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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. III

Toronto, Saturday, Dec., 14 1889.

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Notes.

The London *World*, Mr. Edmund Yates's paper, says of Cardinal Gibbons, that he visited London about three years ago "and is probably the only Prince of the Church who has been seen sitting in a weighing machine in an underground railway station."

Without entering at all into the domain of party politics THE REVIEW may be allowed to congratulate the country upon the appointment of Mr. Colby to a place in the Cabinet. The member for Stanstead succeeds to the Presidency of the Council. Mr. Colby brings to the Cabinet Council an order of talents unfortunately rare in the public life of the country, and apart from the claim which these, and his long parliamentary experience give him to his position, we welcome his promotion on the higher and broader ground that his presence there, may be taken, as the Montreal *Gazette* admirably expressed it, as that of the representative of the principle of conciliation in the Cabinet. Mr. Colby's speech on the Jesuit question will rank as one of the finest bits of Canadian Parliamentary eloquence, and was marked by the most generous sentiments, and by statesmanlike wisdom and prudence. If any of our readers have not read this speech, we recommend that they do so. It is to be found in full in THE REVIEW of the 30th of March last.

Mr. Colby sits for Stanstead, one of the Protestant constituencies of Quebec Province, and his return to it to seek re-election is incidentally of interest in that it will give the country an opportunity of judging the measure of the vaunted strength of the Equal Rights party in that Province. Until a day or two ago the Equal Rights managers had not succeeded in prevailing upon any one to oppose Mr. Colby. Since then, however, they have got a candidate, and we shall be able to judge, after the election, the extent of the Equal Rights strength and the Equal Rights sentiment in the English-speaking parts of Quebec Province.

The *Globe*, in commenting upon the circumstances of the street attack upon the Archbishop, goes in a very few words to the root of the whole trouble. "It is in every way too bad," it says. "But it is the natural outcome of some of the teaching and spouting which have lately been current in these quarters. If a Jesuit can justifiably be 'shot down' like a mad dog, surely an Archbishop may be stoned! Let those whom it concerns lay this and that together and let them henceforth set a watch upon their tongues and pens. Lessons of violence are only too easily learned." Of those who were engaged in the attack it says, "they are ignorant, Godless, mannerless blackguards, who, if caught, ought to serve a term in the Central Prison."

THE REVIEW would be the last journal in the world to in the slightest degree minimize either the extent or the seriousness of the assault upon the Archbishop; yet for the good name of the city and country we could wish that the unfortunate incident should not be exaggerated. So far as the Catholic public of Toronto are concerned, to their credit be it said, they have shown no disposition to exaggerate it, and save upon the grounds simply of the public well-being have preferred to treat the incident as unworthy of notice. But we are forced to say that some of the accounts of the affair published in the American papers, have been frightfully distorted. Our excellent contemporary the *Freeman's Journal* of New York, in particular has been sadly misled in the matter. Half of the entire front page of its last number is given up to a wood cut engraving which purports to represent what took place at St. Michael's Cathedral. It is the picture of a bloody engagement. The street is in the hands of an armed mob, a prostrate priest, is being clubbed on the head by at least a half dozen murderous fellows, the air is full of smoke, and revolvers are being shot off in every direction. The main figure in the foreground has a huge revolver outstretched at full cock in his right hand, while his left clutches a brick. In a belt around his waist is another huge revolver and an equally large bowie knife. The figure would make a fine companion one to that of the Assistant Tormentor in Messrs Gilbert and Sullivan's opera of "the Yeoman of the Guard." In putting a thing like this out as a description of what took place in this city, our contemporary publishes a hideous libel, the bad effects of which are apt to be very far reaching. One of the most unfortunate things in connection with the assault upon the Archbishop is that a few cowardly blackguards by their miserable actions have brought not only Toronto, but Canada, in an unenviable light before the world; because the circumstance has been telegraphed all over the world. We are pretty certain to feel the effect of it in the matter at least of our immigration; the benefit will be to our United States neighbours. The Catholic emigrant will give a wide berth to our country, and Toronto will be known as a Canadian Belfast.

CARMEL.

III.

THE MAN FROM TEXAS.

Carmel had found a welcome in New York from her father's brother. Mr. and Mrs. Boynton were in what is called "good" society, and, like "good" society itself, they were of the earth, earthy. They were childless, and Carmel's beauty and "distinguished air"—good society loves a distinguished air—induced them to receive her cordially. They were not wealthy, but they had a fair income, so Carmel was allowed to consult dress-makers, and, by and by, those feeble-minded creatures, of unknown sex, the fashionable correspondents, gushed over her Spanish eyes and general attractiveness.

At first Carmel was unwilling to live with her relatives. She wanted to work; but it became apparent that the old people had grown very fond of her, so she submitted to wear purple and fine linen, and go out a great deal.

"After a time, she said to her uncle, "I will pay you for these fine things, though I can never pay you for the kindness. In time I will sell the land of my father."

"Very well," said the old man, with a kind smile, "you can pay me when the land sells for a million."

"What does the child mean by talking of land?" Mrs. Boynton asked later. "I never heard that your brother left anything."

"Carmel's land is not worth anything. It's a wild jungle in Mexico, Robbs tells me; but don't tell the child. She likes to look forward to being an heiress some day."

It would be untrue to pretend that in this atmosphere, made up of the effluvia of stale feasts, the breath of flattery, and the vapid scent of plants that blossom only in the ball-room, Carmel did not lose some of her simplicity; and yet the bloom was not all rubbed off the peach. She was very earnest in her religious duties, and her meditations before the Blessed Sacrament kept a spring undefiled in her heart, and made her unconscious of certain influences that might have spoiled her.

She seldom uttered a prayer without the remembrance of a young man who had saved her from a fate worse than death. She never hoped to meet him again, though sometimes when a round of gaiety had left her wearied and disgusted, she longed to speak to him; for to her he was the representative of a purer and better life.

During Lent, while the Jesuits were preaching a mission, she was seized with a yearning for earnest life. It was so calm, so peaceful. There were no temptations in it. She was tired of the world and its vanities; she longed for peace.

It is scarcely fair to confess that she tried on a nun-like costume and thought she would make a nice-looking sister. If she had found the dress unbecoming, she would not have given up her aspirations, she would have sought out a new order with a more suitable dress. The Jesuit Father smiled when she told her story, her hopes, her longings, her disgust with the world.

"I have never thought of marriage," she exclaimed. Never! There is no man in the world—"but here she paused and blushed. She thought of a certain young man who might—

"And where is he, my child?" asked the Director, translating her thought.

"There is no 'he' Father," she answered in confusion, "that is, I met him in Texas." And she told the episode.

The good Father made it plain to her that a disgust of the world and the knowledge that a certain habit became her, would not make a nun. She would never marry, she declared, never. Father Dalton smiled again.

As she went homeward that evening she met Mr. Robbs. Robbs—R. Champagne Robbs—was a young man of the "best" society. He belonged to several clubs, occasionally drove a coach, and was reported to be a great swell, quite in the English style. He drank a little too much at times, but nobody minded that, as it was said he had great influence in Wall Street.

Lounging in the window of the Union Club this afternoon—it is quite in the English style to lounge in a club before dinner—R. De Champagne Robbs has made an exclamation.

"That little Carmel Boynton is a dashing fine gal," said his friend, Frederick Algernon Smythe. "Made a fine show ridin' with the hounds over on Long Branch the other day. Pretty, by Jove! There she goes—goin' to church. Pious, by Jove! prayer-book and all. Pity she's so dashed poor!"

"Poor!" This was Robb's exclamation. "She's one of the richest girls in the country, if this be true. Look here!" And Robbs read:

"Silver mine near Santiago—mum—mum—mum—Tremendous excitement—mum—mum—two millions—mum—mum—daily working capacity—"

"What's the matter with you, dear boy?" demanded the languid Smythe, fingering the japonica in his coat. "Don't read in such an excited manner. What do I care about it? What does it all mean?"

"It means that Carmel Boynton owns a silver mine. Old Boynton showed me the deed, but the experts said it was no good. I'll just telephone to old Caudle in Wall Street.

"And propose to the little Mexican," said Smythe, ruefully. "It may be awfully jolly to you, but it's an awful sell on us other fellows."

Old Caudle's answer must have been satisfactory, for De Champagne Robbs made himself very agreeable to Carmel on her way home; and when she reached her room she had entirely forgotten her dissatisfaction with the world.

In the meantime Robbs became master of the details relating to the Mexican mines. He was so well contented that he proposed to old Boynton for Carmel.

"She is such a child," De Champagne said, ingeniously, "that I thought it best to come to you first; besides, I prefer the European style in most things."

"I have no money to give her," said Boynton, knowing that the European fashion demanded a dowry.

Tears forced themselves into the disinterested youngman's eyes.

"You do not intend to insult me, I am sure," he said, gently. "I am very sensitive. Money and love are, with me, incompatible."

My Boynton was much affected, and the matter was arranged. The old couple congratulated themselves as having made a good sale of Carmel. People said that young Robbs was fast, to be sure; but then, people also said Robbs was rich.

