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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

vol. V

Toronto, Saturday, March 21, 1891.

No. 6

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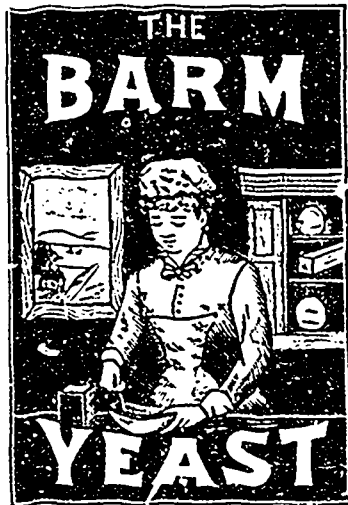
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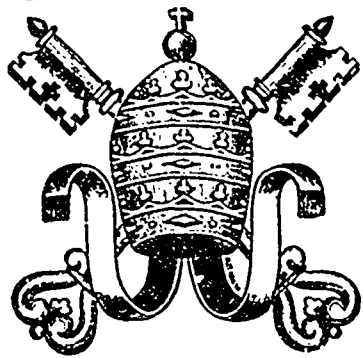
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ABOUT NEWSPAPERS.

The editor of the St. Louis
Globe Democrat is one of the few
 great journalists we have. There-
 fore it is of interest and value to
 secure from him such expressions
 as this: "The best editor is the
 man who can best discriminate
 between bread and stones before
 casting upon the waters—the man
 who can best select from the
 events of the day the matter to
 serve up to the reading public for
 the morrow."

Taylor, the so-called water poet,
 held the same opinion as our dis-
 tinguished friend McCullagh, only
 Taylor put the cart before the
 horse, in this wise:

All you that fain would print ye newes,
 Seek not to know whatso to chuse;
 But learn whatso to caste awaye,
 And print ye rest without delaye.

Mr. Charles A. Dona has been
 accredited with a laconicism that
 should be accredited to Socrates,
 for when Xenophon asked his re-
 spected teacher's advice as to a
 weekly newspaper scheme he
 thought of projecting in Sparta
 the sage old Athenian philosopher
 quoth: "My son, he that raiseth
 the most hades selleth the most
 papers."—*Exchange.*

HE TALKED TOO MUCH.

DeMille, the playwright, was
 dining with a party of gentlemen
 a few evenings ago, when one of
 the number, who had taken more
 wine than was good for his wits,
 became ocnoxiously talkative.
 Mr. DeMille turned to him and
 asked if he had heard the latest
 parrot story. The gabbler said
 he had not.

"You won't take offence if I
 tell it?"

"Of course I won't," and the
 offender gave the floor and his
 eager attention to Mr DeMille.

"Well," said the playwright,
 "the parrot sat upon his perch in
 one corner of the room. A bull-
 dog, a newcomer in the house-
 hold, lay in another corner.

"'S-s-sick 'em,' said the parrot;
 's-s-sick 'em Tige!'

"The new dog bounded to his
 feet and looked for something to
 sick, but finding nothing, lay
 down again.

"The parrot clambered down
 from his perch and waddled across
 to where the dog was lying.

"'S-s-sick 'em, Tige,' he said
 again.

"This time he found some-
 thing to sick. He pounced upon
 the parrot, tore him, shook him,
 and boxed him about until the
 poor bird was well nigh dead.

When the dog had been called off
 the parrot laboured up to his
 perch, looked about the floor where
 his beautiful feathers lay scatter-
 ed, scanned himself minutely,
 noted his one remaining tail
 feather, and said:

"'I know what's the matter
 with me; I talk too much.'"

The dinner went on without
 further interruption. The pre-
 paratory denial of personal appli-
 cation had done its work, and
 done it delicately and well.—*Ex-
 change.*

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vol. V

Toronto, Saturday, March 21, 1891.

No. 6

ST. PAUL'S NEW CHURCH.

THE zeal and generosity in the cause of religion of the Catholic citizens of east Toronto, has been strikingly manifested in the new edifice raised by them for the worship of God and to the glory of His name. On Sunday Dec. 22nd, 1889, the church at the corner of Queen and Power streets, was opened with a special service, which was attended not only by the congregation of the parish, but by Roman Catholics from all parts of the city, and many Protestants as well. The preliminary ceremony of blessing the church was performed by Archbishop Cleary, of Kingston, who, preceded by the cross-bearer and acolytes, and followed by a number of the clergy, passed along the aisles sprinkling the walls with holy water and repeating the prayers appropriate to the occasion. High Mass was sung by Vicar-General Rooney as celebrant, Rev. Father Guinaneas deacon, and Rev. Father Hand as master of ceremonies. The music was Mozart's First Mass, and it was rendered by a picked choir, under the leadership of Mr. Richardson, with Miss McGrath as soprano soloist.

The new St. Paul's is one of the finest of church edifices in Toronto, and is not only a structure which may be regarded with complacency by one portion of the community, but as a credit to the city.

The church is on the symbolic cruciform plan and consists of a vast nave, and spreading aisles and transepts, apsidal chancel and side chapels, lofty campanile, and roomy sacristies. The basement, extending under the whole area of the church proper, will contain a spacious cryptical church, sub-sacristy, efficient steam heating apparatus, etc.

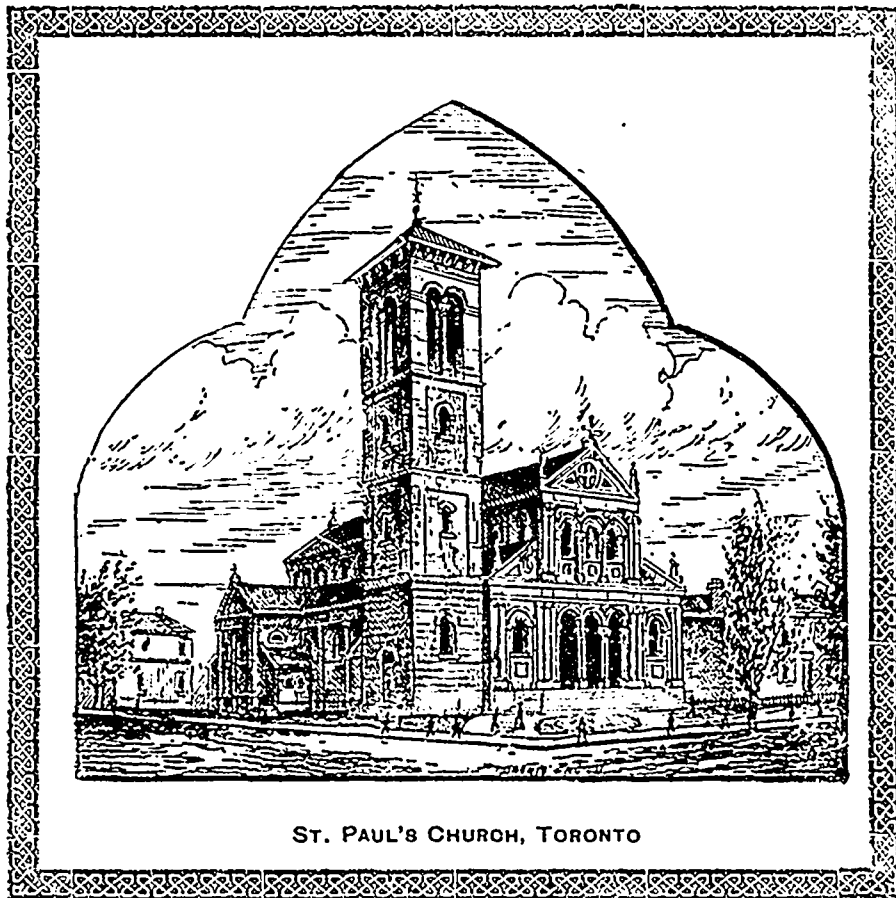
The principal facade, a view of which we give herewith, shows the great nave front with its bold and graceful triplet arcades, the lower arcade being of the Ionic order, and the upper, of the Corinthian. The aisle fronts, or wings of the facade, correspond in style, and the whole group is supported by the lofty campanile on the left, so truly Italian in character and giving picturesque variety to the *Italo-classic* front, altogether forming a noble architectural composition, the beauties of which are considerably emphasized by the rich and varied marbles filling the discs and spandrels, their beauty and interest culminating in the great sacred monogram formed of scarlet and *vertantique* marbles and set on a dove-coloured marble ground surrounded by a band of rich ruby-red, the whole filling the great disc which, with its surrounding mouldings in dressed Ohio stone, forms the central feature of the great pediment or gable of the nave.

The first or lower arcade, with its stately columns and delicately moulded arches, forms in its deep recesses the setting for

the main entrances to the grand central vestibule, or *narthex*, and the windows which light it, while the upper one frames in the great central niche and the stately windows lighting the front portion of the church proper. Large statues of our Lord and the Blessed Virgin, and the Apostles, etc., will crown the pedestals finishing the apex and sides of the great pediments or gables, except the upper pedestal of front gable, which will finish with a large and beautiful cross of carved stone.

Entering through the great vestibule, the vast church, with its swelling vaults and arches, unfolds itself; long rows of stately Ionic columns, connected by rounded arches, are varied by groups of similar columned arches in the transepts and chancels which, as one proceeds up the aisles, suggest the varied and charming effects of sylvan scenery.

The solemn and majestic effect is enhanced by the lighting of the church which comes through finely proportioned windows corresponding in position with the great arched opens, and which will be filled with richly-coloured figured and jewelled stained glass of a design in harmony with the architecture of the church and illustrative of the chief events in the life of Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin, the Apostles, etc., and giving to interior the mellowed hues of the 'dim religious light' of the glorious churches of the past. Then with the rich marble altars of varied hue and design, with communion rail and pulpit in keeping, and with the church frescoed in the highest style of art by noted Italian artists the whole effect will be of a class unique of its kind on this continent, and, like all works of high art, its study will be an education in itself



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, TORONTO

and a lasting source of pleasure to the community at large.

To add to the greater comfort and health of the congregation the church is heated, lighted and ventilated in the most approved modern manner.

The following are the general external dimensions of the church. Total length, 174 feet; width across nave and aisle, 70 feet; width across the transept, 100 feet; height of campanile, 129 feet. The seating accommodation is, in the upper or chief church, for 1,250 persons, and for 1000 in the lower; but both churches have, when needed, capacity for a considerably larger number. The cost of the church, when completely finished and equipped, will exceed \$100,000.

This splendid structure was designed, and the plans, &c., prepared by Mr. Joseph Connelly, R.C.A., the well-known church architect, and under whose superintendence the work was carried out.

The Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Mahony, Bishop of Eudocia (*i. p. i.*) is rector of the church. He came to Toronto some ten years ago, and possesses all the attributes of a truly great man.

ARCHBISHOP MACHALE'S CENTENARY.

