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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. I.

Toronto, Saturday, Aug. 6, 1887.

No. 25.

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EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

The land bill passed through the committee stage in the House of Commons Wednesday afternoon. At a meeting of Parnellites it was decided to adopt a passive policy after the passage of the Land bill, in order to allow a speedy close of the session.

In the House of Commons on Friday last, Mr. Timothy Healy was suspended for a fortnight for telling Mr. Delisle (Conservative) that if he interrupted him again he would break his neck.

John Boyle O'Reilly has just received from the *Pilot's* special correspondent at Rome the following cablegram, "The first report from Mgr. Persico, the Pope's representative in Ireland, has been received at the Vatican, and is most laudatory of the Irish people."

It is credibly reported that Sir John Pope Hennessy, who was recently reinstated as Governor-General of Mauritius, after several months' suspension, has had a writ issued against the *London Times* for libel, laying damages at £20,000.

The first meeting of the National League since the Coercion Act was put in operation was held in Dublin yesterday. It was announced that the receipts since last meeting amounted to £5,200. The Lord Mayor declared that the League, if proclaimed, would continue its fight.

Lord Salisbury, speaking at Norwich lately, warned the Conservative party to prepare for a possible dissolution of Parliament. He said that Parliament had often met with an early termination when its life seemed unendangered, and that the Conservative party must organize to instruct the people against the deception of the separatist apostates, who were only too numerous.

The Lord Mayor of Dublin, on Tuesday last, presented the freedom of the city of Dublin to Hon. Patrick A. Collins, of Boston, as a representative of millions of Irish people banished from their native land by landlordism and oppression. Mr. Collins, in his reply, promised that the Irish in America would never desert the cause in Ireland. He also alluded to the fact that his luggage was searched on his arrival in Ireland, and that during his travels in the country since, he had been honoured with a detective escort. He said, however, he did not care about the treatment he had met with from the Government. The freedom of the city was also conferred upon Mr. Wm. O'Brien, Editor of *United Ireland*.

There is great rejoicing in Liberal circles over the election of Sir George O. Trevelyan for the Bridgeton division of Glasgow, by a majority of 1,301, compared with the last Liberal majority of 796. Sir George Otto Trevelyan's victory is felt in Conservative circles as the severest blow the Unionist cause has yet experienced. Intense interest pervaded the clubs. Each side attached supreme importance to the election, as the first fought, since the general election, between a Gladstonian and a Liberal-Unionist, the other contests having been between Conservatives and Gladstonians. The successful candidate, in a speech, said that his victory made it next to impossible for the Government to proclaim the Irish National League. The election, he declared, largely settled the Irish question. Henceforth Ireland must be treated in a spirit of conciliation, kindness and confidence.

Mr. Gladstone addressed the Liberal Radical Union on Friday evening last. He said that at the last election the Unionists had a majority of only 76,000 in the whole country, and that if the Liberals reclaimed 150,000 votes their strength in Parliament, now in the minority, would become a majority of a hundred. The recent elections had already given the Liberals six or seven seats, gains which indicated that the Liberals would triumph if Parliament were dissolved to-morrow.

In regard to the Unionist members he was sure that the electors who supported or refrained from opposing them at the last election mistook the position. They believed Irish autonomy to be of questionable policy, or even mischievous, but anyhow they expected that the Unionists would co-operate with the remainder of the party in regard to Liberal principles, especially against coercion. The result, however, was that the Unionists behaved as life long foes.

He continued: "Far from dismembering the Empire, we intend to solidify it. The electors are rapidly and almost unanimously arriving at the right judgment. The question of retaining the Irish members in Westminster is still an open one, but it will never be allowed to interfere with the attainment of our object."

"When autonomy is gained, if Ulster desires severance from the rest of Ireland, the Liberal party will not stand in the way. This ought to be a conclusive answer to those who allege that the Liberals are indisposed to try the effect of a reunion. The Land bill, as amended, confers vital and important benefits upon Ireland."

The Church in Canada.

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

THE CHURCH IN CANADA.

At the distinguished company assembled at Toronto last autumn, in honour of Archbishop Lynch, many of the readers of this Review, who were present and heard the speeches, will have remembered with what pardonable pride the venerable prelate from Quebec, Archbishop Taschereau, referred to the ancient boundaries of his diocese; to the time when his predecessors had jurisdiction, not only over the province of his host, but westward to the valleys of the Ohio and the Mississippi. No one better than the illustrious speaker could have depicted the time when, in Canada, a long line of bishops traced the outlines of a great cross on this Continent, at once the symbol and limits of their jurisdiction, connecting the Atlantic with the Rocky Mountains, intersected by a belt of territory extending from Hudson Bay to the waters of the Gulf of Mexico. This was the diocese of Quebec, not only under the old French régime, but for many years after the cession of Canada to England in 1763—up, in fact, to the formation of the United States, some years later. The early American Church, not owing allegiance to the French or Canadian bishops, comprised what was comparatively a small strip of Atlantic seaboard, with France to the north and west, and Spain to the south.

Probably the moderation of the speaker had been somewhat suggested by the cosmopolitan character of the assembly, fearing least some representative of the Mexican Church might have arisen and asserted his claim, if not to the larger portion of the Continent, at least forestalling Quebec in priority by a good century and a quarter. Conceding this, there yet remained a respectable antiquity to Bishop Laval and his successors, and a jurisdiction of territory that now covers nearly a dozen ecclesiastical provinces.

But beyond this there are some unique things about the Church in Canada. We had a complete Church establishment prior to the cession, and we have had, since the cession, an attempted establishment, so to speak, under British law. Our bishops, in French times, were the choice of the King and the diocese, convents and colleges were established by royal patent. In early English rule since the cession, the King of England has been consulted in the choice of bishops, and the Downing Street authorities have time and again signified their disapproval or acceptance of nominees to the Episcopal See of Quebec before they were preconized at Rome. In truth, we have had the representative of the Crown trying, by every means, to force the Church under the law, so that not only the bishops, but every curé should seem to be appointed by the King's most excellent majesty. In former days, in England, a Catholic was thought to be good enough to be head of the Protestant Church; and as it was a poor rule that worked only one way, the flexibility of the constitution was thought to be sufficient to enable a Protestant King in return to become the head of the Catholic Church, at least good enough for the Church in a colony. We have had Protestants, legal luminaries amongst us, at one time, arguing that Roman Catholics in Quebec or Lower Canada had no rights whatever, as compared with the Church of England, and at another arguing that the Catholic Church is the only Church there is established by law. We have seen the one See of Quebec occupied by two titular bishops—a Catholic and an Anglican—and the latter forced to give way. Learned judges and attorney-generals have wasted their time drafting commissions for Catholic bishops to be licensed as Chief Ecclesiastical Superintendents of the Church of Rome, with irremovable curés and state-erected parishes; and afterwards we have seen these officials sit, "cheek by jowl," with the self same superintendents in the legisla-

tive councils of the Province, not as superintendents, but as recognized bishops of this favoured Church. And to this day, in this same province, the parish, so erected by the Bishop, is equally as well known as is the township, or county, or ward under its municipal law, and the curé and church wardens are recognized in the public law of the land. The law apportions the tithes and its officers collect them. On the other hand there is also on record within this country, the refusal by Protestant rulers to grant Wesleyan Methodists any sort of legal recognition for their ministers, unless under a security of two hundred pounds sterling, and the appearance of seven respectable members, testifying before justices of the quarter sessions as to the genuineness of the minister in question, and the additional indignity of a violent protest against even this concession by a Protestant chief justice.*

We have had the Church of England established by law in our Province, and generally the attempted disregard everywhere of all who did not belong to that church. We have examples of a Catholic being in the position of O'Connell as to taking his seat in the Commons. We have the sad story of the Acadians, and the persecutions of religious, and by one of those curious retributions by which Providence makes a fool of people, we have a small province into which no Catholic was allowed to immigrate, numbering more Catholics than Protestants.