But why prolong a story which would consist now in the recital of the nothings that "good" society uttered apropos of this sale. It was concluded by everybody that Carmel was engaged. A letter from Mr. Robbs will explain what did happen better than a mere observer could do it. It was written to his dear English friend, Mr. Harcourt Vane, whom he had met during his travels abroad:

"I have been 'left' again, dear boy—left again. I told you of the San Jose heiress. You know of the vile American custom of letting girls have opinions of their own. Well, Carmel has opinions of her own. I saw the old man and made it right with him. He told me she was a Romanist, but I didn't mind that, there are some really nice Romanists, you know. And I don't care much about my wife's religion, provided she doesn't interfere with the children. Well, I sent her an immense bouquet on a cotillion night—a regular stunner, cost me five pounds. And then I asked her, and told her the old fellow was willing. She hesitated. We were at De Stacy Robinson's ball. I was in the act of seeing her to her carriage. I felt her hand tremble on my arm. There was a slight murmur—yo gods! I saw myself master of the San Jose mines.

"The Robinsons—awfully crude Americans, you know—had a calcium light in front of their house, and just as we reached the sidewalk a man fell in front of us. I thought he was drunk, so I kicked him. Carmel screamed and called out something. In an instant she was kneeling beside the tramp, her satin dress trailing in the mud.

"He wasn't drunk. He is a certain young Irish-American, James Delaney. He was sick. He had known Carmel in some wild cow-boy district. And as I kicked, his coat flew

open, and she saw a medal or a scapulary or something she had given him.

"Well, she recognized him, and he recognized her. He had come all the way from Texas to tell her that she was the greatest heiress in America. His pocket-book had nothing in it but papers on the San Jose mines. She had him taken to Mr. Boynton's, and she and a Sister of Charity nursed him.

"Everybody says she will marry the fellow. He has gone South as manager of the San Jose mines, on an immense commission, they say, and taken his aged parents—some low people, I believe with him.

"Carmel has put a lot of money into some institution for the education of young girls. Isn't it too bad? They say she goes to Mass every morning, and that this fellow attributes all the good that has come to him to his having been true to some Papistical rules of which that scapulary was the badge. Queer idea! I'd become a Romanist to-morrow if it would bring me such good luck. I said this to Carmel, but she said it wouldn't do."

THE END.

"STYLE" IN LITERATURE AND ART.

There is often heard a complaint that Catholic writers give too little attention to style. And in some cases it may be true that they depend too much on the steel in their arrow, without giving sufficient attention to the feather that carries it through the air. It is true that style in writing, as means to an end, is very little considered in our schools. As to style in the pulpit, it is doubtful whether Massillon himself, if he had to crowd into his day's work the duties of a financier, of a ministering angel, of an adviser of all sorts of people on all kinds of topics, would find time to cultivate a fine manner. As to style in our printed books, it is generally as slipshod as possible, when the author translates from a foreign language. Dip into some of our books of devotion, for instance, and try to imagine the result of a study of these on the spoken or written style; it is probably, however, the manner in which our books are published which makes people associate all kinds of glittering and horrible ornaments with a Catholic book.

We are constantly told that Catholic books are avoided because people have degenerated; that they must have food for babes, not meat for strong men. And yet there are certain Catholic books which everybody of taste longs for, and gives them places of honor when he can get them decently bound. But the Catholic publisher—the English Catholic publisher as well as his American brother—is like the merry news-vendor of the railroad cars. He drops a lump of leaden literature into one's lap and expects one to keep it. Take, for instance, "The Dream of Gerontius" or "Dion and the Sibyls" or "I Promessi Sposi," and who would not—be he Catholic or Protestant—be glad to see well-printed editions bound appropriately?

Who longs for an angular palm-tree on the back of his book? Or a wreath of cheap and unnatural flowers? Or a chunk of gilt dropped on a surface of crude red or green cloth? The publisher will probably tell you that the hideous palm-tree stamp, or the other abominable ornament, costs money. It is not, however, a question of money: it is a question of taste. A simple, honest binding may cost less than the gilded stuff which has made the "premium volume" a thing of horror.

There may come a time, too, when the proof-reader will not be entirely monopolized by the secular press, and when the now unhappy author may find pertinent queries and lovely suggestions on the margins of his proofs; when his Greek accents will be laboriously looked into, and his slips of the pen ruthlessly marked. Every Sir Walter Scott can not have a Lockhart, but every publisher ought to have a good proof-reader; and a good proof-reader is worth his weight in gold.

A careful attention to the style of getting out Catholic books might increase their circulation. Cardinal Gibbons' "Our Christian Heritage"—a book long and anxiously waited for—is an example of how pleasantly the publisher can disport himself at the expense of good taste.

It is a very fortunate thing that the members of the Catholic

hierarchy in this country are so remarkably humble and modest that they would rather welcome shocks to the *amour propre*, if they had any. Who but the most modest of men could endure the counterfeit presentments of themselves which our press presents to its readers on every occasion? The suggestion of the late Catholic Congress, that there should be a daily paper, opens an agreeable vista. Fancy how everybody yearns to see these pictures every day instead of merely once a week.

The present writer remembers that a long time ago he, being then in a house of bondage, sought to appease an insatiable public appetite for the pictures of prelates by serving them up in the usual fashion; and he was only awakened to the enormity of his offence when a devout subscriber—a lady who had married a non-Catholic husband—pathetically begged him to stop them, as they prejudiced her husband against the Church!

Ah, yes! we need more style.—*M. F. Egan in Ave Maria.*

REV. FATHER EGAN ON THE CHURCH AND THE BIBLE.

What is the Bible? The Bible is not one book but a number of books, written not by one man, but by different men at various times and for various purposes. The various books composed by various men, at various times, and for various purposes, were collected into one volume, and that volume is called the Bible. The Bible is divided into the Old and New Testament. The Old Testament contains Revelations of God to man to the coming of Christ. The New Testament records Revelations of God to man made through Christ and the Apostles. The Old Testament contains twenty-one historical books, which are: the five books of Moses, the book of Josua, the book of Judges, the book of Ruth, the four books of Kings, the Book of Chronicles, the book of Esdras, the book of Nahumias, the book of Tobias, the book of Judith, the book of Esther, the two books of Machabees; seven didactic books, namely: Job, the sayings of Solomon, the Preacher, the Canticle of Canticles, Wisdom and Search; and sixteen prophetic books, that is the four great prophets, Isaias, Jeremias, Ezechiel, and the twelve lesser prophets. The New Testament contains as historical books the four gospels and the Acts of the Apostle; as didactic books, fourteen epistles of St. Paul, one of St. James, two of St. Peter, three of St. John, and one of St. Jude; and as prophetic, the Apocalypse. Having thus obtained a knowledge of what the Bible is, let us inquire how we came into the possession of the Bible. The Catholic Church is the only organic Christian Society that can trace historically its origin to Christ, and the Apostles, received the Old Testament from the Jewish Church. The New Testament was the work of its own teachers, who wrote these books and left them to this church. The Gospels were written principally to satisfy the wishes of many who desired to be informed of the facts of Christ's life, to impress His teaching on their minds, to perpetuate His words; and to oppose the wild theories of false and dissatisfied men. The Acts were written to record the work of the Apostles after the ascension of Christ, and especially the missionary labours of St. Paul. The Epistles were letters addressed to those who had been converted to Christianity, and for the purpose of strengthening them in their faith and in their duties. As the art of printing did not exist when these books were written, they had for the purpose of circulation to be copied by hand. While copies of the writings that came from the Apostles were thus circulated, other works pretending to come from Apostles, or from authors with apostolic authority, were circulated also. Thus we have the Epistle of Tatian, that of St. Luke used by Marcian, the false Epistles of St. Paul, &c. Besides, even in the copying of the genuine writings of the Apostles and Evangelists, numberless errors crept from want of diligence, of accuracy, and difference of opinion with regard to words, their position and punctuation. Add to this the various translations that were made and the consequent liability of increasing the errors already existing in the various codes or copies of originals exemplars, and we shall not be astonished when we hear St. Jerome, who, in the fourth century, at the

request of Pope Damasus, set about the translation of the Old Testament and the revision of the New, exclaim, "*Tot sunt exemplaria quot codices.*" There are as many originals as copies.

Now, under such circumstances, and in such a state of affairs, what would have become of the Bible had not the Catholic Church taken the matter in hand and set it once for all the sacred Scriptures, and established for all time to come the genuineness of the Bible? This immortal work in the Council of Carthage in the year 897, and again affirmed by Pope Innocent I. in his letter to Exuperius, the Bishop of Toulouse, and Pope Gelasius in the first Council of Rome in 404. If we have a Bible at all, and know now what is an inspired book and what is not, we owe it to the Catholic Church, to that Church whose Councils and Popes definitely settled the matter a thousand years before Protestantism was born. Yet there are men who will tell you that the Catholic Church is the bitter enemy of the Bible. The Catholic Church, who saved the secret books from destruction, the enemy of the Bible! Think of it, ye inhabitants of Thornhill and Richmond Hill! The man that saved the ship with its priceless cargo from shipwreck, and brings that ship safely into port, is the enemy of the ship. So decides, with Solomonian wisdom, Percival & Co. Who was it that preserved the Bible from the time of the Council of Carthage to the so called Reformation? Who multiplied Bibles, and watched that no error crept into copies and translations during that long period of time? Who but the Catholic Church? It was her "lazy" monks and nuns who, in the Scriptorium of their Monasteries, labored for days and weeks and months and years, even, in copying and translating the books of the Old and New Testaments, who vied with one another in tracing with deft hand the sacred words of inspiration on sheets of snowy vellum, and who produced the masterpieces of illuminated writing that still form the pride and the choicest treasures of the great libraries of Europe? Who was it that printed the first Bible that ever came from the press? It was a Catholic. Who, when the rapid press turned out Bibles in abundance with imminent danger of error, established a censorship to obviate the difficulty and preserve the text in its purity? Again it was the Catholic Church. We are told that the Catholic Church is afraid of the Bible, dreads it. Funny, is it not, that a church that so fears and dreads the Bible should go to such lengths to preserve it, to multiply it, to translate it correctly, to watch with sleepless eye over every one of its words, its sentences, even its comas, colons, semicolons and periods? It is funny, indeed. And that Catholic Church so astute, so cunning withal. We fear serpents and crush them. We do not hug them to our bosoms, and cherish them as we would a pot. Why does not the Catholic Church, instead of jealously guarding the Bible, tear it to pieces, scatter its fragments to the winds, and thus, once for all, free herself from the fear and dread which that terrible Bible is said to inspire her with? Oh it is funny indeed!

