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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. VI.

Toronto, Saturday, July 23, 1892.

No. 23

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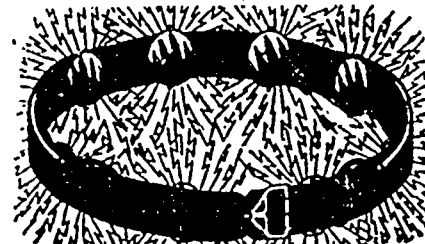
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Vol. VI.

Toronto, Saturday, July 23, 1892

No. 24

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NOTES.

It was officially announced on Monday that as a result of the visit of Lord Salisbury to the Queen at Windsor Castle on Sunday the Conservative Government will meet Parliament on August 4.

* * *

If Mr. Gladstone gets assurance of financial arrangements sufficient for an early renewal of the election struggle the Home Rule Bill will be introduced without delay.

* * *

The Parnellites have suffered greatly in their battle with the Anti-Parnellites, as they were sure to do. But they have not been annihilated, and they have left their mark in the enemy's visage.—*Mail*.

* * *

The half-handful of anti-Catholic cranks of the Madill-Jambo variety who vex the country are tolerated with ingrowing ideas. One of them is that if they constitute the entire Protestant community of Canada.

* * *

The Manitoba elections take place on the 23rd. The nominations were made last Saturday. This is the first fairly pitched battle for the rights of the Church and for the privileges of the French people in that Province. The Greenway Government, which is again seeking the suffrages of the people, are pledged against Separate Schools and the French language, and are determined that even though the Privy Council uphold the judgment of the Supreme Court of Canada (setting aside their legislation against Separate Schools as *ultra vires*) they will make the Separate School law as unworkable as possible. They are hand and glove with the extremists whose object in life is to make everything west of the Ottawa "English and Protestant."

The new British House will have 167 members pledged to direct veto and Sunday closing—the strongest temperance party Parliament has ever seen.

* * *

Says the *Mail*:—"We are optimists enough to hope that we have yet among us some Protestant politicians who would decline to take a political retainer from the Roman Catholic priest—"hood." We are pessimists enough to believe that the *Mail* has not yet touched bottom in its rancor and hatred of Catholic things.

* * *

The secretary of the Newfoundland Relief Board writes:—"Public gratitude to the Canadian people for their prompt assistance is warmly and universally expressed. The effect cannot fail to be closer relations hereafter." What was to be expected, precisely. Charity begins at home and when it goes abroad takes home with it and makes brothers everywhere.

* * *

Regarding the coming crisis in the British Parliament a month must elapse before the actual business of the House begins. The swearing in of members takes a fortnight. Then the election of Speaker and of the chairman of committees proceeds, involving possibly a debate, and next comes the discussion of amendment to the address in reply to speech from the throne. If this is followed by a change of Government, Gladstone may take a fortnight to form a ministry, a number of members which may require re-election. The Liberals thus calculate that it will be October before the new Government can be called upon to present to Parliament its programme.

* * *

The *Mail* has held up Quebec as a "horrible example" of bigotry and oppression, which the English people might expect to see duplicated in Ireland if Home Rule were granted. Mr. Tarte in *Le Canadien* (reproduced elsewhere) shows that in Quebec the Catholics, though everywhere in overwhelming majority, have been not fair alone but unspeakably generous to their Protestant population, as well in the matter of schools as in that of representation in both Houses. He takes occasion to lay bare the real motive of the present agitation in Manitoba. It is that by closing the Separate Schools and ostracising the French tongue they may discourage French immigration and make Manitoba a Protestant reserve.

* * *

The disaster which has befallen St. John's, Newfoundland, has touched the springs of public charity all over the country. Montreal gives \$30,000, Toronto city \$4000, the Toronto Board of Trade fund amounts to \$10,000, the *World* fund to \$800, and the Province of Ontario gives \$5000. The total amount raised in Ontario up to Monday night was \$24,000. Rev. Father Ryan, himself a Newfoundlander, and presently at St. Michael's Palace, has been publicly thanked by the Relief Committee (St. John's) for his exertions in their behalf. England has given \$40,000. Very Rev. Father Rooney, V.G., has directed that a collection be taken up on next Sunday in all the Catholic churches of the city for the Relief fund.

LINKS WITH HEAVEN.

Our God in Heaven from that holy place
 To each of us an angel guide has given
 But mothers of dead children have more grace
 For they give angels to their God in Heaven.

How can a mother's heart feel cold and weary,
 Knowing her dearer self safe, happy warm?
 How can she feel her road too dark or dreary,
 Who knows her treasure sheltered from the storm?

How can she sin? Our hearts may be unheeding,
 Our God forgot, our Holy saints defiled;
 But can a mother hear her dead child pleading,
 And thrust those little angel hands aside?

Those little hands stretched down to draw her ever
 Nearer to God by mother love: we all
 Are blind and weak, yet surely she can never
 With such a stake in Heaven fail or fall.

She knows that when the mighty angels raise
 Chorus in Heaven, one little silver tone
 Is hers forever; that one little praise,
 One little happy voice is all her own.

We may not see her sacred crown of honor,
 But all the angels sitting to and fro
 Pause smiling as they pass—they look upon her
 As mother of an angel whom they know.

One whom they left nestled at Mary's feet—
 The children's place in Heaven—who softly sings
 A little chant to please them, slow and sweet,
 Or smiling strokes their little folded wings:

Or gives them her white lilies or her beads
 To play with; yet in spite of flower or song,
 They often lift a wistful look that pleads,
 And asks her why their mother stays so long.

Then our dear Queen makes answer she will call
 Her very soon; meanwhile they are beguiled
 To wait and listen while she tells them all
 A story of her Jesus as a child

Ah, saints in Heaven may pray with earnest will
 And pity for their weak and erring brothers:
 There is a prayer in Heaven more tender still
 The little children, pleading for their mothers.

Adelaide Procter.

THE CO-DISCOVERER OF AMERICA.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

The world's tradition, the world's history, the world's heart, are on the side of Isabella of Castile! Who does not remember learning—like myself, perhaps, in the school-room of some old New England village, or nestled on the edge of a grove on our Western prairies, or in some study-hall of a secluded convent—from the well-thumbed pages of the first history, the story of Christopher Columbus, and his three small ships setting sail from the old seaport town of Palos under the patronage of Isabella of Castile? And among all the women of the land, there is not one of us, who, as little girls, sitting on the front benches in our pinafores, did not feel her heart warm toward the noble Queen who was ready to pledge her jewels to raise money to fit out those three small ships for Columbus, and thus helped to discover the beautiful new world which is our home. The story is now four hundred years old, but it has never lost its charm; rather, as our intelligence ripened, as we read the history of other queens and the ambitions which ruled their actions, exhausted their exchequers, too often embittered their own lives and those of their subjects, has deepened into an ever-growing sense of the grandeur of her motives, and laid a sort of tuneful claim to our fealty to her—as women; above all, as American women. As well try to turn the streams backward or forbid the buds of April to put forth their blossoms in May,—as well try to root out the slender fibres of these spring flowers from their native sods, as to expect to root out from the hearts and intellects of our American women their admiration—their veneration even—for Isabella of Castile.

We know there is nothing on this round world which sends out so deep, so wide-spread, so absolutely indelible a root into the memory of mankind, as the recital of a noble deed. Neighborhoods repeat it; nations and continents take up the story; tradition consecrates it; History preserves it; until it gives another ideal to the imagination, another model for character; and thus becoming assimilated to souls which never die, it becomes itself immortal; and, as

The winged seed
 Of a beautiful deed,

is blown over land and sea, eluding the pursuit of critics, sailing high above the clutch of the scandal-monger, to re-appear, now here, now there, in a ballad for the people, an air for the orchestra, a group from the hand of the painter, or a single, radiant personality, chiselled in marble or cast in bronze.

It is thus that Isabella of Castile re-appears to us of to-day, close to that anniversary which the whole world is to celebrate on the shore of one of our inland seas; the surf breaking on its benches and seawall like another ocean, so potent are the tides of Lake Michigan; with magnificent stretches of fertile prairies, of lake chains, of Rocky Mountain ranges, north and west territories, toward the Pacific; groups of states, each of the size of Old World kingdoms, between it and the Atlantic to the east, and the isles of the same Atlantic to the south,—the anniversary of no less an event than the discovery of this American continent four hundred years ago. And so surely as Columbus will be honored, so will Isabella; for—we repeat it—the world's tradition, the world's history, the world's heart, are on the side of her for whom Columbus himself penned an eulogy to his son Diego, which must forever be regarded as the stamp of the King's signet-ring on the claims of Isabella to our love and gratitude and veneration as well as to the love and gratitude and veneration of Christopher Columbus himself.

The graciousness of such a personality in the history of nations; of such generosity to all future generations from the ranks of that royalty whose chief care of en seems to be to grasp for its descendants the perpetuity of power, of riches, of honor and every consideration, is one worthy of the best ages of Christianity; worthy too, of becoming a model for all who reign or exercise dominion or authority over their fellow-beings. "Never," said one of the noblest most upright gentlemen of her court, "have I seen so gracious a lady." And again and again it was remarked that no one ever received a favor from her that it was not doubled by the air of noble candor, and the assurance that it was deserved, with which it was conferred.

We have only to read the pages of those scholarly Protestants, Irving and Prescott, to secure a portrait of this Queen standing in a group of the most admired sovereigns that have ever lived, while she wears a circlet with her crown as the Co-Discoverer and Christianizer of a new world. They indicate to us, by documents of undisputed veracity, the spirit of justice making her rewards and punishments toward the highest as well as the lowest of her realm; the wonderful power of mental endurance, fortifying the body, by which she not only accompanied the royal armies in the tremendous effort to stem the tide of Islamism, of polygamy, of every enervating influence coming in its train, but becoming the actual commissary of these armies, providing food, supplies of all sorts, grading roads, bridging chasms for the artillery; while her womanly heart is shown by organizing hospitals for the soldiers—the first army hospitals ever established. And to heighten this picture of "a valiant woman," we find her the impersonation of every domestic virtue, a conciliating and affectionate wife, and a mother who turned from the review of the royal troops, to whom her presence was the most powerful inspiration to valor, to caress her infant or soothe her sick child,—to be crowned as no diadem of Castile and Leon could crown her, with the Faith, Hope, Charity and Humility of a Christian woman.

