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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. I.

Toronto, Saturday, Dec. 24, 1887

No. 45.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Sir Thomas Grattan Esmonde, M.P., and Mr. Arthur O'Connor, M.P., delegates of the Irish National League, to America, will speak in the Pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens, in this city, on Wednesday evening next, the 28th inst. The presence in our midst of these distinguished members of the Irish Parliamentary Party, will evoke, it goes without saying, the very heartiest welcome.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, M. P., speaking at Hull, a few nights ago, said that before the last election Lord Carnarvon negotiated with the Parnellites with the object of ousting Mr. Gladstone. The negotiations were conducted solely by Lord Carnarvon and himself. The former agreed to the stipulation that the Conservatives should be prepared to concede any measure of Home Rule desired by Parnell and himself. The negotiations collapsed because of the perfectly true report that Mr. Parnell considered Mr. Gladstone the best man to deal with.

The mission of the Duke of Norfolk to Rome is reported to have failed in its intended political effect, the Holy Father refusing, it is said, to reopen the question of the conduct of the Irish clergy with respect to the national movement. One despatch asserts that the Duke will return immediately to London. A second one announces that Sir. Michael Morris, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, Ireland, has started for Rome to assist the Duke in the work of converting the Pope to an approval of the Crimes Act. The *Diritto*, a Roman journal, denies that the Duke of Norfolk was entrusted with a political mission to the Holy See.

Father Mathew Ryan, of County Limerick, one of the projectors of the Plan of Campaign, has been sentenced to a month's imprisonment, without hard labour, for inciting the people to commit illegal acts. Father Ryan declines

to divest himself of his clerical attire in prison, and the Catholic wardens sustain him in his refusal. Mr. Sheehy, M.P., who was sentenced to one month's imprisonment for encouraging resistance to evictions, having refused to wear prison clothes was on Thursday thrown to the floor by the Clonmell gaol wardens, who tied his hands and then removed his clothes.

It is with profound regret that we record this week the death of the Right Rev. James Joseph Carbery, third Bishop of Hamilton, the particulars of which will be found in another column. Bishop Carbery died in Ireland, whither he had gone in September last in the hope that the air of his native hills would restore him to health and vigour. He breathed his last in the old Priory of his Order, the Dominican's, in Cork, surrounded by those with whom he had spent so many of the years of his sacred labour. No man was more lovable. To the highest erudition he united the utmost gentleness and winningness of disposition. To his spiritual children in the Diocese of Hamilton, and to all who at any time had the happiness to be brought into contact with him, the news of his death will occasion a keen and sincere sense of sorrow.

We shall print, next week, the views of the Hon. Edward Blake on the condition of Ireland, as they have been expressed by him in letters to the Hon. S. H. Blake, his brother. Mr. Blake speaks of evictions, emigration and the rent question, as they have fallen under his own observation in Ireland. He speaks, with shame and humiliation, of the fact that eighteen hundred years after Christ came into the world, the poor and the dying, in hundreds, should be turned into the roadsides for the non-payment of exorbitant and utterly impossible rents, while their landlords are living in idleness and in luxury.

That fine type of American blackguardism, John L. Sullivan, the slugger, has been hobnobbing within the week with no less high personages than H. R. H. the Prince of Wales and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar. Most people will think with the Halifax *Chronicle* concerning this edifying companionship, that no good can come of it, and that no audience with His Royal Highness could make Sullivan or any creature like him, anything but a worthless, demoralized, and demoralizing animal, of absolutely no good to any country or any community on earth. A mule could knock him out, and be more useful afterwards. The Prince of Wales never was accused of being over choice in the matter of his associates, but it is painful to hear of this latest and openly demoralizing episode.

Arch-Abbott Boniface Wimmer, O.S.B., founder of the Benedictine Order in the United States, died at St. Vincent's Abbey, Westmoreland Abbey, Pa., December 8th, after a lingering illness. The deceased was born in Bavaria in 1809, and came to this country in 1846, to establish the Benedictine Order. The first monastery was founded at St. Vincents, Pa. Since then, colonies have been established in North Carolina, Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia, Illinois, Minnesota, Kansas and Iowa.

CHRISTMAS.

"Come, Lord Jesus, come!" Such has been the burden of the Christian's song since the time of Advent commenced, and now arrives the day and the season when we commemorate the fruition of our hopes, and when the joyous song: "Christ is born in Bethlehem," bursts spontaneously from our lips, nay, from our very hearts.

Everything is mystery in this holy season. THE WORD WAS MADE FLESH, is repeated in a thousand different ways in all the prayers of the Church, and these prayers find an echo in every Catholic heart. The splendor of this mystery dazzles the understanding, but it inundates the heart with joy. It is the consummation of the designs of God in time.

The four weeks of our preparation are over, and we have reached the twenty-fifth day of the month of December, the day on which the Western Church, from the very commencement, celebrated the Festival of our Saviour's Birth. The Church of Rome had every means of knowing the true date of this event, since the acts of the Enrolment taken at Judæa by command of Augustus (Luke: chap. ii., v. 1 to 5,) were kept in the public archives of Rome. It was not till the fourth century, however, that the Churches of the East began to keep this Feast in the month of December. At one time they had kept it on the sixth of January, uniting it with the *Manifestation* of our Saviour to the Magi, at another time they had kept it on May 15th, at another April 20th. St. John Chrysostom tells us, (in 386) that the Roman custom of celebrating the Birth of our Saviour, on the 25th December, had then only been observed ten years in the Church of Antioch. The Western Church, (the Church of Rome), celebrates the Nativity and Epiphany of our Lord as two distinct Festivals, and prolongs the Christmas time of rejoicing to Feb. 2nd, the Feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

During this holy season, the Church offers to the Infant God a fourfold tribute: adoration, joy, gratitude, and love, and her faithful children share in all these sentiments. There is nothing to prevent any one from approaching Him, for the Divine Word is here shown us under the appearance of a *Child*! a *simple Babe*! Were He seated on a throne we might fear to approach Him, but we are now invited to behold Him "lying on a crib in a stable!" Were we asked to contemplate Him on His Cross, at His Burial, or even in His Glory and His Victory, we might say we had not the courage, but what courage do we need to contemplate Him in Bethlehem where He is a *Little Babe*, all silence and sweetness? He is uttering *no reproaches for our ingratitude*, He is *threatening us with no terrors*, with His soft plaintive murmurings He is only asking for our love.

This is not a season for sighing and weeping. *For unto us a Child is born*! and He is come to dwell among us. We must rejoice and be glad at His coming, and sing round His crib with the angels.

The first of our duties is adoration. In Heaven, the angels veil their faces and prostrate themselves before the throne of Jehovah; let us emulate the angels in Heaven by prostrating ourselves before the Divine Infant, and offering Him the incense of our soul's adoration.

Our mother, the Church, looks on this mystery of Emmanuel *i. e.*, *God with us*, as a source of singular joy and again let us take pattern by the angels. Was it not at our Saviour's Birth that they intoned the *Gloria in excelsis* for the first time, and shall not our hearts echo the glad words and be filled with *Peace* which this lovely Babe brings to earth, *to men of good will*! Joy at Christmas is a Christian instinct, and one handed down to us from the ages of Faith, as is testified by the abundance of Christmas carols or *Noels* to be found in all languages and among all nations.

