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

Reddite quae sunt Caesaris, Caesaris; et quae sunt Dei, Deo.—Matt 22: 21.

Vol V

Toronto, Saturday Nov. 14, 1891.

No 40

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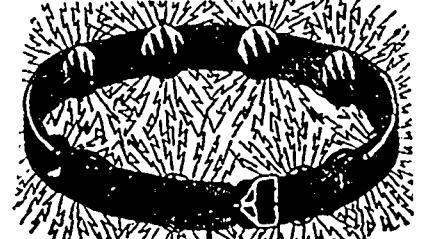
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A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CANADA

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Vol V

Toronto, Saturday Nov. 14, 1891.

No 40

ENTERTAINMENT AT LORETTO ABBEY.

THE 24th anniversary of the episcopal consecration of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto was celebrated at Loretto Abbey on Tuesday last, in the excellent manner for which this institution is famous. A choice programme had been prepared under the supervision of Sister Margaret, and was carried out without a flaw. Two raised platforms of eight seats each were placed on either side of the stage, upon which some hundred of the pupils, prettily dressed in white, were seated, whilst the background was formed of a raised pedestal upon which a number of the younger pupils sat, the top being surmounted by a young lady representing the angel of Loretto. A programme of recitations and music, vocal and instrumental, then followed, during portion of which a magnificent bouquet of flowers was presented by the pupils to the Archbishop. A feature of note was the "Song of Welcome," composed for the occasion, the words by S. M. A. the music by Signor d'Auria, the soloist being Miss Staunton. This was followed by an address, "Sacerdos in Aeternum," delivered by Misses Slaven and Kirk, and "Festal Greetings" from, what was prettily termed in the programme, the Angels of Loretto. Recitations by Miss Dean of "The Building of Santa Sophia, and the "Minuet" by Miss Cook, during which latter a graceful rendering of the stately minuet was danced, and "Tasso's Coronation" by the Election Class and by Miss O'Meara were given. A harp solo by Miss Chopitea, accompanied by Miss Miller on violin, was ably rendered, as were the vocal numbers of Misses Petley, McCann and Hawley. The singing of Gounod's "Ave Maria" by Miss Petley with violin obligato by Miss Muldrew, was done in a manner which indicated the careful training of the Sisters of a voice of great compass and purity of tone, the same remarks being applicable to Miss McCann. At the close His Grace made one of his characteristic addresses to the pupils, thanking them for the entertainment provided and the good Sisters for the feeling that prompted it, characterizing the performance as the best seen by him at any of the establishments, concluding by promising the pupils a holiday the following day.

Amongst the clergy present beside His Grace were His Lordship Bishop O'Connor of London, who was accompanied by Rev. Father Flannery of the Review staff, Very Rev. Vicars-General Rooney and McCann, Deans Cassidy and Harris, Rev. Provincial Marijon, O.S.B., Rev. Father McInerney, Superior Redemptorist community, and Rev. Fathers O'Donoghue, O.S.B., Brennan, O.S.B., Crogan, C.S.S.R. LaMarche, Williams, Kelly, Coyle, Cruise, Lynch, McBride Lawlor and several others. At the close all the above, with Dr. McKenna, Major Gray and Messrs. J. F. Kirk and Ph. DeGruchy, partook of a sumptuous repast provided by the good Sisters of Loretto Abbey.

ST. MARY'S ALTAR SOCIETY CONCERT.

On Thursday night, in St. Andrew's Hall, a concert was given under the auspices of the Ladies of the Altar Society of St. Mary's Church. Long before 8 o'clock the large hall was filled to overcrowding, every inch of room down either aisle being filled with camp stools, and standing room unattainable. The stage was very prettily draped and ornamented with exquisite taste, giving to its usual barrenness the appearance of a cheerful drawing-room. This change was brought about as a result of the work of the ladies during the previous afternoon, aided by

Messrs. Byron & Ryan, and Devaney Bros., who kindly loaned the furniture and draperies for the occasion. The chairman, Mr. DeGruchy, in a few opening remarks, thanked the audience for their presence there that evening, testifying as it did to the appreciation of former entertainments given under these ladies auspices, and also as showing the strong bond of attachment between the pastor and people of St. Mary's, which but required intimation that any undertaking was for his benefit or for the beautification of St. Mary's church and a magnificent showing was the result, and to the adornment of the church, viz., the frescoing of the sanctuary, would the proceeds of this evening be devoted. A choice programme of vocal and instrumental music, recitation and legerdemain was then commenced by the boys of the sanctuary, accompanied on the cornet by their leader, Prof. McEvoy, singing the chorus, "Moonlight on the Lake," which they rendered in such a manner as to secure a merited encore. The ever-popular favorite, Miss Maudie Alexander, whose name on a programme is a guarantee of success, delighted the audience by her songs, in which she was accompanied on the guitar by her father, Mr. Fred Alexander. A duet on the mandolin and guitar by these two able musicians also being given in first class style. Mr. Harry Rich who, it is safe to say, has no peer upon the concert stage as a comic singer kept the audience in a continuous roar of laughter by his character sketches and if the old maxim, "laugh and grow fat," is still in force, considerable corpulency amongst St. Mary's people will ensue. In the recitation of "King Robert of Sicily" Miss Cummins undertook a task capable of testing the merits of any elocutionist, and the able manner in which she performed it showed that she possessed elocutionary talents of no mean order.

The mention of the name of Miss Sadie Burns caused an ovation, and the manner in which she sang her number, "Her Bright Eyes," and as encore "The Wearing of the Green," was sufficient to show that the applause in advance was no more than her due, and that the high encomiums showered upon her for her performance of the character of Pitti Sing in the "Mikado" given for the benefit of Sunnyside and other charities by a company of amateurs last spring, was not out of place. Of prepossessing appearance, her every action before the audience showed the results of the careful convent training by the Sisters of Loretto. The same remarks are also applicable to Miss Kate Clarke, who, an universal favorite, added to her laurels another chaplet, her voice being as pure and full as ever, and withal with a pathos rendering exceedingly sweet the exquisite Irish melodies of Tom Moore. Mr. Tapsfield, whose name is so well known on Catholic church programmes, sang with her usual vim.

An unexpected treat was given the audience by Mr. Barton, who had accompanied Miss Burns' song with a violin obligato, consenting, entirely unprepared as he was, to render a selection of Irish airs upon the violin. Under his skilful touch these old airs seemed to take on new life and to come back redolent with the aroma and fragrance of the Irish hills. Prof. Dubois, during the intermission, performed many feats of legerdemain, that caused the people to marvel at his skill. To every number on the programme encores were accorded, and with the singing of God Save the Queen the evening was brought to a close. The committee, to whose instrumentality the success of the entertainment was due, consisted of Mrs. Madden, Mrs. Herbert and Miss McShane, and a corps of ushers under the directions of Dr. McMahon did yeoman service in providing accommodation and keeping order.

THE LATE MOTHER TERESA OF LORETTO.

I HAVE much pleasure in submitting to your readers this little labor of love, in which I wish to bring before the public one of the quiet workers who was, in her way, a benefactress to her country, concerned as she was in the temporal as well as the eternal welfare of all who found a shelter beneath her fostering care.

The chief difficulty always with secular writers of a religious life is to compass the great chasm in thought and feeling between their dwarfed soul and that of their subject, though this in the main embarrasses me, I may not use it as a plea altogether for the shortcomings of the sketch. Conscious of the disadvantage I am under in endeavoring to write a biography without having enjoyed personal contact with my subject, yet as greatness is too easily recognisable this need not be a necessary condition for apprehending it—and in the short synopsis of the life and labors of Mother Teresa, which I have had from various sources, I could well glean the quality of her uncommon character.

Besides this my delightful encounter with her descendants has made the example she gave easy to conceive and appreciate. It goes without saying surely—from the bare facts of a life like Mother Teresa's that her trend of thought, and will, and work, was wholly spiritual. No one can need to be persuaded of this, but it does require in justice to her, and for the honor of the family that survives her, to have it shown that her work was distinctly in its incipency and continues to be its progression a great public benefit, and in a young country like this a sort of memorable historic movement. Being of the world myself, I do not feel guilty of slander when I say, it is fearfully impatient of the moneyed records of the ecstasies and rapt recollectedness of even the greatest saints. It is only too ready to take their sanctity for granted, but it wants to be persuaded of their utility and their active sense of the inter-dependence of human beings. This is a very heavy defense is, it not? But I feel I must explain my attitude fully, and I have a presumptuous feeling that Mother Teresa herself, if I may judge from the spirit of reasonable compromise which is manifest in her Community, would not dissent from the principle I go upon in these matters. I trust my little sketch will fulfil its mission, to install in the minds of my readers a love and admiration for the saintly and eminently useful Mother Teresa, and for the life of self-immolation and public benefit of the fast growing community who are following in her foot steps.

"The woman's duty as a member of the commonwealth," says Ruskin, "is to assist in the ordering, in the comforting and in the beautiful adornment of the State." Any woman, therefore, who performs this triple function, has perfectly fulfilled her obligations of citizenship and merits the gratitude and praise of the country she has served. We hear a great deal about the tributes, which, as a nation, we owe to legislators and philanthropists, to scholars, artists, and inventors—even the Canadian Temple of Hero-worship has its crowded niches now—but we do not hear so much about "the quiet workers, by whom a nation lives and never thanks them." We have written down upon the immortal scroll of history the lustrous names of our patriots and public benefactors, shall we consent to see the most faithful of all our national stewards—our saints—go unhonored and unsung into obscurity? One of these, the subject of this sketch, unquestionably was, and perhaps it were well, before we go into the details of her life and labors to remember that there is a salient difference between the toilers in the national vineyard who are saints, and those who are not, that the latter concern themselves merely about the temporal welfare of the people, while the former are deeply solicitous for their interests here and in the world to come. And if the care for the mere earthly advancement of a constituency, a province or a nation, entails the unremitting labor and anxiety which we concede to it, how much more, in common proportion, does not the farther-reaching scheme of him involve, who, by the choice of a more exalted state of life, makes himself partially responsible for the destinies of soul and body of the multitudes committed to his care!

In Ellen Dease, the late Reverend Mother (Teresa) of the Loretto Order in America, Canada possessed one of those quiet workers indeed "by whom the nation lives and never thanks." Her name is inalienable from the great cause of higher female education in the West, and this in itself, a glorious epitome of her services to the commonwealth, commends her to the homage and gratitude of a country whose educational growth is a marvel to the old centres of learning. In her life the comprehensive proverb, *noblesse oblige* has an ample illustration. The best blood of Westmeath, Longford and Cavan flowed in her veins, the rich blood of the O'Reilly's and Dease's, the proud blood of the Nugent's, of Count Nugent, the distinguished refugee whose Austrian honors are a protest for all times against the unspeakable Penal Laws that drove him from his own land to gather laurels of honorable distinction in that of a stranger. *Noblesse oblige* indeed, the touchstone of true nobility, is in noble effort and noble achievement, and with this triple claim to the rare prerogative es-

tablished so that he who runs may read, we are safe in presenting Ellen Dease to posterity as a type of that most perfect of creatures—the noble woman! She was born in the County of Meath on the fourth day of May, 1821, launched into the world as any other baby-girl, and yet what a train of vast potentialities her humble coming generated! It may be that the sun rose bright and glad some over our fair Queen City on that eventful morning, beaming with tidings of great joy because of the significance of her birth to its prospective needs and development, it may be that the birds sang and the peaceful waters of the lake glancing in the ample sunshine bore the message on to the neighboring towns and cities which were to come within the pale of her future energies. It was the season of bud and blossom, the maples were putting out their tender leaflets, the trilliums and violets were peeping through the brown mould of the forests, the lilacs were swinging their laden boughs like censurs in the cool, balmy morning, and responsive to their sweet appeals this May-flower of Meath nodded to them from over the sea. She would come to them in the course of time redolent of love and friendship, and bloom forevermore among them in the nation's virgin garden.

