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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. II.

Toronto, Saturday, July 21, 1888

No. 23.

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NOTES.

The *Glasgow Evening News* states that there is a probability of the Catholics of Scotland approaching the Duke of Argyll with a view to purchasing the island of Iona. If his grace should sell it they will re-erect the cathedral, and place a colony of monks on the island.

It is stated that the *London Tablet*, the organ of the Catholic Tories of England, has lost its entire circulation among the bishops and priests of Irish birth or extraction. The *Pilot* states that it is informed from London that a subscription has recently been raised for the *Tablet* among English Tories, large sums being contributed by Protestant aristocrats.

"Nothing," says the *St. Louis Western Watchman*, "since the memorable days, or rather nights, of the West End Burglar has equalled in polished cheek the action of "Bishop" Cleveland Coxe in writing to the Archbishop of Paris and asking his permission to confirm the children of Father Hyacinthe's parish. Considering that the Bishop of Western New York had traveled three thousand miles to perform that ceremony, we must say it was a very far-fetched joke."

It is instructive, says the *London Catholic Press*, to compare the conduct of Continental Radicals after a victory and after a defeat. In Rome, where they have been victorious, they paraded the streets, hurling out the foulest insults against the Vatican, and exulting at the thought that they would not henceforth be obliged to restrain themselves to "words, empty words." In Brussels, where they were ignominiously defeated, they revenged themselves by hurling stones and threats of future vengeance at their

political opponents. In the one case the police had to prevent the mob from marching on the Vatican; in the other the police and military had hard work to disperse them after they had broken some scores of windows. After all, there is not so much difference between "Cassius drunk and Cassius sober."

A Papal encyclical letter was read on Sunday last in all the Catholic churches in the diocese of Dublin. In it the Pope says he has heard with regret that excited meetings have been held, at which inconsiderate and dangerous opinions regarding the recent Papal decree have been uttered, even the authority of the decree itself being unspared. He has seen with pain forced interpretations put upon the decree, and statements made that it was prepared without sufficient enquiry having previously been made. The Pope, strongly denying this assumption, states that the decree was based upon the most complete information; that previous to its issuance he held interviews with the Irish bishops on the subject, and sent a tried and trusted delegate to Ireland to enquire into and report on the true condition of affairs. His Holiness reiterates his affection for the Irish people, and says he has always urged them to keep within the bounds of justice and right. He refers to a communication to Cardinal McCabe in 1881, adding:—"As the people were led on with gradually increasing vehemence in the pursuit of their desires, and as there were not wanting those who daily fanned the flame, the decree became a necessity." The bishops, he says, must remove all misconception and leave no room for doubt as to the force of the decree. The whole system of the Plan of Campaign and boycotting is condemned as unlawful. A letter from Archbishop Walsh of Dublin, which accompanied the Pope's letter, was also read. The Archbishop says:—"The agitation referred to is now ended under the resolutions recently adopted by the bishops. The hope has arisen within the last few days that before the close of the present session Parliament will provide for the more urgent needs of the hour. The people may await in peace fuller legislation at the next session."

It is evident from a paragraph in the *Nation* that some document of this kind has not been unexpected in Ireland. Commenting on the reports then in the air to the effect that the Irish people were about to become the recipients of a second letter from Rome, the *Nation*, in the last number received by us, says: "Whether or not this document will qualify Cardinal Monaco's assertions in the recent Circular is not stated; but it is said that the Pope purposes to declare that on the Irish political question the Vatican assumes an attitude of strict neutrality. If this be so, the late public meetings held in Ireland in reference to the decision of the Holy Inquisition must have had all their due effects on the conduct of the Holy See in our regard. We would be pleased to see the Supreme Pontiff generously endorsing the cause of Irish nationality. In default of such adhesion, however, it is consoling to know that he means to keep himself altogether outside the Anglo-Irish quarrel. This is evidently the wisest policy his Holiness could possibly pursue."

The Church in Canada.

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

THE GREY NUNS IN CANADA.

[Note.—For the following sketch of the Grey Nuns, the first religious order of women founded by a Canadian, we are indebted to the *North West Review*. It is from an address delivered by the venerable Archbishop of St. Boniface, on occasion of the Golden Jubilee of Sister St. Joseph, one of the founders of the Order in the North-West. Ed.]

Deus sanctus in omnibus operibus suis.—Ps. 67.

II.

Mgr. de Pontbriant, Bishop of Quebec, having visited the General Hospital in 1755, ratified by his signature and thereby sanctioned by his authority the three pages on which had been written, ten years before, the nature of the engagements made by Madame Youville and her associates; it is from that date that the laws, ecclesiastical and civil, recognized the Grey Nuns as a religious community, the proprietors and directors of the General Hospital of Montreal.

The conquest of Canada by England caused uneasiness, but the tact and generosity of Madame Youville and her companions led them to find friends and protectors in those whose authority naturally they had feared.

The Grey Nuns were looked upon as approvingly by the English as they had been by the French.

A cruel trial was laid upon the new community at the end of the year 1771. Madame Youville had completed her seventieth year; her labours, her sufferings had aided the action of the years; all, as her merits, had gone to form the crown which awaited her in heaven.

The 23rd December, 1771, she fell asleep in the Lord, after thirty-four years from her religious profession; leaving to mourn her loss all the unfortunates on whom she had lavished her care, all the City of Montreal, who knew and admired her works—and the eighteen Grey Nuns whom she left behind.

We have seen that the founding of the Grey Nuns was surrounded with many difficulties; this is the mark of the works of God. Circumstances have marked its development by a gradual growth of which the happy result has been to give to it the greatest stability. The death of Madame Youville did not weaken what had been done; it was God's work; and thus, we are permitted to see with consolation, even after the death of its founder, the new institution gradually develop during the rest of the first century of its existence.

Experience naturally suggested modifications; the rules were completed; some of the works undertaken by Madame Youville were abandoned; others were modified; changes were effected even among the Sisters, always, however, in the same spirit, with the same end in view, under the same authority, the changes were not inspired by caprice but were called for by necessity; so that the general physiognomy of the institution remained perfectly the same. The Grey Nuns are the daughters of Madame Youville, inheritors of her virtues, rich in the examples which she scattered before them; strong in the protection which she accorded them; and it is then that this community, loved, respected and admired by all, saw, after a century of existence, the dawn of the year 1838.

"God is holy in all his works."

During the course of the one hundred years which we have just examined seventy-seven persons had become Grey Nuns, having made their religious profession in the community, forty-seven had left the earth for a better world, so that at the commencement of 1838 the community counted only thirty members besides three others in the noviciate.

(2)—FIFTY YEARS IN RELIGION

The 1st of June of the same year, 1838, Miss Gertrude Coutlee, having terminated her noviciate, was professed under the name of Sister St. Joseph and became the thirty-

first Grey Nun then living. It is this event, which occurred fifty years ago, the memory of which, and its consequences, have brought us together to-day in this sacred place. It seems to me quite natural to say a word to you of what has been done in the institution of the Grey Nuns during these fifty years.

