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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol V

Toronto, Saturday, Sept. 19, 1891.

No 32

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 We BOTTLES CURED Her.
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 I was suffering 10 years from shocks in my
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 tors, but didn't get any relief until I took Pastor
 Koenig's Nerve Tonic, the second dose relieved
 me and 2 bottles cured me. S. W. PECK.
Vanished.
 Rev H. Mc JONOUGH of Lowell, Mass., vouch-
 es for the following. There is a case of which I
 have knowledge, and I am very glad to avail my-
 self of the opportunity to make known the good
 derived from the use of Koenig's Nerve Tonic.
 The subject is a young lady, who had been suffer-
 ing from early childhood. On my recommenda-
 tion she procured your remedy, and for three
 months, the fits of epilepsy by which she has been
 so long subject have ceased entirely.
 Cases will be sent free to any address, and
 poor patients can also obtain this medicine
 free of charge from us.
 This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend
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 undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for
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 1891, for the several works required in the
 erection of Drill Hall, Toronto.
 Plans and Specifications can be seen at
 the Department of Public Works, Ottawa,
 and at the office of R. C. Windeyer,
 Architect, Toronto, on and after Friday,
 11th Sept., and tenders will not be con-
 sidered unless made on form supplied and
 signed with actual signatures of tenderers.
 An accepted bank cheque payable to the
 order of the Minister of Public Works,
 equal to five per cent. of amount of tender,
 must accompany each tender. This cheque
 will be forfeited if the party declines the
 contract or fail to complete the work con-
 tracted 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, 5th Sept., 1891.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the
 undersigned, and endorsed "Tenders for
 Post Office, Vancouver, B. C.," will be re-
 ceived at this office until Friday, 2nd Oc-
 tober, 1891, for the several works required
 in the erection of Post Office, &c., Van-
 couver, B. C.
 Specifications can be seen at the Depart-
 ment of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the office
 of C. O. Wickenden, architect, Vancouver,
 on and after Friday, 11th Sept., and ten-
 ders will not be considered unless made on
 form supplied and signed with actual sig-
 natures of tenderers.
 An accepted bank cheque payable to the
 order of the Minister of Public Works,
 equal to five per cent. of amount of tender.
 This cheque will be forfeited if the party
 declines the contract or fail to complete the
 work contracted for, and will be returned in
 case of non-acceptance of tender. The
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 Department of Public Works,
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 going into the hands of other
 dealers and users. The wholesale
 prices were from 40c each up to \$8.
 We have marked them for this sale
 from 8c up to \$4. The 5,000 dolls
 are going rapidly, regular prices
 5c up to \$2.50, our price 3c up to
 98. We want our retail customers
 to have some of both of these.
 Listen to a few prices:—Best
 trunk straps, 39c; lanterns hinged
 and guarded, 39c; acme shoepolish,
 19c; tip-top shoe polish, 10c; worth
 25c; Tarbox mops, 25c; diamond
 mop and brush holder, 10; best
 apple parers, 72c; worth \$1.50;
 imitation leather collar and cuff
 boxes, 10c each, worth 25c each;
 best jute clothes line, 60 foot, 10c;
 ladies' and gents' purses, 3c up to
 66c, worth from 5c to \$1.50. The
 finest show of carriage whips, 9c up
 to \$1, worth from 14c to \$2.50 as
 usually sold. A splendid assort-
 ment of wooden ware. Eddy's
 best tubs, 55c, 69c, 79c, for No.'s
 1, 2 and 3 sizes. "Papier mache"
 tubs, \$1.35; steel and wooden
 wheeled waggons closing at cut
 prices.
 Beautiful show of lamps, 22c up
 to 98c, worth 35c to \$2; flint glass
 annealed chimneys, 5c each; bur-
 ners, 7c for medium, 11c for best.
 Beautiful white china cups and
 saucers, 92c per doz.; 60c per doz.
 for dinner and breakfast plates;
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 standard make, gold banded,
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T. G. and B.	6.30	4.30			11.10	9.00
Midland	6.30	3.35			12.30	9.30
C. V. R.	6.00	3.40			11.55	10.15
G. W. R.	6.00	2.00	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
		4.00			12.10	9.00
		9.30			10.36	7.30
		9.30			8.20	
U. S. N. Y.	6.00	12.10			9.00	5.45
		4.00			10.30	11.00
U. S. West States	6.00	9.30			9.30	
		12.00			9.00	7.20

English mails will be closed during August
 as follows: Sept. 3, 6, 10, 13, 14, 17, 20, 21,
 24, 27, 28, 31.
 N.B.—There are branch post offices in every
 part of the city. Residents of each district
 should transact their Saving Bank and
 money Order business at the local office
 nearest to their residence, taking care to
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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Reddite quæ sunt Cæsaribus, Cæsaribus; et quæ sunt Deo, Deo.—Matt 22: 21.

Vol V

Toronto, Saturday, Sept. 19, 1891.

No 32

TEMPERANCE LEGISLATION IN GERMANY.

THE Imperial Government has just published in the *Staatsanzeiger*, the official gazette, what it calls the "project of a law with regard to the struggle against the abuse of spiritous liquor." This Bill will shortly be put before the Bundesrath, the Council composed of representatives of the various states forming the German Empire. After it has passed this stage it will come before the Reichstag, or Imperial Parliament. In a long preamble the difficulties are set forth, which beset legislation on the subject. The preamble points out what has been done in other countries, and with what result, and it states that the Bill has been framed with due regard to the altered times and circumstance, since previous laws bearing on the subject were passed. Then follows a mass of statistics about the consumption of spirits in Germany, on the consequences of their abuse—diseases, suicides, crimes, the relapses of criminals, etc.—on the number of places for selling spirits in the various states of the Empire, and so on. The evils specified the Bill endeavours to meet in a threefold manner, and it is consequently divided into three sections, of which the following are the principal features: Sec. I. deals with the licenses of the places for the sale of spirits and which are of three kinds; the ordinary public-house, the *gastwirtschaft*, where food has also to be prepared for the guests ordering it, and the retail sellers, who are defined as persons sell in quantities not exceeding 50 litres (a litre is equal to about 1½ pints). To obtain a license for either of the three, proof has to be furnished that there is a want for the sale of drink in the locality; the person applying must be respectable, and the authorities must be satisfied that the premises are suitable for the business. The retailer is not allowed to sell in quantities under half a litre. The publican, as well as the *gastwirt*, must keep ready in stock non-intoxicants, to be supplied to such of their guests as order them. The local authorities have the right to order all the three kinds of places not to be opened before eight o'clock in the morning, also to restrict the employment of females as barmaids. In none of the places youths who are not yet 16 years old may be served with spirits for consumption on the premises, unless in the company of elders. Neither of the three classes of licenses may sell to persons under the influence of drink, or to persons known as habitual drunkards, and who have been punished as such. The publican who has allowed a person to get drunk on the premises, can only evict him, after having taken the necessary steps that he may be conveyed home or to the next police station; that person has to pay the expense incurred in the operation. The second part begins by stipulating that a publican must not supply drink, for consumption on the premises, on credit—this evidently aims at the pernicious practice of allowing working men to run up a bill for settlement on their pay-day. Any debt incurred in contravention of this is not recoverable in law. Any person being found drunk in a public place so as to give scandal may be fined 100 marks, a sum which is equivalent to \$25, or punished with imprisonment up to a month. Any person who, in consequence of habitual drunkenness, has become incapable of managing his business,

or by it exposing his family to want, or endangers the safety of others, may be put under guardianship, and be declared to be in every respect equal to a minor, and be treated as such. The third section of the Bill enumerates the penalties, money fines, and terms of imprisonment, incurred by a contravention of the above regulations.

ANOTHER "RESCUED" NUN STORY.

IN Monday's *Times* a sensational letter with regard to the alleged rescue of a nun was published. It was signed, "A Firm of London Solicitors," but no name whatsoever of person or place was given. The nun, it was stated, was detained against her will in the unnamed convent, and heroically rescued by a member of the firm.

The following letter from Mr. Dudley Leathley, of 59, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, in reference to the remarkable story, appeared in Tuesday's *Times*:

"Sir,—I trust you will allow me, as one who has much to do with convents both here and abroad, to reply to the letter of "A Firm of London Solicitors." In the first place, I call upon the writers to have the courage to sign their own names, and not to traduce the characters of religious over a *nom de plume*. Let them honestly give the name—not, of course, of their own client; that would be a breach of professional confidence—but of the convent; then its Superiors can give their version of the affair.

But, while waiting for this, let me take the writer's own statement. The lady who is supposed to be shut up writes to them on the 22nd of August, a Saturday, and they receive a letter in due course of post on the Monday following. Then a perfect stranger to the Superioress goes to the convent, asks for his client, sees the Superioress without difficulty or delay, and actually sees the lady, who is presumed to be incarcerated, a few minutes after his arrival. These facts seem to be somewhat inconsistent with a convent being a gaol. If the writers are, as they say, London solicitors, they know, or easily may know, that most of the best firms of solicitors in London at times act for ladies who are in convents, either here or abroad; and if they will take the trouble to enquire they will find the universal testimony of Protestant solicitors so acting to be that these ladies have entered convents of their own free will, have remained there by their own desire, and could leave if they wished to do so. The solitary statements made by your correspondents, which can be tested on the information now before us, is absolutely false—namely, their partner's assertion to their client, "that a convent was a gaol." What are we to think of a man who says this sort of thing when, if he knows anything about the matter, he must know that there is hardly a noble Catholic family in England (if, indeed, there be an exception) some of whose members are not in convents here or abroad? Does he suppose that they would allow their relatives to enter—much less to remain in—"gaols"? He cannot say that the old Catholic families in England do not know all about convents. Then take the thousands of nuns in this country who are daily engaged out of doors in active work among the poor, many (such as the Sisters of Charity) quite alone. If convents are "gaols," why do not some of these take flight when outside the convent walls? There are many ladies who wish to remain in convents, but are not allowed (for some good cause or other) to do so. I do not know, and I never have known, one who was detained in a convent against her will."

No reply to Mr. Dudley Leathley's letter appeared in Wednesday's *Times*.—*Liverpool Catholic Times*.

FROM IRELAND TO INDIA.

When a colony of Loretto nuns went from Ireland to India in 1841, it was a new departure. The veiled women, with rosary and crucifix, were almost as strange to the Europeans in the East as to the natives. The latter, despite their irreverence for women, were not slow to grasp the situation. "Why do you honor him so greatly?" said one of the nuns to a friendly Hindoo, *apropos* of a very dirty and sanctified fakir who was contorting in the compound, or garden, of the convent. "Because he is a holy beggar like yourself," was the reply.

India is a far cry any day. Think what it was before steam rail ways and steamships and the post and the telegraph had so narrowed distances of the body or the spirit. Mother Teresa Ball, the quite young foundress of the Loretto Order in Ireland, was sorely averse to sending ten chickens so far away. It was only a little flock then, and could ill bear thinning. But the envoys of the Bishop of Calcutta, an English Jesuit and a German Doctor of Divinity, knew how to work on a woman's susceptible conscience. To Mother Teresa's refusal they opposed an inflexible, "Very well. Will you take the responsibility of the lost souls you will have decreed to remain in darkness?" The result might be foreseen. The Mother of the Loretto nuns wept and prayed a while before the Tabernacle, then she came back to those priests of iron. "Ask yourselves for missionaries," she said, "I can not; but I will not oppose." They presented themselves before the community unannounced, and stated their case, praying for volunteers. The nuns volunteered as one woman. Now, as long ago, the Irish are a race of missionaries. No doubt when Dr. Carew, of Calcutta, sent for Loretto nuns he counted on this fact. Eleven of the fervent candidates were selected. They left Dublin for Calcutta on the 23rd of August, 1841.