But does not the Catholic Church forbid her children to read the Bible? Do you mean by Bible any of the many versions of the Bible? Why? If you are a mother and someone offers your child a package of poisoned candies, you, no doubt will allow your child to accept and eat those candies, though you know they are poisoned and your child does not; or you probably permit your child to experiment on those candies and find out for itself whether they are poisoned or not. Oh no. As a mother you love your darling, and you will snatch the poisoned candy from its grasp, and forbid your little boy or girl to even touch the sweet temptation. Now what have we to say about the Protestant Bible? Many versions of the Scriptures have been put forth since Martin Luther opened the Reformation hall at Wittenburg. Whole books and parts of books have been expunged—texts have been changed words have been interpolated—punctuation marks removed and added so as to change the sense. Martin Luther wrote a Bible and had it printed and sent abroad. Dr. Enser, in the sixteenth century, found in this Bible of Luther's one thousand four hundred mistakes, and proved that three hundred of these errors were falsifications. Broughton tells us that the translation of the Bible into English is so defective that the text of the Old Testament is

falsified in 840 places. Tindal, Coverdale, and Queen Elizabeth's bishops favoured the world with translations of the Bible, and these were so notoriously corrupt that an outcry was raised against them, which caused James I. to order a new version to be made. That version was again rejected, or altered, and after the Restoration the books that had been rejected were restored. Luther and the Reformers all had a special knack of making the Bible say what they wanted it to say, and for that purpose they threw out whole books. They threw out the Epistle of St. James because it taught the necessity of good works. They threw out Machabees because it taught the wholesomeness of praying for the dead that their sins may be pardoned. They falsified texts, and when called to account for these outrageous proceedings their answer was: "*Sic volo, sic jubeo, stat pro ratione voluntas.*" So I will it, so I order, let my will stand for reason.

After thus do you ask why the Catholic Church forbids her children to use the Protestant Bible? Is a Bible that has been thus treated still the word of an unchangeable God? Can it be relied on as true? And if false and corrupt does not the Catholic Church do well when she prevents her children from accepting and devouring this poisoned spiritual food?

Does the Catholic Church forbid her children to read the Bible? No. On the contrary she encourages them to read and meditate on the sacred scriptures. Listen to the words of Pope Pius VI. to the Archbishop of Florence, who translated the Bible into Italian for the use of the people: "You judge exceedingly well that the faithful should be excited to the reading of the Holy Scriptures. For these are the most abundant sources, which ought to be left open to every one to draw from them purity of morals and of doctrine." Does this look like forbidding the faithful to read the Bible? Why you have only to enter any Catholic publishing house, any Catholic book store, any respectable Catholic family, to see the trite slander against the Catholic Church refuted. Why will Protestants persist in putting into daily practice the advice given them by the father and founder of Protestantism: "*Calumniare audaciter semper aliquid haeret.*" Slander boldly; something will always stick. When will our deluded brethren arrive at the very ordinary point of, we do not say granting favor, but according simple justice to the Catholic Church? Will the time ever come when Protestants will cease to lie about the Catholic Church, and when they will cease to hearken to lies, slanders and calumnies uttered against her, and when they will cease to pay a premium on falsehood by their encouragement of the blatant liar who goes about the country trying to beslime what in his deep degradation he can never hope to reach? Perhaps we are asking too much from the descendants of those men who, without qualm of conscience, could falsify even the very word of God Himself, and would, no doubt, have succeeded had not that very Catholic Church stood guard over His sacred word, and thus prevented the triumphs of falsehood over truth. If so, we may easily be pardoned the conviction we entertain and will continue to entertain to the end, that Truth is stronger than Falsehood in the human race. But, we may ask, why should the Catholic Church be censured at all in the matter, even supposing that she does forbid the reading of the Bible, a thing she does not do, as we have abundantly shown? The only reasonable ground for censure could be the presumed fact that the Bible is the ordinary means chosen by God to bring men to the knowledge of the truths of salvation. Now let us ask: Is the Bible the ordinary means chosen by God to bring about that means? To this direct question we answer decidedly that the Bible neither is nor can be the ordinary means appointed by God for bringing men to a knowledge of the truth. The first word of the Bible was not written till nearly 8,000 years after the creation of man. During this long period millions of human beings inhabited the earth. Either these millions had a knowledge of the truths of salvation, or they had not. If they had not there was no salvation for them. If they had it was not from the Bible they derived this knowledge, since the Bible did not exist. Therefore, the Bible is not the ordinary means of conveying the knowledge of the fruits of salvation to man. If it were the ordinary means it would have been at the disposal of the people living in those days. From the time of Moses to the

coming of Christ the Bible was not the ordinary means for the purpose aforesaid. The books of the Old Testament were added one by one as time went on, and could be of no use whatever to those who existed before they had been so added. Besides these books were written for the people of Israel. The vast multitude outside of the chosen nation of Israel had none of these books, and therefore could not consult them. Now will anybody be so bold as to assert that no one outside of the Israelite people could come to a knowledge of the truths of salvation. There is no record whatever of the fact that God favored these nations with extraordinary means of salvation. Then either they possessed no ordinary means of salvation, or they did. If not, how could they be saved? If they did possess such means, they were certainly not the Bible, which for them did not and could not have any existence. The books of the new Testament were not written till years after Christ's death. Many countries had been converted, and multitudes throughout the vast Roman Empire had been Christianized, congregations formed, and all the work of faith been accomplished before either the Gospels, or the Epistles, or the Acts were written. Therefore it was not from the Bible the primitive Christians derived their knowledge of Christ's teaching, or of Christ's laws, and consequently the Bible was not the ordinary means appointed by God for the purpose. From the fixing of the Canon to the introduction of the art of printing, Bibles had to be written by hand, were in consequence scarce and costly, and in the possession of only few persons. Yet during all that time entire nations were converted to the faith and brought under the humanizing and civilizing influences of Christ's religion, and not one of the nations was brought to Christ through the reading of the Bible. Nor has the introduction of the art of printing made the slightest difference in the matter. From the opening of the era of the Reformation up to 1805, Protestants had done nothing in the way of missionary work among unconverted nations. Since then they have made gigantic efforts to convert the Heathen by the novel method of printing and distributing Bibles. Millions upon millions of dollars have since then been expended upon the translations of Bibles into foreign tongues, upon presses to print and ships to carry whole cargoes of Bibles into heathen lands, upon agents to distribute them among the benighted heathens, upon societies to supervise this phenomenal supply of Bibles, and yet—*Pasturum montes et nascetur ridiculus mus*—all these vast resources, this enormous expenditure, these outpourings of zeal going on in the Protestant world for the last eighty years and more, have not brought forth the conversion of one single nation. Mr. Wingrove Cook, in 1885, said: "Whoever asserts that the Protestant missionaries are making sincere Christians in China must be either governed by delusion or guilty of fraud." Sir James Brooke, addressing the society for the propagation of the Gospel, said to the members: "You have made no progress at all either with the Hindoo or the Mahometan; you are just where you were the first day you went to India." Dr. Lang, in 1852 said of these Protestant missionary efforts: "There is not a well authenticated case of the conversion of a black native (of Australia) to Christianity." Major Dundas reported to the House of Commons, saying: "The missionaries have hardly Christianized a single individual in South Africa." Lord Castlereagh, speaking of Syria, says: "The (Protestant) bishop has scarcely a congregation besides his chaplains, his doctor and their families." I might go on quoting much more of this Protestant testimony to show that the method adopted by Protestants of converting the Heathen by the free distribution of Bibles has resulted in complete failure. What is the obvious conclusion to which we must arrive from all these potent facts? That the Bible is not the ordinary means designed by Providence to bring men to the knowledge of Christ's doctrine or Christ's law. Not only is it not the ordinary means, but it could not be. Millions could not use it. Children and the unlettered could not read it. Yet children want to be saved, and we are not aware that the art of reading has ever been made a condition of salvation.

