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

Rebilitate qui sunt Casaris, Casari; et qui sunt Dei, Deo.—Matt 22: 21.

Vol. V.

Toronto, Saturday Jan. 23, 1891.

No 50

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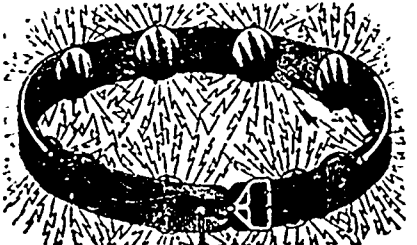
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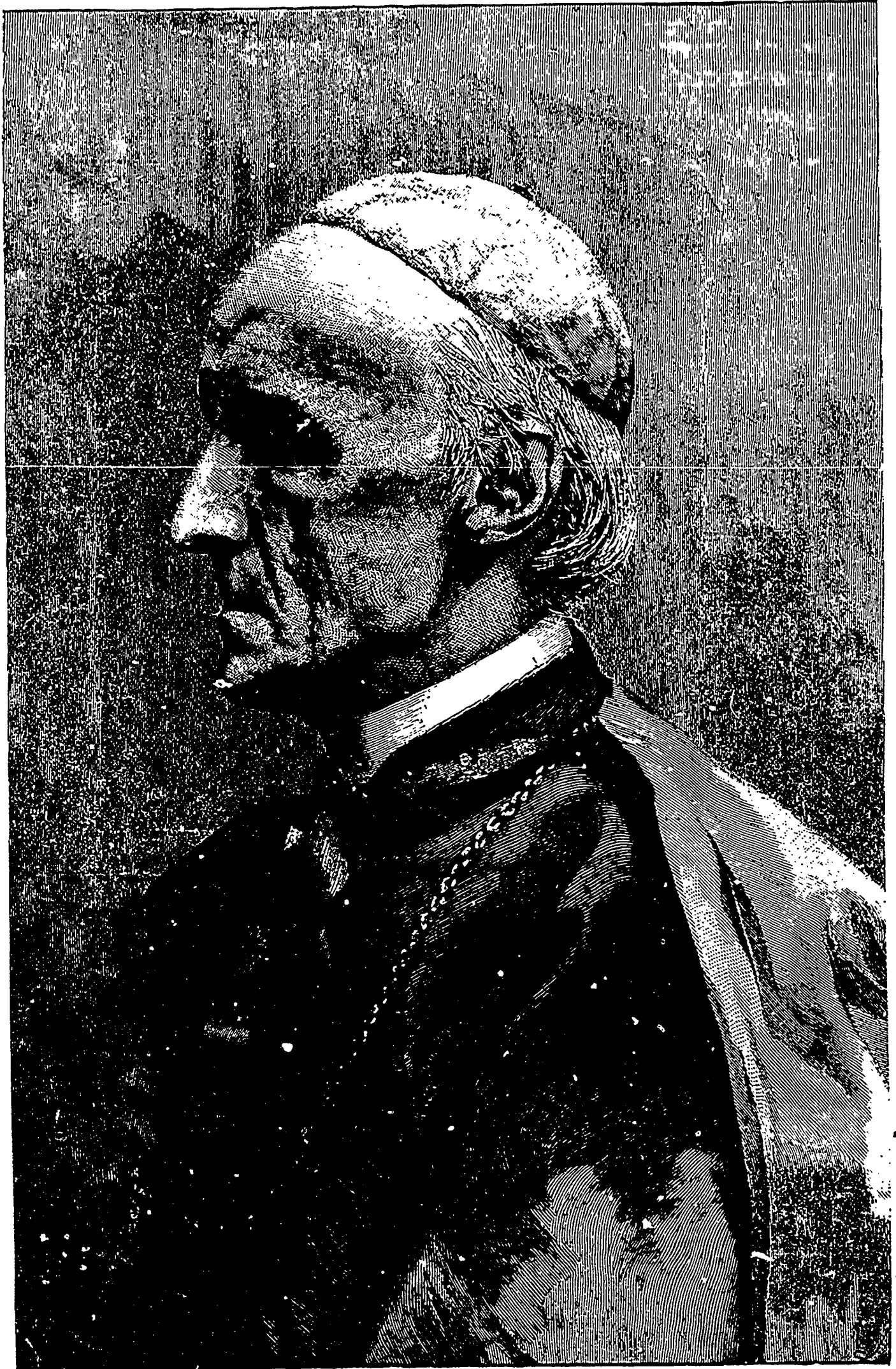
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# Catholic Weekly Review.



His Eminence Henry Edward Cardinal Manning, Archbishop of Westminster.

## THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS—AN ORDER OF SCHOOL-MASTERS.

*From a late number of Merry England.*

### III.

THE fame of his work spread, and various neighbouring places began to ask him for schoolmasters; so that his new undertaking began seriously to interfere with his duties as Canon. The masters grew afraid of the future. They asked themselves what would be their lot when they grew old and infirm. They contrasted the secure future of the rich Canon whom they had accepted as Superior with their own precarious state. And the Canon determined to resign his canonry. At first his Director opposed him, telling him to wait. But when some months' waiting failed to soften his director, he once more went to Paris and consulted Father Barre. Before his approval the director finally gave way. Then came the opposition of his friends, his fellow-Canons, his Superiors, of the Archbishop of Rheims himself; but over all de la Salle finally triumphed. There remained his private fortune, which, after a year's opposition, his director consented to his casting after the canonry. The only question with him was, whether he should use it to endow his Community? Father Barre was against endowment, which, he thought, lowered the vital energy of a Community. "*Si vous fondez, vous fondez,*" he said. So thought de la Salle; but he did not decide till he had consulted God by prayer; and his prayer, in its simple directness, is so characteristic as to be worth giving: "My God, I do not know whether to endow, or not to endow. It is not for me to found Communities, nor to know how to establish them. It is for Thee, my God, to know, and to do it in the way that pleases Thee. If Thou endowest them, they will be well endowed; if Thou dost not endow them, they will be without endowment. I pray Thee, O my God, to make known Thy will to me."

He determined at last to give his fortune to the poor. And that very year (1684) came a famine throughout Champagne. He literally sold all he possessed, and gave it to the starving people. The distribution lasted for two years; and when it was over he was so absolutely poor that, having to journey to Bethel to consult the Duc de Mazarin, he begged his food along the way, and had difficulty in getting a piece of black bread from an old woman. Indeed, henceforth he led the life of an ascetic. His delicate stomach rejected the coarse food of the men with whom he had now elected to live on equal terms. He conquered it by starving himself until sheer hunger made him willing to eat any food. He at last came to be unconscious of what he ate. The cook once mistakenly served up a dish of wormwood, from which the Brothers all turned. De la Salle alone finished his portion, unaware that anything was wrong. Prayer he practised incessantly; at Rheims, every Friday night he made the sacristan lock him in the Church of St. Remi, and spent the night in vigil.

His character soon began to attract postulants to his house, both working men and men of gentle birth; so that it seemed to him necessary to discuss the question of Rules for the young Institute. The discussion took place between himself and the twelve elder of his followers after a Retreat; and though a certain common agreement on essential points was reached, the final drawing up of any code was deferred. It was resolved that they should take the three monastic vows for three years only, and renew them every year. This was for the selected twelve. The other members were to be bound only by the vow of obedience for one year, and to renew it yearly until their vocation was beyond doubt. The wisdom of de la Salle in these cautious proceedings was made manifest by the fact that of the chosen twelve, four abstained from renewing their vows the next year. The name—Brothers of the Christian Schools—was now decided on. The question of a habit was left to the Superior, who was guided in his choice by accident. When winter came the Mayor advised him to give his followers a large cloak with hanging sleeves, called a *capote*, which was very generally worn in Champagne as a protection against the weather. De la Salle followed the advice, and clothed them in a *soutane* without belt, thick double soled shoes, a broad-brimmed hat, and, for outer garment, the *capote*, made long in common black stuff.

In the ensuing years, from 1681 to 1688, several of the Brothers died, and Blessed de la Salle made the first of several attempts to give up the superiorship. He actually succeeded for a time, inducing the Brothers to elect one of their number in his place. But as soon as the fact became known outside, the Archiepiscopal Grand Vicars went to the house and ordered de la Salle to resume his post.

The next step in the constitution of his Congregation—the establishment of a Novitiate—came about, like all the other steps, without design. A lad of fifteen begged for admission, and seemed so zealous that de la Salle yielded to his request. Three more followed; and as they were manifestly too young to bear the full strictness of his Rule, he placed them in an adjoining house, communicating with his own by a single door, where in charge of an experienced Brother they lived under a modified Rule, and without the habit. Circumstances moulded also his sequent experiment, which was an important innovation. The

clergy of the country parishes about Rheims began to follow the example of the towns in applying to him for masters. He had none to spare; moreover, a country parish could supply neither work nor support for more than a single master, and it was his rule always to place two Brothers in charge of a School, in order to avoid the dangers of solitude. In this extremity the country clergy sent him from their parishes young men of good character, and requested him to train them after the model of his own Brothers (so far as was possible) for the work of teaching. He undertook the task, established them in a separate house, gave them a Rule of life appropriate to their condition as laymen, and when they were adequately trained sent them back to teach the village schools. This was the first Normal school for lay teachers; an institution revived in modern times and under modern conditions by Brother William of Jesus.

So far Blessed de la Salle's Congregation had been limited in its sphere of work and recognition to the district about its birthplace, Rheims. Its scope was now extended to Paris. He was under an old-standing promise to M. de la Barmondie, the Cure of St. Sulpice, to open a school in that parish; and, at this time (February, 1688,) he was called upon to fulfil it. The saintly M. Olier had started seven free schools in St. Sulpice; but, as with all previous enterprises of the kind, the lack of good masters caused them, after their Founder's death, to decay; until but one of the seven remained. This, too, was clearly going the way of the other six. The children were beyond the control of the Abbe Compagnon, who was in charge of it; and, after some preliminary negotiations, M. de la Barmondie requested de la Salle to undertake its management. De la Salle set out at once with two companions, and soon made the school so successful that two more Brothers were sent for from Rheims, and a second school was opened in the parish. Persecution at once began against him, first on the part of his predecessor, the Abbe Compagnon, and then on the part of the lay schoolmasters, who were alarmed by the competition of the free schools. But he successfully weathered these attacks, and, returning to Rheims, left Brother l'Heureux in charge of the Parisian schools. An important feature in the future character of the Institute indirectly resulted from this. Brother l'Heureux he intended for his successor, and was about to have him ordained, that a priest might succeed a priest in the superiorship. Moreover, he designed that each house should have one Brother in Holy Orders to perform for it all religious functions. But while he was at Rheims Brother l'Heureux died. De la Salle took the event as an admonition. For the first time he perceived the probable consequences of mingling lay and clerical Brothers. He perceived the possibility of consequent jealousy from such an introduction of caste; that, as had happened before in teaching bodies composed of ecclesiastics, clerical pursuits would draw the brethren away from the humble drudgery of educating ignorant children. At a single stroke he imposed on his Institute that self-denying abstinence from the honour of the priesthood which has ever since preserved it for the cause of education and the poor. He ruled that no Brother should ever receive ordination, no priest be admitted to the ranks of the Institute, and that the Brothers should not learn Latin.

