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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. II.

Toronto, Saturday, July 28, 1888

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NOTES.

"Sam Jones," says the Baltimore *Mirror*, "the polished and fascinating revivalist, who is starring at Chautauqua, N.Y., in the course of an elegant sermon on "How to Get there," predicted the other day that Mr. Cleveland would be re-elected to the presidency. There can be no question about the amount of spiritual good which Sam is accomplishing among the devout Chautauquans."

The Archbishop of Dublin, in answer to one of the addresses of welcome and confidence prepared in honour of his return, has assured his flock once more of the interest taken by the Sovereign Pontiff in the affairs of Ireland—an interest which will bear good fruit in the future. Meanwhile it is understood that the Decree condemning boycotting and the Plan of Campaign has been, or will be, promulgated privately by the Bishops to their clergy, fulfilling the injunction to do it prudently, which has been communicated from Rome.

The circumstances of Mr. Mandeville's death have awakened unusual sympathy. The suicide, on Friday last, of Dr. Ridley, the prison physician, who was summoned to be present at the inquest, has confirmed the popular belief that Mr. Mandeville's death was brought about by the cruelty with which he was treated by the prison officials.

"Mr. Mandeville," writes M. Labouchere, in the last number of *Truth*, "struck me, when I met him about ten months ago, as being one of the finest specimens of a man I ever saw. He was a genial, cheerful, and honest gentleman, ready to dare all and to suffer all in what he deemed to be the cause of his country. For venturing to express his opinion upon the rackrenting of the Countess of Kings town, at Mitchelstown, where he lived, and for coming

forward to support the tenants in their resistance to what it is now admitted was an intolerable rent, he was confined to prison. He was treated with exceptional severity and to this ill-treatment his death is due. There ought to be a coroner's inquest at once and the gaol scoundrels who killed him should be summoned, and forced to testify as to what occurred when he was in their clutches. They will probably attempt to evade their responsibility—after the manner of the keepers in a lunatic asylum who have broken the ribs of some patients—but under cross examination some portion of the truth may be elicited."

We chronicled recently the death of Mr. John Mandeville, formerly chairman of the Michellstown Board of Guardians, in prison, to which he had been sentenced under the Coercion Act. A Mr. Murphy, a magistrate of the district, has since written to the *Freeman's Journal* to say that he visited Mr. Mandeville during his confinement at Tullamore and found him living on a diet of bread and water, which the authorities had ordered because of Mr. Mandeville's refusal to herd with the "scum" in the jail or to perform degrading offices. This is how, under English Governments, dynamiters have been manufactured.

The outrageous story lately spread about by some papers to the effect that Bishop Lafleche, of Three Rivers, "had signed an order suspending the Jesuits from religious administrations in his diocese," because of their influencing the dying whom they attended to make wills in favour of the order, has drawn out an indignant denial from Mgr. Lafleche, who, in a letter to Father Hamel, the Provincial of the Society, speaks of the respect and affection he has always entertained for the Order.

"All the assertions," he says, "of this presumed information of the *Journal of Ottawa*, are so many falsehoods. This stupid attack of the enemies of the Church against your Fathers is for me a new proof of the good which your illustrious company is accomplishing, and will tender to increase the esteem which I have always had for it."

A Presbyterian paper in this city, and one of the most odiously bigoted description, publishes, presumably by way of comment upon the settlement of the Jesuits' Estates question, a number of extracts from an infamous publication, *Monita Secreta*, in order that its readers "may learn something of the workings of this association, and what may be expected from its revival in this country." The extracts are full of suggestiveness and are marked of course by craft, ambition and unscrupulousness. They would be very effective but for the fact that the *Monita Secreta* from which they are taken, a work professing to be the authoritative secret instructions drawn up by a General of the Society for the government of the order, is well known to have been a forgery, and would never be quoted by any well informed person. It was designed to damage the credit of the Jesuits, and was the work of disreputable enemies of the Order and of religion. This may be found admitted by even so impartial an authority as the *Encyclopedia Britannica*.

The Church in Canada.

Under this heading will be collected and preserved all obtainable data bearing upon the history and growth of the Church in Canada. Contributions are invited from those having in their possession any material that might properly come for publication in this department.

THE GREYNUNS IN CANADA.

[Note.—For the following sketch of the Grey Nuns, the first religious order of women founded by a Canadian, we are indebted to the *North West Review*. It is from an address delivered by the venerable Archbishop of St. Boniface, on occasion of the Golden Jubilee of Sister St. Joseph, one of the founders of the Order in the North-West. Ed.]

Deus sanctus in omnibus operibus suis.—Ps. 67.

III.

(3). Forty-four years of work at the Red River Mission.

The conquest of Canada by the English paralyzed for a long time, the consequences to the veridige from the discovery of the West by Monsicur de la Verandrye. Numbers of Indian tribes inhabited this distant country; missionaries had accompanied the parties of the discoverers, partaken of their fatigues and intermingled their blood with theirs, while falling under the tomahawk of the ferocious Indians; but the conquest put an end to these French expeditions, and the missionaries could no longer betake themselves to the North-West. The Holy Catholic Church wishes the sanctification of souls, thus those who directed it in Canada ardently longed for the time when they might send Evangelical workmen to establish themselves in the lands discovered by La Verandrye and already watered by the blood of martyrs.

Insurmountable difficulties retarded the accomplishment of this precious design until 1818, the date at which Messieurs Norbert Provencher and Severe Dumoulin came to establish themselves at Red River.

This is not the time to speak of the work of those apostles, but it certainly is the time to speak of one of the constant aims of that one of them who, having become bishop, gave irrevocably his heart and his life to that portion of the Lord's vineyard which confided to his care.

Mgr. Provencher, in spite of his efforts and the indefatigable zeal of the generous priests who seconded him, comprehended that there was one thing wanting, one thing essential to his work to complete it and to ensure its success for the future.

The young girls of the country were not receiving the care with which the Church wishes to surround their inexperience in order to prepare them to accomplish the duties which God demands of the Christian woman. A community of *religieuses* devoted to the instruction and domestic education of young girls appeared to Mgr. Provencher the only and the necessary means to supply a want which had for twenty-five years so often afflicted his heart—the heart of a true shepherd. But where was he to find the *religieuses* who would consent to come to Red River.

Red River! In the country away up North! In those lands so far away, so ill spoken of, so dreaded, where, it seems only the purest heroism, sustained by the most vigorous strength can endure to remain. Mgr. Provencher wrote hither and thither to ask information; impossibilities presented themselves to his project. He went to Canada, addressed himself to the institutions devoted to instruction, they answered him that they could not come. The foundation at St. Hyacinthe encouraged him—perhaps the Grey Nuns would do so. The holy prelate who presided over the destinies of the Church of Montreal, which he has so greatly developed, knew the devotion of the Grey Nuns; he highly approved the thought of the Bishop of the North-West, and encouraged him to betake himself to the General Hospital, where he had prepared their might to share in his views and to be that another refusal might not be afflicted on him. His demand astonished at first, it was not a question of housing infirm old people, rescuing abandoned infants from death, sustaining orphans; it was not a question of those excellent works. The new lands, whose population was so sparse, had no pressing need of those works, which great populous centres demand with so much urgency and necessity. What there is need of in a new country is *Christian Education*, penetrating into the family as yet but little enlightened, modifying the manners and customs, giving birth to industry, seizing affectionately everything which happens

around the family fireside, in order to impress upon it a Christian seal, and practicing the population in such a manner that they should practice virtue and prepare themselves for heaven, utilizing for their true happiness everything of the earth and of time. These high aspirations can be realized only in a family in which the spirit and heart of the mother is endowed by instruction and education which becomes her sex. This was the constant idea of Mgr. Provencher, he laid it before the administrators of the General Hospital and they favourably received the request of the pious prelate.