Two weeks ago in Ireland and in many places out of Ireland where Irishmen have found homes, was celebrated in a spirit of deep pride in a great name and profound reverence for a great character, the centenary of the birth of one of the most illustrious prelates of the Irish race—John MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam, born March 6, 1791. We reprint from the *Irish World* the following extracts, many of which are from the pen of Rev. Dr. O'Reilly:

It is only ten years since John MacHale, Arch bishop of Tuam died: and yet he was a smart boy at school while George Washington was still president of the United States. To realize the full significance of this fact one would require to review the history of the two hemispheres for a century. Archbishop MacHale saw the establishment of the American Republic under its founder and first Chief Magistrate, he saw it develop into the greatest, freest, and most prosperous nation on earth; he saw it the asylum and home of millions of his own persecuted race; he saw and lived through the official term of every President of the United States from Washington to Garfield. He was a priest many years before the death of George III., whose "repeated injuries and usurpations" in America are recited and denounced to the nations of the earth in the Declaration of Independence, and while John Carroll, the first Catholic prelate of the United States, was still living. He saw the church of which he was so mighty a champion increase and prosper in the great Republic from one bishopric to upwards of fifty, an increase largely due to the faith and piety of the exiled children of his beloved land. In Europe Archbishop MacHale's life covered a series of events the most momentous, humanly speaking, that the world had previously witnessed. He saw the rise, was an observer of all the tremendous achievements, and saw the fall of the great Napoleon and of his dynasty. He was a bishop long before the world knew anything of railways, telegraphs, or gas lighting. In his own country he saw Ireland's Parliament sitting in College Green. He was a sharp pupil at the "hedge school" (for in those days there dared be none other in Ireland for Catholics) when Pitt and Castlereagh perpetrated the iniquitous Act of Union. He saw the horrors of '98, which those unscrupulous ministers employed to carry their purpose of destroying Ireland's nationality. When we say "he saw," we do not merely mean that those horrors were enacted in his time, and that he heard of them or read about them. Some of the most terrible of them happened at his father's door and presented to him his first lessons in the history of his country's wrongs. At the age of seven years John MacHale, the future Archbishop, used to serve Mass in the thatched mountain chapel of Laherdane, in Glen Nephin, which was the chapel attended by his parents and family and neighbours for miles around. The priest who said Mass in this chapel was Father Andrew Conroy. On the charge of having given countenance and encouragement to the French, who invaded Ireland in 1798 Father Conroy was tried by court martial and hanged on a tree at Castlebar, where his body was left suspended as a gratifying spectacle for the soldiery. The "crime" of Father Conroy was that he had been merely civil to some French officers who made a call at his house on their passage through the district. In noticing this sanguinary act of lawless tyranny, Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, in his recently published "Life of Archbishop MacHale," thus describes the impression produced on the young mind of the future prelate:—"The arrest of the venerable pastor had filled his parishioners with grief and consternation. In the MacHale household in particular, where Father Conroy was worshipped for his goodness, the lamentations were loud. Little John wept unceasingly and could not be consoled. No terror could prevent the people of Glen Nephin from crowding into Castlebar to testify in favour of their loved spiritual guide. But their testimony, even if admitted, would have been unavailing. And to their horror and despair the man of God was hung like a dog before their eyes. Never to be forgotten was the spectacle which the boy of seven beheld when the bereaved and sorrowing parishioners brought home for burial in his own chapel the corpse of this martyr. And so did John MacHale as he kissed the cold hand of his reverend friend and pastor, and looked upon the countenance distorted by the shameful death agony, learn to know the tyranny exercised throughout his country."

John MacHale was born at Tubbernavine, County Mayo, on Sunday, March 6, 1791, just one hundred years ago. Tubbernavine is a small village or hamlet on the eastern slope of Mount Nephin, the second in height of the mountains of Connaught. His father's house, which Dr. O'Reilly describes as "a large, warm, hospitable, joyous, and happy home," was on the post road between Sligo and Castlebar, within a few miles of the latter town. Dr. MacHale's father was Patrick MacHale, or, as he was generally known, Padrig Mor MacHale, a designation having reference to his great stature and strength. He was over six feet high, straight as an arrow until his old age, and he had the happiness of living to see his son Archbishop of Tuam.

Dr. MacHale's first education in Latin and Greek was at the school of Patrick Staunton, in Castlebar, "a remarkable man," as we are told, and "one of the survivors of the old, persecuted generation of Catholic instructors in the classics who had ventured to open a school for boys preparing for college." The "venture" or boldness of the act may be judged from the fact that the penal law which made it

felony for Irish Catholics to teach or to be taught was still in force. At sixteen years of age (1807, only four years after the execution of Emmet) young MacHale was sent to Maynooth College by Dr. Dominick Bellow, Bishop of Killala.

For seven years John MacHale was a student in Maynooth, and how he acquitted himself may be inferred from the fact that from the student's desk he was transferred directly to the chair of Professor of Theology in 1815, the year of his ordination and the twenty-fourth of his age.

As an example of Dr. MacHale's views, even in the early days of his career, on Ireland and Catholicity as related to each other, we give the following portion of an address to his students in Maynooth in 1822:

"The Irish mission has its difficulties, but it has its advantages, too. Ireland exhibits to her missionaries the monuments of their religion. Our people are Catholic, their habits are Catholic, nay, the Protestant churches in our cities as well as in the solitudes of our mountains still breathe the living spirit of the Catholic religion. Yes, gentleman, Ireland seems destined to be Catholic. The Catholic religion is inscribed upon the soil. It is intertwined with her society, it lives in the memory of the present, it loiters among the monuments of past times. The very language of Ireland's topography shall ever preserve the ancient piety of her people."

Doctor MacHale was made Coadjutor Bishop of his native diocese of Killala at the age of thirty four, while he was yet Professor at Maynooth College, in which he had spent eighteen years of his life as student and professor. In his new sphere Bishop MacHale found that besides his religious duties other and numerous cares were forced upon his attention. The Catholics of Ireland had not yet been emancipated, the mass of the people were in poverty, and then, even worse than now, periodical famine was the condition amongst a population with a system of landlordism unrestrained by any law to protect the rights of the toiling tenantry. Bishop MacHale was not idle nor silent in the face of the suffering or oppression he saw everywhere around him. In letters to the press and in letters addressed directly to the responsible Ministers of Government he impeached and denounced landlordism, and, later on, the whole system of British rule in Ireland.

In a letter to Earl Grey, then Prime Minister of England, Bishop MacHale went to the root of the matter as follows:

"While I am writing this letter, the town of Ballina, in which 801 families are crying out for food, is busy with the bustle of corn-traders and the public roads are crowded with conveyances bearing away their exports. It may then excite your wonder that the people should be starving while the markets are stocked with provisions. This is the very anomaly of which we complain. What avails it to the poor whose crops and cattle are seized, if potatoes are sold at three or four pence a stone where he cannot bring one article to market or find either work or wages to purchase them?"

Amongst the many British press charges against the Catholic clergy of Ireland were that "they were ignorant—they were hostile to the institutions of the country." Here is how Bishop MacHale, in a letter to a London paper, dealt with the accusations:—

"For a knowledge of their (the priests') duty, I solemnly pledge myself that I shall find twenty Catholic curates in Ireland, whose annual stipend exceeds not thirty pounds, who, in the judgment of any impartial jury, will display more classical information, more mathematical science, more extensive biblical knowledge, a more profound acquaintance with moral theology as well as the canons and history of the church than the whole bench of Protestant bishops of the country put together. . . . What are the institutions to which the Catholic clergy are hostile? Enormous taxes for erecting (Protestant) churches where there are no Protestants to attend them, tithes and vestry cesses and grand jury jobbing with the long train of local tyranny and paltry litigation by which these exactions are imposed. If these be called 'the institutions of the country' I hope the clergy of Ireland will always remain hostile to them."

Doctor MacHale was made Archbishop of Tuam in 1834. The English Government did all in its power to prevent the appointment, just as in our time like influence was put forth to prevent the appointment of the present illustrious prelate of Dublin. Lord Palmerston, who in 1834 was British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, wrote to his brother as follows:—"I am sending off a messenger suddenly to Florence and Rome to try and get the Pope not to appoint any agitating prelate Archbishop of Tuam."

Prime Minister Lord Melbourne was more urgent and to the point. He addressed a letter direct to the Pontiff, Pope Gregory XVI., asking that His Holiness "would not appoint MacHale to the vacant see—anybody but him." But the efforts of the British Government were in vain. Recognizing the conspicuous merit of Doctor MacHale and the universal sentiment of Catholic Ireland in his favour, Pope Gregory not only appointed the popular favourite but marked him with special honour.

Bishop MacHale was on a visit to his father when the intimation of his elevation to the see of Tuam was communicated to him. The news quickly spread far and wide and occasioned enthusiastic rejoicing all over Mayo and the West. As the time came for his

departure the members of his own family, half rejoicing at his elevation and half deploring the necessity which took him away from their midst, mustered around his venerable father. After blessing in turn parents and children he turned with full heart toward the door. But there on the threshold knelt the bent figure of that father, in view of the expectant and waiting crowd outside, waiting for the blessing reserved for himself. With his left hand resting on the octogenarian's white hairs, the Archbishop raised his right hand and blessed his devoted parent. There were few eyes without tears among the spectators as the prelate lifted up his aged father from his kneeling position and clasped him to his heart."

For nearly half a century, from 1834 to 1881, the signature, "John, Archbishop of Tuam," was a familiar and a welcome one in the national press of Ireland at the foot of powerful letters on the great questions, which were of interest to the Irish race or the Catholic people. Catholic education, the "National Schools," the Queen's college, the proselytizing "Irish Church" missions, the Protestant church establishment, Repeal of the Union, and in later years Home Rule, were among the numerous questions which occupied the pen of the illustrious prelate of Tuam. With O'Connell he was in frequent almost constant correspondence for many years and up to his death.

The first formal meeting of the Repeal Association was held in Tuam under the auspices of the Archbishop, and before the Association was formed O'Connell consulted Archbishop MacHale on the matter in a letter dated April 8, 1840, in which he wrote as follows:

"Whenever I have formed the intention of making a great popular movement, or a movement which I hoped to be great, I have taken the liberty of announcing it to your Grace, in the strong wish to obtain the aid of your great mind and national influence. . . . I now lay before your Grace my present plan; it is this—to organize a Justice of Repeal Association."

O'Connell then explained his plan in detail, and asked for the Archbishop's help, which it is needless to say he got. At the first demonstration in Tuam the Archbishop made a great speech in which he emphasized above all the necessity of an independent Irish party with a view to securing the greatest and first of Ireland's needs, viz., a native legislature.

"There do not exist in the whole range of literature," says Rev. Doctor O'Reilly, "more powerful or more touching appeals than are contained in the series of letters written from St. Jarlath's (Tuam) to Lord John Russell, from August 1, 1846, all through the autumn and the long months of 1847, measuring the agony of a nation." There are many men and women now living in America who were in Ireland during that awful famine and who remember those splendid letters in which Archbishop MacHale aroused public indignation against the criminal indifference of the British Government, at whose head was Lord John Russell, whose name was made familiar in Ireland by the verdict of the coroner's juries on victims of the famine, which not unfrequently used to be "willful murder against Lord John Russell."

How Archbishop MacHale was accustomed to present the case may be judged by a sample of his letters to the Prime Minister. Commenting on the paltry assistance given by the Government to the famine-stricken people, the Archbishop wrote:

"The British Empire boasts of its measureless resources. Now is an opportunity of exhibiting as well the extent of its humanity as of its resources. And what is the available sum that has been voted by the munificence of Parliament to avert the starvation of millions? Fifty thousand pounds!

"Ten placenten divide between them a larger share of the public money. Fifty thousand pounds for a starving people!

"It is not many years since four times that sum was squandered on the pageant of a King's Coronation. Fifty thousand pounds!

"It is still fresh in our memory when a few parsons (Protestant clergymen) were allowed twenty times that amount—a million of money—from the public purse to maintain an artificial status in society, and yet but the twentieth part of what was then given to that body to keep up their rank is to be doled out to keep multitudes who are the sinews of society from perishing!

"Your Lordship does not forget when TWENTY MILLIONS were heaped out of the public treasury to give liberty to the negroes of the West Indies. Are the lives of the people of Ireland prized so low that but fifty thousand pounds—the four hundredth part of these twenty millions—is to be given for rescuing our people from certain death?"

In and around his home in Tuam, Doctor MacHale was idolized by the people, especially the poor. "They watched," says Doctor O'Reilly, "for the Archbishop every morning at the Cathedral, and in stormy weather would show their anxiety to shield him from the rain or snow while he was crossing the open space between his residence and the sacristy. As he grew old, and especially during the last years of his life, when he had long past the usual limit fixed for human life, the people, his loving and beloved poor people especially, were wont to watch for his early appearance at the accustomed hours. In the cold, dark and tempestuous winter mornings, it was touching to see their anxiety for his safety and comfort."

Irish was the common tongue of the people in most parts of

the West of Ireland when Doctor MacHale was born, and for many years after, as it is still in many districts. The great Archbishop was always an enthusiastic advocate and helper of every movement, not only for the preservation, but for the propagation of the language which, we need hardly say, he spoke and wrote himself. His translation into Irish of "Moore's Melodies" and "Homer's Iliad" have been the admiration of scholars not alone in Ireland, but in the halls of the greatest and most ancient universities on the continent of Europe. The translation of the "Melodies" was hailed with delight by all lovers of the old language of the Gael, and the author of the original melodies, Thomas Moore, wrote to the Archbishop an enthusiastic letter, in which he said:—

"That these songs of mine should be translated into what I may call their native language is in itself a great gratification and triumph to me, but that such a tribute should come from the the pen of your Grace, considerably adds to the pride and pleasure I feel in it."

