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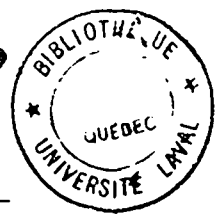
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The
Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Rebelle pro sunt Casaris, Casari, et qui sunt Dei, Deo. Matt 22-21.



Vol. III

Toronto, Saturday, Feb. 16, 1889.

No. 1



HIS EMINENCE, CARDINAL TASCHEREAU.
FROM THE *Dominion Illustrated* OF 29TH DECEMBER.

CONGRATULATIONS.

To those who are in the habit of prophesying speedy ruin to every venture of Catholic journalism, it seems that there must be a postponement of fulfilment in the case of this Review. Two years is certainly a period of no great duration, but it has been time enough and to spare within which many a newspaper or magazine has succumbed to the numerous ills to which infantile journalism is heir. It is a source of great satisfaction to the friends of this paper that it begins its third year with increased vitality; and that it will be in the future even more than it has been in the past a paper devoted to the Catholic Church and to the true exposition of Catholic questions. The Catholics of Canada, especially at the present time, stand in need of an exponent that knows and feels their position, that can speak in language not to be misunderstood, and that is tied down by no national, political or local influences. With those whose duty it is, or whose inclination it is to fight for their race or for their party, a broad Catholic journalist has no quarrel and no differences; but his mission is different from theirs. He has his mission independent of race and of party, and it is a mission high and supreme above all others as faith is above devotion to clan or country. When the French are attacked and when the Irish are maligned let those who choose, defend them on national or other ground— from the Catholic journal the defence of their common religion ought to be expected. This task is not of a day but for all time, and outside the sanctuary their is no better or nobler calling. The chivalrous and self-sacrificing spirit required in the establishment and conduct of a journal like the Review is worthy of great praise—praise such indeed as the Head of the Church has accorded to such undertakings. Whatever may be the result the project is most laudable. Even failure is not always defeat: it is better to fail deserving success than to succeed without deserving it.

The press is no insignificant weapon of the human side of the Church. He that hath ears does not always hear; he reads instead. The Monday morning papers have the discourses of the day before, wherein a few short lines are given up to services in the Catholic Church, and column after column devoted to the saying and doings of Protestant ministers. The reader, if he take anything for his pains, is led to believe that the Catholic Church teaches all sorts of false doctrines, whilst the various Protestant denominations are true and shining lights though differing from each other more indeed, than one star differs from another in glory. The true doctrine of the Church as preached in a sermon rarely finds its way into the daily press, and no Protestant ever learns it unless from oral instruction or from a Catholic book for that purpose. What an advantage it would be if every week there was one short doctrinal exposition of Catholic belief in some daily paper—one half column to induce a suspicion that the Church is not so black as she is painted.

It would be beyond the limits of this short letter to indicate in how many ways a reputable Catholic newspaper could aid in its own humble sphere the sublime mission of the Teaching Church. Suffice to say that for a layman there can be no higher aim or purer occupation than to make the world read words of instruction and of warning that it is unwilling to hear otherwise. And while he may not be of advantage in certain quarters on the subject of faith and morals he could occasionally—especially in this day and with the present feeling in Canada—remind the public generally that the Church is not only a Teaching Church but also a Fighting Church—a church Militant; and that long after the enemies of the Jesuits, and of the French who are Catholics, and of the Irish who are Catholics, shall have passed off the stage, the Militant Church will be as little affected by these onslaughts as she has been by the onslaughts of their predecessors. This may not be a gracious thing to do, but it is as well for those learned writers and speakers who take no profit out of history, to remember what powers of resistance there are in the Church they attack, and how after ages of hammering, its armour is, in reality, all the better for the exercise.

The friends of *The Review* hope that its career may be long and prosperous, that while it will have charity for those who differ from the Church, it will have no compromise with Error;

and that in such great subjects as Temperance and Education it will be found on the unassailable ground adopted by the best Catholic guides.

D. A. O'SULLIVAN.

OTTAWA LETTER.

Despite the Hon. leader of the Opposition's reference to "the very meagre bill of fare" presented by the Government this session, still we have already seen indications of a few very interesting and delicate questions that may occupy the House in a few weeks. The bringing down of the Estimates at such an early stage, as is done in England, is a very striking evidence that the present Minister of Finance is a man of more than average energy and work. The precedent is a happy one and reflects great credit, both on the Department of Finance, as now controlled, and on the Government.

The press,—especially the Ottawa local press, through the medium of letters from citizens,—is broadly hinting at the possibility of this session witnessing a movement in the House upon the Irish question. It is very probable that a motion of censure or disapproval, with regard to the Balfour-O'Brien semi-tragedy, will be moved. It is only proper and consistent that a body, like the Dominion Parliament, which has already pronounced so emphatically upon the question of Home Rule, should stigmatize, in no uncertain voice, the quasi-assassin-like conduct of the home Government in the case of the unfortunate, patriotic, and noble victim of systematic persecution—William O'Brien. I wonder did Sir Walter Scott have the present Chief Secretary for Ireland in view when he painted the character of John Balfour, of Burley? To the reader of romance, the Laird of Abbotsford seemed to have exaggerated the harsh outlines and to have pressed too heavily on the dark pencil that traced the details of such a wicked and heartless character; but, to-day, Scott is vindicated,—Burley was no mere phanton of the imagination—for we behold, at the close of the nineteenth century, Balfour out-Balfoured by the sly, wicked, heartless being, who, devoid of all human feeling, is growing daily and hourly more hateful to the civilized human race. Tullamore, Clonmel, Tralee, by the invisible hand of just retribution, will become the *Mane Theckle Uphares* of the new dispensation, and in the very cannibal banquet of his momentary triumph, that warning will blaze upon the wall.

If we are to believe the Orange organs of Ontario: if Goldwin Smith's dark purposes could be carried out; if the ex-Oxford professor's visions of discord and politico-religious strife could be realized—we may yet have a sectarian passage at-arms in the arena of the House of Commons. The Jesuit Disallowance question seems to rankle in the very Christian souls of those charity-preaching, enmity practising advocates of religious warfare. Should they bring up the question this session,—and they are at present collecting cloud after cloud along the political horizon, which, when united in one mighty tornado, they wish to rush down upon the plain and devastate all that remains of Catholic principles,—should they attempt it, they will suddenly discover that the old principles and the eternal and immutable truth have their defenders and safeguards; from both sides of the House a regular Hymelea of strength would arise to dash back the lava-tide of iconoclasm and infidelity, bigotry and religious rancor. If the ex-professor, before making wholesale "assertion without proof, declamation without argument, and violent censure without dignity or moderation," were to study the "Exercises of St. Ignatius," he might be able to speak with a *connaissance de cause* on the Jesuit question. Let him go to the cave of Manresa and there learn history undistorted, and then place his hand on his conscience—if such a thing he still can boast—and honestly confess that he is completely and absolutely ignorant of Jesuit history and Catholic political aspirations. But enough for once!

The Dominion Alliance has called a meeting of the members and senators in favour of prohibition, to take place tomorrow, and to organize a prohibition campaign for this session. Of this more anon!

Ottawa, 12th Feb'y, 1889.

J. K. F.,

THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW

The REVIEW does not often obtrude *itself* upon its readers. It prefers to seek the co-operation and commendation of the Catholics of Canada by the work it does rather than by singing its own praises. But this is its birthday, and casting a glance back upon the two years of its existence and looking forward hopefully to a long career of usefulness and prosperity, which it not unreasonably believes itself entitled to, it may be permitted to give some substantial evidence of the hold it has secured on the highest ecclesiastical authority and the best thought of the country. The letters which follow, it will be observed, come from no one class. They represent every section of the Catholics of Canada, and as such should be read with interest by the REVIEW's already large number of readers, and by the still larger number who, in the near future, will, we trust, be ranked as such.

A declaration of principles from us at the present time would be superfluous. They are already well-known, and may be summed up in the one word, CATHOLIC. We can but repeat what we said on a former occasion, that, where a Catholic principle or a Catholic interest is at stake, THE REVIEW will be found to be the medium of expression of true Catholic opinion. It will be subject to no influence, political or of any kind, and its efforts will be directed solely towards rendering itself an efficient auxiliary to the Church in Canada. This being so, we think we are not seeking more than our due in earnestly requesting the co-operation of all who have at heart the diffusion of Catholic literature and the propagation of sound Catholic thought in this country. They can do this in no better way than by aiding in the work of extending the REVIEW's influence and usefulness. Let every one of its present readers send us with their own, the name of one additional subscriber and they will have done the cause a real service.