On the 23rd of April, 1884, four Sisters of Charity, named by their superior, under the obedience and with the benediction of the holy bishop of Montreal, went forth from the pious asylum where they had made to God the sacrifice of their persons, betook themselves to Lachine and embarked on a frail bark canoe *en route* for the Red River Settlement, without even the thought of ever again seeing either the people or the places so dear to their hearts. For my part, I do not see a grander nor more complete heroism than that which shows itself in this circumstance. Heroism on the part of the community, which gives its subjects for a mission so distant and perilous; heroism on the part of the subjects, who accept for themselves all the consequences and all the sacrifices which it imposes. After the heartrendings of separation and departure, came the difficulties of the voyage. To-day, one comes from Montreal to St. Boniface in sixty-two hours, one can have palace coaches at his service in day time and at night palace sleeping cars, and without putting his feet to the ground one has his meals where are comfort and the luxury of the most sumptuous appointments, and yet I have heard young people complain of the length and fatigue of such a voyage. Let us form an idea, if we can, of what this long journey was when done in a bark canoe. The light skiff had to follow the sinuosities of the course of the water, and had to brave the fury of the great lakes, swept by the tempest, and that, for two long months, when they had no other shelter than a tent pitched on the humid shore, were exposed all day to the heat of the sun, to the buffeting of the winds, and day and night to the attacks of insects which appeared in great numbers everywhere. Add to this all the fears of timid persons, all the repugnance of delicate persons, all the distress of fatigue, food coarse and scarce, and you would have a feeble idea of what the *religieuses* underwent coming from Montreal to St. Boniface forty-four years ago.

If you wish to know it let me tell you that they faced and bore all these difficulties without complaints, without murmurs, without regrets, and without a desire to change their lot. It would not to astonish us, if God, who is holy in his works, was pleased by such heroism undertaken, sustained and consummated for the sanctification of souls.

The mode of travel between Montreal and St. Boniface has been much changed since forty-four years ago, but one deceives himself greatly if he believes that this is the only change that has taken place in this country, and that voyaging in bark canoes has been the only trial imposed on the sisters who travelled here. During more than thirty years, all those who have come have had to make extremely painful voyages; when, for example, some of the sisters have taken fifty-two days in coming from St. Paul here in Red River carts, it is easy to conceive that they had much to suffer, since their sufferings were not confined to the time of the journey.

(To be concluded).

THE FLOWER MIRACLE.

Seek ye a miracle? Behold these seeds,
These tiny, dusky spheres, scentless and dull,—
I drop them in the sombre soil, and pull
A veil of earth athwart them. Pluck the weeds,
And water the dry loam.—Thence there proceeds
No hint of bloom or fragrance; all is dull
And scentless as the fresh-sown, soulless seeds.
But hither come in June. How beautiful
The radiant flowers bloom!—God's chemistry
Hath drawn from dusky seed and sullen clay
Rarest of flowers, scents of Araby—
A fragrant vision fairer than the day!
Bow down, proud heart, and bless the gracious Power
Which works a miracle in every flower!

—Eleanor C. Donnelly.

MONTREAL GOSSIP.

A great deal of sentiment is being expended on that forty year old "antiquity," the Methodist church on St. James street. Leaders have been written about it, poetry has been written to it, and it has been called "an oasis amid the desert of lofty business offices, warehouses, stores, and other worldly accessories by which it is surrounded." Happily for travellers in the actual desert the oases therein found are accessible at all times, not on Sundays only, at easy and "genteel" hours. Many writers on the subject of the old church have taken a little trip backward into the past and enlarged upon the enlargement of the various Methodist churches of Montreal. In one newspaper we read that "in the year 1808 the cause of Methodism had so far prospered that subscriptions were raised and the first Methodist meeting-house in Canada was erected in St. Sulpice street. The building still exists and stands immediately in the rear of the Church of Notre Dame. It is now used, as an inscription on a board above the doorway denotes, as the office of La Fabrique de Notre Dame." So far so good—but why is there not a word about the Rev. Mr. Richard, who superintended the building of the church, and who, so his congregation proudly said, was going to "convert the Sulpiciens?" The answer to that question lies in the fact that the Sulpiciens converted him. Or more correctly speaking, the grace of God did. How it happened I have not yet succeeded in ascertaining, but certain it is that while dwelling in the near vicinity of the Catholic parish church, and strenuously preaching against its doctrines, Rev. Mr. Richard's heart was illumined with the light of Faith. He humbly asked instruction and was baptized into the Church, after which he gave himself wholly to the service of God, studied for the priesthood and became an ordained member of the Community of St. Sulpice. His first charge was a little congregation which he gathered in old Bonsecours, then a holy and devotional spot, breathing of the past, and not yet profaned by modern improvements.

Father Richard for many years filled the office of *economus* in the Seminary. He also had charge of the Irish Catholics of the city, by whom he was much beloved and to whom he sacrificed himself. He died of typhus, contracted in the fever sheds, in the year 1847, probably the only shepherd evolved from the Methodist body in Montreal who has "laid down his life for the flock."

Sabbath School is a term usually connected in one's mind with the Gentile Sunday. It means to most ears a place wherein the rising generation are instructed in the law of Moses and the New Testament, where books are loaned out weekly, containing stories of the life and death of abnormally good children, who never ran on Sunday, nor told a fib, nor coveted their neighbour's rocking horse, and who on the two-hundredth page went to heaven by as direct a route as did the prophet Elias. Then in summer the average Sabbath School has its picnic, at which the young lady teachers and the young gentleman teachers indulge in a mild flirtation, and the children indulge in unripe fruit, birds nesting, wading and bad colds. In winter, who does not remember the "Tea Party" at which doughy cake and weak tea is distributed as a set off to a musical festival calculated to infuse a knowledge of geography and a brotherly love for the heathen. Many and various are the hymns of those "Evangelical gatherings."

"From Greenland's icy mountains
And India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,"

is perhaps one of the best known, but there are others in vogue of less stately rhythm, for instance:—

"If I should steal, or stories tell,
I'm pretty sure to go to hell."

And if it be an American Sunday School there is this choice and well reasoned ditty:

"The Lord is great, I calculate,
He will the godly bless,
And if I tries to tell lies,
I shall be saved—I guess!"

In fact, so Protestant is the term "Sabbath School" in contradistinction to our "catechism," that it seems strange to read of the Rabbi Marks of the Temple Emanu-El having gone to

Quebec to organize a Hebrew Sabbath School in that town. Rather hard it will be on the poor little Israelites, who will be debarred from a share in the games and fun of a Saturday afternoon, and set down to pucker their poor little brows over the study of the law of Moses. The government has given a grant of two hundred and fifty dollars towards the organization and support of the school.