During his absence in Paris things had gone badly with the Congregation in Rheims and the neighbourhood. The Brother left in charge mismanaged his trust; half the brethren deserted the Community in consequence; the country clergy, who believed only in de la Salle himself, sent no more schoolmasters for education, and the Normal school (if one may give it so modern a name) was closed. The health of many Brothers was failing, and the fervour of many. This led to the establishment of the first house at the village of Vaugirard, near Paris. Here de la Salle himself took up his abode for seven years, and he made it a house of retreat for recruiting both the physical and the spiritual health of the Brothers. There they spent their holidays; thither they came in sickness; thither, too, they all came once a year to make a Retreat and follow the exercises of the Novitiate. It served also as a home for novices. It was at this period that he chose two of his followers as assistants, to be more closely associated with himself and aid him with their counsel. In 1698 a famine caused a temporary removal from Vaugirard to Paris; and after the return of the Brothers to Vaugirard, de la Salle at length, believing them now sufficiently chastened and confirmed, allowed the Brothers to make their vows perpetual. Now also he formally drew up the Rule of the Institute, after placing it in their hands that they might suggest any alterations which they thought fitting. During this same period of quiet he compiled his admirable "Manual for the use of the Christian Schools," which, re-edited to keep it abreast of the times, has been the guide of the Christian Brothers ever since. What a monument of educational sagacity it is can hardly be appreciated without a knowledge of the state of things which obtained before de la Salle. For instance: astonishing as it seems, he was absolutely the first to introduce class teaching. Until he appeared, each child had been called up in turn and taught separately. Hence an inevitable multiplicity of schools and masters, which added to the difficulty arising from the fewness of competent teachers.

*To be continued.*

## JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

Mary J. Onolan in the Chicago Evening Post.

In Glasnevin cemetery, where Ireland has gathered to her bosom some of her bravest, her most gifted sons, is a grove unmarked by stone or slab, one that is dear to the hearts of Irishmen the world over—the grave of James Clarence Mangan.

Many a tear has fallen on it, many a prayer been murmured over it since that summer, dire and terrible in Irish history, when the wasted body of Clarence Mangan was laid in the dust. Those restless, wild blue eyes were closed at last in a sleep untroubled by dreams, that heart tumultuous and breaking was at last forever stilled. Here the sternest will may relent, the severest soften to pity. He who in life knew naught but misery and wretchedness and despair surely in death deserves only our kindness and our commiseration. The uniformly woeful career of Mangan has been often and sadly told. Mitchell told it in '59 in a brief introduction to a volume of his poems—told it as his friend and helper might well tell it, with tenderness, with pity and with sorrow.

James Clarence Mangan, like Moore, was the son of a grocer, and was born in Fishamble street, Dublin, May 1, 1803. His father, he tells us in the fragment of an autobiography found after his death, treated him and his brothers and sister "as a huntsman would treat refractory hounds."

"We often boasted," says Mangan, "that we would run into a mouse hole to shun him." Indeed, the poet attributed all his misfortunes to his father. He was an improvident man, let the little business he had slip through his finger, and then gave himself up to bitterness and despair. We need not wonder that poverty soon gave place to actual want in the Mangan household. Reared in an atmosphere of curses and intemperance, of cruelty, infidelity and blasphemy, it is not surprising that Clarence Mangan was a trembling, a stunted and an uncanny child. What little school education he got was acquired at a small "Popish seminary" in Derby square. His schooling lasted till he was 13. Then for seven years he labored as a scrivener's clerk and contrived out of the miserable pittance he received to help support that wretched household. "I was taken from my books, obliged to relinquish my solitary rambles and musings and compelled for the miserable pittance of a few shillings weekly to herd with the coarsest of associates."

One of his biographers alludes to a gap in his life, of which there is no record, "into which he entered a bright-haired youth and emerged a withered and stricken man." Possibly it is the period of which Mangan writes: "My physical and moral torments, my endurance from cold, heat, hunger and fatigue, and that isolation of mind which was, perhaps, worse than all, in the end flung me into a fever and I was transmitted to a hospital." He left the hospital "old in soul, though young in years." I, was, doubtless, among the evil associates of the scrivener's office that Mangan first fell a victim to the demon of drink—that demon in whose clutches he was all his life to struggle and to whose power he was finally to succumb. The worse and the better self! What strange bedfellows they make! Indeed, it seemed fated that no human misery should be alien to him. It was probably before his complete downfall that Mangan went through that other great branch in the curriculum of his education. He fell in love (as what Irishman does not?) and he was deceived. The fair Frances was false. She captured his heart, toyed awhile with it, then coolly flung it back to him and "whistled him down the wind." Those beautiful lines purporting to be a ballad from Ruechert were surely wasted upon her:

"I saw her once—one little while and then no more.  
'Twas paradise on earth awhile and then no more.  
Ah! what avail my vigils pale, my magic lore?  
She shone before my eyes awhile and then no more.  
The shallop of my peace is wrecked on beauty's shore.  
Near hope's fair isle it rode awhile and then no more.  
I saw her once, one little while, and then no more.  
Earth looked like heaven a little while, and then no more.  
Her presence thrilled and lighted to its inner core  
My desert breast a little while and then no more."

Thanks to the efforts of Dr. Todd and to one or two other friends, Mangan obtained employment in the magnificent library of Trinity College, of which Dr. Todd was the librarian. He was set to work making an improved catalogue of the books—a labor for which his varied and polyglot studies eminently fitted him. Here Mangan acquired or perfected his wide and miscellaneous stock of learning. He was fluent in the German, French and Spanish tongues, but his knowledge of Persian, Coptic and other oriental languages seemed to have been purely visionary. Many of his poems he sent in as translations. When asked why he gave credit to others for what was his own—attributed to Hafiz lines that were entirely original—he answered pathetically: "Hafiz paid better than Mangan."

Whether through indifference or through patriotism (patriotism in Ireland always includes hatred of everything English) he never contributed a line to an English newspaper or periodical. His poems

appeared in the *Dublin Penny Journal* and the *Dublin University Magazine*. In 1842 the *Nation* was started and for five years Mangan was a weekly contributor to its columns. When Mitchell left the *Nation* in '47 Mangan followed him and attached himself to the fortunes of the new mouthpiece, the *United Irishman*.

Regular employment, that sure steadiest of genius, did little to steady the genius of Mangan. At times he would disappear entirely, be lost for weeks and months, none knowing whither he had gone; then he would reappear as suddenly as he had vanished, only more wretched, more haggard and more forlorn. The one fatal weakness reduced him almost to the verge of insanity.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy was his staunch friend and loyal helper, and to him Mangan often appealed in his direst extremity. Witness the following letter:

"My Dear Duffy: I am utterly prostrated. I am in a state of absolute desolation of spirit. For the pity of God come to me. I have ten words to say to you. I implore you come. Do not suffer me to believe that I am abandoned by God and man. I cannot stir out—cannot look any one in the face. Regard this as my last request and comply with it as if you suppose me dying. I am hardly able to hold the pen, but I will not, and dare not, take any stimulants to enable me so to do. Too long and fatally already have I been playing that game with my shattered nerves. Enough. God bless you. Oh, come!"

"Ever yours, J. M."

The letter is followed by a series of solemn promises made "in the name of God Almighty," chief of which is the pledge to live soberly, abstemiously and regularly. Needless to say the promises were again broken. He was living at this time in a miserable back room destitute of every comfort, a porter bottle doing duty for a candlestick and a blanketless pallet for a bed and a writing table, his only companion a sick brother who added to his anxieties, his only hope that life was not endless, that death was surely coming for them both. Death came at last and Mangan answered willing to his call. Broken in health and spirits he had, in '47, obtained admission to St. Vincent's Hospital, but left there in a fit of frenzy, the doctors having refused him stimulants. For two years life dragged on its miserable course, till at length one morning in June, 1849, the news spread about that Mangan was dying, a victim to that terrible epidemic, cholera, then raging in Ireland.

From the sheds at Kilmainham he had been moved to the Meath Hospital, where, on June 20, he breathed his last. His death was as peaceful as his life had been troubled. He had always been a sincere Catholic at heart, though often careless and indifferent in practice. When told that he could not recover he said playfully to a friend who had sat by his bedside: "I feel that I am going. I know that I must go 'unhanselled' and 'unanelled,' but you must not let me go unskripen and unanointed." He received the last sacraments of the church, and with the words "O Mary, Queen of Mercy," upon his lips, Erin's Edgar Poe passed away. So vanished that gentle spirit of whom it was said: "No one wish of his heart was ever fulfilled, no aspiration satisfied; he passionately loved all sights and sounds of nature, yet his hard fate held him chained in the dreariest haunts of a crowded city all his life; he pined to sit under the shade of tropic trees or to sweep the great desert on a barb from Alexandria; yet he never left Ireland; never, perhaps, penetrated farther into the country than the hills of Wicklow."

## KATHLEEN.

Oh, Kathleen, mavourneen, tho' long since we met,  
The light of thy grey eyes I no'er shall forget;  
Tho' long since we parted on Erin's green shore,  
My heart is still thine as 'twill be evermore

Oh Kathleen, dear Kathleen, we'll meet once again,  
When pleasure shall banish our sorrow and pain;  
When joy shall away with all foolish alarms.  
As you welcome me home, with your soft, clinging arms.

Believe me, my Kathleen, I've always proved true,  
For I could not be false, my Kathleen to you;  
Though beneath other skies I am still forced to roam;  
My heart is with you, and my old Irish home.

The Shamrock you gave me, I wear on my breast,  
Close, close, to my heart where your head used to rest;  
Though faded and brown is the leaf that was green,  
'Twas gathered in Ireland by my own sweet Kathleen.

When lonely my path seems, and bitter my lot,  
I think of my Kathleen in her Irish cot,  
And I stretch out my arms, across the wide sea,  
Crying: "Kathleen Mavourneen, I'm coming to thee."

Yes, I'll hasten my darling, I'll hasten to thee,  
Bravo white, angry, foam, and the dark stormy sea;  
All thought of danger, or the perils I've seen,  
Will be chased quite away, by the kiss of Kathleen.

## CANADIAN LITERATURE.

In the presence restless, unstable condition of affairs in Canada, it is gratifying to note how earnest an interest is manifested in those Canadians who have earned distinction. The reception tendered certain of our home authors on the evening of Saturday the 16th inst. serves as an illustration. The Young Men's Liberal Club arranged the event, and the Ontario Society of Artists very kindly placed their Art Gallery at the Club's disposal for the evening. Admission was by programmes and without cost, and the devotees of intellect in the city joined heartily in making the gathering the success its nature deserved.

It is comforting to know as we proceed along the path we hope will lead to nationhood, that the hopes and fears, the aspirations and doubts, the struggles and good fortunes, the joys and ills, the ennobling strivings and debasing vices which play their parts in our affairs and which are found alike in cot and mansion, at firesides and councils, in fields and cities, among towered rocks and on sandy wastes, in quiet villas and rich bearing farms, are each in turn, and all in time filmed over by that fair, poetic mist, held, crystallized, and set apart for future men to view. It is this fact often present in the work of our own writers that creates a special charm for native readers. Learning in its highest sense suffers no confinement. The lofty elevating thoughts of some great writers appeal to all minds irrespective of the place or time wherein they originated; but there are local influences that often surpass in impressiveness the vast masterpieces of universal genius. Of such the song "Home, Sweet Home," about whose every note cling memories the most sacred, of such the poetry of Burns vieing as it does in Scotland with the Bible itself in a nation of Bible students; of such the poems of Moore and Davis preserving in sweet, sad tones the otherwise fading memories of glories and wrongs; of such the chanson of France, the carols of the Tyrol and others beyond number, each in its own sphere supreme.

If we were to speak of poetry in all its general artistic perfection, the verses of Mr. Archibald Lampman of Ottawa is perhaps superior to any other native production, although in his poem "The Mother," Mr. W. W. Campbell displays a true poetic instinct which, coupled with high art, has wrought what is pronounced the most perfect poem from the pen of a Canadian. Of Mr. Lampman and others we hope to have a future opportunity of speaking, but shall confine ourselves for the nonce to the subject in the bearings indicated.

