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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. I.

Toronto, Saturday, Sept. 10, 1887

No. 30.

CONTENTS.

| | |
|---|--------------|
| NOTES OF THE WEEK | 349 |
| CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES— | |
| The Red River Settlement | 351 |
| Cardinal Newman. II. | K. B. C. 350 |
| SELECTED ARTICLES— | |
| The Black Robe's Prayer | 352 |
| Cardinal Manning | 356 |
| EDITORIAL NOTES— | |
| Letter from Archbishop Lynch | 354 |
| The Separate School Board | 354 |
| The German Catholics | 354 |
| Protestant Foreign Missions | 354 |
| Anglican Church Government | 354 |
| The Globe on the Separate Schools | 355 |
| Mr. Weir's Letter to the Mail | 355 |
| The Mail's Race Crusade | 355 |
| Church and State | 355 |
| CURRENT CATHOLIC THOUGHT— | |
| John Boyle O'Reilly's Opinion | 357 |
| The Social Question | 357 |
| An important Fact | 357 |
| MR. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P. | 352 |
| CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES | 359 |
| MATERIALISM AND MURDER | 356 |
| ANECDOTES OF DUBLIN | 357 |
| FOURTY— | |
| Unrest | 353 |

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Mr. T. W. Russell, M. P., the Liberal Unionist member for South Tyrone, who withdrew his support from the Government on the announcement of the proclamation of the National League, has issued an address to his constituents. He opposed, he explains, Mr. Parnell's bill to reduce the rents, because the Government had promised to appoint a commission of inquiry, and that since then the report of the commission had convinced him of the necessity of a revision of rents. Tenants, he adds, must not be compelled to pay impossible rents, and the landlords must realize that a purchase scheme will have to be brought forward to put an end to the existing suspense.

The chivalrous silence maintained by Mr. Gladstone under the taunts and insults of his quondam colleagues, has only served to manifest the more conspicuously his natural nobleness of character. Close upon the heels of Professor Tyndall's coarse tirade against the aged statesman came another, and a second, attack from the Duke of Argyle, a former Liberal and colleague. To this Mr. Gladstone has written a short reply. "The Duke of Argyle," he says, "is an old friend, whose attacks I prefer bearing silently. I do not excuse tyranny, but I wish to have the National League dealt with legally and not by the arbitrary decision of the Viceroy or Chief Secretary for Ireland."

Mr. Gladstone's acceptance of the invitation of Mr. Sexton, M. P., Lord Mayor elect of Dublin, to visit the Irish capital on the occasion of his installation, emphasizes the affiliation of the English Liberals with the Irish Nationalists. During the coming recess, about thirty Parnellites, it is understood, will make a stumping tour of Great Britain, enlightening the English and Scotch electors on the question of Home Rule, while a delegation of English members on the other hand will go to Ireland to assure the Irish people of the continued sympathy and

support of the Liberal party. The presence of the Liberal leader in Ireland at such a time will mark, it may be said, a distinct epoch in British politics.

As a specimen of the entertaining drivel talked by the emissaries of Protestant proselytizing societies anent their work in Rome, the report in the *Mail* of Tuesday, of the proceedings of the Ministerial Association of Montreal, is fairly good. A Mr. VanMetre, who, needless to say, was soliciting aid, spoke strongly against the Church of Rome, we are told. He spoke of the efforts of the Bible Society to have Bibles printed; of how, in one instance, a building was secured within the shadow of the Vatican, and how the Gospel was printed there amid the hallelujahs of members of the Society, which were probably heard by the Pope, who was powerless to prevent them. We wonder if the good Mr. VanMetre ever heard that extraordinary story about a cock and a bull?

Replying a few days ago to an address presented to him by the people of Tipperary, Mgr. Persico, the Papal envoy to Ireland, as if to dissipate any doubts there might be remaining as to the true purpose of his visit, assured them that his presence among them was but an evidence of the Holy Father's deep and affectionate interest in Ireland. The Pope, he said, loves Ireland, knows her sufferings, and feels the deepest sympathy with her people. He had been sent to tell them of that love and sympathy, and further that the Holy Father intended to do a great and real good for Ireland. And when the Pope raises his voice, he added, the potents of the earth will listen reverently, because it is a voice never heard save in the cause of truth, and the interests of justice.

Notwithstanding the menacing presence of troops of soldiers and dragoons, the proclaimed meeting of the National League at Ennis, County Clare, on Sunday last, passed off without disturbance, and without anything transpiring of a character to afford the Government any justification for its action. Following the course suggested by the *London Daily News* and leading Liberals, the promoters of the meeting were content to protest by formally assembling, adopting their resolutions, and on being called upon to do so, quietly dispersing. The assemblage numbered ten thousand, and was addressed by three of the delegation of members of the House of Commons present, from their carriages. After speeches had been delivered by Messrs. Sullivan, Stanhope and O'Brien, a divisional magistrate, heading a troop of hussars, rode up and ordered the meeting to disperse within five minutes. He was handed by Mr. Stanhope, who, by the way, is an English member, a copy of the resolutions adopted by the meeting, and informed that the proceedings of the meeting being legal, if a collision occurred between the troops and the people, he, the magistrate, would be held strictly accountable. The members withdrawing, the crowds quietly dispersed. The resolutions presented the magistrate, and approved by the meeting, demanded Home Rule, declared adherence to Mr. Parnell, thanked the Liberal party, denounced land grabbing, and pledged resistance to the proclamation of the National League.

The Church in Canada.

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

THE RED RIVER SETTLEMENT.

IN the "Report of the Canadian Archives" for 1886 by Mr. Douglas Brymner, Archivist, there is contained a long series of letters written by Captain Miles Macdonell on the attempted settlement of the Red River country by Lord Selkirk in 1811. Captain Miles Macdonell, a native of Inverness, Scotland, had charge of the arrangements for carrying out Lord Selkirk's plans, and his correspondence with his chief gives a narrative almost from day to day of the events preceding and following the arrival of the emigrants at the Red River. We propose at an early date to give some adequate review of these events as related by Captain Macdonell, events which at the present time have a peculiar interest when that region is being so rapidly opened out and developed. The correspondence has also a Catholic interest attaching to the person of Captain Miles Macdonell, who came of an old Catholic family, and was himself a devout son of the Church. He was a brother of Mr. William Johnson Macdonell, of Boston, father of Mr. W. J. Macdonell, K.H.S., President of St. Vincent de Paul Society, Toronto, all members of a family famous in the annals of the Church in this Province.

As a contribution to the interesting history of Lord Selkirk's exploits on the Red River we here present, through the kindness of Mr. W. J. Macdonell, a series of letters bearing on the subject. The first was written by Mr. John Macdonell to his brother William Johnson Macdonell in Boston, the second by Lord Selkirk to the same, and the third and fourth are the product of Captain Miles' pen, and, as will be observed, they are all of a later date than those printed in the Archives Report:—

MONTREAL, Nov. 16th, 1815.