Rathfarnham on a morning of August is indeed very beautiful. We Irish being told of the splendor of tropic vegetation, the translucency of Italian skies, the frowning splendors of Alps or Andes, meet the praises with an inflexible, "There is no place lovelier than Ireland." And, within limitations, we are right. Ireland represents beautifully the loveliness of a temperate climate. She has the order of the Old World which fascinates the people of a practically unlimited New World, yet she has not the cloying prosperity of which in the pastoral counties of England one might tire in time. God has compassed every thought of beauty,—wonderfully in this world, which is mortal; past thought or conception in His own world, which is of the immortalities. Ireland is above all lovable. One can imagine how in a fierce, splendid, tropical country, one would pant for the velvety, wet air, for the wild hills, which to day are purple as violets, but yesterday in the east wind were rose and gray in the higher lights, and on their flanks spread as gorgeous an array of blue and emerald as any peacock; for the dear daisies in the grass; for the dewy songs of thrush and blackbird that inhale the honey of flowers, and the wet odors of the pale leaves that a silver shower has just drenched through.

Rathfarnham, the grand old house of the last century, which has been enlarged and enriched, but kept homely and warm and comfortable, would be basking in its harmonies of red and russet in the August sun. The roses would be in bloom, the apples turning golden and mellow on the twisted trees in the dear old garden. There would be dew and shadow under the oak and elm. The white butterflies would be flitting over the iron crosses, with their names and dates, in that most bright and holy of little cemeteries where the Loretto nuns lie. Rathfarnham seems a benignant mother to all her children, and very sad it must have been to go away from that warm shelter to unknown and untried things half a world away.

At Rathfarnham, when you visit there, the nuns will crowd around you like bees, and accompany you through the house, even to the high roof, from which you can see the pleasant country, climbing steep staircases and ladders with the happy zest of children. They will show you the convent treasures of vestments and altar linen; they will escort you to the hay field, which is the end of their world, as the parson's hay-field was to the mother of Hans Andersen's "Ugly Duckling." Down there by the trellis hung with roses, with the open fields stretching away to the mountains, and close at hand the city, and then the sea, you will understand, even if you be alien, how the cage door of those doves stands ever open, and they will not wing it into the world, only because the cage is their most dear and comfortable home.

As her eleven sailed away from Kingstown, Mother Teresa Ball, from a tower in the grounds of the temporary convent at Dalkey, watched the ship through a mist of tears. From London they took four months to the voyage. Christmas Day they were still afloat, and it was the 30th of December when they cast anchor in the Hoogly, opposite Calcutta. A strange world it must have seemed; on either side the wide plains, with their plantations of wheat and sugar, forests of bamboo and palm trees, along the river banks the tall white palaces, whose terraces ran to the water's edge.

The Bishop and his train were in waiting on the strand to welcome them and escort them to the cathedral, where a *Te Deum* was to be sung. Nor was their welcome to be only from their own people. With admirable good feeling, Lord Auckland, the Governor-General, had come with his staff to receive them; and his daughters had gone

off with the members of the Ladies' Committee to welcome the tired immigrants while they were still on shipboard. A perfectly gorgeous concourse there was on the banks of the Hoogly, the ecclesiastics in state, reinforced by the Europeans in all their rank and fashion; by the Hindoos, Parsees and Eurasians in their picturesque variety of clothes and no clothes, all making a kaleidoscope of color.

The nuns met no sectarian welcome. The Ladies' Committee of Calcutta numbered Protestants and Catholics. The poor Ladies' Committee! They had bought for a gift to the nuns an old stately palace, which had belonged to the notorious Impey of Warren Hastings' days, and was splendid as might be expected. However, spaciousness is nothing to complain of in India. But in the cloisters, a hundred feet long, were gathered the *élite* of Calcutta with their welcomes, and in the ball-room—or at least that ball-room (for there are two) which is now the study-hall—a magnificent banquet was served, with myriads of wax lights set in gorgeous candelabra; and the nuns were expected to feast, whilst the first ladies of Calcutta acted as waitresses. The whole palace was fitted up palatally; and what was the discomfort of the nuns to find, each in her cell, an *ayah* waiting to act as lady's maid! It was not easy to persuade those dusky damsels to relinquish their duties. And when that was done, there was a new difficulty, for every cell was like a bower of a lady of fashion, with the latest luxuries and the latest refinement of delicacy added to its contents. The poor nuns had much difficulty in restoring conventual simplicity without wounding generous hearts.

One goes into the old palace by a long, trellised hall. Then there are the great ball-rooms, seventy feet by thirty each, and connected by folding doors of glass, of which one is now the community room, the other the study hall. Large Ionic pillars support the groined and richly carved ceilings; and through the lattices there comes in at evening the breeze off the river, which bids worn-out mortals, as well as flowers and foliage, to lift up their hearts. The convent is in the aristocratic part of Calcutta known as Chowmghee. It has a compound, or garden, back and front, planted with rich flowers, wooded by the palm-tree and the plantain, the croton, and that beautiful tree known as Flame of the Forest, the burning scarlet blossoms of which are indeed as fire in the glossy dark foliage. There are many verandas and terraces, lovely after sundown, or in the early morning. The nuns can walk on the flat roof of their convent and look away over the river and the level country, or at their neighbors, the fantastic white houses, each embowered in its setting of dark greenery.

The history of the Order in India has been as prosperous as at home. I do not at all propose to deal at length with the nuns or their orphan asylums, schools, and work as hospital nurses. They seemed to receive all God's work that came to them without limitation. Even in the slender first years of the foundation, they divided themselves into an impossibly large number for new foundations. They were like those bulbs which, being divided infinitesimally, form each a perfect bulb for propagating purposes. They had their ups and downs. Now they are withering as off the face of the earth, in the grip of cholera and the deadly climate, again they and their immense orphan asylums are looking famine in the face. But God sent the rains to cool the smoking Eastern world, and when the larder was empty there came a most generous Protestant gentleman—whom may God reward!—with a gift in his hand of an income sufficient for the keep of all the orphans. He was killed in the Mutiny, when the nuns had their convent at Patna burned, and they and their orphans were saved as by a miracle. Be sure the pagan children rescued from the Ganges, or the terrible cult of the devil so many of the Hindoo tribes are given to, made eloquent intercession for him.

The Loretto convents in India now number eleven. I will describe two representative convents—the one at Darjeeling and the one at Ranchi, both so strange and picturesque to the nuns coming from the dear, quiet Irish home. Darjeeling in my photographs is lovely. It is swung on a hillside in mid-air, 7,000 feet above the sea level. Above is a world of perpetual snows, the great peaks looking like frosted silver in the brilliant light; and cascades roaring incessantly down their sides and through the luxuriant vegetation below, gaining volume ever till they lose themselves in the Ganges and are carried to the sea. Kunchain-Junga, king of them all, is up in the clouds. He is 29,000 feet above the sea; and majestic and awful he is in his lonely solitude, where not even a snow-flower dares to blow. His eyes are the lightning, and his voice the thunder and the lashing of wind and rain; but his brows are in heaven, far above human knowledge.

You will have to climb a bit from Darjeeling convent to look upon Kunchain-Junga. The convent is sitting sunnily on a spur of rock that turns to the south. Down below, where the plains are streaming, one sees the faint silver line of a great river; and the clouds are floating rosy and golden, in ragged wisps, far down the steep ascent. At morning they will be like a solid floor of gray, while this upper world is already steeped in gold.

Darjeeling convent is most delightful: a quaint building, gabled and verandahed, and half of it lattice-work and glass; and the nuns' cells nestled up in the peaked gables as happily as any swallow's nest that hangs below yellow eaves at home. In the picture I am looking at, a huge tree from an upper terrace droops like the hair of a Titan-

ess over convent and garden. The nuns are here and there among their white-clad pupils. The nuns themselves go all in white, which is their only concession to the climate. The pupils are of a good class. People down in the plains are glad to send their little girls to the hills and to school at one and the same time. They are Europeans mainly, and less picturesque than the Hindoos and Eurasians in Calcutta, but there will be occasionally a Brahmin girl or a Parsée, splendid, almond-eyed and olive-skinned creatures, decked in barbaric gems and gold with ropes of pearls and rubies and sapphires over their silk robes, and their hair flashing with the opal and the diamond. Of the Europeans, Protestants are many; it says much for the gentleness and trustworthiness the nuns have shown that so many Protestant parents will have no other schools for their children.

When the nuns came to Darjeeling, nearly fifty years ago, what a toilsome journey it was! Now one gets there in twenty-six or twenty-seven hours, climbing up the mountain in a little train which seems to scamble like a wild cat, - now rushing along a foot from a precipice, again leaping across mountain torrents which roar under its tracks, or dashing giddily across little bridges over chasms which descend endlessly. But in 1841 from Calcutta to Darjeeling meant a tiresome journey of two months. Then Darjeeling was a poor native village, now it is a prosperous place of tea plantations, with the planters' pretty houses giving the tropical splendor an ordered and cared-for look.

But what civilized world ever took on tints like this? As a nun writes to me, it is a world steeped in light of all colors, and ever changing. Now it is all palest azure, shifting to aqua marine and deepest blue, or it is rosy pink flushing to scarlet, like the flamingo, or a pale yellow deepening to orange, or again all tender and of a pale green shot through with gray and heliotrope. Nature there is more splendid than her humming bird or her peacock, or her kingfisher that haunts shady meres at home.

The nuns are reminded of how foreign it all is when, out walking with the children, they come on an altar of sacrifice still smoking, with the blood scattered about the gray cinders, or they will disturb a priest about to sacrifice, and all along the road they will see the long poles with colored rags and paper flying in the wind, which are prayer poles, and their owners firmly believe that as the wind flutters the paper, the prayers written there are borne to Heaven.

So at Asansol, the Indian novitiate, where the quaint Eastern convent looks over an immense solitude of silent country, the novices go for long walks over the vast fields, and roam fearlessly at large; not knowing indeed where the convent territory begins or ends. Somewhere toward the close of their domain is a Christian village, in the opposite direction, a pagan one. These they visit impartially, and make friends with the natives. It is an ideal place for a novitiate, for it is as lonely as the Sahara Desert.

I have spoken of demon-worship. At Ranchi one is in the center of the country where the Spirit of Evil is worshipped by way of propitiating him. The Jesuits were there before the nuns, and were settled here and there singly among the villages, living like the natives, as they learned it from St. Francis Xavier. The nuns had to travel two and a half days by *dak gharries*, - i. e., litters carried each by five natives, of whom there are relays every six miles. They had first spent a night in the train. In the *dak gharries* they had to lie in a half-reclining position, while the rays of the Indian sun beat above their litters, the journey was absolute martyrdom. However, when they reached Ranchi, they were welcomed by the Jesuit in charge and a great flock of his catechumens. It was delightful to the nuns to see all the brown creatures with the rosary beads hanging about their necks, and to hear their greeting, "Praise be to Jesus!" which is their usual salutation.

The old Father who was in charge at Ranchi had himself baptized 20,000 Kohls, as those people are called. They are not difficult of conversion, and have a fervor when converted which puts us civilized folks to shame. They pray with extraordinary ease, and happiness in it. Even children will remain on their knees for hours in prayer. They love singing prayers aloud; and at the Mass they chant in chorus all through, in a way which at first sorely disturbs the nuns. The Kohl women were some time before they got a chance of being Christianized, for the Kohl men held them in too great contempt to admit of their having souls at all. The Jesuits had much ado to teach them otherwise. Polygamy is practised in Chota-Nagpoor, of which Ranchi is capital, and the strongest difficulty in the way of conversion was the giving up of many wives.

The nuns have from fifty to seventy little Kohl girls permanently on hands, and many others attending their schools. They have to be taught entirely in their own dialect. They are not to learn English or any European language or custom. Fortunately, in the little band of four nuns who compose Ranchi community there is an Admirable Crichton, one Sister Teresa, who is an excellent doctor, an expert in all manner of gardening, a cook like Brillat Savarin, and has the native dialects at her finger-ends. The possession of this treasure made things comparatively easy for the nuns. She put them in the way of knowing the native dialects as she did; and among other good works she took possession of a great old orchard long neglected, and with the help of the school-children restored it from a waste place to

a beautiful, fruit-bearing paradiso. When one remembers how much the Hindoos live on fruit, one can easily appreciate the great value of Sister Teresa's mangoes and peaches, grapes and pomegranates.