Although the days when the power of the red man was of weight in the land have gone, literature in this generation is so fortunate as to have, in the person of Miss E. Pauline Johnson, not only a writer of merit but one in whom the birth-right of ages arouses the fire of her race. By birth the daughter of a chieftain, she has given her pen unstintingly toward presenting to a now sympathetic audience of aliens, the manners, thoughts and passions of her progenitors. In spirit we who read her roam again the forest or in "The Bark Canoe" glide over streams and among rapids. Miss Johnson's reading of some of her works aroused and held the sympathy of her hearers.

Of the days of the old regime, of the New France, already old as states go here, there have been and are still numerous interpreters. Mr. Wm. McLennan of Montreal is possibly the leading writer of English who has made this branch his own. He has made several very graceful translations of the chansons of the provinces, and has woven the history and legend of the people into many a pretty web of prose and verse. Just now he is writing some short stories in dialect which charmingly exhibit the simple courage and uprightness of the habitant. No better means could be taken to bring the two people of the Dominion into community of spirit than this self-imposed task of Mr. McLennan's.

Another of the same kind is Mrs. S. Frances Harrison of Toronto, known to readers as "Seranus." Mrs. Harrison has evidently found the quaint character of the habitant a congenial study as, to judge from her writing, she is already more French than English. Her sketch "In the valley of St. Eustache" and lyrics of which "Rose Latulippe" may be taken as a type, prove a deep insight into the paradoxical character of our neighbours; so staid yet so mercurial, so humble in act, yet so proud and courteous sometimes in bearing. The heroine of the prose sketch is a DuPlessis, a relic of the old time, and Mademoiselle Rose, with a festively gay blue skirt "and scarlet hose" keeps Mardi Gras.

The Reverend William Wilfred Campbell has been alluded to. Those who have taken pleasure and instruction from his writings were delighted at the opportunity afforded them by the Young Liberal Club to see him in person and hear his own reading of at least one of his celebrated works. Mr. Campbell has lived for many years among the lakes in Ontario, and he has drunk in many of the glorious beauties of nature. At the same time he has been an earnest student of human nature in its diverse forms. These observations have resulted in the production of several prose character sketches, a few of which have been published. Each is in its way a portrait in the rough, drawn boldly it is true but with perfect art. The writer has Mr. Campbell's word that a number of others are in preparation, so that we may soon, it is hoped, look for a volume of the very form of reading mentioned at the outset, delightfully executed. The following clipping from

"The Mother" will serve to illustrate, as an echo, the impression made by untamed nature upon the poet.

I was a dream and the world was a dream  
But you cannot bury a red sunbeam.  
For though in the under-grave's doom-night  
I lay all silent and stark and white,  
Yet over my head I seemed to know  
The murmurous moods of wind and snow,  
The snow that wasted, the winds that blow,  
The rays that slanted, the clouds that drew  
The water-ghosts up from the lake below,  
And the little flower souls in earth that grow.

CYRIL.

## BIGOTRY REBUKED.

SCRANTON, PA., seems to have a full-fledged know-nothing editor of the old-fashioned wild and woolly variety. His name is Col. Boies and he appears to be a know-nothing in every sense of the word. The paper which he edits is the *Scranton Tribune*, and his evident intention is to consecrate its columns to abuse of everything "foreign." We do not quite understand what Col. Boies understands by the word "foreign," but if we were to define by example we should instance Boies, whose mind seems to be foreign to American taste, truth and history. In a recent issue of his paper, he gives vent to the following characteristic insult levelled at a class of men whose names are more honorable and whose careers more brilliant than his own:

"Large sums are annually secured both from the National and State Treasuries for sectarian institutions, principally Romanist, very worthy and excellent in themselves, indeed, but obtained by subterfuge of various kinds in direct violation of the fundamental principles of our Government and Constitution. These attacks upon the public treasury and welfare are increasing in strength and numbers continually. In our own State they are disguised and subtle as yet. In the National Congress they have been secured more openly, and in New York during the legislative session of 1891, under the guise of 'Freedom of Worship Bill,' the assault was made direct and carried through the Assembly without deliberation, with indecent haste, by the votes of members afraid, evidently, of offending the foreign voter, added to those of Messrs. Beaks, Blumenthal, Byron, Byrne, Cahill, Connelly, Cooney, Croak, Dinkelspiel, Dryfozler, Dwyer, Endres, Foley, Gorman, Guenther, Haley, Hitt, Keily, Kerrigan, McBride, McClelland, McKenna, McKnight, McMahon, Nolan, O'Connor, Quigley, Roche, Ryan, Schaaf, Sheehan, Shields, Solmer, Brodsky, Gallagher, Groat, Mase, Sawmiller, Varney, etc., whose very names indicate the importance of an awakening of American patriotism."

To the honor of Scranton, however, this tirade is not permitted to go unpunished in its local press. The *Scranton Republican*, whose editor is the Hon. Joseph A. Scranton, takes Col. Boies in hand and administers to him such a journalistic thrashing as he is likely to remember for many a day to come. These are some of the pertinent observations which Editor Scranton addresses to Editor Boies:

"Now we come to the Irish, who are the principal objects of animadversion, and we find such names as Shields and McMahon, and against the name of a hero of two wars, and one of the most conspicuous volunteer officers of the rebellion, Boies raises the cry that their "very names indicate the importance of an awakening of American patriotism." Where were Sheridan, and Phil Kearney, James Shields and Thomas Francis Meagher, and such Irish heroes in our great Civil War but on the side of the Union? Where was John Sullivan, the trusted friend and lieutenant of Washington, and John Barry, an Irishman born, the first commodore of the American navy, who "rejected the most tempting offers from the British Government, nobly refusing to turn traitor to the cause of his adopted country?" Where was Charles Carroll, one of the signers of the immortal Declaration of Independence—Carroll, the Maryland Catholic who pledged his life, fortune and sacred honor to the cause of Independence and then wrote "of Carrollton" after his name so that the British could identify him when they came to hang him? And where was Andrew Jackson, who fought the battle of New Orleans and exclaimed when rebellion and disunion were imminent, 'By the Eternal the Union must and shall be preserved!' Although this great patriot was eight years President, it is yet a mooted question whether he was born in South Carolina or in Carrickfergus, Ireland, from whence his parents emigrated."

But such men as Bois are not amenable to reason. The only logic they appreciate is the logic of such an editorial club as is wielded with such brilliant effect in the columns of the *Scranton Republican*. A journalistic drubbing like the foregoing they thoroughly understand, and it is altogether satisfactory to know that there is some one like Joseph Scranton right in Col. Boies' own town to impress upon that narrow know-nothing, logic of that very persuasive character.—*Catholic Union and Times*.

## Catholic News

### St. Basil's Church.

As announced some time ago St. Basil's branch 145, C.M.B.A., will give an entertainment in St. Michael's College hall on the evening of Wednesday next, 27th inst. With the following talent the event cannot but be a decided success: vocal soloists, Mrs. J. C. Smith, Miss Thoresa Kormann, Miss Todd, Mr. J. F. Kirk and Mr. P. O'Connell; guitar solo, Miss Grace Meikle; violin and piano, Mr. M. Gunnano and Prof. Moure; accompanist, Prof. Moure, organist of St. Basil's Church. In addition there will be an address by the eloquent Very Rev. Vicar General McCann, on the benefits of Catholic societies. The proceeds are to be devoted to the establishment of a fund for the education of deserving youth.

### St. Paul's Young People's Assn.

At the regular weekly meeting of St. Paul's Catholic Literary Association the following resolutions were unanimously carried.

"Moved by G. Duffy, seconded by W. Murphy, that this society has heard with profound regret of the loss sustained to the Catholic Church by the deaths of Cardinals Manning and Simeoni."

Moved and seconded by P. J. Mulqueen and J. Larkin, that this society hears with profound regret of the serious illness of His Lordship Bishop O'Mahony, and trust that God will spare him to us for many a year.

### Officers of Celtic League.

At the regular meeting of the Catholic Celtic League, on Monday the 11th inst., the following officers were installed: Pres., Wm. Memory, 1st Vice-Pres., J. Cronin, 2nd Vice-Pres., M. Kirby, Treas., D. Cronin, Rec. Sec., P. C. Halligan, Fin. Sec., F. Carroll, Master of Ceremonies, R. Smith, Guard, M. Maloney, Marshalls, P. O'Donnell and J. Joyce. Delegates, P. Cummins, J. Cronin and R. Smith.

### Separate School Examinations.

At the uniform examinations recently held in the Separate Schools of the city that are under the direction of the Sisters of St. Joseph, the following pupils obtained the highest number of marks. The names are arranged in order of merit, beginning with the most deserving in each class.

#### ST. MARY'S SCHOOL.

4th Book class senior—E. O'Neil, A. Veale, L. Landy, M. Rogers, R. O'Brien, A. McInerney.

4th Book class, junior—J. Fitzgerald, C. Hagarty, M. Henry, C. Harnes.

3rd Book class, jun.—A. Murphy, L. McCormack, A. Breen, E. McInerney.

2nd Book class, sen.—E. Browne, M. Harrington, J. Chute.

2nd Book class, jun.—J. Purtle, A. Harte, A. Tracy.

1st Book class, boys—E. McLearn, R. Rocomora, M. Hagarty.

#### ST. FRANCIS' SCHOOL.

4th Book class, sen.—M. Drohan, M. McEntee, E. Gavin.

4th Book class, jun.—E. Brown, B. Callaghan, A. Corbet.

3rd Book class, jun.—Wm. Burke.

2nd Book class, jun.—H. Lalone, D. Gavin, T. Noonan.

#### ST. PETER'S SCHOOL.

3rd Book class—C. Van Deumark, J. Moymhan, O. Orr, P. Rya.

2nd Book class—C. Dockery, E. Cahill, M. Ryan.

1st Book class—M. Keane, L. Ryan, J. Monogenet.

#### ST. PATRICK'S SCHOOL.

4th book class, sen.—M. Moriarty, R. Costello, A. Taylor.

4th book class, jun.—M. Glockling, E. Hamilton, M. Kennedy.

3rd book class, sen.—M. Doyle, E. Dalton, E. Corti.

3rd book class, jun.—G. Costello, M. Moriarty, A. Cosgriff.

2nd book class, sen.—M. Thompson, M. Mathews, R. McLaughlin.

2nd book class, jun.—A. Walsh, E. O'Hearn, A. Mathews.

1st book class, jun.—A. Payne, C. Payne, F. F'auagan.

#### ST. BASIL'S SCHOOL.

4th book class, sen.—M. Curry, E. Stewart, N. Moylan.

4th book class, jun.—T. Moylan, N. Foley, A. Ryan.

3rd book class, sen.—M. Quinn, R. Brown, E. Brown.

3rd book class, jun.—J. Murphy, D. Mathews, J. Greeney.

2nd book class, sen.—W. Crowe, C. Devine, M. McGeough.

2nd book class, jun.—F. Carney, E. Baligate.

1st book class, jun.—J. Flannery, J. Kerr, M. Ryan.

#### ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.

4th book class, sen.—A. Danzy, E. Gillespie, M. McGarry, B. McCloskey, E. O'Connor, E. Christia.

4th book class, jun.—M. Byron, E. Roster, E. Barry, R. Burns.

3rd book class, jun.—C. Law, B. Dennis, M. Cosgrove, M. McMullen.

2nd book class, sen.—E. Holding, H. Grace, C. Ryan.

2nd book class, jun.—F. Boylan, E. Graham, G. Robinson.

