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# The Catholic Weekly Review.

JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CANADA

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



Toronto, Saturday, Jan. 3, 1891.

No. 48

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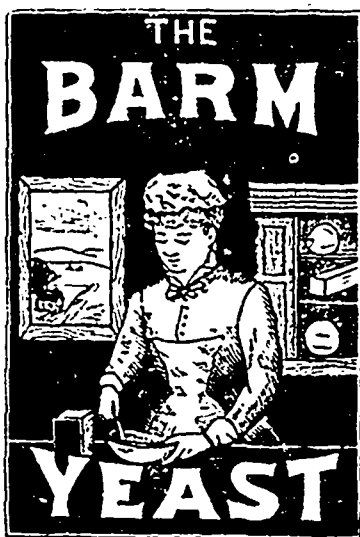


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# The Catholic Weekly Review.

Vol. IV

Toronto, Saturday, Jan. 3, 1891.

No. 48

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## PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

THE REVIEW, within recent weeks, has sent out to all subscribers in arrears their accounts for subscription. It is requested that these reminders be promptly responded to. By discharging their indebtedness over-due subscribers will not only greatly facilitate the REVIEW in the management of its business, but will reap the benefit themselves in the enlargement and improvement of the paper which the prompt payment of these sums—small in the individual case, but amounting to thousands in the aggregate—would enable us to undertake.

## Notes.

The writer of the editorial in the Kingston *Freeman* which Archbishop Cleary strongly condemned recently, has come out in a letter apologizing and withdrawing the remarks. He does not give his name, however.

MR. GLADSTONE in a letter to an Irish priest has written: "I anxiously watch the course and await the close, not long, I hope, to be delayed, of the lamentable conflict in Ireland."

A DESPATCH from Dublin on Monday last states that the Rt. Rev. John Healy, coadjutor Bishop of Clonfert, was shot at on Sunday evening while sitting in the parlour of a parish priest whom he was visiting. The shot was fired, it is said, through a window directly in line with the Bishop. It missed him and buried itself in a picture on the opposite wall.

THOSE of our readers in Toronto who take an interest in the municipal affairs of the city, will have noticed with satisfaction some new names among the aldermanic candidates. Mr. John Maloney is a candidate for St. Mark's ward; Mr. C. Flanagan for St. George's; and Mr. Wm. Burns, who polled a large vote on a former occasion, is again in the field for St. Andrew's. These gentlemen will be well and favourably known to many of the REVIEW's readers, whose good wishes will be with them during the coming election. We think it in every way a good sign to see these gentlemen in the municipal running, and we hope to see more of their numbers coming forward from year to year to take part in the government of the city.

ADVICES from Rome state that the Pope has finished

the draft of his encyclical upon the social question. His Holiness has been working upon the subject for over a year, and at his request the most competent economists and bishops of different countries have furnished memoranda. The Pope considers the question the greatest of the present time. The encyclical will be the crowning act of the Pope's work in this direction. The date of its publication has not yet been fixed. The Pope is in the habit of carefully correcting and polishing his writings. He will also consult with certain cardinals and prelates on the leading passages in the encyclical, but the following summary is given of it now:

THE encyclical will review and expound the whole question affecting wage-workers. The document will comprise three parts.

First. His Holiness will develop the general principles upon which social economy is founded, and the dominant idea of distributive justice which should regulate the intercourse of men and the spread of wealth. The Pope says that distributive and restorative justice is needed to prevent misery and sweating on one side and exorbitant riches and tyranny on the other.

The second part comprises the origin and cause of the present condition of the social problem. On this point His Holiness takes a new thesis, first developed in his encyclical on Socialism.

THE third part contains the views regarding the remedies beyond religious and moral influence to be advocated. His Holiness expresses himself again in favour of intervention by the State within the limits previously set forth. He condemns capitalism as now organised, and advocates a more equitable distribution of wealth.

The encyclical will probably appear before Easter. The Pope works on it almost daily. He is convinced that the Papacy and the Church should lead the present social and democratic movement, and will appeal to all Conservative forces and to Protestants to aid in securing the safety of society.

No one can say that the Pope—notwithstanding his age and his isolation—is an idle man. Within the limits of the Vatican he is paramount and extremely energetic. His present interest is in the re-establishment of the famous Vatican Observatory. In this effort he has spared neither care nor cost. The Roman Observatory, once presided over by the famous Padre Secchi, took its place, and that a high one, amongst the famous astronomical institutions of Europe. Fr. Secchi died only a few years ago. At the present moment a chart is being prepared of the whole firmament, and the special feature and interest in it to men of science is that photography will be largely used for its preparation.

So extensive an undertaking will be supported by many institutions, and each of the different important observatories will have a section of the firmament allotted to itself. Rome, for instance, has been assigned the constellation of the Lion. The Pope is greatly interested in the subject. One of the officials of the Vatican Observatory has been sent to Paris to learn how to photograph the heavens.

## THE BEATIFICATION OF THE CURE D'ARS.

On this side of the Atlantic, perhaps, the fame of the Venerable J. M. B. Vianney, parish priest or Cure of Ars, is not so widely spread as in European countries, but, since the process of his Beatification is now progressing, we think that a few words concerning this holy man may not be unacceptable to our English-speaking Canadian Catholics.

On May 8th, 1876, Jean Marie Baptiste Vianney first saw the light at Dardilly, near Lyons, where his father had a small farm. His excellent mother, Marie Beluse, early remarked in him a wonderful spirit of recollection and prayer as well as an unbounded love of the poor, virtues which specially distinguished him in his after life. His first childhood passed in such innocence that he himself remarked later on: "Had I never been a priest I should never have known what sin was," not perceiving that he was thus revealing the extreme purity of his own heart.

At seven years of age he commenced taking his share of rural labour, his usual occupation, like that of so many other holy men and women, being that of tending the sheep. He profited by this occupation to exercise a regular apostleship among the other little shepherds of those pastures, assembling them in prayer, and making them recite their *Angelus* and their beads. There is a time for work and a time for prayer, was his favourite axiom when his young companions showed any inclination to stay away from prayers. Whilst young Vianney was growing in age and virtue before God and man, impiety was triumphing in France and placing many impediments in the way of his progress in learning; neither was he an apt scholar. He was slow to learn and had so treacherous a memory that he had to hard battle against discouragement, and at times was tempted to despair of ever achieving success in the studies necessary to enable him to become a priest.

In 1803, after having received the Sacrament of Confirmation from the hands of Cardinal Tesch, Archbishop of Lyons, he was admitted as a candidate for Holy Orders by the then Cure of Ecully, who had transformed his presbytery into a college for the aspirants to the sacerdotal life.

Young Vianney was already nineteen years of age and his health was none of the best. He showed great attraction to mortifying his always frail body, and his detachment from all earthly things was one of his distinguishing virtues. Even then one of his favourite aspirations was: "Whatever Thou wilt, O my God! as Thou wilt and when Thou wilt! *Non mea voluntas sed tua fiat!*"

He was determined, therefore, to overcome all obstacles and advance steadily along the road which God had appointed for him to travel; he redoubled his efforts and his prayers, invoking the powerful assistance of St. Francis Regis and making a most successful pilgrimage on foot to the tomb of that saint.

Another impediment that he met with in his career was being called on to do military service, a misfortune occasioned by the neglect of the proper authorities to inscribe his name on the list of candidates for priesthood. A kind friend managed to convey him to a little house on the frontier of the departments, Loire and Allur where he was admitted into the family of a Madame Fayot and passed for being her son Jerome. Whilst in this hiding-place he did good service to the commune in which he was residing by opening a little school for the children of the neighbourhood where he taught them reading, writing, and, above all, the love of God.

In 1810 he was enabled to return home and he continued his studies till 1812, when he entered the Petit Seminaire of Verrieres, where he was looked on as a veritable treasure by the directors of the establishment. July 2nd, 1814, he was received sub-deacon, in the following year was made deacon, and Aug. 9th, 1815, received priesthood at the hands of Monseigneur Simon, Bishop of Grenoble. The servant of God was first sent as assistant at Ecully, his former home, and there he soon showed himself to be a model of devotedness. His goodness and charity to the poor were so unbounded that he could not even manage to buy himself suitable clothing.

After the death of the Ecully parish priest in 1817, the

servant of God was named parish priest of Ars,\* then a village of little repute but to which he was destined to give a European celebrity. On sending him to this cure or parish, Monsignor Courbon, the Vicar General, said to him: "In that parish the love of God does not abound, you must yourself instil that love."

It would take us too long were we to go into details of the great work which he accomplished in this parish. Nor can we linger on his devotedness and self-abnegation. Not only did he convert his own parish, which, as we have seen, bore no great reputation for sanctity, but he drew sinners to his side from every part of France and even from foreign countries. His life must be read and reread before the depth of his sanctity can be appreciated. Even in his own life there was much which was miraculous and in his ministrations the wonderful powers bestowed on him by God were shown forth abundantly. The three devotions that were specially recommended by him were: Devotion to the Passion, to the Blessed Virgin and to the Holy Souls. His habitual dwelling-place was the church itself, which he would enter before dawn and where he would remain until an advanced hour of the night, spending the greater part of this time in the confessional. His fasting and abstinence defy description, and it was a miracle in itself how his always frail body could be made to subsist on the scant and wretched food which he allowed it.

Worn out at length by his labours and the voluntary hardships which he endured, he yielded his lovely soul to God on August 4th, 1859, and on the 6th of that month, amidst an immense concourse of people, the mortal remains of this faithful servant of God within his parish church, in the chapel of St. John the Baptist, close to that confessional which might be said to have been the instrument of his martyrdom and was the scene of his most glorious triumphs.

So soon as October 3rd, 1872, the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius IX., according to the favourable recommendation of the Sacred College of Rites, signed the commission for introducing the cause of this venerable servant of God.

And now the cause of his Beatification is proceeding under the special protection of the Bishop of Belley.† The Reverend Canon Ball is the Postulator of the cause.