By the bye, we read in one of your Toronto papers that recently, in the St. James Square Presbyterian Church, a young lady, a graduate of the General Hospital in Toronto, was solemnly set apart for the work of the Presbyterian Medical Mission at Honan, China. Now, in what did the "solemnity" of the "setting apart" consist? And what is she set apart from? And who set her apart? And by what rule or precedent? Is the "sweet girl graduate" (I presume her to be such) sternly prohibited from flirtation with any youthful follower of Esculapius who may be practising his profession in the Flowery Land? Or is she "set apart" from the possibility of converting, captivating, and marrying a convalescent Chinaman, according to the ritual—I beg pardon—service—of the holders of the creed of Calvin? And what is the outward and visible sign of this "setting-apart"?

Everybody is out of town, which is why "Gossip" is so scarce this week. At least, the ladies are all out of town, and the men, of course, never gossip! The suburban resorts are all full of health seekers. The ultra fashionable people have followed the "Canadian Court" to the Metapedia and Dalhousie, and the enterprising people have undertaken journeys over less beaten tracks. Our worthy mayor has been sojourning on the

"dismal shore

Of cold and pitiless Labrador."

Some patriots have gone to British Columbia, others to Lake Nonimingué, in our Provincial Northwest, and one enterprising journalist, of more than local fame, is meditating a holiday trip to Japan. Truly this is a wonderful age!

Pilgrimages to Beaupré are very numerous, and the remarkable cures at the shrine of La Bonne Sainte Anne are many and well attested. From all parts of our land come the sick and suffering to pray to the beneficent Mother of Mary Immaculate, and owing to her powerful intercession the *Ter Deum* of thankfulness almost incessantly floats over the broad St. Laurence and echoes amid the grand Laurentian mountains. It is beautiful, this faith of our Canadian people in their holy patroness—and sometimes it is pathetic. Who does not remember the incident, so graphically told a few years ago by Joachim Miller, of the young French Canadian mother, herself little more than a child, who travelled down from Quebec with her dead baby in her arms to ask its resurrection from the good Saint Anne?

Does the Saint ever give back life, I wonder, awaken buried memories, renew dead virtues, rekindle an extinct faith, restore a lost friend? Among the visible memories which yearly take place at the shrine, are there also invisible ones—known only to God? I think so. I hope so, for:

"If we are fortunate enough to find grace before thee, O holy mother Anne, we may expect everything from thy intercession. Amen."

OLD MORTALITY.

THE MAIL ON PRAYER.

The *Mail* has essayed many departures of late, but it has never receded farther from all Christian principles than within the last week or two. During the past two years it has attacked the Catholic Church and her institutions unceasingly, and has enjoyed the acclaim of its ultra-protestant friends. The editor has, for a moment, descended from the protestant horse, and now mounted upon another Rosinante, and like a new Don Quixote ridden forth to seek adventure. If we are to judge by the many letters which have appeared he has encountered a wind-mill, and with no better success than his ancient prototype. The *Mail* has come out clearly and distinctly Agnostic.

It quotes with some satisfaction the words of a bishop of a church, whose chief characteristic has ever been *compromiso*. The Anglican Bishop of Manchester was addressing a body of

scientists, many of whom were agnostics. If his church could admit every shade of theological opinion, why should it repel from its bosom any phase of scientific theory, no matter how weak or fallacious? Why not compromise with present public scientific opinion? The illustrious Bishop of Manchester makes the needed compromise. "Prayers," he declares, "for the interruption of God's natural order are of doubtful validity." In the *Nineteenth Century* for November last Mr. Huxley, after quoting these words from the address, writes: "It appears to me that the Bishop's difficulty simply adds another example to those which I have several times insisted upon in the pages of this review and elsewhere of the mischief which has been done and is being done by a mistaken apprehension of the real meaning of 'natural order' and 'law of nature.'" It is therefore with a keen sense of the ridiculous that the *Mail* makes use of these same words of this bishop, who, without a knowledge of the sciences, has wished to court the praise of the scientists.

In the article already quoted, Mr. Huxley emphatically states: "No one is entitled to say *a priori* that any given so-called miraculous event is impossible, and no one is entitled to say *a priori* that prayer for some change in the ordinary course of nature cannot possibly avail. The supposition, that there is any inconsistency between the acceptance of the constancy of natural order and a belief in the efficacy of prayer, is the more unaccountable as it is obviously contradicted by analogies furnished by everyday experience." It is a Christian and a Catholic belief that God is the Creator of all things, that He does all things in number, weight and measure, and that He has given laws to the universe. These laws He has given not only to the physical world but to the spiritual world as well. How can we come to a knowledge of these laws? God may reveal to us any of His laws if He so wish, or we may come to the knowledge of some by observation. The knowledge of scientists can never go beyond the physical order, as that alone can fall under their observation. They observe that when certain conditions are placed the same effect follows. This recurrence of the same phenomena they call a "law of nature." Scientists can never prove that other causes may not produce the same effect. The experience of every day teaches that the mind influences the body. Physicians will declare a disease to be purely mental, yet its effects are visible in the body. So there is no reason to suppose that natural phenomena are always the effects of physical causes. It is strange that agnostics of the *Mail* type, who rave so much about the laws of nature, cannot discover the law maker, who has given order to the motion of the spheres, and has caused the grass to grow. True science can deduce from the study and observation of nature, not only certain particular laws, but the knowledge of the higher law that pervades and gives effect to these particular laws, the will of Almighty God. From the seen man can come to the knowledge of the unseen, St. Paul tells us. That it is in the power of God to reveal Himself to the world, no Christian will deny. God acts on the world in accordance with certain laws. If God reveals to us any of these laws, we know them with a greater certainty than we can ever have of the laws deduced from observation. Now we have the revelation of God in regard to one great law. We have the Word of God that prayer will have its effect not only in the spiritual, but in the physical order. As God has laid down that law, nature must follow it. Christ came into the world, He taught men to pray, to ask for material as well as spiritual favours. He gave the example of prayer, He listened to prayer, yea, and granted what was asked. The blind man on the way to Jericho asked, "Lord, that I may see, and immediately he saw." (St. Luke 18: 41, 42.) What law of nature was then interrupted? If any law was interrupted, one thing is certain the law of prayer had its effect. "Amen, Amen I say unto you, if you ask the Father anything in my name, He will give it you, hitherto you have not asked anything in my name, ask and you shall receive, that your joy may be full." (St. John 16: 23, 24.)

D. J. C.

St. Mary's Church Young Men's Association will hold a Garden Party in St. Mary's Grove, on Wednesday evening next, in aid of Church Tower Fund. The Band of the 13th Batt. of Hamilton has been secured as the musical attraction.

THE MISSION OF CATHOLIC SCHOLARS.

You go forth to-day to stand, or fall, alone. Hitherto, to think well, or to do well, you had but to listen or to imitate. All that is past.

