time identifying it with 'combines,' which are monopolistic, he makes it identical with two contradictories.

In respect to the vow of celibacy, Mr. Roy again sought to show that monasticism was closely connected with French communism. There was no intrinsic difference, he argued, between property in persons and property in things, and he said that "the same spirit which abolished exclusiveness in regard to money, would abolish, if circumstances allowed full scope to it, exclusiveness in regard to women and children. Communists are in favour of community of wives and the break of family relations. Black and red communism," continued the preacher, "are alike on this point. The vow of celibacy, taken by the monastic, is a sinomer, as well as the vow of poverty. The monastic claims to have no property, and he has lots of it. As the denial of individual private property is no renunciation of boundless common property, so is the vow of celibacy nothing but a vow of common profligacy. Human nature is the same everywhere; its wants cannot be denied with impunity."

The conclusion of the sermon was adorned by a verse:

Around many a convent's blazing fire  
Unhallowed threads of revelry are spun.  
There Venus sits, disguised like a nun;  
While Bacchus, clothed in semblance of a friar,  
Pours out his choicest beverage.

—which speaks well for the reverend gentleman's familiarity with such writings as Rabelais'.

The Catholic reader will understand the utter hopelessness of attempting any serious answer to such unworthy and ungenerous statements. It is the habit of mind of men of this stamp to revile what they cannot understand. They tread underfoot the tenderest feelings of Catholics. It will serve us better to turn from these noisome ravings to the beautiful description which Cardinal Newman, in one of his "Historical Essays," gives of the rise and the meaning of Monachism. Society was in the slow fever of consumption. It was powerful to seduce and deprave as it is in our own day, the only way of getting on in it was to abandon principle and duty, and to do as the world did. And from this secular life Monachism was a revolt, a reaction.

"Their one idea, then, their one purpose," says the Cardinal of the Monks, "was to be quit of it; too long had it enthralled them. It was not a question of this or that vocation, of the better deed, of the higher state; but of life and death. In later times a variety of holy objects might present themselves for devotion to choose from, such as the care of the poor, or of the sick, or of the young, the redemption of the captives, or the conversion of the barbarians, but early Monachism was flight from the world and nothing else. The troubled, jaded, weary heart sought a life free from corruption in its daily work, free from distraction in its daily worship, and it sought employments as contrary as possible to the world's employments—employments the end of which would be in themselves, in which each day, each hour, would have its own completeness—no elaborate undertakings, no difficult aims, no anxious ventures, no uncertainties to make the heart beat or the temples throb, no painful combination of efforts, no extended plan of operations, no multiplicity of details, no deep calculations, no sustained machinations, no suspense, no vicissitudes, no moments of crisis or catastrophe,—to agitate, harass, depress, stimulate, weary, or intoxicate the soul." They sought, he says, simplicity. "It is the temper of children, and it is the temper of monks." Their object was rest and peace. "They had eschewed the busy mart, the craft of gain, the money changers' bench, and the merchants' cargo. They had turned their backs upon the wrangling forum, the political assembly, and the pantechicon of traders. They had had their last dealings with architect and habit maker, with butcher and cook; all they wanted, all they desired, was the sweet soothing presence of earth, sky, and sea, the hospitable cave, the bright running stream, the easy gifts which mother earth, *justissima tellus*, yields on very little persuasion."

The monastic institute demanded the most perfect quiet, and where, asks the great Cardinal, was such quietness to be found if not in having no wants, "in having neither hope, nor fear of anything below; in daily prayer, daily bread, and daily work, one day being just like another, except that it was one step nearer than the day before it to that great day, which would swallow up all days, the day of everlasting rest?"

What right-thinking Protestants think of Mr. Roy's savage insults, may be judged from the letter addressed to the Winnipeg papers on the 11th inst. by the Rev. Dr. King, Principal of the Manitoba Presbyterian College. "I am a Protestant," he writes, "to the innermost fibre; I do not regard the point of difference between the Roman Catholic and Protestant churches as small and unimportant; I am far from admitting the superior sanctity of



the celibate state; but the statement above in its sweeping character is, in my opinion, so groundless, so extremely offensive to a numerous body of our citizens, so cruelly unjust to some among us who may be mistaken indeed, but who are probably as sincere in their aims and as pure in their lives as any of us, that I crave your permission to protest against it in the name not only of common fairness and decency, but in the name and interests of Protestantism itself which can only be injured by assertions which do equal violence to truth and charity."