Of course money is necessary for carrying it on, and we would appeal to all good Catholics to aid in defraying the expenses. The Cure d'Ars may certainly be regarded as a perfect model of the Secular Clergy, and when the Church shall have raised him on her altars, he will probably be invoked as their special Patron. It cannot be too much to expect that every Secular Priest will have the process of Beatification at heart and with such of their respective flocks as have the means will contribute their mite to the general fund. From the memorandum which has been circulated in England we extract the following:

"Having during my recent visit to Ars received numerous relics of the Venerable Vianney from the Promoter of the Cause, he has commissioned me to send an authentic portrait of the Saint, together with a small relic, to each person who shall contribute the sum of ten shillings and above towards defraying the expenses of the Process in Rome.

FR. R. J. C. WOLSELEY, O.P."

which, as our readers will observe, offers a substantial remembrance to contributors of \$2.50 Canadian money.

We also adjoin two letters from the Bishop of Belley and the Rev. Canon Ball, which give the authentic seal and approbation to the English circular:

"The Bishop of Belley thanks the Rev. Father Wolseley of the Order of Preachers, for the zeal which he displays for the Cause of the Beatification of the Venerable J. M. B. Vianney, Cure of Ars, in our diocese, and for the alms which he has kindly undertaken to collect and to send for this intention. In return he bestows upon him his choicest blessing. †Louis JOSEPH, Bishop of Belley.  
Ars, August 4th, 1890."

\*The village of Ars is a little parish in the department of Ain. It formerly was in the diocese of Lyon, but was afterwards separated and placed under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Belley.

†The village of Ars is in the diocese of Belley.

"I, the undersigned, Postulator of the cause of the Beatification of the Venerable Vianney, Cure of Ars, certify that it is at my earnest request that the Rev. Father R. J. C. Wolseley, O.P., has undertaken to collect alms for the expenses of the Beatification, both within the United Kingdom and in all countries where the English tongue is spoken, and I am deeply grateful to him for so doing.

The fame of the Venerable Cure d'Ars' sanctity being universal (seeing that the good effects of his apostolic and holy life have been spread everywhere), it is my ardent wish that all Catholic countries should willingly concur in the expenses of his glorification.

All offerings, both large and small, will be received with grateful thanks, and every benefactor will participate in the prayers which are daily offered up in the church at Ars for benefactors to the cause.

CANON BALL, Postulator of the cause for the Beatification of the Venerable Cure d'Ars.

Ain, France, June 20th, 1890."

Please send all donations towards the above pious object either to Rev. Chanoine Ball, Ain, France; or to your humble servant, Fr. R. J. C. Wolseley, O.P., Holy Cross Priory, Leicester; or to the Rev. Kenelm Vaughan, House of Expiation, 28 Beaufort Street, Chelsea, London; or to Mrs. Pennee, Ste. Anne de Beaupre, P. Q., Canada.

We are also authorised to state that His Holiness Leo XIII., our present Holy Father, sends his special blessing to all who assist Father Wolseley in his work!

In conclusion I ask my readers to join with me in saying: Holy Confessor of Christ pray for us and those dear to us.

G. M. WARD (Mrs. Pennie).

Ste. Anne de Beaupre, Dec. 24th, 1890.

#### FATHER LAURENT: IN MEMORIAM.

Unto his daily task of love  
Went forth the holy priest of God,  
To labour in His vineyard dear,  
To tread the paths He trod,  
To scatter precious blessings wide,  
As neared the joyous Christmastide.

Did angel voices whisper low  
That ere the festal dawn so bright,  
His home would be among the blest,  
In realms of endless light—  
That soon, so soon—his victory won,  
He'd hear those gracious words "Well Done?"

The message came—"The Master calls,"  
Then, at his Saviour's feet  
The valiant soldier laid his arms,  
For Life or Death to him were sweet,  
One whispered prayer—then bows the silvery head—  
The saintly soul has passed—our Father dear is dead!

Dead! in a thousand hearts the word  
Re-echoes mournfully,  
Dead! Our loved Father, Friend and Guide!  
Ah, can it, can it be  
That those dear hands are folded now,  
That Death's cold seal is on his brow?

As through the vast cathedral air  
Resounds the Requiem's solemn strain,  
Hot tears are falling thick and fast,  
And sobs attest fond hearts deep pain,  
Ah, Father dear! we grieve for thee,  
And long will bless thy memory!

The poor, the lonely and oppressed  
To thee unburdened all their grief,  
And in thy loving, generous heart  
Ne'er failed to find relief.  
Guide of our souls! still lead us on  
To thy bright home thy virtue's won!

—Loretto Convent, Toronto.

#### THE NEED OF A ST. FRANCIS.

THE same old question that demanded an answer in the twelfth century, and demanded it imperiously, is occupying the attention of England to-day. And this question is, How shall the poor be saved from sinking to the level of brutes? It was answered in the twelfth century by the appearance of St. Francis d'Assisi. In the eighteenth it was answered, Rousseau and Voltaire having paved the way by the fearful outbreak of the poor themselves, many of whom had become as brutes.

Another question which is forcing itself on thoughtful people is, How can the people in all countries be made more Christian, more contented, more helpful to one another? St. Francis, the merchant's son, came out of the little town of Umbria at a time when the hearts even of Christians seemed to tremble before the two Italian vices, Avarice and Revenge. Rome itself had been torn by warring rulers. But St. Francis came; the Holy Father, supremely directed, blessed a mission which, from the human point of view, seemed hopeless. Pope Innocent did not jeer at the poor man who proposed to convert the world through his poverty. And from the moment the Father of Christendom blessed Francis of Assisi, the world felt more strongly a new force—the force of the evangelical life.

St. Francis was a poet, but he held no theories. The one great commandment of Love was his sole philosophy. It bound him to God, it bound him to man and to nature. He tried successfully to do what Wordsworth and our modern great poets have unsuccessfully tried to do—to bring his people nearer to nature, and to teach them that to love nature was to get nearer to nature's God. The lesson that Coleridge teaches in "The Ancient Mariner" might have been borrowed from a legend of St. Francis:

"He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all."

But St. Francis loved his poem, though he sung snatches of it in his beloved French, and afterward in the more beloved dialect of the Italian common folk.

He made himself poorer than the poorest. His brown robe was all he had. To be the poorest of God's creatures, to be beaten about by the winds of heaven, to be like our Lord and to have no place on which to lay his head—this was his ardent ambition. And this ambition made him the regenerator of the Christian world, threatened on one side by Arabic subtleties and oriental lusts, and on the other by inordinate love of power and place. Machiavelli was not far wrong when he said that without St. Francis and St. Dominic religion in Europe would have become almost extinct.

To-day the world is rushing rapidly toward a condition of things not unlike that which called for St. Francis. The attempt of Gen. Booth in London to rescue the poor from a degradation worse than death has revealed plague spots deeper than those that the civilization of Middle-Age Italy knew. But who, carefully reading Gen. Booth's book, imagines that his plans will do more than to glaze the ulcer with an appearance of health? Mistaken in many ways as the members of the Salvation Army are, and ephemeral as their work must be, yet it has something in it of the spirit of St. Francis. The Salvation people have realized the truth that to understand the poor, one must be among the poor. The only possible advantage that Gen. Booth's plans can have comes from the fact that his missionaries will be of the poor and with the poor.

The spirit of St. Francis alone can bring peace to the world; and these Salvationists are going toward it, but they are very far from possessing it. Political economy has failed, as it always will fail, to solve a problem which only Love can solve. If there is less caste hatred to-day than there was in the time of St. Francis, it is because the classes are more indifferent to one another than they were in the feudal days. Looking around us only one conclusion can be drawn from experience—namely, that the Church of Christ alone can cope with the social evils of our time; and to do so she needs a St. Francis with the spirit of him of Assisi, and new methods of diffusing it.—M. F. Egan in *Ave Maria*.



## A PEN PICTURE OF THE VATICAN.

To the student of architecture the Vatican affords endless opportunity. Its form is irregular, and there is an entire absence of any symmetry in its design, for it is the heterogeneous work of all schools of all the known masters. Each period of art has here its impress. There is the martial severity of the Singall, the dexterous elegance of Lyons, the amazing intricacies of Fontana, the classical groupings of Bramante, the bold lines of Raphael, the drawings of Carlo Moderno and the fanciful grotesque of Cernini. The palaces have flights of apartments and whole categories of aisles. There are dozens of temples, hundreds of corridors and 11,000 rooms. As a mere matter of record it may be of interest to note a few facts about the Vatican. It has 25 chief courts, 8 principal stairways, and 80,000 windows in its 11,000 chambers. The temple of St. Peter is the greatest monument left by the Popes, and by far the largest and most imposing basilica in the world. Measured from the pavement its height is given as 187 meters. It compares as follows with the other large religious edifices of the world: St. Paul's, London, 150 meters, 60 centimeters; Santa Maria de Flori, Florence, 149.50; the Cathedral of Milan, 185.40; St. Petronio, Bologna, 132.90; St. Paul's, Rome, 127.80; St. Sophia, Constantinople, 109.90. St. Peter's church is united to the Vatican by wide, handsome corridors, on which the art of the world has been expended. The Vatican is a town in itself, separated from Rome by the river Tiber. It has even its special climate and temperature. At one period it is overfilled by travellers and pilgrims, beggars, inquisitors, tourists and ecclesiastics. At the time of the Jubilee, there came about 500,000 pilgrims, and just as many arrived at the death of Pius IX. The vestibule of the entrance was constructed by the architect, Simonetti, under Pius VI., who completed St. Peter's and founded the wonderful museums of the Vatican. Taking the avenue to the right, one enters the Garden of the Pines—memorial and historical. Here is the bronze first placed on the summit of the mausoleum of Adrian, or upon the spire of the rotunda.