The childhood and girlhood of Miss Dease were not more thrilling nor interesting than these epochs usually are, indeed, we are relieved to discover that her traits and tendencies during these periods were of the most ordinary character, for this divests her entirely of that unkindred aspect which holiness too commonly assumes to the rank and file of men. When we see reflected in the embryo saint the same needs and cares and struggles, and can detect a trend towards the same weaknesses and temptations as are the source and secret of our discouragement and spiritual unfruitfulness, our interest and sympathy are far more readily and keenly excited than when we find ourselves scanning with a half-sceptical indifference the records of preternatural emotions and achievements which so stain the bond of brotherhood between us and many holy persons. Any Catholic child brought up in the atmosphere of a happy home, and any drudging school-girl wrestling with the dull tasks and tiresome discipline of the classroom can find a boon-companion and a fellow-toiler in little Ellen Dease. We are left to assume that she smudged as many pinafores and rent as many frocks and got into as many difficulties generally as any small woman in the country, and of course we love her all the better for it.

In the fashionable institute at Dublin where her private home-training received its finishing touches, we see her in a new but still very natural phases of physical and moral development, the vagrant aims and fancies of youth are becoming submerged in the earnestness of early womanhood, experience is widening the horizon of merely taught knowledge, the world is revealing itself in its protean character of friend and foe to her young mind and heart. This is the crisis of a woman's life, from this point the ways of Eve's daughters diverge in all climes and ages, past this milestone of maidenhood they go, happy and fresh and fair, to pleasure or prayer or toil, to lay up treasures of one sort or another, to seek happiness in one shape or another, before their paths converge again at the milestone marked *Ci-gib*.

Miss Dease, with the broad road of lawful ease and pleasures accessible to her by reason of her birth and social standing, had a tempting prospect ahead of her, but so strangely far-seeing and courageous can a woman of four and twenty be, she donned the sombre garment of votive penance and toil, and went instead down the narrow byway of Renunciation. To say that she forsook the world, would hardly be a fair construction to put upon her choice; she must have loved it indeed to have given herself entirely to the one thing, upon which its welfare must ever depend, the propagation of Christian faith and knowledge among those who held the destinies of nations in their hands. To this end she repaired to Rathfarnham, near Dublin, where she was received on the 15th of October, in the year 1845, into the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, or the Order of Loretto, by the Reverend Mother Ball, herself a distinguished and holy woman. This community had had a quasi-historic and romantic origin. Hunted by the fanatical oppression of Charles I.'s reign, a number of wealthy Catholic families left their homes and retreated to the continent for a shelter from their persecutors. France and Spain, of course, received many of them, and one party of noble ladies drifted into Munich where the Bishop and Duke of Bavaria extended them a royal welcome. Finding themselves thus happily cared for, the valiant women resolved to organize themselves into a regular community and devote themselves to the education of young persons of their own sex and station, and in this seemingly fortuitous determination the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary had its origin. It was in or about the year 1631.

The Convent at Rathfarnham, whither Miss Dease repaired, was a branch of the old parent house at York, and was opened by Mother Francis Ball while Ellen Dease was still a child. Mother Ball was herself of gentle birth and had been educated in the Abbey at York, for there were, at that perturbed and unhappy period of Ireland's history, no such institutions in that persecuted country. Well qualified by her own keen and delicate instructions to gauge the character of the new novice, Mother Ball received her with marked cordiality, and Miss Dease was admitted, full of fervor and

zeal, into the fledgling Abbey. Two years and a half later, in August of 1847, she made her final vows, and two days after her profession, before the blest espousal-ring was well adjusted to her willing hand, the secret of her royal calling was revealed to her. She was to be a pioneer of Catholic education in the western part of the American colony. What this involved beyond the sorrows of exile from home and friends, and the dreary prospect of long and tedious travel, and the uncertainty generally of the worthy speculation, we here in Canada can fairly estimate. Our virgin soil was rich and arable truly, but without the "quiet workers" who tilled its ruggedness and tilled its precious deposits and converted it from a rank jungle into a teeming garden of culture and learning, what should we have to boast of in these days of ours.

Sister Teresa and her companions, five in number, arrived in Toronto on the 16th of September, 1847, after a dreary voyage of some weeks duration. It may be assumed that they were greeted with many a furtive glance from the non-Catholics and anti-Catholic bodies in the west, who were much perturbed themselves about that time with a re-organization of the common school system of Upper Canada the schools in quality and number being far below the exigencies of the period.

It is not possible, in a limited sketch and with records in which their early trials are but hinted at, to faithfully represent the many harrowing experiences, which form the epitome of the first years of their probation in Canada. To the serious difficulties of a harsh climate to which they were unused, and the lack of suitable accommodation and appointments generally were supplemented the toil and fatigue of their colossal efforts, and a cankering loneliness for the motherland, which in itself was unutterable pain to endure.

In 1851 Mother Ignatia Hutchinson, the Superior of the little band succumbed to the repeated hardships and was succeeded in office by the young Sister Teresa, who was then only in her thirtieth year. From her accession to the helm, however, the progress and prosperity of the order in Canada began to date. Gifted with uncommon administrative faculties and adorned with loveable qualities, she easily guided and stimulated her growing community to achievements that are the glory of her Canadian descendants. Full of humility, the infallible test of the truly great, she could not be other than a quick worker, but she was a steady one withal, as her immortal labors testify. Unity became strength with these valiant women, they rallied with cheerfulness around their beloved superior, in whose courage and wisdom they had learned to confide, and in whose sympathy and fraternal solicitude they found solace and shelter ever.

The Abbey—the parent-stock of the Canadian missions—being well and securely established, Mother Teresa began the arduous task of extending its yet fragile ramifications in various other directions. In the city of Toronto two other houses were erected, and as the years went on the rosary-girl nuns spread themselves, always under her guidance, over Belleville, Lindsay, Hamilton, Niagara Falls, Guelph, Stratford, and into Joliet, in the State of Illinois. When we consider that the main support of the order is the training of the higher powers and developing the finer sensibilities of the daughters of our upper stratum, we can realize the extent of the benefit conferred by the Loretto nuns upon the Canadian people. It is a historic truism that all the sanguinary conflict of civil strife, and all the harrowing social problems that are the canker-worms of modern civilization are the inevitable result of abuses of power or privilege, of exercises in one form or another in the upper classes of the nation. And these perversions and distortions are manifestly the fruit of careless or improper training of the youth of the higher ranks. Enlightened, conscientious, charitable individuals make an enlightened, conscientious and charitable people, and if the mothers of our capitalists and magnates generally have been grounded in wholesome Christian attainments, if the wives of our legislators and representatives are great and good women, if the girls who adorn our drawing-rooms are panoplied with the principles of such knowledge, and embellished with the fruits of such cultures as cannot impair their moral vigor the trend of our national mind and social and intellectual character must inevitably be towards the good and the beautiful. And this is the aim and endeavor of Mother Teresa's noble community; to make of those who have been set up by the power of circumstances, where all men may see them—the poor to scrutinize and the less able to imitate—exemplars of Christian wisdom and modesty, depositaries of all those gifts and graces which make the woman loved and honored in her home. When we consider that since the advent of Mother Teresa into Canada up to the present moment, something not far away from fifteen or twenty thousand girls have passed through the collective institutions, and been subsequently launched into all sorts and conditions of life, we can pretty fairly estimate how much the order has had to do with the maintenance of the social and moral equilibrium of the country.

To Mother Teresa Dease it was given to see what only the privileged laborers in any vineyard live long enough to realize—the season of labor and plentiful harvest which is the tardy consummation of the tillage and care of years. It was a temporal reward well merited by a stern probation meekly and bravely borne. She lived to see her noviceship fill again and again with zealous and able recruits, and the

fair daughters of two nations flock to her schools. And, what was very dear and sweet to her, with the memory of those early hardships ever present in her mind, to see her beloved community fixed and happy at last, and united in spirit, sentiment and labor.

How truly the author of *Sesame and Lillies* wrote when he said that "in periods of new effort and violent change disappointment is a wholesome medicine, and that in the secret of it, as in the twilight beloved by Titan, we may see the colors of things with deeper truth than in the most dazzling sunlight." To her the unique privilege was accorded of experiencing much of both, and the gloom of the cheerless twilight must surely have made the after-glow brighter and more beautiful than it could ever have been without so vivid a contrast. But in the noontide of her glory the shadow of the death-angel fell like a passing eclipse. What more could she do for her vineyard than she had already accomplished? Was it not time she went to render the account of her stewardship, when the first field of grain was garnered and the aftermath was already peeping through the fruitful soil? So death came to her, at the close of her busy day the Reaper of Reapers! The great Accountant! Stern Intermediary between Mortality and Immortality! And it came as it often does to the innocent and sinless, with the anguish of physical pain,—with the ruthless cruelty of protracted suffering,—for many months she bore its slow-working blight upon her enfeebled body, nor murmured at the torture it inflicted. A life of bodily penance, of hardship and toil and fasting and prayer, reduces the agonies of the final dissolution to a minimum. When one has given three score years to poverty and suffering, to the daily, hourly, momentary abandonment of one's own tastes and will and wish to the taming of rebellious senses, to wrestling fiercely, unremittingly with that other law that is in our members, and that resists unto the last the regulating processes of prayer and mortification. When one has hungered and thirsted in sight of the tempting flesh-pots and passed them by, when one was weary and oppressed within reach of the wayside inn of relaxation, and spurred its drooping courage on, when one has borne the brunt of all these battles in patient hope, death's conquest over the already conquered flesh is an inglorious one indeed. It was on the first day of July, 1881, that the may-flower of Meath closed its weary petals and drooped—to bloom on earth no more, but its imperishable fragrance lingers within and about the Abbey where for so long it had unconsciously diffused itself in life. It is a part now of the flowing habit and ample Rosary of the Daughter of Loretto wherever she abides in this America of ours.

An experienced writer has said that "the best women are necessarily the most difficult to know," and this is perhaps the best explanation of the meagreness of detail which marks the story of this immortal woman's career. She spoke little of herself but her works sing her praises overlastingly. Her decade of noble structures, each head a Temple of the Holy Family, a living psalmody of sustained Hail Mary's, a nucleus of endless jubilees in honor of Our Lady of Loretto, whose unrivalled servitor she was, and her spirit the taut links which bind them indissolubly together. That was the rosary with which her soul was girt when it went out to judgment and to its unnameable reward. The insignia of her order worked out with her own slender hands into a tribute of unending glory to God, and a pledge of happy security against the ravages of unholy ignorance and unholy knowledge to the daughters of men—His creatures!

In a quiet corner of the spacious gardens of Loretto Convent, Falls View, Mother Teresa Dease is laid to rest. A monument in marble marks the spot, but one looks rather upon the lordly pile beside it to learn that there lies a great and brave and holy woman in sooth.

All day long in the happy summer-time the birds sing above her venerable relics and in season and out of season through the silent night, the glimmer of the sanctuary lamp falls fitfully upon the tall, white headstone, while the never weary cataract, in deep, stentorian accents, chants an importunate *regnum aeternum*!