Your step is upon the threshold of active life, and never so much as now have you stood in need of wise counsel and friendly guidance. The world looks upon you as beings especially favoured and especially equipped for high purposes—designed to shape events, to make history. It respects and envies you. In the moral and intellectual order, it makes special demands upon you, and in proportion to the high position it assigns you will be your fault if you fail to satisfy these demands.

He who would have the last shadow of life lengthen in the golden light of unsullied memory must look well to the morning of effort. Before you begin *your day*—an irrevocable day whose every act must count here and hereafter—let me give you a brief word of warning, an epitome of what has gone before in word and work.

Each of you will seek a twofold happiness—a particular and a common happiness. One will become a lawyer, and as such his happiness will consist in the perfection of his knowledge of law and in the appreciation thereof. Another will follow medicine, and his happiness will depend upon the fullness of his knowledge of the science of health; he who enters the circles of business will find happiness in thorough acquaintance with the laws and tides of trade. But the happiness of the lawyer is not the happiness of the doctor, and both are essentially different from the happiness of the merchant.

The happiness of all as *men* will be found alone in the right exercise of that function by which they are men—their reason.

The proper use of reason is the measure of happiness and honour. If you follow the worldly standard, you will be led to believe that the acme of happiness and honour is reached through wealth, the lever of pleasure and power. If you follow the Christian standard, you will see that wealth is good and honourable only in so far as it is justly acquired and reasonably used.

Money has become the world's god. Look at the rushing and the struggling of the masses, note the eager eyes, the ceaseless energy, the faces now lighted with hope, again blackened in despair. Every breath is a prayer to reach the prize. What is the talisman that so quickens men? What power draws the tension of human hope and effort even to breaking? What so benumb every noblest impulse and instinct as to make men forget in their mad race even the tender claims of love and kindred? Money! Money is god, and man is his slave.

Does not reason tell us that man was created for some nobler purpose than this mad rush after wealth? Let it be, as the silly world will have it, the key to society, the *open sesame* to preferment, the door-way to the halls of ease and luxury and pleasure—is the end commensurate with the dignity of manhood, or of his heaven-destined soul?

Experience teaches that nothing dries the heart-strings so quickly nor so thoroughly as this insatiate strife for wealth. Nothing so quickly makes a man forget his God and throw off, as he would a cloak, the faith of his fathers and the devotion of his days of struggle. It is a deadly poison to brotherly love, a quicksand to religion.

Do not understand that I deplore the necessity of work, or that I would suffice ambition for competence. Far from it! Labour dignifies and ambition cheers our existence. But both labour and ambition should be moderated by reason and sanctified by lawful means and lawful ends. And remember that wealth in itself is not a just title to honour. It is honourable only in honest acquirement, and especially honourable in its proper use.

Work hard, gentlemen, economize, and if God gives you means and opportunities, tact, education and health to amass wealth, take not the credit to yourselves, nor hug your store with hearts cold to the appeal of want or good purpose, but rather learn the better to work out your eternal end through enlarged opportunity and accepted responsibility. Do not imitate the folly of those of my home to whom fortunes have come in a day. The rugged Rockies yielded their golden treasures, pointing the while with a thousand stainless peaks to the God from whom they came. Men took the treasure and forgot the Giver. The intense fever made them delirious to every thought of duty. They became as gods to themselves

and a fawning world nourished the delusion. And this insanity repeats itself throughout the world.

The world has it that the man of knowledge is an honourable man, and the world is right; but the knowledge which is honourable is not that drawn through the poison bed of self conceit. Here again must the proper use of reason measure honour.

To-day we have the sad spectacle of pigmy intelligence arrayed against the wisdom and revealed Word of God. If one would know what man is, let him stand in a canyon of the Rockies when the heavens frown and the lightnings dance from side to side of the solid mountain walls, let him listen to the roars and echoes of the thunder, let him follow, if he can, the lights and shadows cast by the giant peaks gleaming in the purity of their stainless snows, let him watch that boulder of a thousand tons tossed down the steep mountain side, and dashed to its grave in the rushing torrent below; in such a moment pride dies, and the veriest fool on earth would not dare lift his voice in blasphemous infidelity, or attempt to dam the current of faith with the straws of his own unreasonings.

Knowledge is honourable, but it is that knowledge which has God for its beginning and for its end. Knowledge is honourable, but it is that knowledge which gives keener sense to the relations between Creator and creature. Knowledge is honourable, but it is that knowledge which sees in the unraveling of Nature's mysteries the wisdom and the power and the goodness and the beauty of an Infinite Father and Ruler.

And that knowledge is far from honourable which would raze the balwark of faith and confidence and devotion, because, for sooth, there are some things in the vast eternal plain which the mind cannot grasp nor reason understand. That knowledge is not honourable which attempts to change a God of love into a lucky chance, or His law into an invention of ignorant tyranny.

To-day there are young men who glory in having cast off what they are pleased to term the burdens of superstition. They free themselves from the shackles, one by one. And is it because they have reasoned themselves clear from the demands of duty? Not at all. It is because infidelity is the fashion, and because, through some strange process of deduction, the man who casts off all pretension to faith is supposed to be super-intelligent.

Gentlemen, I said that you were specially equipped for high purposes. You have been blessed among men with superior training and a solid groundwork of religious faith. What higher purpose, and what more honourable one, than to do your utmost to stem this torrent of indifference and unbelief and to make men ashamed of their shame through your solid devotion and faithful practice?

Some of you may not be called to be ministers of God's Word, but you are none the less called, as every creature is called, to do Him honour and proclaim the truth. Your training has brought you to fullest knowledge of His love and beauty, and proportionately is your duty increased to protect his honour and confirm your brethren. Has this higher education been given you solely for your own satisfaction? Do you for a moment think that God has blessed you with means and health to complete this excellent course of training, without having for each and every one of you a well drawn plan whereby you may be instrumental in increasing His external glory, and have a large share in working out His eternal design?

The Almighty, besides establishing the laws by which the material world should be governed, established also moral and social law and all according to an eternal plan. He was not dependent, as man is, upon accident or whim, but all things were with Him melted into an eternal present. In every relation His design is the measure of perfection and true happiness and honour. Just as every star, and tree, and stone, has its particular part to fulfill in working out the general destiny of divine glory, each has its particular place marked out from all eternity. As in the physical, so in the social world. Every individual, king and peasant, rich and poor, has come from the Creator's hands with a well-defined destiny—a destiny to be worked out by that individual, or not at all.

This destiny cannot have for its ultimate aim wealth, or knowledge, or fame. These are good and honourable only so far as they are subservient to the will of God, His Glory and our own eternal salvation; and when they draw us from God, far from being good, they are pernicious and dishonourable.

Virtue as the only reasonable and genuine source of honour;

and even though the honours of the world are under no regulation, though true quality be neglected, virtue oppressed and vice triumphant, the last day—the day which reason tells us to work for—will rectify this disorder and assign to every one a station suitable to the dignity of his character. Ranks will be then adjusted, and precedence set right. "We should have our ambition," says Addison, "to outshine our inferiors in virtue here that they may not be put above us in a state which is to settle the distinction for eternity."

