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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Reddite aut sunt Casaris, Casari: et que sunt Dei, Deo.—Matt 22: 21.

Vol. VI.

Toronto, Saturday Mar. 19, 1892.

No. 6

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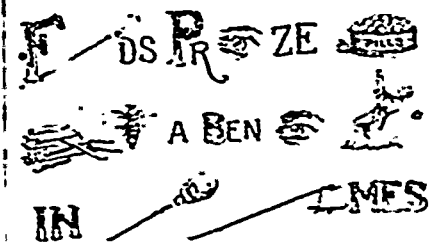
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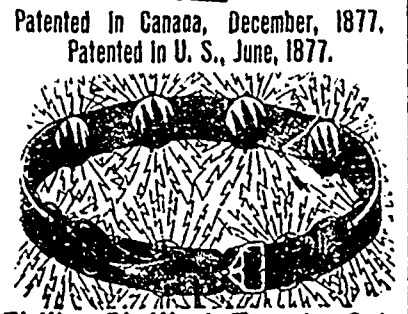
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G. W. R.	12.10 8.00	2.00 7.30
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U. S. West States	6.30 10.00	9.00 7.20
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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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. VI.

Toronto, Saturday Mar. 19, 1892.

No. 6

THE CHILD PROBLEM AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

LECTURE BY REV. FATHER RYAN, S.J.

Is a very interesting and instructive lecture at St. Michael's Cathedral last Sunday evening, Father Ryan gave the Catholic solution of one of the most urgent and difficult social problems of the day. The lecture was for the benefit of the St. Nicholas Home for Boys, under the care of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

The audience was unusually large, and so too, we are glad to learn, was the collection. We can give only a brief summary of the lecture. Amongst many other excellent things, the Rev. Father said:

Poverty is one of the social problems of the day, and the poor child comes in to increase the difficulty by complicating the problem. Indeed the child, rich or poor, is a problem in himself. One of the first and most important things to be done with the child is to educate him, and right here the problem begins. Who is to educate the child? "Education to whom does it belong?" is a question more easily asked than answered, as some of our most learned and logical controversialists have lately found. Many seem to hold that it takes three to educate a child—the family, the Church, and the State—but all do not agree as to which should come first. The number of disputants does not seem to solve the difficulty in this animated controversy and perhaps it is because the number of educators have complicated the problem. Why should there be three to educate a child? Nature and God say two suffice.—the father and mother.

Our present part of the problem has to do with only the poor child: the child who has not father or mother; or whose father and mother are incompetent and cruel and will not do their duty. Such child is the poorest of the poor, innocently and utterly needy and helpless. But in such cases, say some, the problem of poverty disappears, the fact only remains, and the State comes in to see to that by taking the parents place. Not so, says the Society for the Prevention of cruelty to children: the state does not come in, and when it does it cannot fill the parents place, and hence we have to come in say they, and during the 16 years of the existence of our society we have come in, and by our 90 branches, in as many cities, we have protected and cared for nearly 200,000 neglected or cruelly treated children. All honor to this admirable society, and to its worthy leaders in England and America, Benjamin Waugh and Elbridge Gerry. But Mr. Gerry and Mr. Waugh and their earnest and zealous fellow-workers will never solve the poor child problem, and one of the reasons is this:—they are only men, they may take the place of the father, they cannot take the place of the mother, and the poor children need the care of both. This, too, is why the state must fail in grappling with the problem. At best it can give only paternalism, but what the poor child wants, indeed what we all want, is not more paternalism but more MATERNALISM. One of the best things said about Mr. Waugh, the great English champion of the poor child, is that he has a mother's heart in a man's breast. And the next best thing is what Mr. Waugh says about himself:—that although a Protestant of the Protestants, and an Independent of the Independents, he would like to see in every one of his homes for children a picture of the Virgin and Child. The mother's heart is good and gives Mr. Waugh his power and secret of success. The picture would be also excellent. But the poor child wants the mother's hand, and the divine realities that the picture represents. These the Catholic Church alone can give. St. John saw the entire social problem from beginning to end. It began with the great battle in heaven and will perhaps end only when the Angel of the general judgment of society sounds the universal roll call. But St. John saw the social battle continue on earth, and the object of attack was the child. He saw a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet and on her head a crown of twelve stars.

With the woman was the child, and the great dragon who is called Satan, who was cast out of heaven, who has constituted himself king over the children of pride and unbelief and cruelty, stood before the woman ready to devour the child. But the woman fled and the earth helped the woman, and the child was saved. That woman is the Church of Christ, the Catholic Church, coming down from heaven as a virgin bride and mother, with the light of God upon her brow and the love of God in her heart, able and ready to save her children

and all who should be hers from the great dragon that stands ready to devour them. And the earth helps the woman. She summons to her aid valiant women, helpless like unto herself, to share her virgin motherhood in the care of the poor, neglected, outcast child. In an otherwise interesting article on the child problem in one of our leading reviews lately, nothing was said of what the Catholic Church has done and is going to solve it; not a word about our Catholic societies and Sisterhoods. But perhaps in a way it is better so. The Church of God, like Him she serves, works silently and unseen. Her heroes and heroines of charity and mercy look for a glory that even the press cannot give. Yet it would be well for those who take an honest interest in the child problem to visit a Catholic institution. They might learn what a Boston man learned at the Catholic Protector, New York. He was a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. He was much interested in all he saw, and he saw the 1700 boys everywhere—at work, at play, at table—and he was struck with the admirable discipline and modest demeanor of the boys, and by their evident air of content and happiness. He had experience of Boys' Homes in Boston, and he said to the Brother Superior: "How do you do it?" "We have a secret," the Brother said; "come, and I'll show it to you," and he took his visitor to the chapel. "The secret of our discipline and happiness and joy is there," he said, and pointed to the Tabernacle. Yes, this is how the Catholic Church solves the child problem. "Suffer the children to come to me," says the Master, and the Church brings them through prayer and penance. "Suffer Me to come to the children," He says again, and the Catholic Church takes Him to the children in Holy Communion. The poor children cry for bread, only the Catholic Church can fully satisfy their hunger, and shows that she "understands concerning the needy and the poor." The Catholics of Toronto have learnt the heavenly service of true social economy and divine philanthropy from the Church's teaching. In the light of faith they see the soul, the supernatural, the Saviour, in the least of these little ones and in the strength of their generous charity they build and maintain these splendid institutions that are an honor to this city. "Sunnyside"—beautiful name—makes a bright home for the little ones under the maternal care of the good Sisters of St. Joseph. This audience proves, the collection this evening will prove, that the faithful, generous people of St. Michael's parish are determined to make St. Nicholas Home for Boys beautiful and bright with the sunlight of Christian charity. St. Patrick's Day is soon to be celebrated. It was the appeal of poor children that made St. Patrick the Apostle of Ireland. "It has ever been "poor Ireland's" honor and glory to imitate her grand apostle in generous response to the poor child's appeal, and in securing the holiest maternal care for those who need a mother's love.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

A STUDY.

—And (strange, oh strangest mystery of all!) I found in the commonest objects of the universe a circle of analogies to that expression.—EDGAR POE—

The caliph Sadi Saikhim sate in the gate of his city among the elders of his court. To them came all who had complaints to make, and to each in fairness was justice administered.

The morning had sped on while the sages sat, and ere they finished was high up against the noon. The lessening shade of a palm tree patriarch scarce sheltered them against the hot rays. At this hour it was that the Caliph observed coming afar off upon the plain and towards the city the solitary figure of a man. "Let us wait," said the caliph Sadi, "he too, even he from afar off, may come to seek our justice." So the elders waited and watched until he that was before came nearer and into full view, and anon stood in the midst of them. But he spoke no word, and rising up they made ready to leave their posts at the gate and go homeward into the city. Then the caliph looking upon the countenance of him that had come, and observing thereon the ennobling marks of dignity and wisdom, besought that he too would enter, and more, that he might be allowed to offer the shelter of his own roof to one in whom he was already interested. The stranger, who spoke now for the first time, begged that he might be allowed to decline this kind offer, as he chose to abide not in the

palaces of the great but in the homes of the less. To this the caliph, who had been greatly impressed by the bearing of the stranger, would only consent on obtaining his promise to at least call upon him after he had rested from the fatigue of his long journey. Upon this promise being given, they parted company, each pursuing his own way; the one pondering, guessing, contriving; the other stately, impassive, buried in his own thoughts.

—"Sire, I was born in great Damascus, a prince's son, and already have I seen the noon of life, and passed on down, far down towards its evening," began the stranger guest unto the caliph Sadi, when the two had partaken lightly of food on that same day. "Nushirowan the Just, was my father, but whether or not he still lives I know not. Abd-ul-Kazan they called me, but ere scarce over I was known on the streets of Damascus, lo! I had left them forever. I saw, while yet young, the follies and the fripperies of idle-minded men, and little able as I was to judge, took mind upon it that I at least should not stay amidst such surroundings. No more than a lad, I departed. By my father I was sent to an old time friend of his, one who had learned much of wisdom and who had gone apart from the world, feeding his own flame where there were none to be warmed by its light. There I stayed only until the reverence I at once formed for his high qualities of mind gave place to a loathing for the selfish and idle uses to which his talents were put, and one day I left him, too, forever. I next went to strange cities, smaller than Damascus, and learned their manners and customs. Yet was I not satisfied, and at length, angry at the follies I could nowhere escape so long as I remained in man's company, I set my face away from all human habitations and went my ways alone.

Three days I went thus, and the memories of what had been abode with me. But on the fourth day, looking up I noticed the blue dome of heaven and the resplendent jewel glittering from out the centre. From thence I marked not time.

I looked about me and the fields were bare. Save for here and there a palm tree, nothing arose to relieve the eye. There was barrenness, scorched and silent everywhere. Nevertheless I pursued my way. Next day I rested at the noon hour in a shade of spreading branches. When I awoke there was a gentle murmur in my ears, and looking I beheld a tiny streamlet, whose waters pure and warm coming from I know not where, went by me drawing the long grasses down into the bosom of the stream, where they swayed unceasingly in gentlest, smoothest motion and sang so softly sweet no other sounds might share the harmony of silence. I arose and looked upon the stream and then along its course. Far ahead I could see, now clear, now faint a line, a mark, where, I knew what way it ran. Beyond there was naught to show whither it would lead. But what cared I for certainties. My mind but yesterday was blank to nature as the wastes that ran before my vision to where they met the blue sky. Now I had heard the whisper song of the waters and the greeting of the sedge grass, and I was prepared to wait what else might come. All day long I wandered on, counting the white pebbles and the black that lay upon the bed of the river, until wider apart the edges sundered, and deeper and more inscrutable grew the moving stream.

Thereafter, without noting the time, I followed the river, observing as closely as I could the ever increasing volumes nature opened for my study. I marked the distinguishing shades in the grass, that as I advanced grew wider and like to velvet, stretching out in a rich carpet wherever the way led. The colors and forms of leaves, of trees, of fruits, of the birds of the air, and of the fishes that darted through a ray of light in the stream, all there I watched and noted. Solitude, in all its dazzling panoply lay spread out before me. I lost no ray of sunlight, either at morning or evening, by whose aid I could pursue the investigation.

At length, after I know not how long, I one day found myself in a larger valley. Here, all the perfections I had before noticed were intensified, and I found my long pursuit of the study I had engaged in was as yet only sufficient to assist in the examination of this land of enchantment. The river that had before moved on in one deep body now broke up into a multitude of little streams, which intersected each other frequently, but which, amongst them, carried moisture to the furthest boundaries of the valley. All things grew in profusion. There were trees whose shady foliage broke the glare at noonday, and others, giants of an olden time that rose high above their neighbors, swaying even to the lightest zephyr's breath. But, me t of all, it was the flowers that mystified me. When the dawn peeped over the mountain and the joy of its coming glistened in the dew drops, the fields were covered with blossoms of a single hue, oftenest blue. An hour later, most of these had faded, and the mead bloomed again in flowers all of one kind, and that different from the first. Hour after hour, and day after day, these strange changes went on. Sometimes one flower would bloom at the same hour each day for several days; oftener the few remaining were blended almost beyond discovery in a mass of new ones.