In reviewing the memories of my youth, I recall a day in the autumn of 1838; my college companions and myself were surprised to see that stones and other material were being carried quite near to the court-yard, where we took our recreation. Curiosity was not slow to enquire what edifice was going to be built there and who was going to live there. We were told that the worthy parish priest of St. Hyacinthe intended to open an asylum for the unfortunates of the parish, that he was going to construct a building which was to be called "The *Hotel-Dieu*," and that the Grey Nuns of Montreal would have charge of the work there, which would be similar to that which was accomplished at Ville Marie. Finally in the month of May, 1840, four Grey Nuns, accompanied by a venerable Sulpician priest, entered the *Hotel-Dieu* of St. Hyacinthe. That was a happy day for the rising town, and a great holiday engraved the memory of the *fete* in the minds of the collegians. This fact was of great import for the town of St. Hyacinthe, but its beneficent action was not to be limited to that locality; it inaugurated, as it were, a new era for the community of the Grey Nuns themselves. As I said, a moment ago:—In the month of June, 1838, this institution counted only 31 members and the house in Montreal, which up to this time had been the only one, contained no more than twenty-eight professed nuns, after having generously given four to St. Hyacinthe. This generosity imparted to the institution an entirely new impulse, causing its acceptance of the idea of founding establishments beyond the mother house and drawing down upon it the blessings that have followed it.

This idea of new foundations did not remain sterile. Hence, in the month of April, 1844, four other sisters bid farewell to their sisters in religion as well as to their relations, and set out for the Red River. In the month of February, 1845, four carried their zeal to Bytown, now Ottawa, the capitol of the Dominion of Canada, and in the month of August, 1849, five other Sisters of Charity entered the old town of Champlain. Later, the Sisters of the Red River arranged a complete reunion with the Mother-House at Montreal, whose Superior became their Superior; so that to-day, we can fix at three the number of the principal branches which have gone out from the trunk of the magnificent tree planted by Madame Youville. This tree, enriched by these three principal branches and those which it continues to produce, forms the most numerous community and, I make bold to say the most fruitful in good works, that our religious country possesses.

The following table will aid in making clear this opinion.

(a) The Mother-House and foundation, which is at Montreal, comprising with it the vicariate which it has given to St. Boniface, and the 34 other establishments which are subject to the Venerable Mother *Filiatrault*, Superior-General, counts 406 professed nuns, 58 novices, 16 postulants, 700 aged persons, 1,052 orphans, and 3,579 children instructed in schools or refuges. Six dioceses benefit by these works.

(b) The branch at St. Hyacinthe, with its offshoot at Nicolet, counts 12 establishments, 165 professed nuns, 22 novices, 14 postulants, 405 aged persons, 301 orphans and 1,364 children in schools; and work in five dioceses.

(c) The Grey Nuns of Ottawa have 30 establishments, 278 professed nuns, 42 novices, 18 postulants, 200 aged persons, 205 orphans, 7,906 children in their schools, and work in eight dioceses.

(d) The Sisters of Charity of Quebec, comprising also Rimouski, possesses 24 establishments, 231 professed nuns, 18 novices, 40 postulants, 179 aged persons, 982 orphans, 4,035 children, and work in five dioceses.

Let us bring together this rich harvest of establishments and persons, and we have the admirable result following:—The daughters of Madame Youville, the Grey Nuns,

daughters or Sisters of Charity, number to-day 1,080 professed, their different novitiates counting 141 novices and 88 postulants; they direct 102 establishments, work in 23 dioceses, sustain 1,484 old and infirm persons, act as mothers to 2,585 orphans, instruct in their boarding schools, academies, schools and refuges 18,884 children, and to this we must not forget to add all the good accomplished in their hospitals and refuges, in their distribution of alms, their innumerable visits to the houses of the afflicted, the number of children rescued and placed in families. If the logic of figures is implacable, let us confess that here their irrefutable conclusions are full of sweetness, and draw irresistibly from the soul this exclamation of adoration. — "God is holy in all his works." For it is evident that all this is the work of God; that it is a work which has begun, increased and multiplied for the sanctification of souls. We should need to know the secrets of those souls to tell all the good which has been done and which the world does not see. We should need to know the secrets of the Sacred Realms themselves to know the number of children, youths and persons of every age who are in heaven and who would not have been there if the work of Madame Youville had not been accomplished, or if the generous continuers of that admirable work had not been animated by the spirit of their well-beloved foundress.

We need not be astonished if, after this, the Vicar of Jesus Christ has deigned to take this noble institution under his special protection, approving it, approving its rules, and placing its constitutions under the protection of the Holy See itself.

Here is what the last fifty years have developed in the undertaking which God in his wisdom had kept, for a century, in obscurity and isolation which could not pre-empt such a result.

There, Sister, is what you have seen since your profession.

(To be continued.)

MONTREAL GOSSIP.

Edifying certainly, but none the less comical, was the aspect of the eleven hundred and odd pilgrims who sat down to breakfast the other morning upon the steps of the Notre Dame, upon the sidewalk, and upon the turf of Place d'Armes. Very contentedly they ate their bread and meat, and very placidly they put up with the staring and interrogating which was their portion. After all, country folk do live happily in their own quiet sphere, and the ways of the outer world have not much power to ruffle them. These good *habitants* had accomplished their pilgrimage, had enjoyed the greatest privilege of the Catholic faith, had venerated the relic of la bonne Ste. Anne, had been consoled by two marvellous cures at her shrine, effected on the persons of two poor sufferers among their number, and were satisfied to wait under the shadow of Our Lady's great sanctuary until their train should be ready to receive them. What was it to them that the fashionable town-folk who, though they have paid the "tuppence" extra for 'manners' do not always practice them, should peer into their baskets and into their faces—and rudely comment on their frugal repast? So long as Monsieur the curé of Rougemont, their leader, was there to give the correct information they were content.

When we encounter Mr. Mankow, of the King-Tsi-Ching Company, taking his walks abroad in a dainty summer suit consisting of grass green silk trowsers, and a pink brocaded satin jacket, green silk socks, white shoes, a black satin cap with a red tuft, and a plait of hair some four feet in length, it is difficult to realize that so gorgeous an individual was obliged to arrive in bond, and this Canada of ours charged him fifty dollars for the privilege of living amongst us.

Mr. Mankow is a very good looking young man, and one who speaks English remarkably well.

He has opened a shop in Notre Dame Street, in the premises formerly occupied by Wiley's China Hall, where he, his bookkeeper and a lady assistant are always busy disposing of their rich stock of merchandize to a curiosity-loving public. Shops containing the exports of the Flowery Land are now so

common that were it not for the unmistakable genuineness about Mr. Mankow in his satins and the book keeper in garments fashioned like his master's, but made of a stuff resembling the "linsey woolsey," always connected in my mind with the "poor basket" of a "Dorcas Society," one might be disposed to pass the King-Tsi-Ching Company's store by without entering. Once enter, and you linger. There is the faint sweet odour of the burning joss sticks, and of the scented woods, there are silks of strange colours and curious texture, papier-maché, delicate china, carved ivory, bronze—in fact, all the usual trappings of a Japanese store. There are Chinese ladies' shoes, remarkably suggestive of club feet, there are photographs of delicate, intellectual Japanese faces, and of cunning Chinese ones. There are boxes of the delicious fruit *litchi*, of which you can purchase one containing ten *litchi* for twelve cents. There are Satsenna dragons, and cloisne urns, and all the various foreign fancies in bric-a-brac that one finds collected from various climes, and grouped in a Japanese store.

