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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. V

Toronto, Saturday, Feb. 21, 1891.

No. 2

BOOKS

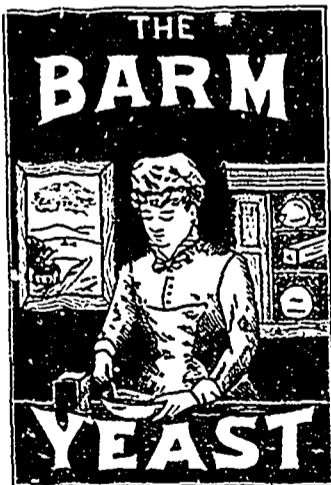
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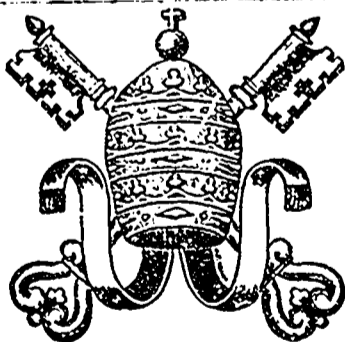
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 tions required for the New Drill Hall to be
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 for excavating and carting away the
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 tions required for draining the site.

Tenders will not be considered unless
 made on form supplied by this Department
 and must be signed with the actual signa-
 tures of the tenderers

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 obtained on application to the undersigned.

An accepted bank cheque for \$200.00
 payable to the order of the Minister of Pub-
 lic Works, must accompany each tender.

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 decline the contract or fail to complete the
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A LESSON IN ENGLISH.

Can we end these desultory re-
 marks with a colophon more pleasing
 than that provided in a quotation
 from a book recently put forth by
 Dr. G. W. Fortescue, professor of
 Anglo-Saxon in Tutthill University,
 at Four Corners, Iowa? "Perspic-
 uity, simplicity, and earnestness,"
 says the Hawkeye savant, "are pri-
 mary essentials to the acquirement
 or conservation of a virile and felici-
 tous style, and these qualities pre-
 dominate only when an adherence
 to the Anglo-Saxon idiom is main-
 tained with scrupulous pertinacity,
 for in the exercita ion and adhibita-
 tion of the idiom there abounds a rec-
 tilinearity, a prepollence, a poten-
 tiality, and a probity compared with
 which all ambiguous and convoluted
 rhetorical artifices and pyrotechnics
 (dazzling though they be in their
 coruscating pulchritude and scintill-
 ant fulguration, and however suatory
 and protreptical their ostentations
 and sacchariferous obliqua ion) sink
 into that paltry, evanescent condition
 of impotent absurdity which, in the
 presence of the sonorous ventosity of
 Boreas, characterises the humble in-
 strument which is operated to the
 furtherance of flame by the human
 organs of prehension." — *Eugene
 Field in Chicago Times.*

WANTED TO EXCHANGE.

A solid, sensible-looking woman,
 who was bound east, entered the
 baggage rooms of the Third street
 depot leading a dog, and asked:

"Can this dog go in the car with
 me?"

"No, ma'am."

"Has he got to go in the baggage
 car?"

"Yes'm."

"Is it extra?"

"Fifty cents."

"Well, its a shame!"

"Yes'm, but its the rule."

She walked about for five minutes,
 the dog smelling at her heels, and
 then returned to say:

"There are three of us—myself,
 the dog and my husband."

"Yes."

"If my husband went in the bag-
 gage car couldn't the dog ride in the
 seat with me?"

She managed to choke down her
 indignation when told that no such
 change could be effected, but later
 on, in the waiting room, she was
 giving her husband fits, and it was
 probably because he was satisfied
 with the rule of the road—*Detroit
 Free Press.*

ENTHUSIAST—"Art can never im-
 prove on nature."

Dentist—"Can't, eh? Don't you
 think that set of false teeth I made
 you is an improvement on your nat-
 ural stumps?"

SHE—"Did you visit Pompeii
 while abroad, Mr. Wabash?"






Mr. Wabash (of Chicago—"Yes
 and it's about the slowest place I ever
 struck. I s'pose there's more busi-
 ness done in Chicago in one day than
 has been done there for for ten years."

ON HARVARD SQUARE.—Student (to
 servant)—"I thought you had finish-
 ed sweeping my room."

Boston Servant Girl—"Beg your
 pardon, sir, but I was just decompos-
 ing."

Student—"What?"

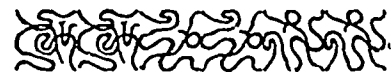
Boston Servant Girl—"I was re-
 turning to dust."

BE    
SURE 

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Vol. V

Toronto, Saturday, Feb. 21, 1891.

No. 2

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Notes.

THE REVIEW will publish next week the full text of Mr. Gladstone's great speech on the removal of the existing disabilities against Catholics. The debate, it is admitted even by Mr. Gladstone's opponents, will be a memorable one in Parliamentary annals on account of the speech in which the aged leader moved this important measure, and which old parliamentarians pronounced to have been one of the best efforts of his long life.

WE learn from the Ottawa papers of Tuesday that the Rev. Father Gendreau announced on Sunday last in the *Sacre Cour* church of that city, that on Sunday next a collective *mandement* from the Quebec bishops relative to the pending elections will be read. The statement is further made by a Quebec journal, *L'Electeur*, that the *mandement* will ask the electors to "vote only for those candidates who will bind themselves to do justice to our unfortunate compatriots in Manitoba and the North-West."

THE *Journal* of Ottawa states that on enquiring of Archbishop Duhamel as to the correctness of the statement, His Grace replied that he could not yet say if the *mandement* spoken of would be read next Sunday or later. The *mandement* before being printed and read in the Catholic churches through the country, must first be signed by all the bishops of the three ecclesiastical provinces of Quebec, Montreal, and Ottawa. He, for one, had already signed it, but he could not speak for the other archbishops and bishops to whom it had not yet been submitted.

Being asked as to the nature and the purpose of the *mandement*, the Archbishop said he could not divulge its contents now. All he could say was that the *mandement* was on the subject of the Manitoba School Act and that only the bishops of the three above named ecclesiastical provinces would be asked to sign it.

THE same journal states that on enquiring of another church dignitary if the *mandement* was likely to affect the prospects of either Liberal or Conservative candidates in Quebec, answered "Not at all." "As I understand it," he continued, "the *mandement* will assert the rights of the Catholics of Manitoba to have their own schools just the same as we have them in the provinces of Quebec and Ontario. The government on which the blame should rest in that matter is in the Greenway Government of Manitoba.

THE act of the Manitoba Government to which the above refers, is as follows: At the last session of the Legislature Attorney-General Martin carried through the House a law

abolishing the Separate School system, then in force in the Province. The Catholics of Manitoba by meetings and resolutions and through various channels refused to recognise the new law, claiming that it was contrary to the constitution granted to Manitoba by the Federal Parliament. They refused to pay the school taxes imposed, and their school commissioners throughout the Province continued to raise taxes to support their own schools and employ the same teachers. A test case was carried to the courts and at the same time an appeal for disallowance was made to Ottawa. The test case has been twice dismissed in different forms by the courts and the Federal Government has not yet taken action on the appeal for disallowance. If no disallowance is announced on April 10 next, a year from the time the Federal Government received the Bill, the Manitoba Roman Catholics say they will appeal to the Supreme Court and the Privy Council of England.

A PASTORAL letter from Archbishop Logue, primate, was read in the churches throughout Ireland last Sunday week, condemning Mr. Parnell's conduct and warning those engaged in the Boulogne negotiations to take care that the compromise reached be definite, as the country would have the last word to say on their issue. Several Irish Bishops, following the example set by Archbishop Walsh, have written letters to the clergy of their dioceses in opposition to Mr. Harrington's appeal to the members of the National league to reorganize in view of the general elections. Archbishop Walsh advised clerical members of the league to combat such Parnellite "packing" by refusing to join in the trickery.

IN reply to Archbishop Walsh Mr. Harrington says that the Archbishop misjudges the objects of the League's circular, which is similar to those issued annually by the League. Mr. Harrington further says that he informed Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien before issuing the circular that in consequence of the collapse of the Ameriern tour he had determined to ask the League branches to help evicted tenants. Mr. Harrington advises the Archbishop not to commit the priests too hastily to a policy which will lead to two hostile camps in every parish.

ALL hope of reconciliation between the two opposing Irish parties being now ended, both sides will at once begin, it is believed, an active campaign in Ireland. It is further asserted that Mr. Parnell's propaganda will partake largely of an anti-clerical character, representing the interference of the bishops and priests in the present struggle as dangerous to the National cause, and carrying on the contest to a great extent on the principle of resistance to clerical dictation. If so, it is certain that the campaign will be prolific of much evil. While we have no fear that Mr. Parnell will be able to break the relations of confidence that have always existed between the priests and the faithful people of Ireland—a confidence which was begotten in, and proved by, centuries of persecution suffered in common—yet it would be useless to conceal that, seriously entered upon, from such a course only serious consequences can ensue. Bad passion and feuds and increased disunion are certain to follow it, whereas all the while what Ireland pre-eminently calls for in her sons is a regard for conciliation and the spirit of peace—a union of heads, if not of hearts.

ON the anti-Parnellite side the campaign will be prosecuted, it is likely, with equal vigour. As announced in another column in this issue, arrangements are in course of completion for a new organization to supersede the old National League. The majority party, that is to say, the followers of Mr. Justin McCarthy, are convinced that the great majority of the electorate in Ireland is with them, and they count, in the event of a dissolution occurring, upon coming back to Parliament 70 strong, instead of 58 as at present.



CARDINAL MANNING ON THE NATIONAL VICE.

PART I

Our nation has a multitude of vices. Is there any vice that cannot be charged against us? But is there one vice that is head and shoulders above all others? Is there one that, by its stature and its sway, dominates over all around it?

We have lately had comparative statistics from Italy, showing the proportion of murders, assaults with intent to kill, immoralities, commercial frauds, and the like. Under the first three heads England is comparatively innocent. But commercial frauds would thus seem to dominate. Mr. Herbert Spencer, in his *Essay on Commercial Morals*, seems to confirm this charge. We are, however, plunging into the democratic period, and have become of late profusely and shamefully actions. But as yet faction does not dominate over our other vices, or over our patriotism. We are told that under the crust of our national Christianity there lie unimaginable depths of immorality and unbelief; nevertheless, it cannot be said that this, or any of these, or all of them together, constitute our national vice. Let us, therefore, test this matter by a series of questions.

Is there, then, any one dominant vice of our nation? To answer this let us ask thirteen questions.

1. Is there any vice in the United Kingdom that slays at a rate 60,000, or, as others believe and affirm, 120,000 every year?
2. Or that lays the seeds of a whole harvest of diseases of the most fatal kind, and renders all other lighter diseases more acute, and perhaps even fatal in the end?
3. Or that causes at the least one-third of all the madness confined in our asylums?
4. Or that prompts, directly or indirectly, 75 per cent. of all crime?
5. Or that produces an unseen and secret world of all kinds of moral evil and of personal degradation which no police court ever knows and no human eye can ever reach?
6. Or that, in the midst of our immense and multiplying wealth, produces, not poverty, which is honourable, but pauperism, which is a degradation to a civilized people?
7. Or that ruins men of every class and condition of life, from the highest to the lowest, men of every degree of culture and of education, of every honourable profession, public officials, military and naval officers and men, railway and household servants, and what is worse than all, that ruins women of every class, from the most rude to the most refined?
8. Or that above all other evils is the most potent cause of destruction to the domestic life of all classes?
9. Or that has already wrecked, and is continually wrecking, the homes of our agricultural and factory workmen?
10. Or that has already been found to paralyze the productiveness of our industries in comparison with other countries, especially the United States?
11. Or, as we are officially informed, renders our commercial seamen less trustworthy on board ship?
12. Or that spreads these accumulating evils throughout the British Empire and is blighting our fairest colonies?
13. Or that has destroyed and is destroying the indigenous races where-soever the British Empire is in contact with them, so that from the hem of its garment there goes out, not the virtue of civilization and of Christianity, but of degradation and of death?

There is not one point in the above questions which cannot be shown by manifold evidence to meet in one, and one only, of our many vices.

Of what one vice then by which we are afflicted can all this be truly said? Is it not the language of soberness to say that if such a vice there be, it is not one vice only, but the root of all vices?

Mr. Gladstone has said, in words which have become a proverb, that the intemperance of the United Kingdom is the source of more evils than war, pestilence, and famine, and to this it must be added that the intemperance that reigns in our nation does not visit us periodically like war, but year by year in permanent activity; that its havoc is not sporadic but universal, that it is not intermittent but continuous and incessant in its action.