Bright birds hovered in the air around, whose hues were numberless, and bright like flashes of colored light they crossed my vision. I chanced to observe once that a flock of them descended to the earth, when lo! not one particle of the radiant splendor remained, and they became so as to be almost imperceptible against the dark leaves and wood of the trees.

Sometimes I fancied I heard voices about me, and once or twice shadows as of human figures flitted among the trees. Still I went on undisturbed, and the going down of the sun or its rising were my only positive marks in the day's course.

One morning, after a day of considerable fatigue, I overslept the dawn and was awakened by the rays of the sun beating down through an angle formed by two hills. I started up at once, when to my exceeding surprise I saw a few feet away a tall girl-like woman, seated upon the grass and looking upon me with unfeigned wonder. I was angry that I should be obliged to meet any human being before my wandering was over, but as she had appeared I determined at once to acquire her aid in exploring the valley. Wonderingly, she consented. Never before had any come there, she told me, and for herself she had never been elsewhere.

Thus down the valley each day we wandered together. Its beauties grew more beautiful under her touch, its peace more hallowed. As we went on the various streamlets again came together and flowed on again in one large stream. As I observed this I knew that sooner or later there would be an important change, that the stream was rushing on to pass between the hills and I began to feel that the end of the enchanted valley was at hand. Still this was the only sign, yet I was in daily dread of it. One day I asked my guide about it, who quite surprised me by saying she did not think there was any end. Then I quoted to her some verses that the sage, my father's friend, once spoke to me at sunrise, when, after prayer, I had remarked the glories of the sky and the fragrant coolness of the decoy earth. They were these:

Like the dews of the morning
Poor perishing gems
That glint in the dawning
On myriad stems,
But vanish ere noon time
Has come with the sun:
So life's brightest pleasures
When once felt, are done.

Like the sun in its noon
Is the glory of man;
But the cool breezes fan
Him that must rest and soon
From the glamour of day
In the night of the tomb.

She laughed and shook her head and we went again our way.

One day I heard a roaring sound. The river heard it too and leaped away. I caught the madness and rushed along the banks. Soon I stopped, for the river, coming to an embankment, rushed through a crevice and into the earth with a yell that found a startling echo in my mind. I looked about me. I was out of the valley. My girl guide was gone. I thought to return but found I had closed the narrow passage, by brushing against a huge rock that had hung balanced beside the river's edge. I looked again. The sky was darkened by clouds, the birds were gone, there were no flowers upon the earth. Only I could see some gnarled and desolate trees, whose limbs whistled in the coming wind. Once, only once, I saw a thorn brake growing on a desolate hillside. There I rested.

Sire, I was young when I entered the valley, but I am now old. I feel that I shall see Damascus again, but not for long. Nushirowan the just must have gone to rest among his fathers. Soon I shall return to him."

This was the tale of Abd-ul-Kazan, told by him to the caliph Sadi in his palace in the city.

CYRIL.

For the CATHOLIC REVIEW.

Catholic Canadian Celebrities.

HON. AND REV. ALEX. McDONALD.

It is but meet and proper that the first name we treat of should be one that has alike reflected honor and credit upon the Church of his birth, and the land of his adoption—Bishop McDonald.

This soldier-prelate was born at Glen Urquart, Scotland, in the year 1762, of the clan of Glengarry that afterwards formed such a powerful factor of the Canadian people.

His boyhood was passed among his native hills, and the same strong bracing air that blew across their purple summits built up a Highlander's sturdy physique, and a Highlander's unswerving loyalty to his God and his king.

The education of the young McDonald was begun in the Scotch College in Paris, and completed in the Scotch College at Valladolid, Spain, where he was ordained priest in 1787.

We do not learn much of his simple life until the year 1792, a time of great destitution and distress in the Highlands, the outcome of a movement made on the part of the landlords, to consolidate all small farms into a number of large ones. The tenants of these small holdings were thrown on the roadsides, somewhat after the style of Irish evictions, as if the hand of persecution, in every land, must always rest the heaviest upon the Catholic.



There was no work to be had, and those industrious yeomen groaned in anguish as they looked upon their starving "mithers and wee barns."

At this time there were heavy restrictions against pauper emigration into Canada, and the Catholic priest—the never-failing friend of the needy—Father McDonald, obtained employment for them all, numbering more than a thousand able-bodied men, in the factories of Glasgow. He thither accompanied them, cheerfully giving up the pure winds of the mountains for the fetid air of the city, that he might be near, to encourage and console by his presence.

But so grudgingly does the world yield a livelihood to the honest man that once more were these hardworking men deprived of employment. War was declared between England and France, and all commercial intercourse between the two countries cut off. Here again was our indefatigable Father McDonald to the fore.

He conceived an idea worthy of his nationality—to form a regiment of these stalwart descendants of Bruce and Wallace.

It was no slight project to lay before the English Throne, for there had never been a Catholic regiment, recognized as such, in the British Empire since the Reformation. But England well knew that a Scotch Highlander's word, once pledged, ever was accompanied by a strong arm and brave heart to carry it out.

And they proved it during the rebellion of 1798 in Ireland. It could not be possible but that these Catholic Highlanders must have been in sympathy with the Irish rebels, their own country wearing the same badge of slavery; yet they buried their personality and served their reigning king as British soldiers—unquestioningly.

Still, we learn that they were admired by the very men they vanquished; their pastor's Christ-like teaching made them restrain the violence of their English comrades on the one hand, whilst, on the other, it tempered the burning vengeance of the Irish, and so honestly did their duty to their country and humanity.

The Peace of Amiens, if it brought quiet to Europe, brought unwelcome rest to our Highland regiment.

There was no place to go, or no one to look for assistance from, but to the ever faithful Father McDonald, who never left their side in peace or war. So he once more turned his thoughts towards distant Canada as the land of promise for his homeless people. He himself travelled to London to lay his petition before the Premier, Mr. Addington, to induce him to grant the ways and the means for their emigration.

Father McDonald was kindly received by the Premier, for the bravery of this Catholic regiment had not passed unnoticed, and a recompense was offered them in a settlement in Trinidad, teeming with rich land and countless slaves. But the wise shepherd of his flock declined the tempting offer, foreseeing that such a life in a southern climate would illly suit his men of the northern hills.

Now commenced the period of this great priest, whom we may henceforth claim as our own—a Canadian.

In 1803, at the head of his devoted followers, he bade farewell to bonny Scotland, and coming to Canada and following up the St. Lawrence turned the first sod of their future land, where was deeded to each one a farm of two hundred acres, amounting in all to about one hundred and sixty thousand acres. And thus was peopled Glengarry settlement.

In addition to this, Father McDonald also learnt that a number of his countrymen who were already scattered about, had not a clear deed for their land. After an amount of labour and time, he secured patent

deeds from the government for all his people in Glengarry and Stormont.

It was not long until the little log church of St. Raphael's reared its modest wooden cross, pointing upward to Heaven, whilst within Father McDonald celebrated Mass for our Canadian Highlanders.

The Catholic priest did not confine his work to his own nationality, but to wherever a member of the church needed him. For ten years he had charge of the Province of Ontario, with no one to make the burden lighter. He was accustomed to travel from Lake Superior to the boundary line between the two Canadas, "carrying," as he tells us, "the sacred vestments, sometimes on horseback, sometimes on my back, and sometimes in Indian birch canoes, living with savages—without any other shelter or comfort but what their fires and their furs and the branches of the trees afforded, crossing the great lakes and rivers and even descending the rapids of the St. Lawrence in their dangerous crafts."

Here and there he went among his people, sewing deeply and well in the thrifty little village the seeds of Catholicity for generations yet unborn. And all went smoothly till the year 1812, when the United States declared war with Canada.

Quickly sounded the bugle call through Glengarry, and the first to answer was Father McDonald with his hastily formed Glengarry fencible regiment.

They were joined by two other regiments, the whole presenting a formidable front of six hundred brawny Scotchmen under their leader, a relative of their beloved pastor, "Red George" as Colonel George McDonald was familiarly called.

Bravely they fought and well these men with the blood of generations of fearless warriors pulsing rapidly through their veins, whilst amidst the fire and smoke could be seen the tall form of Father McDonald, one moment urging them forward against the invaders of their country in a voice ringing with a stern battle cry, the next tenderly bearing off from the field of carnage a dying soldier, and with hand uplifted pronouncing the absolution, that makes a legitimate soldier a martyr, and fit for Heaven.

We all know how those brave men not only defended our own shores, but carried the war into the enemy's camp, and after a hard fight took Ogdensburg with its artillery, ammunition, and other stores.

Justly deserved honors were awaiting our soldier-priest. The church decreed Father McDonald worthy to wear the mitre, and Earl Bathurst, Secretary of State to the Colonies, advised that Rev. Father McDonald should be made a diocesan bishop, with Kingston as his See, and a salary affixed of four hundred pounds per annum. The government afterwards increased this allowance to six hundred.

Father McDonald's consecration took place in Quebec at the Ursuline Convent in 1820.

"Mlaighster Alastir" as his own people lovingly styled Bishop McDonald, was surely one of nature's noblemen and seemed to have been born to make the world feel his advent. He towered over ordinary men to the remarkable height of six feet four inches, with like generous proportions! Whilst the heart that lay concealed corresponded in its genial warmth, beating for all. His own words might be applied to himself:

"To the credit and honor of Scotch Highlanders be it told, that the difference of religion was never known to weaken the bond of friendship; and Catholics and Protestants have always stood shoulder to shoulder supporting one another during the fiercest tug of battle."

He was brave as the proverbial Highlander, possessing in an extraordinary degree the cool judgment of the canny Scots, we can well judge of the disposition of the man who used to frequently say "Every man of his name should be either a priest, or a soldier." Yet, he must have strong shown statesmanlike abilities, since Sir John Colbourne so honored him, as to call him to be a member of the Legislative Council of Upper Canada.

Bishop McDonald, during his life in Canada, built thirty-five churches; supplied the great want of priests by educating neophytes at his own expense, spending in all thirteen thousand pounds of his private money upon the people of Ontario. He organized the first Highland society in Upper Canada, and was elected Vice President of it, with his Excellency Sir Perrigrine Maitland as President.

It may be interesting to know that after one of his trips to England Bishop McDonald resided for a time in Toronto, in the house not long since standing on the south east corner of Jarvis and Duchess.

In 1839 amidst the tears and prayers of his people for a safe journey and speedy return Bishop McDonald the "Father of his people" set sail for England, for the purpose of arranging with the Home Authorities, a more systematic system of emigration from the highlands, that would be a benefit, both to those in Canada, and in Scotland. He had also in view the establishment of a theological college in Glengarry.

But his Master was satisfied with His servant's eighty long years of faithful service; and whilst Bishop McDonald was spending a few days in Ireland he contracted a severe cold which ended in his death in Dumfries, Scotland, January the 14th 1840.

Bishop Horan afterwards had the dead prelate's honored remains brought home to Canada where they lie buried beneath Kingston Cathedral.

L. A. HENRY.

MGR. SAULARD'S SPEECH.

