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# The Catholic Weekly Review.

JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CANADA

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

Vol. II.

Toronto, Saturday, Feb 18, 1888

No. 1.

## LUMEN IN CÆLO.

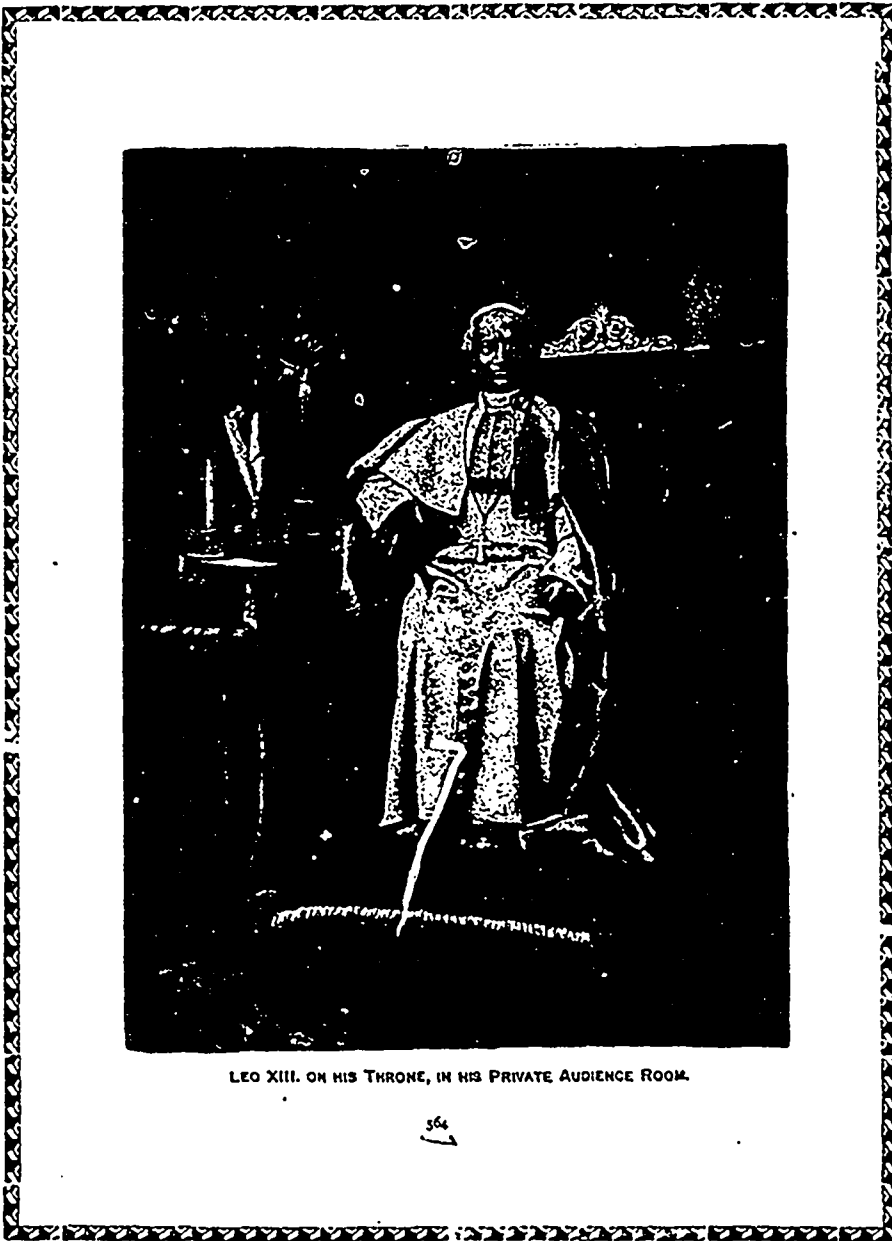
Auguror : Apparent flammantia lumina cælo,  
Sidereoque rubens fulget ab axe dies.

*Leo XIII., Poems.*

All through the long Pontificate of Pious IX, especially when troubles thickened around him, people could not help saying

Who was to be his successor? For the prophecy depicts the Pontiff taking up the cross laid down by Pius as "Light in the Heavens"—*Lumen in Cælo.*

Truly the unprecedentedly long reign of the late Pope had closed with the darkest days ever known to the Papacy since the times of the early persecutions. The States of the Church



LEO XIII. ON HIS THRONE, IN HIS PRIVATE AUDIENCE ROOM.

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at the words, *Cruz de Cruce*—"Cross upon Cross"—of the celebrated prophecy attributed to St. Malachy, were verified in his bitter and prolonged trials. While writing in 1878 the words of that Pope, the author could not help asking himself,

had been absorbed by the new kingdom of Italy. In the palace of the Quirinal was throned a power more hostile to everything Catholic than Henry VIII. or Elizabeth, and supported by a parliament whose policy and principles are infinitely

more irreconcilable with Catholicism than the policy and principles of Cromwell and his Parliament. The two most powerful Empires in Europe, those of Germany and Russia, had broken off all diplomatic intercourse with him who was, in a very true sense, "the prisoner of the Vatican." Republican France, in the hands of Voltairian sceptics and radical revolutionists, was with difficulty withheld from breaking openly with the Pope. Spain was friendly, but powerless to help him; Austria, like Belgium and Portugal, was secretly ruled by these occult but powerful organizations, which gave the law to the President of the French Republic, as well as to the successor of Victor Emmanuel. Great Britain, which had efficiently aided in despoiling the Pope of his States, never had, since the reign of James II., sent an official representative to the Holy See; and the Republican Congress of the United States had, after our war, and forgetful of the thousands of Catholics who had died for the Union, suppressed the American Legation at the Vatican. It was an ungenerous and impolite act, which another Congress and President will not fail to undo in the near future.

But meanwhile Pius IX. died, seemingly abandoned by all the nations who could help him effectually, and given over to the absolute dominion of the power which had stripped him of everything save the precarious tenure of the Vatican and its garden, with the mockery of a sovereign title, and which at any time could seize the Vatican itself, and leave the Pope without a roof in Rome, or in all Italy, he could call his own.

It was dark indeed. And how and whence was the light to come amid this settled and ever-deepening gloom above St. Peter's and the venerable seat of an authority which had outlived that of the Cæsars, of Charlemagne, and the Germano-Roman Emperors who succeeded to his title?

The bright solitary star which, in the ancient family escutcheon of the Pecci, sheds so brilliant a radiance on the earth beneath, might, and doubtless did, to some persons appear an augury of coming dawn, of hope of better things for the Papacy, for Christianity itself.

But, leaving out of the question the prophecy and its suggestions, there is in the brief reign of Leo XIII. enough of splendid achievement to justify the pregnant words of the prediction, had it been authentic. Against all seeming hope, against all the most solemn utterances of political prophets in both hemispheres, the moral superiority which Leo XIII. established for himself by his noble character, by the firm but gentle dignity of his official letters, and by the incomparable eloquence and elevation of his solemn teachings addressed to the Universal Church, had disarmed prejudice and hostility. As we write it is hoped that Germany is again renewing with the Holy See the friendly relations of other time, repealing the oppressive laws enacted against Catholics, and paying in the eyes of the civilized world the most exalted homage to the personal character and sovereign rank of the Roman Pontiff. At the same time Russia, which had already made approaches towards conciliation, is said to be sending a special envoy to negotiate about the sad condition of Polish Catholics, and other difficult religious matters in the Empire.

Great as is this result, brilliant as is, assuredly, the light shed from the Chair of Peter during the eight years already passed of this Pontificate, the life of the man himself, from his childhood to his sixty-eighth year, when chosen to fill the place of Pius IX., is one long luminous track, marked at its every stage by the gentlest, noblest virtues, by all those qualities which endear a man to all who know and approach him, by those utterances and deeds, which all who value still what is fundamental in Christianity are sure to admire and to praise.

Thus the personage whom we present to the study and admiration of the reader is not merely a great man, a great Pope, a great and eloquent teacher of all Christians and all mankind; he was a good and a true man in every relation of life in which he was placed, a gentle, docile, loving son, a child and a boy pious and thoughtful beyond his years, but a bright, joyous, manly, generous boy. And all the sweet promises which blossomed forth in his boyhood and youth were realized in the rich fruit of maturer years.