The Garden of the Pines was commenced by Nicholas V., and was enlarged and embellished by Julius II. under the direction of Bramante Lazzari. Afterwards was added another garden, in which Pius V. built a charming villa residence, surrounded by a wide and spacious road. Here in the midst of roses and the richest flowers, parade at sunset the Pope and his Cardinals, their dresses made of the most costly silk, and wearing chains of massive gold and rings of gold and rubies. It is a romantic sight to see these blooming gardens and these moving figures in their shining robes, or if the Pope drives through his garden in his sumptuous carriage he is followed by a glittering retinue of guards, laymen and nobles of every nation. No words can do justice to such a panorama of gorgeousness. Every choice flower in Italy is there as well as others from every climate. Every tint of the rainbow is before the spectator, and at every turn of the head some new odor greets his nostril. Grateful green relieves the dazzled eye, here and there, until obscured by the moving procession of sumptuously-attired ecclesiastics. The gardens of the Vatican are not the least wonderful part of it. A word of the population within the walls of this magnificent prison. The Pope has, or had until recently, and I presume has yet, his staff, guards, courtiers, gendarmes, the traditional sozzorie Palestrine guards, noble guards, hunters, ministers, his tribunals—in fact, a court and a capital within the capital of Italy. Within these walls live nearly five thousand people, who neither give allegiance to the king or acknowledge his existence. The Vatican library is incomparable in many respects. Here are penned up, as in silence of the tomb, the secrets of the past ages—here are buried out of human sight the missing links of Roman history—the solution of historical problems historical secrets which might or might not entirely change the accepted reading of historical characters. The 26,000 manuscripts relate all of them to events of the Middle Ages and more ancient times. The very inception of the Church of Christ, it is believed, is here recorded, as are the steps by which it reached establishment at Rome. Of these manuscripts 16,000 are in Latin, 5,000 are in Greek and 3,000 in

Oriental tongues. These are jealously guarded on the Vatican shelves, but the more valuable and historical documents have not seen the light of day for centuries, nor are they likely to. The printed volumes in the library number about 100,000. The home of the Popes, as has been said, remains to-day the grandest and most imposing structure in the world. Such a conglomeration of wealth, beauty, art and treasure is only possible in Rome—the home of one religion continuously for centuries.

## CHRISTMAS IN IRELAND.

A vivid feature in common with the festival of Christmas in "Old" Ireland is the midnight Mass, a function still celebrated in the remote, sad, lovely and lonely districts of that wild West which Charles Lever knew how to paint in the colors of an April shower—sunshine and shadow.

The poor priest, and he is very poor, has a hard life of it in those out-of-the-world regions where the highways are but *boreens*, unoven ones, to boot. His Reverence is, indeed, in luck if his means enable him to keep a rugged little pony; for his ministrations extend for many an Irish mile, and hail, rain or snow, the sick-call will find him treading the mountain passes, bearing the Viaticum to some dying parishioner, or en route to hold a "station" at the thatch-covered dwelling of some 'warm' farmer, perched on the shoulder of an almost inaccessible mountain, or standing in solemn isolation in a gloomy valley, silent—save for the cow-bells, or the barking of a collie—as the very grave.

To miss Mass under any circumstances, save they be of the most exceptional nature, is an omission of which the Irish peasant is absolutely incapable. No matter how often he may have visited the shebeen, or been lax in the general term of his uneventful life, to "miss Mass" is a crime that does not enter within the precincts of his misdemeanor; and in the snow, in the rain, in the mud, Mass is attended with the same punctuality as on a bright May morning, when the hawthorne blossoms paint the hedges like perfumed snow. It is before Mass, under the lee of some friendly wall, or seated on the moss and fern-caressed stones, or daisy quilts covering the village forefathers as they sleep the long, last slumber, that the male portion of the congregation discuss Mr. Parnell, and Mr. William O'Brien, M. P., and Mr. Healy, M. P., and others of the good men and true, who, possessing the courage of their convictions, dare to beard the British lion even in his very den. It is after Mass that Barney, in all the unspeakable newness of his Sunday suit—it is always new—seeks and finds his colleen, and it is after Mass that the old folk gossip over the olden and golden time, the weather, their ailments, and the crops.

But the great event of the year is midnight Mass, the Mass that ushers in the morn when the Infant Saviour came into this wicked world for the salvation of sinners. Father Tom has a busy time of it hearing confessions, riding in hot haste from one end of the parish to the other, making sick-calls, urging back-sliders to the chair of penance, consoling the afflicted, helping the needy. The midnight Mass takes old and young, the lame, the halt, and the blind from their "mud cabins." Over the mountains, across the bogs, sometimes in the inky darkness, sometimes in the silvery moonlight, sometimes through the white snow, the people silently wend their way to the little chapel, whose cracked bells peal forth lustily, and whose twinkling lights are a beacon of safety to the whole countryside. Low-backed cars jingle up, farm carts, with feather beds and mattresses flung across them, jolt in, while horses of every sort, shape, size and description, from the weight-carrying hunter to the limping garron, turn into the chapel yard. There is no boisterousness, no levity, for nearly everyone in that assemblage is about to "go to the altar." On the cold, damp, earthen floor kneel the pious multitude, in a silence broken only by the long-drawn sigh of some self-accusing penitent, or the muttered prayers of the older people. The priest, in a black cassock, flits in and out of the door attached to the vestry, attended by an acolyte, who assists in lighting the candles and generally arranging the altar for the celebration of the Mass. At midnight the Angelus bell rings forth, and the prayer is repeated by the priest in English, the congregation responding in pious and rapid murmuring.

ARCHBISHOP CROKE AND SIR JOHN POPE  
HENNESSY.

ARCHBISHOP CROKE wrote the following letter to Sir John Pope Hennessy, as the accepted Nationalist candidate for North Kilkenny, predicting his election :

THE PALACE, THURLES, December 9.

MY DEAR SIR JOHN,—You will not take it ill of me, I am sure, if as an old friend of yours for the last thirty years and more, I venture to address a public letter to you to-day.

On a memorable occasion, in historic Mallow, when you and I were fresh and hale, unbent by the burden of years or care, and aglow with the enthusiasm that then warmed our Irish hearts, you stood by me while I delivered what was thought, at the time, to be a most remarkable speech in support of a Pastoral on Education which had just been issued by the Irish Bishops to their flocks. Our paths and careers in life since have been in substance different and diverging ; but, whether in holy Ireland or in the far off and flourishing colonies of Great Britain, where we have spent some of the best and brightest years of our lives, there has been one common ground on which we have stood, one common allegiance from which we have never swerved—that common ground is the solid one of justice and righteousness, and that allegiance was devoted to our country.

We are both back at home, thank God, again ; and once more we stand side by side in the ranks of Irish Nationalists, called upon, as it seems to me, to strike a brave blow for Ireland in this sad crisis of her history, each of us in his proper sphere, and with such weapons as we have at hand.

Elected but a few days ago by the unanimous voice of the delegates of North Kilkenny, with the entire approval of Mr. Parnell, to fill the place left vacant by the lamented death of Mr. Marum, the once formidable and respected, but now fallen and deposed leader of the Irish party dares to challenge that choice, and boldly sets up against you a candidate of his own, because, forsooth, having communicated with you, he has learned that as a faithful and believing Catholic, you prefer the voice of conscience to the clamor of a discredited faction, and the interests of Ireland to the selfish ambition of one man.

In this matter you have just done what I, who know you long and well and intimately, had fully reckoned on your doing. You have fearlessly taken your place beside, and irrevocably cast your lot with, those of your countrymen who believe that "Justice exalteth a nation," and you have declared your unwillingness to sit with, or serve under, a man who having systematically deceived both his friends and followers for ten years, and caused them to believe in his honour, at least, if not in his virtue, has at last been convicted in open court of such meanness, duplicity, and faithlessness as have rarely, if ever, been combined in one guilt-stained individual.

In taking up this attitude you have nothing to fear as a candidate, but everything to hope for and expect, from the patriotic electors of North Kilkenny. The venerated bishop of the diocese is, I vouch for it, heartily with you. The priests of Ossory, so long edified by the example and inspired by the lofty eloquence of the late Father Matt O'Keeffe and others, will not have forgotten the lessons taught them by their illustrious seniors in the ministry, nor are they likely to cancel their public engagement to you at the bidding of a desperate and unscrupulous politician.

I have no fear, then, of the result. You will be carried triumphantly through this struggle, which you have not provoked, and I predict for you when in Parliament a brilliant, an honourable and a useful career.

I remain, my dear Sir John, your very faithful servant.

T. W. CROKE,  
Archbishop of Cashel.

We particularly request that any failure to receive this paper regularly on the part of any subscriber shall be promptly communicated to us.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

Christmas snow is round us lying,  
Christmas crystals deck each tree—  
Christmas stars above us shining,  
Christmas thoughts I send to thee.

At this joyous, holy season  
Ev'ry heart is filled with love,  
For, to save his erring children,  
Jesus left his home above.

Wond'rous goodness! Oh, such thoughts bring  
Happiness without alloy,  
Peace to men, the good and willing;  
So I wish thee Christmas joy.

Healing waters! from the fountain  
Of God's love and mercy, flow!  
Cleanse our souls, so God may count them  
Whiter than the Christmas snow!

May our thoughts, our deeds and motives  
Pure as Christmas crystals be  
And our hearts be fitting votives,  
Loosed from sin, from malice free.

Fair stars now are vigil keeping,  
Watching as in older days  
When sweet angel voices blending  
Sang their glorious hymn of praise.

Gloria! God is now fulfilling  
His long promise! Beth'lem's star  
Faithful shepherds saw rejoicing  
And they followed it afar—

Never paused—no thought of danger  
Came to them that hallow'd night—  
Journeyed till, within a manger,  
They beheld the Lord of Light!

Pilgrims weary, we are treading  
In a vale of sighs and tears  
While His love our star is, guiding,  
Giving hope and calming fears.

Christmas Stars! shine on for all men  
Who still pray "God's will be done,"  
And the faithless heart illumine  
With the message of His Son.

