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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Reveille our saint Patrick, Patrick et our saint Ives. Dec.—Matt 22—21.

Vol. VI.

Toronto, Saturday April 16, 1892.

No. 10

CONTENTS.

Conquest	April	159
Canadian Catholic Celebrities—Margaret Bourgeoyz	L. A. Henry	160
The Jesuits and the Newspapers	A. T. S.	161
Where Gaffre	K.	162
Holy Week in Innsbruck		163
Holy Saturday in Florence		164
SPECIAL.		
Separate Schools in Quebec and Ontario		164
A Glaring Contrast		164
The Orange National and the Jesuits		166
The Outlines of History		165
Ireland's Last and Supreme Effort for Home Rule		165
Editorial Notes		165
General Catholic News		166
Poetry—Easter Hymn	Pauline Bousc.	167
Story		169

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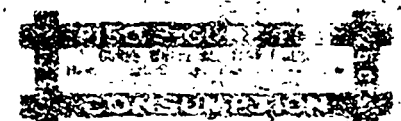
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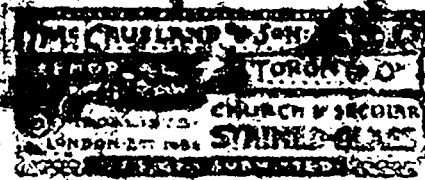
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Printed forms of tender containing full information as to the articles and quantities required, may be had on application to the undersigned.

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

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

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

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

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Dredging River Kaminstiquia," will be received at this office until Friday the 22nd day of April next, inclusively, for dredging in the River Kaminstiquia, according to a plan and a combined specification and tender, to be seen at the office of W. Murdock, Esq., Resident Engineer, Port Arthur, and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

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

An accepted bank cheque payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, for the sum of one thousand dollars (\$1,000) must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract, or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

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

By order,
E. F. E. Roy,
Secretary.
Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 24th March, 1892.

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

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

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

By order,
E. F. E. ROY,
Secretary.
Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 16th March, 1892.

TENDERS.
Indian Supplies.

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

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

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

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

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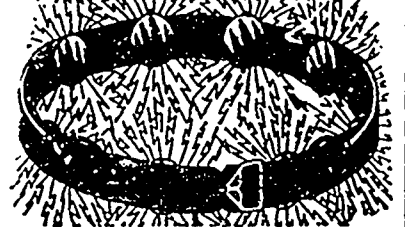
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"SAVED MY LIFE when I had Muscular Rheumatism."—Mrs. Carroll, West Market Street.

"Am much pleased with belt; it has done me a great deal of good already."—J. Selinger, Gall, Ont.

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The
Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Reddite qua sunt Casaris, Casari; et qua sunt Dei, Deo.—Matt 22: 21.

Vol. VI.

Toronto, Saturday, April 16, 1892

No. 10

CONQUEST.

A Roman boy, one of the court of Pilate,
One morn stood musing 'gainst the temple wall
Ere yet its golden gate had caught the rays
Flashed from the sun now-up and flung them back
To greet the quiet glory of the East.

The night before, ere he had left the street,
He saw a dark and grumbling mass of men
Moving in haste, all menacing of mood,
And he, his boyish eagerness aroused,
Mixed and went with them all the way until
Gethsemani's dark garden had been reached.
He saw the kiss, the seizure, and the blow
That lopped the ear of one amongst the mob.
A soldier's son, he loved to see a man
Whose arm was faltered not by hopeless odds,
But rather who would stand upon his right,
Whatever the cost. But when he heard the voice
Of Him the most aggrieved, requiring peace,
The blood, that but a moment since had leaped
Along his veins, was given pause, and he
Fell silent and so watched what passed about.

He slept but light. Before the dawn he rose
All ready to observe what might transpire,
For he was certain that the rabble meant
And did intend that harm should fall upon
Him whom the previous night they had distrained.
As by the temple wall he waiting stood,
The sun all glorious arose and cast
Its warmth against the chill of dark. So soon
As day had come he heard the hum of voices
And out from every way there came in pairs,
And little groups, all kinds of men in age,
Condition and behaviour.

One more hour,
Then all the throng with voices-raised were met
About the hall where Roman ruler gave
The law unto Judea's conquered race.
The throne that waited Pilate was upraised
Upon a platform terraced round with steps,
And 'gainst a pillar of the arch that spanned
The judgment seat, there stood the boy again.
The prisoner came, and his accusers came
And Pilate. Then the boy stood straight and watched
But never did his hardy spirit let
The smallest semblance gleam athwart his face
Of all that passed within his mind that hour
Save once, once only, only when he turned away
And blushed that Roman could be so debased,
As to forgive himself a coward's act;
Then shame his cheeks encrimsoned, and his hands
Were clenched until the nails bit deep the flesh.

The long, long way where went the cross he went,
He saw its falls, and weakness rising up
To fall again, and yet again to fall;
Saw Veronica soothe the wounded face,
The holy women weep, and Simon strong
Accept the galling weight on shoulders broad
Unwillingly. He saw the hands and feet
Transfixed with nails; a Man's full weight reared thus
Against the sky twixt two suspended thieves.
Anon he stood, still silent, reverent,
For the end had come, and there he never left
Until there came good men, with linens fine
To wrap the dead. The sepulchre was reached,
The last rites done, and all withdrew save him.
A short way off he stayed, now on his knees
Unmindful there of dark or storm or fright.

While yet he knelt, he thought that he could hear
A sound of mighty chorus welling forth,
And springing up he listened more intent
And heard the anthem grow in sound, and swell
Its volume out until it seemed to roll
In waves against the sealed gates of Heaven.
In time so short that he could scarcely count
A dozen passing breaths, the music ceased,
And all the air took on a noiseless calm.
He never knew a time so still before;
No, never in the nights when he had walked
Alone far out from his great father's camp,
While Roman legions dreamed of war and Rome,
For even there, though naught else human was,
Sweet birds of night and croaking things there were
To mark out periods of night with sound.
But now, not even one small twig did drop,
No breath of air disturbed a single leaf,
No star glanced out; the city's walls were hid,
And all the breath of nature, save his own,
Seemed fled.

The spell was broke by tramp of men
Who came to guard the tomb. He then threw off
His manner and stole back into the city.
But who shall say what thoughts had all day long
Impelled him on his course: or what they were
That stayed him in the house alone all day
When day sprang fair again from that foul night.
The moon had reached its height and just begun
Its course adown the western sky to take,
When gliding from the house, the boy passed out
Beyond the city's wall, and swiftly went
In bright expectancy, until he reached
The spot where he had heard the chorus grand
And marked the awful stillness of the night,
And there awaited patiently the dawn,
His eyes unwavering fixed upon the tomb.
All glorious rose the sun on Easter day,
The weary guard marked gratefully its pace
When sudden rose a shout of dire alarm
From their astonished lips, and from the boy's
A cry of joy; back the great stone rolled
And coming forth the Son of Man appeared
Like some ethereal spirit radiant.
Then the boy fell down in lowly worship
And 'twas long ere he arose.

Among the first,
He fell in Rome in after years, although
He was a Roman nobly born, and young,
And pleasing in the sight of all who knew.

CYRIL.

EASTER HYMN.

Angel bands now sweetly sing,
Cherub fingers strike the lyre,
"Glory to our risen King,"
Hymns the burning seraph choir.
Earth and heaven, sky and sea,
All rejoice, oh God! with Thee.
Ceaseless echoes, glad refrains,
Far and wide the world proclaims;
Silvery bells of Easter bright,
Fill all hearts with pure delight,
Mingling in the sweetest strains
Christ triumphant ever reigns.
To Thee, Father, King divine,
From the soul's unworthy shrine
Fervent prayers of deepest love,
Mount High unto your throne above.
May we with you, 'mong the blest,
One day rise for endless rest.

PAULINE BOWEN

For the CATHOLIC REVIEW.

Catholic Canadian Celebrities.

MOTHER BOURGEYOS.

The subject of our sketch belongs to an earlier period of Canadian history than we proposed touching upon, but as it takes some length of time, owing to the sex's innate modesty, for a woman's greatness to become known, we are forced to relegate the pleasing story of nineteenth century Semiramisses to a later and more competent pen than ours.

Like an almost forgotten dream there comes back to our memory the "Life of Mother Margret Bourgeyos," read to us within the walls of Peterboro's pretty convent in the sympathetic voice of a Sister of the Congregation de Notre Dame.

Upon our often inattentive ears fell the thrilling words that told of the heroism of this fragile French woman; of how Margret Bourgeyos came like an angel of comfort into this "vale of tears" upon the saddest day of the Christian year, Good Friday, 1620, in the lovely old Norman city of Troyes. "The Pearl of Troyes," a biographer with tender pride styles our her.

Her father, Abraham Bourgeyos, was a merchant of comfortable circumstances, possessing all the simple fervent piety characteristic of that land, the "eldest daughter of the Church."

At the age of twenty Margret shows us a pure young life, with a girlish fondness for bright surroundings and an innocent vanity of making a pretty face look its best, which did not in the least narrow her love for spiritual beauty. We find her for twelve years the chosen President of the sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary, drawing and keeping souls near God by her pious life, so replete with religious work of prayer and good deeds.

But it seemed as if the still small voice whispered in confident tones that the world needed her in a larger sphere. And in answer to this, we find her twice seeking admission to two different religious orders, and being refused. Why, we are not told, and can only regard those humiliations as a clarification of an almost flawless soul for His still greater work. It is related upon good authority, that, as the young Margret knelt in adoring homage before the tabernacle, an apparition of the Blessed Virgin and Child in all their incomparable loveliness, and from the lips of our Heavenly Mother came the words, "Go, and I will never abandon you."

The impression of this rapturous vision, and the memory of this holy promise, gave to Canada a woman, who has elevated and ennobled the standard of Canadian womanhood.

About this time M. de Maissonneuve was appointed Governor of Canada, and before setting out for Ville Marie—as Montreal was then called—came to Troyes to say "good-bye" to some of his relations who belonged to the Congregational order, and was entreated by the Sisters to take them with him to Canada that they might assist in the glorious work of bringing the light of faith to the savage's darkened mind, and also comfort to the colonists settled there. Upon the Governor's declining their generous offer on the grounds that a cloister order such as theirs would not do, they gave him a parting gift, that tells of their earnest longings and childlike piety, a picture of Our Lady, around which ran the inscription, "O, Virgin, Queen and Mother, in the city that bears thy name, keep. Oh! keep a place, for the Congregation of Notre Dame."