Have ambition for an honourable distinction in life, but do not look forward to the empty honours given thoughtlessly and undeservedly by a whimsical world, honours that to-morrow's fancy may deny and laugh at. Your efforts and energies should have for their aim the summit of Christian nobility. Let the world applaud, as it sometimes will, or let it condemn, the gain, even the temporal gain of a life spent under the standard of Christian honour, will be more than sufficient repay for the heats and trials of the battle. Better a thousand times one moment of sweet, unaccusing recollection, than years of memory bedraggled in the mire of youthful folly and irreparable misdirected effort.

Let this, then, be your watchword, "Christian honour." Be honourable in the sight of God by strictest following of His law. This is the essence of earthly happiness. "In the heart of every man there is an abyss which hope, joy, ambition, hate, love, the sweetness of thinking, the pleasure of writing, the pride of conquest, cannot fill. The whole world cast into that abyss cannot satisfy it, but one drop of the grace of God causes it to overflow. It is God who is the principle of real joy." (Abbé Roux.)

Trials will come to you at every stage of life. The strict code of Christian morality will grow burdensome, and the heart will be tempted to rebel against the yoke that it seems to bear alone. Then must you go to your Father in heaven, Who will not turn away from your humble petition, but will give abundant grace to enable you to send back your sigh of sadness sanctified by Christian submission.

Be honourable in your calling. If you follow the law, bear well in mind it is not the province of law to defeat the ends of justice. It is an honourable calling, but the lawyer who will lend himself and his knowledge to criminal ends, dishonours his profession.

As doctors, you should know more than to heal the body, you should know to console and aid the spirit. If through your ministry you aid in bringing one soul to God, He will not be outdone in generosity.

In business, be honourable and upright. Let your word be your bond. It is better to struggle along in mediocrity than to have dishonest means crowned with riches whose enjoyment must ever be disturbed by the constant gnawing of conscience.

Shudder to owe a dollar. Debt corrodes self-respect. It ruins the life of an honourable man. Be honourable in the discharge of your duties as citizens. Each one has equal responsibility to sustain law and order and to uphold the Government. You will hear it said that the Catholic Church is opposed to the free institutions of this country. That is not true, and you must show that it is not true by your patriotism and active interest in what concerns the welfare of the nation.

Gentlemen, picture the difference that thirty years will work in you. Now you have enthusiasm, ambition, health, then you will have matured wisdom. Your enthusiasm and ambition will probably be dead. The memory of a Christian life will be your greatest pleasure. Your estimate of the relative value of things will be much keener than now. The heart balances will be properly adjusted. I pray that when that time comes you may be able to thank God that you heeded the counsels and warnings of your college days, and may congratulate yourselves that you tried, not in childish folly, to have the emptiness of pleasure or wealth or notoriety outweigh the gold of solid virtue, unceasing love and noble practical devotion.—*From the address of Rev. P. F. Carr to the graduates of Notre Dame University.*

A contemporary throws out this hint to one of its delinquent subscribers:—"One of our subscribers, who is considerably in arrears, said he would call by January 1st and settle if he was alive. He still appears on our streets, but as he did not call it is natural to suppose that he is dead, and is simply walking around to save funeral expenses."

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

St. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 29th Dec., 1886.

GENTLEMEN,—

I have singular pleasure indeed in saying God-speed to your intended journal, THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW. The Church, contradicted on all sides as her Divine Founder was, battles with peculiar pleasure the assistance of her lay children in dispelling ignorance and prejudice. They can do this nobly by public journalism, and as the press now appears to be an universal instructor for either evil or good, and since it is frequently used for evil in disseminating false doctrines and attributing them to the Catholic Church your journal will do a very great service to Truth and Religion by its publication. Wishing you all success and many blessings on your enterprise,

I am, faithfully yours,

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

FROM THE LATE BISHOP OF HAMILTON.

HAMILTON, March 17, 1887

My DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

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

Believe me, yours faithfully,

JAMES J. CANNERY,
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1888.

The letter which the late Archbishop of Toronto directed to us a year ago on the iniquity of failing to pay for the newspapers you subscribe for, promises to become a piece of standard Catholic literature. It is now making the rounds in its third edition in the United States.

Mr. W. J. Macdonell, the venerated President of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, has been seriously indisposed for some weeks, and a few days ago went to the General Hospital, where he is now under treatment for the acute nervous affection from which he suffers. In common with all his friends we trust he will be about again in a short time.

Though Protestants generally plume themselves on their right of private judgment they are marvellously prone to taking things for granted. They, for instance, take for granted that there are several "Churches" of Christ. It has become of late years one of the commonest expressions that if the "Churches" were to do this, or not to do something else, things would go ever so much better. Catholics cannot see the sense of talk like that. Since there is but one Christ and the rest are Antichrists, there can be but one Church of Christ and the rest are anti-Christian, or are not to be called "Churches."

LONDON, July 24.—The Pan-Anglican Conference yesterday reported in favour of recognizing the ministry of the non-Episcopal dissenting bodies.

If the above despatch be correct it seems to mean the abandonment of the doctrine of Apostolic Succession by the Anglican Bishops. The *Mail* welcomes the pronouncement

on the ground that here in Canada the "churches" are so far removed from the scene of the historic religious difficulties, that they should not be troubled by them. As though Christianity were a mere earthly vapor, varying with seasons and localities; as though, for instance, the fact of the existence of Apostolic Succession depended on the vote of the Anglican Bishops; as though, indeed, any of the doctrines of Christ's Church depended on human acceptance. But the Anglicans have by this resolution (if it is correctly reported) welcomed themselves prettily, and to infidels it is always a welcome sight when Christians make fools of themselves.

The London *Tablet* gets in on the Pan-Anglican Synod in great shape. The "Primate of all England," to wit the gentleman who rules, as far as he dare, the "Establishment," remarked in his opening address that he was "sitting in the chair of Augustine." The *Tablet* thinks it matter of deep regret that the Synod does not seem to have possession of any well authenticated chair of Mrs. Augustine, insinuating, we imagine, that the social amenities of the Synod have far outweighed the doctrinal. Such sense and wit, we hasten to remark, are seldom synchronous in the *Tablet* and therefore more worthy our attention.

The correspondents of the daily papers are busily engaged in determining who shall be Archbishop of Toronto. Their speculations are uniformly based on convenience, agreeability, and the like. Had Christ been a mere man he would, no doubt, have cultivated those human virtues and would have commended them to His apostles. Were the Church a human association she would no doubt be guided by human motives. But, both the hypotheses failing, the conclusions are faulty. Christ did, for the salvation of the world, many inconvenient and very disagreeable things, and His Church has been often obliged to do the same. Yet the spirit of the Church is the spirit of prudence, and she always has regard for the opinion of those who are duly qualified to advise on the administration of affairs. No one doubts that the unanimous voice of the clergy of a diocese is at all times a most valuable factor in the judgment which the Holy See has to make regarding the selection of a Bishop, and we are sure that the proceedings taken at a recent meeting of the reverend clergy of the archdiocese (of which some vague and unreliable account has reached the public ear) will, when duly presented to the Holy See, have a most salutary influence. For the rest, Catholics may unconcernedly dismiss as unworthy their attention the speculations of the news-vendors, who are guided only by the political or social fancies of the moment. The duty of all good Catholics is to pray that in His infinite mercy it may please God to bless us with a pastor who will unite in himself the priestly virtues of his state with that knowledge of our country and its people which is necessary to give those virtues their widest and most beneficent influence.

