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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. II.

Toronto, Saturday Dec. 1, 1888

No. 42

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NOTES.

The article by the late Premier in the *Nineteenth Century* for November will strike dismay into the breasts of consistent High Churchmen. He roundly declares that the Church of England is in doctrine and in ritual very much the creation of Queen Elizabeth. He points out that Elizabeth of her own motion modified the articles, both by insertion and exclusion; and that the act was a lawless one. She put a seal on the mouth of the Church of England, and deprived her of every shadow of a right to call herself a teaching church by enacting that nothing should therefore be declared to be heresy, except with the assent of both the spirituality and the temporality a condition which never has been, and probably never was expected to be, fulfilled.—This effectual muzzling, Mr. Gladstone calls "placing a barrier in the way of dogmatic narrowness." No wonder he admits that "Perhaps in her ideal she (the Church of England) has been assailable enough." That the Anglican Establishment, once divine in its powers and mission, was fundamentally altered and rendered apostate by the usurping Queen, Mr. Gladstone's article abundantly proves.

The Chevalier Macdonell, in another column, corrects a mis statement of the *Globe* to the effect that the recent circular of Cardinal Gibbons directing certain prayers for last Thanksgiving Day, was the first official recognition by the Catholic Church of Thanksgiving Day in the States. The *Globe's* comment was no doubt based on a recent editorial in the *New York Times*, which stated:

"Cardinal Gibbons is the first Catholic in authority to stamp the American Thanksgiving with the seal of the Church of Rome, and his proclamation of yesterday will bring into participation in the spirit of the day thousands of Catholics to whom Thanksgiving has hitherto been but an empty name." The *Times* is far from being correct in its statement. A reference to the proceedings of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore (which was in session from November 9 to December 7, 1884) will show that the prelates there declared that the practice was "consonant with the principles of faith, and with the promptings of the heart of a Christian people;" and that the Fathers of the Council "determined to recognize and commend, in a public and solemn way, a custom which

declares our dependence on God both as a nation and as individuals."

The *Montreal Gazette*, having been taken to task by an evangelical paper published in Toronto, for daring to disagree with Professor Goldwin Smith as to the drift of public opinion and the tendency of French-Canadian sentiment in the Lower Province, answers that living in the midst of the French-Canadians, having them for neighbours, co-operating with them in many objects of general interest, and mingling with them in social intercourse, it is at least more likely to know something of the truth on that point than either the Toronto paper or the Professor. As to the latter it says the world knows that he is a man of strong prejudices and that resentment often makes his prose just as indignation made the Roman poet's verse. All that he knows of the French-Canadians he knows through second-hand and, for the most part, one-sided reports. A good deal of what he says about them as a people would be just as applicable to Ontario. For, like a good many Upper Canadian writers, he takes it for granted that reports compiled fifty years ago are true descriptions of the inhabitants of Quebec to day. No account whatever is made of the educational progress, of the improved means of communication that have brought the most remote townships within a few hours of the cities, of the organization of agricultural societies, of the regularly held exhibitions and fairs in fact, of a wholerevolution, intellectual and industrial in which the French-Canadians have had just the same share as their English-speaking fellow-citizens. Before undertaking to instruct Ontario or Great Britain as to the condition of the province, Dr. Goldwin Smith ought to visit its seats of learning—Laval, with its English, McGill, with its French students; its classical and industrial colleges; its academies, model and elementary schools; its special institutions like *L'Ecole Polytechnique*, and all the other agencies of public instruction that place this province on a plane with the foremost nation in Europe. Let him examine the school prizes in the Departmental depository made up of *chefs-d'œuvres* of French-Canadian literature, poetry, fiction, history, archæology, science, philosophy,—most of them the fruit of a half century's development, before he indulges in contemptuous rhetoric."

The Catholic who reads the average evangelical journal, which are edited for the most part by the ministers of the sects, must stand amazed at the variety and persistency of their falsehoods. There are certain classes of falsehoods which are to be found in all Protestant journals; for example, that "the Catholic nations of the world are inferior to the Protestant nations," and the dark lantern doings of the intriguing Jesuit.