After some time the Governor returned to France and paid another visit to Troyes. The Sisters reiterated their request, but the only one who seemed to grasp the real difficulty that M. de Maissonneuve had in bringing a cloistered order to the wilds of Canada was Margret Bourgeyos, and she proposed a compromise by suggesting an external order of the congregation. Her plan was accepted, and after a great deal of trouble, mentally and physically, Margret Bourgeyos left *la belle* France in the year 1658—alone.

She felt no fear in going to meet the dangers she knew were surely before her, for had not the "Help of Christians" promised her "she would not abandon her." To a Catholic woman this divine assurance was more powerful than Cleopatra's fleet of the Nile, for the secret prisoner might escape the eyes of a Nubian sentinel, but what thought, for good or ill, is hidden from the All-seeing eye of God?

Margret Bourgeyos was met in Quebec by Miss Jane Manse, an excellent woman, who, like herself, had given up country and home for Christ's dear sake.

We may imagine what a warm welcome Margret received from the colonists set led around Mount Royal, who were trying to forget their homesickness in the grand work they had undertaken.

A few days after her arrival we find her accompanying M. de Maissonneuve, through brushwood and over fallen trees, to the summit of the mountain, to view the cross that the pious Governor had erected in commemoration of a signal favor granted by Heaven in the staying of a destructive storm. But the Iroquois' savage hate had pulled it down during his absence, and Margret determined to have it immediately re-erected.

We like to think of the young French maiden with slender figure silhouetted against the bright evening sky, standing on the top of the mountain beside the lonely cross of over two hundred years ago, with

eyes serene in their untroubled trust in that Cross, as they looked upon this New World, that lay around her so beautiful in its rich autumnal beauty. And now, in the year 1892, we may see the same cross of the Christian faith still reverently crowning Mount Royal, not with one French maiden beside it, but many, and know that Mary's words, "Go, and I will never abandon you," will last till the same mountain be laid low.

Margret Bourgeyos first school was opened in 1659 in a stone stable belonging to M. de Maissonneuve, and her pupils were French, Iroquois, and Huron. She thus describes it, "This stable was about thirty feet long, and had served so far as a place of refuge for animals of every kind; however, we managed to build a chimney and cleaned out the lower part destined for our school-room. Above this was a sort of pigeon house, which we converted into a dormitory and sitting room, but it was extremely inconvenient, as the only means of access was by an outside ladder." And with one girl for company, Sister Margret commenced her school.

It was not long till, through Margret's energy, the little chapel was built and so strongly constructed that it formed a rampart of defence for Ville Marie. Its bell, that summoned the little Catholic colony to daily Mass, was fashioned out of an old broken cannon. It was in this same church Margret placed the miraculous statue of Our Lady that had been presented to her by a nobleman of France, who robbed his grand old castle of an heirloom for the good of the young colony.

The work proving too much for two women, Margret returned home to Troyes to seek for more assistance. She succeeded in bringing three Sisters back with her to Ville Marie, and with their help did such work as makes a great writer say, "A name that should be pronounced in Canada with respect, love and admiration, is the name of Margret Bourgeyos, the illustrious and incomparable foundress of the Congregation de Notre Dame."

She went about nursing the sick, instructing the savage, and assisting the laborer in the tilling of the soil. At one time we see her going on foot from Montreal to Quebec during such weather as came with Canadian winters of that date. Again we see her, out of a friend's gift from France, buying provisions and retailing them to the colonists, and from the proceeds clothing the little Iroquois.

During the building of Bonsecour chapel, it was she who directed the willing laborers how to build the church, standing beneath the hot sun, aye, and bearing in her slender arms the heavy stones and blocks necessary for the men, that she might thereby speed the raising of the modest little house of God. Whilst out in the forest, the religious M. de Maissonneuve, with the "blue blood" of Charlemagne in his veins, helped to prepare the logs.

Time has changed those logs into brick as well also as a governor of Canada's ideas of his office, but perhaps if the cross of Catholic France still lay upon his breast, the felling of a tree for Our Lady's Altar would yet be thought an honour, even for a king.

Mother Bourgeyos organized an external congregation of Our Lady of Victory, for the benefit of young women whom circumstances compelled to seek their fortune in the New World, and this same society is carrying on Sister Bourgeyos's good work at the present time.

In 1681 she established the first boarding school in Canada, and now as the visitor to Ville Marie's beautiful Academy sees the hundreds of young ladies gathered there, and remembers that the first had but seven, she may well think that the good seed multiplied, or as a pupil of Ville Marie so prettily puts it:

"Thou didst labor, Mother, for the future good of Canada's daughters fair.
See! the fruit of all thy weary days, thy restless nights.
The grain of mustard seed has spread its roots.
And seventy holy houses bear the name
Of La Congregation de Notre Dame."

But the charitable heart that gave up her mattress and blankets to the weather-hardened soldier, whilst the tender woman lay cheerfully upon a rough board, because he came as a mendicant, desired some provision for God's poor, and in a short time a House of Providence was built in conjunction with the sister house.

Of so much importance was the Congregational order reckoned in the healthy and rapid development of the young colony, that Mr. Talon, Vice gerant of the colonies, advised the authorities to petition Louis XIV. of France for Letters Patent, that would make the order an incorporated body.

Napoleon's answer as to what would make France a great nation—"to educate the women" must have had its germ in the mind of the "Grand Monarch," for he writes:

"The spirit of zeal led Sister Bourgeyos to Canada in 1658, where she had founded a community for the instruction of young girls—she has taught gratuitously every branch of education necessary to the young persons who surround her. Success has attended her endeavours, and Heaven has bestowed so many singular favors and continued graces upon her undertakings that neither she nor her associates have ever been a burden to the colony. With her own resources she has built a convent, bought and cultivated a considerable extent of land, and erected a large farm house, which is well supplied with every essential comfort. This establishment has already received the approbation of Bishop de Laval, of Sieur de Courcelles, our

Lieutenant General in Canada, and of Sieur Talon, our Intendant. Wishing on our side to contribute towards the good work, and desiring with all our heart to give Sister Bourgeyos the means requisite for maturing her plans, and extending her institution to all those localities where God's glory demands, we approve and confirm by these patent letters, bearing our signature, the establishment of the said congregation on the Island of Montreal, under the jurisdiction of our Ordinary, and we declare that no one shall molest her, in any way or upon any pretext whatever."

During all this time Mother Bourgeyos had her own secret troubles concerning the future welfare of her religious community. Though living according to rule, and under the strictest self-imposed discipline, yet she had not received a set of rules from her Bishop ex-officio. Bishop de Laval wished to affiliate the Congregational Sisters with the Ursulines of Quebec upon a cloister basis.

Mother Bourgeyos did not acquiesce with this proposal, as she knew that what the young colony really needed were sisters who would work with them, as well as pray with them. Though she bowed her head in Catholic submission to her spiritual superior in that which he had lawful jurisdiction, she would not, nor did not, accept his proposition. It was not until the year 1698 that her wishes were fulfilled, when her order received its constitution with the seal of the Holy See, and she became Sister Margret of the Blessed Sacrament.

The lips of this great and holy woman, who use to continually say to the young aspirant "love simplicity humility and poverty," became chilled with the cold touch of death on the 12th January, 1700.

Her body was buried beneath Notre Dame Cathedral, attended with all the honour that Church and State could render, but the pure heart that in after years gushed forth rich, warm blood, was left to sanctify the convent that in life its every pulsation was a prayer for each and every one gathered there.

L. A. HENRY.

For the CATHOLIC REVIEW.

THE JESUITS AND THE NEWSPAPERS.

THE secular press pertinaciously reproduces the most astounding items concerning the Jesuits, dated from nowhere and attributable to no one. Sometimes it makes them spies in royal households, or directors of imaginary banks, or bringing about political changes in countries where they do not exist, or inspiring newspapers, or controlling bishops. Alternately, they are speaking by the mouth of the Sovereign Pontiff, or he is "condemning them." Protestants are sometimes credulous enough to believe these idle inventions. Catholics laugh at them, or take a certain pride in them, as showing with what fear our good Jesuits have inspired the enemies of truth. A foeman always attacks a strong position first, they say, or an archer loses a shining mark. The most glorious testimony to the followers of St. Ignatius is the obloquy which the world heaps upon them." Thus the tie is made stronger which binds devoted Catholics to the Society of Jesus.

"I always admired the Jesuits," writes the Countess Hahn Nahn, an eminent convert, "but since the radicals have poured out vials of wrath upon them, I love them."

"The success of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus in parish work in this country has often been a subject of comment," says one of the most distinguished of modern Catholic authors, Maurice Francis Egan. He is writing in the March number of the *Ave Maria* and is speaking of the United States. "Put the Jesuits anywhere in a city," he continues, "let them have a parish or no parish, bind them by local lines or lease them free and they soon draw about them great numbers of people drawn surely towards the road of perfection. It cannot be explained on the ground of personal magnetism. All Jesuits have not that quality. It can only be understood through the fact that the Jesuits organize efficiently. . . . And so the whole machine moves slowly and easily and people ask one another why the Jesuits keep so many diverse elements true to the principles of faith and practical conduct."

This is most true, and finely and forcibly expressed by Mr. Egan, but underlying the fact of the Jesuits' success is the deep-seated impression that the Jesuits have braved fierce storms and stood pilots at their post in roughest weather. It is the character which belongs to them of high and lofty heroism, an indescribable feeling that in any member of the Order there is the possible missionary or even martyr. It is the testimonies they have rung even from their bitterest enemies. It is those discoveries and inventions, the tracing to their sources of mighty rivers, the following the courses of the stars, the keeping pace with profoundest scientific thought, the Jesuit names written in every department of literature and of science, the encouragement given to every form of human endeavor. It is a certain intrepidity, a dauntless braving of that world which so abhors their undivided ranks. It is their holiness, attachment, the heroism of their obedience. It is the story of those lives the most glorious in the hagiology of the Church, Ignatius and Francis Ibaries, Peter Claver and Edmund Campion, Aloysius and Stanislaus, Berchmans and St. Alphonsus Liguori, and even those uncanonized holy ones who have dwelt here

upon our own soil, Breboeuf and Joques and Lalemant. It is the almost innumerable saints which the Society of Jesus has given to the Church. It is those wonderful missions in the burning wastes of Africa, in the fastnesses of the Himalayas, amongst Kafirs, or Negroes or Chinamen or Brahmins, it matters not which. It is, in short, all that belongs to the followers of "the romantic and royal minded Ignatius," to use the expression of Cardinal Newman.

Tributes of heartfelt admiration for the Jesuits are to be found in the writings of Newman and Manning and Brownson and Marshall, who closes one of his best known works with an apostrophe to his "dear and beloved Fathers of the Society of Jesus," having already sung their praises in the pages of his immortal "Christian Missions." In fact almost every writer of note, in our own day, who has taken up the pen in the cause of Christ, has.

