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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Reddito que sunt Cesaris, Cesaris; et que sunt Dei, Deo.—Matt 22: 21.

Vol. VI.

Toronto, Saturday May 7, 1892.

No. 13

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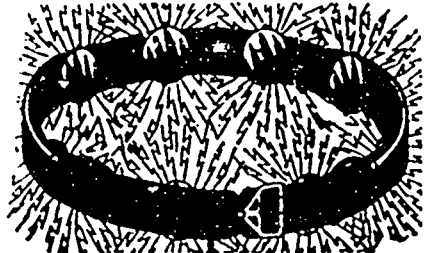
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Vol. VI.

Toronto, Saturday, May 7, 1892

No. 13

ASPIRATIONS TO OUR BLESSED LADY FOR THE MONTH OF MAY.

(FROM THE ITALIAN.)

Joy of my heart! O let me pay
To thee thine own sweet mouth of May.

Mary, one gift I beg of thee,
My soul from sin and sorrow free.

Direct my wandering feet aright,
And be thyself mine own true light.

Be love of thee the purging fire,
To cleanse for God my heart's desire.

Mother of God! let my poor love
A mother's prayer and pity move.

O Mary, when I come to die,
Be thou, thy spouse, and Jesus nigh.

Sweet Day-Star! let thy beauty be
A light to draw my soul to thee.

O Jesus, Joseph, Mary, deign
My soul in heavenly ways to train.

O Queen of Heaven, obtain for me
Thy glory there one day to see.

Mother of God, to me no less
Vouchsafe a mother's sweet caress.

Write on my heart's most sacred core
The five dear wounds that Jesus bore.

One more request, and I have done—
With love of thee and thy dear Son.

More let me burn, and more each day,
Till love of self is burn'd away.

— Ave Maria.

THE MONTH OF MARY.

The church has specially consecrated the month of May to the Blessed Virgin, and, as May is the forerunner of summer, the month of flowers, called by the Pagans "Flora's month," so was Mary the forerunner of our redemption. Her charity is unbounded. There is none so vile that he cannot approach her and gain her intercession if he but repent of his sins. And as the most beloved of God's creation, the pure mother of His Divine Son, her least desire must needs be cherished by Him. As His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto has beautifully said: "the Blessed Virgin was the Springtime of that season of grace and mercy, and spiritual beauty, and perfection, with which our Divine Redeemer blessed and enriched the earth. At her approach the spiritual winter of the world disappeared, the springtime of hope and promise for mankind had come, soon to be followed by the Summer of Christ's richest blessings and graces. She was the day star that appeared above the darkened horizon of a fallen world, to herald the rising of the Sun of eternal justice. Mary was the fairest flower in the garden of God. She was the flower of the field and the Lily of the valley. She was the fairest, the most beautiful, and the most perfect of God's creatures. She was never stained by the sin of origin or of action, no thought allied to sin ever darkened her pure soul, no shadow of evil ever dimmed the brightness of her virginal purity. She was indeed "our tainted nature's solitary boast." Hence the inspired writer, gazing on the vision of her peerless beauty and perfection, as it appeared to his far-reaching gaze, exclaimed: "Who is she that cometh forth like the morning rising, fair as the Moon, beautiful as the Sun."

In his pastoral letter of last year on the devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary, probably one of the choicest and best contributions penned in honour of the Divine Mother, as it certainly is one of the most beautiful and instructive, His Grace the Archbishop lucidly explains the source of Catholic devotion in a manner that will bear re-publishing time and time again, until it becomes firmly impressed upon the minds of all. He says:

"The Blessed Mother of God has occupied a prominent place in the work of our redemption, and has ever been associated with our Divine Saviour in the scheme of man's salvation and in the dispensation of His graces and mercies.

Our Lord is the inexhaustible fountain of grace; Mary is its channel. Our Lord is the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, our Father, our Creator, our Lord, our all, the God of our heart, the God that is our portion forever. Our Saviour is the author and finisher of our Faith, that He is the life of our life, the Way, the Truth, and the Life; that it is His precious blood that has redeemed the world, that He is the only mediator of redemption between God and man; that there is no other name under heaven, save the holy name of Jesus, whereby we can be saved; and that no soul can ever enter heaven, except through the merits of the sufferings and death of Christ. To Him alone are divine worship and adoration due. All this is Catholic truth and teaching. But as it has pleased God to rule the natural world, and to preserve and direct its marvellous harmonies by secondary agents and laws, so in the supernatural order it pleases Him to make use of secondary agents to carry out His merciful behests. Now such is the position of Mary in the divine plan of man's salvation.

She actively co-operated, but only as a secondary agent, with our Blessed Lord, in the great scheme of the world's redemption. As Eve, by her infidelity, actively co-operated in bringing on the fall of the human race in Adam, so Mary, by her superlative virtues, and her unswerving fidelity to grace, had a part in its restoration. Scarcely had the divine justice passed sentence on our guilty parents, at the gates of Paradise, when in love and pity God pronounced a sentence of mercy and of hope. He said to the serpent, "I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed; she shall crush thy head and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel."

Between Eve and the serpent there arose a friendship that brought ruin and death on mankind; between Mary, the woman of prophecy, and the serpent there shall be an eternal enmity, an undying hostility, and she, through her seed, the incarnate God, shall bring life and salvation to mankind. The woman Mary, and her seed, Jesus Christ, have crushed and destroyed the serpent's head, the one *mediately*, the other *immediately*: Mary crushes the serpent's head by giving birth to Jesus, and Jesus by the might of His own divine power and virtue. When St. Paul instituted a contrast between the first Adam and the second, he suggested the existence of a similar contrast between Eve and Mary, and this contrast is constantly dwelt upon by the Christian Fathers. Their teaching on this subject, when summarized, is substantially as follows:—

(a). That Mary is the new and second Eve, as Christ is the new and second Adam, and therefore, as Adam was a type of Jesus, so Eve was a type of Mary, and that as Eve was an active and efficient agent in the ruin of man, Mary was an active and efficient agent in his redemption and salvation. (b). The enmity between this second Eve and the serpent is in every way similar to that which existed between the serpent and the second Adam, and, consequently, it is deadly, implacable, and without interruption. (c). In Mary the fall of Eve is restored, the prudence, the obedience, and the faith of the former making reparation for the imprudence, the disobedience and the unbelief of the latter. (d). God who condemned Eve, crowns Mary with glory. (e). As death flowed from the first Eve, so did life from the second, as all that is evil came through Eve, so through Mary comes all that is good, as Adam was renewed in Christ so is Eve in Mary. (f). By Mary salvation and life is within the reach of all, as by Eve all fell into ruin and death. (g). It is only on account of Mary that Eve is, and is called the mother of the living. (h). Mary raised Eve from her fall, restored Adam, despoiled hell, and opened the gates of paradise. (i). a curse was pronounced upon Eve; it is abolished by Mary, who is altogether blessed. (k). as we all die through Eve, so do we all live through Mary, we gain the adoption of sons, and return to our pristine dignity. (l). The new Virgin hath expiated the evil deed of the old, and (m). lastly, as all censure Eve, so all praise Mary. The whole force of these *antitheses* depends on the hypothesis upon which they are founded, namely that Mary is a being wholly different from all other members of the human race, in the unspotted purity, and in the superabundant holiness which adorned and which filled her from the first moment of her ex-

istence that she was not merely the physical instrument of our Lord's taking flesh but as an intelligent and responsible cause of it, her faith and obedience being accessories to the Incarnation and gaining it as her reward, that she co-operated in our salvation not merely by the descent of the Holy Ghost upon her but by specific holy acts—the effects of the Holy Ghost within her soul; that as Eve was the cause of ruin to all, Mary was the cause of salvation.

In every clime the children of the church gather around the shrines of our Blessed Lady, and with loving hearts, and in every language spoken by human lips, proclaim her blessed, and sing her *magnificat* and extol her glories, and declare her "full of grace," and radiant with the beauty of perfect holiness and, in doing so, they are confident that they are thereby honoring, thanking and praising her divine Son, Who crowned her with honor and with glory, Who loved her as His own Blessed Mother, and Who, when dying in agony on the cross, gave her to His children as their Mother also. Nor let it be foolishly said that the honor given by us to our Blessed Lady is so much taken away from the honor we owe to her Divine Son. In honoring her, we honor the gifts and graces which God so abundantly and magnificently lavished upon her. As the moon shines by the reflected light of the sun, but does not shear him of his rays or rob him of the brightness and glory of his effulgence, so Mary, shining by the gifts and graces and spiritual illuminations given her by God, and by her faithful co-operation with them, is but the reflected image of the beauty and holiness and perfection of the Son of God, who made her all beautiful and without spot or stain: and the honor given to her is ultimately referred to God, the author of all her greatness and dignity and perfection. The love of Mary leads us up to the love of God, the All-Perfect, the All-Holy, for it is chiefly for His dear sake we love and honor her; and, indeed if we did not love the Mother, how could we love the Son, Who loved her so tenderly?

Besides, the honor we pay to God is different in kind from that which we give to the Blessed Virgin. To God we give supreme honor as to our Creator and Sovereign Lord; to the Blessed Virgin we give an inferior honor as to the most perfect creature ever fashioned by Divine hands, but still a creature, and therefore separated as by an impassable gulf from the nature, the attributes and infinite perfections of God, to our Saviour we say: *Reverendissime Majestatis Salva nos*, King of awful and tremendous Majesty save us; to the Blessed Virgin we say: Holy Mary pray for us. God is our Sovereign Lord and Judge. Mary is our advocate, pleading before His throne for us poor sinners. This is Catholic teaching, and all devotional expressions used towards the Blessed Virgin should in truth and justice be interpreted according to this standard of Catholic belief.

We should frequently and earnestly recommend ourselves to the prayers of the Blessed Virgin, and entreat her to obtain for us from her Divine Son, by her powerful intercession, the graces and blessings we may stand in need of. The doctrine of the intercessory power of the Blessed Virgin is the result of two truths that cannot be reasonably questioned by any Christian. The first is, that intercessory prayer is an ordinance of God; the second is, that the vitality and power of intercessory prayer are in proportion to the sanctity and nearness to God of the person offering it.

We have two things clearly established by God's revealed word. 1st, that intercessory prayer is an ordinance of God, and 2nd, that the efficacy of that prayer is in direct proportion to the holiness and goodness of the one who offers it. In fact, so much in accord with the wants of human nature are these principles, so much in union are they with the dictates of right reason and with the common-sense of mankind, that even in the worldly concerns of life men unceasingly act on similar principles. Thus, if persons desire favors from those in power—if they desire, for instance, a government situation—they invariably solicit the influence and intercession of the friends of those from whom the favors are sought—the friends and supporters of the government. Now, bearing in mind the two aforesaid incontestable truths, how can we exaggerate when speaking of the efficacy, the power, the irresistible mightiness of the prayers of God's Blessed Mother, offered up for those whom her Divine Son redeemed in His own precious blood. Who, so holy, who so near to our Blessed Redeemer, who has such irresistible claims upon Him as His own Mother? She bore Him for nine months in her virginal womb. She saw Him born and saw Him die. She nursed Him in His infancy, flew with Him into Egypt to save Him from the wrath of a tyrant, she labored for Him, bore poverty with Him, hungered with Him, was for years associated with Him in His daily life, was, in a word, His most tender and loving Mother whom He obeyed during the years of His living life at Nazareth. She gave Him all that He had of that human nature with which His divinity was hypostatically united and with which He worked on earth. She gave him that heart into which she transfused her own blood and which He poured out on the tree of the cross for us as the price of our redemption—that breath and life which He gave in atonement for sin and for the redemption of the world. O, what creature then, could be as near and dear to our adorable Lord as His own dear Mother? Who could have such claims upon Him as she? Not all the saints that ever glorified God

and honored human nature by the splendor of their virtues, not all the Cherubim and Seraphim that surround His eternal throne, not all the angelic choirs that sing forever the praises of their Creator. If, then, the power and efficacy of intercessory prayer are in proportion to the holiness and merit and closeness to God of the person who offers it, we have the most positive assurance, the most unshaken certainty, that the prayers of the Blessed Virgin must be most powerful with her eternal Son, the most beneficial to her supplicants.

