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# The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

*Reddite que sunt Caesaris, Caesaris; et que sunt Dei Deo.*—Matt. 22: 21.

Vol. II.

Toronto, Saturday, Mar. 3, 1888

No. 3.

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We give below a translation of the greater part of the Pope's reply to the Jubilee address of the Irish Episcopate, which was read to the Pope on St. Brigid's Day by Archbishop Walsh, in the presence of the pilgrims from Ireland. As in the past, Ireland found in the Apostolic See her stay and defence, the address read, so they felt confident in the future it shall ever be, and that in asserting the just rights of their people, and in healing the calamities of their country, they should find in His Holiness a tender father, a protector of the weak, and a potent defence. The Holy Father's reference to the German Catholics and the May Laws, has, of course, been construed by the coercionists as an exhortation to the Irish to lie down and be trampled upon by the administrators of the Crimes Act, forgetting that the Catholics of Germany, though resorting to no violent or improper means, refused to obey the enactments that struck at their religious liberties. Furthermore, they forget that, in the letter to the Archbishop of Dublin, to which he made reference, the Holy Father says of the Irish: "They surely have a right to reclaim the lawful redress of their wrongs. For no one can maintain that Irishmen cannot do what is lawful for all other people to do."

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Deptford election on Wednesday resulted in the return of the Conservative candidate, but by a largely reduced majority. The election was made necessary by the retirement of Mr. Wm. J. Evelyn, a short time ago, who was elected to Parliament as a Conservative and Mr. Evelyn recently announced himself as a convert to Home Rule, and resigned his seat in order to allow Mr. Wilfred Blunt to stand as an advocate of that principle. The vote on Wednesday was, Mr. Darling, (Conservative), 4,345; Mr. Blunt, 4,070. At the last election the Conservative candidate had a majority of 627.

Not many of the stories circulated by the London papers about the attitude of the Pope on the Irish question have as much presumption of truth in their favour as the one credited to the *London Chronicle* on Wednesday: "The *Chronicle* states that in reply to a request of the Duke of Norfolk that the Pope use his influence with the Irish bishops to stop the agitation in Ireland, Mgr. Rampolla, Papal secretary, said that the British Government could, by some act or concession, grant a privilege to Irish Catholics which would form a pretext upon which to build a letter to the bishops."

Mr. Gladstone wrote a letter to the electors of Deptford in support of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's candidacy for the House of Commons. He urged that Mr. Blunt went to Ireland to maintain the law, to vindicate popular rights, and to encourage the people in an orderly struggle against Coercion. He added: "To speak of the Union affording to the people the benefit of equal laws with the British is a mockery. The electors ought to remember that the Tories are aiming to degrade and oppress another people struggling to be free."

The Pope's reply was as follows:—

"It is true, indeed, that from the very beginning of our Pontificate we turned towards Ireland with paternal care. We were moved by her many claims upon us, but most of all by the integrity of that Catholic faith which, established by the labours and zeal of St. Patrick, was preserved by the unconquerable fortitude of your ancestors, and by them transmitted to you to be guarded as a sacred inheritance. And well, indeed, may you rest assured that our feelings of good-will towards you are unchanged: for, as it meet, we shall always hold in affection the children of Ireland, and perseveringly labour for their peace and prosperity, so that we shall be deemed to justify the confidence that you have reposed in us. To this feeling of affection we have recently given abundant expression in sending our venerable brother, the Archbishop of Damietta, with certain instructions bearing upon the present state of affairs, that we may be aided by his report in ascertaining the actual condition of things, and the steps that in your interest it may be desirable to take. But in the difficulties that beset you let what is contained in the letters addressed by us some years ago to the Archbishop of Dublin be taken as a safe and sure rule of action. Its claim is founded not only upon religion, which is the chief glory of the Irish race, but also upon the public good, inasmuch as in no circumstances could the interest of the commonwealth be promoted if justice, which is the foundation of order and of all good things, were transgressed. Recently, as is known to you, the Catholics of Germany, acting with moderation and with regard for law, have under our guidance and through our intervention come safely out of a trying position. Why may not a like result, through God's mercy, be obtained in Ireland in a similar way? We put the fullest trust, then, in the authority and wisdom of the bishops of Ireland, and in the uprightness of the Irish people, whose reverence for the Holy See, and whose obedience to their bishops have ever been the subject of praise."

## MONTREAL GOSSIP.

All Protestants, and some Catholics, who entered the Church of the Jesu on the third of this month, were probably much exercised to understand the meaning of what the former would term the "goings on" therein. From an early hour the faithful assembled to receive the blessing attached to the devotion to St. Blaise upon this special day. The candles were blessed at the early masses, and it was then that the largest number presented themselves at the communion railing to have the mystic sign made over their throats between two lighted tapers, held in the form of a St. Andrew's cross. It was rather funny to notice the different modes in which the people prepared for the reception of this grace—the outward and visible preparation, I mean. As a rule, the lords of creation found themselves sufficiently bare in the region of the larynx, but for some of the "devout female sex," with the high collars, ribbon ties, etc., that are *de rigueur* this winter, it was a veritable tug of war. One bronchially-afflicted spinster in the pew in front of your correspondent, divested herself first of a "cloud," secondly of a veil, thirdly of a silk handkerchief, fourthly she unfastened her ulster, fifthly she unbuttoned her dress bodice, sixthly she removed her collar, after which "this deponent knoweth not." In point of fact, these precautions were quite unnecessary—except, indeed, the removal of the veil, for one unlucky dame, who allowed a drapery of filmy gauze to protrude in a decorous, but unnecessary manner beyond her countenance, to her horror, saw it ignite—and had it not been for timely aid the consequences might have been serious. Not only was the blessing of the throats imparted at the masses, but also every hour throughout the day, Rev. Father Jones having said in his sermon on the Sunday morning previous: "There will always be some Father in the house, who will be ready and willing to come out and perform this service."

It is only four years since the devotion to St. Blaise was formally established in Montreal. The Papal Brief, authorizing its promulgation by the Fathers of the Church of the Jesu, hangs, together with a relic of the saint, in the little side chapel dedicated to Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque.

Very decided benefits to weak throats have already been granted here, through this annual blessing. For those who, though "of the Household of Faith," are disposed to cavil at what they call "this new devotion," it may be well to quote a paragraph from the London *Tablet* of January 7. Says the Roman correspondent, Mr. Weld:—"A remarkably cordial and respectful letter, from the Duke of Cumberland, which might have been written by any Catholic prince, explains that the rich reliquary sent by His Royal Highness is an exact copy of the one which contained the relic of St. Blaise, *long venerated in the Church of St. Blaise, at Brunsvick*, of which the Princes of the House of Guelf were the patrons and benefactors, and that the relic which the original reliquary contained has been, by the duke's desire, enclosed in the reliquary destined for His Holiness by Cardinal Ganglbauer, Prince Archbishop of Vienna, and is conveyed to Rome by a religious of the Cistercian order."

Despite the efforts made by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Murphy to keep the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage a profound secret, the news somehow penetrated beyond the limits of their Dorchester Street mansion. The "Father of Home Rule in Canada" and his amiable and benevolent wife are too much beloved in this city, wherein they hold so prominent a position, for so important a family festival to be allowed to glide by without recognition.