The convent is the disused bungalow of a *zemindar*, or native land-owner. The *zenana* he built and walled around for his wives is given over to the children. The wives were "Purdah ladies," poor souls! for whom a look from any man but their master were a deadly sin and profanation. So the *zenana* is snug at night for the wild little Kohls, and the nuns can sleep in their separate building with hearts at rest. The little things arrive with a shred of a garment or none. The nuns give them the *saree* - the long and white strip of linen in which they wrap themselves completely, leaving an end to throw over their heads. They need no furniture, as they squat on the floor for everything. They are wild little things, and are always running away to the woods and going loose for a few days among their brothers and sisters, the wood's creatures. They steal back again when the fit is over, and drop into their places once more. The nuns teach them sewing and cooking and housekeeping and gardening, so that another generation of Kohls will be largely civilized by the convent at Ranchi.

Sometimes the nuns are asked for sympathy on strange occasions. Once it is Abraham, a widower, who leads in his wild Esther by the hand, to have her instructed and baptized before their marriage. Esther is as eager a neophyte as the Kohls generally are, and it is not long till she is a full-fledged Catholic. The morning of the wedding, however, there is no Esther; and it is discovered she has been absent for some days. The philosophic bridegroom questioned as to her whereabouts, replies calmly, "God knows!" The nuns conclude she has run away, but late in the day she arrives in her wedding finery, of a wreath as big as human head can hold, and escorted by her relatives from a distant village. She had remembered suddenly that the consent of her nearest relative, an uncle, had not been asked, and so had started dutifully. After the marriage the pair asked humbly for Holy Communion, but at two o'clock in the day it is unlikely they are still fasting. When they are questioned it is found they are still breakfastless. So they receive Holy Communion, and afterwards the nuns give them breakfast, which Esther must doubly need, as she has been afoot since midnight.

The stories of the punishment inflicted by the devil in Nagpoor on those who renounce him read like the stories of Job. One tale is wild enough to tempt the imagination of a Robert Louis Stevenson. A man who had become a Christian was harassed by the devil, so that his children died, his flocks were killed, his crops failed, and he himself was in abject fear of death. He went to a magician to consult him, and the latter, having offered sacrifice to the Evil One, was told that the man was in the power of hell so long as a certain sacrificial stone remained in the wall of his house. This man's father had consecrated himself and all his to the devil, and in token had built the sacrificial stone in his walls. The poor Kohl was in too great fear to seek the stone himself. He thought he should be slain on the spot, and in his trouble he went and confessed all to the Jesuit Fathers. Two of them accompanied him, and, taking pickaxes, proceeded to demolish the wall. Sure enough, after much labor, they found the stone, which they cast out with all manner of contempt. This display of force brought them many converts, and the man himself suffered no more from the plagues which had afflicted him.

The children in the dormitory used to insist that devils beat them at night, and threatened to kill them if they remained at the convent. They are a terrified little folk after dark, and would not cross a compound or courtyard alone for any consideration. I suppose the Kohl devil is very fantastic and terrible. However, he would flee before the face of a nun.

What a fascinating Eastern world it must be! I wish I could for a while take up my quarters with the nuns of Ranchi, and gain an insight to the brilliant Eastern world and strange Eastern mind. One would return to the Old World with one's pen dipped in a wonderful lurid scarlet and purple. - *Katherine Tynan in Ave Maria.*

A DAY WITH THE TRAPPISTS.

THE correspondent of a Manchester paper, writing from Paris, gives some account of a visit to La Grande Trappe, which, though frankly written from an outsider's point of view, is told in a pleasant and observant spirit. Readers of Louis Stevenson will not fail to recall a similar visit paid by that writer during his travels with a donkey, recounted by him with so singular a sympathy and so strange a spiritual sense of fraternity. The account we quote is perhaps more mundane, and certainly less written, but it is interesting and more or less vigilant:

"The morning was fine as we set out to visit the Monastery of La Grande Trappe, which lies nestled in the woodland between Mortagne and Saligny. Visitors are not so numerous as one might expect during the holiday season; the Grand Chartreuse appears to monopolise the tourists' curiosity. This may be owing to the renowned cordial fabricated there. 'It must be hard to live, but sweet to die there,' remarks my companion, 'for they leave behind them nothing to regret in this world.' He was about to develop his proposition when we

reached the worm eaten door of the Monastery, which bears some resemblance to an old farm house of the Middle Ages. Rising above the ancient building the spire of a new church which the Trappists have just constructed in the grounds at a cost of £50,000—a fact which proves beyond dispute that the Republic has not confiscated all their wealth. The door is garnished with a death's head and cross-bones in iron, symbolical of the charnel house to which they have condemned themselves. We knock and the door is opened by a porter, a good-looking monk, tall and active, who, contrary to the general rule of the Monastery, is the only inmate allowed to speak to strangers.

"So you have come all the way from Paris to see our little house," said he, with a calm but evidently gratified smile. "Come in; it is now half past eleven, and you will be in time for breakfast. The fare is not Lucullian, but you will have to put up with it." He then conducted us into the garden where we were received in silence by a Pere Blanc, who beckoned to us follow him into a large room, with white-washed walls, on which hang religious emblems and engravings, the portrait of the Pere de Rancé, the reformer of the order, and a framed card-board bearing, in big letters the admonitory word "Silence." There were three other persons besides ourselves present. On the table at either end were two dishes—one containing kidney beans and the other macaroni—and in the centre stood a tureen of bread soup; a glass of cider and a few peaches completed the menu, which had been prepared expressively for visitors. Mutely we sat down to devouring this Spartan cheer for the morning air had sharpened our appetites. During the repast the Pere Hotelier, a kind of head steward, who presided over the table of the guests, sat in an armchair at the end of the room, and as we were eating read out aloud the lives of St. Robert, St. Alberic, and other saints who took part in the foundation of La Trappe.

Breakfast over, we strolled into the garden, and waited for a moment to visit the interior, for the monks, as soon as they had finished their meal at half-past eleven, return to their cells to sleep till half past one. To understand this it must be borne in mind that they pass the night in prayer, and so they need a little repose in the day time. I must also add that while we were eating our beans and macaroni, the monks were dining in their refectory on rice and water, served up in wooden bowls. They make only one meal a day, which is alternately composed of rice and beans.

Half-past one struck at last, and then there was service in the church. The Pere Hotelier led us to a form reserved for visitors. The church is of Roman architecture, and is a gem in its way, but the decorations are of the poorest kind, and even the holy vessels are paltry. Suddenly a bell rang, and in marched from thirty to forty monks of all ages, some dressed in brown, others in white garments; the former were Brothers, the latter Fathers. One, donned in black, was a postulante. They advanced silently, one after the other, in Indian file, saluted the altar, but without kneeling, and then took their seats, where they proceeded to open their large red-lettered prayer-books. At the head of the mournful procession walked the Abbot of La Trappe. He took his place at the altar without casting so much as a glance at the visitors. Like the humbler monks, he kept his eyes fixed either on the ground or his prayer-book. All being seated, the service began. It was made up of psalms and prayers similar to those of the ordinary Office, and lasted half-an-hour. The monks then rose and, headed by the abbot, marched out in the same silent manner as they had marched in, leaving us to take care of ourselves.

The porter-monk, however, soon came to our rescue, and under his guidance we visited different parts of the monastery. I must confess there was nothing particularly remarkable to be seen; and the stories told about the monastery life must be taken with a great deal of salt. Having shown us the dormitory where the monks sleep on straw, and the cells in which some of them shut themselves up to fast and pray, our cicerone conducted us to the graveyard, where a few of them, with their faces covered with a hood, with two holes for the eyes, were digging their graves in preparation for their final exit from this world. Our presence did not disturb them in the least; they went on working with the pick-axe and spade like so many automatons. Outside, in the forest surrounding the monastery, monks were engaged in various occupations—some cutting down trees, some gathering herbs, some watering the kitchen garden, while others were engaged in the liquor distillery. Here they work eight hours a day, and appear to be full of life and vigor, despite their poor nourishment. I inquired about a certain young Count, well known in French society who having been crossed in love, had joined the Trappists a short time ago. "I know him not," answered the porter; all who enter here leave their names outside, and are dead to the world, and we are forbidden under heavy punishment to speak to one another." I was going to venture another question when he made a sign that it was time for us to withdraw, as Vespers were coming on and the door of the monastery was to be irrevocably closed for the day. As we parted he took us by the hand, and said in a solemn tone, "*Freres, il faut mourir! n'oubliez pas ça,*" to which my companion, who was determined to have his little joke, responded, "I have no doubt you are right, holy friar, but I prefer to live."

TEKAKWITHA.

Our first acquaintance with the name and life of Tekakwitha dates back as far as 1863 or 1864. In an interview with John Gilmary Shea, the historian, then a young man and growing into fame, he spoke of this rare Indian maiden in terms so glowing that we have never lost sight of her since. He spoke of her as a saint who ought to be canonized, and whose canonization was even then looked forward to as a probability by many prelates both in Canada and the United States. To our eyes ever since she presides over the Mohawk Valley like a guardian spirit, whose prayers at the throne of grace are a perpetual benediction to it and to our country. We were impatient to know the exact spot where in it her life originated, and where her home was before she fled from her wrathful uncle and revengeful tribesmen to the new Mohawk mission founded by the Jesuits on the southern shore of the St. Lawrence. We asked Mr. Shea, as the man who should know if any one knew. He could not tell us. It was somewhere, he thought, on the heights that circle Fonda, in Montgomery County; precisely where, no one could tell. It was doubtful if any one would ever know. We consulted Dr. O'Callaghan with no better results.

In fine, although memories of Indian wars and trade with Indians, in Tekakwitha's life, hovered over the valley, there was for these no special foothold to which we could direct our attention and say:

"It is the spot, I know it well,
Of which our old traditions tell."

Battles were fought along the line of this valley of intense interest to the American historian and archaeologist, to which names were attached and the results known, but these had no local habitation. Catholic missionaries had trodden through the valley with bleeding feet. Some of these had left mutilated fingers along its trail, and sometimes their scalps had been hung up to dry in the Indian lodges; but just where, no one could tell. Tekakwitha herself, sweet Indian saint, had taken part in many tragic scenes. Indian castles had been burnt to the ground before her eyes. Mohawk warriors had contended with Mohicans, Delawares, Andastes, Eries and other warlike tribes, and her hands had supplied lead for the defence of her home and water to quench burning palisades. But just where all this happened no one knew. In fact, until lately few cared to know. Now, however, a great interest has gathered about these matters, and many are eagerly asking for information.

Miss Ellen Walworth steps in opportunely with hands full of gathered treasures. It has cost her much time and great labour to gather up these things. The preface to her book shows what research has been employed, what manuscripts have been deciphered and transcribed, what libraries have been ransacked, what clues have been sought for in conversations with eminent historians to furnish her with materials. But this has been only a small part of her task. A perusal of the very first chapter of her book reveals an intimate acquaintance with Indian habits, costumes, industries, tools and weapons, rites and customs, traits of Indian character. These things are not easily acquired or in any short time, but they are described by her with an easy familiarity.

Another thing quite delightful in the book is, that the author knows perfectly well the localities which she describes. She has been there. She has climbed the hills, forded the brooks, followed the trails. She has gathered trophies from the fields where once old wigwams clustered. She has inspected the ashheaps blackening the soil where once old lodge-fires blazed. She has visited the corn-fields and counted the corn-pits. She has picked up beads, mussel-shells, bones of the wild deer, teeth of the bear, thrown aside after Indian festivals; and she has stood where the bones of Indian warriors lay before her, just interred from their resting-places. She has sketched the sites of Iroquois castles and villages with an enthusiastic and busy pencil; and when she describes them she gives a life and colour to the scenery which we could get from no stranger.