The Irish members seem, and rightly, bent on making a very serious resistance to the passage of the Government Bill for a Commission to inquire into the truth of the *Times* charges against Mr. Parnell and his associates. There is no reason why they should not court decent inquiry, but there is every reason why they should not deliver themselves, bound hand and foot, to the mercy of a jury of judges chosen by men whose political fit

depends on their ruin. Mr. Gladstone added another to the innumerable claims he has to the eternal gratitude of the Irish race, when on Monday he arose to denounce the unmanly course the Government was pursuing. We read that after Mr. Parnell had concluded his speech on the motion to appoint a Commission of the Government's devising, there was "a most unlooked for and remarkable silence. Nobody seemed to make out what it meant. After a minute or two the Speaker rose to put the question. Mr. Gladstone looked astonished, then nervous. At length he rose, but cries of 'No' from [his own side, mingled with other cries for Webster—Attorney-General—saluted his ears, and Harcourt pulled him bodily back into his seat. Webster did not move or any one on the Government bench. Again the Speaker rose and actually put the question. The debate was on the point of ending there and then when Mr. Gladstone—this time breaking fairly away from Harcourt—placed himself at the box—and declared for himself and those who follow him, that they could not accept the selection of judges without demur. That Harcourt would have belied his judgment had he done otherwise, and Gladstone would have been unfaithful to all the instincts of his great heart had he sat in silence when injustice so gross was on the point of consummation.

We should not be surprised when we find that the influence and money which the English Government can command brings, even from Irishmen, comfort to Ireland's enemies. A tool or two in an Irish National League is enough to "jangle out of tune" all the harmony Ireland's well-wishers can devise. And to the enemy, who only wish to show that Ireland is unfit for responsible government, it does not matter whether the tool plays the role of the coward who infects his surroundings with his own weak spirit, or of the extremist, who, by atrocious sentiments violates the common sense of civilized people. Of the two the easier bought, and the more injurious to a just cause, is the latter. Ireland's strength, outside Ireland, is Catholic, and will always be so. They are then Ireland's direst foes, who seek to deprive Ireland of the succor and sustenance her national cause has always had from Catholics. It is always "dollars to doughnuts" that the "Finerty" tribe is in English pay. Apart from all notions of moral right or wrong, a man who really loved his country and sought her welfare, would, if he acted deliberately, hesitate before seeking to antagonize to his cause the greatest power on earth, unless he were well paid for doing the other thing.

The announcement was made a week or two ago by *L'Univers*, of Paris, that His Holiness would shortly be forced to leave the Eternal City and take refuge in some one of the Mediterranean islands. The paragraph came to this country in the shape of a cablegram, and met the fate of such sensational *morceaux*, small attention. The *Riforma*, Roman organ of the Crispi Government, hastens to assure the Catholic world that the Prime Minister never dreamt of such a thing as forcing the Holy Father to leave Rome. The only possible inference is that Signor Crispi is a very awkward legislator. He has attempted in his recent decrees a plan of campaign which, to ordinary eyes, seems to present scarcely any other alternative. Not content with the confiscation of the patrimony of the Church, not satisfied with claiming ownership in the very house

itself the Pope occupies, he attempted to enact that "whoever does anything tending to make the country, or any part of it, subject to a foreign power, or to tamper with the unity of the kingdom, is punishable with penal servitude for life." By "foreign power" is here meant any power but that of the present occupants of the Quirinal. Any papal act, or encyclical, asserting his rights to temporal sovereignty, would, under this law, make his sacred person the object of the penalty above cited. It is scarcely credible that the rascals who riot in ruling Italy are so lost to reason as to desire the expatriation of the Pope. Should such a thing come to pass, all Europe and the world besides would rise in rebellion. They have no souls, those atheistic animals, but they have political cuticles, and such a puncturing as they would receive would either cure or kill, more likely kill. The Pope, as the head of the mightiest organization on earth, must always be an object of great regard even to those who do not believe in his spiritual power. Add to this the fact that he has been absolute temporal ruler of Rome since the Constantines built a city of their name and abandoned Rome to him, or to the Goths (it does not a whit matter, for the Goths are gone and he remains); add again that his authority was for centuries the standard of political right or wrong over the civilized world; add that his authority over the Roman States has been an ever-present element in the political history of Europe for a thousand years back, and you may have an idea, at least, of the terrific perversity of the men who seek to drive the Holy Father from his throne. Wiser men would go slower. God's Providence allows that unwise ones should precipitate a crisis in which His own wise and good designs shall be wrought out. Whether in the house of their friends we know not, or in the field by their enemies, God knoweth, the present persecutors of the Church of God will meet their doom, and the Pope will take his rightful place as a sovereign, independent king.

We are glad to learn that the recently organized Historical Society of Ontario is meeting with gratifying success in the prosecution of the objects which led to its formation. These, as set forth in the *By-Laws and Constitution*, a copy of which has been sent to us, are as follows:—1. To prosecute researches into the history and archæology of the Province of Ontario, and into the genealogy of the inhabitants thereof. 2. To publish the result of these researches, in so far as may be deemed advisable. 3. To collect and maintain a library of books, pamphlets, and manuscripts, more especially such as relate to the history of the Province. 4. To collect and preserve such archæological and other specimens and relics as tend to illustrate that history.

These aims, if steadily persisted in, cannot fail to render the new Society a valuable acquisition to the community. The only wonder is that such an association was not established many years ago. Ontario presents a field singularly rich in historical associations, and every year that glides by increases the difficulty of collecting and preserving accurate information regarding many events which are of interest and importance, not only in themselves but also because of their bearing on the present and the future. Canadian sentiment and national spirit is unfortunately very weak in this province. Too many of our people lay more stress upon their connection with Great Britain than upon their dignity and privileges as Canadians, and, we fear, not a few, actuated by a despicable envy of the material-progress worship supreme across the lakes, have for-

gotten altogether their debt of loyalty and filial devotion to Canada. To counteract this spirit and to build up a true, strong, Canadian feeling, we know no better means than to give every facility to the rising generation to know and love the history of their country. Catholics, especially, should set an example in this respect. Following the example of the highest authority in the world, the importance to Catholics of historical studies has been repeatedly insisted upon in these columns. This importance cannot, indeed, be over-estimated. The Church has nothing to lose and everything to gain by the fullest investigation into the history of the past. This is especially true of Canada. *The past history of this country is ours*: Catholic missionaries and Catholic explorers laid deep and secure the foundations of this Dominion, and by their deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice gave to us a past full of honour, and made possible a great and glorious future. It is to be hoped, therefore, that Catholics will take a prominent part in the work of the Historical Society of Ontario. We are glad to see the name of one Catholic—Dr. O'Sullivan—on the Executive Council. This fact assures us that there will be nothing narrow or sectarian in the spirit with which the work will be carried on.

THE IRISHMAN IN POLITICS.