1st book class, jun.—M. Duggan, A. Corney, F. Corney.

1st book class, boys—P. Martin, O. Zeph, B. Milne.

#### ST. JOSEPH'S SCHOOL.

4th book class—A. Ryan, F. Duffy, L. Holland.

3rd book class—B. Fogarty, E. Rossiter, C. Shaw.

2nd book class, sen.—W. Warpole, J. Finucane, F. Murphy.

2nd book class, jun.—E. Fogarty, M. Finucane, M. Murphy.

1st book class, jun.—W. Wagner, H. Wagner, M. McCauley.

#### SACRED HEART SCHOOL.

4th book class—E. Lafontaine, L. Lafontaine, H. Richards, L. Denno, F. Baril.

3rd book class—R. David, M. Lavoie.

2nd book class—F. Laplante, L. Merineau, C. Morin.

1st book class—J. Gauthier, L. Bredannez, G. Brisbois.

...The Catholic Congress at Chicago in 1893, will consist of two orders. First there will be ten general delegates from each of the seventy-nine dioceses of the country; secondly, five delegates to every 25,000 of Catholic population, the latter class of delegates to be chosen not by an election, but in each case by the bishop or archbishop of the diocese in which they reside. The general delegates representing the diocese will comprise about 790 persons. The additional delegates will number about 1,800.

...Fifteen thousand baptisms are yearly recorded in the parishes of the New Orleans archdiocese whilst not more than five thousand Catholics die within the year, so that every year there is a natural gain of ten thousand without taking into consideration any

gain that may come from immigration. There is, however, a scarcity of priests, statistics showing that there is but one priest for every 1,750 persons,

...Bishop Fitzgerald's silver jubilee which will occur on Feb. 3, will be an event that the thirty priests and 10,000 Catholics of Arkansas will try hard to make memorable. St. Andrew's Cathedral will be solemnly dedicated Feb. 20th, and it is undergoing a transformation. It will receive a set of Stations costing \$2,100, and one of the finest in the United States, and a \$3,000 organ. The frescoing will cost at least \$3,000, and other like sums will be spent on the sanctuary.

...A correspondent's expose of an impostor, which we take from the Portland, Ore., *Sentinel* may be of benefit to our many subscribers in the North West. It is as follows: "Will you please expose, through the columns of your paper, a man going under the aliases of Pere Laurent, Lorel, Meunier, Guffrot. He looks like a man 60 years old, he is gray and small sized, speaks very poor English and French with a German accent. He says he is superior to the Oblaki. He wears the garb of a priest. He was five months in jail at Regina, N.W.T., and travels around from place to place, saying Mass and imposing upon the good nature of Catholic priests and people.

...The Catholics of Germany, still aggressively contending for "the whole of what is ours" as tersely expressed in the Windthorstian motto, have won about all except the right of the Jesuits to return. Their last point gained is the right of the clergy to superintend the education of the children in the schools of the Empire.

...The Bishop of St. Brieuc, France on Jan 1, received New Year greetings from the Municipal Council, with which he has for a time had strained relations. Cordially shaking hands with the Mayor, the Bishop said: "For some time past the question of the separation of church and state has been in the air, but I for one favor union."

...Among the passengers on the City of Chester, which arrived in New York on Monday, December 21, were Sister Gabriel and Evangelist, of the Order of the Incarnate Word of the Blessed Sacrament, whose mother house is at Houston, Texas. The Sisters had with them nineteen bright Irish girls who will probably take the vows of the Order.

...A generous Catholic of Tours, France, lately deceased, left by his will 250,000 francs for the foundation of an orphanage at Tours, to be attended by the Sisters of the Presentation; 20,000 francs to the Archbishop of Tours for his seminaries; 80,000 francs to the Catholic University at Angiers, and 100,000 francs to the French Academy for the foundation of prizes.

...An interesting relic of Rev. Father Gallitzin, the prince priest of the Alleghanies, has been added to the many others held by Rev. Father Kittell of Loretto. This is a pair of old-fashioned spectacles, owned and worn by Father Gallitzin. The frames are of German silver, on the telescope order, and more than four times the weight of the ordinary eye glasses of the present day.

...Three of the Sisters of Nazareth, of Chicago, Ill., were made citizens of the United States by Judge Hutchinson on the 15th ult. The Sisters are all natives of Poland, but were forced to leave their native land by Russian oppression. Seven years ago they and others of their countrywomen came to Chicago and founded the House of Nazareth. Two years ago they took out their first papers.



## The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commended by

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

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

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

The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, Toronto

The Late Archbishop Lynch.

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

The Rev. Father, and of "St. Patrick's" Montreal.

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, JAN. 23, 1892.

### CARDINAL MANNING.

NEVER did the Cardinal's powerful influence for good with the humble and hard working classes appear to such telling advantage and with such beneficial results as during the dock yard strikes, which about two years ago menaced the peace of England and the safety of London itself. Nor could it even be suspected that the rough, brawny laborers, who attend no church and are practical infidels, would be found as tractable and as attentive to the great Bishop's words of peace and forgiveness as those of his own church. But all had heard of his kindness to the poor, and all were convinced of the disinterestedness of his motives. So all heard him willingly. The plutocrats who grinded the faces of the poor were persuaded of the absolute necessity of relenting in their exactions of long hours of labour with small pay; and the indignant masses were calmed, as tho' another Saviour had commanded the winds and the waves, and there came a great calm.

Among the many thousands whom the saintly Cardinal met in Temperance halls and for whom he lectured, and with whom he became personally acquainted, there were none who had so much loyal and loving attachment to his person as Ireland's exiled sons and daughters whom he found on his appointment to the see of Canterbury in possession of fine airy schools and handsome chapels, all built and paid for out of their own hard earnings. His Eminence loved to visit those schools and preach in those chapels, and, like Father Matthew, administer the temperance pledge to the hundreds who gathered round him for this purpose, and knelt for his blessing. It is not to be wondered at, then, that so sympathetic a chord thrilled in the heart of the great prelate for Ireland, and her cause and her liberties. He was heart and soul with Gladstone in recommending the Irish people to the respect and sympathy of his Anglo-Saxon fellow countrymen, and of advocating autonomy for Ireland. In one of his St. Patrick's day sermons, of which we have, even now, some grateful recollections, he apostrophized Ireland in the future as renewing the history of her golden age; when, mistress of science and the fine arts, she would again welcome to her universities and seats of learning all those thirsting for knowledge and lessons of piety who would flock to her, as in the past, from every quarter of the globe, and receive gratuitous instruction and return to their native lands the Apostles of a newer and better civilization.

At the time of the Vatican Council held in 1870, he was a heroic champion and eloquent advocate of the dogma of Papal Infallibility. Mr. Gladstone, although a personal friend and one who revered his sacred character, wrote a pamphlet in opposition to the orthodoxy and opportuneness of the decree. But the Cardinal's prompt reply cabled to the *New York Herald*, convinced the words of Mr. Gladstone's inability to solve theological problems, and stated that in so daring an attempt Mr. Gladstone had left the field of politics in which

he was master, and by exhibiting his theological incompetency "had tarnished a great name."

Cardinal Manning is numbered among the great and saintly dead prelates who have ruled in the See of Canterbury; but his name and his works shall live long in the loving memories of Englishmen, rich and poor, Catholic and Protestant, to whose temporal and spiritual benefit he so largely contributed, and whose moral elevation he so signally and so triumphantly accomplished. "A high priest he pleased God in his day, and his name shall be held in everlasting remembrance."

### REV. DR. LYMAN ABBOT ON EVOLUTION.

THE provincial dailies of the continent, both in Canada and the United States, are filled, these weeks, with reports of lectures delivered in Boston by the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbot on the subject of Evolution. What interests more particularly the reading public in these lectures is the change from the scientific view hitherto considered to the religious view which the Rev. pastor of Plymouth church presents to admiring, if not astonished, audiences in the Athens of America. Most of the writers on the subject of Evolution have so far treated of the "Origin of Species" by means of natural selection, or of the "Descent of Man" and tendency of species to form varieties, by means of natural selection. Darwin, Lyell, Hooker, Spencer, Gegenbauer, Haeckell, Lulibock, and others have written essays and volumes on physical evolution of men and animals. But Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbot confines his theories and elucidations to the religious or supernatural and explains all spiritual phenomena and all the events and facts of Testamentary and ecclesiastical history by the theory of evolution. The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbot announced the object of his course of lectures substantially as follows:

"Evolution is the continuous progressive change of phenomena according to certain laws and by means of resident forces. Religion is the life of God in the soul of man. I accept the verdict of all modern scientists in favor of evolution. I agree with them that all life proceeds by a regular and orderly sequence from simple to more complex, from lower to higher forms, and I desire to show that religion is itself subject to the laws of evolution, and that the Christian religion has proceeded by a regular and orderly sequence from simple to more complex, and from lower to higher forces resident in humanity itself. Assuming the truth both of evolution and of Christianity by divine life I shall attempt to show how the latter has grown up in accordance with the laws of the former; that the Bible is an evolution of man's consciousness of God or history of the growth of the knowledge and life of God in a specially endowed and chosen nation; that the church is the growth of the human organism inspired by this life, making its way against error and superstition and gradually conquering paganism; that theology is the necessary mixture of truth and error, the truth winning its way over theory by intermingling with it. We shall not be surprised to find errors in the Bible. We shall remember that it is the work of God, as it is expressed in human lives, struggling through the imperfections of human intellect and human passion. We shall not be surprised to find limitations of knowledge in Christ Himself. The word of the Bible to us is not "halt," but "forward, march."

As seen in the above the Rev. Dr. of Plymouth church accepts the theory of Erasmus Darwin. He agrees with them in the belief that all life proceeds by a regular and orderly sequence from simple to complex, from lower to higher forms, and that, therefore, the history of the creation of man, as laid down in the book of Genesis, is not to be held as correct; and that the beautiful and interesting story of the Garden of Eden and the fall of man through disobedience of God's mandate is only a fable or a fairy tale calculated to amuse children, or grown persons silly enough to believe such.

The most reliable and most ancient history of the origin of man is found in the Pentateuch as given by Moses, and none of the theorists or philosophers of paganism, or of our own century, have been able to controvert the relations, as found in the 1st chapter of Genesis. We are told in the Inspired book that "God created man in His own image, to the image of God He created him, male and female He created them." In the 2nd chapter it is said: "And the Lord God formed man of the slime of the earth and breathed in his face the breath of life,

and man became a living soul." There is no mention made of Adam growing from a lower to a higher form, or changing from simple to complex. Neither is it said that Adam began life in the darkness of ignorance, or under the dominion of brutal passions, or that he shared in any of the lower instincts or wild, untameable ferocity of the beasts of the field. On the contrary, he spoke a perfect language and was able to give a name to all the beasts of the forests and all the fowls of the air and the cattle of the field. He lived in primæval innocence with a clear bright intellect unclouded by passion, with a pure heart capable of loving God and all that is of God, in the undisturbed enjoyment of Heavenly peace and union with his Creator until the tempter came to utterly destroy his greatness, rob him of his innocence, and wreck his happiness. If we must believe in the Bible as the inspired Word of God and source of all our knowledge of God's dealings with man, we can not give credit to Mr. Lyman Abbott's theory which says that "all life proceeds from a lower to a higher form." It is very evident that Adam was more perfect, more intelligent, more capable of great virtues and great actions before than after the fall.

