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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Reddite quæ sunt Cesaris, Cesari; et quæ sunt Dei, Deo.—Matt. 22: 21.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Pope on Wednesday entrusted the Duke of Norfolk with an autograph letter to the Queen. The Duke started for England immediately to deliver the letter.

Mr. Arthur O'Connor, M.P., dined with Archbishop Lynch on Wednesday. Sir Thomas Grattan-Esmonde, M.P., was unable, by reason of a severe cold, to be present.

A good part of our space this week is taken up by matter relating to the Pontificate of Pope Leo, the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of whose sacerdotal ordination begins to-day. Later on, perhaps on the completion of its volume, the REVIEW has in contemplation the issuing of a special Pope Leo number.

The *Gazette*, of Dublin, publishes an order signed by Commissioners Lytton and French, prescribing reductions of judicial rents throughout practically the whole of Ireland, ranging from 6 to 22 per cent., the average being 14 per cent. The aggregate reduction is estimated at £2,000,000. The reduction is permanent, and applies to arrears since 1881. A note is attached by Judge O'Hagan dissenting from the decision of his colleagues.

Mr. Michael Davitt, a few days ago, repeated his advice to the Irish farmers not to purchase land at the present time. By waiting they would be able to secure land, he said, on the basis of a nominal rental, 70 to 80 per cent. under the present figures.

Archbishop Croke applied some time ago to the Irish Prisons Board for permission to visit William O'Brien in Tullamore Prison, stating at the same time that he had obtained permission from Sir William Harcourt to visit Michael Davitt in Portland prison. Answer was returned that the Prisons Board was powerless to comply with the Archbishop's request; but, on the strength of Sir William

Harcourt's previous action it would present it to the Government. In the meantime, the shameful treatment of Mr. Mandeville in Tullamore became public; and Archbishop Croke withdrew his application, declining to accept even a nominal favor from a Government capable of sanctioning such barbarities.

We have seen a copy of the address to Mgr. Persico, which is being circulated among English Catholics, and signed by Lord Ripon, Lord Ashburnham, Lord Orford, Sir Henry Bedingfield, Bart., and others. The address expresses gratitude to the Sovereign Pontiff for the solicitude displayed by him for their suffering brethren in Ireland, to whom, after centuries of persecution, they owe the liberties they enjoy in their own country at present. Conscientious of the constitutional nature of the present political struggle, bitterly conscious of the oppressive conduct of England towards Ireland in the past, and deploring that when the enmity and suspicion of the past are giving way to affection and confidence, certain lay members of the Church in England, of high position, for reasons incomprehensible, have adopted a course of hostility to Ireland, disparaging the conduct of the Irish clergy and bishops, publicly, and even privately, in representations to the Holy See they, therefore, repudiate their action as insulting to the ancient priesthood and hierarchy, and inimical to the interests of the ancient faith.

It would be a pity if the impossible stories circulated by English Tories to the effect that the bishops and priests in Ireland are to be quieted by the bribe of a great Catholic University, and that the Head of the Church, at the urgent solicitation of Lord Salisbury, is likely to consent to do duty as an English policeman in Ireland, really caused Mr. John Dillon, M.P., to lose his head for a moment. Mr. Dillon is reported to have stated a few days ago that the people of Ireland wanted no Pope in their politics, and that however much they respected his authority in spirituals, they would pay no more attention to him in temporals than to the Sultan of Turkey. Certainly, there seems no reason to doubt that the Tories have made every effort to influence Mgr. Persico, by fine promises in respect to higher Catholic education, the appointment of an Ambassador at the Vatican, and the renewal of diplomatic relations between the Holy See and the English Government, that the Tories in a word, are playing the last cards in a desperate game. But Mr. Dillon, who possibly may not have said what is stated, must know that even if the Bishops of Ireland were not a unit in favour of Home Rule, even if in that they were not supported by Cardinal Manning and the most influential Catholic peers, laymen, and members of the episcopate in England, it would still be very doubtful if the Head of the Church would become the political enemy of his most faithful subjects. We do not find the Popes doing that. To be sure Tory correspondents and journals are forever telling us that "the Pope" is at last going to do so, but the "the Pope" whom these Tories know is a gentleman of romance and of rumour.

AN IRISH CATHOLIC NOVELIST.

I.

An amiable trait in the character of Charles Dickens was his readiness to act as sponsor, as literary godfather, to the productions of promising young authors. Possessed of that sublime self-confidence which is characteristic of genius, he was never a prey to the timorous jealousy which causes meaner craftsmen to see in every fellow-worker a dangerous rival. During the period of his editorial connection with *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*, he gave proofs of his shrewd discernment by introducing to the public several writers whose after productions are now valuable portions of our literature. It was in the pages of these periodicals that Wilkie Collins first evinced that talent for weaving mysterious and intricate plots which has made his name famous. Adelaide Procter, too, whose exquisite verses have delighted so many readers, both Catholic and Protestant, was a protégé of Dickens, sending, with the delicacy of a truly refined mind, her first verses to *Household Words* under an assumed name, lest the editor should be pained at being unable to accept the contribution of the daughter of Barry Cornwall.

But there is another lady whose first appearance in the literary world was made under the same gracious auspices, and whose writings are not as well known in America as they deserve to be. Rosa Mulholland is a journalist, novelist and poet of distinguished ability. Yet she has not been as successful as Mr. Collins or Miss Procter, with whom she began her career on an equal footing. The reason of this may be that her writings have not the devotional character which makes the latter a favourite with those of pious dispositions, while they are yet entirely free from the prurient sensationalism which commends to more worldly-minded readers the author of "The Woman in White."

Though pursuing three branches of her profession, Miss Mulholland is essentially a poet. It is not merely that her prose, like that of Father Ryan, is smooth and musical as verse, that it has more metrical rhythmical beauties than what the friends of Walt Whitman are pleased to style poetry; but it is the wealth of poetic imagery spread profusely over every page, the landscapes drawn with the strong, quick touches which dilettantism cannot hope to possess, the hidden beauties of nature shown to us, beauties which pass unnoticed by all but the poetic eye—it is this that shows that, though compelled perchance to follow more level paths, the author ever turns her gaze upwards to the heights of Parnassus.

This article does not propose to speak of the poetical works of Rosa Mulholland, to which no higher recommendation can be given than the generous praise of that scholarly poet and editor, the Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J., of the *Irish Monthly*. The writer desires to tell the readers of this REVIEW something of the charming and pure tales of this gifted author, hoping that they may be induced to read them, and believing that they will find the same pleasure in their perusal as himself.

"The Wild Birds of Killeevy" (New York: Hickey & Co) is one of the most fascinating and, at the same time, most wholesome works of fiction that can be placed in a young person's hands, not that our elders also will not find it very entertaining. As the sub-title tells us, it is a romance, not of the days of chivalry, of dragons and enchanted castles, not, as some might imagine, of those gallant exiles known as "The Wild Geese of Erin," but a romance of the nineteenth century. The characters are plain, everyday people (the hero and heroine, of course, excepted); there are no diabolical villains, whose images impress themselves on our minds, and give us nightmare after we have sat up reading till midnight. No harrowing episodes strain the nerves to a hysterical pitch, although there is plenty of sorrow, plenty of cruelty on the part of that hard-hearted goddess, Fate, who so delights (in novels at least) to keep loving hearts disunited. And yet it is a romance! Perhaps it is rather the method of treatment, than the incidents themselves, which constitute it such. Perhaps it is the halo of poetic

fancy which envelops all of the author's creations. Certain it is that there is here no trace of that absurd realism of which Howells and James are the apostles, which busies itself about the trivialities, the nothings of life. Can any poet be a realist of this type?