Fortunately, united with this joy, is the sentiment of *gratitude*, and gratitude is indeed His due who deigned to be born of His own creature and chose a stable for a birth-place. Gratefully, therefore, let us receive God's precious gift—this Divine Babe, our Deliverer. O, gift inestimable! How can we repay it, we who are so poor? Shall our debt never be paid? Ah, yes; we can pay it

by love and so with the church we will say to Him, "*How beautiful art Thou, my Beloved One, and how comely.*" (Cant. 1:15). How sweet to me is Thy rising, O Divine Sun of Justice! How my heart glows in the warmth of Thy beams!

Nor is our celebration of this great Feast complete until we have paid our tribute of *admiration* to the glorious Virgin Mother of an Infant God! The Church throughout the forty days of Christmas-tide makes special commemoration of the *fruitful virginity and inviolate purity* of the Mother of God, thus honouring the Son in the Mother. Did not He who chose the Day to be born on, choose also the Mother He was to be born from? He made both the Day and the Mother. Oh! Blessed Mother! Her happy task was that of ministering to the wants of the Incarnate Word whom she had conceived in her heart through her undivided love, the greatness of her profound humility and the incomparable merit of her virginity, and, oh! wonderful goodness of God! no member of the human race is excluded from the honour of imitating Mary in her maternity; though it is needless to say, at a humble and immeasurable distance. If we have *prepared the way of the Lord* (Is. xl.: 3) during the weeks of Advent, our hearts have conceived their Lord, and now at Christmas, our good works must bring Him forth. "If, O devout soul!" says St. Bonaventure, "thou art desirous of this birth, imagine thyself to be like Mary. Mary signifies *bitterness*, bitterly bewail thy sins; Mary signifies *illumination*, be thou illumined by thy virtues; and lastly, Mary signifies *mistress*, learn how to be mistress and controller of thy evil passions. Then will Christ be born of thee, and then shall thy soul taste and see how sweet is her Lord Jesus! She experiences this sweetness when, in holy meditation, she nourishes this Divine Infant; when she clothes Him with her holy longings, when she cherishes Him in the warmth of her glowing love."

Let us then go to *Bethlehem* and contemplate that *Child wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a crib*. Let us offer our souls to Him with confidence and love and He will enable us to keep those souls for Him. Thus shall we with Him become little children, and thus the graces we receive at Bethlehem will prepare us for the blissful eternal union which in the *plenitude and repose* of love will be our everlasting reward in Heaven.

G. M. WARD.

The Church in Canada.

Under this heading will be collected and preserved all obtainable data bearing upon the history and growth of the Church in Canada. Contributions are invited from those having in their possession a material that might properly come for publication in this department

CATHOLIC HISTORICAL NOTES.

WHERE WAS ORANGE?

In your issue of December 3rd you gave an extract from a communication of mine to the *Irish Canadian*, wherein the above question was asked. I can now give an answer, but am not certain the answer is correct, although probabilities seem in its favour. The city of Albany, N. Y., was at one time known by that name. In 1609, when Henry Hudson sailed up the river, the site was called *Aurania*. The Abbé Ferland, in his history of Canada, tells us that in 1718 an "action was commenced against certain persons for having gone to Orange (Albany) and carried furs there for the purpose of traffic." In another place he says that Orange was an enclosure, mounting several cannon, and containing about 300 people. In the days of the Dutch dynasty it was a great trading post. Here are two anecdotes illustrating the manners of those days. An Indian arrived on Sunday, and went round to sell his peltries; he was told the people had gone to church. "What they gone church for?" "To learn good things." Next day he was more successful, but since his last visit to the settlement the price of furs had fallen. "I can give only so much," said the merchant. All the other merchants told the same story.

"Ah!" exclaimed poor Lo, "You say you go church to learn good things. You go church to learn cheat Indian." Another Indian, in want of supplies, told the trader that he had shot a deer and could not bring it in, but if the trader would go to a certain creek he would, at the foot of a certain tree, find the deer. The Indian got what he wanted, but the trader did not get the deer. Next time the Indian came to trade he was upbraided for the fraud. His reply was characteristic. "You found the creek?" "Yes." "You found the tree?" "Yes." "You no find the deer?" "No, you cheat." "Well, two truths to one lie,—not bad for Indian."

Dec. 7th, 1887.

W. J. MACDONELL.

N.B.—If my conjecture be correct, the Highlanders referred to in the communication to the *Irish Canadian* must have come to this country by way of New York. W. J. M.

THE PARISH OF OWEN SOUND.

On a picturesque prominence to the north east of the town, overlooking the Sound, stands the Roman Catholic Church, a large and comfortable brick building, erected through the untiring efforts of the Fathers of the Basilian Order, who have been in charge of this mission for nearly a quarter of a century. About thirty five years ago the first missionary priest, Father J. Blettner, S. J., arrived here from Guelph, and Mass was celebrated for the first time in Owen Sound at the residence of Henry McCabe, situated on a hill on the west side of the Sydenham River, south of Union Street, at which about twenty-five persons attended. In 1857 the old stone church, now occupied or used as a Separate School, was erected by Henry McCabe and generously presented to the congregation, then very small, as a gift. Father Bardou was the first resident priest. He arrived here from Hamilton early in 1858, and Owen Sound was in that year separated from the Guelph mission. Owen Sound has now three priests to look after the spiritual wants of its congregation of four hundred souls. Rev. P. O'Donohoe, C.S.B. is its respected pastor, and his assistants are Rev. Benoit Granottier, C. S. B., and Rev. F. Simaude, C.S.B. The church, which is after the Gothic style of architecture, is capable of seating over 400 people, and has three altars. One of these was erected by the young ladies of the Sodality, through their own efforts and at their own expense, and adds greatly to the appearance of the structure. The building throughout is heated by steam, and is well ventilated. It is called the Church of St. Mary. To the rear of the church is the priest's house or presbytery, which is also of brick. It is two storeys and a half high, and has all the modern improvements.

The Separate School is in charge of the Sisters of St Joseph, three in number, and the attendance this season averages eighty, an increase of one hundred per cent. since they took charge a little over a year ago. It has been found necessary of late to build an additional wing to the building to accommodate the pupils.—*The Mail*.

THE "SISTERS OF JESUS AND MARY" IN CANADA.

In the year 1816 God inspired the Abbe Coindre—a missionary of the Diocese of Lyons, and, later, Grand Vicar at Blois—with the design of founding a society of Religious, the members of which would devote themselves to the instruction of the forlorn children and orphans left in a most wretched condition by godless parents. From among the faithful souls who flocked to him the Abbe Coindre had selected a number whom he had deemed chosen by God to act as instruments in the enterprise he meditated. Several pious ladies readily responded to the call of the zealous priest and enrolled under the name of "Association of the Sacred Heart." They began at once their charitable ministry, and their sublime acts of generosity and heroic devotedness soon yielded good fruit. But, contrary to their ardent desire, the fervent associates were compelled to yield to various unexpected impediments and to leave the little orphanage, with its rising industry of flower-making, in the charge of the Sisters of St. Joseph, reserving for themselves the right of contributing to its increasing prosperity by their generous donations.

Four years had elapsed since the first attempt.