The intriguing Jesuit, says the *N. Y. Review*, is perhaps the most extensive and comprehensive subject for falsehood among the journalists. It holds goods in the smaller cities, and rules ordinary Sunday-school literature. The countenance of the intriguing Jesuit is as familiar now as the face of Mr. Punch, debonnaire under all circumstances. He is the superintendent in the construction of underground vaults and passages in cathedrals and convents, and the attendant of the moribund rich when their wills are making.

THE TRADITIONS AGAINST CATHOLICS.

I have given you a specimen of the Tradition of Literature; now proceed to the Tradition of Wealth, Respectability, Virtue, and Enlightened Religion; for all these in a country like ours, are supposed to go together, the Tradition of our merchants, traders, and men of business, and of all who have anything to lose, and are, therefore, conscientiously attached to the constitution. And I shall select, as the organ of their Tradition, a writer whom they will at once acknowledge to be an unexceptionable representative of their ideas. If there be a periodical of the day which lays claim to knowledge of this globe, and of all that is in it, which is catholic in its range of subjects, its minute curiosity, and its world-wide correspondence, which has dealings with all the religions of the earth, and ought to have the largeness and liberality of view which such manifold intercourse is calculated to create, it is the *Times* newspaper. No man vows so steady a devotion to the great moral precepts embodied in the Decalogue, as its conductors, or profess so fine a sense of honour and duty, or are so deeply conscious of their own influence on the community, and of the responsibilities which it involves, or are so alive to the truth of the maxim, that, in the general run of things, honesty is the best policy. What noble, manly, disinterested sentiments do they utter! what upright intention, strong sense, and sturdy resolution, are the staple of their compositions! what indignation do they manifest at the sight of vice or baseness! what detestation of trickery! what solemn resolve to uphold the oppressed! what generous sympathy with innocence calumniated! what rising of heart against tyranny! what gravity of reprobation! how, when Catholic and Protestant are in fierce political antagonism, they can mourn over breaches of charity, in which they protest the while they had no share! with what lively sensibility and withering scorn do they encounter the accusation, made against them by rivals every half-dozen years, of venality or tergiversation! If anywhere is to be found the sternness of those who are severe because they are pure—who may securely cast stones, for none can cast at them—who, like the cherub in the poem, are "faithful found among the faithless," you would say that here at length you had found the incorruptible and infallible, the guides in a bad world, who, amid the illusions of reason and the sophistries of passion, see the path of duty on all questions whatever, with a luminousness, a keenness and a certainty special to themselves. When, then, I would illustrate the value of the Anti-Catholic Traditions as existing among the money-making classes of the community, I cannot fix upon a more suitable sample than the statements of these accomplished writers. Accordingly I refer to their columns; and toward the end of a leading article, in the course of the last month or six weeks, I find the following sentence:—"It is the practice, as our readers are aware, in Roman Catholic countries, for the clergy to post up a list of *all the crimes* to which human frailty can be tempted, placing opposite to them the *exact sum* of money for which their perpetration will be indulged."* And what makes this statement the more emphatic, is the circumstance that, within two or three sentences afterwards,—ever mindful, as I have said, of the Tables of the Law,—the writer takes occasion to refer to the divine prohibition, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour."

Such is a specimen of the Tradition, marvellous to say, as it exists among the classes who are well-to-do in the world. You see, they are so clear on the point, that, for all their mercantile sense of the value of character, their disgust at false intelligence, their severity with fraud, and their sensitiveness at libel, they have no hesitation in handing down to the next generation this atrocious imputation, that the Catholic Church proclaims that she is commissioned by the Moral Governor of the world to bestow on her children permission to perpetrate any sin whatever, for which they have a fancy, on condition of

their paying her a price in money for that perpetration, in proportion to the heinousness of the offence.

