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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. I.

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ENEMIES OF OUR PRESS.

CATHOLIC authors, pressmen and publishers might well exclaim in the famous words of Marshall Villars, "Defend us from our friends," even though their innate modesty would hinder them from adding, "we can defend ourselves from our foes." Among the numerous enemies of the Catholic press, those which infect our own community are, strange to say, perhaps the most subtle, malignant and dangerous. We find it difficult to preserve patience with the gentry to whom we are about to allude, so that it seems right to declare at the outset that the opinions expressed in this paper are purely personal judgments for which we alone are responsible.

There are none so blind as those who deliberately refuse to see. Many Catholics are perversely purblind to their eternal interests; being apathetic, supine, thoughtless and lethargic in everything but what concerns the acquisition of money. In passing through life, too many of us scan the horizon and see only those things that bound the vision of our temporal interests and inordinate selfishness. If all the reasoning of Locke were employed to demonstrate the abject meanness of such conduct it would probably only rouse our anger. This paper is not intended to be very didactic; it is not our purpose to preach a homily, but certain defects are so universal with us, and so far-reaching in lamentable consequences, that we could not afford to pass over them in silence.

Apathy and hypercriticism, as distinguished from criticism, are the bane of the Catholic press. Hypercriticism springs from an ungenerous spirit, which is in turn produced by mimical exaggeration and unnecessary disapproval. It overlooks or undervalues great merits, and magnifies minor defects, with the result that it not only misrepresents, but does irremediable outrage to a deserving author. The hypercriticism to which so many of our really meritorious writers are subjected by nominal Catholics who are false to themselves, coupled with the jackal sneers of Catholics who are obsequious and cringing, enrages and discourages our pressmen and publishers. Those influences affect our periodical press with most

detriment, and the periodical press is consequently the weakest division of our general literature, whereas it should be the most vigorous.

It is almost unnecessary in this age to affirm that an extensive newspaper press is necessary for all purposes of propaganda. We are supplied with thoughts from many sources; we evolve it from our own inner consciousness; from the pictorial volume of nature, where every page is lovingly touched with that pencil which never repeats itself; from the Creator as manifested in the universe, in the earth and the air, the undulating ocean and the starry sky. Our surroundings preach for us their lessons, our environments deliver their messages; for we are the pupils of all that exists. But nowhere do we, even the most learned among us, often unconsciously indeed, imbibe more freely or more deeply than from the overflowing columns of the newspaper.

The daily and weekly newspapers are the guides, counsellors and friends of the common people, whose schoolmasters they are. Said that wonderful man who was intended by nature for a great editor, the late Henry Ward Beecher: "The most efficacious secular book that ever was published in America is the newspaper." They who control the press command the people. This being the case, it devolves upon us as a vital duty, to deepen and widen such a salubrious spring, lest by neglect its channels become arid, or their contents grow stagnant and we sip poison.

The reprehensible apathy which so many of us display towards our press has attracted the close attention of one of our leading journalists in the United States. After quietly and silently observing the gloomy prospect for a prolonged period, this clever editor and scholar actually gives it as his opinion that Catholics are too often mutually jealous, which detestable passion, he affirms, finds disgusting expression in unjust, absurd and ridiculous hypercriticism. He believes that Catholics are at present quite unwilling, if not absolutely unable, to accord each other the just credit of possessed abilities. This language is undoubtedly strong, but we believe it is disinterested, and we know it is true.

It was not, and it certainly is not, our intention to condemn criticism as it is properly understood and occasionally practiced. If the critic be unbiased and competent, we certainly have no quarrel with him. Such admirable writers as the late lamented Dr. Brownson, and the present Maurice F. Egan, we look upon as veritable watchers on the tower. Yet, Dr. Brownson was an austere critic, and Maurice F. Egan is a rigid critic; but both writers produced no work that was not conscientious.

We believe the functions of real criticism are legitimate, laudible and utile. A careful and discriminating estimate of a particular article, novel or poem, or of the entire works of an author, may very materially help to educate the public taste. "Our antagonist is our helper," says Burke. But we shall never cease to censure critics who are not competent and just, nor to condemn criticism which is not discriminating.

An incompetent and pretentious critic reviling the works of a great writer, always reminds us of the puny mortal who lifts his rheumy eyes to heaven, and chuckles with idiotic conceit at discovering spots on the sun. It is often a task of the greatest difficulty to assign him whom

we would judge to his proper station among men, and yet, until this has been done, the guns of our criticism cannot be accurately levelled.

This nice task is beyond the less than moderate powers of the hypercritical vultures or vipers. They do not approach their work in a Catholic spirit, which is equivalent to saying that they approach their work with an unworthy spirit. The reason, to us, is both ready and obvious. Very little criticism in the English language and produced by non-Catholic pens has any sort of finality. The most of it is sheer and utter nonsense, while not a little of the remainder is the work of that ghastly crew, the wreckers of humanity, who are never so happy as when congenially employed in pulling down great reputations to their own miserable levels.

Professional critics are proverbially narrow and shallow. They inevitably have some hobby to ride, some individual theory to maintain, and whatever does not fit their Procrustean bed is forthwith anathematized. There are, of course, honest critics as there are honest men; but the former are as scarce as the latter, and the acuteness and purity of their conscience has a tendency to deter them from this kind of labour.

The beautiful preface which Wordsworth wrote, besides many passages in his Letters, prove him to have been born a great critic, but his nature was too poetical and too artistic to take kindly to the scalpel. Had he done so, he might have enriched English literature with many fine models of sane and exact criticism; still for the sake of his fame it is well he refrained. Honesty of purpose is not always understood in our days.

Shallow and unjust critics are as numerous and devastating as the locusts themselves. There is no branch of knowledge that has not suffered from their presumption. They have left their blot on theology, philosophy, history, art and science. And inquiry will prove, we firmly believe, that Catholic literature has been, is, and probably will continue for some time to be, the greatest sufferer from the mendacious spleen of this school. They are suffered to exist by virtue of a mistake in public taste. The multitude are accustomed to receive great names in lieu of sound arguments. They frequently forget that a great authority may be a poor proof; and being thus themselves deceived, they not only tolerate but absolutely encourage the shallow critic.

But Catholics must some day awaken to the leading fact that it is easier to destroy than to construct, and that the faculty of the incompetent critic too often confines itself to destruction. The critic who is really great must, like a soaring eagle, rise above his prejudices, and from the serene heights of judicial integrity pass sound judgments upon his contemporaries.

There is yet another type still worse than that of the professional critic. The Catholic amateur hypercritic is more unworthy in his motives and repulsive in his practices. He is generally as ignorant as an Esquemault and as arrogant as a Turkish Pasha. Like the craven he is, he never hunts for large or dangerous game. On the contrary, he singles out young and struggling writers of his own creed for his special victim, being actuated solely by a detestable spirit of blind jealousy. Once found, he pounces upon them with the savage ferocity of an Iroquois slaughtering a helpless infant.