Happy Christmas! Thoughts of sadness  
Vanish on this blessed day.  
Peaceful Christmas! naught but gladness!—  
Dearly lov'd ones, let us pray.

When, our earthly sojourn ended,  
We have left our present home,  
May we worship, all united,  
Jesus in the world to come.

Quebec, December 1890.

A. H.

O'Gorman Mahon, who introduced Parnell to Mrs. O'Shea and who, but for the strenuous opposition of his doctor, would have challenged the Irish leader to a duel for his baseness, is eighty-seven years old, and in a feeble state of health corresponding to his extreme old age. He presents an example of virtue and gallantry not often seen in these degenerate days. He was a picturesque figure in Irish politics when Daniel O'Connell won Catholic emancipation. It was he who seconded O'Connell's nomination for Clare in 1829, Tom Steele, an Irish Protestant gentleman, having proposed him. O'Gorman Mahon was returned a member for County Clare two years after, and has been occasionally a member for some Irish constituency ever since. He is devoted to Mr. Gladstone. He has fought at least a dozen duels. He has served as a Colonel in the Chilian army and was Admiral of the fleet, such as it was, of the Argentine Republic.



## The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commended by

The Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto.  
The Most Rev. C. O'Brien, Archbishop of Halifax.  
Rt. Rev. T. J. Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton.  
The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, Toronto.  
The late Archbishop Lynch.  
The late Rt. Rev. Bishop Carbery of Hamilton.  
The Rev. Father Dowd of "St. Patrick's" Montreal.  
And by the leading clergy of the Dominion

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, JAN. 3, 1891.

Our confrere the *Catholic Columbian* of Columbus, Ohio, is again to be complimented upon the excellence of its Christmas supplement. The number is a very attractive one, both as respects the reading matter and illustrations.

By an inadvertance the article in our last number, "A Royal Residence for Ireland," was omitted to be credited to the *Montreal Gazette*. We make amends for that mistake in the only way we now can however, and all the more readily because the article was so fair and broad-minded a one that we would wish our contemporary to receive its due measure of credit for it.

We have received from the Central Director of the League in Canada, the first copy of the *Canadian Messenger* of the Sacred Heart, which now takes its place along with the thirty other *Messengers* circulating around the globe and speaking over twenty different languages. The appearance of the *Canadian Messenger* is an outcome of the rapid advance which the beautiful devotion to the Sacred Heart has made in Canada, and which has spread far and wide within the three years since the first centre was established in Montreal. These publications, as our readers know, aim at popularizing by interesting facts and anecdotes the spirit and practice of the devotion. The *Canadian Messenger* will be published monthly, and the issue before us contains much appropriate devotional reading.

The *Catholic Review* of New York thinks it doubtful if Mr. Cleveland will again receive the support of his old allies and friends among the Irish-Americans, even should he be put in nomination again for the Presidency. The *Mugwumps*, it says, strongly desire that he should not have their support, since they have taken the anti-Catholic Irish platform and want to win on it. "One could almost wish them success," says our contemporary, "for with the Democratic party turned *Mugwumps* and the Republican party hostile, in spite of its leaders, to Catholicity, the Catholic body of America could easily emancipate itself from political faiths, and stand by itself a powerful nay irresistible influence for good in a country whose crumbling sects, increasing irreligion, and satanic divorce courts, are hurrying it to perdition."

### "THE REVIEW'S" IRISH LETTERS.

The sketch of Mr. Parnell which we print elsewhere in this issue forms the last of THE REVIEW'S interesting series of letters from Ireland. We have reason to believe that they have been read with interest and with pleasure by THE REVIEW'S own family of readers, and by that wider circle of readers to whom they have been brought in the pages of very many of our Canadian and American contemporaries who have republished them regularly.

In thus concluding the series, a word of explanation is due to our readers. It was stated when their publication was begun that after describing some of the spots of most historic and scenic interest in Ireland they would go on to deal, from the point of view of an eye-witness, with the political issues of the country. That intention, the events of the last few weeks, lead us to abandon. At the present moment it is plain that they could serve no useful purpose, nor would the same interest attach to them. For the present, at any rate, the questions that concerned the reading public a few months ago, are lost sight of in the disaster that has befallen the Irish parliamentary party.

Our excellent and always practical contemporary the *Weekly Register* of London, has some wise words in a late number on the strife of parties in Ireland. "Another week," it says, "is gone and the crisis in Ireland is not ended—nor even mended. But one thing is made plain: that no mending or ending is possible on the present lines, and this knowledge must be a key to the position. Is "Holy Ireland"—the Archbishop of Cashel does well to remind us at this moment of the term—to be turned into a fighting ground between brothers after years of fraternal peace? The union which proved itself to be strength, is it now to be turned to rendings and to defeat? Are the bishops and the priests who have led and fed the people, to be at variance with their flocks? And is the cause which converted an English political party, and which is dear and sacred to millions of Irish hearts all the world over, to be now thrown back into chaos? The thought of the thing is intolerable. A reconciliation must, by hook or crook (and a great deal by crook) be effected. Let the Archbishop of Dublin and the Archbishop of Cashel and Mr. McCarthy meet Mr. Parnell and his chief supporters, and let no man leave the council-room until peace has been proclaimed. That this is easy to say and difficult to do we are aware; but great men can do great things in the face of great dangers. Retrospect and recrimination are alike useless. Everybody can see now that everything could have been better done."

THE *Irish Catholic* of Dublin, until recently one of the ablest and most zealous of Mr. Parnell's supporters in the Irish press, has this to say of that gentleman's reception in Dublin a short time ago:

"For us the proceedings of Wednesday have neither interest nor importance. We believe that our people are sufficiently acute and sensible to appraise at their proper value Mr. Parnell's reception in this city, as well as the meeting in the Rotunda. A glance at the list of names of most of those who went forth to welcome the breaker of his most solemn promises to Ireland, and who crowded round him at the meeting on Wednesday night, will best attest the value of their claim to represent the feelings of the right and moral minded amongst the citizens of Dublin. That a few, a very few, names of better social and educational rank, are to be found

in the sorry roll-call only makes the equal and ignominiousness of their surroundings the more regrettable and deplorable."

### Irish Letter.

MR. PARNELL: THEN AND NOW.

It is scarcely possible to think of the political happenings of recent weeks in Ireland, and especially of the last appearance of Mr. Parnell in the Commons, without finding the mind go back to the scene in the same chamber one night in March of last year. The *Times* Commission had been sitting for months, Pigott had fled, and Mr. Parnell after a long absence had returned to the House. He entered unperceived while Mr. Asquith, one of his counsel, was speaking, and on that gentleman sitting down, there came from below the gangway a roar of frantic exultation. Then the Irish leader was seen standing erect, with head thrown back, his pale face intently set, and hands clenched. The Liberals and Radicals caught the contagion, Mr. Gladstone looked up and saw Mr. Parnell in his place, and sprang up to greet him. The House was convulsed with excitement. A little more than a year has elapsed, and Mr. Parnell sits in the same place. But what a transformation! There is no springing up, nor cheering, nor hand-shaking in that quarter. Enthusiasm has been replaced by ostracism and sullenness. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell meet with averted faces. Even from the old allies, who in years past stood by him through thick and thin,—or the bulk of them at least—the leader of a few days ago now stands a man apart. So rapid and so strange has the change been in events!

Not less remarkable than the sudden reversion of all old relations of confidence and co-operation between Mr. Parnell on the one hand, and his Irish colleagues and Liberal allies on the other, must be said to be the strange and almost unaccountable change in the demeanour of the man himself. For all of ten years past he had filled the public imagination as the type and embodiment of self-control. During the trying years in Parliament between 1880-1885 this coolness and self-restraint never deserted him. But it was not until he had passed through, unscathed, the ordeal of the *Times*—Pigott inquiry that the public began to at all rightly appraise how splendidly equipped the man really was in courage, and in endurance, and in that rare and sustaining strength that enables its possessor to be patient and reticent under misrepresentation and insult. The superb bearing of the man showed itself best throughout the triumph and the tumult of the scenes in Parliament that followed the sensational breakdown of the *Times*—Pigott conspiracy. Whatever he may have felt, Mr. Parnell at least did not evince, as an ordinary man would have done, any effusive enthusiasm. He rose in the House, on the night of which we have spoken, with no taunt in his voice, with no word of triumph upon his tongue. He referred in few words to the subject of his vindication, with the same quiet air of disdain as that in which he had repelled the *Times* charges the first time they were levelled at him by some member on the Treasury benches.

Towards the end of last July or early in August the writer heard Mr. Parnell speak several times in the House of Commons. On one night in particular, the House was in committee on the Irish estimates, and, as usual, many items were keenly criticised. Some harbour works in Wicklow—Mr. Parnell's native county—came in for criticism particu-

larly. The way in which the works had been completed had given great dissatisfaction, and a newly constructed pier at Arklow had proved an engineering failure. It was in their presentation of the demerits of this pier at Arklow that the difference between the parliamentary manner of Mr. Parnell and that of many of his followers was mostly impressed upon me. The majority of those who spoke on the subject from the Irish benches—barring Mr. Arthur O'Connor and Mr. T. D. Sullivan—handled Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Jackson, the Irish Local Government Board, and the Government engineers, without gloves. Dr. Tanner became especially violent. After the others had spoken Mr. Parnell rose, and in a quiet, and even kindly, but withal very earnest manner, proceeded to point out what was wrong in the Arklow and other abortive harbour improvements in Ireland. His speech was clear and convincing, and a model of brevity and conciseness of expression. What was particularly noteworthy about it was the considerate way in which Mr. Parnell spoke of the Government engineers. Speaking of the engineering blunders in the work, and the mistakes of the officials having charge of the construction, I recollect especially his saying in a very earnest, and considerate, and gentleman-like way: "Now, Sir, in condemning, as I have to do, the character of this work, I would add that I do not wish to hurt the feelings of anyone, nor to do any injustice to any employe of the Government." And this avowal he repeated two or three times as, in the course of his speech, he addressed himself to other features of the case. It seemed to me a simple, but withal a sufficient illustration of the fairness and good-feeling of the man. Nor was it without its due effect upon the House. When Mr. Parnell sat down Mr. Jackson, the Secretary of the Treasury, rose, and in an equally courteous explanation, frankly admitted that the Arklow pier had been a failure, and that the work of properly repairing it would be speedily proceeded with.