On the morning of the 16th Mr. and Mrs. Murphy had a special Mass at St. Patrick's Church, which was offered by the venerable Father Dowd, who had married them twenty-five years before. The Church was richly decorated for the occasion, and Professor Fowler and his choir rendered appropriate music during the service. Throughout the day Mr. and Mrs. Murphy were repeatedly called upon to acknowledge the receipt of handsome souvenirs in silver, and in the evening a deputation from St. Patrick's Total Abstinence and Benevolent Society waited upon Mr. Murphy with an address, which was read by Mr. J. J. Curran, M.P., Q.C., and conveyed to the recipient (who has been their vice president for forty-eight years) their best wishes and heartiest congratulations, as well as to Mrs. Murphy, whose many deeds of charity and loving sympathy will be for ever remembered among God's poor in Montreal.

Lent is upon us with all the many graces and awful responsibilities which it affords to Catholics in this most Catholic city. That Père Mensabré was to preach the conferences in Notre Dame has turned out to be a *canard* pure and simple. The first retreat in that Church is being given by L'Abbe Proulx, curé of Ile Bizard. In St. Patrick's a retreat is going on for young men, preached by Rev. J. A. McCallen, who is a man of talent and eloquence. At the Gesu Rev. Father Connolly is conducting a retreat for ladies—or, if the *beau sexe* will forgive me—for women. Surely, the term "lady" and "gentleman" is out of place in connection with the services of our most Holy Church, who, with her arms open to all, looks never to the exterior but always to the heart—and is mindful of the time.

"When Adam delved and Eve span."

The Holy Father gives us a good lesson in that regard—by his especial courtesy in the acceptance of a brown paper bag of candies from an old peasant woman, at one of the audiences recently accorded to Italian pilgrims, when His Holiness, taking the poor old soul's humble offering, handed it to a chamberlain and gave orders that it should be placed in his room, remarking, as he glanced at a diamond ring, the gift of a lady of rank: "The other is possibly the more brilliant."

What expression have you in your language for what in English we call a social wet-blanket, or kill-joy? I asked one of the officers of the French flag-ship "La Minerve," last summer. "When we are in Quebec," he promptly replied, "We call them *empêcheurs de danser en ronde*." The expression was apt, notwithstanding the Carlyle-like coinage of a word I doubt if many of the guests of Lieutenant Governor Angers at His Honour's brilliant ball, given on the 9th inst., in the Parliament Buildings of Quebec, would have so translated my idiom, and yet there was not a round dance on the programme, except those inevitable to the *cotillon*. All accounts accord the highest praise to the decorations, arrangements, supper, and music. Cultivated taste, and the thoughtful care of a truly hospitable host made the ball a brilliantly successful affair. Was it, think you my readers, shorn of any of its éclat because the Catholic gentleman, who gave it, in his official capacity, as head of the State—showed deference to the wishes of a still higher power—my Lord Cardinal Taschereau, head of the Catholic Church in Canada. Religious circles in Montreal are much pleased with the example set by the new Governor of Quebec.

A very charming pictorial tale was that entitled "A Short History of a Troublesome Girl," which appeared in the Christmas number of the London *Graphic*. Quite as charming and infinitely more naughty was a little Montreal maiden of seventeen, who not long ago, and to the great and enduring wrath of her mamma, "came home one day with a wedding-ring upon her finger, she having married Jack." The parallel is perfect for "Jack is very nice, but he is only twenty, and has not a penny, so they will have to live on love." By way of a good beginning, this reprehensible young couple took a small house in a small street, dispensed with the assistance of that abject adjunct to genteel poverty, a general servant, and set to work to face the responsibilities of life.

The other day I went, with one or two other favoured beings to lunch with the matronized "troublesome girl." It was strange to see her, the petted baby of a wealthy family, open the door to her guests. After a few moments' chatter in the drawing-room, she excused herself and disappeared for a short interval, and then summoned us to luncheon. Such a pretty table! Inexpensive ware, but tasteful in form and colour, and a profusion of lovely flowers, for our "troublesome girl" is a favourite with all, and comes in for many a donation of ferns and blossoms. And then the *menu*! And mark well, my young lady readers, she had prepared it all herself and alone. First, a clear soup, then chops done to a turn, and piled in a pyramid surrounded by tomatoes, potato chips, raspberry tart, "Floating Island," wonderfully light rolls, and good coffee completed the cosy little repast, and I wish some gruff old bachelor who has never on the degeneracy of the young woman of the period, could have tasted my little lady's puff pastry and light rolls, made by her own clever hands. Moreover, her dainty gowns, which fitted her to perfection, and seemed tinged with her own individuality, had been fashioned by those same fingers. In a distant

tant corner I spied a work-basket, from which peeped out one of Jack's socks, with a much demoralized heel neatly repaired, and a needle and wool stuck in the toe, where was a darn on the way to completion. Certainly, Jack is a lucky fellow. Now, maidens all, don't run away with the idea that Old Mortality advocates elopements, nor sixteen-year-old marriages. Not at all, but he was filled with admiration at the bravery and skill of one of your sisterhood, who, having done a very wrong thing, is trying to atone for it by nobly taking up the inevitable crosses which such an escapade must entail, and he would recommend the clement "troublesome girl" as a model to all loving wives of husbands who are "very nice, but haven't a penny."

OLD MORTALITY.

## THE BIRTH OF FICTION.

### I.

The recollections of childhood have always something of an ideal, almost heavenly character. The individual who has not got at least one sunny remembrance of the sweet sprugtime of life deserves our commiseration. Were it possible for us to bear vividly in mind every incident of that untroubled period, the recollection would very probably prove to be our richest and most useful possession throughout life. But many checkered memories do, and must, vanish from the mind, and if a few still abide with us in after years, we may well possess our souls in peace.

The vision of the dear old homestead, with most of its familiar surroundings, may have vanished, like the unsubstantial imagery of a dream. Vanished, did I say? The old home can never quite vanish, although it may loom dim and indistinct through the vista of long years. The flowery vales to which our childish footsteps turned may be conjured up no more. They are gone, fading like a mirage of the plains. The dark abyss of forgetfulness and total obliteration may now yawn between us and that limpid stream by whose mossy banks we once wandered, free and happy as its babbling waters. Those friendly faces that smiled sympathetically at our boyish gambols may be recalled only by an effort, or, mayhap, have totally disappeared, like the bright stars we gaze upon for a moment and then see no more.

All these sacred remembrances may have gone from us, or admit of only partial recollection, leaving a void in our hearts, which the most delightful subsequent experiences will fail adequately to fill. Our souls, in losing them, were deprived of much soothing poetry; a loss always serious and seldom repairable. Those bright gleams of a time when "Heaven is about us in our childhood," are sweeter and more elevating than the "silvery phrase" of Sydney or the "golden songs" of Spencer. Such things, however, must happen in the natural course of life, more especially if that life be humdrum and prosy. Still, although forgetfulness succeeds memory as night follows day, and old familiar places and faces are doomed to be forgotten, enough will remain if we can yet vividly recall the family hearth, wherein, during the long evening of winter, the blazing logs of pine and tamarack shed aromatic tears over their own destruction, while they cast a ruddy glow on the faces and forms of those we held nearest and dearest—parents, brothers, sisters, friends—there gathered in an affectionate family circle.

