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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Reddite omnia sunt Caesaris. Caesaris: et omnia sunt Dei, Deo.—Matt 22: 21.

Vol. VI.

Toronto, Saturday April 23, 1892.

No. 11

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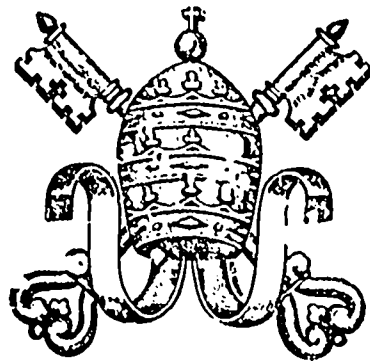
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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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. VI.

Toronto, Saturday, April 23, 1892

No. 11

Easter Services.

No festival of the year is of such universal acceptance as Easter. For Christians it celebrates the Resurrection of our Lord from the tomb and hence the fulfilment of the long line of prophecies and the establishment of the Church of Christ on the realization of the greatest of all human hopes, says F. F. Galway in *N. Y. Catholic Review*. For the pagans of antiquity, as well as, perhaps, for those modern pagans and nature-worshippers, the agnostics, it is the festival of spring time, the season when all exterior nature, after the winter period of storm and sterility, puts on again the appearance of life.

The Easter festival in this common accord of all men in its recognition, symbolizes the fact that the Supernatural which the Catholic Church, as the organization of Christianity, emphasizes, is not the contradiction or destruction of nature, but the completion and ennoblement of it. The Christian religion, in other words, is not hateful or indifferent to Nature, for if what is meant by Nature is merely the unconscious portion of God's creation, and all creation glorifies and praises the Creator.

In truth no men have had so vivid a love for the greatness of God as shown in the works of His hand, as the saints of the Christian Church. Their lives and the traditions of their lives teem with examples of how these wise and holy ones of God were able to find "books in the running brooks, sermons in the stones, and good in everything." Every heresy, on the other hand, has been false to Nature as well as to the Supernatural. As an instance, there is that predominant form of Protestant error, known as Calvinism, which has endeavored to make its votaries believe that, as a consequence of Adam's transgression, man's nature is so wholly corrupt that every thought, word, and act of the merely natural man is a sin against God the Creator. It was one of the saddening effects of this terrible perversion of the truth, that all love of the beautiful in nature or the arts, at one time seemed wholly to have perished among the millions of unfortunates who had become impregnated with it. The only man of English speech sincerely a believer in the awful tenets of Calvinistic Protestantism, who ever produced a poem of more than passing interest, was John Milton, and his grandest work leaves as its strongest impression the apotheosis of Satan on his high throne in Pandemonium. That German masterpiece, that other great poem of Protestant misapprehension of the truth, "Faust," like "Paradise Lost," though more bitter, because of its predominant note of despair, seems to degrade Nature as irredeemably contaminated by sin.

"This is the day which the Lord has made; let us be glad and rejoice therein." For it is the day which commemorates the sublimest of all triumphs, which Nature yielded to the Supernatural when the earth yielded up the Redeemer from the tomb, an act prefigured from prehistoric times by the religious joy which all things of the earth seem to have displayed at the time of equal day and night when the sun placed the most pleasant of all the seasons.

"These as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields, the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart is joy."

It was on Easter Sunday, which the Spaniards call Pascua de Flores, the Pasch of Flowers, that one of the Catholic discoverers and explorers of this grand Western world of ours first saw what is now the most southerly of our Atlantic States, and he, accordingly, named it Florida—the Easter land. Indeed all America itself might, without any undue straining after effects, be appropriately named the Easter land, for it seems to be destined under the Providence of God to be the land where the religious, moral, and political resurrection of man is to take place from the false conditions and circumstances by which his progress, both natural and supernatural, has too often been hampered in the Old World. It is "the land the West," the dream of the withered past and the hope of the flowering present. Easter of 1892 marks the astronomical beginning of the year in which the whole civilized world will unite to recall the magnificent development of the New World within the four centuries that have elapsed since the Catholic Columbus with the aid of the Catholic Queen of Spain, and the prayers of his dear old friend, Friar Juan Berez, made it known to civilized men and prepared the way for that illustrious army of brave, enlightened, and zealous explorers to complete and fill in the discoveries which he began—Amerigo Vespucci, Vasca da Gama, Bilboa, Magellan, Cortez, the Cabots, De Soto, Ponce de Leon, Verazzani, Jacques Cartier, La Salle, Marquette, Hennépin. They and the myriads of Catholic Christians of all races, languages and social conditions who have lived and toiled in these four centuries past in our glorious America, have been the instruments in the hands of God of making America the scene of the thorough resurrection of man under the unfettered influences of the religion of Christ.

"Hail, victor Christ! hail, risen King!
To Thee alone belongs the crown.
Who hast the heavenly gates unbarred
And dragged the Prince of darkness down!"

Holy Week at St. Michael's Cathedral.

The impressive ceremonies of Holy Week were carried out this year at the cathedral with more than usual pomp and splendor, while the large attendance and reverent manifestation of faith and piety on the part of the people, gave striking evidence of a well spent Lent. What added so much to the imposing and impressive grandeur of these beautiful ceremonies was the improved condition of St. Michael's cathedral. The entire renovation and decoration of the church have been a wonder and a joy to all who love the beauty of God's house, but never did these most artistic improvements appear to such advantage as during the solemn services of Holy Week. If the perfection of ecclesiastical architecture is the measure of its aid to highest worship, then the interior of St. Michael's cathedral comes very near highest perfection in ecclesiastical art.

The ceremonies of Holy Week began with

the blessing of the palms. His Grace the archbishop pontificated and blessed the palms from his throne. After the blessing he made an impressive and instructive address to the congregation on the significance of this beautiful ceremony, and then with his assistant priests, distributed palms to the people. This distribution ended, the procession began. Led by the crossbearers, the acolytes, chorists, altar boys and officiating priests, Very Rev. J. J. McCann Fr. Williams and Mr. Winterberry, formed into line, and bearing their palm branches in their hands, moved towards the church door, the chorists chanting the *Pueri Iherosolymorum* as the procession moved in. His Grace the Archbishop with his assistant priests, Fr. Campbell and Fr. Ryan, closed the procession. The procession passed out the main door of the cathedral, and this door being closed the chorists of the boy's choir sang outside the door the *Gloria Laus*, to which the choir within the church responded. The hymn being ended, the sub-deacon strikes the door with the cross, the door is opened, and the procession moves in and up the centre aisle to the altar, where the solemn High Mass began.

The touching ceremony of *Tenebræ* began on Wednesday evening. After an interesting explanation of the service by Fr. Ryan, the choir of priests in the sanctuary began the chanting of the psalms of matins. The Lessons on Lamentation were sung most effectively by Rev. Fathers Rohleder, Williams, and Trayling, the choir in the organ gallery taking up in subdued harmony the touching refrain, *Jerusalem convertere*, &c.

His Grace the Archbishop presided at the evening service on Wednesday and on Thursday morning solemnly pontificated at the holy mass and the blessing of the holy oils, having as assistant priest Very Rev. F. P. Rooney, V.G.; assistant deacon of honor, Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G., and Rev. Fr. Ryan; deacon of the mass, Rev. Fr. Williams; sub-deacon, Rev. J. Trayling, and about twenty priests of the diocese vested in chasuble to take part in the solemnity of blessing the holy oils. Rev. J. L. Hana was master of ceremonies.

The service of *Tenebræ* was again held on Thursday evening. His Grace the Archbishop presided, and Fr. Williams preached a most impressive sermon on the Holy Eucharist. After this sermon came what seemed to us the most solemn and eloquent incident in this week of solemnities. The great church was crowded with most devout worshippers. The altar of repose or repository, where the Blessed Sacrament is kept for adoration, on Thursday was at the altar of St. Joseph in the side aisle, and was really the most beautiful of the many such we have seen. At the end of Fr. Williams' sermon, the archbishop, accompanied by the clergy, went to the altar of repose. His Grace knelt for a few moments in adoration. Then he arose, turned towards the vast throng of worshippers, all on their knees, and in words of tenderest piety and most touching eloquence, asked the prayers of the people first for the Church of God and the vicar of Christ, that the kingdom of God may be extended on earth, and that this Sacred Heart of Christ may rule

(Continued on page 178.)

THE IRISH PEASANT.

The Irish peasant has seen great changes in his time. Most men have, but he far more than others. A social at all events an agrarian, revolution has swept over him, and left almost everything around him different from what it used to be. The time when his work and his lands and his life almost were the property of his landlord—were certainly at the mercy of the landlord—has gone by never to return. From a serf, the Irish peasant has become a free man.

An American of the younger generation who had never lived out of his own country could not well be made to understand how deep and degrading was the yoke of that serfdom. The landlord had to be conciliated, cowered to, cringed to and crouched to as if he were some all-powerful demon, whom absolute obedience and servile prostration alone could keep in a good temper.

Arthur Young saw all this and described it generations ago, just as he saw and told of the fore shadowings of the great revolution in France.

Now the Irish peasant is to his landlord as a well-behaved man might be to his employer—respectful, indeed, but not servile. It is no longer necessary for him to bend and pray; his property is his own now, his earnings are his own, and the caprice of a landlord or an agent can hardly affect him anymore.

The Irish peasant is inclined by nature to be civil and respectful.

There is no disposition in him to be rude or even self-asserting. One can hardly imagine his giving a rude answer to a civil question.

An English lady who visited Ireland for the first time a few years ago told me that what struck her most was the fact that all the peasants seemed to her to have the manners of gentlemen. They took off their hats when she met them on the road; they ran to open for her any gate she wanted to pass through; they would go any length out of their way to show her her's; they were absolutely courteous, but not servile, and so she declared that they had the manners of gentlemen.

I must say that I have never been struck with that great mirthfulness among Irish peasant people which has evidently impressed many Irish as well as English writers. Were there ever such creatures common to Irish life as the Micky Frees and Handy Andys of Lever and Lover? I do not know.

Perhaps I lived in a gloomier Ireland at first, and have seen more lately a stronger and more earnest Ireland, but certainly my impression of the Irish Celt is not that of a perpetual merry-maker and buffoon. Native humor he has, indeed, and it flashes and bubbles often in the oddest way and on slight provocation, but the habitual tone of his character is what I should describe as a sort of cheerful melancholy if there could be such a thing.

Melancholy, of course, is black in hue, as its name tells, and the gravity, or whatever it is, of the Irish peasant is not black. There is nothing of the pessimist about him. He loves to believe that every thing is for the best, but if he ever had the rollicking fun in him which we find he had in novels and on the stage, it must have been before my time.

Nothing is to my mind more characteristic of the Irish peasant than his patience. In an Irish county which I represented in Parliament for many years, I have known of old men and women broken down with years and poverty and infirmities, drawing to the close of their lives in a workhouse, perhaps, who yet, if you expressed too much commiseration for them, would be ready to say, in tones of absolute conviction, "Oh well, sir, sure God has been very good to us all our days."

The Irish peasant is not made to be a materialist or a skeptic of any kind, I do not know what would become of him if he were to take to agnosticism. I do not know what would become of him if he were to be dispossessed of his cheerful faith that everything is ruled for the best. Very likely he would turn out a terribly bad lot then, but the event is not likely to happen.