But there are other testimonies, which shall only appear at the general accounting day. Those hosts of individual Catholics, who declare with enthusiasm that their spiritual life has derived much of its force and energy from this sacred source. The wise direction, the sympathy with suffering, the prudent advice, the patient bearing, the self-sacrificing devotedness, when illness or misfortune or death has appeared at the domestic hearth, the genial smile, the pleasant word, all that is characteristic of the true Jesuit. Many a heart owes its best impulses to them, many an intellect its highest flights, many a will its firmest stand against temptation, many a soul, no doubt, its final perseverance.

A Jesuit, since gone to his reward, used to make of some who were intimate with him the following request. It was when bitter persecutions were waged against the Society in some countries, and trials were not wanting in his own. He did not ask us to pray that the Order might triumph over its enemies, or grow in prosperity or increase in numbers, but that each member of it might "increase in love, knowledge and following of our Lord."

A well known secular priest used to say that love of the Jesuits is "a sign of predestination." It was said in jest, but underlying it is the great truth, which even Protestants recognize, and which one of them thus expressed that the Jesuits are the "very quintessence of Catholicity. Generally speaking, a heart that is truly Catholic is in warm sympathy with the sons of Loyola. No better proof of this exists than the sort of commendation which outsiders often bestow upon indifferent Catholics: "He is a good, liberal-minded fellow, the sort that can't get on with the Jesuits." The Catholic listener usually forms no very flattering opinion of his co-religionist thus commended.

So these senseless and malicious newspaper squibs, which are rarely deemed worthy of serious attention, have this use. They show that the halo of glory which rests upon the Jesuits everywhere, that those things which excite the love and veneration of Catholics for them provoke in an equal degree the fear and the hatred of the enemy. They teach that calumny is the only weapon which malice can wield, and that the only hope which the unbeliever has of weakening the mighty power of the Jesuits for good is by sowing, if they can, seeds of distrust against them in careless or unthinking Catholics. Their warfare is in vain, for that banner, with its sublime motto, "Thy kingdom come," shall be upraised, despite the rudest blasts of heresy or infidelity, and the world-famous war cry, "for the greater glory of God," shall be heard by the nations, till the last of these black robed soldiers of Christ shall disappear from earth.

A. T. S.

For the CATHOLIC REVIEW.

PERE GAFFRE AT NOTRE DAME, MONTREAL.

In a preceding sermon the Rev. Pere Gaffre pointed out the sources of danger to Faith arising from pride, ignorance, and revolted passion; last Sunday he told his audience, when danger threatened, where they should look for succor, and, when danger turned to damage, how they should seek to repair the injury. Since to salvation, the one thing necessary, Faith is essential, and since this necessary faith is exposed to such vital danger and subject to injury from such extraordinary assaults, there must be succor at hand and remedy within reach. To counteract the poison of pride, the rancor of ignorance, the malady of evil affections, the remedy must contain as antidotes knowledge, humility, and detachment from sin. God has provided a supernatural remedy in the Sacrament of Penance. In it He gives us the light of His knowledge, enabling us to see into our hearts and discover with abhorrence the heinous sins that are hidden there. In it we humble our wretched pride by the very acknowledgment of our baseness and of our sins, and now by utterly detesting these sins we detach ourselves from them, and our contrition and the firm resolve to amend are supernaturally strengthened by the grace of the Sacrament.

But the scoffers will exclaim:—What! abase myself before my fellow-man, perhaps my intellectual inferior, and kneel at his feet confessing my sins! They have said this and refused to kneel. Fools! They have neither understood the greatness of him who thus humbles himself, nor the majesty of the mystery enacted at these Assizes of religion. They do not see, nor do they wish to see, that,

filled with the spirit of the justice of God, this man, becoming his own accuser and judge, has, by the very act they denounce with such withering scorn, already elevated himself above his lower nature by as much as the accuser stands above the criminal. . . . We admire the Roman magistrate who sentenced his guilty children, and him who condemned his victorious sons because they had disobeyed the general's command. But we must admire infinitely more the man who exercises the severity of the first judge, not against his sons or the members of his own family, but against himself—whose sense of justice is so irresistible that when he has broken the law he waits for no accuser but lays the charge himself, pronounces his own guilt and executes the punishment. What is there base in this man's conduct, unless it is baseness to purge oneself of it. He found his soul soiled with the festering foulness of sin, and yet filled with the folly of pride, and seizing it violently he abases it in the mud of earth, crushing back into the surrounding clay whatever soiled its purity, and flooding it again with the light of faith,—as when you cleanse the crystal the light pours in. . . . So it was the Master gave sight to the beggar at the gate who had lived from his birth in the darkness. Wetting with spittle the dry clay, He anointed with mud the eyes of the blind man and bade him go wash in the pool of Siloa,—who went and washed and came back seeing. . . . But the Pharisees of that time, the worldly-wise, the scoffers, refused to believe, and when the man who had been blind insisted that he had been cured in this miraculous way, they sneered at him and said—"Dost thou teach us?" And so they cast him out. But the Master knowing

this, asked him "Dost thou believe in the Son of God?" Bartimeus, once blind, now seeing, fell on his knees before the Master, adoring Him, and his answer was "I believe, Lord!" *Credo Domine!*

So, many a doubting Christian, expecting aid from science, has come to the priest of God, and gone away convinced. Has the priest displayed great learning and overcome objections by skilful argument? This is what has happened, the priest has asked:—Do you sincerely wish a return of faith? Then cleanse the crystal that the light may shine through—remove the stains that obscure your soul's vision, and doubts no longer will darken your intelligence. Humble yourself, do penance, confess your sins and absolution will be given you. . . . And this being done, now tell me of the objections to Faith you wished me to refute. . . . But the penitent answers: Grace has brought me back my faith—all doubts have vanished, and I believe. . . . And how has this miracle been performed? Ask him who was blind and sat a beggar at the gate; . . . the answer comes: the Master took mud of the earth and with it anointed my sightless eyes, and told him to go wash in the Pool of Siloa, and I went I washed, and I see.

Truly, the Sacrament of Penance brings not alone forgiveness of sins, it brings as well new strength to enfeebled faith and revives within us the love of God, so that, like the blind man who was given his sight, the absolved penitent, falling on his knees in fervent adoration exclaims in his heart, "I believe, Lord!" *Credo Domine!*

Montreal.

K.

Catholic News.

Emerald Beneficial Association. CARD OF THANKS.

To the officers and Members of the E.B.A., and
my many friends:

BROTHERS AND FRIENDS,—I take this means of tendering to you the most sincere and heartfelt thanks of both myself and wife for your kindly sympathy and generous condolence with us in our bereavement by the death of a much loved child. Death is ever an inexorable and ruthless searcher after victims, extracting to the full the last quota of his dues. Whilst holding in his clammy embrace the young and fair maiden, his bony hands encircle, at the same time, the forms of those upon whose cheek the furrows of many years of age and toil are stamped. From his touch none are sacred. The old or the young, the sabbat or the illiterate, the mighty monarch or the humblest beggar amongst his subjects, all are equal in his sight, and must pay to him toll—a toll which is the life of the victim. Our household has not been spared from death's visit. We cannot complain. The Lord gave, and the Lord has taken His own to Himself again. With full hearts we thank the Divine Redeemer in that He has allowed us to retain other children to be a solace and balm to our wounds.

Your kind and fraternal words and acting have done much to assuage our grief—words and actions that will never be forgotten by us, but be treasured up in the storehouse of our memory for all time. Surrounded by such friends we can calmly look forward to that blissful time when we will be reunited again with our lost darling in that other world.

"Where the beautiful and glorious
Live together evermore."

Again allow me to tender to you the thanks of my wife and myself, and believe me to be
Yours in grateful remembrance,

D. A. CAREY.

Grand President E.B.A.

The Bi-annual session of the Grand Branch will be held at London, commencing May 3rd, and delegates from all portions of Ontario will be present, the headquarters being at the Market House. This will be one of the most important meetings of the order since its institution, as matters of the greatest importance will come up for discussion, chief amongst which will be the revision of the Constitution for the purpose of inserting a death benefit clause of from \$250 to \$500 payable to the

heirs of deceased members. It is also expected that Very Rev. Vicar-General Rooney, Chaplain of the order in North America, will grace the meeting by his presence.

At the last meeting of St. Peter's Branch, No. 21 E.B.A., Peterborough, held on March 24th 1892, the following resolution was passed:

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in His wisdom to take unto Himself the beloved child of our respected Grand President, Bro. D. A. Carey. Therefore be it Resolved that St. Peter's Branch No. 21 in session assembled do tender Bro. D. A. Carey and his esteemed wife our heartfelt sympathy in the sad affliction which it has pleased Almighty God to visit them with, and, be it further Resolved that the Secretary of this Branch be instructed to forward to Bro. Carey a copy of this resolution, and that it be also spread on the Minute Book of the Branch.

(Signed) Wm. HOGAN,
Recording Secretary.

At the last meeting of the St. Paul's Branch No. 8 E.B.A., held in their hall on April 3rd, the following vote of condolence was unanimously passed:

To D. A. Carey, Grand President, E.B.A.:

We, the members of No. 8 Branch, do tender to yourself and wife our heartfelt sorrow in this hour of affliction caused by the death of your beloved daughter, and trust that you may with Christian fortitude accept the heavy blow now imposed upon you by our dear Lord and Master. And you may rest assured that you will have a bright and loving advocate before the throne of Divine Mercy ever praying to be reunited with you when this life's battles are over.

Signed on behalf of the Branch,
ANGUS MACDONALD, JOHN CLEARY.

Our Lady of Lourdes.

On Palm Sunday, the services at the church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Sherbourne street, were very impressive. High mass was sung by the Rev. Father O'Donohue, of St. Basil's, Tue choir, under the direction of Mr. W. S. O'Connor, rendered Adolf Kaim's beautiful mass of St. Cecilia in a very effective manner. At the offertory the effective duet, "Quis est Homo," from Rossini's "Stabat Mater," was sung by Misses Reynolds and Bonsall with a technical skill really excellent. Both singers seemed to thoroughly comprehend the composition, and their singing of it was marked by a rare intelligence of the work and a complete sympathy with each other. One of the most noteworthy points was the exceedingly clever

way in which the difficult cadenza was sung so thoroughly in accord did the young artists seem. On next Sunday (Easter) the choir will render, for the first time in Toronto, Gounod's celebrated Second Mass Solemnelle—*Empire*

G. Y. L. L.A.

The members of the Catholic Young Ladies Literary Association enjoyed quite a literary treat on Monday evening. Miss Gertrude Lawlor, B. A., delivered a short but very interesting lecture on Samuel Johnson and won the applause and admiration of her audience by the excellent manner in which she treated her subject. Mrs. B. R. Emslie, the elocutionist of the evening, shared the honors with Miss Lawlor, her encore number—Whitcomb Riley's "Little Orphant Annie"—exciting great laughter. Both were presented with flowers at the close of the evening. Miss B. McCarthy contributed two instrumental selections, and Miss Katie O'Donoghue, a vocal solo both being well received. A vote of thanks was tendered to all who had taken part.