And now in conclusion let us ask, who is it that values the Bible most highly? Is it the Protestant Christians who have cut it up, mutilated it, changed it by interpretation, corrupted it by the introduction of errors, falsified it by forgeries and made it an instrument for the defence of falsehood and im-

morality, or is it the Catholic Church, who has guarded it with jealous care and watched over it for centuries and protected by her wise laws and salutary restrictions errors from creeping into it? Who values the Bible more highly, the Protestant who prints and ships it rendered into foreign tongues, and scatters it broadcast on coasts and river banks, and puts it into the hands of ignorant and untutored savages who understand it not, to be converted by them into gun wads and wrapping paper and other purposes for which its leaves come handy, the Protestants who sticks it into receptacles in railway carriages where it is never looked at or becomes the butt of the atheist's ribald joke, who hawks it about at agricultural fairs and puts it on a level with plows and hogs and twopenny whistles, who forces it into the hands of men and women who will make cigar lighters of it and use it to kindle the fire in the kitchen stove, or is it the Catholic Church, who warns her children not to desecrate so sacred an object in any way whatever, not to expose it to ridicule or to profane use, who declares it a sin to use its words in pleasantries or joke? Who esteems the Bible more highly? Is it the Protestant who interprets it as he pleases, makes it assert a tripersonal God if he is a Tritarian and deny God's personality if he is a Unitarian, makes it uphold infant baptism for one man and reject it for another, makes it preach eternity of hell fire at one time and universal salvation at another. Is it the Protestant who, by the many contradictory and contrary interpretations of it, has made the Bible an object of scorn to the infidel and rendered it possible for an Ingersoll to gather great audiences and abundance of shekels from among the ladies and gentlemen of America? Or is it the Catholic Church, who permits no man to substitute his word for the word of God, and therefore in whose hands the Bible never contradicts itself? We leave the answer not to bigots, but to fair-minded people, who, reflecting on the facts gathered together in this short sketch, will without doubt give their verdict in favor of the Catholic Church.

J. J. EGAN.

ARCHBISHOP WALSH'S VISITS

On Sunday afternoon last the annual meeting of the St. Vincent de Paul Society was held in St. Vincent's Hall, corner of Shuter and Victoria streets. It was a red letter day by reason of the society honoring its new patron Archbishop Walsh. Shortly after the arrival of his grace in the city the president of the St. Vincent de Paul Society waited upon him and asked whether he would be pleased to attend the general annual meeting. The archbishop consented readily and there was in consequence an overflowing attendance. His grace was accompanied by Vicar-General Rooney and Laurent and Fathers Hand, O'Donohue, Treofy, Morris, Lamarche and Walsh.

Among the prominent members of the society present were: Messrs. Joseph J. Murphy, Thomas Long, D. Millar, Wm. Keily, Alex. Macdonald, H. McIntosh, P. Gendron, E. J. Wheaton, Dr. G. A. Fere, J. Gormally, Wm. Thompson J. C. Robertson, Commander Law, Alexander Robertson, John French, Patrick Hughes, Hugh Ryan, J. F. Kirk, Wm. Burns, D. A. O'Sullivan, Ph. DeGruchy.

The vice president, Mr. Joseph J. Murphy, read the following address to his grace:

To the Most Reverend John Walsh, D. D., Archbishop of Toronto.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE, — The members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul offer their respectful congratulations upon your accession to the metropolitan see of Toronto.

Your grace is no stranger to us. The kindly interest in our operations evinced during your incumbency of the parish of St. Mary, in this city, is still held in grateful remembrance, while your fatherly care of our confreres in the city of London commands our cordial appreciation.

The society was organized here in 1850, by the late Chevalier G. M. Muir, aided by six associates, most of whom have passed away. Its progress, though slow, has been certain. In 1875 it had attained sufficient importance to warrant its incorporation, and it may now be considered permanently established.

We have a conference in each of the city parishes and one,

under the title of the Sacred Heart, for the especial benefit of our French-Canadian fellow-citizens.

Your grace's knowledge of the objects and operations of the society renders unnecessary any explanation on our part.

We will therefore close by wishing you a long and successful career—*ad multos annos*—soliciting you to honor the society by becoming its patron, and craving your benediction upon our works, our families and ourselves.

Signed on behalf of the society.

ALEXANDER MACDONELL,
Secretary.

This address was in the shape of a handsome album, covered with morocco leather. Its pages were beautifully illuminated. The illumination and engrossing was the work of Mr. William Revell, of the Ontario Society of Artists.

His grace received the address and said he would return his acknowledgements at the close of the business meeting.

BUSINESS MEETING.

Father Teefy opened the meeting with prayer, after which Dr. O'Sullivan read a chapter from the Imitation of Christ.

The vice-president, Mr. Murphy, stated that he had been requested by the president of the council, Chevalier Macdonnell, to express his regret at not being able to attend the meeting and to receive his grace. Mr. Macdonnell, although he had been some time unwell, had taken a great interest in the arrangements of the meeting and the reception of his grace.

The secretary read reports from each of the eight conferences of the society in the city. These reports called attention to the amounts that had been collected, the money expended and the relief granted during the past year.

The vice-president followed with the reports of two special works—the Hospital and Prison Board covering the work done in the Toronto General Hospital and in the Toronto jail. He also read the report of the night school at the St. Nicholas Home. He had been requested by the president to refer to two or three matters which had occurred during the year. The annual report had been distributed among the branches of the society at home and abroad, and replies had been received from several quarters acknowledging it. Among these was a reply from the president-general of the society at Paris complimenting the Toronto society on its work. He also referred to the garden party held during the summer. There had been received from this \$595, which was applied towards liquidating the debt on the hall. He also read a letter from the president of the superior council of Quebec enclosing two letters of aggregation for two new conferences established in this city, Lady of Lourdes and the Sacred Heart. He also reported the organization of a new conference at St. Helen's, which would make the number of conferences in the city nine.

His grace, in addressing the meeting, thanked the society heartily for the kind expressions in the address presented to him. They had said he was not a stranger to the society. The first introduction which he had to it was by Mr. Macdonnell, their president, who told him that he would have to make a speech before the society, and being a young priest at the time his heart jumped into his mouth. He could recall nearly all the names of the associates of Chevalier Muir, who organized the society. He mentioned with tenderness incidents connected with the early days of the society, and spoke at length of Chevalier Macdonnell, Hon John Elmsley, John Macdonnell, Charles Robertson, Matthew O'Connor, Patrick Hughes, Frank Rush and Thomas Barry. Of the entire number only Chevalier Macdonnell and Mr. Hughes were now left. He next referred to the charitable work carried on by the society, making particular mention of the hospital and prison work.

AT NOTRE DAME.

Later in the afternoon His Grace visited the Notre Dame Academy on Bond St., where he was presented with an address by the members of the sodality and boarders, and given a welcome which must have gratified him. The Archbishop was accompanied by Vicar-General Rooney and Fathers Hand, and Walsh. The address presented to His Grace was beauti-

fully embellished. Replying His Grace thanked the sodality and the boarders exceedingly for it. He then spoke of the charitable work of the house, especially that carried out by the sodality of the Blessed Virgin. Some of them, he said, perhaps had lost earthly mothers, some perhaps had their hearts wounded by the memory of a kind mother lost, but they should ever remember that they had a kinder mother than the earthly mother in the mother of the Saviour Jesus Christ. He gave his blessing to all. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was then said by His Grace, assisted by Fathers Rooney and Hand.

AT LORETTO CONVENT.

Rife as receptions have been and numerous as have been the presentations of addresses, there was not the slightest indication of lack of interest in the proceedings at Loretto Convent, Bond street, on Monday. The occasion was a reception in honor of the new Archbishop given by the pupils of this well-known educational institution.

The Archbishop was attended by the following members of the clergy: Vicars-General Rooney and Lauront, Fathers McCann, Granottier, Teefy, Cassidy, McPhillips, Kiernan, Cruise, Lynch, Murray, La Marche, Walsh. There was a large attendance of citizens and parents of the pupils.

The lecture hall of the convent presented a lovely scene. The decorations were choice: "Thrice Welcome to Loretto," was worked in gold on crimson cloth, other cordial aspirations were in conspicuous places. But prettier than the decoration, were the pupils themselves as rising tier above tier they occupied one end of the hall. All were dressed in white, all bore tasteful and fragrant bouquets, mostly of roses red and white, fine chrysanthemums with beautiful sprigs of fern. Colored lamp shades, exotic and hot-house plants enhanced the tasteful effect and music from harps, pianos and one hundred youthful voices contributed its charms.

The "grand welcome" was distinctly and unitedly given in these words:

Thy presence crowns last the hour
For which we've looked and hoped so long.
Then hark! from out this festive bower
Break forth glad notes of welcome song.

Then followed the reading of an address to His Grace: Chorus singing, piano and harp playing, recitations successively followed, all admirably rendered. The music was under the charge of Mr. Torrington.

The "Little Children's Greeting" was the most charming incident of the reception. Holding up their tasteful nosegays and extending the right hand they recited:

Accept our heartfelt tribute,
Culled in Loretto's bowers;
Others may rich offerings tender,
We greet you with our flowers.

And therewith they deposited the bouquets in the prepared stands, and the devices formed the figures of the years of His Grace's former labors in Toronto and the present year of grace.