Now, this accusation is not only so grave in itself, but, miserable to say, is so industriously circulated, that, before using it for the purpose for which I have introduced it, in order to remove all suspicion against us, I am induced to go out of my way to enunciate, as briefly and clearly as I can, what the Catholic Church really does teach upon the subject. The charge in question then rests on a confusion between the *forgiveness of sins* and *admission to Church communion*, two ideas perfectly distinct from each other, both in themselves and in Catholic theology. Every scandalous sin contains in it, as we consider, two separate offences, the offence against God, and the offence against the Church; just as Protestants would allow that murder is at once a sin against God and our neighbour, a sin in the eyes of God, and a crime in the eyes of the law. And, as human society has the arbitrary power of assigning punishments to offences against itself, heavy or light, or of overlooking the offence altogether, or of remitting the penalty when imposed, so has the Church. And as the magistrate often inflicts a fine, under sanction of the law, instead of committing to prison, so does the Church allow of the commutation of her own punishments, which are called censures, into alms to the poor, into offerings for some religious object, or even into the mere paying the expenses of the process, that is, the cost of the suit. And as the connivance or free pardon of the magistrate is no pardon in the sight of Heaven of the adulterer or the burglar, nor is supposed to be such, so neither does the offender receive, nor is he promised, any forgiveness of his sin, either by the Church's taking off the censure (whether in consequence of an alms-giving or otherwise), or by her forbearing, which is the common case, to inflict censure altogether. It is true, the Church has the power of forgiving sins also, which I shall speak of directly; but this is by a different instrument, and by a totally different process, as every Catholic knows.

I repeat, the Catholic who perpetrates any great and public sin offends his Maker and offends his ecclesiastical society; the injury against his Maker is punished by an *ipso facto* separation from His favour; the injury against his society, when it is visited at all, is visited by excommunication or other spiritual infliction. The successor of St. Peter has the power committed to him of pardoning both offences, the offence against God and the offence against the Church; he is the ultimate source against all jurisdiction, whether external or internal, but he commonly restores such a sinner to the visible society of Christians, by an act of his own or of the metropolitan or ordinary, and he reconciles him to God by the agency of the priesthood. Repentance is required on the part of the offender for both restorations; but the *sin* is forgiven and its punishment remitted in one of them, viz., in the Sacrament of *Penance*, and in this Sacrament, in which is the only real pardon, no money is, or ever can be paid. The Sacrament cannot be bought; such an act would be a horrible crime; you know this, my Brothers, as I know it myself; we witness to each other that such is the received teaching among us. It is utterly false then to assert that it has ever been held in the Catholic Church that "the perpetration of crime could be indulged" for any sum of money. Neither for sins committed, nor sins to come, has money ever been taken as an equivalent, for one no more than the other. On the other hand, it is quite true that the injury done to the Church, when it happens to have been visited with a censure (which is not a common case), has certainly sometimes been compensated by the performance of some good work, and, in the number of such works, almsdeeds and religious offerings are included. I repeat, the Church has little dreams of forgiving the sinner by removing the censure and re-admitting him to public communion, as the magistrate by letting a culprit out of prison.

However, in spite of the broad and clear distinction I have been laying down, it is the Tradition of Protestantism, immutable and precise, as expressed in the words of its eminent Teacher and Doctor I have quoted, that the Catholic Church professes to forgive sins past and to-

come, on the payment of a price. So it has come down to us, so it will flow on; and the mighty flood of falsehood is continually fed and kept to the full by fresh and fresh testimonies, separate and independent, till scepticism is overcome and opposition is hopeless. And now I am going to give you an account of one of these original authorities, as they are considered, who has lately presented himself to the world, in the person of a zealous Protestant clergyman, who once visited Belgium, and on occasion of the late outcry about "Popish Aggression" was moved to give his brethren the benefit of his ocular testimony in behalf of one of the most flagrant abuses and abominations of "that corrupt Church."

His account, given at a public meeting, was to the following effect:—That in the year 1835, when on a visit to Brussels, he was led to inspect the door of the Cathedral, St. Gudulés; and that there he saw fastened up a catalogue of sins, with a specification of the prices at which remission of each might severally be obtained. No circumstance, it would appear, called for his giving this information to the world for the long space of sixteen years; and it is a pity, for the Protestant cause, that another sixteen did not pass before the circumstances suggested his doing so. Why did he not consign it to some safe volume of controversy, weighty enough for England, too heavy for the channel, instead of committing it to the wings of the wind and the mercy of reporters? Then tranquilly and leisurely would the solemn tale have ventured out upon platforms and into pulpits, when contemporaries were gone, and would have taken its place beside my own Don Felix of Andalusia and similar worthies of Exeter Hall. But the fates willed otherwise; the accession was to join the main stream at once, and to its surprise to be tumbled violently into its bed. The noise drew attention; curiosity was excited; the windings of the infant rill were prematurely tracked to its source; so we can now put our finger on the first welling of its waters, and we can ascertain the composition of a Protestant tradition.