Ottawa.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ST. PATRICK'S LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

Mr. Daniel Dunn (president) presided at the 36th annual meeting of St. Patrick's Literary Association held last week. There were also present, Ald. Devlin, Ald. Starrs, J. Foran, Jas. O'Regan, R. A. Starrs, J. D. Grace, P. A. Egleson, W. Kehoe, J. A. Hanratty, P. Regan, Jas. Bennett, P. J. Lally, J. M. Quinn, J. P. Dunne, John McGillicuddy and P. Brankin, John Byrnes, J. A. McAnulty and Wm. Finley, Thos. Cleary, Jas. Higgins, J. A. Hughes, D. Doyle, and F. Reinson.

The report of the recording secretary, J. Foran, showed the association to be in a good financial condition.

The election of officers resulted as follows: President, John D. Grace; vice-president, John Byrnes; recording secretary, M. J. Mahon; corresponding secretary, J. A. Hughes; treasurer, Daniel Doyle; librarian, James Shea; trustees, Ald. Starrs, John McGillicuddy, James Higgins. M. J. A. McAnulty was an unsuccessful candidate for the presidency and Mr. J. Foran and J. A. Hanratty declined re-election as recording secretary and treasurer respectively.

The new president is the youngest that has ever held that position. But although a young man, Mr. Grace has already held several important positions at the gift of Irishmen of the city. He is secretary of the Gladstone Branch of the National League, and was one of the delegates appointed to meet William O'Brien

M.P., when that gentleman visited Canada and the capital several years ago.

St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton.

Last week on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday sermons were preached in the Cathedral by a Jesuit Father. On Friday the devotion of the Forty Hours adoration was commenced with a solemn procession. By arrangement the different societies and religious communities took their turn on guard so that the church was well filled during the continuance of this beautiful devotion.

Of course the women attended in larger numbers than the men but it was edifying to note the grand turnout of the various societies of the sterner sex.

At no time during the forty Hours was there an absence of worshippers.

There were special services for Germans, Poles, French and other nationalities, in order to give all a chance to approach the Blessed Eucharist during the time of exposition.

The decoration of the Sanctuary and Altar was of the most elaborate and tasteful description and reflected great credit upon those in charge.

At the close on Sunday evening his Lordship Bishop Dowling preached and it is needless to say that it was a masterly effort.

A great number of Protestants present expressed their admiration of the sublime ceremonies.

Com.

GENERAL.

The new chancellor of the New York diocese, has already held many honourable positions in the church. He has been professor at Troy seminary, pastor of the important parish of St. Patrick's Newburg, rural dean for Orange and Rockland counties; and he is now in charge of a large city parish, a synodal examiner and a diocese consultant, in addition to the new dignity which Archbishop Corrigan bestowed upon him last week.

The new chapel in the Cherry Valley district, out in the Highlands, which is attended by the priests of St. Joseph's Church, was opened for divine services for the first time last Sunday. The chapel is a great accommodation to the large Catholic population living around and about it.

Monsignor d'Hulst, the newly-elected member of the French Chamber of Deputies, is of noble Flemish extraction and allied to some of the best families in France. He is an ecclesiastic of admittedly high abilities, and is especially versed in ecclesiastical history. He holds the rectorate of the Catholic University of Paris, and was appointed, two years ago, by Cardinal Richard, archbishop of Paris, the Lenten preacher at Notre Dame, succeeding the famous Pere Didon, O. P. He has long been recognized as an able organizer, and is prominent in charitable works.

It appears that the notorious Pere Villatte has succeeded in getting himself consecrated a bishop by the independent Catholic prelate Colombo, Ceylon under the instructions from the Greek patriarch of Antioch, and is coming back to this country to preside over the "Old Catholic church" here. If it be true that Villatte, by misrepresentations, has succeeded in doing this, the validity of his orders can hardly be questioned, though as there is no such an organization in the United States as the "Old Catholic church," it is difficult to see what good his consecration is going to do him.

As fully three-fourths of the Catholic population of the archdiocese of Westminster are of Irish birth or descent, and as all this large element is strongly in favour of home rule for Ireland, it would be a very unwise proceeding

for Dr. Vaughan, in case he shares the "Catholic" prejudices of the London *Tablet*, to air his ideas before his flock. It is more likely, though, that Archbishop Vaughan will avow by his administration that Leo XIII. made no mistake when he selected him to succeed the lamented Manning, whose sympathy with Catholic Ireland's cause was so often and so forcibly expressed during his lifetime.

The Cuban Catholics of Jacksonville, Fla. are soon to have a church of their own, and its establishment will serve to recall, times when the Catholic population of Florida was largely Cuban and Spanish. Over three centuries ago these Catholics had a church at St. Augustine, the oldest American town, and even now the parochial records of that period of the city are kept at Havana, whither they were taken by the former pastors when Florida passed from Spain's to England's control.

The French government evidently learned nothing by its costly experience in the case of Monsignor Soular, whom it called to account for heading a pilgrimage to Rome. The downfall of the ministry, which took place soon afterwards, ought, one would be inclined to think, to have convinced the French rulers that it was extremely hazardous work for them to attempt any interference with the rights and proper privileges of the Catholic prelates. Such does not appear to be the case, however, and because the bishop of Viviers has presumed to go to Rome, without first asking leave of the ministers, forsooth, the government has deprived him of his salary during his absence from France, and it may take it into its head to prosecute him when he returns to his diocese.

If the French government paid the salaries of the Catholic prelates out of moneys that were its own by every title of justice, there might be less reason to find fault with it for stopping payment in cases like this of the bishop of Viviers. But it must be remembered that, in paying these salaries, the government is simply giving the church a very limited amount of the money and wealth of which it deprived her years ago. Under the terms of the concordat the government obliged itself to pay the stipends of the Catholic hierarchy and clergy in partial restoration of the ecclesiastical property it had confiscated, and hence the injustice of stopping a prelate's salary whenever he refuses to submit to the arbitrary and despotic legislation France has recently enacted is all the more glaring and monstrous.

The golden rose, which, as already stated in this column, is destined this year for the Queen of Portugal, was blessed, according to ancient custom, by the Holy Father on last Sunday. The origin of this custom is not definitely known, but it certainly was very ancient. As early as 1368 there is record of the rose having been given to the Queen of Naples, who is believed to have been the first female recipient of the Papal favor, though distinguished princes were honored by the gift centuries before that date. For the last two centuries the rose has been sent almost invariably to women, and last year it went to the Catholic Empress of Austria.

The new archbishop of Westminster, Dr. Vaughan, visited this country twenty years ago, in company with Monsignor Gadd, the purpose of his visit being to establish here the first house, at Baltimore, of the Josephite fathers, of whose principal institution, St. Joseph's College, Mill Hill, London, Monsignor Vaughan is the head. His companion on that visit, Monsignor Gadd, who may yet be his successor in the Salford see, was over here a couple of years ago, at the centennial celebration of the American Catholic hierarchy, when he brought to Cardinal Gibbons an address

presented by the prelates of the northern English sees to the American archbishops and bishops. Monsignor Gadd also represented Dr. Vaughan at the opening of the Catholic University at Washington.

Archbishop Corrigan, who is himself a Roman student, says the Boston *Republic*, evidently leans towards the graduates of the American College, Rome, and he has appointed one of the youngest alumni of that institution, Rev. James N. Connolly, his secretary, in place of Bishop elect McDonnell, also a graduate of the same college. If he follows in the footsteps of his predecessors in the secretarial office, Father Connolly will wear a mitre before he dies, though, as he is but 28 years of age at present, he will have to wait some years.

The election of an abbot for the Benedictines of Subjaco, in Speelville, Logan county, Arkansas, took place on March 24, at the monastery located in that town. The occasion was a most important event in the religious history of the Order and the State. The selection was by ballot, and Rev. Ignatius Conrad was chosen for the exalted position. The new Abbot was born in Auv, Switzerland, November 15th, 1846. He has another brother a priest and abbot of the Conception monastery in Missouri. He has also a brother who occupies a high official position in the government of Switzerland. Father Ignatius came from St. Joseph's mission in Missouri, where he resided for sixteen years. The Holy Father appointed the Abbot of St. Meinrad, Indiana, to conduct the election, and that distinguished present on the occasion.

Among the members of the Archdiocesan Union of the I.C.B.U., there is an active movement to establish in Philadelphia a home for Catholic women, and it is likely that the scheme will be put into operation in the near future. A meeting of the Union was held, a short time ago, when the committee appointed to inquire into the project made a favourable report. The idea is to buy a suitable structure where females of the Catholic faith can find a home while seeking employment, and where those who are employed may board at a nominal sum per week. An industrial school is also contemplated connection with the home, where the woman will be thoroughly taught every branch of house work, thus enabling them to secure situations that otherwise they would be unable to fill. It is expected that after the first year the institution will be nearly self-supporting.

Information Wanted.

To the Editor of the CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW—Sir, I have received a letter from Mrs. Catherine Savell, Block B, Banstead Asylum, Banstead, Surry, England, asking me to endeavour to obtain information as to the whereabouts of her son George Joseph Savell who came to this country in August 1882 in charge of some Catholic children sent out by Rev. Father Syddons, Archbishop's House, Westminster.

I have ascertained that Savell was in the employ of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company at Ottawa and that he left here early in the fall of 1888 to work on the construction of the railway at or near Sudbery, but since then I can find no trace of him. If any of your readers know anything of the missing man they will perform a charitable act by communicating their information either to me or directly to Mr. Savell. Savell if alive, would now be about thirty.

This enquiry does not of course come within the scope of the Catholic Truth Society, but having been written to by Mrs. Savell I am anxious to help her.

Yours truly

W. L. Scott

Secretary of the Catholic Truth Society of Ottawa

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commented by

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

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

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

The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, Toronto

The Late Archbishop Lynch.

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

The Rev. Father Ford of "St. Patrick's" Montreal.

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1892.

OFFICIAL

LENTEN REGULATIONS.