The heroic speech of the Archbishop of Aix, Mgr. Saulard, before the Court of Appeals of Paris, has just come to hand. It is as follows:

An old pastor, now an archbishop, who for twenty-two years has spoken only to workingmen and to their children, teaching them to love God and their country, might possibly be appalled at the sight of judges whom he had never seen on the bench, even at a distance. Happily such is not the case. God has promised me His special protection at this time. I have, moreover, the testimony of my own conscience, which tells me that I have done my duty and made proper use of my rights.

I have great respect for justice, which is, after religion, the solid foundation of States, and I have no doubt that you will administer it with wisdom and independence.

It would be painful to me to be subjected to the undeserved humiliation of being questioned like a prisoner; I am ready and willing to give you, respectfully, the free and loyal answers of a bishop.

Under the old regime, when the clergy was a privileged order, when there was a State religion and the King was the external bishop, when, on the other hand, the Pope, at once a spiritual and a temporal sovereign, had an army and made alliances, it was forbidden to the French bishops to go to Rome without permission.

Since the State has become secularized and the close relations existing between it and the Church have been broken, the bishops have refused to submit to a servitude which had no longer either reason or compensation. They considered it intolerable as soon as the Pope, despoiled of his protecting patrimony, found himself constantly menaced by Caribaldian rioters, ill restrained or openly encouraged, and in consequence of which he became reduced to the condition of an august prisoner, with no human support save the affectionate devotion of his children and of his brethren in the episcopate.

Every time the minister of the new regime dug up the prohibition of the old regime, the episcopate, without worrying itself, took no notice of that archaic and ever ephemeral whim.

The exceptional circumstances under which it had come up this time did not admit of our treating it with the usual indifference.

Workingmen and young people had organized pious pilgrimages; everything went off in entire satisfaction. The celebration in the Basilica of St. Peter on September 29, and attended by ninety thousand Catholics, had been characterized by a splendor and majesty never to be forgotten. Our admirable pilgrims and our numerous young people with some of their banners showing French colors might have been seen on every hand, and were distinguished by the most reserved and exemplary bearing.

Suddenly the noise went forth that a young man, whose identity is as yet unknown, had written in the visitors' register which is placed on Victor Emmanuel's tomb in the Pantheon "what do you think? He wrote: "Vive le Pape!" And, even if such were the fact, who did the words "Long live the Pope" become seditious in a country, the constitutional law of which declares the Catholic religion to be the religion of the State, and which pretends to desire nothing so much as a reconciliation with the Papacy? In what way does the cry "Long live the Pope" become reprehensible in the city of the Popes?

Upon this rumor being spread broadcast, in the twinkling of an eye a goodly number of pilgrims were struck and insulted, and some were dragged to prisons. All were threatened, and cries of "Down with France!" "Hurrah for Sedan!" "Down with the Pope!" "Death to the French" resounded from one end of Italy to the other.

But what is going on in France at this time is still more surprising. Instead of making inquiries into the matter; instead of investigating assertions, the Minister of Worship issued an offensive circular to the clergy, whom he lectures on patriotism and prudence, as if they had been unmindful of their accustomed patriotism and prudence, and he insinuates that pilgrimages have lost their religious character. By doing this he appears to side against the victims, and to attenuate, if not justify, the Italian insult.

It has seemed to me that this act called forth from the Archbishop of Aix, who was one of the leaders as well as one of the witnesses of this pilgrimage, a public protestation, and, as I am well aware that, in the language of the Abbe de Rance, "weak methods are not convincing," I made use of all the vigor warranted in the protestation.

This is the full explanation of my letter. They have pretended to find in it a reprehensible crime which is not in it, in place of the severe censure which is.

Shall I defend myself against the reprehensible crime? Shall I demean myself by demonstrating that I never dreamed of "outraging the honor and delicacy of M. Fallieres? No, I shall not do so.

No one has been outraged in this matter except myself. I am charged with a base intention against what my character and my long career, in which there has never been a word of outrage against any one, great or small, most emphatically protests.

In regard to the severe censure, I maintain it and I repeat it, it

was my right and my duty to pronounce it. If by so doing I deserve punishment, you may inflict it upon me. I have deserved it.

After having set it down as a maxim that Clericalism, that is to say, the Catholic religion, is the enemy; after having, as a sequence to this promise, virtually broken the Concordat, by requiring, by the suppression of ecclesiastical treaties, an indemnity, an indemnity stipulated as absolutely obligatory by the signature of the Pope and of France, after having banished communities that have devoted themselves to education, to preaching the Word, to comforting the poor, the sick, the infirm, the aged and the orphan, after crushing them by an iniquitous tax, a veritable legal confiscation, after humpering the recruiting of the clergy by a military law of no earthly use to the defence of the nation, after banishing God from the school, the hospital and all institutions, from the soul of the people and even from that of the child in the asylum, all of a sudden they change their minds and pronounce the high-sounding words of peace.

No one desires peace more than we do, we are ready to make all sacrifices for it that may be compatible with honor and conscience. But they won't let us.

As a pretext for warring against us and to be at the head of affairs in France, the enemies of the Church hold us up as systematic irreconcilables, and while doing so, they know too well that they are maligning us.

In the name of Catholic education of all ages, renewed more than a score of times in the immortal Encyclical of Leo XIII., that grand theologian and philosopher, I repeat that the Catholic Church, instituted for the eternal destinies of man, visits no government with its systematic antipathy, any more than it enfolds it. It condones none because of its form, it repels only those, by whatever name they may be called, republican or monarchical, that oppress by iniquitous laws the integral accomplishment of her divine mission.

Do you imagine for a moment that we would have been dumb before a king or an emperor who had laicised, expelled and put us in barracks with no profit to the country, and crushed us under the burden of unjust taxes which mean nothing but ruin and slow and noiseless death?

We would have borrowed the language of Bossuet to the most absolute of kings, and with him we would have said to these potentates: "Rather than dishonor our priesthood we shall lay our heads upon the block."

Subject, like good citizens, to the Constitution of our country, we are anxious for a loyal peace. We shall show that we are grateful for it, and we shall work for it heart and soul.

But the peace we hear so much about is of a special kind, it consists in that we shall accept, with smiles and satisfaction, the blows that have been laid upon us for a long time past, and those that are in store for us in the future.

This peace means our degradation. The tactics are cunning, because it is well known that persecution grows and degradation kills.

We shall not submit to degradation, and they must prosecute us openly and no longer after the fashion of Julian the Apostate.

When a government makes a mistake in appealing to the courts, they have the courage to answer by an arrest. You are about to order an arrest, the appeal is beyond the reach of any one. A bishop is not condemned to silence by the fear of consequences.

No, I insult no one, I leave that vile occupation to those who made use of it towards me. I stand far above them, since I pardon them for the past, for the present and for the future. They shall have but one answer from me, the answer of the Crucified Master whom I adore.

Ah! It is not I who will diminish respect for law. It is vanishing on all sides, but it will live forever in the hearts of bishops and of the Catholic Church, which is the imperishable school of respect.

You need it so much, you get so little of it! You have nothing to lose.

I conclude. I am accused because I have defended my religion, outraged in the person of its highest representative in the cry of "Down with the Pope!" I am accused because I have defended my country, insulted in the person of my diocesan, my fellow countrymen, in the cry: "Hurrah for Sedan!" "Death to the French!"

The language for which I am censured has already gained for me the approval of the episcopate, and countless testimonials of esteem, of sympathy and of gratitude that come pouring in upon me from every quarter, but especially from our very noble nation, as Leo XIII. calls it, from that nation that always responds to those who appeal to the naturally Christian and patriotic sentiments of its great soul.

My letter, truly French and truly episcopal, and this persecution so far from French in its character, have brought honors upon me which I in nowise merit, and of which my venerated colleagues in the episcopate are piously jealous—the incomparable honor of being a Bishop Confessor of the Faith, and a Frenchman, confessor of his patriotism.

I have done.

Dr. T. A. Slocum's

OYGENIZED EMULSION of PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you have any Throat Trouble—Use it. For sale by all druggists, 35 cents per bottle.

THE LATE DR. JOHN GILMARY SHEA.

DR. SHEA was born in New York city on the 22nd of July, 1824. His father, James Shea, a gentleman of education and refinement, came to this country in 1815. The captain of the ship that brought him over had so abused the passengers and crew during the voyage that he was afraid to land them in New York, lest he should suffer at the hands of justice. He preferred to land them on the Jersey coast, near the Shrewsbury River. Mr. Shea, among others, started to walk to some point at which a conveyance might be obtained to take him to New York, or, if necessary, to walk all the way. On his journey, he met a farmer, who, after some conversation, invited the young stranger to dinner. At the table there was a third gentleman, a Protestant parson, who, the moment he heard their guest was an Irishman and a Catholic, opened fire upon him with all his might. Mr. Shea listened calmly and met his attacks with so much wit and ability that the farmer, who was none other than General Schuyler, engaged him as a private tutor for his sons.

A few years later Mr. Shea removed to New York, where he opened a first class school. In 1829 he transferred his pupils to Columbia College Grammar School, and became one of its directors. In 1829 he married a very estimable lady, a descendant of Nicholas Upsall, who came to America with Governor Winthrop in 1620. Mr. James Shea had several sons, two of whom grew to manhood. The eldest, Charles Edward, was a graduate of Columbia College and engaged in the profession of law. His second son, John, whose death we are now lamenting, as has been said before, was born on July 22, 1824. He was baptized in St. Peter's church, Barclay st., New York, by the Very Rev. John Power, D.D., then pastor of the church. His frail little body and delicate nature belonged more to a girl than to a boy, and his father nicknamed him Mary. That name, so suggestive of the pious, gentle nature the child developed, seemed to have fallen upon him by something more than mere chance. Later in life his devotion to the Mother of our Divine Lord became so strong that he retained the name, adding, with that great humility that marked his after life, the Irish prefix *Gil* a servant. Thus Gilmary became a servant of Mary, and the last words his lips uttered, just before his soul took its flight was a "pray for us" in answer to the aspirations of the Litany of the Blessed Virgin recited by one of the members of his family. And was John a chance name? What name more in keeping with the simple, loving nature of John Gilmary Shea than that of the beloved disciple who leaned upon his Master's bosom, and who seemed to have imbibed floods of the unspeakable love that flowed from the Sacred Heart that pillowed his youthful head. When old age came upon him—when after a century of life, his disciples bore him in their loving arms, St. John being too feeble to walk, his last blessing was accompanied with the words, "Love one another. Was not love for his fellow man one of the strongest points in the life of John Gilmary Shea? What struggling author or artist ever asked his aid or advice in vain? What historical writer ever sought information at his hands (information, too, sometimes, that had cost him labor and expense to obtain), and failed to receive it most cheerfully? The name of the Apostle of Love was not conferred by mere chance on this gentle child. And when we consider that Dr. Shea's patrons and protectors were the two that stood at the foot of the Cross when the greatest of all sacrifices of love was consummated, is it any wonder that his whole life was marked by gentleness and kindness?

His literary tastes seem to have come down to him through his maternal grandmother, who had a great fondness for reading and who made practical use of the knowledge she thus acquired. She enjoyed the society of learned men and the confidence and respect of such men as Rev. Father Kohlmann, of Bishop Fenwick during the days of his priesthood and also of the first Bishop of Boston, Rt. Rev. Dr. Cheverus, afterwards Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux. This latter personage left her as a token of his appreciation and regard an exquisite painting—an *Ecce Homo* by Albrecht Durer, which is still preserved as a dearly prized family relic.

Mr. Shea left school at the age of thirteen, after passing an examination that entitled him to enter college, and entered the office of a Spanish merchant. He was not slow in acquiring a knowledge of the Spanish language, which he spoke and read fluently till the end of his life. His knowledge of French, Italian, German, Latin and Greek and his familiarity with the Indian languages of North America, is well known.