On the news of this portentous statement getting to Brussels, it excited a commotion which it could not rouse among the Catholics of England. We are familiarized to calumny, and have learned resignation; the good Belgians were surprised and indignant at what they had thought no sane man would have ventured to advance. Forthwith a Declaration was put forth by the persons especially interested in the Cathedral, categorically denying the charge. It is signed by the Dean of Brussels, who is also curé of the Cathedral, by his four assistant clergymen, by the churchwardens, by the judge of the high court of justice, and two other judges and by others. They observe that they had privately asked the accuser to withdraw his statement, and on his refusal they made the following terse Declaration:—

"The undersigned look upon it as a duty to come forward and protest against the allegations of the clergyman in question. "They declare, upon their honour, that such a notice as the one spoken of by the said clergyman has never disgraced the entrance, either of the Church of St. Gudule, or of any other church of Brussels, or of the whole country. They further declare, that they have never even suspected for one instant that permission to sin could, for any possible motive, be granted, nor that any one could ever obtain remission of his sins for money. Such a doctrine they repudiate with indignation, as it is, and always has been, repudiated by the whole of the Catholic Church." This Declaration is dated Brussels, April 2, 1851."

One thing alone was wanting to complete the refutation of the slander; and that was, to account how its author was betrayed into so extraordinary a misrepresentation. No one will accuse a respectable person of wilful and deliberate falsehood; did his eyes or his memory deceive him? or did he really see something on the door, which he wrongly translated and interpreted by his prejudices? That the latter is the true explanation of the phenomenon, is probable from a piece of information with which a Brussels journal supplies us. I dare say you know that in cathedrals and large churches abroad, chairs are used

for worship instead of benches; and they are generally farmed by the beadles or others attached to the church, who let them out to all comers at the price of a small copper coin every time they are used. Now, it so happens that on the right hand door of the transept of this Church of St. Gudule, there really is affixed a black board, on which there is a catalogue in the French language of the price to be paid, not for sins, but for the use of these chairs. The inscription translated runs as follows:— "A chair without cushion, one cent (about a farthing); a chair with cushions, two cents. On great festival days; a chair without cushion, two cents; a chair with cushion, four cents." This board, it may be supposed, our anti-Catholic witness mistook for that abominable sin-table, the description of which so deservedly shocked the zealous Protestants of Faversham.

Such is the ultimate resolution, as detected in a particular instance, of that uniform and incontestable Protestant Tradition, that we sell sin for money. The exposure happened in March and April; but Protestantism is infallible, and the judgment of its doctors irreversible; accordingly, in the following June, the newspaper I have mentioned thought it necessary to show that the Tradition was not injured by the blow; so out came the Tradition again, "though brayed in a mortar," not at all the worse for the accident, in that emphatic statement which I quoted when I opened the subject, and which I now quote again that I am closing it. "It is the practice," the writer pronounces *ex cathedra*, "as our readers are aware, in Roman Catholic countries to post up a list of all the crimes to which human frailty can be tempted, placing opposite to them the exact sum of money for which the perpetration will be indulged."

IN OTHER DAYS.

In looking up anecdotes of the Rev. Père de Bérey, the last Superior or Commissary of the Récollets in Canada, I came across the following, which is I think worthy of translation and a place in the columns of the Review. It is taken from the appendix to M. de Gaspé's work, "*L'Es Anciens Canadiens*," and proves that "in the old regime," smuggling was not a weakness confined to piratical cruisers and lace-loving ladies, but that it was occasionally indulged in by masculine members of noble families, such even as Monsieur de Chapt de la Corne de Saint Luc.