In consequence of the prevalence of the influenza in this archdiocese, and the enfeebled condition of public health, because of its ravages, we deem it our duty, in virtue of the Papal Indult, to dispense the faithful of this archdiocese from the laws of fast and abstinence during the coming Lent, excepting, however, the abstinence of Fridays, which must be observed as usual, and fast as well as abstinence on Good Friday. We at the same time exhort the faithful to live up to the spirit of penance and self-denial that should characterize the holy season of Lent, to try to appease the anger of God enkindled against our sins by fervent prayer, by alms deeds, and penitential works. We recommend self-denial in regard to those luxuries, the use of which is not necessary nor even conducive to bodily health and strength; such for instance as the use of intoxicating liquor, unless prescribed as medicine by a physician, the use of tobacco, etc., and abstinence from amusements innocent in themselves. In the words of His Holiness, the faithful who use this Apostolic Indulgence should be fervent in prayer, in performing works of mercy to the poor, in attending the public devotions of the Church, and in the frequentation of the Sacraments.

THE FORTY HOURS DEVOTION.

The forty hours devotion is to be held in this city, within the Paschal time, in the following churches and at the following dates:—

- 1st. On the first Sunday of Lent and the three following days in St. Mary's Church, Bathurst Street.
- 2nd. On the 2nd Sunday of Lent at St. Basil's.
- 3rd. On the 3rd Sunday of Lent at St. Paul's.
- 4th. It begins on Thursday the 24th of March at St. Patrick's.
- 5th. On 4th Sunday of Lent (27th March) at St. Michael's Cathedral.
- 6th. Passion Sunday (3rd April) at St. Joseph's, Leslieville
- 7th. On Palm Sunday at St. Helen's, Lockton.
- 8th. On first Sunday after Easter, in the Church of the Sacred Heart, King St. East.

SEPARATE SCHOOLS IN QUEBEC AND ONTARIO—A GLARING CONTRAST.

During the heat and excitement of the Provincial elections in 1890 the whole Province was stirred by the philippics of Mr. W. Meredith against the Mowat Government's policy of injustice to Catholics.

The aforesaid leader of the Opposition seemed to feel deeply the hardships of unfortunate Catholics who, he said, were compelled to pay taxes to the support of Catholic schools. A clause in the Separate School law authorised the city or township assessor to mark down on the list of Catholic school supporters, such heads of families as he knew to be Roman Catholics. The fact of their being Catholics was, the law stated, a *prima facie* evidence that they were willing to support their own schools. Mr. W. Meredith declaimed publicly against the tyranny and injustice of such a law, maintaining that no assessor should have any such authority as to mark down a Catholic, whom he knew to be a Catholic, on the Catholic school list. Because it might happen that the Catholic ratepayer in question might be willing to pay his taxes and send his children to the Protestant or Public school.

The storm raised by such specious arguments was so violent and widespread that the Mowat government quailed before it. And now, hundreds of dollars of Catholic school taxes are lost every year in the city of Toronto alone, as a result of striking out the clause so obnoxious to Mr. Meredith, and compelling every Catholic to send in a declaration to the city clerk, acknowledging himself a Catholic and a supporter of the R. C. Separate school. All the new comers in towns and cities, if Catholics, must be found out and waited upon by the school trustees, and requested to sign a paper which binds them to pay taxes. Very often Catholics will not be known as such for years after they have moved from one city to another. When the trustees finally discover the existence of such a man in their district they call upon him, but he may be a railroad employee, or acting in some capacity that leaves him but few hours in the week to attend to his family. He is not home. The Trustees may have to call several times. When found at last he may be very unwilling to sign any paper that would subject him to the ordeal of paying taxes of any kind. Meanwhile his taxes and the taxes of hundreds of others are being paid into the public school fund. This unjust and vexatious hampering of our Separate school funds was brought about by Mr. Meredith's crocodile tears over the injustice done to Catholics, by taking it for granted they were Catholics. It was never heard of in the world before, in any country or in any age, that a Protestant was wronged, by being set down as a Protestant; or that a Catholic was unjustly treated and robbed of his birth-right—because he was classed among Catholics. Mr. W. Meredith made the discovery, and the idea was, by that gentleman's dazzling eloquence, flashed in such lurid colours in the eyes of the Protestant electorate, that the Mowat government weakened in the knees and sacrificed the Catholics to appease the tempest.

Will it repeat the story of its weakness once again—when even a more crying hardship is about to be legalized? Or will Mr. Meredith, who had so much sympathy for the poor Catholics who were obliged to support their own schools, have not one word to utter in behalf of the rich Catholic, Mr. George Kiely, who was compelled to sign an illegal and unconstitutional contract, by which he was robbed of his birth-right to support his own church and contribute his portion of school tax to the education of his own children.

If Catholics were aggrieved who had to support their own schools, how much more oppressed must Catholics feel who are compelled, against their will, to support Public Protestant schools? It is against such injustice and oppression that Mr. Meredith, if at all consistent, ought to now raise his voice in

eloquent protest. We fear very much, however, that if he speaks at all on the subject, it will be in favor of the continuance of the unjust and immoral contract, that forces a Catholic gentleman to do violence to his own conscience, in alienating every year a very large sum of money from the education and church of his own choice and convictions.

With the French Canadians such immoral contracts are not permissible. Down there, in Montreal or Quebec, it is not left with the members of any chartered company or corporate body to say which way the company's taxes must go.

Although many privileges were enjoyed by the Protestant minority in Lower Canada previous to Confederation, still further allowances were made in the statutes since then, enacted for instance in 32 Vict. chap. 16 of 1868, 1st July. It was made law that: An absolute division of the school taxes in the cities of Montreal and Quebec is provided for, and the school taxes imposed on Protestant property belongs to Protestants, and they receive a proportionate share of the taxes on property *belonging to corporations or incorporated companies, or to persons not belonging to the Roman Catholic or Protestant faith, Jews for instance, or whose religious faith is unknown, or belonging partly or jointly to persons belonging some to the Roman Catholic, and others the Protestant Religion; or to persons who declare in writing their desire of having their property inscribed on the list known as "neutral" or to firms and commercial partnerships who shall have not declared through their agent, or one of their members, their desire of being placed on the first or second list. These provisions also apply to the Protestants in the towns of Richmond and Sherbrooke."*

If fair and equitable provisions, such as the above, were made in favour of the Catholic Separate Schools by the Ontario government, no bigoted city council would be tempted, or have it in its power to impose, mean, immoral and vexatious conditions on public contractors; Catholics would be enabled to have their schools better equipped, and the burthen of supporting them would be much lighter; while a general feeling would exist in the minds of Catholics that they were receiving generous treatment and fair play from the Protestant majority.

Among the Protestant mind it is the current belief, maintained of course by the preaching of fanatical parsons, who perhaps know better, that the French Canadians are intolerant, that their religion inspires them with a hatred of their Protestant neighbours, and that Catholics of any nationality would oppress them, and even exterminate them, if they only had the power. This sentiment is so deeply rooted in their minds, that the principal objection to Home Rule in Ireland, just now, is the fear lest a Dublin government should oppress and persecute the Protestant minority in Ulster. Major Saunderson, M.P., and others have lately declared in open meetings, that should it happen that Ireland were declared free to make her own laws and develop her own resources, he, Major Saunderson, and other Orange M.P.'s would appeal to arms, and raise 300,000 fighting men to oppose such enactments, even though sanctioned by her Majesty the Queen. Of course such threats are all buncombe and silly trash; but they show how ignorant Protestants in general are of the tolerant spirit of Catholicism, that allows every liberty in Lower Canada to Protestants of every denomination to educate their children just as they please, and gives them an equal and just share of all school taxes, from whatever source they may be derived. Protestants receive in the Province of Quebec their proportional share of all taxes levied on chartered companies, such as railways, banks, combines of any kind, street railways, gas, electric light companies, &c., &c. Nor is it necessary that any person or company should declare that he is a Protestant, so that his taxes may go to the Protestant school. If he is a Jew or a heathen or an agnostic and declares that he belongs to no church in particular, then his school taxes are equally divided among Catholic and Protestant schools.

In the province of Ontario, where Catholics have with Protestants voted large sums as bonuses to railway companies, the Catholics can not obtain one cent of the taxes levied on those companies for school purposes. In railway centres, viz., in Toronto, Hamilton, Brantford, London, Stratford and St. Thomas, the taxes on those different chartered railroad companies run from 10,000 up to 20,000 dollars—about one third of these sums is devoted to school purposes. If the Catholics got their proportionate share of such taxes, they could employ more teachers and add considerably to their school accommodations. But why are they refused all or any portion of such taxes?

Will the Mowat government ever think of vying with the Government at Quebec in generosity towards its Catholic supporters. We do fancy that Mr. Mowat and his cabinet are sufficiently enlightened on the matter of generous treatment to Catholics, but have they the courage of their sentiments? It matters not to us if those gentlemen be liberal, and have the very best intentions, as long as they tremble in presence of the opposition lion, and quake at his roar, their liberal intentions are of no earthly benefit to us. We have allowed the late sessions of our local parliament to pass by without even a hint. But if Mr. Mowat and his friends do not move in the direction of fair play to us, such as the Protestant minority receive in Quebec, he may find out that we can roar too.

THE ORANGE SENTINEL AND THE JESUITS.

Our Orange contemporary had a short article in last week's issue in reply to "enquiries, of which we are often in receipt, as to what countries the Jesuits have been expelled from." And hereupon it gives the statistics furnishing the name of the country and the date of expulsion. It never occurred to the mind of the editor that it would be satisfactory all round, and only fair to the expelled and to the expellers (if we may coin a word) to state the causes that led to so many expulsions, or at least to some of the most notable. For instance, the *Sentinel* might have explained that the Jesuits were expelled from England during the atrocious reign of Queen Elizabeth, who had two hundred and eighty of them hanged, drawn and quartered for the crime of having celebrated Mass, and for having in a private way, and by stealth, administered the last rites and sacraments to dying members of the Catholic Church. It quotes China and Japan, without saying that the Jesuits suffered martyrdom in those countries, and bravely died at the stake in testimony of the Faith "once given to the saints," as Lalement and Brebœuf in our Canada, consecrated the soil we live on, in martyr's blood.

How they were driven from France, Spain and Portugal, is explained in a few words. Vicious and corrupt Ministers of State, whose crimes smell to heaven, caused them to be banished from these Catholic countries. De Pombal in Portugal, broke up the happy Republic they had established in Paraguay, and drove them away from their beloved Indians, foolishly fancying he would find mines of gold, and not finding any he invaded that peaceful country with fifteen thousand armed warriors, and exterminated the inhabitants. The Jesuits, who defended them, were declared enemies of the State and banished from Portugal and all its possessions.