The other day I had the privilege of a peep into one of the registers of St. Patrick's Church, one wherein is kept a record of conversions to the Faith—abjurations of Judaism, Protestantism and the like.

From the year 1859 to the year 1886, the number of entries is *eight hundred and eighty-six*, a marvellous number surely for one parish, and of those the greater number have been brought into the fold within the last twenty years. The Father told me a pretty little story of one man, who late in middle life had come to solicit instruction. "Father," said he, "I've been married to my wife fifteen years, and I've watched her closely all that time, and I respect her so much that I respect her religion, and I want to belong to it. She is not one of the nagging kind, Father, not she, but she's up before daylight and off to church, and back before we're awake, to get everything comfortable for me and the children, and never a cross word nor a duty neglected. She don't know I've come to you, Father, but please God I'll give her a surprise by going to Mass with her on Easter Sunday."

Have you noticed in the Quebec papers an account of the little statue of the Holy Heart of Mary, so marvellously preserved during the recent fire at Levis?

The family Forgues, who were burned out last Friday, lost absolutely everything, but returning next day to the scene of the conflagration, one of them discovered in the ruins, under the broken pieces of a stove, a statue of the Holy Heart of Mary in a little glass shrine.

The glass was intact, and only a few stains on the sides of the frame gave evidence of the fiery ordeal through which it had passed. The humble little statue, so wonderfully preserved, will probably be hereafter especially venerated in the Forgues family. May not the incident be quoted in support of what so many of us believed regarding the project of placing Our Lady's image on our mountain—that, let the enemies of religion do their worst, the Blessed Virgin would have taken care of herself.

OLD MORTALITY.

IRISH RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSIALISTS.

A LECTURE BY MR. EDWARD MURPHY, K. H. S., OF MONTREAL.

The following is a condensed report of a lecture delivered by Mr. Edward Murphy, Knight of the Holy Sepulchre, before the Catholic Literary Academy of Montreal, on "The Irish Religious Controversialists of the early part of the present century." Mr. Murphy, after introducing his subject, said:—I propose in this lecture to offer to the Catholic Young Men's Society a few recollections of the Irish religious controversialists of the early part of the present century, and thereby to call their attention to the important work done by them in enlightening and influencing the public mind of that time in favour of the Catholic religion. I may here remark that in my humble opinion due credit has not yet been given to these devoted men. It is true that notices of them and their works may be found scattered in the various publications of the day, and incidentally in the history of the "Catholic Association of Ireland," but no monograph on *their work* has as yet appeared in print which is much to be regretted, and I earnestly hope that the want may be soon supplied. To get some faint

idea of the important work achieved by these zealous and devoted men, and the difficulties they had to encounter, I shall say a few words on the state of bondage to which the Catholics of Great Britain and Ireland were reduced in the last century, at which time "they were actually considered monsters of iniquity, as being outside the pale of salvation, and their souls after death condemned to everlasting perdition." They were in consequence oppressed, persecuted, and despised, and shut out from every position of "honour, emolument or trust under the crown." In fact, so crushed and despised were the Catholics of the last century, that the saying passed into a proverb that "Catholics had no rights that Protestants were bound to respect." Such was their state during the whole of the terrible period when they lay prostrate under that "refinement of cruelty," the "Penal Code," of which the great Edmund Burke has said—"That the Penal Laws were an elaborate contrivance, as well fitted for the oppression of a people and the debasement in them of human nature itself as ever proceeded from the ingenuity of man." In connection with the early part of that gloomy period it must be borne in mind that a Catholic dare not write over his own name anything in defence of his religion or country, no matter how atrocious the calumny might be; any defence of Catholics by themselves in Ireland had to be anonymous, by stealth as it were; for although, thanks to the success of the American Revolution, and its influence on the policy of England towards the close of the last century, the penal laws were somewhat relaxed, still public opinion was so deeply prejudiced against Catholics, and people were so intolerant that few dared face the *indirect* persecution which was sure to follow, and liberal Protestants such as the immortal Grattan, Edmund Burke, John Philpot Curran, and other large-minded and enlightened men of the time, were almost the only defenders the Catholics had during much of that gloomy period of Ireland's history, and we cannot be too grateful to them for the courage with which they defended us in our hour of need, surrounded as they were by anti-Irish and anti-Catholic prejudices and influences, which at that epoch were of the most powerful kind. To dispel the false idea, so industriously and persistently promulgated against the Catholic religion, a number of Catholic clergymen (and even laymen) in the beginning of this century, entered the lists and engaged in religious controversies with some of the leading Protestant divines of the time. I shall only refer to a couple of names, Dr. Doyle, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, (the celebrated J. K. L.) and Father Thomas Maguire, as types of the class of confessors to whom this lecture refers. These devoted men were *real confessors* of the faith; speaking out boldly and fearlessly, they suffered greatly and risked much in defence of Ireland's faith.

On reading about these great men one is struck by the splendid genius of the illustrious Dr. Doyle, acknowledged to have been one of the most powerful and vigorous writers of his day. His profound knowledge of theology, his deep research and universal information, his great logical powers, philosophic mind and originality of thought, not only delighted his co-religionists, but even astonished the statesmen of the day. The impression he made by his powerful writings and statesmanlike views had much to do in assisting O'Connell in his great work of emancipating the Catholics. An eloquent writer has said of Dr. Doyle that he exhibited the learning, charity and toleration of Fenelon, combined with the heroic independence of St. Thomas A'Becket.*

He was our greatest Irish bishop since the days of the illustrious and patriotic St. Lawrence O'Toole, Archbishop of Dublin in the twelfth century, the last of our canonized saints, but not the last Irish saint in heaven.

One is also impressed by the wonderful powers of Father Maguire, or Father Tom, as he was familiarly called. His extensive knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, theology and the Fathers; his great memory, quoting off hand long passages from them; his wit, tact and ready replies to the questions of his adversaries, surprised Protestants, and made him the glory and admiration of the Catholics, who looked upon him with pride, and regarded him as their valiant apologist. I remember

reading nearly fifty years ago, with the greatest avidity and interest, some of Dr. Doyle's letters brought from Ireland by my father, and the report of the oral controversy of Father Maguire and Rev. Mr. Pope in 1827, and was so fascinated with them that the impression they have left, even after half a century, is still fresh to my mind.

