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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. IV

Toronto, Saturday, Mar. 8, 1890.

No. 4

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Notes.

THE Holy Father has granted to all Ordinaries the faculty to release the Faithful from the obligation of fasting and abstinence in all places where the present epidemic prevails, so long as the public health shall require. The publication of this Indult is however, we take it, discretionary with the Ordinaries; the suspension of the rules enjoining fasting and abstinence being conceded if the state of the public health shall seem to them to demand this relaxation. Up to our present writing we have not been advised of its publication in any diocese within this Province.

MR. GLADSTONE'S motion in the Imperial Parliament, respecting the Report of the *Times'* Forgeries Commission, "That the House reprobates the charges based upon calumny that have been made against members of the House, and while expressing satisfaction of the exposure made of evil doers regrets the wrong inflicted and the suffering and loss endured through those acts of flagrant iniquity," was an attempt to make something like reparation for an enormous wrong. It was supported by a powerful speech, and a searching but dispassionate criticism of the finding of the commissioners. Their report, while written in honour and good faith, he held to be insufficient, in that it failed to represent the sense of opinion which the House and the country had already formed in regard to the subject of the inquiry.

"THOSE who wish us to believe that the Papacy in the nineteenth century has changed its nature and that we need feel no fear of its encroachment on the civil power, should get the Pope to hold his tongue." This is how Professor Goldwin Smith pays his respects to the Papacy in the March number of *Bystander*. It is one of a number of pleasantries.

"The late Pope," we read, "was a Papal guardsman turned into a supplement to the Deity, and he behaved as such a person might be expected to behave." Mr. Smith was never to be complimented for observing any literary good manners, but some of his later work in *Bystander* begins to border upon buffoonery.

MR. SMITH takes exception to the words of the latest Papal Encyclical. "If the laws of the State," the Encyclical reads, "are in open contradiction to the Divine Law, if they command anything prejudicial to the Church or hostile to the duties imposed by religion, then indeed it is a duty to resist them and a crime to obey them, a crime fraught with injury to the State itself, for every offence against religion recoils on the State. To love the two fatherlands, the earthly and the heavenly, but in such a manner that the love of the heavenly prevails over that of the other, and that human laws are not preferred to the law of God, such is the essential duty of Christians, from which spring, as from their source, all other duties." Hildebrand and Innocent III., says Professor Smith, could want nothing more; and to tolerate these pretensions is to betray, he adds, one of the great organic principles of modern civilization. And yet the words of the Sovereign Pontiff are nothing more than an affirmation that the Christian principle must, in a Christian society, obtain in the public life of the nation, as in the life of the family and of the individual. Deny this—banish the Christian idea—and the result is atheism in the State, and once atheism—anarchy.

SIR CHARLES DILKE in his recently published work, having reviewed the position of the old world powers, thus speaks of Canada: "Canada, like Switzerland, seems to have reached the ideal of a federal power as traced by de Tocqueville when he said that what was needed was that the central power should be given immense prerogatives, and should be energetic in its action towards the provinces whilst the provinces themselves were to have perfect local freedom, the sphere of the central power being strictly defined by the constitution. Canada possesses the combination of central dignity and strength of government, with local liberty and variety in the provinces, and when the completion of the federation of Australia by the entrance into it of the mother colony, if not of New Zealand, presents us with a similar picture at the other extremity of the Pacific, three English speaking Federal Powers will dominate that greatest ocean of the world. Canadian federation is declared by Sir Henry Parkes to be the model on which the future institution of the British States of Australia are to be built up."

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF JOHN LONGWORTHY.

M. F. EGAN IN AVE MARIA.

VIII.—*A Change of Temperature.*

"Mr. Fitzgerald cannot enter this house until I know the reason why you have said he should not."

Mary, listening to this dialogue between the two she loved most on earth, felt that she would welcome even an earthquake if it would stop the unholy contention.

"He shall come if I want him!" cried Miles, defiantly.

Esther arose. "Mary, I am not at home to Mr. Fitzgerald at any time."

Miles' wrath gave way to an anxious wish to undo the mischief he had done. And when Fitzgerald did come—he could not keep away—Miles clenched his fists as he heard the little girl who opened the door say. "The young ladies are engaged."

He heard Fitzgerald echo the words in a voice that bespoke surprise of an unpleasant kind. There was no help for it; and Mary was too conscientious to let the small child say "Not at home," though it would have been more merciful.

Miles pangs increased as he realized how he had handicapped himself. The necessity of money was almost desperate. There was a certain "debt," as he called it, which lay heavily on his mind at times. It was one of those debts which are debts indeed, but of which the first party in the transaction had as yet no knowledge. And, then, he felt certain that the nomination for the Assembly lay at his feet. And for this his soul yearned. Not that he overrated the value of the title it carried with it—though he sometimes, in absent-mindedness, wrote over and over again "Hon. Miles Galligan,"—but he felt that such an elevation would place him in a congenial sphere and open the way to better things.

Popular as he was with his possible constituents, he was aware that nothing but money could distil the rosy mist of his patriotism into the dew of reality. The genial Hebrew of Russian or Polish extraction was very fond of him; the amiable Neapolitans had even named several of their children after him; and the Irish and Irish Americans, who were fusing away before the swarm of newcomers, rallied around him on all occasions. Enthusiastic as all these people were, disinterested as they were, patriotic as they were, they made him feel that something more was required of him than diligent attendance at Jewish weddings, proficiency in the game of mora, or the constant kissing of little black-eyed children—and what that was he knew very well. It was money, or what would cost money. How could he give that gigantic family picnic expected of the candidate, or that great reunion in the winter, at which his friends would dance and drink his health?

Miles thought all this over, and then he made up his mind to make peace with his sisters, in the hope that they might be induced to ask Arthur Fitzgerald not to desert them altogether. For without Fitzgerald he felt that the Longworthy reward was unattainable. The olive branch he decided to offer was, he felt, undeserved by them. In all family disagreements he had hitherto sulked until they had exhausted every means of softening him, and then magnanimously forgiven them. He made up his mind to invite them out to dinner. He wanted a dinner at Vespucci's himself, with a bottle or two of Chianti, and why should he not include the girls? It would be both generous and wise. Besides, Fitzgerald dined there every evening. Miles wrote the invitation and left it on the parlor table; he went out, glowing with amiability.

X.—*At Vespucci's.*

Mary and Esther had a bad time of it after the trio at the breakfast table. Mary was more gentle than usual; her pupils observed it, and probably took as little advantage of it as their nature permitted. She was humiliated; afraid for Miles, dissatisfied with Esther. For the first time she felt the truth that none but a mother can govern the household in its most important departments.

To Mary, Esther's free speech to Miles had a dash of vulgarity in it, and Miles' manner had made her heart sick. And,

then, the evident ostracism of Arthur Fitzgerald was a thorn in her charity. It was true that he had no right to call so often; but, then, he was so considerate, so gentlemanly, and his admiration of Esther was so great, that she could not find it in her heart to discover faults in him. But what kind of a wife would Esther make for a man of refinement if she should get into the way of talking to her husband as she had talked to Miles? Although, Mary found the world just then to be of a bluish hue; consequently she made her daily visit to St. Mary's Church longer than usual.

Esther was in a towering state of indignation with herself and Miles, who in her eyes typified all mankind. The unhappy little male German Jews who were learning the scales under her direction had their fingers slapped with a vigor which she did not hesitate to apply to the digits of the little girls in the convent school too. And when she played their pieces for them!—"Ach, mütter," said one, "you'd think she banged do 'Sturm Marsch Galop' all *de time* on a brass band!" But when Mary picked up Miles' note and read it aloud to her, there was a perceptible change of mood.

"Will come back at six take you to Vespucci's—dinner—*six sharp*," Mary read.

Esther listened with apparent calmness but with inward exultation. She had read and heard of those Italian restaurants so beloved of the Continental stranger in New York, whose purse does not always equal his appetite. Esther, though born in New York, knew very little of the peculiar lights and shadows of that great and sorrowful city. She had often wished that she had Miles' liberty of action, for she longed to see some of the strange and beautiful effects with which the foreign influx has touched the old Dutch village. Esther had an artistic temperament; she loved the art of music intensely, but this love made her restless. In her heart she believed she was a genius, and she passionately desired to have the light of new climes and experience on her wings. The prudent old Jesuit, her confessor, shook his head over her hopes and fears. He had known her since her childhood.

"O Father," she said to him one day, after he had tried to remind her that the American girl's idea of "Europe" as an easy road to the development of genius was rather untrustworthy; "I live in a dream of Paris!"