The Irish peasant is a great believer in the supernatural. The invisible and the visible world are closely connected for him. Of course the progress of years and of hard, useful, unpoetic, industrial science must have done a good deal to disassociate his mind from the dreams and imaginings of the past, when every valley had its fairy-haunted circle, every glen its ghost, and every great family its banshee.

The fairies—"the good people," as they were genially called—do not live in the mind of the Irish peasant as they did in the days when I was a boy. But still the Irish peasant finds the kingdom of the ghosts easily ripped open for him. I am adapting a phrase of Schiller's in the "Maid of Orleans."

The old-fashioned wake is disappearing from most parts of Ireland. The wake was still a great popular institution in my time. When a man or woman died, all the friends of the family were expected to drop in to the wake. It would have been thought a terrible thing if either the dead or the bereaved family had been left alone through the dreary watches of the night. So the friends and neighbors gathered in, and endeavored to keep up the spirits of the family with encouraging anecdotes intended to divert attention away from the sad conditions, and finally with jokes and comic songs.

I remember being present at one of those ceremonials, when a visitor,

a woman, accosted the mother of a girl who was lying dead in the room and offered her congratulations, no doubt perfectly sincere, on the cross that heaven had given her for her good. The same visitor an hour or two later was asked and consented to favor the company with a comic song.

Not by any means incredible to me is the story of the attendant at a wake who begged to be allowed to call upon the gentleman sitting next to the coffin for a comic song. I have seen love making, courtship, and a very harmless kind of romping going on at some of these country wakes when I was a boy.

The feeling of grief for the loss of the dead was sincere and intense, but it seemed congenial with the Irish nature to endeavor to shake it off, to put a bold front upon it, and to show as much attention and civility to the guests as though nothing particular had happened. "My son is dead, my daughter is dead, true, but my guest is entitled to my hospitality all the same."

The Irish peasantry have much in common with the races of Southern Europe. There are theories sustained by many learned men—I am not able to judge of their value—that the Irish are of Greek or of Phœnician origin; that some southern rovers, wandering away from the eastern Mediterranean, drifted on to Ireland and founded colonies there.

The Irish peasant seems to me to give many proofs of his southern origin. He loves the open air in a country where rain is almost habitual. He seems to have carried into the new home, whatever its difference of climate, all the habitudes of the home of his ancestors. He finds the rivers and the hills and the woods still peopled with graceful and gruesome phantom forms. He hears voices in the murmurings of the streams, and in the sigh of the night wind—voices distinct and articulate, though they speak in tones that come from the vague land "east of the sun and west of the moon."

The southern love of music clings to the Irish peasant. When for any purpose he and his fellows are organized, he is nothing without a band. I can remember well how in the far-off days of Father Mathew's temperance movement every temperance association prided itself upon its band. Father Mathew encouraged this artistic feeling, and was very patient with the defects of execution which occasionally followed even the most musical intentions.

He was entertained once at a tea meeting in a small country town. There was a band and the band struck up for his gratification an air from one of Moore's melodies. Father Mathew made every expression of delight.

There was a pause, and then the band began again—the same air. Another pause, and still the same familiar tune. One of the guests, to whom no particular reflection had occurred, suggested in an ill-starred moment that Father Mathew should be allowed to select his own favorite air for the next performance.

The good father had, however, long since grasped the whole meaning of the situation. He rose and smiled his sweet, winning smile, and declared that he liked so much the air they had just been listening to that for his part he would prefer to hear that and nothing but that for the whole evening.

Dear Father Mathew! How he won the hearts of that orchestra; how he softened away all difficulties, and relieved all distressed minds! The band was made up of very young men; it had been practising but a short time, and rose to the performance of only one single air. Father Mathew had guessed this almost from the first, and made things pleasant for everyone.

In the O'Connell movement, too, the band played an important part; and in the days of Young Ireland, days which I remember more clearly, all the towns and villages of Ireland broke into "The Wearing of the Green," and "Who Fears to Speak of Ninety eight?"

I do not think the Irish villages have so much music now—although, of course, there is no national meeting held which is not attended and played by all the bands from every part of the surrounding country. What I meant was that I doubt whether the ordinary Irish village echoes of summer evenings so much to the music of the flute and the clarionet as it used to do in the dear, romantic days of 1848.

The bagpipe, I fear, has nearly gone—the instrument on which Irish skill loved to assert itself almost as much as on the national harp.

Nothing can be a greater mistake than the idea common in England and other countries that the Irish peasant is a tremendous drinker of whiskey. Poor fellow! I wonder where he would get the money to pay for the very frequent drinks of the national beverage, as it is called.

Of course the neighborhood faction fights have long since ceased to rage. They were going on still in various parts of the country in my earliest days, just as the duel was still not altogether unknown among the gentry of the time. I know when I was a boy two or three men still not old who had fought duels, one of whom had killed his man. In the same way the faction fights were still a sort of reality. One never hears of them now.

There are many reasons given for this improvement in the ways of the modern Irish peasant. He is growing civilized, people say. No doubt he is, but civilization works through various channels and by means of various influences.

I venture to suggest that one civilizing influence on the Irish peasant has been the influence of politics. No doubt to some people this will seem a paradox. I am convinced that it is a truth.

Since the days of O'Connell the Irish peasant has been an ardent politician. He has taken the deepest interest in all that concerns the legislation for Ireland. He is eager about elections and public meetings; he walks miles and miles to attend some out-of-door demonstration on Sunday. He has no time to trouble himself about parochial or family feuds. Now at last he has his vote, as well as his landlord, and he can give it in perfect freedom and security; and he throws his soul into whatever popular struggle is going on.

I do not say that under the exciting stimulus of an election he does not occasionally use the black-thorn as an argument. I wish he never did, but I have sometimes seen him do it. Still, elections are exciting things everywhere, and I for myself have seen far worse rioting at elections in England than I ever saw in Ireland.

That, however, is not the point to which I wish to direct attention. My object is to show that the national cause has killed off the parochial and family quarrels. I do not believe there is a man in the civilized world who takes a deeper and more impassioned interest in politics than the Irish peasant of the present day.

Perhaps this is one reason why he is so unlike the man of the same class whom Lever and Lovor drew. In those days the Irish peasant had little more to do with political affairs than the cow or the pig. Political affairs were the business of his betters, and not of him. He had to throw his energies into the faction fight, and he had nothing to turn his national humor into seriousness.

He was free to be merry with the thoughtless merriment of the slave on a South Carolina estate in the plantation days. At the time of the Clare election, the great Sir Robert Peel himself acknowledged that the fervor of political excitement "inspired the serf of Clare with the resolution and the energy of a freeman."

The days of Micky Free were gone from that hour.—*Justin McCarthy in Youth's Companion.*

CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES.

In an article in the Christmas number of the *Columbian* it was said that there is no corner of the globe so remote or so savage that there may not be found there a Catholic missionary living with the natives sharing their labors and their privations, and happy if only he can give his life for their souls' sake. One of the duties of every Catholic missionary is to write, from time to time, to his superior at home, giving an account of his work. It may easily be understood that these letters form a body of literature unique in interest and value. In them a large number of intelligent, able and highly educated men give original accounts of their adventures in distant and unknown lands, descriptive of the manners and customs of strange and savage tribes, and of the various countries unknown to science or to the civilized world, excepting for these documents. The famous "Relations" of the Jesuits, and the narratives of the other missionaries of the Church contain passages as romantic and strange, as full of pathos, of terror, of wonder, as any tale ever written by romancer or novelist, and they are all true. Some little glimpse of this life of the missionary we can give our readers, in facts drawn from the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith* and from other publications in which these letters are given to the world.

In 1847, forty-five years ago, two young Spanish monks, urged by charity and the love of God, entered a vast forest in Western Australia, far from any settlement, and inhabited only by the natives. They were nearly empty-handed; like the Apostles, they took neither staff nor scrip.

They were met by a few naked and startled savages, who looked upon them with wonder and suspicion.

By tact and courage the young men disarmed their first hostility, made friends with them and were received as comrades. These wretched creatures lived like wild animals, except that they had a few miserable huts, and some shreds of clothing for their women. They ate berries, woodworms, and—when they could get it—kangaroo meat. The Fathers cast in their lot with them and lived as comrades. When the hunting was successful they all feasted, and when food was scarce they all starved together.

Gradually, by their superior intelligence and knowledge of the arts of life, the missionaries showed them how to improve their condition. Occasionally they visited a distant settlement, and returned with food, clothing and tools, which charitable persons gave them. Once Father Sataldo gave an entertainment in the town, himself the sole performer. It was very successful; he made a few dollars for his poor savage children, as all that he cared about. As he was leaving the hall, the savages and sore-footed, about to start upon his long journey back to the woods, a good Irishman, poor but generous, said: "Father, I have nothing else to give you. Here are my shoes. You need more than I do." And he walked home barefooted, leaving behind him the missionary.

For these devoted men lived with the savages, teaching, encouraging, helping them. Sickness, hunger, fatigue, poverty,

discouragements of all kinds beset them, but they were undaunted. Others of their Order joined them, and the work went on. To-day their village "New Nursua," is a happy and thriving agricultural settlement. Grouped around the monastery as a centre, are church, schools, hospital, a house for guests, workshops, forges, mills, and about 50 cottages of the native settlers. The natives raise crops, breed great numbers of sheep, horses and cattle, learn trades, the girls are taught to sew, cook and spin, and all lead a regular, useful and happy life. Their old wandering customs are still strong, and now and then the Fathers allow the younger men to go off to the bush for a while to live their old wild, free life. They always return to the settlement. They are well instructed in their holy religion, good, pious and dutiful. And these are the same races of native Australians whom the white settlers declare to be incapable of improvement.

We pass now to Africa. Father Lejeune, of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, writes of the horrors of the slave trade. Such cruelties, such inhuman and hideous atrocities as he witnesses there every day, would seem to be possible only to devils. One scene which serves to show the wickedness of the slave owners and the goodness of the missionary we place before our readers, abbreviated from his own modest account.

An old slave woman, belonging to the chief of a village, was dying of a frightful cancer in the stomach. Collecting what strength remained to her, she dragged herself to the river, and, in a tiny canoe, paddled slowly down to the village to ask for help and medicine from the chief. He abused her, drove her away from the huts and left her without even a palm leaf or a single banana. A Christian native came and asked the missionary to go and help the poor woman, "because the blacks could not find courage to go near her. It would make them sick." The Father asked the boys of the mission to help him, and all volunteered to go. They found that the poor old woman had been left lying in some bushes behind a house. The boys ran ahead, but soon came back, holding their noses. They said it was impossible to go near her; but the missionary went. He says that her condition was simply indescribable. She could not be moved, so they built a hut for her of straw, vines and branches. In it they put a mat for a bed and built a fire. She dragged herself to its shelter, and the missionary entered where no one else dared to penetrate. He consoled her, he fed her, he baptized her, he spoke to her of God. This was on the first day of the week, and some Protestants, visiting the village, said:

"These Catholics work on Sunday."

But they did not go near the old woman!

He called the poor baptized slave Veronica. She is now in heaven, where he will surely meet her.

Far in the frozen north, on our own continent, is a vast and little known country which the white man is just beginning to penetrate. There, in Alaska, on the mighty Yukon River and along the stormy coast, Jesuit missionaries are carrying the Cross. The people are of low stature, ignorant, dirty, superstitious and degraded. Their life is one long struggle for existence. To get enough to eat and to keep from freezing to death is their constant effort, and the task demands all their energies. We have had the privilege of reading some of the letters written by the Alaska missionaries. Some are young men, just entering the field, full of enthusiasm and bright with hope. Others are old men, who have toiled there amid ice, snow and storms for many years, yet still their zeal is warm and their courage undaunted.