"I consider it impossible," says Cardinal Newman, "for those who believe the Church to be one vast body in heaven and on earth, in which every creature of God has his place, and of which prayer is the life, when once they recognize the sanctity and dignity of the Blessed Virgin, not to perceive immediately that her office above is one of perpetual intercession for the faithful militant, and that our very relation to her must be that of clients to a patron, and that in the eternal enmity which exists between the woman and the serpent, while the serpent's strength lies in being the tempter, the weapon of the second Eve and Mother of God is prayer."

"Whosoever you are," says St. Bernard "when you find yourself tossed about by the storms and tempests of this world, turn not your eyes from the brightness of this star, if you wish not to be overwhelmed by the tempests. If the winds of temptation arise, if you are thrown upon the rocks of tribulation, look to the star; call upon Mary. If you are tossed by the billows of pride, or ambition, or detraction, or envy, look to the star; call upon Mary. If anger, or avarice, or the snares of the flesh disturb the vessel of your soul, look to Mary. If you are shocked by the magnitude of your sins, confused by the consciousness of guilt, terrified by the horrors of judgment, overwhelmed in the depths of affliction, or sunk in the abyss of despair, think of Mary."

THE VARIETY OF CATHOLIC DEVOTIONS—ITS PURPOSE.

It is among the special advantages of Catholics that not only their religious doctrines are so clearly defined that even "he who runs may read," but beyond this, the Church divinely appointed to teach the truth to her children, likewise provides them with such multiplied and approved forms of devotion that every spiritual longing and preference may be gratified and every want supplied.

Thus for each month, even for each day, we have some particular practice suggested, and any excuse we might be inclined to make on the plea of sameness in devotion is entirely removed. Even the weather and the seasons have been taken into account in the beautiful arrangement which the Church has made of the forms and practices of public worship and private prayer. We begin the week by the worship of the Holy Trinity as the author of our being and its preserver. Full of the thought of the greatness of the Supreme Ruler, we devote our attention on Monday to the relief of those souls, sure of the possession of this infinite good, but detained by reason of unexpiated transgressions. So, by a natural transition, the Church teaches us to honor our guardian angels, through whom, if we but follow their inspirations, we may escape, if not entirely, at least in great part, the terrible suffering of Purgatory. Example being the most powerful inducement, the Church again comes to our assistance by giving us on Wednesday the life and labors of St. Joseph as a subject of consideration. How are we to reconcile such devotions with the manifold avocations of our lives? Again, we are led over this obstacle by receiving as our Thursday's form of devotion the Holy Eucharist. It is in this "Bread of the Strong" that we will obtain the force of character necessary fully to carry out the intentions of the Church in her suggestions. Should our hearts be full of sorrow occasioned by the presence of sin, and that we thus find ourselves almost discouraged, the beautiful form of piety presented to our contemplation in the sufferings of the Man of Sorrows will more than meet the requirements of the most hardened. Then, as if by a masterstroke, our Holy Mother the Church offers us a channel through which we may obtain grace to follow all these beautiful forms of devotion; she presents us to Mary the Mother of God, our "life, our sweetness and our hope," into whose maternal heart we may cast all our good resolutions, and into whose holy hands we may place our petitions, with the assured hope that "no one has ever had recourse to her and has been forgotten." Thus may the week be spent, and yet the bountiful generosity of the Church is not exhausted by this provision.

The months of the year have, as before remarked, also their devotions, all admirably adapted even to the seasons in which they are suggested for practice. January, with its new leaves turned over, reminds us that we must begin with a new record, and we find the month dedicated to the divine infancy of Him who grew daily in wisdom, in age and in grace.

Any one who considers the subject of the divine infancy will perceive a central character around which all the incidents of the early life gather. In this central figure will be perceived such a depth of sorrow as none other has known, the sorrow of her of whom it is said, "Attend and see if there be sorrow like unto my sorrow." And for this reason it is that immediately after considering the divine infancy, we are called upon to contemplate as the devotion of the month o

February, the "Sorrows of Mary." Who shared these sorrows of the early life of Christ more than His foster-father, and what better devotion could be suggested for the month of March than that which the Church offers us in St. Joseph.

April comes, with its showers and its opening of the earth, suggesting the idea of the going out again of the flocks and the herds. The Church is ahead of us in our thoughts. She has taken the idea to herself and offers us as our April feast of soul the contemplation of the "Good Shepherd."

And when the trees have shed their first dress and buds have put forth their treasures; when the rose bush is in its glory and the whole range of the flower world is developed—then it is that the lily, with its beautiful white and its graceful bend, as if to invite a scrutiny of its colour; then it is that the "Queen of May," the Mystic Rose, the Lily of Israel, is presented to us by the Church for our reverence, our study and our imitation.

"Two hearts in one" is the figure of speech used to indicate the closest relationship that can exist here below. There is poetry in the idea, and the Church—whose doctrines and sacraments are the fountains whence spring the purest wells of poetic song, has selected the month of June, when nature has completed her preparatory work, as Mary was the completion of the first prophecies in reference to the coming of the Divine Messiah;—she has selected this month to honor the Sacred Heart of Jesus: a Heart, as Venerable Margaret says, in which will be inscribed the names of "those who propagate" this devotion, and from which they "shall never be effaced."

Having thus contemplated the glories of Mary and worshipped the perfections of the Sacred Heart, what more natural than the next subject given us by the Church, the Precious Blood, as the source whence we are to slake our spiritual thirst, in the month of July.

As we were called upon to revere the Mother in the month of May, before worshipping the Son, in July, so, having prostrated ourselves before the Precious Blood of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, we next are permitted to honour the most pure Heart of Mary, a heart made purer through its constant intercourse with the Divine Son, for whose coming her heart had especially been saved from the contamination which is our common lot. This is to be the matter of our reflection during the month of August.

If sin be so terrible offence, how honorable the Angel who first resisted Lucifer! Hence the reason why, in September, we are called upon to honor the name and proclaim the glories of the prince of heavenly warriors, the great St. Michael, and we are to join him in declaring, "Who is like unto God," that we should adore any other?

Having honored the leader of the heavenly host, we are then called to address those who help us to perform on earth what St. Michael, did in heaven. The Guardian Angels, whose mission it is to shield and defend us from the enemy vanquished by St. Michael, call for the expression of our confidence and gratitude in the month of October.

The host of us will fall. Even the just man falls seven times a day. What is then to become of those whose course of life is cut short? whose general career has been conformable to the Gospel mandates, but who has failed to present that purity of conscience which will admit them at the moment of death to the immediate enjoyment of the Beatific Vision? Here, also, the foresight of the Church comes into play, and when the leaves have fallen, indicative of the shortness of life, we are reminded to pray for the souls in Purgatory.

With the close of the year we naturally feel inclined to think that it is hard to find ourselves so far from the point towards which we desire to reach. We then need encouragement to resolve again, and to do better in the coming year.

We need encouragement. This is furnished us in the first object of devotion for December the Immaculate Conception of the Most Blessed Virgin, from which subject we may learn how much God loved men, when He chose so pure a creature to be their Spiritual Mother. At the same time we are invited to contemplate the coming of the Divine Redeemer, and during the advent which precedes His coming to throw off the sluggishness of the past, and with the incoming of the Divine Infant, renew our allegiance to Him "whom saints and angels worship, and heaven and earth adore."—*Standard Philadelphia*.

THE PARTING INTERVIEW WITH EMMET.

THE evening before his death, while the workmen were busy with the scaffold, a young lady was ushered into his dungeon. It was the girl whom he so fondly loved, and who had now come to bid him her eternal farewell. He was leaning, in a melancholy mood, against the window-frame of his prison, and the heavy clanking of his irons smote dismally on her heart. The interview was bitterly affecting, and melted even the callous soul of the jailer. As for Emmet he wept and spoke little; but, as he pressed his beloved in silence to his bosom, his countenance betrayed his emotions. In a low voice, half-choked by anguish, he besought her not to forget him; he reminded her of

their former happiness, of the long past days of their childhood, and concluded by requesting her sometimes to visit the scenes where their infancy was spent, and, though the world might repeat his name with scorn, to cling to his memory with affection. At this very instant the evening bell pealed from the neighboring church. Emmet started at the sound! and as he felt that this was the last time that he should ever hear its diurnal echoes, he folded his beloved still closer to his heart and bent over her shrinking form with eyes streaming with affection. The turnkey entered at that moment; ashamed at his weakness, he dashed the rising drop from his eye, and a frown again lowered on his countenance. The man, meanwhile, approached to tear the lady from his embraces. Overcome by his feelings, he could make no resistance, but as he gloomily released her from his hold, gave her a little miniature of himself, and, with this parting token of attachment he imprinted the last kisses of a dying man upon her lips. On gaining the door she turned round, as if to gaze once more on the object of her widowed love. He caught her eyes as she retired it was but for a moment; the dungeon door swung back upon its hinges; and as it closed after her, informed him too surely that they had met for the last time on earth.

Oh! cold is the grave where he silently slumbers,

Where naught but the wild bird his requiem sings,

There sad let the minstrel-boy breathe the wild numbers

Of grief o'er the plaintive harp's sorrowing strings.

Calm, calm, is his sleep, and unsullied his glory,

In the shade of the laurels his martyrdom won,

And long let his name be emblazon'd in story

Green Isle of the ocean! thy patriot son.

Oh, sweet be his rest, while in sorrow we wail him.

And mourn o'er his fate in our tremulous songs!

Green Erin! oh, soft let thy bards proudly hail him

As the hero who bled for thy desolate wrongs,

Twine the sad harp with cypress and willow,

That shade with their foliage, his smouldering urn,

Bedowed with the tear drops that batho his cold pillow,

Where sleeps the lone relic of him whom we mourn.

With naught but the verdure that decks his cold bosom

And springs through the damp sod that covers his breast,

Or the fragrant perfume of the wild heather blossom

In the blaze of his glory, oh, there let him rest!

But his spirit has fled to a happier heaven

Where the bright shades of heroes meet never to part.

O write not his epitaph let it be graven

By gratitude deep on each patriot heart.

Sweet harp of my country! let thy sorrowing numbers

Breathe o'er the cold grave of him whom we weep,

And hallow with music the spot where he slumbers,

And wake with wild anthem of grief o'er his sleep.

Then calm be his rest—let him dwell in his glory,

In the shade of the laurels his martyrdom won;

Oh, long shall his name be recorded in story,

Green Island of song, as thy patriot son.

FACTS ONCE MORE CALLED FOR.

At the recent Unionist—that is, Tory—meeting in Belfast to protest against Home Rule, the full reports of which we have in Irish papers to hand, some very amusing pronouncements were made. We give as follows a sample or two:

"We appeal to those of our fellow-countrymen who have hitherto been in favor of a separate nationality to abandon a demand which hopelessly divides Irishmen."

"Home Rule would destroy all the progress that the country has made during the present century under the beneficent legislation of a united Parliament."

"We cannot tolerate the handing over of the two and a half millions of Irishmen to a Dublin Parliament."

"We all hope the time will soon come when there will cease to be two Irelands."

In every one of these sentences there is a falsehood either direct or suggested, and some of them are falsehoods so patent and palpable as to be positively amusing in their impudence. Amongst the latter is the alleged "progress" in Ireland "during the present century." Of what sort has the progress been? The progress into famine graves or out of the country of half the population. At one period of the present century Ireland had a population of over eight millions, now she has less than five millions. This is "progress under a united Parliament." Throughout the whole of the present century up to this time Ireland has been ruled, is still ruled, by the Protestant minority ascendancy party, and the opinions and wishes of the mass of the people have been and still are flouted and repudiated. How beneficent!