FROM HIS GRACE THE LATE 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, hails 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, C. O'BRIEN,
Archbishop of Halifax.

FROM THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

ST. PETER'S PALACE, London, Dec. 6th, 1888.

DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—Enclosed please find Bishop Walsh's subscription to your valuable journal. He requested me to say to you that he is particularly well pleased with THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW, and that, judging from its simple, lucid and touching articles it is fully carrying out the meritorious end of devoting its energies to the interests of the Catholic Church in Canada. He therefore looks forward to the great future of THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW in this new and prosperous country of ours.

I am, dear sir, yours respectfully,
JOS. KENNEDY, Secretary.

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.

FROM VERY REV. FATHER DOWD, MONTREAL.

ST. PATRICK'S, Montreal, Jan'y 25th, 1887,

DEAR SIR,—I have just read the prospectus of THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW, and as a mark of my approval of the principles announced, I send you my subscription for two years. In rigidly excluding partisan politics, you meet the prevailing evil of the day in Canada and elsewhere. In the reputed Catholic journals of this country politics seem to have assumed the first rank: the Church and its interests must be

content to occupy the second place. This infatuation of the day, by mixing up good Catholic reading with virulent abuse of our best public Catholic men, has done much injury to religion by discrediting its most faithful and able defenders, thus diminishing their influence for good, and, what is worse, vitiating the Catholic taste and judgment of the country. I therefore accept your REVIEW as a boon of great value to religion in our Canada.

I have no fear that in your efforts to provide intellectual food for the educated you will forget the wants of the great mass of our good Catholics. This can be done by copious extracts from the best Catholic Journals of Europe and America. A careful and brief analysis of the political events that are passing at home would perhaps make your REVIEW more acceptable to a large number of your readers, without infringing upon your wise resolution to exclude all partisan politics. I make no excuse for offering these suggestions as they came from my anxiety for the complete success of your most important enterprise.

With best wishes, I remain,
Your obedient servant, P. DOWD, Priest.

FROM LAVAL UNIVERSITY.

We greatly appreciate your excellent publication.
MGR. HAMEL, Editor *Canada Francais*.

FROM VERY REV. DEAN O'CONNOR.

PERTH, 22nd Jan'y 1889.

DEAR SIR,—I believe I have allowed a few days to go by beyond the correct period for sending you my yearly subscription to your excellent REVIEW, which is truly a credit to Canada and to all connected with its publication, and therefore my sincere hope is that you are receiving that share of patronage which your enterprise and labours are so eminently entitled to.

Yours sincerely,
Ed. C. W. Rev. J. S. O'CONNOR, Dean.

FROM A JESUIT FATHER.

Your REVIEW is most interesting. The need of the hour is Catholic education, whether by the press or by the school, and we must strive against immense odds. You have begun well and you must succeed.

REV. D. LYNCH, S.J.

FROM FATHER MINEHAN.

PENETANGUISHENE, Feb. 8, 1889.

SIR,—Enclosed you will find \$2, my annual subscription to THE REVIEW. I am glad to learn from a recent issue that it has, to use your own words, grown to vigorous and progressive youth. That it has progressed in matter I can say with pleasure from my reading of its contents. With best wishes for your success.

I remain, etc., L. MINEHAN.

FROM ST. MARGARET'S CONVENT, EDINBURGH.

Your REVIEW is an additional link with friends in Canada, besides being interesting in itself.

SISTER MARY BERNARD, Superioress.

UNDER THE SHADOW OF A CRIME.

BY E. B. MARSHALL.

It may generally be assumed, when one comes across a horse bridled and saddled that the rider is, if not on the back of his Rosmante, at least not very far away. Such was the natural enough inference drawn by a peasant who, one bright forenoon early in June, 1880, observed a riderless hack nibbling peacefully away at the herbage in the forest of Fontenay aux Roses, which is, as anyone who has lived in Rouen knows, a favourite haunt of those *bonhommes* who love to cultivate an appetite for luncheon by a morning promenade. Seeing a bright five-franc piece in prospect, our Jacques Bonhomme, after securing the animal—an easy matter, by the way—proceeded to look for its owner.

"That has not the air of being vicious," thought the peasant, *apropos* of the animal he held by the bridle, and speculating upon the probability of the rider having been thrown, "but some of these gentlemen of the town know as much about a horse as a fish about apples. I thought it," he added some few minutes afterwards, as, coming to a turning where the alley he was following opened out into a kind of small clearing, he saw a human form extended motionless upon the ground before him. After a first glance, Jacques seemed more astonished than his previous self-addressed remarks concerning the equestrian caprices of "those gentlemen of the town" would have seemed to warrant; and well he might, for the man lying in the centre of the clearing wore the uniform of an army officer, and Jacques knew that the military riding-school with its hours of bare-back riding, turned out cavaliers who could stick in their seats as well as a circus performer. Jacques eyed the horse somewhat askance, as he went up to the helpless soldier.

Two minutes later, our Jacques Bonhomme was bestriding the animal which he had captured, and was urging it as fast as hand and voice could make it gallop in the direction of the town; and some few hours later, all Rouen was talking of the murder that had been committed that morning in the wood of Fontenay-aux-Roses.

The afternoon of that same day, perhaps the most wretched and distressed creature in all Rouen was Helene Lapeyre, the only daughter of one of the "leading citizens" of that cathedral city. She, like every one else, had heard the news of the murder of Major Magnier, and the tidings affected her more nearly than anyone else. Major Magnier had been a friend of her father's, and, what is more, had hoped to transfer that friendship into a much closer and deeper relationship by a marriage with the daughter. Though, as has been said, perhaps the most miserable creature in all Rouen was Helene Lapeyre, it does not follow that the girl was grieving simply because she had lost a possible husband. As a matter of fact Helene had no idea of regarding the death of Major Magnier in this light, for she had always been indifferent to his attentions, her heart having been given into the keeping of another man. Still she could not but be deeply moved at hearing of the death, under such terrible conditions, of one whose only fault was that he loved her. The measure of her grief, or, to speak more correctly, of her misery and wretchedness, was abnormal and requires explanation. This explanation will be afforded by introducing the reader into the room in which Helene and her mother, a well-preserved, kindly-looking woman, was seated, the one busy with some feminine work, the other sitting listlessly with her hands in her lap. The two women were discussing the all-absorbing topic of the murder.

"You must not allow it to distress you so, child," Madame Lapeyre remarked. "It is horrible, certainly," and a tear of sympathy, or pity, or both, stole down her face; "but it is God's will."

Madame Lapeyre had been aware of the attentions paid by Major Magnier to her daughter, but, with a mother's instinct, had divined that they were not received with favour. Still, she understood that a shock must have been given to her daughter's nervous system, and seeing Helene sitting opposite to her, a picture of unutterable, tearless anguish, she put down her embroidery and moved to a seat beside the girl. Stealing one arm around her daughter's waist, with the other

hand she pulled the drawn face to hers. At this Helene broke down completely. Words came with the sobs, jerked out, as it were, and words of surprising import. At first Madame Lapeyre was unable to grasp their terrible meaning. As there is no reason why the reader should be required to suffer the same delay, we will endeavour to present Helene's revelations for to her mother they were revelations in a more concise and lucid style than the girl was mistress of.