It is only by looking well into the life of him who is now Leo XIII., at all its stages, that one sees how beautiful it is. His pure, gentle but erect figure is one Fra Angelico could have delighted to paint; his life would have been worthy of the pen which wrote the "Fioriti di San Francesco."—*Mgr. O'Reilly's Life of Leo XIII.*

## MONTREAL GOSSIP.

Who among us has not pleasant recollections of that wonderful nursery classic, "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland"? How many of us, too, resemble Alice's curious collection of friends who ran races in a circle—not that like them we a win and all receive prizes. Oh, no! Indeed in the matter of prizes we often approach nearer to Alice herself, who had to put her hand in her own pocket before she was presented with an "elegant thimble." Honours are sometimes obtained in a like manner even in this enlightened city of ours—at least so it is whispered. But my thought of Alice came to me in connection with another episode of that inimitable book. When Alice grew so tall that she could no longer see her slipper, she decided to send it a letter addressed to the "care of Alice's Right Foot, Esq.," and so with our City Council which has at last awakened to the fact that Montreal is much too extensive for a large number of its streets to go any longer without name or direction. Consequently, we have been given a present out of our own coffers in the shape of blue enamelled tablets about two feet in length, with the names of the streets thereon in white letters. Long ago these streets showed their nomenclature by means of badly painted black and white boards, then somebody, like Artemus Ward's Betsey Jane, "reorganized" and the boards were removed, and the names of the streets painted on the glass of the corner lamp posts. When these gas lamps were superseded by electric light away went the lamp posts, names and all—and we have ever since in the matter of many of our best known, and what is worse, our least known thoroughfares, been walking "by faith and not by sight."

While seated at the breakfast table of a well known scientific in Montreal, one day last week, we were startled by a strange and rumbling sound which proceeded from a corner of the room between two coils of the hot water heating apparatus. The ladies of the party turned pale and trembled, the noise grew louder, a sort of knocking and thumping was heard, as if angry spirits were abroad. There was evidently a grave danger threatening, and word was sent to the coachman to go and investigate the furnace. Now, that functionary is not learned in hydraulics, nor yet in spiritualism, in fact his knowledge of spirits-and-water is much greater than his knowledge of either separately considered, so he could not penetrate the mystery of the knocking. Back came the message: "Please ma'am John can't find nothing wrong." Yet the noise waxed louder than ever until the room shook with its vibrations. The scientist who, like Charlotte in Thackeray's poem, had calmly

"Gone on cutting bread and butter,"

was at this juncture prevailed upon to go and see what was the matter. After a very few moments he returned with less determination in his expression than might have been expected:

"My dear, the noise is made by men who are nailing the names of the streets on both sides of the corner of the house!"

Ever since the days of the Tory Secretary of State, who had to get a map in order to know where Canada was situated we have been insulted, from time to time, in the leading English journals. The *Illustrated London News* and the *Graphic* take a particular delight in grossly caricaturing our country and all that appertains to it. The former, in its issue of the 28th ult., has two pictures which claim to represent "Winter in Canada," wherein Russian or Swedish sledges, with horse caparisoned in a style utterly unknown in our Dominion are portrayed as crossing the St. Lawrence. While as to the ice railway—well, such carriages and locomotives may possibly be used somewhere on the globe, but certainly not in Canada. I remember, a year or two ago, seeing in one of those papers a sketch of a Montreal toboggan slide in the height of the season. In the foreground were a few figures, copied, as to dress and detail, from one of the first Canadian Christmas cards issued some twelve or fourteen years ago, while, coming down the slide, in the leading toboggan, were *three squaws*! Then in this year's Christmas number of the *Illustrated London News*, "Christmas in the Old World" is portrayed by a scene of an English home of culture and refinement, while "Christmas in the New World" shows nothing better than a hunter dressed in skins, crouched over a camp fire, hobnobbing with an Indian! How is it that such ignorance pre-

vails? Are the countless intelligent and learned Englishmen who visit us annually, doubtless, report truly of what they have seen in this land beyond the sea—regarded by these opinionated journalists as Munchausen-like masters of mendacity?

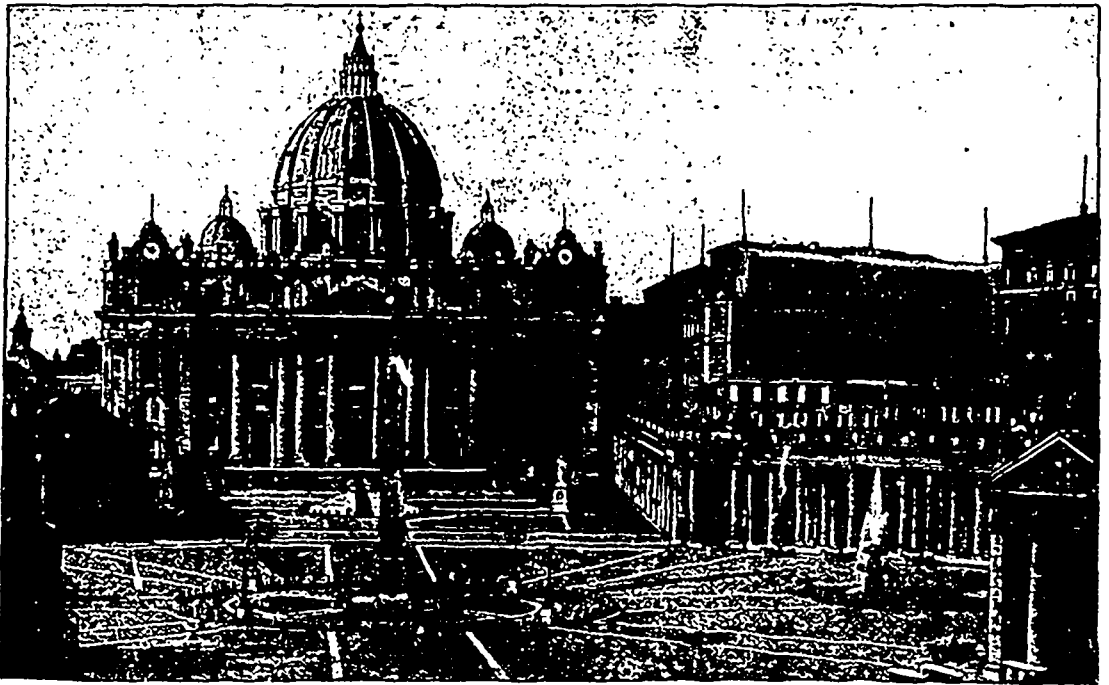
And now it will be in order for artists and journalists who have gone back a couple of centuries for their ideas of Canada, to rejoice exceedingly, and to grasp their pens and pencils with renewed vigour, for a story has just reached us which will suit their imaginations to a nicety, and which has the advantage of being true. A fortnight or so ago, Mgr. Hamel, of Laval, and the Abbé Bégin were on their way to the remote diocese of Chicoutimi to visit their dying friend, Bishop Racine. While journeying among the snow-covered Laurentians, in the wild and mysterious country of the Saguenay, an avalanche, sliding from a mountain side, overwhelmed the sleigh and its occupants. The Abbé Bégin, who found himself with one hand free, managed to work his way to the surface, and, with great difficulty, he, although somewhat of an athlete, managed to extricate his fellow-travellers. The driver was found to be nearly suffocated, and one of his legs was broken. Assistance was obtained from the nearest habitation, and the priests, provided with a new coachman, proceeded on their

was the original St. John's Church (Anglican). An old father who spoke but little English was employed to buy the church from its former owners, and in company with either the Protestant rector or his curate took a careful inventory of all furnishings, fixtures, etc. Among the most valued treasures of the church was a very beautiful brass lectern in the form of an eagle, which, needless to say, was destined for transportation to the new St. John's. This, however, the old father did not know, nor did he appreciate the work of art, so pointing to it he said with great gravity and some emphasis:—

"You can take your turkey with you!"

The members of the Third Order have very kindly put their church at the disposal of the German Catholics of the city, who at intervals assemble for mass and a sermon in their own language by Rev. Father Walrath, S.J.

The concert given last Thursday by the choir of the Gesu was in all respects a grand success. Even standing room in the Academic Hall was at a premium. The audience was thoroughly representative and critical, including lovers of music of all creeds. The programme was admirably carried out, and every number was loudly and deservedly applauded. Mr. Jehim Prume's *fantasie de violon (Vieux temps)* was the chief feature of the entertainment. OLD MORTALITY.



FRONT VIEW OF ST. PETER'S AND THE VATICAN.

way, but, owing to the delay, were not in time to see Monseigneur Racine alive.

On the evening of Friday, the 27th ult., the members of the Third Order of St. Francis, in this city, assembled in the Church of the Gesu to offer up prayers on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of our Holy Father. The procession, consisting of upwards of seven hundred men and women in brown cassock and cowl, with cincture of knotted rope, filed into the church chanting the *Miserere*. They then formed into two choirs and recited the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, after which they were addressed from the pulpit by the Rev. Father Turgeon, S.J. In speaking of the numerical increase of the Third Order in our midst, Father Turgeon said that in 1863, when it was first established here, the members consisted of three men who met in the old Recollet Chapel, now it has spread until it reaches nearly every Catholic family and binds them together in a union that strengthens and encourages Catholic life throughout the city." The service ended with solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

There is a funny story told of the first establishment of the Third Order in their present chapel on St. Urbain street, which

THE PRISONER OF THE VATICAN.