It is no rhetoric therefore, nor exaggeration, nor fanaticism, to affirm that intemperance in intoxicating drink is a vice that stands head and shoulders above all the vices by which we are afflicted; and that, comparing the United Kingdom not only with the wine-growing countries of the south, which are traditionally sober, but with the nations of the north, such as Germany and Scandinavia, which are historically hard drinkers, we are pre-eminent in this scandal and shame; and that intemperance in intoxicating drink may, in sad and sober truth, be called our National Vice.

Let us pursue our search a little farther. If all these manifold evils spring from intemperance in intoxicating drink, from what does this pre-eminence of intemperance in intoxicating drink itself arise? Is it an epidemic, or an endemic? Or a property of our British blood, or a national inheritance which has become inseparable from our race?

No; its prevalence at this moment and its extension year by year are traceable to two causes.

As a nation we were always mighty drinkers of ale, and the statutes at large have endless ineffectual enactments to repress the evil. We then began to be strong drinkers of wine, and both ale and wine flowed on in a deepening flood; but the mightiest evil which is now upon us had not as yet arisen. For the last three hundred years alcohol, which till then had been almost confined to scientific experiments and to certain trades, became not only a common drink, but an agent with which both ale and wine were medicated giving to them new and intenser qualities of intoxication. The wines of Spain and Portugal are not only medicated for their transit, but for the English taste.

It is true, indeed, that our national tradition of intemperance is inheritance of more than a thousand years, and the history of our national shame may be seen summed up in Father Bridget's book, *The Discipline of Drink*. Evidence is there given how kings and parliaments strove to restrain the evil by legislation, and how bishops and councils both made and enforced severe penitential canons against the intemperate. For the last three hundred years these canons have had no application; and the legislative enactments have resulted in a system of licensing laws of which it will not be too severe a sentence to say, that all their barriers have been overwhelmed and swept away in the swelling flood of intoxicating drink.

It is not to be denied that the vice of intemperance is an heir-loom which cleaves to us like the shirt of Nessus.

But these evils might perhaps have been brought by legislative and moral authority within some control, were it not for two causes which have lifted it to its fatal eminence. The first cause is the enormous capital of £130,000,000 or £140,000,000 which is annually employed in the supply and sale and distribution of intoxicating drink; and the other the complicity of Government in raising more than £30,000,000 of revenue from the same trade.

PROTESTANT DELUSIONS ABOUT THE RELIGIOUS LIFE.

How little idea Protestants have of the religious life is evidenced in an article which appeared sometime ago in the *Christian at Work*, under the heading "The Hidden Life." In the course of his article, the writer remarks: "Redeemer's sake. Amen." Now very often our thoughts reach, not after the living God, when our hands and thoughts are busy with work which seems imperative to be done, and we long to go to our closet and on our knees, but cannot keep within our souls.

Were a Catholic to make such a confession to his Spiritual Director, it is more than likely that he would be advised that it was wrong for him to allow his spiritual longing to interfere with the imperative work that was occupying his hands, and should occupy his thoughts; that he should, before commencing such work, either mentally or vocally, make a short "act of intention" and thus concentrate upon his labor all his energies, physical and mental—even to the omission of usual and customary religious duties—until he shall have accomplished it. In a word the Catholic is taught, that, whether in the Convent or Monastery or in the world, labor if properly performed, and that he can make it such without getting on his knees or out of his soul.

The writer continues: "We have an undefined sympathy with the Mystics—those human beings in whom the longings for an intense spiritual life so overcame their sense of present duty as to force them into seclusion and retirement that they might there live the contemplative life. . . . Their desire "for union with God. This they tried to cultivate by seclusion and asceticism. They neglected social duties and fled away into monasteries and deserts and sometimes their practical life was not equal in holiness to the reported spirituality of their estacies." They "could not appreciate the fact that God was in the busy town as in the lonely desert. They heard no voice within them urging them to treat a beggar kindly for the sake of the Son of God."

For Mystics or monks, whose "longings for an intense spiritual life" overcome "their sense of present duty," who "neglect social duties," and "hear no voice within them urging them to treat a beggar kindly for the sake of the Son of God," Catholics have no sympathy whatever. Such monks have no business in a monastery, and if, perchance, but one such should be admitted, he would become a perfect nuisance to the entire community. Such monks have never experienced any longings whatever for an intense spiritual life or, if they have experienced them, they have never learned that the way to realise them is through the discharge of present duties, personal or social, and by acts of charity. The true monk is he precisely who has no imperative duty placed upon him by society; who can without injury to father or mother, sister or brother, or to the community in which he lives, withdraw from the world into seclusion and devote himself to life of labor, of self-denial, of prayer and humility, in behalf of those who are immersed in the turmoil of the busy world and have but little time to pray; and of the homeless and friendless, of the suffering and the beggar in whose countenances he discerns the image of his Lord the Son of God.—*Catholic Standard*.

"OUIDA" ON CHRISTIANITY.

"RAMBLING TALKS," in the *Boston Journal* of last Saturday, a column edited by the distinguished Catholic authoress, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Blake, contains the following discourse:

The article of Ouida in the present number of the *American Quarterly*, "Has Christianity Failed?" is one of remarkable interest from every point of view except the one for which it was intended. Its dramatic presentation is in the best style of its brilliant author; the picture she presents is full of those artistic touches which have long made her a popular artist; the forcefulness of her denunciation is perfect, for the false and evil thing she denounces. But nothing of all this has anything to do with Christianity. The vivid imagination and picturesque pen which have wandered together through so many fields of fiction have here found another; but it is marvellous that one who knows so well the value of minute detail and the truthful delineation of a chosen subject should have allowed herself to stray so far from the correct ideal. Without exception, the evils which Ouida quotes, the absurdities she sneers at, the crimes and weaknesses she lays at the door of the followers of the Cross in the strangely perverse argument she uses springs from the lack of Christianity, and not its practice. There is not a wrong she deplores that would not be righted if the spirit of Christ had been properly nourished in His followers, instead of being allowed to sink into such large forgetfulness and decay as it has to-day. Yet even more—as in the early days of His teaching—whatever is best and purest and highest in life springs from the understanding of His law. Now, as then, unselfishness, devotion, industry, sobriety, the cultivation of every gift for the benefit of brother man and the evolution of personal character, the upholding of moral and political law and order, the revolt against oppression and wrong, the beauty of charity, love, peace and patience are the dower and the joy of the pure lives which follow Him. That there is not more of this saving grace to rob the harsh world of its sadness; that hypocrisy and guile so often simulate the outward form, while they are ignorant of even the smallest knowledge of the inward principle, is the sorrow of those who know best what this holy heaven would do if it could but be more generally inculcated among the rank and file of humanity. That so many of the noble workers, whose science and learning have helped to lift material burdens from the shoulders of mankind, should have drifted away from its benign and restful haven upon an ocean of negation and doubt is no argument against its lasting force or its convincing reality. If these men had even truly known the hidden spirit and divine hope of Christianity, no might of intellect or pride of genius would ever have dragged them from it. But lacking this, they have floated rudderless away; as poor or rich, learned or ignorant, one must always drift who has not been brought to feel it.

Where it has remained as, thank God, it often does and will for the glory and delight of men, allied to talent and riches and power, so much the more gracious and beautiful has been the life so dowered. Ever and again the Pagan philosophers, without it, attained knowledge and insight which placed them as beacons to their fellow men, but their loftiest heights were gained according as they neared by intuition the Christian ideal, and evolved for themselves some proximate conception of this or that Christian principle. It was not alone the sweetness, the serenity, the profound learning, the rich invention of Plato which endeared him to mankind; it was above all the grasp with which he seized upon the conception of immortality, and the clearness of his prophetic outlook upon that great subject which the Great Teacher of all was afterward to simplify and to prove. If the Pagan philosophers of the present knew how to make their dead issues alive after his manner with faith and hope, of how much more use they would be to their fellows.

There are points in Ouida's article where, in spite of the desire to believe in the disinterestedness she professes, one's credulity is sorely tried. For instance, how can she dare pretend to speak the truth when she quotes "the Christian terror of death," as opposed to the "gay calmness of the Pagan and the stoical repose of the Indian." Has she ever known anything of the conditions of which she speaks? Has she ever experienced what the soul of the true Christian, in proportion as it means more or less fully the precepts and practice of his faith, feels for the awful but glorious moment that opens before him? Even when he is called upon to meet the more fearful ordeal of the death of one well beloved; when the mother must stand, stricken and powerless, to see the beautiful eyes that are dearer than life to her close forever on her and on the world; when the husband must turn from the grave that holds for him strength and inspiration—does this woman, who talks so glibly of "grotesqueness" and "childish fears," know what keeps the torn heart from breaking? With all her gifts of fame and fortune, with the glitter and glamor of the wonderful talent she has so often grievously misused; with the cynicism of the Pagan without his philosophy, is she able to understand an iota of the heavenly consolation and divine hope which springs eternal in the lowliest and simplest Christian heart, that knows how to look beyond time and eternity. Centuries have passed since the days when human life was of such small worth in the economy of the world that men schooled themselves to look upon death with impassibility, because it meant so little. Even Ouida will scarcely deny that it was Christian-

ity which first recognized the dignity of the individual; and, infinitely uplifting the value of existence, also infinitely emphasized the meaning of death. So that the resignation of to-day is a deeper and finer feeling than the acquiescence of old indifference. How much it means to the stricken heart only those know who believe such sorrows shall be comforted, and that at last all that is mortal "shall put on immortality."

In another outburst of strange diatribe, the writer inveighs against Christianity as the foe of love. It is small wonder that the author of "Moths" and "Strathmore" should not know how to distinguish love from passion. But to boldly misappropriate facts for the purpose of making an impression is not allowable, even in a romance. The love which is tender and tried and true, the love on which society hinges, upon which civilization builds, which is the joy and strength of the world, filling it with radiance, making it glad with content, depends as utterly upon the precepts and principles of the spiritual law which Christ laid down as the seasons do upon the movements of the planets which control them. Of all the fields of fiction in which the imagination of Ouida has run riot, there is not one in which she has followed more blindly the will-o'-the-wisp fancy or strayed farther from the reasonableness of truth than in this whimsical attempt at discussion of a theme of which she knows nothing. At least, she is familiar with the setting of her Italian pictures; she is blind and deaf, though unfortunately, not dumb, upon the subject whereon she has last chosen to enlighten her fellows.

RECREATION IN LENT.

YOUR people in America find Lent very long. The season of dances and play-going, which begins with a rush after Christmas, ends abruptly at Shrove-Tuesday. In that section of the worldly world called "society," the quiet carpet dance and the dinner party take the place of the more flamboyant amusements of the previous time. A young lady will mortify herself by wearing old ball gowns and cutting down her rations of caramels, but the business of "society" goes on much the same in Lent as at any other time, only a little more quietly. It is not, however, with these fashionable people, who pretend to keep Lent only because there is a certain *cachet* of distinction about it, we are concerned at present. The practical questions forced upon us are: How shall our children spend the Lenten season? What amusements shall be permitted?

As things are, we cannot keep them in sack-cloth and ashes for forty days, any more than we can keep the "black fast" ourselves as it used to be kept. The Church does not require either of these things. At the same time we cannot yield to what seems to be the pressure of circumstances, and allow the world to crowd into the lives of our children as usual, excepting only Holy Week. And yet there is a tendency toward this. Formerly, the theatrical managers feared Lent; and the Irish play was invariably produced during the hallowed time, that the national feelings might soften the religious antipathy to theatre-going. The managers find less need of this now. The ideas of Lent held by our young folk differ very much from those held by their fathers, and, strange to say, they permit themselves all those public pleasures which in Catholic countries are allowed by usage only on one day in mid-Lent.

It is urged, with some show of reason, that there is no harm in going to the theatre in Lent, provided the play be moral or intellectually elevating. "It is not a mortal sin," the young people say, "to see Booth in 'Hamlet,' or hear Patti in 'Semiramide.'" And the argument is unanswerable, put that way. It is not a mortal sin. Nevertheless, it is out of keeping with exterior sympathy with the spirit of the mourning bride of Christ; and Catholics show a heartlessness and a lack of love for their mother, the Church, if they are not in sympathy with her at such a time. The dancing party ought to be out of thought in Lent—that season of penance and prayer,—and assemblies for amusement ought to be avoided as indecorous. Gay songs at a funeral are as congruous as even the most carefully conducted assemblies in Lent.

The recreations for Lent should be home recreations. Then is the time for quiet talks, for reading in common. There is no need to keep the piano closed, no need to make the Lenten time so gloomy that the young people will learn to abhor the holy season. But at the same time, the recollection of the season should permeate every recreation. If there is any amusement in anticipation not of the soberest kind—a gathering of any kind,—let it be kept until Late Sunday, when a faint gleam of Easter sunshine pierces the purple gloom. But before and after this time let the recreations be confined to the home circles. Music, reading, conversation, even a quiet and harmless game of whist or euchre, can not be forbidden. It would be folly to expect our young friends to sit with folded hands evening after evening, or to read even such an engaging writer as Father Faber during all the leisure hours of the forty days.