With this we may dismiss Mr. Roy from our memories. He is, if we may judge, one of that class of Protestant clergymen who from time to time scandalize their own sects by their senseless brutality. We are reminded by reading his sermons of a story vouched for as having occurred in St. Peter's. The Holy Father was at the Altar, and an immense congregation on their knees, when an Anglican clergyman suddenly exclaimed, "Is there no one in this vast assembly who will lift up his voice with me to protest against this idolatry and superstition?" "If you don't shut up," responded an American Methodist minister, inspired by the *genius loci*, "there is one man in this vast assembly who will lift up his foot to kick you out of the Church," at which the Anglican promptly disappeared in presence of the only argument which his state of mind enabled him to comprehend. Mr. Roy is perhaps a gentleman of the same genera and species.

There is no limit to the enterprise of Mr. Phineas Taylor Barnum, the showman. Inspired no doubt by the laudable ambition to provide amusement for the American people, he lately made an attempt to outdo all his former achievements in securing attractions for his "one and only greatest show on earth." The Government of San Domingo, it appears, being in need of money, is at present negotiating a loan in London, and it occurred to the fertile brain of Mr. Barnum that they might be open to a little transaction. Accordingly he approached them through the agency of the United States Consul with the following simple and straightforward proposal. The fourth centenary of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus is drawing near, and Mr. Barnum offers, in return for a loan of the bones of the great navigator for four years, to bear all the expenses of the removal of the remains, and to take into his service a guard of twelve soldiers and four religious to be supplied by the Republic of San Domingo. He stipulated also that the religious selected for the show should be as black as ebony, the better to show off the white habits he had designed for them. In return Mr. Barnum promised to pay into the treasury of the Republic fifty per cent. of the gross proceeds of the exhibition and to guarantee the sum of £25,000 as the minimum share of profits to be paid over. Then followed some thoughtful provisions securing to the guard of soldiers and religious, with which the coffin was always to be surrounded, the option of returning to their own land at the end of one year if they should be so minded. What a whirlwind of excitement and curiosity the presence of Columbus' bones in the United States would cause, and how, as a natural result, the coffers of the "greatest show" would overflow with American dollars. Thus thought Phineas T. Barnum. Not so, however, the government of San Domingo. His Excellency, the negro Commander-in-Chief, General Figuero, was commissioned by the indignant Ministers to reply. His Excellency briefly

observed that "though nature had made him black, he blushed to think that anyone should have dared to present such a proposition through a member of the diplomatic body." "There are things," he adds proudly, "which are above and beyond the reach of these vile traffickings, and never will the people of San Domingo lend themselves to such a base profanation." Mr. Barnum then becomes distinctly scornful and writes, in effect, "I don't believe you have got the corpse of Columbus at all." With magnificent calmness he explains to General Figuero that his government must know perfectly well that the tomb of Christopher Columbus has been empty for generations. For though the mortal remains of the great navigator and his son Diego were undoubtedly dug up at Seville in 1536 and taken to San Domingo, it is at least equally certain that when in 1795 the island fell into the hands of the French the body was again disturbed and taken to Havana, where it still remains. "So," says Mr. Barnum with a fine air of triumph, "the government of San Domingo could well afford to let me exhibit a Columbian fiction for the sacred remains of Columbus—especially when I am ready to surround it with a real guard—seeing that the genuine bones of the illustrious discoverer, for whom no American has a truer respect than I, would all the while have remained perfectly undisturbed." It does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Barnum that, by the publicity given to this affair, he establishes, by his own confession, his right to the title long ago conceded to him by others, *ie.*, "America's greatest humbug." If it were not that the American public is so easily gulled, this thing might be his death. The Paris *Figaro*, in narrating these facts, says that it is understood that delicate negotiations are now on foot for the purchase of "the fine fair beard" of General Boulanger.