But here we must pause; for, strange to say, no sooner was an association projected by which to pay distinguished honor to this woman of heroic virtues, magnificent endowments, world-renowned benefactions, than from one end of these United States of America to the other, from ocean to ocean—this America she had helped to discover and give to the world as a factor in its highest civilization; this America which, next to Castile, lay close to her heart in the hour of death—has been sent a cry. "Away with Isabella of Castile!"

For four hundred years had her praise been in the mouth of the nations, on the tongues of her people, when the so-called historians of this generation proceeded to reverse the verdict of four centuries by one of their own; a reversion unheard of in the history of the world. Sometimes, indeed often, a great man or a great ruler has gone down to his grave under the censure of his generation; but when the heat of angry passions has subsided, and historians, unbiased by personal dislike, have weighed the actions thus condemned, they have pronounced them free from the malice ascribed to them; time having cleared away the mists of prejudice. But to-day a woman, a Queen, who passed the ordeal of her own and of succeeding generations for four hundred years, is summoned before a self appointed court, and declared guilty of infamous cruelties, atrocities, injustices! After four centuries of a beneficent fame such as few rulers have ever won from their subjects and contemporaries, she is not only uncrowned before the nations assembling to celebrate the discovery of the continent at whose birth she assisted, but declared unworthy to stand upon the soil of this very continent, and her representation at the hand of the sculptor, and the association which inaugurated this tribute, shut out from the place of honor!

And we, women of America, Catholic women even if it may be—what have we been doing? Listening, calmly, indifferently, to this attack upon our benefactress, who has been regarded as standing side

by side with Columbus in the heart of every true American, side by side with Columbus on the page of history?

Calmly, indifferently, can we say? Rather culpably guilty of that sin which shows most unnatural in a woman—ingratitude! Never let it be said that the women of America have been so ignorant of history as to accept the gross slanders which a set of so-called historians, in the face of authorities venerated for four hundred years, have thrust upon us, to be echoed in the columns of newspapers pledged only to the pocket-interests of their proprietors! Let us consult our public libraries to refute these calumniators, and open our eyes to those men of true learning, of all creeds, who love true history, and are ready to honor true heroism whether in man or woman; while we add one more motive to that of gratitude in our action toward Isabella—viz.: that of reparation! In proportion as she has been maligned, calumniated, let her now be magnified at our hands. With a threefold alacrity let us welcome this woman, of an altogether chivalrous excellence, to our shores! Let city vie with city to pay her its tribute of grateful admiration. Let city also vie with city to place this ideal woman before the eyes of our people; Not alone in galleries and halls to which the people so seldom find entrance, but foremost and especially on our beautiful parks, overlooking many a scene like the blue waves of our own Lake Michigan, and the homes she helped to found on our continent, and to which she will give a model of noble self-sacrifice, of exalted generosity altogether forgetful of personal interest, which is the crowning grace of Christian womanhood. Let our enthusiasm inspire the hand of the sculptor to represent her as she rose before our youthful imaginations, as she has lived in them, it may be, to old age; thus transmitting her image to future generations glorified by the daughters of America, who know how to crown, with a circlet more precious than pearls or diamonds could make it, the brow of the noblest of sovereigns, that true-hearted woman as well as gracious lady whom we honor as Isabella of Castile.

THE SCOTTISH HOME RULE UNION.

The Scottish Home Rule Union formally protests against what it calls "the domineering pretensions of the English," in appropriating Scotch valor and intellect to the glory of England. In a vigorous remonstrance against this wrong the Union says:—

"Go where you may, and you will find Scotsmen occupying foremost places and doing more than their proportionate share in adding to the dignity and lustre of the British name. Why, then, insult Scotland by speaking of Britain as England, ignoring Scotland and what she has done?"

Good; but who is most to blame for it? The English are bad enough in the way of wearing stolen laurels; but what of the native Scotch writers who have helped them to the plunder? Scott did his unworthy share, and Campbell, his immeasurable superior as a poet, celebrated England's victories as no Englishman has ever done. To-day a firm of Scotch publishers help a Scotch author to steal the glory of their country's hero, Montrose, for the English "Men of Action" series, while other Scotch worthies are similarly appropriated as "Englishmen of genius," "English statesmen," etc. Robert Louis Stephenson, writes of himself as an Englishman, as does also Archibald Forbes, and Heaven knows how many other degenerate sons of Caledonia. Carlyle was English to his Tory marrow. Even the great Burns, in despair or scorn, could counsel the loyal Jacobites, dreamers of a lost cause:—

"Let your schemes alone,
Adore the rising sun,
And leave a man undone
To his fate!"

—Pilot.

QUEBEC AND THE HOME RULE ARGUMENT.

The *Mail* raves about the awful example Quebec should be to all Ulsterites. Here is how that phase of the question is viewed on the other side.

The dean of Winchester has issued an appeal on behalf of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy. "It is hard to disprove a prophecy," he says, "but when certain people go about saying that the Protestant minority in Ireland is going to be oppressed by the Catholic majority it is fair to remember that the very same thing was said 50 years ago in the case of Lower Canada. The same doleful forecasts were then made, and the same panic-mongers came to the front. But what was the result? From the day that Lower Canada became self-governing to this day things have gone on smoothly and well. The Protestants of Lower Canada (about one-eighth of the population) have been left in full possession of their civic and religious rights, and have lived in peace side by side with their Roman Catholic neighbors. The French-Canadian is a Celt, with a passionate devotion to his church and clergy. He has not only refrained from persecuting his Protestant brethren, he has become, since his country has had home rule, the most loyal and contented of the subjects of the crown. Again, is there aught in the policy of home rule being Rome rule, save the jingle of sound, to commend it? The Irish leaders in 1886 ac-

cepted the clauses of Mr. Gladstone's bill, which made the establishment of the Roman Catholic religion impossible, and when the Papal rescript against the plan of campaign was issued in 1888, they obstinately refused to be guided by it. As to the alarm respecting education being placed in the hands of the priests, Mr. Sexton's demands on behalf of the Christian Brothers were granted by Mr. Balfour. If, then, the Orangeman is wounded, he is wounded in the house of his friends. "When I look at the Irish race," the dean goes on to say, "so chivalrous and warm-hearted, so full of wit and fun, so bright and quick of intelligence, and, above all, so free from some of the worst vices which sully our English society. I feel that we have by our side a splendid reserve of qualities destined to adorn and enoble our national character.

IRISH SKETCHES.

INTRODUCTION.

It is an old country house, with many quaint gables and turrets; around the fire, in the handsome, old-fashioned drawing-room, a merry group of ladies are gaily chatting. It is a pleasant picture—the brightness, warmth, and comfort within contrast with the dreariness without. The driving rain sweeps up the long chestnut avenue, dashes against the great oak door, patters down the windows, drenches the flower beds, splashing in mighty torrents from the black sullen sky. The curtains are drawn to shut out the wild, pitiless scene, and all gather closer round the blazing logs. The hostess, Mrs. Rochester, is a Bostonian, with all the culture and refinement so characteristic of the American Athens, a delightful conversationalist, she is seated now in her own easy chair, the centre of an admiring circle. She keeps the ball of conversation flying, it is tossed lightly from one to the other until it falls into the hands of the brilliant Mrs. Fortescue, who has lived many years abroad. She is as familiar with the capitals of the Old World as the new, and is one of the most conspicuous figures of New York society. She is speaking now of the poetry and pleasure of the open fire, as compared to the close stove and steam heating system of America. May Sutherland, a New York debutant, and her sprightly sister Faith, are much interested in the peat fires of Ireland, and ply her with many exciting questions as to what they are like. Spiritual, reserved, literary Vera Rochester, daughter of the hostess, comes in with her quiet, intelligent queries about the blue smoke, the peculiar odor of the "turf" fire so much talked of. The logs crackle and roar up the wide old chimney, a soft light falls on the bric-a-brac, on trunks and brackets and in the dusk of the firelight and to the music of the howling blast, Mrs. Fortescue begins. Her voice is soft and clear, enchains and enchants her hearers; her bon mots have been the delight of many a dinner table, and in her long residence in England she has come across some of the greatest minds of the nineteenth century. Conservative and Liberal, poet and painter, have listened to her wise, broad-minded criticism on every social question. The battle for Home Rule turned her thoughts to Ireland, and from an occasional visit at first, she learned to know and love the Celtic character to such a degree that now Gladstone himself is not more anxious for the opening of the old House in College Green than this clever woman of society. The firelight flickers now on her sweet, noble face, and a mild enthusiasm shines in her dark eyes, as it always does when she speaks of her beloved Erin. "The ideas of intelligent people with regard to Irish customs and manners," she is saying, "are sometimes so absurd that occasionally when I hear them it is a hard trial on my patience, not to say politeness. One does not mind the opinions of ignorant people, but cultivated English and Americans who read Lever and pay a flying visit to Killarney, the Giant's Causeway, Dublin perhaps, and then hold forth as authorities on Ireland, it is, to put it mildly, rather nonsensical!"

I say this as an introduction, for I fear before I have finished some of your preconceived ideas on peat fires as well as other things Irish, will all tattle to the ground. You will regard me as a Vandal, I know, but if you still wish to see, or rather hear, of Irish turf fires as well as other things Celtic, you must follow me, but not on the beaten track.

The bright little hostess expresses great delight at the prospect of learning of the real Ireland from so charming a delineator. At this moment the dressing bell falls on reluctant ears. Faith Sutherland indulges in an emphatic remonstrance, but gentle Vera Rochester assures her that Mrs. Fortescue will redeem her promise to-night. With this pleasant understanding they gaily separate.

DOROTHY GRESHAM.

(To be Continued.)

GUELPH GOSSIP.

DEAR SIRS,—I have been troubled for over a year with sick headache and sick stomach. Nothing did me any good until I tried B.B. B., which made a perfect cure before I had finished the first bottle. I recommend it as a safe cure for headache to all my friends.

MISS ANNIE McNULTIE, Guelph, Ont.

THE PRESS.

HE TOOK NO PART AGAINST IT.