His first literary venture was made at the age of fourteen, in the *Young Peoples' Catholic Magazine*. It was an account of the life and deeds of the Soldier Cardinal Gil Alvarez, Barillo de Albornoz. It was a clever attempt and attracted the attention of Bishop Hughes, then editor of the *New York Freeman's Journal*. Young Shea was encouraged by the Bishop's criticism to pursue his literary bent.

In 1846, after due preparation, Mr. Shea was admitted to the bar and entered upon the practice of law, but his vocation did not seem to lie in that direction. His yearning was for a work in the interest of religion, and two years later found him at St. John's College, Fordham, wearing the habit of the Jesuit scholastic. But even this was not his vocation—his work was destined to run in a different direction, for which his systematic training in the Novitiate was a

most valuable school of preparation. After six years of pious discipline and mental training he returned to the world and to the practice of law.

About this time he became a member of the New York Historical Society, and its extensive library gave him the means of following up a growing taste for the study of Indian Missions. His laborious researches in American history finally led him to his true vocation. He was born to be a historian, and Providence led him to this by ways that were one day to redound to the honor of the Church he loved so well. It was not long before the result of his researches became known to the public through a series of articles in the *United States Catholic Magazine*, published in Baltimore, in his excellent work on Catholic Missions and his "Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi Valley," published in New York in 1853. This has become a very rare book and is much sought after by scholars. The most dilapidated copies command a high price. The appreciation of this book was not confined to our own country. The *Westminster Review* considered it "a most valuable and interesting volume," while the *London Athenaeum* conceded that the author wrote "clearly, graphically and with considerable eloquence." He soon took his place in the front rank of American historians and became acquainted with nearly all the historical societies in this country and Canada. He was an honorary member of the Wisconsin Historical Society, corresponding member of the Massachusetts and Maryland Historical Societies, Vice-President for New Jersey of the New England Historic and Genealogical Society, and was founder of the United States Catholic Historical Society and editor and chief contributor of the magazine published by that society up to the day of his death. In 1888 the Spanish Government, in recognition of the invaluable services of Dr. Shea in the field of history, honored him by making him an honorary member of the Real Academy de Historia, de Madrid, a distinction never before conferred on an American.

We have referred to Dr. Shea's taste for languages, and to his deep interest in Catholic Indians. His careful study of Indian dialects and languages brought his "Library of American Linguistics," consisting of a series of fifteen volumes of grammars and dictionaries of Indian languages. The value of his contributions to the "Encyclopedia Britannica" and to the "American Encyclopedia" on the Indian tribes of our country and on the languages of the aborigines has been fully recognized by men of learning on both continents. In 1857 Dr. Shea published his *Cramoisy* series, consisting of twenty-six little volumes, bound and unbound, from early manuscripts, and relating to Catholic missions, and to historical events, such as Beaulieu's account of Braddock's Defeat, etc. This series took its name from the fact that the type, initial letters, head mes, rules and ornaments were the same as those used by the King's Printer in Paris, Cramoisy, and who published the "Relations des Jesuites." These little books were never offered for sale but were generously presented to historical scholars at home and in Europe, by whom they were gratefully received and highly prized.

In 1859 Dr. Shea published a Bibliography of all the editions of the Catholic Bibles published in this country. Nor did he stop here. Finding that editions varied in the translations, he, with the approbation of the most Rev. Patrick Kenrick, D.D., Archbishop of Baltimore, himself a wonderful Biblical scholar, indicated the various errors and prevailed upon publishers to withdraw the old editions and published corrected and uniform editions. With the approbation of His Eminence Cardinal McCloskey, Dr. Shea, after carefully and repeatedly comparing the texts with the Vulgate, reprinted the original edition of Dr. Challoner's Bible of 1740.

It would be an endless task to undertake to refer in detail to the many works that emanated from a pen that is now laid down forever. They cover almost every subject calculated to interest the learned and to instruct the unlearned. We here append a list of some of Dr. Shea's principal works almost in the order of their publication.

In 1851 "History of the Catholic Missions. Among the Indian Tribes of the United States," "Early Voyages Up and Down the Mississippi" (1862), "Life of Pius IX. (1877)," "Catholic Churches in New York City" (1878), "The Hierarchy of the Catholic Church in the United States" (1886), many important chapters in Winsor's

"Narrative and Critical History" (1886). Beginning in 1858, he edited for eight years the "Historical Magazine," and he has written many articles for publications of historical societies, and for "The Metropolitan and Catholic World," and was a constant contributor to the "American Catholic Quarterly." Of his translation and publications, many of which are private, and most important are "Novum Belgium," an account of New Netherland in 1643-4, (New York, 1862), "The Operations of the French Fleet under Count de Grasse" (1864), a translation of Charlevoix's History and General Description of New France, with extensive notes (6 vols., 1866) a translation of "De Courcey's Catholic Church in the United States" (1856), "Washington's Private Diary," (1861), "Colden's History of the Five Indian Nations," edition of 1727 (1866), "Alsop's Maryland" (1869) "Hennepin's Description of Louisiana" (1880), "Le Clercy's Establishment of the Faith" (1881), "Penalosa's Expedition" (1882), "Life of Father Isaac Jogues" (1885), and prayer-books and school histories.

(Continued on page 102.)

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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Commenced by

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

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The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, Toronto

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OFFICIAL

LENTEN REGULATIONS.

In consequence of the prevalence of the influenza in this archdiocese, and the enfeebled condition of public health, because of its ravages, we deem it our duty, in virtue of the Papal Indult, to dispense the faithful of this archdiocese from the laws of fast and abstinence during the coming Lent, excepting, however, the abstinence of Fridays, which must be observed as usual, and fast as well as abstinence on Good Friday. We at the same time exhort the faithful to live up to the spirit of penance and self-denial that should characterize the holy season of Lent, to try to appease the anger of God enkindled against our sins by fervent prayer, by alms deeds, and penitential works. We recommend self-denial in regard to those luxuries, the use of which is not necessary nor even conducive to bodily health and strength; such for instance as the use of intoxicating liquor, unless prescribed as medicine by a physician, the use of tobacco, etc., and abstinence from amusements innocent in themselves. In the words of His Holiness, the faithful who use this Apostolic Indulgence should be fervent in prayer, in performing works of mercy to the poor, in attending the public devotions of the Church, and in the frequentation of the Sacraments.

* * *

THE FORTY HOURS DEVOTION.

The forty hours devotion is to be held in this city, within the Paschal time, in the following churches and at the following dates:—

- 1st. On the first Sunday of Lent and the three following days in St. Mary's Church, Bathurst Street.
- 2nd. On the 2nd Sunday of Lent at St. Basil's.
- 3rd. On the 3rd Sunday of Lent at St. Paul's.
- 4th. It begins on Thursday the 24th of March at St. Patrick's.
- 5th. On 4th Sunday of Lent (27th March) at St. Michael's Cathedral.
- 6th. Passion Sunday (3rd April) at St. Joseph's, Leslieville.
- 7th. On Palm Sunday at St. Helen's, Brockton.
- 8th. On first Sunday after Easter, in the Church of the Sacred Heart, King St. East.

"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN."

Our Calvinistic contemporary declares that the doctrine of the Catholic Church with regard to the necessity of Baptism for little children is untenable and cruel to a degree. Because, saith our contemporary, "admittedly they have souls which can never die, and these souls must pass eternity in heaven, in hell or in the mythical purgatory of the Roman Catholic teaching." This false reasoning is built upon the ignorance which the writer in the *Presbyterian Review* manifests in dealing with this as well as with almost every other question of Roman Catholic teaching. It has never been taught in any of her schools by the Catholic Church, nor can it be found in any of her catechisms, or in the writings of her theologians, that children who by the culpable neglect of their parents die without baptism, are obliged to spend their eternity either in hell or in purgatory. "There are many mansions in My Father's House." As Almighty God in His infinite justice and mercy may have millions of mansions in the home of the blessed, and all differing from each other in intensity of glory or fulness of beatitude, as star differeth from star in glory; may He not have also many places set apart for those who have not profited by the merits of Jesu—without which no man can obtain everlasting happiness and enjoy the beatific vision in the next life. Is it not a denial of God's infinite power, and a circumscribing of limits to His boundless mercy to say with the Presbyterians that the Omnipotent Creator of all things can have provided but two places in the next life; either a glorious heaven for His faithful children, or a hell of eternal torments for the reprobate! Why deny to God the power of creating as many different modes of punishment in the next life as we believe He has mansions or modes of reward for the chosen of His Father in His eternal kingdom?

The men who pretend to derive all knowledge from the Bible, and who will admit no other standard of truth, should have no hesitancy in believing that there existed, at least in our Saviour's time, such a place as Limbo or the bosom of Abraham. Although not enjoying the blessedness of heaven, Lazarus was reposing tranquilly and happily in a pleasant abode, the sight of which made Dives feel still more acutely the horror of his fate, when he vainly implored Father Abraham to permit Lazarus to bring one drop of water to quench his burning thirst. "Because," he cried out, "I am tortured in these flames."

Does not the same Holy Scripture tell us of a prison from which no man can depart "until he pay the last farthing." The Presbyterians may term this prison "the mythical purgatory of Roman Catholic teaching" as long as they please; it is no less real, and no less revealed to us as certain and actual. In the Apostles' Creed we say: "He descended into hell, the third day He arose again from the dead." Here, as the catechism explains, we find another prison; not indeed the hell of the reprobate, but a place of rest called Limbo, wherein the souls of the saints were detained and to which St. Peter refers in the third chapter of his Epistle, saying: "being put to death in the flesh but quickened by the spirit, by which also He went and preached unto the spirits that were in prison." We give the reading of the passage as found in the Protestant version, and ask our friend was this prison hell or heaven or a palace apart from both, and therefore a third or fourth place. External darkness "where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth" It is very evident that the Presbyterian idea of the next life, and of God's manner of dealing with his rebellious or faithful children in the world to come, is totally erroneous and contrary to numerous passages found in the teachings of Christ and His saints. When we say, therefore, with the Church that children, who die unbaptized, do not enter the kingdom of heaven, we do not mean to say that they are condemned to hell's fire for all eternity. Only they who have trampled on the Cross during life and die

enemies to God, are destined to undergo so dread and so horrible a fate.

The Church can only teach what our Blessed Lord taught when He said, "Verily I declare to you, unless a person is born again (regenerated) in water and the Holy Ghost he cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven." (John 3: 5.) "By one man sin came into the world, and by sin death, and so death has passed unto all men, in whom we all have sinned." It is evident that the whole human race is infected with the sin of our first parents, and therefore, that the whole human race requires purification or cleansing from sin through the merits of Jesus Christ as provided for in baptism. Therefore St. Paul says, (1 Cor. 15: 22) For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made to live. St. Augustine, writing on this subject says, (Ad Hieron, ep. 166) "Whoever says that even those children are alive in Jesus Christ who die without sharing in the graces of baptism, is opposed to the teaching of the Apostles, and condemns the practice of the Church in which people hasten to have their children baptized, because they firmly believe that otherwise they could not obtain life in Christ. As to the punishment inflicted on children who die unbaptized, theologians differ, nor has the Church spoken authoritatively and definitely on this subject. The most common opinion among them is that such children do not suffer any sensible pain, or what is called *pœna sensus*. According to St. Thomas, "original sin is not deserving on such punishment."—*Non debetur pœna sensus*. Pope Innocent III. declared against the teaching that "the punishment of original sin is the deprivation of the beatific vision of God, but actual sin unrepented of, is punished by the torments of hell."

Do those unbaptized children who are excluded from the kingdom of heaven experience grief and sadness, and are they forever bewailing their unhappy state? Bellarmine says they do feel sad and unhappy. But many theologians, with St. Thomas, the Prince of them all, denies it. De Malo (9, 5, a, 2) and others maintain that their condition is such as it would have been in a state of pure and unfallen nature.