The scene of the following recital was the old castle of St. Louis, the time dinner hour, when a numerous company of the élite of Quebec were enjoying the hospitality of the Governor, His Excellency General Haldimand. When the repast had reached the stage of the walnuts and the wine, Monsieur de Saint Luc said to his host: "As I know your Excellency is a clever casuist, I venture to submit to you a matter of conscience which troubles me not a little."

"If it be a matter of conscience," said the Governor, "you would do better to address yourself to my neighbour here, the Rev. Père de Bérey."

"So be it!" said Monsieur de Saint Luc; "but I hope your Excellency will coincide with the decision of the Rev. Father."

"I consent," said General Haldimand, laughing, for he liked nothing better than to get Père de Bérey, who was a man brimming over with wit, into a dispute of the laity, many of whom, though clever men, were imbued with those same philosophical principles of the eighteenth century, which Haldimand himself held, and who never allowed a chance to escape them, of poking fun at the son of Saint Francis. It must be added that none of them retired from the encounter without receiving some good thrusts from the Rev. Father who, having been chaplain of a regiment, was used to this sort of tilting, and always carried off the palm no matter how numerous were his assailants.

"Here, then, is my matter of conscience," said Monsieur de Saint Luc. "After the final cession of Canada in

1763, I went over to France, where I bought a considerable quantity of thread lace, and of other costly articles of merchandise. The duty on these things was very heavy, but it had to be submitted to. I presented myself at the English custom house with four huge trunks in addition to my personal luggage exempt from duty. The officers of the department drew from the first trunk which they opened an immense mantle of the richest scarlet silk, fit to be worn at the coronation of an emperor, so heavily was it trimmed with gold and silver and thread lace.

"Oh! Oh!" said they, "here is a good prize!"

"You are wrong there, gentlemen," I said, taking from the trunk, one after another, all the articles which compose the costume of a great Indian chief. Nothing was missing; silken shirt, over mantle, leggings of the most beautiful scarlet cloth, all ornamented with costly trimmings, not forgetting the real beaver hat, weighed down with magnificent ostrich plumes. I threw off my coat and in a twinkling, under the amazed eyes of the custom house officers, I was enveloped in the rich costume of an opulent Indian chief. "I am, gentlemen," said I to them, "the superintendent of the North American Indians; if you doubt it, here is my commission. This superb costume is the one which I wear when presiding over a great council of the Huron tribe, and this is the speech which is obligatory at the opening of the Council." I then, with imperturbable coolness, delivered a magnificent address in the purest idiom of the language of those aborigines; a harangue which was greatly relished, so far as I could judge by the shouts of laughter with which it was received.

"Pass the dress requisite for the opening of the Huron gentlemen's parliament," said the chief clerk, laughing like to kill himself.

"We then came to the next trunk; it contained a costume as rich as the first one, the only difference being in the colour of the silk and the cloth. The same objections were made, the same masquerade followed. They suggested to me that the King of England, mighty monarch though he was, always wore the same costume when he opened his parliament, which was surely as august a body as that of my Hurons. I replied that this costume did not concern the Hurons but the Iroquois, a tribe most punctilious regarding their national colour which was blue, and that I had no doubt that if the king of England were to preside over some grand Scottish ceremonies, he would, even at the risk of taking cold, adopt the national costume of the Scotch, including their little skirt; and thereupon I delivered a magnificent speech in Iroquois. The Britanic phelgm could hold out no longer, and at the end of my harangue there was a cry of—"Pass the costume for the opening of the Iroquois parliament." In short, I succeeded in passing the contents of my four trunks, as being necessary for the president of the great councils of the Hurons, the Iroquois, the Abenakis, and Maléchites.

"What was greatly in my favour was that being of a very dark complexion and speaking the language of these four tribes fluently, I was taken by the custom house officers for a pure blooded Indian, and they were disposed to be indulgent towards one who had treated them to such a comedy.

"Now, my reverend Father, continued Monsieur de Saint Luc, I confess to you that I have sometimes had slight prickings of conscience, although our friends the English did behave so handsomely in allowing my merchandize to pass free from duty, and as his excellency has left the decision of this theological question to you, I await your sentence."