Being himself a tyro in the use of the pen, his diatribes are verbal for the most part. But his tongue is as bitter as his soul is small, and he excels in the art of detraction. The Catholic amateur hypercritic may everywhere be heard eternally abusing such of his co-religionists as may be blessed—or cursed, if you prefer the term—with the ability to express their thoughts in writing. We may congratulate ourselves on the fact that the hypercritic is beginning to be known. Our people are beginning to distrust his splenetic remarks, and to discount his grossly cruel disparagements.

The Catholic amateur hypercritic is a traitor and nothing more. For the other side, for those opposed to him and to his faith, he has nothing but extravagant laudations. He professes to believe with a smug suavity that the literary judgments of non Catholics are as oracular as if delivered by the lineal descendants of Minas. Speak

to him of Dr. Brownson, and he will tell you the great doctor cannot be compared with Matthew Arnold, "the apostle of sweetness and light," as he will be tolerably sure to title him, or with Goldwin Smith, "the seer of an enfranchised democracy." The gospel of Matthew Arnold differs materially from the gospel of Matthew; and we may be pardoned for questioning the greatness of a creature who does not hesitate to question the greatness of his Creator.

Now, scholars know that such great Catholic writers as Dr. Brownson will be gratefully remembered when the so-called seer and apostle are forgotten. Your sycophant, not being a scholar, thinks differently. This is the precise conduct we should naturally expect from him. It is thus with all traitors, from Judas to Benedict Arnold; they ingratiate themselves with those to whom they transfer their tainted allegiance by offensively displaying an implacable hatred of the party which they serve by deserting.

M. W. CASEY.

The Church in Canada.

Under this heading will be collected and preserved all obtainable data bearing upon the history and growth of the Church in Canada. Contributions are invited from those having in their possession any material that might properly come for publication in this department

HISTORY OF ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ.

THE first settlement of Beaupré, or "Petit Cap," as it was called in the olden time, is lost in obscurity. The account generally received is that a fleet of Breton fishermen were caught in one of those sudden squalls that sweep up the St. Lawrence, and, having invoked St. Anne, were saved from drowning; whereupon they named the marshy bank on which they scrambled out of the angry waters after their beloved patroness. Year after year the sailors were guided to land in safety on this spot, and at length quite a settlement grew up, attracting colonists from Quebec.

Among the precious volumes that live in retirement on those upper shelves, upon which cobwebs lovingly linger, is one wherein is set forth in quaint old French the story of how, on the 13th of March, 1658, Monsieur Louis d'Ailleboust de Coulanges, Governor of New France, with the Rev. Mr. Vignard, commissioned by his ecclesiastical superior in Quebec, blessed the site for the Church of Petit Cap, and how the Governor, with all due ceremony, laid the corner-stone. Occasionally Jesuit Fathers from Quebec would come to hold missions on this spot, destined hereafter to be so famous.

On the 25th of October, 1645, Monsieur de St. Sauveur, a secular priest from Quebec, started for Beaupré, the "Company of a Hundred Associates" having promised to pay him a yearly salary should he undertake the spiritual and temporal charge of the mission. This was arranged with the consent of the Jesuit Fathers, in order that one of their number, who had hitherto served the mission, might be free to attend at the Hospital of Quebec, where his services were daily needed. For this charge Monsieur de St. Sauveur was to receive the magnificent sum of twenty-five crowns a year!

Miracles were frequent in that spot from its earliest settlement. The foundress of the Ursulines of Quebec, the Venerable Mother Mary of the Incarnation, writing to her son in 1665, says: "At seven leagues distant from here there is a village called Petit Cap, where there is a church dedicated to St. Anne, in which our Lord works great miracles in favour of the holy mother of the Blessed Virgin. There one may see paralytics walk, the blind receiving sight and the sick restored to health."

In the year 1668 M^{onsieur} de Laval the great Bishop of Quebec, received a relic of St. Anne, which a Jesuit, the Rev. Father Nouel, brought from the chapter of Carcassonne to the shrine at Beaupré. It was first venerated there on the 12th of March, 1670. The church, of which the foundation-stone was laid with the stately ceremonial of the old *regime*, by Monsieur Louis d'Ailleboust de Coulanges, was opened for worship in

1660, and was dedicated to St. Anne. It was erected on the shore, so near the river's brink that the rising tide constantly flooded it, and rendered it almost useless. It was, therefore, removed, or rather rebuilt with the same stones, in 1676, by Monsieur Filion, then parish priest of St. Anne's, and still stands on a slight eminence rising from the north side of the road,—a quaint old stucco edifice, with the high-pointed roof and double bell-tower that mark the Canadian style of church architecture in those early days.*

The venerable structure, long since too small to contain the crowds which flock to *la bonne Sainte Anne*, has been the scene of many wonderful and well-authenticated miracles. To it the converted Indians were in the habit of coming annually in great numbers. Towards the end of July the broad St. Lawrence would be black with their canoes, and the shore bristle with Indian tents. From distant deserts, from beautiful Gaspé, from Restigouche, from the shores of the great lakes, even from bleak Hudson's Bay, the red men came in hundreds to do homage to their good mother St. Anne, and to beg her intercession for her poor children of the forest. The wild Ojibbeway, the graceful Algonquin, the Huron, the Abenquais, the Milecite, and the Mic-Mac were all brothers in their love for her. They would make this pilgrimage with great faith and earnestness, approaching the Sacraments with reverence, and venerating the precious relic of her who has been so manifestly a protectress to the Indians. Many miracles are recorded among the Indians at this time, in especial a cure granted to an old Mic-Mac chief from Restigouche, who, as long as he lived, came every year from his New Brunswick home to thank and honour the good St. Anne.

The new church—a large stone edifice, built in 1870—is on the lower side of the road-way. It was begun in 1872; in 1876 it was solemnly blessed by the Archbishop of Quebec, and that same year a decree of his Holiness Pius IX., dated May 7, declared St. Anne the Patroness of Quebec, as, long since, St. Joseph had been proclaimed Patron of all Canada.

The church has eight altars, given by different Canadian dioceses. There are some fine stained-glass windows, and a profusion of old oil-paintings, most of them giving evidence of piety rather than genius. Nearly all represent scenes of peril or shipwreck in which St. Anne mercifully comes to the aid of the mariner. Above the high altar is a true work of art—a painting from the brush of Lebrun, representing St. Anne, her Immaculate Daughter, and two pilgrims. This fine old picture, on which may be seen the armorial bearings of the noble house of Tracy, was the votive offering of the Marquis de Tracy, Viceroy of New France, presented to the shrine on the occasion of his visit in August, 1666. Two pictures by the Franciscan monk Lefrançois, and a magnificent reliquary, are the gifts from the princely Bishop Laval de Montmorency. In 1706 the gallant Iberville, dying in far Havana, sent to the distant shrine on the shore of the blue St. Lawrence, a massive silver crucifix. A second relic of St. Anne was brought from Rome in 1877, by the Rev. M. Laliberté, at one time curé of the parish.

Perhaps the most magnificent of the treasures of this sanctuary is a chasuble wrought by the royal fingers of Anne of Austria, queen-mother of *le grand monarque*. Two hundred years have passed since the gorgeous fabric came as an earnest of the interest taken by the court of France in France's most Catholic colony of Canada; but the silver and gold have lost none of their splendour, and the work of the regent Queen is still shown with pardonable pride to pilgrims to the shrine of *la bonne Sainte Anne*.