That Archbishop MacHale was prominent and active in support of the Home Rule movement hardly needs to be said, yet the following tribute from the founder and first leader of the movement cannot fail to be interesting:—

DUBLIN, September 30, 1875.

MY DEAR LORD ARCHBISHOP.—I venture to trespass on you with a few lines to endeavour to express how deeply I and all the members of the Home Rule Council feel the countenance and the sanction which your Grace has given to our intended meeting at Tuam. I need not say that we all appreciate the value of that sanction to any Irish movement. I feel confident that it will make the meeting one worthy of the Province it is intended to represent and of the cause it is designed to serve. For myself I esteem it amongst the most cherished memories of my life that any poor effort of mine to serve our country should meet with your Grace's sanction and approval. It gives me additional confidence and hope, and strengthens me in my faith in the success of our cause. With earnest wishes for your Grace's health and happiness, I remain, my dear Lord,

Your Grace's very faithful servant,

ISAAC BUTT.

In length of days as in greatness of intellect and intensity of love for Faith and Fatherland, Doctor MacHale was distinguished above his countrymen. He lived to within a few months of 91 years of age. He was sixty-seven years a priest and fifty-six years a bishop. Yet his death was a shock to the nation. The sad event occurred on November 7, 1881.

THE LATE JOHN LESPERANCE.

JOHN LESPERANCE, who, as "Laclede," contributed for so many years the most interesting and widely appreciated of the Montreal Gazette's literary features, the Saturday "Ephemerides," died Tuesday morning, March 10. As many of our readers are aware, he has for more than two years been an invalid, and for a long time there had been no hope whatever of his restoration to health. His death was not, therefore, unexpected by his family and intimate friends, though to all who knew him it must be a cause of heartfelt sorrow.

John Lesperance was born at St. Louis, Mo., in the year 1836 and was educated at the University of St. Louis and at Freiburg, in Germany. He took part in the Civil War on the Southern side. In 1868 he came to Canada and settled at St. Johns, P. Q., where he married. He became connected with the St. Johns News, to which he contributed continuously for nearly twenty years, at the same time writing for the Montreal press and for the magazines. In 1872 he joined the staff of the Montreal Gazette. After being associated with that journal for about a year, he accepted the charge of the Illustrated Canadian News which he continued to edit with recognized ability until 1880. In 1881 he was for some time on the staff of the Montreal Gazette and subsequently on that of the Star. In 1882 he obtained the position of Provincial Immigration Agent at Montreal, which he retained until 1886. He became editor of the Dominion Illustrated in July, 1888.

Mr. Lesperance has written at least three novels, "Fanchon," "The Bostonais," and "My Creoles," besides a large number of novelettes and short stories. He has also written enough poetry to form a good-sized volume, though he never gathered his pieces together for publication. His essays on all sorts of subjects would, also, if collected, make a considerable volume. He is, perhaps, best known by his "Ephemerides," which were contributed to the Gazette every Saturday for nearly six years. In 1882 Mr. Lesperance was nominated by Lord Lorne, one of the first twenty members of the Second Section (English literature, history and archaeology) of the Royal Society of Canada, to the transactions of which he contributed some able papers on history and literature. For twenty years he has been an acknowledged power in Canadian literary life. He was a critic of rare discernment, with a sincere sympathy for excellence, and his pen, the most genial and kindly of pens, has given to many a young writer the encouragement that has stimulated to fresh exertion and a fruitful development of innate powers. He had ever a word of welcome for the young aspirant, and there are few among the really

meritorious *litterateurs* of the present generation whom he has not helped by timely praise, sometimes seasoned by equally timely counsel.

In private life, among those who had the privilege of being acquainted with him, he was loved, as it falls to the lot of few men to be loved, by old and young. "Laclede," (the *nom de plume* with which he signed his "Ephemerides," derived from the name of the founder of his native city) has become a "household word" through the length and breadth of Canada for whatever is noble and generous and pure and good in the domain of letters. No person can have read the "Ephemerides" without being struck by the comprehensiveness of Mr. Lesperance's scholarship. Besides Greek and Latin, in which his reading was wide, and his knowledge full and ready, he had studied the masterpieces of the French, Italian, Spanish and German languages. In quoting passages from his favourite authors, he seldom had occasion to consult the text. His "Ephemerides" were written in all sorts of places and under all sorts of circumstances. He had been wont to note down in his reading the outlines (just enough for mnemonic purposes) of anything that especially pleased him, but even this note-book he rarely carried with him. He seemed to write best when he wrote *currente calamo*, not infrequently in a room full of his brethren of the pen or of a mixed company, in the cars or on a steamboat, the conversation often giving the keynote. When Archdeacon Farrar lectured in Montreal on Dante, it was just in that way that Mr. Lesperance composed the "Ephemerides" on the great mediæval poet which so excited the lecturer's surprise and admiration. Instances of the facility with which, on such occasions, he poured forth from the stores of his well-furnished and many-sided mind the "thoughts that voluntarily move harmonious numbers"—for they were always wedded to appropriate expression—might easily be multiplied. Out of his bounty he enriched the minds of many and also touched their hearts—we may hope—to good purpose.

Though so gentle, John Lesperance was ever a stern moralist, and, with all his wealth of pity for the erring, no man was more pronounced in his condemnation of those who wilfully led their fellow-men astray. In some respects, indeed, he might be deemed old-fashioned. To him the faith once delivered to the saints was the faith for the 19th century—for all ages. He was, it is said, educated with a view to the priesthood, and few clergymen have had a deeper and more abiding sense of things spiritual. He loved the chants, the solemn services of his church and the sacred hymns of cloistered poets gave him a sense of rapture. One of his last papers or essays—read before the Athenæum club of Montreal—was on this subject. Yet, although so intensely devout, although his religion (notwithstanding his free confession of many shortcomings) was to him a real solace, no person, whatever might be his views, could ever accuse John Lesperance of bigotry, of exclusiveness, or of obtruding his opinions on others. Many of his friends, indeed, were not even aware that he was a Catholic.

His published novels and his "Ephemerides" have, to some extent, diverted attention from John Lesperance's gift as a poet. It is to be hoped that some time a published volume will contain at least a selection from them. Like the other offspring of this versatile pen, they were thrown off, as the inspiration seized him. His conversation alone was a feast. In the year 1875 he, with the late Thomas King, Mr. R. S. White, John E. Logan, the late C. Massiah, John Roadc and others, mostly members of the press, started a club called the "Kuklos," or "Circle," which met every Saturday evening at Mr. King's. Thos. King was its president, John Lesperance its vice-president. It had its defects, doubtless but for life and sympathy and literary comradeship, it was the most genuine and, in some ways, the most stimulating and fruitful of experiments of the kind in Montreal. Its convivial features were, perhaps, too strongly marked, but it did not neglect the object for which it was founded, and for two years the "Kuklos" was a looked for resource of solace and recreation to the journalists of Montreal. At that time Lesperance was in his acme of mental vigour and he was the acknowledged leader of the circle. Many who met him in those years at "Rex's" have, like "Rex" himself joined the majority. But some are still in the land of the living—in Toronto, in Chicago, in New York, in England, even in Australia—and they cannot have forgotten "Laclede's" generous enthusiasm and fellow feeling for all the brotherhood of the pen. And of the Attic salt at "Rex's" feasts he furnished a goodly portion.

In later years troubles—of which he had a more than the average allotment—left its mark on him and caused a halt in the flow of wit and humour and multifarious lore. But his geniality of nature could not change and even when the loss of his cherished daughter—the "Rita" who had begun to share in his literary labour with the sympathy of young enthusiasm—had left him, as he said, sorely in need of comfort, he never lost the heartiness of greeting, the winning charm of gracious manner, the kindly and considerate helpfulness which were natural to him. Until his health entirely broke up, he made it a point of duty to attend the meetings of the Society for Historical Studies, of which he was president and to do his part in the reading of papers. The last occasion on which he presided in February, 1889, his failing health was painfully perceptible. A few days afterwards he was seized with the illness from which he was destined never to recover. From the first the physicians who attended him

gave no word of hope. But his faithful wife and numerous friends still looked for some change in his condition which might give promise of his return to them. During his long illness he was waited on most assiduously and tenderly by the pious ladies who have chosen the "better part" of ministering to the relief of the afflicted. He was the gentlest of patients, as he had been the gentlest of companions, no harsh or querulous word escaping his lips during his tedious illness. He was visited by relatives and friends from his boyhood's distant home, to which in his "Ephemerides" he so often referred. Until about the middle of January he never complained of being ill and did not wish to be thought so. But from the day that he became conscious of his failing health he resigned himself to the certainty of approaching death. Day after day he grew feebler and feebler, until towards noon yesterday he quietly passed away. Mr. Lesperance leaves a widow and two children, a boy and a girl, to mourn his loss.—*Montreal Gazette*.

CARDINAL GIBBONS ON MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

"MARRIAGE and Divorce" was the subject on March 1st of the Lenten sermon by Cardinal Gibbons. Among the auditors was Jerome J. Bonaparte, the grandson of the King of Westphalia, who was used in the course of the sermon to illustrate the argument of the Cardinal.

"Marriage," said the Cardinal, "is the most inviolable and irrevocable of all contracts that were ever formed. Every human contract may be dissolved but this. Nations may be justified in abrogating treaties with each other, merchants may dissolve partnerships; brothers will eventually leave the parental roof and separate from one another like Jacob and Esau; friends like Abraham and Lott may be obliged to part company. But by the law of God the bond uniting husband and wife can be dissolved only by death. No earthly sword can sever the nuptial knot which the Lord has tied. Our Saviour emphatically declares that the nuptial bond is ratified by God himself, and hence that no man nor any legislation framed by man can validly dissolve the contract.

Here the Cardinal illustrated the subject at some length by narrating how Pope Clement VII. refused to sanction the divorce of Henry VIII. from his lawful wife, Catharine of Arragon, and how Pius VII., when solicited by Napoleon, refused to annul the marriage between the Emperor's brother Jerome and Miss Patterson, who were married in Baltimore by Archbishop Carroll, in 1808. He continued:

"Christian wives and mothers, what an immense debt of gratitude you owe to Christ and his Church for your emancipation and the dignity which you enjoy in the Christian commonwealth. If you are no longer the slaves of man's passions like the women of Asia, but his peer and his equal; if you are no longer a tenant at will, like the wives of pagan Greece and Rome, but the mistress of your household; if you are no longer confronted by usurping rivals, like Mohammedan and Mormon wives; but if you are the queen of the domestic kingdom you are indebted for this position to the Church, and especially to the sovereign pontiffs who have vindicated your honour when assailed by lustful men.

"I said you are the queen of the domestic kingdom. If you would retain that empire shun the political arena, avoid the rostrum, beware of unsexing yourselves. If you become embroiled in political agitation the queenly aureole that fancy paints on your brow will fade away, and the reverence that is paid will disappear. If you have the vain ambition of reigning in public life your domestic empire will be at an end.

"The subject of divorce is invested with a painful interest in our time and country. There are more divorces legally granted in this country than in any other Christian country—more, perhaps, than in all other Christian countries combined. In the space of twenty years, according to official statistics, from 1867 to 1886, inclusive, 360,000 divorces were granted in the United States—that is to say two-thirds of 1,000,000 persons were legally separated during that time. The number of divorces has steadily increased since that time and all out of proportion to the general increase of population. Divorces are granted on the most flimsy pretexts, and through the country divorce courts are established, which are very appropriate called divorce mills, since they grind out divorces with such rapidity and crush out happiness from the domestic roof.

"Let the imagination picture to itself the number of homes made desolate by this destroying angel; the number of husbands and wives whose hearts are crushed and whose spirits are broken; the number of children that are cast upon the world bereft of a father's protecting arm and of a mother's love; who dare not cling to one of their parents without arousing the jealousy and hatred of the other.