Father de Bérey had a habit, when in the heat of an argument, or when taken by surprise, of using the pronoun in the second person instead of the third—or as the French language expresses it he would *nitoyer*. In reply to Monsieur de Saint Luc, he muttered between his teeth, "I had not thought thee so clever."

"What do you say, my reverend Father?" asked Monsieur de Saint Luc.

"That the devil laughs at it," replied the monk.

This sally excited the hilarity of all the guests, Canadian and English, and even of General Haldimand himself.

If in the last century the brave and powerful representative of the noble house of de Chapt de La Corne de Saint Luc was not above having recourse to Indian ideas in order to extricate himself from a difficulty, we need not be surprised or scornful in learning the fact that the wives of the Canadian colonists who have settled along the shores of the Upper Saint Maurice have adopted an Indian expedient for that gravest of all domestic difficulties, namely, taking care of the baby.

In reading an account of a canoe voyage in that beautiful but almost unknown region, written by the Very Rev. Napoleon Caron, one of the Canons of the Cathedral of Three Rivers, I found the following graphic sketch:

"It is all very well to write about nature, but human beings have a more serious claim on our attention. I will therefore tell you, dear reader, that at La Tuque Indian customs are already beginning to show themselves. Many women assisted at the mission with their babies, and each baby was attached to a board which might be termed its cradle. In this you will easily recognize an Indian custom. You would like me to describe this cradle minutely, would you not? Very well. Take a board, three feet in length, and nail along the lower end another very thin board, bent in the form of a semi-circle. Then fasten across the larger board three strong cords, which must be firmly attached to either side. Take the child, wrapped in its soft coverings, and lay it on the board with its feet upon the semi-circular shelf, placed expressly to receive them, then lace bands of some strong stuff backwards and forwards across the cords, so as to fix the child, from head to feet, firmly in its place—you will then have the cradle used by the Canadian women of La Tuque. To complete it, however, place a very strong semi-circular piece of wood above the head of the child, so that if the flies be troublesome you can throw a veil over it, and if the board should happen to fall upon the ground the baby will be protected.

"Finally, attach a strap of leather behind the board, and if you want to carry the child, pass this strap over your head. The baby will then be upon your shoulders and you will have the pleasure of hearing it crow, while you walk along with empty hands. In the house you may place your baby where you please, you can lean it against the wall, or hang it up with your hat, you can even, if you do not care very much about it, put it in the corner with the broom.

"From time to time undo an end of the lacing, so as to leave the baby's little hands free, and it is lovely to watch the way in which it will move them about.

"In order to rock it, have a swing attached to the ceiling, on the seat of which place the cradle, and then give it a push, it will sway backwards and forwards for a quarter of an hour without being touched.

"It is thus that mothers manage their little ones at La Tuque. I feel sure that my lady readers will cry 'Oh! the poor little thing!' Do not distress yourselves, these children are not at all to be pitied; they are very well off and are not liable to hurt themselves in any way. Their mothers unstrap them three times a day, and if they are long off the board they cry, whereas when they are put back, they begin to crow with joy."

It may be to this cradle of aboriginal simplicity that the dwellers in forest glades owe their stately bearing, and that grace of movement which makes them the objects of envy of their more softly reared sisters.

I may perhaps be permitted to say here that the Rev. Mr. Caron has embodied the account of his canoe voyage in a most interesting and instructive history of the St. Maurice country, which will shortly be given to the public in book form.

ST. MARTIN AND THE BEGGAR.

In the freezing cold and the blinding snow
Of a winter eve in the long ago,
Folding his cloak o'er his clanking mail,
A soldier, 'is fighting the angry gale
Inch by inch to the camp fire's light,
Star of his longing this wintry night.

All in a moment his path is barred;
He draws his sword as he stands on guard.
But who is this with a wan white face,
And piteous hands upheld for grace?
Tenderly bending, the soldier bold
Raises a beggar faint and cold.

Famished he seems and almost spent,
The rags that cover him torn and rent.
Crust nor coin can the soldier find;
Never his wallet with gold is lined:
But his soul is sad at the sight of pain,
The sufferer's pleading is not in vain.

His mantle of fur is broad and warm,
Armour of proof against the storm,
He snatches it off without a word,
One downward pass of his gleaming sword,
And cleft in twain at his feet it lies,
And the storm-wind howls 'neath the frowning skies.