THE HOLY FATHER'S MASS.

It is the Feast of the Ascension, and there is to be a magnificent celebration at the basilica of St. John Lateran, the cathedral church of the Bishop of Rome, the Christian temple first in rank in the world. All Rome is to be there to-day, all the most distinguished artists in Italy, and the very elite of her scholars are all most anxious to take part in the solemnities.

What extraordinary circumstance thus attracts to the Lateran basilica, at the very extremity of the dustiest and most desolate part of Rome, all the aristocracy of rank and intellect in this most oppressive weather? They are throwing open to the public to-day the new apse of the basilica, reconstructed, enlarged, and decorated with frescoes and mosaics—a royal work undertaken at the command and expense of Leo XIII., and which, artists say, is one of the most glorious works of restoration in the world.

But, the reader will ask, is not Leo XIII. going to officiate in person in his own cathedral church, on such an occasion? No; the Pope, a prisoner in the Vatican, will never set foot within the walls of the Lateran, never gladden his eyes with the sight of the great work of art due to his munificence.

Besides, on this day,—the 3rd of May—they are celebrating in Rome the death of Garibaldi, his apotheosis, or deification, as the liberal journals call it. The various revolutionary clubs are in the streets with flags, and emblems, and garlands, and there are to be grand processions. But should Leo XIII.'s carriage appear in the streets, or should he, by some stealthy way, appear in St. John Lateran this day, Heaven only knows the consequences which would follow.

No; the prisoner of the Vatican could not venture into the streets of Rome,—not even to officiate publicly in the Church of St. Peter's; how much less safely could he pass through all Rome to pontificate in his own cathedral, or to assist at the joyous celebration of to-day! So we shall go to the Vatican, and spend as much as we can of this same Feast of the Ascension with that venerable man of seventy-seven, who bears so courageously the tremendous weight of an administration which knows not its equal on earth.

Here we are in the vast square of St. Peter's. The two great fountains within the opposite semi-circles of the colonnade are throwing high into the sultry morning air their flashing waters—the symbols of the increasing light for the mind and strength for the will, which flows from that Holy Spirit ever abiding in the Church. . . . Our carriage makes the circuit of St. Peter's and lands us in the interior court of St. Damasus. We alight, and as we prepare to ascend story after story of the magnificent marble staircase leading to the Pope's apartments, we meet our friend Monsignor Macchi, the *Maestro di Camera*, or high chamberlain to His Holiness. Spare and tall, he greets us, as he does everybody, with the pleasantest words, and we ascend. The soldiers of the Swiss Guards, with their picturesque costume and mediæval halberds, draw up to salute the high court dignitary. You will notice how grand, how solid, how massive everything is in these stairs and corridors. Up we go again, another long slight of the same stately dimensions. All is vast in this palace of the Vatican, where such large hospitality has often been dispensed by the Popes; all is magnificent in its elegant simplicity. Was this not built to last forever, as long as the peaceful principality of the Papacy itself? There are beautiful frescoes here and there which amateurs take leisure to examine. But we are hurrying to the Pope's early Mass in his private chapel, and so may not tarry to gaze about us.

We enter the Guard Room, spacious, lofty, gorgeously frescoed. The officers and guard at once rise to receive Monsignor Macchi, and we are in the ante-room, quite close to the Throne Room, the door of which is open. The attendants, in rich costumes, take our hats and the tickets of invitation, and we pass into the comparatively small chamber which opens into the little private oratory. It is a great feast, and a number of distinguished persons have requested the honour of being present at the Holy Father's Mass and receiving Communion from his hand. Folding-doors open out in front of the little altar, on which everything is ready for the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice. The priestly vestments are laid on the altar itself, and the Missal stands open at the Epistle side. We are ushered to seats in the middle of the room, where we can best see the Pope during the celebration. All present are absorbed in their devotions, no one seems to notice those who enter.

But where is the Pope?

He is still at his private devotions. This is for him a season of unusual fatigue, if one can so speak of a man who never knows, from year's end to year's end, any cessation from overwhelming labours and wasting cares. After his long, weary days of never-ending occupation, his encyclicals, discourses or letters have to be written in the quiet hours of the night. And has he not been found, by his faithful old valet, in the morning, with his head on his work-table, where sheer fatigue had brought on unrefreshing sleep.

Leo XIII. is an early riser. His valet awakes him at a stated and early hour. The aged priest has not changed the simple habits of a lifetime because he is Pope. He is soon dressed in his cassock of white, and spends a few moments in adoration at the altar of his private chapel. Then there is a brief hour spent in meditation or mental prayer on some of the great Gospel truths or mysteries. This over, one of his chaplains recites with him the three first morning "Hours" of the canonical office—and

#### THE HOLY FATHER IS READY FOR MASS.

Around his private apartments, meanwhile, all is silence. The wearied spirit of him who is Vicar of Christ soars aloft to the throne of grace to meditate there, in the divine light, on his own needs and the needs of his wide-spread flock. Prayer is to him a bath of life, from which he comes forth refreshed and strengthened for the day's labour before him. But prayer is also a preparation for the great priestly rite which is, and ever has been, Leo XIII.'s supreme comfort—the Mass.

We were also thinking of *The Presence* on yonder lighted altar, when there was a slight commotion in the chapel. All of a sudden every one had knelt as if moved by some common electric impulse. A white figure stands before the altar, with his face turned to us and the right hand holding a silver aspersory, sprinkling holy water on the assembled worshippers. It is but an instant that he remains fronting us. The face is of alabaster whiteness, and transparent almost, and the eye are all radiant with the fire of pity and fatherly kindness. The words of blessing were scarcely audible. It was as if some of Fra Angelico's glorified saints had walked out of the canvass, or come down from the frescoes on the wall, and shone upon us a moment, lifted his hand in blessing, murmured low words of love and greeting, and then turned away.

Leo XIII. then genuflected before the altar and retired a little to our left, to read with his chaplain the psalms and prayers before mass. There is in the Pope's pronunciation of the Latin something uncommonly sweet and distinct. His utterance is slow and measured. Every word is given out as if the speaker were weighing its deepest sense and enjoying it. No man I ever saw at the altar so impress me with the idea of one who is face to face with God and uttering every word with infinite reverence and feeling. Every now and then some verse in the psalms moved him more powerfully, and his deep grave voice sounded more clearly. Is there not a quiver in the aged voice? "Have mercy on me, O Lord; for I have cried to Thee all the day. For Thou, O Lord, art sweet and mild, and plenteous in mercy to those that call upon Thee."

When he came to recite alone the beautiful prayers after the preparatory psalms the silence in the chapel was painful. It was as if every heart there held its own pulsations to throb in that of the great High Priest of the Church pleading before the mercy seat, and now the slender white form is again before the altar; he kneels a moment, rises, and stands ready to be vested. His chaplains assist him, evidently feeble and seemingly fragile as he is, with a respect all mingled with tenderness. At last he is vested and

#### BEGINS THE MASS.

As Leo XIII. stands before us in his full priestly vestments, it is painfully apparent how aged is that frame on which rests the awful burden of such responsibility, care and toil. The shoulders and head are slightly bent, as if in reverence to the tabernacle. Beneath the white skull cap or beretta is a circle of the snow white hair. Every tone of the priestly voice is now fuller, more measured and distinct with deeper feeling.

One who has written of Leo XIII. the most unkind and untruthful things ever put in print about him, has also recorded that it is impossible to be present while he celebrates mass without feeling that this man is nearer to God than anyone else, and speaks to him in a tone of deeper love, reverence and adoration. We who have spent within a few years of half a century in priestly ministration are bound to say that nothing ever so powerfully moved our soul as to see Leo XIII. at Christ's altar, his whole soul lifted up as if the beatific vision held it, and made it plead there and supplicate with great heart-cries for the church whose dangers, trials and needs, are his especial care. The holy rite occasionally seems to be too much for him. His frame is so shaken that you fancy he will fall if not supported by his chaplain. One could have wished that a person apparently so feeble and so over-worked as the Holy Father should not have to give communion to the large numbers of strangers and pilgrims who are occasionally admitted to hear the Pope's mass. But that is the consolation of Catholics to receive Christ's divinest gift from his hand who is vicar of the Giver.

At length the mass is over. They bring an arm-chair to the Epistle side and the Holy Father is seated, and all present come to kneel at his feet whose very face and air and all about him remind you of Christ the Lord receiving little children.

How radiant the sweet spiritualized features are with fatherly kindness and interest ! And now, our turn coming, we are invited to be a little longer with the Holy Father. Is he not too fatigued ? Does he not wish to be left alone a while ? No. He is going to take his morning refection before beginning his terrible round of official labours. Quite near the little chapel is the Pope's breakfast room. It is simple enough in all conscience. And what is this breakfast ? A cup of black coffee with a small roll of bread. Nothing more. And now the breakfast is ended and the Pope withdrawn to his private study, where his enormous correspondence and his secretaries are waiting for him.