To the last two curés of St. Anne's, the Rev. J. B. Blouin and the Rev. Antoine Gauvreaux, belongs the credit of having built the existing fine church and school.

In 1879, in accordance with an agreement between the Archbishop of Quebec and the Society of the Most Holy

* This is the earliest church of Beapre, of which we have any authentic account, but it is generally believed that there was a simple structure built there in 1650 by those Breton sailors, who were the first pilgrims guided by the good St. Anne to her now famous shrine.

Redeemer in Belgium, the parish of St. Anne was ceded to the Redemptorist Fathers, four of whom arrived to take charge of it on the 21st of August of that year. Since then their number has more than doubled, and their work is ever on the increase. The number of organized pilgrimages to the shrine of the good St. Anne in 1882 was seventy-eight; in these 52,030 persons received the Holy Communion, and 2,540 Masses were celebrated. Since that time, however, the number *per annum* has greatly increased, many from the maritime provinces having been added to the record.—*A. M. Pope, in Ave Maria.*

THE COMEDY OF CONVOCATION.

THE REV. LAVENDER KIDDS rose in much excitement. He would boldly declare his opinion that the debate of that day was a disgrace to a Protestant House of Convocation. He trusted that convocation would deem it a solemn duty not to separate without, at least, renewing its protest against the iniquitous Church of Rome. He would presume to add that, by that step alone, it could repair much that was unscriptural and unsound in the discussion of that day. He was prepared, if necessary, to make a formal motion to the effect that "Convocation continues to regard with horror, the corruptions and superstitions of Popery."

ARCHDEACON JOLLY doubted whether the universal *nego* of Mr. Kidd and his friends could combat successfully the eternal *Credo* of two hundred millions of Catholics. However, he was quite willing to consider Mr. Kidds' proposition; but he must be excused if he did so from his own point of view. There was a large class of persons, continued the Archdeacon, who, having no definite religion of their own, and being slenderly endowed with common sense, were indebted to the Roman Catholic Church both for employment and maintenance. Let Mr. Kidds restrain his excitement; he would explain his meaning. He did not, of course, include Mr. Kidds among the class in question, though he believed that gentleman would willingly accept the statement of Sterne, who candidly confessed that "when he had little to say, or little to give his people, he had recourse to the abuse of Popery; hence he called it his 'Cheshire Cheese.' It had a twofold advantage; it cost him very little, and he found by experience that nothing satisfied so well the hungry appetite of his congregation. They always devoured it greedily." Perhaps Mr. Kidds was not aware that in his zeal to hasten the downfall of Popery, which even according to modern prospects, had still a few years to last, and which, judging by a recent tour he had made on the continent, presented anything but a morbid aspect—he was in violent opposition with many an active and devoted Protestant. The persons to whom he alluded were, at this moment, full of anxiety lest Popery should perish too soon. They could not afford to say farewell to their old friend at present, and desired only to keep him on his legs a little longer. Mr. Kidds was probably ignorant that a society had recently been formed in London in connection with the Protestant Reformation Society, to which it was designed to act as a timely and important auxiliary. The title of this new association was: "a Society for considering the best means of keeping alive the corruptions of popery in the interest of gospel truth." It was, of course, a strictly secret organization, but he had been favoured, he knew not why, with a copy of the prospectus, and as he had no intention of becoming a member, he would communicate it to the House. It appeared from this document that a deputation was sent last year to Rome to obtain a private interview with the Pope, in order to entreat his Holiness not to reform a single Papist corruption. He was assured that they had reason to believe, he did not know on what grounds, that the Pope was about to introduce extensive reform, beginning with the substitution of the Thirty-nine Articles for the Creed of Pope Pius, and a permanent Anglican Convocation in lieu of an occasional *Æcumenical Council*. A handsome present was entrusted to the deputation, and a liberal contribution to the Peter's Pence Fund. The motives set forth in the preamble of the address presented to his Holiness were, in substance, of

the following nature:—They urged that a very large body of most respectable clergymen, who had no personal ill-will towards the present occupant of the Holy See, had maintained themselves and their families in comfort for many years exclusively by the abuse of Popery; and if Popery were taken away they could not but contemplate the probable results with uneasiness and alarm. Moreover, many eminent members of the profession had gained a reputation for evangelical wit, learning, and piety, as well as high dignities in the Church of England, by setting forth in their sermons and at public meetings, with all their harrowing details, the astounding abominations of the Church of Rome. The petitioners implored his Holiness not to be indifferent to the position of these gentlemen. Many of their number had privately requested the deputation to plead their cause with the amiable and benevolent Pius IX. Thus the great and good Dr. McNickel represented respectfully that he had filled his church, and let all his pews, during three and twenty years, by elegantly slandering priests and nuns, and powerfully illustrating Romish superstitions. A clergyman of noble birth had attained to the honours of the episcopate by handling alternately the same subjects and a particularly pleasing doctrine of the Millennium, and had thus been enabled to confer a valuable living on his daughter's husband, who otherwise could not have hoped to obtain one. An eminent canon of an old Roman Catholic abbey owed his distinguished position, which he hoped to be allowed to retain, to the fact of his having so clearly proved that the Pope was Anti-Christ; and earnestly entreated his Holiness to do nothing to forfeit that character. A well-known doctor of Anglican divinity was on the point of quitting the country in despair of gaining a livelihood, when the idea of preaching against Popery was suggested to him, and he had now reason to rejoice that he had abandoned the foolish scheme of emigration. Even a High Church bishop had been so hampered by suspicions of Romanistic tendencies, which were perfectly unfounded, that he had only saved himself from general discredit by incessant abuse of Popery, though he was able to say, in self defence, that he did not believe a word of his own invectives. Finally a young clergyman who had not hitherto distinguished himself, having often but vainly solicited a member of his congregation to favour his evangelical attachment, at length hit upon a new expedient, and preached so ravishing a discourse on the matrimonial prohibitions of the Romish Church, and drew so appalling a picture of the domestic infelicities of the Romish priesthood, that on the following Monday morning the young lady made him an offer of her hand and fortune. It was hoped that his Holiness would give due consideration to interests so grave and manifold, and not peril them by hasty reforms.

Another class of clergymen appealed still more urgently to the forbearance of the Pope. They represented that they were in the habit of realizing large sums by the publication of prophetic works, of which the whole interest turned upon the approximate destruction of "the Beast," and that, while they indicated the precise hour of his fall, they yet managed to put off the final catastrophe from year to year, and could hardly supply the successive editions which the curiosity of the public demanded. They hoped that his Holiness would do nothing rash and imprudent which might compromise their particular industry. One of these gentlemen ingeniously confessed that, without Antichrist and the invaluable book of Revelations, which were his chief source of income, he saw nothing before him but the workhouse. He begged to forward to the Pope a copy of each of his works, including the following:—"Horns of the Beast," neatly bound, with gilt edges; "Antichrist," handsomely got up, with new editions of 1865, '66 and '67.