The obstacles which forced the society to resign the orphanage into the hands of the Sisters of St. Joseph had disappeared, and the Abbe summoned the associates of the

original Society and united them by the bond of religious life under the rule of St. Augustine.

The foundress of the Congregation was the Venerable Madame Claudine Chevenot, a woman of uncommon energy, eminent piety and incomparable charity, who was born at Lyons, in 1774. She died in 1836, leaving to the community she had founded the inheritance of the most sublime lessons and virtues, and the example of her heroic generosity in responding to the call of God.

During the year 1847 the constitution of the Society now known as the Congregation of Jesus and Mary, received the solemn approbation of His Holiness Pope Pius IX. In 1855 Mgr. Charles Francois Baillargeon, third Archbishop of Quebec, (died Oct. 13th, 1870) solicited the favour of the foundation of the Sisters in Canada. At his request Bishop Bourget, of Montreal, (died June 8th, 1855) who was on his way to Rome, visited Lyons and the Convent of Fourvieres for the purpose of presenting the petition and making arrangements; and in November, 1855, a colony of eight Sisters left for Canada. They arrived in December, 1855, at the Grand Trunk Station opposite Quebec. The whole population of the adjacent country had gathered to meet them, and a cortege of over sixty sleighs and other vehicles accompanied them to their new convent at Sauryon. In Canada the Congregation has rapidly extended itself. St. Gervias got a convent in 1860; one was established at Trois Pistoles, P.Q., in 1865; a convent and academy at Sillery, in 1870, and it now has the Provincial House for Canada. There have been several houses founded in the United States, one at Fall River, Mass., in 1877, one at Manchester, N.H., in 1883; and another at Woonsocket, in 1884. The Superioress-General for the Sisters in America is Mother Marie St. Cyrille. Thus does God, who works in quiet and might, further His own designs in spite of persecution and wicked opposition, choosing the weakest and the humblest as the instruments in His hand.—*Francis X. Reuss, in "Records of the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia."*

GARCIA MORENO.

PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF THE SACRED HEART.

(Continued.)

III.

While in Paris, during the time of his second exile, he resumed his life of study to prepare himself for a higher destiny. He writes to a companion in exile: "I study sixteen hours a day, and if the day had forty eight hours I would pass forty eight hours with my dear books." He made himself familiar with the political, literary, industrial and military movements of France, paying special attention to the organization of public instruction. Nothing was indifferent to him; for he would not remain in ignorance of any knowledge that a statesman should possess.

Far more than a school of high science even, Paris was for him the centre of his life as a Christian. He nobly spoke the whole truth when he declared, in his eloquent *Defense*, that he was not a fervent Catholic. The spur he needed to make him one was given in Paris. Walking one day in a public garden with some of his countrymen—exiles like himself—the conversation turned upon a person who, in his last illness, face to face with death, had refused the Sacraments. Some admired this action, found it blameless because the man had been an infidel nearly all his life. "He was only consistent," they said. Moreno maintained that irreligion through life could be explained because of human weakness, or absorbing business, but impiety on a death-bed was monstrous. His adversaries then attacked Catholicity, citing the usual objections opposed by infidels to its teaching and its dogmas. With his ardent faith and unanswerable logic he easily refuted their arguments, and showed them not only the truth, but the sovereign grandeur and ideal beauty of Catholic doctrine, and all with so much enthusiasm, so much wisdom, that one of his adversaries, turning upon him with rough freedom, said: "You speak well, my friend, but do you not neglect, just a little, the

practice of this beautiful religion of yours? When were you at confession last?"

That same day he sought a priest, went to confession, and next morning before the altar he thanked God for the moment of humiliation that had made him blush for his coldness in his Master's service. From that time he renewed the practice of his religious duties, never again to cease.

To human science was now added the science of God—science divine which dominates all others, to make them the instruments and ornaments of true civilization. He was almost always to be seen at St. Sulpice at that time, where he heard Mass before beginning work. Every day he recited the beads in honour of the Blessed Virgin, a devotion with which his pious mother had inspired all her children. On Sundays the parishioners of St. Sulpice for a long time admired a stranger of serious and noble mien, profoundly recollected, praying assiduously before the altar. It was the exile, recommending to God his soul, his family and his country.

Without citing the stirring lessons furnished by the startling events that had been accomplished in France, since his previous visit to that country, there was another revelation for him. The Abbe Rohrbacher has just published his "Universal History of the Catholic Church." No book ever exercised so powerful an influence upon him. It penetrated him with the spirit of Charlemagne and St. Louis. Three times he read the twenty-nine volumes through. Thanks to his excellent memory, he could quote whole pages in support of his opinions.

IV.

The exile was now great enough to measure himself with the Revolution, humble enough to kneel before the Church. He was of the race of real liberators and God could open to him again the doors of his country.

On September 14th, 1860, the Catholics of Ecuador succeeded, by the capture of Guayaquil, in throwing off the revolutionary power, and, with one voice, Garcia Moreno was elected President. He set to work at once to clean these Augean stables. He himself gave the example of perfect disinterestedness, and would accept only half the offered salary that was his due. He filled the public offices with honest and competent men, he reformed the army, and he reformed the system of education. Colonies of Christian Brothers, Ladies of the Sacred Heart, Sisters of Charity, were invited to Ecuador to labour in this vineyard of the Lord. Catholic teaching took root in the country, to the great despair of its enemies.

But he had it at heart to break utterly the chains of the Church. He could not bear to see the Queen of the world at the feet of the civil power. He accomplished this by the magnificent Concordat, the project of which he submitted to Pius IX. In April, 1862, this Concordat was solemnly promulgated in all the cities of Ecuador. To the sublime chant of the *Te Deum* and the roar of artillery were unfurled the flag of Ecuador and the Pontifical banner, whose mingling colours symbolized to all eyes the true union in place of the late deadly opposition, which was hereafter to exist between Church and State.

With such help Garcia Moreno could work efficaciously to redeem his people. Besides the usual pious exercises of each week, a special retreat was preached each year for the soldiers, and with marvellous fruits. Schools increased, and nearly every province had a college, besides the seminary of the diocese. As to material progress, let us take the testimony of one of Garcia Moreno's enemies. "We are forced to acknowledge," says he, "that during his rule Ecuador has made rapid progress. He has developed her commerce, multiplied her ways of communication, and, by bridges without number, connected mountains over abysses. Nothing could restrain the national progress under his management, which will soon make of this Republic the most prosperous State of the South American continent."

Let it not be forgotten that this is the testimony of one of his foes.

One of his most beautiful acts, as President of Ecuador, was his protest against the sacrilegious invasion of Rome by the troops of Victor Emmanuel; a protestation sent

not only to the invader but to all Christian Governments, calling upon them to prevent this—the greatest injustice of modern times. His voice rang through the whole world, and awoke echoes loud enough to cause the spoilers to tremble. It was said that he had saved the honour of his age, and, in the nobility and courage of his words, one forgot the weakness of the country that took it upon herself to speak for all the world.

V.