Major Magnier had been laying siege to a place already in possession of an enemy. Among the officers of the same regiment was one Captain de Soubeyron, who, a native of Rouen, had known Helene Lapeyre almost from her childhood. Monsieur and Madame Lapeyre had taken no notice of the intimacy existing between their daughter and De Soubeyron, neither in the distant past, when it was merely a boy and girl friendship, nor in the more immediate past, when they mistakenly regarded it as such, for the boy and girl friendship had ripened into a strong and deep love between man and woman. Major Magnier had been more observant, and from having merely a suspicion of the real state of affairs he had come to possess the complete certainty that he had been worsted in the struggle for Helene Lapeyre's heart and hand; for there was no likelihood of her having to bestow the latter upon any other than the man to whom she had forfeited the former. De Soubeyron's connections, prospects, etc., being satisfactory in every way, and, in some respects indeed, superior to those possessed by Magnier. Instead, however, of retiring from the field, as he might have done, with his eagles still in his possession, Magnier lost control over himself, and thus exposed himself to an ignominious disaster. This result, inevitable considering the character of the contest, had arrived on the day preceding that on which this story opens. Under circumstances into which it is not necessary to enter, Helene had shown her preference for De Soubeyron. The Major had lost his temper, and forgetful of ever thing save that he was in the presence of a hated rival, vented his spleen by addressing De Soubeyron in the most insulting fashion. Helene was witness of the scene. What she most feared was that it would not end there, but that it would have consequences which might be disastrous for her lover. De Soubeyron had, to use a vulgar phrase, been "hard hit." Though he had, in Helene's presence, borne himself with dignity, the girl saw that there were within him smothered fires which would burst forth in terrible fury. Now, on the very day succeeding this altercation between the two men, Major Magnier had been found dead. Do what she would to banish the thought, the remembrance of the scene of yesterday, and of the evil look which she had seen in her lover's eyes, would force itself upon her.

Madame Lapeyre, at first utterly amazed at the situation which her daughter's broken words placed before her, came by the light of calmer reason to see its absurdity. Such baseness was impossible in any gentleman, and least of all possible in Alfred de Soubeyron's case. As for the idea of the two men having met that morning in the wood, and of the scene of the previous day being repeated and extended, she dismissed that as in the highest degree improbable.

Helene would willingly have found herself convinced by her mother's reasoning, but the horrible idea which had taken possession of her was too strong. It was a kind of nightmare, and, do what she would, she could not shake it off.

It was not that she *believed* exactly that it was as she feared her faith in her lover was too firm for that—but she *feared* that it might be so.

The girl was still a prey to these harassing thoughts, when Monsieur Lapeyre entered the room. Immediately on hearing of the alleged murder of Major Magnier he had gone to make inquiries.

His first word on seeing his wife and child on his return were:

"He is not dead!"

"Not dead!" echoed the two women, Madame Lapeyre adding: "Thank God!"

"No—not yet; what was at first taken for death was merely a state of complete unconsciousness. There is, however, no hope of saving his life. The assassin's knife has done its work too well. What the doctors cannot quite understand is that poor Magnier should remain so long unconscious.

His condition is entirely abnormal. He had not bled at all or very little—that is, exteriorly. There are no bruises or anything of that kind to account for the state of coma in which the poor fellow lies. Doctor Edmund says he can only account for it by supposing that the knife had been dipped in some subtle poison, the existence and effects of which are unknown to science. It is a strange affair altogether."

"Is he not expected to recover consciousness?" asked Madame Lapeyre.

"Yes, the doctors say that a man in his state usually comes to his senses just before death. Let us hope that he will do so, so that the murderer will not escape. It all depends on Magnier being able to say who is the man."

"Is there no other clue?" asked Madame Magnier.

"Yes, there is one—the knife was found sticking in the poor fellow's breast. It is a very peculiar weapon—with a silver-chased hilt, and a long, thin, triple-edged blade. But whatever is the matter with Helene?"

The girl had suddenly fainted.

A little before the hour at which the scene just described took place, the *cure* of the village from which the wood of Fontenay aux-Roses takes its name, was called into the confessional. The

penitent was one whose appearance was very different from that of the generality of those who sought the good priest's spiritual ministrations. The man's garb defied description, and, with the somewhat bloodshot eyes, unkempt hair and beard, and sunken cheeks, combined to make an individual who might have been considered an exemplary denizen of a London Alsatia or a Paris *cour de miracles*. When the Abbe quitted the confessional, he had heard a story which might have found its fitting place between the backs of a sensational novel the story of a family wrong, of a vow of vengeance taken, of years of patient, untiring search after the wrongdoer, and, finally, of the stain washed out by his heart's blood.

The Abbe de Soubeyron's afternoon was fated to be broken into. His strange penitent had not been long gone when another was announced. The new comer was in every respect the contrast of his predecessor. The pink of perfection so far as exterior appearance was concerned, he did not seem troubled with any inconvenient fears concerning his interior condition, for it was not to confess that he came. He was ushered into the Abbe's study.

"You will pardon my intrusion, I hope, *Monsieur l'Abbe*," he said, "as it is necessitated by a matter of primary importance."

The Abbe de Soubeyron bowed.

"A crime was committed this morning in the wood close at hand. Perhaps you have heard of it?" the visitor added as the priest started.

"Continue," was all the response given.

"The victim was Major Magnier, an officer in the same regiment as your brother, Captain de Soubeyron. M. Magnier

was found by one of your villagers with a dagger plunged in his breast."

"How does this concern me?" asked the Abbe coldly.

"In this way. Tongues will wag, you know, and it is known that Major Magnier and your brother were not on the best of terms—had, in fact, quarrelled recently on the subject of a lady. The inference which may be drawn is neither good-natured nor, I may say on my own part, even probable; still it is, in a certain degree, obvious."

The Abbe de Soubeyron's naturally pale face had grown deadly pale.

"You are insulting, sir!" he said, making an evident effort to remain calm. "May I ask you by what right you come here to accuse my brother of a dastardly crime, of which no one who knows him could even suppose him guilty?" It is not in the presence of a brother that you should draw your inferences, otherwise you expose yourself to the risk of being considered ridiculous as well as insolent."

The visitor handed a card to the priest, who read:

M. PSAUD, Commissary of Police.

"I have no desire to be considered either ridiculous or insolent," said the visitor, after a moment's silence. "I am merely doing my duty in telling you of the report that mag-

nant tongues are even at this moment, probably, busily circulating."

"My brother Alfred can well afford to allow such absurd slanders to pass unnoticed. They will have the fate of all idle words. I thank you for your consideration in acquainting me with them."

"One moment more," interrupted the Commissary of Police, to the Abbe had evidently intended his last sentence to close the interview. "Do you know this, M. de Soubeyron?"

"Yes, it is a porgard purchased by my brother while he was in Corsica some months ago. All his friends know it as well as I, for,

as you may see yourself, it is a very remarkable weapon, and as an example of art is a rare and valuable curiosity. Do you wish me to return it to its owner?"

"Not exactly. This very remarkable weapon, which is, as you say, a curiosity, and probably the only one of its kind in the world, is the instrument with which Major Magnier was mortally wounded this morning. It still remained in the wound when the body was found. You must acknowledge that is a strong piece of evidence against Captain de Soubeyron."

The Abbe laughed outright.

"In all probability my brother lost the weapon, which by some chance or other came into the hands of the person who attacked Major Magnier."

"Probabilities will not have much weight with people who have not the same faith in Captain de Soubeyron as you have."

This persistence seemed to exasperate the Abbe, for there was a trace of anger in his voice as he said:

"But I know that my brother is not guilty of this crime!"

"Then who is?" was the natural and quick rejoinder.



"Can you prove an alibi?" the Abbe asked, "that would be conclusive."

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

HIS RELIGIOUS AND DOMESTIC CHARACTER.

Few men, perhaps, have lived a stormier life than O'Connell, the Liberator. From his first entry into public life until almost his latest breath, warfare, not less fierce because unbloody, was the prime state of his being. He was a man of strong passions and was nothing if not impulsive, and the very ardour of his disposition often led him into serious trouble. Of the many notable men with whom it was his fate, at one period of his life or another, to come into conflict, few escaped the dreaded castigation of his gifted tongue. His encounter with Mr. Disraeli (Lord Beaconsfield) whom he denounced as "a lineal descendant of the blasphemous thief who died on the cross," is but one instance (though withal a striking one) of his ability in this respect. His power of invective at all times was terrible and when fully wrought up it may be doubted if his equal has ever been heard in the British House of Commons. His wonderful gifts as an orator have, indeed, but recently called forth a striking tribute from Mr. Gladstone, who, to his exceptional opportunities for forming an estimate of O'Connell adds unquestionable qualifications for the task.