Think of the work that one man has to go through ! After examination of conscience and night prayers, the aged Pope is supposed to retire and to rest. His room is but simply and scantily furnished, and his rest, when not broken in upon, is barely sufficient to restore the forces of exhausted nature. And he is an early riser. His habits, as we have said elsewhere, are those of an ascetic. But does he never break in upon his rest ? Too frequently, they say. His magnificent encyclicals, his consistorial allocutions, his addresses to pilgrims, deputations and societies, his most important bulls or constitutions, are written, or corrected, or finished in the quiet of the night

the city. True, forty years ago, it had more of the Flemish, and less of the smart Parisian character, than now belongs to it ; but it was a strange and, to some extent, an untried field to one whose horizon had been bounded, from his birth onward, by that of the States of the Church. The personality of the young Nuncio was, however, a safe passport for him wherever he went. The qualities which had won the love of the Pontiff were readily recognized by the Protestant king ; and the tact which had been triumphant over the banditti of Benevento, was triumphant, too, at the dinner-table, and in Lady Seymour's drawing-room, and in the more Bohemian *Salon* of Charles Lever, whose house adjoined the English Embassy, and caught a stream of people coming from the Envoy's receptions, which closed at eight. At these gatherings the Archbishop of Damietta, truly *in partibus infidelium*, met the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Whately, with whom he made great friends. The loud buzz of conversation and the louder laughter which filled the room and followed the rollicking host wherever he wandered, made convenient cover for the conversation of these two quiet talkers on things theological, who were interrupted now and then by music, when Lever would sing, with a bow to the grave Nuncio, the German student's song he had translated :



GARDEN OF THE POPE, VATICAN.  
RECREATION PLACE OF HIS HOLINESS.

when all in the Vatican enjoy much-needed rest. But the white-robed figure, so much like an apparition, watches, works, prays alone in the stillness. He bears the burden of a whole world. His soul is sad with the sorrows, trials, and sufferings of the nations.

The lamp in the Pope's room in the Vatican, shining at night when all around is darkness, gives forth the *Lumen in Cælo*, that supernal light which even now illuminates both hemispheres. No such light, since St. Peter's teaching and virtues shone in that very spot, confounding and appalling the licentious and cruel Nero, ever shed its splendours on the world from the Seven Hills of Rome.—*From Mgr. Bernard O'Reilly's Biography of the Holy Father.*

#### NUNCIO AT BRUSSELS AND VISITOR TO ENGLAND.

At the age of thirty-three, the Delegate, whose work was done in Perugia, was precognised Archbishop of Damietta in January, 1843, and was sent as Apostolic Nuncio to Brussels. Fresh from his consecration in the Church of St. Lawrence, at the hands of Cardinal Lambruschini, he proceeded, by way of Marseilles, Lyons and Namur, to the Court of King Leopold I. It was not without some misgivings that he entered

"The Pope he leads a happy life,  
He fears not married care nor strife,  
He drinks the best of Rhenish wine :  
I would the Pope's gay lot were mine.

"But then all happy's not his life.  
He has not maid, nor blooming wife :  
No child has he to raise his hope :  
I would not wish to be the Pope."

Tact, unlike the kingdom of Heaven, comes with observation, and the future Pontiff kept observing eyes on all that passed around him in the Flemish Capital. The churches, the convents, the charities, and, above all, the schools, were constantly visited by him. His influence was already for that Literary Movement, which is the glory and in some sense the salvation of the century. Lacordaire, "keen for salvation and all that is beautiful," was even then preaching this Gospel of Letters to his countrymen in language which may, indeed, as the world grows old, be forgotten, but the influence of which shall never die : "Literature is the Palladium of all true-hearted nations ; and when Athens arose she had Pallas as her divinity. None save the people which are on the road to extinction refuse to recognize the value of Literature, and that because, esteeming matter beyond spirit, they cease to see light

or to feel movement. But among living nations the culture of Letters is, next to Religion, the greatest of public treasures, the aroma of youth, and the sword of manhood." This was the doctrine which the Nuncio propounded to the educationists of Brussels, and which he has since preached from the heights of Papacy to the educationists of the world.

At the Court of the widower of the Princess Charlotte there was much to call the attention of the Nuncio to England. It is not surprising, therefore, that, before he finally left Belgium for the See of Perugia, the future Pope spent a month in London; strolled in the Park; sat in the Distinguished Straugers' gallery in the House of Commons and heard O'Connell; looked into the print shops of Pall Mall; and, accustomed to the narrow streets of old Italian cities, was moved to admire Regent street, we may suppose for its breadth—memories which he recalls to English visitors at the Vatican year by year. It is hard to imagine Thomas Aquinas in Holborn; but a more singular figure in some ways was that of this future Pope wandering down Piccadilly, and breathing what Lord Beaconsfield called "the best air in Europe" at the top of St. James' street. To the boyhood of Brakespeare we must recur to see upon English soil any other predestined occupant of "the Throne of the Fisherman built by the Carpenter's Son."

### BYRON'S CENTENARY.

Not often does the poeage of Great Britain, or of any other country evolve genius from the depth of its mediocrity, but, sometimes, mayhap as often as once in a century, the phenomenon occurs. One illustration of this suggestion was Mirabeau, the orator at the opening Revolution in France, and another, John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, hail-fellow of the second Charles, and hero of the Burnet disquisitions upon Divine Truth; both scholars and poets, men of pleasure and luxury, open to every criticism for laxity of life and morals, but geniuses in all the high-sounding, magnificent meaning of that magic word.

The first of these having "boxed the compass" in all the navigation of untold seas, during the closing fourth of the eighteenth century, found himself in high estate among the members of the States General, when Louis the Sixteenth's throne began to totter, and later, almost immediately, the leader and the idol of the "sovereign people," then, with the destinies of the kingdom, apparently, in his hand, doomed to die with every noble impulse, seemingly, unfulfilled, to find repose for his mortality in a House of God desecrated by the fiat of a fiendish authority.

The second, a lad of thirteen when Charles the Second "came unto his own again," was a brave soldier and seaman, and so much of a poet as to arrest the attention of Sam Johnson, and elicit beneficent words from that man not given to motion; he lived the life of the generation of which Charles was a fair exponent, left some things for posterity to linger over (but not for long), and died, at last, "in the midst of his years" repentant and convinced, upon Doctor Burnet's authority.

These were men of genius we say, but a greater than either, from an equal rank in life, followed after them, in the person of George Gordon, Lord Byron, the centennial of whose birth now is observed in the world of letters. He flashed from the literary sky as the diamond scimitar of Solomon the Magnificent was wont to flame above the hosts of Mahomet in the later middle age; flashed, blazed a moment, arousing the attention of all men, from Southey (who hated him) and "Kitt North" (who loved him, unwillingly), to the older D'Israeli whom he loved, and by whom he was beloved, and then his light disappeared, even as the light of the scimitar was eclipsed in its own flashing,—but he had written his name in a very high place among English men of letters.

His was a strange, sad history, and it bears the sternest testimony to the truth of the homely adage, that she who rocks the cradle rules the world. Of temperaments not dissimilar, St. Augustine and Byron might have exchanged places in history, if Monica had been the poet's mother and Lady Byron the mother of the saint; for under the passion and erraticism of Byron's character, there was an infinite depth, whence there might have been realized the utmost of superhuman virtue, if only the man could have listened to

the teachings of the Spirit of God, which,—as there are a thousand evidences,—ever were rehearsed to the ear of his inner hearing. But, then, he had no mother, in the full acceptance of that saintly appellation; and so, a mother's hand led away from all that is most exalted in hope and aspiration, one upon whom God had breathed the breath of all the possibilities of true life.

Therefore, Lord Byron is not sitting on the literary throne in the Walhalla of Authors, which of right were his, although the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold must live in men's memories so long as the written words of men shall be remembered; and there are abundant passages which his pen traced under the light enkindled by the "divine fire." Yet, as a lover of liberty, a devotee when a blow was to be struck for the rehabilitation of a People, he is nobly immortal, and Greece, renewed, re-crowned, a "living Greece" once more, will perpetuate the better and the stronger side of Byron's nature, until the last stone of the Acropolis shall have crumbled into dust.—*Catholic Union and Times.*

## Correspondence.

### A FEW BOOKS FOR THE PRISONERS.

To the Editor of the CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW.

SIR,—Allow me to appeal to your numerous readers for a little help in carrying out a work which has just been started for the benefit of the Catholic prisoners in the Toronto gaol.