In fine, the "young eyes" which in 1878 looked eagerly upon the "Old World," and came home to report to us what they saw, are now telling us of old things which they have found in this our New World, and which the most of us have never seen. What was only prehistoric myth in the hands of Schoolcraft, Longfellow, Hoffman, and others is now acquired history. Hiawatha is no longer a beautiful dream of a supposed Indian bard who,

"In the Vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and pleasant valley,
Sang the song of Hiawatha."

He is no longer the great-grandson of the Moon and the son of the great West wind, Mudjekeewis, who pelted his unnatural father with vast fragments of rock torn from the cliffs of the Rocky Mountains; he is now simply an historical personage, an Onondaga chief, whose epoch is familiar to us and whose dwelling place we know. He lived on the shores of Cross Lake, an expansion of the Seneca River. Minnehaha is no longer a child of the Mississippi valley. She was a genuine New Yorker, and her merriest and loudest laughter broke forth when the great chief saw her leap the rapids of the Oswego River, smiling back on him as she glided into Lake Ontario.

The daughter of Hiawatha was not slain by a marvellous bird of prodigious size swooping down upon her on the bank of Onondaga Lake, as the legend runs in Clark's "Onondaga," but she was cruelly trampled to death by connivance of another fierce eagle, Atotarho, the great sachem and war-chief of the Onondagas, who drove their grief-stricken father into exile among the Mohawks. Thanks to the researches of Dr. Horatio Hale, we know much of the lives of these great chiefs, the principal founders of the Long House, or celebrated League of the Six Nations. Miss Walworth introduces us to much of this myth-land now turned into history, all, in truth, that is necessary to understand and illustrate the life and times of the Lily of the Mohawks, and those who neglect the intellectual feast which she offers us in this volume will miss a rare treat.

The life of Tekakwitha is concurrent with the heroic missionary work done in the Mohawk Valley by a succession of martyrs and confessors of the Jesuit order. Much of all this is introduced in Miss Walworth's narrative. In this same narrative are also introduced many other matters of great import. New England savages, resisting the entreaties of their missionary, Eliot, come rushing into the valley, threatening its inhabitants and the work of the blackrobes with ruin. In the midst of all this life of missionary labor, of long and persevering privation and suffering, frequently crowned with martyrdom the marching of disciplined soldiery and the light footsteps of Indian braves on the warpath; the smoke of burning villages; relieved now and then by peaceful times devoted to hunting and fishing, still almost always a life of wandering, glided the form of Tekakwitha. She was a contemplative spirit, shunning society and loving the deep silence of the forest, yet destined to become more famous and more widely known, both in the United States and in Canada, than any of the generals or great sachems who once challenged the attention of this western world. In this book she comes to the front with all the romance which the wild woods can give her, with all that lustre of holiness which heroic Christian virtues shed around her—a true child of the forest, with a spirit as pure and beautiful as any angel of the cloister.

Old Albany knew her footsteps. She came with her tribe to the fishing village at the mouth of the Norman's Kill. Many burials took place at this spot. The Kenwood Convent now stands built above Indian graves. Her uncle, a warlike chief of the Turtles, was also a trader, bringing furs to the Dutch of Beaverwyck, and sometimes sitting with them in council as early as when Pieter Schuyler, the first mayor, was a boy. Passing back again to her forest home, her canoe glided under the stockades of Corlaer, now Scherectady. On her flight northward from that angry uncle she climbed the heights at Amsterdam, now a

—clattering factory town
Where the choked Choctanunda plunges down,"

This escape of the saintly maiden from the rapids on the Mohawk to the grander rapids on the St. Lawrence, above Montreal, took place in the autumn of the year 1677. It introduces us to a new epoch in her life. She is no longer a convert struggling to maintain her faith in a community of heathen savages, but where all around her are striving for Christian perfection she is a leading spirit, marching far before the rest, and leading a life which the most zealous of her companions regard as marvellous. Here the Lily of the Mohawks wins her new title, "the Genevieve of New France." She stands on ground destined to take its name from her. It is called the "Cote St. Catherine."

Thus far we have spoken chiefly of the subject of this biography, and such surroundings as are necessary to characterize and illustrate it. What these are Miss Walworth has taught us herself to understand and appreciate. It would be a sad oversight if we should leave unnoticed the thoughtful method and admirable art with which she fulfilled her task. She has never for a moment forgotten that the life of Tekakwitha, when presented with the severest truths and most scrupulous accuracy, is always by sheer necessity a romance in real life. This calls for a certain freedom from such conventional rules as would reduce a beautiful history to an elaborated skeleton. During the first part of her life, whether heathen or Christian, Kateri is made to stand before us as a true child of the forest, with her Indian leggings and moccasins on, with the leathern skirt and tunic, her dark eyes gleaming from under the usual blanket of an Indian squaw. When standing better relieved in the Christian sunlight of the mission village of the Sault, surrounded by all the practices of Catholic devotion and trained to perfection by the best of spiritual guides, her thoughtful biographer is still careful to give us the picture of a living and breathing woman, and not a saint analyzed into a corpse. We are not obliged to read through one chapter on her humility, another on her obedience, followed by others on faith, hope, charity, and then, last and longest of all, a catalogue of miracles, all wonderful to relate, but without a moral. All through, our Indian virgin has breath in her body and life in her soul. Moreover, we are glad to notice that the style of the author is also varied with equal good judgment. It is not modelled after Cæsar's Commentaries, always historical with perfect angularity, nor always dancing off to gyrate among the clouds and flowers and birds and breezes. She does not stop to moralize at

given stations. In fine, she is about as free from mannerism as can be expected from any author. All this enables us conscientiously to recommend this book as a most readable composition, well studied and truthful, and yet full of life, blood, and color.

All Catholics in Canada and the United States who have become interested in this fair flower of the American forest sympathize with their bishops in common council, and with her red brethren, who have so earnestly petitioned the Holy Father to put the Church's seal on the sanctity of their "Little Sister." When the business of her canonization is seriously taken up at Rome, that will be the time to catalogue her virtues according to the formal methods of the Sacred Congregations of Rites. The American public will be glad to look upon that life as it was really lived—a beautiful whole, a lily with all its life and colour well attended. So a loving hand has given it to us in the present volume.

We could very willingly indulge in a much longer and more elaborate review of this timely book, but limits of space have been assigned to us and we must hasten to a close.

Near the eastern bank of the little Portage Creek, on the southern side of the St. Lawrence, and overlooking the rocks and floods of the Sault St. Louis near Montreal, stands a tall wooden cross which can be seen from afar and from many directions. It marks the grave of Tekakwitha, a spot where she loved to pray when living, and where her body was buried. Very recently a solid granite monument, in form of a sarcophagus, has also been placed there by loving hands to her memory. An inscription on its upper surface, in the Iroquois language, bears this testimony to the beauty of her character.

ONKWE ONWE-RE KATSITSUO TEIOTSITSIAKARON.

That is: "She is the Fairest Flower of the Red Race." A more valuable and a more lasting monument than this, however, is the book itself. The granite could only cover a few feet of ground where her precious body was laid to rest, but the book itself preserves to us the memory of her beautiful soul, her grand and noble fortitude, and the sanctity and sweetness which made her life so lovely.

We close this remarkable volume and lay it down with a sigh, and have only these last words to utter, which we do with all our heart: "She is the Fairest Flower of the Red Race."—*The Catholic World*.

INCREASE IN CATHOLIC SCHOOL ATTENDANCE.

The Catholic colleges, academies and parochial schools throughout the country have resumed classes. Many new schools have been opened, and the older ones generally report increased attendance.

The *New York Times* of recent date, in an article on "The Public School System," says: "It is a singular fact, which perhaps hardly accords with the prevailing impressions, that for several years there has been a progressive decrease in public school pupils throughout the country as compared with population."

The explanation is chiefly in the increase of Catholic parochial schools, which is in turn accounted for by the strengthening of intelligent Christian conviction on the subject of education among the Catholic people, and their advance in material prosperity.

Catholics have no quarrel with the public schools as such. They cheerfully admit the excellence of the secular education given in many of them. If the best of the parochial schools and the best of the public were set side by side, they would be found to resemble each other surprisingly in all that tends to prepare the child for mere material success. But there is something more and better than material success.

The Catholics complain not of what is in the public schools, but of what is left out of them. To the true Catholic, that system of education which takes no account of the spiritual welfare of the child has a fatal flaw in it.

The Rt. Rev. N. C. Matz, D.D., Bishop of Denver, Col., in his just issued admirable pastoral on the opening of the schools, says:—"If our non-Catholic citizens are satisfied with these schools, let them enjoy them. It is their business, not ours. But we Catholics cannot be contented with these schools, for we know our high responsibility, that we must raise our children for God and Jesus Christ, and that our own salvation largely depends upon our care of the children entrusted to us. Will not God on the day of judgment demand of you, Catholic parents, soul for soul? Now, it is beyond all question that you cannot raise your children in your Catholic faith without giving them a Christian education, and this may be obtained only in a Catholic school, where the whole atmosphere is Catholic or Christian."

The excellence, often the superiority of our Catholic schools as proved in severe competition with the public schools, and admitted by non-Catholics themselves, leaves the worldly-minded Catholic no reasonable objection to offer for refusing to fulfil his duty towards his children's souls.—*Boston Pilot*.

If we are faithful to one another in our outward march, it is because there is not one who may not fall. Our road lies through a perpetual ambush; whoever has a friend to keep step with him on the way, will try to place him on the sheltered side.—*Martineau*.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commended by

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

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 Dowd of "St. Patrick's" Montreal.

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPT. 19, 1891.

THE most Catholic portion of the United States—New Mexico—has, according to the census, the fewest number of vaupers. It has but one.

IN the triennial matriculation examination held in July at the University of Malta, a student of St. Ignatius' College, directed by the English Fathers of the Society of Jesus, passed first in the honors' list, thus securing the University scholarship.

A CORRESPONDENT in the *Pall Mall Gazette* writes of the recent converts to the Catholic Church in England:

"The rush Romewards," which seems to have marked this year has by no means spent its force, if one may judge from recent conversions among the various classes of the community. Prominent among them are to be noted those of Mr. George Skellington Ussher, a lineal descendant of the famous Archbishop Ussher, Protestant Primate of Ireland; Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, the well-known author, and his wife, who is a daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne—Major-General and Mrs. Whinyates; and Mr. Basil Lechnere, son of Henry Lechnere, Bart. At a time when all England is, as it were, venerating a new memory of Nelson, it is interesting to find that the Hon. Edward Horatio Nelson has become a Catholic, making the third of the present Earl Nelson's sons who has taken that step. Viscount St. Cyres, the eldest son of the Earl of Iddesleigh, and a popular student at Oxford, whose conversion was prematurely announced a year ago, and denied by his father, has now openly declared his adhesion to the old faith by taking an active part in the formation of Newman House, in South London, which is to be worked by Catholic members of Oxford University, on the social religious lines laid down in the Papal Encyclical. Among the ladies occur the names of Miss Stewart, of Ascog Hall, Bute; Mrs. Thornton, Superintendent of Mysore College; Miss Charlotte O'Brien, daughter of the late W. Smith O'Brien, M.P.; and of no fewer than three matrons of the London Hospitals, as well as several in the provinces. The latest clerical recruit is Rev. Thomas Gato, M.A., of Oriel College, Oxford, making the twelfth minister of the Established Church, who has "gone over," within a comparatively brief period.

The usual statistics of conditional baptism and confirmations just presented show that the number of conversions in each of the fifteen dioceses in England ranges from 700 to 1,000 annually."

Thus, in spite of calumny and the strenuous opposition of the sects, does the work of regeneration proceed, and the Church, little by little and inch by inch, win back to herself those who have been lost to the faith since the so-called Reformation.