Just such a vision is before my mind at the present moment. The warm hearth, the bright fire, and the equally bright faces circled around; all appear clear and distinct as in the reality. The general interest of the little assemblage is absorbed in something. Can we not guess in what it is centred? There, in the snugest corner of that cosy spot is the throne of the Village Story Teller, whose trained voice strikes on the ear the distant strains of an Eolian harp, swayed by an evening wind. His word-magic casts a spell over all; it takes the senses captive; it leads the imagination where it will, back through the mystical isles of mythology, by the glittering caves of Maryland, or forward amid the eternal clash and clamour of the mechanical age. We all feel the influence of the true story teller, but we cannot account for it. Like the springing of the grasses after a shower, or the budding of the summer flowers, it surprises and charms by powers we can in nowise explain. Thus, although the origin of story-telling, or the birth of fiction, is confused by the mists of time, or hidden in the darkness of passed, unexplored ages; when we judge it

by its marvellous effects, we find ourselves unconsciously tracing out for it a descent from the heavens, like the palladium of ancient Troy.

The first rude essay in story telling must have been made long ages since, by some revered Shanachy, in the murky light of an Eastern camp fire, while man was still a nomad. Ever since, through all the countless vicissitudes that went to the making of universal history, and in spite of all the imitations to which public taste was subjected, the social art of story-telling, practiced in a thousand different ways, charmed every people and every class, for whose amusement it was called into use. Not another word need be said to express the general interest that appertains to this subject. If anything on our perishable earth deserves careful consideration it is certainly that wonderful power, which has, throughout the ages, toyed with the strongest passions of man, as if in ridicule of their weakness, and triumphant in the consciousness of its own irresistible strength.

Fiction may be broadly defined as highly coloured history, from which everything that is not interesting has been carefully eliminated. To attempt a more scientific explanation of the term would be to subvert the object of the series of papers on the subject, of which this is the initial number. I propose to write a popular sketch of the progress of fiction, and a broad definition will fully serve the purpose. The elucidation of dull matter is the great secret of successful fiction. The story-teller appeals to emotions which it is his duty to excite, so that if he fail to hold the interest of his listeners, his failure is complete. This is the fundamental principle that underlies the composition of fiction. Therefore, when we become acquainted with the fiction of a certain period or age, we know the prevailing intellectual taste of the time. Anything not in harmony with the spirit of an age, that is to say, with the leading idea, will be distasteful to that age, and will meet with condemnation, no matter how intrinsically good its innate qualities may be. Thus the history of successful story-telling or of fictitious narrative, rises at once to the highest importance, as it furnishes a certain and unerring guide to the popular taste of all ages.

Fiction is the immortality of inventive intellect. We find that at different times it has different characteristics, which vary with the intellectual, social and political conditions that prevail in the nation. It is then possible to divide the tales of a people into periods more or less strictly defined. There can be no sharp dividing line between the different epochs of the same national fiction, but the contrary holds good, when, as in the present cases, many different nations are to be brought under review. My second paper will therefore deal with a period complete in itself, while treating of the remarkable mythological fables, or stories, which were handed down to us by the ancients.

M. W. CASEY.

## CHRISTIANITY AND MODERN SCIENCE.

### NO CONFLICT BETWEEN SCIENCE AND REVELATION.

It cannot be denied that there dwells in many sincere minds a lurking suspicion, amounting in some persons almost to a painful conviction, that antagonism exists between certain dogmas of revelation and the results of scientific investigation. Mr. Huxley, Dr. Draper, and other acknowledged leaders of modern thought have done their utmost to confirm these sinister impressions and to widen the breach between the teachers of religion and those of physical science. They will tell you that the study of nature leads us away from God and ultimately results in the denial of His existence. They maintain that there is and must be an irrespressible conflict between these two great branches of knowledge; that they cannot coexist, and that, in the long run, theology must surrender to her younger and more progressive rival.

They effect to believe that the champions of Christianity, conscious of the unequal conflict, view with alarm the rapid stride of the natural sciences, and do all in their power to discourage the study of them altogether. You will be told, dear reader, by this modern school of thought that the more you are attached to the teachings of Christian faith, the more will your judgment be warped, your intellect stunted, and the more you will be retarded in the pursuit of scientific investiga-

tion. They will try to persuade you that, in exploring the regions of science, you will be in constant danger of falling foul of some ecclesiastical ukase warning you away from the poisoned tree of knowledge, just as our primitive parents were forbidden, to eat the fruit of a certain tree in Paradise. They will tell you that your path is likely to be intercepted by some Pope's bull, which may metaphorically gore you to death. They will, in a word, contend that, to enjoy full freedom in searching the secrets of the physical world, you must emancipate yourself from the intellectual restraints imposed on you by the Christian religion.

Such are the statements deliberately made in our times against Christian revelation. But though they are uttered by bearded men, we call them childish declamations. We call them also ungrateful assertions, since they are spoken by men who are indebted to Christianity for the very discoveries they have made. Many a Christian Moses has wandered for years through the wilderness of investigation, and died almost in sight of the promised land of scientific discovery. And his successor, guided by the path that he had opened, and who might otherwise have died unknown after vain wanderings, entered the coveted territory and enjoyed its fruits. Even Mr. Tyndall avows that "the nineteenth century strikes its roots into the centuries gone by and draws nutriment from them."

The truth is, that how much soever scientists and theologians may quarrel among themselves, there will never be any collision, but the most perfect harmony will ever exist between science and religion, as we shall endeavor to demonstrate in the following pages.

There are, indeed, and there ever will remain, truths of religion difficult to be reconciled with facts of science. If the ideas of time and space and the relation of soul to body are beyond our comprehension, we cannot be expected with our unaided reason to explain away the apparent incongruities that we find between the unseen and the visible kingdom of the universe. But difficulties do not necessarily involve doubts, still less denials. If we hold the two ends of a chain, we know that the connection is complete, though some of the links may be concealed from us.

Science and religion, like Martha and Mary are sisters, because they are daughters of the same father. They are both ministering to the same Lord though in a different way. Science, like Martha, is busy about material things; religion, like Mary, is kneeling at the feet of her lord.

The Christian religion teaches nothing but what has been revealed by Almighty God, or what is necessarily derived from revelation. God is truth. All truth comes from Him. He is the author of all scientific truth as He is the author of all revealed truth. "The God who dictated the Bible," as Archbishop Ryan has happily said, "is the God who wrote the illuminated manuscript of the skies." You might as well expect that one ray of the sun would dim the light of another, as that any truth of revelation can be opposed to any truth of science. No truth of natural science can ever be opposed to any truth of revelation; nor can any truth of the natural order be at variance with any truth of the supernatural order. Truth differs from truth only as star differs from star—each gives out the same pure light that reaches our vision across the expanse of the firmament.