To appear at a public place in a fine toilet, to attend a festal dinner, to fill one's house with music and lights and laughter, is repugnant to Catholic teaching and instincts. But the Church is always tender to her children. All she asks is that their recreations during Lent shall partake of the recollection of the time, and that they shall not flaunt the robe of Herodias in the face of St. John the Baptist.



"BISHOP" VINCENT'S NONSENSE.

According to a marked copy of the Poughkeepsie News, kindly sent to us, "Bishop" John H. Vincent, who has gained an unenviable notoriety for nonsensical sensationalism and blind bigotry, recently delivered a "brief but pointed lecture before a lyceum audience" on "Culture for the Crowd." Judging from the summary of the lecture furnished by the News, "Bishop" Vincent, on that occasion, surpassed himself. That our readers may judge of this for themselves, we give a few extracts. "Bishop" Vincent, as reported, said:

"When we plead for culture for the crowd we mean that the individual shall be educated. There is an idea afloat that it is bad to educate the crowd. I denounce this idea. From the humblest classes come your best inventors, orators and statesmen. I therefore insist that every individual of the crowd shall have full opportunity to be educated. How shall we do this? First of all, give the boy a college education, even if he is to be a blacksmith. I want the blacksmith to be able to converse on literary topics."

The trade of the blacksmith is a good and honourable one, and certainly no valid objection can be urged against blacksmiths being intelligent or cultivated, but we submit that to send a boy to college is a very poor preparation for his learning that trade, and a very sure way to disqualify him for succeeding in that trade in case he did learn it. There was, a number of years ago, a person in New England who was known far and wide as "the Learned Blacksmith." His fame was heralded all over the world. He studied different languages while blowing the bellows or hammering red-hot iron on his anvil. We suspect, by the way, that he took a "recess" from study while he was wielding the sledge. Now, of this "learned blacksmith" several things are to be remarked.

1. He became "learned" *after* he became a blacksmith, not *before*. Had he reversed the process he might have become "learned" but he would not have become a blacksmith.

2. He was a *prodigy* in his way, and the *only* prodigy of his kind that New England then produced, or had before produced, or since then has produced. There is an old proverb that "One swallow does not make it summer." We need not interpret the proverb.

After this blacksmith became "learned" and "cultured," he *gave up his trade* and never again resumed it.

After getting off the statement we have quoted "Bishop" Vincent became enthusiastically eloquent and shouted (Methodists are famed for shouting):

"I want him to be an American citizen who will say to an abominable school of ecclesiastics who have no business on this continent at all with their political manœuvring, 'hands off; I will vote as I please in spite of any man on either side of the Atlantic.'" (Applause.)

No wonder the audience applauded. Had we been there we would have applauded also. "We hugely admire "Bishop" Vincent's heroic resolve to "vote as he pleases in spite of any man on either side of the Atlantic." But "Bishop" Vincent's allusion to "ecclesiastics" engaged in "political manœuvring" was a cruel stab at his fellow-Protestant ministers, many of whom are notorious for their "political manœuvring," and especially his immediate Methodist Protestant ministers, who, more numerous than those of any other sect, are active political manœuvrers. Yet "Bishop" Vincent did not mean to stab them. His blow was aimed at the Catholic clergy, whom he would banish, if he could, from this free and enlightened country. But, unhappily, for "Bishop" Vincent, and happily for the Catholic clergy, the blow was misaimed and fell short, for political manœuvrers among the Catholic clergy are few and far between.

Nor can we agree with "Bishop" Vincent that the Catholic clergy have no business on this continent at all. They have business here "on this continent," for they are American citizens, having all the rights of citizenship that "Bishop" Vincent has. Moreover, in one sense, they have more "business" to be here, and more right, than he. For they are doing infinitely more than "Bishop" Vincent is doing or can do to promote the true welfare of our common country, its peace, its prosperity and its good order, not to speak of its moral and religious interest. They are prosecuting their good and excellent work quietly and unostentatiously, while he—professing to be a *Christian minister*, and "Bishop"—is playing the part of a noisy agitator and demagogue.

We quote farther, to show to what lengths some Protestant ministers will go in maligning the Catholic Church and its clergy:

"How shall we promote culture? First of all, through the public school system. If there is a community in this country who do not like the public school system, it is for a very simple reason. It is because they would have the priesthood up there, and the masses down there." (Here the lecturer emphasized the words "down there" by stamping vigorously with his feet on the platform amid applause.)

We dismiss this as unworthy of comment, simply remarking that it is the Catholic priests of our country who are doing more—infininitely more—than any other class of citizens to guide into right ways of living, to instruct, enlighten and elevate "the masses." If there is among the nine thousand Catholic "ecclesiastics" in the United

States even one who is not doing *more than* "Bishop" Vincent in this respect, we have no hesitation in saying that he is unworthy of his office.

"Teachers in ecclesiastical garb ought to be hurled from our public schools. They have no business there, and the public has no right to permit them to be there." (Moderate applause)

This is rather "tall talk." It sounds as though "Bishop" Vincent thought he owned the whole country and possessed authority over its people more absolute than that which the Czar of Russia exercises in his dominions.

"The public has no right to permit them (teachers in ecclesiastical garb) to be" in public schools. According to this, not the will of the people, but the will of "Bishop" Vincent is the supreme arbiter of what shall or shall not be allowed in the public schools.

But how will "Bishop" Vincent's *ipse dixit* practically operate. There are few Catholic teachers, with or without "ecclesiastical garb" in the public schools. There are multitudes of Methodists and other Protestant teachers. To carry out the underlying principle of "Bishop" Vincent's pronouncement, all these Protestant teachers must be "hurled out of the public schools." For it is not the "garb" that he is really opposing; it is the *religion* indicated by the "garb."

The writer for the Poughkeepsie News concludes his report with the significant remark:

"The audience was smaller than usual. The lecturer was animated at times, and humourously sarcastic at other times."

We think we do not misconceive the meaning of the reporter's euphemistical words "humourously sarcastic" by translating them into plain English—*ridiculously absurd*.—*Philadelphia Catholic Standard*.

THE DEATH OF THE CURE D'ARS.

At last the hour came when this faithful servant was called to his reward. The intense heat of the month of July, 1859, had tried him very much, as the church was positively suffocating from the great crowd which continually filled it. Several times he fainted away; yet the moment he recovered he went back to his confessional. On Wednesday, the 29 July, he went through his usual routine of labour, catechising, passing seventeen hours in the confessional and ending with night prayers. When he returned home he sank down on a chair saying, "I can do no more." He went to bed; but at one o'clock in the morning when he tried to rise and go as usual to the church, he fainted away. Some one came in and exclaimed: "You are ill, M. le Cure, shall I call some one?" "No, it is not worth while. I think it is my poor end. He had foreseen and foretold his approaching death, and did not speak of saying Mass, which was a bad sign. He would not, however, submit to the use of a fan, which he considered a luxury. "Leave me with my poor flies," he feebly said. "You are suffering very much," said one of the watchers. "We are going to invoke St. Philomena with all our might that she may cure you as she did before." "O, St. Philomena will not do so now," was his only reply.

The consternation was deep and general when M. Vianney's absence from the confessional was perceived. The missionaries and the Brothers of the Holy Family watched continually round his bed, while night and day his pillow was tended by his old and beloved friend, the Comte des Garets. Another of his parishioners took up his station on the roof of the presbytery, and under the burning sun of August, during the whole time of his illness, continued watering the roof and walls, to keep up a refreshing coolness around him. On Tuesday evening M. Vianney asked for the last Sacraments; silent tears flowed from his eyes when the bell announced the last visit of his Lord. A few hours later he wept once more, but they were tears of joy. They fell upon the cross of his Bishop, Mgr. de Langalerie, who came, in breathless agitation, praying aloud as he forced his way through the kneeling crowd who intercepted his passage. He was but just in time. At two o'clock in the morning, without struggle or agony, Jean Baptiste Marie Vianney fell asleep in the Lord while the priest was pronouncing the words:—"Let the holy angels of God come forth to meet him, and conduct him to the city of the heavenly Jerusalem."

The Cure d'Ars gave up his holy soul to God in the arms of the faithful companions of his labours, the Abbes Tocannier and Monnin. That life of extraordinary self-sacrifice, devotion, prayer, charity, patience, humility, mortification, was over. He had fought the good fight: he had finished his course: he had received his Crown.

The emaciated body, seamed and scarred with the glorious stigmata of penance, lay on his poor pallet, arrayed by the hands of his beloved missionaries in the cotta and cassock which in life he never laid aside. One of the lower rooms of the Presbytery was hung with white drapery and flowers, and hither for two long days and nights came pilgrims from every part of France to weep and pray round him, who, for the first time, had no answering tears to give, but whose prayers, now tenfold mightier than before, were rising for them before the Throne of God. Notwithstanding the intense heat, not a trace of

decomposition appeared upon the body up to the time of the funeral. The venerable face lay uncovered, sweet and calm, as if in a quiet sleep.

On Saturday the funeral procession was formed. From early dawn dense masses of people had been collecting in and near the village till six and seven thousand were gathered to gether. More than three hundred priests and representatives of all the Religious Orders came to pay their last tribute of reverence to the departed saint.

The procession halted in the square before the church, and there the Bishop of Belley, in words which have echoed through many lands, told what had been the life and death of this good and faithful servant of God. "The apostolate of the saints," writes M. Monnin, "ends not with their earthly life. Their relics have a mission too. We hope that from his venerated tomb M. Viannoy will carry on his work. Several instances of extraordinary graces and of bodily cures, wrought by his intercession have already occurred. We may not forestall the judgment of Holy Church; but when it shall please Him to call this new star to shine in the firmament of His Church, it shall answer 'I am here.' It will be the hour of His Divine Power and many miracles will reveal it."—*Lady Herbert.*

THE ABBE OF THE BIRDS.

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From the *Catholic World.*

II.

DURING the month of December, 1874, there was a general gathering among all the people of the Cevennes to hunt the wolves, which had been more than usually bold that winter. I took a gun with the rest and joined the party at the rendezvous. One can imagine the tumult that a hundred and fifty sportsmen, armed to the teeth, singing, shouting, wild with hunger and thirst, would make each evening in the small inns and large farms of the neighbourhood. According to the popular report, we were to free the Black Espinonze for ever from any trace of the stealthy and cruel beasts which were the terror of the place, and return to our own homes, covered with wolf-skins and glory. It was all very well while we remained in the valleys, stalking the fields all day and gathered about the enormous fire-places of the too comfortable and hospitable farm-houses in the evening; to scent the omelettes and fat pullets that were to ease our ravenous appetites, and to sleep at night in the great barns fragrant with fresh hay and the sweet breath of the cows. But it was a different thing when the question arose of climbing the steep and frozen sides of Le Rondil in a cold that would stiffen an Esquimeau, with only water to drink, a cowherd's hut to lie in, and hard bread and cold sausage to eat. In vain the Count de Tessac, our leader—a charming and gentle man in spite of his ferocious whiskers—tried to interpose his authority. In vain he showed us that, instead of seven wolves killed in twelve days, we could slay a hundred in half the time now that we had tracked them to their lair. The men were tired; Christmas was approaching, and the odours of its preparation were in every kitchen of the lowlands, seducing with a more practical appeal than the song of the sirens. When the morning came on which the battue was to make its way up the mountain, the members, with their dogs and rifles, had vanished away on this side and that among the peaks and precipices, as the passengers of some brave craft that has suddenly foundered in a storm disappear from sight under the tossing waves. "If they only had more heart and less stomach," groaned the poor Count, looking after them, as a captain on his quarter-deck watching his people sink in a furious sea. Alas! the gallant man had to resign himself to complete shipwreck. His craft, the wolf-hunt of the Rondil, had gone to pieces.

When the last vestige of the troop had faded away among the defiles of the Espinonze, being altogether too poor a shot to console the Count for the desertions of his followers, I took one of the steep paths which would lead me into the valley of the Orb, where I was to celebrate Christmas with some of my own people at Bedarieux. In the little cabaret of the hamlet of Ginestet I had as table companion at my two o'clock lunch the most determined hunter and best fellow of the whole battue, who had himself killed five of the seven wolves that formed our record. He was sitting before the fire when I entered, cutting with his pocket-knife into the side of a fine ham which sparkled pink and white on the platter before him.

"Ah, Miguel! you here?"

"Yes, monsieur. Won't you try a slice of our comrade here? It smells good enough to raise the dead."

"So you, too, are returning home," said I, sitting down on the bench at his side, having discovered at once by sight and smell that "our comrade" really was excellent.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Why should I stay any longer up there with that handful of pea-shooters?—those fellows from the plains who go up into the mountains, and instead of shooting wolves howl at them. Besides, they sing the midnight Mass at our place to-morrow night."