A prominent Anglican clergyman said yesterday. Edward Blake in Ireland and Edward Blake in Canada were two different persons. In Ireland he was delivering political speeches, on Sunday; while here he would not even allow the poor man to ride on a street car on that day. It is only fair to add that Mr. Blake took no part against those who endeavored to obtain that much needed boon, a Sunday street car service in his city.—*World*.

EDWARD BLAKE'S FUTURE.

Mr. Blake, according to the *World's* special commissioner, declares to the electors of Longford that Ireland, not Canada, would be his concern henceforth.

The *World* predicts for him a great future, not a grand failure, as some of his fellow Canadians say. He has intellectual force equal to that of any contemporary in England; and if he is lacking in political courage he may find colleagues possessed of it. Mr. Blake, we make bold to say, if he remain in England and his health is preserved to him, will be the moral force to follow Mr. Gladstone's retirement, now a near certainty. The *World*, therefore, ventures the prediction that Mr. Blake will be the next great moral force in England after the departure of Mr. Gladstone, and that he will carry some kind of local self-government for Ireland that does not mean disruption. His Canadian experience and his splendid knowledge of the principle of federation will be a great aid to this end. That Canada of which Edward Blake despaired may yet prove to have been the training school that made of him a great Imperial statesman.—*World*.

PRACTICAL.

The success which is attending Mr. Gladstone in the British elections now going on in England has aroused the spirits and gladdened the hearts of Irishmen in all parts of the world. The sons of Erin and their descendants in the Archdiocese of Kingston can best show their appreciation of Mr. Gladstone in behalf of Home Rule for Ireland by contributing liberally to the Irish campaign fund in their respective churches next Sunday. The money can be put on the plate as the priest passes through the aisles.—*Canadian Freeman*.

THE KIRK AGAINST HIM.

Talk of priestly influence in Ireland. The Liberals in England, Scotland and Wales, have had to contend against ministers, publicans, the classes, Tories, Unionists, and a dozen other kinds of opposition. Then they have the cheek to talk about clerical influence in the Irish elections.—*Canadian Freeman*.

THEY DECLINE TO BECOME POLITICIANS.

As a matter of fact, the only great religious body in the country that is not in politics is the Catholic church. Protestant ministers of all denominations, sects and sections use their pulpit every year to preach politics. The Catholic clergy alone decline to enter the arena.—*Irish World*.

Henry M. Stanley, whose correct name is John Knowlands, is a Welshman by birth. He was a Confederate soldier until the Yankees gobbled him up, when he promptly changed sides and entered the Federal Navy. Afterwards he went to Africa for the *New York Herald* and posed as an American on more than one of his brilliant explorations and forays. As a servant of the King of Belgium he laid out the Congo State. Then he ran for Parliament as an English Tory, and the Lambeth costermongers pelted him with chaff and other things as a renegade American. It is well to be all things to all men, but don't be too simultaneous about it, Henry M.—*Boston Piolet*.

A CATHOLIC CHAUTAUQUA.

A party of distinguished American Catholics, including Rev. Father J. H. Conroy, Ogdensburg, N.Y.; Brother Azarias, New York; Rev. John F. Mullany, Hon. J. B. Riley, Plattsburg, N.Y.; J. H. Mertens, Syracuse, N.Y., and James H. Daimier of Buffalo, N.Y., arrived in Montreal to-day. Their visit is in connection with the project of establishing a Catholic Chautauqua. Primarily they are seeking a site on which to hold their assemblies, and they also wish to interest Canadian Roman Catholics in the movement. To this end they to-day conferred with Archbishop Fabre, Mayor McShane, and other prominent Catholics.—*Montreal Correspondence Globe*, 16th July.

HE WILL EMBARRASS THEM.

At last accounts Mr. Gladstone's followers, if all the opponents of the Government can be so called, numbered 338 and their opponents 310 and of the remaining 22 elections sixteen are assigned to the Gladstonians and six to the Government, giving the former a majority of 38. Contrary to expectation the Liberal-Unionists succeeded in electing a fair proportion of their candidates, and Mr. Chamberlain scored a triumph in the election of the entire Birmingham contingent. The

Liberals did poorly in the cities and great towns, with the exception of some gains in London. They made slight net gains in Wales and Scotland, and very large gains in the rural constituencies of England. Owing to the indecisive nature of the victory won by Gladstone, the next few months will be times of great unrest and excitement in England. There is great opportunity for the display of political strategy and as both parties are well generalised we may look for hard and wary fighting. It is hinted that Gladstone will try to unite his own followers and embarrass the enemy by presenting a programme in which besides home rule, measures which will be popular with the English democracy will find a place. The Conservatives in the House of Commons and in the Lords will not care to offer any obstruction to such measures, because it is their policy to get the country to pronounce on the single issue of home rule, and if they become law the credit will go to Mr. Gladstone and the Liberals. The eyes of the civilized world will be turned upon the great drama which will be enacted next month.—*Globe*.

NO HOPE OF A SOLUTION.

The refusal of the Board of Education in Stillwater, Minn., to lease the parochial school property for another year, discourages the hope of a general settlement of the school question on a basis satisfactory to Catholic citizens.

The agreement entered into there between Archbishop Ireland and the public school authorities was more of a compromise or abandonment of Catholic claims than could be allowed except in precisely similar circumstances, and only then because of the toleration or permission of the Holy See. For ordinary parishes, it could not be thought of for a moment as a just and permanent answer to the demands of Catholic citizens for representation in the distribution of the public taxes collected for the education of the children of the republic. But if this less than the least of adequate compacts, is antagonized and rejected by the mass of our fellow-citizens, what expectation is there of a fair settlement of the grievance of Catholics that compels them to help pay the expenses of the public schools for the children of Protestants and then put out more money out of their own pockets for the education of their own offspring? None!—*Columbian Catholic*.

CATHOLICS AND THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The managers of the Columbian Exposition have so rigidly excluded Catholics from the honors of the Fair that it is astonishing that they are willing to grant space for the Pope's exhibit. No float will tell of the coming of Catholics to Maryland; no Catholic prelate or orator will take part in the inauguration exercises; no room can be found for the statue of Queen Isabella; no mention will be made of the monk who made the voyage of Columbus possible; the spirit that gave inspiration to the great navigator will be ignored; the Church and its members will be shoved as far into the background as possible. A place may be made for the Holy Father's exhibit, but the man who insulted him is still a director of the Exposition.—*Catholic Review*, N.Y.

FOUNDED ON CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES.

What St. Thomas had laid down in theory in the thirteenth century as the ideal of political order for the commonwealth that was sufficiently virtuous and enlightened to realize it, Jefferson and his associates, by the Providence of God, which works in ways that no man can understand, formulated and then put into practice.—*Catholic Review*.—N.Y.

THE NEW BRITISH CABINET.

The best informed Liberal forecasts of the Ministry assign Lord Herschel to be Lord Chancellor; Earl Spencer to be Viceroy of Ireland; the Right. Hon. George Shaw-Lefevre, Chief Secretary of Ireland; the Right Hon. George O. Prevelyan, Secretary of the Home Office; the Right Hon. Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Secretary of State for War; Lord Ripon, First Lord of the Admiralty; Mr. John Morley, Secretary of the Colonies; Lord Roseberry, Secretary of the Foreign Office; the Earl of Kimberley, President of the Council, and the Right. Hon. A. J. Mundella, President of the Board of Trade, while Mr. Gladstone will take the sinecure of the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster. These constitute the Cabinet. The leading posts outside the Cabinet are assigned as follows: Mr. Francis A. Channing as President of the Board of Agriculture; Mr. Sydney C. Buxton, President of the Local Government Board; Mr. Henry Labouchere, Postmaster-General; Mr. William A. Hunt, Secretary for Scotland; Sir Charles Russell, Attorney-General, and Mr. Rigby, Solicitor-General.

FACTS ABOUT DYSPEPSIA.

Wrong action of the stomach and liver occasions dyspepsia. Dyspepsia in turn gives rise to bad blood. Both these complaints are curable by B.B.B., which acts on the stomach, liver, bowels and blood, and tones and strengthens the entire system, thus positively curing dyspepsia, constipation, bad blood and similar troubles.

LOCAL.

Leslieville.

Rev. Father O'Reilly's Garden Party in Gooderham's Grove on Saturday last was, notwithstanding the cool evening, a very fair success.

Our Lady of Lourdes.

A Concert and Garden Party is to be held in St. John's Grove, Sherbourne St., on Wednesday next, under the auspices of the Altar Society of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes. A most enjoyable evening may be looked for.

St. Vincent de Paul Society.

St. Patrick's Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society held an excursion to the Falls by way of Port Dalhousie on Monday. A sad accident which befell the mail train (immediately preceding the excursion train) completely upset the arrangements made, and the main body of the excursionists reached Toronto early the following morning by special train.

A VERY LIKELY FORECAST.

The *Globe* made some time ago a forecast of the sequel to the British elections. The hypotheses it makes are, in the present situation, all fairly possible:

A very important practical question must soon arise. Suppose Mr. Gladstone be returned by a small majority, what use will he make of it? If the House of Commons pass a Bill granting home rule to Ireland it is almost certain to be rejected by the Lords. Will Mr. Gladstone then risk another appeal to the country, or will he go on with other Liberal measures, and retain control of the government of the empire? The former course would put in jeopardy not only the cause of Home Rule but the general cause of Liberalism, and might lead to another six years of Tory rule. The other achievement of the end aimed at by Home Rulers, would leave them, in conjunction with the Liberals, in the control of the government and of all legislation, except the particular measure rejected by the Lords. They could make great changes in the administration of Ireland, changes which would be favorable to the masses of the people and would dispose them to endure patiently some delay in the consummation of their desire for an Irish Parliament. They could pass a local government bill for Ireland which would give the country a large measure of home rule without giving the Lords an excuse for rejecting it. Moreover they could strengthen themselves with the masses in England by the adoption of the principle of one man, one vote, and by measures of social reform and increased powers of municipal government. Of course it will be impossible to do this without the co-operation of the Irish members, who are altogether likely to hold the balance of power unless Salisbury obtains a clear majority. They have nothing to gain from an alliance with the Tories. The masses in England would never support such an alliance, and a Liberal party with a programme of radical reforms would sweep everything before it. If Liberals and Irish Home Rulers together succeed in obtaining a majority, however small, over their opponents, the instinct of self-preservation and the desire for power will, it is natural to suppose, lead them to maintain their advantage, to avoid a dissolution, and to await events. It is altogether likely that in a few years the dominant party will be a radical one, with a programme of social reforms, legislation in the interest of labor, liberal measures of local government in all parts of the kingdom, and disestablishment of the churches of England, Wales and Scotland.