Reverend Mother Ignatia Lynn fills her place at the helm; and aims with palpable success to steer the vessel by the same sure and happy means which were the secret of her predecessor's marvellous attainments. That she was chosen, out of a host of candidates, for the honor of succeeding so illustrious and holy a Superior, is the only tribute to her merit which may be cited now. To come back at the close of this imperfect sketch to what we quoted at the beginning, about the true duty of a woman to the state, can we find a more perfect interpretation of the responsibilities of the citizen anywhere than in this energetic community, which Mother Teresa Dease implanted in our soil. Does any one outstrip them in assisting in the ordering and the comforting and the adornment of the state? Not only do they do all this themselves, but their chosen function is to equip others for a similar office. The state then is manifestly their debtor and owes them the homage of its gratitude. Besides this, the Loretto Order has a social value that is incalculable to those who have experience of it. Kindly, and sweet and pleasant towards all who come in their way, they make a virtue of hospitality and courtesy, and endear themselves by many a subtle care for the physical and spiritual needs of worldlings to hearts that have grown callous to the influence of colder sanctity. And then the broad, sunny spirituality of their lives,

is a thing to marvel at in these gloomy contemplative times of ours. Their souls are trained to magnify the Lord and their *spirits to rejoice* in God their Savior, and if anything is going to save our cynical, pessimistic century, it is this happy, bounding, exhilarating creed. Viewed in these varied aspects of unquestionable adornment of, and usefulness to, the state, of faithful co-operation in the best and highest efforts of the Church, of delicate conformableness to the simple conventions of the social life, Mother Teresa's community is an institution well worthy of the nation's homage. Let Canada not forget, when she reckons up the number of her public benefactors, to write in rubric characters the lustrous and immortal name of Mother Teresa Dease, whose colossal labors in the important sphere of female culture and instruction are the glory of our western province to-day.

Ottawa, Ont.

K. M. B.

IRELAND IN LORD CHARLEMONT'S TIME.

THE Memoirs of Lord Charlemont, which formed the subject of my last letter, supply an immense amount of interesting information as to the state of affairs in Ireland in his time. Not only were the masses of the people reduced to a state of the most miserable serfdom, but the Catholic gentry found themselves in an almost equally abject position. Lord Charlemont's testimony as to their wretched plight, and his manly indignation and shame at their treatment are great enough to prove startling to the unbeliever in Irish hereditary "grievances." The condition of the gentry (Catholic) he describes as "truly deplorable." The hostile statutes enacted against them were still unrepented, and they "labored under the greatest hardships." Their sons were excluded from all professions; church, bar and army were closed against them. The only occupation left to them was foreign service, and the French Army was their favorite refuge, a brigade having been formed for their reception in France.

Another opening was made for them by the request of Portugal that England would aid her during the period of her war with Spain. It was suggested that Portugal then being regarded as the natural ally of England, a force of six regiments might be raised in Ireland, of Catholic Irish, officered by Irish gentlemen of the same faith, and that thus the Portuguese would receive the assistance they demanded, while to some of the down-trodden Irish a door of relief would be thrown open at once. The measure met with the fiercest opposition. It was declared impossible to allow so many Catholics to be arrayed and disciplined, on the pretext that at some unforeseen future crisis they might return to endanger the Protestant interest in Church and State. It was also argued that so many inhabitants could not be spared from the cultivation of the land, but Lord Charlemont denounced the detestable motive for such objections, saying that emigration enforced by oppression already drained off annually double the number of three thousand from the country. He declares that the Protestant bashaws of the South and West were loth to resign so many of those wretches whom they had looked upon and treated as slaves.

Speaking of the causes of agrarian disturbance, Lord Charlemont says: "Exorbitant rent, low wages, want of employment in a country destitute of manufactures, where desolation and famine were the effects of fertility, where the rich gifts of a bountiful mother were destructive to her children and served only to tantalize them, where oxen supplied the place of men, and, by leaving no room for cultivation while they enriched their pampered owners, starved the miserable remnant of thinly scattered inhabitants. Farms of enormous extent let by their rapacious and indolent proprietors to monopolizing land-jobbers, by whom small portions of them were again let and re-let to intermediate oppressors, and by them subdivided for five times their value among the wretched starvers upon potatoes and water. Taxes yearly increasing, and, still more, tithes, which the Catholic, without any possible benefit, unwillingly pays, in addition to his priest's money, and by whose excessive assessments the despairing cultivator, instead of being rewarded for his industry, is taxed in proportion as he is industrious. Misery, oppression and famine, these were undoubtedly the first and original causes, obvious to the slightest inspection, though resolutely denied, and every public investigation into them impudently frustrated by those whose sordid interest opposed their removal. Misery is ever restless, and the man who is destitute can never be a good or quiet subject. In our un-Christian plantations of the West Indies was any doubt ever entertained concerning the cause of a negro insurrection? The wretch who cannot possibly change for the worse will always be greedy of innovation."

In 1772, by the exertions of Lord Charlemont a bill to enable the wretched "Papist" tenantry to take leases of ninety years of the tenement on which they might build a cabin, and sow a potato garden was introduced and read twice, and committed. But a cry was raised of danger to Protestant interest, the Lords were summoned, the House was crowded. Lord Charlemont, suspected of being little better than a "Papist," was voted out of the chair, and his humane attempt was frustrated.

Another example of the methods of our rulers where Ireland was concerned, even of that "Irish Parliament" so often ignorantly referred to with pride by ourselves, is given by Lord Charlemont in his narra-

tive of the passing of the Act to limit the duration of Parliaments. The Commons (in Ireland), fearing a "National agitation," passed the bill, relying on the English Privy Council to throw it out. They had before passed measures, under the distinct understanding with England that the said measure should not be allowed to go further. But in the case of what is called the Octennial Act they made a miscalculation. In England it was resolved that the bill should be passed to the end that the Commons, instead of popularity, might incur an additional odium by rejecting that for which from the basest motives they had voted, and in order to secure rejection a clause was added by which the present Parliament was immediately dissolved.

"On the day (writes Lord Charlemont) when this unexpected account arrived from England, I happened to dine with Mr. Ponsonby, then Speaker of the House of Commons and the principle 'undertaker' for Government. The company was numerous. His English letters were brought to him while we were yet at table. He opened them. His countenance fell. He turned pale and it was visible to every one that some fatal news had been received. 'What is the matter?' 'By heavens, the limitation bill is returned and Parliament is dissolved.' Never did I see in one group so many doleful faces, nor to me, so laughable a sight. I presently left the company where I was the only person pleased, and hurried to Flood, to communicate the good tidings."—*Rosa Mulholland, in Boston Pilot.*

ALL SAINTS' AND ALL SOULS'.

THE institution of the Festival of All Saints is commonly ascribed to Pope Boniface IV., who lived at the beginning of the seventh century. There was at Rome a temple called the Pantheon, built by Augustus some years before the birth of Christ. This building was considered the *chef-d'œuvre* of architecture, and its founder made it the centre of idolatry by consecrating it to all the gods. The Roman emperors, after becoming Christians, enacted laws prohibiting the worship of idols, and destroyed the temples dedicated to their honor. Some, however, were spared because of their magnificence, and among them was the Pantheon. When the Christian religion was firmly established, and the Church saw she had nothing more to fear from idolatry, the temples that had been spared were purified and consecrated to the worship of the true God. In 607 Boniface IV. blessed the Pantheon, and consecrated it under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin and all the martyrs. This, however, can not properly be said to be the origin of the Festival of All Saints; it originated in the year 837, when Pope Gregory IV. dedicated a chapel, in the Church of St. Peter at Rome, in honor of Our Lady and all the saints. Soon afterward the festival passed into Germany. Louis the Mild, on the recommendation of the Pope and the bishops, ordered its celebration throughout his kingdom, and fixed the day for the 1st of November.

The principal object of this festival is Jesus Christ, the chief and model of all the saints. Inasmuch as their sanctity is but an emanation from the sovereign justice and sanctity of God, it is to Him we must refer the honor which we give to those whom He has willed to sanctify. Faith teaches us that they have merited nothing except in virtue of the merits of Jesus Christ; and we believe that they can do nothing for us except through Him. Let us, then, have recourse to their intercession and prayers, knowing as we do how dear they are to God whom they loved and served so well.

Protestants reproach the Catholic Church with idolatry in the honor paid to the saints; but it is simply a calumny, as every Catholic knows. The saints refer all their merits to Jesus Christ, and we, on our part, profess our belief that their merits are in effect the gifts of Christ. It is he who has given to the saints of both sexes, of every age and condition, the strength to renounce the maxims of the world and follow those of the Gospel. The Church has honored the saints from the beginning, but it is always primarily Jesus Christ whom she honors in the worship she gives to them. The saints are invoked—that is to say, the faithful implore them to act as their intercessors before God. Believing ourselves unworthy of being heard, we have recourse to those whom we know to be in the grace and friendship of the Lord. We honor the relics of the saints because we consider their bodies as victims of God, either by martyrdom or penance. It is in the same spirit we honor their images: no Catholic believes that they possess any virtue or efficacy of themselves to cause them to be revered, but they excite within the soul thoughts and remembrances of those whom they represent. In the same spirit, too, visits are paid to their tombs and to the churches consecrated to God under their names. The design of the Church in celebrating the festivals of the saints, in honoring their relics and images, is to honor Almighty God in them, to propose them to Christians as models, and to lead to their imitation by showing the great reward awaiting those who follow in their footsteps.

It is vain for us to allege all the difficulties we have to encounter in the way of salvation: the saints have had the same, and even much greater, obstacles to surmount. They were fashioned from the same clay as we: but, knowing their weakness much better than we know ours, they avoided all that could enkindle the fire of their passions; they fled the occasions of sin; they exercised themselves in the prac-

tice of humility, they infused into themselves new strength by frequently approaching the holy Sacraments and by the practice of prayer. It was by these means that they triumphed over themselves and their external enemies. We have but to make use of the same helps. The Blood of Jesus Christ was shed for us as for them. The grace of the Lord is not wanting to us; it is we who are wanting in fidelity and exertion. If difficulties beset us, if temptations affright us, if enemies confront us, let us not lose courage, but redouble our ardor and cry out with Josua: "The Lord is with us: what have we to fear?" If our passions are strong and violent, Jesus Christ has furnished us with arms to subdue them.

Were we but less slothful, we should find that the difficulties which we allege are only imaginary; we should no longer dread the laborious paths of penance, no longer should we hesitate to do what has been done by so many saints. "Why," said St. Augustine, "should I not do what others have had the generosity to do?" Example ought to encourage us and silence our excuses. There is but one God, one Saviour, one Gospel, one Paradise. There is but one law; it is unchangeable. It is a dangerous error to believe that Christians living in the world are not obliged to tend to perfection, or that they can save themselves in any other way than that of the saints. "The kingdom of heaven," says our Blessed Lord, "suffereth violence, and the violent bear it away." It is as hard to save one's soul now as ever it was. Men may change, and sacred obligations may rest lightly on them; but God's laws remain the same. The nineteenth century will be judged by the same standard as those that have gone before it.

The Church has set apart one day in the year on which to make a general commemoration of all those who have died in the Lord—that is, in His grace,—but whose souls had not been found pure enough at their departure from this life to permit them to enter immediately into the enjoyment of the celestial inheritance. There is, indeed, a special memento made for them every day in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, especially for those recommended to the priest. But the Church has selected one day in particular, that her children may be excited to pray in a special manner for all the faithful departed, who, having still some stain to expiate, have not yet been admitted into heaven.