"But is it not cruel and heartless to compel a husband and wife to live together who cannot so live in peace, and who are entirely estranged from each other? I answer that the laws of the Gospel are not obligatory on such persons to dwell together if there is no hope of a reconciliation between them. They are allowed to live apart and to obtain a divorce from bed and board. But, if you insist, is it not cruel and unnatural to condemn such persons to a life of forced celibacy after they are separated? Would it not be more merciful

to permit them to enter into sacred nuptials and enjoy the society of congenial partners in marriage. You speak of mercy to the separated couples. but is no mercy to be shown to the good order of society? Is no mercy to be shown to the gospel of Christ, which upholds our society? All laws are made for the common good, and every law has its personal inconveniences. If you abrogate a law because of its incidental annoyance you undermine all legislation. It is on that principle that the workman objects to the observance of Sunday when he would prefer to work, and that the saloon keeper objects to the closing of his store when he would rather sell.

"It is better that one man should suffer than that the whole nation should perish. Better, far better, that in a few individual cases divorced people should be forbidden to marry than that the foundations of the sacred offices of society should be undermined."—*Catholic Home*

RICH WORDS FROM MANY WRITERS.

Once 'n a life-time we may see the veil
Tremble and lift, that hides symbolic things;
The spirit's vision, when the senses fail,
Sweeps the weird meaning that the outlook brings.

Deep in the midst of turmoil, it may be—
A crowded street, a forum, or a field
The soul inverts the telescope to see
To-day's event in future years revealed.

Back from the present, let us look at Rome:
Behold, what Cato meant, what Brutus said.
Hark! the Athenians welcome Cimon home!
How clear they are those glimpses of the dead!

But we, hard toilers, we who plan and weave
Through common days the web of common life,
What words, alas shall teach us to receive
The mystic meaning of our peace and strife?

Whence comes our symbol? Surely God must speak—
No less than He can make us heed or pause:
Self-seekers, we, too busy or too weak
To search beyond our daily lives and laws.

John Boyle O'Reilly

No period within the four-and-twenty hours of day and night is so solemn to me as the early morning. . . Besides that, there is something awful in the being surrounded by familiar faces asleep—in the knowledge that those who are dearest to us, and to whom we are dearest, are profoundly unconscious of us, in an impassive state, anticipative of that mysterious condition to which we are all tending—the stopped life, the broken threads of yesterday, the deserted seat, the closed book, the unfinished but abandoned occupation, all are images of Death. The tranquility of the hour is the tranquility of Death. The colour and the chill have the same association. Even a certain air that familiar household objects take upon them when they first emerge from the shadows at night into the morning, of being newer, and as they used to be long ago, has its counterpart in the subsidence of the worn face of maturity or age, in death, into the old youthful look.—*Charles Dickens.*

Bring me a father that so loved his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelmed like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine.
And let it answer every strain for strain.
And thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape and form:
If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,
Bid sorrow wag cry "hem;" when he should groan.
Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man; for, brother, men
Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptual medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness with a silken thread,
Charm ache with air and agony with words:
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself. *Shakespeare.*

In our healthier and better moments we know that pessimism is all wrong, that the world is better than it seems, that, at bottom, how the world shall look to us depends not so much on how it is, as on the kind of glasses our passing moods put upon our eyes. But the

best cure against the dreary lack of faith in the goodness of men, against paralyzing pessimism, is love. Love men, and you shall know them, know them, and you shall have faith in them.—*Jean Panin.*

Is there any tie which absence has loosened, or which the wear and tear of every day intercourse, little uncongenialities, unconfessed misunderstandings, have fretted into the heart, until it bears something of the nature of a fetter? Any cup at our home-table whose sweetness we have not fully tasted, although it might yet make of our daily bread a continual feast? Let us reckon up these treasures while they are ours, in thankfulness to God.—*Elizabeth Charles*

My mind lets go a thousand things
Like dates of wars and deaths of kings,
And yet recalls the very hour—
'Twas noon by yonder village tower,
And on the last blue noon in May—
The wind came briskly up this way,
Crisping the brook beside the road;
Then, pausing here, set down its load
Of pine-scents, and shook listlessly
Two petals from that wild-rose tree.

—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

JUBILEE OF ARCHBISHOP WILLIAMS OF BOSTON.

MOST REV. JOHN J. WILLIAMS, D. D., whose grand jubilee as a Bishop of the Catholic Church was celebrated on the 11th and 12th of March, 1891, was born in Boston on the 27th of April, 1822, and that city has been the scene of his life's labour. He was educated in a private school and at the Cathedral school. When old enough he took a college course in Montreal and finished his theology at the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris. Bishop Fenwick ordained him in 1848. He assisted in various parishes until 1852, when he was given charge of a chapel in Beach street. Around it grew very rapidly a large congregation, and in one year the chapel had to give way to a grand Gothic church. Bishop Fitzpatrick dedicated it in 1858. Father Williams was also rector of the Old Cathedral in Franklin street, which stood near the birth-place of Ben Franklin, and which was pulled down in 1860. His conduct as pastor was most exemplary and many of the older generation still revere him as "Father Williams."

Bishop Fitzpatrick made Father Williams Vicar-General, and in 1866, that beloved prelate falling ill, the Vicar-General became Co-adjutor Bishop with the right of succession, which right became operative upon the death of Bishop Fitzpatrick. Bishop Williams was consecrated fourth bishop of Boston at his own Church, St. James', on the 11th of March, 1866. It is the twenty-fifth anniversary of that event which is now commemorated. Bishop Williams attended the Vatican Council in 1869-70, being absent over nine months. The diocese had been increasing steadily under his energetic but kindly supervision, and in 1875 it became important enough to warrant its erection into an archdiocese—the dioceses of Springfield and Providence having been created out of it in the meantime for the purpose of more organization. Cardinal McCloskey brought over the *pallium* from Rome and Bishop Williams was formally invested with it on the 20th of May, 1875, the occasion being the grandest religious ceremony ever witnessed in New England. Cardinal McCloskey celebrated Pontifical High Mass and was assisted by Bishop McNierny, of Albany and De Goesbriand, of Burlington.

Bishops McNierny and De Goesbriand were among those to offer their congratulations and officiate at the Jubilee Mass on Thursday. In 1866, when Archbishop Williams became Bishop, there were then 100 churches; 18 schools and academies; 180 priests and 4,500 school children and 200,000 Catholics. To-day there is in the same territory a Catholic population of 600,000, with 228 churches and chapels; 68 schools and academies; 352 priests and 80,000 children attending the parochial schools. As many more will do so within a very short time. The Cathedral of the Holy Cross is a magnificent edifice and was consecrated by Archbishop Williams, Dec. 8th, 1875. His special pride is his seminary, by which in future the archdiocese will be furnished with its clergy.

A DESPATCH dated London, Feb. 27, says that information touching the Cabinet discussion of a programme leading up to the dissolution of Parliament has reached the Ministerial ranks, arousing increased expectancy of an appeal to the country in the autumn. Efforts to get a definite assurance from members of the Cabinet have been met simply by advice to be ready. Secretary Balfour and President Ritchie, of the Local Government Board, oppose the idea, the former desiring first to force the passage of an Irish Local Government measure.

"Unfortunately there are many who are willing to overlook the great good a paper may be doing, but who are quick to point out some slight error which can easily be remedied. . . . The man who enters the Catholic editorial chair and is afraid to risk an occasional blunder, has mistaken his calling and is of but little use in the battle of truth."—CARDINAL GIBBONS.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commended by

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

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

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

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

The late Archbishop Lynch.

The late Rt. Rev. Bishop Carbery of Hamilton.

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

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAR. 21 1891.

FATHER MONSABRE has a pretty wit. He was passing one Sunday along the bridge of Arcola after having preached a Lenten sermon at Notre Dame. Two rude fellows in blouse had no better inspiration than to stand in the priest's path and imitate the cawing of rooks. The Dominican turned in his steps. "Is that compliment meant for me?" he asked of him who was nearest to him. "Yes." "Ahem! And how may you call yourself?" he added. The response was the single word which Cambonne is said to have hurled back to the demand for surrender at Waterloo and which Hugo has immortalized in one of his novels. "I might have guessed as much," said Father Monsabre smiling and leaving the scoundrel dumb-founded.

ELSEWHERE in this issue we reprint the appreciative and sympathetic article in which the *Montreal Gazette*, whose columns were for many years enriched by his writings, announced the death in that city a few days ago of Mr. John Talon-Lesperance. Mr. Lesperance, who was one of the twenty literary men whom Lord Lorne selected for the section of Letters of the Royal Society of Canada, was, whether as poet, critic, or essayist, one of the most graceful, as from the range of his culture he was certainly one of the most scholarly of Canadian writers. Through the Royal Society, the Society for Historical Studies, and other organizations, he was closely identified with the intellectual and literary life of the Dominion, and more particularly with that of the Lower Province, and his death leaves a wide gap in the ranks of Canadian men of letters. Mr. Lesperance was above all things a scholar and critic, but in his case, at least, criticism took on the colours of his warm and strong sympathies. He had no room in his writings, as he had none in his nature, for the merely acrid or cynical. In private life he was in all things kindly and unselfish, and was rarely happier than when aiding and counselling young and timid writers. Towards the end he suffered much, and his last years were saddened by heavy bereavements. All who knew him in this life will feel themselves, now that he is gone, the poorer by his loss.

A FEW days ago the Holy Father attained his eighty-first year. A reception was held on the occasion in the Vatican, and His Holiness delivered an animated speech, which was responded to by Cardinal Raphael Monaco Valletta, Dean of the Sacred College. The date being likewise the anniversary of Pope Gregory the Great, references were made to that epoch in Christian history. The following is a summary of the observations of Leo XIII.:

His Holiness remarked that Gregory passed in history as one of the greatest Popes who had ever existed, owing to his labours in the Eastern Churches, to the great number of conversions made in England during his Pontificate, his crusades against slavery, and his

having freed Italy from her intestine wars and foreign enemies. He remarked that the abolition of slavery was, owing to all civilized nations being equally desirous of it, a much easier task in the present day, but that if with liberty religious sentiments were not inculcated it would be a useless work. Towards this end all the efforts of Catholicism should be directed, and if it were granted him to reach his episcopal jubilee, he would dedicate to this work the greater part of the charitable offerings of the Catholics.

The episcopal jubilee will arrive on the 19th of February, 1893. Tuesday was the thirteenth anniversary of the crowning of the Pope. We cannot better express our feelings than in the Latin epigraph which figures at the head of the *Osservatore Romano*:

OREMUS

PRO PONTIFICE NOSTRO LEONE

DOMINUS CONSERVET EUM

ET VIVIFICET EUM

ET BEATUM FACIAT EUM IN TERRA

ET NON TRADAT EUM

IN ANIMAM INIMICORUM EIUS

As our readers are aware a great deal of bitterness has been bred within recent years in Boston as a result of the fanatical and bigoted opposition shown to Catholics in the matter of the public schools. The address delivered by Archbishop Williams of that city a few days ago, though made at a time when passions are subsiding, indicates how profoundly he and his people felt the unjust attacks upon them. The *Boston Herald* of last Monday, commenting upon the Archbishop's speech, acknowledges the patience and dignity with which its Catholic fellow citizens, under marked provocation, bore themselves. "We are glad," it says of the Archbishop's address, "that he had the grace and self-control to wait till the storm was over before he made this speech, and we admire its spirit. Our Roman Catholic citizens had abundant reason to be thoroughly provoked, and had the archbishop been a less good-natured man than he is, we might have had plenty of trouble. We are ashamed both of the zealots who attempted to use the school rally in order to express their hatred of the Roman Catholic religion, and of the persons who stood still and did not protest actively against their wild and intemperate work, but we fear that Archbishop Williams is a little unjust to those who did not approve of these intemperate proceedings. The *Herald* did not spare any efforts to rebuke and condemn the partisan action of these religious and civil enthusiasts, and if the conservative and best educated element in our population did not organize to publicly condemn these loud-spoken people, they certainly were not lacking in a quiet and yet thoroughly effective protest. We heartily respond to the Archbishop's statement that he was ashamed of his fellow-citizens; but he might have qualified his statement by excepting from condemnation thousands who, if not his co-religionists, felt that silence and an honest protest was the most effective way of opposing a course of which they did not approve."