To complete the portrait of Garcia Moreno, let us add that this man, so great in public life, showed himself amongst his family and friends, simple, demonstrative, even joyous. He loved his home-life, though often forced to separate himself from it. His wife, from whom he had no secret, shared his joys and sorrows. When death took from him his little daughter, he was for a long time inconsolable. "How weak I am, I who thought myself so strong," was his cry. His affection then centred itself upon his son, of whom he wished to make another self. He educated him, however, without weakness, in the love of God and of his duty.

On the last page of his *Imitation of Jesus Christ*, we find written the following resolutions:

"Every morning I will pray and ask particularly for the virtue of humility. Every day I will hear Mass, recite the Rosary, and read a chapter of the *Imitation*, with the rules and instructions. I will try to keep myself in the presence of God. I will offer my heart often to God, chiefly before commencing any action, and make an effort, by a glance at Jesus and Mary, to restrain my impatience and curb my natural inclination. I will desire all sorts of humiliation, taking care, however, not to merit them, and will rejoice when anyone blames my actions or myself. I will have no other intention in all my actions than the greater glory of God. I will make a particular examination of conscience twice a day, and a general examination in the evening. I will go to confession each week."

From this we may judge clearly of his interior life. Here the soul of the man is laid bare. Those who knew him best saw how scrupulously he performed his devotions. In camp and on journeys he would kneel and recite his beads, together with his *aide-de-camp* and the persons present. He would find means, at no matter what sacrifice to hear Mass on Sunday. On horseback, and often during a day and night, he would reach the capital almost exhausted with fatigue, yet assist at Mass before entering his own home.

Every evening, surrounded by his family and household and persons of his staff, the President recited prayers, followed by a pious reading or commentary, to express his sentiments of love of God and the confidence of His mercy with which his soul was filled. On Sunday it was worth while hearing him explain the catechism to his servants, and to see with what religious respect he assisted at the Divine offices, accompanied by his wife and son. On great occasions he went in state to the Cathedral, surrounded by his Ministers and officials, and the civil and military dignitaries. He paid frequent visits to the Blessed Sacrament, and when the Holy Viaticum was being carried to the dying, he loved to follow as escort, a lighted torch in his hand. At the Feast of Corpus Christi, there could be seen the chief of the State, in full uniform and wearing all his decorations, heading the procession and bearing the holy standard.

He had unbounded confidence in the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. To belong more particularly to her whom he called "his good Mother in Heaven," he joined one of the associations established in the capital by the Jesuits. There were two sections of this association—one for persons of distinction, the other for working-men. He joined the latter, and when told he had made a mistake, that his place was in the other reunion, he replied that his place was with the people; and he assisted regularly at their meetings, proud and happy to wear his medal of Mary among them, and they proud to have in their midst the President of the Republic.—*Messenger of the Sacred Heart.*

(To be concluded next week).

BISHOP CARBERRY DEAD.

On Monday morning the bells of St. Mary's Cathedral and St. Patrick's Church, Hamilton, were tolled to proclaim the death of the head of the Diocese of Hamilton. A message from his nephew in Cork, Ireland, brought the sad information that Bishop Carberry had died at St. Mary's priory, Cork, early in the morning. He left Hamilton last summer to seek a renewal of his health in his native land, and it was also his intention to visit Rome for the celebration of the Pope's jubilee before returning to his see.

The Right Rev. James Joseph Carberry was born in Mullingar, in Meath, Ireland, in 1822, and was therefore about 65 years of age at the time of his death. From one of the Public Schools of his boyhood's days he passed to the Diocesan Seminary of Navan, and at the conclusion of his course entered the Order of St. Dominic. He went accordingly to Rome, and entered the Convent of Our Lady of the Oak, a short distance from Viterbo. His vows of profession were made in 1834, and his theological studies were pursued in the Irish Dominican Convent of San Clemente and the College of Minerva at Rome. When he was a student at Rome Pope Pius IX. was forced to flee to Gaeta, and was accompanied and assisted by the young man who afterwards became Bishop of Hamilton. It was often said that in his younger days there was a great likeness between his handsome face and that of the Pope. After receiving the minor orders he was ordained priest by the Patriarch of Constantinople. His first field of labour after ordination was in Cork. Here his popularity with all classes was quite unusual. When he was removed to Limerick, in 1859, the citizens of Cork showed their regret and their high appreciation of his worth by a valuable testimonial. He was recalled to Cork as prior of the Community of St. Mary's after serving his term as Provincial of St. Saviour's, Linnetick, where he laboured with his usual zeal and success, his work among young men being especially noticeable. After a few months spent in Cork as prior of St. Mary's, he was called to Rome as Companion to the General of the Dominican Order, and in that capacity visited the United States, Ireland, England, Holland, Belgium and part of France. It should have been mentioned that before leaving Limerick the citizens presented him with an address and a considerable sum of money, the latter of which he at once applied to the debt on the cathedral. It was while paying a brief visit to Ireland in his capacity as socius to the General that he received intimation of his appointment to the bishopric of Hamilton.

His consecration took place on November 11th, 1883, a ceremony which was conducted on a scale of unusual splendour. The consecrating prelate was Cardinal Thomas Howard, and the assistant prelates Mgr. Salina, Arch-bishop of Chalcedonia, and Most Reverend Dr. Cleary, Bishop of Kingston. The new Bishop arrived in his diocese April 3rd, 1884, and was accorded a very enthusiastic welcome. A delegation from the various churches of Hamilton met him at Niagara Falls. A large concourse of people greeted his arrival at Hamilton and conducted him in state to the Cathedral, where the ceremony of installation was conducted by Archbishop Lynch, and the usual addresses presented from the clergy and laymen of the diocese. Bishop Carberry has since administered the affairs of his diocese with wisdom and tact. Though several reports have been received of his illness in Ireland and his inability to continue his journey to Rome, his death was hardly expected, and will cause great grief throughout his diocese. He was the third bishop of this diocese, and the second who died while absent in search of renewed health and strength. The change from the climate of Italy to that of Canada at his advanced age seems to have told severely on his constitution. After an active and useful life in the cause of religion he has died in his native land. Though not permitted to see again the city of the Seven Hills, he was surrounded by the brethren of the community over which he once presided, earning the same love and admiration which were left for him in this diocese. The dead prelate's many admirable qualities made him revered by the whole community, and

the flags floating at half mast on the post office, the Canada Life buildings and many business edifices testify to the general regret at the death of a man of such scholarship, wisdom and gentle goodness of heart. The remains will no doubt be interred in the soil of his native land. May he rest in peace. Bishop O'Mahony, who was appointed administrator of the diocese during his absence, will probably continue to act until the appointment of a new bishop.

THE SLEEPY CARTHUSIAN.

The following graceful *morceau*, sweet as anything that Goldsmith ever penned, and almost irresistibly fascinating in the extreme beauty of its simplicity, is taken from the *Pelerinage en Suisse*, by Louis Veinlott. It was translated in the *Irish Monthly*, by the editor of that excellently edited magazine, the Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J., and was pronounced by the *Spalator* one of the leading English journals - to be a veritable gem.