Lastly, even members of Parliament, to whom nature had not been prodigal in intellectual endowments, urged with great force that they were able to get on their legs and to stay there, detailing the most prodigious incidents of conventual turpitude; making the blood to curdle and the hair to stand on end, by thrilling narratives of nuns immured, and clanking chains, and bereaved mothers,

invoking in agonized chorus, "Liberty and Mr. Newdegate." They hoped the Pope would see in this fact the necessity of caution, lest he should unwittingly put to silence more than one independent member of Parliament, deprive an illustrious assembly of its chief amusement, and rashly change the composition of the British House of Commons.—*The Comedy of Convocation.*

CREATION.

AN ESSAY.

Thou from all ages hast been God, and reign'd
Like some great sun that blazed in space alone;
Extended, vast forever—where no space,
Or time, or sentient thing had dared to be:
Until there came that cry that rang out first,
A mandate pealing loud the dawn of time,
That utterance that bade eternity
Cease, and give place that time and space might be

'Twas thus a cry that changed the silent God
From that one Fact, and brooding Entity.
He breathed in space; the exhalation dim
Filled all the place where aged night was hid,
And sat in darkness and primeval gloom.
The matter'd space was shaken at His word,
Was broken, and in incandescence blazed;
The shrieking darkness turn'd about and fled,
Until the lambent incandescence shone
A fitful, pallid nothingness afar.

Then, born alike of the vast brain of God,
That had evolved the Trinity, and made,
Symbolic of the Second Person, that
Which we call Matter, came forth newly-born
Life, and the sacred Spirit—beings that were
Types of the primal Person, and the third.
Thus from the Trinity of Godhood came
The Spirit, Life, and Matter, to fulfil
A perfect type and archetype of Him
Who had created all.

At the command
Of the inspired myriads that had life,
And more inspired hosts of spirit beings,
Matter that blazed in chaos was resolved
To nebulous vast flakes that hang in space,
As lamps to guide the lives and spirits by.
Came the cold breath and cool'd the torrid flame
And whirling eddies, so the flames were made
Coherent spheres, that on vast orbits flew,
Obedient mists condensed to blazing suns,
Each that had birth to constellated stars,
Each that had birth to planetary spheres,
Gigantic comets, countless meteors,
Innumerable satellites, bright orbs,
Beyond all calculation and compare—
Perspectives of bright spheres that blaze forever.

For every orb a Trinity of forms—
Consistent, fluid, gaseous—was made;
Consequent, as they cool'd and were condensed
To liquid drops of flame involved in mist;
Then, crusted with dark scoria and scarr'd
With ever-fading streaks of lurid red,
With ever less of vapour for a shroud.

Each orb, according to his littleness,
Evolved in his own turn, became a world
Peopled with forms of life, with sentient beings.
Warm'd in the stellar light of ruder spheres,
Lit on his way, while suns and nebulae
Shone on his darkness in eternal space.

So was the Trinity of Godhood made—
Perfected dimly in the triune plan
Of the creation, that, evolved of God,
Was as a second substance of His power;
And yet there wanted that which was to end
The chapters of the great creation's age—
The sum of all, the mighty archetype.

"Let us make man," Jehovah said, and made
Within a living and material form
The climax of creation—that great flame
That changed a bestial nature to a god.

Thus was the Trinity of Trinities
Fashioned and preconceived, thus was it made.
Created from one Substance by one Will—
A Triune God, a Triune Universe,
A Triune Manhood, and the whole Triune.
And this tremendous threefold Trinity
In all its Nature, and its Laws Triune :
The God, the Holy Spirit, and the Son,
A Law, Administration, and a State,
A Spirit, Life and Substance—and our God.

Then rested He ; and Man from manhood fell,
And Retribution hover'd o'er the Fall ;
Unchain'd the friends of Pride, that came afar
Bounding from Utter Darkness, leap'd in Heav'n,
Raised high the standard of revolt—enroll'd
Doom'd myriads that aspired to hurl from Space
Th' Omnipotent, Whose word had made them be—
Then shook the heavens with War, and the revolt
Was as a meteor hurl'd into the gloom,
So th' abyss was populous with Sin.

And Man, the prey and carrion of the Doom'd,
Minute and impotent, became the cause
Of that portentous and tremendous Fact,
The Incarnation of the Son of God.

Æ. MCD. DAWSON.

DIABOLISM IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

THE St. John, N.B., *Sun*, and other Maritime Province papers, of late date, contain accounts of some occurrences of a most phenomenal character which have recently taken place at the town of Woodstock, in New Brunswick. The occurrences have greatly agitated the community, and are of a nature such as cannot be accounted for. The account below of the Boston *Herald's* correspondent is substantially the same as that of the other papers, all of whom are agreed that the affair is shrouded in the deepest mystery, and that fraud or deception of any kind could not be practiced in the case. We have very high ecclesiastical authority for the statement that the occurrences are attributable clearly to the operations of diabolical agency ; nor need this surprise anyone. In the wise Providence of God, Satan is permitted to manifest himself in certain acts, and thereby show that he exists. It is in his power to work much mischief, and to be destructive is to him congenial work. Similar strange things to those experienced at Woodstock are reported from Moncton, N.B. In some form or other these extraordinary occurrences fall, from time to time, within the experiences of very many, but more especially the mission, priests. They have their moral, and it is to be hoped of them sincerely that they will be turned to the spiritual advantage of the people :—

WOODSTOCK, Aug. 6.—Special correspondence Boston *Herald*.—

The people of Woodstock are greatly excited over the strange and inexplicable scenes which, for the past 24 hours, have been enacted in a little two-story frame house on Victoria street, occupied by Reginald G. Hoyt, a picture frame dealer who does business on Main street, a few doors above the Wilbur House. His family, consisting of his wife, five children, and two nieces, are in a state of mental fear, dread and anxiety, and will probably vacate the house. Since 11 o'clock Friday morning, 5th August, no less than 40 fires have broken out in various parts of the house, and bedding, furniture, window shades, clothing, and various household articles partially destroyed. Only untiring vigilance has prevented the house and its contents from burning to the ground, and this would also have caused the destruction of other wooden buildings in the vicinity.

These fires can be traced to no human agency, and even the scientists are staggered. Without premonition, and with no lamps lighted or stoves in use, various articles would burst out into flames. Now it would be a curtain high up out of reach ; then a bed quilt in another room would begin to smoke and smoulder, and as if to still further non-plus the theorists, a carpet-covered lounge was found to be all afire underneath, among the jute stretched above the springs. A basket of clothes in the

shed burst into flames, and the basket itself was partially consumed. A child's dress hanging on the hook, a feather bed, a straw mattress—no two articles in the same room—were ignited and would have been consumed but for water copiously poured on them. News spread quickly that Hoyt's house was haunted, and great crowds flocked there. It was the talk of the town, and a visit was made to the premises by Dr. Smith, a leading physician and druggist, whose only theory was that of electrical or gaseous combustion. But the fact that the fires burst forth in rooms the windows of which were wide open, seems to refute this supposition.

