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# The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. VI.

Toronto, Saturday, June 18, 1892.

No. 19

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

By order, E. F. E. Roy,  
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, June 7th., 1892.

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CINCINNATI, O., Feb. 1892.

I, the undersigned, hereby state that my son had epileptic fits over two years but was cured by Pastor Koenig's remedy entirely. I make this statement out of gratitude.

322 Race Street, JOHN NUENLITZ.

The undersigned knowing the above named J. Nuenlitz's family, is fully convinced of the truth of above statement.

P. M. SCHAEFER, C. Pastor of St. Francis Church.

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CONDÉ B. PALLEN, in Education-Review.

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### ANNUAL MEETING.

PURSUANT to the Act of Incorporation, Notice is hereby given that the 22nd Annual Meeting of the

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WM. HENDRY,

April 20th, 1892

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# The Catholic Weekly Review.

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Vol. VI.

Toronto, Saturday, June 18, 1892

No. 19

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Irish parliamentary party unanimously invites you to accept an Irish seat at the General Election.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY,  
JOHN DILLON,  
MICHAEL DAVITT,  
P. M. HEALY,  
Wm. O'BRIEN.

The publication of this communication has excited enormous interest among the friends of Home Rule. All agree that his acceptance will be of immense service to the Liberal party in the coming elections. His decision will be anxiously awaited. *The World* says:

It may be said that it is extremely unlikely that Mr. Blake would make the sacrifice that the acceptance of such a position would involve. It is merely necessary to point out, however, that Mr. Blake has been making such sacrifices for years, and for a cause so profoundly important as the settlement of the Irish question he would not stop at any sacrifice. That consideration, his friends say, will form but a very small part of his calculations.

The remark is made that no Parnellite name appears on the requisition. This is of the very slightest importance. The Paanellite faction will simply disappear in the coming election.

\* \* \*  
WAKE UP.

English papers to hand are unanimous in the opinion that the cause of Irish Home Rule will depend in the next general election very largely on American subscriptions. What are you going to do to help?

J. J. Curran, Q.C., .....	\$20
Jos. Bondidier .. .. .	5
A Toronto Priest .....	5

## THE GOOD SHEPHERDS.

We present elsewhere a very interesting historical notice of the two Institutes commonly known as "the Good Shepherds." The Institute on West Lodge Ave. (this city) is one of the houses of the original Order, whose correct name is "The Institute of Our Lady of Charity of Refuge." This elaborate appellation is,

for practical purposes, lost, and the House is known everywhere as "the Good Shepherds," a name which insinuates the magnificent work of mercy they carry on.

\* \* \*  
C. O. F.

We give elsewhere a summary of the history of this interesting Order since its inception in 1883 (not 1863 as stated in last week's issue).

## HON. EDWARD BLAKE AND HOME RULE.

The Irish Parliamentary party have made Mr. Edward Blake a unanimous offer of an Irish seat in the British House of Commons. The following cablegram was sent on Tuesday:

Hon. E. Blake, Toronto:

## CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS

P. J. CAHILL, H. C. R., IN "C. O. F. GUIDE."

On the 23rd of May, 1883, the Catholic Order of Foresters was called into existence. On that occasion Rev. Father Kelloy, Hon. John F. Scanlan, John Comisky, John K. Clory, Hon. L. P. Dwyer and a few other gentleman met in Sodality Hall, connected with the Holy Family church, Chicago, drew out a constitution, submitted it to His Grace, Archbishop Feehan, and after considering the matter carefully, His Grace consented to the organization of the Order. On the election for High Chief Ranger Brother Scanlan was elected and was re-elected for five successive terms. During the five years that he held the office he organized 83 courts with a membership of 5000. In the year of 1888 Prof. J. P. Lauth was elected, and held the office two years; that gentleman organized 80 courts with a membership of 6000. In 1890 we succeeded Prof. Lauth. The close of this month brings our official connection with the Catholic Order of Foresters to a close. Since our connection with the Order as High Chief Ranger it has been our desire to unite all elements that compose the Order and to attract to our ranks the young and the vigorous of our manhood. In undertaking that task we had no other desire than to make this Order what it is at the present time, the admiration of all classes by reason of its wonderful growth. It is an Order that is a poor man's organization that has attracted attention of the prelates and clergy of the Church as well as that of the laity. In assuming the office of executive head of the Order, we made sacrifices of time and money; we infused all the energy into the work of organization that our Maker had given to us. Nothing was left undone to establish Courts; our services were at the demand of the Order at all times, and not a cent of the small salary that is set apart for our services did we keep, all went into the work of organization. Our predecessors left 163 Courts for us to look and care for. At the commencement of next month we will hand down to our successor 285 and possibly 295 Courts, with a gain in membership in two years of 11,000, so that when this Order will be called out to celebrate the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by Catholic Columbus, we will present one of the most magnificent demonstrations that will occur in the city enchantments, with brilliant banners and allegorical displays that will leave their impression on the public for a generation, a demonstration that will, by its grand proportion, attract thousands of young men to our ranks. On that occasion will be witnessed for the first time 2000 young men in brilliant uniforms, officered by men of experience. Young Foresters of the uniformed rank will, on that occasion, attract young men of the cities to their rank, by that means, swelling the grand total of our magnificent Order. All this, brothers, has been accomplished within a short period.

## GOD'S MERCY.

Have we not all, amid life's petty strife,  
Some pure ideal of a nobler life  
That once seemed possible? We have, and yet  
We lost it in the daily jar and fret.  
But still our place is kept, and it will wait  
Ready for us to fill it, soon or late.  
No star is ever lost we once have seen!  
We always may be what we might have been.

Adelaide Proctor.

## AMATEUR CHRISTIANITY.

W. H. MALLOCK IN *Fortnightly Review*, LONDON, MAY.  
*Literary Digest Summary.*

Few literary events have been witnessed in recent years, in one way more significant, than the abnormal success of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's *Robert Elsmere*. It was significant on account of the light it threw, not on the writer, but on the mental condition of her readers. In this way it exhibited three things:—first, the amount of unformulated skepticism prevalent among the Christian public; secondly, the eagerness of this public to understand its own skepticisms more clearly; and lastly, its eagerness to discover that whatever its skepticism might take from it, something would still be left it which would be really the essence of Christianity.

The success of *Robert Elsmere*, and the prosperity of numerous journals, of which it will be sufficient to name the *Review of Reviews* and the *Spectator*, are an expression of the prevalence of the devout idea that the essence of Christianity will somehow survive its doctrines. The moral tone of the three publications is the same, so also is the fundamental doctrine which Mrs. Ward expresses with trenchant brevity, namely: "Miracles do not happen."

The point, therefore, which I propose to consider is whether this hope of theirs is based on any reality or merely on prejudice or self-delusion? If all the traditional doctrines as to Christ's nature are discarded, is there anything left us that we can honestly call Christianity? With a certain reservation we answer: Yes—a great deal is left. A large part of orthodox and traditional Christianity—and the part most intimately connected with practical life and character—has survived, and is surviving, the discredit of orthodoxy and tradition. The question, however, is not whether this part survives, but whether it survives unchanged, and to what extent it can honestly appropriate the name of the whole.

The term Christian has meant for eighteen hundred years a belief that Christ is God. If we were using the word now for the first time, we might apply it with equal propriety to anyone who revered Christ, but we cannot so apply it now without a distinct spiritual fraud.

To avoid misunderstanding, let me say here that Christianity has hitherto meant a union of two elements, of which one is moral and emotional, the other doctrinal. We may call one the Christianity of the heart, the other the Christianity of the head. Now, ignoring every other change, the Christianity of the heart, divorced from the Christianity of the intellect, is the Christianity of the heart turned upside down, and resting on a new foundation. Originally the foundation was Christ, now it is ourselves. Originally certain precepts were revered because Christ enjoined them. In the present case, Christ is revered because He enjoined certain things. Our own moral, or our own spiritual judgment is the ultimate sanction of our religion. That Christ is the perfect type, Mrs. Ward maintains with as much unction as Cardinal Newman, but while the Cardinal would have answered that he knew the type to be perfect, because it was the type revealed by God in taking man's flesh upon Him, Mrs. Ward can only account for her certitude by saying that it is the type which commends itself to her own judgment. On her own admission, she does not hold her belief on Christ's authority, or on any authority but her own.

Mrs. Ward and her friends then, if stripped of their tattered livery of phrases, of which they could be denuded by a child, so completely have they renounced all right to them, are seen to be nothing more than a set of lay sectaries, bound together merely by an accidental coincidence of opinions, and forming a special party in the world of religion and morals, just as the League of the White Rose does in the world of politics. Such being the case, this religion of theirs, however much we may respect it in themselves, has in it nothing permanent. Not only is it not calculated to make proselytes in the present, but it has no self-preservative principle which can keep its doctrines from decomposition, or at all events from indefinite change. It has nothing in it with which to conquer the consciences of those who are not in sympathy with it, or to coerce the consciences of those who are. It is nothing more than a fashion in spiritual dress. Its votaries may at present follow it with the same ardor as that with which women adopt the fashionable millinery at the moment, but like any fashion in millinery it is certain not to endure. In other words, Christianity with a non-miraculous Christ, is merely a form of opinion, of feeling, or of prejudice, which is no doubt honest, even to the degree of fanaticism, but which is due entirely to peculiar and transitory circumstances; and which, although retaining at present the semblance of many Christian features, retains them only like shapes taken by a cloud,

and doomed to be lost or metamorphosed in the restlessness of the air.

Mrs. Ward stands as the representative of respectable English middle-class Nonconformity, and the peculiar character of its moral ideas and precepts are due as much to national and social conditions, and the history of this country during the past four hundred years, as they are to the words of Christ recorded in the Four Gospels.

## THE BRITISH ELECTIONS.

It is generally believed that the Liberal Unionists will be practically wiped out at the approaching elections in the United Kingdom. No third party, except the Irish party, has ever lived long. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre pointed this out shortly after the general election of 1886, and predicted the early extinguishment of the Liberal Unionists. The Liberal "cave" which defeated Lord John Russell's Reform Bill in 1866 came to a speedy end, some of its members being beaten at the ensuing election and the rest, after a period of penance, being re-absorbed into the Liberal party. In 1846 the Tory protectionists seceded from the Peel Administration, 240 of them having voted against the second reading of the bill to repeal the Corn Laws. Eighty of this number, under Lord George Bentinck and Mr. Disraeli, joined the Liberals in defeating the Government on an Irish coercion measure. The seceders constituted two-thirds of the Tory party. The Whigs who succeeded Peel were kept in office by Peel and his minority. In 1852 a coalition was formed by the Liberals and Peelites. At the general election of that year, however, the latter ceased to exist as a separate party, and their leaders Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Cardwell and Mr. Sydney Herbert, became high priests of Liberalism. These two cases show that the attraction of the two great parties soon leads to the obliteration of any third party. The existence as a distinct organism of the Irish Nationalists is due to wholly exceptional causes. Ninety-three Liberals voted against Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule bill and ten abstained from voting. Of the 103 dissentients, 35 withdrew or were defeated at the general election which followed, and a few made their peace with Mr. Gladstone. The faction put forward seventy new candidates. Their plan of campaign provided that, wherever at the previous general election, in November, 1885, the majority in favor of a Liberal candidate had been small, he should be attacked by a Tory candidate with the full support of the Unionist Liberals; where, however, the majority at the last election had been large, the Liberal Unionists undertook the task of fighting the sitting Liberal member with the promise of full support from the Tory party. The upshot was that the Liberal Unionists elected between 70 and 75 members. With them behind it the Salisbury Government had a majority in the Commons of 118. Lord Hartington (now in the Upper House) and Mr. Chamberlain believed for a time that they could compel their old comrades to abandon home rule. Mr. Chamberlain, who is almost as good a political arithmetician as Mr. Gladstone, made out that of the 1,300,000 electors who voted for home rule in 1886 in an aggregate poll of 2,700,000, only about 300,000 really favored it, the rest being carried captive by Mr. Gladstone's great personality; hence, he argued, so soon as Mr. Gladstone disappears, if not before, the bulk of the Liberal rank and file will throw over the new policy. Time and events have upset this calculation. The Liberal Unionists have not made any headway since 1886. On the contrary, five of them have gone back to Mr. Gladstone and like the Tories they have lost at bye-elections, the net result being that in the House the Gladstonians have gained 26 seats or 52 on a division.