It is very certain, however, that the Church does not teach what the *Presbyterian Review* would make believe, viz., that the poor children who die without baptism are consigned to eternal punishment and suffer in the hell of the damned.

Its quoting against Catholics, "Suffer little children to come unto me for of such is the kingdom of God," is a piece of hypocrisy, and a condemnation of its own indifference about the conferring or withholding the grace of baptism from poor little children.

How is it possible for those who die, as the Protestant Bible says, in Adam, to be made to live in Christ except in the way indicated by Christ Himself. And He has laid down none other than regeneration by the Holy Ghost in the waters of baptism. The Protestant Divines and editors of reviews who dissuade from baptism or who are indifferent about its administration to their innocent offspring, fly in the face of God and treat with contempt His mandate to "suffer little children to come unto Him, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

As we go to press the strains of Irish music are heard through the city streets. St. Patrick's day is being celebrated. The shamrock is seen on the lapel of many coats and the "green of old Ireland" is the prevailing colour. The faith of St. Patrick is still bearing fruit, and to-day (Thursday) a fresh impetus will be given to stimulate and keep still warmer, in the breasts of her sons, love for God, love for the Church and love for the Isle of St. Patrick.

* * *

The Irish journalists will do their share in honouring the memory of St. Patrick by holding their annual banquet in the Albany club on Saturday evening.

THE QUEBEC ELECTIONS.

The sudden change of atmosphere in the political sky of Quebec has been a surprise to all outsiders, who cannot enter into the inner precincts of French Canadian life, and who can not discover the secret springs by which the entire community in that Catholic Province is set in motion, and maintained in robust christian morality of public life and action. It has been often cast up to the French Canadian people that they are too much under the control of their clergy, and that modern ideas do not sufficiently permeate Catholic society or leaven the masses in the Province of Quebec. It is only on certain momentous occasions, when a great crisis threatens, that non-Catholics begin to realize the extent of the blessings enjoyed by a people who are amenable to priestly influence and capable of being brought under the benign sway of a religion that teaches the absolute necessity for all, of private purity and public morality. Here is a case wherein a whole nation in humble and docile submission to the teachings of the Church, abandon their own cherished idol, and sacrifice feeling and personal attachment for the public good and the national honour. Mercier's defeat, say the Protestant press everywhere, teaches the lesson with regard to matters political in Quebec, that no party can hope to hold office there without having the power of the Roman Catholic church behind it. "Certainly Mercier deserved well of the Church," says the *Presbyterian Review*, "but the hierarchy dare not indorse a man for Premier with a record of a Mercier." There are some public men in Ontario with far worse records than Mercier, both as to private and public character, and yet they are sustained by churchmen of great pretensions to purity and morality. It is well for the Province of Quebec that in all critical moments the masses of the people are influenced by a clergy and a hierarchy than which no more zealous or more devoted to christian principle as a body can be met with in the whole world.

THE OLD CAUSE.

Here's to the old Green Land once more!
Here's to the dear old cause again!
Good men have pledged the toast before
In deeper floods of redder rain.
Their fight is fought, their duty done;
But fill the flashing wine-cup high!
We'll bear the grand old banner on
Some distance yet before we die!

Hurra! hurra!

Perhaps it may

Be our blest fortune to behold
That banner bright,
In Freedom's light.

Display the Harp of Gold.

Ha! listen, friends and comrades brave,—
They thought our Nation's soul had flown
They laid her in a narrow grave,
Beneath another heavy stone;—
In vain—we've seen her on the height;
We've met her in the valley green;
She whispers to our hearts to-night,
With harp tones gushing oft between.

Hurra, hurra,

She wakes the lay.

That nerved the arm of Brian bold,
That fanned to fire
Fitzgerald's ire
Upon the Harp of Gold.

Aye,—let the same old strain arise.
The land they loved to us remains;
We have the same soft, cloudy skies,
The purple hills, the verdant plains.
We have a dearer cause than their,
For time has brought us down, since then.
The added wrongs of many years—
The flowing blood of other men.

Hurra, hurra,

God speed the day
So long expected and foretold,
When tones that tell
Of joy shall swell
From out that Harp of Gold.

T. D. Sullivan.

A PROTESTANT newspaper published in Jamaica, noticing the death of Father Hathaway, draws a comparison between Catholic and Protestant missionaries on that island, little to the advantage of the latter. It says "the priests in Jamaica are zealous in the interests of religion, devoted in the services of the poor, and unambitious of worldly wealth. Their ministrations are given as eagerly to the humble and poverty-stricken as to the moneyed classes, and they are ready to face any personal sacrifices for the welfare of their flocks. Exactly reverse of this is the character of the average Protestant missionary. He is grasping and avaricious, unwilling to endure personal discomforts, and a panderer to the rich, whilst he absolutely neglects the poor. The primary aim of his labors is not the evangelization of the people but the accumulation of property." With heartfelt shame the editor avows, whilst Catholicism in Jamaica is instinct with vigor and Apostolic spirit, the Protestant missions are lifeless and decaying. Failure is written large over them all.

Let us help one another. This little sentence, writes an exchange, should be written on every heart, stamped on every memory. It should be the golden rule practised, not only in every household, but throughout the world. By helping one another, we not only remove thorns from the pathway, and anxiety from the mind, but we feel a sense of pleasure in our hearts knowing that we are doing a duty to a fellow creature. A helping hand or an encouraging word is no loss to us, yet it is a benefit to others. Who has not felt the power of this little sentence? Who has not needed the encouragement and care of a kind friend? How soothing when perplexed with some task that is mysterious and burdensome, to feel a gentle hand on your shoulder, and hear a kind voice whispering—"do not feel discouraged. I see your trouble—let me help you." What strength is inspired—what hope created—what sweet gratitude is felt, and the great difficulty is dissolved as dew beneath the sunshine. Yes, let us help one another by endeavoring to strengthen and encourage the weak, and lifting the burden of care from the weary and oppressed, that life may glide smoothly on, and the fount of bitterness yield sweet waters; and he whose willing hand is ever ready to aid us, will reward our humble endeavor, and every good deed will be as "bread cast upon the waters, to return after many days," if not to us, to those we love.

Subscribe for the CATHOLIC REVIEW, and induce your friends to subscribe. By this means you not only help yourself, by partaking of good and wholesome Catholic reading, but also help the REVIEW to still further extend its usefulness and make it a stronger power for good in the land.

Amongst the samples of egotism fyled away in the archives of the vainglorious, the following utterance of Dr. Wild, given in his pulpit on Sunday evening last, whilst talking on "Prince" Michael is worthy of having a foremost place.

"You are aware that I take a great interest in the Anglo-Israel, or so-called Ten-Lost Tribe theory on this continent, I am accepted as a sort of leader and authority, and through my several books, which have had such an immense sale, I am well known in Great Britain and other countries. Now let me tell you a secret. As soon as this movement began to spread and become popular, here and there one began to call out for a leader, and in England parties actually presented the names they thought were suitable. Against such a movement I preached and wrote, although judging from the many letters I received I stood a fair chance of being chosen. They wanted a leader to gather the tribes and Jews and take them to Palestine; in fact, start another crusade movement. In spite of my advice, personally and by letter, a number went from the United States and formed a sort of colony in Palestine. They expected the times were ripe, and that Providence would open up their way. Most of them are there yet, some came back, the whole thing was a failure, as it deserved to be. When God wants a leader He will call one and give him a miraculous

seal wherewith to prove His divine commission and call. I had \$250,000 offered as a first contribution if I would take the lead; the only condition imposed was, that I was to excavate the hill of Tara, in Ireland, and see if the ark of Covenant was there. The same party sent me a beautiful gold medal to wear as an emblem and sign of leadership.

As some of you know I have had money offers by the score, the person that sent me the medal is worth many millions of dollars."

We, however, thoroughly agree with him in the next sentence. It is a proof that he at least knows his own value.

"These things go to show how easily people can get excited on religious subjects and literally make fools of themselves."

For the next admission we know of none more capable of, or more fully qualified for, speaking with accuracy upon than the seer, he being a thorough adept and constant user of this same class of weapon.

"Some of us have the same fault that Prince Michael and the brethren of like faith have: it is that the Scriptures are perverted by taking a verse or sentence in the Bible from the context and applying and using it in a sense never intended. This fault enables a person to support from Scripture almost any kind of a theory."

Verily indeed does the truth leak out despite close-sealed doors.

The Late Dr. John Gilmary Shea.

(Continued from page 102.)

Dr. Shea's private library is very valuable, not only on account of the number of volumes, but still more so on account of the many rare editions of works bearing upon American history; the original manuscripts obtained by hard labor and expense from monasteries and state departments; and copies obtained from learned societies and national institutions. This splendid library of over twelve thousand volumes goes to Georgetown College.

Notwithstanding Dr. Shea's aversion to public notice and any public recognition of his services to his Church and to his country, honors came to him from time to time in forms which his good taste and common sense would not permit him to refuse. In 1862 the College of St. Francis Xavier conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws and St. John's College, Fordham, conferred the same degree upon him in 1879. The University of Notre Dame honored him with the "Laetare" medal, the first time that medal was ever conferred, and when old Georgetown College celebrated its centenary, in recognition of the services he had rendered to the college in his history of the "Life and Times of Archbishop Carroll," besides conferring upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws, awarded him a gold medal.

In social life, whilst always courteous, there was a modest reserve which those not acquainted with Dr. Shea mistook for an aversion to social intercourse. This was a mistake. For a more genial, generous and friendly nature cannot be found. He never failed to charm those who came in contact with him. His fund of anecdotes about men in every walk of life made him the most welcome of guests and the most entertaining of hosts. His talent was of a very high order and wonderfully varied. Had he been of less retiring nature had he not been a Catholic—he would have shone forth as the brightest star in the constellation of scholars, especially in this particular line.

In manner, he was an accomplished gentleman, possessing that kindness of heart and delicacy of feeling which made him study the wants and anticipate the wishes of those around him. In his family relations no man could have been happier. In 1845 he married a Miss Savage, a descendent of an old New England family, and during the thirty-eight years of their married life they never had a disagreement.

In 1855 Dr. Shea became editor-in-chief of the "Catholic News." Our readers will hear us out when we say that he brought into his work all the vigor of his manhood, all his profound and critical learning, all his powers of reasoning, and all his persuasive eloquence, and who can say that he has not more than once perhaps charmed back the penitent wanderer with the kindness and affection of a St. John? It was not his historical knowledge alone that shone forth in his editorial columns. The questions of the day were treated in the fairest and at the same time the boldest manner. How often when explaining points of Catholic doctrine have we noticed the effects of his early "scholastic" training. His style was simple, within the grasp of the humblest of his reader, but straightforward and uncompromising. With gentleness and humility he overcame the proud, with prudence, learning and wisdom, he met the captious and slanderous, and so gentle, and so just, and yet so firm, was his course, that his adversaries shrunk from attacking one armed so strongly in honesty. —*Catholic News.*

THE RIBERO MAP.

To the Editor of the CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW.

DEAR SIR - I read in your paper of Jan. 16th a short account of this famous map, in which account I notice some inaccuracies which, with your permission, I undertake to correct. As nothing that is in any way connected with the discovery of America will be left out of consideration at the coming centenary, there is no doubt that this map, as well as all other ancient maps, will receive a large amount of attention; hence it is necessary that correct information concerning it should be procured.