At the suggestion of His Grace the Archbishop, and with the permission of the proper authorities, the Hospital Committee of the St. Vincent de Paul Society decided a short time ago to visit the prisoners and establish a library for the purpose of supplying them with good and entertaining reading, as well as with prayer-books, and other religious objects. At considerable expense a book-case suitable to the institution, has been procured, and about fifty volumes placed in it. Members of the committee will visit the gaol every Sunday afternoon at the same hour as the attending chaplain, who has kindly offered to assist them in carrying on this work. A commencement has already been made, and as far as they are able to judge from the short experience they have had, the visitors are of opinion that much good can be effected through their services. Limited resources, however, prevent the committee from providing the library with such an outfit as it should have. A constant supply of prayer books and other religious articles will be required, and there should be at least two or three hundred volumes of good books. Will not some of your readers give a helping hand?

They can easily do so without contributing money although money will be acceptable too. Many have good books which have served their purpose of whiling away an idle hour, and for which they have no further need—there are others whose book-shelves have become overcrowded. Instead of destroying these, or throwing them aside to be *mildered*, why not send them to the Hospital Committee? I am sure there are hundreds of your readers who could spare a volume or two if they would only take the trouble to rummage a little through their libraries. Almost any kind of book is available, so long as it contains nothing contrary to faith or morals.

Mr. P. Curran, 92 Yonge Street, has consented to take charge of any donations that may be made to the Committee, and they may therefore be sent to his store, or given to the Presidents of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, in each parish, or, if it is not convenient to deliver the books, send or give the address and they will be called for. With much respect, I am, Sir,

A MEMBER OF THE COMMITTEE.

Toronto, Feb. 14th, 1888.

Subscribe for the CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW. \$2 per annum.

CANADIAN CHURCH NEWS.

After Grand Mass at the Basilica, Quebec, on Sunday last, Sir John Macdonald paid a visit to Cardinal Taschereau.

The Review had the pleasure of a call a few days ago from Mr. Thomas Coffey, publisher of the *Catholic Record* of London.

Mr. Thomas O'Hagan, of Mitchell, intends shortly to bring out "A Poetic Trinity," a volume of criticism on the poetical writings of Longfellow, Adelaide Proctor, and the late Mother Ryan.

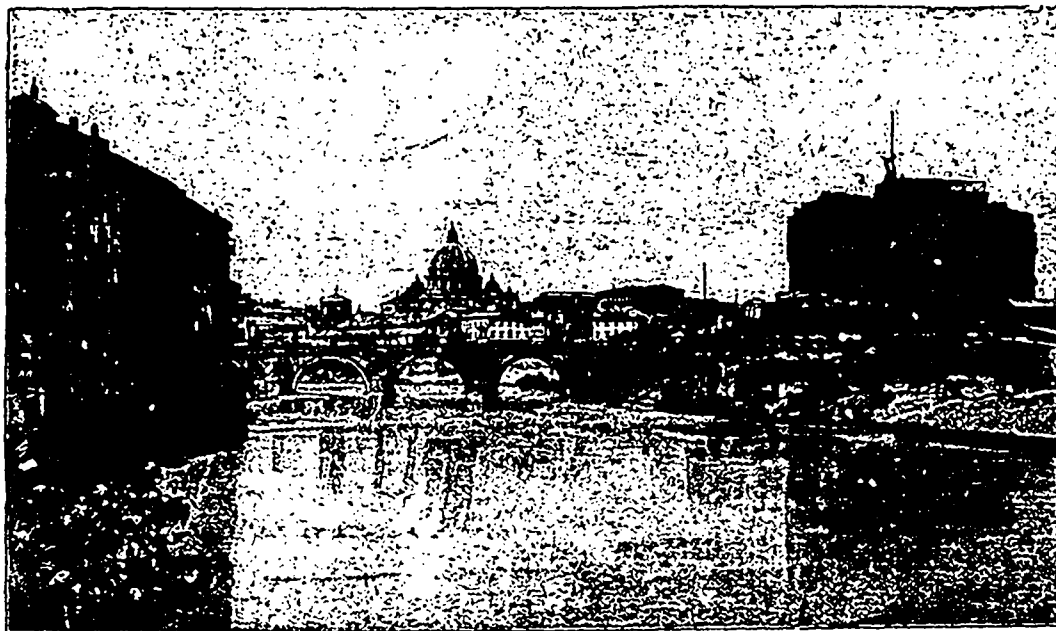
Copies of the photograph of Archbishop Charbonnel, recently sent by the Archbishop from his monastery in France to Mr. W. J. Macdonell of this city, may be procured from Mr. Lemaitre, 824 Yonge St. The proceeds of any sold will be applied to the funds of the St. Vincent de Paul Society.

A paper contributed to the coming number of the American Catholic Historical Society's magazine by Mr. H. McIntosh of this journal, on Father Louis Della Vigna, at one time pastor of St. Mary's Toronto, and whose life was

Hughes gave a selection on the violin, and Miss B. McKeown sang very sweetly. The entertainment concluded with a representative of a gipsy camp, in which fifty pupils took part. They wore suitable costumes and sang several choruses. The concert passed off very successfully.

"Five religious ladies of the Ursulines arrived here on Thursday from Three Rivers en route for the State of Maine, where they are about opening a monastery of their order."

The above is from the *Quebec Mercury* of Saturday. The Ursulines of Three Rivers were originally a branch of the Quebec monastery, founded by Mme. de la Peltrie and the Ven. Marie de l'Incarnation, and they were established in Three Rivers over two hundred years ago, subsequently becoming an independent house. The Quebec Ursulines after establishing the house in Three Rivers, as above stated, took no further steps in that direction until about fifteen years ago when they established a branch at Lake St. John in the district of the Saguenay, and a few years later, one at Stanfeld, in the district of Sherbrooke, both in the Province of Quebec; this new departure being inaugurated by a lady of Irish birth—the Rev. Mother St. Catharine, then Superioress. The present is the first attempt made by the Ursulines of Three Rivers to extend their Order.



THE TIDER:  
ST. PETER'S IN THE DISTANCE; CASTLE AND BRIDGE OF ST. ANGELO.

of peculiar motivation, will be read at the next meeting of the society at Philadelphia.

The Rt. Rev. Mgr. Brynere, Vicar-General of the diocese of London, who three weeks ago was struck down by paralysis, died on Monday night at the Bishop's palace. The deceased prelate was born near Lyons, France, and was between 90 and 95 years of age. He was elevated to the prelature in 1877, and was much esteemed for his purity of life, ability, and kindly disposition.

The golden jubilee of his Holiness the Pope has been celebrated in a suitable manner at St. Joseph's Convent in this city. The celebration was begun on Saturday by a solemn High Mass. Subsequently the community telegraphed congratulations to Rome. Monday afternoon a concert was given by the pupils of the academy in connection with the celebration. His Grace Archbishop Lynch presided, and a number of the clergy and the parents of the pupils were present. The halls were tastefully decorated for the occasion. An introductory, which was specially arranged for the occasion by the members of the community, was spoken by Miss Ann, Miss Maxwell, and Miss Way. A programme of vocal and instrumental music was rendered. Miss Ida

THE POPE'S FACE.

Christian Reid, in her exquisite novel, "Hearts of Steel," thus speaks of the Sovereign Pontiff:

"If ever a human countenance was expressive of intellectual and moral force, that of Leo XIII. is. And in his shadowy thinness—in that look which he has of being more spirit than matter—with the courage of a lion in his calm glance, and the sweetness of a saint on his lips, his is just the type a great punter would select if his epoch were thrown back a thousand years, and he wanted to embody a helmsman fit to steer the bark of Peter through raging seas.

"It is impossible to imagine anything more majestic than the voice and the utterances of Leo XIII. In listening to him one feels elevated into a religion as far above the mad cries of revolutionaries and the vague dreams of theorists as the eternal heaven is above the earth. And in the ability of a great ruler, in diplomatic sagacity and profound wisdom, no one, in all the long line of illustrious Pontiffs, has surpassed him."





# The Catholic Weekly Review.

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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 Editor.

## LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

St. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 27th Dec., 1887.

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, holds 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, FEB. 18, 1888.

## THE REVIEW'S SECOND VOLUME.

With this number THE REVIEW, which does not often force any reference to its own affairs on its readers, enters upon its second year of existence. A word or two about its work will not, at such a time, we feel be deemed unbecoming.