When we speak of Canada, some explanation must be made. Nowadays one must keep up his knowledge of geography as the political changes are so numerous that what was true of boundaries and divisions yesterday may not be to-day. Until the Dominion of Canada was created in 1867, the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada comprised what, for one hundred years, was included in the old Canadas, or in the older Province of Quebec. Today Canada means, leaving out Newfoundland, all British territory lying north of the United States. The new Dominion of Canada dates back only a few years, beginning in 1867 with four provinces, and adding others since that date, until the present dimensions have been attained. The present constitution is the fifth or sixth change under British rule within its first century.

During all these mutations in constitutions the Church has a history that, though naturally branching out in more recent times with the increase of its children and by force of political changes, nevertheless preserved for a long time her head quarters in one ecclesiastical province having to deal entirely with the Crown of England as represented by the governors of Canada. Living in Quebec with the bishop, he seemed to represent the Crown, as did the latter the Church, for all the British provinces. The battle of the Church was fought between these two under British rule, as it was fought there under French rule. It was not until the last years of the reign of George III. that the Bishop of Quebec got his immense diocese subdivided, but the rights of his church were contested and decided long before this, though by the same heroic bishop. In 1819, Bishop Plessis, having obtained sanction in England and Rome, established Vicars-General in Upper Canada, in New Brunswick and the North-West. From that time a particular history in these places is necessary. It is to this period, within which Bishop Plessis, (he was Archbishop, but prudently declined to style himself such,) and his predecessors, as bishops of Quebec, held the Church in their own hands, that attention must mainly be directed at first. He and Bishop Laval stand at the end and beginning of the history of that diocese.

Many shufflings of constitutions have taken place since Canada passed under British rule. The Church alone, for two centuries and three-quarters, has pursued

* In order to show what a beautiful example this judicial dignity bequeathed to his posterity, it is related that when the accounts of the Jesuits' states were examined by the House of Assembly in Lower Canada, it was found that one of the Church of England parsons, residing in Quebec, was in the habit of annually drawing a large income from the school funds on pretense of being "Chaplain to the Jesuits." "The Jesuits," says Wm. Lyon Mackenzie, who is authority for this story, "had been all dead many years before, and, besides, they were Roman Catholics. The parson's name was Sewell, a son of Johnathan, the Chief Justice."

its unchanging way. "One great fact," says Parkman, "stands out conspicuously in Canadian history—the Church of Rome. More even than the royal power she shaped the character and the destinies of the colony. She was its nurse and almost its mother, and wayward and headstrong as it was, it never broke the ties of faith that held it to her. These ties formed, under the old régime, the only vital coherence in the population. The royal government was transient. The English conquest shattered the whole apparatus of civil administration at a blow, but it left her untouched. Governors, intendants, councils and commandants, all were gone, the principal seignors fled the colony, and a people who had never learned to control themselves or help themselves, were suddenly left to their own devices. Confusion, if not anarchy, would have followed but for the parish priests, who, in a character of double paternity, half spiritual and half temporal, became more than ever the guardians of order throughout Canada.—Condensed from Dr. O'Sullivan's article in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*.

IRISH SONGS.

THE minstrelsy of Ireland is the minstrelsy of the Irish heart, brilliant with sentiment, warm with soul throbbings, and varied as the shrines of nature that lend glory to the attirement, of the dear old land. The very birds in Ireland sing from the heart. To me, the songs of Ireland have been ever dear because I see in them the character of a great people. I have but to read the quaint drollery of an Irish ballad and forthwith my vision is peopled with a thronging multitude of the pure-hearted maidens and warm-hearted sons of Erin, whose lives flow on in "one grand sweet song" cheered by the hope of to-day, chastened by the sorrow of the past, and bright with the arch of promise that spans to-morrow. You can truly read a people in their songs—better perhaps than in the more dignified forms of poetry. Whatever may be said of Moore and his forgetfulness of Ireland when dazzled by the drawing rooms of England, Ireland owes undying gratitude to the author of the "Irish Melodies" for having wedded his genius to her immortal music, thereby treasuring up for all time, and for all people, a rich heritage of song.

In no other country did the bards exist in such number as in Ireland. They made their appearance at the first dawn of her legendary history, and continued down to the death of Turlough O Carolan in 1737, who was called the last of the Irish bards. There is much in Carolan that recalls Burns, whom he resembled in unhappy love episodes and the spirit in which he celebrated conviviality and good fellowship. For forty years Carolan wandered through the whole of the west and portions of the centre of Ireland, singing and playing upon his harp.

The last of Erin's bards was he
Who sung of Irish minstrelsy.

At one time near the close of his life he had in his audience a little ungainly boy, who, doubtless, listened to the great harper with all his soul in his eyes, and who grew up to be Oliver Goldsmith, and to record his wonder and admiration at the sight of the last of the Irish bards. Some writer said recently that if an Irishman's heart were dissected it would be found full of the twin-tears of sorrow and laughter. Certain it is that in the Irish pulse of song we have every form of beat and measure—the meditative, the deeply pathetic, the comic, the quaintly suggestive, the satirical, the affectionate—all speaking as so many tongues direct to the heart, and swaying the soul with the kindly dews and sunbeams of sentiment. The Irish heart ever speaks in hyperbole. An Irishman, steeped in sorrow, sheds "bushels" of tears. Cupid wounds him not with one shaft but with a hundred. Take this from *Shule Agra* :

"I wish I was on yonder hill,
It's there I'd sit and cry my fill,
Till every tear would turn a mill."

Search the literature of Europe, and you will not find

another such colossal figure of speech as the above. We know that Milton is fond of using the figure of *Oxymoron*, but where will we find amid the wealth of the Puritan poet anything of this kind to equal the following from "Molly Astore" :

"I live in darkness and in doubt
Whene'er my love's away—
But were the gracious sun put out,
Her shadow would make day."

Again we have a quaint metaphor in this from "The Tour of Passage," a product of Father Prout's versatile pen :

"Of ships there's one fixt
For lodging convicts
A floating 'stone jug'
Of amazing bulk ;
The lake and salmon,
Playing at bagammon,
Swim for divarstion
All round this hulk .
There 'Saxon' jailors
Keep brave repairers,
Who soon with sailo : s
Must anchor weigh
From th'Em'rald island,
Ne'er to see dry land
Until they spy land
In sweet Bot'ny Bay."