Legitimate inquiries into the laws of nature are, therefore, no more impeded by the dogmas of faith than our bodily movements are obstructed by the laws of physics. Nay, more, we have the highest ecclesiastical authority for declaring that "not only can faith and reason never be opposed to each other, but that they, mutually aid each other; for right reason demonstrates the foundation of faith and, enlightened by its light, cultivates the science of things divine, while faith frees and guards reason from errors and furnishes it with manifold knowledge."

Revelation teaches us that this material world had a beginning; that it shall have an end; and that God created it to manifest His wisdom and power, and for man's use and benefit. Hence, so far from warping our judgment, stunting our intellect, or retarding us in the prosecution of scientific truth, Christian revelation will be like the sun lighting up our course in the path of science, like a landmark directing us onward in the road of truth, like a beacon-light cautioning us to avoid

the quicksands upon which false science has often been shipwrecked.

Science, on the other hand, when studied with humility, reveals to us the intimate relations of the forces of nature with one another, the unity of the laws governing them, and their subordination to a controlling mind.

In contemplating the universe and tracing the effect to the cause, we are filled with the sentiments of the royal prophet: "The heavens show forth the glory of God, and the firmament declareth the work of His hands." No man can view St. Peter's dome without admiring the genius of Michael Angelo, neither can the thoughtful student contemplate the dome of heaven without associating in his mind the great architect of nature. In beholding the vast firmament with its countless stars moving through boundless space, he is filled with a sense of God's immensity; for wherever creation is, there also is the Creator.

If, from the top of a distant tower, we view a number of trains running in different directions, all arriving on schedule time at their respective stations, we admire the skill of the engineers, although they themselves are beyond the reach of our vision. And what are the numberless orbs of the universe, both stellar and planetary, but vast engines rushing through space with a velocity immeasurably greater than that of the fastest railroad car? Though often crossing one another, they never deviate from their course, never collide, nor are they ever precipitated through the abyss of space. Should we not admire the divine intelligence that controls these engines and that leads them with unvarying precision to their appointed destination?

The great luminary of day suggests to us the splendour of that uncreated "light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world." Its rays, illumining our planet and penetrating its hidden recesses, are a fitting type to us of the all-seeing eye of God, of whom the royal prophet again says "Whither shall I go from Thy spirit, or whither shall I flee from Thy face? If I ascend into heaven, Thou art there; if I descend into hell, Thou art present."

The earth, yielding its fruits with prolific bounty, proclaims God's merciful providence in supplying man's wants and comforts.

The beauty of the landscape is a mirror dimly reflecting the infinite loveliness of God; for the author must possess in an eminent degree the perfections exhibited in his works. Solomon, who was a close student of nature, was thus impressed. He says, if men are delighted with the beauty of the visible creation, "Let them know how much the Lord of them is more beautiful than they; for the first author of beauty made all these things. . . . For by the greatness of the beauty, and of the creature, the Creator of them may be seen so as to be known thereby." And St. Paul declares that the who will not recognize the power and divinity of God by the contemplation of the works of creation, are inexcusable.

When the thoughtful student reflects that he is a mere atom amid the illimitable space and countless orbs that surround him, he is overawed by a sense of his nothingness, and when he considers how little he has learned after all his labour, in comparison with the treasures of knowledge that still lie hidden in nature's bosom, he will exclaim with the great Newton: "Whatever the world may think of my learning, I feel like a little child on the seashore gathering a smooth pebble here and a shell there, while the ocean of eternity lies unexplored before me."

But when he considers the intellectual faculties with which he is endowed and the pre-eminent place he holds in creation, conscious of his dignity, he is filled with gratitude to God, as David when he said: "What is man that Thou art mindful of him! . . . Thou hast made him a little less than the angels, Thou hast crowned him with glory and honour, and hast set him over the works of Thy hands."

In a word, every object in creation speaks to him of the wisdom and power of God. He

"Finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

He rises from nature to nature's God.

The more deeply the student of nature penetrates into its secrets, the more does he admire the wisdom of the Creator.

"Small draughts of philosophy," says Bacon, "lead to atheism; but larger ones bring back to God."

It would, therefore, be a great mistake to suppose that the agnostic and unbelieving scientists of the nineteenth century are made such by physical studies. They were already imbued with those ideas when they began their labours, and every phenomenon which they discovered was shaped to suit their preconceived theories.—*Cardinal Gibbons, in Catholic Quarterly Review.*

T. D. SULLIVAN'S POETRY.

Mr. Sullivan, Ireland's poet-patriot, is out of prison, and, to all appearance, little the worse for two months' sojourn in the gloomy jail at Tullamore. He told your Dublin correspondent quite cheerfully that he probably be in jail again soon, for of course he does not intend to cease publishing in his newspaper reports of so-called suppressed branches of the National League. That was the heinous crime for which he was sentenced, and he is going to commit it every week that he is out of prison, or until Balfour shall summon the courage to seize Mr. Sullivan's printing plant and suppress his newspaper altogether, *a la Russe*.

Mr. Sullivan, after the manner of poets, passed a part of the weary time in prison composing verse, which he will publish in a week or two under the title of "Lays of Tullamore." The title page of the little volume will be ornamented with pictures of prison bars and manacles, and at the end will be an engraving of the prison card which was fastened to the door of Sullivan's cell, and bore upon its face a description of his person, the offence for which he had been imprisoned, and other particulars dear to jailors. Among the contents will be a comic ballad entitled "Tullamore Tweed." There will be a stirring poem of the Plan of Campaign, and among other subjects of the poet's muse are the "Clattering of Bolts and Bars in Prison," and the "Letters of Sympathy and Gifts sent to the Prisoner by an English Friend." The pieces which perhaps will most commend themselves to popular taste are "The Brogue" and "A Vision." In the former the poet scornfully deals with the sneer against the Irish brogue in Parliament, in which Lord Salisbury indulged in his speech at Oxford last November. A copy of the book will doubtless find its way into the library at Hatfield, and perhaps his lordship will ponder on this question put by the patriotic poet:—

I ask again on many a dreadful day  
When England's fortunes hung upon the fray,  
By leaguered walls or on the open plain,  
With Gough in India, Wellington in Spain,  
How would have turned the battles' wavering tide  
Had some high captain puffed with foolish pride,  
Told the brogue speakers they might stand aside.

Mr. Sullivan must have been in high phenomenal spirits for a prisoner when he wrote "A Vision," the reading of which by every man, Tory or Liberal, who is familiar with Balfour's personal appearance and peculiarities, will be a delightful treat. Here it is:—

A VISION RENDERED INTO POETRY.

Once within my little study, while the firelight gleaming ruddy  
Threw fantastic lights and shadows on the wall and on the floor,  
I was thinking of two nations that for many generations  
Had known naught but deadly hatred and contentions sad and sore,  
Nought but deadly strife and hatred and contentions sad and sore  
Going on forevermore.

And I thought all this is blameful, 'tis not only sad but shameful,  
All this plundering and oppressing and this spilling lakes of gore,  
'Tis the nation that is stronger that has been the other's wronger;  
Let her play this part no longer, but this cruelty give o'er—  
Turn to ways of love and kindness, and this cruelty give o'er,  
And have peace forevermore.