When Father Frank Barnum (of the well known Baltimore family), with his companions, reached St. Michael's (by steamer from San Francisco), they found some of their Order awaiting them. Soon there came to greet them an old missionary, Father Neca. "He had come 500 miles in a little walrus skin canoe—a bidarra—from Cape Vancouver, a journey of twenty-one days. He was half starved and had been living on putrid fish."

At Kosoreffsky there is a settlement, and the Sisters of St. Anne have a school for the Indian children. Here there is some companionship. But when the priest gets into his little boat and paddles along the coast to his tribe, he leaves all friendship and all civilization behind him. He goes to live with the Indians as one of them. If the seals are plenty, if the salmon come, if the children kill the wild geese when they fly over, then they have enough to eat for the time, but they have usually no fresh meat from September to May. If they hear from the great world once a year, they think themselves fortunate.

And far to the South, at the very opposite end of this great continent, where the miserable Patagonian crouches, naked and shivering, behind a rock for shelter from the snow, where storms rage about the most savage, barren and inhospitable shore of all the earth, there, too, the Catholic missionary has come, bringing knowledge, progress, the peaceful and useful arts, and that religion in which all men are brothers; which elevates the savage nature, brings his brutish mind to a knowledge of God, his Maker, and saves his soul at last.

The history of Catholic missions alone is sufficient to prove the divine guidance and protection in the Catholic Church.

Continued from page 175.

from the altar. Then for the conversion of sinners, for the sick, and for the souls in purgatory. This simple act of piety was the most eloquent sermon we have ever heard.

At the Mass of the Prae sanctified on Friday, Very Rev. J. J. McCann was celebrant, Fr. Williams deacon, and Rev. J. Trayling sub-deacon. The passion was sung by Fathers Rohleder, Williams and Trayling. The stations of the Cross were held at 3 p.m. and 7.30 p.m., when Fr. Ryan preached a sermon on the passion of the Sacred Heart.

Very Rev. J. J. McCann was again celebrant on Saturday, Fr. Williams was deacon and sang the *Videtur* and blessed the Paschal candle. Fr. Ryan was sub-deacon.

On Easter Sunday His Grace the Archbishop assisted at the solemn High Mass. Fr. Ryan preached at Mass and Fr. Williams in the evening. Morning and evening the cathedral was packed. Many non-Catholics were present and were much impressed by the chaste beauty of the church and the inspiring solemnity of Catholic worship.

St. Mary's Church.

At St. Mary's church the services were of a very impressive character. The church being beautifully decorated with Easter lilies which, coupled with the rich vestments of the officiating priests, and the musical blending of voice and stringed instruments made a harmonious scene not soon to be forgotten.

Rev. Fr. Shehan was the celebrant, the sermon being preached by the Very Rev. Vicar-General Rooney, who explained the joyfulness of the day to the Christian world and the grand purposes of the Redemption. The musical portion of the services were of rare merit, the choir being aided by a full stringed orchestra. The customary Easter collection was taken up, the results being superior to last year.

Our Lady of Lourdes.

The *Empire* says: This artistic little church has always enjoyed the enviable reputation since it opened of possessing the best choir, at least in the Catholic churches of the city, and of having the most beautiful floral displays at Christmas and Easter. Yesterday was no exception. The altar was covered with the rarest cut flowers, while exotic plants and shrubs littered the chancel, producing a magnificent effect. The church was crowded to the doors at the high mass, which was celebrated at 11 o'clock by Rev. Father O'Donohue. The choir of 30 well-trained voices, under the direction of Mr. W. S. O'Connor, rendered Gounod's Second Mass, which was heard yesterday for the first time in this city. This mass is perhaps the severest test which could be applied to a choir. There is not a single solo in it, but part and full chorus work abounds. The choir, which has long been noted for its excellence, excelled itself yesterday, and added another to its long list of triumphs. The only solo rendered was Cherubini's "Ave Maria," by Mrs. Charles McGann. This lady possesses a soprano voice of rare quality, and acquitted herself in a most creditable manner. It is to be regretted, however, that a better organ cannot be obtained to accompany the choir.

The 40 hours' devotion will be commenced in this church on the first Sunday in May, when Mozart's First Mass will be sung.

Rev. Father Walsh preached the sermon on the gospel of the day.

St. Basil's.

The services at St. Basil's were, as usual, most impressive. We understand the early masses were well attended. The celebrant at the high mass was the Rev. Provincial V. Maryon, assisted by Rev. Fathers Martin and Roche as deacon and subdeacon respectively. The choir, with full orchestra, rendered in fine

style Kalloword's Mass in A. The well-trained voices of the soloists had good scope in the Benedictus and appeared to splendid advantage. As soprano, Mrs. O'Hara has few equals in Toronto, while Mrs. Podley's rare contralto voice is so well known that it needs no words from us to establish its superiority. Mr. Kirk's artistic rendering of his various solos was very fine, while Mr. Miller's full, deep base was as musical and mellow as ever. Altogether the choir maintained its high reputation, and reflects credit on its indefatigable leader, Father Murray. Mr. Mouro presided at the organ with excellent taste, while Mr. Bailey led the orchestra. At the Mass there was no sermon. A sermon on the feast, was announced for Vespers, when another crowded congregation assembled to hear the Rev. A. T. Dumouchelle, the orator of the day. We understand the offering was generous.

Hamilton.

The music loving citizens of Hamilton look to the choir of St. Mary's Cathedral for the productions of the grand masterpieces of the old musicians on the principal feasts of the year. On Easter of this year a fine treat was given them. Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by His Lordship Bishop Dowling. Gounod's mass was the music chosen. The steadiness of the choruses and the quality of tone sustained throughout, showed that a master had trained the singers.

In the evening a greater throng even than had assembled in the morning was present. Hundreds had to turn away disappointed.

The congregation are prepared for magnificence in altar decoration but surprise was manifested at the grandeur of the display on this occasion. The altar was a blaze of light, even to the highest points. Love for the most Blessed Sacrament, combined with artistic skill, is displayed in the work of the good sisters of St. Joseph, who have charge of that work.

Before the Benediction, his Lordship spoke shortly, explaining to the Protestants present the meaning of the ceremony.

Those competent of judging estimated the number of Protestants present at not less than five hundred.

Mr. Jarley Wax Works.

On Monday evening this attractive and amusing entertainment was given in St. Andrews Hall by members of the congregation of St. Mary's church. The hall was filled to its utmost capacity long before the hour of commencement, every available inch of room being occupied. The figures were as immovable as wax, maintaining their rigidity throughout. Mr. J. Campbell, as the Chinese giant being particularly effective. The make up and acting of W. E. Kane and F. Perrin in their respective characters of Mrs. Jarley, the showwoman and John the attendant, kept the audience in roars of laughter throughout, and were the life of the performance. Interspersed between the first and second parts of the waxwork exhibition an excellent concert was given by such artists as the irrepressible Harry Rich who delighted the audience with his vocal sketches, Harry Simpson whose ventriloquism, coupled as it was with humorous local hits took the audience by storm, Geo Bowes the sweet toned tenor of St Michael's choir, and St. Mary's favorite songsters Miss K. Clarke and Sadie Burns. Mrs. Corley was the elocutionist of the evening and her conception and rendition of the difficult piece of the "Polish Boy" proved her claim to be placed in the front rank of elocutionists. Dr. McKeown officiated as accompanist and Dr. McMahon ably filled the position of chairman.

C. M. B. A.

Toronto, April 14, 1892.

To the Editor CATHOLIC REVIEW.

DEAR SIR.—At the last meeting of Branch No. 85, C. M. B. A., the following resolution of condolence was passed—

"Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst our worthy and esteemed Brother, Joseph P. Campbell, be it Resolved that we tender our sincere and heartfelt sympathy to his mother in her great loss, and

Resolved—That this resolution be inscribed in the minutes of this branch, and a copy of it sent to his mother, and be it further

Resolved—That the charter of this Branch be draped for three months in memory of our deceased brother."

THOS. B. WINTERBERRY,
Rec. Sec., Branch 85, C.M.B.A.

Scottish News.

ST. ANDREWS AND EDINBURGH.

At the forenoon service in the Catholic Church, Galashiels, on Sunday, the Rev. C. J. Karlake, S.J., alluding to Messrs. Moody and Sankey's mission, said that one would have thought that with so many ministers, religious societies, Bible readers, etc., the Protestant churches would be full; but no. The American nondescripts had to be brought over to stir up religious fervour. The fact was that Calvinism, like previous heresies, was played out among the working population.

...A sale of work to aid the reduction of debt on the church of St. Aloysius', Springburn, Glasgow, will take place on May 12th and succeeding days.

...A grand drawing of prizes in aid of the new church of St. Mary, which is to be begun at Whifflet, will take place on July 4th.

...An entertainment will be given in the hall of the Caledonian Catholic Association on Monday evening, 21st of April. Father Campbell, S.J., will preside.

...The mission conducted at St. Patrick's, Coatbridge, by the Rev. Father McLaughlin is proving most successful. Throughout the church has been literally crammed an hour before the services. Several additional priests have had to be called in to help to hear confessions. The largest branch of the League of the Cross in the United Kingdom exists here, and many new members are joining. The number of members will be something very remarkable by the end of the mission. The mission was to have closed last Sunday, the 3rd, but it is postponed till next Monday, the 11th inst.

...The annual meeting of the Aberdeen Catholic Association was held in the association's hall, Silver street, on Tuesday, 6th April. Mr. Craigen, president of the association, presided, and the Right Rev. Mgr. Stopani, honorary president and chaplain, Fathers D. Chisholm, and Chas. Macdonald were also present along with the office bearers of the association. There was a good attendance of members. The nineteenth annual report was read by the secretary, Mr. J. A. Henderson. The report shows an increase of ten members and two honorary members during the year, the total number of members at present being 137. The lectures held during the season and the various other items of interest were duly referred to, and a handsome gift from Mgr. Stopani of a large number of books and magazines for the library, and also a large number of valuable framed pictures for the rooms, were acknowledged with special thanks. The accounts show a balance of £10 13s. 6d. to the credit of the revenue account and £119 18s. 8d. to the credit of the reserve account, the association having been put on a sound financial basis from

the proceeds of the recent bazaar. The president having addressed the meeting, Mgr. Stoppani urged the members to a greater zeal and activity in the cause of religion and strongly impressed upon them the necessity of strict attendance at their religious duties. A suggestion to invite the conference of the Catholic Young Men's Societies of Great Britain to visit Aberdeen, was deferred for further consideration. The office-bearers and council for next year were thereafter elected as follows: President, Mr. J. Craigen, vice-president, Mr. P. McCann; treasurer, Mr. J. Nicol; secretary, Mr. J. A. Henderson; members of council, Messrs. Wm. Clarkson, D. Fitzpatrick, P. Gordon, J. Petrie, T. Marr, R. Reid, W. Ritchie, P. J. W. Stuart, D. Stuart, Wm. Gordon, D. Henderson, and Neil Macdonald. On the motion of the president a hearty vote of thanks was given to the honorary president and the other clergy for the hearty support accorded by them to the association, and the proceedings terminated with cordial votes of thanks to the office-bearers and council.

On the evening of Tuesday, the 29th ult., the Rev. Daniel Collins, Stranraer, delivered a lecture in the Catholic school at Castle Douglas. The lecture proved very interesting and was much enjoyed. The rev. gentleman also favoured the audience with some magic lantern views which elicited frequent outbursts of applause.