MY DEAR BROTHER :

In the year 1803-4 when the Earl of Selkirk visited Boston, there were numbers of young Irishmen unsettled and apparently at a loss how to dispose of themselves in and about it. The Earl requested of me to mention this to you, that you might enquire how many could be induced to engage themselves for eighteen months to perform a voyage through the Upper Lakes to the Red River, where lands would be granted to the deserving who should feel inclined to settle there amongst their countrymen, who are to reach it through Hudson's Bay with their families. Catholic Priests are promised, by which means they will have the consolations of Religion to accompany them.

Have the goodness to make the proper enquiries respecting the number that could be depended upon, and what monthly wages they would expect, and let me know the result of your researches with the least possible delay. I have passed twelve years of the prime of my life in the Red River, and if I was not prevented by particular circumstances should have no objections to return to it and pass the remainder, because I have the presumption to think I could be of use to the colony from inclination, local knowledge of the country, and acquaintance with the Natives, Free-men, &c.

The settlers who were with Miles report that Wheat, Barley and potatoes yielded fifty Bushels of return for one Bushel of seed—I know that Horses are plenty; when I left that quarter the price for a good draught Horse was about a Gallon of Rum and a pound of Tobacco. To give you an Idea of the numbers of Buffaloes who occasionally frequent these parts, I shall relate that in May, 1795, I got on board of my canoe, at sunrise left the Forks of the River QuiAppelle & put up for the night at sunset the same day at a place called the *grand bois*, after having from the canoe counted 7,360 carcasses of Buffaloes Dead (i. e. Drowned and Mired) in the River & on its Banks—Such

a melancholy sight seldom occurs, for in the twelve years above mentioned I witnessed it but once.

The lands in that quarter are already cleared, nor need the Settlers cut any trees but such as they wish to convert the wood of to some usefull purpose—Plenty of Hay can be cut from partial low places in the plains where It grows long & is so good that Horses keep fat and in good spirits upon it during a long six months winter. The natives in the immediate environs where the Settlement commenced are friendly, few in numbers, and well disposed towards the Colonists.—Wheel Carriages may run in almost any direction & to almost any distance without following any direct road for the whole Country is a Road.

The meat of the Buffalo is good Beef & his wool will make garments.—What young man of spirit but would like to see such a scene as that country presents the astonished eye with, in the numerous herds of Buffaloes feeding quietly in one part, & fine bands of noble Deer basking in the sun in the same view? How would his heart leap for joy after bringing down at the first shot a huge Buffalo weighing more than an American Ox.—Remember me to my dear sister and the children and believe me ever

Your affectionate brother,

JOHN MACDONELL.

N.B.—You know I was never a good scribe & I'm at present on the fidgets to get home, & tho' in Montreal but poorly supplied with writing implements.

J. Mc D.

Mr. Wm. J. Macdonell, Boston, Mass.

SIR,—

Montreal, Dec. 1st, 1815.

In transmitting the enclosed letter from your brother, I take the liberty of explaining that it is not my wish to engage a great number of the people he refers to, but rather a few chosen men, of whose character you can have good information, & who are likely to prove trusty and useful. My idea is that they should be engaged at monthly wages for a period of 18 months, but with the option for me to dismiss them at any earlier time, paying their wages for the number of months they have served. I mean to give each man, at the end of his service, an allotment of 50 acres of land gratuitously; & also to give a free passage to any young woman who may agree, at his invitation, to come to the colony as his wife. But these advantages are to be only for those whose conduct is perfectly satisfactory to me, & are therefore to be considered as entirely in my option. All those, however, who desire it, shall be brought down free of expense to Montreal, or to Upper Canada, or any other placethat may be agreed upon, whether they serve out their 18 months or are dismissed at an earlier period.

I observe that your brother hardly does justice to the climate of Red River, as (by accurate registers of the weather) it appears that the winter does not set in till November & breaks up early in April. I do not specify any wages to be offered, as that must depend on what the people can earn where they are. I should hope that something nearly similar to the ordinary month's wages of country labourers might be sufficient, & that the extra advantages which I propose might serve to balance the distance of the settlement.

I propose, early next spring, to go up with these people myself, which may serve as an answer to anyone who apprehends danger from the Indians. I think these men will be satisfied when they know that they will be exposed to no danger, but such as I must share with them. I have the most unquestionable evidence that the people who committed such unjustifiable outrages against your brother Miles were not Indians, but British Subjects, whom I am determined to bring to justice; & I trust that the example of their punishment will prevent any similar attempt from being made in the future.

As the ordinary residence of your brother is out of the way of the post, it may be as well if your answer is sent under cover to me, here.

I am, Sir, your very obedient servant,

SELKIRK.

W. JOHNSON MACDONELL ESQ., Boston.

AN INTELLECTUAL LEADER.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF JOHN HENRY CARD. NEWMAN.

II.

Littlemore, where Newman's reception took place, was in the vicariate of the late Dr. Wiseman; and hearing of the event, that prelate at once wrote to offer his congratulations. In replying, the new convert signified his desire to "minister in a humble way in the Catholic Church." Acting, therefore, as spiritual superior, Dr. Wiseman called him, in 1846, to Oscott, and having bestowed on him the Sacrament of Confirmation, sent him to Rome.

He arrived in the Eternal City October 28th, 1846. While praying at the Confession of St. Peter there, his evident fervour attracted the notice of his late Holiness, Pope Pius IX., then in the early days of his pontificate, though he knew not who the kneeler was.

It was during his sojourn in Rome that he was ordained priest; and on his return to England he was directed to establish an Oratory, a semi monastic establishment, at Birmingham, under the patronage of St. Philip Neri, for whose character he had long cherished the warmest admiration and love. Nothing in all his writings is more beautiful than that sketch of his patron given in the "Idea of a University." His love for St. Philip, indeed, is such a love as noble natures akin feel for each other. In many most striking traits of character a description of the patron is also a description of the disciple. In the Oratory thus established, though it has in the interval changed quarters, he has continued to reside, with but one considerable interruption, till the present time.

In mission work among the lowest haunts of the city Father Newman soon became a familiar figure. He shrank from nothing hard, unpleasant or dangerous, but showed himself as truly a leader by his works as by his words.

In 1849, cholera broke out at Bilston, and the priest in charge there becoming prostrated by incessant labour, it became necessary to find a temporary substitute. This appeared very difficult at a time when every one was needed at his own post; but Father Newman, Father Ambrose and another Oratory priest, hearing of the need, hastened to offer their services to Bishop Ullathorne. They removed to the district of the pestilence, ready to put up with such accommodation as could be temporarily provided, and laboured there till the epidemic had passed away. "It was," says Mr. Jennings, "a splendid illustration of the doctrine of works—a noble example of that spirit of self-regardlessness which is one of the characteristics of Roman Catholic clergy the world over."