The Archbishop was happy in his brief reply. He thanked them for their beautiful entertainment, kind wishes and warm greeting. Said he: "The entertainment is lovely in every respect. I do not know where you get all these pretty flowers. Up in London it was winter; in Toronto here it is spring. It must be a sign that I am as welcome amongst you 'as the flowers of May,' as we say in the Old Country."

His Grace then told a story of his boyhood in Ireland: how he then believed in fairies, but could never find them. "As I grew up," said he, "I began to lose faith in the fairies; but now in Toronto I begin to realize my boy's faith again. I this afternoon believe there are fairies. And their mothers have reason to be proud of them."

A second story the Archbishop told to the great delight of old and young. It was how the great O'Connell in defending a prisoner charged with sheep-stealing, so extolled the man's excellences that the accused could stand it no longer and broke forth: "I declare on my life that I never thought I was half so good." "Well, here in Toronto, said His Grace, "I should be extremely happy if I could believe that I deserve one-half

the good things which the children, the priests, the citizens of Toronto say to me. However, these compliments make me feel at home amongst such kind generous people."

The Archbishop then asked the nuns to grant the children holiday to-day, which was immediately done to the great delight of the little fairies.

"God Save the Queen," heartily sung, closed the interesting proceedings.

THE PHILISTINE.

The Philistine is a man who sees only with his material eyes.

"A primrose by the river's brim
Only a primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more."

His native country is England, though there are many of him in Germany. In France and Italy he does not exist. Here, under the Stars and Stripes, he is as common as the blue-jay; he is more destructive than the sparrow; he is heavier than lead; he is more nipping than an east wind; he is more gloomy in his gaiety than a November twilight; he is as joyful as the elephant, and as destructive to all the ornamental things of life as a bull in a china shop. And, withal, he is entirely satisfied with himself.

Mark Twain meant to be funny in describing the American abroad as asking, when the unhappy Italian guide showed him some relics of Columbus, "Is he dead?" But what Philistine has not asked, with the utmost seriousness, questions quite as paralyzing? Again, when the American "innocent" sees the autograph of Columbus, he asserts, with swelling pride, that a boy of twelve years old at home could write as well as that!

The Philistine is unanswerable, impregnable. He does not know anything, and he does not want to know anything. He can understand the useful, but never the beautiful. In his heart he admires the performance of a waltz by the hand-organ as greatly as a song of Mendelssohn or of Abt by a virtuoso of the violin. "He has no use for ruins," although he always goes to Europe, if he can afford it, to finish an education that was never begun at home. If he had his way, every ruined castle on the Rhine should be fitted up as a "first-rate hotel": an elevator should be run to the dome of St. Peter's, and an electric railway girdle the Eternal City.

He does not see the use of poetry; he never could understand it. He laughs regularly at the bad jokes about spring verses and mothers-in-law in the newspapers; and he tells these delightful and time-honored jokes to his friends. He admires pictures when he is sure they cost money—for he must have the guinea stamp on everything before he feels safe in liking it. "The Angelus" might have rotted unseen in an old picture dealer's shop for all he cared. An immense price is offered for it, and lo! he rushes with his wife and family to see it. He is the enemy of simplicity, the frost to the rose of refinement, and the unconscious apostle of materialism.

Patti will sing. Who cares for her notes? A musical box, the Philistine thinks, can do as well. But it is rumored that Patti gets a hundred dollars for every note she utters. The Philistine rushes to add his dollars to the sum laid at the feet of the songstress.

A good, square, warm church is good enough for him. If it be a question between a plain window and one of stained glass, he is for a plain glass one. It's just as good; he can read his prayer-book with more ease; and he doesn't see what use saints and angels in outlandish clothes are. Better have the pastor's portrait in a black coat, or that of some "pillar of the Church,"—his own, for instance. People could understand that. Fra Angelico and Raphael! Why, those fellows would be nowhere nowadays! They couldn't earn their salt in Chicago. Let's have something modern in the churches: a comfortable auditorium, and electric bells in the pews, so that a man can ring and make the preacher feel that he's got to stop sometime.

Read? He reads the newspapers, and he read "Robert Ellesmere," in six months, because he heard so much about it. He likes to have things solid and costly, and he likes to tell the price of them; and when he comes from Europe he

generally brings several pictures of classical personages, 12x12—"remarkable for their size, sir,—and every foot hand-painted." He is a patron of art.

The prevalence of Philistinism among Catholics causes our colleges and our periodicals to struggle along. Your Philistine will not endow a college or help to build up a literature for his people; there's no money in it. He likes to read about Catholic congresses in the papers, they make a great show, are impressive, and cost him nothing. But when he is told that nearly every non-Catholic college in the country is endowed through the generosity of Protestants, and that the schools which must leaven the country with faith—if it is to be leavened at all—are handicapped by the indifference of men like himself, he replies: "It's a matter of business; Catholic schools ought to be made to pay." And he appears pompously at all functions, "my Lords" the bishop, and subscribes liberally to any project which may advertise him.

His children are made purse-proud and innately vulgar, if they do not happen to have a mother who is not a Philistine. His skin is so thick that he never feels the stings of his in-completeness. He thinks he is a man, and that he has done much in the world. But no Philistine was ever great, because the eyes of the Philistine are never raised to Heaven.

—M. P. Egan in *Ave Maria*

"GOOD NIGHT! NOT GOOD BY."

I saw my lady die:
And he, who oft-times cruel is, dark Death,
Was so deep sorrowful to stay her breath,
He came, all clemency.

He would not let her know;
So well he loved the bright soul he must take
That for our grieving and her own fair sake
He hid his shaft and bow.

Upon her lips he laid
That "kiss of God" which kills but does not harm;
With tender message, breathing no alarm,
He said, "Be unafraid!"

Sorrow grew almost glad,
Pain half forgiven, parting well nigh kind,
To mark how placidly my lady's mind
Consented. Ready clad

In robes of unseemly light
Her willing soul spread wing; and, while she passed,
"Darling! good-by!" we moaned—but she, at last,
Murmured, "No, but good night!"

Good night, then, sweetheart! wife!
If this world be the dark time and its morrow
Day dawn of paradise, dispelling sorrow,
Lighting our starless life,

Good night and not good-by!
Good night! and best "Good morrow!" if we wake;
Yet why so quickly tired? Well, we must make
Haste to be done, and die!

For dying has grown dear
Now you are dead, who turned all things to grace;
We see Death made pale slumber on your face—
Good night! But is dawn near?

Flowers rich of scent and hue
We laid upon your sleeping place. And these
Flowers of fond verse, which once had gift to please—
Being your own—take too!

—Sir Edwin Arnold, in memory of his wife, who died March, 15, 1889.

—Anglican Archdeacon Farrar's son, now at Lehigh University, Pennsylvania, is quite a wit. While he was in Philadelphia he was lionized a good deal. One evening at dinner a rather smart young lady turned to him and said: "Your father is one of the big guns of England, is he not, Mr. Farrar?" "He was at one time," replied the young man, politely. "He was a canon, you know."

As an instance of over-nicety in declining to call a spade a spade, commend us to the clergyman who was delivering a series of discourses on the history of Jonah. At the opening of one of the discourses, he said; "You will remember that in our last discussion we spoke of the fact that Jonah was three days and three nights in—in—the—whale's society."

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

ST. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 29th Dec., 1889.

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, hath 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.

FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF HALIFAX.

HALIFAX, July 11, 1888.

DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

I have been very much pleased with the matter and form of THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW. The high moral Catholic tone, the fine literary taste displayed make your paper a model of Catholic Journalism. May it prosper much so long as it keeps to its present line.

Yours very truly,

IC. O'BRIEN,
Archbishop of Halifax.

FROM THE LATE BISHOP OF HAMILTON.

HAMILTON, March 17, 1887.

MY DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

You have well kept your word as to the matter, style, form and quality of the REVIEW, and I do hope it will become a splendid success.

Believe me, yours faithfully,

JAMES J. CARRERY,
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, Dec. 14, 1889.

The London *Universe* compares Mr. Stead's visit to Rome to the incident recounted in Sewel's History of the two mad Quakers, Perot and Love, who went on a mission to Rome to convert the Pope.

"They addressed to him some coarse English epithets in St. Peter's church which His Holiness did not understand, but, perceiving their condition, he gave orders that they should be kindly treated and provided with means for returning to England."

Mr. Stead, however, went to Rome not to convert, but to cross question the successor of St. Peter, and to give a sensational publicity, through the *Pall Mall's* types, to the Pontiff's opinions. Mr. Stead's exploiting himself in Rome in this capacity, that is, not as a mere tourist, but as an ecclesiastical commissioner, the *Universe* likens, using Dr. Murray's expression, to "Tom Thumb on the Alps, a gnat on the Great Pyramid, or a mouse in the Coliseum."

In his absence Mr. Stead's assistants, it seems, have been making ducks and drakes of the work of description in connection with Catholic matters. "By the way," says the *Catholic Times* of Liverpool, "we wish that Mr. Stead would look after his reporters a little. In a sympathetic account of the opening of the new Passionist Church at Highgate, which appeared the other day in the *Pall Mall*, the reporter gravely stated that the sermon preached by Bishop Hedley was on 'the Divinity of the Mother of Christ,' which is simply a piece of gross, and indeed blasphemous nonsense."

ANGLICANISM: THE REAL STATE OF THE ESTABLISHMENT.