There is a tradition that the establishing of a Catholic journal is a work that is attended, at any time, with no little trial and difficulty, and that, in Canada, is beset with particular difficulties. It is a tradition that has been borne out by many and costly experiences. That being so, it will be understood that the work of starting and of sustaining a journal of the distinct character which the REVIEW has, at least, endeavoured to maintain, has not been an affair of altogether pleasant plain-sailing. Thanks, however, to the loyal support extended it from its very first appearance, and the cordial and encouraging assurance that its principles and its labours have not been unappreciated, THE REVIEW has the satisfaction of seeing its purposes, at the beginning of its second year, well in the way of accomplishment. Thanks, too, to the never-failing co-operation of its contributors—capable writers and Catholics bringing to their work stout Catholic spirit and sympathy—THE REVIEW has been able to fulfil fairly well, as it thinks, the promises of its prospectus. THE REVIEW for the present year will in every respect be improved and much strengthened. In the future, as in the past, the quality of its contents will be carefully looked after; it will be subject to no influence, political or of any kind, and its efforts will be directed solely towards ren-

dering itself an efficient auxiliary to the Church in Canada.

In order that its conductors may continue the good work thus auspiciously begun, and thus far so successfully carried out, they earnestly request the co-operation of all who have at heart the diffusion of Catholic literature, and the propagation of sound Catholic thought in this country. They can do this in no better manner than by aiding in the work of extending THE REVIEW'S influence and usefulness.

"We know perfectly well," wrote that great Catholic publicist, Brownson, "that the press cannot with us assume its proper rank without much labour and sacrifice, and not at all, unless its support is looked upon as a religious duty, and men undertake to sustain it for God's sake. But in these times and in this country we hazard nothing in saying that the support of the Catholic press is a religious duty, a duty to God and our neighbour. It is an act of spiritual charity which, if we love God, we shall feel it not only our duty but our pleasure to perform. If the press has, as we have endeavoured to prove, become, in these times, an indispensable, or even a useful instrument in the hands of Catholics for the defence of religion, the doctrines and rights of the Church, and even of social order and natural morality, it is the duty of Catholics to support it to the full extent of its wants and their means. Catholics should feel that it is a religious duty to support it even when they do not always see the soundness of the views on various questions which it may from time to time put forth. No editor of a Catholic journal speaks out of his own head, but, if not a doctor himself, takes care to submit to the supervision and direction of one who is. If his journal puts forth an unpopular doctrine the Catholic reader may in general be sure that it has been done, not inconsiderately, but only because it is Catholic doctrine, or implied by Catholic doctrine, and cannot be lost sight of without detriment to Catholic life. If you ever distrust a Catholic journal at all, if published with the approbation of the ordinary, distrust it when you find it falling in with the popular doctrines of the day, and confirming the public in their prejudices or fallacies."

"The principle of the Catholic press," he says again, "must always be different from that of the Protestant or infidel press. The non-Catholic press proceeds on the principle, that the people are the jury and that editors are simply advocates addressing them. It seeks simply to obtain from the people a verdict in favour of its client. The Catholic press proceeds on the principle that it has nothing to do but to make known to the people the judgment of the court, that is, of the church, to explain it to the people, and to induce them to accept and conform to it. The Catholic press is, and should be, simply the organ of authority, and never is, and never can be, the organ of the people,—a popular tribune."

To those, and they are many, who have stood by the REVIEW through its early existence, we beg to return grateful acknowledgment. To those who are indifferent to, or

who do not appreciate the need of their supporting their staunch Catholic papers—an apostolate specially commended by the Holy Father, Pope Leo—we commend Dr. Brownson's opinions.

One word more. Than the present number of the REVIEW no more finished work, we believe, will be found to have been executed on any Catholic paper. The enlarged form in which it this week appears, will, it is intended, before long be adopted.

The plates of Rome and the Holy Father which we present in this number are those used in the valuable life of Leo XIII. by Mgr. Bernard O'Reilly. We are indebted for the use of them to the Rose Publishing Co. of Toronto, the publishers of the Canadian edition.

A great deal of very unhealthy sympathy is being shown for a man at present lying in Toronto jail under sentence of death for murder. He killed a young woman in the attempt to kill her unborn child. Pre-natal murder does not by the criminal code of this country involve the death penalty, but it should involve it. Such killing is murder, plain and simple. The fact that the unfortunate was killed with her child added another murder to the one primarily intended.

The centenary of Lord Byron has not publicly been commemorated in England, but in Ireland the arrest of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, the husband of Lord Byron's granddaughter, has something about it of a grim governmental recognition. On the Castlereagh who carried the Union Byron conferred, as it were, an immortality of infamy; and oddly enough at the moment, another Castlereagh is at the head of the Dublin Castle executive.

In more than one of the poems of Lord Byron, the centenary of whose birth mention was made of last week, eloquent tributes are to be found to the beauty and grandeur of our holy religion. He held much that was of Catholic Faith, and in a note to one of his poems attested his entire belief in the Divinity of Christ. An important testimony to the Church may be found in one of his letters. Writing to a friend from Italy about his child Allegra, whom he had placed in a convent to be educated, and who afterwards died at a tender age, he said:—"It is, besides, my wish that she should be a Roman Catholic, which I look upon as the best religion, as it is assuredly the oldest of the various branches of Christianity."

An introduction before the Separate School Board of Toronto, of a motion for a resolution asking the Ontario Legislature to grant the ballot at Separate School elections, has excited, and very naturally, a vast amount of interest. It is a matter which intimately concerns every Catholic in the Province. It is not our affair just here to analyze the motives of the mover or of his friends. We will only say, *en passant*, that the majority of his friends wish he had not so readily yielded to the allurements of a betting tantrum. Let us set down the facts. The Separate School Law has been for years the object of the most careful attention from Catholics the Province over. A year or so ago the small liberties, which we as Catholics enjoy, were made the subject of a most furious and determined

onslaught on the Government, which, for love, or fear, or favour, or it really matters not what else, has guaranteed them to us. A No-Popery cry of the first magnitude was evolved, its nucleus the Separate Schools, its nebulous appendages the Central Prison, the Catholic charities, and anything else under the moon that wore a Catholic aspect. The great common sense of the country, of this Protestant country, grappled with the situation. And when it had got through grappling, it adjudged that the Government, that had guarded and defended our guaranteed rights as Catholics, had done rightly, and had merited its continued approval and support.

The subject which calls for the careful attention of the Catholic body at present is this, and we invoke for it all possible consideration: The ballot motion has in its favour every element which, a year ago, strove and struggled on the No-Popery side of the election. Has the leopard changed his spots? Can we, will we believe that the men who then staked their political existence on their opposition to our religious liberty are to-day our friends? Many and peculiar, very, are the changes since then, but the fact remains that the best enemies of Catholic interests are the foremost advocates of the ballot in Separate School elections. This, the merits of the question aside, should, at least, startle Catholic minds. To those supporters of the scheme, who call themselves Catholics, we have but this to say:

"Who friendship with a knave hath made  
Is judged a partner in the trade."

The natural enemies of the Catholic Church are filled with delight at the prospect of the inconvenience and, as they hope, injury which the ballot would bring on the Separate Schools. They hide their malice under specious guise. They wish only the emancipation of the rate-payers from under ecclesiastical influence. It is a fixed principle with them that all ecclesiastical influence is undue, and they count it clear gain if they make some Catholics dissatisfied or restless. Under all the smooth pretence of liberality there is unceasing antagonism to true Catholic interests. It is deplorable that Catholics will play into the hands of avowed enemies. It is despicable that, to win a hundred dollars on a bet, a Trustee does not hesitate to risk the sacred interests confided to his care.

The London *Tablet* of late has been greatly discredited. The *Tablet* of old days—the *Tablet* of Frederick Lucas—was a journal of rare and robust Catholic spirit. It may have been at times over zealous, and the enthusiasm of its conductor have occasionally carried it to an extreme, but its perfect fairness and sincerity never were questioned. Brownson once good-naturedly complained that it assumed "a sort of episcopacy over the Pope"; it at least never took part in an Orange-Tory attack upon a country which was bound to it by the common tie of the Catholic faith. That was reserved for its present conductors. Lucas' friendship was so ardent, and his efforts so active for Catholic Ireland as to even bring him into conflict with conservative Churchmen like Cardinal McCabe. His life was not long ago written. He literally wore himself out in the service of the Church and of Ireland. After his death the "Tablet" passed into other hands, and became the mouth-piece of Catholics of the character of Edwin de Lisle, and the miserable party chiefs of the political enemies of a nation of the Church's most faithful subjects. In April

last the Archbishop of Dublin referred to the recent course of the "Tablet" in terms of grave denunciation. It had systematically, he felt constrained to say, kept English Catholics in the dark in respect to many facts of importance in connection with the political movement in Ireland; it had adopted a policy, he declared, "of most deliberate misrepresentation," and supplemented it by "wholesale suppression of the truth"; and, as a consequence, was to be regarded as practically responsible for much of the soreness and bitterness that existed between the Catholics of the two countries. So far had the *Tablet* carried its system of the *suppressio veri* that so far from joining in the censures commonly expressed against a section of the English Catholic body, Archbishop Walsh believed it to be wrong, in view of the tactics of the *Tablet* to condemn them. To be charged by an Archbishop with "deliberate misrepresentation" was a humiliating rebuke for a Catholic journal, and did a damage to its character which it will take years to repair. Within a few weeks past, moreover, it has endured, and from a high source, a further humiliation. It having recently been stated that Cardinal Manning was responsible for an article on the Irish question, which lately appeared in the *Tablet* as well as several other leading articles, the Cardinal has written, through his secretary, as follows: "The statements are in every particular without foundation. The Cardinal has written none of the articles on the Irish controversy, and is neither directly nor indirectly responsible for the *Tablet* newspaper. I have, therefore, to request you to be so good as to insert this contradiction in your next issue." In view of the attitude of the *Tablet* for some time back, Cardinal Manning's is a cutting and a meaningful repudiation.