Many years ago there lived, in the Monastery of Gottesheim, a monk, who was strangely persecuted by an indomitable drowsiness. With the best possible intentions he could not contrive to rise at midnight to go and sing matins in the choir. Now, nature, that had made him so sleepy-headed, gave him also a mechanical turn. Without any training, without any notion of mathematics, by the mere force of reflection and labour, he manufactured a wonderful clock. To the apparatus for striking the hours he added a rude chime of bells. This, however, was insufficient, and immediately at the corners and in the middle of the little capital which surmounted the dial, he placed a black-bird, a cock, and a little drummer with his drum. At the proper hour all this made a row. For some nights things went on well, but after a certain time, when midnight came, the chimmes chimed, the black-bird whistled, the cock crew, the drummer drummed, and the monk—snored!

Another man would have been disheartened, but the brother invoked again his inventive genius, devised a serpent, which was placed under his pillow, and which, when midnight came, was sure, remorselessly, to hiss into his ear, "Get up, get up, it is the time!" This serpent was much more effective than the blackbird, the cock, the drum, and the chimmes—all of which, besides, failed not to come to his aid with a supplementary *tarantara*.

This succeeded admirably, and the Carthusian never missed awakening. Alas! in the middle of his joy at this success, he made a melancholy discovery. He had thought he was only drowsy, he sees now that he is lazy. Even when completely waked up he hesitated about leaving his hard pallet. Many a minute he lost in relishing the pleasing consciousness of being in bed.

The matter called for an immediate reform. The religious felt himself guilty, and the mechanic felt himself humiliated. Speedily a heavy board is placed over the bed in such a fashion as to fall rudely on the sluggards' feet ten seconds after the charitable warning of the serpent. More than once the poor monk betook himself to the choir lamed and bruised.

Well, would you believe it? whether it was that the serpent had lost its shrillness, or that the board had become, in course of time, less weighty, or the old man more sleepy-headed—whether it was that his limbs had grown hardened, or that he had contracted the criminal habit of drawing them back before the chastisement descended, it was not long till he felt the necessity of another invention. And so, every night before lying down he tied to his arm a strong cord, which, at the fatal hour, stretched itself on a sudden and jerked him out of bed.

At this point he had arrived. What fresh somnolent projects he was turning over in his head heaven knows, when he found himself falling asleep forever. Asleep! No, the fervent Christian judged not thus, and, in spite of his little sin of sloth, full of confidence in Him who pardons, "Ah," he cried, "I am waking up at last."—*Donahoe's Magazine*.

M. Sadi-Carnot, the new French President, is officially a Catholic, but really a deist and spiritualist, accepting the views of his friend, Jean Reynaud.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

ST. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 29th Dec., 1886.

GENTLEMEN,—

I have singular pleasure indeed in saying God-speed to your intended journal, THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW. The Church, contradicted on all sides as her Divine Founder was, bails with peculiar pleasure the assistance of her lay children in dispelling ignorance and prejudice. They can do this nobly by public journalism, and as the press now appears to be an universal instructor for either evil or good, and since it is frequently used for evil in disseminating false doctrines and attributing them to the Catholic Church, your journal will do a very great service to Truth and Religion by its publication. Wishing you all success and many blessings on your enterprise.

I am, faithfully yours,

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DEC. 24, 1887.

The mayoralty contest of this year has as one of the contestants a Catholic candidate. On the ground of municipal experience Ald. Defoe, beyond doubt, is the most suitable candidate, and as such will doubtless have the support of the bulk of his co-religionists. At the same time we regret to be compelled to observe that we think we notice a seeming desire on the part of Mr. Defoe to palliate the fact of his being a Catholic. In the *Globe* of the 16th he is reported to have announced at the St. Andrew's Hall meeting that "he would not be influenced by the Roman Catholics;" that indeed he was a liberal Catholic; had been educated, in fact, at a Methodist College, for the Rev. President of which he entertained to this day a truly tender attachment. By way of a certificate of character a supporter is reported to have declared that a man might live in the same house with Mr. Defoe for a hundred years, and never discover "whether he was a heathen or Christian." It may be objected that these are purely personal matters, if so they are of Mr. Defoe's own making. Much allowance must be made for the necessities of candidature, but Mr. Defoe should have explained that to influence a Mayor of Toronto is at the last thing in the world Catholics would take the trouble of doing. They have no favours to ask from a Mayor of Toronto. To have been educated at a Methodist College is not, in a Catholic, a fact much to boast of, unless, as may have been the case, there was none other available. We should prefer to see Mr. Defoe, as a Catholic, comport himself more robustly. He stands an excellent chance of election, and on the score of municipal experience is beyond doubt the best candidate.

The Xavier Union of New York is the Catholic Club *par excellence* on this continent. The young Catholics who compose this club are to send the Holy Father a trifle of over \$2,000 for a jubilee present. Besides this, they are getting ready to build a new club house that will cost about \$250,000.

Several weeks have now elapsed since the resignation of the Hon. Frank Smith as a member of the Dominion Government without portfolio. The resignation took place under, as they are understood, perfectly justifiable circumstances, and in resigning, we are content to believe that Mr. Smith adopted, as his friends say, the only course open to him as an honourable man. Nominally, Mr. Smith was the representative in the Cabinet, of the Catholics of this province. Whether the system that appears to obtain of Cabinet representation of the various religious and class interests be, or be not, a desirable feature in the public life of the country, may be open to question; but the system, undeniably, is of present acceptance. The Orange Order, for example, is represented in the person of the Minister of Customs, the Baptist and Temperance bodies in the Minister of Marine and Fisheries; the Brewers, even, in the person of the Post Master-General; the appointment of the Hon. John Macdonald to the Senate a few days ago, was understood to be meant to honour, in a sense, the entire Methodist body, and so on this political recognition will be found to be made in the case of any considerable body, or any considerable interest. Dealing, therefore, with facts as we find them, the Catholic body of Ontario is entitled to representation. Who is to be that representative minister? The return of the Hon. Frank Smith to the Council is, we take it, unlikely. He is understood to have entered the Cabinet with some little reluctance, and he is known to have remained in it at some personal inconvenience, and doubtless with no little sacrifice to his immense business interests. Glancing, then, over the province, who is available, or rather who is acceptable, among the supporters of the Government as a man to be entrusted with our representation? The name of Mr. J. J. Curran, M.P., of Montreal, will doubtless occur at once to very many, but unfortunately, Mr. Curran does not belong to Ontario. A man of splendid abilities, he could not be spared, it is believed, by the people of his own Province. Looking then towards home, among our few available men before the public there stands out at least one conspicuously fitted for the position. That man is the Hon. Dr. Sullivan, of Kingston. A Senator, and as such, not under the necessity of securing a safe seat, a man of ripe scholarship and liberal reading, a lecturer in Queen's University, the President for many years of the Dominion Medical Association, an intimate friend of the Premier; a man, too, who has never been, as too many have, a mere hanger-on of a political party—above all a staunch Catholic, he has kept Catholic ends up for years in the very Derry of Canada, and as a representative of the Catholics of this Province in the affairs of the government, on personal and on public grounds, is a man acceptable on his merits. The position of THE REVIEW in this matter, will not, we trust, be misunderstood. It has no connection of any kind with any political party. Not a line of partisan politics ever appeared in its columns, not a line ever will. But the time is past, it believes, when any political tub-thumper was thought good enough as a Catholic, to be pitchforked into high public position. If our representatives must be politicians, at least let them be chosen from the best men among them. No satisfactory choice can be conducted on a Chestnut Park basis. The necessity for what we have said may not seem apparent. It is none the less real though.