It is asked: Has the Irishman the same capacity for self-government as the citizen of an American State? Many Englishmen seem inclined to answer the question negatively, and to regard this answer as a fatal bar to Home Rule. But an American of 1887 can scarcely understand your asking this question. He has constantly before his eyes the strongest proof of the Irish aptitude for political discussion. Nothing, he would assure you, from his own experience, suits the Irishman's temperament better than the constant exercise of the faculties which are best adapted for local politics. A political sphere suits the Irishman's versatile genius, and employs his "gift of the gab." What your Irishman wants most of all is some outlet for his political steam, and this he finds in the profusion of the small details of local government.

Strange as it may seem, this race, which is at present denied Home Rule at home, actually controls, partly by its power of numbers, but still more by dint of its capacity for political debate and by electoral organization, the government of most of the great American cities from New York to San Francisco. At this moment the living experiment of Irish Home Rule is visible across the ocean under the most free and democratic of all governments. New York is said to be the largest Irish city in the world. Even learned and elegant Boston has its Irish Roman Catholic Mayor. The first daily newspaper which appeared in America, the *Pennsylvania Packet*, was published by an Irishman, and from that day to this the Irish have exercised enormous influence through the American press. So senators, representatives, State governors, mayors, they have taken their full share in carrying on the government of the Republic. It would be superfluous to multiply instances in every department of life in which Irishmen in America have come to the front rank. The important part which the "Irish vote" has played in the presidential elections from the time of Andrew Jackson, the first Irish President, till to-day, is known to all. And looking, in a general way, to the quality of the Irish immigrants, almost any fair-minded American would tell you that the Irish compare favourably at the present moment with the immigrants from other countries, with regard to their fitness for being entrusted with the political rights which America gives to her citizens. If not immediately upon landing at Castle Garden, as an effect of the ocean, at all events in a generation, the wild Kerry immigrant is transformed into the most law-abiding citizen in the Union. From the statistics of the last census (1880) in America, it appears that the total number of citizens of the United States who were born in Ireland is 1,850,571, as against 745,978 born in Great Britain, and 1,996,742 born in Germany. But while Germany only con-

tributes 4,369 German-born persons to the staff of officials and civil employes of the Government, and Great Britain 3,039, Ireland is represented by 8,231 Irish-born persons in the civil service of the State. Statistics of other occupations in the voluminous reports of the last census are equally striking. Samuel Lover wrote of the Irish peasant that "his enemies representing him as a fiend stimulate his friends to paint him as an angel." The truth is that the Irishman at home is a failure, and abroad, speaking generally, a success; an indication, one would say, that his crimes at home are the results of political circumstances peculiar to Ireland.

It has always seemed to us that a strong argument exists for Mr. Gladstone's original proposal to allow Ireland, if she so wills it, when Home Rule is given her, to remain unrepresented in the Imperial Parliament for a time. Ireland will have enough to do, and more than enough, to set her own house in order to begin with. She is not keenly interested in Imperial matters at this juncture. She might well afford to take time to settle her proper relations to the Imperial Government.

We do not mean to contend that the American cities are always model communities. They are too well-known, after scandals like the recent disgraceful disclosures in New York, to be occasionally the scenes of jobbery and municipal corruption. But in the first place, it is certain that the municipal constitutions of the American cities are often to blame for their bad government, and that these will in time right themselves. And secondly, particular attention is due to the fact that American cities are not noted for any acts of tyranny of the many over the few, such as we are told to anticipate from Home Rule in Ireland; but, on the contrary, their losses from bad government are usually a dishonest transfer of money from the many into the pockets of the few.—*London Westminster Review*.

ENGLISH CATHOLICS AND IRELAND.

"An English Catholic," writes to the *London Weekly Register* in a late number as follows: Certain persons have always said that Ireland is against Home Rule—meaning by Ireland Irish landlords. I am just a little surprised to see that the Archbishop of Dublin has apparently adopted and adapted this odd vocabulary when referring to the English Catholics, unless he is badly reported by his interviewers of the *Freeman's Journal* and the *Star*. His Grace would almost appear to suppose that there are no English Catholics, except perhaps one duke and a dozen landlords. Moreover, unless a Catholic newspaper costs fivepence, it seems to have no claim to be called a Catholic newspaper at all. As an English Catholic I wish to be allowed to make my humble remonstrance with his Grace.

First, let us take the newspapers. The Catholic anti-Home-Ruler has his organ, it is true, and it derives its chief importance from the notice with which it has been honoured by great Irishmen, who treat it as a powerful political foe, to its own immense delight. I wish to copy you in your own courtesy in speaking of your contemporaries; but I shall not be straining a point when I say that you, sir, would very fearlessly challenge your contemporary to a comparison of his circulation with your own. And when we descend from these fivepenny and threepenny dignities to the penny weekly papers we find six published, not one of which is against Home Rule, while five are able and staunch advocates in its favour. A more complete refutation of the curious fallacy that "the English Catholics" are anti-Irish could hardly be devised.

It is said (though irrelevantly) that penny papers circulate among the "masses," yours, at least, is a class paper in every sense of the word; and the number of your readers surely indicates that among the "classes" there is a strong desire to do justice to Ireland and to put a period to the sort of civil war now waging between the two peoples. The most illustrious English Catholic layman, judged by the offices he has held under the Queen, is the Marquis of Ripon, and he is also one of the bravest advocates of Home Rule. The first Englishman sent to prison under Mr. Balfour's Coercion Act was Mr. Wilfrid Blunt. The most successful English Catholic journalist is Mr. F. C. Bernard—and he, too, is in favour of Home Rule. At the head of the untitled country gentlemen of England is Mr. Scrope, of Danby, and he, too, has, like the head of the Weld-Blundells in the neighbouring county, declared for Mr.

Gludstone. Among Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools there is one head and shoulders higher than his fellows, and he, too, is an English Catholic Home Ruler. Of the five Catholic Members of the House of Commons returned by English constituencies three are Home Rulers, one of them that sturdy Yorkshireman, Mr. John Austin, M.P. When Lord Salisbury has to choose a barrister for his son to read with, his choice falls on Mr. Walton—a warm Catholic and a warm Home Ruler, too. When the British Home Rule Association requires a President, it cannot find, outside Catholic circles, one so fit as the Earl of Ashburnham. And so the list might be multiplied through column after column. Nor need I remark that I have left unmentioned one whose name is above all others, and whose sympathies on this Irish question are shared by many English-born bishops and by a multitude of English priests.

Current Catholic Thought.

BEREAVEMENT.

Dear friend, I bow to thy blessing, needing it sore this day, with that of every good man. I do not know—but the world is getting queer. Things do not go in the old ways of family loves without break, and lasting for mutual help. There are sudden wrenches—unforeseen gaps—and shocks of fate that are startling.

Then we get bewildered. There is a buzzing in the air; strange gleams are before the eye; the heart sinks like lead, and one creeps to the lounge faint, till a draught of water revives him. What has happened? Ah! What? The inexorable, the inevitable, the inscrutable, the terrible—nay, the adorable has happened. A white shadow glided through the doorway; the light of brown eyes paled under the lashes, and a stillness fell, like the stroke of doom, on all that knelt, sat, and stood within that chamber.