#### THE MUSE TO THE POET.

BY POPE LEO XIII.

Hright were the joys thy budding life that crown'd,  
 When fair Lepiman hills were smiling round;  
 And buoyant youth its happy sunshine lent  
 To days in home's endearing duties spent.  
 Viterbo welcom'd thee from home to school  
 And trained thy boyhood in Loyola's rule;  
 But soft palatial ease and manners free,  
 And teachings shap'd for youths of high degree,  
 Invited sloth, till wise Manera quell'd  
 The dreaded monster and the gloom dispell'd;  
 And, aided by his noble comrades, pour'd  
 Light on thy troubled mind and peace restor'd;  
 Pure streams of health from living founts they drew,  
 The wisdom of the One and Only True.  
 A ministering Priest and Doctor now,  
 Scholastic honours grace thy youthful brow;  
 Then, Salfi, princely patron, more than friend,  
 Deign'd to thy lowliness in love to bend;  
 With words of hope thy failing strength renew'd;  
 With precepts wise thy docile mind imbued,  
 Parthenope, the fair, at Rome's command,  
 And Benevento feel thy guiding hand;  
 And glad Perugia hails with sweet accord  
 The coming of her ruler and her lord.  
 But nobler gifts await thee. Call'd to wield  
 The crozier, and, with holy unction seal'd,  
 To Belgium next thy dutious steps are bent,  
 The bonds of faith to tighten and cement.  
 Thy work accomplish'd and thy mission o'er,  
 Ansonia wins thee from that wintry shore;  
 The turret-cinctured city, now thy see,  
 Receives thee to her arms with filial glee;  
 And thrice ten years thy loving subjects there  
 Hang on thy words and own thy pastoral care,  
 Rome, on the prelate whom her prudence chose,  
 The purple, noblest of her gifts, bestows;  
 And Belgium, with chivalric honours, pays  
 Thy faithful service done in earlier days.

The pious bands of youths, with reverence due,  
 Receive their priest and plight their faith anew.  
 But why descant on worldly honours? Why  
 Thy treasure waste on mortals doomed to die?  
 The walk of faith in holy heavenward ways  
 Alone enriches and alone repays:  
 That walk be thine; its tranquil thoughts assuage  
 The pains and weariness of waning age,  
 And lead thee safely to those realms of light  
 Where hope is lost in joy and faith in sight.  
 There may'st thou rest, from loss and change secur'd,  
 In blissful consciousness of peace assur'd.  
 The Lord in mercy shield thee with His care,  
 His Virgin Mother help and speed thy prayer.

#### AN IMMORAL PLAY.

Mr. Wm. Winter, the well known dramatic and art critic of the *New York Tribune*, and a most graceful writer, has written the following criticism of Dumas' "Camille":—Mme. Modjeska is welcome but the play of "Camille" is not. The actress pleases, but the piece repels. That is to say, it repels observers whose vision is not clouded by sophistry and whose judgment is not submerged by sentimentality. That it contains at least two dramatic situations of extraordinary strength—pictorial, pathetic, and replete with movement—is not to be denied. As a play its merit is signal and potential—for it arouses interest, holds the spectator in a state of mental suspense, and affords much scope for the art of acting. But its subject is unclean, its feeling is unhealthy, and its moral drift is pernicious. The only method whereby it can be recommended to toleration, if not to acceptance, on the part of those who think as well as feel, is the method that Mme. Modjeska has adopted in her treatment of it. "Camille," as embodied in this refined and lovely actress, is no longer a courtesan. She becomes a noble-minded woman who, having erred through misfortune rather than fault, has repented and cast away her sin, and is now vainly endeavouring, under the guidance of a pure love, to re-adjust herself to the conditions of a virtuous existence. She takes her stand upon the vantage ground of human pity for human frailty, and she makes her appeal to that infinite charity which is taught by the Christian religion.

This method is adroit and potent, but it is sophistical. No matter what you do with this drama, you cannot get it placed before the tribunal of thought upon exclusively dramatic grounds. It insists on its moral. You may cry over it as much as you like, but whenever you wipe your weeping eyes and look at what it means, you will observe that it means mischief; that it literally vociferates amoral significance; that, by a specious presentation of an exceptional and fictitious case of feminine experience, it directly tends to pervert moral perception and to diffuse loose and pernicious views of the chastity of woman. When the third curtain falls in this piece, everybody detests old "Mr. Duval," who is entirely in the right, and everybody is persuaded that "Camille" ought to be recognized as "Armand's" wife; that she is quite good enough, in fact, to be the wife of any man, however worthy; and that in all similar circumstances all such women as "Camille" ought to prevail. That is the drift of the play. No remembrance of the respect that is due to virtuous women. No consideration of what is due to children yet unborn; that might be the result of such a union. No thought of the principles of domestic purity and personal honour, upon which, and only upon which, a fabric of civilized society can securely rest. Sense expires in sympathy, and everything is conceded to a wild, unreasoning emotion. It is a legitimate inference that this result was the result designed in the making of the play—at least in its English form. In French it resorts to no subterfuge. And no result could well be more harmful. "Let us," said Dr Johnson, "free our minds from cant"—the cant of vice equally with the cant of virtue.

No doubt the case of "Camille" is a hard case; but the laws which govern the moral state of the human race and which declare themselves in their continual operation and consequences totally irrespective of human theories and emotions, are inexorable.

It is not "society"—so resonantly abused in this drama—that regulates the retribution sequent upon sin, it is a mysterious force, far back of all conventions. Every wound leaves a scar. This scar may not always be visible, but it always exists. The spirit, like the flesh, can be wounded, and when wounded, although it may heal, it must, like the flesh, bear the mark of the injury it has endured. The awful fact about wrong-doing is the fact that when violence has once been done to the spirit, all the repentance and all the atonement possible in this world can never make things precisely as they were before. "Camille," no doubt, is the proper object of pity, but the introduction of a courtesan upon the stage as a proper object of sympathy is both foolish and vicious. The questions implicated in the piece are questions for private judgment. The subject has no right to intrude itself into the theatre. It concerns the medical profession and the clergy; it does not concern the arts. Least of all should it be thrust upon the consideration of young people who, for the most part, compose our theatrical audiences.

#### CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

The Jesuits have presented to the Pope the sum of £40,000 as the Peter's Pence contribution of their order. Various valuables which were presented to the Pope and which were on exhibition have been stolen from the Vatican. Among the stolen articles was a chalice valued at £2,000.

Next Sunday will be a great day for the Christian Brothers all over the world. The beatification of the founder of their order, the venerable De La Salle, will be celebrated in Rome in the presence of the Superior-General and his council, and representatives from each province of the order. Brother Justin will attend for America. Brother Clementian, the Superior for Great Britain, has left for Rome to represent England and Ireland.

Respecting the desecration of the Catholic cemetery the Supreme Court of Indiana has decided on appeal that when a lot is bought in a Catholic cemetery the purchaser buys it on the usual condition of that church,—that it is to be used only for the burial of those who die in communion with that church. Mr. Geary, of Lafayette, bought a lot in the Catholic cemetery of that city, and buried his son in it, against the will of the clergy, the son having died after leading a bad life, without the sacraments. The father had to remove the corpse after the decision of the court.

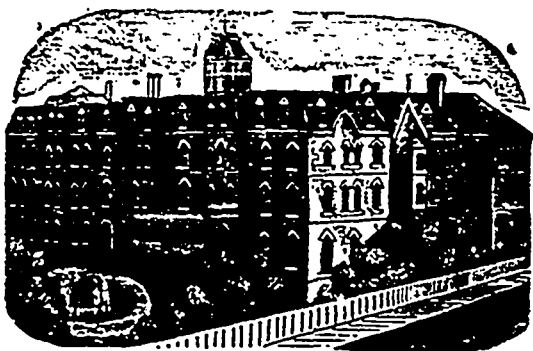
Monsignor O'Bryen, a Roman correspondent says, is very active as a member of the Committee of the Vatican Exhibition. He has for several days been unwearied in his labours arranging the exhibits from England, Ireland, Canada and America. Several important English offerings have not yet appeared, among the rest the much talked of library of English works. The archbishop of Dublin, with his usual thoughtfulness, has taken care that all his clergy now in Rome are placed on the Exhibition Committee, which secures them special privileges. The library of Catholic books published in England during the last half century, and sent as a Jubilee offering to the Holy Father, consists of about 1,500 volumes—translations prayer-books, school-books, and books of minor fiction being included. It is not unlikely that their final resting place will be in the English College, Rome.

