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# The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

*Reddite quæ sunt Cæsaris, Cæsari; et quæ sunt Dei, Deo.*—Matt 22: 21.

Vol. III

Toronto, Saturday, Jan. 25, 1890.

No. 49

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## Notes.

A correspondent writes to the *Empire*: "Will you suggest to the *Mail* that a Pope, a Prior, and an Abbott were the first three speakers for Sir John at the opening of Parliament? Is this another Jesuit move, and will the weathercock call the attention of "the noble thirteen" to it?"

When such a thing can happen at the opening of Parliament it does look as if the Church were getting a grip on the country.

Mr. D'Alton McCarthy, true to his promises to his Equal Rights colleagues, has lost no time in giving notice of a bill to abolish French as an official language in the Legislature and courts of the North West Territories. Mr. McCarthy, in a lengthy speech, introduced his bill in the House on Wednesday. It simply proposes to abolish the clause in the North-West Territories Act which provides for the official recognition of both the French and the English languages.

The House does not seem to have taken Mr. McCarthy very seriously, and from first to last he encountered, from both sides, a running fire of criticism. Mr. Chapleau, Mr. Laurier, and Sir John Macdonald spoke briefly in answer to him. Mr. Laurier thought it regrettable that Mr. McCarthy had introduced into his explanation a good deal of controversial matter, and there were many, he added, who might perhaps favour the bill, who would not endorse the words with which it had been introduced. The First Minister remarked that in addition to the importance of the bill Mr. McCarthy's whole line of argument was of a kind to involve the most serious and grave questions, which made it necessary to take time to consider what his contentions led to and the consequences that would follow a Parliamentary assent to them. The first reading of the bill was allowed. The debate upon the second reading is likely to be second only to the Jesuit Debate of last session in interest and importance.

There passed away a few days ago at the ripe age of ninety years, a man who was a conspicuous figure at one time in the Church—Dr. Johann Ignatius Dollinger, who, shortly after the Vatican Council of 1870, left the Catholic communion, and has since been known only as the leader of what is known as the "old Catholic" heresy. Dr. Dollinger, who was a professor in the University of Munich, and a man of great erudition, withheld his submission to the dogma of Papal Infallibility defined by the Council, and shortly after seceded from the Church, incurring by his public opposition to the judgment and decision of the Council, sentence of excommunication. The position he assumed in regard to the definition was a highly illogical one. He conceded the infallibility of an Œcumenical Council; yet when the Œcumenical Council of the Vatican declared the infallibility of the Pope speaking in Council, Dr. Dollinger denied it. With his secession from the Church his fame culminated; he became the leader of a weak and inconspicuous heresy. At a Synod of the new sect held at Bonn over which he presided, it was decided "to abolish compulsory confession and fasting, to employ the vernacular in public worship, to recognize the marriage of priests as lawful, and to allow them to administer in their churches the communion, in both kinds, to members of the Anglican persuasion." With all his great gifts, now that he has gone, it is seen how sad a failure his life has been. The "Old Catholic" movement died long ago. The incident, it has been commonly observed, emphasizes the truth that the most brilliant of the Church's members can add nothing to her grandeur, and that, while true to her, they are great only because she is great.

Mr. Gladstone upon the announcement of Dr. Dollinger's death published an article giving some reminiscences of the great German scholar and concluding with an eloquent tribute to his memory. "He is to be honoured" Mr. Gladstone has written "for attainments perhaps never surpassed either for extent or for the wonderful manner in which he held them digested and at command for use. He is to be honoured yet more fervently because in him the spirit of self was down-trodden and extinct that he might live a larger life, and because pursuing truth in a spirit of courage he set a great example for generations to come."

We presume it is only natural that Mr. Gladstone should speak thus in eulogy, for he also opposed the Vatican definition. Mr. Gladstone, as our readers know, went to the pains of publishing a pamphlet to prove that the definition was a menace to all modern governments, and that the effect of it was "to place the loyalty and civil allegiance of a Catholic at the mercy of another," meaning the Pope. Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet, however, as the reply of Cardinal Newman made it very apparent to the world, was based on an immense misapprehension of the subject.

## THE PEARL ABOVE PRICE.

"Indeed I and how came you to renounce the Greek schism?" inquired a benign-looking, elderly gentleman of a Russian nobleman, with whom he had been travelling the last few hours, and engaging in friendly chat.

"Why do you ask?" said the Russian, pleasantly.

"Because," rejoined the genial questioner, "I am a missionary, and I like to have fresh and interesting examples wherewith to entertain and edify my audiences. You converts generally have a little 'story,' something striking, if not romantic, in connection with your conversion."

"That is so," replied the other; "and my story is a little singular."

"I was sure of it; so pray gratify me."

The nobleman, wrapping around him a mantle a good deal the worse for wear, and placing himself in a comfortable position, said: "I had just quitted the College of ———, in St. Petersburg, when my widowed mother requested me to set out for Paris. I had letters of introduction to our ambassador at the court of Napoleon III., and to other celebrities with whom she wished me to make acquaintance. But as I was an entire stranger in the great capital, I resolved not to be in a hurry about presenting my letters.

"During my rambles through the city I became interested in the churches, and finally I began to reflect on the differences that exist between the Roman Catholic worship and the religion of my mother. She had carefully instilled her peculiar tenets into my mind, and had taught me to love and practice her faith; moreover, she had kept a strict eye on me, in order to chase away or keep from me temptations to fall into negligence.

"On the recommendation of a fellow-traveller—a Frenchman—I had taken lodgings in a very quiet, orderly hotel, and had resolved to tarry there awhile. My mornings were spent in rambling through the art galleries, visiting churches, libraries, etc.; my afternoons in the perusal of various magazines and some selected volumes of more solid reading. As it was still early summer I used to roll my arm-chair close to a window that overlooked the well-kept garden of the hotel, and another very neat one with long serpentine walks, that was separated from it by a high stone wall, covered with a luxuriant growth of budding ivy. I was frequently forgetful of what I meant to read, and occupied, instead, with a number of grave, scholarly-looking men, whom I saw walking or sitting in the neighbouring garden. One day when the valet entered my parlor I called him and said:

"What sort of men are those I see in the garden running parallel with that of the hotel?"

"Jesuits, sir. That is their residence—Rue de Sevres."

"No—is it possible! Jesuits! You don't say that those are real Jesuits!—are you sure?"

"Quite so, sir. That tall gentleman walking along is Pere P——, the Superior; that one reading his breviary is Pere M——, etc. Why, sir, they are all well known in this quarter."

"The attendant withdrew, and I became lost in thought. Jesuits! I had come to Paris to see wonders, and if you knew, sir, all that I had heard against those men, you would not be surprised at my belief that I was beholding the eighth wonder of the world. I watched them day after day, I studied their various movements; and my imagination became so filled with them, and what was attributed to them, that I fell into a train of thought something like this: What if I could contrive a plan to make their acquaintance, then shrewdly find out some of their political and religious plots, and, by revealing these to the world, be the instrument of banishing them not only from Paris, but from all the capitals of the civilized, the Christian world! You smile, nevertheless, that took such possession of my excited brain that I never prayed more humbly and fervently than I did during those few days to be guided aright in an enterprise that seemed to promise me honour and fame, as well as the gratitude of all Christendom.

"One day I enquired of the same valet whether any secular persons were ever admitted into the Jesuits' house.

"O, yes sir," he said, "gentlemen often go there to make spiritual retreats."

"Retreats? What are retreats?"

"Why, I believe they are something like a mission in a parish church, only each one follows the exercises alone. The young men stay there, some eight and some even thirty days."

"Young men?" said I, eagerly, "I wonder if I could get in there?"

"Why, certainly, sir."

"Will you carry my card and a note to the Superior?"

"Willingly, sir."

"He did so, with seeming pleasure, and brought me back a very polite answer, to the effect that I might come over any evening that suited my convenience, to begin my retreat."

"No doubt," said I to myself, "come one, come all." Ah, I thought, if my 'orthodox' mother only knew how near I am to fame! I fancied that the series of investigations I was about to make into the dark ways of the Jesuits would result in great things. I rejoiced, fancying I was going to undertake a very honourable and important duty. That day I watched the dark-robed figures more closely than ever. When one of the Fathers walked about in a meditative mood or manner, I was certain that he was leisurely contriving a hideous plot against civil or even religious government. If one sat down, I concluded he was some tired secretary of an arch-member of the mischief-making confraternity. If the brother porter summoned one of them from the garden to the house—"So," thought I, "there must be a telegram, or some important communication of a successful machination," *et cetera*.

"Next day I filled a valise with requisites for a long or short stay, not forgetting a brace of pistols!