Love is, perhaps, the most prolific source of poetry. It is an agency ordained by Heaven to carry out its creative will. When the brooding wing of love awakes the heart—when, as Emerson says, "It feels that celestial rapture that falleth down from heaven," then is there a new awakening. And what a waking !

"Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning,
When passion first waked a new life through his frame ;
And his soul, like the wood that grows precious in burning,
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame ?"

The Irish heart is warm, pure, affectionate—full of the sacred love that binds together father and son, mother and daughter, brother and sister, husband and wife—yes, binds them in a bond of unison strong as the sacramental grace received at the marriage altar—much stronger than any decree of the House of Lords.

I know of nothing in Irish poetry that at all equals in humorous extravagance the following from the pen of Alfred Percival Graves, entitled "*Fan Fitzgerald*."

"Wirra, wirra ! Ologone !
Can't ye lave a lad alone,
Till he's proved there's no tradition left of any other girl—
Not even Trojan Helen,
In beauty all excellin'—
Who's been up to half the divilment of Fan Fitzgerald !

Wid her brows of silky black,
Arched above for the attack,
Her eyes that dart such azure death on poor admirin' man ;
Masther Cupid, point your arrows,
From this out again the sparrows,
For you're bested at Love's archery by young Miss Fan."

See what showers of golden thread
Lift and fall upon her head.
The likes of such a trammel net at say was never spread ;
For whin accurately reckoned
'Twas computed that each second
Of her curls has cot a Kerryman, and kilt him dead.

With one more selection I close this short paper. It is from the pen of Dr. John Francis Waller, a resident of Dublin, and is entitled "Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love."

"Ah, sweet Kitty Neil, rise up from the wheel !
Your neat little foot will be weary from spinning ;
Come trip down with me to the sycamore tree,
Half the parish is there and the dance is beginning.
The sun has gone down, but the full harvest moon
Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened valley,
While all the air rings with the soft loving things,
Each little bird sings in the green shaded valley."

Sweet Kate! who could view your bright eyes of deep blue,
Beaming hurriedly through their dark lashes so mildly—
Your fair-turned arm, heaving breast, rounded form—
Nor feel his heart warm and his pulses throb wildly?
Young Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,
Subdued by the smart of such painful yet sweet love;
The sight leaves his eye, as he cries, with a sigh,
"Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love!"

Merry Ireland! what land has not been blessed by your genius? What land not cheered by your song? When will those who hold you in bondage learn to lead you by kindness, whom all their severity has been unable to drive? Through the most starless night of your crushed hopes the Irish heart has sung a chorus. May we pray that the Angel of Justice is now weaving in verse the lyric of your national freedom!

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

SOME TYPES OF ANGLICAN BISHOPS.

It is from my father's house that my earliest recollections of the Anglican clergy date. He was pre-eminently a respectable man, and enjoyed universal consideration; though I have sometimes thought that the possession of a handsome private income, in addition to a valuable benefice, may have contributed to his general popularity. As a father I respect, as a clergyman I venture to criticize him. He lived in his library and was a ripe scholar, though his learning was never turned to much account. We saw him at breakfast and again at dinner; but after his repasts he always disappeared and did not patiently endure any ill-advised interruption of his solitude. Every evening, at ten o'clock precisely, he entered the drawing room, and always with the same object. One of my sisters would be seated at the piano, with whom another was perhaps singing a duet, while a third, not insensible to the charms of light literature, furtively devoured a novel. Before we had time to recover from the various attitudes in which we had been surprised, our esteemed relative, without a note of warning, was already on his knees, wherever he found a vacant spot, and had made considerable progress in what purported to be a prayer. Flinging where we stood, and resisting the solicitations of an unseasonable levity, we united ourselves, each according to his gifts, in the parental act of worship. I remember that he used Bloomfield's Manual, which I always found very depressing. The only portion of our devotions which afforded me any satisfaction, or which I can recall without an involuntary shudder, was the Lord's Prayer, for which we had not long to wait, and with which Bloomfield had nothing to do.

Religion seemed to be, in the judgment of this studious man, a lesson which he had learned by heart, and which was to be recited on suitable occasions, without enthusiasm, but with decorum. He never committed a fault and never displayed a virtue, though he could, no doubt, have exhibited many if he had thought it becoming to do so. When he preached he seemed to maintain a thesis, rather than to express a conviction. On one occasion he preached in the neighbouring cathedral on behalf of the hospital, and I think he must have quoted every classical text having any relation to his subject, with the object of showing what our Greek and Roman friends did in this line, and especially what they did not do. "A very learned discourse," said the courteous Dean to me, while we were seated at lunch; and I have a confused impression that he intended it to be a compliment. To a college friend who paid me a visit, and whom I conducted to the rectorial pew, I said on a certain Sunday, after some hesitation, "What did you think of the service?" "I feel," he replied, with intemperate candour, "as if I had been sitting for two hours at the bottom of a well." I had been so long familiar with this sensation, without ever attempting to analyze it, that the remark was almost a revelation. But my friend was a light-minded youth, and I never invited him again. I met him once in alter-life, and was surprised that I had ever invited him at all.

In the course of years I saw a multitude of clergy in

my father's house; but to trace their various creeds, which seemed to include every conceivable modification of what they all supposed to be Christianity, to the operation of a general law, was at that time too hard a task for me. Moreover, I was always adverse to impetuous generalizations. It was not till long after, when I had seen many lands, and conversed with many men, that I permitted myself the luxury of a definitive judgment. If my final conclusions were faulty, it was not owing to imprudent haste nor precipitate induction.

My father was a dignitary of the church, and not unfrequently had bishops for his guests. Among these was one of whom my personal reminiscences are not cheerful. I am sure he had great merits—or how could he have become a bishop?—and that it was my own fault if I did not discover them, but the day of his departure from my father's house was always to me a festal one. His dignity, without being real, was oppressive. When he spoke, his whole being appeared to be absorbed in listening to himself, though I never heard him say anything that was worth remembering. I failed to make out, the critical faculty of my mind being at that time feebly developed, what were his religious ideas; and I sometimes doubted, perhaps to excuse my own want of penetration, whether he knew himself. I found it so impossible to understand, in spite of persevering efforts, on what platform he stood, that my mind, as far as religion was concerned, verged towards idiocy. I think if I had lived three months with him, I should have believed all human things to be mere phantasms, and should have doubted whether anything was what it seemed to be. If anyone had rashly spoken in his presence of a "vocation" to the ministry, he would have considered him the victim of a spiritual hallucination. If anyone had presumed to enquire whether he possessed one himself, he would have resented the liberty with just indignation. His conversation alternated between stilted and sonorous piety or the nearest approach which he could make to it, and genuine unadulterated worldliness. He would have reminded me of Windham's description of Bishop Horsley, if at that period of my life I had been acquainted with it. "His studies," the statesman observes, "are remote from the subjects on which I wish to hear him, and his thoughts still more remote, being intent wholly upon Church preferment." But my father's guest had a way of repairing any unguarded outbreak of purely human sentiment, by a serene deprecation of the infirmities of other men, which sometimes nearly stupefied me, and gave me my earliest lesson in the art of disguising thought by speech. I was tempted to believe against all evidence that he was only a stuffed figure, yet he exerted a fascination over my youthful mind which I found it impossible to resist. I often detected myself, not without self-reproach, gazing intently upon his face, which really had no expression whatever, except that of general approval of a world in which he seemed to feel that he occupied a place not wholly unequal to his merits. He ate a good deal, but in a solemn way, and as if he was doing a favour to somebody by eating at all. I have a distinct recollection of a certain breakfast, during which the usual spell was strong upon me; and I could no more have taken my eyes off him than I could have read a newspaper within view of Niagara Falls. He had a cutlet on his plate, and seemed, to my disordered imagination, to be mentally addressing the ewe of which it once formed a part. "If you had known," I fancied he was saying, "the fate reserved for your remains, you would have gone apart from the common herd, and fed in solitary pastures." I am sure he was quite capable of such a thought. I never saw him in bed, but I am sure that even in that difficult position his attitude was full of dignity. He is dead now, and I hope he is as well satisfied with the other world as he was with this.