"And you are one of the choir?"

"No! but I promised Monsieur le Cure to be St. Joseph at the church, and you understand—"

"Faith, no! I don't understand at all."

He looked at me half suspiciously, as if he thought I might be pretending ignorance. Then, disarmed by my frank curiosity:

"It is a very old custom in the Black Espinonze at the Christmas festival."

"But what is a very old custom, my dear Miguel, if I am not too curious?"

"It is the fashion among us that the father and mother with the last male child born in the parish shall be the Holy Family in the stable of Bethlehem at the church."

"And this year it is you?"

"Yes"—then a little hurriedly: "I married Jean Targan fifteen months ago. She was the only daughter of the people at Border-Lands, the richest farm in the Espinonze. I was only a farm-labourer on the estate before I went to the war with those cursed Prussians of Germany; and I never could tell why Guillaume Targan gave her to me, unless it was that I had cracked a good many Uhlan helmets."

"You are not so badly built. Perhaps Jeanne herself found the young soldier to her taste."

"Oh!" he muttered, half shamefacedly, "so long as a man is sound and not as ugly as a Tirebose wolf—" Then standing up and caressing his soft black beard, trimmed in two shapely points, while his face lighted with a brilliant smile. "Three months ago Jeanne brought me a little boy, as handsome as day-dawn; as handsome as she is herself. For, monsieur, Jeanne Miguel is the prettiest woman in the mountains. She has hair as blonde as a distaff of hemp, which is seldom seen among our people, who are black as moles. It is the colour of a stalk of yellow broom when it flowers in summer-time. Upon the faith of a Miguel, who doesn't know how to lie, Monsieur le Cure Coupiac hasn't had such a Blessed Virgin before for—"

"Monsieur le Cure Coupiac! The Abbe Cyprien Coupiac?"

"You know him, then?"

"Know him! Why we were school friends, the best, the truest. It is ten years since I saw him."

"Ah! monsieur, if you would but go to see him, now that you are in the neighbourhood. We are within half an hour of Cabrecolles. It would be such a delight to him, and he is so good. He gives everything away in charity. He is poorer than a church mouse. But if his larder is empty, why Border-Lands is not a gun-shot beyond, and there is plenty, with a carpeted chamber where the Bishop slept when he came last to give First Communion and Confirmation. You will be so welcome, to him and to us."

"You tempt me sorely, Miguel."

"Mother Bergonde?" shouted the stout peasant. The landlady entered. I was forced to let him pay my reckoning with his own, and the next moment he had shouldered my gun for fear I might be inclined to change my mind, and I was following him down the hillside.

An hour later, as we turned a sharp angle of the rocky path, the last rays of the sun touched the red roofs of a little hamlet gleaming in the valley before us. "Cabrecolles!" cried Miguel, with eyes widened as if he already saw Jeanne, with her hair yellow as the broom in summer and a baby like day-dawn upon her breast; and ten minutes after we were knocking at the door of the priest's house. What a joyful meeting! And yet for me it had a touch of sadness. I had always known him thin and pale; but the head was massive, and the features refined to a degree rare among the peasantry from which he sprang. He had superb eyes glowing under bushy brows, and a mass of closely-cropped black hair like a cap of fine piled velvet. Now all was changed. He was quite bald; the face was covered with a net-work of fine wrinkles, so web-like that they seemed to strangle expression; the cheeks were emaciated and scarred; the eyes deeply sunken.

"My poor little 'Wren!'" I said at last; trying jestingly to hide the anxiety I felt, and returning his embrace with interest.

"Ah! how good of Miguel to bring you, and of you to come!" he repeated again and again, pressing me to his heart between each phrase. "You shall see what a magnificent Christmas feast we have here. It was surely the good God who sent you here to Cabrecolles, 'the country of goat,' to be edified. Just as you knocked Angeline and I—you remember Angeline Bourel, my housekeeper at Roquessels?—she and I were finishing the dresses for St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin. There is a fine white mantle out of an old surplice for Jeanne, and this dalmatic will give Miguel an air like one of the Magi coming with gifts. No one will recognize him. You shall see for yourself."

As the night fell there arose one of those bitter winds so common to the country. It whistled through the loose windows in a way that made me shiver. I drew closer to the fire.

"You are comfortable, dear friend?" he asked, his kind hand on my shoulder.

"Yes, for the time. But heavenly goodness! this house is a cage."

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commended by

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

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

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

The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, Toronto.

The late Archbishop Lynch.

The late Rt. Rev. C. O'Brien, Bishop Carbery of Hamilton.

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

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, FEB. 21, 1891.

THE great painter Meissonier, who died in France the other day, was a Catholic. It may be well to mention this fact, says the *Catholic Columbian*, because some of our neighbours imagine that, as the Irishman said, "nobody who is anybody" is a Catholic.

THE *Spectator* says that a short time since a letter which reached the Lincoln Post Office addressed: A sa Grandeur Monseigneur l'Evêque de Lincoln," was returned to the Post Office in London with this endorsement: "cannot be found in Lincoln." The education at St. Martin's-le-Grand being rather more advanced, the letter was re-endorsed: "This is for the Bishop of Lincoln," and so eventually reached his Lordship's hands.

THE New York *Independent*, the ablest and fairest of American Protestant journals, decided some time ago to banish the word "Romish" from its columns, but in the issue of January 22, it says: "The learned president of one of our leading universities writes us:

'On page 22 of your last issue I see the expression the "Romish Church." Do not fall from grace so soon!'

We humbly make confession. It was an article written by an editorial correspondent outside of the office, and by an error which we regret, it escaped editorial correction. We don't mean in our editorial columns ever to use that word."

It were greatly to be wished that the good example of the *Independent* would be imitated by many of our Canadian publications. The use of the word is wholly unnecessary, and can only be regarded as offensive.

ON its re-introduction the Disabilities Bill, which on its first submission excited a storm of bigoted opposition in Parliament, encountered increased and peculiar resistance, as a result of an unexpected amendment to it moved by Sir John Pope Hennessy, the recently elected member for Kilkenny, who gave notice, when the Bill first appeared on the paper that he would move that in addition to covering the cases of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and Lord Chancellor of England, a clause be added, extending its force even to the Royal Family, relieving them also of all religious disabilities. This action on the part of Sir John Hennessy had much the same effect upon the bigots as a red rag on a bull, and Exeter Hall and every evangelical Temple was forthwith ablaze with indignation. Politically Sir John Pope Hennessy took a step which was mischievous and ill-advised, and could only invite the defeat of a Bill submitted for a special and necessary purpose, although in strict logic, of course, he only sought to carry the principle to its final and legitimate conclusion.

WITH regard to the position of the Royal Family of England in

matters of religious opinion it is worth while to quote what the *Weekly Register* says in a late issue. "Protestantism," it says, "has never relaxed its tyranny over one class, or at least one family. The Royal Family of England is not allowed a conscience of its own. It must follow the mongrel creed of a Parliamentary majority of a past age; and if the Queen wishes to become a Catholic she must sacrifice a Crown. If the Prince of Wales betakes himself to Archbishop's House, or reads a Catholic book, or hears a Catholic sermon, or—as is perhaps more natural to him—has among his intimate friends a charming Catholic lady, he feels himself all the time in proximate peril of losing his right of succession to the throne. This unhappy class, threatened with confiscation if it exercises its own common sense, or obeys its own conscience, has hitherto been an object of no commiseration to legislators. It has not been large enough to hold a public meeting, and the head of the family, at any rate, has no vote at Parliamentary elections."

Under such circumstances Sir John Pope Hennessy, with characteristic Irish quickness, seems to have come to the rescue of this stricken class.

"By a majority of only thirty-three," says the same journal in its issue of the week following the Parliamentary division, "in a vote in which no fewer than 479 members took part, the House of Commons has decided that a man who holds the full Christian faith is disqualified thereby from discharging the duty of a Lord Chancellor of England, or an Irish Viceroy. Mohammedan or a Jew may handle the Great Seal and dwell in Dublin Castle; but the line must be drawn somewhere, and it is drawn at a Catholic. A man who professes no religion will be filled with good things where a man who professes the only complete religion is sent empty away."

THE main motive of the opposition to the Bill, appears, however, to be found in the attraction which a cheap "No-Popery" policy has for a section of the electors. And yet, as the *Register* points out, if Lord Ripon and Sir Charles Russell, as Catholics, are not fit persons to sit on the Woolsack or to represent the Queen in Ireland, then obviously the whole body of the Catholic electorate cannot be fit persons to exercise the franchise. Certainly there is no logical stand-point between the repeal of the Emancipation Act and the passing of Mr. Gladstone's Bill.

IT is interesting to observe the editorial contortions and slight of hand of the leading London journals on the subject. In the press as in Parliament the opponents of the Bill stated their objections in honied words, all of course save the Col. Saundersons, the spokesmen of the North of Ireland Orangemen, and narrow non-Conformists like the Rev. Mr. Parker. The *Times* affects to pooh-pooh the necessity of the introduction of the measure. It complains that it was "advocated in language which might apply to the wholesale proscription of a creed," but would in fact only "relieve two men if an exceedingly limited disability." It admits, however, that "upon the question of principle there might be room for serious argument on a serious occasion," but it seeks to make it appear that this was not a "serious occasion."

THE *Daily News*, on the other hand, the leading Liberal journal, speaks out fairly and squarely. "The division," it says, "will be remembered in this country until the miscellaneous horde, which voted down the principles of a free constitution, have been scattered by a free electorate to the winds of Heaven. Since the sheeted dead did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets there has been no more extraordinary resurrection of ancient and well laid ghosts than were disquieted and brought up yesterday by the wand of those somewhat prosaic magicians Mr. Smith and Sir Richard Webster"—a collection of perturbed spirits, it adds, "who should be suffered to sleep with Claverhouse and Torquemada."

ANOTHER paper, the *Guardian*, speaks with great fairness. "So far as Roman Catholics," it says, "are prevented from filling these two great offices, it is a religious disability, and to maintain two religious disabilities when all the rest have been removed, is one of those curious

inconsistencies which one might think, need only to be pointed out to be at once done away with. As a matter of fact, however, they need a good deal more than to be pointed out. It seems necessary that they should be fought over and over again until one day the resistance suddenly collapses, and people ask with astonishment why it was ever offered. So, no doubt, it will be in the present case. The Bill will be thrown out, and we shall be called on to rejoice over the maintenance of that great constitutional safeguard which permits the Prime Minister, who really has power, to be a Roman Catholic, and then, by way of compensation, insists that two other offices, which confer no real power, shall be held by Protestants."

LIBERAL CATHOLICISM.

SOME time ago in the company of a few friends, some of whom were Catholics, and others non-Catholics, the conversation turned on religion in controversial topics. The questions of private judgment *versus* an infallible Church, and exclusive salvation, were talked over in a very intelligent and gentlemanly style, on all sides. I do not mention this to open up anew the discussion, as it was then carried on, but to relate an incident which soon after occurred. I had taken a rather prominent part in the debate, and meeting one of my Catholic friends who had been present, he said to me, "You should not have talked as you did to those non-Catholics." "Why," I said, "did I say anything rude or unbecoming?" "No," he said, "no one could complain of you in that respect, but these people may have been in good faith, and if they have, they cannot be so any longer." I took this of course as a compliment to my powers of argumentation in defence of mother Church and her claims, to be the only and infallible church of God outside of which there is no salvation. My friend, however, who was a sound, practical, and highly educated Catholic, persisted that I had taken upon myself a grave responsibility in destroying, if such there had been, the good faith of these good people. Still I think I was right—while, no doubt, we Catholics should be charitable and conciliatory—as indeed Catholics generally are, yet we should not on any account indulge in any trimming or priming of the doctrines of the church to suit the fastidious tastes of our rationalistic or half sceptical friends.

Christ has said "upon this rock I will build my Church," not churches, "the gates of hell shall not prevail against her;" "He that will not hear the Church let him be to thee as the heathen and publican." "He that believeth not shall be condemned." "Without faith," said St. Paul, "it is impossible to please God." That is, faith is the foundation of the supernatural life. Faith, no doubt, in the truths which God has taught, for God could not require of us to believe what is erroneous or false, so in order to be saved we must have faith—and true faith at that—not evidently any kind of belief that may happen to suit one's fancy, but the true faith revealed by God. But our non-Catholic friend will say: Am I not at liberty to choose my own church and believe what I please? Of course you are at liberty to choose no church, and believe nothing if you are willing to take the responsibility, but if you wish to ease your soul you must submit to the true Church of Christ, just as He—infinite wisdom—has made it, and you must believe what He has taught, and in His sense as, taught the Church which He has commissioned to teach, otherwise the language of inspiration quoted above would have no meaning.