At the last monthly meeting of the School Board of Ayr a communication was submitted from the Scottish Permissive Bill and Temperance Association asking the Board to petition in favour of the Local Veto Bill. The Rev. Father O'Shaughnessy thought it was beyond their province to take any action in the matter. Personally he would sign a petition in favour of the Bill outside the Board meeting, but he did not think a matter of this kind should be brought on there. A majority of the Board carried an amendment to the effect that the Board do not petition in favour of the Bill.

IRISH NEWS.

Mr. Goshen will visit Ireland during the Easter recess.

At the recent assizes Mrs. Montagu was found guilty of the manslaughter of her little daughter aged three years, and sentenced to twelve months imprisonment. Cruelty to children is of very rare occurrence in Ireland, and consequently the trial attracted much attention.

The Most Rev. Dr. Sheehan, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, has appointed the Rev. Robert Power as P.P. of Cahir, in succession to the Rev. C. J. Sheehan, who died in Dublin on St. Patrick's Day. The appointment of Father Power has given great pleasure to the parishioners of Cahir, where he had acted as curate for some years and won the hearty good will of all classes in the parish.

On Thursday, March 31st, the Most Rev. Dr. Sheehan, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, accompanied by the Rev. R. Power, C.C., Cahir, drove over from Cahir to Clonmel for the purpose of holding a special Confirmation service in connection with the Dominican mission now being carried on with such glorious results in the parish church of St. Mary's, Irishtown. About 30 adults and 40 girls and young women presented themselves for confirmation, and the occasion was also taken advantage of by the Father's of St. Joseph's Industrial School, Ferrybank, to present for confirmation about 50 of their students. In the course of his address the Bishop referred to the total abolition of the drink traffic in this country, no matter what he might be, and that he would not take an interest in the enormous advantage and strength that lay in

temperance amongst the people. They all knew how men's passions grew little by little, and the children ought to take care, while they were young, against creating in themselves the desire for intoxicating drink. For that purpose they ought all take the total abstinence pledge that day, and preserve it until they reached the age of 21, and if they were prepared with the pledge not only would the years of their childhood be secure from the sins that go with intemperance, but when we come to the age of manhood and womanhood respectively they would not have any strong craving for drink to encounter; on the contrary, they would have acquired power and control over their passions, and with the blessing of God they would remain temperate. They know what it was to be temperate, and what it meant to be intemperate. They know that temperance and all goodness went together, and that with drunkenness all was evil. Therefore, they should take this pledge, and by so doing they would be sowing as far as possible the future for themselves, and securing happiness and peace in this life and joy for ever beyond the grave.

The Pope to the American Hierarchy.

The following correspondence has been given out for publication:

"MOST HOLY FATHER.—When toward the close of last year, on the occasion of the golden jubilee of Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick, we met together in St. Louis to discuss various matters of Catholic interest, and especially such as had contributed to extend that interest in this country, the acts and favors of the Holy See regarding this part of the Lord's flock were among the principal things that occurred to us, and it was consequently the unanimous sentiment among us that an early letter to your Holiness bearing the expressions of our gratitude, whilst we at the same time implore the Giver of all good gifts to vouchsafe long to preserve so great a Pontiff to the Catholic world.

"Passing over other matters, we need hardly say how much light Your Holiness' recent encyclical letter has thrown on social questions closely connected with the good of religion, since its wisdom has been apparent even to many who are not of the faith. However, if we are not mistaken, it would seem that several things which it contains were especially written for the good of this country, and for this reason have been productive of much fruit among us.

"There was yet another matter which we recognized with no less pleasure. A groundless fear had taken possession of many minds, lest what was being commonly circulated about "national bishops" though without any foundation whatever—should be reduced to practice.

"We did all in our power to dispel this idle apprehension, especially when we saw the matter bitterly discussed by the public press, and looked upon with disfavor by the Government. Our words, remained, however, of no avail, until the voice of Your Holiness was heard, that put an end to all discussion, and manifested to our government the wisdom and prudence with which Catholic affairs are handled by Your Holiness.

"We give thanks for these and many other favors, and once again pray God to preserve the health of Your Holiness, at whose feet we prostrate ourselves, humbly begging for us and for the flocks entrusted to us, the apostolic benediction.

"(Signed) JAMES CARD. GIBBONS."

To our beloved son, James Gibbons, cardinal priest of the Holy Roman Church, of the title of S. Maria trans Tiberim, Archbishop of Baltimore. Pope Leo XIII. Beloved son, health and apostolic benediction. Although

your letters always give us pleasure, yet we were particularly gratified by that which we received from you under date of Jan. 14, since it bore the special commendation of having been written in the name of all the venerable bishops of the Church in the United States.

"We rejoice, indeed, that you esteem the care which we have bestowed upon your dioceses; the sentiments of gratitude which your letter expresses have given us no small comfort. All these things avail, as your devotion towards us increases, to incline our good will daily more and more toward you and your flocks, and thus to draw closer those bonds of charity and faith which give such great strength and glory to the church.

"It is most agreeable to us to know that your prayers are offered to God for us, for nothing is better suited to the difficulty of the times in which we live. With a like feeling of charity, therefore, we on our part, implore an abundance of heavenly graces for you, and as an earnest of them, we impart, permanently in the Lord, to you beloved son, and to your brethren in the episcopate in the United States, as well as to the clergy and faithful committed to your watchfulness, the apostolic benediction.

(Signed) LEO PP. XIII.

GENERAL.

The gold medal which the University of Notre Dame for several years past has been accustomed to present to deserving Catholic laymen on Laetare Sunday has just been sent to Henry F. Brownson, Esq., of Detroit. The choice was an excellent one, and there is an appropriateness in the bestowal of the honor this year. Having lately published the concluding volume of a complete uniform edition of the writings of his illustrious father, Mr. Brownson has further deserved well of the Catholics of the United States by giving us an English version of Tardecci's admirable Life of Columbus. He is also the translator and editor of Balmes' "History of Civilization in Europe," and numerous other works. It is not generally known that some of the ablest articles in *Brownson's Review*, though attributed to Dr. Brownson, were written by his son. We rejoice that the name of Henry Brownson has been added to the list of American Catholic worthies for whom the University of Notre Dame has shown appreciation while they were still living. As a rule, we are indifferent to our deserving men while they are with us. — *Ave Maria*.

Red. Father Vincent Bronikowski, rector of St. Casimir's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., has been appointed by His Holiness Leo XIII. a domestic prelate with the title of Monsignor. Mgr. Bronikowski was born in 1853, in Ostrowo, served as an officer in the army, attended the seminaries of Posen and Gnesen and afterwards the universities of Vienna and Krakau. He was formerly pastor in Krakau and professor at the Aubin avenue seminary, Detroit, Mich.

Rev. John S. Vaughan, one of the priests attached to the House of Expiation, Chelsea, London, and a relative of the archbishop-elect of Westminster, contributes the opening article to the April issue of the *Catholic World*. Another relative of Dr. Manning's successor, Rev. Kenelm T. Vaughan, is connected with this same institution, and kindred of his are to be found in the English hierarchy and among the English Jesuits, Benedictines and Redemptorists, while he has sisters in the convent. And, by the way, the auxiliary of Westminster, Bishop Weathers, holds the same title, bishop of Amycla, *in partibus*, by which the grand-uncle of Archbishop elect Vaughan was consecrated, in 1826, the coadjutor of the Canadian diocese of Kingston; though Cardinal Weld never exercised his episcopal powers this side of the Atlantic.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commented by

The Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto

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

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

The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, Toronto

The Late Archbishop Lynch

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

The Rev. Father Oudet, "St. Patrick's" Montreal.

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1892.

THE HON. FRANK SMITH.

WHEN a statesman has devoted the best portion of his years to the service of his country and the public, and is anxious for a period of rest, it is but meet and right, and an established principle, that recognition, in as far as possible commensurate with the value of the services rendered, should be accorded. When such an one, in addition, has left his impress upon the commerce and finances of the country, and identified himself with the development and improvement of various portions thereof, the greater the necessity of a spontaneous testimonial to his worth. In Toronto we have such a citizen, the Dominion a legislator, and the Governor-General an able and zealous minister, in the person of Hon. Frank Smith, Senator and ex-Minister of Public Works.

Grown grey in the service of Canada in the fields both of finance, commerce and legislation—no taint has ever attached itself to his good name, his manifold services are known to all, and his love and loyalty to Canada unbounded. Sprung from the humble walks of life, by force of character and determination alone he has risen to eminence—making him a mark and finger post for the emulation of others—retaining withal the unobtrusive modesty of his younger days. It was to him, the only one possessing the confidence of the people in full for that position, that the herculean task of reorganizing the Public Works department was given, at a time when fear and distrust was prevalent throughout the Dominion. His political opponents, as well as his friends, gave their meed of praise to him for his good work there, and nothing but his persistent and positive refusal to continue to hold the portfolio, on the ground of desiring rest, could induce his colleagues to forego his services in a department which he had so ably reorganized. Now is a fitting time to take action, and to present a gift that would not only be acceptable to the hon. gentleman himself, whose modesty desires not public recognition, but to those who, through him, would be equally honoured. The Lieutenant-Governorship of Ontario will soon be vacant, the term of the present occupant having nearly expired. Than this, coupled with knighthood, what more fitting testimonial could be offered him? Unquestionably none would give more universal satisfaction. And no one would wear either honour with more dignity than Hon. Frank Smith. If the acceptance of the gubernatorial office be refused by him, most assuredly his name should be forwarded Her Majesty for the honour of knighthood, and insistence of its accept-

ance by the hon. gentleman demanded. The people wish it, (as heretofore that would be sufficient ground for him) the commercial community, amongst whom he laboured so long, wish it, every Irish Catholic in the Dominion who delight in honouring him as a representative, desire it, and the entire population of Western Canada, particularly of Toronto and London, are a unit for the same purpose. The recognition is due the gentleman himself for the vast enterprises he has been at the head of, or of which he has been the mainstay, as well also as for his work in the legislative halls of Ottawa, and we trust will be speedily accorded.

EQUAL RIGHTERS AND THE FRENCH HALF BREEDS.

It is quite probable that Mr. D'Alton McCarthy would have retired from the field of Equal Rightism before now, were it not that he is constantly reminded of his obtrusive and unrighteous mission by the *Toronto Mail*. It was this journal's fatal influence that first started out the member for North Simcoe on his uncalled-for pilgrimage to Manitoba and the North-West Territories. Its greed for power and patronage caused the first hue and cry to be raised against the Mowat Government, for not crippling our Separate Schools, and leaving them powerless for good. Two of the ablest men in the Province were enjoined by it into entering upon a crusade against Catholic education. So completely were they entrapped into the false and suicidal move of open hostility to the dearest interests of the Catholic population of Ontario, that they were not afraid to declare, and advocate on public platforms the policy of "wresting the education of Catholic children from the hands of the priests and bishops." The country at large has had, since, cause to regret the loss to the Dominion Cabinet of two such eloquent and able jurists. That either one or both would be to-day in the Federal ministry were it not for the universal odium brought on them by the course they pursued in the two last general and provincial elections, can not be denied for a moment. Neither the French Canadians nor the Ontario Catholics can for a long time blot out from their memories, or condone the insults flung at them by those otherwise able and astute politicians. How they allowed themselves to be made catspaws for the *Mail* and the short-lived Equal Righters, or how they could thus be induced to sacrifice their own brilliant future, is one of those political mysteries that time alone can fathom and explain. As the country can ill-afford to lose extensive talents, and varied and more than ordinary abilities, it is to be hoped that both Mr. Meredith and Mr. McCarthy will soon see their way clear towards undoing the mischief and expiating the acts of imprudence they were guilty of in the past; and towards establishing for themselves a record of high-mindedness and toleration, without which, as chief characteristic, no politician can ever rise to power or can ever be dignified with the name of statesman.