While unto myself thus speaking on the stairs I heard a creaking  
As of some one softly sneaking up to listen at the door.  
Then said I: "You need not fear me; you can just come in and hear  
me;  
Take a seat or stand near me; let us talk this matter o'er—  
'Tis a grave and serious subject, let us talk it calmly o'er."  
Then I opened wide the door.

Then, a being thin and shanky, white of visage, tall and lanky,  
Looking ill at ease and cranky, came and stood upon the floor;  
In his hands some keys he dangled, keys that harshly clinked and  
jangled.  
And over his right optic a large pane of glass he wore—  
When it fell he slowly raised it, and replaced it as before.  
This he did, and nothing more.

"Now," said I, the shape addressing, "don't you think 'twould be a  
blessing,  
If this Anglo-Irish conflict coming down from days of yore—  
If this ago-long woe and sadness could be changed to peace and glad-  
ness,  
And the holy ties of friendship could be knit from shore to shore,  
And no words but words of kindness pass across from shore to  
shore?"  
Quoth the lank one, "Tullamore."

At this word I marvelled truly, for it seemed to come unduly,  
As a mis-laced exhibition of his geographic lore.  
So, my thread of thought resuming, I said "There are dangers  
looming,  
Over Erin's wide dominion that 'tis useless to ignore;  
What shall strengthen and sustain her when the battle thunders  
roar?"  
Answer made he: "Tullamore!"

Then said I: "Across the waters Erin's faithful sons and daughter's  
Now have fierce and bitter memories burning in each bosom's core;  
Think what peace and joy would ill them and what happiness would  
thrill them  
If but England yielded freedom to the land that they adore—  
If she spoke the word of freedom to the land their souls adore,"  
But his word was "Tullamore."

"Think," said I, "of England's masses every day that o'er them passes  
Hears their murmurings and complainings swelling louder than  
before;  
They object and 'tis no wonder—to the rule of force and plunder  
That so long has kept them under, squeezing blood from every pore.  
Have you any word of comfort that their patience may restore?"  
His reply was "Tullamore."

From my vision quick he glided; in my heart I then decided  
That if this was England's message by this popinjay brought o'er,  
She had missed a chance of glory that would brighten all her story—  
But I said that lanky Tory was a humbug and a bore.  
These words from both the peoples soon will ring from shore to  
shore—  
"We are friends for evermore!"

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

Miss Mary Anderson was present at the inauguration of a branch of the Third Order of St. Francis at St. Mary's, Hampstead, London, recently.

H. Grattan Donnelly, the playwright, author of "Natural Gas" and "Civil Service," receives a large number of letters every week from England, asking him for information concerning the Baconian cryptogram. The writers confound him with Ignatius Donnelly, who occasionally gets a letter, asking his terms for getting up a song and dance sketch.

There died on last Tuesday evening, February 14th, says an exchange, one of God's noblest men—Mr. George V. Hecker, brother of the Very Rev. Father Hecker, and one of New York's most enterprising and successful merchants. Mr. Hecker was a native of New York, of German parentage, and was one of the very few Catholic laymen of America who take an interest in Catholic literature. It was his money which started the *Catholic World* and the *Young Catholic*.

*Dmahob's Magazine* for March is a valuable number. The principal articles are:—Views of Modern Scientists and Ancient Fathers of the Church on the Origin of Man, by Ad. Rev. P. A. Treacy; Where was St. Patrick born? by Rev. Sylvester Malone; The Catacombs, by Rev. J. C. Costello; Cardinal Manning on the Condition of the London Poor; The Bishop of Salford, on Leo XIII. and the Temporal Power; An appeal to Common Sense. Together with a great variety of other matter of general interest. Price, 20 cents; \$2.00 a year.

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# The Catholic Weekly Review.

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LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

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

GENTLEMEN,—

I have singular pleasure indeed in saying God speed to your intended journal, THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW. The Church, contradicted on all sides as her Divine Founder was, hails with peculiar pleasure the assistance of her lay children in dispelling ignorance and prejudice. They can do this nobly by public journals, 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 an splendid success.  
Believe me, yours faithfully,  
JAMES J. CAMPBELL,  
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAR. 3, 1888.

The Government of Ireland, Lord Salisbury announced a few days ago, is proceeding on sound principles of "Science." "The Irish," Mr. Ruskin has said of them, "are an affectionate people, who cannot be governed by heartless persons on scientific principles."

The London *Catholic Press* retorts cleverly on the *Tablet*, and those Tory Catholics who have endeavoured to construe to their own purposes the words addressed by the Holy Father to the Irish people through the Irish Bishops, a few weeks ago: "Much," it says, "has been made of the Pope's exhortation to legality and to his appeal to the example set by the German Catholics. Our Tory friends seem to imagine that the Coercion Act is a part of the moral law, and they quite forget that the German Catholics never had the least hesitation about breaking and setting at defiance the May laws, though duly passed by Bismarck's Parliament, and approved by Bismarck's Imperial master."

In the January number of the *Nineteenth Century* Dr. Ingram undertakes what he describes as a reply to Mr. Gladstone's searching criticism of his so called history of the Legislative Union. The standard of manners and language adopted in this reply, Mr. Gladstone writes to the editors of the *Westminster Review*, do not allow him to offer a direct rejoinder, while the questions of correctness at issue in the controversy are such as he should be content to leave to the judgment of those who have any knowledge of Irish history, or who will take the trouble to compare his article with Dr. Ingram's description of it.

But for one reason, to remain silent would be inconsistent he deems, with his duty. Among the multitude of points which he raised, he finds one, and one only, of the slightest importance, on which he had misinterpreted his authority, and had, in consequence, "overstated the sum known to have been at the disposal of the Irish Government as Secret Service money in the years 1799-1801." He had quoted a letter from the "Cornwallis Correspondence," (to which a note is appended) relating to Ireland, and at first sight naturally construed the note as belonging to it. But a closer inspection shows that it relates to England. In abandoning the statement which he had founded on this erroneous interpretation, Mr. Gladstone abandons the hope of showing the precise sums applied to Irish Secret Service during the years of the Union contest, since there are no means known to him of ascertaining how much of the half million voted in England for the years 1798, 1799, and the five quarters to January, 1801, was applied to Ireland. The younger Grattan, "a man of character and credit in Parliament," Mr. Gladstone says, "when I remember him," gives £53,000 as the sum expended in Ireland annually. Dr. Ingram gives £5,000 as the sum, but this, like many other of his statements, may be taken as wrong, as a matter of course. But whatever sum was spent in Secret Service in Ireland, it is clear, as Mr. Gladstone proves, that it formed but a small item in the Union corruption, in comparison with other heads. Let those, he says, who wish to know what the scale of that corruption was, refer to the Irish expenditure for superannuations before and after the Union. The charges stand as follows:

|   |         |
|---|---------|
| In the two years ending March 25, 1798..... | £ 4 750 |
| In the two years ending March 25, 1800..... | 36 750  |
| In seven quarters to January 5, 1802.....   | 75 000  |
| In two years to January 5, 1804.....        | 171 000 |
| To the same date in 1806.....               | 177 000 |
| And for one year to January 5, 1807.....    | 108 000 |

These figures are taken from the Parliamentary account, and indicate the monstrous growth of the corruption, by means of which the Union was carried. The charges were levied on the Irish Exchequer, until, says Mr. Gladstone impressively, "1807, when nature took compassion on Ireland, and the sum thenceforward progressively diminished with the lapse of lives."