"The porter answered my pull at the door-bell of No. — Rue de Sevres, and conducted me into the presence of a very urbane, kindly-mannered gentleman. We chatted a few minutes on the commonest topics, and then he touched a bell, and another fine-looking priest showed me into a small, neat apartment, furnished exactly like that of the prophet of old. Not a picture relieved the plain walls, not a book tempted curiosity; a bed draped in white calico, a crucifix, and a statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary on the desk, were about all the four sides of the room enclosed. I laid out my writing materials, took an observation of the garden, listened in the corridor, and heard—*nothing*. All seemed as quiet as the grave."

"After some time a young priest came to my door, and handed me a printed sheet entitled 'Preparatory Exercise,' and politely informed me that at certain hours he would present the subjects of the meditations for the eight days' retreat on which I had agreed with the Superior.

"Preparatory Exercise!" I said, with a tone of real hate, striking the desk with my fist. "Aha, sirs, this time the spider shall not get the fly!"

"I read over the instruction laid down with fixed attention, noticed that each preceding theme depended on the one following; in fine, that there was a chain, and the links were not to be separated. It was all clear to me that this retreat was a man trap—that a train of false reasoning led the unwary into the adoption of such maxims as 'the end justifies the means,' and all others attributed to Jesuitism. I resolved to pursue the course diligently, make all the extracts that I might require in future, and without unnecessary delay produce a literary work that would render me a benefactor to mankind.

"My soliloquy was interrupted by an invitation to supper. I was so absorbed with my project that I did not attempt to converse, and the lay brother did not volunteer one unnecessary word. They are all trained adepts, I thought, and on returning to my room I immediately began to take notes. At 9 p. m. the young priest who had brought me the 'Preparatory Exercise' invited me to night prayers, which included the Litany of the Saints. As that prayer, at once lowly and grand, rose in a chorus of male voices, I thought: This appearance of devout fervor, is eminently calculated to win the unwary; yet how base to use the cloak of pure religion for such despicable malice! And I prayed, too; I begged God to hear my earnest petition, and help me to find out these men and their methods, and—and—to annihilate them!

"The meditation for the following morning, 'On the end of man's existence,' impressed me very deeply: I forgot to study the famous Society, and began to study myself. The quotations from Holy Writ were so appropriate, and the word of God never returns to Him unfruitful. I could not repress my reflections; I ceased taking notes, and at last, confounded at what I was, and the view of what I ought to be, I forgot everything else, and throw myself full length upon the floor of the diminutive apartment, calling on God for mercy. I heard footsteps, then a tap at the door; I rose, and answered to inquiries that I had an extraordinary headache. I accepted some proffered remedy, and, ashamed of my weakness, began anew to make extracts of the prelates, annotations, colloquies, etc. The following meditations equally absorbed me. At length I read in the plan that on such a day confession was to be made. Here was a dilemma. What should I say if the reception of the sacrament of penance were proposed? I was dying to make a confession, but I had not gone to the Rue de Sevres to be converted, but to convert. If asked, I resolved to say that I preferred to confess in the Russian tongue. But 'the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft aglee.' Providence was smiling upon me.

"On the day confession was to be made the Rev. Superior came, and, after kind inquiries in a general way, said: 'My son, if you prefer to confess in Russian, there is a Father here who speaks that language perfectly; I will send for him.'

"'Indeed!' I exclaimed, thrown completely off my guard. 'And is he a Greek?'

"The excellent Father looked at once amused and surprised. 'Oh no! he is a Catholic. I'll send him to you.' He came. I at first dissembled my interior remorse and the state of my soul; but God was about to do His own work, and He inspired the good Russian Jesuit to deal with me.

"I will not enter into minute details, which you can easily imagine as I narrate. From talking of Russia we came to speak of her religion. We argued; he proved me in the wrong, gave me books to read, and finally I abjured the schism, and embraced the Catholic Faith. The remainder of my eight-days' retreat was merged into one of thirty days, and the notes I took thenceforth were those that suited a repentant, humbled sinner. And, sir, at the close of the exercises, instead of presenting my letters to the court of Napoleon, I presented an humble petition to the Rev. Pere P——, to be received into the famous Society—to be allowed to become a Jesuit myself."

"Well, sir, what did he answer?"

"'My son,' he said, 'It is too soon to take this second step. Pray, and consider at leisure what God may require.'"

"So, of course, you never became a Jesuit?"

"Pardon. I am a Jesuit, at your service."

"Then," said the elderly gentleman, rising to embrace his companion. "we are brothers in Christ. I also am a son of St. Ignatius."

The rest of the journey was made in silence. When the travellers bade each other good-bye, tears glistened in their eyes, and each said, solemnly, "Pray for me."—*Ave Maria.*

### THE CHURCH AND THE TOILERS

An English paper is our authority for the following about Cardinal Manning:

"To those who have not ceased to believe in Christianity it will not be the least of his claims on the gratitude of the world that he has shown a sceptical generation that orthodoxy is no enemy of Radical progress. A young friend was speaking to him recently of the new London movements, and chanced to say they might roughly be described as 'practical Socialism.' 'I prefer to call it Christianity,' said the Cardinal."

Some Protestant historians, notably Lecky, have pronounced the Catholic Church the protector and defender of the poor of the past. We omit quotations from them. We omit proofs that the first labor organizations known in history were founded by "the lazy monks." We also omit the past events of history, which show that when the Church spiritualized the business relations of the poor to the rich there was more peace and less poverty, and confine ourselves

to narrating a few of her recent actions which prove her to be the protector and defender of the poor of the present day.

First, in Belgium:

Witness the effects of the triumph of the Belgian Catholic party, to whom the Belgian workmen owe: (1) A government inquiry into the condition of the workingman; (2) the organization of the Liege congresses on social questions, which has led to a special movement for the reform of the factory laws; (3) as a result of its report, an elaborate labor law, with special reference to the protection of women and children in the factories.

Second in Germany:

When its financial interests and public peace were endangered last spring by the great strike at Bochum, who formulated the grievance and demands of the poor miners? The answer is, the Catholic priests of the place. Indeed, we know of no other men who have been such heroes of the Democracy there, or who have better fulfilled the high ideal as set forth by the Eternal Priest. They mingled fraternally with the miners of Westphalia, and, as a consequence, all was tranquility, intelligence, self-sacrifice; for they recognized in their priests pastors who thoroughly sympathized with them in their misery and discontent. Moreover, the German Congress of a few weeks ago made labor and capital the most important and prominent subject of its programme. Dr. Windhorst, one of the many Catholic leaders who have promoted the labor cause in Germany, said: "We have come to Bochum to prove that Catholicism has the courage to plant its flag in the mining region. The interests of employers and employed are not opposed; they complete one another; the workman can do nothing if work be not given to him, and the capitalist can do nothing if the workman be not given to him. To the one we would teach Christian humility and obedience, to the other Christian justice and benevolence."

Third, in France:

Ten thousand of the Catholic working classes answered the Pope's request to visit Rome. Four trains each week, with five to six hundred passengers, ran from the 14th of October until the 18th November. Every part of France sent its representative workmen, and many wealthy Catholics contributed in aiding the poorer of these laborers to visit the Eternal City. What a splendid sight for the Italian Freemason!—the French laborer, farmer, and mechanic embracing and receiving the especial blessing of the Vicar of Christ. But more than this, it was a new phase in the present religious life of France. It told us that there are still multitudes of loyal Catholics among the French working classes. For this we thank God, since we have had reason to fear that it is through their grief-stricken hearts that the canker-worm is eating. The French anti-religious laborer is fierce and irrational in his hatred of the Church and her priests; and this pilgrimage of Catholic workmen was no doubt especially beneficial and encouraging to that class of Frenchmen.

Fourth, in Russia:

We find the more thoughtful among her people saying that the poor are sinking into atheism and vice, and that their amelioration can only be affected by a reunion with the Church of Rome.

Fifth, in Ireland:

Witness Archbishop Walsh during the strike of the bricklayers in Dublin; and the efforts of the whole Irish clergy, whether in prison or in church, fighting unto death to emancipate their suffering countrymen.

Sixth, in England:

Consider the London strike, one of the most serious conflicts of modern times between employers and employed—a bloodless war which endangered the social prosperity of the largest city in the world. We need not say that the happy ending of the battle was due to the moral grandeur and persevering energy in a leader in the Catholic Church.

"When the Cardinal," says the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "went to and fro between the dockers and the directors, refusing to despair when his established brother of London had shaken off the dust of his feet against the strike and disappeared into space, combating with the utmost patience the difficulties interposed by prejudice and passion, interposing a constant element of cool common-sense in the midst of hot-blooded counsels, he must have felt sustained and inspired

by the best traditions of his church. The occasion, no doubt, was less imposing than on that great historic day when St. Leo stood up as mediator and deliverer between Attila and the Eternal City, but the spirit of devotion and the sanctified sagacity of the Cardinal were no less admirable than those of the great Pontiff."