Before leaving this part of my subject I may say that many Catholics, when they heard Father Maguire had accepted the challenge of Rev. Mr. Pope, a skilful and veteran controversialist, to an oral controversy, they were dismayed that a young Irish priest, from an obscure parish in the West of Ireland, should have had the rashness to accept a challenge from such an able and experienced man as was the Rev. Mr. Pope, but the young priest, inexperienced as he was supposed to have been, was able for him, and in the great controversy that followed, held in the Rotunda in Dublin, and which lasted several days, Father Tom came off triumphantly victorious. These controversies were often warm, sometimes bitter, and from our standpoint appear very acrimonious, tending to keep alive religious animosities. They had this effect to a certain extent, but, per contra, they did immense good, by attracting the attention of Protestants, and proving to them that Catholics had a solid basis for their faith. Previous to the epoch of these controversies, the generality of Protestants had no idea that Catholics had any better grounds for their religious belief than Mahometans, Buddhists, or Hindoos. In fact they believed that the Catholic religion was unscriptural in its nature and teachings, unfit for intelligent, rational beings to follow. But these controversies wrought a great change in public opinion in Ireland and England, the first fruits of which was the passing of Catholic emancipation in 1829, which was followed after a few years by those remarkable conversions to the Catholic faith in England that attracted so much attention 30 or 40 years ago. The controversies referred to had a much greater influence on these conversions than they now get credit for in that country.

It must not be forgotten that Irish bishops and priests in the United States did corresponding good work there in enlightening the American people, the fruits of which are seen to-day in the high position the Catholic Church has attained and the wonderful progress she has made in that country.

As illustrations, I shall refer only to a couple of names, viz.: Bishop England, of Charleston, S.C., who by his eloquence and the vigor of his writings did so much for Catholicity in the United States. It is worthy of note that he established the first Catholic paper published in the United States, *The Catholic Miscellany*. He published numerous works on religion and controversy, which are still held in high repute; he died in 1842. And Bishop Hughes, of New York, one of the greatest if not the greatest Irish priests of his day. His far-famed controversy, in 1836, with the Rev. Dr. Brackenridge, stamped him as a controversialist of the first order; and, with his numerous controversial letters and other writings, did a vast amount of good in dispelling the prejudices of Americans against Catholics. These prejudices they inherited from their English forefathers, and to their credit be it said, for the Americans are a liberal minded people, open to conviction, they profited by these lessons, with the remarkable results witnessed to-day all over the United States. The ability of Bishop Hughes and his versatile talents as a divine, a statesman, and a controversialist, and also his wonderful endurance were fully displayed during the memorable discussion in 1840, before the City Council of New York and a committee composed of a dozen Protestant ministers, editors and leading citizens, brought against him by the Trustees of the "School Board," specially to defend the then existing common school system of New York, when for three days he sustained against them all the claims of the Catholics of that city for their share of the common school fund. But he was equal to the occasion, and by his prompt and logical answers to their subtle questions and arguments, silenced and defeated them. After some time he carried the previously hostile council with him and succeeded in getting it to admit the claims of the Catholics of New York to their fair share of the "Public School Fund." This they have enjoyed ever since. Bishop Hughes was a true soldier of the Church militant, able, learned and vigorous—always ready to protect the rights of Catholics. Bishop Hughes was appointed by the Almighty, at that particular time, to do His work in the United States; for it is admitted by all that the

*There were many others who took an active part in these controversies, viz., Archbishop McHale (then a young priest), Fathers Maher, McSweeney, Clowry, Nolan, Kinsella, England (afterwards Bishop of Charleston, U. S.), Dr. Cahill, and others. Among the laymen were O'Connell, Thomas Moore ("Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion"), and Richard Lalor Shiel.

organization of the Catholic Church, in that country, was mainly due to his great statesmanship and ability.

The great change in public opinion all over the United States, then, is due to the labours and devotedness of the bishops and priests of *our race*. The question may be asked now, what would the Catholic Church in the United States today be were it not for the *Irish race*—through whose instrumentality, under God, such remarkable developments have been made? This lecture would not be complete without a brief reference to the late Father Thomas Burke, O.P., one of the last of Ireland's great army of confessors, who, although not coming within the period of history of which I am writing, yet it will not, I hope, be considered out of place to say a few words on the work done by him, on an official visit to the United States in 1872 in connection with his illustrious Order, when he took up the cause of Catholic Ireland against the so-called historian, Froude, when that malignant traducer visited America to do England's old work of calumniating the Irish people in that country as well as at home. But Father Burke was ready, he met and grappled with him, and by his learned, powerful and eloquent lectures in refutation, exposed the plot, defeated Froude's object, and drove him back, discredited and disgraced, to those who sent him out to slander the Irish race before the American people.

In this lecture I refer to Irish controversialists only, as the English Catholics, clerical and lay, rich and poor, at that time were but of little account in the struggle. It is true there were a couple of exceptions. Dr. Milner was one of them, but the generality of the English clergy and laity seemed rather to remain silent spectators of the conflict than face the bigoted public opinion of the time. The English Catholics left to the Irish clergy and people—*always united may they ever continue so*—the arduous work of fighting for Catholic Emancipation and the other concessions obtained from England. The glorious fact remains beyond dispute, that it was the Irish Catholics, alone and unaided, that wrung Catholic Emancipation from England, and thereby gave freedom to the English, as well as to themselves, to worship God according to the dictates of conscience.

I beg to ask your kind indulgence for any shortcomings that may be found in this lecture, part of which has been made up from recollections of what I have read of these events at the time of which it treats, as I was contemporaneous with many of them, they being within my own time, which covers a period of over half a century of observation, and what occurred before my day I heard from my venerated father, who was an eye witness of much of the sad effects of the Penal Laws in the latter part of the last and the beginning of this century.

One word in conclusion. If I have succeeded in drawing the attention of the Catholic Young Men's Society to the deeply interesting subject of this lecture, and of inducing them to study it, the object I had in view will be fully attained, and, in addition, my own humble acknowledgments as a Catholic will have been made to the "Irish Religious Controversialists of the early part of the present century," for the incalculable good they did at that period for the cause of religious liberty in Great Britain and Ireland.

Eugene Kelly, the Irish banker, is a power in Tammany Hall. He is a red faced man, who is temperate, 5 feet 10 inches in height, typical Irish features, quiet and unassuming manners, and popular. He is worth about \$10,000,000, and is probably the wealthiest Irishman engaged exclusively in banking in the world. He began his career many years ago in this State, tramping from town to town as a peddler, selling needles, thread and buttons. In 1849 he caught the gold fever and went to San Francisco. He became a millionaire dry goods merchant there, and returned to New York about twenty years ago, after having sold his business to Murphy, Grant & Co., the former of whom was enobled by the Pope some years ago. Mr. Kelly is a large owner of New York real estate, including the palatial Temple Court building on Beekman street. He has never sought office, but is liberal in his contributions to the Democratic campaign fund.—*Globe Democrat*.

We advise all our brother editors to read the editorial in the last issue of THE CATHOLIC MIRROR, headed "How to Become a Saint." It will do them good.—*Connecticut Catholic*.

Current Catholic Thought.

WHAT NEXT?