But the current is changing. The innate love of the heroic and the beautiful is beginning to reassert its claims, and it is devoutly to be wished that the returning tide will carry Miss Mulholland's romances into the haven of popularity.

To come back to our *Wild Birds*. They are an Irish boy and girl, Kevin and Fanchea, brother and sister, not by nature, but by the kindness of Kevin's mother, who took the orphan Fanchea into her poor cabin and reared her as her own daughter. Hand in hand they stand together on bleak Killeevy mountain, gazing out upon the blue ocean, and while the little maid pours forth a rushing torrent of song, the tall, awkward frame of her companion quivers with emotion which he endeavours, but vainly, to express in words. Deeply and bitterly he feels his own impotence. By the neighbours, and even his parents, Kevin is regarded as a dolt, who will never be of any use outside of his father's potato-patch. Good Father Ulick has found him incapable of mastering the rudiments of learning, and has given him up in despair. But he is Fanchea's hero. To her there is no one in the world so wise or so clever as Kevin; and her sunny childish faith in him is the sole ray of light which cheers him during his long night vigils when wondrous visions pass through his heated brain, maddened with the knowledge of its powerlessness.

But Fanchea is stolen by gipsies, who believe that the silver of her voice might be profitably converted into lining for their pockets; and Kevin must go out into the wide, wicked world, of which he is so ignorant, in order to search for her. The necessity of action seems to open the hidden springs of genius in his nature, which now begins its noble development. It is to London he goes, hardly knowing why, to begin his search. Hither, too, Fanchea flies on escaping from her captors, and here she dwells within a stone's throw of Kevin; her voice sounds in his ears as she sings one night in the streets, but they never come together.

Fanchea's friend, the warm-hearted, impulsive, melancholy little Signora, with her flowers, and her harp, and her hopes of some day painting a great picture, is a touching figure. The child writes home to Kevin, who is ever in her thoughts, but she can only address her letter to "Killeevy Mountain, Ireland," a place unknown to the postal authorities, and of course the loving missive is returned to her.

It would be forestalling a pleasure for our readers were we to tell them in detail how Fanchea comes to be adopted by eccentric old Lord Waldemar, who sees in her a future Patti or Nilsson; how Kevin educates himself with the assistance of a kind gentleman, Mr. Thistleton Honeywood, who encourages his literary aspirations, and induces him to cultivate his poetic talent; how Fanchea and Kevin both go abroad, and how the latter studies German mysticism in the person of the Baroness Ida, who bears some resemblance to Arnolia Lorraine in "Vivian Grey," but is a much more natural creation than any to be found in that splendid jumble of impossible characters and improbable incidents; how Fanchea is wooed in vain by young Captain Waldemar; how Kevin becomes the unconscious victim of the jealousy of his patron, who believes him in love with the Baroness; and how at last, in one of the beautiful churches of sunny Italy, the home of song, Kevin hears again the tones of that bird-like voice which has ever been present to him through the long weary years; and the grand Celtic strains of that familiar "Hymn of the Virgin Triumphant," sung so often on Killeevy's Mountain, draws Fanchea's hero and lover to her side; and the truant "Wild Birds" return together to the parent nest.

In the "Wicked Woods of Tobereevil" Miss Mulholland strikes a lower and less cheerful key. Mary Mourne is not so lovable a heroine as Fanchea, nor is Paul Finiston so noble a hero as Kevin. But although this novel does not possess the [subtle, indescribable charm which

pervaded the story of the "Wild Birds," yet it exhibits in even a greater degree the power of the writer. The plot is developed with more care and the *dénouement* is sufficiently tragic to satisfy the most *blasé* reader. It is the story of a curse pronounced on the Finistons of Tobereevil by a frozen babe whose mother, with hundreds of other poor peasants, had been cast out into the snow, in order that the landlord might plant a great wood on the spot where their cabins stood. Most of them perished in a great snowstorm while coming to implore mercy of tyrant, and then—

"This woeftul babe cursed the race of Finiston. Their riches should yield them no pleasure. They should perish with cold, and be gnawed by hunger. Their lands should be waste and their house decay. Their daughters should never live past childhood; and even those of their sons who had gentle hearts should become hardened by possession of the gold of the Finistons. The curse should lurk for them in the corner-stone of the wall, in the beam under the roof-tree, in the log upon the hearthstone, in the meat upon the dish:

"In every bud and blade of grass that grows,
In every leaf upon their mighty trees,
In every kindly face that smiles on them,
In every pleasant word that neighbours speak."

"In conclusion, there was a prophecy. Never should the family be freed from the curse till one of them should be murdered by a kinsman of his own."

At the opening of the tale Simon Finiston, who had been, when a generous-minded youth, the lover of Martha Mourne, Mary's aunt, is master of Tobereevil. The shadow of the curse has fallen upon him and he walks a miser through the heart of his dearly-bought forests, where—

"The roar of swaying miles of wood surged above and below in continual thunder. Even the mildest airs of heaven seemed to have secret stings, which goaded the Tobereevil woods unceasingly into motion and sound."

Simon is tyrannized over by his sole servant, Tibbie, an old crone whom he values because she is as miserly as himself. Tibby is hated by the people, who regard her as a witch, and her son Con, the fool, is equally beloved. Occasionally she gives out dark hints as to what may happen in the future, when Con shall reign in Tobereevil, till at length the suspicions of her master being roused, she is forthwith turned out of doors, while Simon calls his nephew, Paul, whom he has hitherto kept at a distance, to take the management of the estate.

Paul is an ardent, high-spirited young man, the accepted lover of May Mourne, a maiden whose sensitive, dreamy temperament is united with serious and practical common sense. She rejoices with Paul, that he is never to have any part in the accursed property, and it is with every foreboding that she sees him enter even as a servant within the shadow of the Wicked Woods.

Her tears are justified; the touch of the miser's gold seems gradually to harden Paul's nature, and a beautiful siren, Katherine Archibald, as soulless as she is lovely, is striving to draw him within her toils, but May is determined she shall not succeed. Willing to give him up herself if he so desires, she cannot bear to see him fall under the evil influence of one who would hurry him onward to his ruin if she might build her own future on the wreck of his life. For her lover's sake, not her own, does May Mourne desire to thwart her rival's designs.

And now we have plot and counter-plot such as shall satisfy the most exacting novel reader. Paul, the tender-hearted, the future benefactor of his uncle's servants, as he fondly hoped, has fallen so low that he can hesitate as to whether he shall execute old Simon's orders and evict the poor cotters of the mountain side, in order to turn the land into a sheepwalk. His growing thirst of gold, the real curse of the Finistons, has brought him to this, and the wiles of Katherine Archibald have not been altogether fruitless.