And the prospect before the Liberal Unionists is far from bright. The Liberal electors who voted for them in 1886 have been drifting back to their old allegiance, and, as Mr. Edward Dickey has frequently noted in magazine articles, the old-fashioned Tories are by no means enamored with the alliance. It goes against the grain when they have to vote for men who profess to be Liberals and even Radicals on every subject but one. Since the split Mr. Chamberlain has sat with his former colleagues on the front Opposition bench, as if to proclaim that he has not changed his creed save upon the Irish question. Mr. Dickey, himself a Liberal Unionist, urges him to move to the Tory side and effect a fusion with the Tories in all things. It is highly probable that this step will be forced upon Mr. Chamberlain. Whether Mr. Gladstone sweeps the country or not next month all agree that the Liberal Unionists will lose a number of seats and be reduced to a mere rump. Mr. Chamberlain's position is a strange and painful one. Only a few years ago he was the rising hope of Radicals and Democrats. He favored the establishment of a "national council" for Ireland for the transaction of Irish business. He looked upon the reversion of the Liberal leadership, on Mr. Gladstone's death or retirement, as within his grasp. He staked everything upon his attempt to win the Liberal party away from Mr. Gladstone on home rule and he has lost. The Liberals are done with him and the more advanced wing regard him with positive aversion. He is strong in Birmingham, where his brilliant career as a municipal ruler is not forgotten, but he is no longer a commanding personage in the country at large. Bye-and-bye, for the slopes of Avernus afford a facile descent, he may become a duke.—*Globe*, 5th June.



A TRIP TO NORTH CAROLINA

IV.

AN OLD PLANTATION.

Sheltered by the grand oak trees,  
Fanned by every mountain breeze,  
Wooded by birds, and humming bees,  
Charming Springfield.

Quaint, old-fashioned, dear retreat,  
Far off from the busy street,  
The turmoil of hurrying feet,  
Peaceful Springfield.

Wide piazzas, open door  
Tell of Southern days of yore,  
Ere shot and shell and cannon roar  
Changed fair Springfield.

Old Plantation memories bring  
The cotton field, the banjo's ring,  
Many happy tales yet cling  
To loved Springfield.

A dreary change since that day,  
When face to face the Blue and Grey  
Met in deadly, fierce array,  
Clouded Springfield.

The towering peaks unchanged are still  
The rugged paths along the hill,  
The daucing, racing mountain rill,  
Smile on Springfield.

Other footsteps, voices gay,  
Echo through its halls to-day,  
Glad some hearts this merry May,  
Old Springfield!

In the witching hour of sunrise we first see Springfield. Guarded by mighty oaks, a green, sloping lawn, dotted with hydrangia, magnolias, rhododendrons, and great crimson roses in a blaze of coloring; a winding avenue flanked with trees, deep stone steps, wide piazzas, arched pilars smothered in purple westeria climbing roses and honeysuckle, solid oak doors, and we are captivated. What a host of reflections come crowding on us standing by the roses—the old days before the war, the wealth, the luxury, the slaves—the scene changes, the loss of home, friends, station, all; all gone but honor. The old planter going forth to battle, never to return; the matron and maid oasted and insulted, deprived of husband, brother and child, and set adrift on a cruel and pitiless world, poorer and more forlorn than the most abject of their former slaves. No wonder now-a-days one will meet ladies here in the most menial positions, but gentlewomen, nevertheless, with the mien and manners of a Duchess. We wander, still pondering, through the lofty hall, and out at the other end by the kitchen, hidden in a thatch of fragrant honeysuckle, by a short path to the "quarters," where the negro retainers of the plantation once reigned—or served—very comfortable and homelike they look this morning, red brick and frame cottages, crowned by venerable oaks. We come on the cook issuing from her dreams, fat, unfair, and forty, her head swathed in a bandana, her face, pleasant, satisfied; her black eyes gaze at us inquiringly and I speak—when did I ever let a good chance pass of so indulging—and she is evidently pleased at our unstinted admiration of the old place. Returning from the stalls two white-capped maids come tripping from the house and we are introduced—performing the ceremony ourselves—to Etta, a pretty mulatto, smiling and beguiling, and her sister Nola, bouncing, merry and vivacious. We saunter to the house, loathe indeed to leave this lovely perfumad air, and find breakfast awaiting us. Behind my chair stands a boy, stolid, solemn, sable very, an immaculate collar, an immense gold (?) chain running across his coat conspicuously, greatly impress me with his importance. While making these discoveries I am startled with a deep, deep "Will you all have bread"—we are only two—right through my back hair, which sends a tremour down my spine. Before I have fully recovered the shock the speaker has disappeared through the doorway, and I smile, which, however, is quickly extinguished by his advent heavily laden. "What is your name?" I impudently ask a few moments later—one likes to know one's distinguished acquaintances—from the centre of the earth comes "John Anderson," and sotto voce I add, "My Joe John," and speculate if he is a relative of my Scotch friend of ballad memory. We get through breakfast decorously; for the first time my tongue is paralyzed with the awful gravity of our negro attendant. Through successive weeks we learn to know John, he is our waiter, mercury, stoker, all in all, anxious to please, yet careless as a child, aggravating, yet his penitence disarms at once. Thus, I have just dispatched him on an important errand, enjoining the utmost speed, as I anxiously await his return. I prepare to wait—one expects that with

John. Time flies, or rather drags, and my Mercury still lingers. Over and over again I treat myself to fierce monologues on his iniquities, prepare crushing speeches that shall wither him when he shall come—if he ever does—contemplate proceedings for his instant dismissal, and—a sauntering, swaggering figure passes the window with a sly gaze thorent which catches my eye, and John Anderson hurries helter skelter, pell-mell, as if he were losing his life in my service. A quick knock, and I turn round and glare prepared to annihilate, a woolly head is thrust in, eyes starting from their sockets, and a panting, anxious, frightened "Did you all ring the bell?" from his open mouth. The sight is too much for me, a superhuman effort if necessary to keep my muscles from relaxing, my eyes from twinkling, and my lips from breaking into smiles. I succeed by keeping a profound silence and looking volumes. He begins with a disgusted list of excuses, as if other people, not John Anderson, were the most careless wretches in the world, and if he in waiting wore the most injured. I am still speechless, dare not relent, or I shall betray myself, I shall, if he does not vanish instantly; he does, seeing I am adamant this morning, and I bury my head in my desk and laugh till the tears come. A magnificent bouquet, gathered and arranged by himself, is the usual amend after disgrace, on the breakfast table when the fault is major, in person, when minor. A boy, yet a baby, a man, yet a child, hungry for sympathy; a cold because he has worn a turn down collar for a day, a headache as he has been a time longer than usual in the sun, all told with amusing simplicity, and he goes away cured because of a few kind words. Poor, loyal, devoted, childlike John, true specimen of your race so little known, so little cared for.

I wander out among the roses, linger lovingly over their fragrant petals; across the lawn comes an old gentleman, straight as an arrow, with the whitest, silkiest hair, frosty, keen blue eyes, ruddy, fresh complexion, quick, active steps. Seeing my delight in his roses, he discusses their varieties with the admiration of a true lover of flowers. His accent has the unmistakable North of Ireland burr, and I like the old familiar sound. I wish to carry off some of his treasures, and he smilingly bids me welcome to my favorites. He brings me round to the best, a tangled mass of white roses running riot over the "quarters." On the way we wax quite friendly, when he suddenly looks down on me and asks rather anxiously, "What part of the country do you come from?" I know what is coming, and gaze back unflinchingly as I proudly roll out Ireland "I—" with a strong Munster brogue intentionally. We look in on each other's eyes with intense meaning; the Boyne water, Orange and Green, Gladstone and Salisbury, Ulster Rule and Home Rule, all flash to the surface in that one glance. There is an ominous pause, and, instinctively, we go back to our roses. Were the encounter to take place on the Emerald Isle how we should have waged war then and there, just now, too, with Lord Salisbury's rebel speech still ringing in our ears, but being in the South, true land of politeness, he was too much of a gentleman, and I had too much respect for my elders, to discuss any less poetical subject than tropical roses.

D. G.

(To be continued.)

THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE HOLY SEE.

THE necessity of the Temporal Power of the Pope is not a dogma, but the natural consequence of a dogma. It is not a revealed truth, but one closely allied to revelation. It is a dogma that the spiritual power of the Pope should not be dependent upon political rulers. The Kingdom of Christ the Church is not of this world, and does not derive its origin from this world. Jesus Christ Himself, when before Pontius Pilate, answered him saying "My Kingdom is not of this world." It follows that the supreme authority which governs the Church, the Papacy, from which all jurisdiction is derived by the prelates who compose its hierarchy, cannot be subject to the secular power. The independence of a society—and the Church is a perfect society—is identical with the independence of its supreme head.

Now, what is to be done to guarantee this independence? Emancipate the Pontiff from all subjection to secular princes. In other words, constitute him a civil sovereign; for, in human society, there is no middle term between subject and sovereign—all are either subjects or sovereigns. The temporal power of the Holy See, although not absolutely requisite for the spiritual independence of the Papacy (since for several centuries the Popes were without it) is nevertheless, morally speaking, indispensable in order that its spiritual independence may, without hindrance, be freely exercised in the face of the whole world.

The Pope needs the College of Cardinals for aid and counsel. He stands in need of the *vicars* and various congregations for the dispatch of business which is forced upon him from every quarter of the globe. How could he feel sure of the impartiality, fidelity, and complete obedience of those employed in his service in so many ways, if they were not legally also subject to his authority. But apart from this, the diverse conditions of the faithful whom the Pope governs, suffice to prove the necessity of his temporal power. The spiritual head of a society which is composed of so many nations cannot, politically speaking, belong to any one of them, but should be extra-na-

tional or to use a more correct term, supernatural. This can only be accomplished by constituting him sovereign ruler of the place in which he resides.

The Pope as a member, even as guest, of any one nation, would justly arouse the jealousy of other nations; and few would be disposed to accept the direction of spiritual affairs from one who might be suspected of serving the interests or being the creature of a foreign sovereign. It is unquestionably just that access to the Pope should be free to all, especially those who could claim the right of his jurisdiction. Yet this privilege and right could never be guaranteed so long as any prince or potentate should have it in his power to interfere with or forbid the free movements of the Pontiff, and those who approach him; or who would be unable or unwilling to protect either or both from any wanton attack by hostile factions. Witness the outrages recently committed on occasion of the French pilgrimage to Rome.