It is the duty of a Christian to reflect seriously on what he owes to the dead, who are capable of receiving relief at his hands. They are of the number of the just; they are souls filled with the love of God and charity for us; they are children of God and members of Jesus Christ. All these titles certainly require of us to do everything in our power for their relief. It is evident, from the teaching of the Church, that when united with them by the bonds of charity, we can contribute to their eternal happiness. It is not less certain that there is an obligation on our part thus to assist them; since they live in the same communion of the saints as we, and each one of them is that neighbor whom we should love as ourselves.

The means which the Church places at our disposal to succor those souls whom God purifies by suffering are the Sacrifice of the Mass, prayer, fasting, mortification, almsgiving, indulgences,—all good works done in a spirit of charity, and offered to God for their intention. Whilst assisting them, as far as lies in our power, we should on this day reanimate our faith and piety, and impress deeply on our hearts these important truths: that sin must be an evil infinitely greater than men imagine, since a single fault, even the slightest, found in the soul of the just, merits such terrible chastisements; that the purity and sanctity of God are indeed incomprehensible, since it is impossible to approach Him with the least stain of sin; that our present life being given us to work out our salvation, it is incumbent on us to make a good use of every moment; that the last moment of our life, of which we are kept in ignorance, will decide our lot for all eternity; that each one of us shall be judged according to his works, and not by his words; finally, that a happy eternity will be the reward of those who shall have persevered unto the end in the fidelity which they owe to God, and unending misery will be the lot of those whom death shall have surprised in sin.

On these principles, as the Church declares through the Council of Trent, the life of every Christian should be a continual penance. In order to expiate our daily faults. Truths such as these we should ever keep present before our minds. As it is written, "Blessed are they who hear the word of God and keep it."—*Ave Maria.*

It is worth while for American opponents of the Temporal Power to note that the workingmen's pilgrimages to Rome will cease, owing to the disturbance raised by the Reds during the first pilgrimage. The Vicomte de Roquefeuil, President of the French Young Men's Association, was interviewed by a *Figaro* reporter, and referring to those young men who wrote "Long live the Pope" in the register, he said: "I beseech you to believe that this escapade, so blameworthy in itself, was not the true cause, was no more than the pretext, so cleverly exploited, of the dreadful agitation that followed." "You think the whole affair was prepared in advance?" "I am sure of it," replied the Vicomte, "and at the station at Genoa some Italians owned as much to me." At the instant of the signing of the register, all Radical Rome was up in arms. According to the Vicomte, through many streets whistles were immediately heard, and demonstrators gathered

upon the signals, copies of the *Tribuna* and the *Rugantino*, containing violent and threatening language against the pilgrims were, without time for writing or printing articles, without a moment's delay even, circulated through the town. The French journals believe that the whole affair was prearranged, and the rapidity with which the Radicals appeared on the scene sustains the belief.

FIRST PRIESTS IN AUSTRALIA.

They were three Irish priests—banished from their native land in the dark and evil days of '98—who first planted the faith on the Australian continent. Some very interesting particulars regarding those heroic Irish patriots and missionaries are furnished in an article in a recent issue of the *Catholic Magazine* (Melbourne, Australia,) from the pen of Father P. Power, of Cobar, New South Wales (Australia). We make the following extract:

Characteristically enough, it has been said the pioneer missionaries of the Catholic church of this country were the convict priests. Unfortunately, however, for the attempt, the offences in which Fathers Harold, O'Neill and Dixon were convicted were all purely political, and it is now established beyond any doubt that all three were unjustly, and one at least of them illegally, convicted. Mr. J. F. Hogan is slightly inaccurate in assigning 1799 as the year in which the Catholic population of the infant settlement of Port Jackson were gratified for the first time "by the sight of three ordained clergymen of their church." Holt, in his memoirs, states that Father Harold, the first priest to set foot on Australian soil, did not reach Port Jackson till 1800—the 10th of January of that year, per transport *Minerva*. It was not till towards the end of the same year, or the beginning of 1801, that Father O'Neill arrived, per transport *Annie*. Father Dixon's arrival was slightly later still. Love of faith and country was their crime, but the law, or rather the Irish administration of the day, called their offence by some other name. Father Dixon was a priest of the diocese of Ferns, the principal theatre of the pitchcapping outrages that preceded and caused the rebellion. A brother of Father Dixon's was implicated in the rising—a sufficient reason why Father Dixon should be sent a convict to Botany Bay. Father Harold had been a parish priest of the diocese of Dublin. He was arrested and transported on the gratuitous supposition that (as some of his people had joined the rebellion) they must have done so with his cognizance and approval. Father O'Neill was a parish priest of Ballymacoda (in the diocese of Cloyne, county Cork).

The details of Father O'Neill's arrest for complicity in the murder of an informer named Murphy, an ex-soldier, are set forth, and particulars given of the flogging in Youghal. Transportation followed, Father O'Neill coming out to Sydney in the convict ship *Annie*.

From the time of Father O'Neill's arrest his friends in Cork had not ceased making representations to the proper authorities of the harshness of his treatment and the illegality of his conviction. It was not, however until 1802 that the government could be brought to consider the representations, and then, animated probably as much by good humor over the passing of the Act of the Union as by a spirit of justice, they ordered the convict priest's release. Father O'Neill was away in Norfolk Island when the order for his release arrived, and consequently it was not till some considerable time after its reception by Governor King that its import was made known to him, whom it most concerned. The governor, not wishing to part easily with Father O'Neill's services, went so far as to offer the good priest £200 a year to remain in the settlement. Father O'Neill declined the offer, but promised to return at no distant date and to bring two more priests with him. On the departure of Father O'Neill for Ireland about April, 1808, Fathers Harold and Dixon were released. Father Dixon assumed charge of the Catholic population of the Port Jackson settlement, while Father Harold exiled himself to Norfolk Island. Father O'Neill was, on his return home, restored to his old charge of Ballymacoda by Doctor William Coppinger, successor to Doctor McKenna in the See of Cloyne. Moved thereto by the importunities of friends, Father Peter abandoned his intention of returning to Australia. He bore up to the day of his death the marks of the terrible scourging at Youghal. His sufferings notwithstanding, such was the energy of the man that with extraordinary vigor and success he labored among his faithful people of Ballymacoda for fully thirty five years after his return from his banishment, dying in 1835 at the patriarchal age of 88 years. His nephew, the ill-fated young Fenian leader, Peter O'Neill Crowley, whose gallant career was cut short by a bullet from a British soldier's musket, sleeps his long sleep beside the pioneer missionary of Australia in the rustic graveyard of Ballymacoda. For many years after the death of the confessor-priest his grave was regarded as an object of veneration by the peasantry.

The fate which attended those wretches who swore away the life of Father Sheehy seems to have fallen on those who had any part in the sacrilegious treatment of Father Peter O'Neill. A man, so tradition asserts, who held the reins of the priest's horse when the rider was being arrested, lost the use of his hand, which had to be amputated; the man who gave false information against him was hanged on a lamp-post in Cork, and the officer who commanded the flogging party ended his life by suicide.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commended by

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

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

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

The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, Toronto

The Late Archbishop Lynch.

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

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And by the leading clergy of the Dominion.

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THE LESSONS TAUGHT AT THE CORK ELECTION.

It is to be fondly hoped that the result of the Cork election will be felt in a subsidence of the bitter passions that were so unreservedly indulged in during the canvass. The spectacle of Irish Catholics rushing at each other with vengeance in their eyes, and bludgeons in their brawny hands, threatening mutual extermination, is sickening to behold or even to think of. No doubt, similar scenes of wild disorder and conflict have been witnessed at elections during critical periods in other countries. And when we consider the violent appeals that were made in the press and from the platform to the sensitive and easily roused masses of unreflecting Irish Nationalists, the wonder is that more mischief was not wrought and that something worse than sore heads had not to be chronicled. The Irish, however, are not a race of assassins. They are not in the habit of carrying weapons of deadly warfare into faction fights or election scimmages. On occasions of party strife where other nationalities, just as excitable as the Irish, employ the deadly bullet or the dagger, the latter carry a black-thorn or stout shillaleigh, and, though determined to strike hard, they never enter the combat with murderous intent. The scandal nevertheless of Irish Catholics refusing each other the privilege of free speech, of breaking up each other's public meetings, and of cracking each other's heads with sticks of any name is a grievous scandal, of which the Cork election must go far towards preventing a repetition.

It must be the settled conviction of all that, since in Cork, the stronghold of Parnellism, John E. Redmond, the strongest and ablest man of the party, sustained a defeat so overwhelming at the polls that there is no use in making any further attempts at silencing the voice or frustrating the wishes of the great majority of the Irish people. While yet in the vigour of manhood and in the possession of his fascinating eloquence and genius that made all his hearers captive, Parnell was not able to draw to his side the masses of free voters in Sligo or Killenny. Even Carlow, where at one time his nod of assent sufficed to secure the election of a member to the House of Commons, Carlow by a large majority disowned his leadership and defeated his nominee at the polls. It is very absurd then, if not wicked, on the part of John Redmond, to continue the up-hill fight. It is absurd because of his silly attempt to undertake what the genius and presence of Parnell failed to accomplish; and it is supremely wicked because of the civil war and scandals it creates and fosters to the detriment of the Irish cause and the possible ruin of Ireland's hopes. Mr. Redmond, in his speech at the close of the election, declared publicly that, although defeated he would not surrender, but that he was "determined to continue the struggle for the acknowledgment by the people of Ireland of the justice of the policy pursued by the Parnellites." Mr. William Redmond also delivered an address in which "he regretted that the principles of the Parnellites had not been supported by the electors of

Cork City, and he denounced the interference of the priests in the election."

The Brothers Redmond may rest assured that as long as the Priests of Ireland are the guardians of Ireland's honour and of the fair name of, and fame of, her sons and daughters, so long a great majority of the people will be on their side against all strutting demagogues and selfish politicians.

The defeated candidate may talk loudly and indulge in bluster at the close of the day which sealed his fate as a leader, but in his calmer hours he must acknowledge the full force of the lesson taught him and others—viz., that Ireland is a Catholic nation; that the very instincts of the Irish people abhor immorality in their kings or chieftains, and that any public man is guilty of most egregious folly who is blind to those instincts, or who, overlooking those instincts, sets himself up against the United Hierarchy and priesthood of Ireland.

But leaving the moral part of the question aside, let us examine the leading principle of the followers of the late Mr. Parnell. It consists in raising the cry of "no dictation from England," "no truckling to Gladstone." This cry is raised on every Parnellite platform and is found in every second paragraph of *United Ireland*. But it seems to us very absurd. Whence must Home Rule or self-government for Ireland be obtained except from the good-will of the English people? Irish representatives, with Parnell for leader, have been forming public opinion in Great Britain for the last sixteen years, and leading up the English masses to the conception of this good will. Mr. Gladstone, the ablest and most popular statesman in Great Britain, has been converted to a full measure of Home Rule, even towards granting the Irish Parliament full control over the Police system and constabulary. And now the *United Ireland* and John Redmond tell us that all this work of sixteen years must be sacrificed, that all this preparation of the English masses for the conceding of Home Rule to Ireland must be abandoned, in fact must be condemned, because, forsooth, before dying Mr. Parnell raised the cry of "no dictation from England," "no truckling to Gladstone."

The Irish people would be the most unreasoning as the most outrageously ungrateful set of dolts, were they now to turn round and say to England, we refuse your kind offices, we have no faith in your good intentions, we believe we can get all we require ourselves without any intermeddling of you or your public statesmen. Such, however, is the platform of the Parnellites, but it is so very foundationless and so badly supported by priest or layman or common sense, that with the lessons conveyed in the Cork election, it must inevitably fall to pieces, and that very soon.