The St. Louis *Western Watchman* gives it as the result of its experience that "the so-called *creme de la creme* of our Catholic people do not read religious papers. Their wives and daughters subscribe for the devotional periodicals, and feed their piety with edifying droppings from the pulpit and sanctuary." This sort of Catholicity the Milwaukee *Citizen* believes to be of the same character as Ritualism, and attributable to the same mental and physiological causes, "It is piety without intelligence."

Under the heading "Emotional Atheism," the Rochester *Post-Express* of a recent issue reviews the last article contributed to the *North American Review* by Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, entitled "A Reply to the Rev. Henry M. Field, D.D.," with whom he has been engaged in a polemical contest. The *Post-Express'* article is most agreeable reading. As a rule, ridicule is more potent than indignant criticism. It is some years since Father Lambert's famous "Notes" were first published, and the public has not ceased laughing yet at Mr. Ingersoll's wiggling. Like Father Lambert, the *Post-Express* treats Mr. Ingersoll, from first to last, simply with irony. In floridity of eloquence, and in the capacity of being by turns tenderly and heroically emotional, Mr. Ingersoll possesses, in an eminent degree, the accessories that go to make up an effective music-hall rhetorician; but it is as a logician, though, that he is adjudged most meretricious.

"This open letter," says the *Post-Express*, "will probably be one of the noted infidel's most popular productions; for it is written in his happiest vein, so far as style is concerned, glittering with ornament, redolent of perfume, and sparkling with light. It is witty; it is sentimental; it lacks not a single one of the author's well-worn rhetorical graces. 'The Mother,' 'the Babe,' 'the Flowers' and 'the Sunshine' tumble about among the gorgeous sentences in playful confusion. We catch the usual dramatic glimpses of Torquemada and John Calvin, the Inquisition and Predestination, lit by the lurid flames of the crackling faggot, and moving to the customary accompaniment of the clanking chain, the squeaking thumb screw and the hissing lash. Lincoln, Darwin, Abraham, Prometheus, Humboldt, Giordano Bruno, Buddha, Shakespeare, Caiaphas Agassiz, Confucius, Jonathan Edwards and all the boys are turned out in dress parade, magnificent in whatsoever tinsel, cloth of gold and sable feathers a nimble imagination may find among the resources of a gaudy vocabulary. It is Emotional Atheism out for a holiday, and flaunting in the cast-off finery of that stately lady, Science!"

Whatever hanging and burning, the article goes on to say, has taken place in the world, as the work of persecution for religious opinion, the victims were commonly men and women of strong religious convictions, who died rather than violate the dictates of conscience. They were not Atheists. "Atheism," says Bacon, "leaves a man to sense, to philosophy, to natural piety, to laws, to reputation," adding, significantly, that "it makes men wary of themselves as looking no further." Speaking of them in a friendly spirit, the *Post-Express* is yet constrained to say that they are not the stuff of which self-sacrificing heroes, as a general thing, are made. "They are canny, prudent, obsequious fellows in the main, who bend readily to armed and threatening circumstances, and one might guarantee to eat all that are roasted for opinion's sake, without laying himself open to cannibalism." Even Mr. Ingersoll, who poses as a martyr, has managed to get along tolerably well in the world, and make as much money out of his Atheism as the sensational preachers out of their sensational Christianity.

As a "picturesque infidel" Mr. Ingersoll is nowhere more picturesque than in his logic. He clinches an argu-

ment for the immutability of natural laws, and against the possibility of miracles, by saying, "An infinite God could not change the relation between the diameter and the circumference of a circle," doubtless a most convincing *argumentum ad vulgum*. But even on this, as on other points, Mr. Ingersoll is careful not to come to close quarters. In his recent work, "The Tactics of Infidels," Father Lambert thus disposes of the stock arguments of the unbelievers:

"God in working miracles does not change, or abrogate, or interfere with the forces of nature. He simply intervenes, by His power, between the action of these forces and their results, or does directly what those forces could not of themselves do. He intervenes between the forces and their results. I will make this clear by an illustration. I hold in my hand a pound weight. By thus holding it I do not interfere with the force of gravitation, for the force still acts and presses on my hand to the extent of a pound. I do, however, intervene between that force and its result, for I prevent the weight from falling, which would be the result if I did not intervene."

Not one argument of Father Lambert's has Col. Ingersoll yet been able to attack.

We are unable, by reason of the necessity of space, to follow in its fulness the *Post-Express'* clever review of Mr. Ingersoll's sophisms. It is on the emotional aspect of Atheism that it is particularly happy, on which head we must make one further quotation:

"In conclusion, we humbly suggest to Mr. Ingersoll that mothers and babes are not in any special way the property and the peculiar care of Atheism; that a bachelor is twice as apt to be a skeptic as a married man, that sunshine and flowers are nice things in themselves, but not conducive to hard work of mind or body; that in close discussion the formulation of judgment is more important than the shaping of a metaphor; that he should depend more upon logic and less upon rhetoric, classifying his thought and simplifying his style; that he should not weary his lively imagination in the invention of facts; that free thinking is not necessarily loose thinking; that greater economy of the flowers of speech, and a more lavish expenditure of truth, would well become him; that, above all things, he should put aside the idea that Atheists are *ex necessitate res pure*, loving, high-minded, tolerant, law-abiding, for a man may not believe in a God and yet be, like Johann Most, August Spies, and many a one of their followers, a nasty, mean, disreputable, and dangerous person, and a man who asserts his own right to disbelieve may be very fierce in denying his neighbour's right to believe, as was the case with the enthusiastic Atheists who closed the churches in Paris something less than a hundred years ago, and strung the priests to the lamp-posts. The man who has shown that belief in God has no effect on moral character, should let well enough alone, and not try to show that disbelief in God transfigures it. When a fellow has demonstrated that black is white, he should not rub it in by turning round and proving that white is deep yellow."

Mr. Ingersoll's strong point is "Emotionalism," not logic.

About a year ago that select coterie of Christians, which has been composed, at one time or another, of such edifying characters as Achilli, Chiniquy, Widdows, Maria Monk, and Edith O'Gorman, was reinforced by an American Protestant clergyman, one Rev. Justin D. Fulton, who set himself to exterminate, root and branch, the Catholic Church on this continent. Resembling very closely in his methods his predecessors, it was not long before people possessing the ordinary instincts of decency were disgusted by a propaganda of putridity, in comparison with which Zolaism itself would seem innocence. However palatable his filthy calumnies may have been to the Philistines, the respectable press, to its credit be it said, had no words but

condemnation for the unspeakable fellow; the Boston *Herald* and other journals protesting against his lectures as an outrage on public decency. A short time ago the Rev. Fulton contracted with the manager of Rand, Avery & Co., of Boston to have a book printed, the title of which was to be "Why Priests should Wed." The contract was made before the manuscript had been examined. The printing house of Rand, Avery & Co. is one of the greatest and most widely known in America, and the firm is composed wholly of Protestant gentlemen. It was not until the MS. had been put into the hands of their printers that the horrible nature of its contents became known to the heads of the firm, in whose words it is best that the remainder of the story be told:—

"We wish to place ourselves upon record as being perfectly willing to print any book for or against the Catholic Church—that is, we are a printing house, our business is to do every kind of printing for any person, provided that the matter is fit for publication. We do not side with any sect, as making books is our business, and hardly a day passes without work being pulled off of our presses for both Catholics and Protestants. . . . There is a point at which we are likely to be notified should anything unfit for publication accidentally slip in, and it was here that 'Why Priests Should Wed' was caught and returned to our manager. The superintendent of the book composition room notified the manager that 'Why Priests Should Wed' was creating considerable trouble among the female portion of our book room; that our female help thought it an outrage that we should ask them to handle the language contained in that book. We then read the manuscript in our hands, and decided that it was indecent. We then sent for Dr. Fulton and informed him that his book was obscene; that we would not print it, and perhaps used a little stronger language, for we were very indignant at the trouble he had caused us, and informed him that we would not only not print the book, but that we would not deliver his manuscript until the question of its decency had been decided upon."