Another of our episcopal guests, who came only on rare occasions, and at a later period, when I had seen too much of the world to be easily moved to awe, was of a totally different character. Harsh in feature and uncouth in form, he had much difficulty in assuming a dignified aspect, and seemed to be conscious of the probable failure of any efforts in that direction. But he was so full of acerbity that my sisters used to beg their friends to invite

them out whenever his visit was expected. Though not good looking, he was fairly versed in Greek literature, and much given to polemical strife. He had made himself conspicuous by vehement remonstrance against the appointment of a brother dignitary, which was not effectual, and it was said that the government gave him a bishopric in order to stop his mouth—which it did. He had only two ideas; the first, that the Pope is *hostis humani generis*; and the second, that the Church of England is now, always has been, and always will be, the most absolutely perfect and faultless institution, both in its origin and its history, its constitution and its results, ever presented to the admiration of the human race since Adam was ejected from Paradise. The first proposition he had proved to his own satisfaction in a little book on the detestable usurpations of the Bishop of Rome; the second, which he regarded as self-evident, he was prepared to prove against any imprudent adversary who should dispute it. He was incapable of doubt on any subject whatever, never seeing more than one side of a question, and only part of that; and inflexibly certain of his own fitness to teach, reprove, and confute the rest of the human family. If he could have realized his most ardent wish, he would have liked to gather the Pope and all his Cardinals around him, and to point out to them with the more than human wisdom at his command, the error of their ways. He would have told them, with not more severity than the occasion required, exactly where St. Athanasius fell short of the true Anglican measure, and St. Chrysostom went beyond it. He would have explained to them, with stern precision, the mistakes of St. Cyprian, particularly about the mystery of unity, which that African absurdly exaggerated; the treachery of St. Andrew, who foolishly identified the Church with St. Peter, and invented the ridiculous formula, *Ubi Petrus, ibi Ecclesia*; the culpable ignorance of St. Augustine, who praised God because a mother took her dead child to the shrine of St. Stephen, and said to the martyr, "Restore my son"; the absurdity of St. Jerome, who made communion with the Pope a condition of salvation; the melancholy superstitions of St. Hilary, and St. Ephrem, the Syrian; and the insufferable arrogance of Leo the Great, Gregory VII. and other Roman despots. He would have shown, even to the satisfaction of such an audience, that the true Church ceased to exist somewhere about the fourth or fifth century, apparently because Almighty God ceased to take any interest in it; but was happily restored, in spite of the unaccountable lethargy of its Founder, and in more than its pristine perfection, by the pious Barlow and his associates, seraphic products of that auspicious Reformation which, as Macaulay too lightly observes, "was begun by Henry, the murderer of his wives, continued by Somerset, the murderer of his brother, and completed by Elizabeth the murderess of her guest." The Pope and the Cardinals, in spite of their general want of true enlightenment, would probably have felt the force of this argument, which would prepare them to receive with docility the final admonition of my episcopal friend, to join themselves without loss of time to the Anglican communion. It might, perhaps, have occurred as a preliminary difficulty, to one or two of the more crafty among them, to inquire which of the innumerable religions taught in the Church of Barlow, the bishop advised them to adopt? Would he counsel them to exalt the Christian priesthood with the Professor of Hebrew, or to deride it with the Professor of Greek? To affirm the Real Presence with the Archdeacon of Bovington, or to laugh at it with the Archdeacon of Covington? To teach the doctrine of Baptism with the Master of St. Luke's, or to ridicule it with the Master of St. Jude's? To applaud the "Catholic movement" with the Bishop of Oxford, or brand it as "more disastrous than Puritanism" with the Bishop of London? But these were only trivial details. The really urgent duty in their case, and of mankind in general, was to become Anglicans, and to do it at once. Only by this decisive action, every way salutary for their souls, could they hope to compensate the penury of their own by the opulence of Anglican theology; to substitute for the crude novelties of Romanism the venerable antiquity of the Book of Common Prayer; to resign their

seven pretended sacraments, only "a corrupt following of the Apostles," for the modest but incomparable twins of the Church of England; to replace such questionable saints as Bernard, and Francis, Alphonsus and Phillip Neri, by such virile and colossal sanctities as Andrewes, and Jeremy Taylor, Reginald Heber and Henry Martyn; to abandon the fluctuating opinions of the Roman sect for the clearly defined and untenable dogmas of the Anglican Church; and, finally, to exchange the obscure and narrow home of Paul III and Pius IX for the majestic and universal communion of Dr. Tait and Dr. Jackson. Such were the suggestive ideas which our occasional visitor had developed with much ability in his various writings, and which he would have cheerfully expounded to the College of Cardinals and their aged Chief. I have not seen him for a good while, but have no doubt he is still burning to do so.—*My Clerical Friends.*

SHORT COUNSELS.

EXTRACTS FROM "LETTRES DE MGR. DE SEGUR."

FOR THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW.

"Carry sweetly each day the cross of each day, with the grace of each day."

"Keep peace of heart in the midst of your trials."

"We must make every effort to retain the peace and joy of Jesus Christ; so that we may dwell in the holy atmosphere of faith, of hope, of prayer, of adoration, of penance and of meekness. Give great care to your Communion, and go without fear to your adorable Consoler."

"When we can go to our spiritual adviser for light and strength, well and good. When we cannot do so, let us simply, naturally and without aforethought, cast ourselves into the arms, or rather into the heart of Our Saviour. He Himself undertakes to repair our little losses, and says to us repeatedly: 'Him that cometh unto Me I will never reject; come unto Me all ye who suffer, and I will relieve you.'"

"I must again urge you to keep peace of heart, to live meekly and humbly day by day, without care for the morrow, and to take courage and go from time to time to Holy Communion, the source of all strength and of all joy."

"Always seek for your consolation and your peace where you are sure to find them absolutely pure, sanctifying, inexhaustible and divine. Communicate as often as your state in life will permit."