It is much to be regretted, for his own sake, that Mr. D'Alton McCarthy still pursues the uncalled-for and bigoted course he entered upon four years ago. Why should he lose his peace of mind and give himself so much needless anxiety over the concerns of Manitoba and the North-West Territories? There are men able and eloquent in the House of Commons at Ottawa who represent the people of those distant regions. In what view or for what purpose are they selected to voice the wishes of Protestants or Catholics, of Frenchmen or half breeds, if they do not stand up for the interests of their constituents, when parliament meets, and prove themselves deserving of public confidence, by showing some work done and some things said, to justify the expense of their election, and of their journeyings to and from the Capital? Mr. D'Alton McCarthy could very well, and with good grace, hand over to Mr. Davin and others like him, the task of calling for special legislation for those territories, whose wants are better known to those living on the spot.

than they ever can be to the member for North Simcoe. The latter gentleman must be culpably neglectful of the interests of his own province and county, when he can spare so much precious time and waste so much talent and oratory upon the concerns of the half-breeds in the distant west at one time, and on the French *habitants* of Quebec Province in the far east, at another time. It is about these principally he edifies his constituents, whenever it happens that he can spare a day from his forensic duties in Toronto and Ottawa. "There must be but one language and one school," he tells them, "and one British sentiment, and one British idea from ocean to ocean; and if we can not drive the French language and the French schools out of Canada by the ballot, then, by the Lord Harry, we shall drive them out by the bullet."

The Toronto *Mail* is for ever urging on this game of Don Quixote and probably enjoying the joke all the time at poor Mr. McCarthy's expense. Saturday last it had a little item for his encouragement, saying: "When Mr. McCarthy's bill to amend the North-West Territories Act comes before parliament, it should command the support of all fair minded men, because it is based upon just principles. This is recognized by the more independent press of both parties. What the *Mail* calls just principles are excuses for downright tyranny and injustice. An Act has already been passed and made law, which guarantees to the French Canadians in those territories the use of their own language and the legality of their own schools. Now, because some proselytisers have found their way to Batoche and have erected at Alberta man-traps for the unwary children of the unsophisticated half-breeds, they want the abolition of the French language, in which they are poor adepts, like Mr. McCarthy himself, and they want to see no schools but their own and the boy's halls flourishing in the land. The proselytising schools at Point-aux-Trembles is so great a success down near Montreal, the fanatics and Bible culporters are determined to repeat the experiment on the Saskatchewan, and replace the pious rosaries and crucifixes with long-faced hypocrisy and psalm singing.

It is to be presumed that Mr. McCarthy's Bill will meet, not with the support of all fair-minded men, as the *Mail* supposes and hopes, but with their utter abhorrence and condemnation. For heaven's sake, Mr. McCarthy, allow the poor half-breeds to live in peace. They have been already robbed of their lands and their fur-robbs, do not seek to rob them of their only remaining comfort and consolation, their mother's tongue and their ancestral faith.

SACRILEGIOUS SCENES IN FRANCE.

SCENES of a sacrilegious character occurred on the 15th and 22nd of March last in the church of St. Merri, Paris, France, which caused a panic, and ended in a general riot and bloodshed. While Rev. Father Le Moigne was preaching, his subject being, "Christian Socialism and the Socialism of Anarchy," rumours were heard in different parts of the sacred edifice. The preacher, nothing daunted, however, proceeded with his discourse, and continued his line of argument, until the conclusion of the first part, when he stopped for a few seconds to take a little rest. Suddenly about fifty men stood up in the middle of the church and commenced hurling chairs around over the heads of the congregation, crying out, "*Vive la Commune*," which might be interpreted, "down with the churches, down with order." A panic ensued, the people rose to their feet, women shrieked, and a rush was made for the doors. These were blocked by infidels, who drove back the surging crowd, shouting blasphemies and hurling more chairs. Five or six policemen in uniform witnessed the scene of disorder, as though the public peace were no concern of theirs. Revolutionary songs were intoned, men struck at each other, and Anarchists stood upon chairs to harangue

the congregation. A crowd gathered outside the church, and called upon the law officers to clear the building. "Those priests have their own police," one constable said, "let them see to it." The only police in the church was the door keeper, known as the Swiss guard.

The attention of the government was called to the scandalous events by Mr. Jules Delahaye, M. P., in the Chamber of Deputies (French House of Commons). After relating what had taken place in the church of Merri, Mr. Delahaye said: I ask if freedom of worship, that has been so obstructed for the last three weeks in the church of St. Merri, will henceforth be under the protection of the law officers of the Republic; if preaching the word of God shall be free, and if the Revolutionary bands shall be subject to law, and summoned to court to answer for their sacrilegious acts? Formerly churches were places of refuge, asylums to which even criminals could run for protection. That was excessive, no doubt, but Catholics would find it still more excessive if their churches became the resort of Anarchists, where Revolutionists could work mischief under protection of the police."

After Mr. Delahaye the Revolutionary M.P., Chassaing, rose to his feet and called upon the Government to give no such protection to freedom of preaching in churches, but rather to close up those churches where doctrines were taught that wounded the feelings of Freethinkers and Revolutionists."

Mgr. D'Hulst, lately elected member for Brest, delivered his maiden speech in the French Commons, in reply to Mr. Chassaing. We translate from the *Vente* a few extracts of his courageous and eloquent address:

"When the Concordat was signed by Pius VIII. and Napoleon 1st, eighteen hundred years had already elapsed since the dogmas of the Church were established and her code of morals fixed. You cannot, therefore, say that we have arranged them all so as to be in opposition with your notions. If, therefore, the Catholic Church holds on faithfully to her doctrines and sends our her ministry to preach them in their integrity, she has no intention of contradicting or opposing any human legislation. But the priest, who is the mouthpiece of the Church, has no right to make changes in the doctrine of which he is the depository. (Murmurs on the left, hear, hear, on the right.) Everybody is preoccupied and excited over the social questions of to-day. Doubtless you would rather have us exempt from those preoccupations and limited to our churches, occupying ourselves only with things that you rail at, in which you do not believe, and for which you have nothing but contempt. (No, no, on the left.) It is your wish that if we ask the people to come and hear us, it would be for them an occasion of pitying our ignorance as to what is going on in the world. But we have no intention of lending ourselves to such calculations. (Hear, hear, on the right.) We will treat in their turn the social questions that have a moral aspect, and we shall treat them in laying down for those serious problems the solutions which, we believe, are found in the gospel, in the teachings of the Church, and in the institutions of which she has been for ages the initiative power and the patroness. (Applause on the right).

Our Sovereign Pontiff Leo XIII. did not feel that he was exceeding the duties of his pastoral office when treating, in a well known and universally admired document, the great questions that touch on the social condition of workingmen, and it would be strange if the ministers of God's word were not within their right in commenting on the teachings of the Head of the Church. (Applause.)

If, while developing these teachings, they met with objections derived from opposite doctrines, do you want them to appear as ignoring such doctrines, thus exposing themselves to the world's ridicule. No, gentlemen, when serious questions are treated I will not suffice to lay down principles—these must be confronted with the opposing doctrines, which, in their turn, must

be controlled by history. And thus it will happen that the preacher will be led on by the necessity of his subject, to treat of matters involved in the history of France for the last hundred years, and in the history of the different schools of sociology that dawn upon us in the age in which we live. (Hear, hear, on the right.)

I would conclude here if Mr. Chasaing had not enlarged the debate by saying: "I call upon the Government to put a stop to the preaching of those conferences in the church of St. Merri, otherwise we must consider the authorized continuation of those conferences as a real provocation to those who think with us; and then I cannot answer for the consequences." He even went so far as to intimate that he would be among the number of those who would renew the disorders in worse and more serious proportions than had already occurred. I might express astonishment at this sort of threat, and since the hon. gentleman has several times used the term 'provocation,' I can say never was it better applied than under the circumstances. But that does not trouble me at present. Since a call has been made on the Government, it is upon the Government that I now call, and with all the respect due to men in power, I beg of them not to confound the victims of these disorders with the instigators, despite the freedom of God's word guaranteed by the Concordat and of which the Government should be the first to stand up in defence. That is the call, that in all due respect I make upon the Government and upon the Minister of the Interior. I ask of them to adopt a course diametrically opposed to what has been inaction and supineness under the previous circumstances. . . . We Catholics have no objection to the Republican form of Government. What we shall forever object to is the body of teachings and principles that you put forward as especially Republican (hear, hear, on the right) and that had nothing in common with the Republic. I acknowledge most willingly that during the last fifteen years, at least, French opinion has been manifestly expressed in favor of a Republican form of Government.

What is it that it lacks, then, or why is it this form of government does not obtain the prompt and unanimous adhesion of all Frenchmen? One thing alone is wanting, and it is that you should admit this distinction which you disclaim—the Republic is a form of government, nothing else—our opinions, our principles, our religious convictions may be explained and propagated, but we shall never identify them with our form of government which is established for the welfare and good of all men. (Applause on the right.) If you admitted this doctrine, long since you would have secured the unanimous adhesion of all Frenchmen. Because the government which, after a century of political changes, would guarantee to our dear country the blessings of peace and unity as well as material security, would earn for all time the gratitude and felicity of the entire nation. But if I consider the past, I have little hope that so pleasing a dream will be realized in the future. Then what will happen? It will happen that you will use force to convert us to this identification that we disclaim.

A Member on the left—No, never.

Mgr. D'Hulst—You will do it—and do you know why? Because when we maintain the right we enjoy to announce publicly and everywhere principles contrary to yours, you will deny us that right.

A Member—In the churches, certainly.

Mgr. D'Hulst—When it affects Christian morals we will announce it in the churches as elsewhere.

Mr Terrier—Then we shall part, that's all.

Mgr. D'Hulst. . . . And if you presume to be the judges of what is matter for religious instruction, you will encounter on our side an invincible resistance. We shall seek very far away in the annals of Christianity the word that will be our

reply. We shall take it from the lips of St. Paul. (exclamations on the left.)

A Member—That's going a little far.

Mgr. D'Hulst—And we shall say to you: *Verbum Dei non est alligatum*—the word of God is not muzzled. (mumurs on the left applause on the right). It belongs to the bishops of the Church to recommend to those who preach the word of God both prudence and reserve; but they will never permit this prudence and this reserve to interfere with their duty of accomplishing their mission of teachers, or consequently of treating of questions, on morals, social, individual and domestic. This duty, we shall fulfil it, under the protection of the Concordat that assures it to us, and of the government that is bound by treaty to afford it to us. If this protection be refused us, after protesting against the wrong, we will expose ourselves to all the inconveniences and to all the persecutions that may follow. We will suffer much, we may suffer a long time, perhaps, but we shall have the last word.

If one day, then, the Republican form of government goes down under the mistakes that shall be committed in its name, not we, indeed, but you, shall have accomplished its dissolution. (continued applause on the right).

The Right Rev. orator took his seat amid the plaudits and congratulations of his friends.