His journey with Katherine over the Golden Mountain to Camlough, his detention there, stricken with a terrible mental malady while May believes he has deserted her, his mysterious rescue by the brave girl, all these incidents

are grouped together with dramatic skill. The reader is thrilled with admiration at the heroine's courage and presence of mind in dealing with the two madmen, becomes partaker of her fear when she finds that Paul has escaped, and of her horror when she believes that he has in his frenzy fulfilled the final portion of the prophecy.

It would be manifestly unfair to the author to reveal how it happens that Paul is guiltless of the blood of his uncle, who, nevertheless, has fallen by his kinsman's hand; or to explain how the serious complications which ensue are happily unravelled. To follow the fortunes of Paul Finiston and May Mourne through the maze of their joys and sorrows will, we hope, be a pleasurable task for many of our readers.

This story of the "Wicked Woods" contains many of those exquisite bits of landscape and portrait painting, in which Miss Mulholland indulges that fancy which ever desires to take wings and fly from the flat plains so well suited to the march of prose.

Rosa Mulholland is an Irishwoman. It is the unsurpassable scenery of her own dear isle that she paints with such a loving touch; and she is fully able to enter into the sentiments of her countrymen. With appreciating fidelity she has given us a heart-touching post- eviction scene, in which is beautifully shown the resignation with which the Irish peasant bows beneath the hand of God.

"People were passing from one cabin to another, saying sad farewells, and mourning together over the woe that was come among them. The Kearneys were carrying their small provisions into a cave under the cliff, where they intended to live till they could sell their pig and their little bits of furniture. With the few pounds that such would bring, they must start by and by, a sad and timid band of wanderers, to seek their fortunes, or misfortunes, in some unknown and dreaded town. Some others were doing likewise, thanking God, as they worked, that things worse with them."

"But there were others who could not make an effort to be cheerful; the people who had their sick and dying to provide for. What could Tim's old father, and little Bride's crippled grandmother do but die on the side of the hill? There was patient Nora in the last stage of consumption, and there was a mother of many children, who had been bedridden for many years. The children clung to their mother, who could not move, and moaned over the horror which the morrow was to bring to them; and the woman with the sick daughter sat with her arms around her dying child, and prayed with frantic earnestness that God would take her before the cruel hour should come."

The sympathetic reader, with the horror of Glenbeigh in his memory, knows that this is not merely a fanciful picture.

DAVID RONAYNE.

OUR MOST HOLY LORD, LEO XIII.

If ever "The Curiosities of History" are gathered into a volume, not the least curious chapter will be that which recounts the periodical announcements made by the newspapers for fifteen years, of Pope Pius IX.'s approaching dissolution. The announcement, to do it justice, generally came at a time of year when things journalistic were slack, and when those of our craft who "lead" on the daily papers were hard pressed to find subjects for their "leaders." For the announcement, made in the news column on the authority of a "secret chamberlain" or some other mysterious-sounding personage, that the Pontiff's life hung by a thread, which must snap before many suns had set, was duly accompanied by a column which said—every one knows the sort of thing. But when the oft-predicted event came at last, at a quarter to six on the evening of the 7th of February, 1878, it came as a surprise. Till twenty hours before His Holiness' death, even his physicians did not express alarm, though the Pope himself had, for five days, felt that his hour was near at hand. He composed himself in the little room—a much smaller room in that great palace of salas than an ordinary Mayfair bedroom—with two beds in it, on which he was placed in turn, two tables, on

which were set his crucifix and other objects of piety, and two pictures—one of them a Madonna which had been dear to the dying Pontiff from his youth.

In the small adjoining ante-room, with hushed movements, Cardinals and high officers came and went till all was over. Cardinal Bilio was most close in his attendance on the dying man; and the spare form of the Cardinal Camerlengo flitted hither and thither, with the whole burden of temporal care, as well as the weight of personal regret, and perhaps the shadow of a coming event, resting upon him.

The memorable scenes which followed upon the death of Pius IX., resulted in the election of the Cardinal Camerlengo to the Papal throne.

When the news of Joachim Pecci's election to the Papal throne surprised the world, millions of tongues asked what manner of man he might be. The newspapers, with one accord, but in many discords, hastened to reply. "His Holiness was tall, and not tall; smooth-tongued and rough-tongued; an ultramontane, and yet moderate; a patrician and of plebeian birth; the dearest friend and the dearest enemy of Cardinal Manning; broad and narrow minded; a cosmopolitan and an Italian." And then what a contrast with his predecessor! To the most corpulent occupant of the Chair of Peter had succeeded the thinnest, who lacked not only physical bulk, but also the "polish, the facile manner of Pope Pius IX." Nay, was it not "an open secret" that the late Pontiff had said, in a letter to the Bishop of Tournai, that "the election of Cardinal Pecci as his successor would be the ruin of the Church?" And was it not "notorious" that Cardinal Antonelli was, in this case at least, faithful to his lord, even in his dislikings?

Perhaps nowhere had this literature of legend a more surprising growth than in England, where from one cause and another the Papal Church had become a great factor in the national life. The numerical strength of Queen Victoria's Catholic subjects in the United Kingdom—some five millions—would appear to be hardly yet realized by those masters of modern life, the editors, especially the editors of the great daily papers. These, once they discover, for instance, that every tenth man in London is a Catholic, and that the remaining nine are beginning to know him, will be at pains to treat the affairs and the affections of this human tithe with at least that modicum of truth and intelligence which all other topics command. Meanwhile accidents have combined to give prominence to Catholicism in England. The truth-revealing public controversies, and the truth-witnessing return of thousands of our countrymen to the Old Religion; the interest and admiration attaching to the personality of Cardinal Manning, and of Cardinal Newman; the re-establishment of the Hierarchy, and the approach, by leaps and bounds, of the largest and most cultivated section of the Anglican Establishment to some of the forms and to the ethics of Catholicism—these and other causes, great and small, have effected, within our own generation, an astonishing change in the attitude of public opinion towards the Church of Rome. When, therefore, Cardinal Pecci ascended the Papal throne, English newspapers were busy about him, with results already outlined. Catholics, for the most part, held their peace. They were content to wait, patient in the conviction that the choice of the cardinals would not be lightly cast on one unworthy the august position of the Archbishop of Christendom. Verily has their faith been justified by the works of Leo XIII.

Was the name of Cardinal Pecci as that of the elect of the Sacred College a surprise to Rome? Evidently not. An Italian paper had published his portrait as that of the "Favourite," and when in more reverent language the chances were discussed his name came first, followed by those of Cardinals Canossa, Monaco, Bilio, Simeoni, Martenelli, Franchi, and Mertel. But the wise ones said that precisely because an election was likely it became unlikely, quoting the proverb of the proverb-loving Romans: "*Chi entra Papa esce Cardinale.*" In the light of subsequent events it is curious to read the note made at the time: "All parties declare their satisfaction. The Italian Government and those of its partisans who call themselves conservatives entertain hopes which they will no doubt find to be delusive, but the fact is that they are pleased for the present, and so, we are told, is Prince Bismarck."