We referred last week to the proceedings in connection with the Anglican Jubilee in this city, and to the cheerful and optimistic view of their Church's position which the occasion drew forth from the members of the episcopacy and clergy whom the event brought together. The sum of the speeches of the several bishops, as we showed in our last number, was that their church was historically and doctrinally the same as the Church of the first ages, that it "was prosperous and united;" that "its historical claims were now recognized and its glorious and unbroken succession no longer disputed;" and that as regards the great question of the reunion of Christendom, it seemed to be an instrument "specially prepared by the Providence of God to bring about reconciliation." While endeavouring to speak with consideration and respect for our Anglican brethren, we ventured to show that, with respect to these several points, they entrenched themselves in a paradox; and that they had allowed themselves to be dazzled by the bright side of the shield. If it occurred to anyone present that it had a reverse, and an uglier, side to it, the suspicion would seem to have been kept in the background.

It is to the reverse of the shield, and to the true state of Anglicanism that we venture to call their attention. And we premise by saying of Protestantism in general that it seems to have about run its course as a heresy, and to have reached in our day the term of its pretensions.

In Germany, and one or two other countries on the Continent, where it for a time found existence, it has passed off into some form or departure of philosophical scepticism; in England, where it has been State established, it has resolved itself into a bewildering number of reconcilable heterodoxies. The most that can be said of it is that it has generated, in Cardinal Manning's words, "a multitude of new and erroneous religions and in them has lost its identity, and therefore, as a religion, its existence." It is the opinion of acute observers that Protestantism has about run the career usually permitted to a heresy. As a religion it may be said hardly to exist. "It has ceased," Cardinal Manning has said, "to be a definite and intelligible form of spiritual conviction or intellectual thought. It exists as a form of politics, as a plea for social hostility to the Catholic religion, and for revolutionary diplomacy against the Catholic Church." Certain it is, that as a form of religion or of intellectual thought, it has failed to perpetuate, much less to propagate, itself.

In one of the best known of his essays Lord Macaulay has pointed it out as a fact that in every instance Protestantism was established by the civil power; that when the civil power ceased to propagate it, Protestantism ceased to spread; that there is no example of a country becoming Protestant since the first outbreak of the sixteenth century; that there are Protestant countries which have become Catholic again, but no Catholic country which has become Protestant; that whatsoever in the confusions of the last three hundred years has been lost to Catholicism has been lost to Christianity; and that whatsoever has been gained to Christianity has been gained to Catholicism. (Essay on Ranke's "History of the Popes.")

Confining ourselves to the Established Protestantism of England, all the marks are seen on it of advanced decay. To begin with, it is out of the unity of the Catholic Church, and therefore of the great Christian society of the world. It is rejected by the Greek Church. It has no union with the Protestant churches of Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Switz-

eland, or France. It is repudiated by the Established Church of Scotland. It is repudiated by the Established Church of England, and of thirty or forty per cent of the population of England, and of a proportion many give to it a fiercer and more traditional hostility. Not only is it unable to propagate itself, it is unable to retain its own hereditary members. "It is impossible to retain its own the church," Cardinal Manning has written, "that nothing can save the Established Protestant or Anglican religion from collapse. Its secession, its gaping rift, and the waters of dissension, indifference, and rationalism must inevitably draw it under." The Society himself, he is remembered, laboured for many years within the Anglican communion, and it can not be said of his words that they were a mere *ex parte* opinion. It is not seriously to be denied that in this sentence he has accurately described the condition of the Establishment after three hundred years of legal supremacy and of extensive social and political privileges by which, during all this time, it has been graded and strengthened. And yet the Anglican Bishop of Toronto is optimistic enough to tell us that "the historical claims of the (Anglican) church are now recognized and her glorious and unbroken succession no longer disputed," and that as respects "the great question of the reunion of Christendom, it looks as if she, the Anglican church, is the only one prepared by the Providence of God to bring about reconciliation."

It is worth while to look for a moment at the history of the Establishment during the half century past. The repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and the granting of Catholic Emancipation throw it upon its own legs. Not wholly so, it is true, for it remained State endowed; yet it was no longer bolstered up by the powers of legal repression. Since then as a phase of spiritual or intellectual thought it has had to go alone. With what result? Since the supports have been removed it has separated every way. Having no unity of faith, it has had no unity of thought, and the principle of division has been constantly at work in it. At the present moment in the Anglican church there are two dominant schools, the Ritualistic, and what for want of a better word we must call the Romanizing. The adherents of the first of these two schools, who are in the ascendant at Oxford, explain away the whole supernatural order; the latter burn incense, form sisterhoods, speak of the Anglican church as infallible and as Catholic; and in their vehement departure the one from the other, they are rending the Anglican Establishment asunder. Some of our Anglican brethren have a cheerful way of explaining these splits and antagonisms. "Diversity," said the Anglican Bishop of Nova Scotia, Dr. Courtney, in a sermon preached in this city a few days ago, "is not antagonistic to unity, but tends to unity." It was a sign of intellectual life, and of the elasticity of their mental environment, that in the Church of England men found an arena in which, as he said, they "could advocate and oppose ideas and conclusions." These things so far from being the signs of life, are signs, rather, of the excitement which precedes dissolution. "They are like the mental over-activity," says Cardinal Manning, "of men dying of consumption. They rise fitfully above themselves and then sink by exhaustion." That Anglican Protestantism, His Eminence continues, will ever become one in mind, or opinion, or doctrine, is impossible. "The law of internal divergence which distracts it, is irresistible and multiplying in its force, and its intellectual antagonisms are becoming every ten years more and more intensely developed. That any one form of thought should prevail over all the others and cast them out, is equally

impossible. That the Romanizing school should ever prevail, no Catholic who knows what an act of divine faith is, can for a moment imagine; nor any one who knows how deep and violent is the hostility of the English laity towards those fanciful imitations of the Popery which they hate." So much for the Ritualist wing of the Establishment. How is it as to the Rationalism within the communion, and which, to begin with, is the legitimate development of the principle of private judgment—the motive principle of the Reformation? It began by rejecting the Divine authority of the Church, the tradition of dogma, and the Catholic interpretation of Holy Scripture. It ends by a denial of the inspiration and authenticity of the sacred books. The rationalistic infidelity which has become rife in Germany is extending itself over Protestant England. Protestantism based itself upon the Scriptures, yet in every country where it has gained a footing it has generated a spirit of unbelief which undermined the Scriptures which it professed to make its foundation. The fact cannot be viewed without regret, this dying out of the Christianity, fragmentary though it be, of the Reformation. "A belief," says a close observer, "in the revelation of Christianity and in the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, may be said to have been universal in England. But it is this which is now giving way in the educated classes and in the masses of the English people." It was the realization of this fact that led Cardinal Newman a few years ago to make the remarkable statement that he could even wish for the survival of the Anglican Establishment since it served "as a serviceable breakwater against errors more fundamental than its own."

We have mentioned Cardinal Newman, that great intelligence, of whose secession from the Anglican communion Lord Beaconsfield thirty years afterwards wrote that it "dealt a blow to the Church of England under which it still reels." Like his brother Cardinal, Cardinal Manning, he formed with Ward, Keble, and Hurrell Froude, one of that brilliant group of Oxford converts who headed the great Romeward movement, which one present-day historian has designated by the name of the Counter-Reformation. And while our Anglican brethren are felicitating themselves that their Church is a branch of the Catholic Church, having Apostolic Succession, and identity and continuity with historical Christianity, they would do well to remember the great names which confront them, the great minds and the pure hearts that, harkening to the call of conscience, have gone out from among them, and remembering, it seems to us, that it would come home to sincere Angheans that the validity of their position is of vague and of painful uncertainty. According to the distinguished company of Anglican clergymen who were assembled in Toronto a short time ago, their church is beautiful as the moon and as the stars, and all attractive from within. And what we said last week we repeat: that their good faith is not to be questioned. But as against their claims and pretensions we take the liberty of placing a famous passage of Cardinal Newman's in which he explains how the Establishment looked to him when he glanced back, after having walked out from it as from the City of Confusion.

"Unwilling as I am to give offence to religious Anglicans, I am bound to confess that I felt a great change in my view of the Church of England. I cannot tell how soon there came on me—but very soon—an extreme astonishment that I had ever imagined it to be a portion of the Catholic Church. For the first time I looked at it from without, and, (as I should myself say) saw it as it was. For then I could not

get myself to see in it anything else than what I had so long fearfully suspected, from as far back as 1836—a mere national institution. As if my eyes were suddenly opened so I saw it—spontaneously, apart from any definite act of reason or argument, and so I have seen it ever since. I suppose the main cause of this lay in the contrast, which was presented to me by the Catholic Church. Then I recognized at once a reality which was quite a new thing with me. Then I saw sensibly that I was not making for myself a Church by an effort of thought. I needed not to make an act of faith in her, I had not painfully to force myself into a position; but my mind fell back upon myself in relaxation and peace, and I gazed at her almost passively as a great objective fact. I looked at her at her rites, her ceremonial, and her precepts, and I said 'This is a religion', and then when I looked back upon the poor Anglican Church for which I had laboured so hard, and upon all that pertained to it, and thought of our various attempts to dress it up doctrinally and aesthetically, it seemed to me to be the veriest of nonentities."