But the very tempestuousness of O'Connell's public life, arrayed as he was in the service of his country and his faith against their hereditary foes, serves but to cast into stronger relief the beauty and the gentleness of his domestic character. If the words which he hurled at the enemy were fierce and terrible, those which he addressed to his wife and children were tender and affectionate in the extreme. It is this side of his life which, in the very nature of things has been hidden from the public eye, but now that it has been given to us by Mr. Fitzpatrick in his two volumes of "Correspondence," we see the man as he really was in all his strength and manliness, in all his gentleness and true religious fervour. Who that has contemplated O'Connell solely in the arena of politics would be prepared for this tender effusion to the "Mary of his heart?"

DARLING, I can write you but a few lines as it is grown so late, and my time is small. I was finishing some law business which I had solemnly promised to dispose of this night. You will know, my heart's dearest treasure, that whether I write few or many words, there certainly is not in the world a man who more fondly doats on, or who so anxiously longs for the arms of his wife. Day and night you are continually present to my fond thoughts, and you always increase my happiness or lessen my cares. With you I could live with pleasure in a prison or a desert. You are my all of company, and if I can but preserve your love I shall have in it more of true delight than can be imagined by any but he who sincerely loves. Sweet Mary, I rave of you! I think only of you! I sigh for you, I weep for you! I almost pray to you! Darling, I do not—indeed I do not exaggerate. If there be more of vehemence in my expressions, believe me that vehemence has its justification in my heart—a heart that is devoted to the most enticing of her sex. Indeed you are a dear, charming little woman. Your last letter I have read again and again. Dearest, sweetest wife, I hope to be able to prove to you the ardour and the purity of the pleasing affection with which my whole soul doats on you.

Oh this to his daughter, which brings out also the deep religiousness and tender piety of his grand heart:

MY DEAREST DARLING CHILD, I have complied with your wish. I have procured Masses to be said for your intention, and after my communion to-morrow I will offer up my wretched prayers for the daughter on whom my fond heart doats with a tenderness that is not to be described or known to any but the heart of a parent. Represent to yourself your darling boy in mental agony, and then you will read my feeling of utter misery at your state of mind. This, I own, is the severest blow that ever I experienced, to have you, my angel daughter, consuming your heart and intellect on vain, idle, and unprofitable scruples. It is quite true that you are in a state with which it is the inscrutable will of God to try the souls of His elect—a state of great danger, if the spirit of pride, of self-esteem, or of self-will mixes with it so as to make the sufferer fall into the snare of despair. Despair is your danger, your only danger. Oh, generous God, protect my child from despair! If you, by humility, submission; humble submission to the Church in the person of your spiritual director—if you give up every thought, and throw yourself into the arms of God by ORATION and submission, you will soon be at peace, and be so for life and in an eternity of bliss. Is your scruple such as you can communicate to your father? If it be, tell it to me, and probably you yourself, when you write it, will see how idle it is. Can my child think that the God who, in the lingering torments of the cross, shed the last drop of His blood for her, is a tyrant, or that He does not love her? Your greatest love for your babe is nothing to the love God bears for you. Why, then, my own child, not confide in His loving kindness? Generously throw all your care on Him, confide in His love with humble submission to Him, and to His spouse, His

Holy Church. Oh, my beloved child, that He may through His bitter passion and cruel death give you His grace! If your scruple be such as you cannot communicate to your father, go at once and consult Dr. McHale about it. Determine, before you go in the presence of God, to submit to whatever the Archbishop shall say to you. In the meantime, pray quietly, and with composure of mind, once or twice a day, say coolly and deliberately, "Oh God! Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," and then attend to your family and children, taking your mind, without haste and violence, from the thought that make you unhappy to your domestic occupations. You would pity your poor father if you knew how miserable you make me—fear with the most agonizing fear for you in this trial. If you go through it with humility, submission and obedience you will be an angel for all eternity. Write to me, darling, darling child. I enclose ten pounds to pay your expenses to France. If you do not go there use them as you please. Ever, my own, own dearest child,

Your fond though distracted father,
DANIEL O'CONNELL.

No apology is necessary for quoting such a letter in full. It throws a light on the character of the great Liberator such as to arouse our sympathy and our admiration. And it is by no means a solitary instance. That he constantly lived in the presence of God is evident from the ever recurring expressions, even in his political correspondence: "please God," "as God will," "God be merciful to us," and others of a like spirit. In the very thick of the political conflict he writes to his friend Fitz Patrick: "Dr. Wiseman has just published a book on the Eucharist. Get it for me and send it here, and to the Secretary of the Protestant Association who had forwarded him certain documents insulting to his faith as a Catholic, he makes the manly and Christlike reply—'There is but one body and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, one God and Father of all.' That that gracious and good God may in the plenitude of His mercies recall your fellow-labourers and guide them to the one faith which your fathers and our fathers left to God, is, I hope, the humble and fervent prayer of Yours etc;" and here is a passage addressed to a priest who had had some dispute with his bishop and had shown a disposition to be intractable—"In civil matters every man may, and ought to, right himself before the law in spirituals, especially between clergymen, authority should be respected, and no appeal made, save from one spiritual superior to one in a higher degree, until either justice be done or the higher authority appealed to in vain. Even if in vain, injustice, in that respect, is, in my judgment, preferable to scandal, which, after all, will afford no redress;" words which might be read with profit by (to give one instance) Dr. McGlynn.

The letter to his wife given above was written in the early days of his wedded life, but ten, twenty years afterwards his epistles are not less effusive or less tender, and that his affection was reciprocated to the full by both wife and children is evident from the following letter, written in 1817 by his wife whom he often playfully calls "the dearest little *cock-nosed* woman in the world." "When a kind husband or Father is spoken of," she writes, "Ellen and Kate will exclaim, 'Mamma, sure he is not so good a husband or Father as our Father.' You may guess, darling, what my reply is. You know what you deserve, and you are aware that in existence I don't think there is such a Husband and Father as you are and always have been. Indeed, I think it quite impossible there could, and if the truest and tenderest affection can repay you, believe me that I feel and bear it for you." She died in 1837, and, as may be imagined, O'Connell's grief was well nigh inconsolable. He speaks of "the achung void left craving at his heart" and writes to his old friend Fitz Patrick, "I can never again know happiness, and every day convinces me more and more of that fact." He survived her ten years, dying, as all the world knows, worn out by labour and disappointment, at Genoa in 1847. Rev. Dr. Miloy the companion of his pilgrimage, and his attendant to the end thus chronicles his last moments: "The Liberator has long been prepared for death; he has familiarized himself with the contemplation of his last end. . . . Though prostrate to the last degree, he was perfectly in possession of his mind whilst receiving the last rites. The adorable name of Jesus, which he had been in the habit of invoking, was constantly on his lips with trembling fervour. His thoughts have been entirely absorbed by religion since his illness commenced. For . . . last forty hours he has not opened his lips to speak of any-

think else; and when the end *had come*. "His death was serene and happy, for it was sanctified by the sacraments and alleviated by the consolations which our divine religion lavishes with so much mercy on its children. . . . He requested his heart that heart which always beat for the cause of religion and liberty to be taken to Rome. . . . The heart of O'Connell at Rome, his body in Ireland, and his soul in heaven - is not that what the justice of man and the mercy of God demand?"

More than forty years have now closed over the grave of Daniel O'Connell. His place in history as the Liberator of his Church and his people is secure, and his character as a statesman and a leader of men must ever attract our highest admiration. But the man as he was in the circle of his family and before the altar of God does more than this. It attracts not only our admiration, but our sympathy and our love, and is in the end, his highest claim to the remembrance of posterity. The man of war becomes the devoted husband and fond parent; the undaunted assailant of the Saxon oppressor, the willing slave of the domestic circle, and the humble devotee at the foot of the Cross.

These religious letters of O'Connell's seem to possess the highest value, and to the busy man of the world who "has no time for the exercises of religion" will come as a revelation. If he, the tireless politician, not only found time to attend to his religious duties, but found in them his only strength and solace, this fact, as brought out so clearly in his correspondence should do more to effect the conversion of those "who have no time for religion" than countless tomes of controversy.

NEW.

ABBE H. R. CASGRAIN.