It is to be hoped that both the clergy and the laity will muster up courage and be influenced by this manly stand of Mgr. D'Hulst, to assert the freedom of speech and of Catholic worship on the soil of Catholic France. The good men and true in that Grande Nation are still in the majority, but they are handicapped by organized secret societies, and allow themselves to be terrorized by the Anarchists. It is time they should arise from their torpor and swarm at the polls to drive from power the enemies of God, of France, of Christian morality and divine faith.

Mgr. D'Hulst, referred to above, is one of the most distinguished church dignitaries in France. He is member of the Academie Francaise, Director and President of the Catholic University in Paris. A few weeks ago the people of Brest, in Brittany, elected Mgr. D'Hulst to represent them in the French House of Commons (Chambre de Deputes). He is the only clergyman now occupying a seat in the French Parliament. For many years the Catholic Church had an able and eloquent exponent of her cause in the person of Bishop Freppel. As the latter has been called away to enjoy the reward of his labors and combats, it is well and very opportune that so worthy a successor should be found as the fearless confessor of her faith and liberties, Mgr. D'Hulst.

DR. JAMES FIELD SPALDING RETURNS TO PROTESTANTISM.

THE Cambridge (Mass.) *Tribune* of the 9th inst. announced the surprising news that Dr. James Field Spalding had returned to the Episcopal Church, which he left four months ago to become a Catholic.

Dr. Spalding has thus far, says the *Boston Pilot*, offered no explanation of the motives impelling him to this action; but the *Tribune*, whose editor is a warden of the church in Cambridge over which the reverend gentleman was rector for many years, up to last November, says: "In common with all his friends we shall await a full explanation from Dr. Spalding of the causes that have induced him to thus retrace his steps to his old faith." Catholics also will await the explanation, but rather with curiosity than with grave interest. In his farewell statement in Christ Church, last November, Dr. Spalding said:—

"I would not have you suppose I have been hasty in taking the step of resigning, or in reaching the condition which I have in my own mind, and of which I am now about to tell you. . . . I have no sympathy with carelessness and haste in such an investigation. To be carried away by some impulse or imagination about doctrine or worship or morals; to give up one's own communion from some personal discontent, or because of grave faults in its workings, and then to rush into another with no clear notion of what it teaches or stands

for, is a folly which might be expected to be followed by bitter repentance. I have tried to be as thorough in my investigation as ability and opportunity would allow."

"I have not been solicited by any one; no inducements of any sort have been held out to me. There has been no attempt at proselytizing. I have rather been kept back many times; I have received help by way of books or counsel or explanation when I have asked it; but the chief thing, the thing I have been forbidden continually to do, to bring myself to a decision in this great matter, has been to pray—pray for knowledge of God's will and for the guidance of the Holy Spirit. No! I have not been sought, but I have myself sought; and I have been impressed with the naturalness, candor, fairness, gentleness, large-heartedness, charity of those whom I have met; and there has been sufficient variety, of so many different people, in different places, in different walks of life, of occupation sacred and secular, to enable me to reach an intelligent conclusion, and to believe that the manifestation of such virtues as I have just named has not been, as narrow-minded enemies sometimes say, the working of any craft or policy to gain me out of sincerity and truth; and as such I bear my witness to it."

It had taken him many years, he further said, to reach the conviction that the Catholic Church is the true Church. He made undoubted sacrifices to enter it, and bravely entered on more which awaited him. His convictions, the growth of years, remained unshaken up to a week or two ago. It is not complimentary to the reverend gentleman's intellect to intimate that within the space of, say, fifteen days, he has discovered the reasoning of years to be fallacious; and yet that supposition is more charitable than the alternative that he was insincere four months ago, or is so to-day. We have no reason to make the latter charge against him, nor shall we question the assertion of the *Tribune* that he is a man of great moral courage and unflinching conscientiousness. We simply question his intellectual force, as we should question that of anybody who could make two so remarkable changes of opinion in so brief a time. It is a case for compassion and gentle judgment.

DEATH OF HON. ALEX. MACKENZIE.

By the death of Hon. Alexander Mackenzie a remarkable man has passed away. The page of Canadian history is not crowded with great names, and many of those who were counted great in their own day on reputation won in the heat of political conflict have not outlived the ephemeral events on which these reputations were based. We are, as yet, too near Mr. Mackenzie to be able to forecast with accuracy his precise place on the record; but the increased and increasing appreciation of his qualities since his retirement from the more active service of his early days indicates that it will not be low, and his marked traits of character make it certain that it will be strongly distinctive. Possessed of immense power of will and of a great capacity for work, combined with a lofty idea of the dignity of manhood and with high moral rectitude, without influence or connection but such as he made for himself, by self-training, intense earnestness, and sheer resolution, he hewed his way steadily to the front, so that when the time came it found the man. He became Prime Minister of Canada not by a gradation of steps from office to office, in the way that men usually climb the ladder from the first to the topmost rung, but almost by a single upward stride.

It must have been a proud day in his life when he achieved that great distinction, but it was no doubt a prouder day for him when as Premier of Canada, revisiting his native land after a revolution in his fortunes, a great and unexpected distinction awaited him in the little village of Logerath. Here, on January 28, 1822, Mr. Mackenzie was born, and here 53 years afterwards, in front of the stone cottage erected by the hands of his father, whose occupation of stonemason the distinguished son himself followed in early life, he was hailed as the chosen head of five millions of self-governing people.

Before glancing at his career in the interval, it will be interesting to recall that scene. Mr. Mackenzie, who was then making a tour, which partook more of the nature of a progress, through parts of Scotland, feted and honoured by receiving the freedom of many of the ancient cities and boroughs, arrived in the course of his journey at the old home which more than thirty years before he had left, a nameless youth. The situation of the house is described—we believe by his old political leader and warm personal friend, George Brown, whose life it has devolved on Mr. Mackenzie himself to write—as being "near the confluence of the Rivers Tay and Tummell—one of the most beautiful spots in the Southern Highlands. Within a few miles of the ancient cathedral city of Dunkeld, on the south, and the famous pass of Killcrankie, on the north, a rich cultivation in the broad valleys contrasts strongly with near mountain scenery, and renders the spot no less celebrated for natural beauty than it is for its historic recollections." When contemplating this house, built nearly eighty years ago by the hands of old Alexander Mackenzie, and standing there yet, firm and solid as good workmanship and stone and mortar could make it, the mind reverts to the pride felt by another eminent Scotchman, not dissimilar in many distinguishing characteristics from the subject of this sketch. Thomas Carlyle, in pointing to the house

built by his old and revered father, James Carlyle, mason, Scotsbrig, as evidence of the truthfulness and sincerity and soundness of the man himself, said: "No one that comes after him will ever say, 'here was the finger of a hollow eye-servant.' Let me learn of him. Let me write my books as he built his houses." On the same lines young Alexander Mackenzie came to Canada to build for himself a reputation as stable as he built the fortifications of Kingston, and the canal at Welland. A large marquee had been erected in a field directly opposite Mr. Mackenzie's birthplace, and both were decorated with flags. There was a great banquet, attended by a distinguished company, presided over by another Alexander Mackenzie—Sir Alexander Muir Mackenzie, Bart., of Delvine. The honoured guest, always measured in his utterances and repressive of feelings of sentiment, was much touched by the occasion and by the surrounding associations. He gave expression to his thoughts in manly and touching words. "He was now standing," he said, "where fifty years ago he had played as a child, within sight of the house where he first saw the light. Tender recollections of father, mother, brothers and friends, welled up in his memory and almost deprived him of utterance. Wit him a few hundred yards was the burial place of his ancestors, which he had visited to-day, after a long, long absence. Could all the dear ones of his family who had departed have again met him, the gathering would have been divested of a tinge of sadness which could not prevent stealing over and oppressing his spirits." Stoic though he was to outward appearance, Mr. Mackenzie's stoicism was not proof against these influences, and though not easily surprised, he was struck by the contrast in his humble outgoing to Canada in the summer of 1842 and his return in 1875 as the head of the Government of his adopted country, to receive distinctions from all hands, even to the honour of being the guest at Windsor of her Majesty the Queen. *Mail*

MARY OF EGYPT.

Across the waters, came I with the throng
In lewd attire, with boldly flashing eye,
Among the sailors, sang my reckless song,
And danced upon the deck, until the sky
Dropp'd down its dew upon my perfum'd hair,
And shed its diamonds on my bosom bare.

"Avaunt thee!" cried the pilgrims.—And their priests
"Hast thou then lost all Christian fear and shame?"
"Peace!" sighed an aged bishop from the East.
"Mary of Egypt is the woman's name:
And naught save prayer and meekest zeal can win
The poor abandon'd creature from her sin!"

The while they prayed, the while the vessel plough'd
Her watery way into Jerusalem,
I loos'd my scarf, and danced, and sang aloud,
And, like a leering demon, mocked at them.
Waving my jewell'd arms above my head,
The moonbeams blazing on their rubies red.

What time the chanting pilgrims slowly filed
Into the sacred City of the Lord,
The Church of Holy Rood, its undefiled
And stately portals, opened to the horde
Of pious worshippers, who joyed to pass
Over its marbled threshold, smooth as glass.

I with the rest (vile sinner!) boldly strove
To enter at the grand old vestibule,
Whence, full of awe and reverential love,
The pilgrims filled the church, majestic, cool,
And knelt with solemn fervor at the shrine,
To venerate the Holy Rood divine.

In vain, I sought to enter at the door!
Some mighty Hand, invisible, was there,
Barring the harlot's entrance.—O'er and o'er
I struggled to press on.—In wild despair,
I found myself, when all the throng had pass'd,
Alone, within the portico at last!

I smote my breast—my tears began to fall
I cried aloud to that strange Power unseen,
When, looking up, I saw upon the wall
A lovely image of the Virgin Queen!
The Spotless One, the Maiden Innocent,
Whose tender eyes were on the sinner bent!

"O Mother without stain!" I sobb'd aloud.
"Unclean am I,—a sink of every sin!
Refuge of Sinners! (to thy service vow'd),
Accept me for thy slave—and lead me in
Your golden door—that I may kiss the wood
Made sacred by thy Son's redeeming Blood!"

Praised be the mercy of the Virgin Queen!
No sooner had I ceased—than thro' the door,
I stepp'd with ease. How wondrous was the scene!
Before the altar—prone upon the floor,
I cast myself amid the kneeling line,
And faced my God, and kissed the cross divine!

Instant, there came, afar, a Voice of might,
Which pierced my soul:—"Beyond the Jordan, go,—
And there, thou shalt find hope, and peace, and light
—I rose up at the call—and wandered slow
Out to the River—where I made my shift
In chapel lone,—and took the Sacred Gift
—Eleanor C. Donnelly, in N. Y. Catholic Review.

THE OATH OF VENGEANCE.

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. BY EDMUND BURKE.

Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long back on itself recoils.

The French Revolution had reached its zenith. Paris, and indeed all France, was thrown into utter consternation on hearing of the King's escape. Maddened, execrable crowds thronged the streets shouting and gesticulating wildly. When the news of his arrest reached the French metropolis thousands wended their way to meet the royal escort. As soon as the King reached Paris the tumult became terrible. The mob shouted, making use of the most insulting epithets, and the royal body-guard had to make vigorous efforts to protect the person of the King.

"What a shame!" cried a man who stood at his door, on seeing the usage the King was receiving.

At the same moment half a dozen wieldy clubs were raised above his head, but the shout of "A la prison" checked their use, and M. Vermer was led to prison, surrounded by a howling mob.