President Harrison's message to Congress contained a sharp reference to the Clan-na-Gael. Those, the President said, "who come to our shores to swell the injurious influence and to extend the evil practice of any association that defies our laws, should not only be denied citizenship, but a domicile."

Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's latest volume of poems, "A New Pilgrimage," which has recently been issued from the press, has met with a very favourable reception from the critics. Mr. Blunt, as our readers know, is an ardent Catholic, and of his pilgrimage the *Weekly Register* says "that it is not only a flight in solitude from home, but a flight from pride, from unrest, and from the world within." The way of the pilgrim is to Rome, of which he speaks in the following sonnet.

At last I kneel in Rome, the bourne, the goal
Of what a multitude of laden hearts!
No pilgrim of them all a wearier soul
Brought ever here, no master of dark arts
A spirit vexed with more discordant parts.
No beggar a scrip barer of all dole,
No son, alas! steps sorer with the darts
Of that rebellious sorrow, his sins toll.
I kneel and make an offering of my care
And folly and hurt reason. Who would not
In this fair city be the fool of prayer?
Who would not kneel, if only for the lot
Of being born again—a soul forgiven,
Clothed in new childhood and the light of Heaven?

Sir Charles Russell, addressing his constituents a few days ago on the work of the Session, referred also to the Special Commission. "Besides that," he said, "I have been engaged in a work which is not purely professional, but which at the same time has been the most arduous and exacting with which I have ever had to do—the Parnell Commission. I consider, for my own part, that in that Commission I was defending interests much wider and important even than those of the individual client's committed to my charge. Happily, that Commission has now drawn to a close its lengthened and, towards the close, uninteresting existence. The last words upon it have not yet been spoken, but there seems to be a general agreement that there is one question only involved in the inquiry which is fit for judicial investigation and pronouncement. That is the question upon which and for the solution of which the Commission was granted,

and the final explosion of which blow into fragments the conspiracy of the Pigott letters. Upon the rest of the questions involved the country is as capable of forming its judgment as any selection of men from the highest and most cultivated in the land; and, I mistake not, the country has already made up its mind."

The Review produces for its readers the closing passage of the eloquent address delivered before the late Catholic Congress by the Hon. Daniel Dougherty. It runs as follows:—

"The shadow of an imposing event begins to fall. The people of the United States, eye of the hemisphere, are preparing to celebrate the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America. We especially rejoice in this resolve. That tremendous event—with reverence I may say the second creation—the finding of a new world and the vast results that have flowed to humanity all can be traced directly to the Roman Catholic Church, and the Roman Catholic Church alone. Protestantism was unknown when America was discovered. Let the students, the scholars, poets, historians, search the archives of Spain, the libraries of Europe, and the deeper the research the more the glory will adorn the brow of Catholicity. It was a pious Catholic who conceived the mighty thought. It was when foot-sore and down-hearted that at the porch of a monastery hope dawned on him. It was a monk who first encouraged him. It was a Cardinal who interceded with the Sovereigns of Spain. It was a Catholic king who fitted out the ships and a Catholic queen who offered her jewels as a pledge.

"It was a Catholic Columbus with a Catholic crew who sailed away out for months upon an unknown sea, where ship had never sailed before. It was to spread the Catholic faith that the sublime risk was run. It was the hymn to the Blessed Mother with which captain and crew closed the perils of the day and inspired with hope the morrow. It was the holy cross, the standard of Catholicity, that was borne from the ships to the shore and planted on the new-found world. It was the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass that was the first and for over a hundred years the only Christian worship on the continent which a Catholic named America.

"Why, the broad seal of the Catholic Church is stamped forever on the four corners of the continent. Therefore, let us in mind, heart and soul rejoice at the triumph of our country and glory in our creed. The one gives us constitutional freedom on earth, the other, if faithful to its teachings, ensures us an eternity in heaven."

"Our French-Canadian contemporaries," says the *Montreal Gazette*, "without distinction of party, are naturally indignant at the disgraceful rowdyism of the Toronto blackguards who attacked Archbishop Walsh, and from our hearts we share their indignation. It is enough to make every Protestant in the land hang his head for shame when bigotry puts on the war-paint of the savage and assails a venerable prelate so as to endanger his life. Some one must have seen the miscreants throwing the stones, and it is a reflection on our pretended civilization that such deeds should pass unpunished. If discovered, an example should be made of them which would deter other ruffians from repeating such an outrage."

The Anglican Bishop of Ontario contributed to the jubilee services of his church held in this city recently, a sermon on "Modern Heresies," a laboured endeavour to prove that Anglicanism was not a schism. From the contemptuous way in which Catholics were referred to as "Romans," it might almost be inferred that they interested his Lordship in only a distant way as the posterity of Julius Cæsar.

General Catholic News

The Catholics of Bombay have decided upon a memorial to the late Archbishop Porter.

It is announced from Brazil, that the archbishop of Brazil has blessed the Government of the Republic.

His Grace Archbishop Walsh will preach in St. Michael's Cathedral at Vespers, on Sunday evening.

Archbishop Walsh held a Reception at St. Michael's Palace on Tuesday last. His Grace was assisted by Bishop O'Mahony, and by Vicars-General Rooney and Laurent, and Fathers Walsh, Morris and McBride. A large number of ladies and gentlemen, many of them Protestants, paid their respects to the Archbishop.

Rev. Father Dowd, the respected pastor of St. Patrick's Montreal, has had fitted up in the old presbytery a fine hall seating 500 people, together with gymnasium rooms for the temperance and other societies connected with the church over which the aged and honored Sulpician has presided for so many years. The sum spent on the improvements amounted to over \$9,700

Archbishop Walsh concluded an arduous round of duty on Sunday last, by preaching in the evening at the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes on Sherbourne St. the anniversary of the Consecration of the Church. The Archbishop spoke of the feast of the day, the feast of the Immaculate Conception.

A young man named William McIntosh was arraigned at the Police Court on Monday last, as concerned in the attack upon Archbishop Walsh. Charles Gallagher and Daniel McSweeney, two boys, gave evidence for the prosecution, as also did Detective Watson. The boys identified the prisoner as the leader of a gang of about 200 young men who were vociferating wildly and using objectionable language on the occasion of Archbishop Walsh's entry into Toronto. They heard the breaking of glass. Detective Watson testified that he saw the prisoner raise his hand to throw something. He heard the prisoner shouting and making threats and urging on a crowd of young fellows of whom he was apparently the leader.

His Worship considered the charge proved, gave the prisoner a severe reprimand, and fined him \$50 and costs or 3 months' imprisonment.

Book Reviews.

Two Spiritual Retreats. For Sisters, by the Rev. Ed. Zollner, translated and adapted, with the permission of the author, by Rev. Augustine Wirth, C.S.B. New York: Fr. Pustel & Co.

This adaptation of Father Zollner's "Two Retreats," has been designed to meet the needs of our numerous Catholic Sisterhoods. Year after year these religious communities are increasing in the country, and their Rule requires the observance of a spiritual Retreat at least once a year. And as it sometimes happens that it is difficult to secure a priest to conduct these spiritual exercises, or the number of postulants or novices are so small that a master of retreat cannot well be engaged for them, a work supplying systematic meditation will serve as a great help to Sisters in making a Retreat, where the services of a conductor are not obtainable. Father Wirth's volume contains a series of meditations for Retreat days, and conveys instructions on all matters bearing upon the ordinary course of convent life.

The Golden Prayer, by the Abbe Duquesne.
The Power of the Memorare, by Ella McMahon. New York: Benziger Bros.

Both these tidy little volumes belong to Messrs. Benziger Bros. admirable pocket series of devotional writings. The first, "The Golden Prayer," contains short meditations on the Lord's Prayer for every day in the week, with medita-

tions on Prayer for every day in the month. The second contains a number of stories showing the miraculous power of the *Memorare*. The prices of the volumes are, paper, 10 cents, cloth and gilt 50 cents.

The Christmas number of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* (Philadelphia, Pa.) has such excellence and variety of matter, together with many very beautiful illustrations, that we are at a loss to know what in particular is most deserving of praise. "The Dance of Adoration" is a well written and highly interesting account of a visit to the grand Cathedral of Seville on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. The little poem "Oft as Yule-tree Gleaning," is given in a sweet and rhythmic flow which makes the reader regret when its music ceases. The biographical sketch of "Jenny C. White del Bal;" the sketch called "The Wreck of Christmas Eve;" and the story of a journey from "Lourdes to Pouey-lan," are each and all admirable of their kind.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

We have received the following publications from the Catholic Truth Society of London, England.

Triduum to St. Joseph, by E. C.

The Great Truths, by R. F. Clark, S. J.

The Holy Angels, " " "

Catholic Tales, " " "

Stories of the Seven Sacraments, by Louisa Emily Dobree.

Science and Scientists, by Rev. John Gerard, S. J.

Men and Things.

As Mark Twain would have said "what was his other name?" The late King of Portugal was named Louis Philip Mary Ferdinand Peter of Alcantara Anthony Michael Raphael Gabriel Gonzaga Xavier Francis of Assisi John Julius Augustus Wolfgang of Braganza Bourbon. "He had no more those are all the names they gave him."