The days following the election were almost absorbed by

the ceremonies of homage repeated again and yet again by the Cardinals, amid reiterated vesting and unvesting of the new Pontiff. In these days, too, were given the first audiences to Ambassadors, Prelates and Princes. A little more began to be known of Leo XIII. And first it became evident that he intended to remain in the seclusion of the Vatican. In his capacity as Camerlengo he had ordered the Papal carriages to be got ready in case the new Pope should choose to go to the Lateran to take possession of his Episcopal See; being himself the new Pope, he did not use them. As Camerlengo, too, Cardinal Pecci had taken care that the illness of Pius IX. should not be made the pretext for neglect and speculation in the Vatican; he had forbidden the customary waste of the provisions laid in for the Conclave; and these signs foretold a Pontificate of firm control.

Pius VII. and Leo XIII. are the only Popes who have not been crowned in the loggia of St. Peter's since 1555. Austria in 1800 held the Holy See under threats, and refused to allow the coronation at St. Mark's in Venice, where the Conclave had been held, and Pius VII. received the crown in a small church apart. Leo XIII. assumed it in his own Sistine Chapel, secure but isolated in his own estranged city. On the 3rd of March, with rites unmixed, albeit in a kind of captivity Leo XIII. received the crown of the Popes.

The first acts of the new Pope were in strict accord with all the facts of his former life. A man whose mental and spiritual history is not like that of so many of his contemporaries, one of conversions and surprises; he seems, with the advance of life, to have enlarged merely the scope of his operations, and not to have changed any of the motives or the methods that had grown with his growth. What the boy and the student, the nuncio and the Archbishop, had been, that the Pope continued to be. A creature of slow and orderly evolution, not of impulse, he has all his past to support and to strengthen him; and the future can unfold nothing to daunt him, nothing he will hesitate to measure by the eternal principles he learned at his mother's knee, and never swerved from during all his pious youth. If Waterloo was won upon the playground at Eton, so were the diplomatic successes of Monsignor Pecci in Benevento and in Brussels, and the victories of Pope Leo in Berlin, achieved within the library at Carpineto and the halls of the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics in Rome.

All this was well understood by those who had personal knowledge of the new Pope. It was with confidence and faith, therefore, rather than with hope, that his fellow Cardinals elected him their leader and chief, and, away from Italy, this sentiment soon found expression. The Bishop of Orleans, for instance, awaited the news of the Conclave's decision and one night the fateful telegram came. "Triumphantly, joyously, I ran towards the Bishop," says the Abbe Lagrange, "with the blue paper in my hand. 'Monsignor, grand, good news—the Pope is elected!' 'But who?' 'Cardinal Pecci!' 'Ah!' he exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, 'let us bless and thank God.'" England was soon made aware of the new Pontiff's dispositions; for one of his first acts was to restore the Hierarchy to Scotland, and then, a little later, to give England another Cardinal in the person of Father Newman. The creation of Scotch Bishops, with titles taken from the soil, was an official duty inherited from his predecessor, but the honouring of Cardinal Newman was a personal pleasure as well as an official interest.

In a speech made in Birmingham at the end of the year 1880, His Eminence, after speaking of Pope Leo's predecessor, went on to say: "Yet, I believe, wonderful as was the mode and the effect with which Pius preached our holy religion, we have not lost by his being taken away. It is not decorous to praise the living; it is not modest to panegyricize those whom rather one should obey; but in the successor of Pius I recognize a depth of thought, a tenderness of heart, a winning simplicity, a power answering to his name, which keeps me from lamenting that Pope Pius is no longer here."

The expression of the Pope is as vivid and varying as to render him a difficult subject for the few painters to whom he has sat. One of these, Mr. Thaddeus, the Englishman first since Sir Thomas Lawrence to paint a Pontiff, has given the following notes of his impressions of his sitter:—"Pope Leo XIII. is of medium height. His attenuated figure is bent by study and the weight of years; but in every movement he is astonishingly quick and energetic. His head is a mos-

remarkable one, once seen never to be forgotten, with its every feature out of strict proportion, yet with the harmony of the whole. The small, bright, rapid eyes, set close together, denote 'the man who is ever on the search'; the largely developed aquiline nose, a capacity for domination. The mouth, when under a pleasing influence, forms into an exceedingly wide, sweet smile, its benevolent expression brightening the whole face, and supplying the benignity which is less observable in the eyes. The ears, like the hands and feet, are exceptionally large and long. The skin is so thin—a rare thing with Italians, and much admired by them as a sign of high breeding—that a perfect network of blue veins (the "blue blood") is visible over all the white ascetic face. His Holiness is gifted with the fire and impulse of youth without its accompanying physical strength, and feels keenly the disabilities of age. When he saw my portrait for the last time he thoughtfully remarked its look of years, and advised me to remember when painting another Pope (?) that 'Popes are of no age.' I thoroughly appreciated the *finesse* of the phrase, and only regretted that a painter could hardly give it practical effect. During long functions the Holy Father's muscular force almost entirely gives way, but by a nervous effort he will raise himself from time to time straight as an arrow."

The labours of a Pope and the burdens of his supreme office on earth are in a sense beyond the reach of record. The points on which his life touches the lives of his people, are their own little affairs, their interests, the hopes, prayers and destinies of units, in the millions that obey him. None of these are too personal, or too minutely domestic to win the ear of the Father of his peoples. As for the Pope's own affairs, they are hardly such as the man, woman or child who kneels at his feet can give the world a glimpse of. The globe, with continents and isles, deserts and plains, the summer of the world in the broad tropics, its winter in the narrowing poles, the long rivers that flow from the snows of the north to the gold and sapphire seas of the south, dark continents, barbaric empires, these form the outward scene of the spiritual world which lies under the eyes of the Bishop of Bishops. The whole human tragedy played out in the theatre of the world is before him. And his is not only the distant view which comprehends its vastness, but the near sight which examines its intimate details. The Pope must know special, as well as general things, local matters smaller than those of an empire's colonies,—the colonies of his spiritual empire being the solitary missions in corners of the earth, and matters far more enormous than the interests of old Rome or of modern England. The flocks of God's peoples on a thousand hills are "sheep of His hand." His is the only Empire in the world upon which the sun not only never sets,—that is a small and transitory glory—but on which the sun never will set until it is turned into darkness.—*Condensed from Mr. Oldcastle's articles in Merry England.*

LEO XIII.: 1887.

"With Prophet eye, the tremulous dawn I mark;
Lumen in celo! breaks the radiant day,
And, terror stricken, demon forms and dark
Plunge to their Stygian lake, there sink away."

LEO XIII.

The Pride of the World has risen, and the Lust of
the world, a fire,
Burned in the Hearts of Statesmen, and Force was
their desire:
The Promise of Christ seemed darkened, and His
Cross lay in the mire;

And the Martyrs' blood, despised, was trodden under
feet,
That Martyrs' blood that blossomed in a thousand
Flowers sweet
In the sacred Colosseum, in the languid Roman
heat;

And the Scent of Martyr-blossoms, and the Seeds of
Martyrs' Blood
Had been borne o'er all the Nations for the growth
of Christianity—
Yet in the Porta Pia an armed Scoffer stood:

So the Cry was, "Rome has fallen!" and the Howl
was, "Christ is dead!"
And the soul of sainted Pius saw Rome's ruin as it
fled
To the Throne of God the Changeless, to the Choir
enraptured.