In the first place, then, the map is not kept (as stated in the article alluded to) in the archives of the Vatican, but in

THE BORGIAN MUSEUM

This museum is situated in the Building of the Propaganda College, 67 Piazza di Spagna, Rome. This magnificent pile of buildings, occupying a whole block, was originally the palace of Ferratina. It was bought and presented to Pope Urban VIII. by John Baptist Vives, Minister of Isabella at Rome in 1627. The library and museum were founded by Cardinal Stephen Borgia in 1789. It is in this museum that the Ribero Map as well as the other celebrated Borgian maps are preserved.

Being in Rome in 1885, and enjoying the privileges of an old Propagandist, I spent several days in the museum, and was given full access to these most interesting maps. I carefully studied them and copied a portion, the coast of N. America, which I afterwards had reproduced in my "Ecclesiastical History of Newfoundland." If I am not mistaken, this was the first time any of these maps had been reproduced (at least in an English book.)

Since that time the map has become better known, as in the year 1887 His Holiness Leo XIII. gave permission to have it copied in fac-simile for the Colonial Exhibition. Several copies were struck off. I have seen one of them. It is an admirable fac-simile in everything but in size. I did not measure the original of Ribero, but I measured that of Verrazani which is about the same size. It is described in the Latin document accompanying the maps as "10 palms long and 5 wide," which I found to be in English measurement 6 feet 2 in. long (from E. to W.) and 4 ft. 10 in. wide (from N. to S.) The reproduction by Mr. Griggs is about 4 feet x 2 feet. The original is on magnificent parchment, is elegantly engrossed and beautifully coloured with various figures, flags, animals, ships, compass, &c. This map is No. 3 of the Borgian Maps.

Your article says "the map is very inaccurate in the light of modern geographical knowledge." As regards the coast of America this is true, but not to be wondered at. But there are some things on the map which must make the "modern geographer" gape with astonishment. The interior of Africa shows that all the boasted discoveries of Livingstone, Stanley, Rider Haggard, Lord Randy, &c., were well known to these ancients! On this map you see clearly delineated the Victoria and Albert Nyanzas, Tanganyika and the sources of the Nile, the credit of whose discovery has been usurped by our moderns.

Next your clipping states that "The Ribero map contains the bisecting line which Alexander VI. drew across it in order to settle the claims of Spain and Portugal." This statement is partly correct, but also partly misleading. The map certainly shows the dividing line of Alexander VI., but this is not the map on which that Pope drew the line. I must here go into a little further explanation. There are three Borgian maps. Ribero's is No. III., No. I. is Verrazani's of date 1528, and No. II. is a map without a date, but older than either of these others. It was on this No. II. of the Borgian Maps, this nameless map, that Pope Alexander VI. drew the dividing line. And Moroni in his *Dizionario* says the Pope drew it with his own hand. It would be out of place for me, in such a letter as this, to enter fully into this subject of the *linea divisionis*, but I shall try briefly to summarize the matter. At that time of the world's history, kings and princes acknowledged the Pope not only as the ruler in spiritual matters, but also as the final arbiter in all questions of an international and political nature. Hence, when Columbus had acquired for Spain the New World of the west, an appeal was made by Ferdinand to obtain from the Pope, Alexander VI., a confirming sanction of ownership, and a decree securing him against any encroachments on his new territory by the rival power of Portugal. The Bull of Demarcation was drawn up on the 3rd of May, 1493, by which were granted to Spain all the lands west of a meridian drawn 100 leagues west of the Azores. The lands on the east of this line were supposed to belong to Portugal. This line, which was then supposed to be the agonic line, or line of no variation, passed clear (to the eastward) of the most easterly point of South America, thus leaving to Spain full possession of the whole of the New World.

Now a strange fact is to be noticed. On the map of Ribero are to be seen two lines of demarcation, one in the position assigned by the Pope. Another, some 18 degrees further westwards. The explanation of this is hinted at on the map in La in thus "*Linea divisionis Hispaniæ inter et Portugal apud Tordesillas Jun 17, 1494. Inter Juan II. et Ferdinand.*" The fact is that King John II. of Portugal was not satisfied with the Pope's decision, and having brought about a

meeting with the weak-minded Ferdinand, induced him to move the line to a point 970 leagues west of Cape Verde Islands, thus giving Brazil to Portugal. Hence the remarks in the article which I am criticizing, in which it is stated that the Pope's line gave Brazil to Portugal, are not correct, nor is it correct to say that America was divided by the Pope between Spain and Portugal. Your correspondent is also incorrect in saying that Ribero's map is the second Borgian map. It is, as I stated above, the third. I have a copy of the Latin document explanatory of the maps, which probably I may translate and send you, if thought sufficiently interesting.

It is only natural to expect that many flippant writers, who do not properly gauge the temper of those past times, rail out against Pope Alexander VI. for his arrogance and preposterous assumption in daring to slice out the world piecemeal to those Imperial and regal potentates. But we must accept facts, and it is a fact that up to the time of the Reformation this arbitrating power was not only assumed by the Popes, but acknowledged and invoked by sovereigns and kings. But what I think the most remarkable event in the already illustrious and eventful life of the present Pope, Leo XIII. (if not indeed the most extraordinary and astounding fact of this 19th century) is that that same supreme power by which the Pope was declared the arbiter of nations, has been again acknowledged in Leo XIII. and invoked by no less a personage than the ironclad Prince Bismarck. He who said he would not "go to Canossa." He went there, he put the halter around his neck and bent the knee to Leo, and abode by his decision in his dispute with Spain about the Caroline Islands. And Leo took up the identical map that bears the red line scored by Alexander four hundred years ago, and by it decided, as of old, the quarrels of kings. Such is the perpetuity and eternity of the Catholic Church.

M. F. HOWLEY, *Præf. Apostolic.*

St. George's, West Newfoundland.

THE "REFORMATION."

At the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington, London, on Sunday, Feb. 27th, the Rev. J. S. Vaughan delivered the last of a series of discourses on the English Reformation. He referred at the outset to an objection which had reached his ears to some remarks made in the sermon the previous Sunday. It was said, that while it might be quite true that Catholics were cruelly persecuted by the first Protestant Sovereigns, was not Queen Mary cruel. He might reply that two wrongs did not make a right; that Mary had merely learned the lesson that had been taught her by her father. He might say that Mary's cruelties dwindled into insignificance when compared with the cruelties of her father and sister. The real answer to this objection was that we were not comparing individuals but Churches. If Mary had founded a Church then we might inquire into the means whereby she founded it. Mary belonged to a Church the faith of which had been practised by millions before her. She did not represent the Catholic Church as its head, and therefore she was to be blamed simply as an individual. On the other hand, Henry was the founder of the Protestant Church, and what they had been inquiring into was the methods by which he founded it. Mary never for a single instant pretended to be anything more than a subject of the Catholic Church. What he wished to show was that the Protestant faith was forced upon an unwilling people by fire and sword. The Church of England, erected in this country with so much difficulty and persecution, was simply a local church. The Protestant historian Macaulay said the English Church was as completely a local thing as any other English institution. It was, as its name implied, a Church for this island alone, and this fact alone showed how absolute must be the difference between it and the Church founded by Christ. Our Lord suffered and died not for the English only, but for every race and nation upon the face of the earth. As He founded a Church to save mankind, that Church must be world-wide, and not be restricted to any nation or country. He said that the Holy Ghost would teach her all truth. Was truth here in England something different to what it was on the other side of the Atlantic? Was the doctrine which came down from God in this country changed when it crossed the sea? If God planted a Church to save mankind, that Church must be co-extensive with human nature, must extend to the limits of the earth, must include within its fold every nation and every tongue. Contrast the Church of England with the Catholic Church in this respect. The Church of Christ must be Catholic and Universal. It must extend from the day of Pentecost to the present day, and onwards to the end of the world. It must claim subjects in every country of the world, and it must teach all truth, not a mere fragmentary truth. What Protestants out of England and English dependencies respected the authority of the head of the Church of England? Again, if the Protestant Church were the true Church, and it was only founded in the fifteenth century, where was the true Church during those fifteen hundred years previously? What had become of it? If we were to believe what the Church of England represents, we should believe that it went astray, for in the homily on the Peril of Idolatry it was said that the whole human race, learned and unlearned, of all classes and stations, had been drowned in damnable idolatry, and that for the space of 800 years. But we could not be-

lieve that, because Christ had founded His Church upon a rock, and had promised that the gates of hell should never prevail against it, and that He Himself would be with it to the end of time. When we looked around and took merely a cursory glance at the Church of England upon the one hand and the Church of Rome upon the other, we saw where the truth lay. We might trace the Catholic Church from the time of Peter to the present day. At the present moment it was, if possible, more influential, more powerful, more full of life and vitality than in any of the previous ages of its existence. Here, surely, we might see the finger of God. The Church of England, during its comparatively short period of existence, had split up into numerous sects, and as a church was fast going to pieces.

NON-CATHOLICS are often puzzled by the importance which Catholics attach to having a Catholic school, and cannot see why we should not be satisfied with the public schools. It is vital to our interests in the future that they should learn what we mean by Catholic education. They imagine it consists in learning Catechism and saying certain prayers; whereas it is something far more than this. Catholic education means the regular training of the will and heart upon the motives and principles set forth by the Catholic religion. It means teaching the young to love and to give their affections to the Divine Person, whose presence is to be brought frequently before their mind. The Catechism is a collection of axioms or proposition covering a science. It is the working them out, the applying them in detail, which constitutes the chief part of Catholic education. The mind and characters having to be formed upon the motives of religion, the whole life and conduct of Catholic youth must be moulded by, colored and seasoned with Catholic principles. This is no easy task. It cannot be accomplished during an hour's teaching in a Sunday School. The wayward will and heart, the unformed character, must be the special solicitude of teachers, day by day, during the years given to education. If the mind and memory need constant attention during five days of the week for eight or nine years, in order to acquire a modicum of secular knowledge, it is not surprising that the will, the heart, and the character should also require constant care and attention. In a Catholic school the indirect teaching and training are quite as important as the direct. Pictures, crucifixes, and religious emblems, little devotional practices that occupy only a few seconds, as, for instance, when the clock strikes, all help to create the formative influences to which we attach so much importance. Then, the motives placed before the children when

they are corrected, aye, and the motives constantly placed before them for the performance of their most ordinary duties, belong to Catholic education. Hence, the need of teachers trained in Catholic spirit, as well as in the knowledge of religion; hence the need of a Catholic atmosphere in our schools; hence, again, the strongly marked character peculiar to a Catholic school.—*Dublin Review.*

THE CONVENT CHIMES.

They do not live their lives in vain who seek the quiet solitude,
Fair garnerers of life's purer grain; and tho' at times their fare be rude
They give the world some wholesome food.

'Twas eventide, the convent chimes rang from their towers gay and high,
A song methinks of olden times, of years, perhaps centuries gone by
And 'tween each now and dying note a world of mystery seemed to float
On waves of lulling melody.

Midnight upon the Crimean plain
Amongst the slumbering and the slain,
A lonely wanderer there went
Upon love's holy mission bent;
The dying soldier's call she hears
And lowly bending calms his fears,
Pours o'er his wounds her soothing balm,
And points him to the lowly lamb,
To Christ on Calvary, and now
A new light breaks upon his brow.
He breathes again the balmy gales
And once again thro' England's vales
He wanders forth a whistling lad,
Afar the gray cathedral sees,
Old oaks proud waving in the breeze,
Whilst cottage greetings make him glad.
He revels in youth's fantasy,
And dies rejoicing. In that hour
There fades a lovely English flower—
A blossom sweet from Erin's vale
Or Caledonia's lonelier dale.
But she who bent the listening ear
Hath many a treasured tale to tell,
High in yon cloistered walls, the bell
In muffled monotonous may hear.
Oh, do I dream those convent chimes
Seem so like sounds of distant times
And distant chimes—nay even here
And even now seem strangely near.