"Never leave the atmosphere of Jesus Christ, that is to say, of true self-renouncement, of abnegation, of meekness, of patience, of goodness, of benignity, of joy, of the spirit of sacrifice and of beautiful charity."

"As I have so often repeated to you, live most faithfully from day to day, and never discount, whether in the one sense or in the other, God's own future. It is His exclusive and wholly reserved property: the present day, or perhaps I should say the present hour, is all that is ours."

As I have always done, I recommend to you, above all things, peace of heart, humble and joyful attention to the holy presence of God, and meekness.

Receive Our Divine Lord with great regularity, as often as your health permits, and as often as you feel the need and attraction.

I implore you, never through your own fault pass a week without renewing your life and vigour in the Heart of Jesus in the Most Holy Sacrament.

You can never go too often, provided you go about it with your whole heart and with a sincere resolve to practice the three points I have mentioned above.

"You ask me to tell you the way to think always of Our Divine Lord, and to love Him perfectly. Now, my dear daughter, there is no other way than to think of Him always and to love Him perfectly. Holy Communion nourishes that love; prayer fans that fire into flame; recollection shields and guards the flame of love, lest storms from without extinguish it." F. B. H.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW will be conducted with the aid of the most competent writers obtainable. In addition to those already mentioned, it gives us great satisfaction to announce that contributions may be looked for from the following:—His Lordship Rt. Rev. Dr. O'MAHONEY, Bishop of Eudocia; W. J. MACDONELL, Knight of the Order of the Most Holy Sepulchre; D. A. O'SULLIVAN, M.A., D.C.L., (Laval); JOHN A. MACCABE, M.A., Principal Normal School, Ottawa; T. J. RICHARDSON, ESQ., Ottawa; Rev. P. J. HAROLD, Niagara; T. O'HAGAN, M.A., late Modern Language Master, Pembroke High School; Rev. Dr. AENEAS McDONNELL DAWSON, LL.D., F.R.S.C., Ottawa.

LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

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

GENTLEMEN,—

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

I am, faithfully yours,

JOHN JOSEPH LYNETT,
Archbishop of Toronto.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1887.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

After the next number, which will complete the first half year of the REVIEW, no copy of this journal will be continued to the address of any unpaid subscriber.

We direct the attention of our readers to one article especially in this number, "Some Types of Anglican Bishops." It is taken from "My Clerical Friends," the author of which is the reputed author also of "The Comedy of Convocation." Written in a vein of merciless satire, they contain the completest impalement of the Church of England of any books we are familiar with.

The July number of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, which is just to hand, contains some notable articles. The chief interest to Canadian readers will centre, we fancy, in the article on "Religious Freedom in United States Treaties and Public Law," from the pen of Dr. D. A. O'Sullivan, of this city. We purpose next week making some extracts from it.

It is to be remembered, in connection with the excommunication of Dr. McGlynn, that the penalty of excommunication was incurred by him, not by reason of his theories concerning the private ownership of land, but by reason solely of his refusal, as a priest, to comply with the instructions of his ecclesiastical superiors. The extreme censure with which he has been visited, he invited by studied disobedience, it is the consequence of that dis-

obedience, and not of his holding certain land reform notions. It is true [that his doctrine, concerning the principle of private property in land are believed by some theologians to be opposed to Holy Writ and to Christian law; at all events they are viewed with some little suspicion. But, however they may in this case have been the occasion of excommunication, they have not been the cause of it. Dr. McGlynn is not excommunicated for political irregularities. He was summoned to Rome, and refused to go. He disobeyed the power which, as a priest, he was under voluntary obligations to obey, and for that offence, and for that only, was his condemnation pronounced. Had he gone to Rome, the question of the ownership of land would very probably have been gone into, and the point determined whether the principles he enunciated were of a kind with those condemned in the Encyclical of the Holy Father, *Quod Apostolici muneris*. He denied, however, the authority of Pope, Cardinal, or Propaganda, and by deliberate disobedience excommunicated himself *ipso facto*.

The statement is being industriously circulated that the land theories of the George school are identical with the views advocated by the Most Rev. Bishop Nulty, concerning the land question in Ireland. Nothing could be more ridiculously absurd. Dr. Nulty has advocated land reform in Ireland, but there is no comparison between the land cause with which the people of Ireland are associated, and the opinions of the New York school of political economy, of which the founder is Mr. George. The cases do not admit of comparison, and the conditions of the countries are diametrically different. Rents and property in Ireland are on an entirely different basis from what they are in America. The tenant there becomes the occupant of a piece of land at a certain rental. If he found the land unproductive, and by his own industry reclaimed it from barrenness to fertility, building, at his own expense, houses and barns, for all such labour he was not compensated, but compelled, on the other hand, to pay an increased rental, on the strength of the very improvements he had himself affected; so that the tenant in Ireland, in strict justice, became entitled, not alone to the amount of his uncompensated labour, but also to the amount of the increased rental extorted from him as the result of his own improvements on the property. Dr. Nulty took the position that the tenant so treated was unjustly deprived of such monies, and held therefore such a right in the soil as the amount unjustly extorted from him would entitle him to. Dr. Nulty's advocacy of this simple measure of justice, provides no precedent for the confiscation, to which Mr. George pledges himself, of all personal property without a penny of compensation. The justice, in the one case, is apparent; the justice, in the other case, is not so apparent. Mr. George is for the abolition of all private property in land; the leaders of the land reform movement in Ireland admit the right of private ownership, and look forward to the establishment of peasant proprietorship as the successful end of their efforts. Of Dr. Nulty it is only to be said that he is one of the soundest theologians in Ireland, and not likely to embrace opinions having the taint about them of socialism.

OUR readers will, we are sure, be pleased to hear that the new Canadian College in Rome, the erection of which was commenced in 1885, is now nearly completed, and will shortly be ready for occupation. It is being built from designs of the well-known architect, Cavalier Luca Carimini, and the estimated exp. ture, exclusive of the

site, amounts to the sum of 750,000 francs. The price paid for the site was 230,000 francs. It is situated close to the Albani Palace, with a frontage of 100 feet in Via Quattro Fontane, and 190 feet in Via S. Vitale, where the principal entrance is situated. This grand entrance opens into a handsome *cortile* over thirty-three metres wide. Ten columns adorn the entrance hall. A verandah goes round the building, and the basement story extends to a depth of seventeen feet under ground. The church, which is eighteen metres long by thirteen in breadth, and the refectory, which is twelve metres square, are both on the principal floor. The College, three storeys in height, with a terrace, will contain some seventy-five rooms, sufficient for the accommodation of forty students. Although the property altogether of the Seminary of S. Sulpice, Montreal, it is intended for students from all parts of Canada, whether of French, English, Irish, or Scotch extraction. The Roman agent of the Seminary is the Rev. Louis William Le Clair, the Rector of the new College. The material used in the walls of this fine building is brick, with travertine, the outside walls being particularly hard and heavy.