James S. Olmstead, a prominent merchant, also attempted to investigate the mystery, but gave it up as inexplicable. James Watts, editor of the Carleton *Sentinel*, the leading newspaper in the town, went to examine into the strange affair, and while standing in the parlour talking with Mrs. Hoyt, was astonished to see a white cotton window curtain burst into flames at a point near the ceiling, and when no one else was present. He rushed to the spot, climbed a chair, and with his hands, which were somewhat burned, extinguished the fire, only to see it break out anew at a point far removed from the original blaze. He came away puzzled and completely non-plussed.

W. S. Jones, of Boston, in company with Mr. Jarvis, of the Halifax Banking Company, called at the fire-haunted house this morning, and while seated in the front room talking with Mrs. Hoyt and George Connell, the lawyer, a child's shriek was heard in the adjoining room, and the party rushed in to find a basket of clothes in a blaze. Like all the others, they came away mystified.

This afternoon a *Herald* reporter arrived in town, and at once proceeded to investigate the matter. He was accompanied by half a dozen gentlemen, who were detailed to view members of the family separately and to examine every nook and corner of the house and every article in it. These gentlemen were A. C. Titus, of Newport, R. I., Chas. M. Raymond, D. G. Markham, of Providence, R. I., C. M. Raymond, H. G. Wells, Geo. J. Raymond, H. C. Anderson and Max J. Raymond, of Boston. The search was thorough and revealed a strange sight. In every room partially burned garments, sheets and articles of furniture were lying around drenched with water, and the walls and ceilings blackened and smoked. The children were huddled about their mother, every one dreading a visit from the fire spook and anxiously glancing about.

There was no evidence discovered of human agency in any of these fires, nor could the *Herald* reporter by a most rigid cross questioning elicit any information tending to clear up the mystery. On the contrary, it was discovered that fire had on one occasion broken out when no one was in the house. Mr. Hoyt returned from a neighbor's, where he had taken his family, to find a bed on fire.

Mr. Hoyt is a sober, industrious man and bears a good reputation. His property is not insured, and he seems greatly agitated over the strange visits of fire which have ruined his house and literally driven him out of doors. The house is insured, but it is not owned by Mr. Hoyt.

ORIGIN OF FREE LIBRARIES.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury, at a meeting at Lambeth Palace recently, speaking on the subject of Free Libraries, said that they must not think, however, that the idea of free libraries had burst upon the world through the enlightenment we had experienced. Those who had visited Milan would see in the market-place the statue of the Cardinal Archbishop Frederic Borromeo, and would find close to it the Ambrosian Library, and would perhaps be surprised to find that at any time during the last two centuries any citizen of Milan could enter that magnificent library and order any book to be brought to him and be supplied with pen, ink, and paper, so that he might make notes. This, perhaps, was the first and greatest example of a free library.—*Tablet*.

An English Bishop is credited with a *bon mot*, made on a boat-full of Jesuits starting out to sea ; " *O si sic omnes !*"

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW will be conducted with the aid of the most competent writers obtainable. In addition to those already mentioned, it gives us great satisfaction to announce that contributions may be looked for from the following:—His Lordship Rt. Rev. Dr. O'MAHONEY, Bishop of Eudocia; W. J. MACDONELL, Knight of the Order of the Most Holy Sepulchre; D. A. O'SULLIVAN, M.A., D.C.L., (Laval); JOHN A. MACCABE, M.A., Principal Normal School, Ottawa; T. J. RICHARDSON, Esq., Ottawa; Rev. P. J. HAROLD, Niagara; T. O'HAGAN, M.A., late Modern Language Master, Pembroke High School; Rev. Dr. AENEAS McDONELL DAWSON, LL.D., F.R.S.C., Ottawa.

LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

ST. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 23rd Dec., 1886.

GENTLEMEN,—

I have singular pleasure indeed in saying God-speed to your intended journal, THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW. The Church, contradicted on all sides as her Divine Founder was, calls with peculiar pleasure the assistance of her lay children in dispelling ignorance and prejudice. They can do this nobly by public journalism, and as the press now appears to be an universal instructor for either evil or good, and since it is frequently used for evil in disseminating false doctrines and attributing them to the Catholic Church, your journal will do a very great service to Truth and Religion by its publication. Wishing you all success and many blessings on your enterprise.

I am, faithfully yours,

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUG 20, 1887.

The Right Rev. Bishop Keane, in his speech at the convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, congratulated the Union and the Temperance cause on having had in Rome last winter, such a representative, and such a spokesman as that magnificent man, Bishop Ireland.

In a letter published recently in the *Mail* on the subject of the reduction in the number of liquor licenses lately determined upon by the City Council, Mr. Goldwin Smith said: "These men, when their licenses are withdrawn, will not starve or allow their families to starve; they will ply an illicit trade, nor, to speak the truth, will their moral guilt be very great in doing so." This is a strange statement.

The distinguished attention paid in England to the Hon. Wm. Cody, whose *nom de guerre* is "Buffalo Bill," and the announcement that the Queen attended his show, and the Prince of Wales condescended to meet him on almost equal terms, hardly justify, the *Freeman's Journal* thinks, the amazement of Americans as expressed in their newspapers. Between the Prince and Mr. Cody, it contends, there is not so much disparity. "The Hon. Buffalo Bill knows more about horses than any aristocrat in England, and as a knowledge of the points of horse-flesh is considered a necessary part of every English nobleman's education, the Hon. Buffalo Bill is, in that sort of education, superior to any English peer. In personal character

seeming to have the advantage, and being besides a sovereign in his own right, like every other citizen of the United States, Mr. Cody does well to take British adulation as a tribute to his sovereignty, and to the fact that he rides a bucking pony better than any man in the world."

It is a subject of congratulation and pride that within late years, notwithstanding the overwhelming odds against them, so many Irish Catholics should have attained to positions of trust and responsibility in the United States. Coming to this continent, either they or their parents, borne down by the heavy weight of poverty and distress consequent upon centuries of oppression in their native land, it is nothing less than wonderful that they should in so short a time, have obtained so firm a foothold in the Republic, and proven to the world that, given a fair field and no favour, they are capable of holding their own with any race under the sun. This, we repeat, is a subject for honest congratulation. But, we regret to say, if the paragraph in the daily papers of last week be true, there is one amongst them who, by a single act, has proved himself unworthy either of the confidence that has been placed in him, or the honours that have been generously conferred upon him by his fellow citizens. We are sure it was with feelings of disgust and disappointment that every honest Irishman read of the sorry spectacle presented by the Mayor of Boston in presiding at a "complimentary benefit," to the notorious brute and unspeakable blackguard who for years has represented the very worst elements in human nature, in the United States. This outrage on public decency cannot be too strongly condemned. If Mayor O'Brien must descend to the level of the whiskey element, and the prize ring, he ought, at least, in the interests of respectability, to do so in the dark, instead of lending the authority of his office to an exhibition of lawlessness and indecency, such as that to which we have referred. And this is not the worst side of the business. Not only has he dealt a serious blow at law and order, but he has brought disgrace upon his name and his race, and, we had almost said, his religion, but it would be an outrage to connect him with the sacredness of religion. Irishmen, and particularly Catholic Irishmen, have, we should have thought, enough to contend with in the innate prejudice against them, without having to shoulder the additional burden of the unworthy acts of one of their own number. But true it is that "a man's worst enemies are they of his own household," and the duty of every true Irishman in the United States is to see that the present Mayor of Boston is not given another opportunity to debase a public office of trust and responsibility. The *Boston Commercial Bulletin*, commenting on a statement to the effect that a list had been taken of all the "prominent sporting men" present, suggests that the "list" will be "of great service to the police," and the *N. Y. Tribune* defies Boston to point to a Mayor of New York since the days of the Tweed Ring, who would be guilty of such an act of indecency as to rub shoulders with all the thieves and cut-throats of the slums, and to join in the laudation of a notorious blackguard.