Ah! the sense of emptiness—the weary feeling of being beaten down and helpless. To the whispered name no answer comes; to the outstretched arm no figure clings, and the huge pianoforte stands in the corner, like a coffin, with keys stark and black, that used to sparkle under the small white fingers. And as twilight falls, while these lines are penned, there is a new grave under the grass of the Mountain, and an unruffled counterpane in the alcove yonder. O, one is bewildered, and knows not what to think, till his eyes fall on the last words of a letter, just received, from a wise and good man, who knows the stricken one only in his writings: "He that restored the only daughter of Jairus to her father, will also restore your child, for—He is the Resurrection and the Life."

Laclede, in Montreal Gazette.

TO NON-TEMPERANCE CATHOLICS.

You can't pooh-pooh the temperance movement any longer. Intemperance is such a wide-spread disgrace to the Catholic name, that it affects you as well as us. It is your duty, just as much as ours, to extend the temperance movement. You can't shirk your duty any longer. It is a disgrace to all Catholics to have the penal and reformatory institutions so largely filled with our own people; to have the orphan asylums crowded with the children of drunken Catholic parents; to have the criminal courts occupied with so many Catholic victims of drink. You can't close your eyes to this horrible state of affairs. You can help to change it; 1st, by setting the example of total abstinence yourself; 2nd, by encouraging others to be total abstainers; 3rd, by stopping your sneers at the total abstinence men.

The time has come for all Catholics to do their share in getting rid of the evils of intemperance in their midst. We are doing our share of the work. You must do yours, and if you fail much of the responsibility of souls lost, homes wrecked, families scattered, children wandered from the faith, will rest upon your shoulders. These are plain words, but they are nevertheless true.—*C. T. A. News.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW.

SIR,—It is as well to be correct even in trifles. The saying which you attribute in your reference to Judge Routhier's lecture, in last REVIEW, was, unless I am very much mistaken, the utterance of the brave old Sir Etienne Pascal Tacho, now, as well as Sir Etienne Cartier, deceased.

Yours,

BRANNA'ILL.

Ottawa, 22nd July, 1888.

OBITUARY.

We regret to record this week the death, at St. Agatha, on Wednesday, the 18th of July, of the Very Rev. Father Eugene Funcken, General Counsellor of the Congregation of the Resurrection of our Lord, member of the Episcopal Council of Hamilton and Parish Priest of St. Agatha, who died in the 57th year of his age. The funeral took place on Tuesday, the 24th inst. The Very Rev. Vicar General Rooney, one of the administrators of the Archdiocese of Toronto, was present, representing the clergy of the Archdiocese. The deceased was a brother of the Rev. Dr. Louis Funcken, President of St. Jerome's College, Berlin, to whom our sympathies are tendered.—R. I. P.

CANADIAN CHURCH NEWS.

Rev. M. Beausoleil, of St. Therese, the new leader of the Basilica choir, Ottawa, assumed his duties on Sunday last.

✠ The pilgrimage of Irish Catholics from Ottawa to Ste. Anne de Beaupre will take place on August 14th.

The time for receiving tenders for the construction of the new Irish Roman Catholic church on Cumberland street, Ottawa, has been extended.

The annual retreat of the priests of the Basilica, Ottawa, will begin on the 30th instant and will last a week. At its conclusion a meeting of the synod will be held.

The Dominion Government has commissioned Father Gendreau of Ottawa College to proceed to the Saskatchewan district to examine into the condition and grievances of the half breeds.

In the Archbishop's palace, Montreal, on Sunday last, Rev. Father James O'Loane, S.J., of Guelph, was ordained deacon by His Grace Archbishop Fabre. Father O'Loane, who has been connected with St. Mary's college for a number of years, will be ordained priest at mass in the Church of the Immaculate Conception next Sunday morning.

The pilgrims who went to Ste. Anne de Beaupre from St. James' parish, Montreal, report five miraculous cures of invalids while at the shrine. Fully 1,200 persons attended the annual pilgrimage of Notre Dame Church to Ste. Anne de Beaupre. A few days ago nine hundred pilgrims from Burlington, Vt., passed through Montreal en route to the shrine.

Rev. Father Lamarche, who died Tuesday morning at the Hotel Dieu, Montreal, was born at Ste. Anne Bout de l'Isle, September 8, 1831, was ordained priest October 11th, 1857; appointed canon of the cathedral of Montreal in 1869, and parish priest of Ste. Bruno in 1879. He was also a professor of St. Hyacinthe college. The remains were conveyed to St. Bruno on Tuesday, and were followed by a large number of clergymen. On Thursday they were removed to St. Hyacinthe where a Requiem mass was chanted by Mgr. Moreau, after which they were interred in the Seminary vault.

A letter from the Rev. Father Egan, of Thornhill, who is at present on a visit to Ireland, appeared in the *Globe* of last Monday. "I was present in the House of Commons," he says, "at the great debate on the working of the Coercion Act

in Ireland on Tuesday night. I was there also on Wednesday at the debate on the channel tunnel. Great excitement prevailed in anticipation of the debate. The rush for seats was unusually pressing, but several of the Nationalist members, chiefly on account of the country I came from, interested themselves on my behalf, and though my application was late, they procured me a place. The result of the debate, which was a foregone conclusion, and reports of the speeches will have reached you long before this. I was agreeably surprised at the appearance of Mr. Gladstone. I recognized him at once from pictures of him which I had seen, but his elastic step, his erect and vigorous form and the merry twinkle of his eye cannot be done justice to in a picture. His voice was strong and clear, his gestures free and vigorous, his face beamed. In short, he was up to his work. He went through the whole case that has recently been decided in the Court of Exchequer in a manner that would have done credit to the lawyers engaged

in it. Every name, every incident, the smallest and most minute point in the entire and complicated business was familiar to him. With fierce and resistless force he made a crushing exposure of Mr. Balfour's administration, and when he finished his terrible indictment, a tempest of cheers from the delighted Liberals went up to greet him. Some passages in his speech were uttered in a strong, loud voice, and with a fierce torrent of passion, an overwhelming power, such as it is said Mr. Gladstone himself never excelled. I heard him again on the day following, in answer to Sir M. H. Beach, in the channel tunnel debate." Mr. Wm. O'Brien, M. P., who, Father Egan adds, has a vivid recollection of Toronto, and made inquiry for his old friends here, and particularly for Bishop O'Mahony, was in his best form. His speech was lit up with playful hits. Balfour, he says, is looking poorly and appears to be in ill health. He is a decidedly clever debater, he says though, and it is a pity his talents are not exercised in a better cause.

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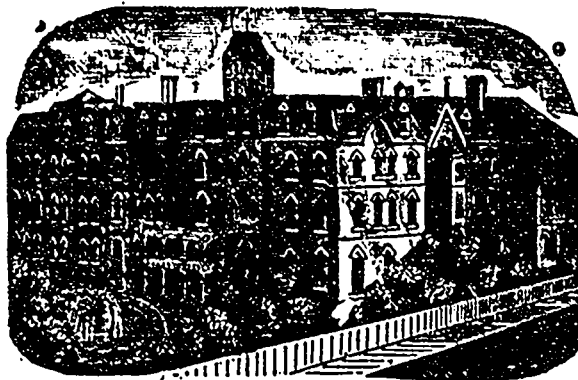
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