It is a great mistake of the so-called liberals of the present day to suppose that God has left people at liberty to withdraw themselves from His church and His teaching if they please to do so, as well may they suppose that He is indifferent as to the observance of his commandments. I have been led to make these remarks because it is quite noticeable that amongst that class of Catholics who mix a good deal in the society of non-Catholics, and who frequently find the latter as they say, very estimable, and liberal minded people, there is a tendency to minimize and explain away the doctrines of the Church. They would like to liberalize the church, and see modified, if not altogether rejected, these things which are frequently thrown in their faces as Catholics. They would like to see the Church conform to the enlightened and liberal spirit of modern society, and admit what that liberal society would call progress. Catholics are liable daily to have their religion reviled, their children jeered at, because the children of Catholic parents, and objections urged, many of which it is not pleas-

ant to hear, nor always convenient to answer. Why should they not then seek to make their religion objectionable in as few points as possible. Some of them have very dear, very nice friends who are not Catholics, whose feelings and prejudices must be respected, and with whom they would live in peace and harmony. How can they adopt or be willing that others should adopt a high and stern Catholic tone? What need of being bigoted. These offensive things may be well enough where there are none but Catholics, but here, they only add to the unpleasantness of our position and widen the breach between us and our non-Catholic friends and can only do harm.

We only drive them away from us by our ultra Catholic line. They are very respectable people, very sincere in their way, and no doubt would be very good Catholics if they only had an opportunity of learning the truth. What! is not intercourse with good Catholics an opportunity of learning the truth? Old animosities are passing away, a better feeling is springing up, and why should we not, though we cannot think alike, agree to differ, and live in mutual love, peace and esteem. They are serving the same God, according to their lights, and labouring for the same heaven. Cannot think alike! why not think alike about what God has taught? Serving the same God; yes, they are serving him as they themselves choose, not as He requires. Liberal cant like this is illogical, but from the lips of a Catholic it is utterly disgusting.

I am now referring to Catholics in their intercourse with non-Catholics, and I believe that in adopting too low a tone and afraid to present the true Church of Christ in her imperial dignity and glory, as claiming to be all or nothing, they often prevent their friends from entering the true fold. For if salvation is to be obtained outside as well in the Church, what motive remains to make such sacrifices to enter her society. If the Catholic Church is the true fold of Christ, then she is all that she claims to be, and people will disregard her voice at their peril; if she is not all that she claims to be, she is merely a sham, only a better concerned, more ingenious, and consequently a more dangerous sham than the sects. But if, as every Catholic believes, she is what she professes to be, she has a right to be all, and whatever is opposed to her the true Catholic will hold to be a sin and an iniquity to be loathed and rejected. It will be said that this is narrow-minded bigotry, but it is truth and consistency all the same, and any Catholic who is afraid or ashamed to say so has no business to call himself a Catholic. Truth of its own nature is exclusive, and consequently the Catholic in religious matters must be exclusive. If it is true for example, that Christ left in His Church the power of forgiving sins, is a person at liberty to reject that doctrine; or, what is the meaning of saying that one has as good a right to salvation who rejects what Christ has taught as the one who accepts it?

Even if those outside of the true Church were irresponsible on the score of faith, they have not the graces of the Sacraments, and that will be a difficulty in the way of their salvation, which Catholics, at least, must recognize.

No doubt so-called liberal Catholics mean well, and may be honest and sincere. They think that their policy would diminish the repugnance of those outside to inquire into her claims and may be enter the fold of the Church, but since the Church is of God, the true and only policy is to bring people up to her, instead of bringing her down to the people.

It is often cast up to Catholics that the Church teaches that all Protestants will be damned. We are authorised by our religion to judge no one individually, and we never have the right without a special revelation to say that this or that one is eternally lost, but faith declares that out of the Church there is no salvation. How often have I heard this dogma, as explained by liberal Catholics, made to mean practically that a man may be saved in any communion to which he is sincerely attached, if he lives up to his belief, etc. The plea of what is called invincible ignorance is so extended as to cover the case of every one, external to the Church, who could hope to be saved according to the teachings of that communion itself.

I have often heard Catholics, in contending for what they supposed to be the theological qualifications of this article of faith, making statements that were positively contrary to faith, and this through the desire of making the Church appear liberal to their friends, if not, perhaps through ignorance of the proper theological distinctions.

There are, it is true, distinctions, but they need careful handling. If trimming like this is so reprehensible, what must be thought of those Catholics who make a practice of ridiculing their holy religion and finding fault with the general policy of the Church in regard to education, and other necessary means of guarding the deposit of faith which has been committed to her care.

But why should we Catholics be always on the defensive? Does this even occur to our highly respectable, intelligent and liberal Catholics? Why always defending ourselves? why always trying to convince our friends that we are not quite as black as we are painted? why waste so much time in trying to convince them that we are not bigots, that indulgences are not a bundle of licenses to commit sin, that we do not adore images, that we have not to pay for absolution, etc? Is it not more to their shame than to ours that such defence should be necessary? Why not sometimes proceed and arraign the enemies of our faith, and compel them to defend themselves against the charges of rebellion, malice and falsehood? Ask them on what ground they claim for sectarianism to be religion at all. We make entirely too much of the sects when we treat them as a religion which they are not, but a rebellion against the true religion. What about the origin of these sects, whence their commission, and how reconcile their contradictions with divine truth? And by what right they assume the name of Christian, when it is well known that Christ never instituted any sect? Of course for the highly bred or wealthy Catholic the society of those outside may have attractions. The great majority of our people belong to the poorer and humbler classes, and thank God it is so. In all ages the poor have been the jewels of the Church, and the sounder part of the faithful. It is the poor that build churches, support the clergy, and support charitable institutions. What would be the condition of the Church here if she had been compelled to depend for her temporal goods on the contributions of rich and fashionable Catholics. How little they do to pay off large church debts in proportion to their means. How little they give, compared with heretics, to support what the latter consider religion and charity, and yet it is among this class of Catholics that the fault-finders and critics and pruners of our holy faith are to be found, men who would, through a false sense of liberality, desire to see the Church of Christ as like the easy-going fashionable Protestantism of the day as possible, without at the same time losing her identity.

We are Catholics, we belong to the true Church, and as such we children of Christ and His Blessed Mother. Is this anything to apologise for? How noble and how honourable it is to be a Catholic in a country like this, where the Cross is derided, where holy things are how profaned, and some men are ashamed of what should be their greatest glory. The good and intelligent Catholic will, by his word and example, impress others with the grandeur and sublimity of our religion, and make the cheeks reddened of those who were ever so cowardly as to be ashamed of it. He will love and honour his Catholic friends, even the humblest, and see in even the poorest and most illiterate, because he has the true faith, a nobility which infinitely surpasses the most graceful accomplishments of those who have not this supernatural gift.

LEX.

READERS of the REVIEW have been made familiar through its columns with occasional quotations from the clever writings of "The Prig" whose books "The Comedy of Convocation," "How to make an Anglican Saint" "The Prigs Bede" etc. have been perhaps the most satirical and amusing of recent years. Another work by the same writer has just been issued by Kegan Paul Trench and Co. It is entitled "Black is White." The *Art Maria* in a recent notice of it says: Those who have read "How to make a Saint," and others of the clever productions of "The Prig," will need no inducement to purchase this latest of his amusing satires on the absurdities of the Ritualists; and once they secure it, it is safe to say that they will never regret the purchase-money. For the appreciators of delicate humor there is an inward chuckle in every sentence, a dancing smile in every paragraph, and a hearty laugh in every page. "Black is White; or, Continuity Continued," tells of a religious movement that took its rise in some century posterior to the nineteenth, resulting in the establishment by act of Parliament of the Re-established Church of England. Within the fold of the Re-establishment were admitted the Wesleyan Methodists, the Welsh Calvinists, the Baptists, the Salvation Army,

the Elmsmerians (Professors of the religion of Robert Elsmere), and the Esoteric Buddhists. The head of the church was the postmaster-general and a special committee appointed by him settled the details of religion, rubric, and ritual. Instead of baptizing, clergymen were to sprinkle babies as they named and registered them and this led to the secession of the Ritualists and Anglicans generally. The *Glorias* were done away with, and "an old and beautiful" doxology, found in a liturgical work at the British Museum, substituted therefor. This doxology ran as follows:

"Hallelujah
Hallelujah."

The progress of the new church, its vicissitudes, the gradual approaches to the discarded forms and ceremonies of Anglicanism, and the contention of the adherents of the old and the new religion that they were the true Church of England, are treated with inimitable skill. Yet, notwithstanding its excellent fun, the book enforces a trenchant argument against the pretensions of the Anglicans who in our day talk and publish verbose nonsense on their identity with the ancient Church of Britain.

"NUNC DIMITTIS."

Now, while life's summer sweetness fills the air
With richest fragrance, while the flowers bloom,
And song birds rob the forest of their gloom,
And skies are blue and everything is fair,
E'en now, dear Lord, ere yet the glory pale,
Unto that land whose sunshine cannot fail,
Let me depart!

Now, while the friends of youth prove faithful still,
And tender eyes speak love to mine again,
And no harsh discord mars life's sweet refrain;
Ere friendship yet has felt time's blighting chill,
E'en now, dear Lord, far, far above the range
Of doubt, mistrust, of shadows, and of change,
Let me depart!

Now, while around the social festive board
I yet may summon all my dear ones—all,
And no loved voice is silent at the call,
And on no vacant chair need tears be poured,
E'en now, dear Lord, far from earth's shadows cold,
Secure within the gates of pearl and gold,
Lord, let me go!

Now, even now, I feel thy hand is laid
In love upon me and thou bidst me go,
Ere yet my life has lost its morning glow
Or I have seen its sweet illusions fade;
My loved will follow, though I go alone
Dear Lord, where grief and sin are all unknown,
Lord, let me go!

IF THE HEART BE YOUNG.

"Give me a test," the lover cried
As he prest the hand of his promised bride.

"A test that shall try my constancy,
A test that shall prove my love for thee.

"For though knightly days and deeds are past
I fain would prove that my love will last.

And the maiden turned with winning grace
And blushing peered in her lover's face.

For sweet is the homage youth bestows,
Aye, sweet as the breath of the summer rose.

And her eyes were soft with tender light:
"Nay I need no proof of thy love, Sir Knight.

"But sweet, when my tresses are streaked with gray
Will you love me then as you love me to-day.

"When youth has fled and the hand you hold
So tenderly now is weak and cold?"

"If your heart be young, love, what are the years?"
He sang as he kissed away her tears.

For life may be both drear and cold
Though the years are few if the heart be old.

And her April smile beamed warm and bright
As her lover whispered a fond "good night."

And she trilled the song as she sought her room
A picture of Hebe in youthful bloom.

To her the sweetest of thought or tongue.
"Love what are the years if the heart be young?"

—M. L. Murdock in *January Home-Maker*.

C. M. B. A. News.

A joint meeting of the Executive Boards of the Supreme Council and Grand Council of Canada of the C. M. B. A. will be held in Toronto on the 25th inst. As this will be the first visit that many comprising this governing body of our order have paid to Toronto, it behooves our local C. M. B. A. men to show them such courtesies as the limit of their stay, and the short time at our disposal will permit.

To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—By publishing the enclosed you will greatly oblige your friends of Branch 84, C. M. B. A., Montreal, and likewise give Bro. W. J. Sevigny a certain prominence to which he is justly entitled.

Respectfully yours,

M. J. SCANLAN.

The members of Branch 84, C. M. B. A., Montreal, assembled at their hall on Sunday Feb. 1st, 1891, by special request of the President, Bro. James O'Farrell, for the purpose of adding another link to the chain of happy events by which they are bound to fulfill the duties of religion—patriotism and brotherhood.

The occasion of the meeting was the presentation of a beautiful mounted marble clock and the accompanying address to their Recording Secretary, Bro. W. J. Sevigny, on the eve of his marriage:

W. J. SEVIGNY, Recording Secretary Branch 84, C. M. B. A., Montreal.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—It is with true sentiments of fraternal affection that we, as representatives of Branch 84, wait upon you to-day, in order to give you a trifling testimony of the high esteem and respect which we entertain towards you for the earnest and upright manner in which you have always fulfilled the duties of your office.

It becomes an agreeable task for us to testify that you have always been second to none in earnestly working to advance the best interest of the branch of which you are so distinguished a member, and in promoting the welfare of the association in general.

Therefore, we cannot allow the occasion of your approaching marriage to pass by without expressing our heartfelt wishes for your future happiness, and for the happiness of the estimable lady, who gives proof of her good sense in honouring herself and her kindred by accepting the hand of a truly Catholic young man.

We hope that Almighty God may shower down His choicest blessings on the fond union about to take place.

In concluding we beg you to accept this clock as a slight token of our gratitude.