The text is to hand of the very long and important letter of the Sovereign Pontiff to the Cardinal Secretary of State, in which His Holiness sets forth his ideas and principles in respect to the government of the Church, and the relations at present existing between the Temporal Powers and the Holy See. The first portion of the docu-

ment is taken up by a consideration of the position of the Church towards the several governments, with especial reference to Italy; the latter portion treating in a masterly way on the divine mission of the Church, and the rights and supremacy of the spiritual power. Ever since the definition of the dogma of Papal Infallibility, and the publication of the Syllabus, the enemies of the Church have sought, by every misrepresentation which malevolence could suggest, to assail the Church, through both, as the enemy of Cæsar, as a conspiracy bent upon undermining the duty of civil allegiance, and upon exercising a minute and particular direction over every affair of human life. This war waged against the temporal rights of the Popes, has been the work of the enemies not only of the Church, but of all religion, the work, in a word, of the secret societies.

With respect to the temporal and spiritual powers, the Church maintains, and her theologians teach, that distinction which Our Lord drew for all time when he said, "Render to Cæsar, the things that are Cæsar's; and to God, the things that are God's. Ordained both by God, they each derive their authority from Him, having each their own ends, and each their distinct sphere. The temporal power is concerned with the temporal welfare and peace of civil society; the spiritual order with the eternal well-being and salvation of men, so that no two orders could well be more opposite or distinct in their nature. So long as the state, or the temporal order, confine its operations to its legitimate sphere, loyalty and allegiance to it are enjoined upon us by Divine ordinance; it is only when it steps beyond the limits of that sphere, and scillegiously invades the domain of religion, or makes laws which are opposed to the laws of God that its usurpations are to be repudiated or resisted, as they were in the days of St. Peter and the Apostles. The Church as the mother of civilization, is the safeguard of the Christian state. That this is the teaching of the Church on the duty of civil allegiance may be seen from the encyclical of Gregory XVI., *Mirari Vos*, on the subjection due to civil powers, and containing, as he declared, an *ex Cathedra*, and therefore an infallible, definition on the matter:—

"Whereas," Pope Gregory pronounces, "we have heard that in popularly distributed writings certain doctrines are promulgated, whereby due fidelity and submission to sovereigns are overthrown, especial care must be taken lest peoples thereby deceived be led from the path of right. Let all observe that, according to the Apostle's admonition, 'there is no power except from God, and existent powers are from God. Therefore he who resists the power resists God's ordinance, and those who resist incur damnation.' Wherefore both divine and human laws cry out against those who labour to set at naught their fidelity to sovereigns and precipitate them from power."

The late Pope Pius IX. more than once laid down the same teaching. In his inaugural encyclical he said:—

"Labour to inculcate in the Christian people due obedience and subjection to sovereigns and powers, teaching, according to the Apostles' admonition, that there is no power except from God; those who resist the power resist God's ordinance and so incur damnation; and, therefore, that the precept of obeying the civil power can by no one be violated without sin, (*contra piaculum*) unless anything be haply commanded which is opposed to the laws of God and the Church."

One will seek in vain in these words for any menace to civil government; on the contrary, are they not calculated, addressed to the subjects of the Church Universal, to strengthen and sustain it? And similarly of the doctrine of Papal Infallibility. On the 20th of July, 1871, the Holy Father himself, addressing the Society for the defence of the Catholic Faith, said:—

"Among the questions which will present themselves to you, one seems to me to be at this time of great importance; it is how to defeat the attempts now being made to falsify the idea of Pontifical Infallibility. Among these errors the most malicious of all is that which attributes to it the right of deposing sovereigns and absolving subjects from the obligations of fidelity to them. This right, without doubt, was exercised at times, in critical circumstances, by the Supreme Pontiffs, but it has nothing to do with the Pontifical Infallibility. Neither is its origin the Infallibility, but the Pontifical authority."

The exercise of this right was seen only in those Ages of Faith, when men revered in the Pope, that which he really is, Christ's Vicar on earth, and when they acknowledged the blessings of his mediation in matters of the gravest moment to the states and their rulers, which mediation he yielded as a duty, at the invitation, and with the universal consent of nations. The Church does not intrude herself into the constitutive principles of governments; into the forms of civil institutions; into the political rights of citizens; does not seek to interfere with the free and prompt action of governments. The sublime mission which God has confided to her is that of the propagation of faith, and the preservation of morals. Pursuing that work through all the centuries, illustrating in herself the immutable principles of eternal justice, the greater part of the persecution with which she has been met, will be found to have been brought about, as her history attests, by nothing more nor less than this, that, rendering to Cæsar Cæsar's, she has refused as steadfastly to rob God of God's.

It is argued that to re-establish the Pontifical Authority, would be to renounce modern progress, and to return to the middle ages. But to what real good or true progress would the Pontifical sovereignty be opposed? If it flourished in the middle ages, what of that? If those times, like all epochs, had their vices, they had none the less their virtues and glories; It was during those very ages that Italy in science, in letters, in art, war, commerce, and municipal organization attained to a greatness and glory, that time never can take from her, so great was the impulse the Church gave to all science and culture. "The enemies of the Pontifical Supremacy," the Holy Father says in his letters to the Cardinal Secretary, make their appeal to civilization and to progress. But to look at things from the true principle that alone can constitute real progress for man which leads to his intellectual and moral perfection, or at least which is not opposed to them. And there is no more fruitful source of this kind of civilization than the Church, whose mission it is ever to guide mankind to truth and to goodness of life. Outside this sphere all kinds of progress were in reality retrogressive; and will only have the effect of degrading man and thrusting him back to barbarism; and neither the Church nor the Pontiffs, whether as Popes or as civil Princes, could, for the sake of the happiness of mankind, ever become its abettors. But all that science, and art, and human industry have discovered for the uses and needs of life, all which favours honourable commerce and the prosperity of public and private fortune, all which is not licence, but true liberty, and worthy of mankind, is blessed by the Church, and may have a very considerable place under the civil Princeship of the Popes. The same paternal solicitude with which they have been ever animated towards their subjects would counsel them again in the present to moderate the public charges, to favour with the fullest generosity works of charity and institutions of benevolence, to take an especial care of the needy and of

the working classes, and to render their lot more endurable; to make, in one word, their civil Princedom in the present time also one of the institutions most fitted to forward the prosperity of the people."