But the most serious difficulty is that the State receiving the Pope in the quality of a subject, thereby loses a considerable part of its own autonomy. The present Italian Government knows this only too well. It is obliged to tolerate a double diplomatic corps, with all its necessary exemptions, etc., inasmuch as every nation has the right to have a representative at the Papal Court. Italy is accountable for the manner in which the Pope is treated, because all Catholics have a right to see that the dignity and independence of their Supreme Chief be assured and respected.

The Law of Guarantees simply supposes the Pope to be a subject, and leaves him a subject. The man for whom a law can be made in his own dominion is subject to the power which enacts it. By enacting this law in behalf of the Pope his sovereignty is denied, and a pretext is created to enforce his subjection. Article XIV. of this law says:

"Every case of dispute regarding the non-observance or violation of any of the prerogatives allowed in the preceding article is to be referred to the supreme judicial authority of the kingdom."

If the recognition and determination of a person's rights depend on the judicial authority of a State, that person is evidently and unquestionably subject to the political authority of that State. The very existence of the so-called Law of Guarantees is precarious. The leaders of the Italian revolution have declared it to be an *internal*, not an international, law, and, consequently, it may be broken or repealed at will by the political party in power.

There is no denying that the overthrow of the Pope's temporal power makes him a subject of the Italian kingdom, and if this is a source of grave difficulty to the Government, the only way to overcome it is to return to the Pope his lawful domain, and replace him upon his throne. To this, *bono gre mel gre*, Italy must finally consent. Senator Tacini has well said that Italy, by her occupation of Rome, has put into circulation an assigned letter of credit going the rounds in the political market of Europe. *Literary Digest, summary.*

#### AN INDEPENDENT OPINION.

Rev. Dr. Douglas made before the Methodist Conference of the Niagara District at Tilsburg a violent attack on the leader of the Dominion Government on account of his being a Catholic. *The World* answers him so thoroughly that we cannot do better than quote. After some remarks on Dr. Douglas' past services to Methodism, it says:

If the venerable and reverend doctor's attack on Sir John Thompson affected that gentleman alone, *The World* would feel no call to come to his assistance, as he is eminently able to look after himself. But Dr. Douglas' speech is an attack on the first principles of liberty and religious toleration, and demands from Protestants a prompt and absolute repudiation. If there is a central idea in Dr. Douglas' speech it is that no Roman Catholic, however learned, however able, however conscientious, dare aspire to honorable and leading positions in the public life of our Dominion. If that is not the logical conclusion, of his utterance, it has no logical conclusion and in the name of British liberty it should be disavowed by every man in the community. It is possible that Dr. Douglas and those who applauded his sentences may say that his dictum only applies to a certain stripe of Roman Catholic—to one converted from Protestantism or one whom he would describe as a Jesuit or an ultramontanist. Such distinctions, however, are totally adventitious. Liberty of opinion permits a man to forsake Roman Catholicism for Protestantism, and the same liberty must be extended to the Protestant to embrace Roman Catholicism. Does Dr. Douglas think ill of the Roman Catholic who renounces that faith for Methodism? If he does not, and we know he does not, is it not the narrowest sort of bigotry to apply a different standard to the man who makes the reverse movement? Dr. Douglas says that his purpose was to "substantiate and endorse his conviction that Sir John Thompson is a lay Jesuit in the Government of this country." Let us see how he substantiates this charge, vague and cloudy though it be. Dr. Douglas said:

"Under the influence of occult forces, which honor forbids that I shall name, he abandoned the faith of his Protestant father, and, by

an instantaneous conversion as phenomenal as the wildest Salvationist, went over not simply to the moderation of Gallican Romanism, but, as the sequel has shown, to the ultima thule of ultramontane Jesuitism. As the immediate result of this conversion he was taken under the aegis of the maritime hierarchy. He immediately began to aggregate political influence. He entered the Nova Scotia Legislature, attaining official recognition, and worked the Legislature for all it was worth, to the advantage of his new faith."

This is all more statement. Every conversion is in a sense instantaneous. A man's convictions may be ripening for years, but there comes an instant when he professes his new faith, and in that sense it is instantaneous. When a man forsakes the faith of his father it is fair to presume that he does so for conscientious reasons. Dr. Douglas rejects that presumption, but hints at occult forces, which honor forbids him to name. Dr. Douglas, as an honorable man, should have named them. Inuendo is impossible to meet, and may be used to destroy any man's reputation. But even if wholly instantaneous there is excellent scriptural authority for that. With respect to his working the Nova Scotia Legislature for all it was worth, he was a member of that Legislature for less than four years and he was Premier for two months. He must have got in his work very rapidly. Just what that nefarious work was the doctor omits to tell us. He ascended the bench and Dr. Douglas finds matter for dark surmise in the fact that he took "the well nigh unprecedented step of descending again to the stormy arena of politics." He seems to have forgotten the case of Sir Oliver Mowat. He asks the question why did Sir John take the well-nigh unprecedented course of descending from the bench to politics, and answers it himself. His answer is not a surprising one. In fact it is the answer that would first suggest itself. He was ambitious to attain distinction in public life, but he expected to do so, says the doctor, because he had behind him the "united and stupendous forces" of Roman Catholicism. The doctor, knowing Sir John's inmost mind, divines that he intended to use the power thus obtained in the interest of ultramontaniam. Of course this is merely a re-assertion of the original statement, without proof.

He then gives the history of Sir John Thompson's first contest in Antigonish. He truly states that Bishop Cameron appeared very solicitous that Sir John should be elected and addressed a letter to his flock advising them to vote for the Conservative candidate. But Dr. Douglas does not record one important fact. Mr. McGillivray, Sir John's Liberal opponent, was also a Roman Catholic and an able gentleman at that. Clearly, then, if the bishop was merely desirous of seeing a good and able son of the church elected he had but to stand aside. Is it not more reasonable to suppose that friendship or political feeling, rather than an ecclesiastical zeal, guided the Bishop in his action? The doctor says that Sir John has the brand of pervert on his brow. It has been as wittily as truly observed that a person who forsakes our faith is a pervert, but one that adopts it is a convert. It is evident that this is the doctor's favorite definition. The doctor then comes to what he terms Sir John's "sophistical speech in defence of Jesuitism." The speech thus characterized was that in which he defended the Government's position in refusing to disallow the Jesuit Estates Act. Remember this was the decision not of Sir John Thompson, but of the Cabinet. On Sir John Thompson as Minister of Justice devolved the duty of defending the Government's position.

Had the office of Minister of Justice been filled by a Protestant he would have had the same duty to perform. Had he taken the same line of argument as Sir John, had he used the self-same words, we would not have heard a word about the "Jesuitical defence of Jesuitism," which is discovered by eager Protestants in every phrase of Sir John's speech. If the policy adopted was wrong put the blame on the Premier of the day and his cabinet, not on one member of it because he happened to be a Catholic. After adducing a number of such proofs as this to "substantiate" his conviction that Sir John Thompson is a lay Jesuit, the doctor says he stands on the grounds of righteous impartiality and that he is "not attacking Romanism." "We want to say," he says, "that our fellow-countrymen of the Catholic faith must have their rights protected. But 800,000 Methodists in this Dominion, with thousands upon thousands of others, resist the idea that a man of the type of Sir John Thompson should ever hold empire over us." As in this long Philippic Dr. Douglas does not seem to have established anything beyond the fact that Sir John is a Catholic, we hope that the 800,000 Methodists of this Dominion will not hold that a man of that type is unfit to be premier of Canada. It would indeed be a dark day for Canada if a man having the ability, the character and the qualifications for leadership should be precluded from the aspirations that these would justify because of his religious faith. If that were the consensus of public opinion we ought to publish it abroad so that Catholics might not be induced to make their home here under false pretences. They should be informed that the high places of state are not for them or for their sons. But this is not the spirit of Protestantism. Man's mental freedom—his indefeasible right to think as he pleases—is the great principle which Protestantism achieved for the world, and it has never had reason to regret its achievement or to endeavor to retrace its steps.

*The Globe* has given prominence to Dr. Douglas' attack on Sir John

Thompson. It owes it to its readers to tell them what it thinks of that attack. Does it endorse it? One of the main pillars of Sir Oliver Mowat's regime is the voting power of the Roman Catholic electors of this province. Will the *Globe* tell this section of the community that none of the distinguished sons of their church need hope or aspire to the chief places in public life?—*W. Id.*, 10th June.

LOCAL.

Rev. Father Britherton's annual picnic will be held at McKenzie's Grove, Kirkfield, on Thursday, June 23rd.

The Knights of St. John attend Mass at 8 o'clock Friday morning at St. Michael's Cathedral. 10 o'clock a.m. Friday, reception of delegates at Horticultural pavillion. Afternoon, parade. Monday evening, banquet to visiting delegates at Webb's parlors.

CONFIRMATION.

His Grace the Archbishop on Sunday last confirmed 72 children at St. Basil's at 9 o'clock, and 56 at Our Lady of Lourdes at the last mass. His Grace will administer the Sacrament of Confirmation in St. Catharines on Thursday, in Merriton on Friday, and in Thorold on Sunday.

Loretto Abbey.

The season of closing exercises was inaugurated on Wednesday by a very nice programme by the junior classes at the Abbey. His Grace the Archbishop was present with some of the clergy. The children acquitted themselves admirably.

Closing Exercises 1892.

Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, on June 16th, at 4.30 p.m.; Loretto Abbey (Bond St.) Monday, June 20th, at 4.30 p.m.; St. Michael's College Thursday, June 21st, at 9.30 a.m.; St. Joseph's Academy, St. Alban's St., Tuesday, June 21st, at 3 p.m.; St. Jerome College, Berlin, Tuesday, June 21st, at 2.30 p.m.; Niagara University, N.Y., Wednesday, June 22nd, at 10 a.m.; Loretto Abbey Wednesday, June 22nd, at 4 p.m.; De La Salle Institute Tuesday, June 28th, at 4 p.m., at Horticultural Gardens; Separate schools Tuesday, June 28th.

There will be a Promenade Concert, in aid of St. Michael's Cathedral, in the Pavillion Music Hall, Horticultural Gardens, on Tuesday, June 21st, 1892. The following is the programme of music by the Band of the Queen's Own Rifles, under the direction of Mr. John Bayley:

PART I.

- Coronation March ..... Scotson (Clarke)
- Overture—"I Martiri" ..... Donizetti
- Fantasia "Erin" ..... Basquit
- Intermezzo "Love's Dream After the Ball" ..... Czibulka

DRAMA—MACBETH.

Instigation Scene (Scene 7, Act 1).

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

- Macbeth ..... J. Havelock Martin
- Lady Macbeth ..... Miss Fannie Martin

PART II.

- Euphonium Solo—"Tehusmeht" ..... Hartmann
- Selection—"Il Trovatore" ..... Verdi
- Piccolo Solo—"Wren Polka" ..... Danure
- Valse—"A Toi" ..... Waldteufel
- Selection—"Rigoletto" ..... Verdi
- Galop—"Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-de-Ay" ..... Mejsler

The refreshment tables will be in charge of the ladies of St. Michael's Cathedral. Open at 7. Admission 25 cents.

TO ELECT A SUPERIORESS.

A NUMBER of the American members of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, one of the most devoted of religious communities, have started for France to attend a general Chapter of their Order, at its Motherhouse, the Convent at Angers, where they will elect a Mother-General to govern the Order for the next six years.