BROTHER AZARIAS, a distinguished name among American Catholic scholars and writers, in an article on "Church and State" in a recent number of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* deals with the question of the "freedom" of Catholics about which there prevails so much of misconception. Brother Azarias says:—

"Our Catholic writers are of all shades of opinion upon the issues of the day, and they may be so without incurring ecclesiastical censure. Take, for instance, the burning questions of modern science and modern thought. Some there are who think that as children of the age it is their duty to face the problems of the age and effect their solution as best they may. Others, again, are alarmed at the hostile attitude of certain leaders of modern thought towards the Church, and, identifying the person with the cause, condemn the whole without a fair hearing. They seek refuge in extreme rigidity of doctrine. In their opinion the Decalogue is incomplete, the sermon on the mount too mild, and Rome too lenient. The non-Catholic world is only too prone to identify this class of writers with the Church. Their extreme views bring odium upon religion. They seem incapable of learning from the blunders of the past. They speak and write as though the Inquisition had never made Galileo say that the earth did not move round the sun, or the Sorbonne had not dictated

to Buffon what he could write concerning this world's formation. Every educated Catholic knows that neither the Inquisition nor the Sorbonne is the Church, and though both were formidable bodies, they had no claim to infallibility. Why should these over-hasty writers attempt to force a repetition of such blunders? They are misleading, and are not to be considered in any respect representative. You will find other Catholic writers holding views as broad as theirs are narrow. The children of the Church have great liberty of action and opinion. It is the liberty of children in a well regulated household. They know the limit beyond which they must not pass.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

God save our native land!
 May His strong, sustaining hand
 Be for aye her sure protection and her stay;
 May He bid her strength increase,
 Give her comfort, joy and peace,
 And banish feud and faction far away.

May the years, as on they roll,
 Never touch her heart or soul
 With a stain to dim her old and honored name;
 But may Ireland dear be still
 As a light upon a hill,
 In the pure and holy splendor of her fame.

St. Patrick's Day has come and gone. The twenty or thirty millions of Ireland's sons and daughters, scattered over the entire habitable globe, have, once more, from warm throbbing hearts saluted the dear old motherland with all the affection and homage which national days bring to all nations and races, but to the Irish race in an especial manner. Once more has the past been reviewed, the present considered, the future hopefully questioned. Another column is added up in the weary count of time, another milestone is passed on the weary road to the consummation of hopes so long deferred. Once again the sacred honour paid the day, the instruction on its spiritual significance, the address on its national importance been rendered.

At the celebration of last St. Patrick's Day the horizon was bright, and everything tended to the belief that, ere another year had elapsed, the long suffering and patriotic people of Ireland would have been relieved of their distress by a measure of Home Rule. To day, that consummation is apparently further off than ever. Never was the prayer, "God Save Ireland" of greater need than at the present hour, when, instead of a united and solid party standing shoulder to shoulder and doing battle in the constitutional fight for the cause of Ireland, the Irish Parliamentary Party is torn by dissension, the National organization broken up, and scenes of deplorable violence enacted, through the agency of a man, who, after great public services, which Irishmen will ever gratefully acknowledge, and who is undeniably in possession of great political acumen, came forth from the divorce court and all its scandalous disclosures, insisting that he shall still be recognized as the leader of the Irish nation, a people, the most virtuous and Christian in the world.

The united hierarchy of Ireland, the priesthood, and, as Drs. Walsh and Croke recently said, three-fourths of the people of Ireland, are opposed to the leadership of Mr. Parnell. The words of the illustrious and patriotic Primate of Ireland, Archbishop Logue of Armagh, in his Lenten Pastoral, will be re-echoed by all true lovers of Ireland's cause—words fraught with sadness and regret, when he says: "It is painful, above all, to be obliged to condemn the conduct of a gentleman whom, in common with the great body of my countrymen, I admired and trusted; yes, trusted to such a degree that, till the fact was forced on me by evidence I could no longer resist, I refused to believe that, holding in his hands the destinies of a nation he could barter them away for a shameful intrigue. Talk of fidelity to the country, of never having proved false to Ireland, with such a fact staring us in the face. . . . Are we Irishmen then expected to sacrifice our sense of decency, to tarnish almost the only little gem that has been spared to us? And what are we to gain by the sacrifice? We are to gain blighted hopes, the ruin of our cause, the old curse of our race, dissension, a dissension, too, which shall be permanent, all compromises to the contrary notwithstanding. I think I have a right to speak for myself—I believe I can speak with confidence

for the clergy of the Archdiocese, and for the laity, too, with very few exceptions. Speaking in their name and my own, I pledge myself, on my own and their behalf, that we shall never follow a banner that we are ashamed to unfurl, lest the nations should point to the dark stains on its folds. What I say I have no doubt others in my position will also say. I am confident I do not stand alone."

In view of the fact that Parnellite emissaries have arrived in New York, whose avowed mission is for the purpose of obtaining funds to carry on the fight in Ireland for the leadership, the utterance, on St. Patrick's Day, in St. Michael's Cathedral, to the Irish societies, of His Grace Archbishop Walsh of Toronto—one of the most able and patriotic members of the Canadian Hierarchy, whose love of the "old land" is second only to his devotion to the Catholic faith—should carry weight, and be placed in the same category as the appeal of his illustrious namesake, the Archbishop of Dublin. "Put country before party" said His Grace, "put the Home Rule cause before the leadership of any man. A leader is but an accident, and may be put as the cause is everything, and must be upheld at any cost. Have naught to do with the partizan delegates who have come to this country to demand money. Those men are apostles of scandalous dissensions, and every dollar given to them would but help to perpetuate a fratricidal struggle at home—to treat as a matter of no account, if not to sanction, an enormous crime against the purity and sacredness of the family and home, and to make war on the patriotic bishops, priests, and the overwhelming majority of the Catholics of Ireland. Let those partisans emissaries go home, make peace with their fellow countrymen, and then come out as the representatives of a united people and a united policy, then, and then only, would they be entitled to our moral support and monetary assistance."

THE DEATH OF HERR WINDTHORST.

The death of the great German Catholic Statesman, Herr Ludwig Windthorst, at the ripe old age of nearly eighty, is an event of no small importance to the German Church and to the German Empire. Though physically a feeble man, he was in mental strength a giant, and for the last 20 years he led with commanding power the Catholic, or Centre, party in the Reichstag. In struggling for the repeal of the tyrannical proscriptions that weighed so long and heavily upon the Catholics of Germany he became the most considerable opponent of the Man of Blood and Iron, Bismarck, who dreaded an encounter with him more than any dozen other political opponents, and whom in the end he brought, Blood and Iron and all, completely to his knees. Dr. Windthorst's comprehensive and exhaustless knowledge, his logical strength and his power of sarcasm combined to render him the most formidable antagonist with whom the great Chancellor had to deal in his long career.

Herr Windthorst was completely devoted to the interests of the Church in Germany. Reared in the faith, he became its most trusted political leader and champion. By his rare powers of organization and control, he welded his scattered and at times discouraged co-religionists into a compact and powerful body, obedient to his will and having implicit confidence in his wisdom and skill in management, with such a solid party at his back, obedient to his every wish, he was able to prove a constant thorn in the side of the government when he could not secure from it the concessions that he wished, until he came to be a man to be always reckoned with. This gradually yielded to his becoming an ally instead of an opponent, but for this he never failed to exact a full price in the shape of important advantages to the church that were conceded to his demands.

There is not apparently left in the Centrist party a man who can take Herr Windthorst's place—not another who approaches him in ability, or can begin to inspire and command the unlimited confidence which he possessed. What effect this may have upon German politics cannot now be predicted with any degree of certainty. The party has been well schooled and understands the means that have given it success in the past. So far as it holds to the old methods it may reasonably expect to retain its hold upon power and influence. It will only be when new emergencies arise to which it must apply itself, that it will most seriously feel the loss of the leader whose consummate skill invariably led it on the road to success.

It is to be hoped that the party may continue to wield the full measure of power it has hitherto exercised, and that Providence will raise up a strong man as Herr Windthorst's successor.

What with the warring sectarianism, the menacing Socialism, the burdens of grinding taxation, the stress of a merciless military conscription, the ambitions of a young Emperor, and the intrigues of a Bismarck—there are stirring and important times ahead for the State and for the Church in Germany. The hour, it is to be hoped, will bring the man; and the man, it is to be wished, will be another Windthorst.

THE ABBE OF THE BIRDS.

From the Catholic World.

VI.

Pere Targan, proud of his authority as master of ceremonies arranged the crowd, who were preparing to hurry pell-mell toward the grotto. He placed two of the elder singers in front, and off went the long procession, each pair pausing for an instant to bow deeply before the Infant Jesus, before the Holy Virgin, before St. Joseph, immovable all three in their celestial dignity, and then marching slowly through the dim aisles, singing as loudly as their well-worn throats would allow:

"O people of Jerusalem!
The Lord is born to-day:
Come hasten all to Bethlehem
To praise him and to pray."

By the time half the parish had performed their act of devotion and the rest were well upon the way, the old man drew near me.

"Monsieur," he whispered in a supplicating voice, "it is now my turn to follow the others and kneel before the Holy Family."

"And you must be pleased to do so, Targan. Your daughter is really beautiful."

"And my grandson?"

"Lovely enough to represent the infant Saviour himself."

"Do you know what you ought to do, monsieur?"

"What, Targan?"

"You ought to come and make your act of adoration, too."

"Certainly, if you would like to have me."

"Monsieur le Cure Coupiac would be so pleased."

"Let us go then, at once;" and we followed at the end of the line, the old man rubbing his hands with satisfaction until it seemed as though he would crack the skin.

"The most wonderful thing to me, monsieur, in all this beautiful midnight Mass, is the way our baby takes it. At home, if he isn't nursed every hour and a half, he cries like one possessed and tears as big as dried peas roll down his cheeks; here he is as quiet as a lamb after three long hours. Certainly, the good God himself must have put it into his head to stay quiet."

"It does look like a miracle, surely."

By this time not more than twenty persons were between us and the grotto. The abbe, still on his knees before the little altar, saw us as we approached, and a gleam of pleasure passed over his intent face. The next moment a faint cry, like that of a young bullfinch

caught in a snare, made itself heard in the stable of Bethlehem. The old farmer stopped, looking at me aghast,

"Ah, monsieur! I spoke too soon of the little one's goodness! He has waked up and it won't be easy now to quiet him."

"Perhaps he is hungry."

"If he could only nurse a bit!"

"Why not?"

"Oh! do you think he might, monsieur? The midnight Mass is not yet finished."

"Hush!" murmured Abbe Coupiac, who overheard us whispering; and the next moment we too were bending before the Unseen Presence beyond.

But the poor little Bambino! He was weeping tears bigger than the biggest dry peas ever seen in Cabrecolles! In vain Pierre Miguel called him softly by name, and poor Jeanne, gently swaying him in her arms murmured soothing words, and the old grandfather leaning forward touched the round cheek caressingly—the situation was becoming more and more dramatic. The cry increased to a roar.

A fine moisture began to gather on the mother's long lashes. The grief of her darling seemed to pierce her own soul, and turning towards the priest she gave one entreating, voiceless prayer. The abbe, absorbed in meditation, was still conscious of that silent appeal.

"Give him the breast," he said, as if in answer, and turned again to his devotions.

Then in that poor little sanctuary, in an out-of-the-way corner of the bleak Cevennes, I was witness to a strange and rare sight. The young peasant girl, noble in her motherhood, pure, beautiful, pressing the lips of her child to her modest breast under the cloud of the Virgin's mantle, was like some supernatural creature in whom the simple virtues of humanity were clothed with the lineaments of divine grace. She bent above her child, her blue eyes filled with a gentle and tender light, somewhat touched with awe at the strangeness of her surroundings, as that other mother, "blessed among women," might have been over the manger eighteen hundred years ago. It was in itself a Cl: was anthem beyond all that had been said or sung before.

"Listen, monsieur," said Targan, softly.