Then the Belfast Unionists reiterate the gross falsehood of "two and a half millions of Irishmen," meaning, of course, that number of

Irishmen opposed to Home Rule. We have so often opposed this huge lie by the exact figures that we are beginning to be afraid we have been wearying our readers with the repetition. But as often as the lie is trotted out it must be met by the truth, and here it is once more. The total population of Ireland, according to the Government census of last year, is 4,706,162, of whom, according to the same census, the Catholics number 3,549,745, and the Protestants of all denominations, 1,156,417. Now as all the world knows, there are not a hundred Catholics (omitting a few landlords and Castle judges) in Ireland against Home Rule. The opposition to Home Rule is therefore exclusively Protestant, and taking all the Protestants—men, women, and children—in Ireland to be in opposition, the number cannot be greater (for there are no more in the country) than 1,156,417, which is over a million less than the number claimed at the Belfast Tory meeting. Such is the fate of this particular Orange lie when confronted with the figures.

It will be observed that the Belfast Unionists talk about their "fellow-countrymen," and about Home Rule hopelessly dividing "Irishmen," and about "two Irelands." The idea here suggested is that those Unionists are Irishmen, but, the truth is, they are nothing of the kind, nor do they even claim to be so. The positively reject the designation "Irishmen." We are not Irishmen but Englishmen," said Sir Edward Harland, one of the Belfast Tory M.P.s, a few weeks ago in the House of Commons, speaking for himself and his party. And one of the principal speakers at the recent Belfast meeting above referred to was Mr. T. W. Russell, who is not even a native of Ireland, though he sits in Parliament for an electoral district of Ulster. Mr. Russell is a Scotchman, yet he has the impudence to appear on a platform in Belfast as an "Irishman opposing Home Rule, and he talks about "Irishmen" being divided on the question.

As a matter of fact, there is no such division, and there are *not* two Irelands. All Irishmen, that is all those who claim and hold and glory in the name, are a practical unit for Home Rule. Those "Irishmen" who are opposed to it are "Irishmen" like Mr. Russell and Sir Edward Harland—"Irishmen," who when any of them come to America, prefer to be known as "Scotch-Irishmen," putting the "Scotch" first, of course, both in the designation and in their affections. There is but one Ireland, and it has got to be ruled on the principle of honest government everywhere, viz., in accord with the wishes of the majority of the people who live in it. To the application of this principle the minority in Ireland must submit, as minorities everywhere have to do. If the Unionists of Belfast don't like to live in Ireland on such conditions there is only one other course open to them, and they know what it is. But they will submit. In spite of the bluster of the Russells and Harlands and Saundersons Ireland will have Home Rule and prosperity and happiness, in which all of every creed and party who reside in the country will be full sharers, and under the benign influence of which, even the Orangemen will, very speedily, we hope, become good Irishmen.—*Irish World*.

ECHOES.

"In the Valley of Silence, in the Land of Vision."

Reader, as you go every day along the principal street of the city on your way to work, and back again on your way home, you pass a low set, old-looking, grey-fronted building, and you have gone on, over and over again, knowing nothing and dreaming nothing of what things, in the long years ago, have taken place within. The walls are cold and silent as yesterday. They tell nothing of those who in cold and in heat, in youth and in age, have toiled away their years, and have gone down into the great hereafter by the long lane of the forgotten past. The day when the brass door plate was new, and when the door was opened first to the patrons of the establishment is so long ago that there are none who remember it. Its front was lordly amongst its fellows in those times, but now the creatures of a younger day lift up their heads about and frown down upon it as who would say, "Begone! For your day is done, your usefulness departed. Let thy bones go down with thy great age, and make way for them that are to come." Sometimes departed footsteps echo along its halls, and Fancy hears voices and sees faces; voices that speak now only in marble, faces that are uncertain in the dim, fading light that is often no more than darkness. But there are some figures that yet move under the sun.

Moving uneasily about, so far away that his black clothes can scarcely be distinguished is the Man in Black himself. He always dressed in black, was always clean-shaven, and always wore immaculate linen propped up by a high black stock that garlanded his neck as a cold ivy decks a tower. Always, too, he wore a high hat, and from this and from the fact that he frequently, when speaking, chafed his thin hands together as one who approved his own mentality, we guess he was a small man, not much over five feet, perhaps, with sharp eyes and legs too thin to carry him. His friends, who owed much to his family pride, considered him "a little close," while the outside world talked of his stinginess and trusted him in the administration of their private affairs. How very neat he was! No cover could be displaced for a moment but he was declaiming ruefully about

untidiness. The employees, who too, all lived in the building, dreaded him as a master and revered him as a friend. And he was a bachelor to the end of his days, for success had grown in his heart and every other shrine was crowded out. Towards the end he moved into a big house, and there every Christmas, although at ordinary times he grudged his breakfast if things were dear, he would have every member of his staff, from the first even to the lowest, with their families, too, and placing himself at the head of the board, deal out good things without the smallest stint. In good time there came an end to his silent wanderings, and as no one loved him because he loved no one, his going off made no great noise, and men, except those who were getting old and silent themselves soon ceased to remember him.

The books of account at that time were kept by one Samuel Jonquil, who had known the Man in Black when they were boys. He was a hard-headed person, strictly regular in all his affairs, except when, as sometimes happened, he allowed his native judgment to depart in fumes of foreign spirits. Then his canny nature became unbearable, and he would fence for minutes over the most harmless question. It is told of him that once, when in this condition, he was removing the books to the vault at three in the afternoon, and on being remonstrated with insisted that it was six. His watch had stopped in the morning, but he had such faith in it and in himself that he called the other clocks wrong in spite of their agreement, and the Man in Black quietly allowed him to go.

After Jonquil went, William Doctum took charge, and became in his turn a part of the institution. Doctum's good nature was never known to fail. An old photograph shows him seated in the centre of a group of the men of that day. He looked at it once long ago in our presence and recalled how each had met his end. But there they all were with their important posing, for the camera had its terrors then as well as now, and his figure seemed as naturally first as could well be thought. He just seemed to grow with his books. The writing in those of forty years ago and more could scarcely be distinguished from the last lines he wrote when moving out to a well earned rest. He lived so carefully and bothered so little with trouble, that instead of being the thin, cadaverous, melancholy person whose occupation we know at a glance, he grew hale and rosy and stout. At odd moments he had a taste for music, usually after mid-day luncheon, or whenever a general depression of spirit threatened the office. It was never known whether at his home he really played upon any musical instrument, but on such occasions as these he would grasp the black ruler, or an umbrella, or cane and whistle away airs that a flute might envy.

Older, much older than Doctum was James Whittle. He remembered when the old place was built, and would even joke with the proprietor. He had been many years in the neighborhood before he became part of the establishment. If any one spoke of old days in the firm's history, he would tell of days before the firm had a history. In politics he was a follower of the late Mr. Baldwin, and though none of his hearers remembered that gentleman, Whittle's views underwent no change. In his still earlier youth he was a more rabid radical, and indeed left his home in Ireland for no other reason than that he had heard a landlord threaten his father. He landed here with a shilling, and dug cellars and ditches until he became rich. When he was poor he was coachman for one of the rich families in the city. His employer would have him wear a livery, but James would have none of it. He told all who would listen that when he gave the labour of his hands and his mind he had done enough, and that he would keep his body for his own. He was a constable once, too, when the force was not so large as it is now, and many an exciting chase, grown more so, doubtless, by the flight of years, he would tell of. After his long life of toil and unrest, for rest he never allowed himself, he left his belongings to his sons, but had to know that he had hoarded only for others to spend, and that in a fashion that was a shock to him while he lived to behold the signs of it.

One more we must tell of before the tale is done and only one, for the rest are either plain and prosy of to-day, or they are lost in the shadows and are but incidents to the lives of the more central figures. This one is a woman, Ellen by name. She has another, and has had more but in the old place no one ever called her aught else. She has known every one that ever moved about the old halls. She knew the Man in Black himself, for thirty-eight years ago she was doing, when a young and sprightly woman, the same humble service she does to-day, an old but cheery one. Then with her young husband she had just landed from Ireland, where she still hopes her few hard-scraped coppers will some day return her. Some years after that the Man in Black one day addressed her kindly as she was going home. "Do you keep house?" She answered that she did. "How many rooms?" "Two sir," for so it was she abode with her little boy. Now the Man in Black never suffered himself to evince any interest without an object, and so it came that after commenting that that was no house at all, he wrapped up a goodly and very acceptable parcel and bestowed it silently upon the grateful girl-mother and widow. For her husband had died before even her son was born, and she was left to provide for herself and for him, under Providence among strangers. If there was any excitement, and there were times when it was plenty, she was drawn to it. Yet she was quiet and peaceful to a degree. She saw the

mob that accompanied the triumphs of old Square-Tous, and was soundly berated for the delay occasioned by it. She remembers the Fenian raid perfectly and knew all those who suffered from the suspicion of the time. Her mind is a storehouse of simple and always kindly memories. And upon these, and mostly upon two of them, she rests for her comfort. The first is the memory of the husband who died while the smoke from the candles on the marriage altar was scarcely lost. The other is the memory, for that, too, is only a memory, of her boy. He is her boy still, although it is nearly thirty years since a falling tree crushed out the life she had watched so patiently. Had he lived he would have been a middle-aged man now, but since he died then he is yet a boy. Deep in her heart, in day and in night, he is still present, the boy who for some poor deed received the money that in a month saw him borne decently to rest. Not the sorrows of a lonely woman, nor the trials of the poor have been enough to move the image of youth and hope that was framed once and for all that day. She is still the young widow with her son, though no grandchild shall ever climb her knees.

These things the grey walls shield from the careless passer-by.

CYRIL.

Catholic Canadian Celebrities.

HON. JOHN SANDFIELD MACDONALD

ONCE again we find with pleasure that our work brings us back among the Glengarryites, and into the little village of St. Raphael, where, on the 12th of December, 1812, was born the very able Scotch Canadian statesman, John Sandfield Macdonald.

His early history is interesting. At the age of eleven the boy portrayed the man of independent principle, by striking out to make his own living, and, though foiled in this romantic project, he soon afterwards took another step towards independence by hiring as clerk in a grocer store.

It seems, however, that his commercial enterprise was cruelly nipped in the bud by the street Arab's epithet of "counter-hopper" and, his sensitive nature being unable to bear public ridicule, he retired from business. John Sandfield then determined upon the study of law. Preparatory to so doing he attended the grammar school in Cornwall, and we are assured by his teacher, Dr. Uguhart, that the studious Sandfield won the highest honours. In 1835 he signed articles as law student to Judge Maclean, and five years afterwards was admitted to the bar of Upper Canada, immediately after which the one-time "counter-hopper" returned to Cornwall to practice his profession, and till death ended a laborious life, Mr. Macdonald had one of the best practices in the country.

But the people of Glengarry were anxious to place the most esteemed and most capable of their men in that position which is the ambition of every Canadian—a seat in parliament. He was therefore elected as the representative of Glengarry in 1841, and for sixteen years continued in that position, being generally the unanimous choice of the people.

Mr. Macdonald opposed the Family Compact in Upper Canada, and cast his vote with the Lower Canadians against Representation by Population. The former was the platform of the Reform party. The espousal of the latter by John Sandfield is owing, probably, to his county lying so near the boundary line of the two Canadas, and as being, likewise, more favorable to Glengarry's population and to the affinity of religion. In 1849, under the Baldwin-Lafontaine administration, he became Solicitor-General for Upper Canada, and in 1852 was elected Speaker of the Assembly.

During the session of 1854 his Scotch aggressiveness shows itself in boldly recording an adverse vote on the address in reply to the speech from the throne, and, having also an influence over two other votes, he forced Mr. Hinks to tender his resignation.

In 1858 he was attorney-general under the Brown Dorion government. It was about this time that Mr. Macdonald held a strange position in the Canadian parliament, elected on the Reform ticket, yet standing an independent member against the government and the opposition, an "Ishmael of Parliament" as he aptly styles himself.