If a change really did take place in the composition or character of man, it must have been in an inverse ratio of process from that laid down by Dr. Abbott. He must have grown from better to worse, and proceeded from a higher to a lower form. And, whatever Dr. Abbott or Mr. Darwin may theorise to the contrary, the same process has been continued down through the many generations that have peopled the earth since the creation of Adam or the days of the Flood. We have no such architects now-a-days, no such astronomers, no such mathematicians, as the scholars and builders who lived before the Pharaohs and planned and erected the imperishable Pyramids. Homer wrote his immortal Iliad one thousand years before the Christian era, and has not been surpassed or ever equalled for grandeur of style, sublimity of sentiment, or perfection of poetical finish and wealth of flowing numbers by any subsequent Epic writer. There is no such scholar at the present day as Aristotle, who lived three hundred years before the Christian Era. No such orator as Demosthenes, or Pericles or Cicero. No such poet as Eschyles, or Euripides or Virgil. No such painter as Phidias or Raphael. And so on in every branch of Art or Science we could name by the score and the hundred men whose equal are not to be found to-day in civilised Europe or enlightened America. Yet Mr. Lyman Abbot will have the audacity not only to advance the theory but to devote a whole week to lecturing before the most polished audience of this continent, in order to prove what cannot be proved, viz: that man commenced by being an atom, then a protoplasm, afterwards he rose to the dignity of a toad. After a very lengthy period, the age of which is not known, from being a toad he had so changed that he grew to be a chimpanzee, and finally blossomed out into Adam and Eve.

This history of humanity is sad enough to think over for the ordinary lord of creation, who believes himself to be somebody. But to maintain that the Bible instead of being an inspiration, is another act of evolution of man's consciousness of God; and that the church is a growth of human organism and not built by Him who said: "On this rock I will build My Church," is of a piece with the absurd theory of man's evolution from a protoplasm, and more becoming the mind of an unbelieving Pyrrhonist than of a Christian expounder of Divine Faith. The climax is reached, however, when the Rev. Dr. of Plymouth church declares that "we shall not be surprised to find limitations of knowledge in Christ Himself." If the Bible ever said "forward march" to others, it certainly ought to say "Halt" to the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbot.

DEATH has been reaping a rich harvest among eminent churchmen during the past fortnight. The cold clasp of his hand fell first upon Cardinal Manning, and the following day upon Cardinal Simeoni, Prefect of Propaganda. Another to fall a victim to his inexorable touch was His Grace Salvatore Magnasco, Archbishop of Genoa, who died on Thursday, January 14, of influenza, after an illness of a few days. The deceased prelate was born in 1806, and consecrated Archbishop of Genoa as successor to Archbishop Charvez in 1872. His Grace was well known to a number of priests on this continent, he having conferred holy orders on many of them. He was a hard-working and vigorous prelate, and conducted the affairs of his archdiocese to the last without the aid of a coadjutor. May his soul rest in peace.

## EX- AND CONVERTED PRIESTS.

The following letter appears in the *Montreal Witness* of the 15th inst. Mr. Bluett is the most recent addition to that choice coterie of rascals who masquerade under the guise of ex or converted priests and play upon the basest and most ignoble passions of their credulous dupes. If the power of Protestantism, or any part thereof, is to be gauged by the mental or moral standard of their converts from the faith, taking these humbugs who parade before the public gaze as samples, it is safe to say that it is at a low ebb indeed.

NOT AN EX-PRIEST.

(To the Editor of the *Witness*.)

SIR, In your paper of Tuesday an advertisement appeared announcing that a lecture would be delivered in the Orange Hall, St. James street, that evening, by the Rev. Wm. Bluett, a Baptist minister from New Brunswick an ex priest, who would unfold his experiences when at the Jesuit College. Also, a letter appeared in the same paper signed "G." inviting the Protestants and Orangemen of Montreal to attend the lecture to be delivered by this eloquent ex priest.

As I knew Mr. Bluett about twenty years ago, it took me by surprise that he should assume this new role, which was a false one. Mr. Bluett never was a priest. I took two gentlemen with me on Tuesday night, and called on him before the lecture, and faced him with the falsehood. Mr. Bluett, in the presence of these gentlemen, acknowledged that he had never been a priest, and laid the blame on the article signed "G." and upon the advertisement, and said he was not accountable for what the papers said.

I then remonstrated with him for deceiving those who introduced him to the audience in the Queen's Hall on Sabbath last as an ex-priest and told him that it was nothing short of a fraud on the public. He begged of me not to interfere with the meeting. Since that time I have been informed that Mr. Bluett introduced himself as an ex priest, and that circulars were issued announcing him as such. I informed the chairman of the meeting on Tuesday night of the false position of Mr. Bluett, so that he was at liberty to make the matter right before the people who were invited to hear an ex-priest. As I had an important engagement I could not remain to hear what he had to say. As no correction of either the letter or advertisement has yet appeared, to undeceive the public, I feel constrained to take this step of exposing what I know was false.

W. J. SMYTH.

Pastor of Calvin Presbyterian church.

In commenting editorially on the above the *Herald* said:

"Ex Priests, until they are well known, are people to be very careful of, as it stands to reason that there must be a good many men who are ex-priests because they have fallen from that standard of virtue that is required of a priest. The ex-priests, however, cannot be held responsible for an adventurer who palms himself off on a sensation loving public as an ex priest, without something to reveal, when in point of fact he never was a priest at all. People who introduce men whom they do not know to the public accept a very grave responsibility."

Is there an ex or converted priest on the Protestant platform to-day who is not an adventurer? If so we would like to hear him named.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

CARDINAL SERAFINO VAN NUTELLI, Papal Secretary of Memorials, will succeed Cardinal Simeoni as prefect-general of the propaganda. The Pope is sorely afflicted at the death of Cardinal Manning, whom he was wont to term as "the father of the modern church."

Replying to a message of condolence from the Chapter of Westminster, the Queen expressed her gratitude and conveyed her sincere condolence on the death of Cardinal Manning, which she deploras.

The Prince of Wales in a message to the Chapter of Westminster says: "The Princess of Wales and I deeply appreciate and are grateful for the Chapter's warm sympathy. I had the pleasure of a close acquaintance with Cardinal Manning, and found him always a most loyal and steady friend and supporter of the Royal family. I greatly regret his loss, and am deeply touched by the kind words he used about my son."

SIR THOMAS GRATTAN ESMONDE, M. P. has just issued in book-form the series of very interesting letters written by detailing his trip to Australia in the cause of Home Rule. When at Port Elizabeth he visited the grave of the notorious informer, James Carey.

It would tax, writes Sir Thomas, the power of a Dante's pen to

record the horrors of that grave. It would seem as if the very earth refused to harbour the clay of the wretched informer. Upon the bare, leafless breast of a sandhill where the whirlwinds eddy round like evil geni, and where the scorching, soaring, noisome desert blast sweeps across to the sea with the shriek of a banshee, lies a heap of blood-red stones.

Upon one of thesea passer-by has scratched with a rusty nail: "Carey the informer." Nothing more. Such is the tomb, and such the epitaph. Let us hope, concludes Sir Thomas, that his poor soul has found more mercy and less justice at mercy's fountain head.

THE *Mail's* insinuation that disappointment in not being made a bishop was the cause which prompted Cardinal Manning's withdrawal from the English church, is as unmanly as it is false, and the other statements in a subsequent issue, regarding his character and attainments, are of like nature. We venture the assertion that in no other journal in this country would such puerile and malicious untruths be allowed space. It is by this class of gutter journalism that the *Mail* has gained its unenviable reputation, ever acting the part of a street arab and besmirching with mud those who are of too great respectability and talent for its puny intellect to understand or comprehend. As a "fake" medium the *Mail* may be supreme, but as a newspaper, which is supposed to accurately record the proceedings of a day, it is, to use a slang phrase, "not in it."

In his very interesting review of Sir Edwin Arnold's, Mr. Norman's and Miss Bacon's books descriptive of Japan and its people, Mr. T. P. O'Connor brings into the strongest relief the relations which exist between the Japanese mother and her children.

It is in her children that the Japanese wife finds the chief consolation for the many troubles of her lot. Her children are always with her. It is not in barbarous Japan but in civilized England that we find the remoteness and isolation of the nursery.

The Japanese children never leave their home nor return to it without bowing to their mother, and repeating the customary phrases used upon such occasions. The Japanese mother knows that her offspring will love and take care of her when she is old. Hence she is with them day and night, watches over them when they are ill, and does with her own hands most of what with us is left to the servants. She tries to cultivate all their best qualities by gentle suasion, and in this most important respect all Japanese mothers, from the Empress down to the poorest drudge, are alike.

REV. FATHER ANDERLEY, General of the Society of Jesus, died on Tuesday last.

He was a man of great polish, speaking fluently French, Italian, German Spanish and English, and was one of the most talented superiors this order of talented men has had.

Father Anderley was prominent in the Ultramontane League agitation in 1847, and shortly after the League came to an untimely end he was appointed superior of the Province of Prussia. His acquaintance with the political and religious situation in the German speaking countries, which had before been extensive, rapidly increased, and he was promoted to the highest post of "Assistant for Germany," with jurisdiction over Austria, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, and Scandinavia. His long connection with Germany had an important influence upon negotiation between Berlin and the Vatican.

Father Anthony Anderley, the successor of Pere Beckx as General of the Jesuits, was born in Switzerland, June 3, 1819, and entered the Society of Jesus, October 5, 1838. He made his classical studies, partly in Rome, with great success. After his return he was made professor in the College of Fribourg, and then studied philosophy and theology. When the Jesuits were driven from Switzerland he came to America and finished his studies in St. Louis, Mo. His first place as missionary was Green Bay, Wis. In 1851 he returned to Europe, and after having undergone the last probation in Trochiesmes, Belgium, he was employed in giving missions in Germany, where he proved to be an excellent preacher. But, on account of his failing health, he was

soon removed from missionary work and appointed rector of the College of Cologne and Paderborn.

In 1859 he became Provincial of the German province, and remained in that office for six years. Then he was appointed professor of moral theology in the College of Maria-Laach, and in 1869 rector of that college, whence he was called to Rome to be assistant of the General for the Province of Germany, Galicia, Austria, Belgium, and Holland and the missions belonging to this province in North and South America, Asia, Africa, and Australia. He was an able theologian and excellent linguist and had great experience, in administration, to say nothing of the excellent qualities of his character. Hence he was in every respect the right man as successor of Pere Beckx.

The following announcement was made in the various Catholic churches of the city on Sunday last.

"We are sure we but express the sentiments of His Grace the Archbishop, the clergy and the Catholics of this city and the diocese at large when we give vent to our heartfelt sympathy with the Royal Family in the sore affliction that has befallen it. We earnestly implore God to comfort and uphold them in this the dark hour of their great sorrow.

At St Michael's Cathedral, in speaking of the recent losses suffered by the Church, Vicar General McCann paid an eloquent tribute to the memory of the departed, in which he said:

"A great pillar of the Church has fallen in the death of His Eminence Cardinal Manning. His writings, his virtues, his works and the splendor of his bright example have hardly been surpassed by those of the Fathers of the early Church, and have been and will long continue to be the comfort, the strength and the encouragement of thousands; moulding and directing their thoughts and shaping their lives to great and holy ends. May the divine head of the Church raise up a successor who will take up and continue the Cardinal's noble work for the greater glory of God and the salvation of souls."

After the above well-deserved eulogy of the late lamented divine referred to had been read, the following reference was made to the death of Cardinal Simeoni:

"The Church has also suffered a great loss by the death of Cardinal Simeoni, Prefect of the Propaganda. His Eminence rendered immense service to Catholic missions, and his loss will be severely felt. It is no wonder the Holy Father should have keenly felt the loss of two such great and distinguished men."