Rev. John Eudes, a pious Norman priest, who was born Nov. 14, 1601, in the parish of Ri, laid the foundation of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, when, in 1611, he established the first Convent of the Order of Our Lady of Refuge at Caen. Father Eudes was ordained a member of the Oratory of Jesus, a community of priests founded by Cardinal de Brudelte, and he soon distinguished himself by his great zeal in the exercise of his ministry. He was particularly fond of preaching retreats to religious communities, and he also

labored incessantly for the reclamation of fallen humanity. The Sisterhood of the Good Shepherd may, in fact, be said to have been started by his love for their sort of work. In 1611, while laboring at Caen, he persuaded a pious woman, Madelaine Lamy, to give shelter in her house to a number of these unfortunates whom he had succeeded in recalling from their evil ways, and, later on, a special house was hired for them; and from the assemblage within that refuge of the first penitents may be dated the organization of the Good Shepherd Sisterhood.

The first nuns, though, did not designate themselves Good Shepherd Sisters. They took the title of the Order of Our Lady of Clarity of the Refuge, and it was not till houses were formed in different parts of France, and for a good number of years later, that Mother Mary of St. Euphrasia, who became Superioress of the Convent of Our Lady of Refuge at Tours, started the movement which won for the Order the name it now bears. The Bishop of Angers desired a house of Father Eudes' Order opened in his episcopal city, and he invited Mother Mary to assume the direction of it. She did so, and her work was attended with wonderful success. Branch establishments springing up in many neighboring places, the idea of having them all governed by a head Sister suggested itself to Mother Mary, and the Bishop of Angers warmly approved of the plan. With three other French prelates he petitioned the Holy See to erect a generalate for the Sisterhood. The petition was favourably considered by the Sacred Congregation, and on April 3, 1835, Gregory XVI., by the issuance of a Pontifical brief, named the community the Order of Our Lady of the Good Shepherd, allowed it to elect a general and named Cardinal Odescalchi as its protector. Strictly speaking it was not until the appearance of this brief that the Sisters of the Good Shepherd were organized, but the two communities, the Shepherdesses and the Order of Our Lady of Refuge are practically the same and both acknowledge Father Eudes as their founder.

Of the older branch of the Order the first nun to put on the habit and pronounce her vows was Madameiselle de Taillofer, the daughter of one of the oldest Norman families, who became one of the Order of Our Lady of Refuge 250 years ago, and the first Superioress was Mother Patin, a former Visitation nun, who died in 1668. After her death the Sisters chose Sister St. Peter their Mother Superior, and it is recorded of her that her administration was one of profit to the Order. Mother Euphrasia, who obtained from Rome the letters instituting the Order of Our Lady of the Good Shepherd, was the first General of that branch, and because of the Establishment by her of the Convent at Angers the Sexennial elections of the Order are always held there, that convent being regarded as the motherhouse of all other institutions of the Good Shepherdesses in the world.

In France the Order is very numerous in members, and the Good Shepherd Sisters are very deservedly held in the highest estimation, as indeed, they are wherever they are to be found. "What shall we say," one writer has remarked of them, "of these religious who choose for their daily companions the most degraded of their sex, so as to win these poor lost sheep back to the fold of God? What shall we say of Virtue going to look for Vice, of Modesty searching out Ribaldry, overcoming the mere instincts of respectability to save one brand from the burning, one immortal soul from hell, for the love of that eternal King who died for us all?"

The Sisters of the Good Shepherd came to this country in 1842, at the invitation of the Right Rev. Benedict Joseph Flaget, the first Bishop of Bardstown, who requested them to open a house in Kentucky. They have prospered well in the United States and have establishments now in many of the Sees, being found in most of our large cities, where their excellent work commends them to all classes, irrespective of religious lines. Their greatest establishment, though, is the motherhouse at Angers, where the general chapters are held. This house has many separate departments, their number being eight or more, the nuns, the Magdalens, the penitents, orphans, boarders, all forming separate communities. The habit of the Order is white in color for the professed nuns and choir Sisters, with a black veil for the latter. The lay Sisters wear a brown robe with a white veil. Inside the habit a cross, in memory of Christ's passion, is worked, and on the day of each nun's profession a silver heart is blessed for her to wear about her neck. In the older branch of the Order, the Sisters of Our Lady of Refuge, the girdle was white, but the Good Shepherdesses have substituted a blue cord therefor, and wear, besides, a large pair of beads.

The recognized founder of both orders, Father Eudes, labored for the greater portion of his life in Normandy; he is said to have declined more than one mitre, and he died August 19, 1680. In addition to the foundation of the Order of Our Lady of Refuge, he also established the Third Order of the Daughters of the Sacred Heart and the Congregations of Jesus and Mary, both of which communities have done much good wherever they were established.—*William D. Kelly, in Catholic Columbian.*

He only confers favours generously who appears, when they are once conferred, to remember them no more.



## The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commended by

The Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto.

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Published by

The Catholic Review Publishing Company, (Limited)

Offices: 64 Adelaide St. East, (opposite Court House).

A. C. MACDONELL, President.

J. D. MACDONELL, Manager.

REV. W. FLANNERY, Associate Editor

Terms: \$200 per annum, or \$1.50 if paid strictly in advance. Advertisements acceptable in character and limited in number, will be taken at the rate of \$2 per line per annum 10 cents per line for ordinary insertions. CLUB rates: 10 copies, \$15.

All advertisements will be set up in such style as to insure the tasteful typographical appearance of the Review and enhance the value of the advertisements in its columns.

Remittances by P. O. Order or draft should be made payable to the manager.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1892.

### SUNDAY PAPERS.

If any city in Canada could support a Sunday paper one would suppose Montreal would fill the bill. Nevertheless "Sunday Morning" has ceased publication after five issues. The Canadian atmosphere is evidently not yet congenial to Sunday papers. —*Ex*

We quote an exchange whose name we suppress until it answers the following conundrum. "If any city in Canada could support a Sunday paper one would suppose Montreal would fill the bill because it is ahead of the times; or because it is behind the times—which?"

### A TORONTO FENIAN.

SAM HUGHES (M. P. for North Victoria) alludes to Mr. Peter Ryan as a "Toronto Fenian," whereupon the *News* (9 June) says:

If that "Toronto Fenian" ever comes within hitting distance of Major Sam Hughes it will not be necessary to call in the courts for the purpose of creating a vacancy in North Victoria.

And the *Telegram* (same date) says:

"Fenians" like Peter Ryan, are infinitely less dangerous to British connection than loyalists like Sluggies of North Victoria.

Like most of the *Telegram's* remarks, this makes good reading for both sides.

### MARRIAGE OF CATHOLICS BEFORE A MAGISTRATE OR MINISTER.

It is still regarded as a heinous offence by the Roman Catholic Church in Ontario for couples professing that religion to be married by Protestant ministers. A recent occurrence makes this apparent. At Marmora lately two young people who had been wedded by a Protestant clergyman were compelled to undergo open and public penance for their disregard of the mandate of the Church. After they had been sufficiently humiliated the priest went through the marriage service, and they were declared man and wife. It would be interesting to know which wedding was legally binding. The civil contract could not date from the second ceremony because the couple were already united, but the action of the priest shows that in Ontario as well as Quebec the Roman Catholic Church claims in this respect to override the authority of the State.—*Mail*, 8th June.

It is evidently in the eyes of the *Mail* a heinous offence that the Catholic Church should be or say or do anything. What is wrong in the Church's action in such a case as the above? Every Catholic of marriageable age is presumed to know the oft stated common law of the Church, which forbids contract of marriage otherwise than before the priest. If a Catholic having wantonly broken the law seek reconciliation, he must repent of

the sin committed and make amends for the scandal given. That part of the *Mail's* account which alleges that the priest remarried the parties spoken of above is, we believe, incorrect. Marriage of a Catholic before a magistrate or minister is, in Ontario, if no other impediment exist, valid; but mortally sinful and a scandalous breach of a grave precept. The authority of the State, which the *Mail* thinks outraged, cannot possibly extend to dictating to the Catholic Church what form she shall follow in the reconciliation of her erring but repentant children, and she is the only competent judge of "when they are sufficiently humiliated." If there was more of the "humiliating" done there would be less of the scandal given.

### HISTORICAL LIES AND MISTAKES.

DR. PARSON'S work (noticed elsewhere) let light into a dark corner the instant we took it up. Years ago we read Kingsley's *Hypatia* and do not scruple to confess the interest it aroused. One phrase beyond the others has haunted us since the reading. The volume is not at hand, and we quote from memory. But *Hypatia* says, or Orestes says, (it matters not) "and Cyril's bloodhounds will be loose to-night." The phrase grated, and, like a mote in the eye, left an undefinable impression of long pain after the active cause had passed away. "Cyril's bloodhounds—" And now we find that Kingsley was only a poor plagiarist of Voltaire who, years before, spoke of "Cyril's tattered hounds." They both lied, but the balance is in favor of Voltaire. He was professedly an infidel; whereas the other was professedly a Church of England clergyman.

### COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE SCHOLARSHIPS.

At the regular meeting of the Collegiate Institute Board on Tuesday evening, 7th June, Mr. F. P. Henry, who represents the Separate School Board on the Collegiate Institute Board, objected to the adoption of the clause in the Management Committee's report, limiting the Collegiate's scholarships to Public School pupils.

The report of the School Management Committee recommended that (1) of the 30 scholarships to be granted annually by the board twelve be reserved from general competition, six to be awarded to the girls who stand highest among the candidates from the public schools and six to the boys, the regulation to be limited to this year;

Mr. Henry objected to limiting these twelve scholarships to the public schools, and moved that they be thrown open to all the schools, separate as well as public.

Mr. Lee explained that it had been customary for years to give these scholarships for competition among public school pupils, that many pupils had been working all year on this understanding, and that it would be unfair to throw them open to others at this late period. Mr. Henry's amendment was thrown out and the clause adopted.—*Globe*, 8th June.

The injustice is so flagrant that the *Telegram* says:

HE JUST.

Differences such as that which arose in the Collegiate Institute Board on Tuesday night are one of the penalties of the Separate school system.

Grievances, real or fancied, will always disfigure the debates in bodies where supporters of the two schools meet. In this case the majority is strong enough to go out of its way to be just to the minority.

The Separate schools are entitled, not to all, but to a share of everything granted to the Public schools. All rights or privileges granted to the one should be afforded to the other in proportion to the number of, if not the taxation, contributed by Separate school supporters. *Telegram*, 9th June.

### ENLIST THE PULPIT.

A little activity just at this season could secure an observance of the Confederation anniversary, appropriate, general and enthusiastic.

An appeal to all the churches of Canada to especially remember the nation in their services on the first Sunday of July would reach thousands the lessons of the anniversary.