#### A QUARTET OF CHRISTIAN JOY.

##### THE SOPRANO.

La me! I am all of a flutter,  
As I think of that *duo* to-day  
Which I sang with Miss Flatus  
In the *Et Incarnatus*—  
I wish she would just keep away;  
You know how she flats, and it sounded like cats  
At a serenade up on the gutter.

##### THE ALTO.

I pity that blonde-whiskered German  
Who thinks he sings tenor "to kill,"  
He always will blunder  
In trios,—no wonder!—  
Looking sideways at little Miss Trill,  
Who draws the green curtain to hide all the flirtin'  
She carries on during the sermon.

##### THE TENOR.

There's that horrid old Signor Bassedo,  
Whose singing I never could bear;  
At the *vitam venturi*  
I got in a fury  
To see him reach over my chair,  
And eat all the candy that I had kept handy  
To ease my throat after the *Credo*.

##### THE BASS.

Just fancy my mortification!  
To give my *Tu Solus* to Fedge,  
Who sings like a cow  
And only knows how  
To set all one's teeth on an edge.  
If I'm to bear that I'll just take up my hat,  
After all it's a poor "situation."

—Father Alfred Young in *Catholic World*.

## A NIGHT IN CORK.

The reader will recollect that I put up at Cologne in a hotel that looked out on the great Cathedral—the Grand Dom. It was indeed put up—up to the roof; in an apartment with a sky-light for a window and with room enough to stand erect when my head was out of it. I could stand on the bed and nod to the figures on the gable of the church. In Cork and in various parts of Ireland the beds are of that size that you have to stand up in order, safely, to look out on the floor. My companion, who for short I will call Jem, had a riot one night and a panic the next about beds. This is the way it happened.

When we landed at Queenstown we went to the best hotel—a poor one at that—and he ordered a double room. There was one bed as big as the one in Holywood called Mary Queen of Scots' bed; and another ordinary sized one that would answer for two people. I retired first, having been par-boiled in the bath but able to walk; Jem, being maimed with a fall in the slippery soap-stone tub, limped up later. I blew out the candle and betook myself to the moderate bed. There was no step-ladder and I was sleepy and cross, but I inwardly felt that as Jem was only half my size he would naturally suppose that I would take the mammoth bed, and simply leave him the large one. I was prepared (if not too sleepy) to ridicule the story of Sir Isaac Newton, who was fond of cats, and in order to accommodate their entry into his study is said to have made a big hole for the cat and a little one for the kitten. I must have fallen asleep before he came in. He was in bad humour, with no sense of the humorous in him. Being an old traveller he patronized me on the voyage, made me eat and drink as he thought proper, and generally prepared little surprises for me. On land I was prepared to re-assert myself, but I must have tried it too soon. With his clothes in one hand and the candle in the other he ordered me melodramatically out of my snug quarters, and waved me over to the inaccessible bed. When I demurred he struck an attitude in the style of the Bowery play-actor and said "Villian, hence," and I fled.

However, all this is not what I started to tell. Next day we came upon that enchanting piece of ruin that stretches from Cork to the sea. We engaged the usual double room (I believe he thought I could not be allowed to remain alone) and then we went around all day what is called the beautiful city of Cork. At night we retired, and had beds that are probably the same in every double room in the United Kingdom. There were the same colossal four posts, the same amplitude of mattresses, the same superfluity of counterpane. Surmounting the posts was a complicated veranda; on all sides gorgeous border of variegated pattern. You were lost in admiring the affair from without; you were equally lost when you found yourself within. Now Jem denies to me that potheen has any influence on him unless taken in large quantities, but he retired that night later than I did. I hung my coat on one of the posts and put my white plug hat on it, and was sound asleep until about a quarter to twelve, when there was a low hollow moan from the other bed. It repaid me for the abuse and humiliation of the voyage when I heard him call out: "Who's that?" in a shaky voice. And then I knew he had mistaken the coat and the white hat for a moonlighter, and that he was scared out of his wits. So I went to sleep again and slept the sleep of the just until the horn of the Blarney Coach announced that the American party were up for the day. Jem acknowledged to me since that he never was so frightened in all his life as he was that night in Cork.