In 1850, Dr. Newman founded a branch Oratory at Brompton; and a few years later, after the removal of the original Oratory to Edgbaston, where it now is, he established, at the latter place, a school for the education of the sons of the Catholic gentry. Among his pupils was the present Duke of Norfolk, to whom he afterwards addressed his reply to Mr. Gladstone on the question of Infallibility.

Soon after the establishment of this school he was entrusted with the work of forming a Catholic University at Dublin. He went thither, and filled the office of rector for seven years, when the necessities of his Oratory obliged him to resign the work into other hands. How hopefully, zealously and lovingly he applied himself to his task while there, his numerous writings at this time on University subjects, which it called forth, and by which it was aided, sufficiently show. But he returned to Edgbaston as to his home, and his home it has ever since been.

A few events only of his later life require more than a passing notice, for only on rare occasions has he emerged from the retirement he so much loves.

In 1850 one Doctor Giovanni Giacinti Achilli appeared in England as an exposé of the iniquities of the Catholic Church. He claimed to have been imprisoned by the Inquisition for matters concerning doctrine, and to have suffered most cruelly for his beliefs. He attracted large

crowds, and created great excitement. It was asserted against him that he had been silenced and expelled from the Dominican Order for specified acts of gross immorality, and specific charges of peculiarly repulsive acts of dishonesty were also freely made against him; but to the most minute and circumstantial allegations he opposed only a flat denial *in gross*, declaring them to be mere inventions of his enemies, the Catholic priesthood.

In the year following, Dr. Newman began a series of lectures on "The Present Position of Catholics in this Country," which attracted, both by the interesting nature of the subject, and the eminence of the lecturer, a very unusual degree of attention. Crowds went each night to hear him; and none who went but were charmed by the powers of argument, of wit and irony displayed by the speaker, while the beauty of his language was not more striking than were his deep conviction and ardent piety. The fifth of the series was devoted to a consideration of "The Logical Inconsistency of the Protestant View," and in the course of it Dr. Newman referred to Achilli in terms of the severest denunciation, repeating in plain and unambiguous language the charges already publicly brought against him. His fiery indignation was that of a gentle, pure nature, thoroughly roused by a display of shameless profligacy, apparently escaping unpunished. The result of his castigation was an action for slander brought by Achilli against Newman. At the trial, evidence of the strongest kind was brought for the defence. Numbers of Italian women and English women swore that they had been the victims of the ex-Friar's lust. The ecclesiastical decree, by which he was deprived of the right to preach, was also put in evidence. In rebuttal, the prosecutor gave his own version of his life, carrying the narrative down to the time of his embracing Protestantism, and flatly denied the charges brought against him in evidence, reasserting that it was entirely for doctrinal matters that he had been before the court of the Inquisition. It was, as Dr. Newman's counsel pointed out, a case of deliberate perjury on one side or the other, and he besought the jury to put religious prejudice out of their minds, and carefully weigh the evidence on its merits. But this the jury was apparently incapable of doing, and their finding was equivalent to a verdict for the prosecution.

"Impartial men," says Mr. Jennings, "accustomed to weigh evidence, felt satisfied that the verdict involved a grave miscarriage of justice. Even the *Times*, notwithstanding its Protestant leanings, spoke out strongly, and declared that the result of the trial would deal a terrible blow to the administration of justice in England, and that Roman Catholics would have good cause for the future to assert that here there is no justice for them whenever litigation turns on a cause which arouses the Protestant passions of judges and juries."

The Court of Queen's Bench granted a rule for a new trial, later in the year, on the ground that the verdict was not in accordance with the evidence; but no action was taken upon it; and when Dr. Newman came up for judgment in January, 1853, Mr. Coleridge gave, as the sentence of the court, that he must pay a fine of £100, and be imprisoned as a first-class misdemeanant till the fine was paid. It was paid at once, and Dr. Newman left the court. The expenses for the defence in this cause amounted to the enormous sum of £12,000; but the money was raised by subscriptions from Catholics in all parts of the world, and presented to Dr. Newman as an expression of their sympathy with him.

He was, indeed, very deeply distressed by the trial and its attendant circumstances. Nearly twenty years later, in a letter to Mr. Badely, who had been one of the lawyers employed in his defence, he speaks gratefully of those who came to his aid in a serious matter in which he found himself in collision with the laws of the land.

K. B. C.

The aim of the Catholic soul of art is to take the beautiful wherever it is found, to abstract from it all that might deform it, or to add all that might be wanting to its perfect beauty.—*Father Burke*.

THE BLACK ROBE'S PRAYER.

It was the last day of September, the "moon of the fall ing leaves," and the glory of "day's golden death" was upon mountain plain and river, upon a wide-spreading forest, gorgeous with the glowing tints of autumn. The placid bosom of a small lake that nestled amid its depths, and along whose shore stood the wigwams of an Indian encampment, seemed like a sheet of flame. The smoke from the camp-fires curling slowly upward, caught the gleam of the golden sunlight disappearing from the gloom and shadows of earth, to mingle with, and be absorbed in, the dazzling brightness beyond.

At the entrance of one of the wigwams was spread a low couch of skins, and reclining among the soft, dark furs lay an Indian lad about twelve years old, his face pale with the pallor of death, turned towards the west, his dark mournful eyes gazing wistfully upon the setting sun. Beside him knelt his mother, watching with unspeakable anguish every change that flitted across the face of her beloved boy—her only son; her beadwork lay neglected at her feet, glittering in the sunshine that flashed upon it through the waving trees.

The Indian women passing to and fro looked pityingly on, and whispered in their strange language words of sympathy and peace. The children, usually so noisy, stole softly away in little groups, and played quiet games with hushed, sad voices. The men, old and young, accompanied by Father Paul, the beloved priest of the mission, had left the encampment on a hunting expedition in the early morning. An unusual quiet reigned, broken only by the shrill note of some passing bird seeking its nest, or the low voices of those who would fain comfort the sorrowing mother or cheer the dying boy. But that mother's ears were deaf to all sounds save his irregular breathing, and the wild throbbing of her own breaking heart. Presently he turned his face towards hers and whispered, "Has he not come yet, my mother—good Father Paul?"

"At noon I sent a lad for him. He is far away with the hunters, and may not be here till dark. Rest quietly, my son, it may be thou wilt recover, and join the hunt with them before another noon."

"No, mother; I shall never draw another arrow; the plover and the wild duck are safe—for me! But, oh, I should like to make confession, and receive the last blessing from the man of prayer! I would not meet the great Spirit with a shadow on my soul."

He paused for breath, and a low wind arose among the trees, and rustled the wind overhead.

"My child, thou need'st not fear. The Great Spirit loves thee," and she bowed her head beside his, and wound her arms about his neck, and all was still.

Lower and lower sank the sun, and the yellow light deepened into crimson. Finally, the mother loosened her loving clasp to moisten the parched lips of the little sufferer, from a gourd filled with a draught made from cooling herbs, and sweetened with honey.

He swallowed a few drops, and then said in a voice more feeble than before: "Mother, I shall not live to see Father Paul; but I can make my confession to thee; and when he returns tell him all, and he can then give me the holy absolution."