The library of Roman Catholic books published in England during the last fifty years, and sent as a Jubilee offering to the Pope, consists of some 1,500 volumes. Translations, prayer-books, school-books, and minor fiction have been excluded, as a rule. Theology naturally predominates, says *The Athenæum*, Cardinals Manning and Newman being responsible for some fifty volumes. History is represented by many students, from Dr. Lingard to Father Stevenson, S. J.; poetry, by Coventry Patmore, Wilfrid Blunt, Aubrey de Vere, R. R. Hawker, Miss Proctor and many others; natural history, by writers so diverse as Charles Waterton and Dr. Mivart; travel, by Sir William Butler, Lady Burton, Lady Anne Blunt, and Mrs. Mulhall. Nor has there been any *index Purgatorius* for the works of Messrs. Burnand, A'Beckett, and Clement Scott, or of the author of "Jim the Penman." The books are bound in white leather, stamped with the Papal arms. When the Pope distributes the multitudinous offerings made to him, he will, it is supposed, assign this library of English books to the English College in Rome.—*Critic*.

#### BOOK REVIEWS.

*Revue Canadienne*, January, 1888. Published monthly. Box 1525, Montreal, \$2 per year. This is the first number of the third series, and of the twenty-fourth volume of the *Revue*, the publication of which has been suspended for some time. Started nearly a quarter century ago with the blessing and encouragement of the late Archbishop Bourget, this periodical has survived many trials, and always held an honourable place in French Canadian literature. Old friends will welcome its re-appearance, and hope for a successful career in the future.

Amongst the articles in the present number is a translation into French verse of one of the Latin poems of Pope Leo XIII., and a sketch of the Pope's life, by D. Chrétien. E. McMahon gives the first part of a paper on *Plain Chant*, which was read before St. Mary's College, Montreal, and Joseph Desrosiers, a study on the French novel of the 19th century.



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BALTIMORE, Nov. 5, 1886.

REV. DEAR FATHER:—I am deeply grateful to you for your great kindness in dedicating to me the English edition of your LIFE OF LEO XIII., and for associating my name with the distinguished Cardinal Parocchi, whom I have had the honour of knowing for several years, and to whom you dedicate the French edition.

I SHALL NATURALLY TAKE A LIVELY INTEREST IN THE WORK; not only on account of my relation to it, but still more on account of the august character of the subject, who is to-day a spectacle of admiration to the world.

I am happy to learn that the Holy Father has been graciously pleased to bestow his APPROBATION AND BLESSING on the work, and that you have been furnished with AUTHENTIC and VALUABLE DOCUMENTS bearing upon the life of the illustrious Pontiff.

Believe me, yours very sincerely in Christ,  
JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS,  
Archbishop of Baltimore.

REV. BERNARD O'REILLY.

Translation of a Letter by Cardinal Lucido Maria Parocchi, Vicar of His Holiness Leo XIII.

ROME, April 27, 1886.

MR. CHARLES L. WEBSTER.

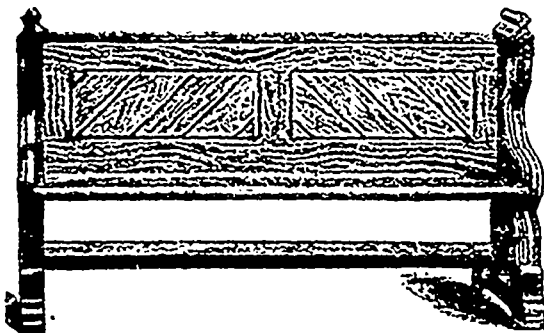
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I congratulate you thereupon in the interest of faith and of civilization, to whom Leo XIII. ever consecrates his genius with the devotion of a great Christian and a great Pope. While wishing your undertaking, deserving as it is of the greatest success, the divine blessing, I have the honour to be,

Your very devoted servant,  
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**Most Rev. Archbishop of Philadelphia:**

Archbishop's House, Philadelphia, March 9, 1887.

Please to accept my thanks for the copy of the PICTORIAL LIVES OF THE SAINTS which you have been kind enough to send to me. It gives me much pleasure to add my name to those of the many prelates who have recommended this excellent publication. You will please to send twelve copies of the work to my address, and oblige. Yours sincerely in Christ, **† P. L. RYAN.**

**Most Rev. Archbishop of Halifax:**

Halifax, N. S., March 9, 1887.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your PICTORIAL LIVES OF THE SAINTS, and should be pleased to see it widely read in my diocese. I hope it may have an extensive sale everywhere. Yours truly, **† C. O'BRIEN.**

**Most Rev. Archbishop of Ottawa:**

Archiepiscopal Residence, Ottawa, March 12, 1887.

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**Right Rev. Bishop of Wilmington:**

Wilmington, Del., March 4, 1887.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the PICTORIAL LIVES OF THE SAINTS, which you have done me the honor to send me. I beg too that you will receive my thanks for the same. I have not had time, and do not know when I will have, to give the book a careful reading, but the name of the Editor is a sufficient guarantee that the book is all it ought to be. I cordially hope that its issue will do, as it deserves, to the advantage of yourself and the Editor, as well as to the benefit of the faithful in general. Very faithfully your servant in Christ, **† A. A. CURTIS.**

**Right Rev. Bishop of Erie:**

Erie, March 5, 1887.

Your PICTORIAL LIVES OF THE SAINTS, to which you have asked my attention, has been already commended by me as desired. To that commendation I have nothing to add except that the great reduction you have made in the price of the book will now enable all to secure for private and family use one of the most edifying and instructive publications that have lately issued from the press. Yours sincerely, **† T. MULLEN.**

**Right Rev. Bishop of St. Hyacinth:**

St. Hyacinthe, 5 Mars, 1887.

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**Right Rev. Bishop of Sherbrooke, Canada:**

Sherbrooke, March 5, 1887.

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**Right Rev. Bishop of Davenport:**

Davenport, Iowa, March 12, 1887.

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Marquette, Mich., March 18, 1887.

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Bible? provided they send me One Dollar collections of Plants or Bulbs:—  
No. 5-20 Raspberry Plants, 4 kinds.  
" 6-5 Hardy Grape Vines, five kinds.  
" 7-3 Grape, 3 Currant, 3 Raspberry.  
" 8-40 Strawberry Plants, 4 choice kinds.

After April more suitable collections will be offered for mailing during the summer months. The plants will be sent by mail, post paid, whether question is correctly answered or not. Collections Nos. 5, 6, 7 and 8 cannot be sent before April. Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 will be sent on receipt of price if requested; otherwise they will be sent in April also. All plants will be labelled and choice No. 1 stock, grown especially for sending by mail, and nearly as large as sent out by other nurserymen through agents at double these prices.

All letters with the question correctly answered will be numbered as they come to hand, and the \$5,000 in Gold will be given to the senders of the following correct answers received:

Correct answer received		Correct answer received	
1 Thousandth	" "	10 Thousandth	" "
2 Thousandth	" "	20 Thousandth	" "
4 Thousandth	" "	40 Thousandth	" "
6 Thousandth	" "	60 Thousandth	" "
100,000th correct answer received			\$2,500.00 in Gold

Any person may compete any number of times. The names of parties who have won prizes will be published in this paper at different times during competition.

As a direct investment this will not pay, but my object is to introduce my stock and build up a trade by mail. I employ no agents, but deal directly with customers, and can deliver stock to any part of the United States or Canada, either by mail, express, or freight, at about one-half the price charged by other Nurserymen through agents. Send me a list of wants and I will quote you prices. I make a specialty of sending plants by mail, and guarantee them to arrive in good condition. Address all letters

J. LAHMER, Nurseryman, Toronto, Can.

### Executor's Notice.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to the Statutes in that behalf that all creditors or persons having claims against the estate of the late Ellen McDonnell, relict of Timothy McDonnell, of 54 Power street, in the City of Toronto, are hereby notified to send in their claims to the undersigned solicitor at his office, 15 and 20 Toronto street, Toronto, on or before the twenty-eighth day of February, 1888, together with their full names, the amount of their claims and particulars thereof.

And notice is hereby further given that on and after the twenty-eighth day of February, 1888, the executor will proceed to distribute among the persons entitled thereto the assets of the said estate, having regard only to the claims of which he shall then have received notice.

D. A. O'SULLIVAN,  
Solicitor for Executor.

Dated this 13th day of January, 1888.

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