Of the methods of wholesale corruption introduced into Ireland by an alien government, the superannuations, compensations for boroughs, and the Parliamentary dismissals and secret service disbursements, Mr. Gladstone observes: "Such things as these, if they exist (and the first and largest has existed nowhere but in the Irish case), are offensive and questionable enough, when done by a native power within the circle of native interests. The point of the charge in the Irish case is that those instruments were used by an influence wholly exotic to override the opinion and to destroy the national life of Ireland."

Unfortunately, these methods were wholly successful. Bloodshed and bribery proved effective political weapons, and by means of them England ended the legislative life of the Irish. And that is why it is that the Union speaks with no moral force to an Irishman. He regards it in the same contemptuous light as did Saurin and Sheridan. "The Union," said Sheridan in the Commons, "was a great and legitimate cause for resistance."

The Irish have, if persistent, been patient. All that England is worthiest the name statesmanship is beginning to realize this, that the methods which carried the Union

outraged great principles of law and morality, and that, in the lives of nations as of individuals, reparation must follow an historic wrong.

A Presbyterian paper published in this city censures the New York *Independent*, perhaps the ablest and most respectable of American Protestant papers, for its reprehensible liberality in "freely recognizing the Church of Rome as a veritable Church of Christ," and for "indulging in a salutatory address to His Holiness, on the occasion of the recent Jubilee of the Pope, which was intended to show great breadth of Christian charity." The *Independent* should have borne in mind, it thinks, the "startling fact" that, according to the returns of the Bureau of Catholic Missions at Washington, last year out of \$308,299 paid by Government for contract boarding schools among the Indians, the Roman Catholics obtained \$168,959; and \$7,632 out of \$9,847 paid for contract day schools, although they only form from one-sixth to one-tenth of the population. It puts forward these figures as a triumphant proof of "Roman aggression." The greater activity of the Catholic missionaries in the distant Indian missions, proves to this journal nothing more than "aggression." If to have borne in all times and in all countries the work of Christianizing the heathen, if to have followed, and to continue to follow the Divine injunction, "Go ye unto all nations teaching whatsoever things I have commanded you," be, from a Protestant standpoint any proof of "aggression," the Catholic Church, it must be confessed, has been grandly aggressive. It is astonishing that it should not have occurred to this Presbyterian paper, that its ministers might profitably emulate the example of Catholic missionaries in the field of missionary labour; their operations, extraordinary to say, are to be scrutinized rather than imitated. Their operations it says "are in need of scrutiny." "Rome is sleeplessly vigilant."

The Holy Catholic Church is unsleepingly vigilant in the sacred shepherding of even the North American Indian. She is first in the mission field. It is her enemies' charge, and it is her glory. What is our zealous Presbyterian friend going to do about it? Are we to understand that from its point of view pure paganism would be preferable to spirituality in a savage not superinduced by the distribution of soup, and free bibles, and leaflets, from the hands of its missionaries? And what, may we ask, is its idea of "scrutiny?" We read in the last number of the *Quarterly Review*, a magazine always infiltrated with a strong Exeter Hall flavouring, that "very little success was achieved by the Roman missionaries in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., chiefly because of the ably organized spy system that penetrated the foreign seminaries which fed the English mission, and tracked their emissaries along every step of their road." This, perhaps, is our contemporary's conception of "scrutiny." In the old days, of course, the "priest-hunter" was an invaluable adjunct in the propagation of Protestantism, but do those of our contemporary's way of thinking admit that it is necessary to bring him into requisition again to assist in the conversion of the Indians of the far West to a belief in their bald and abstract notions of the Christian religion?

The letter of Dr. O'Sullivan in the *Globe* of last Tuesday throws a new light on the question of the ballot in the Separate School trustee elections. That journal, a few days ago, stated that, if the Separate School Board of this

city would petition the Attorney General for the introduction of the ballot in the School Board elections, he would scarcely refuse to grant it, a statement which, coming from the *Globe*, appeared to many persons as an intimation of the view entertained by the Government. "I think," says Dr. O'Sullivan, "that the Attorney General is too good a constitutional lawyer to do anything of the sort," and he states clearly the reasons. Before the union of the provinces in 1867 it was the right and the privilege, he explains, of every Separate School supporter to vote openly, and at the same time to see how his neighbour voted. That right and privilege were accorded to all Catholics, whether they paid taxes or not—to the priests and the bishops—so that in case of a contest between the lay and clerical elements, both parties knew who voted for and against them. The Catholic Church to-day, as in 1863 and 1867, claims the control of Catholic education, and "it cannot be denied," Dr. O'Sullivan contends, "but if you cut away its chance of seeing who are and who are not working with it, you take away certain rights and privileges altogether from the guardians of Separate School education." Before 1867 a Separate School trustee elected by open vote knew who voted for and against him, a privilege which, whatever it may be worth, he is entitled to claim as a right that Provincial legislation cannot interfere with. In like manner the clergy have and always had the right and privilege of finding out who are and were working with them in matters educational. "It was their right in the Separate School system before Confederation, and, standing in the relation they do to these schools, the Government of Ontario, I venture to say, cannot constitutionally pass an Act providing for secret voting at Separate School elections. If such an Act were passed the Bishops of the Province could appeal to the Governor-in-Council, and if it appeared that such an Act prejudiced the Separate School system as it already exists, relief would be given, must be given, under the B. N. A. Act."

A reference to the British North America Act proves this. The provisions of that Act respecting education are contained in Section 93 and are as follows:—

In and for each Province the Legislature may exclusively make laws in relation to education, subject, and according to the following provisions:—

- (1). Nothing in any such law shall prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to Denominational Schools which any class of persons have by law in the Province at the Union:
- (2). All the powers, privileges, duties at the Union by law and conferred imposed in Upper Canada on the Separate Schools and School Trustees of the Queen's Roman Catholic subjects shall be and the same are hereby extended to the dissentient schools of the Queen's Protestant and Roman Catholic subjects in Quebec:
- (3). Where in any Province a system of Separate or Dissident Schools exists by law at the Union, or is thereafter established by the Legislature of the Province, an appeal shall lie to the Governor-General in Council from any Act or decision of any Provincial authority affecting any right or privilege of the Protestant or Roman Catholic minority of the Queen's subjects in relation to education:
- (4). In case any such Provincial law as from time to time seems to the Governor-General in Council requisite for the due execution of the provisions of this Section is not made, or in case any decision of the Governor-General in Council on any appeal under this Section is not duly executed by the



proper Provincial authority in that behalf, then and in every such case, and as far only as the circumstances of each case require, the Parliament of Canada may make remedial laws for the due execution of the provisions of this Section, and of any decision of the Governor-General in Council under this Section.