THE LESSON OF THE ANGELUS.

When Millet's "L'Angelus" was on exhibition in this country, two persons, unheeding the crowd and seeing only the picture, stood before it in admiration. "But what," asked one, "would that picture be, after all, without the Angelus? Just two peasants in a potato field."—"What would the world be without the Angelus?" said the other. "Just a spinning globe with hopeless toilers crawling on it."

Life without the Angelus!—let us stop and think what that means. It means life without that of which the Angelus is a reminder; life without hope, without love, without the divine peace which passes understanding. It means men and women sullenly giving their lives, like beasts of burden, for a bit of bread and shelter from the storms. It means toil without recompense, fruitless tears, ceaseless sighs, pain impatiently borne; death dreaded because it is terrible, yet longed for because it is the end of a weary journey.

Are these words too strong? Are there any too strong to set forth what existence would be without the Incarnation?—and that, and that alone, is what the Angelus typifies. "A devotion in honor of the Incarnation, used three times each day at the ringing of a bell,"—such is the simple but comprehensive definition given by some lexicographers.

Some day when the history of each man's heart will be like an open book, the story of the Angelus will be told. Then will be reckoned the sum of the wounded hearts it has healed, of the fainting spirits it has strengthened, and the blind who have been led by following its sound to find the gladsome light.

The Angelus Bell has its own distinctive mission as a propagator of the faith. It waits for none to seek it; it does not remain in quiet security, but it sends its voice abroad; it makes the air vibrant with melody; it is, three times each day, a persuasive call to prayer, and they who hear and do not comprehend, pause in their mad hurry on the wide highways of the world and ask the meaning of the sound. Often persons who do not believe in prayer of any sort are curious to know what motive is actuating the faithful ringer of the bell; and many—this is said from positive knowledge—have been turned from indifference and scepticism well nigh hopeless, through a love of the patient voice speaking from the bell tower.

The Angelus! Its jubilant tone is with the sun, as it comes anew each day to strengthen and verify; with the sons and daughters of God, as they pause at noon for a brief respite from labor; with the world, when toil is done and the night is getting its starry mantle ready. And when the end comes, as it must come to everyone, surely there could be no better or sweeter sound for the ears, fast growing dull, to listen to than that of the triple bell, Our Lady's Bell in honor of the Incarnation.—*Ave Maria*.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF COLUMBUS.

A REMARKABLE telegram from Madrid announces the discovery of a document which, if it be true, will awaken into a new life the difficult question of determining which was the birthplace, among the many cities which claim him, of Christopher Columbus, which, like that of Tasso and Homer, seems to be wrapped in an impenetrable mystery. The telegram is of the following tenor. "Madrid, June 17.—According to a document discovered in the Archives of the Accademia of History of Madrid, Christopher Columbus was born at Savona. Such declaration emanates from his son Diego. The document will be photographed." Undoubtedly the photographic reproduction of this document will be awaited with great impatience by the students of history, who concern themselves with Columbus at the present time more than ever before. They will be desirous of knowing if this will resolve the debatable question, and in what manner this solution will be reached. The question of fixing the city in which he was born has been the cause of many bitter struggles in a literary and historical point of view. Homer is claimed as a son by seven cities; Columbus, up to the present, shys Isidoro Baroni, is claimed by twenty towns, each of which supplies good and apparently conclusive reasons for the claim. The Savona claim now established, if this newly discovered document prove to be accurate and trustworthy, is not novel. But the little town of Cogoleto, ten miles from Savona, is by many accepted as the real birthplace. Tradition has, in a certain sense, established the claim to this honor; and, says a well-informed writer on the matter, "if faith is to be given to an inscription on it, we may see the house in which he was born." It is true, on the other hand, that if titles be admitted as evidence, the claim of Genoa is supreme for the house of his father, Domenico, can be proved by titles to have been situated in the suburbs of Genoa, and he himself states that he was a Genoese—a statement quite compatible with his having been born in the territory. The son of Columbus, Fernan, seems rather to have been desirous of concealing than revealing the place of his father's birth. The result is that about twenty different places claim that honor. In Liguria I may mention the following: Genoa, Savona, Cogoleto, Finale, Cosseria, Oneglia, Albissola, Chiavari, Boghasco, Terrarossa, Quinto and Nervi; outside of Liguria: Guccaro in Monferrato, Piacenza, Pradello, Modena, Milan, Calvi in Corsica, and even England, according to Charles Molloy, *De jure Maritimo*, published in 1682.—*Roman Correspondence, Boston Pilot*.

MONTREAL, JUNE 1st 1892.

This is to certify that, since two years, my hairs were becoming rapidly gray, to such an extent that on several occasions, my friends made the remark to me, "Having tried in vain many pretended hair restorers, I decided at last to try a bottle of *Capilline*, prepared by Mr. S. Lachance, which I had seen advertised in the papers. I had not used a bottle that my hairs recovered their natural color and became silky. I do not hesitate to affirm that the *Capilline* is undoubtedly the most agreeable and the most effective of all the preparations offered till now to the public as hair restorers.

F. X. PERRULT, at Messrs. Chas. Desjardins & Co.

IN ALL CASES.

DEAR SIRS,—I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for summer complaints, and after a fair trial have proved it a sure cure in my own case and others of the family.

LAURATTA WING, New Dundee, Ont.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commended by

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

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

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

The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, Toronto

The Late Archbishop Lynch.

The Late Rt. Rev. Bishop Carberry, of Hamilton.

The Late Rev. Father Dowd of "St. Patrick's" Montreal.

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1892.

ROSARIES!!

Queen's Park, in front of the new Parliament Buildings, will probably be laid out with flower-beds, rosaries, fountains, etc., similar to the Horticultural Gardens with a slight iron fence round to prevent regular traffic over the ground, but not to keep citizens out of the park. The greater part of the expense of the work will be borne by the Government.—*Telegram.*

This is TERRIBLE! TERRIBLE! Dr. Wild! Dr. Wild! where are you? Rosaries in the Park, with Government money!! A-a-ah!!!

VICAR-GENERAL McCANN'S SILVER JUBILEE.

The twenty fifth anniversary of the ordination of Very Rev. Father McCann was celebrated at St. Michael's Cathedral on Thursday. Father McCann sang the Mass, assisted by Very Rev. Edw. Cassidy, Dean of Toronto, as deacon, and Rev. Edw. Murry, C.S.B., as sub-deacon. Very Rev. Dean Bergin (Barrie) preached the sermon, and Very Rev. Vicar-General Rooney presented the address of the clergy; afterwards came the addresses of the laity, etc., of all of which we shall have longer notice in next week's issue.

THE ST. JOHN'S DISASTER.

A deputation from the executive of the Newfoundland Relief Committee, consisting of Rev. Father Ryan, A. Coyell, Robert Winton, ex-Ald. Phillips, E. E. Pike, Oliver Parke and Secretary Winton, waited upon Very Rev. Vicar-General Rooney on Friday to urge the expediency of having collections taken up in the churches in aid of the stricken Newfoundlanders. The Very Rev. Vicar-General received them graciously and promised assistance. He has directed that a collection for the Relief Fund be taken up in all the churches of the city on next Sunday. The loss to the Catholic body has been enormous the distress is great and we should show that however the politics of trade may have made us differ we are one when Christian charity appeals to us.

THEY ARE NOT TAGGED.

The Irish themselves will accept no party or personal label. They are not Liberals and they are not Gladstonians. They are Irish.—*English Correspondence New York Tribune.*

The day when they were mere Irish is, to Mr. Smalley's disgust, far gone by. They are Nationalists, and they will know and recognize their nation's friend.

LABOR TROUBLES IN THE UNITED STATES.

The prime trouble in both Pennsylvania and Idaho seems to have been that the State insisted on the local authorities using any and every means at their disposal for the protection of property before the State should be called upon to interfere. This almost compelled the local authorities to invoke the aid of the armed private detectives, whose very presence was sure, from their past record, to excite the bitterest recollections and the most determined resistance. The instant the organized power of the State came on the ground all opposition vanished.

DOMINION DAY AT SEA.

They celebrated Dominion Day on board the good ship "Parisian" in fine style. Hon. Mr. Blake replying to flattering allusions to himself and his mission, said:

I believe the Irish cause which I have endeavored to advance in Canada is a high, a just, a holy cause. I believe it is a cause in which the true union of all portions of the United Kingdom and the real interests of the British Empire and the Anglo-Saxon race are bound up.

I believe it to be a cause not of disruption, but of true and cordial union. I go to Ireland at this crisis because I believe it to be a duty which on no consideration I should neglect. I could not refuse the call of my fellow-countrymen to assist in such a high and glorious and holy work.

I am glad, too, to take a humble part in the celebration of the natal day of Canada. Divergent as we may be on political lines and the pretensions of parties—I myself am called a crank and a mugwump, for I cannot agree with either of the Canadian political parties—still we all agree that the prospects of Canada, whether agricultural and mineral, still undeveloped, or her most valuable industries, which of every kind Canada has the happiness to possess, are of the highest character. (Applause) We all agree, however we may have quarreled in the past, that our greatest boon, that with which we would part with the most reluctance, is the principle and practice of local self-government, the redress of our own grievances, the settlement of our own disputes, the responsibility of our own errors and credit for whatever of good we may have achieved.

Those blessings have come to us not without struggle, force, rebellion, and blood. They have been co-expansive with the reign of Victoria the Good. It is to this fact that Canadians attribute the great popularity with which the Queen's name is received in all parts of the great Dominion by those who never saw her and who never will see her, but only know of the beneficent system which the Queen, by her advisers, has adopted towards Canada, giving Canadians the opportunity of dealing with their own affairs as they think best. (Applause.)

A STRIKING EXAMPLE.