St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Cathedral, in London, was erected as a protest against Catholicity. It had no "Lady's Chapel," and no statue to the honour of the Holy Mother of God. Had Sir Christopher Wren, its builder, dared to place such a thing in it, a storm of rage on the part of the Protestants would have swept him from his office as chief architect, and demolished the structure.

But now the Protestant Episcopal authorities who have charge of St. Paul's Cathedral have actually erected a rood-screen and a statue of the Blessed Virgin. Their action, as was to be expected, has elicited a storm of indignant denunciation from the Protestants of England. But to that the authorities of St. Paul's pay no attention, and the strange spectacle is presented of two of the most significant emblems of the Catholic religion being introduced into a Cathedral which was erected as a protest against that religion.—*Catholic Standard, Philadelphia*.

MISSIONARIES FOR THE SLUMS.

It is a grand and Christ like act that leaves home and civilized comforts to carry the consolations and truths of man's redemption to vile and repugnant races. We have only the deepest admiration for the heroism that offers this sacrifice for love of God and of neighbour. But can we not do something specific for the heathendom at our door? In every one of our large cities, presumably, in very many of them to our personal knowledge, there are baptized persons openly g dress and repulsively vile in their lives, as if they or their parents had never come to the knowledge of God or His commandments. These creatures of the slums have souls to save; and in a certain sense, the charity that begins at home, they are nearer to us than those whom, through many privations and at risk of life, the missionary seeks afar. It seems to us that there is a vast unexplored field in our large cities for a new missionary order. But that order would have to carry aloft the cross upon a flag of temperance.—*Cleveland Universe*.

THE PRIEST WITH THE BROGUE.

ARTHUR M. FORRESTER.

Down by the gulch where the pickaxe's ringing
Never struck chords with the stream's smothered singing—
For we had dammed its bright ardor to sloth;
Dammed it with claybanks and dammed it with oath—
Curses in Mexican, curses in Dutch,
Curses in purest American—such
Polyglot blasphemy didn't leave much
Room for the rest of the languages—there
Down by that gulch, where all speech seemed one swear,
Naught but profanity ever in vogue,
Wandered one morning a priest with a brogue.

Also a smile. Now no mortal knows whether
God has ordained they should travel together,
But if in the tongue Erin's music you trace,
Bet Erin's sunshine peeps out in the face.
Anyhow, Father McCabe had 'em both,
Sunshine and harmony—natural growth,
While the world trembled with half-suppressed oath,
Right down among us he stepped: all the while
Feeling his way, as it were, with his smile,
And when that staggered the obstinate rogue,
Knocking him head over heels with his brogue.

Inside a fortnight the brown-throated robbins
Perched undismayed just in front of our cabins,
Sang at our windows for all they were worth—
Lucifer didn't own all of the earth!
Pistols grew rusty, and whiskey seemed sour;
Nobody hunted the right or left bower;
Desert put verdure on—one little flower
Bloomed in a niche of the rock. At its foot
Erstwhile undreamt of, lay rich golden fruit!
Yes; we struck gold. Arrah, Luck's *thurrum bogue*!
Couldn't go back on a priest with the brogue!

—*Give me a kiss.

—*Boston Pilot*.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Published Every Thursday

Office: Bon Accord Building, 32½ Church-street, Toronto.

Terms: \$2.00 per annum, payable strictly in advance. Advertisements, unexceptionable in character and limited in number, will be taken at the rate of \$2 per line per annum 10 cents per line for ordinary insertions. Club rates: 10 copies, \$15.
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Remittances by P.O. Order or draft should be made payable to the Editor.

LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

ST. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 29th Dec., 1888.

GENTLEMEN,—

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

I am, faithfully yours,

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

FROM THE LATE BISHOP OF HAMILTON.

HAMILTON, March 17, 1887

MY DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

You have well kept your word as to the matter style, form and quality of the REVIEW, and I do hope it will become a splendid success.

Believe me, yours faithfully,

JAMES J. CANNERY
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1888.

THE REVIEW has received the following very kind letter from the Archbishop of Halifax. We need not say how grateful it is to the conductors of THE REVIEW to receive a commendation from so influential and distinguished a quarter. The letter of the Archbishop of Halifax, which came to us unsolicited, together with those from other prelates, which we have from time to time printed, justify us in thinking that the work of THE REVIEW has not been unappreciated by those who are most competent to form, and most entitled to express an opinion.

HALIFAX, July 11, 1888.

Dear Mr. Fitzgerald:—

I have been very much pleased with the matter and form of THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW. The high moral tone, the fine literary taste displayed, make your paper a model of Catholic journalism. May it prosper much so long as it keeps to its present line.

Yours very truly,

† C. O'BRIEN,

Archbishop of Halifax.

The Retreat of the reverend clergy of this diocese will be held in St. Michael's College, commencing on Monday, the 20th August. The Retreat will be preached by one of the Jesuit Fathers from Montreal.

The Church in Canada has always been opposed to inconsiderate immigration. We remember that the late Archbishop of Toronto vigorously opposed the expatriation of the Irish people. Faithful to the Catholic promptings of his great heart, he sought rather the eternal welfare than the temporal welfare of the immigrants,

and warned them that, nursed as they had been in a Catholic atmosphere, their future in our conditions was worse than problematical.

We have often remarked with some surprise that the Protestant denominations, though loud in their denunciations of Popery, are very prone to Popery's better ways. The Methodists are at the very antipodes of Catholicity, practically, for they practically ignore or despise the root-doctrine (if we may Germanicise) of Catholicity—Church authority. Their entire system is based on the experience of the human subject. This experience is internal or external. The internal experience of conversion is, theoretically, the ultimate end of their entire system. Practically, justification has, with them, become a matter of external influence. They have welcomed to their bosom everything in the shape of fantastic religionism that human folly has been able to evolve. This has not been done formally, for they have yet a lingering regard for the idea that a Church, as such, cannot say yea and nay in the same breath. But, practically, Methodism has been always the very embodiment of the Protestant principle of individual authority in things spiritual. They have ministers who never preach, if St. Paul's mission were to preach. The apostle bade "Anathema" even to an angel from Heaven who would contradict his gospel. And the ministers—trade pulpits and dodge difficulties, as though sociability were the heaven of theologians. And the man who believes infant baptism necessary for salvation, and the man who believes it's all nonsense, and the man who believes, or at least says so, in eternal predestination, and the man who feigns to sludder at it, and the man who believes in a church at all, and the man who doesn't, preach from the same pulpit, and claim to be equally the exponents of Christ's doctrine. They appear, speak, preach, if you will, with equal authority. And no one says them nay. Here is, we hold, a terrific evil. That men should dispute is not an evil. So long as we are the flesh and blood we are, it will be human to hold to our opinion. 'Twill be ours to

"Swear with keen, discriminating sight,
Black's not so black, nor white so very white."

That's human. But Christianity is divine, not human. In Christ there is not "yea and nay." Truth cannot contradict itself. It is contrary to all our ideas of what the Church of Christ should be. The Methodistic position is intelligible to Catholics from two stand-points only: That they don't know what they say, or that they don't mean it.