In Africa consider Cardinal Lavigerio's action towards the African slaves. In our country look at Cardinal Gibbons in his relations to the Knights of Labor.

Thus in this country the Church manifests herself as the Mother of the Poor. Modern heretodoxy, liberalism, infidelity have done nothing and cannot do anything for poverty. The leaders of the London strike name Dr. Parker, the leading Non-conformist minister of the city, as one fearing to soil his hands with the poor. The liberal Mr. Spurgeon they call "an old autocrat;" and as for the Non-Conformists, who are supposed to be Democrats if God ever made a Democrat. These, they tell us, kept as far aloof as the Queen herself. Robert G. Ingersoll talks of "tears and kisses, kisses and tears," of flowers, birds, and butterflies, and other golden slobber, to ragged women and starving children. Huxley, Spencer, and Harrison are tearing down everything and building up nothing. Felix Adler is giving us, as a cure for evil and poverty, "ethical culture," while Henry George seems to think that the poor will be no longer with us if we adopt the single tax.

No; the Christianity of Christ alone holds the key to the mystery of woe and want. She tells the rich that they shall be poor indeed if they have no measures in heaven. She reminds the lazy, wealthy "man about town" that the kingdom of Christ is not made up of his kind. She informs the capitalist whose luxury is the poor man's robbery that he shall suffer by the decree of a just God and an honest tribunal. She points out the lurid gleam of an everlasting hell to the fiend who has stolen a maiden's honor or robbed a mother's love. "Verily there is a reward for the righteous; doubtless there is a God who judgeth the earth." She condemns, in the Plenary Council of Baltimore, the liquor-saloon, warning the laborers from its fatal door.

Christ knew the bitterness of tears and the privations of poverty; not only that, but He shed His blood for each and every one of us regardless of class, for the negro as well as the white, for the tramp as well as the aristocrat. The poverty of His life has sanctified the poverty of our life. Moreover, joys untold has He promised the poor. He has placed most of them in a Church where "the afflicted find solace, the oppressed relief from their burdens," and where "the poor have the Gospel preached to them" a Church which has ever been the apostle of popular rights and the champion of national liberty and equality from the day that Christ established her. Ather communion rail the king kneels at the side of the pauper.—*Henry O'Keefe in Catholic World.*

#### FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS PREACHED BY THE PAULIST FATHERS.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY, FEAST OF THE HOLY NAME OF JESUS.

"His name was called Jesus." *Gospel of the Day.*

The feast of the Holy Name of Jesus, dear brethren, is one which suggests to us many thoughts. It recalls to our mind the sweetness of our Saviour. It speaks of His tenderness for sinners and of His mercy to the penitent. It tells us, too, of His power—the infinite power of God, and of His awful majesty.

It is a day that fills us with joy and with sadness. It brings us joy because the Holy Name is a precious treasure enriching each of us, and a mighty shield defending us against the attacks of our spiritual enemies.

And we are sad, too, to-day, because we are reminded how much the Blessed Name of God our Saviour is reviled and used irreverently. And to-day the Church protests with all her power against blasphemy and cursing. To-day she calls upon her children to turn with loving hearts to God and to praise and bless in an especial manner the Holy Name of Jesus. Not that she would have Christians confine their praises to to-day alone, but she would impress upon us by this day's feast the constant duty of giving reverence to the Holy Names of God and of Jesus.

The wicked habit of cursing, which the Church lifts her voice to cry out against, is an evil of a very serious kind. And it is something that unfortunately is too common among Christians of every age and walk in life.

Young children and gray-haired men and women are guilty of this irreverence towards sacred names. Rich men and poor men, men who say they have faith and men who have no faith, all are addicted to the impious vice of cursing.

Think how shocking it is to hear the name of Him who so loved us that He gave the last drop of His blood for us, who literally poured out His life for us; think of His Name brought into the gutter. Think of that Name, "which was called by the angel" with awe, introduced into the low speech of the bar room, or called upon in witness of the ribald jest. Think of gossiping women varying the monotony of their unsavory discourse with ejaculations filled with irreverence towards God and our Saviour.

Go to the shops, to the mills, to the business houses, and have your ears offended and your soul grieved by the injury done to the holy Name. And go to the homes of Catholic men and women—to the homes of some of you—and listen! Hear the father and the mother cursing each other and their children. Hear them call upon God to damn them, to strike them dead, to hurl them to hell!

You unnatural parents, you teachers of wickedness to your own children, how shall you escape the wrath of God? You who should bring up your children in the love and fear of God, have become the agent of God's enemy, and are instructing your offspring in the way of eternal perdition. And how many more of you, instead of calling your little boys and girls about you when bedtimes comes, and teaching them to lift their hearts and voices in prayer to God, how many of you are altogether negligent about this most important duty of taking care that your children pray? When the veils are drawn aside, and you stand before the judgment-seat of Christ, you will learn how many sins you have been the occasion of by your neglect of duty and your bad example.

The home, the street, the work-place are each and all the scenes, and often the stronghold of this rampant vice of bad language. And the men and women and children who debase themselves and scandalize others, and sin against God by this evil habit, are more numerous than we like to acknowledge.

Our duty is plain enough. If we have the misfortune to be of those who have contracted this vice of foul speaking, let us resolve now upon amendment, and impose upon ourselves some suitable penance for our crime, and study to discover and apply the proper remedies.

If we are not ourselves the victims of the habit, let us help others by our example. Let us show our displeasure on every occasion when bad language is used. Let parents bring up their children strictly, teaching them respect for sacred names and the duty of reverent prayer. And let us always, by intercessory acts of praise, give honor to God whenever we hear His name dishonored among men, and thus do something to abate the evil of this horrible and all pervading vice.

#### THE LATE SENATOR TRUDEL

After a long illness, born with much fortitude, Senator Trudel, the Nationalist chief, passed away on Friday last, at the age of 68 years. He was one of the best known, hardest hitting and sharply attacked men in Canadian public affairs. He first came prominently forward as a leader of the Castor wing of the Conservative party, and later took a foremost part in the formation of the combination of Conservatives and Liberals who now hold power under Mr. Mercier. His influence in shaping the conduct of the new party was very great, and more than once, and especially in the matter of the abolition of the Legislative council, is believed to have compelled a change in the programme of the head of the ministry. His strong upholding of the church and his vigorous style of expression led his enemies to give him the title of the Grand Vicario. As editor-in-chief of *L'Etendard*, he gained a large influence among the Lower Canadian clergy giving prominence to extreme views as to the respective duties of a man to the church and the state, the state being relegated, even in civil matters, to the second place. Latterly, he has been

best known as an advocate of the principles of the Nationalist party. His death will deprive Mr. Morcier of the ablest writer in the Nationalist wing of his following, a man without whose aid and influence, even with the Riel cry, he would have hardly attained to the Premiership.

Francois Xavier Anselme Trudel was born at Ste. Anne de la Paroisse on the 29th April, 1838. He was educated at Nicolet college, was called to the Bar in 1864, and in 1880 was appointed a Q. C. He has been a prolific writer in the provincial press; was editor of the *Minerve* in 1860, and founder and editor of *L'Etendard* and *La Revue Canadienne*. He was the author of several political pamphlets, prominent among them being "Nos Chambres Hautes," a defence of the existence and usefulness of the Senate. He also assisted in the preparation of "Le Programme Catholique." He has been president of the Cercle Litteraire and of the Union Catholique. He entered public life as the member for Champlain in the Quebec Assembly in 1871, and on October 31, 1879, was called to the Senate.

*L'Etendard*, speaking of the great loss they have sustained, says: "The hour of sore affliction has at length rung out, and the name of him who was the founder of our journal disappears to-day forever from our title page. His name was our strength, our flag and our life. God has taken him from us, yet this event, which we have been expecting so long, finds us in the end completely powerless. Is it possible that God has thus smitten us?"

*La Minerve*, the time-honored organ of the French Conservatives, devoted three columns of its editorial space Saturday morning to the death of Senator Trudel. The article is perhaps as severe as any which has ever been written before the open grave of a political opponent. The life of the late senator is reviewed from the time he entered upon the editorial staff of *La Minerve*, 30 years ago, down to the day the eminent journalist forever laid aside his pen. The article concludes as follows: "Mr. Trudel was too bitter and too vehement in his polemics and too personal in his judgment not to have raised a great deal of anger around him. This anger, we fear, has not yet been assuaged, and will remain a long time after his ashes mingle with the dust. No one has been a greater sufferer, morally and financially, than our journal, but if we claim the right to freely criticize his work, even at this hour, we will not refuse a pardon to one who has laid down his arms in order to enter into eternal justice."

*La Patrie*, *Le Monde* and *La Presse* contain articles anent the death of Mr. Trudel, but the latter's relentless warfare against those newspapers is of too recent a date to permit anything more than commonplace references at their hands.