"You remind me of Fra Tom Burke's mother," he observed with a smile. "It was said that she lived on snuff and aspirations—and she died."

The vision of Vespucci's dispelled all Miles' faults. To Esther it was an event; she would have a foretaste of Naples; she could close her eyes and imagine herself listening to the roar of Vesuvius. Her imagination, which was vivid, brought to her an uneasy sensation that Miles would doubtless borrow the price of the feast from either Mary or her; but this did not interfere with her anticipations.

As for Mary, she thanked Heaven in her heart for this piece of good fortune. How generous, how thoughtful Miles was!

In the evening their brother appeared, well groomed, with a high collar that seemed at every motion to threaten to saw off his ears. He wore a carnation in his button-hole, and his bristling yellow moustache was twisted after the latest political manner. His diamond pin, embedded in a neat but not gaudy carmine coloured necktie, scintillated festively.

It was a pleasant night, and the walk to Vespucci's was a short one. The three sauntered along Fourteenth Street to Third Avenue in great complacency. Miles was the least happy; he was pleased with his own appearance and he was rather proud of his sisters, though, as he often said, their style was a little too quiet for him; yet he was uneasy. Suppose his feast should lead to nothing,—suppose they should still refuse to notice Arthur Fitzgerald?

At last the three reached Vespucci's. It was a plain, unpretentious place, with nothing particular in the shop window. The elevated trains thundered past, but nobody minded that any more than if their noise were an æolian sigh. The Avenue sparkled with lights, and the bustle of the Christmas season pervaded it.

Miles led the way upstairs with a familiar and easy air. Esther, to her delight, caught a glimpse, of a dark skinned

man eating *spaghetti* on the lower floor, and of his neighbor sipping a glass of something green. She felt that she was indeed in a new and romantic sphere. There were strange odors from the food, and a swarthy waiter appearing at the head of the stairs completed the foreign air.

The three were ushered into a long room set around with small tables, each with a *carafe* of water and a corrugated match-stand. Men and women were sitting at various tables, with here and there a small child or two. Esther decided at once that the people were not dressed with fine knowledge of the prevailing mode which distinguishes the New Yorker of the highest caste. Mary, however, was rather awed by what struck her as the brilliancy of the assembly. She shuddered as she saw one matronly-looking woman in the act of encouraging a small girl to sip some red wine; and the appearance of several longnecked bottles, wicker-covered, and filled with the wine of Chianti, convinced her that the Italians were no better than they should be.

The room was very bright, very light, very warm. Some people were just at their dessert, with oranges, nuts, and little cups of coffee before them; others—true Italians, and not Americans from the neighboring boarding-houses,—were eating *spaghetti*, artistically curled around their forks. Esther closed her eyes ecstatically. If the hand-organ in the street had only been playing "Santa Lucia," instead of one of the Harrigan & Hart melodies, Esther could have imagined herself by the Bay of Naples.

By and by Vespucci appeared, darker and handsomer than any of the Italian tenors, and with moustaches almost as long as Victor Emanuel's. Miles showed the most delightful familiarity with this imposing creature, who, with a sweeping bow, presently left them. Some salty little fish were served, and then Miles, who did not take soup, said solemnly to the waiter "Dui!"

The waiter looked incomprehending. Mary glanced at Esther,—she had no idea dear Miles could speak Italian.

"Dui!" repeated the young man, in a voice that made the occupants of the seats near him turn. The waiter still smiled the smile of the inane.

"Dui! Don't you understand?" cried Miles, growing red. "You ought to know your own language, you fool! *Dui suppi*,—two soups, I mean!"

The waiter shook his head despairingly, muttered "*Corpo di Bacco*" to himself, and took away the little fish dishes. Miles had no time to dwell on the failure of his *lingua Toscana*, for two men had taken possession of the table opposite them. One was Arthur Fitzgerald, the other Rudolph Bastien.

Fitzgerald half rose, perceiving them after he had sat down. But Mary's cool nod and Esther's slight inclination effectually checked his intention to go over to their table.

Miles' heart sank. If these silly girls were bent on keeping up the coolness how could he get a grasp on Fitzgerald? An east wind suddenly struck him; he looked contemptuously around.

"I can't eat in this hole. Let's hurry up and get away."

Esther paid no attention to this speech,—Mary hoped that she did not hear it.

Fitzgerald resumed his conversation with Bastien. Miles sat in moody silence. How long could he sit there and see that dude prattling away as if he did not know the secret!

When the roast came on, Miles made up his mind to break the ice. He crossed over to Fitzgerald's table; he shook hands; he was introduced to Bastien, who looked at him and then at his sisters with lively interest.

"We can't smoke up here," observed Miles. "It's a pity Vespucci won't allow it."

"You forget the ladies," said Fitzgerald.

"Oh, women don't mind it now! They ought to get used to it."

Bastien shrugged his shoulders, and looked at Miles in a way that made that young person long to punch his head. He lost his temper, and, forgetting his prudence, said, leaning his elbow on the table near Fitzgerald:

"By the way, what do you know about the murder of John Longworthy?"

Fitzgerald's startled look answered Miles; but Bastien struck in, with a slight German accent:

"Nothing, dear friend." And then he added, in a sarcastic

voice, with a mocking laugh in it: "Suppose I should say that I made away with the estimable Longworthy?"

To be continued.

MONTREAL LETTER.

The Ministerial Association in its recent sitting at Montreal, as usual, drew from its armoury that somewhat rusty weapon of a tack against the Catholic Church, "the devices of the Jesuits." In the order of the assault, it never perceives the pitiful contrast offered by the work of such associations as itself the world over, to that accomplished by the Jesuits. It runs its yearly course, insulting its Catholic fellow-citizens, patching the rents in the various systems of belief represented by its members, and advocating, perhaps, some needed social or religious reform. But what does it accomplish? And what are its methods? Meanwhile the Jesuit, everywhere the target for the arrows of the unbeliever, pursues his wondrous career of warfare upon the ungodly, of herculean missionary labors, as limitless as they are heroic, of scientific exploration, following the course of the stars and penetrating to the depths of the earth, of education, training the master minds of every country. By their fruits ye shall know them. The progress of the Society through Europe, for the past three centuries, Father Prout wittily compares to the "Retreat of the Ten Thousand." "That knightly company," says Cardinal Newman, "and its founder, that princely patriarch, the royal minded Ignatius, the St. George of the modern world, with his chivalrous lance run through the writhing foe."

"That magnificent Society," exclaims Father Tom Burke, the great Dominican orator, "which everywhere and always receives upon its outstretched arm, the first blow directed against the Church."

By the way, do Catholics of the more careless sort, always recognize the first blow when it falls, or are they too ready to let the Jesuits ward it off as best they can?

Montreal has had, in the last days of February, the Retreat for women at the Gesu. Every year this Retreat is better and better attended. Despite the dreadful weather, the attendance was extraordinarily large. In all its details it was a perfect success, according to the unanimous verdict. The preacher was Father Kenny, S.J., known throughout Canada and the United States for his finished oratory. "The sermons," as some one enthusiastically expressed it, "grew more beautiful to the very end."

A Retreat for men was given the same week at St. Patrick's, and with the result of crowded houses at every service. Such events call attention to the marked growth of the English-speaking population of Montreal. Father James Callaghan conducted the morning exercises, and Father McCallan preached every evening.

At Notre Dame the celebrated Dominican, Father Bambooneau, from France, is attracting attention at the High Mass on the Lenten Sundays by a remarkable series of sermons on "Socialism," with which are interwoven many of the principle topics of the day.

The modifications in the Lenten rules has been gratefully received by many just recovering from the "*grippe*," by which Montreal was severely visited, despite her bracing airs. Special services have been announced, in consequence, at the Cathedral, at Notre Dame, and the other parish churches.

A. T. S.

The CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW of Toronto last week issued a beautiful illustrated number in honour of its entrance upon its fourth volume. THE REVIEW is one of our most highly prized exchanges. It is ably edited, at all times dignified in tone, and thoroughly Catholic. We hope that our esteemed contemporary may continue for many years the noble work in which it is now engaged.—*Church News, Washington.*

The Toronto CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW, which is taking rank as the ablest Canadian Catholic journal, comes to our table this week with marked typographical improvements.—*Milwaukee Catholic Citizen.*

RECENT IRISH NOVELISTS.