In 1862 he, together with Mr. Scotte, formed the Macdonald-Scotte Ministry.

During this Government our Separate School Act was passed, and the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Belleville, the Blind Institute at Brantford, and Lunatic Asylum were established through the philanthropic assistance of the Scotch Premier.

The first government held after Confederation was formed by Hon. Sandfield and continued in power until 1871, when he retired from the Premiership leaving a grand surplus of three million dollars in the treasury, proof positive of what can be done by men in public trust who have the country's good at heart.

The Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald was a tall, spare man of very grave disposition, and to know his kindly nature one must have been a friend of long standing. His record as a public man is honest and untarnished by even the breath of slander, and his private life good

and wholesome. He never followed in the footsteps of others, but made his way according to his own convictions. We are told that his mind was of a critical and enquiring turn, not accepting terms as they were given him, but rather as he himself found them to be true and sound. He could neither be bribed, threatened nor persuaded by party or creed into acting against his own judgment. We might sum it all up in the words of a correspondent who knew him well. The characteristics of John Sandfield Macdonald's mind were clearness of perception, calmness of judgment and patient investigation, producing as their consequence firmness of conduct and independence of principle."

On the first of June, 1872, at his home in "Ivy Hall," Mr. Macdonald found release from a life long delicacy of constitution, and was buried at St. Andrews, a few miles out of Cornwall.

L. A. HENRY.

WHO ARE SAVED?

THE appended passages are from an exceedingly interesting lecture recently given before a large audience in Washington by Philip J. Garrigan, vice-rector of the Catholic University of America.

I confess at the very outset of this lecture, ladies and gentlemen, that to answer this question satisfactorily—that is, logically and theologically—is a difficult and delicate task. It is difficult because of the mystery that surrounds men's lives and motives, and delicate because it mainly concerns those who are, externally at least, outside the Church, but who have, nevertheless, a right to both justice and charity from us in defining their relation to the society outside whose pale there is no salvation. We freely admit that in treating this question, which is of the deepest interest, men may go, and in fact have often gone, to excess in argument and judgment, and have misunderstood God's economy in dealing with His creatures, and have misrepresented religion in its mission to men. Moreover, many of those who are not of our Church, misconceive what we hold in regard to them, and some of us, and not a few, are mistaken as to what we are bound to hold, while many on either side have no clear conception of how the case stands or how to give an intelligent answer to this important and oft repeated question.

The general question resolves itself into these: Has the Catholic Church defined that outside her pale there is no salvation? By what authority has she so defined, and what is the meaning of the definition? The Church has constantly taught from the beginning, that in order to be saved we must belong to her communion. The fourth Lateran council, held in the commencement of the thirteenth century, and Pius IX., in our own day (1854), in a solemn allocution to an assemblage of cardinals and bishops from all parts of the world, have defined that it is to be held of faith that outside the apostolic Roman Church no one can be saved.

"Nevertheless," Pius IX. adds, "it is to be held as certain that those who are ignorant of the Christian religion, if that ignorance be invincible, are not, therefore, held to any account of guilt before the Lord, for it is known to us and to you that those who are in invincible ignorance about the holy religion, and who carefully observe the natural law and its precepts imprinted in the hearts of all men by God, and who are prepared to obey God, leading honest and upright lives, can obtain eternal life with the aid of divine light and grace, for God, who fully penetrates, examines and knows the mind, the spirit, the thoughts and the lives of all men, because of His infinite goodness and mercy, cannot suffer anyone to undergo eternal punishment who is not guilty of voluntary sin." In addition to the explanations of this doctrine by the last saintly Pontiff, two other Popes have condemned the following assertions as heretical. "That the heathen and Jews and heretics receive no influence from Christ." And this. "That there is no grace given to any one outside the Church."

Now, we may belong to the Church by actual and by virtual membership. One is actually a member when he is validly baptized and living in obedience to the authority and in the union of its communion—that is, in the enjoyment of the sacrament, the sacred rites, prayers and privileges of the household of faith. A man is virtually a member of the true Church, even without baptism, when he is disposed, ready and anxious to do all that God requires him to do, even to enter the Church, could he find it in the order to please God and save his soul.

All those are outside the Church who, recognizing the true Church, will not enter it, and who, through culpable neglect, of which God alone knows and judges, do not wish to find it, and would not become a member of it if they did. This class of persons is in what we call bad faith—that is, they reject what they know or suspect is right and true, they shut out divine light from their minds, are disobedient to the promptings or guidance of their own conscience, and live in intellectual convictions.

Now, the Catholic Church never taught that no one is saved who dies out of her communion by invincible necessity—for instance, a person who did not belong to that communion became sensible of his error, and earnestly desired to be admitted to the true Church, but

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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commented by

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

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

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

The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, Toronto

The Late Archbishop Lynch.

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

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

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion.

Published by

The Catholic Review Publishing Company, (Limited)

Offices, 64 Adelaide St. East, (opposite Court House).

A. C. MACDONELL, President.

PH. DRONUCHY, Editor and Manager

REV. W. FLANNERY, Associate Editor

TERMS: \$2.00 per annum, or \$1.50 if paid strictly in advance. Advertisements acceptable in character and limited in number, will be taken at the rate of \$2 per line per annum 10 cents per line for ordinary insertions. CLUB rates: 10 copies, \$16.

All advertisements will be set up in such style as to insure the tasteful typographical appearance of the REVIEW and enhance the value of the advertisements in its columns.

Remittances by P. O. Order or draft should be made payable to the MANAGER.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1892.

THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM.

THE *Mail* seems somewhat razzle-dazzled because Mr. Oscar Rousseau, of Nicolet, Que., has recently obtained from Rome a fitting recognition of his services in the Papal Brigade, and has been appointed a chevalier commander of the Order of St. Gregory. The gentleman in question volunteered as a private in the regiment of Canadian Zouaves, who crossed the seas in 1870, and placed themselves under command of General Charette in defense of the Pope against the infidel hordes led by the famous Garibaldi. The *Mail* says that Mr. Oscar Rousseau "served in the Pontifical army against the cause of freedom." It is utterly impossible for the *Mail* to take in the situation as it then existed, and acknowledge Mazzini as the "Knight of the dagger," and his tool Garibaldi, as a common freebooter. History acknowledges both, however. Mazzini was an unscrupulous plotter, who stopped at no crime to promote the downfall of Christianity in the person of the Father of the Faithful, and thus bring about a Reign of Terror, and the destruction of all rational freedom. He kept aloof, however, from even the approach of danger, and hounded on Garibaldi to his defeat at Mentana, and his imprisonment on the lone island of Caprera. Mazzini's destructive principles of "death by the dagger and dynamite" are now being followed and acted upon by the members of the secret oath-bound societies which he established, and all Europe trembles in the presence of lurking danger from unforeseen explosions of dynamite bombs in the hands of the anarchists at Rome and in Paris and other cities of the continent. The cause of the stealthy dagger and explosive cotton powder is what the *Mail* would have considered as the cause of freedom. The admonitions of the imprisoned Shepherd, willing to lay down his life for his flock, are, in the *Mail's* estimation, the thunders of the Vatican, the menaces of the tyrant. And its views were largely shared in sometime ago by the politicians and world-wise statesmen, who raised the cry of "clericalism" and put religion in abeyance. But the perils which threatened the Vatican in those days are now brought to their own doors, and a change has come over the spirit of their dream. The very men and the coteries that encouraged Mazzini and sent aid to Garibaldi, are now making stringent laws against the very possession even of daggers and dynamite. The cause of the Anarchists and the shibboleth of the Carbonari and Mafia, are no longer accepted as evidences of a wish to promote freedom;

but rather as a means to introduce tyranny of the worst kind and chaos into civilized society. The cause of the Vatican is now triumphant, whence true freedom has at all times been preached and practised. The cause of Revolution and Dynamite, which Mr. Oscar Rousseau fought against, is now detested as tyranny by all, except, perhaps, by the *Toronto Mail*.

PUBLIC SENTIMENT AGAINST THE HOODLUMS.

THE little tyrants of the junior Orange Lodges are finding out that the people of Toronto do not look with favor on their violent efforts to make trouble for the Knights of St. John.

The "machine" got a bad wrench in the recent election and the engineers will, if they have any sense left, lie very low for some time to come. "Papers that give space to the ravings of fakirs who use Protestantism as a grocery sign are crazier than the author of elephant's breath arguments," says the *Telegram* of Wednesday. The *News* of same date says, "The question this community may soon be forced to face is: Why should Jumbo Campbell and other disturbers of the public peace be allowed to remain at large?" and the *World*, which had industriously published the Lodge resolutions, says on Thursday, "Protestant liberties will not be endangered by the visit here of the Knights of St. John. The visiting strangers will experience nothing in this Protestant city but hospitality and kindly feelings. The little speck of opposition that has been voiced may be estimated at its value by the fact that it is generated by the eminent oratorical cheesemonger, Jumbo Campbell. Toronto has always been ready to receive visitors with open arms, so much so that we are looked upon as the only proper place to hold conventions in this Dominion. There is nothing to induce us to go back on that record now. The Knights will be heartily received by their fellow-knights, and the rest of our people, though of different faiths, are big enough in spirit to display that toleration and magnanimity which are the foundation stones of true Protestantism."

THE MONTH OF MARY.

ON Sunday last, first day of the month, a denser profusion of natural flowers that perfumed the atmosphere, more brilliant lights and scintillating tiny lamps, adorned the side chapels and altars dedicated to the Mother of God. Crowds of worshippers, especially of the devout sex, were seen, at the close of morning service, moving towards the sanctuary that enshrined the loved image of Mary Immaculate. Heartfelt ejaculations were heard and short, but fervent, prayers offered for special intentions. Mothers invoked the Madonna's protection for wayward sons. Pious maidens implored her powerful interest in the conversion of a careless father, mayhaps of a skeptical brother. Hymns were intoned at the evening devotions and sung by the entire congregation, in praise of Mary's incomparable virtues, and of her high prerogatives and exalted dignity of Queen of Heaven and joy of the blessed. This was but the inauguration of the consoling and cheering ceremonies of the month of May, and they were not confined to one church or one city; they were repeated under the dome of every gorgeous temple, and in the little side-chapel of every modest Catholic church in the universe. For everywhere and always alongside of the altars erected in honour of Him who was slain for the world's iniquities may be seen the altar and image of Mary, who wept at the foot of the Cross. The Catholic Church is but a continuation of Calvary, where the Mother of Sorrows stands weeping and pleading for a heedless and sinning world. Hence the universality of that tender and affectionate devotion we pay to the Mother of Jesus at all times, especially during the month of flowers, of seed time, of perfume and of promise.

Catholic devotion to Mary is as ancient as Christianity itself. There is a pious and venerable tradition, sanctioned by decrees

of the Church, that even during the lifetime of the Blessed Virgin, the religious who built the first Christian monastery on the slopes of Mount Carmel honoured the Mother of Jesus with a special cult and erected in her name and honour a temple and an altar on the very spot where the prophet Elias, a few centuries previous, had foreseen the Immaculate Virgin, in the shape of a white and thin cloud, the presage of peace and prosperity for all the people of Israel.

During the first three hundred years of the church's existence, fierce persecution raged. Martyr's blood crimsoned the arena and public squares of pagan Rome, the holy sacrifice was offered up in secluded places, in caves and catacombs. Nor was it possible for the church to show her veneration for God's Mother in the erection of sanctuaries or temples in her name and honour. Such modes of public recognition of her dignity must have commenced very soon after the emancipation of Christianity, granted in the beginning of the fourth century by Constantine the Great. History tells us that the Council of Ephesus which assembled A. D. 431, was held in St. Mary's church. And this Council was called together for the purpose of declaring for or against Nestorius, who maintained, in his public letters and utterances in the pulpit, that Mary did not deserve "the appellation of Mother of God, as she was but the mother of His human personality." The Council condemned Nestorius and declared that Mary's title is *Theotikos*, or "Mother of God."