Our remarks above written were "occasioned" by what we have lately read of a project, approved by the Methodist General Conference of appointing "deaconesses." The New York Sun says they are to be Methodist "nuns." "They are to be called deaconesses, and they will be similar to the nuns of the Roman Catholic Church, except that they are not to take the vows of life service or celibacy." *Titulus sine re*. Who can imagine such a monster as religion without her obligations of obedience and chastity. A king without power, a judge without jurisdiction, a councillor without knowledge, a lawyer without law, a human being without conscience would be as easily apprehended. Methodist Nuns will be like the rest of Methodism, at least of this century, Methodism, humbug.

As it is utterly un-Meth-istic, un-Protestant indeed,

to fast, or otherwise to mortify the body, it would be a manifest injustice to introduce anything of the kind into the *regime*, if such a thing be attempted (and we pity the man who attempts it), of the Methodist nuns. The whole doctrinal philosophy of Protestantism would be falsified if aught were done to impede human liberty, even in devotion. And has not one who spoke much wisdom said that "wine and feeding give us suppler souls than priest-like fasts?" And "supple souls," ready to bend to every wind of doctrine, are the first requisite of Methodism.

In an address which he delivered some weeks ago before a large and important meeting of French Catholics, the Hon. Judge Routhier drew an interesting picture of the population and resources, the intellectual and religious condition of the people of New France. The discovery by the French, a quarter of a century ago, of a French community in North America, which constituted in extent and sentiment a veritable nation in the midst of people who differed from it in race, creed and traditions, was an event which Judge Routhier compared to the unearthing of Herculaneum and Pompeii from the dust of nearly eighteen centuries. In founding a colony on the banks of the St. Lawrence, France had performed, he said, a work of faith. It was its persevering faith which had saved that work from the dangers that surrounded it, and constituted the basis of its hopes for the coming years, "and it is therefore," he continued, "almost exclusively from the religious standpoint that I shall describe to you that vast country, formerly named New France, and which hereafter will perhaps be called France in America, so closely will it resemble France in Europe—that ancient France to which it owes its birth." Judge Routhier gave a vivid account of the constitutional liberty that Canada enjoys under England, and gave two eloquent illustrations of the expansion of the Canadian people. One illustration was drawn from the Canadian poplar, a tree not of great value, but one that reproduces itself even in an ungrateful soil, by its flowers and its roots; the other was drawn from the mighty St. Lawrence, which overflowed its banks, both on the American and Canadian side, by the very force of its inherent vitality. But while thus blest with vitality and increase, they were beset with dangers, which it were folly to ignore—dangers that were twofold, from within, and from without. The gravest of the internal troubles that threatened French Canada was disunion, the feuds of faction which made their Provincial Parliament to resemble too often the Palais Bourbon; but more to be dreaded than all was the external peril, the peril of annexation to and absorption by, the United States. Judge Routhier did not mean by this that the extinction of the French-Canadian race would follow even if they had to submit to annexation, but he deemed it his duty, none the less, to indicate the annexation movement, whether open or disguised, as "the great external danger," to the reality of which they must not close their eyes. The address, which was delivered to a distinguished audience, was listened to with intense interest, and was inspired throughout, the *Montreal Gazette* says, with the liveliest faith in the destinies of the Canadian. The last gun, Sir George Cartier used to say, to be fired in this country in defence of English or Canadian interests, would be fired by a French-Canadian. Judge Routhier's address may we think be taken as an indication of what amount of progress Mr. Goldwin Smith may hope to make in Lower Canada with his Commercial Union notions, which appeared to have been inspired by the loftiest of

Orange sentiments, since, as Mr. Smith admits, apart from their economic character, they make for the extinction of the French Canadian, and the gradual obliteration of the Catholicity whose imprint is being written, and is more and more being written, over the Canadian Dominion.

"It is not often it is given to us to be able to follow, step by step, the formation of a saintly mind," wrote Cardinal Newman to the late Hon. William Towry Law, with reference to the publication of the *Memoirs of his son, Father Augustus Law, S.J.*, who died a martyr to missionary zeal in the wilds of Central Africa. The *Memoirs* in question, which are contained in three volumes, published by Messrs. Burns & Oates, form a most touching record of the early life in the Navy of a pious and exemplary youth, of his conversion, and of that of his father, to the Catholic faith, and of his subsequent entrance into the Society of Jesus. Ordained priest after the long and thorough training characteristic of the Jesuit Order, he served for some years on the missions in England and Scotland, a period of exceptionally fruitful labour in Demerara and other parts of South America followed, and finally he was sent to South Africa. When the Mission of the Zambesi was allotted to the English Province of the Society of Jesus, Father Augustus Law was one of the first Fathers chosen for the difficult and dangerous work. "Those who have witnessed the touching ceremonies which attend a departure at Mill Hill," says an English contemporary, reviewing these *Memoirs*, "will remember the last good-bye and the hymn of farewell with which he is sent on his far journey, and that farewell is no empty sound; it means 'a lane which has no turning'—a going on to the end, even if the goal must be reached through the blood of martyrdom. We fancy that Jesuit missionaries, however, go forth without any such farewells. The Society, which is eminently practical, and in its organization military, lays aside all appeals to the feelings, and simply saith to its servant 'Go,' and he goeth. 'Tomorrow you must start for the Zambezi.' There is no time for farewells, scarcely for packing up." Under circumstances like these Father Law started on his long journey to the Zambezi, from which he was destined never to return, dead or alive. His body lies under the burning sun of tropical Africa, in a spot known only to God and His angels. He knew the nature of his journey, and, like a true servant of God, he was prepared for the worst. The hand is put to the plough; there is no thought of looking back. "I cannot expect to see any of my dear relatives again in this world, but the separation is for Jesus Christ." So he wrote to his father, from Gubuluwayo, in April, 1880, on the eve of his long, painful journey to Umzila's Kraal. "The separation is for Jesus Christ." Is not this the echo of the Master's saying: "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and he that shall lose his life for me shall find it."

The only records we have of his last days are a few hurried lines, written possibly with his heart's blood, to the dear friends he had left behind. Father Law's deathbed was the deathbed of a St. Francis Xavier. "Alone—with a faithful Kaffir probably by his side—in a little hut, at the entrance of the mission for which he had given his life; God was satisfied and took him to his reward." So wrote Father Alfred Weld, to the father of this devoted missionary who died thus—almost alone—on November 25th, 1880. And his dying letter was this: "Umzila's, October 12. Dearest Father,—I am not far off my end.

I trust in the infinite mercy of God. God bless you—you were the means of giving me the Holy Faith. Best love to all. I die of fever—but if I could have had proper nourishment I think I could easily have got right. But God's will is sweetest. Jesus! Mary! Your most affectionate son. A. H. Law, S. J."