It is a little difficult to recognise in the calm and contained Mr. Parnell of these earlier incidents, the Parnell of to-day who is heard exchanging epithet and invective with Mr. Davitt. That gentleman—who, himself, is evidently not over nice either in his use of the vocabulary—Mr. Parnell a few days ago designated a "jackdaw," while to another opponent he alluded as a "cock-sparrow." "A garrulous old gentleman" and "a grand old spider" are two of many ungenerous references to Mr. Gladstone, while most extraordinary of all were his exclamations against Sir John Pope Hennessy during the Kilkenny contest. "To hell with Hong Kong," he is reported to have shouted out several times from his platforms. It was but another of many mistakes. We have no "theory" on the subject, and we hazard no explanation. One fact alone appears obvious; that whatever the cause be—whether it be due to ill health, or anxiety, or disappointment, or all three—there is a change in Mr. Parnell, and that it is hard to recognise the Irish leader of a few years ago in the deposed, but obdurate, Tribune of to-day.

SHANID ABOO.

The only two Catholic members for English constituencies belonging to the Gladstonian party, have delivered themselves on the position of Mr. Parnell in terms similar to those employed by their non-Catholic colleagues. Mr. John Austin, M. P. addressed the following letter to his supporters: "Will you kindly convey to the meeting on Thursday night my abhorrence of the conduct of Mr. Parnell in his outrage on public decency? The unjust reflections upon Mr.

Gladstone in his letter, and the violent language in his speeches, call for grave reprobation. I do not identify myself in any public movement with this man. He has forfeited all claims as a public representative. Mr. Parnell ignores the cause of this unhappy crisis—his own act, his own wanton profligacy—and with an audacity unparalleled in public life pours torrents of abuse upon eminent men of honour and integrity to cover his own misdeeds. It is the duty of a statesman to uphold public morality, the foundation upon which must be built our laws, our institutions, and our social life. Mr. Gladstone has faithfully discharged that duty."

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL, whose relations with Mr. Parnell, as perhaps the most historic client he ever had, give a special interest to his utterances, has spoken already three or four times in approval of the attitude assumed by Mr. Gladstone. On one of the last of these occasions, Sir Charles said :

"He had, since the crisis arose, addressed three public meetings, and in no one of these had he used any but the language of entreaty to Mr. Parnell. He (Sir Charles) had acknowledged the splendour of his services to the cause of his country, and he had prayed Mr. Parnell, by the very recollection of that service, by the very sacredness of the cause which he had espoused, to make one more sacrifice for that cause by humbly bowing his head to the storm, and, admitting that by his own conduct he had impaired his power for usefulness, to retire for a time, at least, from the public leadership of his party. He (Sir Charles) was sorry that such wise counsels had not prevailed, for he was afraid it must now be said that Mr. Parnell had suffered his own personal inclination, his own desire for predominance and leadership to overcome all considerations of the interest of the cause of which he had been the leader, and to assert, or endeavour to assert, that predominance and that leadership, although it had become apparent that the great bulk of his own party desired his retirement, and in face of the fact that an enormous storm of indignation had made it apparent that his continued leadership would chill the efforts of many, and postpone the question of Home Rule."

Sir Charles allowed himself to be even more than usually plain-spoken, when he came to denounce Mr. Parnell's manifesto as a "damnable appeal to racial hatred."

#### DEATH OF FATHER DONOGHUE.

On Christmas morning, while the Catholic people of the parish of Perth, were preparing to celebrate the glorious festival by attending the early mass, the sad and unexpected news spread throughout the town, that their beloved pastor, Father O'Donohue, in his health and strength, in the prime of his manhood, he, whom they saw only yesterday in the confessional dispensing the mercies of God to the repentant sinner, was dead! Impossible, they say. Alas! It is but too true. Father O'Donohue, who had complained only of a slight uneasiness in the throat, was dead, had been called from among them to celebrate the joyous feast of Christmas with the angels of heaven who first announced it.

When the hour came to call him for the early mass on Christmas day, he was found with his arms crossed on his breast, dead. He had died without a struggle. Calmly he lay at rest. His soul had fled and was with its Creator and God.

Father O'Donohue was within a few days of completing his forty-seventh year. Hale and hearty, his friends expected to enjoy his presence for many years. But the desires of man are not the ways of God. He had accomplished much in a few years, and his Master had called him to receive his reward.

The funeral took place on Saturday at nine o'clock, at which about thirty priests, notwithstanding the inconvenience of the day, attended. The Mass was celebrated *Coram Pontifice* by Father Hogan, a native of Perth, with Father Twomey as dean and Father O'Connor as subdeacon,

After Mass, his grace Dr. Cleary, Archbishop of Kingston, addressed the congregation and in the most feeling terms, spoke of the loss which the parish of Perth and the archdiocese of Kingston sustained in the death of good Father O'Donohue. In the words of his Grace, Father O'Donohue's praise was that he was "the faithful Priest." A few other words from his eloquent, feeling, and sympathetic sermon will not be out of place. "Nowhere" said His Grace "had Father O'Donohue laboured in the ministry that his memory will not be held in benediction. In Belleville many a wandering sheep was brought back to his fold, and many an erring sinner reclaimed through him. Some years ago when I visited Carleton Place, it was in September I learned of the spiritual destitution, in which the few Catholic people—only fifty-three souls—lived. They had not seen a priest from the New Year's and by then past. A great work was to be done, there was danger of these people losing their Faith. There was neither church nor house and but little maintenance for a priest, every thing had to be done. I knew the zeal, ability and energy of Father O'Donohue. I asked him would he undertake to build up a parish in Carleton Place, the good faithful priest made answer "It is yours to say, mine to obey." He undertook the work accomplished it and left to his successor a well formed and prosperous parish. The work he had done in Perth during the two years of his pastorate is known to you all, your tears are evidence of your deep sincere love for Father O'Donohue. Pray for him."

To Rev. Father Peter O'Connell, his uncle, who after spending more than fifty years in the labourous duties of the sacred ministry resigned his parish of Richmond, and hoped to pass the remnant of his days with Father O'Donohue, and who is now denied that consolation, we extend our sincerest sympathy.

D. J. C.

## Correspondence.

### THE PARNELL TROUBLE.

Editor CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW,

Sir:— It were to be desired that instead of devoting a great part of this issue, (20th inst.,) to Christmas reading, you had given up even a "greater" part thereto, and thus have avoided "kicking a man when he's down," as you have done in that issue as regards Mr. Parnell; for surely you cannot class these latter series of articles under that head. I am inclined to think that a great number of your readers do not agree with your estimate of the comparative veracity of Mr. Parnell and Mr. Gladstone; while the latter gentleman's "prompt and unequivocal assurance" on the question of Home Rule must only await the proof of time. Nor will they be found to endorse the Tory *Pull Mall Gazette's* sneers at Mr. William O'Brien and his co-delegates which you so elaborately emphasize. In connection with this part of the question, isn't it passing strange that, although as it would now appear Mr. Parnell's delinquencies were so well known, not a whimper of reproof or remonstrance was heard from laymen or cleric until after Mr. Parnell had not only been unanimously re-elected Chairman of the Irish Party, but also, in a manner of speaking, forced into the position? I say "forced" because the speeches of Messrs. Justin McCarthy and Mr. Timothy Healy at the great meeting in Leinster Hall, Dublin—after the verdict in the divorce suit had been rendered, and before the annual meeting of the Irish Party in London took place—will bear no other construction. Mr. Healy on that occasion said that on no account should Mr. Parnell yield to a "parcel of English howlers," and "if Ireland," he said, "throws Mr. Parnell overboard, then Ireland is no more any country." After all it was only when the "English howlers," (the language is Mr. Healy's, not mine), yelped, that Messrs. McCarthy, Healy and the believers in them, saw the enormity of Mr. Parnell's offence against Ireland. The Kilkenny election has gone against Mr. Parnell;

he was defeated but not beaten. Archbishop Corrigan's letter on page 719 of your paper might have been followed with advantage in that contest; unfortunately it was not, either in the letter or the spirit.

Ottawa,

23rd Dec., 1890.

Yours,

BRANNAGH.

[NOTE--Our correspondent is in error in describing the *Pall Mall Gazette* as a Tory journal. It is, on the contrary, one of the more advanced organs of Liberal opinion, and vies even with the *London Star* (a paper conducted until lately by Mr. T. P. O'Connor), in the extent of its Radicalism. For the rest, we regret, of course, that our views are so at variance with those of our correspondent; but such as they are, they will yet be found to be no different, we think, from those of the ablest and best informed journals of the Review's class on this or on the other side of the Atlantic. As to "kicking Mr. Parnell when down" we do not think we can, in fairness, be held to be open to any such accusation. We claim leave to think that not even our correspondent himself could have written of Mr. Parnell with more of consideration, or with less of acerbity, than did this Review in its first leader, of the 22nd November, on the subject.

EDITOR CATH. W. REVIEW

## Men and Things.

Members of the British Parliament are not allowed by law to resign, but can become ineligible by accepting some office under Government. They thus escape parliamentary service by accepting Chiltern Hundreds, a nominal office. When a member wishes to withdraw he applies for the Chiltern Hundreds, which is granted as a matter of course. He ceases to hold a seat and the next day resigns his new office. This expedient was devised to enable members to leave the public service and yet prevent a wholesale resignation.