ANOTHER year has come and gone without bringing us the novelist we are hoping for, whom we are in need of, to show us ourselves as we are, neither flattered nor yet too much overshadowed, by lack of discernment and sympathy. Every nation has its novelists, and the art has not yet reached its highest development, the art which reflects men and women in their dealings with and attitudes towards each other, revealing their faults, failings, powers and weaknesses, with something added from the artist, of suggestion, criticism, idealism of the reverse, which shall help the student to recognize himself or his neighbor, and hit a useful lesson home. The roll-call of Irish novelists is far too short and unsatisfactory, and if it be true that the growth of the novel increases with the prosperity and consequent intellectual culture of a country, we have not far to seek for the reason of our poverty in art. A few treasures have been handed down to us from the past, works which have made record of the people and ways and scenes of a day gone by. We have the novels of Gerald Griffin, the *Bumms*, Carleton, Miss Edgeworth, Lady Morgan, Lever, all of which give us lively and characteristic pictures of an Ireland which we see not now. In later years, either because imagination has grown dull among us, or the ways of life supply less attractive material, or the ready English market for fiction draws off our talent and employs it at remunerative wages on the themes its daily supply requires—for some one, or all of these reasons, certain it is that our Irish literature does not become enriched as time goes on, and we shall have little to show for the work of our period at the close of the nineteenth century. It is a noticeable fact that writers who produce one good Irish novel, giving promise of store to come, almost invariably cease to be Irish at that point, and afterwards cast the tributary stream of their powers into the universal river of English fiction. Thus, Mr. Lewis Hingfield, having given us that fine picture of Ireland in the day of the Volunteers, "*My Lords of Strogue*," turned his back upon us, and became in consequence less distinguished and less interesting in his work. Mr. Richard Ashe King, in like manner having delighted Irish readers with the "*Wearing of the Green*," now supplies an English novel to an English periodical, hiding his shaveroak in a field of common clover. Mr. Justin McCarthy also writes perfect English for the English, and the clever books of Mrs. Cashel Hoey show no trace of the fact that she is Irish of the Irish, not only by birth but in faithful affection. Mr. Richard Dowling, who in his early days of delicate promise migrated to London and pitched his tent beside the publishers, would doubtless have given us much more beautiful and delicate work if he had stayed within hearing of Shandon Bells. Yet how can we quarrel with any of these bright spirits if they prefer to live their lives pleasantly and in affluent circumstances in the busy working, paying world of London, rather than content themselves with the ideally uncomfortable conditions of him who elects to chow the cud of sweet and bitter Irish fancies with his feet in an Irish bog and his head in a rainbow? To choose the latter way much self-denial is needed, much faith, much singleness of purpose, and also the sacrifice, sometimes, of things even more sacred than ideal service of country. We must only hope that with the advent of Home Rule to Ireland will come the dawn of a new era, when increased prosperity and civilization will bring increase of artistic culture, and a taste for letters at present deplorably wanting in the Irish public. Until such a taste be engendered we have little chance of possessing a rich literature of our own. Of the few Irish writers who continue to write for Ireland are Miss Luffan and the clever author of "*Hurish*." While paying large tribute to the brilliant author of "*Flitters, Fatters, and the Counsellor*" we must regret that her pen is not more often dipped in the milk of human kindness when describing the faults and shortcomings of her worse fellow country men. A little of Thackeray's sly humor and sweetening tenderness would enhance the value of her often just criticism, and a bright picture placed beside a dark one would relieve the sombreness of her presentations and more completely reflect the truth. The author of "*Hurish*" has also chosen the role of censor, though perhaps in a less marked degree. All honor to those who dare to expose the naked truth with honest purpose.

Would we had a George Eliot to give us of Irish life scenes and characters corresponding to those in "*Silas Marner*" and "*The Mill on the Floss*." There is no doubt that "*The Collegians*," by Gerald Griffin, is the very best Irish novel as yet written—strikingly dramatic, wrought to a fine point of tragedy through varying scenes of the most touching pathos, the most playful humor. Every touch is Irish to the life. Laughter and tears follow one another as one turns the pages of the book.

The best Irish story written in later years is Miss Keary's "*Castle Daly*." Unhappily, the author did not live long enough after its publication to give us another of the same character—*Rosa Mulholland in Weekly Register*.

ADDRESS TO ARCHBISHOP WALSH.

ARCHBISHOP WALSH was on Thursday, the 27th ult., the recipient of an artistically illuminated address, presented by the members of the Separate School Board, the presentation taking place in the reception room of the palace. The address was read by Mr. Anglin.

His Grace, in replying to the address, said he wished to speak in a conversational manner, and requested those present to be seated. He thanked them sincerely for the beautiful address and the flattering terms in which it was couched. He left London with all its pleasant associations and with the conviction that he was assuming duties of greater responsibility in this diocese, to which he had been called in the Providence of God. He felt assured, however, that he had many friends in Toronto able and willing to assist him, and if he wanted any proof of this it was to be found in the magnificent reception accorded him on the occasion of his arrival in this city. He then referred to his early connection with the city of Toronto, and to the fact that he had served on the Separate School Board. He was glad to hear that the Separate Schools of this city were progressing so favorably. The education of the Catholic youth of this great country was a subject of great importance, and one well worthy of their best attention and labors. The Church had always taken a lively interest in the education of her children, and here in Canada they enjoyed privileges which, though not so great as they ought to be, were still greater than those enjoyed in other countries. In France the schools were being secularized and infidelized, and the nuns and spiritual teachers turned out. In Italy things were also looking very bad for religious education, and even in England undesirable changes were being made. It would be a bad day for England when the teachings of the Church were not admissible in the public schools. The battle between the Church and infidelity is now to be fought in the schools. The Roman Catholic Church in every country is moving against the influences of infidelity and unbelief. Heretofore the Catholics of Ontario could live in peace with their Protestant fellow-citizens, but now some politicians seem to think that they (the Roman Catholics) were getting more than their rights. They did enjoy certain rights here but not to the same extent as the Protestant minority of Quebec enjoyed at the hands of the Catholic majority. They were told here that they wanted more than their rights, but this was false; it was the old fable of the wolf and the lamb. They wanted to live at peace, to manage their own institutions and not to interfere with the rights or liberties of others—to live in peace as free citizens of a free country. They pay their taxes as do other citizens; stand side by side with others in the city's interests; they trade with their Protestant brethren and their Protestant brethren with them. He hoped the time would soon come when the people of Canada would learn to hate injustice and to love fair play, and when the public men would respect patriotism, instead of party and politics. He quoted extracts from the report of a Protestant minister (Rev. Wm. Rexford, Secretary Quebec Council of Public Instruction) to show that there were in Quebec nearly 1,000 Protestant separate schools with an attendance of 34,440 pupils, while in Ontario there were but 245 Catholic schools. In the Catholic Province of Quebec the Government grant to Protestant schools was \$20,545.

General Catholic News

The Montreal Jesuits have decided to extensively alter and repair their College of St. Mary on Bluery street, at a cost of \$150,000.

On the day of Cardinal Pecci's funeral, His Holiness gave a large sum in alms to the poor of Rome also £40 to the families of some workmen killed in an accident in the diocese of Perugia.

Mr. Campell-Bannerman, M.P., is about to introduce a bill in the English House of Commons enabling Catholics to fill the positions of Lord Chancellor of England and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

On Tuesday, February 18th, Miss Katherine M. Ryan, of New York, the youngest sister of Mrs. A. L. Ashman, was married to Mr. John G. Hearn, son of the Hon. John Hearn, M.L.C., of Quebec, Canada, at the Cathedral, Philadelphia.

Miss Amy Fowler, (Sister Rose Gertrude) sailed from San Francisco on the 28th of February to her future home among the lepers of Molokai. She takes with her presents from New York to the value of \$2200, including a photographic camera, a type writer, a piano, a music box, and quantities of linen.

Oka, thanks to the persevering labours of the Trappists, is now acknowledged to be one of the best agricultural districts in the Province of Quebec. Besides redeeming the tract of land granted to them by the Canadian Government, the sons of St. Norbert have taught their scientific methods of agriculture to the surrounding farmers, who naturally regard them as benefactors of the country.

On Sunday last Cardinal Gibbons made an appeal to a large congregation on behalf of the Negro and Indian missions. "There are," he said, "about 7,000,000 Negroes in the United States, and the Negro question has become a serious problem to the American people. The best solution of this problem, in my judgment, will be found in christianizing them."