Can one picture to himself a more complete renunciation of all that life holds dearest and sweetest, or a more thorough devotion to the work to which God had called him? And the whole of the *Memoirs* breathe the same spirit of self-renunciation. As a supplement to the larger work, prepared by the loving hand of a father, there has also been published a smaller work: "*Notes in Remembrance and Last Relics of Augustus Law, S. J.*" by Father Matthew Russell, S. J., the able editor of the *Irish Monthly*. The correction of the proof-sheets of this little volume was almost the last work of the father of Augustus Law before his death. They may thus be said to form a memorial of both father and son. They should have a special interest for Toronto Catholics since Father Law was the brother of Commander Law, R. N., of this city.

A NIGHT IN AN ORANGE LODGE.

Dr. Murray, the author of the following sketch, was, perhaps, the most distinguished Irish theologian of the present century. He was born at Clones, county Monaghan, on the 18th of November, 1811, and received both his English and classical education in the neighbourhood of his native town. From his earliest years he showed a decided preference for the ecclesiastical state, and, with a view to prepare himself for the sacred dignity of the priesthood, entered the rhetoric class in the Maynooth College on the 25th of August, 1829. He passed through the different classes in the college with great distinction, and was, in June, 1835, appointed a scholar of the Dunboyne Establishment, the prefect of which was then Dr. MacNally, who afterwards became bishop of Clogher. Towards the end of his Dunboyne course he was, with the permission of his diocesan, the Bishop of Clogher, appointed to a curacy in Francis Street chapel, in the City of Dublin. In September, 1838, he obtained the chair of *belles lettres* in Maynooth College after a public *concursus*. He continued in this chair for three years, when, after another *concursus*, he was appointed professor of theology. On the re-establishment of the Dunboyne class in 1879 he became its prefect, in which office he continued until his death in November, 1882. Dr. Murray wrote a large number of tracts, both on moral and dogmatic theology, his great work being his *Tractatus de Ecclesia*, which earned him a world-wide reputation, and made him a standard authority in ecclesiastical science.

Late in the summer of 1835, I was travelling on horseback to —. I had set out late or loitered on my way, for when I got the length of the town of M— the shades of evening were beginning to fall. On reaching the village of G—, about three miles further on, I determined to remain there, for it was market or fair day; the way was through a Protestant country. I was clerically dressed, and being rather in a hurry to come to my journey's end, I did not choose to run the risk of such delay as the random shot of an Orange gun or the stroke of an Orange bludgeon might cause. So, having inquired from the decentest-looking person I saw on the already thinned streets for the hotel of the town, I was directed to a comfortable looking house over the way. I bent my course to it, lit at the door, had my horse put up, walked in, and asked if this was the hotel of G— (for it did not look like one), was answered in the affirmative, shown upstairs into a very good sitting-room, had lights put before me, and requested the "brother-in-law" of the house—who was bustling in a good-natured way about me—to leave me alone for some time. I soon perceived that my hotel was of a species of *dorcasia*, known in that quarter under the name of "Carmen's stages," a better sort of public houses provided with beds for travellers. The place was good enough for me, and I was quite comfortable and satisfied, or rather would have been so, for the uproarious noise of market-

revellers proceeding from one or two rooms contiguous to the one in which I sat. I suppose there was only a lath and plaster wall between us, for I heard the voices very distinctly.

"I say, Wilson is true purple and blue; he's not afraid of the Papishes; he's the boy that can lick them."

"H—ll saize the dhrap of Orange blood in his veins."

"Don't say that; don't you mind the Clownish fights? He was the man that s—wed off in them."

"Come, Thompson, let us have no more of that; we're all for the right cause; down with the Papishes and to h—ll with the Pope."

And so went on for a quarter of an hour or better the symphony of words, phrases, toasts, and sentiments long familiar to my ears. Suddenly the door of my room was thrown open, and a tall, red-haired, very Orange-looking fellow standing on the threshold, looked at me sternly for some seconds, and then turned on his heel, banging the door after him with a crash. Very soon a crowd of persons walked into the room and commenced quietly to sit down at the table. I took up my candlestick and walked as quietly into the adjoining closet, where I was to sleep. Drink was of course called for and came, and with it went round the usual clatter, and din it produces in such circles at such an hour. By and by a song was called for and sung, and then, at short intervals, one or two more. They were all in the same strain; loud panegyrics of Orange prowess and victories, mingled with constant repetitions about loyalty and wading in Popish blood—two ideas, by the way, at the time closely united in the minds of both parties in those quarters. In the meantime the brother-in-law gently lifted the latch, and stealing in, sat down beside me and commenced a familiar chat—evidently with a view of drawing away my attention from the proceedings in the next room, and quieting any alarms I might feel. He told me that he was the brother-in-law, and by repeating this from time to time, seemed anxious that I should have a distinct impression thereof. He informed me, moreover, that he had a great deal to do with the management of the "consarn," meaning the house and appurtenances. In fact he was a kind of headpiece there, and at last—for his communicativeness increased as he perceived that my face and manner exhibited no signs whatever of incredulity—he was, in reality, the master, but people generally were not aware of this. He had very much the appearance of what in his neighbourhood would be called an "old cock," but he was a good-humoured, good-natured soul, who came to do me a service, and I would sooner have bit my tongue than, by a rude smile or word, have disturbed the intense gratification which he manifestly derived from the persuasion he fancied himself producing on my mind of his own importance.

"Do you know Priest Murphy?"

"I do."

"A nice wee man he is, and a nice wee woman his mother is, Biddy Murphy, of —. I know them both; she's one of the laughest wee souls uver yee seen; I knowed the priest since he was just that high"—putting his hand horizontally within about six inches of the floor. "Och, man, but he's mortal like his mother; I'm towl he has a great deal of her ways. We lived beside each other at that time, and throgs I'd sarve a dog belongin' to her, and I'm sure she'd a' done the sarve for me."

"You must be pretty well advanced in years, though you don't look old. Father Murphy is a priest for many years."

"That's a long time ago, but I mind it rightly—stay to we see. I'm sure it's beyant thirty years. You're from —, sir?"

"No, I'm from C—."

"Then you know Billy MacGriskin. He's a friend (relative of ours. He's married to a Roman, Jinny Mucaree, an'orra dacenter woman from this to where she lives. She's a distant relation of priest Murphy."

He wanted to show me that he was no priest-hater, that he was what in higher circles would be called a liberal-minded man, and his kind object plainly was to put me at ease in his company, which he would have succeeded in but for the growing clamour and ferocity outside.

"Och, it's us that bate the Papis's at the Clownish fighting fair, For the boys of Lisbellaw had a noble body there, We chased them through the Diamond and down Formanagh street, Till not a Popish face in the town you could meet, And the loyal Clownish yeomen did join us in the fun, Till like water in the gullions the rebel blood did run."

"Come, boys, I'll give you a toast—here's to the tree that's watered with Popish blood and never fades!"

"Here, boys, I'll give another—here's to the little house in the bog that's built with the bones of Papishes and thatched with the skins of priests, with O'Connell's head for a chimney."

The uproar waxed greater and greater. By and by the brother-in-law, who had sat for some minutes silent and anxious-looking, slipped out softly and stood with his back to the door.