Then the Neo-Pagans, sneering, threw libations in
the air
To Priapus, to Satan, to the Nymphs that Rome cal-
led fair,
Ere the New Rome had arisen, to conquer Earth's
Despair.

Leo came, the King-anointed, with the Star of Hope
His Sign,
And the Light of Heaven dawning showed Christ's
Promise still divine.
And the ancient Devils fleeing cried, "O Pope, the
World is thine!"

He, Pontiff, Poet, Prophet—he, Shepherd, Servant,
Seer,
From out the seeming Chaos bade the Christian
World appear,
Though Rome was held by Scoffers, and Hope was
thrilled by Fear.

And the Pontiff in his Prison (may Our Lord send
him release!),
Serene above all tumult, spoke inspired Words of
Peace,
And nearer, nearer seemed the Day when human
Wars shall cease.

Brothers, brothers, God is hidden, and we cannot see
His Face,
Yet, though sin and sloth and striving our Hope
sometimes debase,
The Lord of All is of us—He is human, of our race:

So a Light shines full upon us from the very Eye of
God,
A Light like Summer sunshine that revivifies the
clod,
A Light that in Effulgence will draw Lilies from
Earth's sod.

Then, O Christians! hear the Prophet who bids the
World be free
From the Follies of false Science or a false Liberty;
For the Light is dawning, Brothers, of the Church's
Jubilee.

—Maurice F. Egan in *Dec. Catholic World.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF REV. FATHERS DOWD AND TOUPIN,
Edited by J. J. Curran, M. P. Montreal: John Lovell
& Co.

We are indebted to Mr. J. J. Curran, M.P., for this most attractive little volume commemorative of the Golden Jubilee of the Rev. Fathers Dowd and Toupin, of St. Patrick's, Montreal. To a full account of the memorable proceedings by which the gratitude of a people was manifested to their beloved pastor, and his zealous associate during a lifetime of the most devoted and most fruitful spiritual labour, the volume adds an historical sketch of the Irish Catholic community in Montreal, biographical sketches of Fathers Phelan (afterwards first Bishop of Kingston), Connolly, and the old Recollet Fathers and much other matter, from the point of view of Church history, of a most valuable character. The photo-engravings of Father Dowd and Father Toupin, the interior and exterior of St. Patrick's Church, and the several institutions of which Father Dowd is the founder and patron, St. Patrick's School, St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, and St. Bridget's Night Refuge, are very artistic. Indeed the editor has left nothing undone in the way of preserving in a permanent form the records of the life work of the pastor and head of the Irish community in Montreal, that great man "whose influence," as the Hon. Minister of Justice well said, "is too wide for any one city and whose patriotism is too broad for any one parish," and who for years, it is not too much to say, by reason of the qualities of his mind and of his heart, and the extent of the affection felt towards him, has ranked as the most influential priest in America.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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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., 1887.

GENTLEMEN,—

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

I am, faithfully yours,

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DEC. 31, 1887.

We wish all our readers a very Happy New Year.

His Lordship, the Bishop of London, was received in private audience by the Holy Father on the 10th inst.

The Rand & Avery Printing Company, of Boston, have informed the Rev. Justin D. Fulton, that they will now print his book, "having forced him to strip it of its original obscenity." The circumstances of the case were alluded to in our last number. It generally falls out, as the Baltimore *Mirror* reminds us, that the self-appointed destroyers of the Catholic Church, whether they happen to be ministers of the sensational sort, who get themselves dismissed from regular pulpits, like the Rev. Fulton, or "converted" priests and nuns who trade on their apostacy, sooner or later acquire a reputation for indecency. It would seem to be this quality that inspires them with an ambition to wipe out a church that will not countenance any form of uncleanness.

In the Associated Press despatches of a few days ago we find the following account of a remarkable document:

Washington, Dec. 20.—Each member of Congress received in his mail to-day a memorial, signed by two hundred and thirty-three members of the British Parliament, which reads as follows:—

"To the President and Congress of the United States of America:

"The undersigned members of the British Parliament learn with the utmost satisfaction that various proposals have been introduced into Congress, urging the Government of the United States to take the necessary steps for concluding with the Government of Great Britain a treaty which shall stipulate that any differences or disputes arising between the two Governments, which cannot be adjusted by diplomatic agency, shall be referred to arbitration. Should such a proposal happily emanate from the Congress of the United States, our best influence shall be used to

ensure its acceptance by the Government of Great Britain. The conclusion of such a treaty would be a splendid example to those nations who are wasting their resources in war-provoking institutions, and might induce other Governments to join the peaceful compact."

There was, in days of old, in the days now so little known, yet so worthy of remembrance, a tribunal, an arbiter of international difficulties, whose prestige was stupendous, whose power was all but limitless, and whose integrity has not yet been questioned by its worst enemies. That arbiter was the Holy Catholic Church. The sovereign authority of the Church fulfills but half its function when it wields the spiritual sword. When the Apostles said to the Lord, "Lord, there are two swords here," He did not say "It is too much;" He said, "It is enough." Temporal and spiritual power in the Papacy are concomitant. In spirituals the Pope *defines*, in temporals he *arbitrates*. On earth there is not found a tribunal more free from bias, more incorruptible or less inclined to human passions. For centuries this tribunal judged the political world; approved, condemned where need was, guided always. To-day all Europe, all the world, gone astray from right reason and sound sense, looks for an arbiter. Such a one is to be found only in the Holy See. But that the Holy See may discharge its function of supreme arbitrator of the nations, it is of absolute necessity that it be free from even the suspicion of subjection to external influence. The present position of the Sovereign Pontiff is a grievous menace to the peace of Europe. The man of all men who can, by virtue of his office and dignity, arbitrate the affairs of nations, is held by the Piedmontese, their subject. All Italy, all the world besides, deplores his position. The salvation of Italy, the peace of the world depend on his freedom.

Ere the REVIEW is this week in the hands of its readers, the ceremonies commemorative of the Sovereign Pontiff's Golden Jubilee will have commenced in the City of Rome, in presence of the representatives of all nations who, by their presence and their enthusiasm, will testify their devotion to his august person and office as Vicar of Christ on earth. The celebration of this great event will be world-wide. All Catholics will rejoice with the Holy Father on the completion of this, his fiftieth year in the priesthood, and, true to the instinct of our Holy Faith will join with him in prayer that his present intolerable position as a prisoner in the Vatican, in HIS OWN CITY, may be brought to a speedy termination. No words of ours are, we feel, necessary to arouse enthusiasm in Catholic hearts at such a time as this. To Leo XIII. we all look up as the common Father of the Faithful, and as dutiful and loving children our place is at his side. We cannot all go to Rome in person, but to even the least of us it is given to be there in spirit. And who will hold back now?

In a magnificent passage in one of Cardinal Newman's works, the position of the Papacy at the present day is set forth so eloquently in words that will live as long as literature endures, that we feel we cannot do better, as a commemoration of the Golden Jubilee, than to lay it before our readers. To many, no doubt, it is already familiar, but even they will be glad to meet with it again:

"Deeply do I feel, ever will I protest, for I can appeal to the ample testimony of history to bear me out, that in questions of right and wrong, there is nothing really strong in the whole world, nothing decisive and operative, but the voice of him, to whom has been committed the keys of the kingdom and the oversight of Christ's flock. The

voice of Peter is now, as it ever has been, a real authority, infallible when it teaches, prosperous when it commands, ever taking the lead wisely and distinctly in its own province, adding certainty to what is probable, and persuasion to what is certain. Before it speaks, the most saintly may mistake, and after it has spoken, the most gifted must obey.