Three documents sealed under "The ring of the Fisherman" have reached Kingston from Rome. One divides the ecclesiastical provinces of Toronto, separating from it the dioceses of Kingston and Peterboro, whose territory is constituted a new province, with Kingston as its metropolis, to which the diocese of Peterboro and the new diocese that shall be created in the eastern part of Kingston territory is assigned as suffragan sees. The second document appoints Most Rev. James Vincent Cleary Archbishop of the metropolitan diocese of Kingston. The third document, which is dated 21st January, 1890, canonically erects the new diocese, defining its territories to be the civil counties of Glengarry and Stormont united with Cornwall, having for boundary the river St. Lawrence on the south, the civil Province of Quebec on the east, the counties of Prescott and Russell with part of Carlton on the north, and the county of Dundas on the west. Alexandria, the chief town of Glengarry, is made the episcopal see, from which the diocese takes its name and the bishop his title.

Monday last was the twelfth anniversary of the coronation of the Pope. High Mass was celebrated in the Sistine chapel in honor of the occasion. The Pope was borne to the chapel on the Sedia, wearing the tiara and his full state vestments. Cardinal Melchers celebrated Mass. The Pope made a speech in which he dwelt upon the social question. He said it was his august duty to defend the doctrines of the Church, and it would be beneficial if all Governments put an end to war against the Church and did their utmost to place her head in a state of independence.

That was a characteristic reply Cardinal Manning made to the Catholic Workmen's Club of Vienna, whose members had congratulated him upon the results of his intervention in the recent strikes in London. After returning thanks for the attention, His Eminence says: "I have always before my mind the words of the Lord, 'I have pity upon the people'; for nowhere on earth is there such unlimited wealth and such extreme poverty to be found as in our England. But thanks to Providence, our workmen are gifted with prudence and patience, and are inclined to hear the voice of moderation and counsel.

The following is the order of the special series of lectures to be preached in St. Michael's Cathedral during Lent. The first of the course was preached by Archbishop Walsh:

On the second Sunday of Lent: "The Catholic Church the Guardian and Defender of the Dogma of the Divinity of Christ," by Rev. Father Teesy, Superior of St. Michael's College.

On the third Sunday: "The Catholic Church the Guardian and Interpreter of the Scriptures," by Father McBrady, Professor in St. Michael's College.

On the fourth Sunday: "The Mission Work of St. Patrick," by Rev. E. B. Kilroy, D.D., of Stratford.

On the fifth Sunday: "The Catholic Church and the Virgin Mother of God," by Very Rev. Dean McCann, P. P., of Brockton.

On the sixth Sunday: "The Passion of Christ and the Merits of the Atonement," by Rev. James Walsh, rector of Our Lady of Lourdes.

On Sunday last the mission which has been conducted for the past two at St. Mary's Church by the Rev. Fathers Macdonald McCarthy and Gillespie of the Society of Jesus was closed. Last week's services were for men only. Fully 2000 men were present at the closing exercises on Sunday afternoon when Father Macdonald preached a sermon on Perseverance. He exhorted his hearers to keep fast to the faith and to be ever watchful against being led into evil, through bad companions, etc. He called upon all those who had attended the mission, and resolved to amend their lives to stand up, and raising their right hands, repeat an Act of Faith. The sublime sight of 2000 men, raising their hands, looking up to heaven and repeating the prayer was then witnessed. At the close of the Mission Service at 5 p. m., a Confirmation Service was held by the Archbishop. The spacious and beautiful church was densely crowded at this service, standing room anywhere being unattainable; the aisles, chapel, Choir Gallery, and even the porches being filled, whilst hundred were striving outside the church to gain admission. It is computed that fully 3000 people must have been present. His grace ascended the pulpit and delivered an address, on the result of the mission and also on the subject for which they were their present, viz: Confirmation, after which he gave the Papal Blessing: Confirmation was then administered to some 200, men and women who had been attending the Confirmation class.

The indefatigable and ceaseless labors of Rev. Fathers Rooney, V.G., and Cruise, contributed in no small degree to the success of the Mission, the results of which may be summed up as follows: average attendance at 5 a.m., 1,500, at 9 p.m. 800, and at Vespers 7.30 p.m., 1,800. Number of Communicants, about 1,000, a result which we do not think can be equalled by any other parish in the Diocese.

Of your charity pray for the soul of Mrs. Alice Conolly, late of Dublin, Ireland, (mother of Joseph Conolly, architect, of this city) who departed this life on the 8th ult., fortified by the Rites of Holy Church.—May she rest in peace.

Diamonds, Fine Watches, Novelties in Jewellery at D. H. Cunningham's Jewellery Store. Every satisfaction in ordered work and manufacturing. Designs and prices given for fine Diamond work, unset stones kept on hand. Best value in the city. Remember the address, 77 Yonge St., two doors north of King.

PERTINENT ADVICE.

Mr. Laurier in his speech on Monday night enunciated one idea, which if adopted as a principle, would have saved the country much trouble in the past. So long, he said, as Englishmen and Frenchmen would each mind their own business we would get along tolerably well. The incidents of the most marked agitations the Dominion has suffered from have only to be recalled to enforce this contention. The present crisis between English and French, for unfortunately the popular feeling almost justifies the characterization of the situation as a crisis, is not the outcome of recent events alone. The heaven was started twenty years ago at the time of the first Red River rebellion. It was warmed into more active life when a political party in Ontario made the punishment of Scott's murder a plank in the local election platform, and when it had attained to power offered a reward for the apprehension of Riel, for a crime committed outside the jurisdiction of Ontario, and with the perpetrators of which Ontario law had nothing to do. Its force was increased by the events of 1885, and gave evidence of its working in the ill-natured and unwarranted aspersions cast upon French Canadian volunteers who went to the Northwest to maintain the power of the law. The pro-Riel agitation in this province contributed its share towards the mutual hard feeling, and when the Jesuits' Estates act was passed the elements were all ready for an explosion. Then more meddling of English Ontario with French Quebec's affairs took place, and the result is seen in the strained relations, the mutual ill feeling, and the discord that has been evidenced in the press, on the platform and even in Parliament. It was from Ontario that came the impelling force of the anti-Jesuit agitation, of which Mr. McCarthy's bill is the direct result. The Jesuits' act was passed in July, and, to all appearances, was accepted by the English people of Quebec as a disagreeable measure that had to be put up with from the fact that it embodied the will of the great majority of the people in a country where the will of the majority rules. Even from the most pronounced of local Equal Rights orators there was no crying to heaven against the monstrous injustice; the British constitution was apparently still unblemished. It was not till an Ontario newspaper, in January, took up the cry, and Mr. Charlton and Mr. McCarthy, two Ontario politicians came down here to tell us how we were abused and trodden upon that the agitation caught, and the foundation was laid for all the subsequent ill feeling. Had Ontario people minded their own business how much that is disagreeable and disuniting would have been avoided! How little has their offervescence accomplished! The McCarthy bill is another case in point. The Northwest has representatives in Parliament, acquainted with the wants and feelings of the Northwest people, yet none of them felt impelled to introduce a measure abolishing the legal use of the French tongue in their district. Some of them are even opposed to the idea. The bill is the result of an Ontario man's desire to regulate not only his own province, but the affairs of all the others. He has, of course, a legal right to make such a proposition, but if he uses it without judgment he is likely to produce evil. He has generally produced evil.

The Highland Scotchman learns English for the sake of business and speaks Gaelic by preference in social and friendly converse; and the Highland Scotchman is a very good type of a British subject, though he has his prejudices, and would probably kindle in wrath at any slight put upon his father's language. This movement is one of peace. Those who would see it increase should hold their peace. If they think otherwise let them count up the results of a policy of meddlesomeness. These do not promise for unity either of language or national aspirations. The French people of Quebec were never more solidly united in retaining their individuality than they are to-day. The thing is perfectly understandable, perfectly natural. The unificationists have been driving them to it. Let the enthusiasts of the other provinces try minding their own business for a while.—*Montreal Gazette.*

Cardinal Newman entered upon his ninetieth year on Friday, the 21st ultimo, and is in his normal health. A large number of letters and telegrams of congratulation reached His Eminence during the day.

BUFFALO BILL AT THE VATICAN.