VIATOR.

## VARIOUS MEANS OF RELIEVING THE SOULS IN PURGATORY.

The God of goodness and mercy has established an alliance of prayer and good works between all the members of the church in heaven, on earth and in purgatory. This is the Communion of Saints. By this union we are able to relieve our suffering brethren in purgatory. Our Lord is always pleased with whatever we do in their behalf, and accepts it in payment of their debt. He is satis-

fied with the charity which animates and urges us to ask grace for one another, and relaxes the rigour of His justice. God is a good father whom filial and fraternal love disarms in favour of a guilty child, when that favour is asked for by his other children. O! wonderful dispensation of the justice and mercy of God! We have many means of relieving the suffering souls.

The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is the homage the most worthy of God, and the most capable of appeasing His justice, since it is the renewal of that which wrought the Redemption of the human race. It is above all the sacrifice of expiation, which the church specially applies to the deliverance of the souls in purgatory. She has placed the *Memento* of the dead in the most solemn part of the Mass, where the victim of propitiation is on our altars. The most efficacious means therefore of assisting and delivering the suffering souls is to offer this adorable sacrifice or have it offered, and assist at it with the intention of applying its precious fruit to their relief.

The prayers of the faithful, the "Our Father," the "Hail Mary," the Psalms, the beads, the offices which the Church has consecrated to the remembrance of the dead, are excellent means of obtaining relief and deliverance for our suffering brethren.

Communion is a most efficacious means. When you receive the Holy Eucharist, you perform an action most agreeable to Jesus Christ, who calls you unceasingly to this sacred banquet. At that happy moment you have become the friend of God; you are in His grace; your soul is pure in His sight and worthy of being graciously heard. You can speak to Him during those sweet moments, with confidence, with love, and with persuasion as to a friend and the deliverer of those dear souls in whom you are interested, — your father, mother, husbands, wife, relation, friend, and all those unremembered souls, who groan in their torments. Can He, who gives Himself so generously to you, refuse them consolation and release, when, during these moments so precious, you recommend them to him?

Good works, alms, fasting, mortification, abstinence and the practice of every Christian virtue can be offered to God, as satisfactory works in favour of the dead. We help to pay their debt by everything we do that is pleasing to God. Alms satisfy for sins. In thus satisfying for your own sins you can also satisfy for those souls, who were once sinners, and are now undergoing the expiation of their sins. If you have not the means to give alms, direct to that end all the good services you may perform for a neighbour. Offer up your works and your occupation to God with that intention.

Fast if you can. If not, deprive yourself of something, some pleasure or enjoyment. Fast from useless and uncharitable words. Offer your afflictions and sicknesses, all the evils you may have to endure in this life, by receiving them with patience and resignation and applying their merits to the souls in purgatory. Say to the Lord, I offer thee, O my God, all these for the soul of such and such a one, whom I would wish to have released from Purgatory at the price of my sufferings.

Then God, who permits you to bear a part of your purgatory in this world, will at the same time shorten that of your friends and relations, for He will see in you a soul full of piety, charity and compassion. Instead of one grace He will grant you two, so good and merciful is He.

Nevertheless, that your good works may be truly meritorious, salutary and efficacious, they must come from a pure and innocent heart, which is in the grace and friendship of God. Hence it is that confession and communion are so important and so advantageous for the relief of the souls in purgatory. They give the true life to your good deeds, and render them fruitful and satisfactory, not only for yourselves but for others also. C.

Mgr. Moreau, bishop of St. Hyacinthe, will leave for the Eternal City on the 6th of October next, when His Lordship will render the Holy See a full account of the general administration of his diocese. His Lordship will be accompanied by the Rev. Mr. de Santeac, of Roxton Falls.

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## SAULT Ste. MARIE CANAL

### Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for the Sault Ste. Marie Canal" will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, the 23rd day of October, next, for the formation and construction of a Canal on the Canadian side of the river, through the Island of St. Marie.