The *Gazette* of Montreal says: "A marked character has gone out of the political arena with the death of Senator Trudel. His position in our public life was a peculiar one; his views on many questions were singularly out of accord with present day ideas. His career was often a contradiction of itself. His ultra-conservatism carried him into an alliance with the Liberals; his extreme belief in his church made him a critic, and oft-times a sharp one, of his church's highest authorities. His friends were as warm in their admiration as his adversaries were vigorous in their denunciation of his conduct. He was a leader in and did much to prepare the way for the religio-nationalist movement in Quebec, which has, in some of its phases, been productive of so much mischief here and elsewhere in the Dominion. But of that it is profitless now to speak. Himself, his faults and his goodness have gone before a higher judge. As to his intellectual force and energy in controversy none will admit them more generously than those who, when he had life, stood in the ranks of his opponents: and it is now said than even when most bitter he spoke as one who was sincere. *Requiescat.*"

A London Catholic paper instructs its correspondents in the proper use of the words "Catholicism" and "Catholicity." "Catholicism" means the system, faith and practice of the Catholic Church. "Catholicity" the Catholic quality of character. For example: The spread of Catholicism in the United States is remarkable. A convert's Catholicity is usually fervent.

## "THE UNION OF HEARTS."

GLADSTONE'S MR. GOLDEN WEDDING,

(Written for the CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW)

On receiving, from P. J. Doyle Esq. of London, Eng. a colored supplement to "United Ireland," representing Gladstone uniting John Bull and Miss Erin in the bonds of wedlock.

High priest of the Nations! In nature's great plan,  
As some figure sublime, like a glorious "old man,"  
'Midst the multitude kneeling you've taken a stand  
Sacerdotal—to minister and to command!  
To the thoughtless and heartless a lesson you teach  
To the faithless and soulless a sermon you preach,  
Cementing divisions and healing all smart,  
In the wed-lock of happiness "uniting two hearts."  
The great pulsing heart that, in Britain's broad breast,  
Throbs loud as the ocean from East unto West.  
With the grand, loving heart that for centuries bled  
In the bosom of Erin, till its last drops were shed.  
Before the high altar of nations you pause.  
In the name of high heaven and humanity's laws:  
'Neath the broad arching dome of the universe thero,  
You summon the world unto justice and prayer,  
The chorus that swells in an anthem sublime,  
Was the hymn of the great since the dawning of Time:  
The incense that burns on your sanctified shrine,  
Is the gift of a life to a cause that's divine!

And Britain will pause in her head long career,  
At the voice of your warning, and listening, hear,  
While in accents of eloquence you shall unfold  
A picture of sufferings and sorrows untold.  
Then the hardness of heart shall you melt into tears,  
And the phantoms shall rise from the blackness of years,  
And the moans of the down-trodden Island shall rise,  
Like some deep *Miserere*, through death-clouded skies,  
And Justice will hearken, and casting aside  
The cloak in whose foldings she nearly had died,  
Will spring to the front, and with standard unfurl'd,  
Proclaim the great "Union of Hearts" to the world!

Like the sun, in the morning coming out of the East,  
In his garments of glory, as a King to a feast,  
You arose on the night of this century's gloom,  
And your beams fell aslant on a country's tomb:  
Towards the zenith you rose, past the mid-day, in *finis*  
Down the slopes of the West to the evening's decline,  
Here and there through the day-time a cloud might be seen  
To flit 'cross that sun and to shadow its sheen;  
But the cloud passed away and more gloriously bright  
Shone the orb, in its pristine effulgence of light,  
Beheld you the sun setting far in the West,  
When crimson clouds pillow'd and cushion'd his rest?  
What a grandeur unequalled each raylet imparts,  
To the sky and the earth ere the day-god departs!  
Thus collecting your beams, towards the close of your day,  
They illumine your path, like the heavenly ray  
That falls on the just, in a halo sublime,  
And shrines them in light at their sun-set of time!

What a mission is yours! To preach to the world,  
'Till the mighty from loftiest places are hurl'd.  
'Till the humble arise and till Right shall be done,  
'Till the cause of the martyr of nation's is won!  
Go on to the end, and unite hand in hand  
Great Britain and Erin in a love-lasting band:  
Then peace shall preside and prosperity glow,  
When a "Union of Hearts" both nations shall know:  
Then England will bless you who saved her from wreck,  
And with garlands, your brow, shall her children bedeck;  
And Ireland will cherish your memory and name,  
Inscribed on her tablets of glory and fame:  
Her saviour, her guardian, her father, her friend,  
Before the Eternal her proud knee shall bend,  
And her voice shall ascend, from her freedom-lit sod,  
To pray for you, Gladstone, forever to God!

House of Commons, Ottawa Jan. 1890.

JOSEPH K. FORAN.

## Men and Things.

The Hon. J. A. Chapleau, Secretary of State, when in New York a few days ago, was visited by a representative of the *N. Y. World* who solicited his views on the political affairs of the hour. Replying to a question as to the Equal Rights party, Mr. Chapleau said: "The Equal Righters are as anti-French as the Nationalists are anti-British, and in the sense that they believe that the English minority in the Province of Quebec has not the full measure of justice under Mr. Morcier's Government. Both of these parties will necessarily, and very shortly, dwindle into insignificance. Created only by the exigencies of party tactics and for party purposes, they will disappear when the development of politics will have shown their dishonesty and their emptiness."

The world of science has sustained a notable loss in the death of the Rev. Stephen J. Perry, Jesuit, who with the late Father Secchi, of the same society, ranks among the great astronomers of the nineteenth century. Father Perry was an Englishman, and became a Jesuit at Stonyhurst College, Eng., in 1858, at the age of twenty. He was for several years Director of the Meteorological and Astronomical Observatory of Stonyhurst College. In 1868 he undertook a magnetic survey of the west of France, and the following year the same work was done for the east of France. He was chosen head of several British Government expeditions in the interest of astronomical progress—among them that to Cadiz, to observe the total eclipse of the sun in December, 1870, and that to Kerguelen, Iceland, in 1874, to observe the transit of Venus. He was a devout priest as well as an eminent scientist.

The "Angelus" has been withdrawn from exhibition, and it may be some time before the general public will ever again see this masterpiece. Thousands, says the *N. Y. Catholic Review*, have visited the art room where it hung, many of them drawn thither less by the love of fine art than the generous advertising which the picture received. The conceptions which they formed were in many instances curious. The most common was that of supposing the painting to be colossal in size, like the "Horse Fair," or some late Russian canvasses. No words could picture their astonishment upon finding the canvass to be less than two feet square. As the term "Angelus" was a real puzzle to many of the visitors, this fact in connection with its small size caused considerable wonder, and the idea of the picture was in numberless instances wholly lost. But those who saw and understood its meaning and its beauty will long carry it in their remembrance. The wonderful tints of the master's brushes, all the power of his genius being subservient to the central idea, and the observer saw in the reverent figures, the glorious landscape and the distant church the Catholic millions in different times and in different countries bowing in turn at the magic sound of the Angelus bell.

The *Home Journal* prints the following paragraph about Augustin Daly, who has done more for the elevation of the American theatre than any other living man.

"Augustin Daly, the theatrical manager, is a recluse, you rarely see him at his own theatre, seldom at any other theatre nor ever in the street, at a club, hotel, or at any public place of amusement or private reception. When abroad, he is most frequently found rummaging among old and new books in Paternoster Row, London. The fact is that he spends all his time either in his own library at his home in West Fifth Street, or behind the scenes at his own theatre, where he stays at every performance until the curtain falls, solicitous that every detail shall go right. Mr. Daly was sorely afflicted some years ago in the simultaneous loss of two beautiful and unusually bright boys, about the age of thirteen, but he has borne the severe blow with unflinching Christian fortitude. He is a man of generous impulses, and performs many acts of charity in a quiet way, never allowing the left hand to know what the right doeth. He has many sterling qualities, which endear him to those who enjoy his confidence; and if he allowed himself to be better understood, he would be still more widely and highly esteemed. He is a devoted husband and a friend in need."

"Is it any wonder," says *United Ireland*, "that congratulations fall, like a carnival shower, on the grand old statesman, the foremost man in the Three Kingdoms, who has just completed his eightieth year? By letter and telegram, from every corner of the Three Kingdoms they came pouring in. The land was overjoyed in the contemplation of its greatest man still rejoicing in a vigour of mind and body which is a miracle. Even his enemies, and ours, who have gambled with his life, were overawed at the spontaneous outburst of the people's joy, and came limping in the throng with their faint praise and awkward congratulations. The 'Forger' itself scarcely dare indulge in a covert sneer. How he towers above his contemporaries like an old oak amid a forest of young larch and birch! Rather, he is one of the everlasting hills, one of the great land-marks in history, on whose head the cold snow of age may rest, but in whose heart still burns the unwearied fire of youth. The Grand Old Man shames the *blase* and cynical youth with his youthful vigour and enthusiasm in a great cause. If there be truth in the aphorism, 'A man is as young as he feels,' then Mr. Gladstone is in the full bloom of his youth. His many-sided intellectual and physical life is still lined with the same vigour as it was half a century ago. 'Age cannot wither him nor custom stale his infinite variety.' Other minds and hearts grow narrow with age; his have expanded. Other men grow cold; he has grown warm with lapse of years. The lessons of prudence and courage he has studied together. Experience has not frightened, but encouraged him. He has learned not to doubt but to do."