The mention of this name awakens the memory of some of the best, most elegant, varied and useful work, in the broad range of the letters of French Canada. The Abbe Casgrain's life is almost wholly in his books. He began by the "Legendes Canadiennes," a simple series of light touches, then wrote the "History of the Mother of the Incarnation," one of the greatest figures of New France. A similar work is the "History of the Hotel Dieu." He is one of the original Fellows of the Royal Society of Canada, and his contributions of late have been devoted to the Expulsion of the Acadians. His work, called "Un Pelerinage au Pays d'Evangeline," embodies a first draught of information, in which the Massachusetts Colonists are held solely responsible for the deed, and since then he has gathered fresh material from archives in Paris and London further confirming his theory. Abbe Casgrain has furthermore written biographical sketches of leading men, such as Messrs. Chauveau, Garneau, Falardeau, the painter, Parkman and others. He has also been a constant contributor to the newspapers and periodicals of the province. *Dominion Illustrated.*



ABBE H. R. CASGRAIN.

FROM THE *Dominion Illustrated* of 26th January.

Catholic Weekly Review offices are now at 61 Adelaide Street East, having removed from 32 1/2 Church St.

ORESTES AUGUSTUS BROWNSON, LL.D.

The following is taken from the "Address to the Catholics of America by the Brownson Memorial Committee of the Catholic Young Men's National Union"

"From the time when he became a Catholic, in 1844, to his death, he devoted his great learning and ability to the defence of the Church, in explanation of her doctrines, and in refutation of modern errors and was a most prominent figure in the Catholic and Protestant world. The value and importance of his labours cannot be too highly estimated. He stood up in defence of the Church at a time when her champions were few and impotent, and when religious bigotry was at its height. His writings will live as long as truth needs to be defended, as there are shams to be exposed and errors to be refuted. He has been pronounced the first review writer of our country, and was regarded as among the first men of the age. His style, based on the best literary models, gives a charm to all he wrote, and in his masterly handling of the English language he stands unsurpassed.

He put aside the most tempting offers of public preferment and private gain for the sake of embracing the truth, and after a life's labours in the cause of Catholicity, died poor. The memory of such a man should not be permitted to die. His great faith and unflinching courage, fervent piety and entire unselfishness, profound learning and tireless industry, go to make up one of the highest ideals of manhood for our youth to contemplate, study and imitate.

"There is a great future in store for the Catholic young men of America, and we believe one of the steps towards preparing them for it would be to create an active interest in the writings of this distinguished controversialist. In his preface to the American Republic he says: 'I wish to exert an influence on the future of my country for which I have made, or rather my family have made, some sacrifices, and which I tenderly love. Now, I believe that he who can exert the most influence on our Catholic population, especially in giving tone and direction to our Catholic youth, will exert the most influence in forming the character and shaping the future destiny of the American Republic.'

"Catholics should no longer bear the reproach that they willingly honour all but their own, and are indifferent only to them. We believe that if appealed to with proper spirit they will respond with that liberality they are distinguished for in all other undertakings calling for financial aid. The virtues of Dr. Brownson should be held up before our young men as a worthy example for imitation, and the merits of his labours entitle him to be held in the highest esteem by all Catholics. The debt we owe his memory for the services he rendered to us can never be fully measured or repaid. By honouring his memory we honour ourselves, and the erection of a fitting memorial will result in the organization of a Catholic public spirit which will exert the greatest effect for good on our selves."

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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Gerald Fitzgerald, Editor

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, FEB. 16, 1889.

"Old Mortality" sends us an excellent descriptive account of the Montreal Carnival, but, unfortunately, too late for insertion this week. It will appear in next number.

The Papal Bull has arrived at Peterborough, transferring Right Rev. Dr. Dowling to the See of Hamilton, and elevating as his successor in the See of Peterborough, Ven. Dean O'Connor of Barrie. The news will be received with satisfaction by the Catholics of Canada. A sketch of both prelates has already appeared in the REVIEW. Further particulars will appear later.

Parliamentary reform, says the London *Universe*, is going ahead. "A new smoking room has been added to the House. While they are at it they might as well add class-rooms for the teaching of elocution to the Tory squires, the eternal principles of veracity (according to Carlyle) to Mr. Balfour, and deportment to the young bloods from Carlton Club. There are occasions on which a boxing-saloon with sets of gloves and attendant professors might be handy, and some folks are wicked enough to suggest that a padded cell for lunatics would not be out of place sometimes."

As announced last week, St. Mary's new church in this city will be opened on Sunday, the 17th inst. Bishop Walsh, of London, will bless the church and preach at the Mass which will be sung by Bishop Cleary. Father Henning, C. SS. R., of St. Patrick's, will preach in the evening. The admission to the church in the morning will be by ticket. A full report of the proceedings will appear in next week's REVIEW. We take this opportunity, however, of tendering our congratulations to the venerable Father Rooney, on the completion of this, his great work. He has laboured in season and out of season to the end that his parishioners might possess a temple not unworthy of Almighty God, and now that his efforts are crowned with success, from no one, we are sure, will he receive congratulations more heartfelt than ours.

Ven. Dean Harris has issued a "Statement of Receipts and Expenditures for St. Catharine's Parish, from Jan. 1st, 1885, to Dec. 31st, 1888." It is prefaced by an address to his parishioners, which must have the effect of greatly increasing the already high estimation in which he is held, not only in his own city, but throughout the archdiocese and the province. Father Harris is of opinion "that a pastor deepens his influence for good with his parishioners, and offers an additional claim to their confidence in him by a frank and unsolicited statement of parochial receipts and disbursements," and adds that "this persuasion nineteen

years in the sacred ministry have developed into a conviction." The soundness of this conviction is made evident by a perusal of the report itself. In four years the debt on the church, which, with interest, amounted to \$8,600, has been paid off; schools which represent an expenditure of \$17,000 have been built; and of an outlay of \$16,000 for enlargements and improvements to the church, \$8,000 was paid in a little more than a year. In order to raise this large sum of money an appeal was made to the people "as a body" and by the honourable remittance of the contributions made in response thereto, their pastor was spared the humiliation of a house to house and man to man solicitation. Father Harris duly acknowledges the liberality of his people in this respect. "You have," he says, "given to the Catholics of Ontario, a practical example of your high conception of the dignity and honour of the priesthood that ought not, even for the building of churches, to be drawn into a position painful in the nearness of its approach to professional mendicancy." The Venerable Dean has been rector of St. Catharine's for only four years, and it speaks highly for his zeal and true pastoral solicitude, that he is able to render so good an account of himself. The happy results which have flowed from his generous confidence in his people, first in the method in which he sought their co-operation, and now in the publication of this Statement, would seem to argue for a more general adoption of the plan.

But few of our readers, perhaps, who chanced to read the paragraph in the daily papers recently, announcing the election of a new chairman, and the appointment of committees on the Public Library Board for the ensuing year, observed what, after some consideration, we take to be a deliberate attempt to "shelve" the Catholic members. The Board is divided into two committees, Library, and Building and Finance, the first mentioned, as its name implies, being the only one of real importance, the other having no duty more onerous than to supervise the distribution of the finances provided by the City. The selection and purchase of books, the appointment of assistants, and all that really concerns the prosperity and extension of the Library as a public institution, rests with the Library Committee, which should, as a matter of equity and fair-dealing, be made as representative as possible. Yet both of the Catholic members have been left out, though one of them, at least, is the only member of the Board who is, by reason of his knowledge and experience in bibliographical matters, qualified for the position. The naming of these committees rests, we understand, with the chairman. We should be sorry to cast any undue reflections upon the gentleman at present occupying that position, but if this, his first official act, is to be taken as a criterion of what is to follow, we are driven to either one of two conclusions. If he is ignorant of the fact that the Library is the property of the citizens without distinction of creed, and that the members of the Board charged with its management are drawn from various sources expressly to ensure its representative character, then he is totally unfit for the position. If, on the other hand, he is actuated by senseless bigotry in thus quietly placing the Catholic members out of the power of having anything to say or do in the real working of the Library, his unfitness becomes still more apparent. We have reasons for believing the latter theory to be the correct one, and, speaking for the Catholic ratepayers of the city, we would have it to be clearly understood that that sort of thing will meet with the condemnation and resentment it deserves. If the Library is to be the useful and beneficent institution it is in-

tended to be, and is to continue its heretofore prosperous career, it must not fall a prey to sectarian influences. We have never made any reference to the institution save of an appreciative kind, and we have no wish to depart from that course of action, but we know our duty, and intend, in the interest of all concerned, to perform it to the best of our ability.