The pulpit gets at those who cannot be reached by other agencies. Its duty and privilege is to improve the patriotic occasion. Perhaps it is too late this year to start a movement that would spread outside the province, but if the Anglican Synod, Methodist conference and the Presbyterian General Assembly

were approached between now and the first of July, the Dominion anniversary might be honored and its real significance illustrated in thousands of churches on Sunday, July 3.—*Telegram, 8 June.*

We notice that the Public School Inspector, James L. Hughes, has already taken on himself the office of recruiting sergeant for "the pulpit." He has gravely admonished the Methodists in Conference assembled of their duty as Canadians, and exhorted them to its fulfilment. Dominion Day will celebrate itself all right, even though "the pulpit" were to mind its own business, or Jas. L. to forget all about anything Canadian except the nice long Canadian currency due him for salary on 30th June. What we object to is not the celebration of Dominion Day in fine style always, and in extra fine style this year, as twenty-fifth anniversary of our present Confederation, but to the furthering of the idea that no one is loyal to Confederation who does not celebrate in unison with Jas. L. Hughes and his kind. Forty-one per cent. of the Canadian population take a view different from that of Mr. Hughes of the way to celebrate the day, and if they don't want their enjoyment variegated with hymns by the school children and prayers by the parsons Mr. Hughes must excuse them and say no naughty things about them. His fakes and fads, which he bolsters up by just such buncombe as this Dominion Day business, have already led the Public School a pretty jaunt, and "serves them right." Nothing has been too hot or too heavy for the Orange gang in the School Board, and public school ratepayers are just beginning to find them out.

#### A GOOD EXAMPLE.

When it became generally known in the parish of St. Thomas that His Grace Archbishop Walsh had consented to act as treasurer of an Irish fund for the furtherance of the cause of Home Rule in Ireland, a meeting was convened and held in the Separate School last Sunday afternoon. Rev. Father Flannery, being requested to act as chairman of the meeting, explained in brief words that its object was to remind those present that a last chance was given all Irishmen and their descendants on this continent to give material help to the men in Ireland and England who are now making one great and supreme effort to strike off the chains that for centuries have kept Ireland hounded down to periodical famines, to coercion laws and national degradation. If at the coming elections, through want of funds or help from us, the Irish constituencies are unable to send the required number of tried and incorruptible members to the House of Commons, the cause of Home Rule for Ireland will be buried out of sight probably for the next fifty years, if not for all time to come. After some eloquent and soul stirring speeches from Mr. John King, H. M. Customs, Thomas Kelly and John T. Coughlin, reeve, it was unanimously resolved that a subscription list be at once opened, and that committees be struck for canvassing the city and neighbouring townships for contributions to the Home Rule fund. The returns shall be made no later than next Sunday or the Sunday following, when the sums collected, with names of donors, shall be transmitted to His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, and inserted in the Irish Catholic journals of the Dominion.—*St. Thomas Journal.*

Meetings similar to that held last Sunday afternoon in St. Thomas, may be called in every parish in the Province. Men of undoubted probity and patriotism, who command the respect of their fellow-citizens, could hold meetings, open subscription lists and strike off committees for canvassing the friends and sympathizers of martyred Ireland, who are only waiting for some one to call on them or for some one to make a move in the right direction when thousands shall follow.

It is now a certainty that a general election will be held in the United Kingdom, late in the summer of this present year of grace. It is certain also that the returns of this general election will decide for a long time, perhaps for ever, whether Ireland is to be a free country, or, as Mr. W. Vernon Harcourt said, a nation of Helots for all time to come. Mr. Gladstone, the first great Englishman who has had the courage to raise his potent voice in favor of redressing the wrongs and healing the sores of the Sister Kingdom, that bleeds at every pore; Mr. Gladstone, who is ambitious of the glory of having inscribed on his tomb "I gave Freedom to Ireland;" Mr. Gladstone, who has made the cause of Ireland the objects of his most serious thoughts by day and of his dreams by night, is now, alas! nearing the

close of a grand career, and cannot be expected to maintain his vigor of mind and body, even should his life be prolonged, until the end of another session of seven years' duration. Let Home Rule be now set back through want of unity on the part of Irishmen at home or through apathy on the part of Ireland's sons in America and Australia; let the game be now lost, while all the trump cards are in our hands, and another century of coercion laws, of national disaffection, of periodical famines, of partial rebellions, of discord, defeat, and degradation is before the people of Ireland, which nothing can avert, which no influence in church or State can ever prevent, and the horrors of which but God alone can ever mitigate. Should Ireland fail this time in obtaining her long-wished for liberties, at least we all and every one in Canada may say, it was not our fault, we did our best; but should Ireland, with God's help, cast off the foreign yoke, and return again to the golden period of her existence, when *insula Sanctorum* was her name; then, indeed, it will be the pride and boast of every true man to say: I thank my God, I gave my mite and helped to its crowning the glorious cause of Ireland.

#### CHIEF REASONS FOR POVERTY IN IRELAND.

FANATICS of the *Mail* genus would make believe, what is very often openly proclaimed in pulpit and on platform, "that the Catholic religion is, in the main, answerable for the poverty of Ireland." But history has a far different tale to tell, and few of Ireland's enemies like to hear it. One cause of *four-fifths* owning but one-half the wealth of Ireland is found in the Plantation itself. Six populous counties, the most prosperous in Ireland, were swept of their Catholic owners; and Protestants from Scotland and England set down on "planted" right on their very lands, with houses, barns, and implements of husbandry all thrown in by the gracious pleasure of his equitable and honest Majesty, King James I. The historian Leland says: King James set about distributing three hundred and eighty-five thousand acres of the finest and best cultivated land in the country: there were three divisions made of the spoils:

First, to English and Scotch, who were to plant their proportion of English and Scotch tenants.

Secondly, to Territors in Ireland, that is to persons employed under Government, who might take English or Irish tenants at their choice.

Thirdly, to the natives of those counties who were to be freeholders.

But persons of Irish descent or "mere Irish" were not permitted to reside upon the land at all. Nor were any Catholics so permitted who had not taken the oath of supremacy and renounced the faith of their fathers. *Articles concerning the Territors* "They shall take the oath of supremacy, and be conformable in religion as the Undertakers. They shall not alien their portions' or any part thereof, to the mere Irish, or to any such person or persons as will not take the oath of supremacy, and abjure the errors of Rome." *Harris's Hibernica*—"Article 7. the undertakers, their heirs and assigns shall not alien or demise their portions, or any part thereof, to the mere Irish (Catholic Irish) or to such persons as will not take the oath of supremacy. Article 10. The said undertakers shall not alien their portions during five next years after the date of their letters patent.

. . . but after the said five years, they shall be at liberty to alien or lease to all persons except the mere Irish, and such as will not take the oath." The maxim of King James was: "Plant Ireland with Puritans, root out the Papists, and then secure it." So much for Ulster. About forty years after, in 1649, Oliver Cromwell, after massacring first the soldiers who laid down their arms on condition of their lives being spared, then all the men, women and children found in Drogheda and Wexford, Oliver Cromwell drove all Catholic land owners with

their tenants across country and forced them in to Connaught at the point of the bayonet. Thus were two provinces disposed of, that is Leinster and Ulster.

In 1690 King William, after the seige and violated treaty of Limerick, parcelled out Munster among his followers. The Sarsfields, Clares, Dillons and O'Briens chose the service of the French monarch who had essayed to protect them. The lands of Munster were all divided among the German auxiliaries of King William, himself a Hollander, while the rightful owners were banished or beheaded. Connaught, the poorest province, alone remained for the Catholics to be crowded into what is now called the "congested districts."

But even in Connaught, as in the other portions of Ireland, the further existence, as owners, of Catholics had to contend with the Penal law which declared that "if at any time the son of a Papist shall become a Protestant, his father may not sell or mortgage his estate, or dispose of it or any portion of it by will. No papist shall be guardian of his own child. But if his child, no matter how young or how profligate, conforms to the Protestant religion, he reduces his father at once to a tenant for life. The child is to be taken from its father and placed under the guardianship of the nearest Protestant relation. No Papist shall purchase any landed estates for any term exceeding thirty-one years. No Papists shall succeed to the property of their Protestant relations." The tenth clause provides that the estate of a papist who has no Protestant heir shall be *gavelled*, that is parcelled in equal shares between all his children. These provisions were made in Parliament under the reign of Queen Anne in 1703 and were enacted ostensibly and nominally "to prevent the further growth of Popery." In May, 1709, another bill was introduced, Lord Wharton then being Lord Lieutenant, with Addison, of the *Spectator*, as Secretary, "to explain and amend an Act to prevent the further growth of Popery." By this Act a father, in case of his son turning Protestant, was compelled to declare on oath the full value of his estate real or personal—so that after the father's death such share of the property as fell to the apostate child should be secured to him by the Courts at law; also to secure jointures to Popish wives who should abandon their husband's Faith." One clause of this Act prohibits a Papist from being teacher, schoolmaster, or assistant teacher. This bill for the *explaining and amending an act for the prevention of growth of Popery* offered for the discovery of a Bishop or Vicar-general the sum of 50£, for the discovery of any monk or friar 20£, for the discovery of a Popish schoolmaster £10. Any two justices are empowered to summon before them any Papist over 18 years, and examine him upon oath as to the time and place he last heard Mass and the names of parties present as well as concerning the residence of any Papist priest or schoolmaster; and in case of witness refusing to testify there was a penalty of £20, or twelve months imprisonment."

And with all these facts undeniable of history, the *Mail* has the unblushing audacity to accuse the Irish Catholics of owning but one-half of the wealth of Ireland. The miracle is that they own anything—or that they still live.

#### REV. DR. DOUGLAS ON THE STUMP.

It is unusual that a religious Conference or annual Synod should wind up with a set speech on party politics. The Methodists, however are leading off in this new departure of Religious Dogmatic utterance. Their annual Conference one year ago was made to take a pleasant turn towards its termination by the deliverance of a characteristic stump oration, the successful showman on that interesting occasion was the smooth-tongued Dr. Douglas, who was brought from Montreal at the expense of the Conference, and who had no other object or business at the Niagara Conference than as a charlatan or hired montebank, to

tickle the ears of the assembled parsons and their wives, and furnish a hilarious wind-up to the too solemn and too long-faced business of a Synod. So pronounced was the success of last year's enterprise that it has been repeated this year, with entire satisfaction to the Conference at Niagara, and to Methodists in general who place politics before religion; or who, having no creed to learn, or doctrine to put forward, welcome with gaping avidity an oratorical slap-bang at Rome or the Jesuits.

The Rev. Dr. Douglas has chosen for subject one of particular interest, and one upon which he seems to have concentrated all his thoughts, the Hon. John Thompson, just now the virtual Premier and leader in the House of Commons. As we follow no political bias, and hold ourselves independent of party, we abstain from all criticisms of Parliamentary men and acts when faith and morals are not particularly concerned; yet we must confess that it is a source of pride and satisfaction to Catholics, that one of their members, and practical members at that, should be selected by the voice, and with the approbation of the country, as its Chief Magistrate and wisest legislator. In looking over the political address of the Rev. Montreal orator, we can see no justification for the amusing philippic pronounced at Niagara Conference, except in the crime, if such were crime, committed by Hon. J. Thompson in his having obeyed the voice of conscience and taken refuge, as many men of mind and learning have taken refuge, in the all-satisfying dogmas of Catholic faith and piety. The Rev. Dr. Douglas, although quoted triumphantly by the *Globe* who ought to know better, has no accusation to make against the leader in the Commons except that he is Catholic.