The sad railway accident at Merritton, to which we allude elsewhere in our account of the St. Vincent de Paul excursion, was the occasion of another instance of the self-forgetting zeal with which the Catholic priest is ever ready to devote himself to the alleviation of human misery. We quote from the special correspondent of the *World*. Both the gentlemen mentioned are well-known Protestants:

Dr. Wilson gave great praise to a Roman Catholic priest of St. Catharines who worked heroically in tending the injured. "It was very different with lazy Salvationists who stood about the whole time without lifting a hand," said Mr. Huddart.

WHAT A HOME RULE MEASURE SHOULD BE.

In the heat of the conflict Mr. Gladstone found an occasion to declare his idea of what a Home Rule measure should be. Before entering on the subject he could not refuse the excellent opportunity afforded by Lord Salisbury's denunciation of the Land League, and of the leaders of the Plan of Campaign as tyrants and desperadoes. In 1885 Lord Salisbury had sent Lord Carnarvon to treat with those very leaders, and had utilized their support in the elections.

As to the conditions or terms of his Home Rule measure, Mr. Gladstone declared that it would doubtless be the first duty of a Liberal Government to prepare a Home Rule Bill, but it would be neither wise nor practical to formulate all the details beforehand. He would refer those who asked questions on this sub-

ject to his declarations of 1886. He had never retracted, and never dishonored, and had never spoken a word in the way of recession from any of the five conditions of a Home Rule measure he had specified in 1886. The first of these was the full and effective maintenance of the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament. It was monstrous—aye, almost incredible—to be suggested that the Imperial Parliament would remain inactive while great injustice was being done. The second condition was a fair adjustment of pecuniary burdens. The third condition was especial for minorities. In that connection he desired to remind the country that the Liberals in 1886 went the length of offering to Antrim and Down separation from the rest of Ireland, if desired. To their credit Antrim and Down had not expressed any such desire, and they evidently did not desire separation from their fellow-countrymen. The fourth condition was that no principle should be laid down in a Home Rule measure for Ireland whereof Scotland would not be able to claim the benefit hereafter, if desired by the Scottish people. The fifth condition was that the bill should not be a half-way bill, but a substantial settlement of the controversy that has been going on for half a century. These conditions told much about the intentions of the Liberals as to a Home Rule measure. Public opinion had since suggested another condition—the retention of Irish members in the House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone said that he accepted the condition, subject to practical details as to the number of members, their voting power, etc.

Public opinion, which suggested the retention of the Irish members in the English Commons, runs directly in the line of the set-outlined by Mr. Blake, four local legislatures federated under a central House of Commons representative of all three kingdoms and the principality. Scotland and Wales are already moved at the thought of its being possible that they may some day have a chance of managing their local concerns themselves, and there is not a doubt that the more practical heads of the British Commons would, if the barriers were once burned away, rejoice to be freed from the multiplicity of small affairs which now engage them, that they might devote all their time and energy to the affairs of the Empire as a whole.

COLUMBUS.

We have elsewhere a notice of the very timely discovery of evidence as to Columbus' birthplace. In the particular line of birthplaces he has achieved singular success. Up to date he had (could all stories be true) twenty of them. Homer had only seven.

THE FRENCH-SPEAKING POPULATION.

A fact brought out in the last census bulletin is, in view of the agitation of recent years, of special significance. This is that the French are not gaining anywhere outside of Quebec and New Brunswick. The proportion of French-speaking people to all others in the Dominion as a whole has fallen from 30.1 per cent. in 1881 to 29.4 in 1891. In Manitoba there has been a decrease from 15 to 7.3 per cent., and in the Territories a still greater falling-off, from 10.1 to 2.3. That vast territory beyond the great lakes, no matter what may become of McCarthy's Dual Language Bill, is certain to become wholly British and Canadian in the near future. Even in Ontario, where a French invasion was feared a few years ago, there were seventy-one less speaking that language in 1891 than there were in 1881. The region that will be dominated by an English speaking community may, therefore, be extended from the head of Lake Superior eastward as far as the Ottawa.—*News*.

If people care to knock down their own arguments in this way there should be none to gainsay them. The war-cry in the last election was that the use of the French-tongue was increasing so rapidly that it threatened the unity of the Canadian people and should be repressed. Since the census shows that (as was hinted at the time) the use of French, outside Quebec, has not increased, all disguise is cast aside and the project of English domination is plainly set forward. It was not for Canadian unity they contended but for "DOMINATION by an English-

"speaking community." The French-speaking people of Canada care quite as much for Canadian autonomy as do the shouters for English domination, and have done far more to prove it, for twice they saved Canada to the crown, loyally refusing every inducement to forswear their recently pledged allegiance.

KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN.

It was stated in an evening paper last week that during the Knights of St. John's parade in Toronto, the American flag was insulted. This is an injustice to the authorities and law-abiding citizens of Toronto as well as to the Knights. The cause of this report was that two little urchins had a quarrel over a small flag. In trying to get possession of it, one from the other, they tore it to shreds. The Knights were never more cordially received by any city in which they have held their convention, than they were in Toronto.—*Michigan Catholic*.

Though it is said not to have happened just that way, the incident was given no attention here. The Knights did credit to themselves and to their country, and at least one of the good effects of their visit was the quiet of last Twelfth.

HIDE THE BLOOD-STAINS.

Hide the blood-stains now
With hues sweet Nature has made divine—
Green, strength, azure, hope, and eternity,
But let not the pansy among them be:
Ye were injured, and that means memory."

From "An Ode to the Assertion of Liberty" by Shelley.

The English Parliament is, by the mercy of God, given the opportunity of hiding the blood-stains. Ireland is ready to add the green of her strength to the azure of the Empire's hope. Hide the blood-stains, NOW. There are such things as last chances.

A COSTLY BUSINESS.

Though the Liberal party has been so well maintained at the polls its election troubles are by no means ended. In the first place it is threatened with a large number of election appeals, which sometimes cost more than the legitimate expenses of an election. In the next place it seems almost certain, from Mr. Gladstone's recent utterances, that he looks for another general election within a short time. The Liberal organizations are warned not to fall away from their present state of good discipline. The next contest, he tells them "may come like a thief in the night," and party agents have been instructed immediately the elections are over especially to watch the registration of votes, which concludes at the end of August. Local electoral organizations are to be maintained in full working order, as the reform of registration is certain to introduce a "one man, one vote" measure, which the House of Lords could not venture to reject. The next session, according to the ideas current at the National Liberal Club, will see the adoption of registration reform, but it may also see Home Rule thrown out by the House of Lords, followed by the dissolution of Parliament. The supervision of the lists, the appeals in the meantime, and the new elections (if dissolution follows this session) will cost the Nationalist leaders very severely. They have made so good a fight, achieved so great a victory, that they deserve all the help we can give them. If the necessity of the situation call for a new election, or if, that not being required, they are harassed by a multitude of appeals, our support, as well as our sympathy, should be something to build on. What has it as yet been from Canada? They have done well across the line. Thirty thousands of dollars in less than as many hours was good work. Had the contest gone against Ireland's hopes what balm would the Canadian Irishmen who gave nothing have had for their souls when they knew the immense value of pecuniary assistance to an impoverished party in a fight with the wealthiest political organization on the face of the globe? A respite has been given them. Their country is not yet condemned to "the century of

doom," which its enemies have awarded it should the present effort fail. There is yet time for them to acquit themselves as men who have not forgotten the story of oppression and awful wrong which a patriot mother poured into their almost unbelieving ears (it was so horrible) when they were but children at her knee.

Whatever feeling there may have been in the past contest about Parnellite and Anti-Parnellite, that question is now a dead question. There is but one Irish party. The Irish people have decided that, and in the wreckage come ashore of the once magnificent Parnellite party are eight seats. It would be difficult to find in history a parallel for the almost total eclipse which has befallen a party which at one time held the world's attention and Great Britain's future. By one man came sin into the world. By one man's sin and subsequent obstinacy the hopes of Ireland were all but wrecked. We were loyal Parnellites (our file is there on record to show it) till the man made himself impossible. If the unrivalled (it is written; may the shade of O'Connell pardon us); of the unrivalled service he did the cause of Ireland let no man say ill. Mr. Blake in his speech at Derry went out of his way to recognize and laud it. He it was who, by force of character and an unbending firmness of purpose, made that from being the shuttle-cock of British politics, the Irish Question became the prime (and for a time the sole) object of all Britain's attention. We owe him much and we gratefully acknowledge it. But when circumstances, over which *no one but himself had control*, made him unfit to lead, the frenzy that goes before destruction seized him, and nothing saved the Irish cause from perishing with him but the Nationalist party which we now have the honor to support.

HYSTERON-PROTERON.

GOOD RHETORIC BUT BAD LOGIC.

In its report of the recent Educational Convention at Montreal, the *Gazette* has the following: "Mr. J. L. Hughes, M. A., Inspector of schools, was then introduced and read a paper 'upon 'The Duty of the State in relation to Education.' He began by laying down the precept that the State had a right 'to educate the people, and then proceeded to develop, etc.'" Quite so. Any man by begging questions can develop his powers of elocution almost indefinitely. It is a curious hysteron-proteron this, of taking for granted what more than half the Canadian educational world denies; and Mr. Hughes should know that, though it is a very pretty and serviceable figure of speech, hysteron-proteron is an atrocious figure in logic.