"Peter is no recluse, no abstracted student, no dreamer about the past, no doter upon the dead and gone, no projector of the visionary. Peter for eighteen hundred years has lived in the world; he has seen all fortunes, he has encountered all adversaries, he has shaped himself for all emergencies. If there ever was a power on earth who had an eye for the times, who has confined himself to the practicable, and has been happy in his anticipations, whose words have been deeds, and whose commands prophecies, such is he, in the history of ages, who sits from generation to generation in the chair of the Apostles, as the Vicar of Christ and Doctor of His Church. It was said by an old philosopher, who declined to reply to an imperious argument; 'It was not safe controverting with the master of twenty legions.' What Augustus had in the material order, that, and much more, has Peter in the spiritual. When was he ever unequal to the occasion? When has he not risen with the crisis? What dangers have ever daunted him? What sophistry foiled him? What uncertainties misled him? When did ever any power go to war with Peter, material or moral, civilized or savage, and get the better? When did the whole world ever band together against him solitary, and not find him too many for it?"

"All who take part with Peter are on the winning side. The Apostle of Christ says not in order to unsay: for he has inherited that word which is with power. From the first he has looked through the wide world, of which he has the burden; and according to the need of the day, and the inspirations of his Lord, he has set himself, now to one thing, now to another, but to all in season, and to nothing in vain. He came first upon an age of refinement and luxury like our own; and, in spite of persecution, fertile in the resources of its cruelty, he soon gathered, out of all classes of society, the slave, the soldier, the high-born lady and the sophist, to form a people for his Master's honour. The savage hordes came down in torrents from the north, hideous to look upon; and Peter went out with holy water and with benison, and by his very eye he sobered them and backed them in full career. They turned aside and flooded the whole earth, but only to be more surely civilized by him, and to be made ten times more his children, even than the older population they had overwhelmed. Lawless kings arose, sagacious as the Roman, passionate as the Hun, yet in him they found their match and were shattered, and he lived on. The gates of the earth were opened to the east and west, and men poured out to take possession, and he and his went with them, swept along by zeal and charity, as far as they by enterprise, covetousness, or ambition. Has he failed in his enterprise up to this hour? Did he, in our father's day, fail in his struggle with Joseph of Germany and his confederates—with Napoleon, a greater name, and his dependent kings—that, though in another kind of fight, he should fail in ours? What grey hairs are on the head of Judah, whose youth is renewed like an eagle's, whose feet are like the feet of harts and underneath the everlasting arms?"

"Thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and formed thee, O Israel: Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, and called thee by thy name! Thou art mine.

"When thou shalt pass through the waters, I will be with thee and the rivers shall not cover thee.

"When thou shalt walk in the fire, thou shalt not be burned, and the flames shall not kindle against thee.

"For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour.

"Fear not, for I am with thee. I am the first, and I am the last, and besides Me there is no God."

Mgr. Bernard O'Reilly's new "Life of Leo XIII.," which has been represented as a work of a high order of merit, has come in for severe criticism at the hands of the *Saturday Review*. "At least, half of the book," the *Review* says, "is made up of the merest padding, or what only escapes the imputation of mere padding of ten offensive as well as superfluous," the compilation in its opinion having been manufactured "quite as much by the use of the scissors as by the pen." Nearly every ecclesiastic, it adds, mentioned in the volume, "comes in for an abundant, if less overpowering, dose of the same indiscriminate laudation, . . . no writer surely but one through whose swelling views the noble blood of Erin and America runs in mingled stream, would have been equal to bringing forth such vast libations of 'butter in a lordly dish.'" It is precisely because the commendation so copiously showered on the subject of the memoir, says the *Saturday Review*, is well merited, that many readers will be "sickened past endurance by the endless efflorescence of bunkum and bathos," they having too sincere a respect for the character and policy of the Sovereign Pontiff to feel tolerant towards, or grateful for this gaudy kind of biography. While it is more than possible that the *Review* has been somewhat influenced in its judgment by reason of Dr. O'Reilly's pronounced Irish National leanings, and his outspoken plainness in those chapters treating on the affairs of the Pontificate and the people of Ireland, the *Saturday Review* has none the less exposed a weakness of too many biographers figuring in the clerical held. In his charming sketch of the life of Pope Leo, from which we have had occasion to make frequent quotations, Mr. John Oldcastle—the *nom de plume*, we believe, of Mr. Walter Meynell—calls attention at the start, to the absence in his pages "of those adjectives which not uncommonly overlay and clog the biographies of Pontiffs written by contemporaries. Declamatory praise has been here eschewed as a literary superfluity, and, therefore, a double impertinence—in this case to the subject no less than to the reader. We are willing to allow even Encyclicals of Pope Leo to speak for themselves without protesting that they are 'magnificent.'" This will be found to mark the difference very often between the penny wax-work and the work of serious portraiture.

The meeting on Wednesday evening, addressed by Sir Thomas Henry Grattan Esmonde, M.P., and Mr. Arthur O'Connor, M.P., the delegates of the Irish parliamentary party, was a signal success, and cannot other than contribute largely to a better understanding of the justice of the historic struggle of the Irish people in the assertion of their inalienable and natural political right to self-government. Certain it is that whether from the circumstances of the political hour, which are such as speak with heavy force to any people who accede so much as the elementary principle of political liberty, and which are sufficient to unite, at all events, the millions of Irish blood in such a solidarity as must prove, as a political force, irresistible; or from the prestige which attached to the persons of the speakers, or some similar reason, no meeting held in the interest of the Irish cause for many years in this city can be said to have produced so tangible tokens of Canadian prevailing opinion. The speeches of Sir Thomas Esmonde and Mr. O'Connor were in keeping with their reputation

as apt public men and debaters. In both there was an utter absence of anything like declamation, but instead an abundance of argument and a marshalling of facts at once forcible and convincing. Sir Thomas Esmonde, who was suffering from a heavy cold, despite his indisposition, proved a most pleasing speaker. He laid down that absolute principle of the *right* of a people to make their own laws as a people, the very principle whose happy working our own *Dominion*, conspicuously among other parts of the Empire, affords exposition. And he disposed very thoroughly of the preposterous assertions that Home Rule, when obtained, would be used to suppress the Protestant minority. Mr. O'Connor, who followed, went straight to the heart of the question, dealing in telling phrase with the intricacies of the agrarian question, and refuting the baseless statements so repeatedly advanced, that the same law and the same administration of law obtain in Ireland as in England, that Ireland has no economic ills, and that there are no Irish grievances for which the Imperial Parliament has refused to provide a remedy, and with which an Irish Legislature could better deal. His review of the administrative system in vogue, the workings of the Poor Law Guardian Board, the Boards of National Education, and Local Government, and the formation and duty of the Irish Police, an organization constituting in all essentials an army of occupation, was painful to listen to. It was in reference to the relations existing between landlord and tenant, that Mr. O'Connor was most painfully impressive, especially in his recital of the circumstances of the eviction of the tenants—some 500, we think—on a whole roadside in one of the most fertile valleys of Queen's County, by a rich nobleman who annually derives thousands of pounds from his rent rolls, and who has since proffered a reduction of no less 35 per cent. on the now unoccupied land. These evicted families have since been supported from the Anti-eviction funds furnished by the people on this side of the Atlantic. That nobleman, as the Governor-General of this country, we are to believe, is above criticism.