In petitioning Mr. Mowat to provide them with the ballot in their election proceedings, the trustees are perhaps not aware that they are proceeding on an utterly fallacious assumption. They are apparently of opinion that Mr. Mowat stands in the same relation to the Separate School legislation as he does to the Public School law of this province, and can alter, or amend, or abrogate its provisions at will. In this they are mistaken. Only the Public School Act comes within the absolute control of the Provincial Legislature. The Public School law is its especial creation; the Separate School law is *not* of its creation. Our first Separate School legislation was obtained in 1863, from the old Parliament of Upper Canada, and, when Confederation came, four years later, the educational rights and privileges it conferred upon Catholics were secured to us in the section of the British North America Act above quoted. Upon the Provincial Legislature devolved the duty of administering and making laws in relation to education, subject always, however, to the provision set forth in the above first subsection, that "nothing in any such law shall prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to Denominational Schools which any class of persons have by law in the province at the Union," in which event appeal was to be had to the Parliament of Canada or the Governor-General in Council. As the law stands, therefore, no amendment which Mr. Mowat might make to the Separate School Act could be allowed for twenty-four hours on the representation of the Bishops of the Province,—the governing body of the Church, and the guardians, with the clergy, of Catholic education—to the Governor-General in Council, that such a change prejudicially affected a right or privilege with respect to Roman Catholic Schools, which Catholics were by law possessed of in the province before Confederation. That is of the essence of the Act. If certain of the Separate School Trustees of Toronto would have it otherwise, their only hope of change is in procuring an amendment to the B. N. A. Act—"our unwritten constitution"—and it is an Imperial measure.

If Mr. Mowat is wise, he will permit no tampering of any kind with the Separate School Law. His Legislature has been asked to make one or two amendments of late years with respect to registration and reforms of that nature, but nothing more has been, or, we trust, will be attempted. To any extreme lay element, or to any extreme clerical element, were there ever likely to arise one, clamouring for doubtful reform in the old law, Mr. Mowat will best prove his astuteness if he answer, *non possumus*, which, being translated, means, "Hands off! We are not competent!"

It is said that the Holy Father, Leo XIII., has been engaged for a long time in collecting data for an important encyclical on the labour question, which is becoming an important social problem in all civilized countries of the globe. The Pope has devoted much time and thought to the study of this great question, and there is no doubt his views on the subject will create wide spread interest among thinking persons all over the world, when formulated in the contemplated encyclical.

## Current Catholic Thought.

Not on our foreheads only, but on our hearts also, let us place the ashes of Lent. It is the time of univiversal retreat appointed by the Church for all her children. The faithful observance of Lent is as salutary to the body as to the soul. The season is not a gloomy one, looked at rightly. There can be no gloom with God. To retire within ourselves a little, to examine ourselves, to deny ourselves some superfluities, to walk with God more directly even for a brief space, will make even the world to us not darker, but brighter. It is God's world after all.—*Catholic Review*, Brooklyn.

### SHAKESPEARE'S RELIGION.

Now as to Shakespeare's religion. His reverence for the inspired writings has been made evident. But it must also be noticed that amid the vast variety of character descriptions found in his works, there is not even one sneer at Catholicity, at its adherents or observances. When we consider that the dramatist lived at a period immediately subsequent to the Reformation, when ridicule and abuse were heaped upon everything pertaining to the ancient faith, we have a strong negative proof that Shakespeare was not a Protestant. Was he a Catholic?

Theological questions are treated by him only incidentally, but from a Catholic rather than a Protestant point of view; and passages in the *Merchant of Venice*, *Hamlet*, and *Richard III* seem to reprobate the principal tenets of the Reformation.

Add to this the testimony of Richard Davies, Anglican rector of Sapperton in Gloucestershire, who in a biographical notice of the dramatist written within half a century after his death says "he died a papist," and we may be pardoned for doubting whether the religion of Dante and Tasse was not also the religion of Shakespeare.—*D. V. Phelan in The Owl*.

### THE WAR ON THE SALOONS.

#### WHAT A CANADIAN PRIEST IS DOING IN CHICAGO.

The *Chicago Tribune* of a late date had this to say in connection with the temperance reform movement in that city:

The efforts of Mayor Roche to enforce ordinances restricting the sale of liquor have received help from an influential quarter. The author of this timely assistance is a very venerable old man, with flowing snow white hair and beard, and a contemplative and scholarly aspect. His reverend associates at St. Ignatius College know him as Father Hayes, and he is widely known among Catholics as the Reverend Director of the League of the Cross.

This society is formed for spreading temperance in the use of intoxicating drinks. It does not advocate total abstinence, although it is no enemy to it, unless the upholders of that belief "attempt to trample down men who are not total abstainers," as Cardinal Manning once said in London. These, and other words of this eminent Cardinal have furnished, to an extent, the inspiration for the American League of the Cross.

Sunday last Father Hayes addressed the Married Men's Sodality of the Holy Family Church, and secured their allegiance to a resolution which will be of material aid in the "law and decency" struggle of the Mayor.

This resolution was read at the Council last Monday evening, and had its influence in the order of the Council to the Law Department to prepare an ordinance covering the various suggestions submitted by the City Collector in his annual report.

These suggestions were that the license fee of \$500 for the keeping of saloons shall be paid annually in advance; that saloon licenses shall not be transferable directly or indirectly; that no permit shall be granted for music or shows in any saloon, nor in connection with any saloon within the city limits; that saloon licenses shall not be issued for any saloon located within 200 feet of a hospital, church, synagogue, mission school; that in all cases of new applications for licenses the concurrence of a majority of the property-owners residing doing business in the block or square where the proposed saloon is to be located, shall be obtained in writing; that in

cases the bond affixed by the saloon-keeper shall be signed by property-owners residing or doing business within the limits of the ward in which the saloon is to be located; that no immoral or obscene paintings or pictures shall be exposed to view in any saloon under penalty; that no saloon shall be licensed or permitted to be kept, or maintained in any house or building used as a house of assignation or ill-fame, and that, if after a license is granted, the building in which the saloon is located shall be used for the above-mentioned purposes, then the license granted shall be void.

Father Hayes was seen at St. Ignatius College concerning his attitude in the matter.

"You ask if we expect our Aldermen to support us in this matter?" he said pleasantly. "I do not myself know who the Aldermen in the wards about us are. I suppose—I am sure—that all of our Catholic men will stand by this action of ours. They would not dare do otherwise now. I understand that some of our Catholic Aldermen are saloon-keepers. There will be no chance for them at the next election. Whether our men are Democrats or Republicans I do not know. We take no issue in political matters, but I am sure that whatever their party, or the party of the candidates for office in these wards, the Irish will not support them now unless they advocate the cause of temperance. About 1,400 voters belong to our sodality alone. These have given their word and will keep it. I shall not need to say or do anything further about it.