W. H. MALLOCK.

We long ago much admired W. H. Mallock. His "Romance of the Nineteenth Century" cured us. A friend recently attempted the justification of the "Romance" by the argument that, given the same people in the same circumstances anywhere or with necessary changes in any century, the romance would have run the same course. We grant it readily. But, as we imagined Mallock a Christian, we replied that truthful portrayal of wrong ideas was not (without antecedent necessity) a sufficient warrant for publication of them. We now re-enforce the argument by example. The public detailing, no matter how accurately, of a blasphemy is, *prima facie*, unlawful. It cannot be excused on the plea that it is a true and accurate reproduction. The same argument would excuse a nude statue. But, with all this, we had no misgiving as to his Christianity. He had in his "Is Life Worth Living" so eloquently defended the necessity of the Christian idea to make it worth the living, had so precisely the Christian idea till it fitted with nothing but the Catholic Church's teaching; had so bewailed that modern speculation had "taken away his Lord and he knew not where it had laid

"Him," had so often confessed the futility of reason and the efficacy of faith, that we could not believe him positively infidel; were indeed ready to believe him in heart a Catholic. The "Romance of the Nineteenth Century" settled the latter question, and a recent article in the *Fortnightly Review* settles the former. He now professes adherence to a real paganism: "Aristotle's conception of a good man may not be identical with that of Thomas a Kempis, but the difference between them is not that between a saint and a monster; it is simply the difference between one type of goodness and another." Otherwise, his Christian is only a modified Pagan. He supports his contention by instancing Calvin roasting Servetus, against Nero making torches of the first Christians. The ready answer that Calvin was as great (if not as powerful) an enemy of Christianity as Nero was, will not confound him for he is ready to assert that "Paganism produced a Marcus Aurelius, just as it produced a Tiberius; and just as Christianity was not needed to produce the one, so Christianity was not needed to condemn the other." And going back to first principles "it was from Greece that Christianity took its philosophy; it was from imperial Rome that it took its idea of justice." So, in his idea, Christianity's truth and justice are of man's devising, and not of God's; came by human wisdom and not by Divine revelation. So ends (after the brilliant promise of "Is Life Worth Living" and "New Republic") Mr. W. H. Mallock, unless, indeed, he be now playing at Pagan as he then played at Christian.

THE RELIGIOUS CRY IN IRELAND.

WHEN Mr. Gladstone first met his constituents in Midlothian at the very outset of the contest now past, he forestalled the only great objection now left to be made against Irish Home Rule. He said:

You may have heard of the cruel charges—frivolous beyond all known frivolity, and cruel beyond any cruelty that the mere steel can inflict in the barbarous hand—charges against the Irish nation that what they are seeking by this change is to acquire power by means of which they are to triumph, are to trample down the rights of their Protestant fellow-subjects. Gentlemen, if the inventors—I won't say the inventors of these charges, for I believe that the violence of passion induces men to imagine things in the teeth of all reason, so that it is folly and not wickedness which I believe leads them astray—believe in these charges, ought they not in decency to reflect that the Irish members themselves in 1886 willingly and zealously agreed in this, that we should insert in the Home Rule Bill a provision forbidding absolutely the erection of any national Church establishment whatever? What a strange state of things it is. The Irish agreed to that security in order to disarm Protestant apprehension and suspicion, and though they have agreed to it that is not strong enough. But who are they, that are called upon to prosecute these suspicions against them to the uttermost? They are the people of England and of Scotland—both of them up to this date having Church establishments themselves—it is supposed are to find fault even with the Irish renunciation, and after the Irish have voluntarily excluded themselves from that privilege or whatever else any of you may think it to be. Even after they have done that you are asked by the Belfast Convention and by all the Dukes and Marquises, and all they people that they can persuade to follow them—you are asked still to persecute the Irish on this most unjust, most false, most fictitious charge of bigotry and religious tyranny, and of an intention to trample Protestant rights under foot.

No fair-minded person can read this without feeling the full force of the point which Mr. Gladstone makes. It is certainly the height of impudence for English and Scotch Tories who insist upon maintaining their Protestant church in State-endowed ascendancy in England and Scotland to make charges against the Catholics of Ireland of desiring ascendancy for their Church, even while those Irish Catholics are willing, as Mr. Gladstone says, to agree to ample securities against any such scheme.

With this comes in the *Mail's* denunciation of Mr. Blake. A man who rises so sublimely as he above all the prejudices of education and of life-long environment needs only to have his cause stated by an enemy: "Almost as remarkable as the position of Mr. Gladstone, though in a smaller way, is the position of Mr. Blake. In Canada Mr. Blake was a Protestant of the Protestants. His sentiment was not merely passive;

"he took an active part in Episcopal elections and other church affairs, always on the Low Church side. He was one of the chief promoters of Wycliffe College. He had given cause even to the most moderate High Churchmen in his own communion to look on him as an uncompromising opponent." The *Mail* cannot indict him for lack of honesty, proclaims him elsewhere one of Canada's most brilliant forensic lights, is sure that he will impress the British people with his learning and ability, is heartily proud to say that he is superior to corruption, but—he allowed himself to be received by priests, descended to the ignominy of being presented for the suffrages of "a superstitious people" by a Catholic Bishop to wage war for a Catholic people's cause. Enough; the *Mail* washes its hands of him, and is glad that he is called an American rather than a Canadian. If it must say that he was ever superior to corruption, it hastens to remark that corruption is not the only political failing though it may be the grossest. If it rejoice that Canada can send a son to Ireland "whose hands are perfectly clean," it is troubled by the ghost of its own lost chances, when, the "corruption" having failed to come the *Mail's* way, its poor itching palms were left so perfectly clean that they have itched for nothing but a fight ever since.

THE CENTENNIAL OF ONTARIO.

The centennial anniversary of the proclamation calling together the first Parliament of Upper Canada was celebrated by a large and enthusiastic gathering at Niagara on Saturday, 16th inst. About 2000 people assembled to participate in this loyal demonstration. Mr. Jas. L. Hughes engineered the procession. Lieut.-Governor Kirkpatrick presided and was received with great acclaim. He reviewed the history of Upper Canada, now Ontario, marked its progress towards Provincial autonomy, read the Royal Proclamation (Geo III. 16 July, 1792) constituting Upper Canada a Province. He then praised Governor Simcoe, whose lineal descendant (in the Governorship) he was proud to be, eulogized the W. E. Loyalists, and concluding said: "I feel thankful that I should be permitted to-day, as Governor of this important, populous and rich province of Ontario, to speak as one of the successors of Governor Simcoe, and I hope that the course during my term of office will be such that we will still further perpetuate the name written here, and that we may hand down this valuable heritage to our children and our children's children with its name unsullied."

After luncheon Sir Oliver Mowat delivered the oration of the day. Early settlements, the war of 1812, Union, Confederation (he was sorry some Reformers regretted Quebec's being in it, but thought she would not do much harm), Annexation, were all discussed in his own straight-forward way. Dr. Ferguson, of Welland hit annexation again in very nearly the same place, Canon Bull presented the Pioneers' and the Historical Societies addresses to the Lieutenant-Governor, Lieut. Col. Denison contributed a deliverance from a military standpoint and never was less sanguinary, the inevitable Oronhyatekha and a few others made out the balance of the programme. A most interesting ceremony, of which we may have more to say later on.

A HOME-RULE SPEECH.

MOY O'BRIEN (by "McLusine") is a story now being republished, which furnishes the following speech. It is put in the mouth of Maurice Davoren, an avowed Home-Ruler, the hero of the story. If Davoren were speaking to-night he could not better declare the Irish mind:

The chair was taken by Mr. Maurice Davoren, who introduced two or three well-known speakers. But later some one else was voted to the chair, when Mr. Davoren made the speech of the

evening. He was an avowed Home Ruler, and he looked the born orator—lithe, active, with a face, not handsome, but lighted up by deep, earnest eyes—an intellectual forehead, round which his black and silky hair curled, cut short enough to show his well-proportioned head, which was not so small as to make one doubt his brain capacity, or so large as to make one fear for his energy.

"My friends," he began, "perhaps my speech may be a little bitter to-night. I trust it may at least be just, but I have at this moment come from reading a particularly unfair article on Ireland in the columns of the *London Times*. (Groans.) It has long been my opinion, shared, I am glad to say, by many eminent men, that until the *Press* of England alters its tone about Ireland, there can be no real peace between the two countries, for we feel the injustice which in England we hear treated with ridicule or scorn. Take, for instance, such a question as the inequality of the franchise in England and Ireland. If we had Home Rule in Ireland, how long do you think would the privileges of citizenship be denied to our fellow countrymen? Would we sneer at their just demands? And suppose even that, when given it was 'made use of,—as our English critics tell us would be the case—Why, things would right themselves in time. We must, anyway, be just, and leave the consequences to a higher power. Some great thinker has said that a really noble race will prefer being even badly governed by their own people; to being well governed by strangers, who will then dare to blame the nation that unceasingly demands its liberty—liberty to make the laws it has to live by, and liberty to repeal bad laws? No nation irritated by injustice can do its work well, any more than a human being with a toothache or a headache can work well. My friends, we are constantly asked to forget all these local ailments, and 'think of the Empire'—'work for the Empire!' I say yes, when that Empire is founded on *justice!* (loud cheers)—when Ireland has as much justice as England; but we are not so blind as to admire a Government 'whose hand is held out to raise the fallen and help the weak' when they are at a safe distance, or it can gain anything by it, which has the 'far-off look' of Mrs. Jellaby, and ignores the rights of those nearer home. No, we Irish have too keen a sense of the ridiculous to fall down and worship such an image as *this*. (Great laughter.) We are asked again to forget the *past*; but I maintain that to show up the past in its true colors is the first step toward starting on a right basis in the *present*: and only when the Englishmen of this generation, with all their knowledge of other countries, are less ignorant about Ireland, and know how she was handicapped *by law* in the race for very existence, will they cease to upbraid us for our backwardness in trade, and for many other shortcomings which no true Irishman must shut his eyes to, but which we know were caused by the Penal Laws, which stamped out our trade (to benefit England and Scotland) and paralyzed the energies of a sorely tried people. But we must not be unjust. Some Englishmen and some Scotchmen have understood the true state of the case. Hear Carlyle, when speaking of England's government of Ireland. He says that Government 'ought to drop a veil over its face, and walk out of court under conduct of proper officers, saying no word—expecting of a surety sentence either to change or die.' One more quotation I will give: 'When the English people and the English Government know Ireland they will give up attempting to govern by the sword—that old and used up instrument of despotism and betake themselves to justice, employing, instead of the weapons of the soldiers and policemen, the more powerful instruments of redress.' That was written more than thirty years ago by that eminent man, Dr. Samuel Smiles. There is, at least, one English name which will always be received by an Irish audience with the deepest respect—Gladstone. ('Ay, Gladstone's the man! Hurrah for Gladstone!')