The works will be let in two sections one of which will embrace the formation of the canal through the island; the construction of locks, &c. The other, the deepening and widening of the channel-way at both ends of the canal; construction of piers, &c.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specifications of the works, can be seen at this office on and after TUESDAY, the 9th day of October next, where printed forms of tender can also be obtained. A like class of information relative to the works, can be seen at the office of the Local Officer in the Town of Sault Ste. Marie Ont.

Intending contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms and be accompanied by a letter stating that the person or persons tendering have carefully examined the locality and the nature of the material found in the locality.

In the case of firms, there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, a bank deposit receipt for the sum of \$2,000 must accompany the tender for the canal and locks; and a bank deposit receipt for the sum of \$7,500 must accompany the tender for the deepening and widening of the channel-way at both ends, piers, &c.

The respective deposit receipts—cheques will not be accepted—must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work, at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The deposit receipt thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

A. P. BRADLEY,  
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,  
Ottawa, 6th August, 1888.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Post Office at Brampton, Ont.," will be received at this office until Tuesday, 24th October, for the several works required in the erection of Post Office at Brampton, Ont.

Specifications can be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the office of Messrs. Beynon and Manning, Brampton, on and after Tuesday 18th September, and tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied, and signed with actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of amount of tender, must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party declines the contract, or fails to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

A. GOBEIL,  
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, August 11th, 1888.



## ST. LAWRENCE CANALS.

### Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for the St. Lawrence Canal" will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, the 23rd day of September next, for the construction of two locks and the deepening and enlargement of the upper entrance of the Galops Canal. And for the deepening and enlargement of the summit level of the Cornwall Canal. The construction of a new lock at each of the three interior lock stations on the Cornwall Canal between the Town of Cornwall and Maple Grove; the deepening and widening the channel-way of the canal; construction of bridges, &c.

A map of each of the localities together with plans and specifications of the respective works, can be seen on and after TUESDAY, the 11th day of September next, at this office for all the works, and for the respective works at the following mentioned places:—

For the works at Galops at the Lock-keeper's house, Galops. For deepening the summit level of the Cornwall Canal, at Dickenson's Landing and for the new lock, &c., at Lock Stations Nos. 18, 19 and 20 at the town of Cornwall. Printed forms of tender can be obtained for the respective works at the places mentioned.

In the case of firms there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same, and further, a bank deposit receipt for the sum of \$2,000 must accompany the tender for the Galops Canal Works, and a bank deposit receipt for the sum of \$2,000 for each section of the works on the summit level of the Cornwall Canal; and for each of the lock sections on the Cornwall Canal a bank deposit receipt for the sum of \$1,000.

The respective deposit receipts—cheques will not be accepted—must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted. The deposit receipts thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

A. P. BRADLEY,  
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,  
Ottawa, 6th August, 1888.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Post Office at Godorich, Ont.," will be received at this office until Monday, 23rd instant for the several works required in the erection of Post Office, &c., at Godorich, Ont.

Specifications and Drawings can be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the office of the Town Clerk at Godorich, Ontario, on and after Wednesday, 5th, Sept., and tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with actual signatures of tenderers.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, 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.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

A. GOBEIL,  
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Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, August 31st, 1888.

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## NOTICE

## TO IRON BRIDGE BUILDERS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Chaudiere Bridge," will be received at this office until Friday, the 5th day of October next, for replacing the present roadway of the suspension bridge across the Ottawa, at the City of Ottawa, with an Iron Truss Bridge, in accordance with a specification incorporated in and forming part of a form of tender, a copy of which, together with a plan of the present structure, and will be supplied to Iron Bridge Builders only, on application to the Chief Engineer.

Tenders must be accompanied by plans, specification and strain heat of the structure proposed to be constructed, and also a description in detail of the mode or manner in which it is to be erected and put in place, and no interference with the present bridge or the traffic across the same will be permitted, except as stated in the specification, and they (the tenders) will not be considered unless made on the forms supplied and signed with the actual signatures of the tenderers.

An accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of amount of tender, must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party declines the contract, or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Deposited does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,  
A. GOBELL,  
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, 10th September, 1888.