We have on several occasions of late been constrained to point out what we considered unaccountable apathy on the part of some of the clergy of this Province towards the evil of intemperance. In doing so we were actuated by no carping or fault-finding disposition. No one can have a greater veneration for the sacerdotal character or a higher appreciation of the self-sacrificing spirit of our clergy than experience and attachment to our holy Faith has engendered in us. We know that they are ceaselessly at the beck and call of the lowliest and least deserving amongst us, and that when good is to be done or evil to be averted there is no thought of self, no human respect, no consideration save the value of an immortal soul. All this we know, and keep ever before us. But it does not hinder us, nor do we, in fidelity to the principles laid down by our Holy Father for the guidance of Catholic journalists intend that it shall, from directing attention to existing evils, or from labouring towards their redress. In this spirit and from sheer love of our people every line of our work has been written, and we trust will continue to be. In the particular instance to which we have reference just now, we had no one person in view. We wrote of a state of affairs somewhat wide-spread, and only too apparent to the most casual observer, yet, as we expected, we have been subjected to no little adverse criticism, and charged with being immoderately zealous. But we have, on the other hand, received the kindest assurances from influential quarters that we are moving in the right direction and fulfilling our mission as Catholic journalists. From one priest of the archdiocese whose position entitles him to the greatest respect we have received a letter which we deem it well to reproduce here as evidence of the soundness of the principles we have enunciated. It is no less outspoken than it is kindly in its expression of feeling towards ourselves.

"I must say that your references to the apathy of the Catholic clergy with regard to the cause of temperance, entitles you to their thanks. Instead of such criticism being regarded with disfavour, as it unhappily sometimes is, it should be welcomed as a remedy for that remissness into which we are inclined to lapse. I gratefully acknowledge that your remarks regarding temperance proved a healthy stimulus to me, and that, when an occasion offered, I took occasion to depict as well as I could the enormity of the sin of intemperance. In doing this I have but advocated a virtue which deserves something more than the indifference which is too frequently shown towards it. I impart to you this little piece of information in order that if your timely remarks have caused you the pain of unfavourable criticism, you may have the consolation of knowing that there are those who both admire and profit by the candid and friendly criticism which your zeal for the interests of Catholicity have inspired."

We do, indeed, greatly value such a word of encouragement as the foregoing, the more so, since it comes to us entirely unsolicited. In conclusion we would say, that if it be urged that we greatly overrate the evil, we reply: that when, in a city where Catholics are in an immense minority, they should be in the majority, and that largely, on the list of licensed saloon-keepers, and that an assembly of all the

Bishops of the United States stigmatized this as an "unbecoming way of earning one's living" (to use no stronger phrase) we are widely within the mark in anything we have written on the subject.

The "black man" has reason to be thankful to Lord Salisbury for the latter's coarse and blundering reference to him. Mr. Dalabhai Naoroji, the Indian gentleman to whom the insulting term was applied, and a man of high education, was entertained at a complimentary banquet a fortnight ago in London, at which the Marquis of Ripon, ex-Viceroy of India was chairman. Lord Salisbury's epithet was as absurd as it was offensive for Mr. Naoroji is a Parsee, a member of the Aryan race to which the Celts belong. We learn from one of our country exchanges that a rattling speech was rolled forth after dinner by a Mr. McIntyre, who is referred to as "a young Canadian Q. C., with large heart and mind." We are not sure that we know just who this gentleman can be, but he spoke well, at all events, and his words are worth quoting. Speaking of the unity of the empire he said:

"He did not think it was calculated to be maintained by the selection of such a diplomatist as was lately sent to negotiate a treaty in which the Canadian people were very highly interested, and who antagonized so large a section of the people of the United States as to preclude the success of the mission. . . . He would suggest that the unity of the empire might be promoted by dividing the great labour of the British House of Commons, by giving a measure of Home Rule to Ireland, and by sending the Grand Old Man back to power."

THE JESUITS' ESTATES ACT.

The passage, by the Quebec Legislature, of the Act for the settlement of the Jesuits' Estates claim was the cause of much tribulation to the members of the Evangelical Alliance, to *The Mail* newspaper, and to certain other would-be leaders of what may be termed ultra-Protestant sentiment throughout the country, and especially in this Province. But the very audacity of the measure in venturing to give "a civil recognition to the supremacy of the Pope" (see *Globe*, 7th inst.), its impudence in characterising as "confiscation" the benignant act of the Crown in taking to itself the property belonging to the Jesuits, and its utter depravity in going so far as actually to "endow" the hated, dreaded and dreadful Jesuits, were deemed sufficient, and more than sufficient, to assure its disallowance at Ottawa. Hence it was that for six months after its unanimous adoption by the representatives of Quebec, "the friends of civil and religious liberty" felt reasonably safe in the assumption that Her Majesty's representative would be advised to veto it. At length, however, they were rudely startled from their fond delusion. The Bill was examined and reported on by the Minister of Justice. Its scope was found to be entirely within the competence of the Legislature of Quebec, it conflicted with no Dominion interest, it entrenched upon no constitutional principle. There was, in fact, no reason from the Dominion standpoint why it should be disallowed, and therefore to put an end to the uncertainty on both sides, and—let us hope—with a laudable desire to expedite the final completion of the much desired settlement of this important and delicate question, the Queen's Privy Council advised that the Bill become law.

At this—shall we call it unexpected?—turn of affairs, signs of a coming storm overspread the horizon, gleams of fierce and fiery agitation shot from the sky, and peels of editorial thunder—two columns long—reverberated through the press; pulpits trembled and meeting-house rafters "dirled," and the newly hatched Toronto bantling of the Dominion Evangelical Alliance crept timidly back into its

shell, and—Mr. J. L. Hughes wrote a letter to the *Globe*! Surely it has not been for nothing that all these signs have come to pass. If the *Globe* can climb up to the top rail of a very high fence and calmly tell its readers that they are to consider whether it is not better that this Confederation should go to everlasting smash than that the Provinces should live together "under a constitution that permits what is radically wrong: if the erudite and scholarly *Mail*, after exhausting its ingenuity to prove what nobody denies, that the veto power is conferred without restrictions by the B. N. A. Act, and that therefore Ministers might have advised its exercise in this case had they so willed, can only suggest as a possible remedy that the Governor-General should defy every constitutional principle by appealing directly to the people against the advice of his Ministers, then the state of affairs must be grave indeed, and the famous query of "Boss" Tweed, in a crisis of a different but no less exciting character, irresistibly rises to our lips and we exclaim, "Well, what are you going to do about it?" Manifestly the people have no time to go through the *Globe's* long list of conundrums, the last one of which we have quoted above. As evidently His Excellency, though no doubt possessing "a British nobleman's conscience," is, at the same time, endowed with too much common sense, and knows too well his duties as a constitutional ruler, to dream for an instant of following the insane suggestion of the *Mail*. Nor is there the slightest shade of hope that Mr. J. L. Hughes can galvanize the embryo Toronto Branch of the Evangelical Alliance into a state of vitality sufficient to do the roaring which belongs of right to the Orange body in the face of this grim spectre of Papal aggression with the awful Jesuits in the van. It is vain to resort to these devices for the means of deliverance. In one of its rhapsodies on this question the *Mail* has said that the people want a leader. This is arrant nonsense. The leaders are ready, booted and spurred and horsed. But where are their followers? Whence are they to come?