Justin McCarthy, who has been elected head of the National Party, *vice* Mr. Parnell, deposed, is a gray-haired, bearded, mild-mannered gentleman, of nine and fifty years, and wears spectacles. He is gifted with much energy, which breaks out in various ways, being at once a politician, editorial writer, novelist and historian. He is profoundly courteous, and his parliamentary colleagues are said to lament his "distressing want of native ferocity." He is an abnormally early riser, and the ceaseless click of his type-writer is coincident with the production of a stream of pleasant fiction, which appears at regular intervals. He is also an inveterate first-nighter and the father of a thirty-year-old son, who carries on his father's literary business at the old stand.

We find the following in the *Are Maria*—"A friend of the late John Boyle O'Reilly has given us in glowing words an account of a pathetic incident during their common captivity on board the prison ship. It was Christmas Eve; still, except among the prisoners, no heart seemed to be stirred by the approach of the Nativity. The night wore on in silence, but at the first stroke of twelve a tuneful voice came from one in chains and floated out into the night. It was John Boyle O'Reilly singing the *Adeste Fideles*, and his comrades were quick to join him. Solemnly the hallowed words rang out from the prisoners' throats in a great, swelling harmony; and more than one of the crew, instead of interfering, was seen to wipe away a furtive tear. The hymn was sung to its close, and the captives were strengthened in soul by their brave welcoming of the holy Christmas morning."

Mr. J. J. Curran, Q. C., the well-known member for Montreal Centre, was the recipient on Tuesday last of a flattering testimonial from his constituents. A large and representative gathering of Montreal's prominent business men, for whose interests Mr. Curran had always been so watchful in the Commons, assembled in the Board of Trade rooms to meet Mr. Curran. Mr. Hugh McLennan, who presided, presented the following address:—

A few citizens of Montreal, most of them your own constituents, have wanted to express to you the appreciation of your services to the city and to the country at large in the discharge of your duties as member of Parliament. They

realize that although, in conformity with the wise compromise now accepted as binding, you are selected from the ranks of the Irish Catholic electorate, you have faithfully and efficiently represented all classes in your constituency, irrespective of race, language and religion. The mercantile community, as embodied in the Board of Trade, has frequently made use of your services, and many of its members can testify to the readiness with which you have placed your time at their disposal, and we may add, have assisted them with not only alacrity but with prudence and ability. We are, therefore, assembled to-day to tender you this address and testimonial as a token of the high estimate in which we hold your services to Montreal Centre and to the Dominion. In conclusion we hope that your public career may be long and useful, and we now extend to you our best wishes for your own happiness as well as that of your accomplished family.

The address was accompanied by a silver casket containing a cheque for \$7,000.

Mr. Curran, in returning thanks, made a happy reply. Referring to his parliamentary career, he concluded:—"In this address you wish me a long and useful public life. Leaving the usefulness aside, I may claim a pretty long record already. At the mature age of nineteen, on June 29, 1861, I made my first political speech at The Cedars, in the county of Soulanges, on behalf of the party with which I have since been identified. In 1874 I was amongst the slaughtered innocents, having voted in vain the county of Shefford, and here I am to-day, having represented this most important constituency since 1882, receiving not only your kind wishes, but fortified by seven thousand reasons why I should for some time longer continue in public life. Rest assured that be my career long or short, I shall never forget your words of encouragement or your princely generosity, and my aim will always be to forward the interests of the country we love so well, a country of which we may feel so proud, a land of glorious traditions, happy in its present and confident as to its future." Senator Murphy and many of the leading merchants spoke highly of Mr. Curran's services, and of his readiness to forward the interests of the business community.

## General Catholic News

The Protestants of Brighton, Ont., presented to the Rev. Father Devlin, S. J., an appreciative and highly laudatory address, expressing the edification and instruction they derived from his sermons delivered recently during a retreat which he conducted in that town.

A cablegram from Rome says that Bishop Scannell, of Concordia, Kansas, will be appointed Archbishop of Omaha. Rev. Dr. Thomas F. Brennan, of Driftwood, in the diocese of Erie, Pa., has been chosen bishop of the new diocese of Dallas, Texas.

At a recent meeting of the St. Alphonsus C. Y. M. Ass'n a committee was appointed to draw up an address of condolence on the death of the very Rev. Vicar-General Laurent.

The St. Pauls Catholic Literary Ass'n held a concert on Monday evening last, in aid of the building fund of St. Paul's Church. A fine programme was rendered, and the concert proved a grand success.

The Association is making good progress, and the membership is steadily increasing.

On Sunday next the elections of officers for the ensuing term will take place.

The Association has been the recipient of a handsome bagatelle table, donated by Mr. Charles Burns.

THE articles in THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW are worth many times the price of a year's subscription. Send for a sample copy.

## CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE CHURCHES.

As customary on Christmas morning the celebration of High Mass in the Catholic churches were made particularly impressive by the especially grand character of the musical portion of the service. The masses selected for the occasion had been diligently rehearsed by the several choirs, and their full effect was obtained in the services. In two or three of the churches the aid of an orchestra was secured.

Gounod's *Messe Solennelle* was sung at St. Michael's cathedral Christmas morning, under the direction of Mr. Jos. P. Campbell, conductor. The grand music of the mass was rendered with all due expression and effect. The trio "Kyrie" was sung by Miss Lizzie Fletcher, Mr. Caron and Mr. Ward; and Mrs. O'Hara, Mr. Anglin, and Mr. Ward sang the "Gloria." The latter trio sang the rest of the mass. At the offertory Lambillotte's "Pastores" was rendered, Miss Lizzie Fletcher singing the solo, and the chorus by the full choir. A sermon on the Christmas festival was preached by Archbishop Walsh. The church was tastefully decorated. An unusually large congregation attended the service, and the customary Christmas collection amounted to a handsome sum. In the evening the sermon was delivered by Rev. Father Teefy.

The musical services at St. Mary's church was probably the grandest ever heard within its walls, and fully equal to that of any other church in the city. Mozart's First Mass was sung by the choir assisted by a full orchestra, under the direction of Mr. P. McEvoy.

The sweet and harmonious strains of the music seemed to float through the lofty church, and to descend, soft and pure, like angels' voices, on the ears of the vast congregation, bringing vividly before them the heavenly strains chanted over the divine Child by the angels at Bethlehem. The quartette "Et Incarnatus" was sung by Miss Kate Clarke, Miss Walsh, and Messrs. Thompson and McClosky; Miss Alice Power, Miss Walsh, Mr. McCabe, and Mr. McClosky sang the "Benedictus." A Christmas hymn, Lambillotte's "Pastores," was sung by the full choir. There was no sermon, but the Very Rev. Vicar-General Rooney entered the pulpit, and spoke words of encouragement to the congregation and the various societies connected with the church, thanking them and the choir for their aid and assistance to him during the year. The venerable Vicar-General spoke with emotion when he recalled the good feeling that has always existed between himself and the congregation, and his good kindly face fairly glowed as he wished to one and all the choicest blessings that this holy season of the Nativity affords.

The congregation of St. Mary's church have repeatedly shown their appreciation of the self-sacrificing way in which the Vicar-General and his devoted assistants the Rev. Fathers Cruise and Davis have ministered to their spiritual needs. This Christmas was but another instance of the many, the Christmas collection reaching the grand figures of \$1,120, and St. Peter's, its mission church, \$122.

At high mass in the Church of our Lady of Lourdes, Sherbourne street, Gounod's *Messe du Sacre Cœur* was sung. Mr. L. J. R. Richardson conducted the choir, and Miss McElderry was the organist. The musical service was sublime. In the "Benedictus" quartette Miss McGrath was the soprano; Miss McGill, alto; Mr. M. O'Connor, tenor, and Mr. Zeph, basso. The solo in "Adeste Fideles" was sung by Miss Scott. At the offertory Bach-Gounod's "Ave Maria" was sung with accompaniment of harp, violoncello, and organ, Miss McGrath singing the solo. The harp was played by Miss Breen, and the violoncello by Mr. Ernest Mahr. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Walsh. At the close of the mass a committee of the congregation, composed of Messrs. M. O'Connor (chairman), Thomas Long, Hugh Ryan, James Lydon, John Conlin, J. Hynes, J. L. Coffey, T. Gorman, and John Long, Jr., assembled in the vestry. The chairman then presented to Mr. Richardson, the leader of the choir, on behalf of the congregation, a purse containing a large sum of money. Mr. Thomas Long presented to Miss McGrath, on behalf of a number of her friends, a purse also well filled.

At St. Basil's, St. Paul's, St. Hele.'s and the Sacred Heart churches the services were up to the high standard of former years.

## IN MONTREAL.

The service in St. Patrick's on Christmas day was a grand one. Luigi Rossi's Mass was rendered by the well trained choir, assisted by a fine orchestra under the direction of Mr. Gruenwald. Before the mass Novello's arrangement of the "Adeste Fideles" was sung, and during the offertory a Christmas canticle by Adam was given. The conductor was Mr. McCaffrey, while Professor J. A. Fowler presided at the organ. There was a large congregation present and the service was one of the most impressive ever given in St. Patrick's.

At the Gesu the services were equally impressive, and were attended by thousands. The interior of the Gesu is a very imposing place at any time, but when made resplendent as at Midnight Mass, it becomes an abode that cannot inspire any other feeling than one of reverence. Before Mass the choir, consisting of over 60 voices, assisted by the boys of the college and an orchestra of thirty of the best local artists, gave in magnificent style Dubois' arrangement of "Adeste Fideles." During the offertory the overture from Mendelssohn's "Athalia" was played by the orchestra, and filled the building with the most delightful harmony. The effect of the service was profound and the grandeur of the scene and the solemnity of the occasion produced an effect that will live long in the minds of those present.

## PRIESTS IN POLITICS.

The interposition of priests in politics would, doubtless, do politics a great deal of good. The priest is in a position of leadership. He is far in advance of the average citizen in intelligence, right thinking on current events and disinterested motives. If more morality could be injected into political administrations it would be well. If the average politician could come to feel that he must cater to the good opinion of the religious element led by the priest, the average politician would be a better and cleaner person than he is. If the churches had to be canvassed, rather than the saloons, around election time, electioneering would be a more decent occupation than the ordeal it now is.