Mgr. Satolli, the Pope's representative at the Baltimore celebrations, speaks a little English, but not much, and at present when he does not talk Italian, he prefers to talk Latin. Father Howlett, who went fresh from the College of Noble Ecclesiastics in Rome--to the States with him acts as an efficient interpreter on occasions.

On his way back to Rome Mgr. Satolli will visit the University of Freiburg, Louvain, and Innsbruck. He is himself a Professor who lectures twice a day on Dogmatic Theology at the College of Propaganda in Rome, whither he hopes to return by the time the Christmas holidays are over. In America he has made a favourable impression; and he, on his side, is said to be "greatly pleased with American institutions," and "rapidly learning American ways."

By the death of Lord Blachford Cardinal Newman loses an old and intimate friend. Their friendship began at Oxford and it ripened as time went on into a deep attachment. It was Lord Blachford who wrote not very long ago to the *Daily News* to correct the Oriel reminiscences of the late Lord Malmesbury so far as they referred to Cardinal Newman.

"We could not pretend to offer" says the *Weekly Register* of London, "Miss Gwendoline Caldwell any felicitations on her prospect of becoming Princess Murat; and we present her with no condolences, now that the engagement is at an end. The disparity of years was great, also that of fortune; and that the arrangement was one of money and not of love has been proved, and that rather disgracefully, by the sequel. When it came to signing the contract, Miss Caldwell's notary stated, that the husband would have no control over the wife's fortune, but, that she would bear all the house expenses and give her husband £2,000 a year pocket money. The Prince rose in anger and declared the marriage broken off, saying, "fifty thousand francs is too much for a butler, and not enough for a husband." Miss Caldwell has returned to New York.

JUST ISSUED

Christian Heritage, Price \$1.00

CARDINAL GIBBONS' BOOK.

[From the New York Sun, of July 19, 1889. BALTIMORE, July 18—Parts of the book "Our Christian Heritage," written by Cardinal Gibbons which will appear next October, were submitted to the hasty reading of an Associated Press reporter this evening. The book does not deal with the controversies agitated since the Reformation, nor aim at vindicating the claims of the Catholic Church as superior to those of the separate branches of Christianity. It has nothing to say against any Christian denomination that still retains faith in at least the divine mission of Jesus Christ. The book shows that such fundamental truths underlying Christianity as the existence, the providence and the omnipotence of God, the immortality of the soul, the existence of free-will, and the essential distinction between moral good and evil, are all susceptible of being demonstrated by unaided reason, while they are made still more luminous by the light of Christian revelation. The latter part of this volume contains a series of chapters exhibiting the superiority of Christian over pagan civilization. There is an important chapter on labor. The Cardinal concludes the introduction with this: "Hyw rapidly have the sectional hate and fierce animosities engendered by our late civil war been allayed. In both houses of Congress and several of our State Legislatures are found to-day representatives who fought against each other, but are now framing laws for the welfare of our common country. "In passing from pagan to Christian civilization we have emerged from Egyptian bondage to the liberty of the children of God."

"Hyw rapidly have the sectional hate and fierce animosities engendered by our late civil war been allayed. In both houses of Congress and several of our State Legislatures are found to-day representatives who fought against each other, but are now framing laws for the welfare of our common country.

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Table with 2 columns: Prize description and Value. Includes Real Estate worth \$5,000, Drawing will take place, 10 Real Estate, 30 Furniture sets, 60 do, 200 Gold Watches, 1,000 Silver Watches, 1,000 Toilet Sets, 2,307 Prizes worth \$50,000.00. TICKETS \$1.00

It is offered to redeem all prizes in cash, less a commission of 10 per cent. Winners, names not published unless specially authorized: S. E. LIEFEPVRE, secretary, Offices, 19 St. James street, Montreal, Can

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Hot Water Heating Apparatus, Brampton, Ont., will be received until Wednesday, 18th December next, for the construction of a Hot Water Heating Apparatus at the Brampton, Ont., Post Office Building.

Plans and specifications can be seen and form of tender and all necessary information obtained at this Department and at the Clerk of Works Office, Brampton, Ont., after Wednesday, 4th December next.

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

An accepted bank cheque payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent of amount of tender must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract, or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

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

By order, A. GOBEIL, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 28th Nov., 1889

Advertisement for Solid Gold Stem-Winding Accurate Timekeeper Warranted 5 Years. Includes image of a watch and text: SOLID GOLD & FILLED GOLD CASES, AMERICAN MOVEMENT, GENTS' SIZE, \$3.50

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Solid Gold Watches at \$3.50. These watches must be sold, and as an inducement for you to order quickly, we will send to each of the first one hundred, ordering from this advertisement, a solid 14K Gold Watch worth \$50, provided \$2.00 is sent with the order. Elegant, SOLID ROLLED GOLD CHAINS of the latest patterns, for \$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.00, and up. ORDER AT ONCE! Be one of the first to get a solid gold watch for \$3.50. All are stem-winding, exactly finished, and guaranteed perfectly satisfactory in every way. Send money by registered letter or by order at our risk. Watches and chains sent safely by registered mail to any address, provided 25 cents extra is sent to pay post-fee. EUROPEAN WATCH CO., 81 College Place, New York

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE. During the month of December 1889, mails close and are duo as follows:

Table with columns: Close, Duo, a.m., p.m. Lists routes like G. T. R. East, O. and Q. Railway, G. T. R. West, N. and N. W., T. G. and B., Midland, C. V. R., G. W. R., U. S. N. Y., U. S. West States with corresponding times.

ENGLISH MAILS.—A mail for England via New York will be closed at this office every day, excepting Sundays and Wednesdays, at 4 p. m., and will be despatched to England by what the New York Postmaster may consider the most expeditious route.

On Thursdays a supplementary mail for London, Liverpool and Glasgow, will be closed here at 9 p. m., for the Cunard steamer sailing on Saturday, but to insure catchup the steamer the 4 p. m. mail is recommended. The Canadian mail via Quebec will close here on Wednesdays at 7 p. m.

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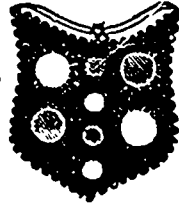
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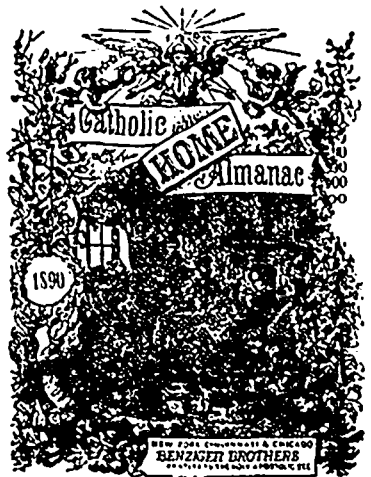
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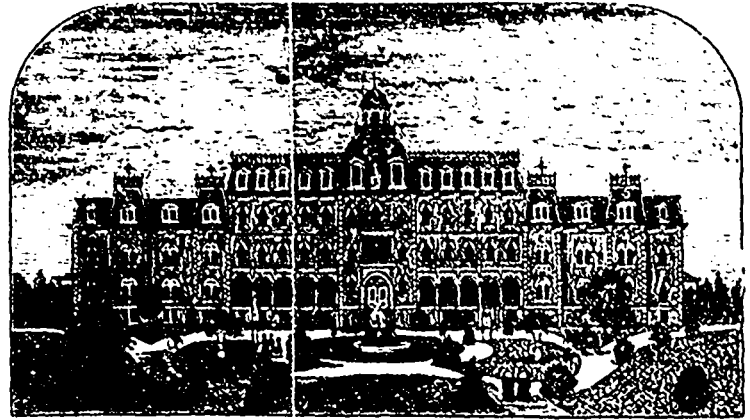
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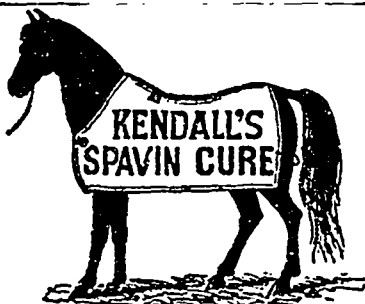


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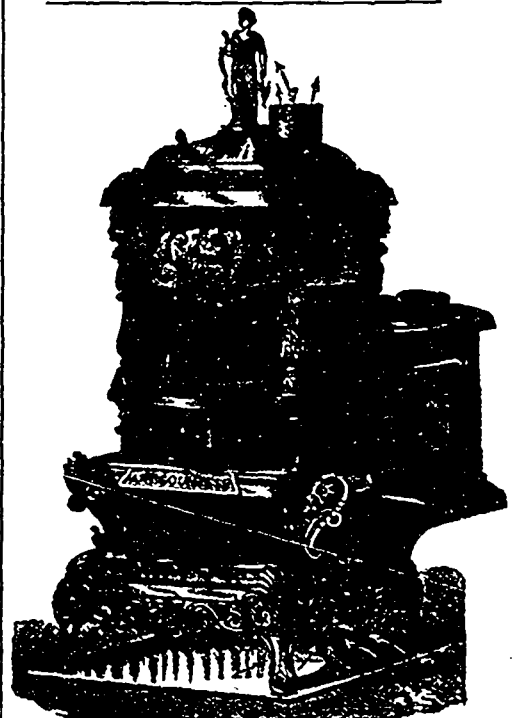
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