It is on record that the Council's decision was received with acclamations of joy, not only by the citizens of Ephesus, who gave themselves up to feasting and rejoicing for whole days, but by all good and faithful souls in every portion of Christendom. So universal and of remote antiquity is the practice of honouring the Mother of God and praying to her, that no date can be fixed for the custom, everywhere prevalent, of adding to the Lord's prayer the "Angelical Salutation," and the short ejaculatory "pray for us now and at the hour of our death."

St. Justin, who flourished as an eloquent writer and orator towards the close of the first century, destroyed the heresies of the Docetæ and of the Ebionites by establishing the two great facts of Mary's virginity and maternity. The Ebionites denied the divinity of Christ, the former with Menander maintained that our Blessed Lord was always God, and merely put on the form or the appearance of humanity. These heresies, with more or less variations, are the foundation and origin of all subsequent deviations from Catholic truth. They were both met and triumphantly silenced by St. Justin; he proving from Mary's true maternity that Jesus Christ is what He was often pleased to call Himself "the Son of Man" and by establishing from her virginity that He is the Son of God, or, in other words, that the Redeemer is what Catholic faith has always asserted and taught, "true God and true man."

By a somewhat similar mode of argument, St. Cyrill contended at the Council of Ephesus that, if the divine maternity were denied the Blessed Virgin Christianity would come to an end, and all our hopes of eternal felicity would be shattered for ever. "If," exclaimed the holy patriarch, "the Incarnation of the Word is but a figure, if the Virgin did not in reality give birth to the Son of God, who is God, the Word then issuing from God the Father has not assumed the seed of Abraham, has not taken us for co-heirs and brothers, &c., and thus all that establishes for us a cause of salvation is reduced to nothing the moment you reject the divine maternity. Should we grant this all our faith would vanish completely. The cross, the salvation and life of the world, falls, and with it vanishes the hope of the human race. *Hoc autem concessio fides nostra plane evanescit; ad hoc crux, quæ est mundi et Salus et vita interit, interit denique Universa confidentia.*"

Thus from the earliest ages we find the same arguments employed in proof of the all-saving faith of Christ's Atonement and man's redemption; all based on the special prerogatives of her

who was destined "to crush the serpent's head" and fully justifying the words of praise sung in Mary's honour: *Gaude Maria Virgo, cunctas hereses sola interimisti in universo mundo.*"

Rejoice, O Mary ever Virgin, for thou alone hast given the death blow to all the heresies that ever sprang up in the whole world.

Previous to the days of Nestorius, we find the same practice so generally observed among Christian people that it drew upon them the reproach of Julien the Apostate: "You Christians are for ever calling Mary the Mother of God. *Vos Mariam Deiparam vocare non cessistis*—St. Gregory of Nazianzen one hundred years before the Council of Ephesus, and his words were quoted at that Council, said: "If any one refuses to acknowledge Mary as the Mother of God, he does not belong to God." Whole pages might be quoted from St. Augustine, St. Ambrose and other early fathers and doctors of the Church, in proof of the antiquity and universality of the devotion that we now pay in a very poor manner to the Mother of God, when we assemble at her altars to sing her praises and invoke her powerful intercession.

That she is powerful in heaven it would be impossible to doubt even. Is she not our mother, given to us in the person of John by Him who, when dying, said: "behold thy mother?" What will not a loving mother do for suppliant and repentant children? She will do all she can. But Mary in Heaven can do all. There are two great powers in heaven—God who does all of Himself, Mary who does all by intercession; God who is omnipotent from His throne, Mary who is omnipotent from a kneeling posture and suppliant hands.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

In the course of a discourse in the Provisional Church of St. Patrick, Rome, on St. Patrick's Day, the Very Rev. Prior Butler, O.C.C., gave utterance to the following passage on St. Patrick which well merits reproduction. "His very name distinguishes an Irishman, and in every clime under heaven—from this Seven-Hilled City of the Popes, whence Patrick derived his orders, and his jurisdiction, to Armagh the Blessed, and from New York, with its marble Cathedral of St. Patrick, to the Antipodes, where the magnificent cathedrals (of St. Patrick) of Melbourne and Sydney crown the noble heights that overlook Port Philip and Port Jackson—the name of St. Patrick is written in characters of imperishable art—in triumphs of Irish Faith and Irish Love."

HIS GRACE the Archbishop of Dublin has accepted the seat on the Irish Intermediate Education Board rendered vacant by the death of the Most Rev. Dr. Egan, Bishop of Waterford. The appointment is undoubtedly the most popular which could be made, says the *Catholic Times* of Liverpool, and cannot fail to give great satisfaction to all who are interested in Irish Intermediate Education. His Grace's profound knowledge of the Education Question will enable him to bring before the Board many valuable suggestions for the improvement of the entire system. To Catholic teachers and students the appointment is especially welcome, and their interests have no abler or more zealous advocate than the new Commissioner.

A despatch to the *Irish World* from Dublin, dated April 25th gives notice of an unwarrantable outrage upon a defenceless congregation by Orange minions. The same spirit that prompted the attack upon Notre Dame Institute some years ago in this city evidently actuated these miscreants. The despatch reads as follows:—A flagrant outrage was perpetrated last evening at Edenderry, near Portadown Armagh. Several miscreants, members of an Orange Lodge, attacked the chapel when there was no chance for any one to protect it, and smashed the doors and windows. The priest was officiating at evening service, and a volley of stones was thrown through a window, one of them nearly striking him. An attempt was made to catch the scoundrels, but they succeeded in making their escape, crying: "Down with the Pope" and other ribald remarks, intended to hurt the feelings of the worshipers. This is not the first time that outrages

have been committed at this chapel. On several occasions within the past few months windows have been smashed and doors damaged.

The following true picture of a drunkard's bargain appears in the *Southern Star*

"There's my money, give me a drink! There's the clothing and food and fire of my wife and children—give me a drink! There's the education of the family and the peace of the house—give me a drink! There's the rent I have robbed from my landlord, fees I have robbed of my schoolmaster, and innumerable articles I have robbed from my shopkeeper—give me a drink! Pour me out a drink, and yet more, I will pay for it! There's my health of body and peace of mind, there's my character as a man and my character as a Christian, I give up all—give me a drink! More yet I have to give! There's my heavenly inheritance, and the eternal friendship of the redeemed, there, there is all hope of salvation! I give up my God! I give all that is great and good and glorious in the universe! I resign all forever that I may be drunk."

"A member of the Junior Athenæum Club has been at much pains," says Mr. Labouchere in *London Truth* "to convince me of my error in speaking of Roman Catholics as "Catholics," and of the Roman Catholic Church as the "Catholic Church." The Roman Catholic Church was known as the Catholic Church for many centuries. It has therefore a right to this trade-mark. What people call themselves matters little, the important point is what they are. For the Church of England to call itself the Catholic Church has always seemed to me as absurd as for the Hartington and Chamberlain gang of seceders to call themselves the Liberal party. Commenting on the coming elections the same writer says, that Irishmen must remember that Home Rule is not yet won, adding, "we must obtain a majority at the next elections and maintain it in the face of unscrupulous opposition. The English have put in the background all English issues in order to aid the Irish. If the English electors find the battle lost owing to Irish dissensions their determination to force Home Rule to the front will be weakened. Irishmen can rest assured that if Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule bill does not meet with their approval no English statesman will dream of forcing it down their throats. If it is not frankly accepted as a final settlement of the Irish question there is not the slightest possibility that it will obtain a majority in the United Kingdom."

From the Roman correspondent of the *Liverpool Catholic Times* we are informed that the sad sale of furniture and objects of art belonging to the Borghese family is now terminated, and, we are assured, realised the total of one million three hundred thousand francs. The magnificent collection of precious and ancestral souvenirs are now scattered to the four corners of the earth. The sale ended with the famous table service in vermilion, gift to Pauline Borghese by her brother, Napoleon I. The struggle was long, but finally the Prince of Bascina was declared possessor of the exquisite service for the sum of one hundred and fifty-seven thousand francs, and it will now go to complete the great collection in his palace in Palermo, which is considered to be one of the marvels of Sicily. In the midst of Pompeian, Arab, Ogival, and Renaissance pavilions, the Prince has built a dining-room which is unequalled in the world. It is sufficiently vast to contain hundreds of guests, and the walls are covered with richly ornamented shelves, upon which the most splendid services of old china are to be seen. Their value consists in that they are all complete, unlike other collections, and are of priceless value. The service which the Prince has now acquired will, it is said, be the jewel of the whole. The sale of objects belonging to Pope Paul V. was severely criticised. For the honour of a great family such relics at least should be spared.

We publish below the report of a lecture delivered in Richmond hall under the auspices of a lodge of Orange Young Britons, by an individual—evidently of unbalanced mind—and associated with whom on the platform were the past master of an Orange lodge, and one having the prefix of "Rev." before his name, a fitting company for a fitting purpose. We apologize to our readers for giving the vile stuff place, or soiling our columns with the names of these social pariahs, but the

character of those opposing the Knights of St. John's request to the council, of which this meeting was a fair representation, should be known. Moreover, it is a fair sample of the intellectual food these bestial carrion delight to feed upon—dolectable material indeed for loyal "Equal Righters" and "bulwarks of Protestantism" as the Orange order calls itself. A more brutal or debased set of men than those present at the meeting would be hard to find, the savage aborigine being a prince of perfection by comparison. It is rabble of this sort that presumes to dictate to, and claim consideration from, the British Parliament as loyal citizens, and who, though a very small minority, are making such a noise in Ireland, because, forsooth, they see the day at hand when Ireland's grievances will be redressed on the return of Mr. Gladstone to power. These men, both in method of action, and veracity, are typical of the majority of those in Ireland opposed to Home Rule, and as such should be held up to the public view. The report, as taken from the *World* of Wednesday last, is as follows.

"Jumbo" John: Campbell, ex Q.P.O., which being translated, is ex-Queen's Park Orator, lectured in Richmond Hall last night under the auspices of Derry lodge, Orange Young Britons "Jumbo" took for his subject: "Will the (Host) Pancake God of Rome be Carried in Procession in Toronto on June 20? Yes or No?" Mr. A. H. Gordon, past master of L.O.L. No. 919, occupied the chair, and on the platform was Rev. A. B. Demill, editor of *The Protestant*.

There was a fair attendance of Young Britons and their friends, who marched to the hall headed by a fife and drum band from Leslieville.

The speaker's remarks were a repetition of his sentiments expressed at various times in the Queen's Park. The applause that greeted his denunciations was deafening. In connection with the coming convention he said that Protestants should rise and protest against the city granting such an organization a sum of money to be used, as he stated, in exterminating Protestantism.

Rev. Mr. Demill then addressed the audience on the college which he has established in the city for the education of the daughters of Protestants in order to keep them from being placed in convents or other Roman Catholic Institutions.

Votes of thanks were tendered to "Jumbo," Mr. Demill and the chairman, and a resolution was passed, to be presented to the City Council, "that this meeting disapproves of the action of the city in granting any money to the coming convention of the Knights of St. John."

Before the meeting dispersed Mr. Campbell, as advertised, distributed 500 "pancake gods," which, he stated, Roman Catholics worshipped.

Under the protection of the band and its followers "Jumbo" was escorted to his home, from the steps of which he thanked the people for their patronage. Then eastward the Young Britons trudged to the inspiring airs of Orangeism.

According to the company a man keeps is his character known. This rule certainly augurs well for the reputation of the college "for the education of the daughters of Protestants," of which Rev. Mr. Demill is principal, and speaks volumes for its value as an educational medium.

THE *London Star* comments as follows on the recent Orange blustering about Home Rule, comparing it with their bluster 20 years ago.