#### CIRCULAR FROM HIS GRACE.

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP has issued the following circular to the clergy of the Archdiocese:

REV. AND DEAR FATHERS,—In view of the ravages of influenza now become epidemic amongst us it is our duty to turn to God in deep humility and penitence of heart and to beseech Him in His infinite mercy and through the merits of our blessed Saviour, who hath borne our infirmities and carried our sorrows, to spare His suffering people, and to turn away this scourge of His anger, which we have deserved by our sins. In accordance with the exhortation of St. Paul, "Let us go with confidence to the throne of grace that we may obtain mercy and find grace in seasonable aid." To this end we request of you to say daily in the holy Mass, whenever the Rubrics permit, the collect, *Pro tempore pestilentiae*, and to continue to say it for one month from date. We also enjoin for the same period the daily recitation of the Litany of the Holy Name of Jesus immediately after Mass, together with the ejaculation thrice repeated: "Spare, O Lord, spare thy people and be not angry with us forever."

I am, Rev. and dear Fathers,

Your faithful servant in Christ,

† JOHN WALSH,  
Archbishop of Toronto.

St. Michael's Palace, Toronto, Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus, 1892.

## Anecdotes of the Late Bishop Loughlin

Bishop Loughlin was a man of shrewd wit and kindly humor, and now that he is dead Brooklyn priests recall many anecdotes illustrating his characteristics. One day he was in a street car when a priest from the West entered it. The Bishop's upturned coat collar hid his purple stock, the emblem of his ecclesiastical dignity, but his Roman collar was visible. The Western priest, noting the marked Irish face of the Bishop, set out to have a pleasant little chat with the venerable clergyman, as he took the Bishop to be. Accordingly he approached him with outstretched hand and asked in Latin:

"*Tu es sacerdos?*" (Are you a priest?)

"Was wilt du?" was the reply that startled the priest into exclaiming: "For heaven's sake are you a German?" When the Bishop had enjoyed his joke he told who he was.

A man who wanted the Bishop's approval of a private school, in which he intended to teach Gaelic, waited on the Bishop a year ago. The Bishop, after having heard the man boast of his ability, concluded he was an imposter. In the Bishop's library was a little volume of Gaelic poems, but the Bishop knew absolutely nothing about the language. Taking this book and opening it at random, the Bishop placed his finger on a letter and said:

"You're an Irish scholar, you say. Now, what's the value of that mark on this letter?"

The man was surprised and then confused. Finally he admitted he was not far enough advanced in the study of Gaelic to answer the question off hand. The only reply the man made to the little lecture on imposing on people which the Bishop gave him was:

"I didn't know you were Irish, Bishop."

When the Bishop was living in the old Jay street house opposite the old cathedral a crank who wanted to teach military tactics in the parochial schools in Brooklyn called to explain his scheme. The Bishop walked from his library into the hall. The man followed him. The front door was open.

"I'd like to see how well you march," said the Bishop to the man. "Put on your hat and march down the hall."

The man put on his hat, straightened up, and waited for orders.

"Forward, march!" said the Bishop.

Off started the crank. The Bishop walked briskly behind him, and encouraged him with exclamations of approval. When the crank had passed through the doorway the Bishop shut the door and went back to his duties.

A young man who prided himself on his aristocratic name told the Bishop one day that his friends envied him on account of it.

"What is your father's name?" asked the Bishop.

The young man told it.

"Is he related to the little cobbler of the same name in this neighborhood?" asked the Bishop with apparent seriousness.

"What was your mother's maiden name?" the Bishop went on, taking no notice of the effect of his thrust on the young man.

The young man told him.

"That's very strange indeed," remarked the Bishop. "A poor old man that works around here is of the same name."

"How does it happen," inquired the stranger, "that all the improvements are being made on this one street?" "It doesn't happen at all, sir," replied the citizen, who was showing him about the village, majestically. "This is the street I live on. I am president of the town board, sir.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"So Tuffer is really engaged to Miss Bond!" "Yes; sudden wasn't it?" "I should say so. Love at first sight, I presume." "No; not till second sight. You see the first time he saw her he didn't know she was an heiress."—*Detroit Free Press.*

## MR. BOWSER GETS THE GRIP.

Four or five weeks ago, when Mr. Bowser came home one evening and found Mrs. Bowser in bed, and was informed that it was a case of grip, he blurted out:

"Grip! And you have gone to bed and had the doctor for a case of grip? Humph!"

"But I am awfully sick!" she replied.

"Rats, Mrs. Bowser! You just imagine it! This simply goes to prove what I have often asserted—that no person of any strength of character has ever had the grip. It's a namby-pamby thing, which even a child three years old ought to be ashamed of."

"You may have it before you get through."

"If I do—if I am silly enough to lay down with any such thing as that—I hope somebody will pound me to death with a fence-rail! I have the grip! I call a doctor for such a nonsensical thing as that! Not if my name is Bowser!"

Mrs. Bowser was in bed three or four days, and Mr. Bowser lost no opportunity to talk about her foolishness in giving up to such a trifling ailment. He likewise remarked to the doctor that he thought it was foolish in the medical fraternity to encourage the public in any such delusion.

"You'll probably have it, and when it comes you'll change your opinion," curtly replied the doctor.

"I will, eh! There isn't enough grip in North America to pull down one of my ears! I'd really like to be attacked, just to show you how strength of will could throw it off."

A week ago, at 3 o'clock one afternoon, Mrs. Bowser heard something fall against the front door. She called to the girl to open it and see whether it was a bag of potatoes or a corn-sheller. It was neither. It was Mr. Bowser—not the Mr. Bowser who had gone away in the morning stepping high and carrying his chin in the air, but the Mr. Bowser who had come home shaking and shivering and all bumped over until he didn't appear to be four feet high. It was a case of the grip. As he sat in his office gayly whistling "Old Black Joe" a sudden shiver shivered up his back. He looked around to see who had flung it, but it was followed by two more. He jumped up with a feeling that all the ice thus far cut on the Hudson had been loaded on his back. A whole drove of shivers and shakes and chills kept waltzing from his heels to his neck and back again, and there was a roaring in his head as if he stood on the brink of Niagara. A boy who came in with a telegram, looked Mr. Bowser over and said:

"Old man, you've got it, and got it bad! If you've any home to go to you'd better skip. If I never see you again then farewell."

Mr. Bowser didn't stop to exercise any will power to throw it off. He got into his overcoat and made for home. The street car conductor tried to console him by saying that he would probably be out in four weeks, and a woman on the car named over twenty-two of her acquaintances who had been carried off in a week.

"Heavens, Mr. Bowser! but what does this mean?" demanded Mrs. Bowser, as he staggered into the hall.

"I'm—I'm a dead man!" he gasped as she pulled off his overcoat and helped him on the lounge in the back parlour.

"Have you got a chill?"

"Y—yes! Got forty bed quilts to cover me up."

"And does your back ache?"

"Does it? Great Scot, but I don't believe I can live half an hour longer! It's a congestive chill, I suppose."

"It's simply the grip, Mr. Bowser. That's exactly the way everybody is taken. Hadn't you better exercise a little will power?"

Mr. Bowser looked at her reproachfully and shivered and shook.

"Curious how it took hold of a man of your strength of character," she continued as she got his shoes off.

Mr. Bowser's chin began to quiver in a suspicious manner and she said no more on the subject. He had been put to bed and was groaning and shivering, when the doctor came in.

"Well, your ear has been pulled down, I see," remarked the doctor as he rubbed his hands together in a cheerful way. "Have you tried to throw it off by strength of will?"

"I—I suspect its pneumonia," replied Mr. Bowser.

"Well, I don't. It's grip—just grip."

"And I'm sick enough to die!"

"Pshaw, man! you have got a mild attack—about as the babies have it. If you had it as bad as your wife did I should feel very anxious. Just keep quiet and take this medicine every two hours."

"How many weeks will I be in the house?"

"Weeks? Why, you can go out to-morrow if you feel like it. Better get up after supper and walk around. It's a wonder to me that such a slight attack brought you home."

But Mr. Bowser's back-ache grew worse, and when the chill finally went off he was out of his head most of the time with the fever. During Mrs. Bowser's sickest night he had gone to bed to sleep and snore and rest undisturbed by her moans. She had to sit up with him, of course. He wanted vichy water, lemonade, ice-water, ginger ale, pickles, tea, toast and a dozen other things, and he seemed to take solid comfort in keeping up a groaning so doleful that it finally stopped the clock.

The doctor returned in the morning, to find Mr. Bowser's pulse jumping, his tongue covered with fur and his throat also raw, but he expressed his great surprise that he had not gone to the office. He encouraged him to get up and go down cellar and upstairs, but Mr. Bowser stuck right to the bed.

"Dr., I don't think you realize how serious this case is," he groaned.

"I am sure I do. It's a very mild case of that namby-pamby epidemic called the grip. I have five children in this neighbourhood who have it worse than you, but all are up and playing with their dolls. Very curious that a man of your stamina should give up. Keep on with the medicine, however, and I'll send a gargle."

For four days Mr. Bowser gargled and dosed and groaned. Mrs. Bowser had to attend him as if he were a baby. He had very little to say during this interval. He seemed to flatten all out and lose his conceit. Once he even went so far as to observe that if his life was spared he would be an humble man in future. On the fifth day, however, after getting out to the gate and back, his meekness seemed to be disappearing, and on the sixth, as he started for the office, he said:

"I propose to visit two or three different doctors to-day and find out what caused my sickness."

"Why, it was grip, of course," replied Mrs. Bowser.

"Not much! There was a combination there and I know it, and it was a mighty serious one, too. Nothing on earth but my determination not to give way to it pulled me through. Plenty of men in my situation would have turned up their toes, and plenty of others would have been in bed for months. Grip! Humph! Mrs. Bowser, you don't know me yet. When I knock under to grip I'll have the decency to go and drown myself! Grip and brain fever are two widely different things, and I want you and that fool of a doctor to know it, too!"

## LOUIS VEUILLOT.—A WELL-SPENT LIFE.

BY THE REV. HUDEN PARSONS, D.D., IN "AVE MARIA."

## II.

When the Catholics were divided as to the candidature of General Cavaignac and Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte for the presidency of the Republic, the *Univers* called for the intentions of the aspirants in regard to the Roman question. The capital of Christendom was then in the hands of the Revolution, Pius IX. having fled to Gaeta after the assassination of his Minister Rossi. "It is not the Pope," wrote Veillot, "but the papacy that we must now defend; it is the keystone of European civilization, the work of God that must be preserved from a horde of wretches, whose strength is the ruin and opprobrium of the world. He who will manifest sufficient intelligence and heart to pronounce himself the enemy of these scoundrels, in order to break with them entirely, to trample on their bloody standards, to prefer their poisoned ladders to the ignominy of their praise; he who, before these atheists, will proclaim himself a man of God, and will reply to their clamors with the Sign of the Cross—that man will deserve our suffrages." To this direct appeal Cavaignac, though courageous enough, made no answer; he had to account to his political friends. Louis Napoleon seemed more disposed to satisfy the Catholics. At this juncture Veillot was asked to meet Louis Napoleon; but he declined, alleging that Montalembert was the head of the Catholic party. Then appeared the letter of the papal nuncio, in which that candidate disavowed the conduct, at Rome, of his cousin, the Prince of Cambré; he "regretted with his whole soul that the Prince of Cambré had not realized that the temporal power of the venerable head of the Church was intimately connected with the *et* of Catholicism, and with the liberty and independence of Italy." Although the *Univers* did not plainly avow itself in favor of the presidency of Louis Napoleon, it was now clear that it might be ranked among his partisans; and consequently numbers of Catholic votes went to secure the majority which effected his election.