There is a splendid chance for some one to declaim against the monks. Six years ago the Sulpicians of Montreal gave a few Trappist monks a thousand acres, on the mountain-side, at Oka. It was such an uninviting spot that no one had courage to do anything with it, and only ten acres of the tract had ever felt a plough. They managed to put up a little house, and a stable for two cows that some charitable person gave them. They cleared the ground of wood and stones; they seeded it down, and went to work to make butter. These lazy monks have now two hundred acres under cultivation, have three hundred head of good milch cows, have a fine large creamery run by steam, and are putting up a fine monastery. Their action has stimulated despondent farmers near them, so that all around the Trappist farm, land has been turned to grazing, and the milk is sold to the creamery. They have introduced silos, and have three large ones full of fodder. The monastery is the centre of a prosperous population, and a school shows that their work is not all agriculture. This a splendid opportunity for some one to lecture, from a cosy reading-desk, in a well-warmed and finely decorated room, against the "lazy monks." Their monastery is at Oka.

"As to annexation," said Mr. Chapleau in reply to a question, "I must say that the French-Canadian population as a whole is entirely opposed to annexation. There is, to them, a great guarantee in a Catholic country like the Province of Quebec; and it has been shown in the past that the hierarchy in the church, that is to say, the great and influential body of the bishops, is essentially loyal to the Crown, and will control and prevent any partial movements that might be made towards the dismemberment of the British Empire and the political union with a country where the same concessions would not be granted. We believe, in Canada, that we can grow and expand peaceably and healthily under the political conditions that exist there, leaving to time and uncontrollable events to fix the date when our country shall arrive at the age of majority and be emancipated."

"The Utopia of the Equal Rights party, to impose only one language upon the people of Canada and to forcibly unify the different national elements of the Dominion, is as absurd as would be the idea of forcing the different elements of nature which in due time unite together and create the various products of the earth. Time is the only agent, and forced processes only prevent and retard what time would ultimately accomplish."

"And you think, Mr. Chapleau" said the questioner, "that American statesmen are mistaken when they assert, as Mr.

Chauncey Dopew asserted lately, that Canada was like a ripe plum, which would fall into our lap if we only waited?"

"If Canada, answered Mr. Chapleau, is ripe for anything, it is certainly not ripe for a fall into their lap, or anywhere else, but ripe to go alone by herself. It may be ripe for self-government, and under our free institutions the people have had sufficient experience of self-government to be prepared to accept it whenever the destiny of the country brings it about."

## Book Reviews.

*A Refutation of Agnosticism*, by the Rev. Simon Fitzsimons Rochester Post Express Printing Company.

Father Fitzsimon's work was written at the close of the controversy on the respective merits of Agnosticism and Christianity, which was waged during the greater part of last year between Professor Huxley on the one hand and Professor Wace on the other, in the pages of the *Nineteenth Century*. The author explains in his preface his method of argument. Christian apologists, he says, intent only on defence, have lately, for the most part been exercised in merely parrying the thrusts of agnostics, and have seldom undertaken to carry the war into the enemy's camp, while on the other hand, agnostics, as if alive to the weakness of their own position, seem determined to keep the public gaze averted from their own weak defences by calling attention to what they call the weak points in Christianity. It is to the fallacies of the agnostic position that the author addresses himself and the review of it he has given us is very painstaking, studious and clever.

*The Respective Rights and Duties of Family, State and Church in regard to Education*, by Rev. James Conway, S.J. New York. Fr. Pustet & Co.

This able essay now put out in pamphlet, was first published last year in the pages of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, and attracted wide attention not only in America but in England, and in fact, wherever the education question is discussed. It was pronounced by learned and careful writers to be one of the ablest, clearest and fullest pamphlets on education that had appeared for many years; and was placed on the list of the "100 best Catholic books" in the English language, by two college presidents in answer to a circular of inquiry. As the title denotes, the author examines the rights and duties (1) of the family, (2) of the State, and (3) of the Church, in regard to education. The author's argument is that it is the business of the State to promote and facilitate education not to educate, and he is thoroughly familiar with his subject both as to what Catholic theology demands and what modern statesmanship denies.

*Catholic Annual 1890*, edited by James Britten. London, England. Catholic Truth Society,

This admirable annual, in illustrations and reading matter maintains for 1890 the high standard of excellence for which it was remarkable in former years. Among the contents of the present number are articles on Archbishop Ullathorne, Father Damien, The Catholic Conference of 1889, The African Slave Trade, The Centenary of Father Matthew, and Cardinal Manning and the Labour Question. Among much other interesting matter is added the usual ecclesiastical tables and calendars and a list of the principal Catholic events of 1889.

### BOOKS RECEIVED

We have received the following publications from the Catholic Truth Society of London, Eng:

*The Holy Infancy*, by R. H. Clarke, S. J.  
*Legends of Bro. Juniper.*  
*The Sayings of Bro. Giles.*  
*Legends of St. Francis.*  
*A Shrine and a Story.*  
*Science and Scientist*, by Rev. John Gerard, S. J.  
*How to keep the Sick and the Dying.*

## PROGRESS OF THE CATHOLIC RELIGION IN SOUTH AMERICA.

In Spanish America, as in Spain, religious ceremonies cannot differ materially from those of other Catholic countries, but in national usages and social relations they may differ much, and local customs may vary even in the same State.

In the Spanish American States as in Spain, every church is a Catholic church, and all, except a few foreigners, are Catholics, for even the Liberals, the Masons and others, claim to be Catholics. They are married in the Catholic Church; they recognize the law of the Church regarding marriage, divorces are practically unknown, their children are baptized by the priest; they send them to Catholic schools, and their daughters especially to convent schools; if they are sick they send for the priest, always wish to die fortified with the Sacraments of the Church.

Every church is free from debt and all incumbrance; there are no pews in the church, and consequently no pew rents; there is never a collection for any purpose except on Holy Thursday, when a few ladies are appointed to sit in the vestibule and receive the contributions of the faithful as they enter. Around the church is usually a row of benches intended for the old and infirm. The men stand or kneel, but never sit, the women who wish to do so bring seats or chairs: a few bring a prie Dieu on which to kneel.

Every church has a chime consisting of four or more bells, and the smallest chapel in the most remote parts has at least one which reminds the people of the Angelus and calls them to Mass on Sunday and holy days of obligation.

On all feasts throughout the year, as there is no State support, the expense is met by the appointment of patrons of the feast. In this way the expenses are defrayed by those who can best afford it, the wealthy and prominent people consider it an honour to be selected as patron, and thus in a special manner be permitted to show their zeal for the particular occasion. Perhaps a score or more may be selected for each feast, or the banks or other corporations may be honoured with that privilege, and each vies with the others in zeal for the grandeur of the ceremonies.

Two peculiar customs are common among the Spanish American people—love for the Mother of God and profound reverence for her Divine Son.

Profound veneration for the Nino-Jesus among the descendants of the aborigines has come down as a tradition from the earliest Jesuit missions. About the year 1605 Juan Manual, a learned and pious Jesuit, President of the College of Tunja, who spoke the language of the Chibchas as a native, established in the College a Congregation of the Child Jesus exclusively for the Indians.

## Current Catholic Thought.

### INEXCUSABLE CARELESSNESS.

It strikes *the Mirror* as a very remarkable thing that Catholic journals which are sold at a price that is almost equivalent to giving them away are compelled to dun their patrons from one year's end to another for the payment of subscriptions. Why is it? One or two of these papers that are really excellent and worth more than they cost seem to fare no better in this respect than the indifferent ones. They are constantly "reminding" their subscribers that it costs money to publish papers, and explaining what ought to be patent to anybody with ordinary intelligence, that unless those who take papers pay for them the publishers are sure to get into hot water about their own bills. It is very strange that Catholic who have enough religion to make them feel an interest in religious papers should manifest so great an indifference about paying for them promptly. In most instances, no doubt, carelessness is the cause of the neglect. But people ought to be considerate enough to avoid such carelessness after they have been reminded a few score of times of the inconvenience that it causes.—*Catholic Mirror*, Baltimore.



## The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commended 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 Carbery of Hamilton.

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

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, Jan. 25, 1890.