"Mr. Gladstone has, I believe, earnestly and conscientiously considered the past of our country, and has used his splendid powers in our service; but the Land Bill which is called by his name is not really the measure he proposed, which was much fairer, much nearer to what we really want. I will tell you a little story to illustrate what happened to this Land Bill. In some parts of Africa, where black kings still hold sway, when a subject wishes to reform any abuses, or make any new laws, if the king finds out in time, he sends the reformer a present of a very poisonous bean, with a request that he will eat it. The wretched man eats the bean and dies, and so ends all hope for better laws for his groaning countrymen. Now the House of Lords is like the African bean—it stops all reform. (Groans and laughter.) It cut and hashed up poor Mr. Gladstone's Land Bill, and the consequence is, we want a new one, but don't let us blame Mr. Gladstone. (Cheers and cries of no, no!) But what we want more than all is some measure of Home Rule. (Loud cheers.) And what would we do if we had it? Not what we are so often told by English and some Irish newspapers—confiscate the land and turn the landlords adrift. No, no, my friends, our Irish noblemen and gentlemen may have their faults, but they have their virtues too. (Cheers.) And, more than all, they love their rights as well as the tenant farmers. (A voice—'True for you, Mr. Davoren.') Ireland must never forget the truth which Mr. A. M. Sullivan has so beautifully expressed. 'Cases may be named by the score,' he says 'in which the Irish landlords (in 1846-7) scorned to avert by pressure on their suffering tenantry the fate they saw pending over them—they went down with the ship.' (Here there was a silence far more impressive than any cheers, and not many eyes in the vast crowd assembled could see the speaker's face distinctly for some moments.) No, no; we do not want to change our landlords. There are still many good ones among them. We want the absentees to return to Ireland; or if they wish to sell the land, to let the tenants have the first chance of purchasing their holdings. That they, and not some moneyed stranger, may have the road to proprietorship smoothed for them. (True for you, sir! came from a hundred voices.) Then we want no rents raised because the tenant's industry has added to the value of the soil. But these things—and many, many more, in law, in education, in improvements of a hundred kinds will never be until there is more discipline in the Irish ranks! Is it not true that some of the greatest disasters which befel the Irish cause in military engagements in this land arose from differences among themselves? Forgive me my plainness of speech; but look how the enemies of the Home Rule cause gloat over our dissensions! Listen while I read a few words from an English paper. 'That the Home Rulers, or any similar parties, could ever succeed, no one who has studied Irish history will for a moment believe. Even if England were less resolved than she is to maintain the Union, the character of Irishmen is such that they are incapable of carrying on a great enterprise.' Oh, fellow-workers, let us prove that this is a base slander on the men of Erin. Shall the countrymen of the Liberator not carry the day in secular as in religious questions? We won Catholic Emancipation. Let us win Home Rule. (Loud and long continued cheering, and cries of 'We will, we will! we will!') But how? you perhaps ask. I reply, look at the Government side in the English House of Commons. We don't like them; we don't agree with them, but we can learn something from them—namely, to work together. There are Catholics and Protestants and Dissenters in that party, but they give their votes as Conservatives and nothing more, and that solid mass of politicians, led by a man few of them believe in, act together as if they had not the least difference of opinion on any subject whatever. Now the English know well enough that the way to break up an Irish party is to bring in the religious question. Again and again we have fallen into the snare and all has been shipwrecked. Let

us take warning from the past. Let us work together as fellow-countrymen, whether we be Protestants or Catholics. The best Protestants are not Orangemen, because the best Protestants are large-hearted, far-seeing and liberal-minded men, who, while they admire what is worthy of admiration on their own side, do not withhold their meed of praise from the heroes on the other side, and truly honor the fidelity with which Catholics cling to their faith 'with a constancy,' as one of them (Mr. Lecky) has said, 'that has never been surpassed.' (Cheers.) Then, my friends, let us be charitable and patient. Let us be temperate and forbearing. Let us be just, and all will be well for old Ireland for—

"Freedom comes from God's right hand,
And needs a godly train:
'Tis righteous men can make our land
A nation once again!"

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

"Columbus, the Christ-Bearer," is the title of Maurice Francis Egan's contribution to a symposium, in which his associates were Edward Everett Hale, Moncure D. Conway, Gen. Thomas J. Morgan, Bishop W. S. Perry, Bishop Benjamin T. Tanner, Prof. William C. Wilkinson. We append Prof. Egan's paper:—

Although many men of our time are delighted when the epithet "broad-minded" is applied to them, few realize that it is impossible to deserve it unless they have attained the precious quality of sympathy. Broad-mindedness in historical matters cannot exist without sympathy, and sympathy must depend on knowledge; and without that knowledge, the highest form of broad-mindedness is merely a broad-mindedness is merely a suspension of judgment. A great historian, Mr. Gardiner, is accused of perceptiveness, because he is charitable alike to the just and the unjust. He sees even the personal character of James I., of England, without an attempt at making the veriest fool in Europe utterly odious. The rarity of this quality in a historian ought to be applauded as a new reason for popularity. Mr. Gardiner knows enough to be sympathetic—to judge a man according to his surroundings and the influences of his time. And that great man who sailed "for the back door of Asia and landed at the front door of America" deserves from us this sympathetic treatment more than any other genius who made an epoch. Voltaire fatally weakened the character of French patriotism when he, shrieking epileptically, pelted Joan of Arc with mud; and we should beware how we encourage that national levity which is rapidly making our wit and humor irreverent or blasphemous by dragging into light the defects of our heroes.

Our judicious writers have treated the life of George Washington with discretion. Surely Christopher Columbus deserves at least equal respect. But when we remember that he not only gave a new world to Castile and Leon, but that this new world was given purely for the honor and glory of the God of the Christians, the indecency of attacks on the character of Columbus seems all the more shocking. One is almost willing to accept Edmund Burke's denunciation of the new order of things, in which a queen is but a woman, and a woman an inferior animal, when one sees that the boast of the broad minded among is that the feet of all heroes are clay. Columbus is, then, a mere scientist, with an avarice as consuming as that of Dante's she-wolf, and of so vile and hypocritical a character that he devotes himself to an illicit love while he utters the highest Christian sentiments.

English historians have themselves taught us how to value their history. They have shown themselves incapable of projecting their minds beyond the gulf made by the Reformation, and this has biased them fatally. When they try to be sympathetic they are merely patronizing. They really believe Schopenhauer, when he says, in his compliment to the scarlet woman, that the Church condoned concubinage until the Reformation made her moral. This insular notion is at the bottom of the attacks on the morality of Columbus. This is the reason why certain writers cry out that the feet of the prophet, the discoverer, the hero, the Christ-bearer, are of the vilest clay, and that he, tyrant and miser, deserves a place in the boiling blood of Dante's "Inferno." Let us be frank, their darts are aimed at the power that inspired and encouraged Columbus, not at the man himself. It is as if I, or some other Catholic, should strive to show how deleterious Elizabethan Protestantism was by tacking every filthy rag we could find to the spotless escutcheon of Sir Philip Sydney. Short-sighted men will deny this; they are not conscious of it; they do not realize how completely three centuries of Protestantized English literature has cut them off from the sympathetic consideration of what went before. Again, to appreciate the motives of Columbus, one must divest one's self of that feeling for nationalism which has developed only of late. Neither Dante nor Columbus would have hesitated to bring a foreign king into his own country, if the unity of Christendom or the development of the Christian ideal were threat-

oned. Even with Dante, intensest of patriots, Christendom was first and Italy second. Columbus feared only one enemy, and that enemy was not so much a national enemy as an anti-Christian enemy. The Saracens threatened Spain and all Europe; the Turks held the Holy Sepulchre; the Spaniards fought both for Christ and Spain; Columbus, who was not a Spaniard and who doubtless looked on the campaigns of Ferdinand and Isabella with the impatience of a man seeing small things impede the view of a great one, burned devoutly for the salvation of an unknown world of souls and for the treasure of unknown lands, that a new crusade might be undertaken. Spain was interesting to him—only so far as it helped his great project. Portugal had deceived him; he had nothing to expect from Italy; Spain, saved from the Moors, would listen with comprehension to his plan for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre; he appealed to Castile and Aragon. He desired, above all, to add a new world to Christendom, not to the dominion of Isabella.

We must remember, and all veritable history helps us to do this, that Columbus believed that Christ is God more devoutly than he believed in his own existence; the Blessed Virgin, the base on which the mystery of the Incarnation rests, was to him more real than any earthly queen. To save the souls of strange human beings, to make them heirs of the Kingdom of Heaven by baptism, to have them partake of the Body and Blood of Christ, under the form of bread, and to be mystically united with him was the chief object Columbus desired. In our time, when faith is as "water unto wine," we give every missionary the benefit of his zeal, and why should we deny it to this man who so often asserts it at a time when the childlike belief of St. Francis d'Assisi was the rule? Did the Madonna appear in a dream, to crush one in affliction? It was but natural; had she not suffered, and was she not the Mother? Why should not the Lord Jesus cause His statue to come down from the Mother's carved arms and play with other children? If the little children wanted Him badly enough, why should He refuse? He had been a child not so long ago.

"See," cried the Italian woman, pointing to the curling hair of Dante, "there is he who has come through Purgatory; his locks are crisped by the fire!" It was an age of faith and of reason, too. See how well Columbus reasoned, and how Isabella, one of the most religious women of her time, understood his reasons. But with them both faith was above reason.

(To be Continued.)

INDIAN PASSION PLAY.

AN IMPRESSIVELY DRAMATIC PORTRAYAL OF THE CRUCIFIXION.

One of the most important religious events that has ever taken place in Western Canada was the recent presentation of the Passion Play by the Indians of St. Mary's Mission near New Westminster.

The Indians have but little imagination, and accordingly the missionaries have had great difficulty in teaching them the various Bible stories. The plan of presenting a Passion Play was finally adopted a few years ago as the best means of giving the natives a conception of the leading events in the life of the Saviour. Several times the Indians at the various missions have essayed to present the play or various parts of it, but never have they given so complete and realistic a production as on this occasion, and it is doubtful if the play has ever been so well presented on this continent.

A party of distinguished Roman Catholic priests is now visiting the missions of British Columbia, and the play was given in order to show them the advance which the Indians of the Province have made. The visitors were Archbishop Duhamel of Ottawa, Bishop La Fleche of Three Rivers, Bishop Lorraine of Pembroke, Bishop Macdonnell of Alexandria, Bishop Brondel of Helena, Vicar-General Marechal of Montreal, and many other well-known members of the priesthood. The Indian tribes which took in the conclave were the Shuswap, Thompson River, Fraser River, Squamish, Sebelt, Stickeen and Douglas.