In less than two years the Second French Republic had convinced the world that its tendencies were socialistic, even though the legislative majority was monarchial. For this majority was divided into legitimists, who themselves were split into the pure and fusionist; Orleanists, or the nondescript devotees of the younger and usurping branch of the royal house; and finally Bonapartists. Veillot was personally inclined to a submission of the Orleans princes to the Count of Chambord, the grandson of Charles X., and, as Henry V., legitimate King of France. But when all hopes of a submission, or even of a fusion, had vanished, thanks to the influence of Thiers on the Duchess d'Orleans, what were the Catholics to expect, now that 1852, which would conclude the term of the prince-president, was at hand? During his journeys in the provinces, Louis Napoleon had arranged that he should be invited to restore the Empire; Veillot saw the Prince was the sole obstacle to the triumph of the socialists. So far in accord with Montalembert, who had not yet abandoned the prince-president, Veillot acquiesced in the Coup d'Etat. He "neither conquered nor conqueror, nor malecontent;" France now possessed "a government and an army, a head and an arm;" the new ruler was to be supported, "that they might afterward have the right to counsel him." "Property need not now anticipate pillage; families, dishonor and destruction; religion, martyrdom. The head of the Church is no longer on the road to a new Calvary. The foundations of society are no longer threatened by sophism, armed with poniards. Public blasphemy had ceased." Undoubtedly Veillot was no prophet when he saw in the new Empire an anti-revolutionary government, and in Louis Napoleon the material for another Charlemagne; but we must not forget that the Coup d'Etat was followed by many reparative measures. And, according to M. de Moageot, a judicious biographer of Veillot, the prince-president would have suppressed the University, that receptacle of every evil doctrine, had it not been for the objections of certain bishops, who feared that they could not yet supply its place. Again, as Montalembert expressed the idea, our editor was a witness, not a guarantee, for Louis Napoleon. And he reserved the right to combat the new government, if it deviated from the right path; refusing, in order to do this with more freedom, every offer of preferment and every favor.

It was about the time of the Coup d'Etat that began the famous controversy of the classics, which was for a while, one of the most painful contests in which Veillot ever engaged. In 1851 the Abbe Gaume, a distinguished theological writer, had denounced the disastrous influence of the pagan classics, and had advocated the substitution of works by Christian authors. He was sustained by several prelates, among whom was Cardinal Gousset. Veillot defended the thesis advanced by the Abbe; and Mgr. Dupanloup, in a letter to the professors of his preparatory seminary, justified the olden methods, and attacked rather vividly the partisans of the new idea. Veillot responded with equal energy, and then the prelate of Orleans interdicted the reading of the *Univers*, in his seminary. Such judges as Cardinal Gousset thought that Mgr. Dupanloup had gone too far; they held that a journal had the right to discuss an opinion emitted in an

episcopal act, provided it did not blame the act in itself. Mgr. Dupanloup tried to procure a collective warning from all the French bishops to the *Univers*, but he could obtain the signatures of only a small minority. Finally, Veillot requested his friends to terminate the dispute: "We need not defend ourselves; in fact, we have said only what we have said. Malevolent or unintelligent interpretations will fall of themselves, and useful truth will alone remain. If, on our part, any exaggerations have been committed, we trust that they may be forgotten." In her own good time Rome spoke on the matter; The Christian classics obtained more attention in the French seminaries, while the good faith and learning of the Abbe Gaume were attested by his promotion to the Roman prelate.

An incident of more gravity succeeded the controversy on the classics. In 1850 Veillot had begun the publication of a collection of new works which would constitute a complete "apology" of Christianity. Among his collaborators were the Benedictines Dom Petra and Dom Gueranger, the Abbe Martinet and Bishop Rendu. The great Spanish orator, Donoso Cortes, wrote for this collection his solid essay on "Catholicism, Liberalism, and Socialism," in which he contended that the second system was necessarily the precursor of the third. Against this idea arose the Abbe Gaduel, Vicar-General of Orleans, who discerned in the work of the great Spaniard a tissue of errors, and who took occasion to involve in his censures the entire religious press whenever it undertook to treat of theological matters. At this time Donoso Cortes occupied in Spain an unchallenged position as chief apostle of the truth in the world of letters; and, unknown to Gaduel, he had taken the course generally followed, *pace* Gaduel, by all prudent Catholic laymen in similar contingencies; that is, he had submitted his ideas to the judgment of authorized theologians. In reply to Gaduel, Donoso Cortes submitted his book to Rome, and he was fully justified. But Veillot had less equanimity than his Spanish friend, and in his defense of the religious press he wielded his ready weapon of raillery very freely against his adversary. Unable to reply, the latter complained to the Archbishop of Paris, Mgr. Sibour. This prelate then prohibited the *Univers* to all the priests and religious communities of his diocese. This archiepiscopal act was applauded by the entire revolutionary press; but many prelates, in public letters, manifested sympathy for the condemned journal.

Louis Veillot was then in Rome, and he appealed to the Pontiff, writing to his staff on the same day: "Judged by the Father of all the faithful, by the highest authority on earth, we shall know with certainty what we must do, and we will do it at once. We will continue our work or we will abandon it with equal security; asking pardon of God and of men for having been unable to do good, or for having done evil." Six days afterwards he received from Mgr. Fioramonti, secretary for Latin letters to his Holiness, a consoling letter, which, while inviting him to moderation, augured well for the success of his appeal. And very soon the supreme authority took up the defence of the religious press. In an apostolic letter to the bishops of France, dated March 21, 1853, Pope Pius IX. said: "We must here remind you of the ardent advice which we gave, four years ago, to all the Bishops of the Catholic world: that they should exert every effort to induce talented and healthily educated men to devote themselves to writings calculated to enlighten the mind and to dissipate the darkness of error now so prevalent. Again, therefore, while urging you to remove from your flocks the poison of bad books and journals, we insist that you extend every protection to the men who consecrate their energies to the production of works whereby Catholic teachings may be propagated, whereby the venerable rights of the Holy See may be fully recognized, and whereby the obscurity of error be dissipated. Your Episcopal charity should excite the ardor of these Catholic writers who are animated by so good a spirit; and if, perchance, they sometimes commit some mistakes, advise them paternally and prudently."

This letter of the Pontiff was generally regarded as a justification of Veillot, and Archbishop Sibour hastened to lift the sentence rather hastily pronounced. But the adversaries of Veillot were not reduced to silence: in less than two years from the appearance of the above papal letter, there was issued an anonymous pamphlet, which, entitled "The *Univers* Judged by Itself," endeavored to show, by means of citations, that the said journal was "revolutionary, turbulent, without respect for authority, without charity, full of injuries and insults, which constantly involved itself, in the name of the Church, in contradictions." Another Catholic journal, *L'Ami de la Religion*, upheld the pamphlet; but the incriminated editor found many distinguished defenders, among whom were Mgr. Parisi, Archbishop of Arras, and the ablest journal in Italy, the *Armonia*. It was proved that most of the pamphleteer's citations were made in bad faith; that they were presented without regard to the context; that in many cases they were truncated, and even falsified. And the *Armonia* well insisted that if the *Univers* were a revolutionary journal, it would not be the object of revolutionary hatred in every land, and the Roman Pontiff would not have extended his protection to it. While the discussion was at its height, and while Veillot was taking the first steps to vindicate himself before the tribunals, the assassination of Mgr. Sibour saddened the hearts of all Catholics, and Veillot generously let the matter drop.

To be continued

## THE CURE'S COOK.

CATHERINE, the housekeeper to the Cure of F—, was very busy in her kitchen. Generally speaking, she took things easy: but to-day evidently an important matter was on hand. Indeed it was so. M. le Cure was going to have a dinner, the like of which he had never eaten during the twenty years Catherine had been in his service.

Catherine's great cross was the Cure's indifference to food. He would never let his table be supplied save from his poultry yard and his garden; and, as he gave away half their supply, he lived poorly enough. He never gave dinner parties; but so cordially received any passing guests who came at mealtime, that such guests came often. Then when Catharine exclaimed: "What am I to do?" M. le Cure would reply: "Put another cup of water into the soup, another egg into the omelet, and we shall do very well." M. le Cure was master of his own house; Catherine could only sigh and complain behind his back.

But the evening before our story opens, a friend of Catherine's, who had been out all day shooting, and was coming home tired and thirsty, stopped for a moment's greeting. Catherine gave him a chair and a good draught of cider, and the grateful sportsman presented her with a hare. Catherine was delighted and she determined to make a pate or hare pie, which would last the Cure for several days.

She exerted her best powers and the pate was cooked to perfection. It was ready long before twelve, the Cure's dinner hour. At a quarter before the time Catharine went to look for the priest, who was in his garden reading his Office.

"M. le Cure, dinner is ready."

"You have made a mistake, Catherine," he replied. "The Angelus has not yet rung." And he cast his eyes again on his breviary.

Catherine sighed and looked out of the window. "Oh! What did she behold—whom did she see turning the corner of the street? Two young priests of a neighboring parish. Catherine knew them well. Such appetites as God had blessed them with! How often had her baked chicken and omelet disappeared before them! And, then, it was too much, they were bringing with them a certain Richard, a favorite choir boy; a good enough boy, and with an appetite to match his other good qualities.

Catherine gave one despairing look, rushed on the pate and locked it in the cupboard. Then she flew to her master.

"M. le Cure, here are the two vicars of Creve coming. I am sure they will stay for dinner, and they have that enormous eater, Richard, with them."

"Very well. Put three cups of water into the soup, and three more eggs into the omelet, and all will be quite right."

"Of course I can do that," answered Catherine; "but the pate? If I serve that they will eat every bit of it."

"Pates were made to be eaten," said the good priest. "I am glad you have one."

"Oh, no one but yourself, M. le Cure, ought to eat this pate! It would last you a week. It is made of a hare. Robert Brune gave me such a fine hare. No, I don't want those young priests to eat it up. I do beg of you, M. le Cure, not to speak of the pate. I will prepare a nice omelet and some pancakes and coffee—whatever you like, but don't betray me about the pate."

Tears stood in Catherine's eyes; and the Cure, dimly comprehending that she had received some personal present, said:

"Very well; do as you like—only do go and open the door now; they are knocking."

The three guests came in, the dinner was served; and Catharine, as she beat up the eggs, tried to stifle her remorse. She knew the young priests were self-sacrificing, hard-working souls, and that they must be very hungry. They had taken a long walk, and had farther to go still; and their errand was one of charity. She was ashamed of her weak soup, her hastily prepared omelet, her indifferent salad; but for once she hardened her heart.

The Cure was an absent-minded man, and cared little for food, but he began to feel the dinner was more scanty than usual.

"Well my friends," said he, "you have but poor fare before you. If I had only known you were coming, we could have had a chicken or rabbit for you. You know we can get nothing in the village; we are a long way from a market; and therefore, when you take a poor village cure by surprise, oportet pati."

"What are you pleased to say M. le Cure?" asked the terrified Catherine.

"My good Catherine, I am telling my friends that whenever they come to dine with a poor cure, oportet pati."

"Alas," said Catharine to herself, "it is just what I thought he would do!" So, opening the cupboard, she placed the pate on the table.

There was an exclamation of delight and surprise from the guests.

"Ah, M. le Cure, you were mocking us!" said one priest.

"Actually making fun of us!" echoed the other.

Richard said nothing, but his mouth opened wide.

The pate was cut, and pronounced delicious. It was attacked again and again. Richard declared that pie crust much nicer than bread.

The Cure ate a morsel, and there was a bit left for Catherine and the cat; that was all; the rest had disappeared.

When the guests were gone, Catherine came to her master.

"Oh, M. le Cure, you did not keep your promise!"

"What promise do you mean?"