THE RELATIONS OF IRELAND AND SCOTLAND BEFORE AND AFTER THE UNION.

I.

IN a recent issue we showed by what means and in what manner the union of England and Scotland was consummated, and under what favourable conditions for Scotland. How widely and unfortunately different have been the relations of England and Ireland, before and since the Union, we will attempt to demonstrate. After the conquest of Ireland by the lieutenants of Henry II., in 1169, the victorious generals established themselves in various parts, receiving immense grants from the king, and governing by rude force as military chiefs, allowing the natives to retain their own customs. On the east coast the English established themselves in number and claimed and enjoyed the benefit of their imported laws. To the others, although earnestly desiring and seeking for the same, they were denied. Sir John Davis, Speaker of the Irish Parliament of the time of James I., in this connection, said that "For 300 years at least after the conquest the English laws were not communicated to the Irish, nor the benefit of them allowed, though they earnestly desired and sought for the same. For as long as they were out of the protection of the law, so as any Englishmen might oppress, spoil and kill them without control, how was it possible they should be other than outlaws and enemies of the Crown of England?"

The semblance of civil liberty and of representative government was sent over for its guidance, and the English common law and its privileges were extended to the Anglo-Saxon colony. An Irish Parliament was summoned of which the earliest statistics are to be found in the year 1310. The representation in these early Parliaments were confined to the English population, their statutes did not pretend to bind the Irish, they frequently speak of the native Irish as enemies of the King. The small English community was little amenable to the King's authority and appears to have been the main fomenters, for purposes of gain, of disorder amongst the native Irish. It was to curb their action, to maintain the royal authority, and to protect the natives from oppression, that the well-known statutes of Drogheda were, by the influence of the Lord Deputy Poyning, obtained from the Irish Parliament. By these statutes the lawlessness of the Anglo-Saxons within the pale was restrained. It was made High Treason to excite the Irish to war, all the English statutes passed up to that time were extended to Ireland, and it was also provided that no Parliament in future should be holden in Ireland till the King's Lieutenant should have certified to the King under the great seal, the causes and considerations and all the Acts which should be passed by it, and till such be affirmed by the King and his council and a license to hold the Parliament be obtained. This last law, passed as a protection to Ireland, and in restraint of the small community which alone had legislative power, became in later times the main instrument in restraint of the legislative autonomy of Ireland.

A dependence of the Irish Parliament upon the king's authority was thus early established. It would seem that up to that time the legal position of Ireland was that of a dominion held by right of conquest under the crown of England; the fact, however, that it had in law a parliament of its own exempted it from jurisdiction of the English Parliament, for in the year books of "2 Henry VI." and "2 Richard III.," c. 12, it is laid down, "That a tax granted by the Parliament of England shall not bind those of Ireland, because they are not summoned to our Parliament. Ireland hath a Parliament of its own, and maketh and altereth laws; and our statutes do not bind them because they do not send knights to our Parliament, but these persons are the King's subjects, like as the inhabitants of Calais, Gascoigne, and Geneva, which they continue under the King's protection."

Sir E. Coke, however, in quoting this in a celebrated case which determined the status of Scotchmen born after the union of Scotland with England, under James I., as that of natives of England, inserts in a parenthesis "this is to be understood unless specially named." (4 Coke's Institutes, 352.) In 1569, in a Parliament summoned by Sir H. Sidney, a party was formed in opposition to the Crown, and when an Englishman, representing a pocket borough, contended before the Lower House that the Queen might, by her own prerogative, pass laws independently of the Irish Parliament, he raised such a tumult that he was with difficulty rescued. Again, when Sir H.

Sydney endeavoured to impose a tax upon the people of the Pale without the assent of the Irish Parliament, he was met by remonstrance and resistance, to which Queen Elizabeth was obliged ultimately to yield.

It was not till the reign of James I., that the distinction between the Pale and the rest of Ireland began to disappear. Sir E. Coke speaking of this distinction says:—"Whereas heretofore some, not without scandal, have divided the Kingdom of Ireland into the English Pale and the wild Irish, let oblivion bury it or silence cover it, for now all are reduced to obedience and civil behaviour." The civil administration of the Government was extended to the whole of Ireland; the judges held their assizes everywhere; the old Irish customs were declared to be void; the principal feudal lord surrendered their estates to the Crown, and received them back by English tenures, while their tenants were confirmed in their holdings subject to a great rent, and the Queen's writ was obeyed throughout Ireland. Parliamentary institutions were extended to all the counties of Ireland, but at the same time, in order to secure power to the Crown and to the aristocracy, a great number of small boroughs were enfranchised, so that two thirds of the members were returned by members influencing them. These grants of enfranchisement were made by the King on his own authority. A remonstrance was addressed to the King on this point in which it was alleged that by these enfranchisements the general scope and institution of Parliament was frustrated, to which he replied, "What is it to you whether I make many or few boroughs? The more the merrier, the less the better cheer."

"After this date," quotes Mr. Shaw Lefevre, "followed frequent rebellions in Ireland, which were always followed by confiscations, and the settlement of the properties so confiscated on English adventurers, the unhappy rebellion in Ulster in 1641; the civil war; the subjugation of the country by Oliver Cromwell, various confiscations of lands from native Catholics to Protestants, after which came the reaction in their favour under James II., followed by their final subjection in 1691 by William III. and their surrender at Limerick. By the articles agreed to at this surrender, known as the Treaty of Limerick, it was provided that the Roman Catholics of Ireland should enjoy such privileges in the exercise of their religion as were consistent with the laws of Ireland, or as they did enjoy in the reign of Charles II. Few Englishmen can read without shame what followed. The Catholics at this time in Ireland, whether of Irish or Anglo-Irish blood, may have possessed, even after the numerous confiscations, about one-sixth or one-seventh of the kingdom. Their numbers also were great. It was decided by the English Government to reduce their power by every possible means, and there followed a series of measures, known as the Penal Code, which were almost without parallel in Europe.

The first action in this direction was taken by the English Parliament. William III. and Mary required every member of both Houses of the Irish Parliament to take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, and to subscribe the declaration against transubstantiation, before taking his seat. This had been the law of England since the time of Elizabeth, but had never been adopted in Ireland, where, although in early times no native Irishman was allowed to sit in Parliament, in Elizabeth's reign and those of her two successors, Catholics were freely elected in considerable numbers. This act, which virtually excluded Catholics from the Irish Parliament, is the first really important measure in which the legislative supremacy of the English Parliament was practically carried out.

The Irish Parliament, thus purged of the Catholics, lent itself readily to the penal policy of the English Government. It excluded, in the words of the Act, "Papists" from all the principal professions. It forbade them to open schools or to teach. It made marriages between Protestants and Catholics illegal. It disabled Catholics from acquiring interest in land, except for terms of less than 91 years. It required them to conform to Protestantism within 6 months from coming into possession of land, on pain of forfeiture to the next heir. It forbade them to own arms, it permitted the agents of the government to search their houses for arms. Finally, in 1715, it deprived them of the franchise, which had previously not been interfered with."

Burke, speaking of the effect of the Revolution of 1688 which is regarded as the commencement of the era of full constitutional liberties in England, said, that as regards Ireland, "It was the establish-

ment of the power of the smaller, at the expense of the civil liberties and properties of the far greater number, and at the expense of the liberties of the whole." For the succeeding hundred years the bulk of the population in Ireland was practically deprived of all constitutional rights, privileges or protection. The law ignored the very existence of Catholics, except for the purpose of persecuting them. It was announced by the very highest legal authority in the time of George II. that "the law did not suppose any such person to exist as an Irish Roman Catholic." Ireland indeed had its separate Parliament, but no Catholics or Nonconformists could sit in it; no Catholics could vote for its representatives. The English Parliament, whenever it thought fit, legislated over the heads of the Irish Parliament, and always to the detriment of Ireland, or at least, of the Catholic or Nonconformist population. Thus it directed the sale of the estates of the Irish rebels; and disqualified Catholics from purchasing them. It passed an Act appointing a Commission to inquire into the value of the confiscated estates in Ireland, which William III. had granted to his favorites; and on the reports of this Commission passed another Act, directing the resumption of these estates; it enacted, by another measure, that all leases should be void when made to Catholics; it undertook the regulation of Irish trade for the benefit of English manufacturers or landlords, and without the slightest regard to the interest of Ireland; it shut Ireland out of the benefits of the colonial trade, with an exception only of the export of linen from Ulster. In reply to an address of the English Parliament William III., in 1698, said: "I shall do all that in me lies to discourage the woollen manufacturers in Ireland," and well did he keep his word. The English Parliament forbade the export of woolsens from Ireland not only to England or its colonies, but to any part of the world, thus running at once all the growing manufactures of Ireland. It excluded Ireland from the benefit of the navigator laws, and included Ireland in the well-known Schism Act of 1714, directed against Nonconformists. Ireland was not originally included in this measure, but the House of Lords extended it to Ireland, by a simple amendment, without notice, by a majority of 57 to 51, in spite of a vehement protest by the leading Whig peers, who objected, in the then state of Ireland, to making a division among its Protestants. Bad as the Irish Parliament was, no such measure could have passed in it.

In 1719, when the Irish House of Lords had, with the concurrence of the Irish Judges, asserted a claim to be the Court of Appeal in the Irish suits, the English Parliament passed an Act affirming its complete supremacy. By virtue of this and of Poyning's Act, the subjection of the Irish Parliament was complete. That Parliament itself was so subservient to the English Administration and to the interests of the Episcopal Church, that there was little necessity for the English Parliament to exercise any control. The Irish Parliament was elected once only in every reign, unless dissolved by the King, considerably more than half of its members were under the direct influence of the Crown, or a few members of the aristocracy. Of its House of Lords, a majority of the members ordinarily attending were bishops, of whom there were 25. Its proceedings were by law strictly limited to the matters authorized by the English Privy Council.

For some years the government of the country was practically in the hands of the Bishops. Later, the government fell into the hands of a small oligarchy of peers, who, through their pocket boroughs, controlled the Irish House of Commons. The Lord-Lieutenants seldom resided for any length of time in Ireland, they left the management of affairs wholly to this oligarchy. The first Lord-Lieutenant who attempted to make a change in this respect was the dissolute Lord Townshend, who was appointed in 1767 for the purpose of supplanting the deep-rooted influence of the Irish oligarchy, and who succeeded to a great extent in doing so, by inaugurating the system of bribery and corruption of the Irish members, which continued down to the Union in 1800, and by which alone the Union was carried.

During the period, however, we are now referring to—from the revolution of 1688 to the succeeding 100 years—Ireland was, in the main, governed in the interests of the Episcopal minority; it had no voice in the general affairs of the Empire. The only vestige of independence conceded to it, or rather to its dominant minority, was the regulation of its finance. The English Parliament and Privy Council did not attempt to levy taxes in Ireland without the consent of the Irish

Parliament. It claimed the right, however, to expend the unappropriated balances in the Irish exchequer, but this claim was resisted by the Irish Parliament, and was finally defeated by the latter taking care that there should be no unappropriated balances. As time went on, and as political intelligence increased, the Irish Parliament, subservient and restricted as it was, acquired yearnings for greater independence. It succeeded in evading Poyning's Act, referred to previously by establishing a practice of debating and discussing proposals for laws and heads of Bills, without the previous assent of the English Privy Council, and thus the thin edge of the wedge of a more popular system was inserted.

CATHOLIC WAIFS.