A young girl of fourteen was about to rush out after her father, but her brother intercepted her.

"Do not go, Marie," he said, "you will only be exposing yourself to unnecessary danger."

"But Henry, he'll be killed," she said in a quivering voice.

He nodded his head sadly. He was accustomed to the appalling scenes of massacre and degradation to be seen every day, and knew well the fate destined for his father.

"Father will be saved," he said, endeavouring to soothe his weeping sister. "I will obtain an order from M. for his release."

So saying the young man took his hat, and after bidding good-bye to his sister, promising to return soon, he departed to the residence of M., an influential member of the Jacobin party, and a friend of his father. He was disappointed in not finding him at home, being told he was detained at a sitting of the National Assembly. Thither he directed his steps, where a large, disorderly crowd invaded the entrance. He waited for many hours for the exit of the members, but the debate was spun to such a degree, that it was long after midnight when the sitting was adjourned. Shouts of "*vive la République*" rent the air as the members made their appearance. Henry strained his eyes to obtain a glimpse of his guest, but the uproar and tumult was so great that he missed him. He waited till the last man had departed, and then sauntered gloomily again towards the residence of M.

He was admitted by a man servant into the presence of M., who was greatly surprised on hearing of the misfortune which befell his friend, and obtained a written order from him for the release of his father. He betook himself with resuscitated spirits to the prison, his heart throbbing with joy at the thought of his father's escape from a terrible death. Streaks of morning light had begun to penetrate into the dismal prison as Henry Vermer was conducted to his father's cell. He handed the order to a morose looking, lethargic sentinel, who scrutinized it somewhat sceptically. "M. Vermer," he said with bitterness, "he is to be guillotined, is he not?"

"No," said Henry boldly. "That's an order for his release," pointing to the note in his hand.

"So it seems," said the other carelessly; "but what good is that order?"

Henry's usually cool spirit now gave way to one of irritation, however, he knew that prison rules had of late become grossly irregular as befitted the times, and any piquancy on his part would be ruinous to his own ends.

"Its from M.," said Henry, by way of explanation.

"The fellow tore the order into pieces and Henry saw the remnants flutter to the ground.

"What good is it now?" he said. "I can release this prisoner if I wish, but there's no hope for a friend of this rascally King; he'll go to the guillotine where many more have gone for less trifling offences."

Henry stood stagnant as if not rightly comprehending him.

"What?" he exclaimed. "Will my father not be released?"

"No," said the sentinel stiffly. "He is a follower of the King and those cursed aristocrats, so he must perish beneath that blessed guillotine. So you see the use of such an order."

He burst into a fit of laughter noticing the discomfiture of Henry, but his risibility increased the latter, who, unscrupulously, but rather rashly, struck his tormentor with his clenched hand in the face. His opponent, who was more robust and who was seemingly Henry's senior by a few years, being about twenty-four, drew a dagger from his scabbard and inflicted a serious wound on his shoulder. Henry fell prone on the floor grasping the bloodstained dagger, which he wrenched too late from the cold-blooded villain. He heard a loud, piercing scream at a short distance from him, and then saw his sister running towards him. How she obtained admission he could not guess as it was a prerogative not accorded to many. There was a terrified look in her eyes as she saw the blood flowing from her brother's wound. She knelt beside the prostrate form of her brother.

"Who did that?" she asked, terror-stricken, pointing to the blood.

"Come get out of here," said the sentinel as he grasped the young girl rudely.

"He's my brother my brother," she cried passionately fastening her arms closely around his neck. He made another effort to drag her away but she clung tenaciously to her brother.

"Why, the lot of you are a nuisance," he muttered as he walked rapidly off.

She endeavoured to staunch the wound with her handkerchief, a task in which she partially succeeded.

"There is no hope for father," said Henry, and explained all to his agitated sister.

"We will avenge our father," said she in a faltering voice.

"I will not live for it. I'm done for. But listen, that wretch discarded the order for your father's release, and in thirty-six hours more the blood of your innocent father will mingle with that of many fellow-victims. Now you must depart from the scene of such strife, but you must swear to me that you'll avenge your father. If ever you meet that fellow again plunge that to the hilt into his foul heart. Promise."

He handed her the blood-stained dagger which she concealed in the folds of her dress.

"I promise. I swear. But Henry I'll do it now."

"No do not. You'll meet him yet after many years perhaps."

"I cannot leave you, Henry," she said tearfully. "You are dying, father will be dead ere long. What use will life be to me then. I will kill this wretch and then I can suffer to die here with you."

"No do not do that. Go! do you not hear footsteps?"

She received a brutal kick in the side from the inhuman sentinel who appeared with a brother officer.

"Come get hold of this fellow," said the sentinel to his comrade, "we must take him out of this."

"Vengeance! vengeance!" breathed the young girl in her brother's ear, and after looking again at the object of her future interest she fled between the great flanking walls of the prison hall.

The ponderous gate was swung open by the orderly and she disappeared into the gathering fog. Onwards she fled to her lonely deserted home, a baleful look in her eyes, her limbs quaking with trepidation; still with a determination to consummate the price of her father and brother's blood her oath of vengeance.

She entered her gloomy home. The past rose up before her. She thought of her happy childhood, of her dead mother. Now she was left to battle alone with the world. With a mournful groan she flung herself on her couch, buried her face in the bedclothes and during two hours of the most painful anguish sipped the cup of sorrow to its very dregs.

She rose at length and wrapping a dainty hood cloak about her fragile form set out for the Place de la Revolution where that terrible instrument of death the guillotine was stationed. She wished to see the nature of the death her father would receive, for though the guillotine was of notable repute in Paris she never witnessed an execution.

Arrived at her destination she beheld those terrible atrocities which have darkened the pages in the history of that proud republic. The young and old, strong and feeble, the aristocracy and democracy, all perished beneath that destructive blade. Some mounted the platform with a timid step, others with a bold steady step. The young girl looked on at the horrifying spectacle. She saw the murderous weapon descend on its awful mission and the headless form of the victim fall to gory earth. There was no pity for the victims, not a compassionate look was there in the multitude of faces, only shouts of derision and scorn were raised as each successive one fell. The young girl turned away from such a sickening sight. How could she look on her father in such a position. No she could not and would not.

She was now in a quandary as to how to act. She could not obtain any opportunity for fulfilling her oath and resolved to procrastinate its fulfilment. Death was of too frequent occurrence now, she would wait for a more auspicious time—until France was tranquil and happy again, when life would be more precious than at the present, then she would slay the wrecker of her life, when the act would give more satisfaction to the dead. She carried the dagger sheathed always on her person, and as it was concomitant with her oath it daily strengthened her asseveration.

She resolved to quit pestilential France for a more peaceful atmosphere, where she thought she could quench the inexpressible sorrow which agitated her aching heart. Not being in straitened difficulties, she set out on a tedious journey for Italy, where she entered a convent, for repose.

The Austrians were making dreadful havoc in Italy, and had taken Piedmont. Napoleon had again come to the rescue, and had taken up his position at Marengo. The Austrians are upon marching him and a desperate battle is portended. A tent is fitted up as a hospital and here we find our heroine ready to relieve the sufferings of any of her countrymen wounded in battle. She has developed into womanhood. Now that she is in the midst of Frenchmen she thinks with renewed ardour of her oath. She carefully scrutinizes every face. Ever and anon her hand moves mechanically to the dagger as she thinks of the past.

Some time before the battle had ended an ambulance arrived at the hospital bearing a few wounded officers who were readily transferred thereto. The amateur nurse, Marie, viewed the wounded men. There was one familiar face among their number. A gleam of hope, of gratification, came into her eyes. This must be the object of her search she thought; she saw the face before; there was something prepossessingly familiar in that countenance.

The unconscious officer was deposited in a comfortable bed. Marie selected him as her patient. She advanced to the bedside, bent down over the wounded man and looked carefully into his face. The more she looked at him the more she was convinced of his identity; but as it was many years since she saw him she was not quite sure. She was completely hemmed in by military stores and baggage, and after taking further precautions to conceal her actions from view she set about reviving her patient. She forced a stimulant between his lips which had a beneficial effect, for presently he opened his eyes. There was no sign of recognition from either. She returned his gaze with a cold, abortive look. He closed his eyes again without uttering a word; but she resolved to introduce the subject uppermost in her mind.

"Did you know M. Vermer?" she asked in a quavering voice, carefully noting the effect her query would produce on him.

He gave a slight start on hearing the name mentioned. He looked again at his questioner, and calmly answered.

"Yes."

The reply reassured her, and increased her suspicions.

"Did you send him to the guillotine?" she asked awkwardly, a vindictive smile curling about her lip.

"No, I saved him from it," was the hesitating but authentic reply. He seemingly was about to say more, but from some cause or other did not. He turned a little on one side and fell into a profound slumber, from which the young girl determined he should never awake.

She looked with flashing eyes on the sleeper. His open denial to her question made her positively sure that she had found her quest. This man had known her father; he knew that he was about to be guillotined or, to give credit to his words, knew he was about to perish in this manner. It was not improbable that a wretch who would cowardly murder a young man, and who, through spite, or for some personal motive, send an aged man to his death, would deny the charge when accused. Thus the young girl reasoned.

"They slumber beneath an unhallowed god," she said in subdued tones. "They have yet to be avenged, the day,—the hour has come."

She looked again on the handsome but careworn face of the sleeper. She was loth to end his life. Her heart softened as she saw him slumber peacefully, all unconscious of the direful danger at hand. She was thoroughly convinced of the man's identity, and did not scruple to seek further proof than that she had already acquired. The question now was, would she kill this man?

"No," she muttered. "It would be unfair to kill a poor wounded, helpless soldier—wounded in a noble cause. Death may avenge those loving ones in a few hours."

Her thoughts wandered back to the events of seven years ago. She knelt beside the body of her brother again; she saw the blood flowing from his wound; she remembered the solemn promise she made on that occasion. Then she fancied she stood before the guillotine; she saw her father led to execution; she heard the jeers that arose from the dense throng as he looked sadly about as if to see his children present. She covered her eyes with her hands as she saw the executioner prepare to complete the awful deed. Then she looked on the decapitated form of her fond parent swathed in a pool of blood. Now she fancied she heard her brother's voice calling to her to wreak vengeance on his murderer. Vengeance, the word seemed ringing in her ears. Everything prompted her to commit the fearful act.

She stood up. The few minutes engrossed in these thoughts seemed to have aged her by years. She drew forth the dagger and gazed upon it for a few moments.

(To be continued.)

DEFINITION OF HOME RULE.

ST. PATRICK'S day festival was celebrated in Glasgow by numerous gathering of Nationalists. The principal meeting was one held in the City Hall, at which Mr. Michael Davitt spoke. Mr. John Ferguson presided, and also on the platform Bailie Simons, Messrs. Francis Henry, James Lindsay, and Stephen Henry, and several clergymen. The proceedings were throughout most enthusiastic.

Mr. Ferguson in opening the meeting compared the changed position of Irish politics to-day with what it was five and twenty years ago. They stood to-day on the very threshold of victory. They had won not by the triumph of bloody battle, but won by the voice and the pen: by the force of reason and the small voice of conscience they had captured their friends the enemy.