One of the strangest spectacles ever seen within the venerable walls of the Vatican, says the New York *Herald's* Rome correspondent in his despatch of Monday last, the twelfth anniversary of the Pope's coronation, was the dramatic entry of Buffalo Bill at the head of his Indians and cowboys this morning, when the ecclesiastical, secular, and military court of the Papacy assembled to witness the twelfth annual thanksgiving of Leo XIII. for his coronation. In the midst of a scene of supreme splendour, crowded with old Roman aristocracy and surrounded with walls immortalized by Michael Angelo, and Raffaele, there suddenly appeared a host of savages in paint, leathers, and blanket, carrying tomahawks and knives. A vast multitude surged into the great square before St. Peter's early in the morning to witness the arrival of the Americans. Before half-past nine o'clock the ducal hall, the royal hall, and the Sistino chapel were packed. Through the middle of the three audiences was a pathway bordered with the brilliant uniforms of the Swiss Guards, the Palatine guards, the Papal gendarmes, and private chamberlains. The sunlight fell upon the lines of glittering steel, the nodding plumes, the golden chains, the shimmering robes of silk, and all the brilliant emblems of pontifical power and glory. Suddenly a tall chivalrous figure appeared at the entrance, and all eyes were turned towards him. It was Buffalo Bill. With a sweep of his great sombrero he saluted the chamberlains, and then strode between guards with his partner Nate Salisbury. Next came Buck Taylor, who towered hugely above the tallest man in the palace, his long hair tied back on his shoulders. Then came Broncho Bill in buckskin, and after him trooped the cowboys, splashed with mud and picturesque beyond description. Rocky Bear led the Sioux warriors in the rear. They were painted in every colour that Indian imagination could devise. Every man carried something to present to the medicine man sent by the Great Spirit. Rocky Bear rolled his eyes and folded his hands on his breast as he stepped on tiptoe through the glowing sea of colour; his braves furtively eyed the halberds and two handled swords of the Swiss Guards. The Indians and cowboys ranged in south corners of the ducal hall. Buffalo Bill and Salisbury were escorted into the Sistino chapel by the chamberlains, and were greeted by Gen. Sherman's daughter. A princess invited Col. Cody to a place in the tribune of the Roman nobles. He stood facing the gorgeous diplomatic corps, surrounded by Prince and Princess Borghesi, Marquis Serlupi, Princess Bandine, Duchess Grazioli, Prince and Princess Massimo, Prince and Princess Raspoli, and all the ancient families of the city.

When the Pope appeared carried above the heads of his guards, preceded by the Knights of Malta and a procession of cardinals and archbishops, the cowboys bowed, and so did the Indians. Rocky Bear knelt and made the sign of the cross. The Pontiff leaned yearningly towards the rude groups and blessed them. He seemed to be touched by the sight. As the train swept on the Indians became excited. A squaw fainted. They had been warned not to utter a sound, and were with difficulty restrained from whooping. The Pope looked at Colonel Cody intently as he passed and the great scout bent low as he received the benediction. After the thanksgiving mass, with its good choral accompaniments, with now and then the Pope's powerful voice heard ringing through the Sistino chapel, the great audience poured out of the Vatican, when the Indians went back to their camp, within sight of the grim castle of San Angelo.

It is surprising, says the *Ave Maria*, that no member of his flock has taken the Rev. Dr. Talmage to account for idolatry. He has been making a "lover of the world," and secured a stone from Calvary for the corner-stone of his new church in Brooklyn. A stone from Mars' Hill, Athens, where St. Paul preached, will be set into his new pulpit, and stones from the Jordan and Mount Sinai are to serve similar purposes. Dr. Talmage's respect for holy places and sacred associations is very creditable to him, and we should say the same of his veneration of relics only for the profane use to which he puts them.

Men and Things.

In Lord Tennyson's last book, "Demeter" there is a remarkable poem, "The Loper's Bride," suggested by the self-sacrifice of Father Damien which ends with the words that Father Damien might have used to the lepers:

"In the name
Of the everlasting God I will live and die with you."

Rt. Rev. Bishop Foley addressed 50 newsboys recently in Detroit. The Bishop admonished them never to make use of profane language, and urged them to strive after as good an education as they could. In conclusion the Bishop made the munificent offer to educate two boys, Protestant or Catholic, at his own expense. "I will," said the Bishop, "provide them with the best education that can be obtained in Detroit."

The *Daily Graphic* gives its readers a sketch in pen and ink, as well as a drawing of a Papal reception. To secure a good place, we are told, people will wait patiently for two hours; and there is a good deal of crowding and pushing even in the drawing room. The *Daily Graphic's* correspondent says that His Holiness finds the ceremony of being carried on men's shoulders very trying, since the swaying motion affects him with a kind of sea-sickness; adding, "but the blessing he gives in his sweet, clear voice always sounds heartfelt and genuine as he raises his thin white hands in benediction." No photograph, continues this eye-witness, gives a satisfactory idea of the Pope's appearance, since the white satin of the Holy Father's robes is a bad subject for photography, and makes the face appear older and more sallow than it really is. And special stress is laid in this description upon the kindly expression of the Pope's countenance. As for the audience chambers of the Vatican, it is said that but for the pictures on the walls they are gaunt and bare.

There is no man in the Irish party, with the exception of the few foremost leaders occupying the van, whose patient energy in the National cause will be more sadly missed than that of Mr. Joseph Gillis Biggar. Mr. Biggar was sometimes made the subject of humorous paragraphs by the London correspondents of the Provincial journals, but, as a matter of fact, there was not in Parliament a man of more sober judgment, or one more rigid in his adherence to principle. Right through the National struggle he has been the very essence of staunchness and consistency, never deviating one jot from the goal he had in view. And as he it was who was chiefly instrumental in rejecting the old *laissez faire* policy and in giving the Irish movement the initial impulse which has brought it to its present stage of success under the leadership of Mr. Parnell. He was an unflinching advocate of total abstinence. At the annual conventions of the National League of Great Britain his voice was always raised in its favor; and at the opening of the present session he gave notice of a Bill dealing with the licensing of clubs. Mr. Biggar was a convert to the Catholic faith.

Sir William Harcourt has administered a *castigation* to Prof. Tyndall in the following letter addressed to a gentleman with reference to Professor Tyndall's recent speech at Belfast:—"Malwood, Lyndhurst, February 8th.—Dear Sir,—I agree with you that the language reported to have been used by Professor Tyndall on the subject of Mr. Gladstone is alike foolish and disgraceful. It is, perhaps, too much to expect political wisdom from a scientific Orangeman, but to say of the foremost man of our time that, 'judged objectively and in reference to acts brought about not, perhaps, by his intention, but by his mismanagement, cowardice, and vacillation, he was the wickedest man of our day and generation,' is a melancholy instance of how little education and science are able to restrain men of violent and intemperate passions from exhibitions which discredit not only themselves but the order to which they belong. Such language is only worth noticing because it affords an instructive example of the temper and tone of mind of the people who demand that we should accept either subjectively or objec-

tively the judgment on public affairs of those who call themselves the intellectual and educated classes. Nothing more bigoted or narrow-minded can be found in the barbarous intolerance of the dark ages. The role is, indeed, changed. Galileo has turned inquisitor, but the political world moves on all the same. Has it never occurred to Professor Tyndall as an experimental philosopher to draw an induction as to the desperate condition of the nation from multiplied observations that an overwhelming majority of the Irish, the Scotch, and the Welsh people, and a large proportion of the English also, adhere with a passionate devotion to the 'wickedest man of our day and generation,' the Royal Institution notwithstanding?—Your obediently, W. V. HARCOURT."

In his lately published book on men and things in the New World, Sir Charles Dilke thus depicts the Premier of the Dominion: "The position of personal influence which Sir John Macdonald holds in the Dominion is unique among the politicians of the British Empire. If it were possible to institute a comparison between a colonial possession and a first class European power. Sir John Macdonald's position in Canada might be likened to that of Prince Bismarck in the German Empire. In personal characteristics there is much in "John A.," as he is oftenest styled, to remind one of another European statesman now deceased—Signor Depretis, the late Prime Minister of Italy—for there are certainly not a few points of resemblance between "The old Stradella" and "Old To-morrow" as Sir John is also familiarly called from his custom of putting off disagreeable matters. The Prime Minister of the Dominion is frequently likened to Mr. Disraeli, but this is chiefly a matter of facial similarity, a point in which the resemblance is striking. The first time that I saw Sir John Macdonald was shortly after Lord Beaconsfield's death, and as the clock struck midnight, I was starting from Euston station and there appeared on the step of the railway carriage, in Privy Councillor's uniform (the right to wear which is confined to so small a number of persons that one expects to know by sight those who wear it) a figure precisely similar to that of the late Conservative leader, and it required, indeed, a severe exercise of presence of mind, to remember that there had been a banquet from which the apparition must be coming, and to rapidly arrive by a process of exhaustion, at the knowledge that this twin brother of that Lord Beaconsfield whom shortly before I had seen in the sick room which he was not to leave, must be the Prime Minister of Canada. Sir John Macdonald's chief note is his expansiveness, and the main point of difference from Disraeli is the contrast between his buoyancy and the sphinx attitude. Macdonald is the life and soul of every gathering in which he takes a part, and in the exuberance of his antique youthfulness Sir John Macdonald resembles less Disraeli than Mr. Gladstone whose junior he is by a few days more than five years, and whom he also successfully follows in House of Commons tactics of adroitness as well as in his detestation of those who keep him chained past midnight to his House of Commons seat."

Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin, M.P., ("the eagle of the West" of Mr. Alonzo Wright's speech) while enveloped in deep thought the other day in the Parliamentary Library, absent-mindedly left the place without his *chapeau*, which is the French for hat. The librarian, Mr. Martin J. Griffin, on discovering Mr. Davin's headgear at once returned it accompanied by the following gem of poetry:

Dear Davin—Yes; you've left your hat—
A good one too, I'll witness that.

It covers much of sense and wit
And yet I have no use for it.

But what a godsend if, instead
You'd left behind your clever head.

M. J. G.

To this Davin aptly replied:

I'd have gladly left my head
Could I have carried yours instead.

N. F. D.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commended by

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

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

Rt. Rev. T. J. Dorling, Bishop of Hamilton.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, Toronto.

The late Archbishop Lynch.

The late Rt. Rev. Bishop Carbery of Hamilton.

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

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion

Published by

The Catholic Review Publishing Company, (Limited)

Offices: 64 Adelaide St. East, (opposite Court House).

A. O. MACDONELL, Managing Director

PH. DEGRUCHY, Business Manager

Terms: \$2.00 per annum, payable strictly in advance. Advertisements unexceptionable in character and limited in number, will be taken at the rate of \$2 per line per annum 10 cents per line for ordinary insertions. *Small rates: 10 copies, \$15.*

All advertisements will be set up in such style as to insure the tasteful typographical appearance of the REVIEW, and enhance the value of the advertisements in its columns.

Remittances by P. O. Order or draft should be made payable to the Business Manager.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, Mar. 8, 1890.

The expressions of regret called forth by the death of Mr. Joseph G. Biggar, M.P., Mr. Parnell's oldest colleague and the father of Obstruction, have been general and sincere. Once the most hated man in the House, he earned in the end, as the *Morning Post* admits, the respect of his opponents, and even the coarse cynical *St. James' Gazette* acknowledges that "the kindly tone of the notices in the Unionist press is not a mere concession to conventional good feeling." These things, as the *Weekly Register* well says, are better late than never; "but why," it asks, "didn't it say them before?" The present miserable condition of political life, it truly says, owes half its embarrassments to the bitterness of speech permitted on the platform and in the press. The pretty lines which Mr. Rider Haggard once adopted from an older author, and which anticipate the kisses to be placed on the dead man's brow:

"The way is lonely, let me feel them now,"

may be applied to public as well as to private life.

The controversy upon the language question which has of late been agitating Parliament and the country "is not a new one in Canada" remarks the *Dominion Illustrated* "but we had been flattering ourselves that the subject had been exhausted and that it should trouble us no more." Tracing the legal provisions and enactment upon the question from the date of the cession down to the compromise of 1870, that journal—an excellent and ably edited one—shows the subject to be one to be dealt with by those specially concerned in every instance where it is a local or provincial question. "Whatever may have been the motive" it says "for thrusting it upon the arena of Parliament, such action can only have been taken at the risk of reviving or intensifying passions and prejudices most detrimental to the well-being of the nation. Happily the moderation of our leading public men has triumphed and the question has been settled in the manner best calculated to satisfy the claims of justice and to promote peace and good will."

THE EQUAL RIGHTS PARTY AND THE SEPARATE SCHOOLS.

THE Provincial Council, the executive body, of the Equal Rights Association for Ontario have published an Address to the people of Ontario inviting them to unite in demanding such a revision of the constitution as will lead to the abolition of the Separate School system now existent in the Province of Ontario. The Manifesto is a further, and a fuller, enunciation of the principles and the purposes of the Equal Rights party. "Our leading position" the document reads "is that civil authority and ecclesiastical authority should not be confounded; that Church and State should, each in its own sphere, accomplish its own work with its own resources; and that the Church should not give law to the State in civil matters any more than the State should trench upon the freedom of the Church in spiritual things." We pass this with just this remark, that their "leading position," then, is a cheap one compared with the greater question which the announcement of their plans at once creates—the question of the relative rights of the State and the individual. That, as we shall show later, is the point at once involved—the question as to whether the rights of conscience of a minority are to be outraged or respected—and we venture to think that it had been better in the authors of the programme to have addressed themselves to this, the larger, aspect of the subject instead of merely giving solemn affirmation to a platitude. "Our platform" the Address goes on to say, "condemned the *Jesuits Estates Act* on this, among other grounds, that in flagrant disregard of the sovereign rights of the Queen, and in clear violation of the Supremacy Act it recognized the right of the Pope to interfere in the affairs of Canada. This, our contention, has been amply sustained by the interpretation of the Act since given by the press which supports Mr. Mercier, and by the emphatic and boastful avowals of Mr. Mercier himself. No reasonable man can any longer maintain that the Act introduced the name of the Pope merely as an arbitrator between parties in his own Church, without conceding to him any authority in civil affairs. It is now professed that in things which affect the Church in Quebec the canon law has supreme authority, and when it comes into conflict with the civil order must carry the day. The situation is thus sufficiently grave." We quote the passage so that our readers may see how carefully and deliberately the leaders of the Equal Rights party can misstate the circumstances surrounding the *Jesuits' Estates* legislation. In delivering their protest against that legislation they discharged, it is now explained, only a part of their duty. The more serious work remains, to which it has pledged itself—the abolition of the dual language in the North West, and of the Separate Schools wherever "the overwhelming mass of the people are opposed to them." With respect to the Separate School system the Equal Rights leaders justify their interference on the ground that the clauses in the British North America Act which secure the Separate Schools from any interference at the hands of the Provincial Legislatures that might prejudicially affect them, constitute a restriction of popular self-government upon the people of Ontario, and a constitutional grievance; and therefore they seek the revision of the B. N. A. Act, the instrument of our constitution, and the repeal of these guarantees and safeguards, in order that they may proceed without delay to assert, even in regard to the cherished and conscientious rights of their weaker neighbours, the unbridled will of their brute majority. We do not think we over-state the question. For example we find the

authors of the Manifesto, after recounting the grounds of their opposition to the Separate Schools, thus speaking: "We are not here required to delineate the arrangements which should be adopted by Ontario should the Provinces be invested with plenary power to deal with education, and should the desire to abolish Separate Schools prevail. We do not see that the present public school system would in such case require essential change. A purely secular system—a system perfectly neutral as regards the Christian faith—would not, we are certain, secure the approval of this Province. Nor can it be shown that a due regard for religious liberty or a proper conception of the relations of Church and State make such a system necessary. A large proportion of the Roman Catholic children of Ontario protected by the conscience clause, attend our public schools, and we are not aware that there is any evidence of their faith being assailed or their religious feelings being treated with disrespect." Now, we venture to think that if these words mean anything they mean that, in the event of Separate Schools being abolished, Catholics may send their children to the public schools—or go hang. Certainly we cannot charge Dr. Caven with want of candor.