—W. A. Sherwood, in *Saturday Night*.

Honoring Father Walsh.

A charming entertainment was given by the pupils of Loretto Academy, Wellesley Place, to Rev. Father Walsh, pastor of Our Lady of Lourdes, on Monday, the occasion being the eleventh anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. Exactly at 5 p.m., Rev. Father Walsh accompanied by Rev. Father Ryan, S.J., entered the concert hall which was beautifully decorated with calla lilies, ferns and palms, almost hidden away by the galaxy of bright beaming faces that circled round the platform, voicing their welcome. The programme then rendered was as follows:

Welcome Song by Choral Class.

Address and Presentation.—Misses Cassidy and Falconbridge.

"Little One's Floral Greeting"—Misses Marnie and Vera Mason.

Recitation.—Miss Dolores Cassidy.

Semi-Chorus, "Where are the old Folks."

Violin, Miss E. Mason; Guitar, Miss Monahan.
Banjo, Miss Sheppard.

Instrumental Duett.....Gurlett
Misses Fox and Roach.

PART II.

Cantata, "La Reine des Fleurs" Choral Class.
Instrumental Duett.....Lichner
Misses Carol and Roach.

Recitation.—Miss Vera Mason.

Chorus from Lohengrin..Choral Class.

God Save the Queen.

The address, which referred to the Rev. Father's ordination in Rome and subsequent mission to Canada, was feelingly delivered by Miss Dolores Cassidy, and the Floral Greeting of the Minims which followed was scarcely less pleasing, as each tiny Miss gracefully advanced with her tribute until "a wealth of floral treasure" was deposited before the honored guest.

The Lost Child was an elocutionary gem, perfectly rendered, but the cantata "La Reine des Fleurs" in which thirty young ladies,

ranging from twelve to eighteen took part, was the most interesting feature of the programme. The young ladies voices showed careful training and marked culture, and their deportment was characterized by a modest grace and ease of manner. After the singing of God Save the Queen, Rev. Father Walsh congratulated the children on the success of the entertainment, cordially thanked them for the pleasure they had given him, and ended in a most felicitous manner by giving them a few words of practical advice and a holiday. The parents of the pupils were most interested spectators of the scene and were congratulated by Fathers McCann and Ryan on the creditable performance of their children. The ladies of Loretto may justly be congratulated on the success which has attended their efforts in this new branch Academy, which, opened only two years, already number one hundred pupils.

Obituary.

CAREY—On the 15th inst., at 95 Markham st., Mary (May) daughter of David A. and Annie Carey, aged 4 years and 7 months.

Such the brief notice appearing on Tuesday evening last recording the passing away from this vale of tears of a sweet young life. Cut off from the parent stem whilst yet a bud, and leaving but the fragrance and aroma of that which bade fair to have been a choice flower in nature's bouquet remaining to console the grief-stricken parents. Possessing to a large extent, though but a child, many of the characteristics that has gained the father—Mr. David A. Carey, Grand President of the Emerald Association—so much respect and so large a number of friends, she was an universal favorite with all. Her readiness at all times to forsake her own inclina-

tions to please or benefit her little sisters and wee friends being especially noticeable. Ever a favourite and constant companion of her father, wisdom beyond her years was hers. The Master gave. Unspotted and unspoiled by the world, He has taken her to Himself again to form a jewel in His crown, and to become one of those of whom He said, "For such is the kingdom of heaven." If wreaths and floral emblems are tokens of love and respect, they were sent in abundance amongst them being, cross, from Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Hughes; star, Master F. and Theresa Walsh; anchor, Misses A. and E. Millington; Heart, Misses Crowley; wreath, Mr. Champion; Cut flowers from Mrs. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Lanc, Mrs. Chalmers, Misses Theresa and Mamie Glynn, May Halligan, Amy Leventure, Nina Bickel, H. Bell and from Messrs J. and W. Foley, M. and J. Gallinger and others. The funeral procession was largely attended, many prominent citizens being noticed among the mourners. The arrangements were superintended by undertaker J. Gormally. We extend the sympathies of THE REVIEW to Mr. and Mrs. Carey.

...At a concert given recently by the sanctuary choir of Boston Cathedral for the benefit of the Working Girls' Home, \$1,700 was realized.

...A mural monument has been erected in Moycarkey church, Carlow, Ireland, in honor of the great Dominican preacher, Father Terence Barke.

Six hundred and sixty-five converts from Protestantism were received into the Catholic Church in the diocese of Baltimore last year.

Forty Hours Devotion at Loretta Abbev.

The Ceremony of the Forty Hour Devotion—that season of grace for many, began at Loretto Abbey on 9th inst. at 9 O'clock. Solemn High Mass was sung by Rev. Fr. Coyle assisted by Rev. Fr. Ryan S. J. and Rev. F. Cruise as Deacon and Sub-deacon respectively. In the Sanctuary were also Very Rev. Fr. Rooney V. G. and Dean Cassidy of Brockton. The Altar and its surroundings were in Devotional harmony with the voices of the children as they sang in chorus the *Parco Domine* the "Pange Lingua" and the Litany of the Saints.

The devotion is most pleasing to Almighty God and most profitable to His children, closed on Saturday 12th with Solemn High Mass.

Catholic Order of Foresters.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

Moved by Bro. Ball, seconded by Bro. Attridge That we the members of St. Peter's Court No. 225, Catholic Order of Foresters, in regular meeting assembled, desire to place on record our intense feeling of sorrow and regret for the unexpected death of our highly esteemed and universally respected Brother, Joseph Griffen, one of our charter members.

Resolved—That by his death this Court has lost one who endeared himself to us all by his frank, manly, and straightforward manner.

Resolved That we tender to Mrs. Griffen for the irreparable loss she has sustained by the death of a considerate, kind and affectionate husband and father, our deep, sincere and heartfelt sympathy in her sorrowful and painful trial and beg with all humility of Him who doth all things well, to be a father to the widow and orphans of our late Brother.

Resolved—That a copy of this resolution with the seal of our Court, together with the signature of our Chief Ranger and Recording Secretary be given Mrs. Griffen, and that our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days in respect to the memory of him we mourn.

J. J. LYNN, Chief Ranger. JAS. P. BRYSON, Rec. Sec. Peterboro, March 9th, 1892.

St. Thomas' Day at Ottawa University.

The feast of the great Saint named by the present glorious Pontiff, patron of Christian schools, is always duly honored at the University of Ottawa but this year the day was celebrated with more than usual ceremony. On the evening of March 6th, the students of the Faculty of Theology held a public session in the presence of the Apostolic Chancellor, the Most Rev. J. P. Duhamel, Very Rev. Dr. James MacGuckin, O.M.I., Rector, the professors of the University and a select few of invited guests. The Rev. Joseph Leclero, who had been raised to the priesthood that morning, took the chair and opened the session with a few remarks upon the impulse given to theological and philosophical study by Leo XIII., and the appropriateness of a Catholic University honoring the feast of the Angelic Doctor, St. Thomas Aquinas. Mr. C. C. Dolany followed with an original poem on St. Thomas, original not only in execution but in conception. Under the allegory of a medieval knight attacking a hideous shape which was about to dethrone a beautiful queen and with one blow of his magic sword changing the monster into a youth almost as fair as the queen herself, the poet pictured the task accomplished by the great philosopher, the reconciliation of Revelation and Science.

A lengthy and able Latin essay on the Real Presence was then read by Mr. M. F. Fallon, in which the dogma was proved from promises made by Christ in the 6th chapter of St. John, and the account of the institution of the Holy Eucharist given by the other three evangelists.

The impossibility of our Lord's words being used in a metaphorical way was shown by other passages of Scripture and the idiomatic sense of the Oriental languages. "He who eateth my flesh hath everlasting life," if understood metaphorically by the Jews would convey to their minds the blasphemous absurdity that "He who caluminateth me hath everlasting life." The doctrine of transubstantiation was also explained and the various opinions of Catholic divines exposed, as to the manner in which the change was accomplished.

A paper by Mr. Jules Lortie, "L'Eglise Catholique et l'instruction primaire," refuted the claim that Protestantism originated primary education and produced the unquestionable testimony of statistics to prove that the Church never failed to carry out the command of her Founder, "Suffer the little children and forbid them not to come unto me."

"Catholicity and National Prosperity," was the subject of a paper read by Mr. D. A. Campbell in which he showed how the Church built the fabric of modern civilization on the ruins of paganism. Paganism made man the slave of the state; barbarism made him the slave of his passions; the Church made him free. The maximum of civilization was reached in the 15th century, there was nothing left but to unfold the details.

To claim that whatever progress has been made since then is due to the "Reformation," is to argue, *post hoc ergo propter hoc*.

If Protestantism be superior to Catholicism because Protestants are richer than Catholics, then Judaism must be immensely superior to Protestantism.

To the Gospel, said Mr. F. X. Brunetto in "L'Evangile et le Rationalisme Moderne," is due all the grandeur of civilization—the Sermon of the Mount forecasts all the works of charity done during 1800 years. To the negation of the doctrines of the gospel is due all the evil in the world. The Protestant principle of private interpretation is the germ from which has sprung first skepticism then unbelief. English deism is said to be the arsenal which furnished the weapons to Voltaire and Strauss. Voltaire does not reason, he ridicules; he does not argue, he hes. Rousseau attacked principles, Voltaire details. German Rationalism was developed by Thomasius and Wolff; the latter said that every truth must be demonstrated with mathematical certitude. Then Dr. Paulus invented the famous distinction between the facts on which the Gospel narratives are based, and the explanation of these facts as given by the Evangelists. Finally, Strauss made Jesus of Nazareth a mere charlatan acting so as to realize in the eyes of the credulous Jews their idea of a mythical Messiah. And all this biblical criticism is rationalism, i. e., pure theory and speculation without a shed of proof.

Mr. Brunetto's paper concluded the programme presented by the students of the theology.

The following day, March 7th, Pontifical High Mass was sung by the Most Rev. Chancellor in the University Chapel. After the Gospel His Grace preached an excellent sermon on the process of Christian education which he very aptly compared to the culture of fruit trees. The youthful mind, like a young tree, must be supported that it may not grow crooked; the waters of divine grace must be poured about its roots; anything that may be noxious must be kept away or removed, in order that the human tree may put forth beautiful foliage and produce good fruit. Hence Christian educators must be assiduous in their duties.

At 10.30 a.m. the students of the Faculty of Philosophy held their public session. Mr. P. J. Cullen, '93, expounded the thesis, "*Veritas logica necessario inest in simplici apprehen-*

sione cui per se nunquam falsitas admiscetur, at amen inest imperfecte; et veritas logica, sicut et falsitas in judicio et per judicium habetur." Objections were made by the Capuchin Friars, Sebastien and Maurice, and the game of intellectual thrust and parry carried on very skillfully. Mr. J. T. McNally, '92, defended the thesis, "*Jus privatum proprietatis rerum stabilium in jure naturali fundatur,*" against the spacious arguments of Messrs. A. Charron and D. Murphy of the same class. All three of these gentlemen showed themselves not unworthy of the B.Ph. laurel which they wear.

At the close of the discussion His Grace the Chancellor expressed his very sincere satisfaction with the proceedings. The Holy Father had expressed a strong desire to have young men well prepared in college to become champions of truth against error, and the young men who had taken part in this discussion had already shown themselves very skilful in the use of the weapons of reason. His Grace bade them continue as they had begun for the glory of the University and the Church.

The University of Ottawa has gathered to its halls students from the seven provinces of the Dominion, and hence it was not at all strange to find British Columbia splintering a lance with Prince Edward Island, in the persons of Messrs. Murphy and McNally. And the Ottawa professors are literally scattering the good seed from ocean to ocean, and building up a thoroughly Canadian University.—*United Canada.*

The Arrest of Mr. McKeown.