It is interesting, as showing that these words of the Sovereign Pontiff are not the outcome of any sudden or mere recent conviction, to compare with them those which found expression many years ago in his Perugian Pastorals, and which have since then had utterance within the walls of the Vatican. In one of these pastorals, on "Modern Civilization and the Church," Pope Leo, then Archbishop of Perugia, said:—

"When men turn into mockery the Word of God and His representative on earth, it is the dictates of 'civilization' they are obeying. 'Civilization' commands them to curtail the number of churches and priests, and to multiply the houses of sin. It is 'civilization' that requires the establishment of a class of theatres in which modesty and good taste are alike unknown. In the name of 'civilization' the usurer crushes his victim with shameless exactions, and the dishonest trader heaps up his ill-gotten gains, and a filthy press contaminates the mind of its readers, and art prostitutes its powers to promote universal corruption."

"But the Syllabus? Does not the Syllabus condemn science and civilization? No, it has not condemned true civilization, that whereby man perfects himself, but it does condemn the 'civilization' which would supplant Christianity and destroy with it all wherewith Christianity has enriched us."

This passage recalls the speech delivered by Montalembert in the French Chamber in 1849, in which he protested against the misuse of another noble word: "You have dethroned some kings, but more surely still you have dethroned Freedom. The kings have reascended their thrones, but liberty has not reascended her throne, the throne which she had in our hearts. You write her name everywhere, in all the laws, on all the walls, upon all the cornices, but in our hearts her name is effaced. The beautiful, the proud, the holy, the pure and noble Liberty, whom we so loved, so cherished and so served; yes, served before you did, more than you, better than you, this Liberty is not dead, but she is languid, fainting, crushed, suffocated between that which some of you call the sovereignty of the man (that is the sovereignty of evil) and that forced return towards the exaggeration of authority, which you have made a necessity for human nature, for society, and for the human heart, terrified by your excesses."

Twelve years earlier the same notes had sounded through France, from the tongue of Mgr Dupanloup, the great Bishop of Orleans:

"The Pope"—wrote Monsignor Dupanloup, "condemns a certain 'Progress' which is no Progress at all, a certain 'Civilization' which is only decadence. But true Progress, Science, Arts, Letters, Industry, Customs, Laws—all that goes to make up what is called Civilization or Society, there is not a word in the syllabus to reprove or hinder these. You speak to us of Progress, Liberty and Civilization as if we were savages, and did not know the meaning of the words. But you take these grand words out of our mouth, and you wrest them from their meaning. It is we who taught them to you, and who know what they mean."

Professor Goldwin Smith and Mr. G. Mercer Adam

have written two very angry letters to the *Mail*, relating to an editorial comment made a week or two ago in these columns, on the brutal attack on Mr. Blake which appeared recently in the *Week*. Mr. Smith, believing himself to have been covertly attacked as the supposed author of the *Week's* article, disclaims either the authorship or any responsibility for it, and terms as "vile," "scurrilous," "malignant," and "Jesuitical," the very moderate comments this journal made on the subject. The *Review*, in point of fact, did little more than repeat the opinion of Prof. Clark Murray, that the *Week's* article "stood out conspicuously for its absolutely unrelieved vituperation"; but in view of Mr. Goldwin Smith's letter disclaiming any knowledge of or responsibility for it, it is only due to him to say that we are sorry if our comment seemed to him to contain any such implication. In saying that, however, the *Review* is far from admitting the justness of the epithets hurled at it. Judging Mr. Smith merely from his known public writings, it is free to assert that for a man, apparently in himself very sensitive, Mr. Smith is singularly free in his aspersion of others.

"JUST FOR TO-DAY."

Dignar., Domine, die isto sine peccato nos custodire.

Lord! for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin,
Just for to-day.

Let me both diligently work
And duly pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed,
Just for to-day.

Let me be slow to do my will,
Prompt to obey;
Help me to mortify my flesh,
Just for to-day.

Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say;
Set Thou a seal upon my lips,
Just for to-day.

Let me in season, Lord, be grave,
In season gay;
Let me be faithful to Thy grace,
Just for to-day.

And if to-day my life
Should ebb away,
Give me Thy sacraments divine,
Sweet Lord, to-day.

In purgatory's cleansing fires
Brief be my stay;
Oh, bid me, if to-day I die,
Come home to-day.

So, for to-morrow and its needs,
I do not pray;
But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord,
Just for to-day.

The great north-western vicariate of Canada extends from the diocese of St. Albert, joining Manitoba, to the Arctic Ocean, and from Hudson Bay in the East to the Rocky Mountains in the West. It is attended by the Oblate Fathers. In 1847 the then Father Tache, now Archbishop of St. Boniface, penetrated as far as Lake Athabaska, a principal source of the Mackenzie River, and during his short stay of two weeks baptized 194 persons. There are at present twelve central missions and nineteen others visited once or twice a year. The number of ecclesiastics to attend to all that—three times as large as France—is only twenty-three—two Bishops and twenty-one priests.

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

The Rev. C. A. McEvoy has been elected Provincial of the Augustinian order in the United States.

His Grace Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, preached at High Mass in St. Dunstan's Cathedral, Charlottetown, P. E. I., on Sunday last.

Rev. Th. Fleck, S. J., so long stationed at the Church of Our Lady, Guelph, is now acting as Father Minister at the Noviciate, Sault au Recollet.

This being the 25th year of the ordination of Rev. Father McDonnell, of Alexandria, the people of Glengarry intend to celebrate it by an address and presentation.

His Grace, Archbishop Lynch, will not return to Toronto until early in September. He is still sojourning in the Maritime Provinces.

The Provincial of the German Franciscans of America has been summoned by the Father-General of his order to return to Fulda, to negotiate the return to Germany of the religious under his sway.

St. Basil's Church Garden Party will be held in the grounds of St. Michael's College, Clover Hill, on Thursday, the 24th inst. The grounds will be illuminated with electric light.

Sir John Pope Hennessy, in an action for libel he is bringing against the *London Times*, has laid his damages at £20,000. The alleged libel is contained in two articles published in the *Times* in August and December, 1886.

"I read with some interest," writes a correspondent to a London paper, "your paragraph under the heading 'Gladstone Anagrams.' One curious example of a sentence which can be evolved from the name of the old chief is the following: 'A man will go wild at trees.' Probably you have heard of it; if not, it cannot fail to interest you."

Rev. Edward V. Boursand, S. J., for the past three years rector of the Church of the Immaculate Conception and president of Boston College, on Harrison avenue, Boston, has left for Rome, to enter on the honourable and responsible office of secretary for American and English affairs to the general of his order, Very Rev. Francis Anderledy—a position which he filled some years ago for the preceding general, Father-Beckx.

Dr. Von Schlozer, Prussian minister to the Vatican, has presented to the Pope an exquisitely wrought mitre adorned with rubies, diamonds, emeralds and sapphires, and accompanied by an autograph letter from the Emperor of Germany tendering the jewelled offering as his jubilee gift to the Holy Father.

Of the nine Bishops of New Orleans, two were Spaniards—Penalvert and Parro; Dubourg was a native of San Domingo, De Neckere was a Belgian, Rosati an Italian; the other four natives of France. For fourteen years New Orleans was governed by Archbishop Carroll, of Baltimore, the only prelate in the United States for many years.