And she, her faith as undoubting as his, said simply: "As thou wilt, my son."

And bidding those who hovered near to leave them alone, she wound her arms once more around him, and bending her face low to his, she listened.

The sun had disappeared behind the western hills, and the crimson sky deepened into purple, and the night wind grew stronger, and moaned and sighed among the maple trees and tall white beeches.

All was silent by the mother and her son, till suddenly he raised himself, and, with a look of rapture not of this world, exclaimed: "Oh, mother, listen! I have heard them—the blessed words of absolution!" Lifting his wasted right hand, he slowly and with difficulty, made the Sign of the Cross, as if in obedience to some unseen command; and then, with a rare, sweet smile, he whispered faintly, "Mother—mother, I shall soon be—"

But she was past all answering, and could only hold him closer, and kiss his cold, white lips and his beautiful forehead damp with the dews of death.

Soon the Indian women gathered around, and, in their sweet mysterious language, recited the prayers they had learned to say for the dying. The mother's ear, strained to catch her boy's last words, was close against his faintly-moving lips. With a long, low sigh, those pale lips whispered, "with the Great Father!"

His last words were no sooner spoken than the light of earth faded from his eyes. The night breeze took up the whispered words, and seemed to murmur in solemn response among the pine trees and the alders, "With the Great Father!" and the waves echoed them along the lake shore; while into the broken heart of that Indian mother slowly crept a great and mysterious peace, as, laying the frail form of her darling gently back upon the couch of furs, she pressed her lips once more to his, and left him—"with the Great Father."

At midnight the hunters returned, and the missionary, listened, deeply moved, to the touching recital of the irrevellous trust of his Indian boy. He then asked the mother, "What hour was it when your son died?" "Father," she answered, "the sun had just gone down behind the mountain."

And he, looking up into the star-lit heavens, said solemnly: It was just at sunset the messenger arrived; knowing well I could not reach him in time, I prayed, saying, "God bless you, forgive, and take you to himself." He paused, still looking upward, then laying his hands gently upon the bowed head of that desolate mother crouching at his feet, he added; "Be comforted; even as I now look up into the midnight sky, so does your dear child behold the face of God."

And she, raising her dark, mournful eyes, in spirit seemed to follow him past the faded glory of the sunset, and the purple mists of evening,

"To the Island of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the here-after."

—From the *Ave Maria*:

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P.

THE London correspondent of the *New York Times*—a good one by the way—sends his paper a sketch of the Irish National party and its leading members. The subject is not a new one, but this writer does his work in such delightful style that no one can read without being charmed, even though he has gone over the same ground before with other correspondents. Take the following sketch of Mr. T. P. O'Connor:—

Thomas Power O'Connor, the familiar "T. P." of all sorts of newspaper and quasi-Bohemian circles, is the only one of the eight who in the slightest degree recalls the old-fashioned type of Irishmen which Lever's novels have fixed for us, and which we fancy as limned in the portraits of Daniel O'Connell. He is burly and broad-faced like the pictures of the Liberator—with brown-gray eyes that like to twinkle, with a large mouth that melts most easily into a merry smile, and with all his faculties of mirth or wrath, of rhetoric or fancy or exaggerated contempt lying close to the surface, ready for use on the flash of the instant. Though he stands on the brink of forty, one thinks of him always as a big boy. Friends who are his juniors by ten or a dozen years find it the most-natural thing in the world to lecture him, to quiz him about himself, to solemnly scold and counsel and adjure him, as if he were a second-form lad home for the holidays—and he takes it all as quite natural, too. He wears his heart upon his sleeve for all the world—and it is large enough even for that great constituency. Those who please him are angels, good giants, marvels of light and sweetness; those who displease him are vipers, assassins, monsters of hideous depravity and shamelessness. But each day "T. P." rearranges his private zoological garden, covering some of yesterday's scorpions with white luminous paint, and putting some of yesterday's seraphim into the black

hole with the dragons—and liking them all equally, I believe, in the depths of his amiable soul. It was the very caprice of destiny that selected him to bear a part in the grim relentless Jacobin war which the new generation of Ireland's sons have waged so wonderfully inside the innermost citadel of English oppression. To have had gentle Charles Lamb sitting among the implacable men of the mountain and voting for the death of Louis XVI. would have seemed scarcely a greater paradox.

Yet I know of none of Mr. Parnell's lieutenants who has been of more genuine service to the cause than has O'Connor. It may not be exact to describe him as the most scholarly man of a party which contains Justin McCarthy, but he is learned in both the academic and the reading sense, and he has put all his wits at the service of his country. His solitary attempt at fiction—which would have been a great novel instead of a hopeless one if he had not tried to write it week by week in newspaper insertions, and so forgotten and so sadly confused his characters—is one long, pathetic threnody of Ireland's woes and wrongs. He has left Ireland out of nothing he has ever written. It is a curious fact that this broad, beaming, rubicund Irishman, seemingly the very type of one of Lever's shiftless, generous, idle, quick-tongued, happy-go-lucky Connaught gentlemen should be one of the most indefatigable and industrious of workers. He daily rolls up the hill a Sisyphean stone of dimensions which would appal any other journalist in London that I know of, while in addition he writes a book or two each year, makes numerous speeches in and out of the House, and carries the whole executive burden of the organization of Irish voters in England and Scotland. The amount of labour he does is simply prodigious, and, as I have said, he never leaves Ireland out of it.

As a speaker he is ready and fluent, and pleases me very much; but he is not generally given as high a rank as some others in the House whom I regard as his inferiors. He has his share of wit and force, but the chief charm of his speech is its mellifluous Galway brogue—surely the softest and sweetest of them all.

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

The College of Ottawa re-opened on Wednesday.

His Grace Archbishop Lynch has returned to the city.

In a population of 250,000, Buffalo has 90,000 Catholics.

A daughter of General Boulanger has entered a convent with the intention of becoming a nun.

Archbishop Fabre, of Montreal, arrived in Winnipeg on Saturday, and left, with Archbishop Tache, for the Pacific Coast on Monday.

A grand ceremony is to be held at the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré on Wednesday, September 14th, when a statue of the patron saint will be solemnly crowned by Cardinal Taschereau in the name of Pope Leo, and in the presence of the Archbishops and Bishops of Canada, as well as prelates from the United States. Archbishop Duhamel, of Ottawa, will preach an English sermon, and Bishop Racine, of Sherbrooke, will speak in French.

The New York correspondent of the *Baltimore Mirror* announces that the affairs of the *Freeman's Journal*, resulting from the death of its veteran editor, Mr. McMaster, have been finally arranged, and that the present editor, Mr. M. F. Egan, will continue in editorial control. For many years he has laboured in the chosen field of Catholic journalism, untiringly and conscientiously, refusing tempting offers from more than one secular publication, for the sake of the cause to which he has dedicated his splendid talents, and this settlement ensures a new lease of life to the old New York organ. It is said that the authorities of Notre Dame University, to whom Mr. Egan

has been under contract for more than a year, have generously released him.