As we had occasion to remark on a previous occasion, the opening of this national College in the Eternal City marks an important epoch in the history of the Canadian Church, and gives our country a firm foothold in the Centre of Christendom. Ecclesiastics educated there will return to the field of their future labours in Canada with all the advantages which a prolonged residence under the very shadow of the Vatican must necessarily accrue to them. The prayers of Canadian Catholics for the most abundant success of this new venture of the Sulpicians should ascend to Heaven continuously.

It will not be deemed inconsistent, we trust, with a position of the strictest neutrality in politics, to make mention in the REVIEW of the scathing reply made by Prof. Clark Murray, to a brutal article which appeared in a late number of the *Week*, on the announcement of the retirement of Mr. Blake from the leadership of his party. The circumstances which made incumbent Mr. Blake's resignation were such as evoked for him unusual sympathy. Organs of the Government, and old opponents, in referring to the calamity of his broken health, were moved by those instincts of generosity which are natural to the heart, to mitigate for the moment the usual language of partisanship, and acknowledge the worth of the man, his high character and unselfishness; the *Week* alone had no generous word for a man the strength of whose prime had been shattered in the unrewarded service of others. Amid all that has been written about the retired leader of the Opposition, the *Week's* article, as Prof. Murray said, "stands conspicuous for its absolutely unrelieved vituperation." Claiming to represent "the vast majority of honourable men," and to express the mature judgments of "the vast majority of calm and dispassionate thinkers throughout the Dominion," the writer twice declares Mr. Blake to have "eaten dirt" in large quantities; describing him as "angling in dirty waters for the French vote," as "trading upon the rivalries of race and religion," as "pandering to the worst vices of national and religious sectarianism," and as open to a further charge "more serious" than all, "the charge of disloyal and unpatriotic sentiment and conduct." It does not appear upon what evidence the writer bases his claim to speak of "the mature judgment of the vast majority of calm and dispassionate thinkers," but "if such," says Professor Murray, "are the phrases of calm and dispassionate

thinkers, and not rather the literary garbage in which passionate partizanship finds the gratification of its peculiar tastes, I have failed to estimate the true force of language." Till evidence to the contrary be adduced or forthcoming, Professor Murray prefers, as will many others, to refuse to believe that this writer expresses the mature judgments of any large number of dispassionate thinkers to be found "even among Mr. Blake's political foes."

The writer of this article, and his old Roman hand will be readily recognized, professed to view Mr. Blake's character from "merely a national or patriotic standpoint;" he laments, in familiar phrase, the existence of faction and Party, presumably having attained to that serene altitude of intellect from which the struggles of those who, fighting for principles, and grappling with great social problems, find themselves attached to one or other great political party, are seen to arise from their lower vision, or the natural narrowness of their characters. But after all, Professor Murray observes, has been said that can be said, about the evils of the party system, it remains a fact that a man is practically debarred from usefulness in political life, unless he attach himself, for a time at least, to that party by whose aid alone he can hope to realize his political ideas. And if it be shown of Mr. Blake that during the years in which he has been identified with a political party, he has at times acted as he would not have done had not his judgment been biassed at the moment by force of the party warfare in which he was engaged, "every honest man," answers Prof. Murray, "knows that his own judgment is often warped, and his better nature sometimes thwarted by the perplexing complications amid which his life is spent, and is ready to pass a lenient, which is the only just, criticism on those who bear the heat and dust of our social conflicts, unless their conduct betrays that they have habitually burst the restraints of intelligent moral convictions." There is no more common trick of political controversy, he observes, than that of hurling at an adversary abnoxious epithets like *disloyal* and *unpatriotic*, epithets that are often as true of the party using them as of the party against whom they are levelled. Setting aside altogether the abusive language in which the charges are made, he answers them in so far as there is anything specific to answer. From first to last the *Week's* article on Mr. Blake is one of unqualified denunciation. Animated by an intense hatred of the Faith, the French and the Irish, it, too, pursues a policy of "moral assassination," and has been steadfast in the endeavour to envenom popular feeling. For all who have dared to differ from that universal instructor, who has made it the medium for the breathing of his malignant spirit, it has invariably had resource to the tactics of the "Thug." We have heard of the ex Oxford professor, whom Disraeli lampooned in "Lothair" as "the wild man of the cloister going about the world maligning men and things;" his genius, we are tempted to believe, is not unknown in the *Week* office. In truth, "time doth not wither, nor custom stale, his infinite variety."

"The work done by the retired leader," says Prof. Murray, in closing, "forms a significant episode in the political history of Canada. The wonder is, that any man, not a mere hack of the dominant party, should have no kindly cheer to send after him as he retires from the struggle. No honest work ever dies; and there are not a few, in both parties, and outside of both, who will bear in kindly memory the public life of Edward Blake as one of the most honest and substantial pieces of work ever done in the

political history of Canada. The most fruitful gains of humanity have grown from the labour of men who have gone down in the struggle to achieve them; and when we are loud in our huzzas over the temporal successes of our party, it is well to be reminded of a law of the universe that is deeper than any external success: 'Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.'

THE ANGEL GUARDIAN.

Blue eyed Eugene, of the golden hair,
See him toddle along!
Over his head, full lightly blown,
Three short years of his life have flown.
Shadows of grief and wrong,
O'er our hearts and brows those three years have cast,
But only their sunshine on him has passed.

Mother is tired. "See, Eugene,
We shall rest beneath those trees."
And they sit them down on a chair of stone;
But soon 'tis mother who sits alone,
For, light as the rambling breeze,
Baby Eugene runs to and fro,
Joyous as little lambskins go.

Had mother forgot, or never known
Of the dangerous cliff so near?
For baby has toddled away from view,
Straight to the west he is facing too,
Yet mother feels no fear,
Though but a few yards from the mother's side
Does death for the smiling baby hide.

But mother-vigilance sleeps not long.
"Eugene" where are you, child?"
Where, with a moment's search she knew,
There where 'twould take but a step or two
To hurl him to death! Half wild,
She utters a cry of agony,
And hides her face, that she may not see.

But sudden a very flood of light
Has dazzled baby's eyes.
Half staggered, he stops; and mother's arm
In a moment holds him free from harm!
All awed the baby lies
For a mother's kisses and sobs and tears
Are nature speaking; and baby hears.

The sun, you say, flashing thro' a cloud
That erewhile its beams could dim?
Nay! From the land of eternal day,
Where they see the Father's face alway
His angel looked on him.
And the dazzling ray, so strong to save,
The face of that hastening angel gave!

—K. B. C.

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

His Grace Archbishop Lynch is in Charlottetown, P. E. I., on a visit.

His Lordship, Bishop Dowling, of Peterborough, spent last Sunday in Kingston, with his sister.

Rev. Father O'Connell, who succeeded Bishop Dowling in the pastorate of Paris, has been seriously ill, but is now recovering.

The newly appointed Provincial of the Oblat Order in Canada, Rev. Father Angiers, will act in the capacity of President of Ottawa College.

Archbishop Fabre, of Montreal, is expected in Winnipeg about September. He will consecrate the Cathedral of St. Boniface, the churches of St. Mary and St. Norbert.

The committee appointed to elaborate a scheme for the establishment of a Catholic University in America, will hold a conference on August 7, to decide as to the location of the new institution.