The tone of the Irish press in regard to the suit instituted by Captain O'Shea against Mr. Parnell, is one of conspicuous confidence in, and loyalty to, the national leader. The political opponents who counted upon it to encompass the downfall of Mr. Parnell, his deposition from the leadership, and a general break up in the ranks of the Irish Parliamentary Party, seem likely to experience a disappointment. There has been no stampede, and no division; on the other hand the simple fact that the honour and good name of their political leader is imperilled has led his followers to stand their ground all the more firmly.

An article in a late number of the *Irish Catholic* of Dublin illustrates pretty fairly the view taken of the incident by the leading journals of Ireland. "It has been the lot of Mr. Parnell, before now," says that journal, "to be assailed with a bitterness and a malignity almost unparalleled in the annals of political warfare. Over these assaults, it is not too much to say, he has triumphed magnificently. Every Irishman will hope that he will be equally successful in confuting and repelling the foul aspersions which are now levelled at his character. While he is thus assailed and while he does battle with his enemies, Mr. Parnell may count on the trust and confidence of our people, who will not believe that a leader who has already accomplished such great deeds for Ireland has been guilty of the things which are charged against him." Ireland, our contemporary goes on to say, has never been ready to forsake those who have been loyal to her, or who have laboured in her service; nor ready to accept as true the slanders of her enemies against the honour of her public men, and in that respect she is the same Ireland to-day as she was always. She will hope for the vindication of Mr. Parnell from the accusations of his foes, and will not withdraw her trust in his integrity as a private citizen any more than as a politician, merely because his enemies have made charges against him. "In the new struggle which has been imposed upon him," says the journal from which we have quoted, "he may well look for, and will, we believe, find extended to him the confidence and sympathy of his countrymen who have never yet had reason to regret their

loyalty to the leader of a political party which has rendered great and lasting service to Ireland. The one desire of all his countrymen will be that Mr. Parnell's vindication of his honour may be speedy and complete. That they should believe that it would never have been assailed were it not for the existence of bitter political animosities, will not seem wonderful to those who know anything of the existing situation in this country and in England."

THE LATE SENATOR TRUDEL, AND THE L'ETENDARD SCHOOL OF OPINION.

The death of Senator Trudel, the editor of the *Ultramontane L'Etendard* and the head and front of the *Parti National* of Quebec, removes a unique personality from the field of political and literary activity in Canada. In all matters into which religion could enter he was an Ultramontane of the Ultramontanes, and a man more Papal, it may almost be said, in his opinions than the Pope; in politics he was a *Casto*, and the leader of the group of ultra-conservatives who, upon the execution of Riel, broke away from the old party moorings, and merged themselves with Mr. Mercier, forming with him the new French-Canadian or National party. Senator Trudel represented the advanced wing of that party; he was a believer in the Providential mission of the French-Canadian race, and in the ultimate supremacy which would come from its natural, and inherent, and marvellous expansiveness. He appears even to have been the chief of that not very numerous band of French Canadians who cherish in contradistinction to Mr. Chapleau and to Mr. Laurier, who, after all, are the serious and enlightened representatives of the best French-Canadian thought and opinion, the dream, so hateful to English-speaking Canadians, of an independent French-Canadian nation, separated from the rest of Canada, Catholic and French-speaking, and nestling in the valley of the St. Lawrence.

Especially jealous was he for the preservation and spread of the French-Canadian type; their institutions, their language and their laws; and for the recognition of the divine authority of the Church not in spirituals alone, but, as far as possible, in civil and temporal concerns. His views were not of a sort in this day to be popular; and the vigor, not to say violence, with which he urged them, led to his being regarded as a reactionist and a fanatic. He was perhaps the chief promoter of the Riel agitation which convulsed Quebec a few years ago, and the projector of the famous "bolt" which changed the balance of power in the local politics of the Province, and worked a momentous change in the political situation. It was an appeal really to passion, and to race feelings and prejudices, the dangerousness and fatuity of which was perhaps best realized by those of us living in other Provinces of the Confederation. Riel, Mr. Trudel claimed, was a poor madman, whom the authorities had "butchered" (we think that was the term used) because he was a French Canadian and a Catholic, in order to provide the Orangemen of Ontario with a bloody holiday. But to others the dangerous movement seemed to be based upon nothing better than the extraordinary pretension that a French-Canadian and a Catholic, who had twice been a rebel, should be above the law of the land and the judgment of court and jury. The bishops and clergy of Quebec did what they could to discourage the agitation. They could not forget that the man thus addressed as a patriot and a martyr was a rebel towards his country, and a renegade to his religion. Riel had renounced the Church; had im-

prisoned its priests and nuns, holding them, up to the moment of his surrender, under sentence of death, and was responsible for the murder, by the savages whom he had stirred up, of devoted Catholic missionaries even while administering the last rites of religion to those who lay dying. The crisis was an acute one in Canadian history, and but for the pacific and potential influence so exerted by the bishops of Quebec against the incendiary movement, the country, it is probable, would not have been spared civil war, nor the Dominion have escaped disintegration. While, therefore, it seems for the most part to be agreed that the late Senator's influence and aims were not such as made for the peace or true interests of his own, or any part of our people, that his aims were mistaken, and his influence a misdirected one, yet it is worth while to observe that he passes off the scene *honestly regretted and sincerely respected*; and that friends and opponents alike unite in paying kindly tribute to his memory, as a man of character and ability, whose singleness and steadfastness of purpose, alike with his strength of mind and intensity of conviction, commanded their respect even when they most differed with him. May he rest in peace.

A word may not be out of place here in regard to Mr. Trudel's politico-theological programme. It was obscurantist to the backbone; out of touch with the times; unsuited to a country of composite races and creeds such as this is; fruitful of bad feeling, of distrust, and of internecine dissension; prejudicial to the peace of the country, and, as we believe, to the progress and spread of our holy religion. We are aware that in speaking thus we may offend the deceased Senator's friends and supporters. But we feel it to be our duty, as we believe it to be within the limits of our discretion, to say so. We fully concede that to a great extent every Catholic, just in proportion as he is a Catholic, must be an Ultramontane Catholic; that is to say, he must hold to Catholicity in its strength, in its divine authority and power, as it is summed up in the Syllabus—in short, as the deposit of revealed Truth that condemns point blank the spirit of the age, in so far as it is unchristian in its essence or action, and that neither coquettes with, nor gives quarter to, its dominant errors. But we submit that a man may be an Ultramontane and an uncompromising Catholic without of necessity making of himself an obscurantist and a reactionary. And it is to this latter class, in our judgment, that such journals belong as *La Verite* and *L'Etendard*. Some months ago we gave it as our opinion that with the journals above named on one side, and the *Toronto Mail* on the other, it was an easy matter to stir up race passions and religious resentments between the people of Quebec and the people of Ontario. Certainly we Catholics in Ontario have seen how easily the *Mail*, by carefully collecting the sayings of these journals and presenting them daily to the Ontario public as the proof of what French-Canadians think and desire, has been able to call into life the fanatical Equal Rights party, and to convince its members, by skilfully grouping together these exaggerations of sentiment, that their organization has a reason for being. This opinion, we regret to say, gave offence to some friends of our two *confreres* in Quebec. One reverend gentleman, the member of a religious Order, which, out of respect, we shall not name, but which is not understood to discountenance the course of *L'Etendard* and *La Verite*, wrote to THE REVIEW in remonstrance. *L'Etendard* and *La Verite* were, he said in effect, about the only two Catholic journals worthy the name in that Province, that had any principles that they had not

sacrificed, and that had refused to bow the knee to Baal! We have no knowledge of these matters, of course, for ourselves, but the assurance of our reverend friend is sufficient. One of them, our correspondent went on to say, was conducted on the lines of Louis Veuillot's paper, *L'Univers* of Paris, and that its editor enjoyed the esteem of its present conductor, M. Eugene Veuillot, and his *confreres*. "*Veullotisme*," we were further informed, guided its conduct and its policy. Whether it be due to defective training or to the inevitable effects of our English-speaking environment, at all events we felt compelled to say in our own defence that while we hold in the very highest respect our reverend critic's opinions, with respect to "*Veullotisme*," at least, as a school of opinion to be welcomed or encouraged in a mixed community such as this is, we unfortunately were forced to declare ourselves at the opposite pole of opinion.