But, while the active participation of priests in politics would do a good deal for politics, it is not so clear that it would be altogether without injury to religion. It might be decidedly a case of stooping to conquer if humanity's eternal welfare, should use itself to carry mundane elections.

The lines of political cleavage will never run, in this free country, altogether parallel with sectarian lines. The Church cannot go three times into politics without alienating a fraction of its membership, the salvation of whose souls is, perhaps, as desirable after all, as the election of the best ticket a political convention ever nominated. The game is not worth a blessed candle. Men may be left to blunder against their own interests in the process of self-government since the Almighty suffers it to be so; and the clergyman may content himself with incidental good results which morality and religion may exert on politics—not putting himself to the trouble of entering the political field himself.

Nothing herein should be construed as denoting an opinion that there are never occasions when priests should enter actively, openly and decisively in politics. That is the Church's right if its guides determine that the questions at issue are supremely important. As American citizens, we trust the occasions may be very infrequent. But when they come courage and loyalty are the watchwords.

We are discussing the *habitual* activity of priests in politics. As individual citizens the active interest of clergymen in politics is highly desirable. We can not see how their influence, exerted in a social way, (especially when moral issues are involved), can be in any manner detrimental to the cause of religion. Should priests vote? Every time, we think. The votes of no good men can be spared.—*Montreal Catholic Citizen.*



## THE PRIEST'S ESCAPE.

The little ones came running up to embrace his knees and clamour for their presents from the market but he hastily passed them saying "*Paisez-vous, mes enfants*; run out and see what Pierre can find in the wagon for you," then looking around and closing the door he went up to his wife and daughter and whispered "*Catherine, mon amie*, I fear for our good Father's safety; to-night you know he was intending to pass the night at neighbour Jourdain's and say Mass at four in the morning for all who could manage to assemble there, but when I was passing over the bridge from St. — this afternoon on my return home, I saw M. le Maire leaning against the wall apparently examining some loose stones, and as I came up to him he called out in a would-be triumphant tone. *Ha! ha!* neighbour Mathurin, we have got your old fox of a priest in a trap at last! We have information of his whereabouts to-night for all old Citoyen Jourdain thinks his out-houses such safe hiding-places; as an old friend I give you warning to keep out of the way; he is a fool not to take boat down the river while he can!" I understood by this that he meant to give Pierre Druot a warning also, for he has enabled me to save him twice before this in the same manner; but what can we do at this hour and in this cold?"

"Why, father, we must send for him here at once," replied Catherine, undauntedly; "clearly if they don't find him there they mean to follow him down the river, so he must avoid that at present; and this would be a good four miles out of their way, so it is the safest place until they have returned from their search, when he can drop down the river for a while—may God send us better days speedily!"

"But who can we send for him?" said her more cautious husband; "if I go, I may be seen on the road and bring suspicion here, and I could not send Pierre on such an errand; although he is an honest fellow he has a long tongue."

Just then a knock was heard at the door, and Marie colored and smiled as a tall young man about twenty-five years of age entered, first scraping the snow from his feet and shaking himself.

"Ah! here is Francois!" exclaimed the farmer with a look of relief; "he will soon help us out of the difficulty!"

Evidently Marie and Francois were on the terms of a betrothed couple, and as he came forward and spoke respectfully to her father and mother, their eyes met, hers with a look of terror, while his were full of confidence.

"*Qu'as tu donc, Marie?*" he asked, meeting her uneasy gaze and drawing her toward him with the freedom of an accepted lover. She made no reply but waited for her father to speak. He soon repeated his story, and Francois replied gaily:

"Why, of course, the first thing to do is to fetch the good Father here as soon as possible. It is already growing dark, and I have my ass with me, so I can easily go to neighbour Jourdain's and bring back a load of corn for the mill to-morrow with the reverend priest on the top; and as, thanks be to God and His Blessed Mother, the snow is falling fast we shall leave no tracks. Give me a bit of bread and a cup of wine, good mother, and I am ready to start. Fear not, little one," he added, lowering his voice and speaking tenderly to Marie, who was still speechless and breathless with her terrors, "Our Lady and St. Joseph, who braved the danger of the road to Egypt with the Holy Child, will befriend me and keep off the soldiers of a worse man than Herod if that were possible!"

"Ah!" replied poor Marie, "how can I but tremble as I remember my poor sister Therese and the day her poor Jean was torn from her arms never to return. Oh, Francois, if Our Lady does not bring you back safely I shall soon follow Therese to the grave."

"What!" answered Francois reprovingly. "Would you leave Our Lord's representative to the mercy of those brutal men, then? Courage, *ma chérie!* and pray to the Holy Mother for us both and all will go well."

Marie could say no more, and in five minutes time Francois was on his way and she kneeling before the figure of

Our Lady which, with its little oil lamp, was standing on an old-fashioned bracket in a corner of the kitchen.

Meantime, the two little ones ran in with a merry shout, laden with the little toys and cakes they had hunted out from the old wagon with the aid of Pierre.

"Marie," said her thoughtful mother, "take the little ones to bed now and hear them say their prayers; they will be better out of the way of this."

Marie obeyed and soon the little chattering voices wereushed and the rosy cheeks pillowed on each other's arms in the sound and healthful sleep of childhood.

Pierre took his supper and went to bed over the stable as usual.

Three hours had passed since Francois' departure and it was nearly nine o'clock when the sound of footsteps was heard coming across the farmyard, and the old house-dog gave a growl but subsided as he evidently recognized Francois' tread. Marie quickly opened the door, and Francois was seen helping the Father dismount from the ass which was also laden with sacks of corn. The beast was soon disposed of in the stable and accounted for to Pierre as being on his way to mill with Francois next morning, and the good priest was warmly welcomed by his hosts, who knelt for his blessing and eagerly asked for news of his journey.

"Indeed, my children," he said, "I was loath to leave good Farmer Jourdain's, for it is some months since I have been able to say a Mass on this side of St. — and there were many expecting to make their peace with God and receive the Bread of Life from my unworthy hands at the dawn of day; but God's holy will be done! At any rate I can minister to you here, and the few must glorify Him the more since they are few."

The table was laid for four persons, and Marie waited reverently on their guest when they sat down to supper, looking joyfully at Francois from time to time, and giving thanks to Our Lady of the Snow for his return.

It was about ten o'clock when suddenly the tramp of horses' feet and the shout of the gendarmes was heard close at hand. All started to their feet and surrounded the priest: "*Mon Dieu!* we are lost!" cried the farmer, and quick as lightning threw open the doors of the bed and hurried the holy man underneath it. "There is no time for escape; I will tell them you have been here and left for the river about half an hour ago. Marie, take his reverence's place at the table."

"My son," said the aged priest from his hiding place as calmly as if about to take his night's rest, "God forbid that you should ever dishonour Him by a lie for my sake."

If you do not tell the truth if asked and say that I am here under the bed I will myself come out and bear witness to it."

"Father," cried Catherine, wringing her hands, while her husband stood dumbfounded, "are you mad? To tell them where you are is certain death for you and us. There is a chance if they hear of the river."

"Daughter," the priest answered, in the same firm and peaceful tone, "do you think that, like the devil, God cannot preserve His own glory and keep His servants in safety without your lie? What would you make Him to be? I command you, in His name, to tell the truth yourselves, or I will you may be sure!"

*To be Continued.*

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AS ALDERMAN FOR 1891

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Of Roxbury, Mass., says

I have kept a Scrap Book for a good many years of letters received from patients; some are long, too long to publish, some are short, short and good. Rainy days I sit down and read them, and have learned a good deal about the human body from some poor, sickly woman or overstrained man. Here is one of them. I call it a good letter:

TRENTON, TEXAS, Sept. 28, 1886.  
"To Kennedy of the Medical Discovery, Roxbury, Mass. I am so proud of my recovery as to express my feelings in thanks to you. The RHEUMATISM has made me four legged for six years. At last I have traded off two of them to Bell—Druggist—for four bottles Kennedy's Discovery. I am yours gratefully and unsolicited.  
J. B. Irv."

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## S. Willcock

As Alderman for 1891

Election on Monday January 5th

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**WEDNESDAY DEC. 17th**  
At 2 p.m.  
PRIZES VALUE  
**\$55,000**  
Capital prize—One Real Estate worth \$5,000.00

**LIST OF PRIZES.**

1 Real Estate worth.....	\$5,000	5,000
1 do .....	2,000	2,000
1 do .....	1,000	1,000
1 do .....	500	2,000
10 Real Estate .....	300	3,000
30 Furniture sets .....	200	3,000
(9) do .....	100	4,000
200 Gold Watches .....	50	10,000
100 Silver Watches .....	25	2,500
100 do do .....	15	1,500
100 do do .....	10	1,000
1000 do do .....	10	10,000
1000 Toilet Sets .....	5	5,000

It is offered to redeem all prizes in cash, less a commission of 10 per cent.  
Winners, names not published unless specially authorized:  
A. A. AUDET, Secretary  
Office, 19 St. James street, Montreal Can.  
TICKERS \$1, 11 TICKETS FOR \$10.00

**The Province of Quebec Lottery**

AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE  
For public purposes such as Educational Establishment and large Hall for the St. John Baptist Society of Montreal.

MONTHLY DRAWINGS FOR THE YEAR 1891  
January 14, February 11, March 11, April 8, May 13, June 10, July 8, August 12, September 9, October 14, November 11, December 9.