Archbishop Fabre blessed the bell of the new church at Oka on Tuesday. Father Colin, superior of the seminary, is in Ottawa, consulting the government officials regarding the Oka Indian difficulty.

The Redemptorist Order in Montreal have made great preparation for the celebration on Thursday of the centenary of their founder, St. Alphonse de Liguori. The order established itself in Canada in 1874, when it took charge of St. Patrick's, Quebec.

A new Catholic Institution, to be known as St. Ann's Home for Old People, is shortly to be opened at Point St. Charles, and will be under the charge of a member of "The Little Sisters of the Poor." This will be the first house opened in Canada by this order of Sisters.

Rev. Father Cronin, editor of the *Buffalo Union and Times*, had a pleasant interview with Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons on July 27th. The reverend gentleman was also a guest at the banquet given the Irish members of Parliament at the National Liberal Club.

The Jesuit Father Ferrari, a pupil of the celebrated astronomer Secchi, has been sent by the Pope on a scientific mission to Moscow, to observe the solar eclipse that will be visible from the Russian city in August next. The father will also be the bearer of an autograph letter from the Pope to the Czar.

Very Rev. Canon Carmody, of Halifax, has been appointed Vicar-General of that diocese, the position made vacant by the death of the late lamented Very Rev. Monsignor Power. Canon Carmody is one of the oldest, most respected, and widely known priests in Nova Scotia, having laboured in different missions for forty-three years.

The faculty of the College of Ottawa have been successful in procuring the services of Prof. Herr A Glassmaeher who was formerly attached to St. Louis College, New York, and who lately occupied the position of English professor in St. Thomas Aquinas College, Boston. His duties commence on Sept. 8th.

There are a number of visiting Catholic clergymen in Halifax at present. Father J. J. Murphy, of St. Francis Xavier, New York, is conducting a retreat for the sisters of charity at Mount St. Vincent. Father Turgeon, of the society of Jesus, Montreal, is conducting a retreat for the nuns of the Sacred Heart convent at Sherwood. Father Ryan, S. J., of Baltimore, Father Phelan, editor of the *Western Watchman*, of St. Louis—brother of Consul-General Phelan—and Father LeClerc, of Montreal, are also there.

For some time past it has been currently rumoured that a coadjutor-bishop would shortly be appointed for the arch-diocese of Ottawa. From Vicar-General Routhier of the Cathedral it is learned that there is no truth whatever in the report. The division of the Province of Quebec into three ecclesiastical areas will make no change in the *personnel* of the different incumbents. Things will remain as they were before the areas were defined by the authorities at Rome.

His Lordship Bishop Carbery, of Hamilton, sailed from Montreal on the steamer *Parisian*, on Tuesday the 26th ult., for a trip to the Old Country. For some time past his lordship has been in poor health, brought on by overwork, fatiguing journeys, and exposures, and the sea voyage and the salubrious air of his native land, it is hoped, will restore him to perfect health again. He will first go to Ireland, and visit some of the scenes of his youth, and his friends, before proceeding to Rome. Bishop Carbery intends returning in the latter part of November, but may possibly remain to take part in the Pope's jubilee. During his absence the Diocese of Hamilton will be administered by the Right Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, of Toronto.

ST. PATRICK'S PARISH.

Tuesday, the 2nd inst., was the Feast of St. Alphonsus Liguori, the founder of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. The feast is always kept with great solemnity by the Redemptorist Fathers, but owing to the fact that this year is the centenary of the death of the Saint, his Feast was celebrated with more than usual splendour, a solemn Triduum being kept in his honour in all the churches of the Order. At St. Patrick's in this city, now one of the principal churches of the Redemptorists in Canada, the Triduum was inaugurated by a grand High Mass on Sunday morning, the celebrant being Rev. Alexander Klauder, C.S.S.R. Rev. Father Henning, the Rector, preached an eloquent and appropriate sermon on St. Alphonsus, directing special attention to the virtues which characterized his life and after his death raised him to our altars as Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor of the Church. On Monday morning High Mass was again celebrated and a sermon preached by one of the Fathers, and on Tuesday, the day of the Feast, there was Pontifical High Mass, at which His Lordship the Bishop of Eudocia officiated. On each of the three days of the Triduum, the Rosary was recited, a sermon preached, and Benediction given, at 7.30 p.m.

The annual excursion of St. Patrick's Conference, Society of St. Vincent de Paul, took place on Monday, July 25th, to St. Catherines, by steamer Empress of India. Among those present were His Lordship, Bishop O'Mahoney, Very Rev. Fathers Rooney, V.G., Laurent, V.G., Henning, C.S.S.R., and Fathers Cushing, C.S.B., Corduke, C.S.S.R., Brennan, C.S.B., Hand, Lamarche, Klauder, C.S.S.R., Lafonse, C.S.S.R., Miller, C.S.S.R., and Mr. W. J. Macdonell, K.H.S. On arrival at St. Catherines the party was met by Rev. Dean Harris, Sheriff Dawson, the Mayor, and the officers of St. Catherines Conference of the Society, who did their utmost to entertain the visitors. Returning, the Empress reached Toronto about 11 p.m. As the result of the excursion, a most enjoyable and creditable affair, St. Patrick's Conference has added to its funds upwards of \$200.

THE "ANGELUS."

From the old belfry, rude and low,
The Angelus sounds sweet and slow.
Its soft notes thrill the evening air,
A call to peace, a rest from care.
And weary reapers in the field
One moment pause, a thought to yield
To heaven, whose distant glories seem
Too oft the shadow of a dream.
The busy housewife at her loom,
Closes her eyes, and through the room
Comes the patter of tiny feet; the crow
Of the babe that died long years ago.
And children loitering in the lanes,
Linking long dandelion chains,
Drop their golden stores, and reverent-wise,
Fold sun-burned hands and close their eyes.

The moment's pause has come and gone,
The reapers to their toil move on
The mother hastens with her task,
For living children her guidance ask.
But oh! not lost is the hush, the prayer,
For an angel, descending, has unaware
Touched every heart with healing balm;
And toil is lighter, and sorrow calm:
For peace has fallen from highest heaven,
As dew on the thirsty flowers at even.

—KATE WILLSON.

When men begin all their works with the thought of God, acting for His sake and to fulfill His will; when they ask His blessing on themselves and their life, pray to Him for the objects they desire, and see Him in the event, whether it be according to their prayers or not, they will find everything that happens tend to confirm them in the truths about Him which live in their imagination, varied and unearthly as those truths may be.—*Cardinal Newman.*

Those grand words, Time and Death, which echo through the silent abysses of eternity.—*Chateaubriand.*

Current Catholic Thought.

CATHOLIC SISTERHOODS.