It was to this school of opinion that Cardinal Newman referred when he asked in a memorable letter to the late Bishop Ullathorne, "Why should an aggressive and insolent faction be allowed to make the heart of the just sad, whom the Lord hath not made sorrowful?" and whose ascendancy he declared meant "the throwing back" of the time and the moment of the Church's triumph. Briefly, their policy may be described as the contradictory of that advocated by the distinguished group of French Catholics led by Pere Lacordaire, Count de Montalembert, and the illustrious Bishop of Orleans, Mgr. Dupanloup; and represented to some extent by Cardinal Newman in England, and by Dr. Brownson in America. These latter were men who combined with the faith of the martyr ages the civilization and progressive spirit of the nineteenth century. They aimed at reconciling religion and modern society, and of healing the schism which the excesses of the revolutionists had effected between them. The Veuillot party on the other hand, were content with cursing the modern spirit of liberty, they set their faces against the new civilization, and so came to be classed among the *oscurantisti*. Montalembert saw that the clerical dream of the middle ages could not be realized, and that men could not be made to submit to the government of churchmen in temporals. The subjection of the Church to the State, of the spiritual to the temporal, they held, as true Catholics, to be repugnant to the essential principles of religion, since in principle it was the subjection of God to man; and therefore they maintained that the subjection of the State to the clergy, as well as the subjection of the clergy in spirituals to the State, must both be rejected, as equally hostile to religion and civilization. Their contention was for a free church in a free State—the recognition by the church of the freedom of the State in temporals, that is, in the civil order, and the recognition by the State of the freedom of conscience, and of its own incompetence in spirituals. To this order of things the *oscurantisti* opposed themselves. Let it not be supposed that the Church was inimical to modern civilization. We speak not of her. She is Divine, and in matters of dogma, infallible; but it is not an article of faith that churchmen or ecclesiastics in their practical judgments are inerrable. By reason, as has been said, of the excesses of the revolutionists, the Church had been placed in France on the side of the sovereigns, and against the people, to whom she began to appear as the bulwark of absolutism. Speaking of this, and of the movement of Montalembert and his associates, Brownson says:—

"The people's quarrel with the Church was political and social not dogmatical, and what they opposed in her was not her assertion of the divine, but her real or apparent suppression of the human. The true course was then for the Church to

cease to make common cause with the people's masters, to sever her cause from that of the Holy Alliance, to accept liberty and bless it, to take up the cause of the people, hallow the irrepressible instincts of humanity, place herself at the head of the modern world, and aid and direct it in the great work of scientific, social, and political evolution. This was the thought of the *Armir* and of the men grouped with Lacordaire and Montalembert around the Abbe de La Mennais. It required the complete separation of Church and State, the Church to give up all pecuniary support from the state, and to throw herself on the voluntary contributions of the faithful. Her liberty was no longer to be secured by concordat with the state, but by securing the liberty of the people, and obtaining a safeguard for her liberty in the general liberty of the citizen whether Catholic or non-Catholic.

The change recommended would have deprived the Church as a spiritual commonwealth of all political power, of all power derived from the state, all political right of censorship, and of all civil power to enforce her sentences against heresy, error, or schism, and consequently would have abolished the whole of that system of mixed civil and ecclesiastical government which had grown up in the middle ages, and was continued to some extent in all Catholic Europe, and have placed the church on precisely the footing on which she stands in the United States where she is free in the freedom of the citizen, and powerful by her intellectual and moral influence. It would have placed the church on the side of liberty and made it the interest as well as the duty of all churchmen to resist absolutism, and to sustain the freedom and equal rights of the citizen. It would have enabled the church to resume her civilizing work, baptized modern civilization, and healed the schism between her and the modern world. The thought was grand and noble, and, what is more, was eminently Catholic."

All in all, he adds, the story of the movement is one of the brightest, noblest and most inspiring chapters in the annals of Catholic France. It was this movement that Veillot and *L'Uniters* opposed, and the arrest of which put back the cause of religion in France for many a day.

The obscurantist party advocate, in effect, the throwing of the nineteenth century into the moulds of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the reviving of the mixed system of civil and ecclesiastical government which obtained in bygone ages. They seem unable to recognize that nations, like individuals, are subject to the law of change and of constant development; and that it is only the Church, a Divine, and not a human institution, that remains ever the same, ever adaptable to the wants of all ages and nations. There is nothing to be gained by calling, as our Quebec contemporaries do, upon the world to halt, or by advocating an order of things that it is impossible to recall. To represent the Church as inimical to modern progress and liberty is, to our mind, to commit an enormous wrong. The Church is not an institution of the past, she is of the present, and of the future, and her providential mission, in this age, as it has been in all ages, is to lead civilization.

#### PAPAL REPRESENTATION IN AMERICA.

A St. Louis Catholic paper, the *Western Watchman*, suggests, in a late number, that the Sovereign Pontiff send a nuncio to Washington. "We know of no country in the world," says that journal, "where one would do more good," although it adds that it is true that "there are no diplomatic questions between the two governments at present, nor are there any likely to arise which would call for the personal intervention of resident ambassadors." There are two grounds upon which the *Watchman* bases its advocacy of Papal representation—the first, the remote contingency of the United States being called upon to take part in the final settlement of the difficulties between the Pope and the Italian Government; the second, the consternation that the appointment would strike in American Protestant circles. The suggestion,

the *Mirror* of Baltimore very properly points out, that the Holy Father amuse himself at the expense of Protestant fears, is scarcely a dignified one, and it is not likely that he will enter into the spirit of jocosity that prompts the suggestion.

The *Watchman* sets forth its views upon the subject as follows:—

But apart from the prospective diplomatic advantage to be reaped from the appointment of a nuncio, the Church would be vastly benefited by the dismay that would seize the Protestant mind of America, and the despair of the preachers, which would be the immediate and direct result of such an appointment. The fondest conceit of American Protestantism is that the Papacy is dead beyond the hope of resurrection. They even go so far as to give notice that the remains of Papal power will not be allowed interment in American soil, and if the Pope wants an asylum he must seek one elsewhere. The appointment of a nuncio would be the first thing to the Pope's transferring his court to the United States and settling, bag and baggage, in this country. Poor Protestants were frightened out of the Church; it would not be a bad idea to frighten them back into it again.

For reasons of religion we should be very glad to see a gentleman in purple soutane among the diplomatic corps at Washington. We should be delighted to see the Pope's representative taking rank over all the foreign ambassadors there. We should be delighted to find the Papal flag flying over the Papal embassy, and the Papal coat of arms mixing among the brilliant equipages of the grand receptions. We care nothing for these things in themselves; but to Protestants they mean very much. Their religion is only a thing of the eyes, and when we take a mind, we can put on more style than was ever dreamt of in their worldly philosophy. When St. Francis Xavier visited China he appeared before the Emperor in all the trappings of a Papal ambassador, and his gorgeous array made the heathens stare. We must treat Protestants like children, who are led more by their senses than by their reason, and draw them by the chords of Adam when more subtle influences fail.

It is quite possible, of course, indeed, we should judge it to be even probable, that this picturesque nonsense is nothing more in reality than the playful chatter of irresponsible frivolity: but we observe that our contemporary, the *Mirror*, is not disposed to let it pass without a word in remonstrance. "We submit," says that journal, "that this is very low ground, indeed, to be taken by a Catholic journalist, particularly where the character of editor is supplementary to that of priest, on a question of this kind. It has never been recognized, as a function of modern governmental usage to frighten people out of one belief and into another." Certainly, it adds, with almost comical solemnity, this feature has not been a conspicuous one in the missionary policy of the Church. And besides, it thinks, in spite of certain inherited delusions entertained by American Protestants relative to the Church and the Pope, the body of non-Catholics would probably be not so easily frightened by the style of ecclesiastical dignity as the *Western Watchman* fancies. In fact, the first public appearance of a nuncio at Washington would, in all probability, create "a mild breeze," among the less intelligent of the separated brethren, and some of the professional pulpit sensationalists would go so far perhaps as to "work" the incident for all it was worth; but in the end, no doubt, the fact that such a dignitary was a fixture in diplomatic circles at the American capital would be accepted in the same spirit that makes Cardinal Gibbons a welcome and honoured figure among Americans of all creeds in Baltimore and throughout the country. "There is no need," says the *Mirror*, "on the *Western Watchman's* own showing, for a Papal nuncio to this government; but if there was, about the last idea that would instigate the Pope to appoint one, would be that the presence of such an agent would frighten the Protestants back into the true fold."

## General Catholic News

The Rev. Father Kelly, of Hamilton, has been appointed by Bishop Dowling to the charge of the parish of Galt.

The lists of Christmas offerings at St. Michael's cathedral were distributed to pew-holders last Sunday. The total amount was \$922.

His Lordship Bishop Dowling will deliver his first public address as Bishop of Hamilton, at the concert in aid of the St. Mary's Orphan Asylum, on the 18th of February.

Father Hand will be presented with a C. M. B. A. Emblem by Branch 85, C. M. B. A. in St. Vincent Hall, on Thursday Evening Jan 28th.

The Congregation of St. Michael's will also present him, at same time and place, with a purse of money:

Mr. Edward Clifford, writing to the *Boston Herald* regarding the attacks on Father Damien's character, says, "He had made himself very unpopular by his unsuccessful war against intoxicating spirits, and I believe that whatever hatred he incurred was the result of his goodness."