Every one familiar with the mere outlines of history can tell the causes which led to their expulsion from France. The famous courtesan Pompadour had bewitched the imbecile old Louis XV., who dismissed his beautiful and pious Queen Consort Leczinska daughter of the King of Poland. Because the Jesuit Fathers refused to admit Pompadour to the Sacraments she declared open war on their order, and the corrupt Minister, De Choiseul, her unworthy tool, was chosen as minister of her vengeance. The poor old King was soon prevailed upon to sign their expulsion. Madam de Grammont, sister of famed Pompa-

dour, intrigued with Count D'Aranda in Spain to make the old Charles believe that the Jesuits were conspiring against his throne because they were very popular with the citizens of Madrid. On one occasion, when a riot broke out in the city, and the King's palace was threatened, two of the Fathers harangued the crowd and laid the storm. The multitudes threw down their arms and accompanied the Fathers with cheers to the gates of their monastery. Count D'Aranda could never forgive them for this outburst of popular devotion to the Reverend Fathers. Madam de Grammont and Pompadour's emissaries were sent to fan the flame, and the Jesuits were expelled.

The ambassadors of all these, and other corrupt courts, brought their mighty influence to bear on Pope Clement XIV., threatening to imitate England in her apostacy unless he signed the suppression of the Jesuit Order. Under such mighty influence, threats and fears, the Pope hesitatingly signed the Brief. But he repented immediately after, like St. Peter, after the betrayal of his Master. He died about one year subsequently, it is said, of grief and a broken heart. His successor, Pius VI., was imprisoned by Napoleon, and had no time to devote to the restoration of the Fathers; but his successor, Pius VII., restored them in 1814.

The *Sentinel* might be called to answer the question: who was wrong? Were the Jesuits wrong in any case, or were the Governments wrong who expelled them? Do Governments never commit errors?

Were the French Huguenots wrong, or was the Government of Louis XIV. wrong that expelled them from France? Were the Puritans wrong, or were the Roundheads and Cavaliers wrong who brought about their exile, and even expulsion, from England?

Were the Jesuits wrong who taught in the German universities, some of whom wore medals for distinguished bravery in the field during the Franco-Prussian war? Were these Jesuits wrong, or was Bismarck, who established the Falk laws, and drove priests and parsons from their rectories, and bishops from their sees, because they would not form a national church, and accept King William for their Pope, and allow infidel teachers to have charge of the education of the rising generation?

Even at this day universal sympathy is felt for the Jews, who are being expelled from Russia; their sad state appeals to the hearts of all right-minded men and women in Christendom. The *Orange Sentinel* may even shed a tear of commiseration on their unhappy lot. But it has no feeling but one of satisfaction for the persecution of the meekly suffering Jesuit Fathers. The Jews, who blaspheme the name of the world's Saviour, may find acceptance in the Orangeman's feelings of mercy, but there is no pity for the expelled, outraged, and done to death imitator and follower of the meek and merciful Jesus, whom all Christendom meditates upon this week, as the "Lamb led to the slaughter, not opening his mouth to complain." Whatever Orange gloating there may be over the expulsions of the Jesuits, it is very certain that to-day they are as numerous and efficient for teaching and missionary work, as they were two hundred years ago. They are more numerous, and probably more respected, in the free countries of the United States and Great Britain, than in any other nation or kingdom.

IRELAND'S LAST AND SUPREME EFFORT FOR HOME RULE.

A meeting of influential Irishmen and their sympathisers was lately held in the hall of the Cooper Institute, New York city. Archbishop Corrigan was present and addressed the meeting. The most wealthy and most influential Irish representatives of the Empire State were present. Several resolutions were passed in favor of sustaining the men in the gap, who are now in the British parliament, advocating Home Rule for Ireland. The

meeting was disturbed a few times by men cheering for Parnell and Dr. McGlynn. But thanks to the presence of a strong body of police, order was preserved, and a large sum contributed towards the Irish parliamentary fund. Mr. Eugene Kelly laid down 1,000 dollars; Mr. Charles Dana of the *Sun* contributed 500 dollars; Archbishop Corrigan 100 dollars. Altogether 5000 dollars were added to the funds already in the hands of the Federationists, to assist Justin McCarthy, Davitt, Dillon, O'Brien, Esmond and the others, in fighting Balfour and the Unionists at the next general elections. It would be time for some move to be made in Canada. If such men as already mentioned can trust their donations safely in the hands of Mr. Justin McCarthy and his supporters there is no reason why the friends of Home Rule in Canada should hesitate to organize and send in their contributions for so grand and so holy a cause. The next general elections will be held in July, mayhap sooner. The result of these elections will decide and determine the fate of Ireland for the next fifty years. If Gladstone obtains a large majority in the three kingdoms the hopes and aspirations of Ireland's sons and daughters the world over shall be realized. A new life will be infused into the great body of Irishmen who are so accustomed to disappointment and political defeat, that it will be scarcely possible to express or to measure the extent of universal joy that shall be experienced in the millions of heart when liberty for Irishmen to govern themselves is proclaimed, and the day of the inauguration and opening of the old Irish parliament is announced to the world. But a great fight, a mighty struggle has to be made in which all Irishmen must join heartily and with one accord.

Nor is there any time to lose. May and June are pressing on. The enemy of Ireland's happiness and greatness will proclaim the elections suddenly. We must not be caught unawares. We must not be surprised in our sleep, nor the grand opportunity of saving Ireland allowed to slip by and disappear for ever.

Let there be meetings held and let contributions pour in. Who will move first? We shall do our utmost to second the efforts of any generous and honourable individual made to help the efforts of the men in New York and elsewhere, who are determined to save Ireland.

Any contributions sent to our address will be handed to Archbishop Walsh or transmitted to the proper quarters.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is rumored that the negotiations between the Vatican and Great Britain for establishing a hierarchy in Egypt are progressing satisfactorily. The latest proposal of the Vatican is to appoint a Metropolitan at Alexandria, and two other Bishops in districts not yet fixed upon. At the Vatican it is hoped that during the celebration of the Papal Jubilee, Leo XIII. may be able to announce, as an accomplished fact, the conclusion of the arrangements.

MR. PATRICK O'BRIEN, it is said, intends to introduce at once into Parliament a short measure to be entitled the "Shamrock Disabilities Removal Bill," for the purpose of authorizing Irish soldiers to wear the national emblem on St. Patrick's Day. Mr. O'Brien, it is added, will be ready to accept, as an amendment to the Bill, any provision to authorise in like manner the wearing of the rose or the thistle by English or Scotch soldiers on their national anniversaries.

THE salaries received by the French clergy from the Government, of which so much has been said, are, as a matter of fact, no gift at all on the part of the State, but a mere compensation for the property of which all bishops and priests were robbed at the Revolution. It was the great Napoleon himself who, recog-

nizing this fact, restored the ecclesiastical possessions in the form of State payment of stipends to bishops and parish priests: \$3000 a year to an Archbishop, \$2000 to a Bishop, \$240 to \$300 to a Vicar-General, a Canon or a parish priest, and \$180 to a curate. In virtue of the Concordat entered into between Pius VII. and the First Consul, these salaries still continue to be paid with greater or less regularity; but they constitute no just claim on the part of the Government to exact from the clergy a slavish obedience to its will.

SIR BERNHARD SAMUELSON, Bart., M.P. for Banbury in Oxfordshire, a Protestant, but a sound Liberal, lately had an audience of the Pope in the Sala degli Arazzi. The aged and dignified Englishman created a favourable impression at the Papal Court. He made a profound inclination to the Head of the Church, and said in a voice audible to all present, "Your Holiness, although I am a Protestant, permit me to unite my thanks to those of the entire world for your sublime Encyclical on the workmen's question." Leo XIII. answered with kindly words, and entered into a long discourse on the difference between the English Government and Ireland. The sympathies of His Holiness naturally were with the weak and ill-treated island.

In the last number of *Blackwood's Magazine* there is an entertaining article by Sir Herbert Maxwell on the pedigree of personal names: wherein he tells the amusing story of how a Dublin snuff-seller named Kenny Halfpenny became Kenay Halpen, which name, being transmitted to a prosperous descendant, finally blossomed into Kenneth MacAlpin, "the descendant of a hundred Kings." Even in Scotland the commonest name is found to be Smith. MacDonald holds the second place, and Brown the third.

That anecdote about Halfpenny is much similar to the advice given by Curran to Lundy Foot, the tobacconist, who had set up a carriage. "What motto shall I put on the panels?" asked he. "*Quid rides*," answered the wit.

SOME interesting information is given by Sir Horace Rumbold in his report to the Foreign Office on factory work in the Netherlands, which has just been published. He points out that "at the busy manufacturing centre of Tilburg the general well-being and orderly spirit of the factory hands is said to be in a great measure due to the beneficial influence of the Roman Catholic clergy," and, he continues, "this belief is certainly to a great extent borne out by the fact that even in recent times, when the industry of the place has been drooping, owing to Belgian competition, wages in consequence having fallen, there have been no signs of an inclination of the workmen to resort, as elsewhere, to strikes for an improvement of their condition. In view of the marvellous organisation and fervent spirit of the Catholics of this country, it is difficult not to believe that the Dutch lower orders professing that Faith are less accessible than their Protestant brethren to the pernicious doctrines so actively disseminated among the working-classes of all countries." Catholicism is the friend of genuine progress, but the inexorable opponent of Utopian and destructive social schemes.

HISTORY keeps on repeating itself. Cromwell declared that he would maintain religious liberty, but if by religious liberty anyone meant the right to offer up the Sacrifice of the Mass, then he would not for a moment tolerate such an interpretation. Liberty with people of that stamp is a one-eyed, squint-eyed goddess. Some liberty loving Italians have within the last few days afforded to the world similar object-lesson. To be acceptable to them one must not only curse whom they curse but bless whom they bless. A Russian lady, of what are vaguely

known as "advanced views," her name Polozow, gave the second of a course of free lectures in Naples. All went well as long as she inveighed against the cruelties of the inquisition, but mistaking the real character of her audience, she ventured to condemn the teachings of Giordano Bruno. Applause was quickly changed to hissing and howling, and she was glad to escape from the hall with a whole skin. Some of the friends of freedom even mounted the platform to rend her, and the series of hitherto well attended lectures were brought to a sudden close with shouts of "Vive Giordano Bruno! Down with the Vatican!"