"Now in this presence," said Dr. Douglas, "I want distinctly to say that I take not back one word which I uttered before this Conference in reference to Sir John Thompson. I stand here to substantiate before this Conference, and before this Dominion, to substantiate and endorse my conviction that Sir John Thompson is a lay Jesuit in the Government of this country." (applause). It would be difficult to decide here which of the parties betrayed the most ignorance, the man who spoke or the ministers who applauded. The lay Jesuit is like the Jesuit oath, "out of sight," and exists only in the brain of the fanatic or the grossly ignorant. It is surprising how easily Protestants in general, and especially Methodists, can be imposed on, where Jesuits are concerned. True it is that Jesuits have an order of lay brothers, who take the same vows as the Fathers and observe the same rules; but they never go out into the world, never marry, never become judges or M.Ps. or Prime Ministers. And yet who will dare to question the educational and other high attainments of Dr. Douglas, and his ministerial admirers at Niagara? The unlettered are looked upon as incapable of giving an intelligent vote, at least by Lord Salisbury's government; but there are millions of unlettered men less liable to imposition, and better armed against humbug, than the ministers who applauded the foolish bravado of Rev. Dr. Douglas.

The Rev. Dr. Douglas declares that: "I stand here before you and distinctly affirm that I am not a partisan." In spite of which *stand* and solemn declaration he tells us in the next sentence that he holds the Hon. Wilfrid Laurier in the highest honor. [Probably the Dr. is not aware that the same cry of lay Jesuit was raised all over western Ontario, at the last general election, against Mr. Laurier, that he (Douglas) is now raising against Hon. J. Thompson. If the Rev. Douglas is not a strict partisan he would be as willing to denounce one lay Jesuit as the other. Yet, while he holds Laurier in the highest honor, he cannot find expression strong enough in his vindictive vocabulary to condemn and heap odium on the person and motives of the Hon. John Thompson. It is well for Sir John Abbot that he is an old acquaintance of the Montreal parson, otherwise he would have felt the last of the Rev. fire-brand's tongue. Even as it is, he does not escape all censure, being a

Conservative. "I have regarded Sir John Abbott as worthy of confidence, notwithstanding some abatements; for as an English minister I have known him in his youthful days. Therefore I admire his erudition and his impartiality, but I dislike the company in which he is found, from his legal henchman down to the ornamental Huggart and Caron the exquisite." (laughter.)

Has Hon. John Thompson no erudition worthy of admiration, or when has he been accused of impartiality? No, Rev. sir, your solemn denial cannot save you from being pronounced by the general verdict as a vile *partisan*, and an incurable bigot.

What troubles you and your fellow-fanatics is the conversion to the Catholic faith of the Hon. gentleman:

"Look at this man, the unknown man, the dark horse, who, but for the uncovering of last Conference, might have held power over this Dominion! Look at this man. Who was he? Son of North of Ireland Protestant and Methodist parents, a humble schoolmaster who came to Halifax in the forties. Look at this man, an exemplary Bible class teacher, as authenticated by one of the ministers of our church who was in the very class. Look at this man in the crisis of his life. Like great Cæsar, he came, he saw, but, unlike Cæsar, he was conquered. (Applause.) Under the influence of occult forces, which honor forbids that I shall name, he abandoned the faith of his Protestant father, and, by an instantaneous conversion as phenomenal as the wildest Salvationists, went over not simply to the moderation of Gallican Romanism, but, as the sequel has shown, to the ultimate of ultramontane Jesuitism. As the immediate result of this conversion, he was taken under the aegis of the Maritime hierarchy. He immediately began to aggregate political influence."

It is very evident no real cause exists for the hatred and obloquy with which the hon. leader is pursued other than his conversion to the Faith ever ancient and ever new of the mistress and mother of all the churches.

Rev. Dr. Douglas would have as much reason to condemn St. Paul, or Denys the Areopagite, for the suddenness of their conversion. It is very comforting, however, for all public men to know that no law or custom is known in this Dominion that will compel him to sue for mercy and forgiveness at the hands of Rev. Douglas, or the Niagara Conference, at any time his conscience may move him to a change for the better, either in his belief or in his actions.

The shallow hypocrisy of Rev. Dr. Douglas is apparent in every alternate paragraph of his wonderfully amusing and histrionic address. "We stand on the ground of righteous impartiality," he declares, "we hold Hon. W. Laurier in the highest honour, nor is our speech an attack on Romanism, the great historic Church, the home of millions." But in the next breath he designates Separate Schools as "the destroyer of the solidarity of this great country as a nation." Coming from a Protestant minister of Montreal who enjoys all the privileges of separate Protestant education from a Catholic majority, this attack on the Separate School system is incomprehensible. Then he tells us the Gerrymander now before the House is nothing but a *barefaced conspiracy* to enhance the political interests of Sir John Thompson's co-religionists. "The trail of the serpent runs through it all." The Rev. Dr. does well to deal in generalities; we defy him to mention one single point on which Catholic interests may be affected by the gerrymander now before the house. "We admire its nuns," the Dr. says, "as we have seen them hang over the perishing by infectious disease. But we dissent from its theology, we repudiate its rigid discipline. We look at it as the destroyer of the Latin races in Europe and the emasculated millions of the Southern continent." Here is praising and dispraising, lauding and condemning the same institutions in every alternate sentence.

But with all the Church's historic greatness, its being the home and refuge of believing millions, it could not exist as at present without the aid and protection of the late convert. How did the Catholic church ever manage to hold on before Sir John Thompson came into the world, or before he saw the light and renounced the errors of Wesleyism? For Dr. Douglas says: "On this man the entire Catholicism of the Dominion has centred its hopes of domination, and a pathological accident might precipitate a crisis, a regrettable crisis which might secure the realisation of his dream. Astounding is the contrast between the great chieftain of the past, and the man who now sits in his seat, and wears the *brand of pervert on his brow*. Therefore let 800,000 Methodists in this Dominion, with thousands upon thousands of other, *resist the idea* that a man of the type of Sir John Thompson should ever hold empire over us. (Cheers). Pronounce your fiat and the country is safe, stand still with meek endurance, and there are forces ascending the St. Lawrence that will drive you beyond the lakes, and give your heritage to strangers. It must not be, it cannot be. (Prolonged cheers). How sensible men and learned ecclesiastics who have charge over souls, could applaud such uncalled for and arrant political thrash as we have quoted, is incomprehensible. The only excuse we can invent for the Ministers attending the Niagara Conference is that they were wearied of their Synodal labours, and not being able to agree upon any message of comfort to the churches which they represent, they hired Rev. Dr. Douglas at much expense to supplement their deficiency, and enjoy a good hour's cheering and laughter before they separated for their different missions.

#### ENGLISH DIVORCE LAWS.

THE English Church Union, a body composed of clergymen of the Established Church, is agitating for a change in the Divorce laws. Until those acts were passed 35 years ago there was no recognition of divorce *vinculo matrimonii* though private acts of Parliament were frequently obtained by rich persons who sought a divorce. The Western church has never recognized divorce in the case of a properly constituted marriage; it merely allows decrees of nullity and separation, but neither the man nor the woman can marry another husband or wife. At a recent meeting of the Union, Viscount Halifax, the President, said the existing law, while it seemed to remedy individual cases of wrong, was in its total effect "full of disastrous consequences to society and a source of perjury and immorality." Rev. Mr. Crouch, another speaker, made this point:

"There were, unfortunately, some of the English clergy who had no strong objection to the remarriage of the innocent party after divorce. Those who took that line based their opinion on a mistaken interpretation of our Lord's words in St. Matthew 19: 9, and that their view was wrong was shown by the passages in St. Mark 10: 10-12 and St. Luke 16: 18. There was no discrepancy between the different passages, and the error arose from people's failure to consider carefully the context of the passages on which they relied. In the words of our Lord, 'Whosoever shall marry her that is put away committeth adultery. The word 'adultery' clearly implied that the woman who was put away was still a married woman, and the man who had put her away was still a married man. The language of St. Paul in more than one passage was equally explicit. It was said that there some conciliar and patristic authorities on the other side. But there was no indisputable authority in favor of that position during the three centuries."

The Union calls upon members of Parliament to procure the repeal of those parts of the Divorce Acts which require the parochial clergy to marry divorce persons or to allow their churches to be used for that purpose; and to oppose Bills recently introduced for extending still further the grounds for divorce.

Be a lamp in the chamber if you cannot be a star in the sky.  
*George Eliot.*

No nation can ever be destroyed while it possesses a good home life.

Every duty we omit obscures some truth we should have known.  
*John Ruskin.*

The really disastrous stage of laziness is reached when a man feels that it is too much trouble to avoid trouble.



## LEO XIII. BEFORE THE WORLD.

The poet, desirous of seeing the figure he presented to his neighbors, cried out :

"O wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see ourselves as others see us!"

The Pope may enjoy that vision, or reflection of himself, as it is cast on the mental mirrors of some of the most noted men of the present day, by the perusal of the book to which I made reference last week: "*Leon XIII. devant ses Contemporains*." I mentioned that Mr. Gladstone excused himself from complying with the request urged by the compiler of the book, M. Boyer d'Agen, to write his opinions or views regarding Leo XIII. These are the words used by the great English statesman:—

"DEAR SIR: I am very sensible of the compliment you pay me. But in England we act much by precedent, and I think that, with the vastness of our domestic concerns before the eyes of the nation, it would greatly and justly startle my countrymen, were I, in the position which I hold towards the Liberal party, to discuss in a letter or tract the character of Pope Leo XIII., a subject of great interest, but lying altogether outside the direct line of my duties. Your very faithful and obedient  
W. GLADSTONE."

The man who painted the most recent portrait made of Leo XIII., Theobald Chartran, expresses his feelings and sentiments regarding the Pontiff with considerable enthusiasm. The work of this painter is in the present salon of Paris, and though a clever work in an artistic point of view, it leaves much to be desired as an accurate likeness. It is rather an idealized Leo XIII. Nevertheless, the intimate relations necessarily established between a painter and his sitter have deeply impressed the memory of Leo XIII.'s personality on M. Chartran, and supply him with materials for a charming description.

He tells that when he was first received in audience by Leo XIII., in 1878, he was a *pensionnaire* of the French Art Academy; he was very young, and more prepared than he is at present for great enthusiasms. Nevertheless, when last summer, after an interval of thirteen years, he found himself once more in presence of this great figure, the emotion he experienced was stronger even than the first time. Thus also, since 1878, the personality of the great Pontiff has imposed itself on the world, in a fashion so general and so powerful, that M. Chartran defies any of the adversaries of the Pope—who, alas! are numerous enough—not to render homage to his vast intelligence.

"Let us speak first," he says, "of the external aspect of Leo XIII. His high stature, the supreme distinction of his whole person, his countenance energetic and kindly at the same time, his forehead large and full of nobleness, his mouth with the fine and delicate lips, his hands so perfectly aristocratic, his harmonious and deep voice, and above all, his eyes full of youthfulness, life and power of will,—all this unique total contributes, in fact, to make of this admirable figure the most completely interesting model that can ever be given to an artist to have before his eyes.

"If you add to that what others might paint to your readers with more authority than I—that is to say, the immense influence exercised by Leo XIII. upon the men of his epoch, and above all, on those who have approached him—the quite recent memory which I had of these great religious, political and social ideas, spread abroad by him with that lucidity, energy, authority, I would even say that daring, which belong only to him, you will readily understand how deeply I was moved in presence of that grand old man who is for me the most ideal figure of his century.

"The profound admiration which I already had for the Sovereign Pontiff was changed, when I was admitted to his intimacy, into a veritable veneration. I was taken at once both by my eyes and my heart.

"To the joy of being enabled to study at my ease this most interesting physiognomy was added that still greater joy of listening for long hours to that warm and penetrating voice of Leo XIII., allowing me to see some little of his intimate thoughts and of the great projects created by his powerful brain.