So thoroughly were the merits of the measure understood in the Province of Quebec, the only Province which has any rightful interest in it, that not a member of the Legislature protested against its passage, or even objected to a single one of its provisions. So well within the constitutional powers of the Province was it, that the Dominion Government, alleged to be always too ready to trample on Provincial rights, and never unwilling to snub a Local Administration of opposite party politics, could find no cause against it. And such are the party views on the constitutional exercise of the veto, that according to the authority of the leading Liberals, as quoted by the *Globe*, the course followed by the party in power is precisely in accordance with the principles proclaimed by the party in Opposition. Here then is a consensus of opinion that the Bill whether good or bad, having been passed, should be allowed to become law, and this point having been conceded by all the leaders who have any followers in the country, it is clear that those leaders who are fighting the Jesuits' Estate settlement must go elsewhere for their followers, and equally clear that their crusade, to be successful, must be fought through the ballot boxes in the Province of Quebec. A few moons from now (how natural it is to think of moons in connection with the *Mail* on this subject!) and the inconsiderate zealots who have vainly laboured over this question to plunge the country into the depths of bitter sectarian strife, will be surprised at their own folly, and not a little sobered by the discovery that the common-sense, intelligence and political sagacity of Ontario unite in protesting against interference in the local affairs of a sister Province

equally entitled with itself to all the privileges and immunities of local self-government according to the well understood wishes of its people. In the feath and folly of the discussion indulged in by the newspapers of this Province the true character of the measure has been entirely overlooked or grossly misrepresented. But we have noticed with satisfaction that the *Empire*, in a scathing though not perhaps undeservedly severe rebuke to the would-be agitators, clearly points out that the question is one with which the people of this Province have no right whatever to interfere. This is practically, though in different terms, the attitude of the *Globe*, and despite all efforts to the contrary this will be the definite shape into which the public mind of the Province will ultimately settle. Both these journals see, or affect to see, objections to the measure which a fair and full consideration of all the circumstances of the case would prove to be utterly untenable. It would not be a difficult task to show that by this measure Mr. Mercier has righted a national wrong and given fair expression to the public sentiment of his Province without doing injustice to any class, or violating any principle of constitutional government. But in view of the absurd attempts to make of it the occasion of a grave constitutional agitation, if not of the disruption of the entire fabric of Confederation, we defer a more extended discussion of its merits, to indulge in a little amusement at the freaks of the knights-errant who have entered the lists against the Jesuits, and who so prudently carry on their warfare at a safe distance from danger.

Continued from Page 3.

FROM ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

I like your paper very much. It is thoroughly sound and unflinching without being too aggressive.

MME. PENNEE. (G. M. Ward.)

FROM MONTREAL.

MONTREAL, NOV. 3rd, 1888.

DEAR SIR, I know of no better special paper than your REVIEW. . . . I like your principles, your style and your "make up," and I trust that you will become a power in the Church and the land.

JOHN TALON LESPÉRANCE.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

Full of interesting information for Catholics. *The World*, Toronto.

Its typography is on a par with the exceedingly high literary character of its contents. *Peterborough Economist*.

Good-looking and well edited. *Boston Pilot*.

The Review is both bright and solid. *Les Messes*.

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The Review is unquestionably the ablest edited and best of our exchanges. From its first issue it exhibited rare talent, and has steadily improved. — *Washington Church News*.

One of our favourite exchanges. *C. T. A. News*, Philadelphia.

The best Catholic periodical circulating in Canada. Summerside, P. E. I., *Journal*.

THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW of Toronto is one of the spiciest, and at the same time one of the most scholarly of our exchanges. *Milwaukee Citizen*.

That excellent publication, THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW, *Revue Canadienne*, Montreal.

A masterly exponent of Catholic doctrine. — *Annals St. Anne de Beaupre*.

To the foregoing many more might be added, but space forbids. We have but made a selection, somewhat at random, from a large pile of letters of similar import; enough, however, we trust, to make it evident that we have not been unsuccessful in carrying out a strong Catholic policy.

After what has been said it may seem ungracious to indulge in any fault-finding, but we cannot allow this opportunity to pass without again reminding Catholics of their obligation, as such, to pay for their paper promptly. The letter addressed to us on this subject by the late Archbishop of Toronto, not long before his lamented death, must still be fresh in the minds of our readers. The world-wide quotation which that letter has received testifies to the equally wide-spread nature of the evil. Nor is it new. We have before us as we write a letter of a similar nature addressed to a Catholic paper over thirty years ago, by the late Bishop Timon of Buffalo, with a quotation from which we close our remarks on the subject: "*I cannot for a moment think that any Catholic, who hopes for eternal life, would take the paper without intending to pay for it. The ruin of a Catholic paper is generally caused by delays of payment, based upon this supposition: 'What I owe is a trifle, the delay of paying a few dollars cannot much hurt or help the editor.'*" But if all would reason in the same way, the editor would be ruined; and if, as is true, many reason thus, the paper is crippled, it languishes and dies. The *Catholic Sentinel* would have been long since enlarged had the honoured subscribers been punctual in their payments.

By the kind and zealous patronage of the Venerable Clergy; and by the generous co-operations of the faithful, this Catholic paper of the diocese may soon be placed in a position that it will be a welcome visitor to every Catholic fireside. I therefore earnestly request you, Rev. Sir, and each Pastor, to read this circular to your flock, and exhort the faithful to take the official organ of the diocese in preference to other papers, when they can but take one; and to pay for it in due time."

When the late Lord Beaconsfield first became Prime Minister one of his friends asked if he might venture upon a word of advice. "Yes, by all means," said the new Premier. "What is it?" It was with regard to ecclesiastical patronage that he should be especially careful in the appointment of bishops to select moderate men. "Moderate men! moderate men!" exclaimed Mr. Disraeli. Then, after a pause, apparently questioning his adviser's intention: "Ah, I see what you mean. You want me to appoint men without convictions?" *Murray's Magazine.*

"I would like for you to stop my paper for I do not want it any longer."

This is a specimen of a few letters we receive from parties who have taken the *California Catholic* for two or three months after their subscription had expired. They do not stop to consider that such an order should be accompanied with coin to pay for the time they have received the paper. We should like to give our papers away, but our printers won't work for glory, and we must ask any who desire their subscription cancelled to send us our pay for the time they have received the paper. *California Catholic.*

LETTER OF HIS HOLINESS LEO XIII. BY DIVINE PROVIDENCE POPE.

TO THE PATRIARCHS, PRIMATES, ARCHBISHOPS, AND BISHOPS, AND TO ALL THE FAITHFUL, IN GRACE AND COMMUNION WITH THE APOSTOLIC SEE.

Concluded

Finally, this is a matter of deep grief, that free thought and bad example have so evil an influence in enervating the soul, that many are now almost ashamed of the name of Christian a shame which is the sign either of abandoned wickedness or of extreme cowardice; each detestable and each of the highest injury to man. For what salvation remains for such men, or on what hope can they rely, if they cease to glory in the name of Jesus Christ, if they openly and constantly refuse to mould their lives on the precepts of the Gospel? It is the common complaint that the age is barren of brave men. Bring back a Christian code of life,



VERY REV. P. DOWD, PRIEST.
ST. PATRICK'S MONTREAL.

and thereby the minds of men will regain their firmness and constancy. But man's power by itself is not equal to so many duties. As we must ask God for daily bread for the sustenance of the body, so must we pray to Him for strength of soul for its nourishment in virtue. Hence that universal condition and law of life, which we have said is a perpetual battle, brings with it the necessity of prayer to God. For, as is well and wisely said by St. Augustine, pious prayer flies over the world's barriers and calls down the mercy of God from heaven. In order to conquer the emotions of lust, and the snares of the devil, lest we should be led into evil, we are commanded to seek the Divine help in the words, "*pray that ye enter not into temptation.*" How much greater is this necessity if we wish to labour for the salvation of others? Christ our Lord, the only begotten Son of God, the source of all grace and virtue, first showed by example what He taught in word, "*He passed the whole night in the prayer of God,*" and when night to the sacrifice of His life, "*He prayed the longer.*" The frailty of nature would be much less fearful, and the moral character would much less readily grow weak and enervated, if that Divine precept were not so much disregarded and treated almost with disdain. For God is easily appeased, and desires to aid men, having promised openly to give His grace in abundance to those who ask for it. Nay, He even invites men to ask, and almost insists with most loving words: "*I say unto you, ask and it shall be given you, seek and you shall find; knock and it shall be opened to you.*" And that we should have no fear in doing this with confidence and familiarity, He softens His words, comparing Himself to a most loving Father who desires nothing so much as the love of His children. "*If you then being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your Father who is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him!*" And this will not seem excessive to one who considers it, if the efficacy of prayer seemed such to St. Chrysostom that he thought that it might be compared with the power of God; for as God created all things by His word, so man by prayer obtains what he wills. For nothing has so great a power as prayer, because in it there are certain qualities with which it pleases God to be moved. For in prayer we separate ourselves from things of earth, and filled with the thought of God alone, we become aware of our human weakness; for the same reason we rest in the embrace of our Father, we seek a refuge in the power of our Creator. We approach the Author of all good, as though we wish Him to gaze upon our weak souls, our failing strength, our poverty; and, full of hope, we implore His aid and guardianship. Who alone can give help to the weak and consolation to the infirm and miserable. With such a condition of mind, thinking but little of ourselves, as is fitting, God is greatly inclined to mercy, for *God resisteth the proud, but to the humble He giveth grace.* Let, then, the habit of prayer be sacred to all; let soul and voice join together in prayer, and let our whole daily life be so ordered that by keeping the laws of God, the course of days may seem a continual ascent to Him. The