It is already reported that John and William Redmond have tickets for Australia where both have wealthy wives, and that John will practice at the Sydney bar. The London correspondent of the *Globe* adds: "It would have been better for him if he had gone a while ago, because the Irish in Australia will find it difficult to forgive him for the abortive attempt to destroy his country's hopes." Thus all outsiders regard the action of the minority in Ireland, who are playing into the hands of the Orangemen and of the English Tories, that would still for some years, if possible, rivet the chains that for centuries have been clanking round the feet of enslaved and suffering Ireland.

We have every reason, therefore, to consider the Cork election as the decisive battle—the "Waterloo" of a selfish political faction that involve all Ireland in civil war, throw back the cause of Home Rule for twenty years to come, and perpetuate the horrors of coercion and the plank-bed. When the intelligent manhood of Cork, that once idolized Parnell, has failed in allegiance to his memory and rejected his immediate successor, there is no likelihood of any country or city in the whole kingdom doing otherwise. It is to be presumed that Messrs. T. Harrington and Pierce Mahoney will profit by the Parnellite disaster at Cork, and either fall into ranks with O'Brien, Dillon, and McCarthy, or leave the country for its good, as the Redmonds are doing. It is a great misfortune that Ireland should lose the distinguished service of so many brave men, and of men endowed with forensic and parliamentary talents of a high order but union and unselfishness, are of more vital importance among patriots than the possession of great depth of genius or undoubted bravery.

America refuses to acknowledge a disunited Ireland. England could laugh at the pretensions of a broken and disorganized people

asking for self-government. The foremost among Irish patriots, from Quebec to San Francisco are calling for union amongst Irishmen at home and abroad. But will this union be effected by the majority coming down to the terms and crawling at the feet of the minority? or must it be that the minority will blot itself out of existence? To bring about a union of all parties either of the alternatives is of absolute necessity. As the former is utterly impossible, we must very soon look for the accomplishment of the latter. Now or never must the poet's vision be a reality, when

Like the rain-bow's light
Thy various tints unite
And form in heaven's sight
One arch of Peace.

THE GUNPOWDER PLOT ANNIVERSARY.

THE recurrence of the 5th of November has afforded newspapers of the Orange type and preachers of the same ilk a fitting opportunity of stirring up and perpetuating Protestant bigotry. This they have done by repeating those stereotyped Protestant versions of the Gunpowder Plot. Omitting or suppressing portions of its history, exaggerating, misrepresenting or falsifying others, they have endeavored to present it in such a shape as to fan into flame the undying hatred of Protestants towards Catholics, burning and stamping this hatred in indelible characters into the Protestant imagination.

They love to represent this in a general way as a plot concocted by Catholics to murder and exterminate Protestants, a Popish plot, to be executed by the Jesuits as the emissaries of Rome; and lest the present generation should regard this merely as a matter of past history having no practical bearing on the present age, they are told that this is the spirit and teaching of Rome, and that Catholics would, now, as then, exterminate Protestants if they only had the power. It was in this way, till very recently, the subject was treated in the histories that have been placed in the hands of the pupils of the common schools. Even now, when the offensive paragraphs are partially expunged, this is the view they generally obtain from the explanations of teachers, and there are many who think that the hierarchy of the Catholic Church are opposed to the enlightenment, progress and welfare of their people, when they refuse to accept a system of education which imparts this kind of history as one of its branches.

We are continually trying to conciliate Protestant opinion, trying to convince our Protestant friends by our friendly offices, justice, liberality and charity towards them, that we are not as bad as we are represented, but it seems of little use with the elements that are working against us. Some of them, it is true, are not influenced, and are raised by their intelligence and candor above these narrow prejudices, and are truly just and liberal, but the majority of them cannot help distrusting and fearing us. They suspect, with all our plausible ways and all our protestations of liberality, that, somehow or other, we have a card concealed up our sleeves, and that we are only waiting a suitable opportunity to play it.

If these parties wanted merely to serve the interests of truth they would have stated the whole case impartially, but this they have not done, though it would have changed the aspect of it considerably. They would have told, for example, of the oppressive enactments of the Parliament against Catholics, which drove the greater part of the conspirators to desperation. This would not have justified the conspirators, it is true, but it would have shown the case in a different light. It would have shown there were other reasons besides their Protestant piety and their desire to worship God according to the dictates of their consciences, which induced the parties concerned to feel unfriendly towards them, and desire, in consequence, to give them an unpleasant surprise.

That there was a plot the object of which was to blow up the King and both Houses of Parliament, that Catholics, and none but Catholics, were parties in this plot, are facts which no one denies, but that Catholics in general instigated or approved of the Gunpowder Plot, is not true, and it is not fair to advance what is false as a proof of the alleged sanguinary principles of the Catholic religion. It was not Catholics but Protestants who murdered Charles I., and how is it we never hear of this event as a proof of the sanguinary principles

of the Protestant religion? How is it that Orange literature and Orange preachers overlook this fact?

That Catholics, and especially the conspirators, had provocation which drove them to desperation are facts which no one who has read history can doubt. The King before he came to the throne had promised to mitigate the Penal Laws which made the lives of Catholics a burden. Instead of this they were made even more severe than formerly. Every species of insult as well as injury, which Catholics had to endure under the persecutions of the Established Church, was now heightened by the leaven of Presbyterian malignity and ferocity which England had now imported from the North, endless hordes of the most greedy, rapacious and insolent wretches that God ever permitted to infest and scourge the earth. It is on record how the houses of Catholic gentlemen were rifled and in what constant dread these unhappy men lived, how they were robbed of their estates as a punishment for recusancy, how by fines imposed on these accounts the ancient gentry of England, whose families for ages had inhabited the same mansions, were gradually sinking into beggary in consequence of the exorbitant extortions, but what was their lot now? The fines were allowed to fall into arrears, in order to make the fined party more completely under the mercy of the Crown, and James, whose extravagance left him no means of gratifying the greed of his Scotch minions out of his own exchequer, delivered over the English Catholic gentry to these rapacious adventurers who, thus clad with royal authority, fell upon their victims, as a kite falls upon the defenceless dove. They entered houses, ransacked everything, seized the rent rolls, drove the unfortunate wives and children from their own doors, and with upstart insolence made a mockery of the ruin and misery of their victims. Doubtless if all Catholics had been saints a noble opportunity was now offered to them to exercise the virtue of patience in an heroic degree and it is certain, both that the great majority of English Catholics really did behave themselves with the most exemplary patience, and that the most earnest exhortations to this effect were addressed to the whole body by their ecclesiastical superiors. But since they were not all saints, poor human nature in some of them at least, driven to desperation, disregarding all preachings of longer passive obedience, made that terrible effort which has for many years afforded a plausible excuse for the unjust and ruffianly attacks of the Orange rabble on unoffending Catholics. It is alleged that the knowledge of the plot by a priest, who did not stop it, involves the priest himself in guilt, but it should be remembered that had it not been for Catesby's knowledge that the priest could not reveal it, he never would have intrusted it to him at all. Though this Jesuit Priest did all he could to prevent the carrying out of the plot, yet he was powerless to do so.

On one occasion Catesby defended, against Father Garnet, the Provincial of the Jesuits in England, the right of English Catholics, under existing circumstances, to have recourse to violence, and after a long and angry altercation, in which Garnet took opportunity of insisting upon the duty of patient submission and endurance, leaving vengeance to God, Catesby exclaimed with great warmth, "It is to such as you that we owe our present miseries. This doctrine of non-resistance makes us slaves. No power of Priest or Pope can rob us of our natural right to resist injustice."

This is not intended as a history of the Gunpowder Plot, but as a refutation of the charge that has ascribed it to the bloody-mindedness of the Catholic religion. Who murdered Mary, Queen of Scots, were they Catholics or Protestants? Who attempted to assassinate King James himself and all his attendants but some of his Protestant subjects, Earl Gowry and his associates? Who formed the plot to blow up their Governor, the Prince of Parma, with all his nobility and magistrates, assembled in the city of Antwerp, were they blood-thirsty Catholics? No indeed not one of them, but goodly Protestants having an open Bible. Like Catesby and Guy Fawkes however, they failed. But Protestants did not always fail in their plots. The father of King James himself, who was King of Scotland, was, in 1567, blown up by gunpowder and killed.

This plot succeeded, and mention of it is not made in celebrating anniversaries. There was no mention made of it in confession to one who would fill the mind of the penitent with scruples of conscience as to the wickedness of the contemplated deed, consequently no warning was given, and consequently King, attendants and servants were remorsefully murdered. And who did this? Blood-thirsty Catholics?

Not one of them, but lovers of the Gospel as they called themselves and champions of civil and religious liberty, followers of John Knox, who was the founder of a new sect of Protestants, and to whom a monument was afterwards erected in Glasgow.

The conspirators in this case were not men driven to desperation by spoliation, but a body of noblemen, who really had received no provocation at all, but who wanted to ruin Mary Stuart by murdering her husband. Why not celebrate the anniversaries of these plots and murders and of the hundreds of thousands of other plots and murders, by which Catholics were more than decimated under the penal laws. But why recall these reminiscences of the past? why not let them rest in oblivion? why introduce them to create ill feelings now?

As long as these anniversaries are celebrated to commemorate the bloodthirsty cruelty of Catholics towards poor, inoffending Protestants so long will hatred, ill-will and bitter hostility, these evil fruits of Protestantism, prevail. Besides the illuminations, the cursing and swearing at Pope and popery, the other part of the religious ceremony was this year celebrated in Toronto at Little Trinity Church on Sunday, 1st inst., in commemoration of the divine frustration of the Gunpowder Plot. The annual sermon was delivered by Rev. Bro. Sir Knight Sanson.

The sermon was such as suited those who had assembled in Little Trinity. The sermon, as it was called, was the vilest rebash of all those charges that have been made by the Reformers to justify their rebellion against the Church and their robbery of Catholic property. The expressions Rome, Babylon, Mother of Harlots and abominations, drunken with blood of the Saints, idolatry, superstition, Virgin Mary, and worse than all, he says in *the Mass*, these expressions are to be found in almost every paragraph of the report. The sermon is all about the errors of Romanism, and not one word about the errors of Protestantism. We would not expect a tirade like this, a pandering to the brutal passions of the Orange mob from an English Church Minister. At one time the English Church Ministers were our bitterest enemies and it is to them we owe the invention of the phraseology we have quoted, but since the dissenters have turned on them, and since they themselves have commenced to ape the priesthood, caricature the Ritual, and repudiate the name Protestant, they have generally adopted a different policy. But Mr. Sanson is an old-time Protestant Minister and cannot be put in harmony with the new-fangled ideas of those in the same ministry and communion with him, who claim to be priests, and to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass every time they celebrate.

Differences like these in his own communion should lead Mr. Sanson to speculate as to whether some of the contradictory parties may not be in error, and avert his attention from the errors of Rome to attend to those nearer home. If Mr. Sanson is not a priest, as he seems to repudiate, are those of his communion who claim that they are in any better condition? Is their bishop a bishop? How are we to know who are bishops and who are priests, or who can say Mass and who cannot? If they would agree amongst themselves about these matters we could have some respect, at least, even for their opinions; but as it is we have none. The sermons read very suspiciously like those that were preached about one hundred years ago, and the style, even for Protestants of the bitter class, is sadly out of date. We are surprised at this exhibition of intolerance and ignorance on the part of Rev. Mr. Sanson.