The meeting of Ulster Orangemen at Downshire House (London) threatening contingent rebellion to a Home-Rule Parliament, need not alarm the most timid of politicians. "Passive resistance" to the laws of an Irish Parliament is at present the ultimatum of these worthies who promise to wage open war with England in the event of the disestablishment of the Irish Church three and twenty years ago. A M. Flanagan, a Protestant rector in the County Tyrone, declared his intention in a platform speech of kicking the Queen's Crown into the Boyne if she gave her royal assent to the Disestablishment Act. The Right Hon. David Plunket, M. P., a member of the present Government, was in the old Established Church days a make-believe fire-eater. Some of his anti-disestablishment speeches are immensely amusing. Here is an extract from one of his orations delivered in Dublin in 1868:

'I appeal to our brother Protestants in England, Scotland and Wales to stand by us in this last awful hour of our fortune. And we call upon them not to drive us again to that old kind of material physical resistance which accompanied the first protest of our fathers three centuries ago, which accompanied the second protest in this kingdom two hundred years ago, which accompanied the glorious struggle for liberty and Protestantism of our predecessors, and whose protest by and word they were willing to seal with their blood in martyrdom and battle.'

But Mr. Plunkett's declarations of fight were mild as compared with the ecclesiastical warriors of that day. The Rev. W. H. Ferrar, one of the fellows of Trinity College, thus delivered his soul: "If the Church Establishment be destroyed in Ireland there must not be, there shall not be, peace in Ireland. If they think the Protestant in Ireland will succumb without a struggle they know not the men with whom they have to deal. If they want us to die as martyrs we will die as soldiers first." The Rev. Thomas Ellis of Newbliss won, we think, the prize as a pledged belligerent in the event of the Church being disestablished. "We will fight," this gentleman assured his audience, "as men alone can fight who have the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other. We will fight—nay, if needs be, we will die, as our fathers died before us, die as our sons will die who succeed us. Yes, we will die, if needs be, and this will be our dying cry echoed and re-echoed from earth to heaven, and from one end of Ulster to the other, 'No Popery! no surrender!'" Now turn to the "passive resistance" of the attenuated coteries of Downshire House in comparison with the threatenings and laughter breathed forth by the Orange heroes of 1861.

M. Ricard, the French Minister of Justice and of Public Worship—a title that can only be understood in the ironical sense—has since the debate in the Chamber raised by Mgr. d'Hulst addressed a circular to the Procureurs-Generaux with reference to the recent disturbances in churches. After observing that edifices consecrated to Catholic worship have recently been "the theatre of tumultuous scenes," the Minister, as reported by the Paris correspondent of *Liverpool Catholic Times*, says:—"The Government, with whom lies the responsibility of maintaining order, and who has a legitimate solicitude with regard to this responsibility, has the firm intention of taking or causing to be taken, such measures as will prevent a repetition of these scenes." M. Ricard then points out that Clause 261 of the Penal Code is especially directed to repress all attempts to interfere with the freedom of worship. Now comes the gist of the circular:—"It is precisely because of this determination to assure to places of worship the protection provided by the law that the Government deplors the introduction of practices tending to withdraw from them the benefit of this protection. I allude to those *conferences* and especially the *conferences dialogues* (wherein questions are put to the preacher or lecturer and are answered by him) which, dealing with current polemical questions and preceded by special invitations, provoke discussion, and are calculated to transform the pulpit into a controversial centre. Such *conferences* are only distantly connected with preaching, that is to say with the teachings of religion and morality which belongs to the practice of worship. I rely upon the episcopal authority to put a check upon proceedings so ill-considered in themselves and so unfortunate in their consequences. I hope that the Bishops will understand that the respect and protection due to places of worship render it necessary to put obstacles in way of everything tending to turn them from their legitimate purpose. Their solicitude for religious peace will make them understand, I am sure the necessity for giving such instructions to the priests in their diocese as will assure the respect due to the laws of the country, and will lead to avoiding under every circumstances, criticism, and censure, such as are punished by Act 201 and following clauses of the Penal Code. If this hope should not be realized, and if the enactments of which the text has been indicated should be lost sight of, I am resolved to take without delay such measures as will ensure the strict observance of the law."

A pastoral letter issued subsequently, and signed by the Archbishop of Avignon and the four suffragan Bishops of Nimes, Montpellier, Viviers, and Valence, may be looked on as a reply to the above circular of the Minister of Public Worship to the Procureurs-Generaux. As such it assumes the aspect of an important political document,

about which more will probably be heard. The *Lanterne* and other Radical organs already propose banishment for the offending prelates.

The pastoral, we are informed, is not only a defence of the Bishop of Mende's attitude with respect to the municipal elections in the department of the Lozere, but it is, moreover, an extension of that attitude, embracing the duties of Catholics throughout the country in the matter of all elections, whether legislative or municipal. It is a long-standing bone of contention brought to the front, it is claiming for Catholics those rights which the Government seems the least disposed to grant, viz.: that of bringing religious influence to bear upon elections. The circular from Nimes commences with the Pope's Encyclical which polemics take possession of and argue from; and proceeding thence it shows that the duty to obey the State ends just where ends the State's right to command. Separating the constitution, as such, from the legislation done in its name, it says: "It is the duty of Catholics to oppose by word and act those laws that wound their consciences or the interests of religion, and consequently it is their rigorous duty to send as members of elected bodies only those men who share, or at least, respect their religious beliefs. After laying down certain duties of Catholic voters, the non-performance of which, according to theologians, being a mortal sin, the circular attacks the present school laws, and says: "This infusion of infidel blood into the arteries of our social system will soon be the ruin of Christian institutions in this country unless priests of every rank labor hard to stem its disastrous tide." For saying less than this in the pulpit about the school laws a priest was recently condemned to a week's imprisonment: and for saying far less in his circular about the duties of electors the Bishop of Mende is to be prosecuted, and has already had his stipend stopped. We shall see how M. Ricard will deal with the Archbishop of Nimes and his suffragans, whose bold attitude, it is to be hoped, will be strengthened by the adhesion of other members of the Episcopate. The current in this direction is likely to be increased by Mgr. Perraud's, Bishop of Autun, brochure on the Pope's Encyclical.

This brochure says the *Catholic Times* correspondent, comes at an auspicious moment. Entitled "Quelques Reflexions au Sujet de l'Encyclique du 16 Fevrier," its object is to defend the Encyclical from false and too exclusive interpretation, and to draw the line where the duties of the citizen end and those of the Catholic commence. "The Encyclical," says Mgr. Perraud, "has for basis Jesus Christ's words: 'Render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsars, and to God the thing which are God's.'" For eighteen hundred years," he continues, "Christian societies have been living upon the principle contained in these words, a principle which guarantees to the State its right and to the human conscience its liberty." With this he urges all Catholics, whether Monarchists or Republicans, to bring religious influence to bear upon the approaching elections.

There is a point of absurdity in the fact that the circular so obnoxious to the Minister of Public Worship, has not yet been made public in the diocese of Mende. The Government received a copy of it through the local *Prefecture* while it was still in the printer's hands. Therefore, the good Bishop has been punished, not for what he has done but for what he intends to do. The circular is to be read in the churches on the appointed day and exactly in its original form.

The Bishop of Mende possesses the full confidence of his flock and is very popular amongst them, the same correspondent informing us that the Bishop's return home the other day was like a triumphal progress. He was met at the station by a body of priests and people who cried "Vive Monseigneur." He reached his palace on foot accompanied by the members of his flock and by his carriage containing the flowers that had just been presented to him at the station. There was to have been a public procession and a triumphal arch in his honour, but the Municipal authorities interfered to stop these demonstrations. The windows of private houses, however, were gaily decorated with flags and flowers. The Bishop is reported to have said: "I am deeply touched by these spontaneous marks of sympathy, as they show that my diocesans approve of their pastor. I have seen several revolutions. I was in Paris in 1871, vicar at Saint-Bernard de la Chapelle, and as I did my duty under the Commune so I shall do it now."

"FORGET--FORGIVE."

G. M. IN "CATHOLIC MIRROR."

II.

Mr. Pounceby was seated with his arms resting upon his desk, his eyes fixed upon a voluminous legal document that was spread open before him, but of the contents of which he was perfectly unconscious. He was a fine, portly, handsome man of over sixty years of age, with snow white hair, a broad massive forehead, indicative of acuteness and mental power, a healthy, clean-shaven face, a prominent, well-shaped nose and a firm, expressive mouth.

Suddenly he threw himself back in his chair, clasped his hands together, and, resting his chin upon them, gazed vacantly before him with a sad, thoughtful look in his dark gray eyes that lent the like expression to the whole of his countenance.

He was thinking of the past—recalling to mind a scene that had taken place in that very room five years before between his only son and himself—of the bitter, passionate words that had fallen from his lips, the angry retort that had leaped from the lips of the high-spirited young man, and the proud, pained look that was on his face as he had bidden him adieu and gone into the world to seek his fortune.

"Not a penny of my money shall you have!" he had said to his son. "As you have made your bed, so you must lie upon it. Go; let me never see your face again!"

Hard words these, but John Pounceby was not himself at that time—he was suffering from a grievous disappointment; for the impetuous young man for whom he had planned a brilliant future—he had acquitted himself most honorably at college—who was the pride and comfort of his declining years, and was to be his successor in the business of which he was so proud, had that morning informed him of his fixed and unalterable determination to marry a beautiful, accomplished, but utterly portionless girl.

Yes, it was cruel, a bitter disappointment to have all his hopes shattered at a blow, for he had fondly believed that his son would marry a charming girl, a ward in Chancery with an immense fortune, who he knew was willing to become his wife.

But now he bitterly regretted the cruel scornful words he had uttered; he had learned that disappointment might be borne, but that nothing could compensate for the love he had so ruthlessly cast from him. The first burst of passion over, he had hoped the young man would come to him and ask for forgiveness, but years had passed, and it was with a sad smile that he reflected that his son possessed a nature as proud and unbending as his own. No, John Pounceby, junior, was not the man to sue for pardon after the bitter words—words coined in the mint of a heated imagination—that had fallen from the lips of his father, who knew now that he ought not to have uttered them. His son's wife was poor; but poverty was no crime, no disgrace, and it was all that could be said against her.

But was this joyless, loveless life to last forever? Was he never again to feel the grasp of his son's strong right hand, hear the sound of his voice, see the frank smile in his honest eye—never press him to his heart again? Was he to toil day after day, amassing wealth which he needed not, to depart night after night to his lonely, cheerless home, there to sit brooding over his misery, when a word would bring back the wanderer, and with him that light and happiness without which life seemed nothing but existence? Should he say that word?

Such was the question that John Pounceby was asking himself one evening, as he sat alone in his office amid the fast-thickening shadows. Gradually his face softened; natural affection was winning its way; the time, with its associations of peace and good-will, was not without its influences, and memory was bathed in the mellow after-glow of the sweet domesticity he had known in the past.

There was no bustle or noise in the street without; the listed doors shut out every murmur from the house; not a sound was to be heard in the gloomy room save the crackling of the fire in the grate and the loud tick of the clock upon the mantel-piece, which seemed to chime in with the tenor of his thoughts, imagination lending to it voice and meaning.

"Forget, forgive—forgive, forget!" the timepiece seemed to say, and the words awakened a responsive echo in his heart. Tears dimmed his eyes; a half-formed resolution was in his mind, when there came a gentle knock at the door.

"Come in! Oh, it's you, Thompkins!" said Mr. Pounceby, with an inquiring look.

"Yes, John, it is I," replied the old clerk, who from their school-days at the neighboring Charterhouse had been on terms of the closest intimacy with him. "But have you forgotten what day it is—that it is Saturday—Easter Eve, and half-past three o'clock?"

"Dear me, I had no idea it was so late! But what was it—anything particular?"

"Very particular," replied Mr. Thompkins, drily, with a half-smile.

"I should really much prefer not to enter upon any business whatsoever this afternoon."

"Oh, it's not that! I merely want permission for the staff to de-

part. You seem to have forgotten that according to the rule of the office—and a very good rule too—no one can leave without express permission until after the principal."

"I am sorry I was so forgetful. Pray give the word—let all go at once."