Miss Anna T. Sadlier, of Montreal, contributes to the January number of the *Catholic World* an interesting article entitled "A Typical Irishman," a sketch of the late Thomas D'Arcy McGee from which we shall make some extracts in our next number.

On Friday evening, Jan. 17th, Miss Gendron, organist of the Church of the Sacred Heart, received a very agreeable surprise when the members of the choir waited on her at her residence, 311 Wilton Ave, and presented her with a handsome gold watch in recognition of her services to the church.

Dr. Hastings, a much-esteemed Presbyterian minister of New York, writes to the *New York Sun*, objecting to the terms in the Presbyterian "confession" which characterize Catholics as "infidels and idolaters," and the Pope as "anti-Christ." Dr. Hastings is unwilling to be responsible for such language to a "great Church," which he regards "as a Church of Jesus Christ."

Rev. Fathers Coughlan and Ward, two Jesuit priests from St. Louis, arrived in Sarnia on Saturday and will conduct mission services during the present week in the Catholic church. The handsome new organ recently purchased by the church was used for the first time last Sunday in the services. The mission will close next Sunday night by the singing of the *Te Deum*. Father Bayard, who has been laid up for the past week from an attack of the influenza, is still confined to his bed.

At the conclusion of the sermon after High Mass at the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, on Sunday last, the Rev. Father McBride bade good-bye in a few kindly words to his congregation. At St. Michael's Cathedral in the evening the Rev. Father Hand at the close of his sermon in like manner referred to his departure from Toronto, and to the friendships he had formed and the kindnesses he had received during the seven years he had laboured among the people of St. Michael's Cathedral. Father Hand leaves this week for Oshawa, and Father McBride for Dixie.

The French Catholic Church of the Sacred Heart, King street east, was crowded last Sunday afternoon on the occasion of the presentation of an address of welcome to Archbishop Walsh by the congregation. His Grace was accompanied by Vicar-Generals Rooney and Laurent. The address covered the usual ground, being in French, in which language the prelate replied. His Grace concluded his visit to the church by giving benediction, assisted by Very Rev. Fathers Rooney and Laurent and Rev. Father Lamarche.

Father Strubbe, of St. Ann's church, Montreal, had an

interview with the Mayor of that city a few days ago, and brought to the notice of His Worship a New York weekly newspaper, which he said contained pernicious articles contrary to public morals and decency, a special edition being published for sale in Montreal, and largely circulated among the reverend gentleman's parishioners, which he considered must have a baneful effect upon the younger members. The Mayor said he had not heard of the paper, but asked that a copy be sent to him, and promised to consult the City Attorney as to his powers to prevent its circulation.

A mission under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers of Montreal, will be given at St. Michael's Cathedral beginning on Sunday the 9th February and continuing for eight days. The mission at the Cathedral will be followed by others in St. Mary's, St. Paul's, and St. Basil's Parishes in this city. The order of exercises for the Mission will be as follows:

MORNING—5 o'clock, Mass and sermon. 6.15 o'clock, Mass. 9 o'clock, Mass and Sermon.

AFTERNOON 3 o'clock, Stations of the Cross. 7.30 o'clock, Instructions and beads. 8 o'clock, Sermon and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

To gain the first Plenary Indulgence of the Mission one must:

1. Go to Confession and Communion. 2. Attend five services of the Mission. 3. And pray for the Pope's intention.

The second Plenary Indulgence, by receiving the Papal Blessing.

Rev. Father McEntee, who is leaving Oshawa for Port Colborne this week, officiated at both services in St. Gregory's on Sunday last. He was presented with an address expressive of regret at his departure and a well-filled purse, contributed by his parishioners and friends. In his reply thanking them for their many acts of kindness during his pastorate, he referred especially to his Protestant friends who had so often lent him their sympathy and aid. He also paid tribute to the Sisters of St. Joseph for their practical assistance at all times. Father McEntee has been priest of Oshawa for twelve years, and during that time has reduced the debt of the parish \$9,000. He leaves there enjoying the esteem of all.

At St. Mary's Cathedral Hamilton, on Monday afternoon, Bishop Dowling was presented with engrossed and illuminated addresses from seven Roman Catholic organizations, as follows: Separate School Board, St. Vincent de Paul Society, Catholic Mutual Benevolent Association, Emerald Beneficial Association, League of the Cross, Irish Catholic Mutual Benefit Union and Ancient Order of Hibernians.

In replying to the addresses his lordship spoke the following words of counsel:

I wish you to elect officers for your several organizations that will always work in harmony with the chaplain or director appointed by the bishop.

That you will undertake no public entertainment, excursion or picnic without the knowledge and approval of the chaplain.

That you will not admit or retain any member unless he is a practical Catholic.

I desire that the several benevolent societies would cultivate a spirit of union and harmony, and if they cannot unite in one society, that they would speak and act towards each other as Christian gentlemen.

It is my desire that there shall be no ladies' organizations in connection with any of the societies, and that you should avoid all allusion to questions of politics or nationality.

## OBITUARY.

Henry King died on the 7th inst., in this city at the private hospital of Dr. Brodeur. He was sustained in his last moments by all the helps of religion, and edified all who came to see him by the Christian sentiments which animated him. He was a good husband and devoted father. He leaves a wife and two children to mourn his loss. He was one of the principal paying-tellers at the bank of British North America, where he was admired for his gentlemanly bearing, kindness of disposition and business skill. He was a son of Colonel H. King, of Walmer, Eng., and a nephew of Admiral Sir George Duckworth King, Baronet K. C. B. Two years ago he left

the ranks of Episcopalianism and was received into the fold of the Catholic Church by Rev. M. Callaghan, of St. Patrick's. His only regret was that he had not become a Catholic years and years ago.  
Montreal, Jan. 12th, 1890

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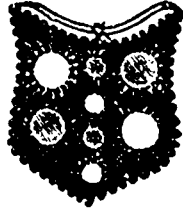
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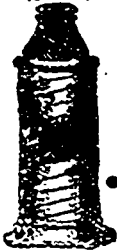
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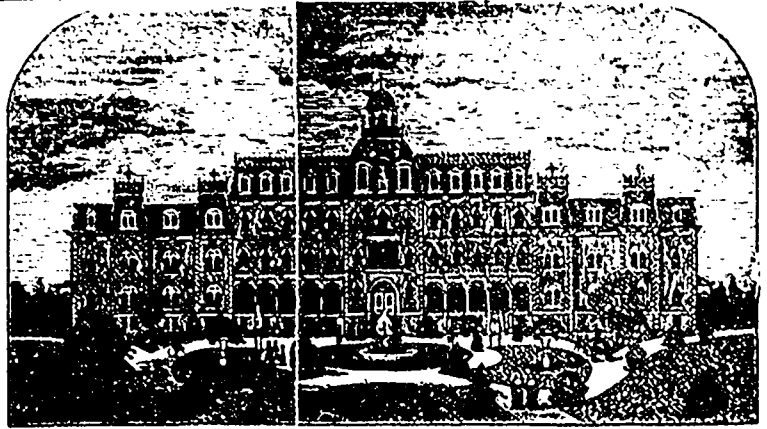


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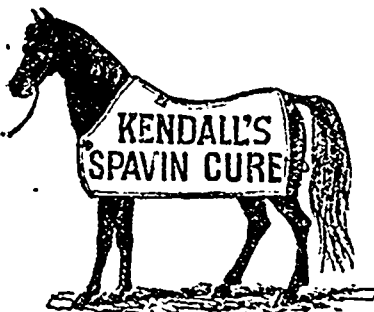
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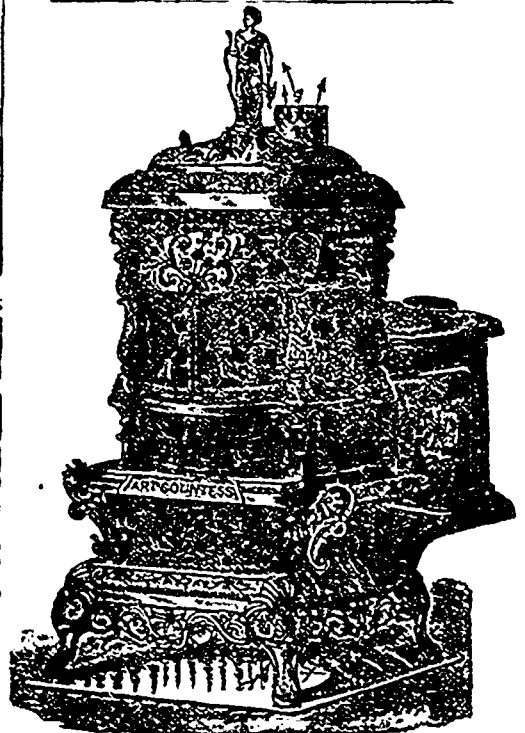
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