Mr. Stephen Henry moved, and Mr. Jno Campbell seconded, two resolutions—(1) declaring that the irreducible minimum of the Irish demand was an Irish Parliament, with an executive responsible to it, which should have supreme power over all purely Irish affairs subject

only to such limitations as would be required to sustain the integrity of the empire and the freedom of religious opinion, and advocating federal Parliament for the four countries of the kingdom, and (2) declaring that it was utterly inconsistent with enlightened government to retain longer in jail the Irish political prisoners, whose release the meeting demanded.

The resolutions having been adopted unanimously,

Mr. Davitt, who was received with loud and prolonged cheers, then addressed the meeting. He referred to the well-known devotions of the Irish people of Glasgow to the National cause, and reminded the audience that that was the fourteenth time he had spoken in the Glasgow City Hall since he had got the sack from the anything but poetic occupation of stone-breaking in Dartmoor. Continuing Mr. Davitt said we are no longer called upon to apologise for discussing Home Rule in Great Britain. The popular mind of England, Scotland, and Wales has been convinced not alone of the justice of our demand but of the reasonableness and expediency of applying the principles of Home Rule to the better government of the other portion of the United Kingdom. We want a democratic legislation for a democratic purpose—that is, the rule of Ireland by its people for its people (loud cheers). If Nationalists still persist in attempting to affright the imagination of the British elector with the old worn-out bogies of "Protestant persecution," "separation," "protection," and the last of the political hobgoblin army of ridiculous fears about Home Rule (cheers), the British elector is not so easily frightened of his political wits now as he was in 1886. Nothing contributes more to the success of a Home Rule candidate in England now than a letter from that "prodigious political pedagogue," the Duke of Argyll, and a speech from Mr. Ridiculous Russell (laughter). It may be permissible on the eve of the general election to discuss the cognate questions how much Home Rule does Ireland demand and how much is she going to receive from the next general Parliament? (Cheers.) To these questions there is but one common sense answer—just as much Home Rule as Ireland requires. One the further subject of how much she requires there will of course be difference of opinion between Irish and British Home Rulers. I feel convinced that the predominant feeling in the minds of the democracy of England, Scotland, and Wales corresponds with the views which John Bright expressed to Mr. Barry O'Brien in London during the discussion upon the bill of 1886. Mr. Bright was, of course, an opponent of that bill, and what he said in the interview from which I am about to quote was spoken in favor of such a system of Home Rule as he (Mr. Bright) would give to Ireland under certain conditions. He is reported as having said, "I would give Ireland a measure of Home Rule which would never bring her Parliament into close relations with the Parliament of Great Britain. She should have control over every question which by the most liberal interpretation could be called Irish. I would either have trust or mistrust. If I had trust I would trust to the full. If you establish an Irish Parliament, give it full responsibility throw the Irish upon themselves; make them forget England; let their energies be engaged in Irish party warfare; but give no Irish party leader an opportunity of raising an anti-English cry. That is what a good Home Rule Bill ought to do." These are the sentiments, this the resolve which should dictate the quantity of Home Rule which Ireland requires for the task of undoing the evils of England's past misgovernment of our country. The Liberal party of to-day cannot well hesitate between the policy of trust and mistrust. The fears of 1886 have all but vanished from its ranks. The by-elections show that the voters of Great Britain have recovered from the doubts and apprehensions of 1886. The policy of trust is, therefore, that upon which the next Home Rule Bill must be drawn, if it is to perform its work, and by granting the Irish people the fullest possible measure of National self-government compatible with the safeguarding of Imperial interests, bring to an end forever the cause of quarrel and disunion between the peoples of these Islands

A BRAVE ACT RECALLED.

THE Rev. Samuel Davies, a Methodist clergyman known as the "pauper pastor," died in Providence, R.I., last week. His honorable soubriquet, says the Boston *Tribune*, was given him because he had devoted his life to the service of the poor and lowly, himself being as poor as any. His father, an American missionary in Asiatic Turkey, and his mother, an Armenian lady, were murdered by the Turkish authorities. Their son, a mere child, was adopted by a German family and educated for the ministry. When twenty years old he came to America, being a passenger on the same ship, the "Columbia," of the Black Ball Line, with the late Bishop Hendricken, who was then a young priest. During the voyage the Know-Nothing captain and crew assaulted the priest for having dared administer the last rites of the Church to a poor dying Catholic woman.

Here is the story, as told after the death of Bishop Hendricken by Mr. Davies himself:

The captain of the vessel and all his officers and crew were members of the Know-Nothing party, the captain being a notorious leader and president of a lodge of Know-Nothings in Maine. There were 700 steerage passengers, of whom 500, Irish and German, were Cath

olics. The Rev. Mr. Davies took spiritual charge of the Protestants. Fathers Hendricken and Walsh, newly ordained priests, were cabin passengers. When thirteen days at sea a Catholic woman in the steerage was taken mortally ill, and Mr. Davies notified Father Hendricken. "The young man," said Mr. Davies, "hurried to his cabin, donned his vestments, and was passing out with the Eucharist in his hand when he was confronted by the captain, who damned him for a Papist and seized him by the throat, declaring that aboard his ship people would have to die without a Catholic mummery. Drawing a pistol, he threatened to shoot if a step was taken toward the spot where the poor woman lay dying. Claspng his crucifix, young Hendricken replied that he must go to the relief of that departing soul, even though his life was sacrificed. Livid with rage, the captain would have felled him to the earth but for the other priest and myself. We got the young priest away and persuaded him to refrain from open defiance of the captain until supper time, when he could slip down, while we would endeavor to engage the captain in conversation at table. The ruse succeeded, and while the captain, with coarse gibes and ribald jokes, was declaring that no Catholic rite should be administered aboard his boat, Father Hendricken was at the dying woman's side, hearing her confession and administering the Sacrament. She died while he was repeating the final prayer.

"Just before supper was over, a sailor burst into the room and informed the captain that that d-d priest had gone down and was fixing that Irish woman." Snatching up a pistol, the captain sprang from the table, followed by the mate and purser, bent on destroying Father Hendricken. We ran out after them, and were in time to see the captain strike the priest a fearful blow as he came up the hatchway, hurling him down, where he lay stunned and bleeding. "Drag the cuss up here," commanded the captain, and his sailors, seizing the prostrate priest by the feet, dragged him up and flung him moaning on the deck. We tried to interpose, but were driven back by the crew, all of whom were ripe for any order from the captain. "The d-d Papist shall never see New York alive," exclaimed he, and he led off by planting a fearful kick on Father Hendricken's head. The blood gushed from a ghastly wound, dyeing the white vestments crimson. The crew followed suit, each one stepping forward and delivering his heavy-booted foot on the face or body of the now insensible clergyman.

"I rushed down below, and acquainted the German Catholics of the tragedy being enacted on deck. Fifty veteran soldiers followed me, and we reached the scene in time to hear the captain tell the crew to throw the d-d carcass overboard. The men were in the act of pushing the maimed body over the side when the Germans fell upon them, felling them right and left, and wresting the body from them. "Mutiny, by G-d!" exclaimed the captain; but I bade him beware: that those Germans were preventing the murder of a priest, and that if goaded to desperation by his wickedness, summary vengeance might be resorted to and none left to tell the tale. At this moment a great commotion was heard in the quarter where the Irish emigrants were penned up. The captain's deed had been made known to them, and they were furious and frantic to get out to save or avenge him. Father Walsh went down and implored them in the name of God and all the saints to be calm and restrain their fury, and but for his influence they would have forced the hatches, and the decks of the good ship "Columbia" would have been deluged in blood.

"Taking in the situation the captain sullenly ordered Father Hendricken to be ironed and locked up, but this the Germans would not allow. They carried him to their own quarters and nursed him back to life. When he was removed to his own cabin they fed him from their own scant provisions, fearing poison, and night and day, until the ship reached New York, three emigrants stood sentinels at his cabin door to protect him from secret violence.

"The captain refused to allow a burial service over the dead woman or let the body be sewed up in a hammock. He ordered it to be dragged up, and in the presence of the bereaved husband and children he had the still warm body tossed into the sea. Three years later, and found the watery grave that he wished to give Bishop Hendricken."

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Bishop-elect Gabriels of Ogdensburg was at one time an honorary vicar-general of the Burlington diocese, and his name appears as such in the directories of ten years ago. Even before Burlington became a diocese, the bishops of Boston were in the habit of conferring faculties on certain priests of New York, who were located near the state line, so that they might respond to any demand for their services from the Green Mountain state, and the same powers were also intrusted to some Canadian clergyman whose parishes adjoined the northern boundaries of Vermont.

At the next consistory the Holy Father will preconize new bishops to the vacant see of Russia and Poland in accordance with an arrangement with Russia. It is thought His Holiness will likewise preconize two cardinals and ten French bishops. In view of the considerable number of vacancies in the Sacred College, several other Italian and foreign cardinals will probably be named, amongst whom will be, in all likelihood, Monsignor Galumberti, apostolic nuncio at Vienna; Monsignor di Pietro, apostolic nuncio at Madrid, and the Archbishop of Dublin.

Very Rev. M. F. Howley, who is soon to be consecrated as the first vicar-apostolic of West Newfoundland—he has been prefect-apostolic there for some years back—is the author of an ecclesiastical history of that island, which was published by Doyle & Whittle of Boston a few years ago, and which is universally admitted to be the best book yet written about Newfoundland. All of Monsignor Howley's priestly career has been spent in Newfoundland, he having been attached to the St. John's diocese before becoming prefect of the western district.

SEALED TENDERS marked "For Mounted Police Clothing Supplies," and addressed to the Honourable the President of the Privy Council, will be received up to noon on Wednesday, 27th April, 1892.

Printed forms of tender containing full information as to the articles and quantities required, may be had on application to the undersigned.

No tender will be received unless made on such printed forms. Patterns of articles may be seen at the office of the undersigned.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted Canadian bank cheque for an amount equal to ten per cent. of the total value of the articles tendered for, which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to supply the articles contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

No payment will be made to newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority having been obtained.

FRED WHITE,
Comptroller N. W. M. Polices.
Ottawa, April 4th, 1898.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Dredging Hamilton Harbour," will be received until Tuesday the 19th day of April next, inclusively, for dredging in the Harbour of Hamilton, Lake Ontario, according to a plan and a combined specification and tender, to be seen at the office of the Hamilton Steamboat Company, James street, Hamilton, and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted bank cheque payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, for the sum of three hundred dollars (\$300.00) must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract, or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

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

By order,
E. F. E. ROY,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 16th March, 1892.

TENDERS.

Indian Supplies.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Indian Supplies," will be received at this office up to noon of SATURDAY, 17th May, 1892, for the delivery of Indian Supplies, during the fiscal year ending 30th June, 1893, duty-paid, at various points in Manitoba and the North West Territories.

Forms of tender, containing full particulars relative to the supplies required, dates of delivery, &c., may be had by applying to the undersigned, or to the Indian Commissioner at Regina, or to the Indian Office, Winnipeg.

This advertisement is not to be inserted by any newspaper without the authority of the Queen's Printer, and no claim for payment by any newspaper not having had any such authority will be admitted. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

L. VANKOUGHNET,
Deputy of the Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs.
Department of Indian Affairs,
Ottawa, March, 1892.

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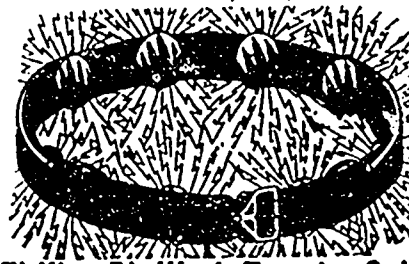
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