It was the sound—hearty, healthy, human—of the baby nursing. I do not know what strange connections brought back to me the memory of my own mother, but the next moment tears as large as those now dry on his cheeks were pouring over mine; and if old Guillaume Targan had not led me by the hand I could not have seen my way back to my corner by the altar. When I raised my head again it was to see Abbe Coupiac in the midst of the grotto giving the Bread of Life to Miguel and Jeanne as they knelt before him, and to hear repeated, above each bowed head: "May the body of our Lord Jesus Christ bring your soul to eternal life (*Corpus Domini nostri Jesu Christi custodiat animam tuam in vitam aeternam*). Amen"

The midnight Mass was over. As soon as the last words of the Gospel of St. John had been read the glare of numerous torches in the yard without began to throw a red light through the windows, and a confused sound of voices and cries came through the open door. The priest laid aside part of his vestments and clothed himself in a long mantle, his cope—splendid yet though well worn—which covered him from head to foot. His massive head and face, brown and wrinkled, as it appeared above this gorgeous garment made him look like some picturesque Eastern Magi, or some strange Hierarch taken bodily from an old Byzantine picture.

To be Continued.

JESUIT MISSION AT CORNWALL.

Special to THE REVIEW.

Passion Sunday brought to a close a week that will be long remembered at Cornwall for the stir and activity of its religious life. Four times a day throughout the week, beginning at five in the morning, St. Columban's church was crowded to overflowing to assist at the eloquent sermons and instructions given by the Jesuit Fathers Connolly and Devlin from Montreal, on the invitation of the devoted Father Corbett. On Thursday missionaries and people were honoured by the first official visit of the new highly esteemed and beloved Bishop of Alexandria. He administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to fifty adults before a packed assemblage of all denominations. An address presented by a committee of prominent citizens was read by Hon. Mr. Bergin, to which His Lordship responded in most appropriate terms.

Besides the good accomplished by the mission in bringing several converts into the Church and many lukewarm Catholics back to the practice of their religion, effective measures were taken for the maintenance of religious fervour by the establishment of the

League of the Sacred Heart. The people accepted the practices of the League with great enthusiasm. The school children organized under the zealous ladies of the congregation, the boys adding to the three degrees the pledge against intoxicants and tobacco until the age of twenty-one.

On Sunday, the closing day, after the parochial Mass, two hundred and fifty men remained in church to inaugurate the men's branch of the League. After listening to a short explanation of the association given by Rev. Father Connolly, the Central Director of the League, all to a man lifted up his right hand in token of their pledge to receive the Sacrament in a body five times a year on days appointed by the Rev. Local Director, and to discountenance intemperance by not touching intoxicants in hotels, bar-rooms and public places.

Never, perhaps, did Cornwall see such a brilliant gathering as that which met on Sunday afternoon to inaugurate the ladies' branch of the League. Twenty of the most prominent ladies of the congregation volunteered their services to recruit circles of fifteen for rosary bands and supervise the work of the holy League in the parish. They expect

ere long to have every communicant in the parish enrolled.

On Sunday evening the mission was brought to a close by a doctrinal sermon on Devotion to the Mother of God by Father Connolly, followed by conferring the Papal blessing.

Priest and people have been much gratified at the result of the mission.

CORR.

—The Most Rev. Dr. Woodstock, Bishop of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise, devotes the main portion of his Lenten pastoral to the teachings of the Church regarding the Sacrament of Matrimony. His Lordship argues from the Holy Scriptures the duty of contracting marriage in a state of grace, and of preserving inviolate the solemn pledge given at God's altar; and he shows the evils which follow from any attempts to break the marriage tie. Amongst the most effectual means, says His Lordship, which the Church has used in every age to promote the sanctity of marriage and the purity of the domestic circle, we must, assuredly, reckon the devotion to the ever-blessed Virgin Mother of God.

Catholic Delus

At St. Michael's Cathedral on Sunday evening last, grand musical Vespers were sung, and an eloquent sermon preached by Rev. Father Walsh, under the auspices of the management of the St. Nicholas' Home.

The mission at Sacred Heart church given by Father Plante, S. J., of Guelph, was concluded on Sunday evening last. About 400 communicants testified by their presence at the altar rail the beneficial result of the mission. His Grace the Archbishop accompanied by Vicar-general Rooney and Father Walsh attended vespers on Friday evening, and spoke words of advice and encouragement to them, as well as praising the work of their pastor, the Rev. Father Lamarche.

In presence of a large number of prominent citizens, his Grace, Archbishop Walsh on Saturday last performed the ceremony of removing the last piece of scaffolding in the cathedral, and formally accepting the work done by contractor M. O'Connor. The clergy present were Very Rev. Dean McCann, chancellor of the archdiocese, and Fathers Walsh and Rohleder.

The full choir sang the Laudate during the ceremony. The cathedral presents a most beautiful appearance, and great credit is due Mr. O'Connor for the artistic manner in which he has performed his contract. The improvements have cost a large sum and as may be expected the cathedral of Toronto is now one of the most handsome and sacred edifices in the Dominion.

The formal opening will not take place until about June when his Grace will make the cathedral the theme of a discourse.

The Reverend Father Lowry, a patriotic priest from the north of Ireland, sends a sprig of shamrock and a strong letter to Mr. D. A. O'Sullivan of this city, for the 17th March and the Irish cause respectively. Amongst other things Father Lowry says:

"I see that the degraded ex-leader is going to send out to America some of his faction followers to raise funds to support his miserable fall. I believe that America as well as Ireland will have nothing to do with him. I believe that America, Canada, and Australia will support the majority of our Irish Parliamentary Party, who have remained true to Motherland and their pledges; and will help to promote that union of hearts (which even Parnell before his miserable fall was advocating) that is fast taking the place of that union of Manacles now tottering to a dishonored end."

Father Lowry is an officer of one of the Irish Nationalist meetings and is an enthusiastic and eloquent priest.

The Catholic Order of Foresters celebrated the second anniversary of their establishment in Montreal by holding a parade of the thirteen courts in that city on last Sunday afternoon. The courts assembled at the corner of St. James and Craig streets, outside the hall of Angelus court, about 500 strong, and at three o'clock a start was made. Heading the line were the Bishop's guards in their gorgeous uniforms of red tunic, white trousers and patent leather boots. The route was along St. James to Victoria square, up to Craig and along St. Antoine to Cathedral street up to the Archbishop's palace. Here the Foresters were received by his Grace Archbishop Fabre, to whom they tendered an address in French and English, in which they congratulated him upon the success of his mission to the Eternal City and reminded him that this was the second anniversary of their foundation. It also drew attention to the fact that they presented the address in the two languages in order that all their members might understand its tenor and that although they were divided in language they were united in the church. In conclusion they expressed the hope that his Grace might long continue to administer the affairs of his

diocese in the energetic and successful manner which had marked it in the past. The English address was read by Mr. John Davis, chief ranger of St. Patrick's court, and the French by the chief ranger of Villa Marie court. In his reply his Grace dwelt specially upon the unity which existed in the ranks, irrespective of nationality. A service was afterwards held in the Archbishop's chapel at which Rev. Father Drummond, S. J., delivered an eloquent sermon in French and English, in which he referred to the great progress made by the organization in this city.

A vast concourse of people blocked up the narrow precincts of St. George street last Sunday afternoon to attend the funeral and pay their last tribute of respect to a man who, although young in years, was universally respected in all classes of society, Mr. James P. F. Tansey. The first to arrive on the street shortly before two o'clock was Branch 26 of the C.M.B.A. of which the deceased was a charter member. The street was soon crowded after this, and when the casket containing the body of the deceased was borne from the house every head in the large assemblage was uncovered. A number of floral emblems, gifts from the C. M. B. A. and sorrowing friends, were placed in the hearse.

The hearse was preceded by all the local branches of the C. M. B. A., and followed by perhaps the largest and most representative gathering that ever attended a private funeral in Montreal.

GENERAL.

—The Pope has received in particular audience Prince Charles Egon, of Furstenberg, who was accompanied by his daughter, the Princess Amelia.

—The Chicago Father Mathew Total Abstinence Society's new building was recently dedicated in the presence of a large assemblage of members and friends. The building cost \$20,000.

—Judge Dixon, of Paterson, N.J., has decided that Catholic schools of the State are not taxable. The authorities had collected taxes on Catholic school property for a number of years.

The will of Cardinal Newman bequeathes all his manuscripts and copyrights of books to Rev. Father Neville, his real and household property to Rev. Father Pollen and the whole of the residue to Revs. Neville, Pollen and Bellasis, all of whom belong to the Oratory of Edgbaston. The whole of the Cardinal's estate is valued at £3,754.

—Another pilgrimage of French workmen to the Vatican is being organized under the auspices of Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris. It is expected to be larger and more representative than the former one.

—Preparations are being made for the visit of the Austrian Empress to the Holy Land. Her journey there, undertaken in a truly Catholic spirit, will not be a pleasure tour, but a pilgrimage. She will spend the Holy Week in Jerusalem.

—A reporter of the *Pittsburg Times* has taken the trouble of making up a statistical report of the number of the churches and the communicants in that city, both Catholic and Protestant. He makes the total number of Catholics in Pittsburg alone 87,322; increase since 1880, 36,627. A very interesting item is that of the relative percentage of increase within the past ten years, which is given thus: Catholics, 72 per cent.; Protestant average, 48 per cent.

—The Father Matthew Society in Beverly, Mass., recently held a meeting at which 1,500 people were present. This shows a great advance for the cause of temperance in Beverly.

—The Belgian Minister to the Holy See, Baron Wetnall, is expected to arrive soon at Rome. He is the bearer of the documents relating to the Belgian and Portuguese differences regarding Africa. Diplomacy having failed to settle this dispute at Lisbon, the mediation of the difficulty has been offered to Leo XIII. and accepted by him. This has been done officially.

—An eloquent and interesting conference has been given in Brussels by M. de Meaux, son-in-law to Count Montalembert, on the Catholic Church in the United States. Generous homage was rendered to the tolerant views of Washington and his successors, who never shackled the true religion, or sought to cramp its expansion. The wisdom and patriotism of the Catholic priests, who were always loyally devoted to the republican institutions of their country, were also commended. The great patriotic Irish-born Archbishop Carroll came in for a cordial tribute.

—The Abbe Deruaz, parish priest of Lausanne, will, it is authoritatively stated, be nominated Bishop of Lausanne and Geneva, in place of Cardinal Mermillod, who will remain in Rome. The nomination is heartily welcomed on all sides as the most suitable possible, and it is expected that henceforth there will be a possibility of arranging finally the religious conflict at Geneva, and of ameliorating the condition of Catholics in that city, which has borne the title of the "Calvinistic Rome."

—Crispi, the deposed Italian premier, is not much regretted by the diplomatic world in Italy. His manners were more than brusque; in his effort to be hail-fellow-well-met he became coarse, and treated dignified personages with a familiarity that shocked them. He slapped them on the back after the fashion of a cabman at the bar of a public house. Some of them laughed in their sleeves at the upstart, but others took his behaviour more seriously. Lord Dufferin gave him a significant lesson in politeness. When the Ambassador of Queen Victoria was announced at the palace of the Italian Prime Minister, Crispi was lying on his back on a sofa. He never rose, but motioned the diplomatist to enter with a friendly smile. Lord Dufferin drew himself up stiffly, met the smile with a freezing glance, and fairly compelled the official to advance to receive him with courtesy.

—There has been no falling of this year in Irish-American enthusiasm for Emmet's Day; but the spirit of the celebration has been more than usually serious and practical. Capt. O'Meagher Condon, in an eloquent address in Washington, D. C., advocated continuance of the relief funds for the Irish famine sufferers. The Irish people, he said, were best left to themselves to adjust their political differences. In his admirable speech in Philadelphia, the Hon. John E. Fitzgerald, of Boston, gave this opportune advice:—

"I would urge my hearers not to give any support to the factional leaders on the other side of the Atlantic until they settle their differences and personal disputes. Delegates must not come to this country as representatives of any faction, and transplant the scenes witnessed at Kilkenny, Belfast and Limerick into the streets of New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago. When the Irish leaders unite among themselves, then they will have our support, as before."

The dioceses in the United States having Catholic populations of 200,000 and over are: New York, 800,000; Boston, 510,000; Chicago, 460,000; Philadelphia, 400,000; New Orleans, 300,000; St. Louis, 280,000; Brooklyn, 230,000; Baltimore and San Francisco, each 220,000; Cleveland, 209,000; Albany, 200,000.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY CELEBRATIONS.