"We are always very careful to avoid doing anything that even in a remote way seems like a political action, lest we start some discussion and division that would be unseemly in church members. But what we have done in this case is only for law and order. Mayor Roche is winning the respect of all law-loving citizens by his present course and we have seized an opportunity to second him. By carefully reading the papers I have seen that they were all agreed on the matter, and all considered it a good thing. If there is need anywhere of measures which shall spread temperance it is among our people. They would be a great people if it were not for that liquor curse. We are brought in the closest contact possible with the suffering it causes, and we know as well as it is possible the terrible havoc it is working among families that would otherwise be happy and independent. To return to the question you first asked, I have no doubt that our Councilmen and all of our politicians will support our action in every way possible. That is a matter of course. All Catholics will sustain any action of the church. But we do not consider this a political matter, and have laid no burden upon our politicians and asked no favours of our Aldermen. If help comes that way it will be accidental. Our stand is a moral one purely."

#### JUDGE NOT.

Judge not; the workings of his brain

And of his heart thou canst not see,

What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,

In God's pure light may only be

A scar, brought from some well-won field,

Where thou would'st only faint and cld.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight,

May be a token, that below

The soul has closed in deadly fight

With some infernal fiendly foe,

Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,

And cast thee shuddering on thy face!

The fall thou darest to despise—

Maybe the angels' slackened hand

Has suffered it, that he may rise

And take a firmer, surer stand;

Or, trusting less to earthly things,

May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost; but wait and see,

With hopeful pity, not disdain;

The depth of the abyss may be

The measure of the height of pain,

And love and glory that may raise

This soul to God in after days.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

#### CANADIAN CHURCH NEWS.

Abbe Tanguay, who went to Rome to make researches in the papal archives, has had an audience with the Pope. The latter said he gave Canadians a Cardinal to recompense them for their faith.

Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, spent Sunday at Buffalo. On Saturday His Grace ordained two priests in the College of Our Lady of Angels, at Niagara.

A week's retreat for young men of this city will be preached by the Rev. Father Kenny, S.J., of Montreal, in St. Michael's Cathedral. The retreat will begin Sunday evening, the 10th March.

All that was mortal of the good Father Bonneau, late Chaplain of the Sisters of Charity, Quebec, was laid away to rest on Thursday last in the cemetery of the Sisterhood, after one of the most imposing and affecting *requiem* services ever witnessed in that city. The solemn High Mass was sung by Cardinal Taschercau, with his Vicar-General Mgr. Legare, as arch-priest, and the Cures of St. Thomas and Levis as deacon and sub deacon, the Sisterhood furnishing the beautiful choir accompaniment. After the Mass, His Eminence the Cardinal pronounced the funeral eulogy, tracing the career of the deceased from his boyhood to the hour of his death, from the time when he first came under his charge at the Quebec Seminary as a lad down to the moment a few days since it had pleased God to call him to Himself. Deeply affected, His Eminence dwelt in feeling terms upon his exceptional goodness both as a boy and a scholar and as a man and a priest, pointing out that from the very outset he seemed to have been destined by Providence for the priesthood as well by his zeal and piety as by his loving heart and spotless character. In his reference to the various phases of the deceased's career, he alluded very particularly to the services he had rendered the congregation of St. Patrick's, and to the undying love which its surviving members of those days bore him. After the chanting of the *Libera*, the remains of the good Father Bonneau were committed to the grave in the cemetery attached to the convent amid the tears of his old colleagues of the clergy and of the Sisterhood over whom he had presided so long. There were also very few dry eyes among the other spectators at the last solemn rite.

#### NEW ROME.

A telegram from Rome, a few days ago, announced the failure of a building firm in that city for over ten millions. We venture to say that the intelligence will arouse pleasing emotions in the breasts of the most charitably disposed. The want, not only of style and of originality, but of stability, in many of the structures in our own city, is distressing, and it would not cause any wide spread affliction if occasionally a contractor was engulfed in the ruins of his gimcrack edifice. But in Rome it is still worse. The hideous way in which the glorious old city, "the city of the soul," has been defaced by the immense barracks, monstrosities in architecture, and without even the elementary conditions of comfort and health, has excited indignation in every person of taste. From the artist, the antiquarian the literary man in every quarter of the world, have come expressions of horror and disgust at the profanation of the City of the Popes. The City of the Popes indeed! The Pope who will assume possession of his city, when the Goths and Vandals who are preying on its vitals are scourged from the sacred precincts, as they surely will be in the near future, will hardly recognize his own capital. He may well exclaim: "Barbarians! What have you done with the Rome of the Popes?" The stately, noble capital of the world has fallen into the hands of the speculator and the swindler. The temple of the Almighty has become a den of thieves. Feverish and dishonest speculation of a kind that would astound the founders of some of our paper cities in the West has been the order of the day, ever since the entrance of the robber king. Millions have been squandered in erecting blocks of buildings that are a shabby imitation of the ugliest quarter of Paris, and under the new régime everything has been done to deprive Rome of its sacred and majestic character. The failure of the two un-

scrupulous contractors, Fratelli and Moroni, is the beginning of the end. Several of the great financial institutions are implicated in the failure, and the consequences are likely enough to be disastrous to the Italian Government as well as to the individuals who have entrusted their savings to the dishonest speculators of the "New Rome." Fortunately, the builders have builded better than they knew, and, in several instances, the unsightly structures have been hardly completed before they toppled over, as if their mean and squalid existence was impossible in presence of the awful shadow of the Vatican and St. Peter's.—*Freeman's Journal*, N. Y.

more profitable than to bequeath a church full of gold after your death."

"By accepting humbly good and evil from God, acknowledging both as gifts of God, we gain more than if we should scourge ourselves daily."

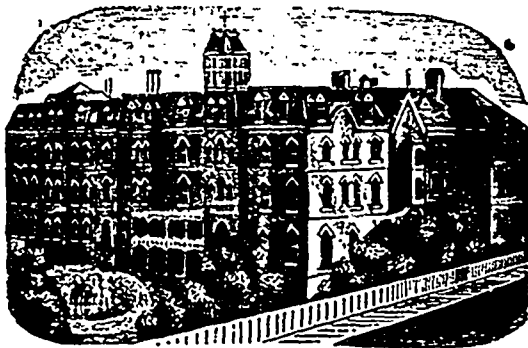
"As often as we refrain from an idle word or a vain look for God's sake, we receive our Lord spiritually, as the priest receives Him at the altar."

"If I wished to know learned men I would go to Paris, but if I wished to be instructed concerning the mysteries of God I would go to a poor man who possessed the faith."

MAXIMS OF ALBERTUS MAGNUS.

"To give an egg for God's sake while you are alive will be

Noah was the first man who strictly observed Lent. He lived on water for forty days and forty nights.



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References.—Rev. Father Hayes, Earns; Lennon, Stratford; Mother, Ingersoll; Gossrau, Parkhill; Twohy, Kingston; and Rev. Bro. Arnold, Montreal.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Cobourg Works," will be received at this office until Tuesday the 14th March for rebuilding a portion of the Western Pier at Cobourg, Ont. in accordance with a plan and specification to be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the office of the Town Trust, Cobourg.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied and signed with the 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. The cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract, or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

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

By order,

A. GOBEIL, Secretary.

Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, 12th February, 1888.



As the plans for the erection of the proposed Post Office at Prescott, Ont., are to be awarded, intending tenderers are hereby notified that now tenders will be called for a future date.

By order,

A. GOBEIL, Secretary.

Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, 21st Feb., 1888.

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