"I might and I would desire to say more, but I fear to speak unwisely, and also to allow myself to say too much. . . . Before ending. . . . I must here declare strenuously, that if I have had the signal honor of meriting the sympathy of the Sovereign Pontiff, I owe it less to my modest artistic worth than to my title of Frenchman.

"Yes, Leo XIII. loves France, and his tenderness towards her is made manifest on every occasion. He is persuaded—he told me so himself a few days ago—that the French nation will be always, and in spite of all, the great nation charged with spreading throughout the world the light of civilization and of social progress.

"May God grant that the confidence which the Sovereign Pontiff testifies to our dear country may never be betrayed, and that France may always remain worthy of her great mission for the happiness of humanity."

A FRENCH STATESMAN'S ESTIMATE.

M. Emile Ollivier, one of the most literary of the Ministers whom Napoleon III. had around him when he went forward to his destruc-

tion in the war of 1870, has replied to M. Boyer d'Agen's proposal to give an opinion upon Leo XIII. M. Ollivier feels himself capable of writing, and writing well, too, upon almost any subject, from the future of the Concordat with France, to the impression Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" leaves upon the minds of a group of Italian peasants seeing it for the first time. It is doubtful whether M. Ollivier represents in politics any other opinion than his own; but in other questions his opinions are worthy of serious consideration, both for their intrinsic value and the graceful manner in which they are expressed.

"It is related," says M. Ollivier, "that Francis of Assisi bore, engraved upon his body, the Stigmata of the Passion of Jesus Christ. Upon all the person of Leo XIII. are visible the anguish of the Papacy. His body thin, diaphanous, almost pathetic, is, as it were, worn away by the ardor of the cares which press upon him from every side. His look, in spite of the vivacity and brilliancy which it never loses, seems weary of contemplating so many sorrowful spectacles; and the gentleness of his mouth, the corners of which are delicately raised, is veiled by a saddened smile.

"If the body seems bending, the word is strong; it ignores redundant emphasis and the obscure declamations of official scribes; disdainning vain ornament as much as lamentation, it goes straight to the thought, drawing its charm from the nobility of the sentiments which it reflects, and its light from the lucidity of the ideas which it expresses.

"How often have I not heard people wishing on the See of Peter a Pontiff who would comprehend modern greatness and would not at all discourage our attempts at progress! All difficulties between the Church and the State would then be smoothed away and a fraternal compact be renewed between reason and faith, separated since the beginning of this century. This Pope has come, and he occupies the See of Peter.

"As Bishop of Perugia, Cardinal Pecci, in admirable pastorals, has traced out the benefits of our civilization. The Pope has not forgotten the teachings of the Bishop. Leo XIII. has taken great care not to confound religion with the ancient *regime*, and to unite the earthly fortune of the Papacy with that of any political party whatsoever. He has not reprov'd any form of government, and he has declared himself ready to accommodate himself to all. If the (French) Republic continues to listen to the fatal counsels of persecution, she will not have as an excuse that the Pope condemned or cursed her. He has admitted her, like any monarchical government, to the respect of the Church. Nevertheless, this enlightened Pope, the friend of civilization and progress, a writer of the first order, as well as an irreproachable Pontiff, will be one of those in the existence of which the pretended friends of light, civilization and progress will have put the most bitterness and gall."

Senor Emilio Castelar, the Macaulay of Spain, so far as eloquence and resounding phrases go, has also his say upon the Pontiff, though he tells M. d'Agen that he does not feel able, through want of time, to write a long article on the present Pontiff. He tells us that Leo XIII. lives as by a miracle. Meagreness with him has reached so extreme a point "that his body looks like white and transparent wax" and, to a certain degree, he resembles those effigies of saints sculptured by Catholic artists. Castelar largely occupies his contribution with the Pope's Encyclical Letter to the French bishops and clergy and luty. He writes:

"I know in universal history few political documents comparable to this Letter of Leo XIII. We should place it over us like one of St. Paul's Epistles. In it reigns peace, the peace of the *gloria in excelsis* and of the holy kiss of the Mass. It is on this account that we listen to the reading of it with our heads bowed down under the weight of a great respect, with our hearts all filled with a profound gratitude. And because we hear it in this way, it seems to us that the cardinals have not done well in comparing the greatness of Innocent III. to the greatness of Leo XIII. The coincident fact of the glorious tomb which the latter has raised to his predecessor, does not authorize such a parallel." And here the old professor of history of the Madrid University overbears the politician, and Castelar institutes an academic comparison between the two great Pontiffs, Innocent III. and Leo XIII.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, M. Blowitz, who is "hail-fellow-well-met" with every sovereign and great political character in Europe, was, several years ago, admitted to the presence of Leo XIII., and has ever since at intervals been boasting of what important communications he might make on the policy of Leo XIII. if he chose. Now he tells us that, in this second half of the nineteenth century, Leo XIII. has acquired the proportions necessary to remain historic, and Blowitz fears to put his hand on one of the rare legacies which our time will transmit to distant generations. What he admired in Leo XIII. in 1884—when he was received by him in audience—is that which he admires in him to-day: that humanity which shines forth from his entire being. . . . He loves the Pontiff, he says, for his scrupulous goodness, which dreams of embracing the whole world; for his spirit, unceasingly tormented by the problem of universal fraternity, which seeks to reconcile unchangeable doctrine



with the progress of the times, and to preserve to men the integrity of their belief by the side of their inalienable liberties.

"It is in this ardor which animates him," says the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, "that we must seek the keynote of all his efforts, from his inevitable revindications, even to this Encyclical (to France) which gives to the Word of Christ a new breadth, and which brings within its embrace modern time and the rejuvenated aspirations of human societies.

"The Holy See has been filled by more indomitable combatants, more inflexible legislators and more fervent apostles. It has never possessed a soul more enlightened by the love of truth, a spirit more penetrated by the love of God, of religion more purified by the love of men. And it is because Leo XIII. is all this I repeat, it is because Leo XIII. remains in my eyes as light, truth and love—that I ask pardon of those who read these pages for having dared to touch him—an undertaking always bold, for whosoever would wish to turn over one of the luminous pages of the book of his own day."

#### AN ITALIAN "LIBERAL" ON LEO XIII.

Ruggero Bonghi, ex-Minister of Public Instruction and an old Parliamentary hand, who has gravitated from intense conservatism to frank liberalism, book-maker and pamphleteer on any and every subject, who has often expressed opinions on Leo XIII. and the Papacy, now again puts forth his thought on this great Pontiff. He admits, to begin with, that he, and those Italians who are of his way of thinking, cannot be impartial judges of a Pope who, "to all his merits, has not added that of bettering the relations of the Papacy with the kingdom of Italy. But because I love truth above all, I will not say that all the wrong has been on his side. The Italian Government has not been without fault; and during these last thirteen years of the Pontificate of Leo XIII. it has committed more than one. It has not shown any serious longing for a conciliation, which, however, was already difficult. It has rendered this conciliation, so far as it could, more difficult still. Its ecclesiastical policy has by no means been a policy of peace. It may have been that Leo XIII., on reaching the Apostolic See, and in the first years of his reign, may have had the intention of being reconciled with the King of Italy, without being well decided on the means of doing it. But it is certain that unfortunate events—such as the insults to the remains of Pius IX. during the transferring of them from St. Peter's to San Lorenzo, the erection of the statue of Giordano Bruno, and several projects of law—have embittered him, and have ended by causing him to accentuate more the protest of the Papacy against the position which the Italian Government had made to him; and that as rudely and as effectively as it could. It is through him and through his initiative that the Catholic movement, in favor of the temporal power of the Pope, is much stronger to-day than it was twenty years ago. The organization of Catholic congresses and of all kinds of assemblies, to affirm and sustain the necessity of this restoration, is very powerful if you consider it in itself. But it runs against an impossibility: for the temporal power can only be established on condition of dissolving the kingdom of Italy; which does not appear either possible or probable, and would be prejudicial to the Papacy itself."

The kingdom of Italy is likely enough to dissolve of itself; but, in any case, the Catholics of the world have no direct concern with the fate of the kingdom of Italy, as such, while they have an immediate and intimate concern in the liberty of the Holy See, for which in the present state of nations, the temporal power is necessary. Signor Bonghi is much mistaken if he thinks his conclusion—the dissolution of the kingdom of Italy—is terrible enough to frighten Catholics into mute acceptance of the present state of things. He makes little also of the flexibility of Italian genius which cannot, according to him, find a way out of the difficulty other than the dissolution of the Italian kingdom.

Signor Bonghi notes, in conclusion, that Leo XIII., who has taken so prominent a part in the Catholic affairs of other nations, will not have representatives of the Catholic party in the Italian Parliament, who might there defend their cause and combat their enemies. "He has maintained more severely than ever, in Italy, the principle: *Neither electors nor elected*; that which signifies that he holds as fundamentally illegitimate and illegal the actual Constitution of the kingdom of Italy, and that it may be—and such is thought to be the case—that his policy everywhere has besides for its chief end the procuring of the means of influence necessary to reach a modification of this Constitution, insomuch as it is prejudicial, in his opinion, to the independence of the Papacy. And as it is the Triple Alliance which has prevented, and still prevents, Leo XIII. from succeeding in his efforts, he does not at all like it; which is quite natural."—*Roman Correspondence, Boston Pilot.*

#### Monthly Prizes for Boys and Girls.

The "Sunlight" Soap Co., Toronto, offer the following prizes every month till further notice, to boys and girls under 16, residing in the Province of Ontario, who send the greatest number of "Sunlight" wrappers: 1st, \$10, 2nd, \$6; 3rd, \$3; 4th, \$1; 5th to 14th, a Handsome Book; and a pretty picture to those who send not less than 12 wrappers. Send wrappers to "Sunlight" Soap Office, 43 Scott St., Toronto, not later than the 29th of each month, and marked "Competition"; also give full name, address, age, and number of wrappers. Winner's names will be published in the *Toronto Mail* on first Saturday in each month.

#### DEATH DEFIED.

There dwells one bright Immortal on the earth,  
Not known of all men. They who know her not  
Go hence forgotten from the House of Life,  
Sons of oblivion.

To her once came  
The awful Shape which all men hold in dread,  
And she with steadfast eyes regarded him,  
With heavenly eyes half sorrowful, and then  
Smiled and passed by. And 'Who art thou, he cried,  
That lookest on me and art not appalled,  
That seemest so fragile, yet defiest Death?  
Not thus do mortals face me! What art thou?