In the twinkling of an eye the welcome news was diffused throughout the building, and the impatient clerks departed, the gentlemen in gaiters to hail hansoms, their subordinates, in friendly clusters, to partake of a seasonable glass before shaking hands and taking their way homewards, while the sharp lads, forgetful for the nonce of all official dignity, rattled their money in their pockets and scurried whooping along the streets, their minds revelling in thoughts of good cheer and pantomimic glories to come.

"You seem rather depressed, John, this afternoon," said Mr. Thompkins, as he re-entered the room. "Well, I don't wonder at it," he added, half-speaking to himself.

The two men were standing on the hearthrug then, the flickering fire-light casting their shadows in monstrous outline against the walls and ceiling.

"I confess I am not in the best of spirits, though in other respects I am well—very well. Perhaps this gloomy afternoon has something to do with it," replied Mr. Pounceby, with a sigh, after the lapse of quite a couple of minutes. "But I suppose we must not forget the amenities of the season," he continued, brightening up a little.

Opening a cupboard at the base of one of the bookcases he produced therefrom a bottle of port, a wine, old and mellow, and rare as its bouquet and aftertaste were perfect.

"Well, here's to you, old friend—the compliments of the season, Tom, and health and happiness!"

He had poured out the wine, and as he spoke the two jingled their glasses together, after the hearty old fashion now somewhat out of vogue.

"The same to you, John Pounceby—health and happiness, and may we always have the wisdom to realize the latter while it may yet be ours!" returned the old clerk, speaking with an emphasis that was not lost upon the other.

"Thank you, Tom; you mean well," replied the lawyer, placing his hand familiarly on the shoulder of his companion.

For a little time there was silence—a silence broken only by the clock, which seemed to be ticking louder than ever. In the dim light the two men could scarcely see each other's face, and there try to read each other's thoughts, but each realized what was passing in the breast of the other; and Thomas Thompkins saw something flash in the firelight—something bright and sparkling like a diamond—which fell and was lost amid the ashes. Mr. Thompkins was not by nature of a sentimental turn, far from it, but he knew and felt all that that tear meant—that in the heart of the man beside him the fount of love and tenderness was not yet dried up; and, as he gazed upon the fire, the little tongues of flame that quivered amid the blackening ashes spread and flashed in a way that showed that to his own eyes, too, the tears had come.

"Yes, John Pounceby, I do mean well. I guess of what you have been thinking this afternoon. I speak as an old and faithful friend, John. Be wise in time—be happy—forget, forgive!"

"Why, that's what—" Mr. Pounceby was going to say, "the clock said," but he recollected himself just in time and stopped short.

"That's what your heart says, John Pounceby," said the old clerk, completing the sentence for him. "Nay, shake not your head—I know it. Listen to the promptings of natural love and affection, John. After all, there's no consideration equal to it"—Mr. Thompkins could never quite divest his conversation of legal phraseology. "Listen ere it be too late to the promptings of nature; they are never wrong—they will not mislead you."

"You're a good fellow—too good for a lawyer!" replied Mr. Pounceby; then, after a pause, he added, "I'll think of it, Tom."

No name had been mentioned—for the name of John Pounceby, junior, was forbidden to be uttered in the office—no occasion or circumstances had been definitely alluded to; yet the old clerk felt that he had pleaded not unsuccessfully for the son of the man who stood beside him.

Two more glasses of port were imbibed—honest, generous glasses of six to the bottle—and then Mr. Thompkins helped his employer to struggle into his double-breasted tight-fitting top-coat, a hearty shake of the hand was exchanged, and each went his way—the old clerk, who was a bachelor, to a joyous gathering of nephews and nieces who were anxiously awaiting him—the wealthy lawyer to his cheerless mansion in a southwestern suburb.

Towards the close of a Saturday afternoon the city of London, within a radius of half a mile or so of St. Paul's, is by no means a lively place, and as Mr. Pounceby turned into Cheapside he thought he had never beheld it look so gloomy. A yellow fog that had floated up on the breath of a chilling southeast wind from the Essex marshes obscured the light of the lamps, pedestrians were few and far between, and a rattling bus that rolled with muffled sound over the asphalt loomed large and vaguely through the gloom. Stepping out briskly, he paid his accustomed visit to his tobacconist's—he was fond of a good cigar—wished that individual, who was putting up his shutters, a cheery

Catholic News.

...It was noticed that the observance of Good Friday was more marked this year than perhaps ever before in New York city. Business on the Exchanges and in the Courts was practically suspended. Good Friday is a legal holiday, we believe, in Alabama, Louisiana, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Tennessee.

...Signor L. Gregori, formerly Director of the Art Department of Notre Dame University in Indiana, and now sojourning at Florence, Italy is engaged upon a great painting representing the discovery of America by Columbus, and designed for the approaching centenary exhibition at Genoa.

...The German Catholics of the United States are asked to take part in the sixth convention, under the auspices of the German American Priester Verein, to be held at Newark, N. J., Sept. 26, 27 and 28. The circular letter, signed by W. Faerber, corresponding secretary, gives the following as among the subjects to be discussed: Who is rightful ruler of Rome? To whom do the schools belong? The hope of the future. Love of Fatherland.

...In Paris there are 18 priests who preach in Italian, 16 in German, 9 in English, 8 in the Brittany dialect, 6 in Spanish, 4 in Flemish and Dutch, 3 in Polish, and 6 who address their congregations by means of the deaf and dumb alphabet.

...Whilst a Jesuit was preaching a sermon in the Church of Santo Iago at Bilbao, a young man who had lost the use of his legs was sitting in a chair on wheels that his servant pushed along. He was close to the column nearest the door of the church, and saw something burring on the pavement. He pointed out the object to his servant. The latter picked it up and brought it to the invalid, who put out with his hands the lighted fuse of what turned out to be a petard loaded with gunpowder, and placed there by persons still unknown. The authorities took possession of the petard.

...The chief Roman journals, including *L'Os servatore Romano*, of April 3, contained forcible and laudatory articles with reference to the Archbishop of Dublin's masterly defence of the Convent Schools of Ireland against the libels and slanders of Mr. T. W. Russell. *L'Osservatore* expresses the feeling of profound respect which the Archbishop's untiring championship of Catholic interests has secured for him in the Eternal City.

BALTIMORE, April 21.—Rev. Doctor Stafford, a well-known Catholic priest and theologian, who stands close to Cardinal Gibbons, made some remarks about the policy of the Catholic Church in a lecture last night before the Phoenix Club, the leading Jewish social organization of the city. "It is not often," he said, "that a Catholic priest is invited by a non-Catholic or non-Christian organization to lecture. In the past it was unknown. In our day it is rare, but, thank God, a better spirit is beginning to prevail. Men are beginning to understand that they can adhere to their respective religions and profess them without despising those who differ from them. We abhor the narrow-mindedness of those who think that to profess one religion means to despise all who do not profess it. This new spirit is abroad in the land, and I am sure you will agree with me when I attribute this happy condition largely to the enlightened policy and broad-minded churchmanship of the distinguished prelate who presides over this ancient See, and who influences the Church throughout the country."

...A meeting of the Archbishops and bishops of Ireland was held at Holy Cross College,

Clonliffe, Dublin, two weeks ago. Four Archbishops and twenty-one bishops attended. The Irish Education Bill was the principal subject under consideration, and it was proposed by Archbishop Walsh, seconded by the Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, and unanimously adopted:—"That, whilst we feel ourselves unable to express approval of the provisions of the Education Bill, which apply to Ireland the principle of direct compulsion, we should highly approve of the enactment of any reasonable measure of indirect compulsion." It was also proposed by the Archbishop of Dublin and seconded by the Bishop of Elphin, and unanimously adopted. "That we renew our protest against the continued refusal of the authorities of the education department to give effect to the recommendations of the Powis Commission in the matter of religious freedom in 'unmixed schools,' and that we earnestly request our representatives in Parliament to press this point upon the attention of the House of Commons during the coming discussion on the Education Bill." The resolutions were signed by Archbishop Logue of Armagh, Primate of All Ireland, and by the Secretaries of the Bishops of Galway and Kilmacduagh, and Ardagh and Clonmacnoise.

Charity Sermon at St. Basil's.

At St. Basil's church on Sunday evening last a special sermon was delivered by Rev. Father McBrady in the cause of charity, and an appeal directly for assistance to a noble band of ladies in connection with the church whose efforts are directed in charitable enterprises. The sermon was of an eloquent and practical nature, and could not but result in an increased giving on the part of the interested audience. The question of pauperism, he said, knotty as it was, would not exist at all, or would be solved quite naturally, if the religion of our Divine Master was better understood and above all better practised. The necessity of almsgiving from religious and social points of view was considered. Charity repaired the dignity of the individual, of the family, and of Christian morality. The musical portion of the service was exceptionally choice, showing the good work being done by Rev. Fr. Murray, the leader of the choir; the soloists being:—Mrs. Petley, Misses Clarke and O'Hara, Messrs. Frank Anglin, J. D. Warde, J. F. Kirk. Mr. F. A. Moure presided at the organ.

Presentation at St. Paul's Young Ladies' Literary Association.

On Monday evening a very pleasant time was spent in St. Paul's Ladies' Literary Society's hall in Power St. It being the eve of Miss M. Scanlan's departure from the city, the members assembled to give her a fitting send-off. She was presented with a finely worded address, composed by Miss Jennie McGuire, and two beautiful pieces of silver, a cake basket and a preserve dish. The gentlemen who took part with her in the operetta recently given also presented an address and a gold medal inscribed with the motto of the society. Mrs. Elmsie kindly took part in the proceedings and rendered in admirable style the following selections. "Aur. Italiens," by Owen Meredith, and the "Eli Child," by Whitcomb Riley, and gave for encores "Trowbridge's "Charcoal Man" and "Total Annihilation." Instrumental solos were given by Miss K. Rigney, and Mr. P. J. Nevin, and Misses McGuire, Scanlan, and O'Hagan, and Messrs. Malone and Morgan, delighted the audience with vocal selections. Miss E. Genon gave an exhibition of club swinging, and good feeling prevailed generally. Miss Scanlan carries with her the hearty good wishes of her many friends.

She Thought the Sanctuary Lamp was a Conser.

Editor CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW, I often wonder whether it be more an object of pity or of anger that Protestants write so flippantly of Catholic matters of which they are intensely ignorant. I know that personally I get angry first and only incidentally feel the pity. Yet pity 'tis, a two-fold pity. Pity they don't know better, for I am unwilling to believe that clever men and women would write so wrongly if they knew the right. Pity they won't learn, but they who embark on the high sea of religious portraiture are no novices, they are not readily to be approached, nor do they willingly capitulate if you point a catechism at them or a religious primer. They are already quite confident of their sufficiency, and that confidence is their bane. One has constantly the impression that they are convinced they are showing the Catholic Church very great favor when they go into ecstasies over her churches, or her ceremonials, or her religious foundations, however blundering may be their statements. I remember that a few years ago a Toronto paper, describing in very fervid style a gorgeous ceremonial, spoke rapturously of the intensity of the moment when the acolyte elevated the Host. And only to-day a very graceful and talented contributor to the *Toronto Globe* makes almost as stupid a blunder. She is describing a visit to Hull, Que. She visits the unfinished church, of which the basement is at present used for the services. "The conser swung with its red light and the tapers glowed." Now, it's dollars to doughnuts that she meant the sanctuary lamp. To parallel the statement she would have to say that the bulletin boards in Union Station were luminous when she meant the clock. She guys the ferryman for his "arpents," which she cannot understand ("acres" she calls them, as indeed the English translated them). Had she taken him with her to the church he could, had she condescended to be so propitious as to wish to learn anything, have saved her the ignorance of calling a sanctuary lamp a conser. Again, it is not a cathedral, as she says, which is being built at Hull. It is just a church. A cathedral is a church in which a bishop fixes his see, and there is no bishop of Hull. Again, as to the Frenchman's "acres," with which she has so much fun, the "arpent" (acre) is used universally down there as a measure of length. I am ready to admit that "acre" is an unhappy translation, inasmuch as the word has a technical meaning in English as a square measure, but, the translation is not the Frenchman's; it was forced on him by English speakers, and such as it is, it is in common use all over French Canada and arpent (the French square measure) is so translated by Spiers and Surenes. We have in English something perfectly parallel in the use of the word "block" as a measure of distance.