"Half for thee,"—and with tender art,
He gathers the cloak round the beggar's heart,
"And half for me,"—and with jocund song,
In the teeth of the tempest he strides along,
Daring the worst of the sleet and snow,
That brave young spirit of long ago.

Lo! as he slept at midnight's prime,
His tent had the glory of summer time;
Shining out of a wondrous light,
The Lord Christ beamed on his dazzled sight;
"I was the beggar," the Lord Christ said,
As He stood by the soldier's lowly bed.

"Half of thy garment thou gavest me,
With the blessing of heaven I endow thee."
And Martin rose from the hallowed tryst,
Soldier and Servant and Knight of Christ

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

"Cardinal Gibbons has issued a circular directing the clergy of the Archdiocese of Baltimore to recite the prayers for the authorities after late mass on Thanksgiving Day (next Thursday). This is believed to be the first time the Roman Catholic Church has officially recognised Thanksgiving Day in the States."—*The Globe*, Monday, Nov. 26th.

Prior to 1830, during the episcopate of the Rt. Rev. Benedick Fenwick, 2nd bishop of Boston, Thanksgiving Day was on one occasion at least solemnly celebrated by the Catholics of that city, in the Cathedral Church of the Holy Cross, which then stood on Franklin St. The High Mass is indelibly impressed on my memory by the fact that, immediately after the sermon, Dryden's version of the *Te Deum*, as given in the prayer books of the time, was sung instead of the Nicene Creed. It was the first time I ever heard that sublime composition, frequently called the Ambrosian hymn, sung in any language, and I have never since heard it sung in English.

W. J. MACDONELL.

HERE AND THERE.

The Whitechapel murders excite both horror and wonder. Among the wonderful things I find a most wonderful one which is horrible enough. The daily papers of 23rd inst. scattered over the country an "interview" with Jesse Pomeroy, the boy-murderer. This young devil must be asked his opinion on the scientific butchery of women. The paragrapher who saw him assures us that since his (Pomeroy's) crimes bore so striking a resemblance to the London butcheries he was a competent judge, etc. The reporter found him just finishing "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." I am amazed at the laxity, not of prison discipline alone, but of public opinion, which in the United States allows a prisoner of his stamp such reading. There is all over the country altogether too much coddling of crime, and the country will yet learn to regret it. The man who steals a herring is a thief; the man who steals a heritage is a hero. Because Jesse Pomeroy's murders were outside the ordinary line of atrocity, he is even to-day looked up to by thousands. How infinitely low must the thousands be! The more I think of it the more intimately am I convinced that the really merciful treatment of such brutes as he, is treatment by the neck till dead. Those good Methodistic souls, who go in for forbearance till forbearance becomes a menace to society, will have a lot to answer for bye and bye. That crowd strains out gnats and swallows whole herds of camels.

The *Irish Canadian* plunges at the administration of this diocese for its conduct in regard to the Central Prison chaplaincy. The *Irish Canadian* is a plunger from "way back." Plungitude is its normal condition. It has in my memory plunged from zenith to nadir of the political horizon. There is not a degree of declination or of wrong ascension on this flat sphere which it has not at some time fondly called its own. Alas for the vanity of its hopes and alas! Dust is now its element. It kicks up a dust, moistens it with a certain humidity, which, under trying circumstances, exudes from the pores of its nationalist rind (that part is only skin-deep) and the result is . . . mud. Ah me!!

The *Mail* of 20th Nov. has a funny article on old fashioned school-teaching, under the heading of "Grammar Abolished." It is a pretty conceit, but one which I am moderately sure never saw the daylight of real life. The only phase of "Grammar Abolished" which interests me is the hitching on (in the latter part of his discourse) of an Irish brogue to the language of the principal kicker against "grammar" in the schools of 1865. The "for-ner't's" and "och! och's!" and a "spalpeen" or two are the laboured invention of some ignoramus who never knew what it was to have an Irish school-master teach him something. The thing is too clear. All the man's language (these words excepted) is distinctly American. The Irishisms are hitched on for effect. When our Irish people learn to resent such straining after effect they will be several years' journey nearer where they ought to be than they are to-day.