We would be sorry to believe that one of God's creatures endowed with the power of thought, could possess a nature capable of misunderstanding the sense of duty and sublime spirit of devotion to the yoke of the divine Master, that animates and sanctifies every heart that beats under the coarse garb of the Catholic Sisterhoods. Bigotry and prejudice have melted away in thousands of troubled souls on the field of carnage and in pestilence-stricken spots of the earth, in the presence of these pure and fearless women, who, leaving home and friends, and all earthly comforts behind, consecrate their lives to the service of the afflicted and unfortunate. No language can stigmatize the baseness that would rob such sacrifice of its true character. Religious communities are, indeed, the pride and glory of the Church of Christ. They are the living exemplars of that high teaching and divine spirit which are the groundwork of the grand fabric wrought by the sacred Passion of our Lord.—*Baltimore Mirror.*

CAN I AFFORD TO DRINK?

I have often wondered why a working man so seldom asks himself "Can I afford to drink?" Let anyone who is a moderate drinker estimate what it costs in a year, and I think the amount will astonish him. It will not be far from one month's pay out of twelve. Suppose—as I have often stated it to men—it costs an average of fifteen cents a day; and I do not consider that estimate a very high one. Figure it out for a month or six months or a year.

It would pay the interest on a mortgage of one thousand dollars; it would purchase many an article of household furniture; it would bring into the home many a comfort now unknown; it would at least pay many a bill which cannot now be met. Add to this what is spent in protracted sprees, the time lost to work and the wages unearned, and the sickness often resulting, the money lost at the gambling table, and it is safe to say that intemperance robs labour of more than enough to give a decent house to any working man.

I have often asked what would be the language used if a notice were posted in the shops declaring a reduction of fifteen cents a day, and I can readily imagine their answer: "We are working now for starvation wages; we find it difficult now to keep body and soul together, and here is another reduction. Let us resist it." Secret meetings would be held, district assemblies would take action, a strike might be ordered, and a boycott issued.

Then why not protest against the blood tax which intemperance collects? Why calmly submit to this reduction of your small wages? Why not strike against this great enemy of labour and boycott Rum? It is like a grinding capitalist, crushes man's life, picks his pockets and uses his hard earnings as a bludgeon to destroy him. Cry out against the corporation that poorly pays your labour, unite against monopolists who seek to get the most possible work for the least possible pay, but cry also for protection against this master Intemperance, who, whip in hand, lashes worse than ever overseer tortured slave.—*Rev. T. J. Conaty.*

ENGLISH AND IRISH CATHOLICS.

The fate of Irish Catholics should never be a matter of indifference to their English co-religionists, since Catholicity, throughout the world, owes much to the heroic devotion, unswerving fidelity, and martyr-like endurance of the clergy and laity of Ireland. Therefore, it is almost incomprehensible why apathy, to say nothing of hostility, should characterize the sentiments of any section of English Catholics towards the Irish people.

They seek to do no wrong, to perpetuate no injustice; to inflict no injury on any individual or any community. Their aim is simple restitution, restoration of their independence, and in their gallant struggle they are guided,

encouraged and blessed, as they ever have been, and let us hope, ever will be, by their saintly Hierarchy and uncompromising clergy. In all these great battles for the maintenance of their religion, when oppression was bitterly cruel and unrelenting, the bishops and priests were the leaders of the Irish people. To-day, they are not less wise and practical as guides than they were, nor are the people less obedient to their counsels and their recommendations. The admirable volume just published by the learned pastor of Maynooth, Canon O'Rourke, under the title of "The Battle of the Faith in Ireland," gives abundant testimony how the good fight for religion was fought and won in that country. In the opening chapter the reverend historian records that "since the day Henry VIII. of England appointed the English apostate friar to the See of Dublin, the flag of Irish Catholic faith has braved every assault. No courage of armed assailants, no power of the most potent monarchs, no wicked violation of solemn treaties, no amount of crafty diplomacy, no persecution, however ruthless and bloody, no hoards of untold wealth thrown before the eyes of a starving people, have been able to strike down this stainless flag, so bravely has it withstood the battle."—*Liverpool Catholic Times*.

It is related of the Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., that while Nuncio at Brussels, a certain Marquis, one night at dinner, showed him a snuff-box having on the cover a very lovely Venus. The men of the party watched the progress of the joke, and as for the Marquis, he was choking with laughter, until the Nuncio deferentially returned the box with the remark: "*Tyès jolie! Est ce portrait de Madame la Marquise!*"

The non-Catholic world will receive the Catholic writer with plaudits and more solid tokens of appreciation, but his own people have no praise for him.—*Maurice F. Egan*.

THE GOOD PRIEST HEARD HIM FINALLY.

Father O'Halloran had a telephone put into the parsonage in connection with the church, the parochial school, etc. Patrick McFee, his reverence's handy man, was instructed in the use of the instrument. It was only the next day when Pat, dusting out the church, heard the clatter of the telephone bell. Taking down the receiver, he was pleased to hear Father O'Halloran's familiar voice asking him something or other about his work. Pat, in essaying to answer, remembered that his reverence was a long way off, and Pat consequently hollered into the transmitter at the top of his voice. "I don't understand you, Patrick," said the telephone. Pat tried again, with no better success. On his third trial he came near splitting the telephone; but again came Father O'Halloran's voice, "I can't hear what you're saying, Patrick." Pat had by this time lost something of his patience, and as he stood there gathering breath for a fourth blast he couldn't refrain from soliloquizing in a low tone, "Ah! may the devil fly away wid the ould fool." But Pat dropped the telephone like a hot potato and fell on his knees in dismay when he heard Father O'Halloran's voice once again. "Now I hear you perfectly, Patrick."—*Boston Transcript*.

During a visit to the Eternal City, the late Wendell Phillips entered St. Peter's. In the vast church a surprise awaited him, which he thus relates: "I listened to the music as it died away. Standing as I was behind a massive pillar, which obscured my view, I caught the words of a sermon, pronounced in faultless English, and, moving forward to catch a view of the speaker, to my astonishment I beheld there in the pulpit of St. Peter's a full-blooded negro, preaching the Gospel of Christ, and I said: 'Nowhere else could I have beheld such a scene, save in the Catholic Church. All honour to the College of Propaganda for its grand work in behalf of Christian civilization.'"

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

We have received the first number of *The Catholic Weekly Review*. It contains several articles from able writers, prominent among them being the contributions of His Lordship Bishop O'Mahoney, Mr. D. A. O'Sullivan, and Mr. W. J. Macdonell, French Consul. The *Review* has a wide field, and we hope its conduct will be such as to merit the approbation and support of a large constituency—**IRISH CANADIANS,** Toronto.

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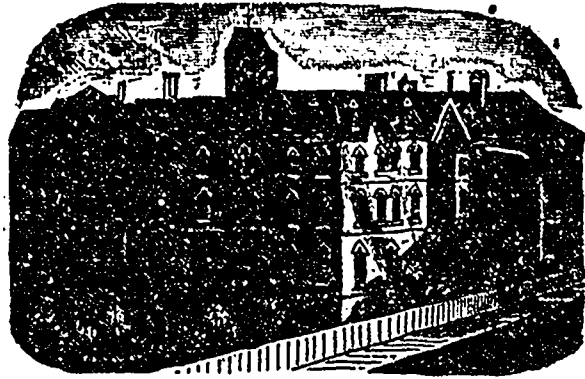
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