The thousands of Indians who had gathered from all parts of British Columbia were encamped at the foot of the bluff, overlooking the Fraser River, on which the mission stands. The tribes were in separate clusters of tepees, and in the center of each group was placed the standard of the tribe. In addition to these standards, bright banners were streaming from the tops of many of the tents, and the natives themselves were decked in their most gorgeous colors—the flaming reds and strong yellow, as usual, predominating.

When the train bearing the visitors arrived on the morning of Thursday, June 2, a drizzle was falling, but every Indian in the camp was standing by the track to get a glimpse of the fathers from the East. As the priests stepped from the train a Squamish chief, Harry came forward, and in the native tongue delivered an address of greeting, which was translated by an interpreter. From the mission hill a salute of cannon was fired, and the bluffs along the river tossed back a hundred echoes. After the speech of welcome was over, three brass bands, every player in which was an Indian, gave some remarkably good music.

While the visiting clergy were taken into the mission for luncheon the Indians squatted on the ground by their tents, built smouldering fires for their native cooking, and munched dried salmon. The rain would stop occasionally, and then pour down again with renewed vigor, but the Indians paid no heed to it.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon the announcement was made that the play would begin. Two chiefs addressed the people in the encampment ordering them to mass themselves at the foot of the winding path leading up the hill to the mission. The Indians gathered like an army on the lowland, and at a given signal from the two chiefs the procession moved up the steep ascent. First came the women, carrying the papooses, then the young bucks, and after them a mixed crowd of old men and women, boys and girls. Slowly they moved up the hill, chanting in Latin, broken by the guttural sounds of their own language, the "Hail Jesus." The song seemed to effect them greatly, for now their voices would rise high and shrill, and now would die away to a low moan. At the creoscedos the Indians would throw back their heads and wave their arms in a religious frenzy. The play had no speaking parts, but was presented in a series of eight tableaux. The stage was the broad, hard boulevard leading past the mission buildings. The tableaux were all placed at once, one after another, at intervals of about fifty feet, and consequently each scene had different sets of actors. Only the best of the Indians were chosen for parts, and to the honor of being in the performance was a high one, and the men and women selected were regarded as much to be envied. The tableaux were as complete as the limited resources of the mission would allow, and the costumes, which were carefully fashioned after those of pictures, were fairly correct.

At the top of the hill a chief was stationed, giving in a low tone the command by which the procession divided, half going on one side the boulevard, and half on the other. As they marched along, the Indians still sang their weird chant, and at each tableau or stage of the cross every one in the procession made a profound obeisance and crossed himself.

The first group or tableau, contained a stalwart Indian, roped in a white surplice and cloak of blue. He knelt in supplication, while six red-gowned natives lay on the ground behind him feigning sleep. The scene was the agony in the Garden of Gethsemane. The Indian representing Christ had been drilled until he seemed to have an unusually good conception of the part, for he threw his whole soul into the portrayal, and his face wore a wonderful expression of suffering and intercession. During the forty minutes while the spectators were walking past, he appeared to be in a state almost hypnotic, for not a muscle of his body moved.

The second scene was Christ seized by the soldiers. An Indian, about the same in stature as in the first tableau and wearing exactly the same dress took the part of the Saviour. Other natives with the shields, spears, helmets, and jerkins of Roman soldiers were binding the unresisting Lord.

In the third tableau Christ appeared before Pilate. The Roman Governor who seated on a dais spread with scarlet, while his chair of state was covered with a robe of the same gorgeous color. Before him a slave held a basin and pitcher with which he was about to wash his hands, disclaiming all part in the crime which the Jews wished to have committed. Before the Governor stood Christ with downcast eyes and bound with chains. Near by was a group of sullen and angry Jews watching the proceedings of the trial.

The fourth picture, the flagellation, was horrible in its realism. Christ was bound to a post, and two savage soldiers were standing over him, with bloody knouts upraised. The Saviour, from whose back the blood was pouring, bent forward, his face showing both anguish and spiritual determination.

In the fifth picture Christ sat in a rough chair, and soldiers with spears in their hands stood about him. One of them was placing on his head a crown of thorns, while the blood from his brow trickled down his face and stained his white garments. So true was the scene that the spectator could hardly rid himself of the idea that the blood was real.

Fully as real was the next tableau, the burden of the cross. Overcome by the load, Christ had slipped, and his body was pinned to the ground by the heavy weight. The crown of thorns still pierced his brow, and his countenance was obscured by dust and blood. An Indian woman, as St. Veronica, stooped forward to wipe his face, and two soldiers with blows were urging him to rise to his feet.

In the seventh scene Christ was meeting the weeping women of Jerusalem, and with a reassuring smile was telling them not to grieve for him.

From this spectacle the procession, softly singing the solemn chant, passed into the large yard of the mission. There on a platform at the very edge of the cliff towered the cross. A waxen image of the Saviour was nailed to its arms, and clinging to the feet of the Crucified and receiving the drops of blood on her head was a Mary Magdalene whose long jet black hair streamed below her waist. Beside her was a dusky Virgin Mary, with dumb, tearless agony expressed in every feature. Near the edge of the platform a tall, handsome Squamish Indian, representing St. John, sat bowed in hopeless grief. Soldiers with swords and spears were grouped around the cross, and

one held the hyssop to the sufferer's lips.

As the chanting Indians came before this last tableau they were visibly affected, the song was hushed, and all silently fell to their knees. The spectators who had followed out of curiosity uncovered and Protestant and Catholic alike bowed at the moving sight.

The stillness had grown oppressive, when five of the chiefs arose, and each in turn called out in his own language that Jesus was dying, was dying. A shrill mournful chant, repeated over and over, and echoed from the cliffs across the river was the reply. Then, at a signal, all arose, filing past the crucifix each made a deep reverence.

After the last man had bowed, and the crowd was slowly scattering, the sky grew dark again, and the rain began to fall.—*Seattle Correspondence New York Sun.*

AN HONOR WORTHILY BESTOWED.

In conferring the degree of Doctor of Laws on the well-known writer and controversialist, Rev. L. A. Lambert, of Scottsville, N.Y., Notre Dame University has conferred still greater honor upon itself. Father Lambert's name is a household word from Maine to California and the eminent services which he has rendered to the cause of religion make him in every respect a most worthy recipient of the honor.

Father Lambert's pen is as keen as a Damascus blade, and his logic is irresistible. His "Notes on Ingersoll" has been more widely read than almost any other book published in America. Thousands of unbelievers have been enlightened by its perusal and, let us hope, been brought to a knowledge of the true faith. We congratulate the Reverend and gifted gentleman on the high honor that has been bestowed upon him.—*Michigan Catholic.*

Monthly Prizes for Boys and Girls.

The "Sunlight" Soap Co., Toronto, offer the following prizes every month till further notice, to boys and girls under 16, residing in the Province of Ontario, who send the greatest number of "Sunlight" wrappers: 1st, \$10; 2nd, \$6; 3rd, \$3; 4th, \$1; 5th to 14th, a Handsome Book; and a pretty picture to those who send not less than 12 wrappers. Send wrappers to "Sunlight" Soap Office, 43 Scott St., Toronto, not later than the 29th of each month, and marked "Competition"; also give full name, address, age, and number of wrappers. Winner's names will be published in the *Toronto Mail* on first Saturday in each week.

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The Capital prize \$15,000.00 4th of May Drawing, "Province of Quebec Lottery" was won by Miss May Donovan, 113 Dufresne Street, Montreal.

Dame Fortune was not blind for once. This fortune could not have fallen into better hands.

Miss Donovan belongs to a poor but highly respectable family. The father, now dead, was one of the good parishioners of Reverend J. J. Salmon, parish priest of St. Mary's, Craig Street, who takes pleasure in recalling the merits of this good man.

The mother left a widow, dependent mostly for a living on her daughter's daily labor. She, bestowing on her mother all the care that her feeble resources permitted and very often she wished to be able to do more. It was for this end that she deprived herself in order to buy a lottery ticket, not however without adding a fervent prayer. Her hopes were not in vain as we may see.

She presented herself this morning at the Lottery's Office accompanied by her mother and Reverend Father Salmon.

The prize was paid her at once as the two following certificates may show.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY

CERTIFICATE of the bearer of Ticket No. 18458 \$15,000.00 DRAWING OF MAY 4TH, 1892.

I the undersigned do hereby certify that on presentation of my ticket No. 18458 which drew the first capital prize \$15,000.00 at the Drawing of May 4th instant of the Province of Quebec Lottery, I have at once been paid.

Witnesses (signed) AIME MATHIEU LOUIS PERRAULT MARY DONOVAN, 113 Dufresne St., Montreal.

CERTIFICATE OF REVEREND J. S. SALMON.

I the undersigned, Cure, of St. Mary's Church, Craig Street, Montreal, do hereby certify that the above prize has been paid this day in my presence to Miss Mary Donovan.

Witnesses (signed) AIME MATHIEU LOUIS PERRAULT JOHN J. SALMON, P. P. St. Mary's "LA PRESSE," Montreal, 6th May, 1892.

The Province of Quebec Lottery

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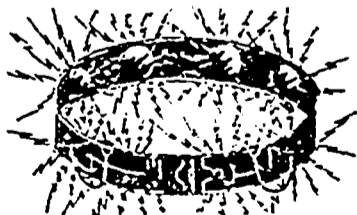
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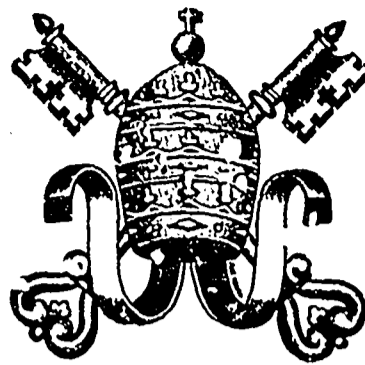


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Table showing mail closing times for various locations like G. T. R. East, O. and Q. Railway, etc., with columns for a.m. and p.m.

English mails close on Monday and Thursdays at 4 and 10 p.m., and on Saturdays at 7 p.m. The following are the dates of English mails for May: 2, 3, 5, 7, 9, 12, 14, 16, 19, 21, 23, 25, 28, 30.

N.B.—There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should transact their Saving Bank and money Order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such branch post office.

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