The subscription of some \$600 including a subscription of \$2; from the Archbishop of Toronto, and \$100 from the Hon. Frank Smith, evinced the spirit of the meeting. The Irish members, early next week, will speak in Ottawa and in Montreal, and from their presence amongst us at the present juncture the most beneficial results are to be anticipated.

One incident of the meeting remains to be mentioned. The Hon. T. W. Anglin is, usually, an agreeable speaker. But on this occasion, in moving the resolution of sympathy with the Irish movement he proceeded to impress upon the audience what his political party had at various times done in the matter, and, under cover, to indict his opponents. His statements were promptly, and properly most people will say, challenged by the Hon. Frank Smith. Mr. Anglin very well knows that the resolutions introduced by Messrs. Curran and Costigan, barring the Orange opposition, had the united support of both parties.

Now that New Year's is at hand we beg to remind all our readers of the service they can render to us by sending us new subscribers and discharging their indebtedness to *THE REVIEW*. This week accounts have been forwarded to all subscribers remaining in arrears. We should be obliged if those receiving them would remit the amount of their subscription at once.

THE HON. EDWARD BLAKE AND IRELAND.

The Hon. S. H. Blake, Q.C., ex-Vice-Chancellor of Ontario, and brother of the Hon. Edward Blake, the late Liberal leader, was waited upon a few days ago by a representative of an eastern journal, to whom he spoke concerning his brother's recent visit to Ireland, and the remarks he publicly made on the occasion of a late eviction in Limerick. As our readers know, the words of Mr. Blake attracted very wide attention, and were to the effect that the oppression he had witnessed on the part of landlords against tenants, was such as would call down God's curse upon the oppressors. Since Mr. Blake has been subjected to some misrepresentation, namely, as having invoked the curse of the Almighty upon the heads of the landlords, we copy the report of the speech which appears in the *London Canadian News*, and which is likely to be a correct condensation of his remarks. It is as follows:

"Mr. Blake, who received a most enthusiastic reception, said that as a representative of the people of Canada he was glad to have an opportunity of addressing a few words to them, but it was not as a Canadian so much as a brother Irishman that he was there. He had determined to come across to see for himself what their condition was; not that he had not read, and not that he had not heard of their sufferings, but he wanted to get among the people and ascertain their wants, so that he might be able to tell the people of his own happy land what he had seen. He was grieved to say that the distress he had found prevailing in the south-west of Ireland was far worse than he had conjectured. It was a shame and humiliation, eighteen centuries after Christ came on earth, to find men living in luxury while human beings depending on them were in such a wretched condition as he had found the people he had seen that day. Such a state of things would call down God's curse, as it ought to call down man's curse. He had nothing to say in reference to their particular form of operations, but there was no way by which the poor people could succeed except by standing together. It was easy for a rich, powerful landlord by the process of law to take one, then another, and then a third, and so on, but all his power would be of no avail if, as he had said, they stood together—'United we stand; divided we fall.' (Loud cheers.)"

In reference to these words, and his own and his brother's observations of the political condition of Ireland, Mr. Blake, who has been regularly in receipt of letters from his brother, the Hon. Edward, spoke as follows to the reporter:—

"I was much interested in the statements respecting what he saw in Ireland, because I spent some time in that country during the present year. I was anxious to see for myself what the actual condition of the people was and whether they were able to pay their rents or not. I visited a number of estates and went among the tenantry. I went to their cabins and questioned them as to their position and prospects. Frequently large families would be found living in huts in which we, in this country, would not put our pigs. The prices of produce have declined to such a great extent lately that the entire produce of some holdings would not be sufficient to pay the rent. In many instances I found that the fathers of families had to go away to work in the collieries of England, or wherever they could get employment, and the money they earn is sent home to pay the rent, while the wife and children remain at home and try to eke a living from the soil. These poor people are kept with their noses to the grindstone constantly, and as most of them have got in arrears with their rent, or are merely tenants at will, the fear of eviction is constantly hanging over them, and their spirit and energy are broken.

"While some men go away to England to earn money, others manage to send their children to America to earn money to help them, and thus there is enforced separation and breaking up of families, just such a state of affairs as prevailed in the Southern States during slavery time. Indeed it is worse, because the slaves of the South were clothed, fed and comfortably housed, while the poor Irish tenants suffer from cold, hunger and want of proper shelter. The cow or the pig which formerly brought ten pounds, and was enough to pay the rent for a small holding, now brings about three or four pounds. Butter, which formerly brought a

shilling a pound, is now worth only seven pence, and other articles of produce have declined in value proportionately, but still the landlords think they ought to get as high rents as ever. I was convinced from what I saw that in the majority of cases it is utterly impossible for the tenants to pay the rents demanded of them.

"I traveled chiefly in the South. I saw some evictions at Coolgraney, in Wexford County, and examined some of the estates of the Earl of Kenmare. That is a landlord with a rent roll of \$400,000, yet he seldom visits his tenants and knows or cares very little about their condition. He lives in London, and has recently put up a pile of buildings costing \$950,000. His wife, they told me, had never been seen in the village on his estate but two or three times. The great difficulty with the landlords is that they do not realize that their wealth brings with it duties and responsibilities. These men shirk entirely. The only interest the majority of them seem to take in their tenants is to exact money from them. A landlord with such a large rent roll ought to devote a portion of it at least to improving his estate and elevating the condition and character of his tenants. He should show them that he has some sympathy with them in their struggles, and encourage them to look forward with hope in the future.

"I saw nothing to justify the charge that a great deal of the poverty and misery of tenants is due to intemperance. In fact, I know from inquiry and observation that the general charge is quite untrue. There may be cases of intemperance, but the poor tenants as a rule have not got the liquor nor the means to obtain it. A great deal of liquor is, no doubt, consumed in Ireland, but it is not drunk by poor tenants or those in whose interest land law reform is sought. You will also see it asserted that the savings bank deposits in Ireland are increasing. That was also the case in 1880, the great famine year, but it is not the rack-rented tenants who deposit the money."

CHRISTMAS IN THE CHURCHES.

ST. MICHAEL'S CATHEDRAL.