The existence of the Separate Schools, it is contended, violate a fundamental principle with the Equal Rights Association, that public money should not be given to sectarian purposes; and tend to injure the State by keeping apart in youth those who should grow together in a common citizenship. To this it is added that the teaching in such schools is generally inferior to that of the common schools; that the Catholic parent is coerced into sending his children to them to the disadvantage of the latter; and that apart from and beyond all such considerations, and even should the Province of Ontario not desire to repeal the Separate School legislation, the liberty to do so should at least lie within its competency. We take it that the quietness with which this definition of the somewhat destructive policy of the Equal Rights party has been received by the public is mainly due to the feebleness of the reasons thus brought to bear upon it. That the sums given by Government to Separate Schools constitute a grant for sectarian purposes is an obvious misstatement. The Government grant—and it is a very small one—is given not for sectarian purposes, but for educational purposes, and none other. The Separate Schools are subject, just to the same extent as the public schools, to Governmental regulation and inspection; their teachers must possess the qualification requirements of the Department of Education; and the extent of the aid they do receive from the Province is proportionate to, and dependent upon, the sum of their showings, both in respect to attendance and pass-work of their pupils, in the same manner as the common schools throughout the country. The contention that the continuance of the constitutional guarantees which secure the rights of the minorities in the Dominion amounts, in Ontario, to an intolerable limitation of provincial liberty is an *ad captandum* argument which may go for something in a crowd but is scarcely deserving serious notice. The same may be said of the objection that a divided school system tends to keep apart the youth of the country and to kill that community of feeling and of confidence which comes of acquaintance and contact. If that be so, and if that be a proper ground for State interference, then there can be nothing urged against the school that cannot be urged against the Church. If the rights of conscience, in the last resort, are to be subject and subordinate to the State, if it be within the

right of the State to enact a compulsory education law, why should not, proceeding logically upon that principle, the State enact a compulsory Uniformity of Public Worship Law, and compel all citizens, in order to create community of feeling, to conform to it? We claim leave to submit that this is the logical development of this principle. The argument of the Equal Rights leaders carries them too far; and the application of their principle ends in Caesarism and in the negation of individual liberty.

Putting aside, however, all nice questions of whatever sort, and coming at once to the question in the broad, we say that what the Equal Rights party proposes to itself is simply the denial of the natural rights, the rights of conscience, of the individual. By the law of nature, fathers and mothers have, by right, the guardianship of their own children. They have the right to control the education of their children. It is their right—more than this, it is their duty—to select such schools and such instructors as they believe to be safest and best for their children. That right, to educate their children, belongs by the divine and natural law as inalienably to the parent as does the right to nurture and to train them; and no education law that was ever proposed is either just or moral which is not in conformity with that parental right and liberty of conscience. And it is the violation and subversion of this natural right that the Equal Rights party proposes to accomplish in this Province by a single blow. We believe that they cannot be successful, and that they mistake the disposition of the heart, and the intelligence and feeling, of the nation.

So far we have spoken of the proposal from the religious point of view chiefly. Let us look at it for a moment in its political aspect. The work to which the Equal Rights party promises to set itself is nothing less than the displacement of the cope stone of the constitution—for such only can they be called—the guarantees entered into at Confederation for the protection of the rights of the minorities in the two chief provinces. To attempt that task is to open up the most disturbing question that confronted the public men of Canada in their endeavours, in the pre-Confederation days, to make of Canada a united nation. The task is pre-eminently a dangerous one. Whatever rights in regard to Separate Schools are conferred by the constitution upon the Queen's Roman Catholic subjects in Upper Canada, are by the same instrument conferred upon Her Majesty's Protestant subjects in Lower Canada, and it is to their interest, not less than ours, to maintain these guarantees intact. As the *Montreal Gazette* has plainly told them they stand or fall in this matter with the Roman Catholic minority in Ontario. The *Equal Rights* manifesto speaks of a uniform and national system of education. There can be no uniformity of system without uniformity of sentiment; and the sentiment in Ontario is Protestant, whereas it is Catholic in Quebec. It is the part of wise men to let well enough alone. A movement such as the Equal Rights authorities contemplate might be fraught with very serious consequences. We have no fear that it will succeed nor that it will make very much progress. But even the assertion of such a purpose is as unwise as, in the circumstances of the Dominion, it is unpatriotic.

The religious missionaries of Africa are in Toronto collecting funds for the great work undertaken by Cardinal Lavigerie, at the urgent desire of the Holy Father—the abolition of the terrible slave trade in Africa,

THE LAST RAG OF RELIGIOUS DISABILITIES.

A Bill has been drafted and printed and will shortly be introduced to the English House of Commons which has for its purpose the removal of the last vestige of religious disabilities—"A Bill to Remove the Disabilities of Roman Catholics to hold the offices of Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland." It has been jointly prepared and brought in by Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. John Morley, Sir Horace Davey, and Mr. Asquith. Mr. Gladstone in a public speech some time ago drew attention to the anomalous nature of this proscription, and the point he raised was touched on in reply by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach at Bristol who said that the disability remained merely because no one had made a proposal to remove it. Later it was referred to by the Marquis of Ripon in his speech at Nottingham last month. "There are," he said, "a few survivals of disabilities of a curious kind. One is that of all the offices in the world which cannot be filled by a Catholic is the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland, and there is yet another high office which a Catholic cannot by law hold, and that is the office of Lord Chancellor of England. So this curious state of things is now seen—that the most eminent advocate of the day, my learned friend Sir Charles Russell, is not at the present moment eligible for the highest position of his profession. But these are things which have not been set right simply because no party has given itself the trouble to set them right, and if they are only taken up by the public I have every confidence that they will be remedied."

What applies to Sir Charles Russell in relation to the Lord Chancellorship applies as fully to Lord Ripon and the Lord Lieutenancy. Incidentally the submission of the Bill is a witness that the Liberal party is within measurable distance of a return to power, for the significance of the Bill consists in this that Sir Charles Russell and Lord Ripon, who are Catholics, are the two men within the Liberal ranks to whom all eyes are turned as the most fitting occupants of the positions. What attitude the Government will assume towards the Bill is not known yet, but if, at the command of its Orange contingent it places itself in opposition to it, it will do so, it is believed, with the certainty of defeat. Not even so devout a Tory as Mr. Edwin de Lisle will be found, in such an issue, in the ranks of the enemy. The Bill is, of course, certain to encounter the closest scrutiny, but so carefully have its provisions been framed that criticism on even such delicate points as the Lord Chancellor's clerical patronage, seem to be already discounted and disarmed. For example, it is provided that the right of presentation to ecclesiastical benefices shall be exercised so long as the Lord Chancellorship is held by a Catholic by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York in their respective provinces, and that the duties of trusteeship, attaching to the Chancellorship, in any institution or endowment maintained exclusively for the benefit of the Church of England shall be performed (while the office is held as aforesaid) by such Judge of the Supreme Court of judicature, being a member of the Church of England, as Her Majesty for the time being may appoint to perform them. These clauses, it is thought, will take the sting out of any forthcoming criticism. Sir Charles Russell in the event of his accession at some not distant day to the Lord Chancellorship, it is worthy of remark, will be the first Lord Chancellor of England, since Blessed Sir Thomas More who laid down his life rather than assert the King's spiritual supremacy. Whether or not Sir Charles is ready to mount the woolstack remains to be seen. Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., in an article in the *North American Review* for March on "The Coming

Men in England," leans to the opinion that Sir Charles is too able a man to be cut short in his career in that summary manner. A Lord Chancellor goes out of office with his party, and is debarred from returning to the practice of his profession. There remains for him only a peerage, translation to the Upper Chamber—that "dwindling upwards," as some one has termed it—which, even when united with the highest order of abilities, as in the case of Mr. Robert Lowe (now Lord Sherbrooke) seems to be followed by speedy political extinction.

"FATHER" PECCI.

The late Cardinal Pecci, the elder brother of the Sovereign Pontiff, whose death we recorded a week ago, was a member of the Jesuit Order, and the story of his connection with the Society is an uncommon one. In 1848 when the Pope and the Jesuits were put to flight by the outbreak of the Revolution Father Pecci shared the fate of his brethren. The members of the Society were scattered hither and thither; some taking refuge on foreign shores, others retiring for awhile to their ancestral homes. Of the latter class was Father Pecci, who while thus at home was visited by a dangerous illness. During his illness the desire took possession of him to withdraw from the Society. He obtained a Papal dispensation to do so—the necessary condition in the case of a professed Father, to save the retiring member from incurring excommunication.

The elevation of his brother, many years later, to the Papal throne, naturally brought about his own; and in 1879 he was invested with the purple, not less on account of his high theological attainments than his near relationship to the Sovereign Pontiff. But about ten years afterwards the quondam Jesuit Father, now a Cardinal, sought to be received into the Society again, and it is said to be an open secret that this unusual step was taken on the distinct recommendation of the Sovereign Pontiff, his younger brother. Thenceforward and for several years in the Jesuit House at Castel Gandolfo his daily employment was in the kitchen and scullery, and in laying the table for the scholastics and other junior members of the Community. And so death finds him, says a writer in the *Weekly Register*, "in the way of his choice 'an abject in the house of his God.' He is not a novice for the first time in his old age, like his predecessor in the Sacred College, Cardinal Odescalchi; nor does he hang up the Cardinal's hat on a tree when first it is brought to him, like the Franciscan St. Bonaventura, whom the Pope's chamberlain found washing up the dishes. This present instance even surpasses the other in the impressiveness of its teaching. The moral is one that needs no great expansion, and it will suffice to detail these simple facts to claim for it the serious consideration, as it will doubtless arouse the attention and wonder of the world."