The spreading rose is fair to view,
And rich the modest violet's hue,
Or queenly tulip filled with dew,
And sweet the lily's fragrance;
But there's a flower more dear to me,
That grows not on a branch or tree,
But in the grass plays merrily,
And of its leaves there are but three,
'Tis Ireland's native shamrock.

My country's flower, I love it well,
For every leaf a tale can tell,
And teach the minstrel's heart to swell
In praise of Ireland's shamrock.
The emblem of our faith divine,
Which blest St. Patrick made to shine,
To teach eternal truth sublime,
And which shall last as long as time,
And long as blooms the shamrock.

He who has left his island home,
Beneath a foreign sky to roam,
And in a foreign clime unknown,
How dear he loves the shamrock.
When on the feast of Patrick's Day,
He kneels within the church to pray
For Holy Ireland, far away,
He feels again youth's genial ray,
While gazing on the shamrock.

The Irish Catholic citizens of Toronto paid their tribute to the memory of Ireland's patron Saint on Tuesday last, the 17th inst. The ceremonies of the day, as ever, partook of both a social and a religious nature, and it is with a feeling of gratification that we say, by no act was the day marred. The true spirit of St. Patrick seemed to permeate those who had gathered to do honour to his memory, and, despite the many temptations that occasions such as these—when the spirit of enthusiasm is aroused, and friends meet friends whom they have not seen for a length of time—afford, to take a little more "poteen" than is good for them, universal sobriety was the rule, and a more respectable, orderly, and intelligent body of men was never seen on parade, than those who marched in procession on St. Patrick's Day.

A sprig of shamrock was to be seen on the lapels of many coats around town, and on the breasts of many women, showing the pride with which those who wore them, took in their Irish nationality and race tradition.

Shortly after nine o'clock, the procession formed and proceeded to St. Michael's Cathedral in the following order:

John Fennell, Grand Marshal of the day, County Delegate of the A. O. H.

R. Jennings, A. O. H., Assistant Grand Marshal, I. C. B. U. Band.

30 members of Drill Corps, Irish Catholic Benefit Union. President John Stewart; Marshal, Martin O'Rourke; Assistant, John Brennan.

Catholic Celtic League. President, Edward Finnigan; Marshal, P. O'Donnell; Assistant, J. Joyce.

The Sarsfield Guards.
Liberty Fife and Drum Band.

Emerald Benefit Association—200 strong. President, D. A. Carey; Marshal, John Fahey; Assistant, John Mulberry.

Knights of St. John—two commanderies, 125 strong. President, Frank Flood; Captain, Jos. Kelz; First Lieutenant, J. Heffernan; Second Lieutenant, P. Murphy.

O'Connell Fife and Drum Band.

Ancient Order of Hibernians—Division No. 1, 110 strong. President, John McGarry; Marshal, Martin Kelly; assistant, Robert Jones. Division No. 2, 100 strong. President, John Felvey; Marshal, John Pearce.

Claxton's Brass Band.
Division No. 3, 100 strong. President, Hugh McCaffery; Marshal, Michael Fahey. Division No. 4, 125 strong. President, John Kane; Marshal, Patrick Hickey; assistant, Matt Grain.

The procession proceeded by way of Queen, Simcoe, King, Yonge, and Shuter streets to St. Michael's Cathedral. The bands played the "Wearing of the Green," "St. Patrick's

Day," and other Irish airs. The bright green and gold of the various patterns of regalia set off the procession in a gay manner, and the brave sons of a bright land were the admiration of the thousands of other citizens who crowded the streets along the line of march.

The cathedral was almost filled before the processionists arrived. The bands entered the sacred edifice playing "St. Patrick's Day," but many in the hinder part of the procession found it impossible to get inside, even the aisles being soon blocked.

It was an impressive scene in the Cathedral. The new windows in the roof and the delicately tinted decorations have transformed the great chamber from a very sepulchre to a place of rare beauty. Above the altar burned in gas a design of the cross entwined with shamrocks.

Upon the throne within the sanctuary sat His Grace the Archbishop, while many priests occupied the stalls opposite him. Among them were Very Rev. Dean McCann, deacon of the Mass; Rev. Father Williams, sub-deacon, and the Rev. Father Walsh, celebrant. High Mass was celebrated, while the choir rendered "Peter's Mass in D." Meanwhile the Cathedral was packed from wall to wall, even the aisles being blocked. The members of the various societies occupied the front pews. An addition to the musical part of the service was the singing of a couple of hymns by the girls of St. Michael's school in the sweetest of voices. As one of the voluntaries the organist played "The Harp that once Through Tara's Halls," with an occasional phrasing that put the music in complete touch with the service without robbing it of its magic beauty.

Dean McCann delivered a brief but eloquent discourse upon the life and work of St. Patrick, extolling his virtues and work and pointing out the deathless nature of the faith he planted; holding that it had saved the Irish from extermination; that Ireland's grandest and brightest crown was her fidelity to Holy Church; that those whose bloody hands had tried to crush that church had only built her up more strongly at home and all over the world; St. Patrick had converted millions and those millions had converted unnumbered millions and saved myriad souls to God. The eloquent preacher said that Ireland was a holy and a martyred nation, and that in spite of martyrdom, confiscation and famine she had clung tenaciously to her nationality and her church.

"Oh," cried the Rev. Dean lifting his hands to heaven, "why has Ireland been so crushed, so wounded? Why have her noble ones been bowed and her helpless little ones beaten down. Why has her soil been empuled with the blood of her sons for centuries? Because her people would not become apostates and refused to renounce the church implanted among them by the holy St. Patrick." Dean McCann concluded a fervent address by appealing to his hearers to pray that St. Patrick might bless them to-day and fit them to join him in heaven and share his eternal glory there.

Before dismissing the congregation His Grace the Archbishop said that after the very eloquent sermon they had just heard he did not intend to say much, but he could not let the occasion pass without saying a few words on the purposes which had brought them there that day. His Grace then congratulated the benevolent societies upon the large numbers which had assembled under their auspices to do honour to the memory of St. Patrick. He reminded the congregation that the celebration of St. Patrick's Day had a significance at once religious and patriotic, and exhorted them to cling to these two branches of the power which had made the Irish people great.

In terse language he referred to the dissensions in the ranks of the Home Rule party. "Above all," he cried, "put country before

party—put the Home Rule cause before the leadership of any man. A leader is but an accident, and may be put aside, the cause is everything, and must be upheld at any cost. Have naught to do with the partizan delegates who have come to this country to demand money. Those men are apostles of scandalous dissensions, and every dollar given to them would but help to perpetuate a fratricidal struggle at home—treat as a matter of no account, if not to sanction an enormous crime against the purity and sacredness of the family and home, and to make war on the patriotic bishops, priests, and the overwhelming majority of the Catholics of Ireland. Let those partisan emissaries go home, make peace with their fellow countrymen, and then come out as the representatives of a united people and a united policy, then, and then only, would they be entitled to our moral support and monetary assistance." He concluded in admonishing the members of the societies to conduct themselves for the rest of the day in a manner which should do honour to their creed and to themselves, to march to their rooms, and disperse quietly to their homes.

After the service the societies proceeded to the I. C. B. U. hall, at St. Lawrence market where a number of speeches were made.

At St. Basil's Church High Mass was sung by Rev. Father O'Donoghue and a sermon appropriate to the day delivered by Father Teefy. A very pleasing feature of the service was the singing of national music by the children of St. Basil's school and students of St. Michael's College.

At all the other churches High Mass was sung and sermons, of which St. Patrick was the theme, preached.

The Irish Journalists of Toronto anticipated the day by holding their third annual banquet at McConkey's.

These banquets, at which good fellowship, wit and conviviality reigns supreme, and where the choicest and brightest lights of the Toronto press congregated to do honour to their race and St. Patrick, have placed them upon a plane far removed from the average of the usual banquet.

Heretofore the idea of holding the dinner was to bring all the Irishmen on the press of the city together round the board on the eve of St. Patrick's day. Politics and creed were laid aside, and the name of Ireland's patron saint was honoured as all Irishmen honour it. On Saturday evening, however, a meeting was held previous to the dinner, at which the idea of forming an association was advanced, so that unity would last not for one evening, but for all the year round. The suggestion was made by George J. Bennett, and was received with general favor. Mayor Clarke was elected president for the coming year; George M. Harrington, vice-president; P. F. Cronin, secretary, and John Cowan, treasurer. At the meeting there were present Irish newspaper men from Montreal, Ottawa and Hamilton, and it is possible that those cities will cooperate with Toronto next year in making the dinner a notable event.

At the head of the banquet table sat Mr. Patrick Boyle of the *Irish Canadian*, and facing him was Mayor Clarke, proprietor of the *Orange Sentinel*. Among others around the Board were Messrs. James Johnson, *Ottawa Citizen*; John O. Cousins and P. J. McCallum, *Montreal Herald*; David Hastings, *Hamilton Herald*; J. Castell Hopkins, Charles T. Long, and P. F. Cronin, *Empire*; G. J. Bennett, W. R. Shields, and Geo. W. Miller, *Telegram*; Bernard McEvoy, W. J. Healy, and G. M. Harrington, *Mail*; John Garvin, and C. A. Starrett, *News*; Phillip DeGruchy, *Catholic Review*; John A. Cowan, *Freemason*; J. Cassidy, and Edward McCormack, *Canadian Manufacturer*; Nicholas Murphy, Q. C., James Lane, Wm. O'Connor.

The menu was engraved on heavy cardboard shaped and representing a pair of Irish harps. The design was executed in gold colour upon a background of green. It was an expensive and artistic card. The dinner was an elaborate affair. Mr. McConkey did his establishment credit. The cuisine and the service were in every way excellent. Several of the dishes were rare and marvellous productions, some having been specially imported for the occasion. No caterer on the continent could have placed finer fare before his company.

There was, of course, much music: orchestra, piano and harp. Prof. Bohmer presided over this department of the evening's entertainment.

Before the speech making began the secretary, P. F. Cronin, read a bundle of letters and telegrams from Irish newspaper men in all parts of the United States and Canada extending hearty greetings.

All the toasts were responded to ably, and eloquent speeches were the order of the night.

Songs were sung during the evening by John Cousins, John A. Garvin, Edward D. McCormack, Prof. Bohmer, and Mr. O'Connor.

At St. Michael's College the students celebrated the evening by giving a Dramatic and Musical performance in the large hall of the College, which was filled to overflowing, standing room being scarcely obtainable. The performance commenced with the rendition of Irish airs by the College Band. This band, which has only been in existence some two months, played their number in such a manner as to elicit the hearty applause of the audience. Taking their performance on this occasion as a criterion we can safely say that with a little more practice—instructed as they are by such skilled musicians as Fathers Challandard and Guinane—they will be able to hold their own with any amateur band in this city. The song "Come back to Erin," was ably rendered by Mr. E. Loftus, after which followed an original Irish drama in a prologue and three acts. The scene of the drama was laid in Killarney from the years 1876 to 1881, and depicted the efforts made by a land agent, Alphonsus Bellhaven, to poison the mind of Squire Hilton against his son, who is familiarly known as "Duke," for the purpose of acquiring possession of the Squire's property himself, and also, by that means to compel "the Rose of Killarney," who is the betrothed wife of Duke, to become his bride. He apparently succeeds in his object, by causing the Squire to misconstrue the actions of his son, Duke, whom he disowns and denounces. Duke and his faithful servant, Teddy O'Neil then emigrate to America, and after a lapse of five years, spent in the mining regions of California, return home. In the meanwhile, the Squire, who has made a will leaving Bellhaven his heir, has, by order of Bellhaven been drugged and carried by smugglers to their cave where he is imprisoned until a favourable opportunity should occur to ship him to France and incarcerate him in a lunatic asylum. Duke is arrested when on his return he seeks admission to his father's house, and is held in prison charged with his father's murder. By the aid of Teddy, who uses his eloquence to induce him to flee, he leaves the prison through a trap door. Bellhaven, who just previous has been foiled in his attempt to murder Duke, by Major Lookout, an English officer and "jolly good fellow, ye know," again attempts to shoot him as he descends through the trap door. Teddy, in the disguise of an old woman, penetrates into the smugglers' retreat, and by means of drugged liquor renders them helpless. Major Lookout and Duke having, by different routes, also reached the retreat, the whole plan is discovered, and Bellhaven, who has come to urge the disposal of the Squire, is cornered, and

after again attempting the life of Duke is shot by the Major. The Squire is then rescued and a reconciliation effected.