virtue of which we speak is, like the others, produced and nourished by Divine faith; for God is the Author of all true blessings that are to be desired for themselves, as we owe to Him our knowledge of His infinite goodness, and our knowledge of the merits of our Redeemer. But, again, nothing is more fitted for the nourishment of Divine faith than the pious habit of prayer, and the need of it at this time is seen by its weakness in most men, and its absence in many. For that virtue is especially the means whereby not only private lives may be amended, but also from which a final judgment may be formed in those matters which in the daily conflict of men does not permit States to live in peace and security. If the multitude is frenzied with a thirst for excessive liberty, if the inhuman lust of the rich is never satisfied, and if to these be added those evils of the same kind to which we have referred fully above, it will be found that nothing can heal them more completely or fully than Christian faith. Here it is fitting we should exhort you whom God has made His helpers by giving the Divine power to dispense His Sacraments, to turn to meditation and prayer. If the reformation of private and public morals is needed, it scarcely requires to be said that in both respects the clergy ought to set the highest example. Let them, therefore, remember that they have been called by Jesus Christ, *the light of the world*; that the soul of the priest should show like a light illumining the whole world. The light of learning, and that in no small degree, is needed in the priest, because it is his duty to fill others with wisdom, to destroy errors, to be a guide to the many in the steep and slippery paths of life.

Learning ought to be accompanied by innocence of life, because, in the reformation of man example is far better than precept. "Let your light show before men, that they may see your good works." The meaning of the Divine word is that the perfection of virtue in priests should be such that they should be like a mirror to the rest of men. "There is nothing which induces others more effectively to piety and the worship of God than the life and example of those who have dedicated themselves to the Divine ministry; for, since they are separated from the world and placed in a higher sphere, others look on them as though on a mirror, to take examples from them" (St. Chrysostom, *De Sac.* III.) Therefore if all men must watchfully guard against the allurements of sin, and against seeking too eagerly fleeting pleasures, it is clear how much more faithful and steadfast ought priests to be. The sacredness of their dignity, moreover, as well as the fact that it is not sufficient to restrain their passions demands in them the habit of stringent self-restraint, and also a guard over the powers of the soul, particularly over the intellect and will, which hold the supreme place in man. "Thou who hast the mind to leave all (says St. Bernard), remember to reckon thyself among what thou shouldst abandon: nay, deny thyself first and before everything." Not before the soul is unshackled and free from every desire, will men have a generous zeal for the salvation of others, without which they cannot properly secure their own everlasting welfare. "There will be one thing only sought (says St. Bernard) by His subjects, one glory, one pleasure to make ready for the Lord a perfect people. For thus they will give everything with much exertion of mind and body, with toil and suffering, with hunger and thirst, with cold and nakedness." The frequent meditation upon the things of heaven wonderfully nourishes and strengthens virtue of this kind, and makes it always fearless of the greatest difficulties for the good of others. The more pains they take to meditate well, the more clearly will they understand the greatness and holiness of the priestly office. They will understand how sad it is that so many men, redeemed by Jesus Christ, should run headlong to eternal ruin; and by meditation upon God they will be themselves encouraged, and will more effectually excite others to the love of God. Such, then, is the surest method for the salvation of all; and in this men must take heed not to be terrified by difficulties, and not to despair of cure by reason of the long continuance of the evil. The impartial and unchangeable justice of God meets out reward for good deeds and punishment for sin. But since the life of peoples and nations, as such, does not outlast their mortal period, they necessarily receive the rewards due to their deeds on this earth. Indeed, it is no new thing that prosperity should come to a wrong-doing state; and this by the just

counsel of God, who from time to time rewards good actions with prosperity, for no people is altogether without merit, and this Augustine considered was the case with the Roman people. The law, nevertheless, is clear, that for public prosperity it is to the interest of all that virtue and justice especially, which is the mother of all virtue should be practised. "Justice exalteth a nation; but sin maketh nations miserable." It is not our purpose here to consider how far evil deeds may prosper, nor whether empires, when flourishing and managing matters to their own liking, do nevertheless carry about with them, as it were shut up in their bowels, the seed of ruin and wretchedness. We wish this one thing to be understood, of which history has innumerable examples, that injustice is always punished, and with greater severity the longer it has been continued. We are greatly consoled by the words of the Apostle Paul, "For all things are yours; and you are Christ's, and Christ is God's." By the hidden dispensation of Divine Providence the course of earthly things is so guided that all things that happen to man turn out to the glory of God for the salvation of those who are true disciples of Jesus Christ. Of these the mother and guide, the leader and guardian is the Church; who being united to Christ her spouse in intimate and unchangeable charity is also bound to Him by a common cause of battle and of victory. Hence we are not, and cannot be anxious on account of the Church, but we greatly fear for the salvation of very many, who proudly despise the Church, and by every kind of error rush to ruin; we are concerned for those States which we cannot but see are turned from God and sleeping in the midst of danger in dull security and insensibility. "Nothing is equal to the Church;" says St. John Chrysostom, "how many have opposed the Church and have themselves perished? The Church reaches to the heavens; such is the Church's greatness. She conquers when attacked; when beset by snares she triumphs; she struggles and is not overthrown, she fights and is not conquered." Not only is she not conquered, but she preserves that corrective power over nature, and that effective strength of life that springs from God Himself, and is unchanged by time. And if by this power she once freed the world grown old in vice and lost in superstition, why should she not again recover it when gone astray? Let strife and suspicion at length cease, let all obstacles be removed, give the possession of all her rights to the Church, whose duty it is to guard and spread abroad the benefits gained by Jesus Christ, then we shall know by experience how great the light of the Gospel is, and what the power of Christ can do. This year, which is now coming to an end, has given, as we have said, many signs of a reviving faith. Would that like the spark it might grow to an ever-increasing flame, which, by burning up the roots of sin, might open a way for the restoration of morals and for salutary counsels. We, indeed, who steer the mystical bark of the Church in such a storm, fix our mind and heart upon the Divine Pilot who holds the helm and sits unseen. Thou seest, Lord, how the winds have burst forth on every side, how the sea rages and the waves are lashed to fury. Command, we beseech Thee, who alone canst, the winds and the sea. Give back to man that tranquility and order that true peace which the world cannot give. By Thy grace let man be restored to proper order; with faith in God, as in duty bound, with justice and love towards our neighbour, with temperance as to ourselves, and with passions controlled by reason. Let Thy kingdom come, let the duty of submitting to Thee and serving Thee be learnt by those who, far from Thee, seek truth and salvation to no purpose. In Thy laws there is justice and fatherly kindness; Thou grantest of Thy own good will the power to keep them. The life of a man on earth is a warfare, but Thou lookest down upon the struggle and helpest man to conquer. Thou raisest him that falls, and crownest him that triumphs. With a mind upheld by these thoughts to cherish a joyful and firm hope, as a pledge of the favours of Heaven and of our good will, we most lovingly in the Lord grant to you, Venerable Brethren, and to the clergy and people of the whole Catholic world, the Apostolic blessing.

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LEO XIII., POPE.

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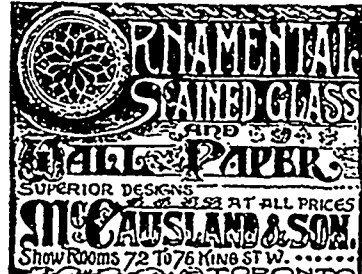
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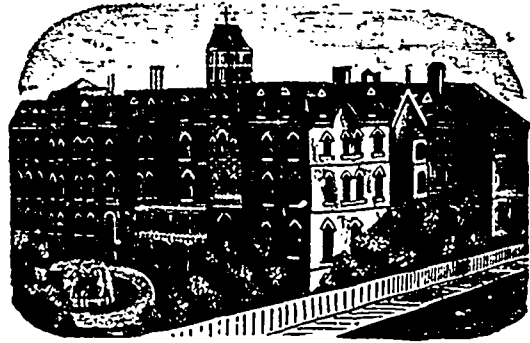


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