May the hands on the dial plate ever remind you that as brothers, united by the fond tie of Catholic affection, time is given us only to do good even under difficulties; that we shall receive our true reward only when time is no more, in that beautiful haven of rest on the shores of eternity.

Once more wishing you sincerely every blessing, and desiring you to convey to the lady who is to link her lot with yours the well wishes of her future husband's devoted friends.

We subscribe ourselves, dear sir and brother, on behalf of the Branch.

Fraternally yours,

Montreal, Feb. 5th, 1891.

The following are a few facts that will well repay perusal by members of the C. M. B. A. and others. The C. M. B. A. is one of the leading Beneficial Associations of the age.

Every just claim has been paid with the utmost promptness, and millions of dollars have been delivered by it to grateful beneficiaries.

So equitable has been the plan of contribu-

tion, that no member has felt this to have been a burden; rather has it been a pleasure to assist in this great fraternal and charitable work.

Its regulations require all applicants to undergo careful committee investigations and medical examinations; the wisdom of which has been demonstrated in a low and decreasing death rate, in proportion to the increase of the order. This triumphant result has never been paralleled by any other beneficial, co-operative, or old-line life insurance organization in the same time.

The C. M. B. A. is a great and powerful fraternity; teaching by its work the purest lessons of Brotherly Love, Unity and Affection, which are its principle points of doctrine.

It enforces morality and religion and impresses every member with the earnestness of its great brotherhood and the benefits of exalted motives.

Its many and transcendent points of excellence, and its well-approved business management, have so commended it to thinking men that its growth has been unequalled in continuous and steady measure.

In this respect it almost or quite doubles that of the most successful and largest open assessment co-operative insurance companies. And in this respect it surpasses all the old-line insurance companies in existence, excepting only three, which have been nearly or quite half a century in building.

Its death-rate is more than two-thirds lower than that of the best old-line company, and is very much lower than that of any other well-established, co-operative organization.

Consequently its assessments and cost to members are very materially less than that of any other securely established corporation.

The corporate and chief governing body, the Supreme Council, is made up of representatives elected by the several Grand Councils, and of those who have been chosen officers by it. Every member's voice is heard through his representatives in the Supreme Council.

These officers and representatives have been careful and able servants of the members of the Order.

They have merited the earnest and unquestioned confidence of the Branches and members.

In the whole history of the organization, no man can point to anything done by the Supreme Council for the aggrandizement of any individual or coterie of individuals. On the contrary, this body has aimed solely to do that which was for the best interests of those it represented. How well its objects have been accomplished the abundant and abounding success of the entire Order answers.

Therefore, let all members heartily unite in continuing to yield to the Supreme council and the Supreme officers, that hearty confidence and ungrudging support which are so necessary to successful effort.

Let all remember that when the Order grows every member's interest is advanced, the assessments are made less, and the society is strengthened in its every part and element.

In choosing officers to act in these important and responsible positions, the utmost carefulness has been observed. Following the lessons taught by experience in all important business affairs, men have been put in these places who have had tuition and experience in the line of their particular duties.

The incumbents of the Supreme Presidency, for instance, have been those who had a long experience on the important committees, which had much to do with the details and general policy of the management of our organization. No one was promoted upon the important managerial committees, or elsewhere, until he has served in subordinate places and learned by degrees the method and magnitude of the work and business. Thus no new or inex-

perienced man has been put in any important position.

This has been the policy of the Supreme Council as to all of the officers chosen to fill advisory, executive, or ministerial places. As in large business, banking, and manufacturing establishments, inexperienced men are seldom or never given positions of responsibility, so in the C. M. B. A. inexperienced men have had no responsible places.

The wisdom of this course has been continuously demonstrated in the success which has attended the work of all the officers occupying important places. With such care has the Supreme Council chosen its servants, that in no instance has any one been found wanting in any respect.

Not a dollar has been diverted from its designed object, and no confidence has been misplaced. It is hoped that this successful policy will be continued, for its wisdom and prudence cannot be successfully questioned. It is believed that the good judgment of the Order will continue to be heartily expressed in favour of the plan and system thus far pursued. By it, we have been able to command the respect and commendation of all, even of unwilling competitors.

The C. M. B. A. is a Catholic fraternity, and therefore, can be neither national or selfish. Founded upon Brotherly Love, Unity, and Affection, its essential and animating principle is unselfish giving and doing. Its charities are not measured by the mercenary standard which demands a *quid pro quo*. Its professions are neither cant nor hypocrisy, for its members cheerfully exemplify in their conduct and in their relations to our Order the Divine precept that "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Many Branches point with pride to the fact that they have paid into the Beneficiary Fund more than they have taken out. Some of the most prosperous Grand Councils, also, proudly claim that the same is true of their jurisdictions. These facts have not developed selfishness, for all know that sooner or later in the course of years, mortality will average about the same in all our jurisdictions. In the wide extent of territory which we occupy, if a high death-rate exists in one section, it is always offset by a low rate elsewhere, and thus our favourable average is ever maintained.

Members in every section best help their own interests by strengthening the Order in that harmonious unity and loyalty which have so strongly entrenched our great institution in the hearts of tens of thousands.

Then never let schism, or any *ism*, disturb the devoted fealty of our membership. Let no one attempt to alloy a single element which has entered into our beloved and mighty structure of beneficial charity. We are all proud of our great fraternal fabric. Every one is a part of it. Let every one, then, rejoice and aid in the unity of its growing grandeur, and in the conservation of a system which has proved so efficient for good.

To each individual member the conduct and management of the affairs of our Order are important. He should, therefore, be present at all meetings of his Branch, and by bringing in applications help it and the Order. His presence alone will add to the interest of the Council, and by actively participating in its business and social exercises, he will benefit himself and others.

No member is so devoid of influence among his acquaintances, that he cannot induce some of them to join so meritorious an organization as the C. M. B. A. Our Order relies on its own members. It does not pay solicitors, nor rely on paid agents.

Let all study our laws and literature. The more the members know of our Order, the prouder they will be of it and of the fact that they belong to it.

Catholic News

CANADIAN.

Rev. Father Laboureau, of Penetanguishene, has been the guest of Rev. Vicar-General Rooney during the latter part of the present week.

A mission will be given in the Church of the Sacred Heart by Rev. Father Plante, S.J., of Guelph, commencing March 5. The three first days of the mission, viz., Thursday, Friday and Saturday, will be devoted to the children, and all the following week to the seniors.

It is stated that Monsignor Langevin, Bishop of Rimouski, who has been in failing health for some months past, resigned his See and has been succeeded by his Coadjutor, Mgr. Blais. Mgr. Tétu was the bearer from the Cardinal's Palace of the necessary documents from Rome entrusting Mgr. Blais with the episcopal charge of the diocese.

The resignation of Bishop Langevin of Rimouski, P.Q., if it be true, as the daily press states, that he has resigned, deprives that Canadian see of its first prelate and of an administrator, whose prudence and zeal contributed largely to the great progress Catholicity has made during the past quarter of a century in the districts that came under his supervision. Dr. Langevin was consecrated on May day, 1867, and his family has always been a prominent one in Canadian ecclesiastical and political circles.

The regular weekly meeting of the St. Paul's Catholic Literary Association was held on Thursday evening last. A spicy programme was rendered, which gave great pleasure to the large number of members present. This (Thursday) evening a debate will take place on the subject:—Resolved that the government of Sir John A. Macdonald should be sustained. For the affirmative are Messrs. M. Quinn, sr., J. P. Hughes and J. Murray; for the negative Messrs. C. J. McCabe, J. O'Brien and L. D. Hinds.

A representative gathering of gentlemen, clerical and lay, from the various parishes of the city, was held on Tuesday evening last in the Palace, Church street, to take steps to have the names of such Catholics who have, for various reasons not been placed on the Separate School lists and whose taxes are now going to the support of the common, or public, schools, registered as S. S. supporters. It being very desirable that all such names should be secured, it was therefore determined to ask all those who had not sign the enumerators slips last year to do so now. Gentlemen in each parish will call upon them during the coming week, or they can sign the slips at the residences of their respective parish priests. As all the names must be filed with the city clerk by March 1st, it must be attended to at once. The Very Rev. Vicar-General Rooney was appointed chairman, and Ph. DeGruchy, secretary of meeting.

On Sunday evening last the little mission church of St. Peter's was filled to its utmost capacity. The occasion being musical Vespers, and a charity sermon by Rev. Father McBrady, O.S.B., in aid of the poor, under the auspices of St. Vincent de Paul Society of the parish. The choir of St. Peter's was aided by volunteers from the parent church of St. Mary's. The Rev. Father McBrady, who has established for himself a reputation as one of the foremost pulpit speakers in the archdiocese, preached eloquently on the needs of the poor, extolling the virtue of charity, and praising the good work done by the gentlemen of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, in their noble effort to relieve the sufferings of the poor, and to

give them bodily and spiritual comfort; he closed a magnificent discourse by appealing to all present to respond nobly and generously by their contributions, and thereby aid in the work of helping God's poor.

Brook.—Lenten season was well enlarged upon by the congregation of St. Malechy's church, Vroomanton. On Ash Wednesday the greater part of the congregation approached the Sacraments, and on Sunday last additional members showed the example of good Catholics so that the rev. pastor could truly express gratification at seeing his entire flock, with very few exceptions, begin the holy season of penance in the proper way. After Mass Father Davis preached an eloquent sermon on the necessity of doing penance for sins, and employing energetically the acceptable time given us to work out our salvation. The congregation was gladdened by the sweet strains of the newly organised choir.

His Eminence Elzéar Alexandre Cardinal Taschereau, archbishop of Quebec, celebrated his 71st birthday last Tuesday, he having been born at Sainte Marie de la Beauce, P.Q., Feb. 17, 1820. The Cardinal is still active and vigorous, and he attends yet to the details of the administration of his archdiocese as closely as in the earlier years of his episcopacy. The Irish-Canadians have never forgotten one heroic part the Cardinal, then simple Pere Taschereau, in company with the late Monsignor Cazeau of Quebec, acted in 1847, when he fearlessly attended the fever-stricken Irish immigrants who, in that year, arrived in such numbers at Quebec, and helped to care for the hundreds of orphan children who were then left destitute, finding homes for many of them among the kindly habitants of Lower Canada.

Archbishop Fabre returned to Montreal on Thursday, 12th inst., after an absence of nearly five months in Europe. There was a large attendance of clergy and laity at the Grand Trunk station to welcome him on his arrival by the Central Vermont train. He was given a warm greeting. His Grace was accompanied by Rev. Abbe Archambault Bruchesi, Charpentier, and other priests, who had gone to New York to meet him. Through an accident to her machinery, the steamship "La Gascoigne," of the French line, on which the Archbishop crossed the Atlantic and which was due in New York on Sunday, was not sighted off Fire Island until 10.35 on Tuesday evening, and landed her passengers early Wednesday morning. In other respects the trip from Havre was a pleasant one. On alighting from the train His Grace blessed those present and walked directly to his carriage, which was drawn by four white horses. On arriving at the palace His Grace proceeded to the church, which was filled with the clergy and the faithful, and there said Mass. Mgr. Moreau, Bishop of St. Hyacinthe, was present in the sanctuary. After Mass the Archbishop and clergy went to the reception parlour, and the Archbishop, having taken his seat on the episcopal throne, Vicar-General Marechal presented him with an address on behalf of the clergy of the archdiocese, in which they congratulated him most sincerely on his successful voyage, and expressed the satisfaction which they felt at his safe return and the joy they experienced at having him again in their midst. They assured him of the deepest attachment to his person and submission to his paternal authority.

Mgr. Fabre was deeply moved when he rose to reply. He thanked them for their kind words. He was deeply touched at their attachment to the Holy Father and the doctrines of the Catholic Church. He imparted to them the special favours which he had obtained for them from the Apostolic See, as well as for himself and his assistants in the

palace. Afterwards Mgr. Fabre held an informal reception, receiving the priests of the city and the surrounding country, foremost amongst them being the venerable Rev. Father Dowd, of St. Patrick's; Abbe Proulx, vicerector of Laval; and Abbe Lantonne, of Notre Dame.

In the afternoon His Grace proceeded to Notre Dame Church, which was crowded to overflowing by the faithful. The clergy, school children, and representatives of all the Catholic societies were present. The Archbishop was escorted to a dais in the sanctuary, and addresses were presented to him, one in French by Mr. L. O. David, on behalf of the St. Jean Baptiste Society, and the other in English by Mr. H. J. Cloran, on behalf of the St. Patrick's Society. Archbishop Fabre replied. A solemn *Te Deum* was chanted. The service concluded by His Grace pronouncing the Pontifical blessing on all those present. At night His Grace dined with his aged mother.