And how does the Rev. Fulton meet this grave representation? By howling vengeance on the respectable publishing house, whom he denounces as "cowards" and "trucklers to Romish influence." "If it is shown," answers the company, "that this book is fit for publication, we will publish it," and they concluded with these words, terrible, a New England journal remarks, to any man with grace or decency in his nature:

"The book is not only unfit for us to print, but it is unfit for any establishment in America to print. Rand Avery Company, John C. Rand, Pres.; Moses King, Treas.; Thomas W. Lawson, Manager."

The managers of the Central Presbyterian Church should secure this strong card for a season.

THE PROTESTANT MINISTER.

It hardly helps the cause of toleration or the cause of Christian sympathy to have great bodies of Protestant ministers representing the Catholics to their church-goers as dangerous people, to be shunned or feared or antagonized as if they were anarchists or polygamists. It does not allay religious rancor or culture a feeling of Christian brotherhood. On the contrary, it nourishes latent prejudices and creates mutual suspicions. This is a species of work to which the Protestant clergy elects to devote itself. Many of the evangelical preachers are not like Fulton, or even Burchard; they are liberal enough to let the Catholics be classed as Christians. They can commend certain things about the Catholic Church. But in the sum total their verdict is against it. No voice at their conclaves is raised to object at classing a body of fellow Christians as dangerous, pernicious and hateful. When a Protestant minister begins to think well of the Catholic Church, he begins to doubt his own orthodoxy. He does not feel permitted to do such a thing. To be an effective teacher of Protestantism he must

cultivate and not correct, inflame and not rationalize his antagonism to the "Church of Rome."

Hundreds of Protestant preachers are as little pleased as the Catholic clergy are with the exclusion of religious instruction from the public schools. When the letter of the law is strictly enforced, and they find that the prohibition against sectarianism shuts out Protestantism as well as Catholicity, they are illy pleased with the fact. But the merits of the question are forgotten, in view of the opportunity it affords to put "Rome" in an unpopular position. It is an opportunity to split the ears of the groundlings and to show up the Catholics as disloyal to American institutions. It is a further opportunity to whisper innuendos in the ear of the Protestant voter against the manliness of his Catholic fellow-citizen, and to suggest a creed line in politics.

The exceptions like Beecher or the late Dr. Hodge merely serve to prove the rule: It makes no difference that the Catholic Church is faced against socialism, turned with decision against intemperance and Sunday desecration, hostile alike to the simultaneous polygamy of the Mormons and the successive polygamy of—well, the Protestants. No matter what the culture or the reading of the Protestant minister may be, and no matter what he has seen and heard to enlighten him, his position towards the Catholic Church differs only in finesse of hostility and circuitry of prejudice from that of the most belligerent tub-thumper of the backwoods.

This is the cult of the Protestant ministry, and it is intelligible only in the light of historical analysis. Protestantism is a religion of protest—an opposition party which defines its position by negatives. It is not a revelation or a body of sacred and helpful teachings, but a bolt. Unless the spirit of antagonism is nurtured, the spirit of Protestantism is dead. If there are facts that interfere, so much the worse for the facts. The candidate for the Protestant ministry has one of his moral and intellectual and manly senses perverted as a method of his training, and this is the sense that looks towards the Catholic Church. No other theory can explain the blind hostility and the un-Christian judgment of many Protestant ministers (who are good men, cultured men, benevolent men, and men whose labors evince a spirit of true Christianity), when the work or the character or the fair claims of the Catholic Church come in anyway in controversy.—*Cath. Citizen, Milwaukee.*

CANADIAN CHURCH NEWS.

Father Kelly, of Kingston, has been cabled by Bishop Cleary that he has arrived at Paris *en route* to Rome.

Solemn High Mass will be sung at midnight on Christmas at the Church of Our Lady of the Lourdes, Sherbourne street.

A division of the Archdiocese of New York is spoken of, it having grown already to such immense proportions as to necessitate such a step.

A splendid new Catholic Church, erected at a cost of eighty thousand dollars, has been consecrated at Varennes, a short distance down the river from Montreal.

Monsignor Farrelly, pastor of Belleville, is the administrator of the Diocese of Kingston during the absence of Bishop Cleary in Europe. Vicar-General Macdonald, of Alexandria, has the immediate charge of the eastern district.

The preaching of Rev. Father Henning, C. SS. R., continues to attract large congregations at St. Patrick's Church, William street. The Rev. Father has been delivering a series during the four Sundays of Advent.

Cardinal Taschereau has ordered that a *Te Deum* be sung in all the churches of the Archdiocese of Quebec in honour of the Jubilee of His Holiness the Pope, on January 1st next. His Eminence has also issued a circular instructing the clergy of the Archdiocese to prohibit the giving of entertainments, public or private, no matter what the object may be, on Sundays or Feasts of Obligation.

The Quebec papers announce that Laval University is about to issue the first number of a new review to be called *Le Canada Francais*. The first year it will appear quarterly, each number to contain about 200 pages, and the price will be two dollars per annum. The committee who will have charge of the review is composed of Mgr. T. E. Hamel, Manager; Hon. A. B. Routhier, Abbé H. R. Casgrain, L. H. Paquet (Secretary), and J. C. K. Laflamme.

† Very Rev. Father Vincent, C. S. B., Provincial of the Basilians, accompanied by Rev. Father Hours, C. S. B., has returned to St. Michael's College from France much improved in health. It is expected that Father Vincent will sing High Mass at St. Basil's Church on Sunday next, Feast of the Nativity.

Pope Leo has signalized his jubilee year, so far as Canada is concerned, by the elevation of Very Rev. Edward Langevin, Vicar-General of the diocese of Rimouski, to a high position in his household, besides conferring the title of Monsignor. This is a greater honour than "Monsieur." His Lordship has long been known for his literary tastes, being the author of two important historical works, one of which is the Life of Mgr. Laval, first Bishop of Quebec. He is a man of great administrative capacity, and rumour has it he will be promoted to the episcopate at an early day.

A pastoral letter from His Grace, Archbishop Fabre, was read, Sunday, in the churches of the Sacred Heart, St. Jean Baptiste, Church of the Nativity (Hochelaga), St. Infant Jesus and Church of the Immaculate Conception, Montreal, to the effect that His Grace, after serious deliberation, had come to the conclusion that it was absolutely necessary in the interest of the Catholics of those localities to establish a new parish which would be known as the parish of St. Gregoire le Thaumaturge, the parish church to be that of the Immaculate Conception on Rachel street, which is under the direction of the reverend Jesuit fathers.