In connection with the death of Cardinal Pecci, the *Daily News*—after the *Times* the most anti-Catholic of the London daily papers—took the occasion to assert that the elevation of the Cardinal's brother to the Papal Chair brought the Jesuits around their former confères begging him "to come back again." As the *Register* remarks, "the Society is notoriously not in the habit of either louting for new members or soliciting the return of old members who have left it." "And if," it adds, "our contemporaries are correct in their surmise that the Cardinal's nearness to the Pope was the motive of their supposed invitation, the Jesuits showed less than the wisdom they are credited with by putting the Pope's brother persistently to the work of the scullery and kitchen—a measure hardly calculated, in itself, to promote their interests at the Vatican."

FATHER CONOLLY, S. J., AT SMITH'S FALLS.

LAST week was quite an eventful one in the history of the stirring and progressive parish of Smith's Falls. A few Sundays ago Father Staunton rejoiced the congregation by the announcement of a Lenten mission to be given by the Jesuit Father Connolly from Montreal. On the first Sunday of Lent a large gathering from town and country assembled in the beautiful Gothic church with its solid altars of polished marble, for the opening of the Mission. At the evening service the concourse was still larger and went on increasing throughout the week notwithstanding the almost continuous rain downpour. Not only the seating but also the standing capacity of the edifice was brought into requisition especially on the two last days when clear weather set in. The morning instructions, of a very practical nature, were well attended and much appreciated. A considerable number of enlightened Protestants assisted at the evening services and followed with close attention the proofs for the leading dogmas of Catholic teaching—the Church, Sacramental Confession, Real Presence, Devotion to the Blessed Virgin—which were interlarded with the eternal truth that determine the will to the practice of a Christian life. A number of clergymen from the adjoining parishes assisted in the work of the confessional, and a large number profited by their ministry. Many who had been notorious delinquents of duty for many years were seen approaching the sacraments. Great praise in this connection is due to Father Staunton who, following the footsteps of the Good Shepherd, and not deterred by the rain, the slush and the mud scoured town and country in search of the straying sheep. This pressing invitation usually struck responsive chords. "I gave my word that I would make the mission" said a neglectful but whole souled old lady "and I waded and waded through the water in order to come to my duty."

One of the most consoling fruits of the missionary's labor was gathered among the children. All assembled in the afternoon of the first four days for instruction adopted to their age, after which they approached the Sacraments. Their closing ceremony was most impressive and witnessed by a large number of their grown up relatives. It consisted of a solemn consecration to the Sacred Heart and a pledge administered to the boys against the use of tobacco and stimulants before the age of twenty-one.

Sunday, the closing day, was one of general commotion among the parishioners of Smith's Falls—going and coming to and from the church. Hundreds received the scapulars and had crucifixes, beads and pious objects blessed. But it was above all a day of parochial organization through the League of the Sacred Heart. After High Mass the men of the parish held a meeting organising the men's branch. Officers were elected and a pledge to practice and promote temperance by abstaining from intoxicating drink in saloons, taverns hotels etc, was administered. This pledge, together with fidelity to the morning prayer and general communion five times a year are the practices of the Men's League. The C. M. B. A. powerfully contributed to the organization, entering as they did in a body and pledging themselves to the practices of the Holy League.

Never did the town witness such a brilliant assemblage as that which met in the church at 3 p. m. to inaugurate the Ladies' Branch of the Holy League. The missionary Father explained the three degrees—morning prayer and offering to the Sacred Heart, daily decade of beads, and monthly Communion of Reparation to which was added the institution of the Altar Society opened by His Grace the Archbishop for the diocese. A council of nine was formed of the most influential ladies representing the various sections of the parish also a working body of twenty five promoters chosen from the most intelligent young ladies who were entrusted with the commission of recruiting each a band of fifteen associates to be composed of men and boys as well as women and children, that thus whole families might be enlisted in the ranks of the League. Their duties were explained not only as Promoters of the Apostleship of Prayer but also of the Altar Society which demanded zeal for the becoming adornment of the sanctuary and also fervent interior piety assisting at the Holy Sacrifice and visiting the Blessed Sacrament even on week days as far as duties of state and occupations permitted.

Several committees were appointed, each presided over by one of the Lady Councillors, in order to meet different wants of the Parish, a library committee, a benevolent committee, a sanctuary committee, composed of four and acting under the General Council Committee. A distinguished prelate of the Baltimore Catholic Congress said what we need in our days is Salvation armies that will go out and do service for the church in the highways and by-ways, in the factories of trade and the marts of commerce. Smith's Falls has its salvation army inspired with the Catholic spirit organized and equipped to bring into the church to her preaching and Sacraments—every soul in the parish that is bound to her allegiance.

We would fail to notice one of the most important results of the mission if we passed in silence the Parochial Library. The rising generation educated partly in non-Catholic schools and in daily contact with a heretical or sectarian public, unlike the old one just passing away, must be a reading generation. The problem to be solved is: Shall it have a supply of Catholic literature as an antidote against war, or shall it be handed over to all the new fangled ideas and theories of the age, to have its false notions and prejudices strengthened and ingrained. Father Staunton has given the only satisfactory answer, and at the same time a practical one, by availing himself of the mission, to start in his parish a Catholic circulating library, and generously contributing \$50 as the commencement of a literary fund. The announcement of the project was received with great satisfaction by the people on Sunday. Already a hall has been engaged and committee formed. It is to be conducted under the direction of the League of the Sacred Heart, each branch of which, men's and women's shall have its own librarian and hours. The fees will be so light as to render it easily accessible to every family in the parish. We have only to hope that the precious fruits of the mission may be perpetuated and that Leagues, Temperance and Altar Societies and Library may realise the most sanguine expectations of all who have projected and encouraged them.

A WOMAN IN THE CASE.

There always is. She is the power behind the throne. A woman's influence over the man who loves her is often absolute. To wield so great a power to guide, strengthen and help her husband, a woman's mind should be clear and healthy. It cannot be if she is suffering from any functional derangement. How many a home is made unhappy because she who should be its life and light is a wretched, depressed, morbid invalid! Wives, mothers and daughters, why suffer from "female complaints" which are sapping your lives away, when Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will renew your health and gladden those about you? It has restored happiness to many a saddened life. Why endure martyrdom when release is so easy? In its special field there never was a restorative like the "Favorite Prescription."

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REST.

My feet are wearied and my hands are tired—
 My soul oppressed—
 And with desire have I long desired—
 Rest—only rest.

'Tis hard to toil—when toil is almost vain
 In barren ways:
 'Tis hard to sow and never garner grain
 In harvest days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear—
 But God knows best;
 And I have prayed, but vain has been my prayer
 For rest—sweet rest.

'Tis hard to plant in Spring and never reap
 The Autumn yield;
 'Tis hard to till—and when 'tis tilled to weep
 O'er fruitless field.

And so I cry a weak and human cry,
 So heart-oppressed:
 And so I sigh a weak and human sigh
 For rest—for rest.

My way was wound across the desert years,
 And cares infest
 My path; and through the flowing of hot tears
 I pine for rest,

'Twas always so; when still a child I laid
 On mother's breast
 My wearied little head; o'en then I prayed,
 As now, for rest.

And I am restless still. 'Twill soon be o'er;
 For down the West
 Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore
 Where I shall rest.

Father Ryan.

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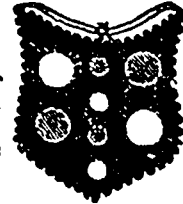
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Midland.....	6.30	3.30	12.30	9.30
C. V. R.....	7.00	3.20	9.00	9.20
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. W. R.....		2.00	9.00	2.00
	6.00	4.00	10.50	4.00
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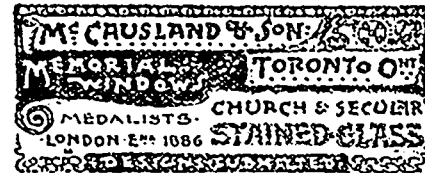
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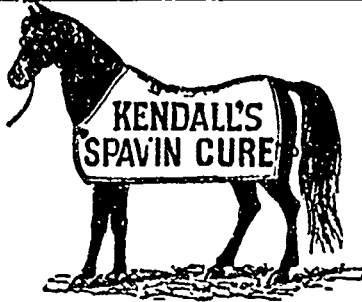
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