"I say, boys, you don't know what you're about. There's a Popish priest in the next room; I seen him."

This, no doubt, was from the red-haired man. There was an immediate rising and rush to the door. "Drag him out—let us have him—d——n the Popish priest; we'll give it to him—to h——ll with the priests—we'll tear him to pieces," etc., with frightful imprecations and blysphemies. Brother-in-law and another man—whose name I afterwards learned to be (if I remember rightly) Williamson—stood manfully opposite the door, parleyed, pushed, cried "shame," and held their ground. The room was small, the party large, some of them intoxicated, all of them excited with the liquor. I became, I need not say, seriously alarmed for my life. I extinguished the candle and tried to drag over the bed against the door; it was what is called a press-bed, "a bed by night, a chest of drawers by day," heavy and unwieldy. Failing in all my efforts, I barricaded the door with the table and whatever loose furniture lay about the room. I then retired behind the bed, and knelt down to make the essential acts preparatory to death. I might have acted more heroically, but this is what I did. It was, perhaps, very unromantic; but I was just after finishing my course in Maynooth, and I had a great fear of eternity in my soul. The landlady came up, like a courageous woman, to remonstrate. One of the ruffians flung a large jug at her head; it missed her, however, and was smashed in pieces against the wall. Luckily it had been market day, for a large contingent of police were patrolling the streets. They were sent for and appeared after considerable delay, and after the door of my room had been two or three times forced open. The crowd was with some trouble dispersed, and I was emancipated from my hiding-place and my fears.

Nothing could exceed the fervour of the brother-in-law's congratulations on my escape, and of his regret that I had been subjected to such peril and annoyance. I have not since visited, and it is not likely I shall ever again visit that locality. I suppose he has gone to the land where the battle of the Boyne is no more "fought o'er again." But if he still lives the best wish I have for him is that Jinny MacAree may bring him over to have "wee priest Murphy" attending him on death-bed.

CARDINAL MORAN ON FATHER MATHEW.

Cardinal Moran, in concluding a lecture on Father Mathew on the occasion of the celebration of the centenary of the temperance movement on April 10th, in Sidney, N.S.W., said:—His work did not die with him. The lesson which he taught has never ceased to bear fruit, and its blessings to-day are as fresh as they were thirty years ago. Here in Australia we may be said to have only made the commencement of the temperance movement, but even those beginnings suffice to show how stately shall be the edifice of temperance that at no distant day shall adorn this land. In England, and above all in the United States, the temperance cause achieves every day new triumphs. In Ireland the memory of Father Mathew is cherished as the moral benefactor of our Celtic race, and hundreds of thousands of every age and class, and condition of life, followed in the paths of temperance which he traced. Centuries ago, a pilgrim hermit from the Holy Land brought to the Christians of Europe the tidings that their brethren in the East were held captive under a cruel tyranny. His words sank deep in the hearts of those who heard him, roused an enthusiasm in many lands, till at his request thousands put on the Crusader's cross, and vowed the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre. It was in the same spirit of faith that the humble Irish priest stirred up the enthusiasm of the Celtic race against the galling tyranny of drunkenness. At his words, hundreds of thousands of devoted people have joined in his Crusade and set the cross, which is its symbol, upon their hearts. Men said that it could not last; and yet after fifty years, beyond all calculations, and beyond all the predictions of human experi-

ence, and beyond all analogy, this crusade lives on, full of energy and strength and vigour, and every day achieves new triumphs. Our assembly here this evening may serve as a proof perhaps that it is destined to win new victories beneath the Southern Cross, but the special purpose of our assembly here is to offer the tribute of our praise and the expression of our gratitude to him whom Providence raised up as the Apostle of Temperance and to whom the merit of this marvellous crusade is due (loud and continued applause during which his Eminence resumed his seat).

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

Miss Mary Anderson is still in England, taking a rest at a convent.

The new Catholic church at the Catholic cemetery on the Montreal road, Ottawa, is nearly completed.

Mr. L. W. Reilly has resigned the position of assistant editor of the *Catholic Review*, of New York. By direction of his physician, Mr. Reilly gives up office work, and will probably take up his residence in the mountain country of the South and devote himself at intervals to literary work.

The Pope has decided that all his Jubilee presents which are of a sacred nature are to form a Leonine museum, which he intends to establish in the Basilica of St. John de Lateran. The royal presents and all the secular objects are to be permanently placed in one of the halls of the Vatican, and will be left as heirlooms of the Papacy.

The Very Rev. I. T. Hecker will contribute to the August number of *The Catholic World* an article on "Two Prophets of this Age." It is an estimate of the value of both Emerson and Arnold as leaders of thought and prophets of a new dispensation, and shows in the writer's trenchant style the folly of both in seeking to "level up to Christ" in their teaching. The necessary tendency of such teaching is to degrade rather than elevate, to let a man down into the mire, but to let him down with "pretty phrases."

The Catholic World for August will contain an article of much interest to Catholics generally. It is a review of the proceedings of the Conference of the Evangelical Alliance held in Washington last December, and shows how clearly honest and earnest Protestants discern the perils which threaten our national and social life. They are alive to these dangers, but are powerless to avert them; they cannot reach the masses. Protestantism is the religion of the few—the cultured, the wealthy; it is not the religion for democracy.

The religious views of Frederick III. are said to have been tinged with Hegelianism. He was, however, no bigot, and though at the time of the Kulturkampf he took up the same attitude as his father towards the Supreme Pontiff, he has since shown a disposition to manifest sympathy with Catholics on every suitable occasion. On returning from a visit to the late King Alfonso he paid a special visit to the Holy Father, and one of his latest acts was to forbid the production of a Lutheran play at Berlin until passages which were offensive to the Catholics of Germany had been expunged.

The Pope's encyclical on liberty, issued last week, says: "Human liberty, in individuals, as in societies or governments, implies the necessity of conforming to a supreme rational law which emanates from God. The Church is not an enemy of honest, legitimate liberty, but it is an enemy of license. It condemns false liberalism or nationalism which declares that there is no supreme law and that everyone must form his own faith and religion. Such doctrine tends to destroy the consciousness, the difference between good and evil, between justice and injustice, and make force the sole basis of society. The Church is not an enemy of democracy, and rejects no form of government."

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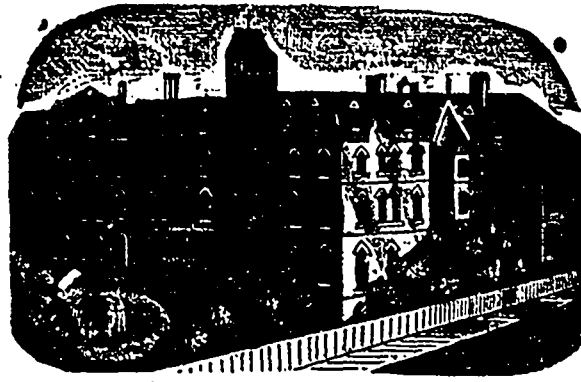
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