LEX.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

SOME noticeable instances of brave conduct on the part of three Canadian lads are mentioned in a late issue of the *Times*, of London. The Royal Humane Society have awarded medals for saving life to Peter L. Kirton, aged 12, who saved F. Van Wyck at Meaford; to Arthur Stewart Houston, aged 12, who saved Mrs. Hanan and her son in the Niagara River near Cedar Island; and W. G. Gibbon, aged 17, who, with Mr. W. Hanes, saved Anna McDonald at Morrisburg.

That half the truth is worse than no truth at all has been demonstrated repeatedly. Presumed fact, with a sufficient sprinkling of truth to cloak its unworthiness and give to it the semblance of truth, is by far the most heinous and does the greatest

injury to any cause. To this order the following cable despatch of the *Mail* of Monday, Nov. 1st., belongs, and was the cause of the letter published in the *Empire* of Thursday last, given in full below, and which sufficiently in itself is self-explanatory. The account of the trial of Rev. Mr. Cotton, published in another column, and reproduced, in part, from the *Irish Catholic* of Dublin, will be read with interest in this connection. The *Mail's* despatch is as follows:

DUBLIN, Nov. 1.—Since the arrest of Rev. Samuel Cotton, charged with criminal ill treatment of the children in the Carnagh Orphanage, the local excitement has been increased by further sensational developments. Rev. Mr. Cotton is the Roman Catholic rector of Carnagh, County Kildare, and for a number of years he has been supporting the orphanage and himself, principally himself, on the lottery system, for which he obtained the sanction of the archbishop. Rumors have been very frequent for some time back of cruelties practised in the orphanage, and at last these reached the Society for the Protection of Children, who, after a partial investigation, obtained sufficient evidence to secure the reverend gentleman's arrest and commitment. Since then a special agent has been at work inside and outside the orphanage, and if half what is reported proves true, Rev. Mr. Cotton developed a genius for inflicting torture which would have made him no mean competitor of Torquemada. Besides gross neglect, which led to filthy diseases, there was positive cruelty, as exhibited by the chains with which little girls were padlocked to heavy logs in out-houses or to the walls of dark cellars beneath the house, and by a collection of flagellating instruments ranging from the homely birch, through canes, leather tans, apple twigs, knotted cords, to an instrument of twisted leather, coming near akin competitor to the Russian knout. Bessie Burns, an orphan fifteen years of age, who for the last eight years has been an inmate of the institution, tells a terrible story. She says that flogging was a matter of daily occurrence, and children were often whipped till the blood ran down their legs. She had herself been confined in an out-house, chained by the waist to a holdfast in the wall so that she could not lie down, and only given one meal of bread and water a day, and kept like that for a week. She said there was very little attempt at education beyond Catechism, and that religion was marked by the number of fast days and the rigour with which they were observed. She says that deaths were very frequent, but there was no funerals, and she did not know what was done with the bodies. If half of what is related by this girl, who appears to be of average intelligence, be true, the sooner Rev. Mr. Cotton is removed from the direction of the orphanage the better for the luckless children committed to his care and for society in general.

In answer to the above, after non-production in the *Mail*, to which it had been first sent, the following letter appeared in the *Empire*.

To the Editor of the *Empire*.

SIR,—Will you kindly give place in your columns to the following letter, which was sent to the *Mail* for publication on Monday last, but with its usual idea of fairness has not as yet appeared. It is valuable as showing the amount of reliability or fairness which can be placed in the news, cable or otherwise, appearing in the *Mail's* columns—news which, though proven to be false, it has still not the manliness to correct.

Yours, etc., PH. DEG.

Toronto, November 11.

To the Editor of the *Mail*:

SIR,—In the issue of the *Mail* of Monday last, 2nd ult., there appears amongst the cable news what purports to be a despatch from Dublin, dated Nov. 1st, a portion of which reads as follows:

"Since the arrest of the Rev. Samuel Cotton, charged with criminal ill-treatment of the children in the Carnagh Orphanage, the local excitement has been increased by further sensational developments. Rev. Mr. Cotton is the Roman Catholic Rector of Carnagh, Co. Kildare, etc. etc. (The Italics are mine.)"

This paragraph, in so far as it calls the Rev. Samuel Cotton a Roman Catholic, is a most despicable falsehood, its manifest object being to make capital against the Catholic Church.

The person in question, who, with his wife Elizabeth S. Cotton, was arraigned at the Petty Sessions Court at Robertstown, Co. Kildare, on Tuesday, Oct. 27th, before a bench of magistrates, and committed for trial, is an *Anglican* and not a *Roman Catholic* minister. This fact must have been known to your correspondent, the more especially as the trial, with all its horrible disclosures of brutality and negligence, took place on Oct. 27th., whilst the *Mail's* Dublin despatch was dated Nov. 1st, or nearly a week later. Reports of Mr. Cotton's arrest appeared amongst the cable news of the other city

duilies of Oct. 30th, in none of which, however, was he cited as a Roman Catholic rector. I would not wish to infer from this that the despatch was "cooked" by the *Mail* before publication, but the above mentioned facts are significant.

The Catholic Church has repeatedly been falsely accused and assailed upon charges with as little groundwork of truth as the foregoing. In this her life has been the counterpart of that of her divine founder, a life of trials, persecutions and vilifications, but also a life of triumphs and victories—and if the misstatements in the *Mail's* presumed despatch were allowed to go uncontradicted, another item would be added to the stock-in-trade of every anti-Catholic fanatic.

As this item from the *Mail* has been commented upon by several, and republished in other journals, I would ask you in fairness, to give

to this statement of fact, the same prominence as was accorded to the slanderous misstatements in the despatch of your correspondent of Nov. 1st.

Yours truly,

PH. DEGRUCHY,

Editor Catholic Weekly Review.

Toronto, Nov. 9th, 1891.

And thus another infamous slander against Holy Church has been shown in all its naked ugliness, and we trust that other papers, notably the *Hamilton Times*, which, no doubt, without intent to misrepresent, published the *Mail's* version, will have the good taste to record the true facts and remove the slur cast unwittingly upon that most deserving and self-denying part of the church's body, her charitable institutions.

THE CAROGH ORPHANAGE AFFAIR.

... nthly Petty Sessions Court, held at Robertstown, county Kildare, on Tuesday, the Rev. Mr. Cotton, of the Carogh Orphanage and his wife, Elizabeth G. Cotton, were prosecuted at the suit of the society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children for wilfully neglecting ill-treating, and exposing several children, varying in age from three months upwards, of whom they had custody, charge and care of in a manner likely to cause unnecessary suffering and injury to health. Colonel Forbes, R. M., presided. The other magistrates on the bench were Mr. Mackey Wilson, J. P., and Dr. Neill, J. P. Mr. R. R. Cherry (instructed by Mr. S. J. Brown) appeared to prosecute. Mr. Lamplier, solicitor, Naas, appeared for the defence.

The first summons was brought by Francis Murphy, Inspector of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Dublin, against the Rev. Samuel G. Cotton, of Carogh Orphanage, Kildare, and Mrs. Eliz. G. Cotton, of same place, requiring them to show cause why informations should not be taken against them for "that you, on the 14th and 15th day of October, 1891, and on other days and times within the said county, did wilfully ill-treat, neglect, or expose three children—viz., Thomas Whitney, Thomas Warren, and Benjamin Wallace, being boys under the age of 14 years, and of whom you then had the custody, control, or charge, in a manner likely to cause unnecessary suffering or injury to the health, against the statute in such cases provided."

The second summons was couched in similar terms, and was brought in respect of three children—viz., Thomas Collins, Henry Norton, and Charles Quillet, boys under the age of 14 years.

The third summons was similar, the names of the children being Ellen Carson and Patience Walker, girls under the age of 16 years.

The names of four children were included in the four summons. They were Alexander Burnett, James Burnett, and Samuel Burnett, boys under the age of fourteen years; and Minnie Burnett, a girl under the age of 16 years.

In the fifth summons the name of the children were Mary Hurley and Elizabeth Winter, girls under the age of 16 years.

In the sixth summons the name of Elizabeth Burnett, a girl under the age of 5 years.

Mr. Cherry said the prosecution was brought under the 22nd and 23rd Vic., cap. 44, the Act of 1889, which provided that the offence charged was a misdemeanour, and that if the defendant was proceeded against by indictment and convicted he should be liable to a fine not exceeding £100, or in default of that payment, or in addition to it imprisonment not exceeding two years. The proceeding here was by way of indictment, the society considering the matter was so very serious—as the whole orphanage was involved in it, and the charitable public had been subscribing hundreds of

pounds for this orphanage—that it should be tried out in the most formal way.

It was not usual that a gentleman in Mr. Cotton's position was proceeded against under such an Act as this, but this much he (counsel) would say, that the society knew no distinction of creed or class, and no matter in what rank a person might be whom they found guilty of improper treatment of children they proceeded against him regardless of his position. In January last five children of the name of Burnett were sent by a gentleman who was the rector of Charlemont, county Armagh, Rev. Mr. Watson, to this orphanage. The eldest of these children thirteen years and the youngest nine months. The children at the time were perfectly healthy. Mr. Watson heard nothing about them except the report that he got from time to time from Mr. Cotton, saying that the children were doing well. But on April 29th one of those children, Elizabeth aged then three years and three months, was admitted to the Adelaide Hospital suffering from gangrene of the feet, and it was arising out of her case that the whole investigation into the affairs of the orphanage arose. It was only fair to the Rev. Mr. Cotton to say that the child was brought to the hospital by the Rev. Mr. Cotton himself. The matron of the Adelaide Hospital said that the child was reeking with filth and dirt, so much so that the clothes which were taken of her had to be burnt. The child was swarming with vermin, and it was found necessary that her head should be shaved to get rid of the abominable state of things. She was suffering from gangrene of the feet, three or four of her toes were completely black and diseased. The doctor would prove that the child must have been grossly neglected. She must have been a week at the very least in the same condition. She was also ravenous for food. Mr. Cotton said that that was in consequence of the long drive, but the child presented all the appearance of being half-starved, and devoured any food given to her. On these facts being known, Mr. Watson made inquiries regarding others of the Burnetts, and on October 19th he proceeded with the English inspector of the society, Mr. Dowett, and Inspector Murphy to the orphanage. They found the greatest difficulty in getting in, and when they did get in they found an appalling state of facts, which would be deposed to in evidence. They were prepared to show that Mr. Cotton had been collecting from the charitable public in Ireland for the past eight or ten years large sums. In one year he received £400 by way of subscriptions; and how had he spent it? As regards the food, it could not be said that the children were starved; but the eldest of the Burnett children, who was for some time a servant with Mr. Cotton while her brothers and sisters were in the orphanage, would depose that the children were not half fed: they always appeared to be hungry. However, it was not so much the food they complained of as the general treatment of the children.

Miss Gertrude Knight, matron of the Adelaide Hospital, deposed—She remembered on April 29th a child named Lizzie Burnett was brought to the hospital by the Rev. Mr. Cotton. The clothes were sound and warm, but they were reeking with filth and vermin, and had to be burned. There was vermin on the child's body, and the hair was so full of it that the head had to be shaved. The body dirty, and the feet were in a dreadful condition, and were wrapped in dirty rags. The toes were dropping off. They were black and shrivelled. The child was at present in the hospital. The child had lost all her toes on both feet. There was a portion of a toe left on one foot.

Other evidence of like nature too harrowing for publication in these columns were then given by others, after which the Bench formally returned Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Cotton for trial on their own personal security and two bails in £25 each.

Mr. Cotton asked that he should be given until Thursday to get bail. The Synod was sitting to-morrow, and he wished to attend it.