The talent displayed by the principal performers was of no mean order, and would have reflected no discredit upon a much more pretentious body. Messrs. Hourigan, Casey and O'Neill acted their parts to perfection, whilst Mr. Christopher made an excellent officer, and P. H. McLaughlin, as the rollicking, jovial Teddy kept the audience constantly amused. Neapolitano's orchestra discoursed sweet strains between the acts, and a couple of glees by the College Glee Club were well rendered. With God save the Queen one of the most successful entertainments ever gotten up by the students of the College was brought to a close.

St. Mark's Hall was densely packed on St. Patrick's eve, the occasion being the annual concert in aid of St. Helen's church. An excellent programme—as was to be expected when Father McBride had the superintendance of it—was provided. The Ariel Club received much applause for the opening piece, and Miss Heffernan captivated the audience by her rendition of "Marjorie Brown," and "Going to Market." Messrs. Fred Bain, A. Ross, and Prof. Livingston also received merited encores. The audience showed the direction in which their sympathies tended when they "made the welkin ring" with applause of the song "The Wearing of the Green," by Miss Burns, and other Irish melodies by Messrs. F. Bernard and F. Arnold. Between the 1st and 2nd parts of the programme the rector, Dean Cassidy, in a neat speech thanked the audience for their attendance. A large number of those present came from the centre of the city, and all seemed delighted with the entertainment given them by their friends in the extreme West end.

St. Paul's Catholic Literary Association celebrated Ireland's National Holiday last night with a concert and lecture in their hall, Powerstreet. There was a large and enthusiastic attendance. The lecturer was Rev. Father Callaghan of Montreal. His subject was "Irish Music," and its effectiveness was increased by selections on the violin. The soloists were Misses Norma Reynolds, Bessie Bousall, Kate Langford; Messrs. D. F. McCloskey, R. A. Brennan, Oscar L. Parisot.

The third annual concert under the auspices of the Catholics Celtic League was held in St. Andrew's Hall, Rev. F. P. Rooney, V. G. presided and the attendance was very large. An excellent programme was well carried out by the following talented performers: Messrs Chambers, Commander, Gorrie, W. E. Ramsay Misses Jennie Maddigan, Jessie Alexander, and Fannie Sullivan, Evelyn Severs. Miss F. Sullivan, T. C.M., accompanist; Mr. Alexander Gorrie, conductor.

A grand concert took place in the evening at Temperance Hall, under the auspices of the I. C. B. U., Branch No. 1, Toronto, and 451 G. B. I. C. B. U., United States. There was an immense attendance. The committee in charge consisted of John Stewart, chairman; C. J. Gorman, treasurer; P. Shea, secretary; and William Chambers, president I. C. B. U., occupied the chair at the concert. The program consisted of an oration by Phillips Thompson, an address by Joseph Tait, M. L. A., selections by the I. C. B. U. band, and songs, recitations, and instrumental music by a number of well known performers. The song "St. Patrick's Day," was, by special request, sung by Miss Kate Clarke, who rendered it in her well known artistic style as she also did her other numbers throughout the programme.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians celebrated

Ireland's own 17th by giving a splendid concert at the Auditorium in the evening, under the direction of Mrs. Tapsfield.

Senator O'Donohoe, who was announced to give an address, was, through illness, unable to attend. Mr. Boyle, the chairman, however, called upon Mr. Jury, who gave a short speech, as did also Ald. Wm. Burns, who, though unexpectedly called to the platform, still made a pleasant address. The programme consisted of songs by Messrs. Ramsay, J. J. Walsh, H. Barreta Mull, Driscoll, Mrs. J. C. Smith, Mrs. Tapsfield, Mrs. Watson, and Misses Rockall, Maudie Alexander, and flute solos by Mr. O'Donell. The accompanist was Miss Carroll. The performance concluded with God Save Ireland.

The entertainment given in St. Anne's hall Montreal, by the pupils of the Christain Brothers' school, (Bro. Arnold's school) on Saturday afternoon was a most enjoyable affair. In the back of the hall were hundreds of lively youths, while the front was crowded with their friends. Among the audience were His Worship the Mayor and Mrs. McShane, and Messrs. J. J. Curran, Q. C., M. P., C. J. Doherty, Q. C., and Ald. P. Kennedy. The musical programme was opened by an overture on violins by three of the pupils, and afterwards the song and chorus "Cruiskeen Lawn" was well rendered by a number of the pupils. Recitations, songs, etc. were given in a very clever style by Masters T. Murphy, T. Donnelly, P. Bolan, O. Tansey, J. Smythe, J. O'Hara and J. Leahy, all pupils of the school. The songs and choruses "Three Leaves of Shamrock" and "My Dear Irish Home" were well rendered by the pupils, J. Smythe singing the solo part in the first and Mr. O'Farrell in the second song. Speeches of a congratulatory nature were delivered by the Mayor and Messrs. Curran, M. P., and Doherty, Q. C., all of whom spoke very highly of Brother Arnold and the work done in the school. Mayor McShane offered a gold medal to be given to the most diligent and best behaved pupil, and asked Brother Arnold to give the boys a holiday after Easter Monday. This was granted and, needless to say, the boys manifested their pleasure with no uncertain sound.

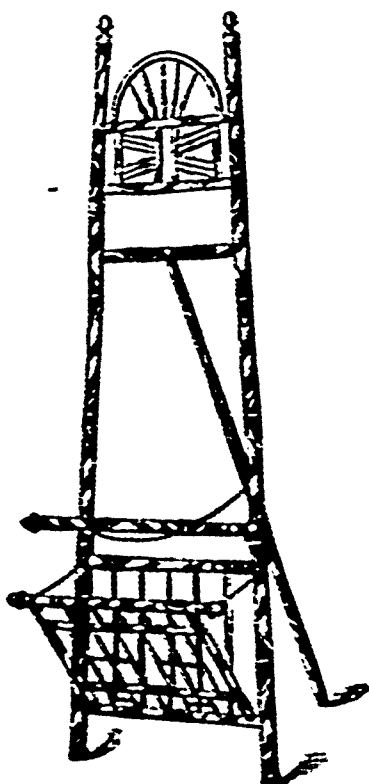
The number of retail liquor dealers in the United States, according to the official returns of the internal revenue for the year ending May 1st, 1890, was 185,863, or one liquor dealer to every 275 inhabitants, on the basis of the census of 1880. In New York there was one retail dealer in distilled liquors to every 150 inhabitants: in New Jersey, one to 175; in Ohio, one to 230; in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, one to 100; in Indiana, one to 325; in Delaware, one to 160; and in California, one to 75. The average in all the States which have general license laws is one dram shop to 250 inhabitants. In Maine there is one retail dealer in distilled liquors to every 750 inhabitants; in Vermont, one to 620; in Iowa, one to 520; and in Kansas, one to 800.

—Among the names mentioned as likely to become Coadjutor-Bishop of Brooklyn, if one is to be appointed, is Right Rev. M. J. O'Farrell, the scholarly titular of Trenton. Originally a member of the Sulpician community, Dr. O'Farrell was a curate to the late Monsignor Quinn of St. Peter's, New York, and, after holding for some years a pastorate at Rondout, he became Father Quinn's successor in Barclay street. He has worn purple for ten years, and is one of the best theologians and preachers in the ranks of the American hierarchy. He is also a famous bibliophile, and the Catholic University at Washington is indebted to him for many valuable gifts to its library.

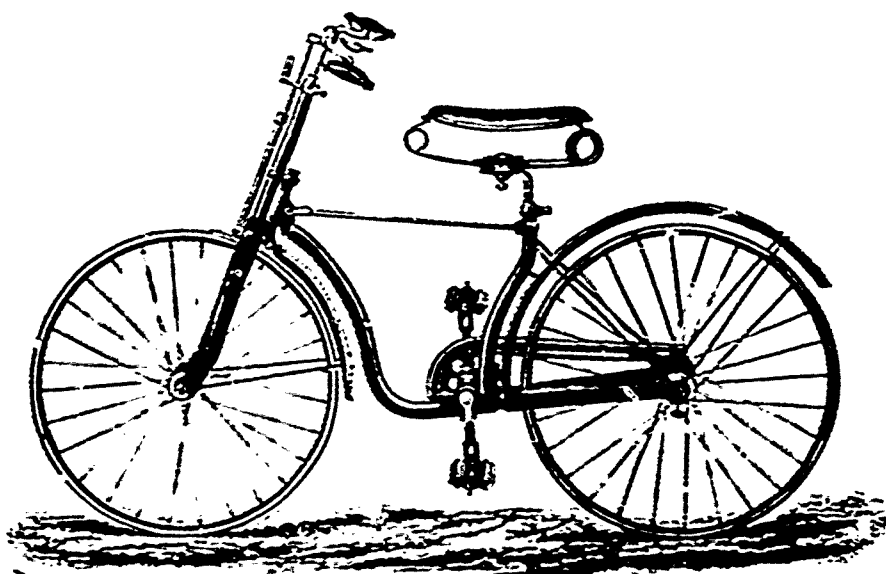
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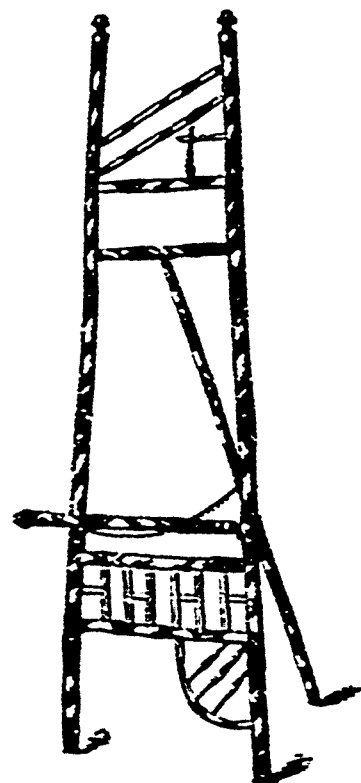


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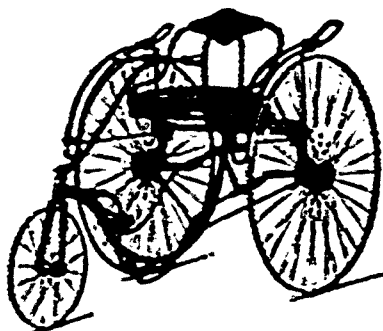
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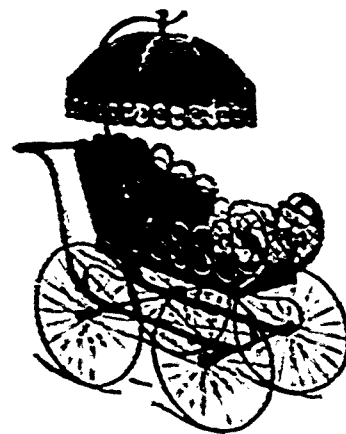
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FOR THIRTY YEARS.—Mrs. L. Squire, Ontario Steam Dye Works, Toronto, says: "For about thirty years I have doctored for Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia without getting any cure. I then tried **Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery**, and the benefits I have received from this medicine are such that I cannot withhold this expression of my gratitude. It acts immediately upon the Liver, and its good effects are noticed at once. As a Dyspepsia remedy I don't think it can be equalled."

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OF

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O. and Q. Railway	7.30 8.15	8.00 9.20
G. T. R. West	7.00 3.20	12.40 7.40
N. and N. W.	7.00 4.10	10.00 8.10
T. G. and B.	6.30 3.45	11.10 9.00
Midland	6.55 3.35	12.30 9.30
C. V. R.	6.00 3.20	11.55 10.15
G. W. R.	a.m. p.m. a.m. p.m.	
	6.00 4.00	9.00 2.00
	11.30 9.30	10.36 8.20
U. S. N. Y.	a.m. p.m. a.m. p.m.	
	6.00 4.00	9.00 5.45
	11.30 9.30	10.30 11.00
U. S. West States	6.00 9.30	9.00 7.20
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