The committee in charge of the commemorative celebration of the centenary of the Constitution of the United States, to be held in Philadelphia on the 15th, 16th and 17th of September, has asked Cardinal Gibbons to offer the closing prayer and invoke a benediction on the 17th of September. His Eminence has accepted the invitation in these words: "I shall gratefully accept the invitation, and shall cheerfully comply with the request of the committee by performing the sacred duties assigned to me. In common with my fellow-citizens, I heartily rejoice in the forthcoming commemorative celebration. The Constitution of the United States is worthy of being written in letters of gold. It is a charter by which the liberties of sixty millions of people are secured, and by which, under Providence, the temporal happiness of countless millions yet unborn will be perpetuated."

A recent number of the *Philadelphia Press* contains an admirable article by Max O'Rell, on "French Women," that stock subject for all sorts of unkind allusions by prejudiced and ignorant writers. It is too long to give here, but a few quotations will serve to show that the writer understands and admires them. For instance: "The middle class French woman is lady-like, not only in her dress, but in her speech. You will never see her loaded with cheap jewelry, that great stamp of vulgarity, and when she speaks to you, you cannot guess whether she is the wife of a gentleman or of a small tradesman." "I have often heard French women called frivolous. But this is the height of absurdity. If this woman were frivolous, how could you explain the adoration for the mother which, even to the lowest of the low, you find in French children? How could this be unless she were the example of all domestic virtues?" Speaking of the peasantry, he says: "The woman, sunburnt, hale and hearty, is the fortune of France. She does not wear fringes on her forehead, nor flounces on a second-hand skirt, or a hat with flowers and feathers—but she is clean and tidy, and the personification of industry. This good, hard-working, thrifty woman is the backbone of the country." These, of course, are the Catholic women of France, the *petroleuses*, and other "advanced" females, who have progressed beyond the religion of their childhood, are of quite a different stamp.

UNREST.

All day upon the garden bright the sun shines strong,
But in my heart there is no light, nor any song.

Voices of merry life go by adown the street,
But I am weary of the cry and drift of feet.

With all dear things that ought to please, the hours are blest,
And yet my soul is ill at ease and cannot rest.

Strange spirit, leave me not too long, nor stint to give;
For if my soul have no sweet song it cannot live.

A. Lamphman, in Lippincott's.

The prevalent spirit among men to-day is to feel a secret hostility against a life which surpasses their own, and therefore it is that we hear these tales, fables, slanders, fictions about monks and nuns.—*Cardinal Manning.*

When a man impudently contends that the Church stifles mental freedom, (or even has stifled it), he only proves that dull bigotry has stifled his own, and contradicts the whole history of human thought.—*T. W. M. Marshall.*

Among the prelates present at the consecrating of the Most Rev. Dr. Flood, O.P., the recently appointed co-adjutor to the Archbishop of Trinidad, which took place in Dublin on the 14th of August, was the Right Rev. Dr. Carberry, O.P., Bishop of Hamilton.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

ST. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 20th Dec., 1886.

GENTLEMEN,—

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

I am, faithfully yours,

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPT. 10, 1887.

The following letter has been received from His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, It came to us unsolicited, and needs no word of comment. Touching upon a grievance under which the religious press, no less than the secular, labours, it will doubtless receive, as it deserves, very extensive quotation.

ST. MICHAEL'S PALACE.

TORONTO, Sept. 3, 1887.

To the Editor of the Catholic Weekly Review.

SIR.—I have been often pained and astonished at the frequent appeals of editors and proprietors of newspapers to their subscribers, urging them to pay their just debts. Catholics at least cannot be unaware of their obligations in this matter, and that absolution to a penitent heartily sorry for his sins does not free him from the obligations of paying his just debts. The atonement for oblivion of justice in this world will certainly be exacted in the next. The editors and proprietors of newspapers, on their part, give their time, the product of a high education and experience, together with their money for stationery, printing, and wages to employees, and they expect and should have, in common justice, a return, often by no means adequate for their outlay. A man who will not pay for a paper he subscribed for, read, and whose contents he enjoyed, is a retainer of another man's goods, and is on a level with a thief.

Yours faithfully,

† JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

They are threatened in the United States with a revival of the *Know-Nothing* cry. We have a small clique in Canada who would like to do some business in the same line, a handful of picturesque bigots who certainly don't know much or they would by this time have learned that sound Catholicism and sound Canadianism are perfectly compatible even in Ontario.

A low-blooded comic paper to which unfortunately we had once or twice to allude, imagines that the REVIEW has been instrumental in boycotting it. We dare say the sheet has suffered—indeed we happen to know it has—but it immensely overrates its own importance if it imagines we have taken the trouble to boycott it. What we did do, and what we now very cheerfully repeat, is to counsel Catholics to exclude from their homes a paper dead to all sense of respectability, in the same way as they would the *Police Gazette* and other sheets of its class.

It was with mortification, we are sure, that the Catholic citizens of Toronto read in the daily papers of Wednesday, of the disgraceful proceedings which characterized the last meeting of the Separate School Board. Disgraceful in the highest degree though they were, as the reverend chairman on the occasion said, there are many of the opinion that they will have served no bad purpose if they have the effect, as we believe they will, of awakening Catholic rate-payers to the necessity of appointing to the School Board, instead of some now upon it, men of education and respectability, who may be trusted to comport themselves rather otherwise than as cads and prize-fighters.

J. George Hodgins, LL.D., has written in the *Globe* a very interesting paper on the early history of the Church of England in Toronto. He could not keep clear of the question of the divisions, doctrinal and other, which the Anglican community presents. He imagines that the trouble arises from the Bishops and clergy becoming possessed of the idea that *they* are the Church, and he counsels the "spirit of forbearance and conciliation," to be exercised of course by the self-asserting Bishops and clergy aforesaid. This is merely a deferring of the question. Who shall define for them the limit where charity begins or the obligation of the law ceases? The Church of England needs the rule of a Czar or of a Pope to end the farce of church government which don't govern.

From the American Board of Foreign Missions we hear something of "Spanish intolerance in the Carolines, to the agents of that Board." It will very probably be found, as has been found in many other cases, that the agent was a meddlesome fellow who carried his independence out of the religious into the civil field. It is after the manner of that class to make their religiousness felt and seen, no matter who suffers. They must advertise. The home contingent have no lack of medicines. They can manage to make themselves disagreeable enough to be noticed, by championing every insane Prohibition notion which appears. But the poor lads over the sea must involve a Governor, or at the smallest a Chief, in a squabble with them, before they can attract that golden attention which looks ten cent pieces, and smiles dollars.