To the Editor of the Empire.

SIR, From the accounts given of the arrest of a Yonge street merchant on Saturday, it would seem that some protection is required for the public at large against a repetition of such an occurrence. A charge of embezzlement or one of obtaining money under false pretences is easily made, and may be readily sworn to in good faith or otherwise, and so it is not very difficult to provide materials for the arrest of any citizen. Everyone runs that risk, but, as the results of such an order are serious, would it not be reasonable, before taking a man out of his own country or province, to allow him some chance either to have the order set aside or to get bail? To take a debtor out of the province in this way is one means of compelling his friends to ransom him, and rewarding the harshness of the creditor who resorts to this extremity of the law. The magistrate or justice of the peace that backs a warrant to send a man out of the province does a very responsible thing, and perhaps, under the law, to refuse to do so is equally responsible; but the law could be remedied, so that the warrant should come up before the county or other judge, and some hearing given the accused before he is treated as the condemned. The cases are fortunately rare enough to allow, without inconvenience, notice to be given, and prevent this scandalous kidnapping being done under sanction of the law. The Parliament and Legislatures are now in session, and between them they could correct the law, and especially the magistrate's duty in it if the action of the J. P. on Saturday was regular.

Yours, etc., Toronto, March 14. D. A. O'SULLIVAN

Cardinal Manning has few surviving relatives, the nearest being a sister, who has attained the great age of 92, and who, on this account, was not able to be present during the last moments of her brother. Dr. Gasquet, one of the physicians in attendance, was related to the Cardinal by having married a niece of the deceased prelate.

GENERAL.

The receipts for the year of St. Patrick's Church, E. St. Louis, Mo., amounted to \$7000.

Rev. W. H. Morrison, S.J., died recently at the college of the Jesuits, Georgetown, D. C.

Rev. Father Blakeney, recently ordained, celebrated his first Mass the other day in Dallas, Tex.

A new church was dedicated at Pilot Point, Tex., March 7, feast of St. Thomas Aquinas.

Rev. John Them is transferred from St. Martin's Church, Liverpool, O., to St. Joseph's, Randolph.

Rev. J. W. Murphy, V.G., Bangor, Me., will celebrate the silver jubilee of his ordination in April.

Rev. H. Van der Sanden, Chancellor, St. Louis, Mo., intends to start for Europe at an early day.

St. Elizabeth's Church, Detroit, Mich., has recently been dedicated, Bishop Foley officiating.

The Rev. Father Carmeli, General of the Silvestrian Congregation, died recently in Rome.

The Catholic Episcopate throughout the world, including the Vicars-Apostolic in missionary countries, now number more than 1,200 prelates.

The consecration of the Most Rev. Dr. Dahlhoff, S.J., Archbishop of Bombay, took place on Sunday, January 31st, in the Cathedral of Our Lady of Hope, Kalbadevie.

Fourteen Superiors of Houses of the Good Shepherd in this country will sail April 23, on the Umbra for France to attend the Chapter for an election of a Mother General to be held in May.

Bishop McGolrick of Duluth, Minn., has received from Dublin a beautiful chapel altar, complete with statuary and everything necessary for the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice.

Rev. Father Savinien, the Indian missionary, is trying to raise funds for his savage children in the far West. On the 28th inst. he preached in St. Mary's, Albany, for this purpose.

Ex-Senator Fair, of San Francisco, has bequeathed \$200,000 to the Catholic Orphan Asylum of that city. He did this in memory of his wife, who died a Catholic. He himself is a Protestant.

The Rev. W. F. Chambers, for twenty-eight years rector of North Kelsey, Lincolnshire, was received into the Catholic Church at Folkestone on the 11th ult., by the Rev. Francis J. Donnan.

The papers of continental Europe announce the conversion to Catholicism of Count John de Salis-Soglio, son-in-law of the late Prince de Caraman-Chimay. He was born in London in 1864.

Rev. Father Dougherty, L. J. formerly of Guelph, Ont. and Rev. Father O'Brien, S. J. of England, opened a retreat at St. Bridget's church Ottawa, last Sunday evening.

On the proposal of M. De Curtins, the well known Catholic economist, the Catholic members of the Swiss Legislature are preparing an address of thanks to the Holy Father for his Encyclical on the labour question.

Miss Rose Braniff formerly of Brockville who made many friends and acquired a foremost place in the ranks of vocalists in Toronto during her two year residence here, is now the Principal of the faculty of Vocal Music in the conservatory of Music in Riverside, California.

The Empress Frederic sent three hundred

marks as a donation to the proceeds of an Oratorio performance, given for the benefit of the fund for building more Catholic churches in Berlin.

From Rome is announced the death of the Rev. John Mary Cornoldi, S.J. He was a strenuous defender of the Papacy and a voluminous writer. Owing to his talent the Holy Father called him to Rome and appointed him Secretary of the Roman Academy of St. Thomas.

The deaths are announced of Rev. T. Corrigan, Alton, England; Rev. William Murphy, C.C. Lobinstown, Ireland; Mother Mary Joseph Ryan, Convent of Mercy, Westport; Brother Peter, C.S.S.R., at St. Alphonsus' Limerick and Dr. Timothy Crowley, Cork.

Lord and Lady Dufferin occupied fald-stools near the altar of the High Mass of Requiem for Cardinal Manning at Ron e. It was a surprise to find the representatives of the Queen assisting at a Catholic religious ceremony, and marks a decided change in the spirit of the rulers in England towards the Catholic Church.

A missionary priest, Father Isidore Ricklin, has just gone to live among the famous Comanche Indians. He will pitch his tent in the midst of the tribe and live with them, to learn the language. He will begin by gathering a certain number of the children in his tent and teaching them the elements of a primary school besides music and catechism.

Mrs. Josephine Butler, one of the many friends of the late Cardinal Manning, emphatically repudiates as a slander the statement of writers in the London *Daily News* that "Manning had a contempt for women." Such a feeling, she says, could not be found in such a character as the Cardinal's, for the deceased prelate was a real saint.

Very Rev. Ignatius F. Herstmann, D.D., Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, Pa., was consecrated Bishop of Cleveland on Feb. 25th, in the Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul, Philadelphia. There were present archbishops, bishops and monsignors from all parts of the country, as well as upwards of 500 priests and members of the religious orders.

Reports from Rome state that the health of the Very Rev. Father Whitty, S.J., one of the assistants of the late General of the Jesuits, Father Anderledy, and his predecessor, Father Becky, is causing great anxiety. Father Whitty, who is a native of Pouldarrigh, County Wexford, has occupied this important position in the Order for many years. He is suffering from influenza. His sister, Mother Vincent Witty, introduced the Sisters of Mercy into Queensland, where she celebrated the golden jubilee of her profession a few months ago.

The admirers of the Redemptorist Fathers will be pleased to learn that another son of St. Alphonsus will soon be enrolled on the calendar of the saints. The beatification of the venerable servant of God, Gerard Maiella, a Redemptorist, will, it is said, take place on the occasion of the Pope's episcopal jubilee, at the same time as the beatification of the venerable Bianchi of the Barnabites, and Balducci of the Jesuits. His cause will come before the congregation of rites on the 26th of

Rev. James Schwebach was consecrated Bishop of La Crosse Wis., on Feb. 25th, Archbishop Katzer officiated as consecrator, and Mgr. Zeininger as high priest. Among those who participated in the ceremony were Bishops Cotter of Winona, Minn.; Jansen of Belle View, Ill.; Vertin of Marquette, Mich.; Shanley of Fargo, N. D.; McGolrick of Duluth, Minn.; Bonacum of Lincoln, Neb.; Hennessy of Wichita, Kan.; Zardetti, of St. Cloud, Minn.; Scammel of Omaha, Neb.; Cosgrove of

Davenport, Iowa, and Hennessy of Dubuque, Iowa. At the close of the ceremony a reception was given at the parochial residence, followed by a banquet to the visiting prelates.

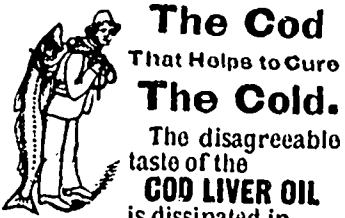
The *Rideau* of Smith's Falls in speaking of the St. Patrick's Day Concert of Rev. Fr. Stanton for benefit of St. Frances de Sales Church of that town, has the following to say of a gentleman, well known as one of the foremost educationalists of this country, and whose educational works have filled niches long empty. One of the most attractive features of the evening, we understand, will be a lecture on an interesting historical subject, to be delivered by Prof. McCabe, Principle of the Normal School, Ottawa, and Grand President of the C. M. B. A., in Canada. We have had the privilege of listening to this learned gentleman lecture a year ago before a Smith's Falls audience. We have no hesitancy, therefore, in saying that this part of the programme should, in itself draw a large and appreciative audience.

The Very Rev. Father Berthier, O.P., of the Catholic University of Fribourg, Switzerland, is editing an edition of the *Divina Commedia*, which is accounted one of the most remarkable works of the age. The commentary of the learned Dominican is said to be a monument of modern ecclesiastical erudition, whilst the publisher's task is being executed with almost unparalleled splendor. There are to be at least two thousand engravings, and the most exhaustive researches have been made in history and archæology for everything that might tend to explain or illustrate the beautiful, though sometimes difficult language of the great Italian Catholic poet. Father Berthier is a worthy representative of an Order famed for *servants*.

Speaking at Rochdale, England, lately, Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, said the accusation had been made against the Catholic community that they were attacking the public schools. He took advantage of the occasion to say that they were doing nothing of the kind. The public schools did not suit them, and they had simply built schools in which religious as well as secular education was secured for the little ones of their faith.

Regarding the recent atrocious outrages on Catholic missionaries in China, Father Chauvin, S.J., rector of the Jesuit College at Zi Ka-Wei, China, in a letter written December 20, 1891, and just received at the Georgetown College, says: "After the troubles and disasters of which our mission has lately been the victim, we are once more at peace, and can now repair our ruins, which consist of twelve churches, with residences, burnt down, seven destroyed, and fourteen sacked and pillaged. We have been indemnified for our losses by the mandarins, but the guilty have not been brought to punishment; hence we cannot count upon security hereafter. A rebellion has even broken out in Mongolia."

A dispatch from Vienna to a Liberal paper in Rome announces that in certain political circles of that capital it is believed that, the King of the Belgians having refused to be mediator in the Franco-Bulgarian difficulty, the office will be offered to his Holiness Leo XIII. This report is not at all improbable in itself, especially if it is taken into consideration that the present ruler of Bulgaria is a Catholic prince. If the French Government should take such a step, it would be following the example of Bismarck when he asked the Pope's mediation in the dispute with Spain over the Caroline Islands. It will be remembered that it was the prelude to the restoration of peace between the Church and the German Government, and a similar result may be looked for in the case of France.



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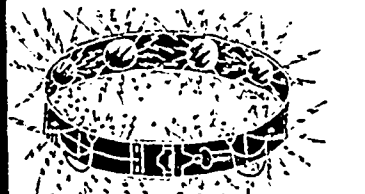
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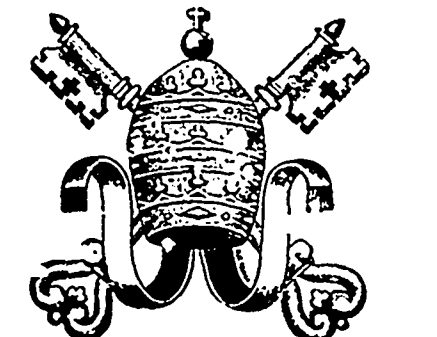
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