SEVENTH MONTHLY DRAWING JANUARY 14, 1891

3134 PRIZES  
**WORTH \$52,740.00**  
CAPITAL PRIZE  
**WORTH \$15,000.00**  
TICKET, . . . \$1.00  
11 TICKETS for \$10.00  
*Ask for circulars.*

**LIST OF PRIZES.**

1 Prize worth \$15,000—	\$15,000	\$15,000
1 " " " " " "	5,000	5,000
1 " " " " " "	2,500	2,500
1 " " " " " "	1,250	1,250
2 Prizes " " " "	500	1,000
5 " " " " " "	250	1,250
25 " " " " " "	50	1,250
100 " " " " " "	25	2,500
200 " " " " " "	15	3,000
500 " " " " " "	10	5,000

Approximation Prices.  
100 " " " " " " 25 2,500  
100 " " " " " " 15 1,500  
100 " " " " " " 10 1,000  
999 " " " " " " 5 4,995  
999 " " " " " " 5 4,995

3134 Prizes worth \$52,740  
S. E. LEFEBVRE, -- MANAGER,  
81 St. James St., Montreal Can.



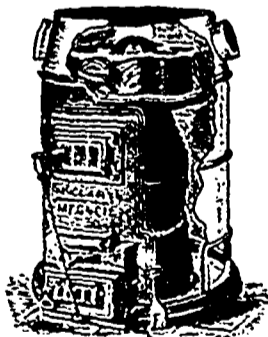
The Antidote to Alcohol found at Last!

A NEW DEPARTURE  
**The Father Mathew Remedy**  
Is a certain and speedy cure for intemperance and destroys all appetite for alcoholic liquor. The day after a debauch, or any intemperance indulgence, a single teaspoonful will remove all mental and physical depression.  
It also cures every kind of FEVER, DYSPEPSIA, and TORPIDITY OF THE LIVER when they arise from other causes than intemperance. It is the most powerful and wholesome tonic ever used.  
When the disease is not strong one bottle is enough; but the worst case of delirium tremens do not require more than three bottles for a radical cure.  
If you cannot get from your druggist the pamphlet on Alcohol its effect on the Human Body, and intemperance as a Disease, it will be sent free on writing to.  
S. Lachance, Druggist, Sole Proprietor  
1538 and 1540 Catherine st., Montreal

**CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED**

TO THE EDITOR:  
Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully,  
T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 188 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

**D. B. DENISON**



581 Queen St. WEST  
General dealer in  
Stoves Ranges Heating Apparatus Etc.

A complete line of Tinware, Coal Oil, etc., always on hand  
Agent for the celebrated

**McClary's & Copp's FURNACES**

These Furnaces cost 25 per cent less and consume only half the quantity of fuel than most other Furnaces

References given. Estimates Furnished  
Eave Troughing and Jobbing attended to

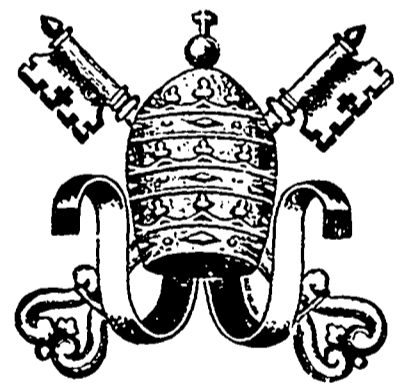
**TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE**

Best Teeth on rubber, \$5; on celluloid \$10  
All work absolutely painless. Vitalized Air  
C. H. RIGGS, L.D.S., South east cor. King & Yonge sts. Toronto. Telephone 1476

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE. During the month of December 1890, mails close are as follows:

	Close.	Due.
	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
G. T. R. East .....	6.00 7.35	7.45 10.30
O. and Q. Railway..	7.30 8.15	8.00 9.20
G. T. R. West.....	7.00 3.20	12.40 7.40
N. and N. W. ....	7.00 4.10	10.00 8.10
T. G. and B.....	6.30 3.45	11.10 9.00
Midland.....	6.30 3.35	12.30 9.30
C. V. R.....	6.00 3.20	11.55 10.15
G. W. R.....	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
	6.00 4.00	10.30 8.20
	11.30 9.30	
	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
U. S. N. Y.....	6.00 4.00	9.00 5.45
	11.30 9.30	10.30 11.00
U. S. West States	6.00 9.30	9.00 7.20
	12.00	

English mails will be closed during Dec. as follows: Dec., 1, 4, 8, 11, 15, 18, 22, 25, 29.



**FRECHON & CO.**

All kinds of Vestments and  
**CHURCH ORNAMENTS**

1645 NOTRE DAME ST.  
MONTREAL.

**R. BEULLAC**

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

**Church Ornaments**

1674 NOTRE DAME ST.

**MONTREAL.**

Send to us for Catalogue & Price List

**SURPRISE SOAP**

Can save half the hard wearing-out toll of wash day and be fresh and strong. Can have clothes sweet, snowy-white, never yellow. Flannels not to shrink, cotton not to harden, but soft and white. Use the "surprise" way. No boiling or scalding. Remarkable! Try it! READ THE DIRECTIONS ON THE WRAPPER.

ST. CREIX SOAP MFG. CO. St. Stephen, N. B.

Send us 25 SURPRISE wrappers and get one of our beautiful engravings.

**Dominion : Line : Royal : Mail STEAMSHIPS WINTER SEASON.**  
Liverpool Service—Sailing Dates

FROM PORTLAND	FROM HALIFAX
Ontario..... about " 10th	
Toronto..... Thur. " 13th	Sat. ...Dec. 20th
Dominion..... about " 24th	
Vancouver.... " Jan 1st	" Jan. 3rd

No passengers carried Bristol

**RATES OF PASSAGE.**

Cable from Portland or Halifax to Liverpool \$ 0. 50 and \$60. Return \$20. 250. \$110. Intermediate \$25. Steerage \$20.

\* These Steamers have Saloon, State-rooms, Music-room and Bath-rooms amidships, where but little motion is felt, and carry no Cattle or Sheep

G. W. TORRENCE, DAVID TORRENCE & Co  
18 Front St. W Gen. Agts.  
Toronto. Montreal & Portland



A NATURAL REMEDY FOR

Epileptic Fits, Falling Sickness, Hysterics, St. Vitus Dance, Nervousness, Hypochondria, Melancholia, Incubity, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Brain and Spinal Weakness.

This medicine has direct action upon the nerve centers, allaying all irritabilities and increasing the flow and power of nerve fluid. It is perfectly harmless and leaves no unpleasant effects.

Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Erenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind. for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

**KOENIG MEDICINE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.**

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Price \$1 per Bottle. 6 Bottles for \$5.  
Agents Lyman & Co. Toronto

An Only Daughter Cured of Consumption.

When death was hourly expected from Consumption, all remedies having failed and Dr. H. James was experimenting, he accidentally made a preparation of Indian Hemp, which cured his only child, and now gives this recipe free on receipt of two stamps to pay expenses. Hemp also cures night sweats, nausea at the stomach, and will break a fresh cold in twenty-four hours. Address Craddock & Co., 1032 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa., naming this paper.

**POEMS OF Pope Leo XIII. English and Latin Verse**

WITH BIOGRAPHY of the Supreme Pontiff

In Morocco : \$3.50  
In Cloth : \$2.50

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**THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW**

THE ROYAL

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706 Craig St., Montreal

Suits, Dresses, Table and Piano Covers Cleaned or Dyed.

Lace Curtains Cleaned or Colored in all the Newest Shades and finished perfect

We have no branches or agencies. Express orders promptly attended to  
JNO. L. JENSEN, Proprietor

**C. M. B. A.**

We make a specialty of manufacturing C. M. B. A. Pins & Emblems in Gold from \$1. upwards.

These Pins are of best workmanship and will be sent to any address on receipt of price.

**T. WHITE,**

Watchmaker and Jeweller

1947 NOTRE DAME ST., MONTREAL

**KEIRAN & McADAM**

WHOLESALE & RETAIL

**COAL and WOOD**

Best qualities of Hardwood, Pine, Slabs and Coal, on cars at all times and for prompt retail delivery and lowest prices.

We also handle an article in bundles Kindling at \$1. per hundred bundles, which gives great satisfaction.

**MERCHANTS' GARGLING OIL LINIMENT.**

**CURES** Rheumatism, Burns, Scalds, Chills, Bruises, Frost Bites, Sprains and Bruises, Chapped Hands, External Poisons, Flesh Wounds, Toothache, Cramps or Internal Pain, Bites of Animals and Insects, Galls of ALL kinds, Lambs Back, Spasms of the Stomach, Asthma, Phlegm, Stiff, Cough, Garget in Cows, Spavin, Pail Evil, Internal PAINS Swerney, Stranghail, Foundered Feet, Foot Rot in Sheep, Scratches or Grease, Roup in Poultry, Windgalls, Contraction OF THE Muscles, Fistula, Cracked Heels, Mango in Dogs, Epizootic, Chills and Fever, Sand Cracks, Caked Breasts, and many other diseases incident to human, fowl and animal FLESH.

Largo bottles, \$1.00; medium 50c.; small 25c.; small size for family use 10c. Sold by all druggists and dealers in general merchandise. Manufactured by Merchant's Gurgling Oil Co., Lockport, N. Y. U. S. A.  
JOHN HODGE, Secy.

**BRODERICK & HERBERT**  
Undertakers and Artistic Embalmers  
FUNERAL DIRECTORS  
Open Day and Night. Charges moderate  
675 QUEEN STREET WEST

**THE GREAT REMEDY!**

By Destroying all living Poisonous Germs IN THE BLOOD.

**RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER**

is a Safe and Sure Cure for all Diseases of Throat and Lungs, Kidneys, Liver and Stomach, Female Complaints and for all Forms of Skin Diseases.

Making inquiries; no charge; convincing Testimonials at hand, write to. Ask your druggist for it, or write to

**WM. RADAM MICROBE KILLER CO. LTD.,**  
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Beware of Imitations. See Trade Mark  
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By Rev. CLARENCE SATTERLEE.  
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Dialogues for Christmas by Margaret Holmes, Price 25 cents. Send for our full descriptive Catalogue of Christmas Book-Plays, Dialogues, Readings, Recitations, Speeches, Charades, Tableaux, Pantomimes, Books of Games, Sports and Amusements, Athletics, Gymnastics, Magic, Ventri-loquism, etc., etc. Address mentioning this magazine.  
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