A Berlin correspondent cables that at the Annual Assembly of German Catholics lately held at Greves, Herr Windhorst proposed the health of Pope and Kaiser. A

city paper ignorantly heads the item "Dividing their Allegiance." There is no dividing of allegiance, no half-hearted tribute to either power among those valiant German Catholics. They are sincerely and unfeignedly loyal to each authority in its proper sphere. And for that matter their civil allegiance is but enhanced and solidified by their subjection to a spiritual power which has ever thrown its weight against tyranny on the one hand, and revolution on the other. The Catholic is loyal to the civil power from the highest of motives. His is not the paltry pocket-loyalty of the worldling, but earnest frank adhesion to an authority whose divine sanction within its proper bounds, his conscience feels.

The *Globe* believes that the existence of separate schools is all that prevents complete secularization of the public schools of the Province. There is, no doubt, some truth in it. Let the ministers loose on the schools and every man of them would have a patent of his own to run them by. As in religion, they would in school matters tend to infinitesimal division and the end might be what has happened to the schools of Victoria N. S. W., complete secularization. Still, although the separate schools are in this way emphasized as a bulwark against an impending catastrophe, the *Globe* manages to interject that "their establishment was a misfortune and their existence injurious to the solidarity of the community." Which looks very much like saying that absolute secularization of the schools would be for the good of this more or less religious-minded community.

The *Mail's* reply to the letter addressed it by Mr. William Weir, a well-known Liberal of Montreal, expostulating with it concerning its course of constant attack upon the Church and French-Canadians, is a most Pecksniffian production. That the *Mail* should be misrepresented, that the *Mail* should be credited with words and passages which have never appeared in its columns, that the *Mail* should have sentiments ascribed to it which it has all along disclaimed—to endure all this from the unscrupulous Clericals of Lower Canada, though grievous, at least were possible, but that Mr. Weir, "an upright and an honourable man," and above all, a Protestant, should similarly inveigh against it—must cause it weep. We submit that it is Mr. Pecksniff speaking. "Excuse me," said that worthy on one occasion, much affected, "pray excuse me, while I retire for a few minutes to the back garden to shed a few tears as an humble individual."

Mr. Weir warns the *Mail* that it is pursuing an unwise policy in respect to the Province of Quebec.

"As an English-speaking Protestant," he writes, "I am filled with alarm and prejudice against my French-speaking fellow-countrymen when I read the *Mail* articles. Fortunately, however, I have at hand their leading journals, such as *La Patrie*, *La Presse* and *L'Electeur*, to correct such impressions. Better than that, I have the people themselves. More liberal-minded men than the educated French-Canadians I do not wish to know, and the principles of justice to all creeds and races, and a firm and abiding love of their constitutional rights permeates even to the ignorant among them. None are readier to resist their clergyman and force him before the courts when he infringes on rights than the French-Canadian *habitants*. Their social and personal characteristics are most amiable. I do not mean to say they are a perfect race; but while I prefer my own people, I think the proportion of disagreeable qualities is pretty even in the two nationalities. Now, the unfortunate prejudices you create cannot be corrected in Ontario so easily as they can here. You are accumulating a mass of bigoted race and religious prejudice in the minds of your readers that is a terrible disintegrating force in the country. One instance of it is that your justices of the peace and judges will not perform the administrative act of endorsing a Quebec warrant, which they are

bound to do by their oaths. I do not refer particularly to cases like Sheppard's or McGarigle's, but to less known instances that come to the knowledge of every practising lawyer."

To these weighty representations the *Mail* makes evasive answer. Mr. Weir does not fully understand the question it states. For example, that gentleman states that the principle of justice to all creeds and races, together with a love for, and a tenacious adherence to, their constitutional rights, "permeates" the French-Canadians, "even to the most ignorant among them;" the *Mail* retorts that, ignorant or educated, they are alike under the power of priestcraft, and to such an extent as to interfere with the administration of the law by French-Canadian judges and juries. In a word it begs the entire question. Again the *Mail* stands accused of fomenting discord and disunion between two races and creeds forming our common population, and it answers that it is "interested in watching a conflict" it dishonestly asserts to be in course of progress in the Lower Province, between the State and a Church "which claims the right to be above the State in all matters defined by herself to be within her own sphere." It is not enough for the *Mail* to speak of the danger to be apprehended from a "vast organization which proclaims its independence of the civil authority, its hatred of liberty, of thought and freedom in civil institutions, and its intention of repressing the one and destroying the other whenever it can find the opportunity," for more shockingly dishonest statements could not be put forward. The Catholic Church, the mother of free institutions, that Christianizing force which reclaimed Europe from barbarism, which has numbered in its communion throughout the ages, just as at present, the earth's greatest in intellect, largest in heart, and most unselfish in life; that institution which uprooted slavery in Europe, and to which the world is indebted for whatever measure of civil liberty to-day obtains, has exercised her spiritual sway for nigh two thousand years, not through any speakings to the heart, not through anything which would command consent of reason, not through anything admirable in her life or ennobling in her influence, but simply, if the *Mail* may be believed, by trickery and tyranny. It requires motives of no ordinary malice to attribute to the Church inimical designs towards civil institutions, and to confound things so diverse as the infallible judgment of the Church, regarding the principles of revelation, with the conscientious obedience to civil authority enjoined upon men by God, and, so enjoined, taught by the Church through all time to the Catholic subjects of every State in the world, *in toto orbe terrarum*. It is an old cry this, that the Vatican definition of 1870 revolutionized the relations of Church and State. "I cannot doubt," wrote Cardinal (then Archbishop) Manning many years ago, "that the public writers who make these assertions believe them to be true, but I am at a loss to conceive how men of ability, with the facts of history before them, can make such assertions. The governments of the world have consciously framed all their contracts and concordats with an infallible Church. The conditions on which those relations of amity were founded were always based upon the laws and principles of an infallible Church. The question as to the seat of that infallibility is not temporal, or diplomatic, or external; but strictly internal, domestic, and theological. The Vatican definition has not altered, by the shadow of a jot or tittle, the relation of the civil powers of the world to the infallibility of the Church. To allege that it has, appears to me to be a blot upon the good sense, or

upon the candour of those who allege it. This declamation about the Vatican Council and the Pope's infallibility appears to me to be the evidence of a weak case. It is easy to create a prejudice against the accused when the world hates him, and there is a motive for so-doing, when the witnesses cannot agree together."

Mr. Weir's letter, above quoted, is to be welcomed as an expression of that apprehension with which fair-minded men of whatever creed, are beginning to view the *Mail's* unreasoning and unpatriotic crusade against the French race and their religion.

"Preach a little," he says, "to your Ontario ministers, who are demanding privileges in the Public Schools which they would refuse to the Lower Catholic clergymen in Quebec, and who, with your good Mayor's assistance, incited the mob against William O'Brien, when using his rights as a subject. As an outsider, I may announce the opinion very generally held that bigotry and prejudice are more rampant in your fair province than in any other part of the Continent, and that Toronto is the headquarters of this base sentiment and the *Mail* the official organ."

CARDINAL MANNING.

PEN PICTURE OF ONE OF THE PRINCES OF THE CHURCH.