"You promised not to speak of the pate."

"My child, I never said a word about it."

"Why you said: *Apportez le pate.*" (Bring the pate.)

"No, no!" replied the priest; "I said: *Oportet pati.*" In Latin it means 'we must suffer.'"

"M. le Cure," said Catharine, so indignant she forgot her manners, "you said '*apportez le pate.*' Is it likely that I, who have served you twenty years, and the late Cure ten years (God rest his soul) who have thus been in a priest's house thirty years, do not know that much Latin?"

M. le Cure made no reply, but could have been heard murmuring to himself, as he walked in his garden, a resolution never again to quote Latin at a dinner table.—*See Marie.*

## PRAISE FOR CATHOLICS.

REV. BREVARD D. SIECLAN of the Old South Presbyterian church, Newburyport., is one of those old school ministers who believe in "speaking right out in meeting," no matter how it may suit the tastes or conveniences of his congregation. One week ago Sunday last, he delivered a most remarkable discourse on the efforts made by the great body of Protestant New England men and women to defeat the natural sequences of the married state, and he painted in thrilling language the enormity of the terrible crimes that these people daily commit. He characterized them as nothing short of murderers, and said that the so-called native born Americans of the East were annually growing weaker and weaker, and their entire sweeping away from the face of the earth was only a question of time, and that very limited. In the course of his sermon he had the following to say relative to Catholics, particularly those of Irish descent or parentage:

"God forbid that I should eulogize Romanism, but the Roman Catholic is the one church in New England which is a practical foe to this hell-born sin, which has fastened its fangs and death venom in the vital heart of marriage.

Whatever the people of other creeds and churches may profess, the Roman Catholic population practice the doctrine which recognizes marriage to be a sacrament, and that "What God has joined together" let no man put asunder with impunity.

Before God, I believe that many of the errors of the Romish church are cancelled by the loyalty to that great law of God which enforces the truth that the end of marriage must not be profaned, and that the children, which are the necessary and God-ordained fruits of marriage, are as sacred in their lives and persons, born or unborn, as the unnatural parents who do not bear them.

New England is lifting up her hands to-day with pretended horror at the thought of Catholic domination.

We are told that the Roman Catholics are going to possess New England.

Through your sin they are!

And they ought to.

In God's providence there is a necessary law of evolution that in the struggle for existence the fittest survive and the weakest become extinct. And the criterion of the 'fittest' of the human race is the standard that those best subserve the end of God in creating them shall live and abide.

When we find the native New Englanders defeating the end of marriage by the prevention of offspring, and the Roman Catholic population of Irish and French obeying God's laws in rearing families, we are reading God's law of evolution. It makes no difference to God whether your ancestors came over the sea in the Mayflower, or in the steerage of a Cunarder nor whether your pedigree can be traced to a Puritan or an assisted emigrant from Cork; whether you are descended from the proud French Huguenots of Navarre or the French Canadians.

But one thing is of paramount concern to God—He does intend to fill this world with righteousness. And in the progress of divine evolution He will see to it that the people that violate His laws shall perish from the earth, and that those who obey His precepts shall occupy the place of a disobedient people.

It seems to me a travesty on the real condition of things that the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor originated in New England.

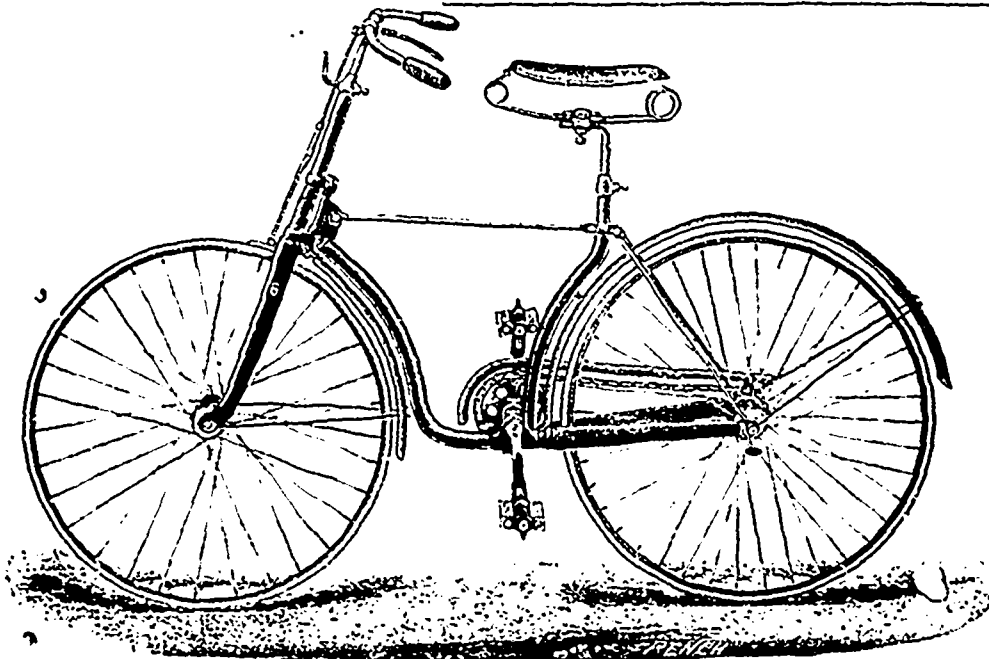
Why, there are fewer young people outside of the Romish communion in New England than in any other part of the country. And it will soon come to pass that the places you have filled, both secular and sacred, will be occupied by the 'tho sons of the stranger.'

If the Romanists will obey God in this matter and rehabilitate the crumbling, decaying, rotten wrecks of the home, the state and the church by obliterating the sin of preventing offspring, then they will and they ought to possess New England, so that as in the days ago New England may still boast of a pure home, over the mantle of which the words of Christ may be read.—*Connecticut Catholic.*

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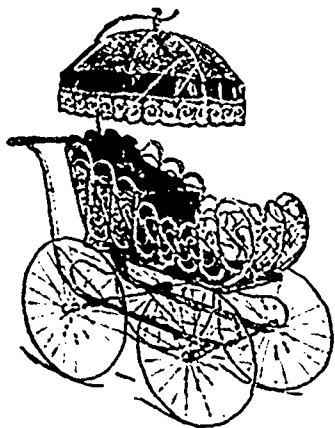
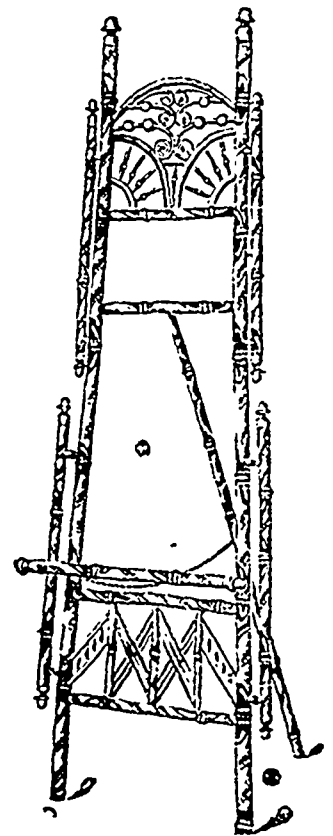
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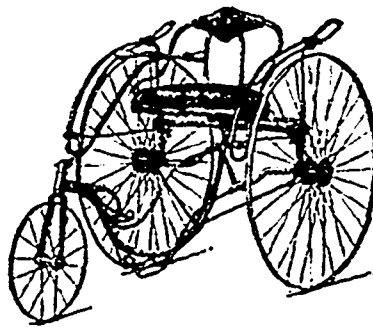


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## DONALD KENNEDY Of Roxbury, Mass., Says:

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Yours truly, HANK WHITE.

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7 and 20 January, 3 and 17 February, 2 and 16 March, 6 and 20 April, 4 and 18 May, 1 and 15 June, 6 and 20 July, 3 and 17 August, 7 and 21 September, 5 and 19 October, 2 and 16 November, 7 and 21 December.

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 WORTH \$52,740.00  
 CAPITAL PRIZE  
 WORTH \$15,000.00  
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 11 TICKETS for \$10.00

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|                       |             |          |   |          |
|-----------------------|-------------|----------|---|----------|
| 1                     | Prize worth | \$15,000 | — | \$15,000 |
| 1                     | "           | 5,000    | — | 5,000    |
| 1                     | "           | 2,500    | — | 2,500    |
| 1                     | "           | 1,250    | — | 1,250    |
| 2                     | Prizes      | 507      | — | 1,000    |
| 5                     | "           | 250      | — | 1,250    |
| 25                    | "           | 50       | — | 1,250    |
| 100                   | "           | 25       | — | 2,500    |
| 200                   | "           | 15       | — | 3,000    |
| 500                   | "           | 10       | — | 5,000    |
| Approximation Prices. |             |          |   |          |
| 100                   | "           | 25       | — | 2,500    |
| 100                   | "           | 15       | — | 1,500    |
| 100                   | "           | 10       | — | 1,000    |
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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Stabling, &c., Infantry Barracks, London, Ont." will be received at this office until Tuesday, 2nd February, 1892, for the several works required in the erection of stabling, &c., Infantry Barracks, London, Ont.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Post Office, &c., Orillia," will be received at this office until Tuesday, 2nd February, 1892, for the several works required in the erection of Post Office, &c., Orillia, Ont.

Plans and Specifications can be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the office of J. W. Slaven, Orillia, Ont., on and after Tuesday, 12th January, and tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted bank cheque payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of amount of tender, must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract, or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

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

By order,  
 E. F. E. ROY,  
 Secretary.  
 Department of Public Works,  
 Ottawa, Jan. 11th, 1892.

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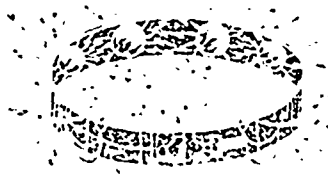
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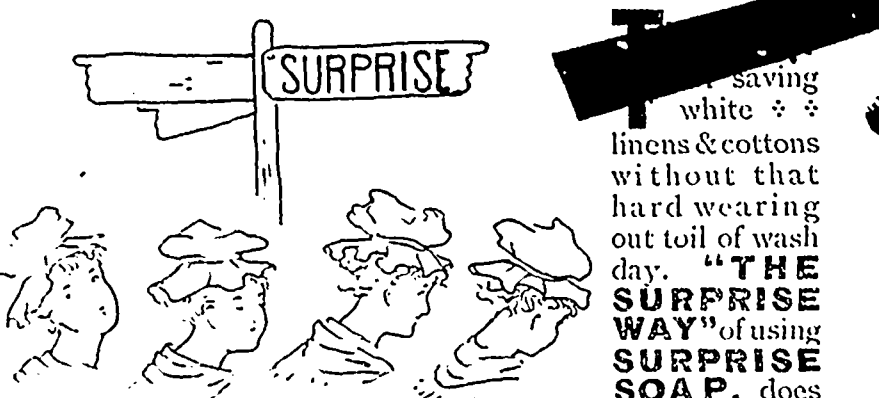
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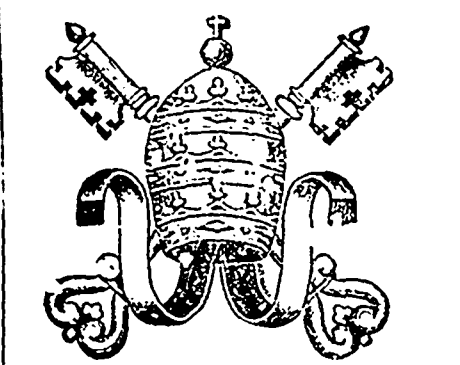


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