Toronto, April 28, 1892.

N.D.F.

April Testimonials.

DE LA SALLE INSTITUTE. Form III., Excellent—J. Flynn, H. O'Connor, F. Boylan, E. Kelly, J. Varley. Good H. Chase, W. Malone, M. Stafford, E. McDonald, J. Huntley. Form II., Excellent J. Fraser, J. Pape, J. Hartnett, W. Giroux, W. Henry, E. English, F. Richard, C. Hauran. Good W. Maillio, M. Tumpson, S. O'Brien, J. Ryan, A. Conlin, J. Jordan. Form I., Excellent—W. Boyle, J. Muldoon, V. McGuire, J. ... Good W. Roach, E. R. Murphy, F. Finnegan, H. ... St. MICHAEL'S SCHOOL. Excellent—J. Cashman, F. Foley, F. O'Leary, C. Langley. Good

J. Brady, N. Hodgson, L. Doherty, J. Bigley. Form III., Excellent—J. McBride, J. Christie, J. Currie, C. Phillips, W. Callaghan, W. Ryan, E. McGinn, Good—F. Bredannaz, A O'Leary, R. Brown, J. Lynch, L. Sullivan, M. Sheehan. Form II., Excellent—J. Murray, J. Burns, E. Hartnett, J. O'Donohoe, E. Killeen. Good—J. Cowan, J. O'Brien F. Moran, A. Pinfold, S. McEaron, M. Leonard, G. Dilworth.

Presentation to Mr. Vincent P. Fayle.

At the last meeting of Branch No. 111, Catholic Mutual Benevolent Association, Mr. Vincent P. Fayle was presented by the officers and members of the Branch with a fine gold-headed cane, a gold C.M.B.A. emblem, and a very flattering address, in token of the high appreciation they have for his long and faithful services as financial secretary. The recipient, in returning thanks for the kindness, said he had endeavored to perform his duty as well as possible and expressed his surprise at those whom he had taken for true friends in the past in turning round now and "caring" him in this manner.

At Our Lady of Lourdes.

The forty hours' devotion of the Blessed Sacrament was most solemnly inaugurated on Sunday morning at high mass at Our Lady of Lourdes church. His Grace the Archbishop preached the sermon, and in his usual eloquent and impressive manner explained the nature of the devotion. The mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Teefy, principal of St. Michael's College, assisted by Rev. Father James Walsh and Archdeacon Campbell, Orillia. The altar was beautifully decorated with cut flowers and plants and presented a most charming picture. The choir, under the direction of Mr. O'Connor, excelled itself. Mozart's first was the mass rendered by this splendid choir, accompanied by Obernier's orchestra. Miss Bessie Bonsell rendered Rossini's "O Salutaris" as only so talent-

ed and well trained an artist can. Her rich, deep and mellow voice was particularly adapted to this exquisite composition, which afforded Miss Bonsell every opportunity to display her marvellous powers as a contralto singer. The other soloists were Miss McGrath, Miss Elliott, Miss Chilton, Miss Scott, Mrs. Charles McGinn and Mr. Otto Zepf. Lovers of a superior class of church music will be pleased to learn that the old organ in this church has been replaced by a splendid new vocalion, which affords the choir a better opportunity of rendering the masses.

Bazaar at St. Patrick's.

In aid of the Improvement fund of St. Patrick's church a bazaar is being held during the present week, and judging from the numbers visiting it will be a pronounced success, certainly no efforts are being spared by the ladies to make it so. The hall is prettily decorated and the booths tastefully arrayed with a miscellaneous assortment of articles temptingly placed for the purpose of extracting the dollars from the pockets of unwary visitors. Refreshments, of the best are served daily, the patronage received by this booth attesting its value. Fish ponds, and all the numerous et ceteras that attend a bazaar are at hand, and on Thursday evening a first class concert was given to an appreciative audience.

Feast of Blessed La Salle at the Cathedral.

Wednesday being the feast of Blessed La Salle, founder of the Christian Brothers' Order, the pupils of the Separate schools assembled in a body and marched to St. Michael's Cathedral, where high mass was celebrated by Very Rev. Vicar-General McCann. The children, who had been trained for this occasion, sang the offertory in a very creditable manner, adding to the

impressiveness of the whole service. His Grace the Archbishop delivered an address on the life of Blessed La Salle, extolling what he had done for education, and speaking of the benefits the children of to-day are deriving from his life's mission.

Hamilton.

Sunday last being the fifth anniversary of the consecration of Rt. Rev. Dr. Dowling as bishop, the event was fittingly celebrated by a Pontifical High Mass, the music being furnished by the choir, assisted by a splendid orchestra.

In the evening grand musical vespers were sung. The singing was very fine, Mr. J. F. Egan being the principal soloist. This veteran basso loses none of his vigor, and sings with a vim and power which is truly surprising after such long years of service.

After Mass his Lordship spoke to the people on the many graces shown him in his ministrations, and the consolation he derived from the piety of his people and fervor of his priests.

Says the London *Universe*. The Holy Father has been suffering from a slight passing weakness, but that has not prevented him from taking his customary exercise in the Vatican gardens or giving his regular audiences. The Duke of Chartres is expected at Rome almost immediately, but as he will go to the Quirinal His Holiness has determined not to receive him. This resolution is rendered necessary on account of the intrigues of the Italian government, which is anxious that a Catholic prince visiting the Eternal City should pay his homage first to King Humbert and then to the Pope in order to create a precedent which might encourage the Emperor of Austria, when he comes to Rome, to do likewise. For twenty years Italian ministers have labored to bring this about, but in vain. Nor will they succeed now. If Franz Josef calls at the Quirinal first, Leo XIII. will never admit him to his presence.

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had no opportunity, and thus died before the minister of God could reach him.

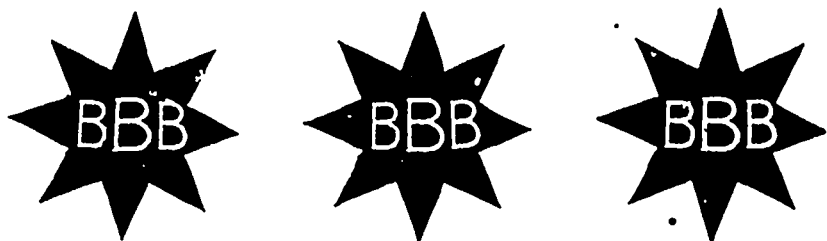
It is needless, I trust, to say here that as to the state of conscience of this or that individual we have no right at any time to hazard a conjecture or make a judgment, and all through this paper I wish to be thus understood; but we may judge of a body or class of men from their principles or their fruits; and the judgment of the Son of God and His Church, on man and principles and methods, we must accept and reaffirm. Farther than this no man is justified in judging. The reproach of uncharitableness is often made against Christians and the Church, as I remarked in the beginning, because of their attitude towards infidels and unbelievers. Would they have us prefer Barabbas to Christ? Would they have us stand with the Jewish rabble and cry out, "Away with Christ, we have no king but Cæsar?" Would they have us forgive and approve the teachings and blasphemies of Voltaire, Tom Paine and Bob Ingersoll? Would they have us compromise between truth and error, light and darkness, forsooth, because the sceptic is gentle and the unbeliever may be at times refined and cultured? Would they have us believe through charity, but against truth and reason, that they cannot know God with their limited powers, their intellectual faculties? They are too intelligent to expect us to admit these suppositions. Oh, no, we cannot admit invincible ignorance, nor consequently good faith, in any reasonable man who asserts that he cannot know God. There are men so narrow as to say that no soul among the heathen can be saved, while they say nothing of the modern agnostic or educated unbeliever. The perfections of God, the attributes of mercy, love, tenderness, justice and equity, all rise up in array against so dark a theology.

There never was yet a soul born into the world that had not the light of conscience—that is, the light of God. These are the words of the late saintly and wise man, St. Thomas Aquinas. The reason and the conscience, rightly used, lead to the existence of God, His Glory, His God-head. The psalmist says: "He hath set His hands. That is, the glory and the majesty and the power of God pervade all things, and all men, every living soul, therefore, has an illumination by the light of conscience and by the light

of reason, and by the working of the spirit of God in his head and in his heart, leading him, if he will, to believe in God and to obey Him. I would not wish to be understood to say or imply in this lecture that because of the infinite mercy of God for His creatures, it is not of importance whether one worship Him as an actual member of the true Church, or serve Him "in spirit and in truth," outside. No, I could not in justice say this. For, although there may be many by-ways, there is but one true and loyal highway leading to heaven, the way which the Man God trod and traced out for those who would follow Him and be saved. It is the way of the Church of Christ which is sure and safe, and guarantees the pilgrim light, support and unerring guidance, until he enters into the home of his eternal rest. It still remains true that God's mercies, unknown to us, are over all His works, and the infinite merits of the Redeemer of the world are before the mercy seat of our Heavenly Father for the salvation of all, even of those who follow the little light which, in the order of nature, they receive.

MARY QUEEN OF MAY.

Faint echoes these from out the gloom,
Unfit my Lady's worth, and so,
The lily's fragrance in its glow,
The rose's perfume in its bloom;
All holy thoughts, all deeds well done,
The sweetness of all virgin youth,
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The sweetest songs from poet's lyre,
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Let all as one their voice raise
In music sweet beyond all strain
Of earthly sound, and in refrain
Sing out my Lady's love and praise.



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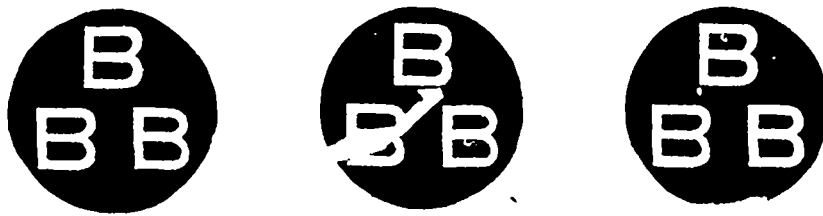
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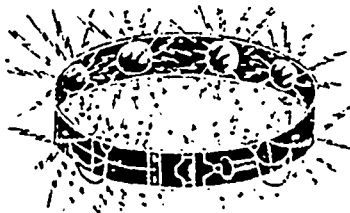
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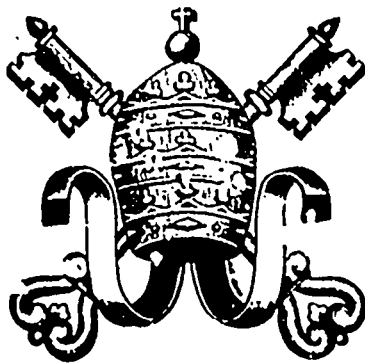
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	Close	Due
	a.m.	p.m.
G. T. R. East	7.15	7.35
O. and Q. Railway	8.00	8.10
G. T. R. West	7.25	7.40
N. and N. W.	7.20	7.40
T. G. and B.	6.50	7.10
Midland	7.00	7.30
C. V. R.	6.30	6.45
G. W. R.	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
	12.10	8.00
	2.00	7.30
	6.45	4.00
	10.00	10.30
U. S. N. Y.	6.45	8.00
	4.00	11.00
U. S. West States	10.00	10.00
	6.45	9.00
	12.00	7.20

English mails close on Monday and Thursday at 4 and 10 p.m., and on Saturdays at 7 p.m. The following are the dates of English mails for May: 2, 3, 5, 7, 9, 12, 14, 16, 19, 21, 23, 25, 27, 29.

N.B.—There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should transact their Saving Bank and money order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such branch post office.

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