I saw Cardinal Manning the other day at the Archbishop's house, Westminster. I wrote him a note asking for the pleasure of an interview, and received a prompt reply by return of post. The Archbishop's house is a black stone building between Victoria Street, where the United States Legation is, and the river. The exterior of the building does not suggest the character of the place, and looks like a great, gloomy, wholesale store-house. Inside its black, forbidding portals you find light, excessively cleanliness, beautifully arranged rooms, and the atmosphere representative of quiet which belongs to every well-managed public building. The messenger at the door showed me into a large ante-room below, and then a moment after I was taken up stairs to the ante-room adjoining the Cardinal's private reception chamber. This room is very long, wide, with very high ceilings. The windows were so broad and high as to leave very little of the outside wall. The ceilings are white, the walls are neutral in tint, while the floor is dark and polished, covered with rugs. Around the room hang numerous pictures of the saints and of various biblical subjects. There are also in the room a number of bookcases filled with books. Scattered around the room are a number of handsome, old-fashioned chairs, some in plain mahogany and leather, others in French gilt and red tapestry. In the centre is a round table covered with dark red cloth, upon which lie books written upon the subjects of art, religion and church architecture. In the centre is a beautiful bronze figure of the Virgin Mary, cast from metal of the bronze cannon captured during the Crimean War. The dignified, solemn servant left me here in this room, and within five minutes the black doors of the private room on the left opened, and there entered not his servant, but the Cardinal himself. He invited me to walk into his private library.

The Cardinal is very tall, he is over six feet in height. He is very slender. Advancing age has rounded slightly his shoulders. He wore the long black cassock of the priest. It was trimmed with red. The buttons down the front were also red. As he walked crimson stockings showed above his low-cut shoes from under his black flowing skirt. Walking with a long stride to the hard leather high-backed chair near the table the Cardinal motioned me to a chair near him and then turned. As he sat there he presented a most interesting and picturesque appearance. The pose, dress and positive character of this distinguished prelate of the Catholic Church would have made a picture, painted as he sat in the soft light from the window. His dark red Cardinal's cap was brought forward and slightly over one ear, giving him a rather dashing appearance. His aristocratic features and long white bands indicated a man of the highest intellectual and aristocratic type. His face is particularly gentle and kindly in its expression. His forehead is

broad and high. His eyes are dark gray, well sunken under projecting eyebrows. His nose is a fierce, aristocratic Roman. His face is quite angular, and is, of course, smooth-shaven. His cheek-bones are high, with a large depression in the hollow of the chin. His mouth is thin-lipped and straight. His chin is pointed, projecting, and most positive in its lines. His neck is long, and was half hidden by a pink linen collar standing up squarely around his neck and circled by a black tie, over which was twisted a long gold chain. He twisted in his hands a pair of steel-bowed eye-glasses as he talked about the policy of the Church, its relations to the labour question, and all the subjects which I have already furnished in a report by cable. He spoke with the greatest known deliberation, enunciating with the greatest distinctness every word. His voice was at no time raised above the ordinary tone. It was the easy, gracious talk of a man of the world, of the highest class. There was a gentleness and simplicity of bearing in his manner which were most prepossessing. He was very much interested in the United States and in the problems which are yet to be solved there. He believes fully in the daylight of public discussion, and is in no sympathy with the public men who pursue their ends through secret and devious ways. He argues that what is kept hidden is not good, and that, therefore, however good objects sought to be accomplished by secret societies may be, there are more than counter balanced by the evil of the system of secrecy.

The private library is a beautiful room and about half as large as the ante-room. It is lined with old books from the ceiling to the floor. Some of these books are priceless in value. It is a wonderful library of reference and of historical association. There is a simplicity and dignity about the surroundings of the Cardinal more impressive than the more formal systems of ceremony to be found in any of the houses of royalty in England.

The Cardinal looks more like a statesman than a priest. He had an appearance of force and of power of a most uncommon kind. He looked like a leader of men. There was something of the military air in his resolute, quick, decisive way of disposing of matters presented to him. The man who reaches a high position in the compact military organization of the Catholic Church must of necessity be a man of ability and character. There is certainly no such dignitary in the Protestant Church of England who can for one moment, in point of ability and force of character, be compared with this distinguished Prince of the Catholic Church. The Archbishop of Canterbury is an amiable, gentle old man, who takes life as easily as possible and who never concerns himself with anything outside of the narrow technical duties of his office. Cardinal Manning, I should say, from his style and manner, combines the duties of priest, diplomatist and statesman. Another thing that I noticed about him was that he spoke the English language without any marked "English" accent—he spoke as does Mr. Gladstone and the highest type of English public men. The so-called English accent, which is occasionally imitated by some of our Anglo-maniacs, is nothing but cockneyism, refined and subdued, perhaps, but still cockneyism at the bottom.

MATERIALISM AND MURDER.

The crime of murder under all forms is increasing in our midst with fearful rapidity—murder of others under the influence of sudden and violent anger, of deliberate malice, for purposes of gain, and other devilish motives; and murder of self and of unborn children, in the form of suicides and abortions.

The connection between this increase of the crime of murder and the growing materialism of the age is direct and obvious. It is impossible for those who deny to man the possession of an immortal soul, and that existence on earth has its true end in fitting and preparing us for a higher existence hereafter, to regard human life as the sacred thing it really is. The crime of putting a violent end to it is in their benighted minds shorn of the very essence of its guilt. Murder ceases with them to be the horrible crime which in fact it is.

Seven years ago the Canada Medical Association referred to and condemned the demoralizing tendencies of these materialistic notions which of late years have been widely disseminated, and the condemnation is to-day even

more pertinent and more fully sustained by the constant occurrence of murders than when it was first uttered. The President of that Association, Wm. M. Higginson, M.D., in the course of a very able address, after referring to the case of a woman who "came from the United States, and with shattered health and head bowed down admitted having procured an abortion in her own person," expressed his opinion of the influence of materialistic notions in fostering the spread of this horrible crime in the following concise and emphatic language:

"When persons have learned to regard man in embryo as a mere aggregation or union of fortuitous atoms, a plastic germ, a kind of colloid or protoplasm, which the chemical and mechanical laws of attraction and repulsion, selection and rejection, change and wave like motion, may ultimately develop into a thinking being, but little heed will be given to the integrity of that immature creature suspended in the female womb. . . . If man derives his existence by a process of evolution from a simple cell way up through the tribes of zoophytes, lizards, and monkeys, *cui malo*, then, now and again, to hook the embryomatic mass from any part of the living chain? The bathybius or beetle, the codfish or chicken, the mollusk or monkey, is but a link, and man is no more."

The editor of the *American Journal of Medical Science*, from which this extract, furnished by a friend and a physician of this city, is taken, pertinently remarks:

"It is evident that the disciples of Malthus and materialism have been detected in their nefarious work of undermining the foundations of society, and they are hereby warned to desist before they are overwhelmed by the rising storm of popular indignation, or the entire superstructure comes tumbling about their ears."