Mr. Cherry said the Synod could get on very well without Mr. Cotton's presence (laughter).

It was finally arranged that the defendants should be given until Thursday to perfect the bails.

Catholic News

...His Lordship Bishop O'Connor, of London, accompanied by Father Flannery, of the Review, was in the city on Tuesday and attended the celebrations at Loretto Abbey. On the following day His Lordship paid a visit to his father at Pickering, Ont.

...A Tridium at St. Patrick's will be commenced on Sunday, Nov. 15th, and continued on the following Monday and Tuesday, the sermons will be preached by Rev. Father Currer, C.S.S.R., of Boston. On Sunday, at the 8 o'clock Mass, the members of the St. Alphonsus' Catholic Young Men's Association will attend in a body and receive Holy Communion.

...A charity sermon under the auspices of St. Vincent de Paul's Society was preached at the Catholic Church Stratford, on all Saints by Rev. Fr. Kreidt of Falls View.

...On Sunday afternoon last the various branches of the Ancient Order of Hibernians attended service at St. Mary's church. The vast edifice was filled to the doors by the members and their friends. An eloquent sermon of an hour's duration was preached by Very Rev. Vicar-General Rooney, after which a collection for the church was taken up by the members of the order and a considerable sum realized.

GENERAL.

...A wealthy Catholic lady of San Francisco is about to found and maintain a free hospital, to be called "Mary's Help," in honour of the Mother of God.

...The training school of the Xaverian Brothers at Beaver Brook Danvers, Mass., has just been incorporated under the name of St. John's Normal College of Danvers, Mass.

...The Catholic church choirs of the diocese of Scranton, Pa., have formed a grand association which met in the Episcopal city on Oct., 28, for a convention and musical festival.

The spires of St. Mary's church at Niagara Falls, which was recently damaged by lightning have been repaired, and once more rear their stately heads towards the sky.

The Passionist father Sebastian Keen, well-known in England and Ireland, died on a recent Sunday. While preparing to say Mass he was struck with a stroke of paralysis.

The *Moniteur de Rome* contradicts the report that Cardinal Parocchi has given in his resignation as Vicar-General of his Holiness the Pope. "His Eminence," says the *Moniteur*, "continues to enjoy the full confidence of the Sovereign Pontiff."

...An aged parish priest of the Catholic village of Wollstein, in Prussian Poland, was condemned to four months' imprisonment for having remarked to a parishioner who had hung a portrait of Emperor William between the pictures of saints, that the arrangement was disrespectful to the saints.

...Father Marach, the Austrian priest who has for more than thirty-five years held the Indian Catholic mission at Pshabotown, near Northport, Wis., has, writes an exchange, at last, at the age of 82, left his "poor children," as he pathetically calls them, and entered a home for aged priests at Marquette.

...The last mail from Japan brings news of the death of Father Testevuide, a Japanese Father Damien. He devoted himself to the care of lepers and collected sufficient money to build a leper hospital on the lower slopes of the famous Mount Fujii. His example was followed by some native philanthropists, and there are now three leper hospitals in the country. Father Testevuide's labors undermined his health.

...The Paris *Figaro* has published a long interview with Cardinal Manning on the subject of the present position of the Church in France. The Cardinal urged that French Catholics should endeavor to secure for themselves the right of public meeting as it exists in England, as the only effective means of cultivating such a public opinion as would secure from any and every government the fair treatment of the Church in France.

Michel Dreux, the innocent scapegoat of the Pantheon, imprisoned for nine days on the charge of having written words which he says he never did write, passed through Paris a few mornings ago on his way to his friends at Ceton. He was interviewed here through curiosity, as he had been previously visited through charity in his Roman prison by the Abbe Garnier. He is a simple youth, of retiring manners, and the son of peasant parents. Being a pupil of the Petit-Seminaire, of Seez, he was, during the pilgrimage, under the charge of the chaplain of his college, the Abbe Joseph Leroux. This priest, who had his eye on the young seminarist all the time, has written a letter to the *Croix de l'Orne*.

...For the first time since the "Reformation" the ancient borough of Darlington will for the next year have a Catholic as Mayor. The selection by the councillor as fallen on Mr.

Henry Thompson, who has sat as representative of the South Ward for the past seven years. Mr. Thompson is a native of Darlington, and educated at St. Augustine's Schools. He has worked zealously on the Council, and in Catholic interests generally in the town has been ever active. Mr. Thompson is also one of the Catholic representatives on the Board of Guardians, and is frequently selected to serve on important committees both in the municipal and poor law work. His selection is interesting from the fact that Darlington, though an ancient seat of Catholicism, is now best known in connection with Quakerism, of which it may be termed the centre.

...The pilgrimage to the Holy Coat at Treves closed with great solemnity. At six o'clock precisely the large door of the Cathedral was shut, and on the following day, October 5, after the Pontifical Mass, which was celebrated by Mgr. Korum, the precious relic was transported into the room where the treasures belonging to the cathedral are preserved, and which is situated behind the choir of the ancient basilica. The "Groszer Gott Dich loben wir" (German Te Deum) was then intoned by the crowd. At four o'clock there was solemn Benediction, when Mgr. Korum delivered an eloquent address. At seven o'clock there was a general illumination of the town, which was certainly very magnificent. The total number of pilgrims amounted to 2,925,130, or about 44,000 a day. The cathedral was thronged both morning and evening.

...Boston, once the home of unrelenting Calvinism, of strict views, of enforced attendance at meeting, has changed indeed. The Congregationalist took the census of eleven wards of that city on Aug. 16. Twenty-two Protestant churches were closed, silent, untenanted, without minister or congregation. Of the 74 where an enumeration could be made, 11 were Catholic, 61 Protestant. In the 11 Catholic there were 49,311 attending; in the 61 Protestant less than half as many, only 21,576. The population in the wards in which these churches are was 172,441. Apparently only one Boston Protestant in eight attends his church, unless among these people piety rises as the thermometer falls. After all Boston is ahead of England, where a visitor to the cathedral in Litchfield (which the Anglicans stole from us) found only five persons attending the services, and only seven in the Round Church at Mapstead. It is certainly awfully mean of them to keep our churches from us, when they really have no use for them. *Catholic News*.

...The Bishop of Carcassonne in a pastoral on the approaching ceremonies at Prouille in honor of "Our Lady of the Rosary," does not take an optimist's view of the present religious outlook. After showing that the system of secularisation and spoliation is being pursued with a fury that seems to increase with patience and conciliatory measures of French Catholics, he says: "We are told that Christian France is awakening to her duties and preparing for a vast field of collective action in order to preserve her faith and her religious liberties. God grant that it may be so, and that each one of us may know our duty as true sons of the Church. It is to know this duty and to have the grace to perform it that we are going to Prouille in order to obtain light and courage through the intercession of "Our Lady of the Rosary."

...Italy has just lost one of her most distinguished scientific men. Abbe Giovanni Caselli, who died in Florence. He was born at Siena, May 25, 1815, and educated at Florence. Made a member of the Italian Athenaeum in 1857, he read there critical lecture upon Sismondi's Middle Ages; the following year he became an ecclesiastic. In 1851, he was called to Parma to be tutor in Count Sanvitale's family, where he remained for several years,

highly esteemed by the most distinguished citizens of Parma. Having afterwards returned to Florence, he devoted himself altogether to the various branches of physical science, but especially to electricity. He made experiments and constructed machines with the assistance of his brother Ludovico, who was both a mechanic and sculptor. He founded the *Recreation*, journal of physical science and arts, edited by Le Monnier. In 1856 he hit upon the discovery of the Pantelegraph. A law voted by the French Corps Legislatif May 27, 1863, authorized the changes necessary to the plant of the new discovery in the French telegraph service. By a decree of Napoleon III., February 14, 1865, the Autographic Telegraph service, discovered by Caselli, was adopted for the first time on the Paris Lyons line. The Russian Government also signed, on April 18, 1865, an agreement with Caselli to apply his new telegraphic system on the Imperial lines, and in some parts of Russia it is still in use. Caselli likewise invented the automatic rudder for ships, and had showed the application of it to competent judges. He was president of the Technical Institute at Siena, and was not only a scientific man, but philosopher; amiable and courteous, esteemed by all who knew him. After staying for some time at the Castle of Volognanno, with his friend the Senator Sansone d'Ancona, Caselli a few days ago complained of not feeling well, and expressed a desire to return home to Florence. Almost immediately after his arrival, he was struck with paralysis, and died after a few days' illness, surrounded by relations and friends who are inconsolable for his loss, which is also a serious loss for his country, to which he was so great an honor.—*London Tablet*.

...Some Catholics are weak enough to think that they rise in the estimation of their Protestant friends by professing indifference to the teaching of their Church. They aspire to be thought liberal, and they foolishly imagine that they cannot be liberal and Catholics at the same time. Hence they are guilty of disloyalty to the Church, and they endanger their salvation from unworthy motives that only earn contempt and ridicule, where they expected commendation and applause. Protestants have too much common sense to allow themselves to be deceived in their estimate of disloyal Catholics.

"You milk-and-water Catholics," they say, "either believe in your Church or you do not. If you believe in her, you should submit to her teaching and not be ashamed to confess your submission to it. If you do not believe in her then it is unmanly and ignoble to hang on to her and call yourselves Catholics when she throws you off and disowns you."

As the world grows older, thoughtful men are learning to see more and more clearly that the salvation of modern society must be worked out on the lines laid down by the Catholic Church, and little by little her methods are being adopted. The multiplied orders and congregations of priests, Brothers and Sisters engaged in educational training of Catholic youth have time and again been ridiculed and vilified by the Protestant religious press; and now comes the *American Churchman*, the organ of the Episcopalians in this country, with a plea for "the establishment of teaching orders both of men and women, prepared to maintain the cause of Christian education by giving their own selves, their souls and bodies, 'a reasonable, holy and living sacrifice,' to the training up of Christ's little ones for duty in this life and for glory in the life of the world to come." While we doubt the permanence of all Protestant orders or brotherhoods—for they are and must be built on a foundation of sand—we welcome this outspoken protest against education without religion.—*Are Maria*.

PRETTY POLLY MULHALL.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY IN "AVE MARIA."

I.

POLLY MULHALL was the prettiest girl I ever saw, and the most unspoiled. She was the beauty of my native town—a dear old Irish town, famous for its beautiful women thirty odd years ago. Lying south of Dublin some forty or fifty miles, it was well known by a decent enough, if quite unmusical, name of its own; but, for the sake of prudence and a safe anonymity, we will call it by the more euphonious and far more appropriate name of Fairy Green.

It boasted, indeed, of the loveliest green in the whole Emerald Isle; and in its midst, on the velvety spot where the traditional Good People were said to have danced in olden times their lightest and merriest reels, stood in my day the Convent of St. Bride. The Sisters of Mercy abode there; and, far back in the sixties, Polly Mulhall and I used to go to the school of those gentle, black-robed teachers.

Polly was the pride of the Sisters and the idol of the school. A tall, splendidly-formed girl was Polly at sweet sixteen, with wild rose cheeks, great, glorious, Irish-blue eyes, under a brow as white and round as a snowball; a royal wealth of rich bronze hair, and a smile that revealed dazzling teeth and bewitching dimples.

If she had not been as pious and pure-hearted as she was lovely, Polly Mulhall would have been ruined with adulation long before she emerged from the school-room. But she loved the Blessed Virgin far too well for that. She was a devoted Child of Mary; and how earnestly she strove to imitate her great Mother in her humility and maiden modesty was disclosed in the limpid purity of her innocent violet eyes, so often veiled by their large, thickly fringed lids, and in the blush that at the least provocation flashed in and out of her soft cheeks.