The Archbishop, who is in splendid health, is delighted with the success of his mission to Rome. His Grace was granted two interviews with the Pope and was received in turn by all the Cardinals in the Eternal City. He was victorious all along the line. Naturally the most important question which he had to deal with was the sub-division of the diocese. His victory was not a temporary one, as has been stated, but on the contrary it is a permanent one. The Pope has decreed that the archdiocese of Montreal must remain as it now stands, so that all further efforts to bring about a sub-division will be useless. The question is now finally settled. The Pope showed himself most kind to His Grace, and complimented him upon the successful manner in which he administered the affairs of his diocese. The Canadian College is in a prosperous condition, and now has 21 Canadian theological students. In France His Grace visited the whole of Brittany, to which he is attached through his ancestry, Paris, Valence, Orleans, Evreux, Rouen, Vannes, and other cities, meeting at every point with the kindest reception. He met several old friends, and consecrated a bishop for India, who was formerly a priest of St. Croix Order in Montreal. It is understood that a coadjutor bishop will be appointed whenever His Grace needs one. It is expected that the Archbishop will issue a pastoral letter shortly, giving the results of his journey. The members of the clergy generally are delighted at the outcome of the trip, and state that His Grace has shown that he is possessed of great influence at Rome.

GENERAL.

Governor Merriam of Minnesota has re-appointed Archbishop Ireland as chaplain on his excellency's staff.

Cardinal Gibbons has prepared for the New York Catholic Historical Society a paper on his reminiscences of North Carolina.

Very Rev. Father Thomas O'Connor succeeds Father Murnane, the recently deceased provincial of the Passionist Order in America.

Rev. Darius Hubert, S.J., the Veteran Chaplain of the Louisiana Division of the (Confederate) Army of Northern Virginia, opened its recent reunion with prayer.

Rev. F. Rupert has been recalled from the Catholic University, Washington, by Bishop Gilmour, owing to the scarcity of priests and the necessities of Bellevue, Ohio.

Miss Imogene Ryan, daughter of the late Wm. Ryan, Dubuque, Iowa, has renounced her fortune of \$200,000 and entered the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Manhattanville, New York city.

The Rev. B. O. R. Sheridan, rector of St. John's Church, Middletown, Conn., has been elected a member of the Meriden Board of Education, despite much bigoted opposition.

Mother Van Dyke, formerly of Rochester, N. Y., has been appointed superior of the Sacred Heart Convent, Chicago, in succession to Mother McNamara, who has been transferred to Rochester.

Bishop Cotter, of Winona, Minn., has been lecturing for Father Murphy at St. James' Church, La Crosse, Wis., with the result that fifty new names have been added to the T. A. Society there.

The Pope has written to Dr. Windthorst, warmly eulogizing his zeal in founding "The German Catholic People's Society," one of the principal objects of which is to effect the socialistic propaganda.

The Rev. C. H. Dunamut, a French missionary who has passed twenty-five years on the mission in Scandinavian countries, has obtained permission from Bishop Loughlin to establish in Brooklyn a church for Scandinavian Catholics.

The Rev. John Bulmer, D. D., Mus. Bac., an Anglican clergyman, has been received into the Church by the Bishop of Shrewsbury. Mr. Bulmer has held for some years the post of chaplain at the proprietary chapel of Gibside Northumberland.

Senator Ingalls of Kansas, says it would be an excellent thing to have a series of religious exercises at the Columbian Exposition. He suggests that the most eminent clergymen of all denominations from all Christian countries should be invited to participate.

Joseph H. Chandel, San Francisco, Cal., formerly Chan Wong, a native of China, and at one time a Protestant Chinese missionary in Portland Ore, has become a zealous Catholic. He reports knowledge of eight other Chinese Catholics in San Francisco and two in San Jose.

One peculiar sentiment Cardinal Smor shared with Mr. Ruskin: he had a hatred of railways, and he travelled by carriage-road. The Cardinal, who lived with simplicity, has left all his personal property, which amounts to at least £150,000, to the Holy Father.

Hon. John Loague, ex-Mayor of Memphis, and one of the leading Catholics of the city, who has held more offices of honour and trust than any other of its citizens, has again been made Public Administrator—the occasion being made memorable by eulogies in the public courtroom after Mr. Loague had taken the oath of office.

Mother Gertrude Molloy, for the past twenty-five years superior of the Convent of the good Shepherd, West Columbus, has been appointed a Mother Provincial, with jurisdiction over the houses of the Order in the dioceses of Philadelphia and Harrisburg, Pa., by the Mother General and her Council, whose headquarters are at Angers, France.

The cause of Catholic education seems to prosper splendidly under the administration of the Most Rev. Dr. Carr, Archbishop of Melbourne, Australia, where the report of Rev. Dr. Gerber on the primary schools for the past year, shows that the attendance has been increased 10 per cent, in that time and that the general status of the schools has been considerably raised.

The many friends of Mr. Anthony Kelly of Minneapolis, says the *Northwestern Chronicle*, have learned with deep regret of the ugly accident which befell him last week. It seemed at first as though the fractures he endured in being violently thrown from a carriage by a runaway team, were of a very serious nature indeed,

but later accounts say he is progressing favourably. Mr. Kelly is known as one of the most distinguished Catholics in the Northwest, and as a man ever ready to help a good cause. May his recovery be speedy.

Mgr. Fabre officiated on January 11th in the chapel of Notre Dame at Neuilly, France, at the consecration of Mgr. Louage, Bishop of Decca, in Bengal. He was assisted by Mgr. Thomas, Bishop of Adrianople, and Mgr. Dubouin, Bishop of Raphaule. Mgr. Louage was formerly Provincial Superior of the Order of St. Croix in Montreal.

One of the most interesting presentations of the Vatican this long while back was seen the other day when the Holy Father received Mgr. Couppe, Vicar Apostolic of New Britain, in Oceania, who presented two savage children, the first who have ever been seen in Europe from those regions. There was also present at the audience the Rev. Father Jouet procurator-general of the Society of the Missions of the Sacred Heart.

It was hoped not long ago that the Catholic University of America would succeed in bringing St. George Mivart to this country, but he has gone to the old University of Louvain, Belgium which offered a greater field for his labors. Mivart's most recent work is a refutation of Geo. Romanes' doctrine on the origin of the human reason. There can be little doubt that the valiant old Catholic champion, before whom Darwin and Huxley recoiled, will do full justice to this slighter antagonist.

The good Sisters in our convents, says the *New York Catholic News*, often ignorant of the ways of the world, frequently become victims to designing sharpers, and are imposed upon by one fraud or another. The best rule is to have no dealings with strangers. If the matter is law, let them refer it to their lawyers; if it is banking, carry on all transactions through their regular bank. If men or women come offering goods at remarkably low prices, be on your guard; it is always better to deal with well-known and responsible houses, where you are certain of being treated justly.

Book Reviews.

The Young Man in Catholic Life by Conde B. Pallen, Ph. D.: St. Louis B. Herden.

Mr. Pallen, in this admirable address, delivered before a society of young men in St. Louis, and now printed in pamphlet form, has touched briefly, but certainly instructively, on some grave considerations. What adds to the value of his views is that they are pre-eminently those of an observer who is at once a scholar and a man having a knowledge of the world. In all respects his thoughtful essay is to be highly recommended, and we hope, will be widely read.

The American Catholic Quarterly Review.

The *Quarterly* for January contains a strong table of contents. The following are among the principle articles:—"The Christian Agnostic and the Christian Gnostic," by the Very Rev. A. F. Hewit, D. D.; "Church and State," by Brother Azarias; "The Origin of the Great Schism of the West," by Rev. James F. Loughlin, D. D.; "Ireland's Cause, Ireland's Leader," by Mgr. Bernard O'Reilly; "The Financial Relation of Church and State in France," by Richard R. Elliott. There is besides the usual learned Scientific Chronicle, and Review of recent books. Mgr. O'Reilly's article on the present political situation in Ireland has attracted much notice, and received wide quotation. Mgr. O'Reilly's familiarity with the subject, and his deep interest in everything relating to the welfare of his native land, make

his views, in the present unhappy crisis, of more than ordinary interest. In a following issue *The Review* will make some extracts from his interesting article.

Donahoe's Monthly Magazine for March, contains among a great variety of reading, Peter McCorry's third letter from Ireland. Thomas Hamilton Murray gives a very interesting article describing the labors of Forty Notable Americans. Joseph W. Gavan writes a biographical sketch of Patrick J. Meehan of the Irish-American. Rev. D. O'Crowley gives an account of an Ancient Irish Poet. Cardinal Newman's Sayings and Doings are continued. The other articles are: Physical Culture in our Seminaries, by Joseph Noonan. The Flight Into Egypt, by Rev. James McKernan. St. Joseph's at Washington, by Agnes Hampton. The Ancient Cross of Santa Clara, Kildooma, by the author of "Bonnie Dunraven." The Juvenile Department is as interesting as usual.

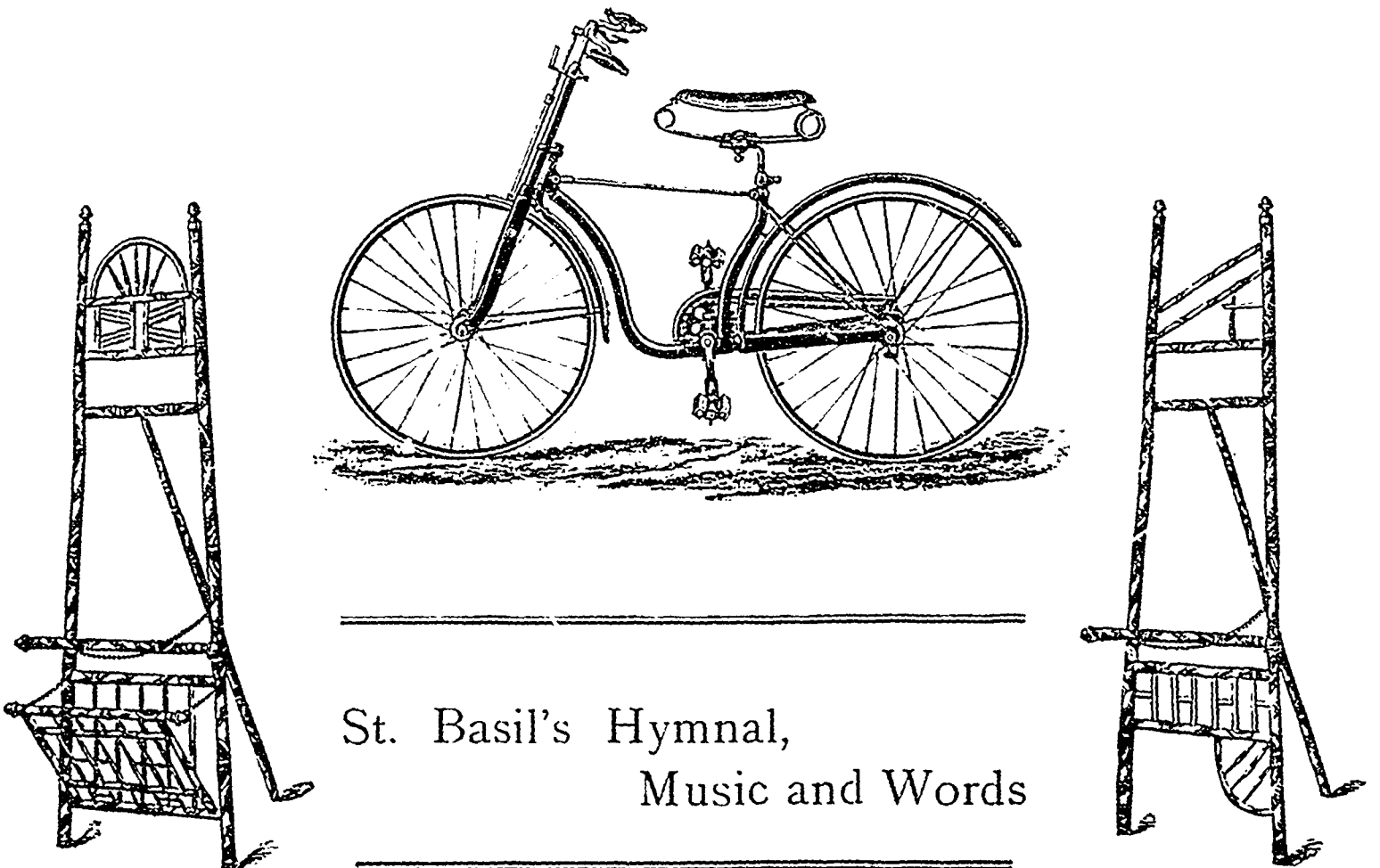
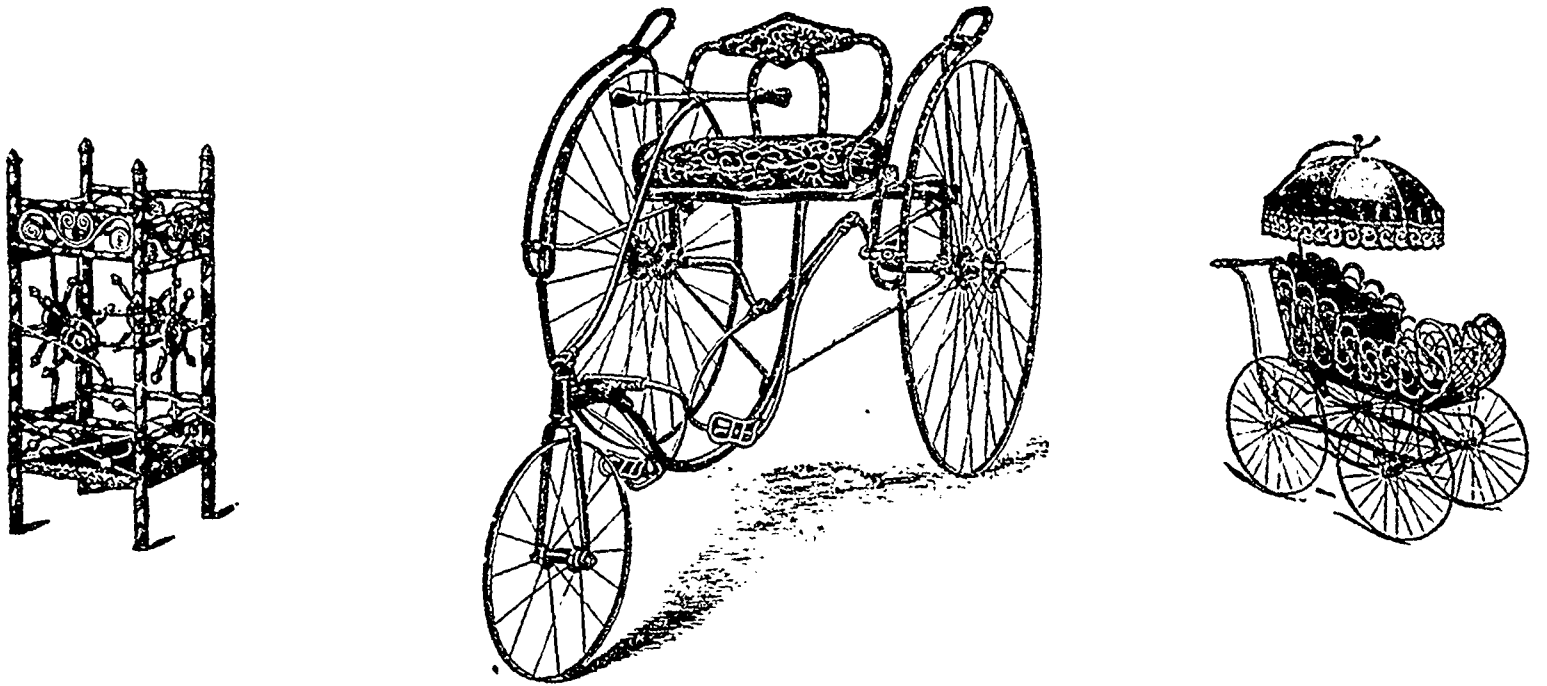
Men and Things.