The disciples of materialism have long ago been both detected and exposed. But something more than popular indignation is required to prevent their nefarious principles doing their satanic work in society; the public conscience must be enlightened; and no power but that of the Christian religion can effect that.—*Catholic Standard*.

Current Catholic Thought.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY ON THE IRISH OUTLOOK.

We renew our prediction of a year ago. The Tories will be defeated in the fall. The Gladstone Government to follow will pass a Home Rule Bill in the spring of 1888, which the lords will throw out. Then Mr. Gladstone will appeal to aroused and indignant England, and the answer will make the blood of the peerage run cold. In the following winter the Home Rule Bill will pass the lords, will be signed by the Queen, and will go into law in Ireland in the spring of 1889.—*Boston Pilot*.

AN IMPORTANT FACT.

An Irish name is a thing to be proud of—for the one reason that it is the badge of a race of martyrs. The Irish are exiled and impoverished because they have been faithful. Their ancestors were, in a worldly sense, fools for Christ's sake. To paraphrase Dean Swift, the best blood of Ireland runs, not in the veins of titled landlords, but in the veins of the labourers. It is, we repeat, a peculiar honour to bear well a name connected with this race of martyrs. The son of an Irishman who denied Ireland would be an apostate to the holiest traditions any human being ever inherited.—*Freeman's Journal*.

THE SOCIAL QUESTION.

One power, and one power alone, can meet and combat, or direct, what we call Socialism, that is to say, the modern gospel of unrest and discontent; and that power is the Church and the organization which Christ planted in the world to be the everlasting teacher and guide of all nations and peoples, as well as of every individual man. To the Church of Christ was committed the deposit of truth and the commission to teach and propagate that truth through all the world until the end. All that is

good in every human movement will find the principle by which it is actuated clearly defined, openly taught and fully developed in Catholic doctrine. To the Church is given the knowledge and the power which enables it to sift the wheat from the chaff. Social Utopias may be all well and good in dreamland; but the world of man is made up of a complex system of checks and weights and balances and measurements, which absolutely precludes anything like a dead level in human affairs. It should be the purpose and the duty of the wise and good men to aim at the better regulation of this system so as best to apply it to the needs and changes of time and circumstance. It may be taken as an axiom that no hard and fast law can bind human society in all its various relations. Our world is a moving and a changing world. Principles live forever, but the ways and methods of working out principles are manifold. Men who would reduce all human society to one level are fanatics or fools. No tyranny would be so awful as the tyranny of universal levelling. In these days, then, when multitudes of every class and kind in human society are looking eagerly for light and guidance, it is well to turn to that light of the world which shines forever from the Rock on which Christ built His Church.—*Catholic Review, Brooklyn*.

AN ANECDOTE OF DISRAELI.

Mr. Gladstone is generous to political opponents. He was engaged in a tremendous conflict with Disraeli for many years, but he had a hearty admiration for his great rival, and whenever Dizzy's memory is attacked in Gladstone's presence, the old man is sure to take up the cudgels on the other side. He once had an argument with Mr. Robert Browning, the poet, on this very subject. Browning attacked Disraeli fiercely for his Eastern policy, and confessed that he had written a poem in imitation of the great Jingo war song of 1878:

I don't want to fight,
But by Jingo if I do
I'll send to everlasting smash
Old Beaconsfield, the Jew.

This is the first time, I believe, that this effort of Browning's muse has ever appeared in print. It was in this very conversation with Gladstone that Browning told a characteristic anecdote of Disraeli. He was present at the academy dinner when Dizzy made that astonishing speech in which he declared that imagination was the most striking quality of the British School of Art. After dinner the guests strolled about the galleries, and Disraeli accosted Browning for the first time. "What do you think of the pictures, Mr. Browning?" Then, without waiting for a reply, he added, "What strikes me most forcibly is the total lack of imagination." The poet was rather staggered by this frank admission that what the orator had said at dinner was a deliberate fiction. A year later the two men met again in the same place. "Ah! how do you do Mr. Browning?" said Dizzy. "Admiring the pictures again? I remember that when we discussed them last year you said that the chief quality of the British School was imagination."

"Nothing of the kind," replied the astonished Browning. "Why you said it in your speech."

"Did I?" responded Dizzy, musingly, "Well, do you know, I could have sworn it was you."
—*Exchange*.

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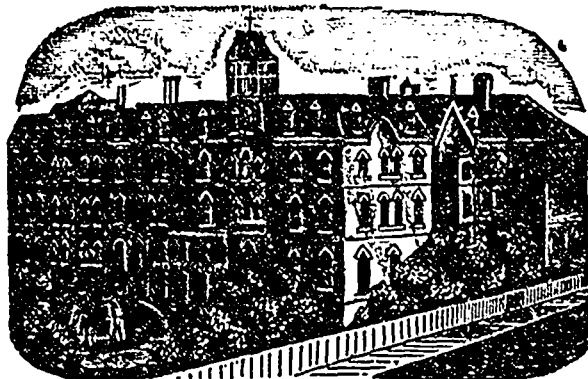
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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the under-
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Heating Apparatus, Post Office Building, Peter-
borough, Ont.," will be received at this office
until 12th September next, for the erection and
completion of a

HOT WATER HEATING APPARATUS
at the Post Office Building, Peterborough, Ont.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the
Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and at
the office of Mr. J. E. Bolcher, Architect, Peter-
borough, Ontario, on and after Monday, 22nd
instant.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders
will not be considered unless made on the
printed forms supplied, and signed with their
actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an ac-
cepted bank cheque made payable to the order
of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works,
equal to five per cent. of the amount of the
tender, which will be forfeited if the party de-
clines to enter into a contract when called upon
to do so, or if he fails to complete the work con-
tracted for. If the tender be not accepted the
cheque will be returned.

The Department will not be bound to accept
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By order,
A. GOBELL,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, August 19th, 1887.

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Notice to Contractors.
SAULT SAINTE MARIE CANAL.

CONTRACTORS intending to tender for works of construction of the Canal proposed to be formed on the Canadian side of the Saint Mary's River, are hereby notified that tenders will be received about JANUARY next, and that the most favorable time to examine the locality will be between the present time and the early part of November next. When plans, specifications and other documents are prepared, due notice will be given. Contractors will then have an opportunity of examining them and be furnished with blank forms of tender, etc.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.
Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 24th August, 1887.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Steam Heating Apparatus, Custom House, London, Ontario," will be received at this Office until 12th September next, for the erection and completion of a

STEAM HEATING APPARATUS
at the Custom House, London, Ont.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the office of Messrs. Durand & Moore, Architects, London, Ont., on and after Monday, 22nd instant.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, **A. GOBEL,**
Secretary.
Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 19th August, 1887.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Steam Heating Apparatus, Infantry School, London, Ontario," will be received until 12th September next, for the erection and completion of a

STEAM HEATING APPARATUS

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Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

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

By order, **A. GOBEL,**
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