The Mulhalls were of gentle blood, but as poor as church mice. There were traditions of enormous wealth and high distinction in Polly's ancestry; and certainly, if there be anything in heredity, there were unmistakable traces of bygone gifts and glories in that queenly maiden's delicate spirit and high-bred bearing.

The home of the Mulhalls bubbled over with children. Polly was the oldest, and (albeit they were all comely lads and lasses) the prettiest of the bunch. Papa and Mamma Mulhall, thoroughly realizing the superlative loveliness of their first-born, looked to her to retrieve the fallen fortunes of her house. "Our Polly" was fit to be the wife of a prince. But whenever there was talk of a great match and of the dumb luck of a cousin's daughter, Judith Gartland—who had gone up to Dublin not long before, and who, after no end of merry-making and sight-seeing, had immortalized herself by marrying the youngest son of the youngest son of an earl,—a far-off, dreamy look would settle upon Polly's sweet face, as the glorious blue eyes fixed themselves wistfully, longingly, on the belfry of St. Bride's, just visible from the window of her homely little chamber.

At certain times the militia were quartered in Fairy Green; and the girls went mad over the dashing fellows, with their gay coats, their epaulets, and their "soothing" speeches. Pretty Polly was then the observed of all military observers, conspicuous for her shy, shrinking grace under fire of admiring glances, and her modest indifference to all the gallant advances of the sons of Mars.

In vain did the soldiers waylay her little brother, (Gerald Mulhall (familiarily known as "Jerry"), and line his pockets with sixpences and his mouth with lollipops, in their strategical manœuvres to transform the lively lad into a messenger of Cupid to his charming sister. Jerry pocketed the money and swallowed the sweets with traitorous protestations of loyalty, and then danced an Irish reel around Polly, as she tore the military *billets doux* to ribbons, or flung them, unread, in the fire. He was always equal to the emergency, however, when next kidnapped by some ambushed prowler from the barracks.

"And what did she say, Jerry? Lord love you, lad, what did Miss Polly say to the bit of a note?"

"Say?" Jerry would cautiously echo. "Say? Well, as to words—she didn't say much, to be sure. But she looked, your Honor." (Jerry's vocabulary embraced a choice collection of titles of distinction, which on such occasions he dispensed impartially, with a happy freedom from all conventional restraints.) "She looked, your Honor—O glory! such a look!"

"What was it like, you rascal?" his capturer would query, un- easily.

"Like this," retorted the unblushing Jerry, striking a pensive attitude suggestive of silent but strongly reciprocated affection; and rolling up a pair of bright blue eyes, which were really quite fair counterparts of Polly's lovely orbs.

Again some swaggering officer who, as a suitor, deemed himself positively irresistible, would sweep down upon the treacherous Mercury, and pin him in a corner of the barracks, with a thundering "Now, sir, where's the answer to the letter I gave you yesterday for Polly?"

"Answer is it, your Eminence? Answer? Don't squeeze me so tight, or you'll murder me. Sure Polly was too much overcome with your beautiful letter to write you a word. But she sent you this.

your Grace" (displaying a ribbon he had pilfered, for some such crisis, from Polly's dressing table), "and she said—"

"What did she say?" roared the tormentor, as Jerry paused, literally at his wit's end as to what message he could adroitly evolve from his inner consciousness, suitable to the occasion. At last, Beelzebub favoring him with an inspiration:

"She said, your Holliness: 'Give him *this*, and *he* will understand it all.' Deil a word more did she say."

A fresh shower of sixpences and lollipops was sure to reward the sagacity of Master Gerald Mulhall after such perilous encounters as these.

"That boy will make a successful Q.C.," Father Finbar had once said to his curate, as, in the course of their evening walk near the barracks, they overheard Master Jerry cajoling the military with his characteristic acuteness. "His great uncle, Geoffrey Mulhall, was a noted Dublin barrister, and his mantle has certainly fallen on Jerry."

On Sundays the Catholic soldiers were always escorted to Mass under charge of a commanding officer. A Protestant, and generally a pompous fellow, the latter took up his post in the middle main gallery of our little chapel, the resort of the local aristocracy of Fairy Green. Here he screwed his gold rimmed glass into his eye, and ogled Polly to his heart's content. But all in vain: Polly was as insensible to those evidences of his high and mighty regard as if she had been a marble statue.

The day that Polly Mulhall was eighteen, all the dwellers in Fairy Green knew that the rich cousin in Dublin, *nee* Judith Gartland, had sent her a complete city outfit for a birthday present accompanied with a pressing invitation to visit the metropolis, and be presented at the next drawing-room of the Lord Mayor.

The girls were green with envy when they crowded into Mrs. Mulhall's little parlor that night, and gazed on all the gorgeousness spread out for their admiration on tables and chairs. Morning dresses and evening dresses, riding dresses and walking dresses, bonnets and scarfs, fans, jewels, and fairy handkerchiefs—the little box of a room was glorified with all the Dublin grandeur. And in its midst, before a shabby cheval-glass, which imperfectly reflected her shining image, stood Polly, beautiful and stately beyond words, in a white silk dinner dress, *en train*, and a lovely *parure* of pearls, ready, as it were, to step forth in a *menuet de la cour* with his Honour the Lord Mayor himself.

Jerry the irrepressible, Jerry the precocious, *pirouetted* about his favored sister, with a white satin opera cloak around his shoulders, and a white lace bonnet perched jauntily on top of his tumbled brown locks; and whilst he flirted a large Japanese fan from side to side, sang, to a tune and time of his own:

"She's all my fancy painted her:
She's lovely, she's divine;
But her heart it is another's,
And never can be mine."

until his mother vigorously stripped him of his borrowed plumes, and suppressed him for the night.

Everyone was pleased at Polly's good luck. She was such a heart-some creature, of such unassuming modesty, and uniform sweetness of temper, that she had not an enemy in the world.

After she had gone to Dublin, it was one of our keenest pleasures to run into Mulhall's of an evening, and listen to Kitty Mulhall (pretty Polly's younger sister) reading aloud the letters that came with comforting regularity from "cousin Judith's." They were redolent of Polly's triumphs. The granddaughter-in-law of an earl moved, as might be expected, in very select circles; and the modest pupil of St. Bride's had been speedily launched upon the flood tide of polite society.

Much to Cousin Judith's satisfaction and to the honor of her family, Polly had proved "the rage," the belle of the season. The finest "catches" of the metropolis were crossing lances for the monopoly of her smile. Her beauty, her grace, her cleverness, were on the tongues of everybody that was *anybody*, and when she was presented at the Castle, the Lord Mayor himself had felt moved to put up his honorable eye-glass, and murmur after her retreating figure. "A charming girl, 'pon honor!"

It was then that Cousin Judith began to drop hints about a wealthy, a fabulously wealthy, M.P., the Hon. Roderick Eccleston, of Galway, who had attached himself from the first to Polly's chariot wheels, and who was prepared at any moment to lay his wealth and station at her charming feet.

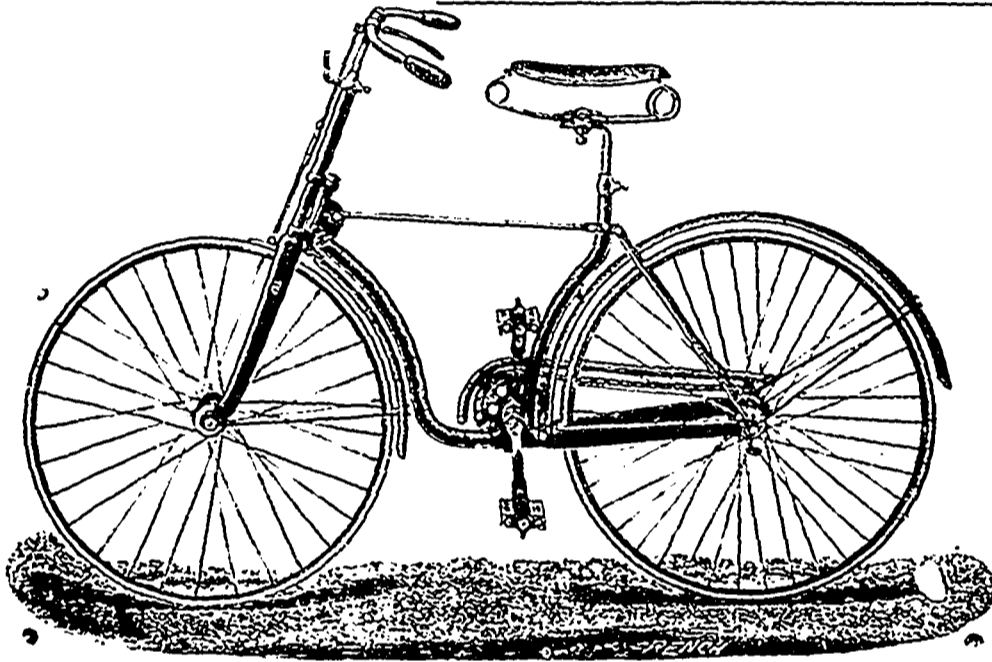
As to Polly, we would have known nothing of her new-found honours or her new-made conquests if we had waited to learn them from *her* pen. She was the true daughter of the "silent Mother who hid her own greatness." Once a week she dutifully sent a brief missive to her doting mamma, assuring her that she was well, and "as happy as Cousin Judith can make me." But apart from friendly greetings to all the dear ones at home, there was little else in these notes save chronicles of visits to "the loveliest churches" and "the most delightful convents," which altogether manifested an unworldly enthusiasm for pious things, not at all satisfying to the ambitious cravings of mamma Mulhall for the temporal success of her beautiful darling.

To be continued

These Illustrations represent a portion of our Premiums which we offer for the getting up subscription clubs,

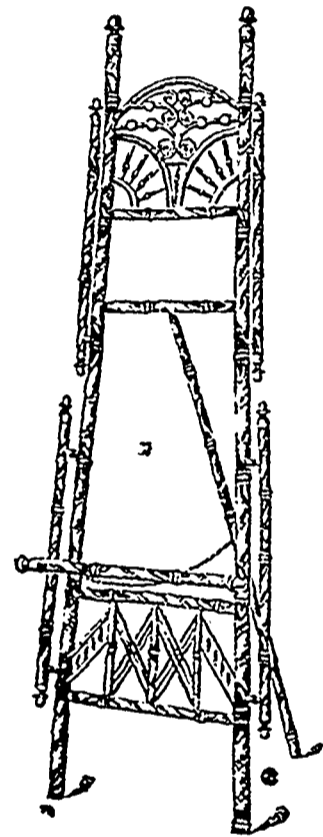
THE REVIEW, with its increased size and the new feature about to be introduced, is now in the front of Canadian journalism. We take this opportunity of thanking the many friends who have sent us in lists of subscribers, and as a still further incentive, for efforts on our behalf, we have determined to donate the following premiums to those sending in to us the number of prepaid subscribers as designated below. All these goods are of the best quality, manufactured by the well known firm of the Gendron Manufacturing Co., 7 and 9 Wellington St., Toronto,

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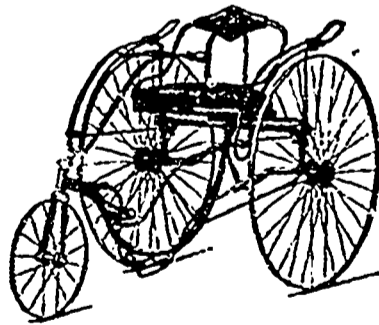


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