It is hardly necessary to say to any well-informed Catholic that the reported cablegram from Rome, July 27, regarding the alleged approbation of the Knights of Labor, is entirely devoid of foundation. Yet, as the American newspapers have now reached Rome, conveying such information, news comes by cable from an authoritative source in Rome that these July cables from Rome are mere canards.

Any Catholic may have a share in the approaching canonization of Blessed John Berchmans, S. J., by con-

tributing towards defraying the expenses of the process, which are very heavy. The Society of Jesus will be most grateful to those who may be generous enough to help her in bearing the burden. Contributions, however small, may be sent to Rev. E. J. Purbrick, S. J., 31 Farm Street, London W., England, or, for that matter, to any of the Fathers of the Society in Canada.

The students of the Nicolet Seminary, P. Q., closed their scholastic year with an Exhibition in honour of the Sacrosanct jubilee of Pope Leo XIII. One student delivered a discourse in which he traced the influence Leo XIII. exercised upon philosophy and upon society by such noble documents as the Encyclicals *Humanum Genus* and *Immortale Dei*. Mgr. Gravel, Bishop of Nicolet, closed the proceedings with a speech in which he pointed out how greatly Nicolet was indebted to the reigning Pontiff, who had made the town into an episcopal sea. Other Canadian Seminaries and colleges will doubtless follow the good example of Nicolet.

The *Catholic World* for September will contain a paper by the Rev. Henry Hayman, on the assertion of the late J. Stewart Mill, that "Nature is a monster of criminality, without justice and without mercy." Also the following: "Mexico; Educational and Industrial," by Mrs. Margaret F. Sullivan; "Literary Mexico," by Mrs. Mary E. Blake; "An Old Fashioned Poet," by Miss Agnes Reppier, and "Land, Labour and Taxes," by Dyer D. Lum.

Dr. McGlynn's future, says the *Catholic Review*, is in his own hands, and we have no wish to trouble ourselves or our readers about him. But it is worth noting that since his excommunication he seems to be de-Catholized almost instantly, so that his point of view, his utterance, his whole attitude toward the Church are those, not of a sincere Catholic (such as he has declared he always would be), but of the most anti-Popery bigot. It is evident that he has long been out of sympathy with the Church and its traditions.

The Editor of the *Fortnightly Review* has selected a number of typical English men of letters, and then asked them to name the passage in prose and in verse which had given them the most continued delight. The answers received appear in the current number of the *Review*, and afford curious reading. "Cardinal Newman," says the writer in the *Fortnightly*, "with the ineffable modesty which breathes from all his writings, declined the task, alleging as 'simple truth' that he was 'no critic,' and that 'it never came into his mind to ask himself what passage of poetry or prose he thought best, and what second best.'"

At the Annual conference of the Catholic Young Men's Society of Great Britain, the reading of the following letter of congratulation and benediction from Cardinal Newman was received with great enthusiasm:

"I congratulate your society upon your approaching anniversary meeting, and rejoice in the ever-enlarging prospect of its good work. In a day when the attractions of the world have an unusual strength, it is one of the greatest consolations to know that there are those who, with a simple and winning earnestness, are lifting up against them the old and noble standard of truth and duty. I gladly send you and the society my blessing."

Messrs. Burns and Oates have in press an *Explanation of the Psalms and Canticles in the Divine Office*, by St. Alphonsus Liguori, translated from the Italian by the Rev. T. Livins, C.S.S.R. It is intended as a centenary offering on the part of his English-speaking sons in honour of the great Saint and Doctor of the Church. The value of the book will be enhanced by a preface from the pen of Cardinal Manning.

The CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW, of Toronto, is a well-conducted and ably-edited journal, published in the interests of the Catholics of Canada. We wish the REVIEW every success.—*Catholic Mirror*, Baltimore.

Current Catholic Thought.

A SURVEY OF THE FIELD.

Around us there are many Christian sects. But they are without the quality of permanence. No divine promise of safety against the gates of hell has been made to them, and it is evident—as they break up before our very eyes—that no divine protection hedges them in. Their members call themselves Protestant Christians. They hold many varying opinions about the Founder of Christianity. They are all Protestant, whether they are Christians or not. There are many excellent people among them. So many that in everyday life most of us often say: "He needs only the Faith to be perfect."

Notwithstanding the natural goodness and gentleness which we find among our separated brethren, would we be justified in disregarding the Greatest Facts in the history of the world—the Birth and Death of Our Lord—in the opinion that this natural goodness and gentleness is all-sufficient. Are we justified in sending our children to schools where the whole plan of Christianity is ignored—where children, drinking in knowledge as the thirsty soil drinks rain, find in their daily life no vital teachings of Divine Truth?

A great poet, Coventry Patmore, looked for the centre of all things and found a mother and her child. Now, can we obscure from the minds of our children the light which shines from the Mother and her Child?

The world is sickening for lack of Faith. Men juggle with terms and build theories out of the fragments of exploded guesses. The poets and philosophers sigh, after the excitement of making rhetoric is over, "If I could believe!" "If I could believe!" is the wail of the non-

Christian world; for there is no consolation, no happiness for humanity, except in Faith and sacrifice.

That parent is worse than a fool who neglects, through mistaken indulgence or culpable sloth, every possible means of making his child strong for the battle of life. If the child be only strong physically and weak morally, he is as much a cripple as he who goes through life on veritable crutches.

To-day men must turn to the Church, if they want to find unity, authority, and infallibility. Christian teaching, when given out in a voice of doubt—as Protestant Christianity gives it—is without force or power. It must be taught by infallible authority to be virile and effective. Who speaks with a sure voice, as of God? Only the Catholic Church.

Faith is the most precious gift our children have received. Without the Sacraments, without prayer, without the means of grace provided by the Church, how little can we profit by the coming of that Saviour for whom the ages waited!

We believe or we do not believe. If we believe, there can be no oblique or crooked road for us. From our Faith we must make a direct line to our works.—*Freeman's Journal*, New York.

Students, says the *Freeman's Journal*, coming out of American colleges, are fortunate if they are able to speak their own language well.

There is dreaming enough, and earthiness enough, and sensuality enough in human existence without our turning the few glowing moments of it into mechanism; and since our life must at the best be but a vapour that appears for a little time and then vanishes away, let it at least appear as a cloud in the height of heaven, not as the thick darkness that broods over the blast of the furnace, and rolling of the wheel.—*Ruskin*.

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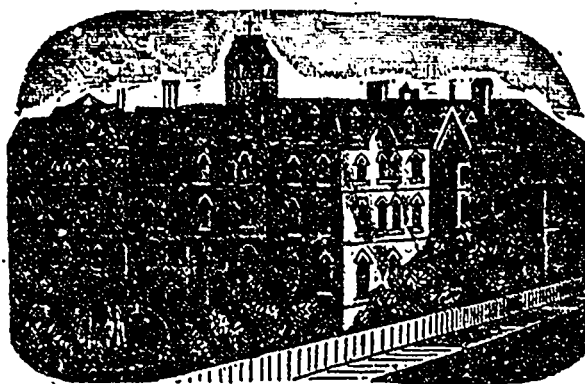
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