THE *Orange Sentinel* admits the logic and solid reasons the Church advances for not allowing apostates interment in her consecrated cemeteries. It condemns, however, the inhumanity of treating the dead with so much disrespect as to enforce their interment in Protestant burying grounds. And it gives proof of its characteristic inconsistency by stating in the next sentence that, "To the healthy Protestant mind it makes little difference where the body rests after death, so long as the bones are protected from vandalism." Why, then, write article after article in protestation of the Church's consigning those who lived as Protestants to be interred as Protestants? If it makes no difference to the healthy Protestant mind, why make such a fuss about it? But the father of the deceased owned a plot in the Catholic cemetery. Certainly, but on condition that no one should be interred in that plot excepting such as have lived and died in the faith and communion of the Catholic Church. The *Sentinel* continues: "The contention of the Review that those who leave the Church should be prepared to accept the concomitant punishment, although logical in itself, does not lessen the stigma that attaches to such inhuman treatment of the dead." Verily the Orangeman hath no stint of sympathy for Catholics when dead. If he spared a little of that sympathy for the living the peace of society would be enhanced. There would be no more insults or injuries offered to the persons or belief of Catholics. There would be no more consigning of Popes and prelates to hot places in the next world. And the angel's chorus would be a reality in Toronto as elsewhere, "Glory to God on high, and on earth peace to men of good will."

THE Liberal Unionists recently held a meeting in Westminster, and indulged in the customary sickening palaver. Sir Henry James presided. The main portion of his text was that clericalism in Ireland still needed most active opposition, and the determined refusal even on the eve of the general elections to disclose the general outlines of any coming Home Rule Bill ought to be denounced from every platform. In conclusion, he predicted that after the general election a cleavage as great as that of 1886 would take place within the Gladstonian ranks, and as the recruits to the Liberal Unionist party would come from amongst the very best supporters of Mr. Gladstone, for there would be men who would learn that if the demands of Nationalist members for Home Rule were acceded to, that they had been deceived and duped by the vagueness and generality of Gladstonian assertions.

To all of which the *London Universe* has the following to say: "Nobody should prophesy but those who know. Sir Henry James does not know. From whom is Home Rule to come? Not from Lord Salisbury assuredly. It is as well that Irishmen should recollect that. This keen lawyer, who cares as much about Ireland as the man in the moon—perhaps less—is merely trying to get up a cry for party. If Mr. Gladstone betrays Ireland, then, indeed, there would be a cleavage, but not such as he contemplates. The Liberal Unionists! Who are they? T. W. Russell is a specimen—a cranky, pragmatist, half-educated, conceited human animal."

HOLY WEEK IN INNSBRUCK.

BY THE REV. R. J. M'UGH IN "AVE MARIA.

Holy Week in Catholic countries is marked by a great spirit of recollection and intensity of devotion. On every hand, during that holy season, one meets with many things that bring vividly before the mental eye all the awful circumstances connected with the closing scenes of the earthly life of our Divine Redeemer. In a country where the Passion-Play still finds a home one naturally looks for touching symbolism and expressive, though unique, devotions during those three days when Mother Church clothes herself in garments of sorrow and mourns her spouse's death. Nor is expectation baffled in the event. To the coldest and most unsympathetic heart there appeals many a rite where words would prove but meaningless and vain.

The last *Charwoche* that I had the great pleasure and privilege of passing in Innsbruck, in the Tyrol, is still as fresh in my memory as if its many and varied incidents were but those of yesterday. All the solemn and impressive ceremonies, all the beautiful and suggestive devotions, I find bearing back upon me with the sacred advent of Passioitude. From the Sunday of the Palms, when the younger boys and girls, tottering to and from the several churches under the weight of lofty poles profusely entwined with overgreens and garlands of flowers, made one think that the Weird Sisters' prophecy of Birnam Wood's approach to "high Dunsinane hall" was being a second time fulfilled, till the joyous bells rang out on Easter morn. when the bread and meat and wine were blessed with special blessing, and the people on the street exchanged Easter greetings in tones that had the ring of truly Christian gladness,—it all comes before me in one unbroken vision.

On Spy-Wednesday, in the afternoon, we visited the Church of the Holy Trinity, to hear the seminarians sing the *Tenebræ*; and never did I hear that sublime office rendered with a more thrilling effect. The first lesson, or Lamentation, was sung, as the custom obtains among us, by one only; the second, however, was given in unison, and with perfect time, by a number of well-trained voices; while the third was rendered in parts by select singers of the sanctuary choir. As the solemn voices rolled up in perfect harmony from the dark veiled, sombre sanctuary, whose gloom was rather intensified than relieved by the few wax tapers that faintly burned therein, they seemed to weave about the heart a holy incantation.

For the wonderfully expressive exercises of Maundy Thursday we went to the magnificent parish Church of St. James. Here the repository, wherein the Blessed Sacrament was kept from the last Mass of that day till the Mass of the Pre-Sanctified on Good-Friday, differed considerably in many minor details from what we are accustomed to see on this side of the water. It is called the "Tomb," and is fitted up to represent our Saviour's sepulchre. It is arranged at one of the many side altars of the church, and in it is a representation of the dead Christ. Large-sized figures of Roman soldiers, leaning upon lances, are placed before the sepulchre, to represent the guard furnished by Pilate at the request of the high-priest. The chalice which contains the consecrated Host is placed in the Tomb, while the monstrance, containing another Sacred Particle, is placed high upon a throne above the supine figure of Our Lord. Besides the hundreds of candles that burn round the sepulchre, many various-colored lamps throw an ever-changing light upon the hallowed scene. Hither, rudding all hours of the day and until the sexton locks and bolts the massive doors late into the night, the people flock in mighty throngs to spend a few moments in prayer and silent adoration.

From Thursday noon until the same hour on Holy Saturday the Angelus is announced by means of immense wooden "clappers" in the towers of all the churches. The first time one hears this sound, the effect is most bewildering. I can think of nothing to which to compare it except some mighty bird concealed in the tower, and fluttering its huge wings in a fruitless endeavor to escape.

On Good-Friday—that Day so strangely intertwined with brightness and gloom, that reaches from the zenith of glory to the nadir of despair—we turned to the ancient Capuchin monastery (the oldest house of that Order in Austria) to witness and partake in the veneration of the Cross. I shall never forget—at least I hope I shall never forget—that touching spectacle. Two by two the roughly-habited monks, with shaven crowns and bare feet, with face so emaciated that they seemed to be actually pinched from starvation, and with weary eyes downcast in reverential awe, advanced to the foot of the altar, where they prostrated before the crucifix, and with love and tenderness kissed the feet of the sacred image. There was something in their manner of performing this pious act, at once so grand and simple, that appealed directly to the heart; and I am sure the rest of us, as we followed in turn to kiss the symbol of Redemption, could not but have felt our great unworthiness all the more keenly, for having walked in the same aisle which the poor, cold, bare feet of the humble, self-denying monks had hallowed.

The ceremony of bishops and abbots and others in high station washing the feet of the poor, in imitation of our Lord washing the disciples' feet, still exists to a pleasurable extent in the old Catholic cities. I need hardly remind our readers that the good old Emperor

Francis Joseph has for many a year performed this act of humility and Christ-like love with unflinching regularity. The sight of the head of the oldest royal house of Europe kneeling, in the midst of his splendid court, to wash the feet of twelve of God's poor, while beside him kneels an Empress to wipe them with her own dainty hands, seems strangely out of touch with the spirit of these fastidious days—no doubt, thinks my easy-going, self-loving reader; but I believe our age is better for it. Would to heaven that we had more practical acts such as this, of mercy and love and compassion; and less of talk and theory, which promise much and accomplish nothing.

How we have all felt our hearts rebound at that crash of bells and organ as they took up the strain of the *Gloria in Excelsis* on Holy Saturday! How the gloom fell from our hearts as the sombre veils fell from statue and picture and mulioned window! How, involuntarily and unconsciously almost, we have found ourselves adding our earnest, though dreadfully inharmonious, voices to the triumphant swell of the *Magnificat* and *Laudate Dominum*!

But the solemnities do not end thus on Holy Saturday in the Tyrol. There is a popular devotion in the evening that fills every church to suffocation. (Mind! I do not say that I favor this part of the observance of Holy Week, though I must confess to have a weakness for whatever smacks of that dear, old, primitive Catholic land.) Well, at the appointed hour the celebrant, with his assistants, proceeds to the Tomb, which is still resplendent with its countless lights and recites a few prayers in unison with the congregation. He then intones the hymn "Christ is Risen." And just as the choir takes up the refrain, a dozen little fellows, who have been concealed, goodness knows where, fall upon the wooden guards, upset them ignominiously, and beat them with their spears; while at the same moment, by some mechanical contrivance, the figure of Our Lord is raised from the Tomb and is held suspended far above the heads of the people. Truly, the first time I witnessed this my breath left me—and remained away for several seconds, too. But let us not be hypercritical; for we must bear in mind that, as in the case of the Passion-Play, what with us would be hideously theatrical and a profanation, with the simple, pious peasants of the Tyrol is oftentimes made a vehicle of good.

A learned Jesuit, with whom I spoke afterward anent this somewhat theatrical representation of the crowning miracle of our Redeemer, confessed that the priests greatly disapproved of it. "But," said he, "what can we do about it? It is part of the people's devotion. And if we attempted to do away with it too suddenly, they would declare that we were becoming lax in the performance of our duties, and, perhaps, with that as an argument, become lax themselves."

But at last come glorious Easter, with that wealth of radiance and sunshine that it alone possesses of all the days in the year:—Easter so full of hope and joy and promise, when one is almost afraid to profane the food that is on the table by eating it; for it has just been brought from the church, after being duly blessed, after the pious custom of our forefathers. Yes, Lent, with its fruitful privations, has passed away; and the gaily-painted egg—in its frailty, fitting type of mortality; in its fecundity, glorious symbol of the Resurrection—that lies at every plate is another reminder that Easter has come again.

HOLY SATURDAY IN FLORENCE.