PREVIOUS to the year 1886, Toronto city was divided into 6 police divisions, with an inspector in charge of each division, with power to deal with all cases requiring police interference in their respective divisions. But when W. H. Howland became mayor of the city he, as a police commissioner, created what is known as the moral department, with Inspector Archibald as its head, for the purpose of giving his whole attention to, and dealing with, all cases of vice and cruelty wherever known, making a specialty of such cases as illicit liquor selling, dives, brothels, immorality, drunkards homes, conflicts between husband and wife, cruelty to women and children, neglected children, newsboys and boot-blacks, their attendance at school, providing them with lodgings, cruelty to animals and the like, and gave him two assistants and an office at police headquarters. The department that requires the attention of Catholics most is the disposal of innocent children. No child can be sent to Penetanguishene Reformatory but those who have committed some offence and are prosecuted in the usual way, and sent there by the P. M., these are all right. The class of children that suffer most are those who have done nothing wrong, but who have lost one or both parents. That there are a lot of such with Catholic names can be seen by Police Court news. They are brought to the notice of the moral department in many ways, sometimes by police officers, very often by neighbor's untrue complaints against them, often by mothers themselves complaining of abusive husbands. All such women are directed to Inspector Archibald, who can put the law in motion in the following manner: "Swear out an information against your husband, have him arrested for being drunk on--street, appear against him in court and explain his conduct to the P. M. On hearing her story "lines of protection" are often her, prohibiting him from living with her. Such women, after a struggle for existence, often part with their children, on being told they will be kept clean, educated, and suitable places found for them when they are fit to work. That there are a lot of such children in Toronto can be seen by the by-law granting \$10 000. for the maintenance of the Industrial School at Mimico, in August, 1890. One reason given as an urgent demand for funds, was the terrible example of Kane and Buckley, the Toronto murderers, and their victims, another reason was that the police had more boys names on their books than they knew what to do with. Are there any Catholics amongst them? If not it is ample evidence that they are not cared for like the Protestant waifs. And if there are, where have they been going for the past five years if not to the Industrial Home, Mimico, Orphans' Home, Dovercourt Road, Girls' Home, Seaton St., Boys' Home, George Street, Infants' Home, St. Mary's Street, with not a Catholic instructor in one of them. As Inspector Archibald and all his assistants are Protestants, (Methodists), they cannot be expected to do what is right with Catholic waifs. We fear it is very few they send to any of our institutions. But with our Industrial schools equipped the board of Police Commissioners should be memorialized and given to understand the necessity there is for a Catholic constable in the moral department for the following purposes: To investigate complaints against, and look after, Catholic children who have no parents, or the children of shiftless, drunken parents, with a view to having them sent to our training schools, where they will be kept off the streets, kept clean and educated. The commissioners could not refuse this request, and such an officer would, we are sure, when his appointment became thoroughly known among the class referred to, be of immense value to poor neglected children, who, under the present system, very often find themselves eventually in jail, or in the

ranks of the Young Britons. Fill up such a school with bad boys and make good citizens of them, and when good results ensue the government and city council are bound to assist us.

EDWARD WALSH.

The career of Edward Walsh was a singularly sad one. Endowed with high poetic talent, he passed nearly all his days as that most ill-paid of drudges—a schoolmaster; and his life, which might have been long and rich in literary production, was cut off abruptly in his forty-fifth year. His father, a county Cork man and a small farmer, had, under the pressure of want, joined the militia; and while the regiment was stationed at Londonderry, Edward was born (1805). The militia-man having doffed his uniform on the disbandment of the corps, returned to Cork, and here his son received a good education. He devoted a great deal of time and attention to the Irish language; and, partly from books and partly from intercourse with persons who could speak it, he became thoroughly acquainted with the ancient tongue. The knowledge thus acquired exercised great influence over his career; for it was in translating poems from the Irish that Walsh chiefly gained his poetic reputation. While engaged at various places as tutor or schoolmaster he produced a number of translations and poems. These, finding their way into the periodicals of the day, attracted the attention of men of intelligence, and gained for the poet the friendship of Charles Gavan Duffy, who procured him the post of sub-editor of the *Dublin Monitor*. Here, at last, was release from the hideous din of the school-room: here was the prospect of such work as a man of such literary turn might most willingly accept. But the interiors of newspaper offices are very different from the pictures which float before the fancies of inexperienced aspirants to journalistic occupation; and the duties of a sub-editor are frequently of a mechanical much more than of a literary character. Such was, in all probability, the discovery which Walsh soon made; but whatever the cause, the fact is that he gave up the position. He was then engaged in some fugitive literary work, and collected a number of his own poems and translations which afterwards appeared under the title of "Jacobite Poetry." When next we meet Walsh he is engaged in tasks far different; and not only is he back again to the old occupation of teaching, but he is so engaged under circumstances as drear as can possibly be imagined—he is a schoolmaster on Spike Island! Here it was that there occurred the interview between him and John Mitchell, of which the latter has given a touching account in his *Jail Journal*:—"A tall, gentleman-like person in black but rather over-worn clothes, came up to me and grasped my hands with every demonstration of reverence. I knew his face, but could not at first remember who he was—he was Edward Walsh, author of "Mo Craoibhin Cno," and other sweet songs, and some very musical translations from Irish ballads. Tears stood in his eyes as he told me he had contrived to get an opportunity of seeing and shaking hands with me before I should leave Ireland. I asked him what he was doing in Spike Island, and he told me he had accepted the office of teacher to a school they kept here for small convicts—a very wretched office, indeed, and to a shy, sensitive creature like Walsh it must be daily torture. He stooped down and kissed my hands. 'Ah!' he said, 'you are now the man in all Ireland most to be envied.' I answered that I thought there might be room for difference of opinion about that; and then after another kind word or two, being warned by my turnkey, I bid farewell, and retreated into my own den. Poor Walsh! He has a family of young children; he seems broken in health and spirits; ruin has been on his tracks for years, and I think has him in the wind at last. There are more contented galley-slaves moiling at Spike than the schoolmaster. Perhaps this man does really envy me, and most assuredly I do not envy him."

The gloomy prophecies of Mitchell were realized; for, not long after this interview between the two—in the August of 1850—poor Walsh's earthly troubles were all over. At the time of his death he was schoolmaster in the Cork workhouse. Seven years after he had ceased to live, a graceful monument to his memory was raised by a number of the working-men of Cork. He has left two volumes of poetical translations from the Irish, with the original text. A memoir of Walsh in the *Irishman* has supplied us with the greater part of the materials for our sketch.

Bro. F. P. Tansey, Grand Deputy C.M.B.A., of Montreal, who has been exhibiting his manufactures of society badges, emblems, etc., at the Toronto Exhibition favoured many of our local C.M.B.A. Branches with a visit during the past two weeks. Much invaluable information was gathered from him on the important questions of the hour, throwing light upon the points that were not previously understood. The sister society of the Catholic Order of Foresters, of which Bro. Toronto by Bro. C. Daudlin, also of Montreal, who is inventor of a ballot box which for security is hard to equal. Ensuring absolute secrecy, and at the same time automatically recording the votes cast in white and black balls. Bro. Tansey is the sole agent for these, one of which, the first in Toronto, was procured by Sacred Heart

Court, No. 201 Catholic Order of Foresters.

During their brief stay Bros. Tansley and Daudlin made friends wherever they went, and much benefit will be derived from their visit.

Book Reviews.

Abridged Bible History of the Old and New Testaments by J. Schuster, D.D., translated from the German.
The Child's Bible History, adapted from the works of J. Schuster, D.D., and G. Mey, by Rev. F. J. Knecht, D.D., translated from the German, illustrated with 46 plates. Freiburg in Breisgau and St. Louis, Mo.; P. Herder.

These handy little books have the approbation of His Lordship the Archbishop of St. Louis, Mo., and the approbation or recommendation of more than sixty Archbishops and Bishops of Austria, Germany, Italy, Portugal, Spain, Central and South America, and will be found exceedingly useful to scholars. They are profusely illustrated, the various parts of the Bible being explained with clearness and brevity, divesting the mind of all extraneous surroundings and dealing with the subjects direct.

Glencoonagh, an Irish story by Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Cloth. 367 pp. \$1. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

This charming story depicts, in charming language and exquisite style, Irish life in a mountain village. It is written in the author's best style and has the freshness and aroma of the hills on every page. The characters are exceedingly well drawn. The priest, without whose characteristic figure no Irish story can be complete, is well portrayed in Father Moriarty, who, ever solicitous for the welfare of his flock, never spares himself in their behalf, and is, by them, in return almost venerated. The description of the sacrifice of the Mass, in the little mountain church, appeals to every Catholic heart by its sweet simplicity, as the author depicts the worshipping forms of the rude, ignorant, yet withal, faithful congregation, in the small, moss-covered edifice. All the characters are well drawn, and true to nature, and the interest is kept up unflinchingly until the end of the volume.

Catholic School History of England, by a Catholic teacher. Montreal and Toronto; James A. Sadlier.

The author of this welcome addition to Catholic Educational Text Books, in his preface fully explains the scope and utility of the work. In it he says that "the object of the volume was to provide our Catholic Schools of all grades with such a record of the main facts of English History as, viewed from a Catholic standpoint, would present them before the pupils with fairness and impartiality. The text-books of English History used in the public schools are objectionable to Catholics because of the anti-Catholic coloring given to many events, especially those relating to the Church and to religious matters. In treating of such controversial questions the author has studiously avoided all remarks that could offend the most fastidious, and has given merely a necessary and clear view of the facts related."

For the pupils of Catholic educational institutes who go up for Departmental Examinations this work will be found invaluable. Apart from its merits as a book in which history is given without the distortion of Catholic events which are found in most of the histories used at the present day, its literary ability is sufficient to commend for itself the patronage which it deserves. It is a marvel of condensations, whilst the chronological arrangement is perfect. All the great facts of English history, from the early Briton's settlement to the present time are given in a manner easily grasped and comprehended. The Catholic Teacher, who modestly abstains from appending his

name to this work of scholarship and research, is entitled to the thanks of all interested in Catholic education.

Donohoe's Monthly Magazine for October. The principal articles in this issue are: "Colymbus and the First Church" (with portrait); "Historical Argument for the Papacy"; "Eminent Confederate Generals"; "Total Abstinence Convention"; "Archbishop Ryan's Eulogy on the late Archbishop Hughes"; "Father Damien's Memorial Cross"; "Statistics relating to the Church in the United States"; "The Earl of Aberdeen on Home Rule and the Catholic Clergy"; "The Disagreeable Truth about Politics"; "Sermon of Bishop McQuaid at the laying of the cornerstone in Salem"; together with numerous other articles of interest.

Catholic News.

...At the annual meeting of the St. Mary's Sanctuary Society the following officers were elected: President, P. Lowe; Vice President, W. Malone; R. Drohan, Secretary-Treasurer; Librarian, J. Read; Assistant Librarian, M. Kane; Executive Committee, J. Murray, D. Bourke, C. Richardson.

...On Sunday next, Sept. 20, Rev. Father Kreidt of Falls View, opens a week's mission at Medina, N.Y.

...Very Rev. Pius Mayer, Provincial of all the Canadian and American Carmelites made an official visit to the Monastery at Falls View on Wednesday last. The very reverend gentleman leaves for New Baltimore, Pa., on Saturday.

...Sunday last, the Feast of the Holy Name of Mary, was a day which will be long remembered by the parishioners of St. Joseph's Church at New Germany. It was the occasion of the First Communion of the children there. Ten boys and twelve girls received the Bread of Life. At ten o'clock a procession was formed at the parochial residence, and proceeded to the church. First came the cross-bearer, then followed the candle-bearers and sanctuary boys. After these followed the First Communicants, then the priests, who were followed by the congregation. The neat appearance of the children, the snow-white garments of the girls and the glistening of the vestments of the clergy in the glorious sunshine combined to make a very pretty scene. As the procession approached the Church, the bells rang out a gladsome peal. When the clergy reached the high altar solemn High Mass was begun. The celebrant was Rev. Father Philip, the priest in charge of this mission. Rev. Father Kreidt, Superior of the Carmelite Monastery, Niagara Falls, and Rev. Michael O'Brien, of Chatham, N.B., assisting as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. After the Gospel Father Kreidt addressed the children. He spoke in German, taking for his text the words of the Gospel, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart," etc. He said that one of the mysteries of religion was why God asked not, as He could justly, our obedience or service, but simply our love. Since it cost no effort on our part, how could we refuse it to Him? How few give their whole heart to God. They give Him a part on Sundays but that is all. God showed His love to us in many ways but no way so remarkable as in instituting the Blessed Sacrament. It was love that held Him captive in the Tabernacle, where He anxiously awaits these pure young hearts this morning in order to receive from them their love.