Among the most interested of Archbishop Ryan's auditors in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, on the occasion of his lecture in aid of the coloured Church of St. Benedict the Moor, was Chauncey M. Depew. Not a word of the elegant address was missed, and Mr. Depew frequently joined in the applause. He said to a friend: "Last summer I crossed the ocean with Archbishop Corrigan. I told him that when some great Catholic orator came to New York I would like very much to hear him. He sent me a note, enclosing tickets for a box in the Metropolitan Opera House, in which he said, in effect, 'the man is here. His name is Archbishop Ryan.'" At the conclusion of the Archbishop's address, Mr. Depew paid him a high compliment. He said he had never heard a more eloquent, more logical, more entrancing address. He particularly admired the Archbishop's melodious voice, his grand repose, his eloquent gestures, and, above all, his dramatic power.

At the banquet of the Catholic Club of Philadelphia, Archbishop Ryan and Bishop Keane, Rector of the Catholic University were present and responded to toasts. The Archbishop had concluded his speech, a very elegant and eloquent one, when Bishop Keane's turn came. The Bishop commenced by the following reference to the Archbishop:

As we were on the way from the Archbishop's residence to this hall, His Grace remarked that he would rather preach three sermons than give the after-dinner speech that he had to give to-night. He has since, however, that whether in the pulpit or at the dinner-table, it is no trouble for him to talk. As to myself, however, my position reminds me of a story that I heard once of a certain ecclesiastical gathering assembled in a well-known western city, who, after a magnificent church celebration in the morning, partook of a dinner very like, I suppose, the one we have eaten to-night. At the end of the dinner the venerable Archbishop who was presiding requested a young ecclesiastic to go to one of the Bishops who was a guest that day and ask him if he would not preach after Vespers. The young ecclesiastic in question found the Bishop and delivered to him the Archbishop's message: "What," said the Bishop, "am I to be expected to preach on a full stomach?" "Well, no," said the young ecclesiastic, "perhaps you might talk on some other subject." From the character of the answer, perhaps you do not need to be told who the man was who gave it. It is no wonder that abilities of all kinds, of which that ready answer was only a foretaste, made him at last worthy to be the Archbishop of your magnificent diocese.

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Premiums which we will offer for getting up
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Full particulars will be announced in our next issue.



St. Basil's Hymnal,
Music and Words

The Great Blood Purifier.

A Word to the People.

"Truth is Mighty, and will prevail."

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This celebrated medicine will relieve pain, cleanse and purify the blood, and cure such diseases, restoring the patient to perfect health after trying many remedies, and having suffered for years. Is it not conclusive proof that if you are a sufferer you can be cured? Why is this medicine performing such great cures? It works in the BLOOD, the Circulating Fluid. It can truly be called the

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The great source of disease originates in the BLOOD, and no medicine that does not act directly upon it, to purify and renovate, has any just claim upon public attention. When the blood becomes lifeless and stagnant, either from change of weather or of climate, want of exercise, irregular diet, or from any other cause, NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY will renew the blood, carry off the putrid humors, cleanse the stomach, regulate the bowels, and impart a tone of vigor to the whole body.

The conviction is, in the public mind as well as the medical profession, that the remedies supplied by the VEGETABLE KINGDOM are more safe and more effectual in the cure of disease than mineral medicines. The Vegetable Discovery is composed of the juice of most remarkable roots, barks and herbs. It is pleasant to take, and is perfectly safe to give an infant. Allow us to ask you a candid question:—Do you need it? Do not hesitate to try it. You will never regret it. All druggists have it for sale.

Mr. JOHN C. FOX, Olinda, writes.—"Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery is giving good satisfaction. Those who have used it say it has done them more good than anything they have ever taken."

IN ITS WORST FORM—Miss JULIA A. PILSWORTH, Toronto, writes.—"I had Dyspepsia in its worst form for over a year, but after taking three bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, a perfect cure followed. I take great pleasure in recommending it to anyone suffering from Dyspepsia."

Mr. W. THAYER, Wright, P. Q., had DYSPEPSIA FOR TWENTY YEARS. Tried many remedies and doctors, but got no relief. His appetite was very poor, had a distressing pain in his side and stomach, and gradual wasting away of flesh, when he heard of and immediately commenced taking Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. The pains have left, and he rejoices in the enjoyment of excellent health; in fact he is quite a new man.

Sold by all Medicine Dealers at \$1.00 per Bottle.

AN EXPENSIVE COMMA.

A new tariff bill was introduced in the United States Congress about twenty years ago, which contained an error in punctuation. There was a section enumerating what articles should be admitted free of duty. Amongst others specified were "all foreign fruit-plants." The clerk in copying the bill unfortunately changed the hyphen in the compound word, "fruit-plants," to a comma, making it read, "all foreign fruit, plants," etc. The consequence was that for twelve months oranges, lemons, guavas, bananas, and other foreign fruit were admitted duty free. This mistake cost the United States Government about 2,000,000 dollars.—*Birmingham Mercury.*

Pedagogue—Can you give a sentence illustrating the difference between mind and matter?

Tommy—Yessir! When I don't mind, pretty soon they's suthin' th' matter!—*New York Herald.*

LAPUS MEMORIA.

Miss Antique—"Why, how do you do, Mr. Globetrot. I am delighted to see you back. Of course you remember me." Returned Traveller (wrestling with his memory)—"Of course, of course. Delighted to see you looking so well. And how are the dear children?" Miss Antique—"Children!" Returned Traveller—"I mean to say, how is your family meaning, of course, your husband." Miss Antique—"My husband! I never had a husband, sir." Returned Traveller—"Er—of course not; just a little pleasantry of mine, you know. I meant, of course, your brother, whom you love as much as anyone could love a husband." Miss Antique—"I never had a brother." Returned Traveller—"Um—er—of course not; just joking, you know. How is your—your—r— Did you ever have a mother?"—*Birmingham Mercury.*

What is that terrestrial object that is above all human imperfections and equally protects the wisest, the weakest, the best, and worst of mankind? The hair of the head.

MARY—"Mebbe I'm ugly now mum but in me day I've broken a great many hearts."

Mistress—"Well, Mary, if you handled hearts the way you do my best china, I believe you."

A strong-minded woman, who applied for a situation as a cab-driver, on being asked if she could manage mules, scornfully replied: "Of course I can; I've had two husbands."

The owner of Loose Hill, a picturesque height in North Derbyshire, has affixed at the summit a notice-board announcing that "trespassers will be prosecuted." The beauty of the joke is that the trespasser does not see the notice till he arrives at the top of the hill.

The following is said to be the shortest sentence in the English language containing all the letters of the alphabet: "Pack my box with five dozen liquor jugs."

WHEN a young man sits in the parlour talking nonsense to his sweetheart—that's capital. But when he has to stay in of evenings after they're married—that's labour.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use and Cheapest.

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A STRANGE VERDICT. HAVE THE JURY ARRIVED AT AN CORRECT CONCLUSION?

There can scarcely be any doubt that the investigation of Dr. Koch the German Specialist, will lead to radical changes in the treatment of tuberculous diseases. That the eminent physician has discovered a specific for certain forms of skin diseases, the Medical fraternity have already admitted, but that he has made any advance in the treatment of pulmonary affections, they are not prepared to certify to, nor are they willing to believe that disintegrated tissues can be restored by the mere process of subcutaneous injection. On the other hand, the people at large have rushed wildly to Berlin with the firm conviction that Koch's lymph will stay the progress of advanced consumption and lend them a new lease of life. Some have been benefited—not cured—for the very simple reason that the entire nervous system is overlooked in the treatment. No character of disease that assaults the vital organs can be successfully treated without reaching the nerve centres. In this very particular, the public appears to have rendered a strange verdict in favour of Dr. Koch, strange for this reason:—for many years the remedies discovered by Dr. T. A. Slocum of New York, now manufactured at 186 Adelaide street West, Toronto, have been supplied to the afflicted and so far have proved unerring as curative agents. They have been introduced into hundreds of thousands of households free of cost, have been given grateful testimonials from numberless thankful hearts, have been publicly endorsed by successful practitioners and are to-day the indispensable articles of the family medicine chest. With such a record the hazardous verdict of the people in favour of Dr. Koch does indeed seem strange. Dr. Slocum's treatment has been common property for years, has given incalculable relief, and is still administering its generous, life-giving nourishment to stricken humanity. Consumptives or those disposed to pulmonary complaints, should consult Dr. Slocum's pamphlet and make immediate and methodical use of his remedies. Address a letter to T. A. Slocum, M. C., 186 Adelaide st. West, Toronto, and you will receive by Express two free sample bottles with full information regarding lung troubles and their proper and successful treatment.

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LIST OF PRIZES.		
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1 do	2,000	2,000
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10 Real Estate ..	300	3,000
30 Furniture sets ..	200	3,000
60 do	100	6,000
200 Gold Watches ..	50	10,000
Approximation Prizes		
100 Silver Watches ..	25	2,500
100 do	15	1,500
100 do	10	1,000
100 do	5	500
1000 Toilet Sets ..	5	5,000

It is offered to redeem all prizes in cash, less a commission of 10 per cent. Winners' names not published unless specially authorized.

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1 do	5,000	5,000
1 do	2,500	2,500
1 do	1,250	1,250
Prizes ..		
20 ..	20	1,000
25 ..	25	1,250
100 ..	50	5,000
200 ..	15	3,000
500 ..	10	5,000
Approximation Prizes.		
100 ..	25	2,500
100 ..	15	1,500
100 ..	10	1,000
999 ..	5	4,995
999 ..	5	4,995

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G. T. R. West	7.00 3.20	7.40 12.10	
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