A branch of the Society of the Sacred Heart was established yesterday (Sunday) afternoon among the boys of St. Michael's School, under the direction of Bro. Francis. The following officers were elected: Ed. Duggan, President; B. McQuillan, Vice-President; Ed. Short, Secretary; A. Duggan, Treasurer; C. O'Donohoe, Librarian. The following approbation was received from the Archbishop:

ST. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, Dec. 19, 1887.

We hereby bless and approve of the Society of the Sacred Heart established at De La Salle Institute, St. Michael's School.

(Signed) † JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

The president of the St. Jean Baptiste Society, Montreal, Dr. E. P. Lachapelle, has just received the illuminated address which is to be presented by the Society to His Holiness the Pope on the occasion of his jubilee. The address was illuminated by Mr. Arthur Arcand, of the Department of State, Ottawa, and reflects the very highest credit upon that gentleman. Above the address are the words "Sa Sainteté Leon XIII.," underneath is the Papal coat of arms. To the right is the coat of arms of the Society, and to the left that of the Province of Quebec. In the two lower corners are the beaver and the cross, sword and plough, together with a miniature view of Montreal and the city coat of arms. The address is as follows:—

To the Holy Father:

The National Association of St. Jean Baptiste, in placing its flag under the protection of the Holy Father, who is the successor of Jesus Christ, desires to affirm its profound faith in the Holy Roman Catholic Church, and to perpetuate on this continent of America the grand traditions of ancient France, which among all the nations occupies

towards the Holy See the position of honour as the faithful daughter of the Church.

New France, Most Holy Father, has not degenerated, and when your illustrious predecessor demanded the best of their race, her brave children, as previously in the Crusade, did not hesitate to cross the ocean to defend the flag of the Church in the Eternal City.

In celebrating to-day the sacerdotal jubilee of Your Holiness, which the righteous all over the world are honouring, the St. Jean Baptiste Association, of Montreal, lays itself at your feet. They pray, Most Holy Father, that you will accord your benediction to the nation which they represent; in short, that they may be all-powerful under the eye of Heaven, accomplishing their brilliant destinies and offering to Heaven their most sincere prayers for the continuation, during many years yet, of your glorious pontificate.

E. P. LACHAPELLE, M.D.,
President.
A. A. GAUTHIER,
Secretary.

TO THE INFANT JESUS IN HIS CRIB.

Translated from the German for the CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW, by G. M. WARD.

Sleep on, sweet Babe, sleep whilst Thou canst,
Sleep, Heav'nly Infant, sleep.
The angels' pinions gently fan
And soothe Thy slumbers deep.
Now, whilst 'Thou canst, Thine eyelids close
And slumber on in sweet repose;
Slumber, oh! slumber,
Heav'nly Babe, oh! slumber.

With cov'rings warm all tenderly
See, Mary wraps Thee round,
And Joseph, not to waken Thee,
Scarce breathes or utters sound.
E'en whilst 'Thou canst, Thine eyelids close,
And slumber on in sweet repose;
Slumber, oh! slumber,
Heav'nly Babe, oh! slumber.

One day, down Golgotha's dark side,
Thy sacred Blood must flow,
By foes Thou must be crucified
And in the tomb laid low.
So, whilst 'Thou canst, Thine eyelids close,
And slumber on in sweet repose;
Slumber, oh! slumber,
Heav'nly Babe, oh! slumber.

Many an infant now asleep
Upon its mother's knee,
Must suffer pain and anguish deep
When he a man shall be.
Dear Infant, by Thy childhood fair,
Help that poor soul its cross to bear;
Slumber, oh! slumber,
Heav'nly Babe! oh, slumber.

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Condé B. Pallen, Ph. D., has retired from the editorship of the *Catholic World* of St. Louis.

The North-West Review, of Winnipeg, a Catholic journal, is now under the ownership and editorship of Mr. N. D. Beck, LL.B., of that city. Under Mr. Beck's direction, we are confident new life and vigour will be infused into it.

Out of a population in Ireland of less than 5,000,000, there are 1,000,000 children attending school. It is the greatest proportion found among any people in the world. This item of news will surprise no one who knows the

Irish people, and the great love of learning that has ever marked a country that has always been the island of Saints and, ages ago, the land of scholars.

Mr. P. V. Hickey, editor of the Brooklyn *Catholic Review*, sailed for Europe on the *Alaska* on Tuesday. Mr. Hickey has been in ill health for some time, and it is hoped that his trip will restore him. He will be present in Rome during the jubilee celebration. Mr. L. W. Reilly, formerly editor of the *Baltimore Mirror*, will conduct his publications during his absence in Europe.

The first American to be knighted by a Pope is Charles L. Webster, of New York. He was made a knight of the order of Pius, a few days ago by His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. Mr. Webster, who is the well-known publisher and the partner of Mark Twain, receives this honour because of his labours upon the life of the Pope, regarding which he visited Rome, and was granted an audience by Leo, and which his firm brought out a short time ago, both here and in Europe. The apostolic brief conferring the title, is on a piece of sheepskin two feet square, and is beautifully engrossed.

A notable convert to the Faith was the late Joseph

Middleton, Esq., of Woodside, Chestnut Hill, Pa. He was a member of the Society of Friends until he had reached middle life, when he, and his wife and children, were received into the Church by Father Domenec, afterwards Bishop of Pittsburg. Two of his daughters became Sisters of Mercy, and his only son became a priest of the Order of St. Augustine. Mr. Middleton was the original owner of the property on which the beautiful Mother-House and Academy of the Sisters of St. Joseph, at Chestnut Hill, Pa., now stand. He was seventy-four years of age at the time of his death. May he rest in peace!—*The Pilot*.

Archbishop McGettigan, the deceased primate of all Ireland, was said to be the courtliest and grandest looking prelate in the Vatican Council. He was six feet three inches in height and every inch a gentleman. He was born in 1814, and was ordained a priest in 1839. He is a hero of a suit that was famous in the annals of the Irish priesthood. He advised a man to restore some stolen goods. The Orange magistrate got wind of it and summoned him to name the guilty person. He refused and was sent to the county jail on a charge of compounding a felony. Daniel O'Connell took up the case, and had the priest acquitted.

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C. EUG. PANET,

Colonel,
Deputy of the Minister of Militia and Defence,
Ottawa, 25th November, 1887.

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A. GOBELL,
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Department of Public Works,
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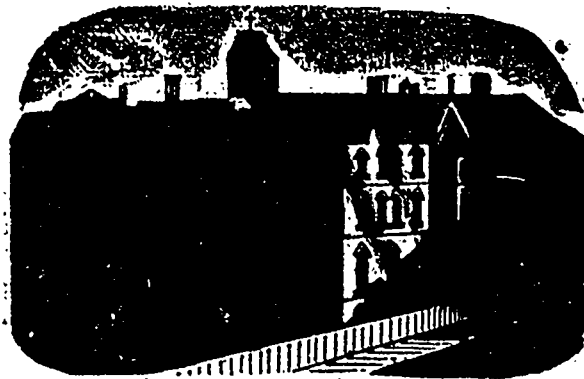
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