He was to give all He had to give, and the only return asked was love. "Son give me thy heart," was the request He made this morning to every child. This love must be persevering. At the Offertory the candles were

to be lighted, symbolical of the flame of divine love to be ignited in their hearts, and these same lights were to be extinguished after Communion, but divine love ought never to be quenched. The fervor of to-day should be an enduring one. To-day these privileged children should not neglect to pray for all, for the Holy Father, our dear Archbishop, the clergy, their parents and the whole parish, for the prayer of the innocent is most powerful in God's sight. Finally, in order to keep alive this new fervor, the children should have a solid devotion to our Blessed Mother, they should invoke her in all troubles. As St. Bernard says so beautifully in the lesson of today's office of the Holy Name, "we should on all occasions invoke the star we call Mary."

The Rev. Father closed with an earnest appeal to the parents to awaken their first fervor and to be more diligent in frequenting the sacraments and to give good example to their children.

It was a most earnest and beautiful discourse, and was listened to with the closest attention throughout, and made a very deep impression on the large congregation present.

After Mass the children were invested with the Brown Scapular. The altar was beautifully decorated for the occasion. The countless burning tapers and profusion of natural flowers produced a very nice effect. The singing on the occasion was very fine. Peter's Mass in G. was beautifully rendered. Miss Julia Critz presided at the organ, Mr. Frank Critz sang basso, Wm. Critz tenor, and Miss Mary Bauer soprano, and were well supported by the rest of the choir.

The services were concluded by the singing of the Te Deum, in which the whole congregation united.

HAMILTON.

...The Bishop visits Mt. Forest on the 18th inst. and on the following Sunday morning will consecrate a new marble altar and lecture in the evening—confirmation at Glenelg on the 16th, Melancthon 17th, Priceville 18th, blessing of a new bell at Arthur 21st inst., Cayuga 4th, proximo, St. Patrick's 11th, and Oakville 18th of October.

...Since Bishop Dowling's arrival in Hamilton, some three years ago, it has been his earnest desire to inaugurate a school where youths wishing to study for the Church or other professions could obtain a preparatory education in classics. This hope has now been realized. A wing of the De La Salle Academy has been fitted up for the accommodation of such classes, and the school placed under the immediate charge of Rev. Geo. Clarkson, an experienced professor and for some time Director of a college in the city of Limerick, Ireland. Yesterday afternoon His Lordship formally opened the school and placed it under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin and of St. Thomas of Aquin. In his address to the pupils, thirty in number, he said that they were to be the pioneers of the institution, and hoped that they would prove themselves worthy of the sacrifices made in their behalf. Congratulatory addresses were also delivered by Vicar-General Keough, Paris, Archdeacon Bardou, of Cayuga, and Professor Clarkson. Chancellor Craven and the cathedral clergy were also present.—*Hamilton Evening Times*, Sept. 9th.

...On the 6th inst., at St. Peter's Cathedral, Peterborough, Rev. Timothy Francis Collins, of Lindsay was ordained to the priesthood of the Catholic Church by his Lordship Bishop O'Connor. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Scollard, of Ennismore, ordained last spring.

...The Attorney-General of Texas has decided a question about granting certificates to nuns, or Sisters of Charity, authorizing them to teach in Texas public schools. He says there is no law against it.

...Property valued at \$100,000 has been deeded to the church in Menlo Park, Cal., by Mrs. Johnson, for the purpose of founding a Catholic college.

...The city of Chicago has a Catholic population of 480,000 and has 120 parochial schools, besides 22 academies, two high schools and three colleges.

...Three priests from Chaldea, Syria, were guests of the Capuchin Fathers, Milwaukee, Wis., last week. They came from the Chinese province, Stang Hais, where they have been active as missionaries. They speak the language of the Chinese in those parts, which is much like their own, and French and Latin besides. They remained there for a few days and then continued their travels, their objective point being New York.

...Two years ago the secular papers announced the conversion to the Catholic faith of Bishop Joseph Legrand, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, who, at the time of his conversion resided in Rome. He had been acting in the capacity of Episcopal bishop for eight years in China and twelve years in the city of Rome. He has studied Catholic theology and was ordained priest. Father Joseph Legrand met with insults of all kinds from those who opposed his entering the Catholic Church, and finding his life threatened his superiors sent him to America. Father Joseph is acting as professor of foreign languages at St. Mary's College, Marion Co., Ky., a position he filled many years ago at Williams' College, of New York. He has relatives who are very wealthy living in North Carolina and Massachusetts, all of whom are Protestants.

...It is stated that an active correspondence is going on between the Holy See and the Archbishop of Mechlin, regarding the process of the beatification of the celebrated Jesuit spiritual writer, Lessius. Father Leonard Lessius, S.J., whose real name was Leys, was born at Brecht, in the Province of Antwerp, on October 1, 1554, and died at Louvan in the odor of sanctity on Jan. 15, 1623. He was buried before the lady altar of the fine church of the Jesuits, but of which they were deprived at the time of the French Revolution. It is now a parochial church, next to one of the University Colleges (Marie Therese). Some twenty years ago the body of Father Lessius was removed from the place it formerly occupied and buried in another part of the Church, but, strange to say, the spot cannot be found. Diligent search is at present being made to discover the venerable relics of the holy Jesuit. The process of his beatification began soon after his decease; but the political troubles of the time put an end to it and the necessary documents, after having been collected, were never sent to Rome, and later on were lost altogether. There has been a pause of over two centuries in the process.

...The inauguration and consecration of the basement and blessing of the statues and organ of the new Church of "Our Lady of Grace" in Hull took place on Sunday, Aug. 30. It will be remembered that the old church was burned at the fire of 1888, and the new church was commenced within six months after. This building, with the Presbytery, will cost \$150,000, and the nucleus of this fund was the \$80,000 insurance on the building which was destroyed. Since that time about \$8,000 has been collected, and altogether over half of the money required is on hand. The contractor is Mr. James Bourque. So far the basement is completed and has an organ placed in, and seating accommodation for 1,200 people. This portion of the church will be used by the congregation until such time as the main building is completed, which is expected to be in about a year's time. The ceremony started at 9.30 with the celebration of Mass by Rev. Father

Superior Lauzon, assisted by Rev. Fathers Grandfils and Duault. The sermon, which occupied an hour, was preached by his Grace Archbishop Duhamel, who in an earnest address exhorted his hearers to obedience to the truths taught, and to giving assistance to the priests for the good of the Church and of the city. The Gaily Mass was then sung, the choir consisting of 20 voices, under the leadership of P. H. Durocher, with Mrs. Kearns, of St. Joseph's Church, Ottawa, presiding at the organ. The solos were admirably taken by Mesdames Laflamme and Carriere, and Messrs. Vermette, Paquin and Parent.

A decree, the grave importance of which will be appreciated by those to whom it applies, has been passed by the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, concerning the rights and social position of those Sisterhoods not wearing the religious costume.

Several pious societies have of late been formed with the object of leading devout and charitable lives.

But in our matter-of-fact *fin de Siecle* the religious garb is not, generally speaking, viewed with favour by the great majority, and is even frequently the cause of the failure of many a noble work of mercy.

To obviate the exterior and irritating effect upon the charitable susceptibilities of free-thinkers and preachers of religious liberty some congregations suppressed their habits and dress as seculars.

Several of the Sisterhoods have obtained the approbation of the Holy Father; others are waiting the same.

By special orders of his Holiness two questions in this connection were recently discussed by the Sacred Congregation, and decisions given:

1. As to the expediency of approving congregations of women following the same rule in different places. That is to say, some living in community and wearing a religious costume, others living in their homes without any exterior sign indicating that they have made either temporary or perpetual vows.

11. Concerning institutions whose inmates, though in reality living in religious community, having yet no exterior sign of monastic life, and who dissimulate the fact as far as possible.

In the approbation given, the Sacred Congregation defines three classes of societies: Religious orders making solemn vows, congregations making temporary vows, which latter the Sacred Congregation declares to be the only veritable religious congregations and pious sisterhoods.

This approval does not confer what is known as the "essence" of religious life; there being neither vows nor religious profession accepted by recognized superiors in the name of Holy Church.

The Sacred Congregation also explains the conditions of this approbation:

I. All that concerns the Institution, rules, Constitutions, object, etc., to be submitted to the Bishop of the Diocese without reserve.

11. The members to dress with simplicity, avoiding all cause for scandal and conducting themselves as devout persons, whose lives are given up to the doing of good works. At the same time care must be taken that exterior prudence does not degenerate into hypocritical dissimulation.

...Application has been made through Judge William H. Snyder for a certificate of incorporation for a Catholic University in Belleville, Mo. The incorporators are Mr. Julius Rohl, Rev. Mr. Budde, Messrs. Augustus Chenot, Barnard Yoch and other well-known citizens. The certificate of incorporation is expected to arrive from Springfield at an early date.

C. M. B. A. News.

OFFICIAL.

...A meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Grand Council of Canada of the C.M.B.A. will be held at the office of the Grand President, Ottawa, on or about the 7th of October. The Grand President invites Branches and members to communicate to him or to the Grand Recorder, Bro. S. R. Brown, London, any matters which they wish to bring before the Board.

JOHN A. MACCABE,
Grand President.

Ottawa, 14th Sept., 1891.

...At the last regular meeting of Branch 15, C. M.B.A., the following resolution of condolence was passed:

Moved by Bro. Kavanagh, seconded by Bro. Rooney, and carried: Whereas our late lamented Brother, Chancellor John Kelz, after a few weeks sickness, resigned his soul to his Maker, though great hopes were entertained that he would recover. But, alas! they were not realized, he peacefully passing away from earth, full of Christian resignation, and fortified in the hope of a happy resurrection. He breathed his last on the 5th day of September, surrounded by a grief-stricken wife and children.

He is mourned by a large circle of friends and acquaintances. His genial and cheerful disposition, his gentle and unassuming manners, and Christian piety, won for him the love and respect of all who knew him. We, the members of Branch 15, mourn for him and we sincerely sympathize with his afflicted family. He was the chief mover in organizing this Branch. He passed through the chairs of resident and Chancellor and was made District Deputy by ex-Grand President O'Connor.

All the honors this Branch could bestow on our departed Brother were freely given, and he was recognized as the Father of the C.M.B.A. in this city. How keenly his wife and family feel the loss they have sustained is only known to their heavenly Father, Whose ways are not as ours.

It is therefore resolved that the sympathy of this Branch be, and is hereby extended, to the bereaved wife and family of our late lamented Brother, and we supplicate the Throne of Grace that they be given strength to bear this heavy affliction, and dwelling in the hope that "the end of all good men shall be to live with God in heaven." The solace of this conviction lightens our sorrows, and in God's good time will alleviate them.

Be it further resolved that our charter be draped in mourning for the period of three months, and that a special prayer be offered to the Throne of Heaven for the repose of his soul.

It is also resolved that the spiritual adviser of this Branch, the Pastor of St. Patrick's Church, be requested on behalf of the Branch to have a Mass celebrated for rest to the spirit of our departed Brother, and that the President J. J. Dutton, John O'Leary, and P. J. Costello, be a committee to wait on him, requesting that a day be named on which the Mass may be said, so that all the friends of the departed, and as many of our members as can attend, may assist at the service.

It is further resolved that a copy of this preamble and resolution be presented to the family of our late Brother, be entered in the minutes of the Branch and sent for publication to the official organs of the C.M.B.A.

FRANCIS P. KAVANAGH,
Rec. Sec.

...The crucifix which Columbus wore when he discovered America is said to be in the keeping of the sisters of Loretto, at Durango, Colo.

Men and Things.