There was a constant stream of worshippers to and from St. Michael's Cathedral from before daylight until the last Mass at half-past ten o'clock. The decorations were very neatly arranged. They were confined to the sanctuary, the side altars, and the Crib, the building being too large to decorate throughout. The sides of the sanctuary were completely hidden by a profusion of palm branches. The high altar was vested in white with gilt monograms and ornaments, and the usual lights were supplemented by numerous candelabra of a pretty design. When these and the mitre and cross in gas above the altar were lighted the effect was dazzling. Much care was taken with the Crib. It was in the usual place, the Altar of the Sacred Heart. A mass of evergreen branches formed the background, in front of which was placed a small thatch-roof stable, with the Infant Saviour lying in a Manger. Above was the Star seen by the Wise Men. Thousands offered their devotions before it during the day. Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by His Grace the Archbishop, at six o'clock, Vicar-General Laurent and Father Hand assisting. His Grace also gave the Papal Benediction. Several fine selections were sung by the choir during the Mass. Masses were continued during the morning until half-past ten o'clock, when High Mass was sung by Vicar-General Laurent, Father Hand and Mr. Carbery assisting. The Archbishop occupied his throne in full pontificals and preached on the festival of the day. The choir sang the celebrated Mass by Hache. This is the first time this Mass has been sung in Toronto. The music was skillfully rendered by the full choir and was much admired. The offertory was a "Noel," by Haydn, and a Pastoral by Lambillot. A crowded congregation was present at this service. At Vespers in the evening at seven o'clock the cathedral was again crowded. Haydn's "Noel" was again sung, and Father Hand preached on the Birth of Christ.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

The Holy Feast of the Nativity was observed with becoming ceremonial in this, Toronto's mother church. The church was crowded at all the Masses, and all united in

rejoicing over the great event which ushered the Redeemer of mankind into the world in the form of "a Lowly Babe." His Lordship Bishop O'Mahony, who is slowly recovering from his late severe illness, was sufficiently well to be able to say Mass and to assist at High Mass, to the great joy of his people.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

Owing to the fact of this parish being without a church at present, and the congregation obliged therefore to assemble in a temporary place of worship, the Feast was not celebrated with the same splendour as it would have been in a regular church. But what St. Mary's lacked in outward ceremonial, was abundantly supplied by the fervour and devotion of the people. Good Father Rooney, who has been a veritable father to his people, may well have rejoiced over the celebration of the Christmas of 1887.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

True to their traditions, the Redemptorist Fathers commemorated the Birth of Our Lord with becoming splendour. The first Mass began at five o'clock, and Masses continued to be celebrated without intermission until 10:30 a.m., when High Mass was sung by the Rev. Rector, Father Henning, C.S.S.R. The music selected for the occasion was Haydn's First Mass which was given for the first time in Toronto. The rendering of this difficult piece by the choir was highly creditable, and was a fitting accompaniment to the Sacrifice being offered up on the altar. In the evening the Rev. Rector again officiated, assisted by Rev. Father Miller, C.S.S.R., and Rev. Father Thummel, C.S.S.R., the choir rendering grand Musical Vespers. The sermon of the day was preached by Father Thummel at High Mass. The great centre of attraction was the Crib, which is a very handsome one.

ST. BASIL'S CHURCH.

In the beautiful Church of the Basilian Fathers, the Masses began at half past five a.m., and continued all morning until High Mass at 10:30. As it had been announced that the Provincial, Very Rev. C. Vincent, C.S.B., V.G., would in all probability sing High Mass, expectation ran high, as Father Vincent, who has spent the best years of his life in the service of the Catholics of this parish, has been absent for some months in France, whence he had gone to seek rest and change. And expectation was not disappointed, for he was present and occupied his accustomed place at the altar. The musical services were under the direction of Rev. P. Chalandard, C.S.B., and Rev. E. Murray, C.S.B., presided at the organ. Haydn's grand Sixteenth Mass was efficiently rendered under their direction, and at the close the sweet strains of that grandest of Christmas hymns, "Adeste Fideles," reverberated through the church. Father Vincent also sang Vespers in the evening and Rev. Father Cushing, C.S.B., President of St. Michael's College, preached on the Feast of the Nativity.

CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

The services of this church began at midnight with High Mass sung by Rev. Father Cruise. The choir of the church, under the baton of Mr. Richardson, sang Mozart's Seventh Mass with orchestral accompaniments. Mr. F. H. Torrington had kindly consented to play among the first violins. The solos were rendered by Miss McGrath, soprano; Miss Nichol, alto; Messrs. Lee and Ward, tenors; Mr. A. Feliatreault, basso. At the offertory the "Adeste Fideles," Novello's arrangement, was sung with good effect.

The most notable feature in all the churches was the unusually large number who received Holy Communion at the various Masses, and this, after all, was to priests and people alike the chief source of consolation and joy.

Here is a suggestive item from the Brooklyn *Eagle*:
"Is your father a Christian?" asks the new minister.
"No," replied the boy; "he sings in the choir."

LITERARY NOTES.

Mgr. Taschereau has much of the Cardinal aspect—tall, immovable and keenly observant. The sight of him presiding over an university convocation sets one thinking of others of his princely order—mostly public men—who were fond of giving their patronage to letters and the arts. Readers of history may differ in opinion about several of these remarkable men, but their encouragement of literature and science must ever be remembered in their favour—Ximenes, Mazarin, Richelieu, and, in our day Pacca, Consalvi and Antonelli.—*Laclede in Montreal Gazette.*

Society in London is occupied with the discussion of the marriage of Mr. Willrid Ward with Miss Josephine Hope, which recently took place at the Oratory. The bridegroom is the second son of the late Dr. W. G. Ward, famous as one of the foremost men in the Oxford movement, as the inheritor of Northwood (an immense property in the Isle of Wight), as a social and literary guide of the

very highest standing, and as editor at one time of the *Dublin Review*. The benedict himself is well known for the gifts of his pen, and has written several books—including that clever attack on Positivism, "The Clothes of Religion"—which have every right to pass his name down to posterity. A fitting helpmate he has found in his wife, the daughter of James Robert Hope-Scott, Q.C., another Oxford convert, who, strange to relate, was received into the Church the same day as Cardinal Manning, and at the same font in Farm Street. Miss Josephine Hope also wrote with good effect, and she is now known to be the author of a clever anonymous book—"In the Way"—which appeared lately, and set us all talking on account of its faithful portraits of distinguished living personages. Her mother was Lady Victoria Howard, sister of the Duke of Norfolk, by whom the bride was given away. The Oratory was crowded with the *elite* of Catholic England, and the boys of the Duke of Norfolk's school (to whom the bride used to teach Catechism) lined the passages and gave the happy couple a most imposing military salute.

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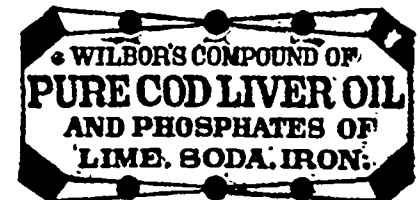
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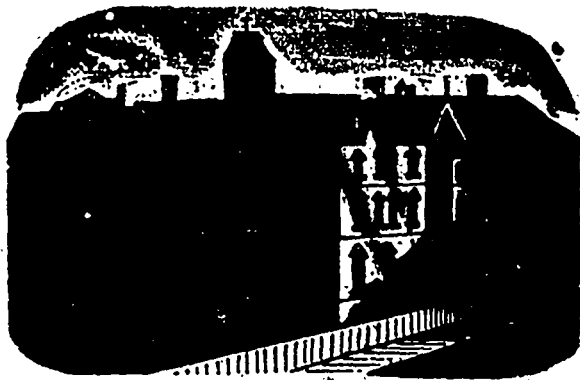
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