In former times, in Catholic countries, there were a great number of curious customs and ceremonies observed with much devotion by the people at the principal festivals of the year. Many of these customs, when traced to their origin, are found to be full of interest, but in these days we find but few of these interesting remnants of an age when Faith spread unmolested amongst nations. They have either died or been stamped out by persecution, and it is in vain that we look for their revival. Of those that do still exist, the one observed at Florence on Holy Saturday is perhaps as likely to continue as any other, for it seems as popular as one can imagine it may have been in days gone by. It is called "Lo Scoppio Del Carro," and has taken place regularly each Holy Saturday for several hundred years. Doubtless many of the English frequenters of the continent have witnessed this ceremony with as much delight as I did last Easter, and probably many of them know a great deal more about it than I have been able to discover, but the little I do know may interest some, and with the hope that it may, I set it forth. In order to secure a good position in the Piazza of the Duomo, where the ceremony takes place, we were told we should start early, and accordingly we bent our steps in that direction some long time before eleven o'clock (the ceremony taking place about mid-day), but the Piazza was already densely crowded. We took our chance with the rest, and though not very happily placed, saw fairly well. In the middle of the Piazza, between the baptistry and the great door of the Cathedral, stood a huge wooden car elaborately decorated with colored papers and fire works; from the top of this a wire string ran to the High Altar of the Cathedral. This much we saw, and wondering what could be going to happen, we waited on, as eager and excited as the ever increasing crowd. I would have given a great deal through all this long waiting to have held the position of some who had placed

themselves on the cathedral steps. But every inch of room was taken up there, and even higher than the steps, for in the niches of the facade where a foothold could be gained, many a sunburnturchin had secured an enviable post, trusting to the intercession of the saints—before whom he stood—to enable him to maintain his hold. Though one was shoved and stepped on and jostled as much here as in other crowds, for everyone naturally wanted to get to the fore, yet unlike the ordinary rough treatment one expects on such occasions, a large amount of good nature and politeness was shown, and the courteousness with which some would come and perhaps stand right in front of you, till you begged them, if possible, to move, made one almost forgive them for doing it. Never but once have I seen a crowd remarkable for an air of picturesqueness; and this once was on the occasion I am speaking of. It is seldom that a dense mass of human beings is anything but dull. But here there was a variety and a beautiful intermingling of color that could not fail to attract the eye. Lighted up with a dazzling splendor of a cloudless spring day, the bright and striking costumes of the peasants, scattered unsparingly about the Piazza, stood out and relieved the mass. Comely girls with many colored tunics and their gaudy kerchiefs deftly arranged on the well shaped head and admirably suited to the dark complexion of the southern climes, formed no unpleasing contrast to some of their more soberly clad neighbors. Again, the elder women with their white head dress, and large leaved white chemisette and colored corset bodice, lent no unfriendly aid to the grouping of color. No less the swarthy, well built rock-man; with the slouched hat worn as only an Italian wears it, and the blue and green cloak, so well known in Florence, carelessly thrown over the shoulders, giving to the wearer that *neglige* that suits him so well. As time went on the crowd grew silent with anxious expectation.

The Baptistery gates, those gates of Paradise of Ghiberto, were open and a long procession of priests passed through them and entered the cathedral. We had no chance of following the ceremony in the cathedral. At the time of the intonation of the "Gloria" a firework in the form of a small white dove, ignited by a spark from the holy fire, is started down the wire attached to the cart outside, and as it comes in contact with the car, strikes a fuse, which sets the other fireworks alight. As the fire speeds from one to another they explode with a tremendous crash, and at the same time a great shout of joy at the glad tidings of Easter dawn bursts from the exulting crowd. Twelve o'clock has struck. The bells in the campanile all clang out together to announce the "Resurrexit" far and wide, and from church to church the chimes ring out in glad response, passing the word on from village to village, o'er hill and dale, and every heart rejoices at the sound. Surely never has that most beautiful hymn, "Regina Coeli," sounded more gladly or more sweetly than to-day. Thrice welcome is the sound of the bells after the silence of three days when the sun has set, without the "Ave Maria" to ask a prayer for the coming night, and the later "De Profundis" bell has not sounded to call our thoughts to prayer for the dead. But to-day the bells call all to rejoice, and all faithful hearts respond in fervent prayer as the "Regina Coeli," trembles on every lip. I shall never forget that day. The sun seemed to shine with more than ordinary splendor, and the Heavens above were of that wondrous blue only to be seen in Italy. The crowd was all life and joy. Beauty of nature and art was on every side of one—to the right stood the baptistry, "*il mio bel San Giovanni*," with the world famed "Gates of Paradise." To the left, the richly wrought facade of the Duomo with its variegated marbles, while a few steps further on stands the most perfect work in marble ever raised by human hands, the campanile. "It stands like the lily if not like the great angel himself hailing her who was blessed among women, keeping up that lovely salutation, musical and sweet as its own beauty for century after century, day after day." "Stirred to the depth of one's soul by the joy of Easter's dawn and the delight of all around one, one's mind yet stopped short," silenced and filled with the completeness and beauty unbroken, so seldom attained in art, but seen here surely in perfection.

The crowd dispersed only when the car was removed after the explosion of half the fireworks, to another. It was drawn by two beautiful, almost white, bulls, adorned with scarlet and gold and garlands of flowers. It is a great honor to drive the car.

This most interesting ceremony has taken place every year since the return of one of the Florentine nobles from Palestine after the first Crusade.

At the time that Peter the Hermit was preaching throughout the length and breadth of Europe to stir up princes and people to go and rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the Infidels, Pazzino Pazzi, fired with enthusiasm in the holy cause, placed himself at the head of an army of 2,000 Tuscans and was soon to be seen amongst the bravest of the brave, fighting before the walls of the holy city. To him, from his wondrous deeds of valour, was given the honor to be the first to plant the Christian banner on the walls of Jerusalem. He had exposed himself to dangers untold, and in reward for his bravery he was given by Godfrey De Bouillon the supreme head of the Crusade, several pieces of the stone of which our Lord's Sepulchre was composed, and the right to bear (Godfrey's) arms. This is the story that has been handed down by tradition. Covered with glory

Pazzi returned to Florence when the war was over, and the event was commemorated by his family with a display of fireworks in the Piazza of the Duomo, which custom has been observed in like form up to the present day.

The holy fire is obtained by rubbing the stones from the Holy Sepulchre brought by Pazzino Pazzi, and still preserved in the ancient church of the Apostles founded in Florence by Charlemagne. The spark is conveyed from this church to the cathedral where at the "Gloria," the firework in the form of a white dove is ignited and this, passing down the wire cord attached to the car, sets alight the other fireworks.

It is to be earnestly hoped that this ceremony may not suffer the fate of many others, and either be abolished or die out. So far, as keen an interest is shown as in bygone days. Apart from its general interest one would wish it to stand, in order to keep up the spirit of admiration and self respect for noble deeds of self denial and valor undertaken in behalf of religion, so that should the brave Florentines be called upon in future to rise in defense of the Faith, they may, from force of grand example, show themselves the more ready and the more worthy of their noble ancestors. —From the "Catholic Fireside."

PETREL AND THE BLACK SWAN.

(conclusion)

"You know clearly what you're doing, sir?"

"I do."

"And you know the risk you run?"

"I do. No more palaver. Off with them at once, or I'll break them open."

Further resistance was useless. The thing was done; and the moment the hatch was raised the sickening effluvia that issued from the hold proclaimed the truth. Nearly three hundred slaves were packed between decks, many of the poor creatures standing so close that they could not lie down.

With a look of speechless contempt at the young mate of the schooner the lieutenant walked to the side of the ship and waved his handkerchief. That instant a loud British cheer rang over the water, given by the blue-jackets, who could be seen clustering in the rigging like bees.

"I told our skipper judgment would overtake us," said the Yankee. "Say mister," he added in another tone, "seeing that the game's up suppose we have a glass of iced champagne down-stairs?"

The lieutenant hesitated. To drink with the mate of a slaver! But iced champagne!

Slowly he moved toward the companion way. "I don't mind if I do," he said at length; "and you may as well bring up your papers with the drinks, for I shall carry them on board the "Petrel." Of course you understand that you are my prize."

And having having set a guard at the hatchways, the lieutenant descended the cabin stairs.

The iced champagne was duly forth-coming, and under its genial influence Lieutenant Brabazon began to feel something like pity for the young man who had been so early seduced into the paths of crime. Probably he had a mother or a sweetheart somewhere in the States, who imagined that he was already on his way home, whereas now his character was ruined, even if he escaped a long term of imprisonment.

This feeling was strengthened, as he saw that his companion was gazing mournfully at his glass, without speaking a word. At length the young man lifted his head.

"Say, mister, what'll they do to me, do you think?"

"I can't tell. Of course, you know that what you have been engaged in is a kind of piracy?"

"No!"

"I believe so. Cargo and crew are confiscated, of course. What they will do with you I can't tell."

"They won't hang me, will they?"

"Probably not," said the lieutenant; but let this be a warning to you. You see what it is to wander off the straight course, and hamper after forbidden gains. Lead an honest life in future when you are released from custody. Avoid vicious companions but what's this?" he cried, as his eye fell on an empty scabbard hanging on the wall. It looked very like a United States sword-scabbard, and immediately the thought darted through his mind that the hypocritical young Yankee (who had been pretending to wipe away a tear as he listened to the lieutenant's good advice) had been doing something worse, or at least more heavily punished, than running cargoes of slaves.

The British officer looked around the cabin. A U.S. Navy cap was lying on a plush-covered bench.

"Ah! you've been having a brush with an American man-of-war!" cried Lieutenant Brabazon. You will have to tell my superior officer how you came into possession of these articles. I must place you under arrest!" And bitterly regretting that he had sat down to table with the fellow, the British officer rushed on deck.

"Quartermaster," he cried, "bring up a guard of four men, and take this man," pointing to the Yankee, who had followed him on deck, "to the Petrel." If he tries to escape, shoot him at once!"

The quartermaster advanced to seize the prisoner; but before he reached him he involuntarily stopped short. A roar of laughter sounded in his ears. The American mate and his companions were shrieking and staggering about the decks, even the crew of the slaver were, every man Jack of them grinning from ear to ear. The lieutenant was dumb-founded.

"Excuse me, sir; but the joke was too good," said the Yankee, coming forward and holding out his hand. "I am the first lieutenant of the United States warship 'Georgia,' and in command of a prize crew on board this vessel, taking her to have her condemned. We seized her yesterday. Hearing that you had been on a visit to

her the day before, and had gone away without doing anything, I couldn't resist the temptation to take you in. Hope you don't bear malice? Let's finish that magnum of champagne."

It was evidently the best thing to be done; but the lieutenant was not a first-rate companion on that occasion.

"Give my respects to your commander," called out the United States officer, as his guest went down into his boat, "and advise him for me not to be so jolly particular another time. And I'll try to take your kind advice and sail a straight course in future!" he cried, as Her Majesty's boat shot away for the last time from the side of "The Black Swan."

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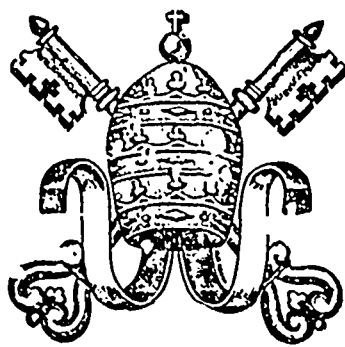
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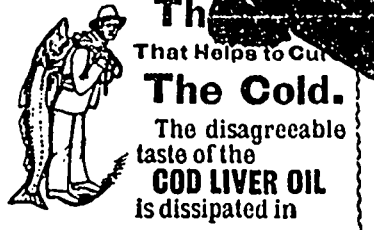
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