...Count Camilla Pecci, the eldest nephew of Pope Leo, arrived in New York last Sunday on the steamship *La Touraine*. His visit has nothing to do with ecclesiastical business. He comes merely to see the country and for pleasure.

...The leader of the gang of Communists who murdered Monsignor Darboy, Archbishop of Paris. In 1871, he turned up in a strange plight at Marseilles. A few days ago a vagrant was brought up to the police station at Marseilles. He was in wretched plight, barefooted and ragged. He stated to the police that he was Captain Gilbert, the subordinate of General Dombrowsky. He was in command when the Archbishop and the other priestly hostages were murdered. It was he who gave Mgr. Darboy the last shot from his revolver. After the capture of Paris he was seized, court-martialed, and sentenced to death. Later he was respited and exiled to New Caledonia, whence he was summoned back by the government that expelled the nuns from the hospitals, the Dominicans from the pulpits, and the Jesuits from the schools of France. The people, however, do not seem to have the same relish for murderers as the Government. Gilbert has not prospered. He has more than once petitioned to be sent back to New Caledonia. It seems to have dawned on the wretch that the deed for which he has been panegyricized is not by any means a feather in his cap. He tried to explain to a Marseilles journalist that had he not shot Mgr. Darboy, there were twelve muskets behind himself which would have most readily belched his life out. His sordid fate, perhaps, is the best punishment. He is not "martyred," and the aspirant anarchists may learn that his is not the road to fame.

...Santiago de Chili, a city whose name appears in print quite frequently now-a-days, is one of the most Catholic of all the South American capitals and the seat of an archbishopric. The cathedral, as is the case in most Spanish-American cities, occupies an entire side of the principal square, and in addition to it, the city contains four or five parochial churches and a number of monasteries and convents. It was in one of this city's churches, *La Campana*, that a terrible disaster occurred on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1863, when fire broke out during the services, and 2,000 of the 3,000 worshippers who were present lost their lives, the majority of the victims being women.

So thoroughly Catholic are the Chilians that their army has for years regarded Our Lady of Mount Carmel as its special patroness and protectress. Our Lady of Perpetual Help is also a favorite with the Chilian soldiers, and in the last war between Chili and Bolivia and Peru, many of the troops wore favors of the Virgin, while two of the victorious generals, in replying to the congratulations extended to them at the close of hostilities by the bishop of Concepcion, publicly attributed to her intervention the glory of the Chilian victories.

In the same war the Chilian navy—and the *Blanca Encalada*, which was destroyed this year by the torpedo boats, was then in action—carried favors of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, and Admiral Rivero, who commanded the *Blanca Encalada*, declared that a large picture of the Virgin of that title holds "the place of honor aboard, which place it already occupies in the hearts of the seamen." In a letter describing the decisive victory won by the Chilian fleet over the Peruvian, a prominent citizen of Valparaiso wrote to a friend: "Our Lady of Perpetual Succor has heard the supplications of a whole nation; and our brave seamen, with her medals on their breasts, peace in their hearts and prayers on their lips, have won bril-

lant victories. All the commanders and officers, Rivero, Ferrari, Latoore, Condell, Baracoma, Guona, Castello, wore medals of Our Lady."

...We clip the subjoined admirable article from the *Sacred Heart Review*, and commend it heartily to the attention of our readers:

The curse of the age is undoubtedly ambition for riches and social distinction. Unfortunately this ambition has invaded the Church, and, sad as is the confession, it is difficult to discover any material difference between a large number even of leading, influential Catholics and the veriest worldlings who make very little or no pretensions to religion. This spirit pervades all classes, and it seems to increase with the advancement of the people in worldly prosperity.

We believe it is generally observed that as Catholics increase in wealth they diminish in their fervor and devotion to their religion. One of the first indications of this feeling is a disposition, at least on the part of some Catholics, to hide their origin; to change their name either in mode of spelling or in pronunciation, and to keep their religion in the background. Their highest aspiration is to associate with their Protestant "American" neighbors. As if Americans of German or Irish descent, for instance, were not just as much Americans as those of Anglo-Saxon origin.

One of the most deplorable features of this development is the disposition to prefer the public schools and Protestant colleges for their sons and daughters to Catholic institutions, and that, too, when they have reason to believe that there are just as good Catholic schools and colleges, and even better in many respects, than the Protestant. The confessed motive is that it will be more for the worldly advantage of their children to be educated in the public schools, at Harvard, at Yale, or some popular Protestant private academy or high school. This same spirit, encouraged by the parents, leads the young people to prefer alliance with Protestants rather than with their own co-religionists. If they can by any means secure a little blue blood they are supremely happy.

There is something better than money, better than blue blood, better than mere worldly prosperity. Blessed are they that have the grace to find that great treasure. Blessed is the parent who has been taught from above to appreciate that treasure which is above all price, and to cherish it beyond all earthly riches for his own and his children's sake. The injunctions of the Lord on this subject may sound old and stale in worldly ears, but they are not the less pertinent and important for all that: "Seek first the Kingdom of God and His justice," and "What shall it profit a man if he gains the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

...Western Methodists have been making a good deal of noise over "the conversion of a Catholic priest" to their faith. The conversion occurred at a camp meeting in Wisconsin, we believe. The name of the convert is Rev. John Kenny, formerly of Wabasha, Minn. It was stated in the published accounts of the important event that the "escaped" priest was under the jurisdiction of the archdiocese of St. Paul. Archbishop Ireland's attention having been called to the case, he made the following statement: "I am sorry for those who have converted him. Rev. J. Kenny was never a clergyman of the diocese of St. Paul. A man, however, of this name was received temporarily a year ago into the diocese of Winona. His record before coming to Winona was not unknown. He had been several times and in different places, notably in Illinois and northern Michigan, suspended from the minis-

try for drunkenness. He had originally belonged to the diocese of Rochester, N.Y., where also he had some trouble, presumably on the same ground. He had for some time before coming to Minnesota sobered up, and on showing apparently extraordinary signs of repentance he was admitted on trial by Bishop Cotter. After a few months, however, he fell back into his old sin, and was unceremoniously and ingloriously driven out of the diocese. These facts explain his conversion to Methodism. Transubstantiation, I am sure, is giving him little trouble. Whiskey is his *hete noir*. For my part, I resign him cheerfully to Elder Trusdell, cautioning the latter to keep carefully from him the intoxicating cup."

We fear that Elder Trusdell has not secured a very valuable prize. Certainly the Catholic Church is well rid of a man whose unfortunate appetite for drink was a source of scandal. When you hear of a Catholic cleric embracing Protestantism you may safely set him down as a "black sheep." It has always been the case since the days of Martin Luther.

...From fifteen hundred to two thousand people attended the reception of Bishop Shanley last week, on the beautiful grounds purchased for his residence in Island Park. Large numbers of Chinese lanterns had been hung about under the trees, and the whole formed a very pretty picture. Hon. Taylor Crum in a short but happy speech cordially welcomed the Bishop to Fargo in behalf of the people of the city, and was followed by Rev. Dean Collins and Attorney Hugh Doherty, on behalf of the Catholic clergy and laity.

In responding Bishop Shanley said that there were some occasions on which a man had a right to feel proud, and this was one of them. He felt proud on account of the cause which he represented, and also because of the evidence which this gathering tonight gave him of their public spirit, liberality and freedom from prejudice.

Three months ago, when it first became known that he was not satisfied with his location at Jamestown, because it was so far away from the bulk of the Catholic population that it hampered him in his work, numbers of towns in the State, varying in size and location, had aspirations to become the headquarters of the Catholic Church in North Dakota. Fargo had said nothing, but her citizens had gone down in their jeans and in one short week had raised \$12,000 to aid him in his work if he located there. In a short time work would be begun upon the new Cathedral which would be a fit place for the worship of God and a credit to the town, and he hoped it would not be many months before the natural beauty of these grounds would be improved and the erection of a Catholic college commenced which would make the name of Fargo famous throughout the Northwest.

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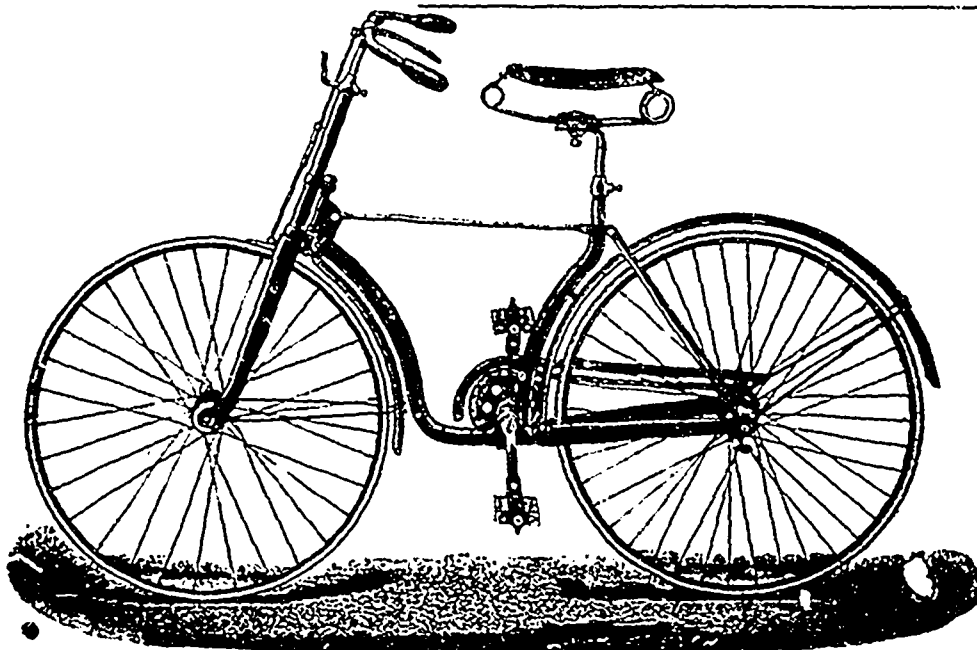
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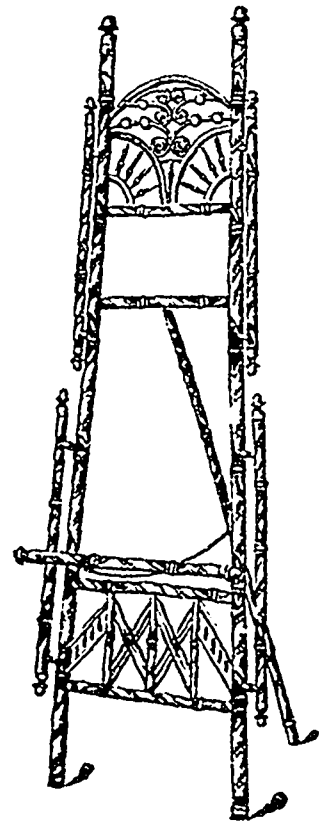
THE REVIEW, with its increased size and the new feature about to be introduced, is now in the front of Canadian journalism. We take this opportunity of thanking the many friends who have sent us in lists of subscribers, and as a still further incentive, for efforts on our behalf, we have determined to donate the following premiums to those sending in to us the number of prepaid subscribers as designated below. All these goods are of the best quality, manufactured by the well known firm of the Gendron Manufacturing Co., 7 and 9 Wellington St., Toronto,

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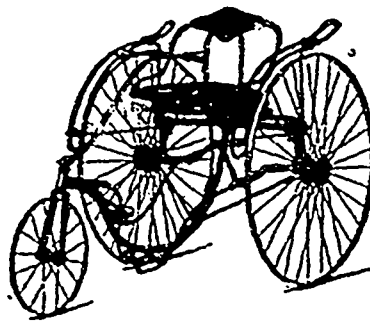


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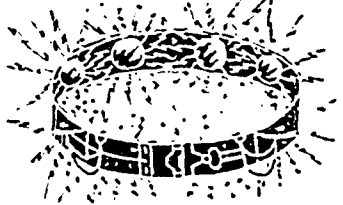
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