But she no answer made, silent she stood;  
Awhile in holy meditation stood  
And then moved on through the enamoured air,  
Silent, with luminous uplifted brows—  
Time's sister, Daughter of Eternity,  
Death's deathless enemy, whom men name Love.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich, in the *Century Magazine.*

#### MORNING.

#### IN THE CITY.

It is a cheerless morning as we step out upon the damp pavement. The air is sharp and piercing, and the uncertain light that begins to glimmer seems rather to increase the gloom of the scene. The houses are grotesquely large, the sidewalks are bare, and look half expectant of the great human tide that will flow back over them with the return of day. The streets are noiseless and empty. Even the darkness, as if reluctant to leave, lingers yet in shady corners, and down dark alleys. Out on the broad streets the perspective of the long lines of houses is harder than ever. The street corners never seemed so mathematical, the church spires never so fantastic. As we pass along and look up at the windows, here and there a drawn blind betrays the sleeper within, while down below, articles exposed for sale, and left over night, look odd and out of place. Next, we reach a cross street, and glancing along expect to see some living being. Not a soul is stirring, and the long street ends only in a dim mist that suggests, miles and miles away, the country—the home of the green fields and and summer clover, where nature rules alone, and all is innocence, and purity and hope. Dreaming, however, of them, brings the fields no nearer; as we wander on we see for miles around us acres and acres of the roofs and chimney-tops of the great city. You would almost fancy that the whole population had fled during the night, till a stray beam of light falling on the pavement attracts our attention, and looking up we see that the dim ray of a lamp has struggled out through a closed shutter only to die in the first light of day. Perhaps, too, with that dim ray, struggles out the muttered, long-forgotten prayer of a dying man. For within, the rays of the low-burning lamp fall across the feverish face of the sufferer, who welcomes the morning but to wish it gone, and only sees the day decline to long for it back again. As the first light steals in on him, his thoughts wander away back to the old home and the little room where, long ago, he used to lie and watch the same bright sunbeams glisten and glance on the little square window-panes, while outside high overhead, the birds were praising Him who sends the sunlight. Life was very fair then, but now repentance seems a mockery, and hope comes too late. Leaving the light and the reflections it awakens, we pass on. A stealthy breeze comes up the street behind us, making the shop signs swing and creak till they look ashamed of their own faces, and sending a rabble of last year's leaves with their bad city acquaintances—scraps of dirty paper scampering across the roadway. A little farther on, down at the end of a lane shines a gas lamp, looking dismal in the increasing light. Led by curiosity, we pass in and disturb what seems a bundle of rags, but what is in reality a human being that want has forced into the streets, and Christian charity and the police have left there. Alas, that brick and stone should be less hard-hearted than flesh and blood! Some are asleep only to wake again perhaps on many another morning of misery like this. But they are far away now from their troubles, far away in the fields, in the woods where they once used to stroll. Some are in gorgeous palaces attended by smiling courtiers, some in golden chimes raising the precious sand in their hands. All are forgetful of what is passing around them. Thank God! the poor are as happy in their dreams as the rich, and often more so! Retracing our steps we pass on under the archway on up the street. There is more light, and things look more natural. Round the corner in front of us comes the first cat with a sharp turn, and goes rattling away up the street. The sun is coming up fast now, it tips the cathedral's spire and pinnacles with a dazzling edge of gold, a minute more it peeps over the gables and looks you full in the face. The broad day has come at last. And down through palace dome and rotten roof, through costly coloured glass and shuttered window, it sheds its equal ray.—*Varsity.*

(To be Continued.)

## "SOME LIES AND ERRORS OF HISTORY."

BY REV. NEUBAN PARSONS, D.D., (319 pp., 12 mo.)

HERE is a new book which should find its way speedily to the desk of every priest. Maurice Egan says of it in *Catholic Columbian*: Dr. Parson's "Some Lies and Errors of History" is a new book only in its manner of treating well-worn themes. It is supposed to be every Catholic's business to refute the world-worn historical lies, and every Catholic is, at least, capable of denying the truth of certain assertions when he meets them. But further than that his capabilities do not always take him. He has plenty of zeal, but not always exact knowledge. He remembers that he has read somewhere that Galileo was not persecuted, that the Inquisition was not an instrument of abomination devised by the Church, and that St. Cyril of Alexandria did not murder Hypatia. But perhaps he has read these things in old newspapers; and the newspaper of to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven. Let me appeal to the present reader, at the risk of being impertinent. If the question of the marriage of Marie Louise, of Austria, and the Emperor Napoleon comes up in conversation, and the conclusion that the Catholic Church has granted divorces is announced, can you give the facts to refute it? Do you know where to find them? Well, here they are in Dr. Parson's book. Here, too, the truth of the Galileo *embroylio* is laid plain, and "The Last Word on the Massacre of St. Bartholomew" is well said. One turns with much interest to the chapter on Pope Alexander VI. There have been so many last words on this much-calumniated Spaniard, that one is naturally anxious to know what Dr. Parsons has to say of him. His case has been most damaged by that class of special pleading Catholics who would like to find some extenuating circumstances in the conduct of Judas because he was an apostle. The Church has no need of such special pleading. The man who white washes history for her sake shows a doubt of her purity; she can stand all tests; and she does not live by history alone. It must be admitted that Alexander VI. is a hard subject for the "white-washer." He, by the way was not a Borgia at all, but a Llancol. It has suited the romancers to make him a great villain—picturesquely facinorous—luridly villainous; but recent researches have rehabilitated his daughter, Lucretia, and done much to show that if he had the faults of his time, ambition and avarice—typified by Dante as the lion and the she-wolf—he was a much better man than was generally supposed. As Pope and as sovereign of the Roman States his wisdom is acknowledged, but the unwisdom of trying to make him appear as if, like the saintly Duchess of Angouleme, he needed only a pair of wings to fly to Heaven with, has been many times apparent. The vile orgies which some French painters have seized on for subjects and attributed to Alexander never occurred; and the false Lucretia Borgia was as different from the eminently respectable Lucretia of real history, as the Mary Stewart of Swinburne is from the Mary Stewart of those who knew her life. And Alexander, when he was Cardinal, had a perfect right to marry this Vanozza of whom modern writers have said all sorts of unpleasant things. As Dr. Parsons shows, Cardinals in those times were frequently laymen, and even Archbishops were not obliged to be in holy orders. Nobody offers much excuse for the Duke of Valentinois, otherwise Caesar, Cardinal Borgia—Yriarte does something for him, and offers us a pathetic picture of the Pope torn by love for this wayward child of his youth—but Dr. Parsons leaves him as one would a reproach. Dr. Parsons' volume does not belong to that class of books of which Catholics are becoming heartily ashamed—the ignorant, vain-glorious apologies for anything and everything that bears the name Catholic. It is an honest, manly book, and its author's name is one that we can quote with self-respect. The time ought never to have been when we Catholics thought it necessary to twist facts in order to make special cases which did not prove anything. Dr. Parsons' volume is easy to read, careful and sane. His well-supported announcement that Giordano Bruno was not burned will be a surprise to many readers. Dr. Parsons' motto from Lafontaine is an appropriate one:

"Man is an ace to truth,  
As fire to falsehood."

**THE BLESSING AT MEALS.**—It is much to be regretted that contact with an unbelieving world has exercised a baneful influence over many Christians, causing them to forget or neglect the pious custom of blessing before and thanksgiving after meals, so reasonable in itself, so consonant with the spirit of our holy faith, and so highly sanctioned and consecrated not only by the practice of the noblest portion of the human race—the saints—but commanded by the voice of God, and practised by His Incarnate Son during His sojourn upon earth. Can a custom so recommended carry with it anything but a blessing? Can a faithful child of the Church regard it lightly, or blush to practise it? It were to brand himself as more negligent or forgetful than even the pagans, much less the favoured children of a kind and merciful God. Far be it from any Christian in our day so to dishonour their fathers in the faith.—*Rev. A. A. Lambling, in Ave Maria.*

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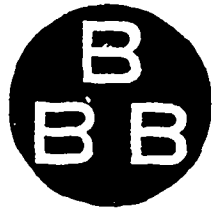
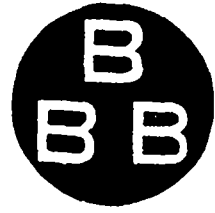
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Its purity is such that it may be used with perfect confidence upon the tenderest and most sensitive skin—

even that of a New Born Babe."

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY.

The Capital Prize \$15,000 Won By A Poor Girl.

The Capital prize \$15,000.00 4th of May Drawing, "Province of Quebec Lottery" was won by Miss May Donovan, 113 Dufresno Street, Montreal.

Dame Fortune was not blind, for once. This fortune could not have fallen into better hands.

Miss Donovan belongs to a poor but highly respectable family. The father, now dead, was one of the good parishioners of Reverend J. J. Salmon, parish priest of St. Mary's, Craig Street, who takes pleasure in recalling the merits of this good man.

The mother left a widow, dependent mostly for a living on her daughter's daily labor. She, bestowing on her mother all the care that her feeble resources permitted and very often she wished to be able to do more. It was for this end that she deprived herself in order to buy a lottery ticket, not however without adding a fervent prayer. Her hopes were not in vain as we may see.

She presented herself this morning at the Lottery's Office accompanied by her mother and Reverend Father Salmon.

The prize was paid her at once as the two following certificates may show.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY.

CERTIFICATE of the bearer of Ticket No. 18458 \$15,000.00 DRAWING OF MAY 4TH, 1892.

I the undersigned do hereby certify that on presentation of my ticket No. 18458 which drew the first capital prize \$15,000.00 at the Drawing of May 4th instant of the Province of Quebec Lottery, I have at once been paid.

Witnesses AIME MATHIEU LOUIS PERRAULT MARY DONOVAN, 113 Dufresno St., Montreal.

CERTIFICATE OF REVEREND J. S. SALMON.

I the undersigned, Curé, of St. Mary's Church, Craig Street, Montreal, do hereby certify that the above prize has been paid this day in my presence to Miss Mary Donovan.

Witnesses AIME MATHIEU LOUIS PERRAULT JOHN J. SALMON, P. P. St. Mary's "LA PRESSE," Montreal, 6th May, 1892.

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.

BI-MONTHLY DRAWINGS FOR THE YEAR 1892

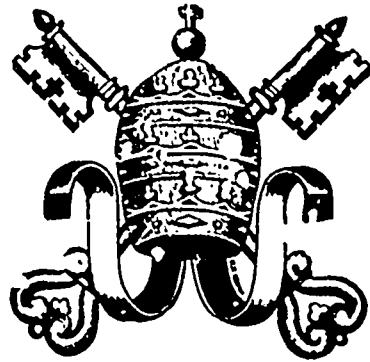
7 and 20 January, 3 and 17 February, 2 and 16 March, 6 and 20 April, 4 and 18 May, 1 and 15 June, 6 and 20 July, 3 and 17 August, 7 and 21 September, 5 and 19 October, 2 and 16 November, 7 and 21 December.

3134 PRIZES WORTH \$52,740.00 CAPITAL PRIZE WORTH \$15,000.00 TICKET, . . . \$1.00 do - - - 25 Cts.

LIST OF PRIZES.

Table with 3 columns: Prize number, Prize worth, and Approximation Prizes.

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Try St. Leon, cold, hot, or mixed with milk, also make warm injections of this water which are highly beneficial. Head Office, 101 1/2 King St. West, Yonge street Flower Depot, 164 Yonge St.



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TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE. During the month of May 1892, mails close and are due as follows:

Table with columns: Destination, Close time, Due time.

English mails close on Monday and Thursdays at 4 and 10 p.m., and on Saturdays at 7 p.m. The following are the dates of English mails for May: 2, 3, 5, 7, 9, 12, 14, 16, 19, 21, 23, 25, 27, 30.

N.B.—There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should transact their Saving Bank and money Order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such branch post office. T. C. PATTERSON, P.M.

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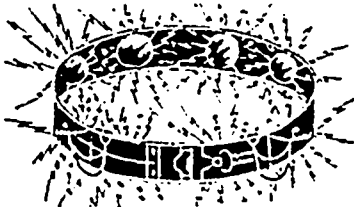
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DALE McFURKIN.  
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