EFFENDI.

CANADIAN CHURCH NEWS.

A requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of the late Rev. Father Shea was sung at St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, on Thursday. A number of the priests of the archdiocese were present.

In St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, on Sunday last, Grand Musical Vespers were sung by the combined choirs of the Cathedral and St. Patrick's Church, Hamilton. The collection was devoted to the purposes of the Ladies' Benevolent Society. The musical service, which was under the direction of Mr. O'Brien, the organist of the Cathedral, was of a very high order.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Published Every Thursday

Offices: Bon Accord Building, 24 Church-street, Toronto.

Terms: \$2.00 per annum, payable strictly in advance. Advertisements unexceptionable in character and limited in number, will be taken at the rate of \$3 per line per annum 10 cents per line for ordinary insertions. Club rates: 10 copies, \$15.
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Remittances by P.O. Order or draft should be made payable to the Editor.

LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

ST. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 29th Dec., 1888.

GENTLEMEN,—

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

I am, faithfully yours,

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

FROM THE LATE BISHOP OF HAMILTON.

HAMILTON, March 17, 1887

MY DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

You have well kept your word as to the matter style, form and quality of the REVIEW, and I do hope it will become a splendid success.
Believe me, yours faithfully,

JAMES J. OARBERRY
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DEC. 1, 1888.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

We regret to again have to appeal to our subscribers to pay their bills promptly. It is a very disagreeable duty, but as the income of a newspaper or periodical is almost solely derived from the price of subscription it becomes necessary to remind over-due subscribers that on the prompt payment of their bills depends our own punctuality in meeting the very heavy current expenses and maturing obligations of the paper. The price of a paper is a small matter to the subscriber but amounts to a great deal in the aggregate to the publishers, and if our friends would kindly remember this we should not be put to the necessity of from time to time reminding them of their obligation. It should, indeed, not be necessary to do so at all. As our late Archbishop repeatedly urged, it is as sacred an obligation even more so on the part of subscribers to pay their paper bills promptly and regularly, as it is to pay any other debt. We are convinced that any failure of our friends to do this is due solely to carelessness, but as it is sometimes a very serious inconvenience to the publishers we would ask them to have a little more consideration. The frequency with which some of the foremost religious papers in the country are compelled to make appeals of this kind testifies to the widespread prevalence of the evil.

The Pope, giving a day or two ago a private audience to the Editor of the *Unità Cattolica*, said: "In our times the work of Catholic journalism is one of the most useful—nay, one of the most necessary—in the whole world."

Mr. Gladstone, in the article on "The Future of the English-speaking Races" he has contributed to the *Youth's Companion* of Boston, gives a table of the probable progression of the English-speakers of the world:—

1788.	15,000,000	spoke English on this planet.	
1888.	105,000,000	are speaking do.	do.
1900.	120,000,000	will speak do.	do.
2000.	840,000,000	do.	do.

Of this overwhelming army of persons who will speak English a hundred years hence, Mr. Gladstone thinks 700,000,000 will speak it through their noses—as is the fashion in the United States.

BISHOP SWEATMAN ON THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Some evidence of the change which of late years has come over the Church of England, in its thought and its attitude, may be seen in the remarks of the Rev. Dr. Sweatman, Anglican Bishop of Toronto, at the opening of a new church in this city a Sunday ago. Dr. Sweatman spoke of the Church—surely a great subject—the Church which the royal psalmist sang to as the City of God. "In all honesty of interpretation," he is reported as stating, "we are bound to give the widest sense to this title of honour, 'The Church of Christ.' It is true that Holy Scripture furnishes no exact definition of the term, but there is enough in the scattered allusions to the character of the church to justify the definition of the XIXth Article. 'The visible Church of Christ is a congregation of faithful men, in the which the pure word of God is preached, and the sacraments be duly administered, according to Christ's ordinance in all those things that of necessity are requisite to the same.' But to-day we are met together to open this new and beautiful building for the worship of God according to the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England."

Concerning the position and origin of the Church of England his Lordship thus went on to speak more fully, adopting, as it seems to us, an apologetic or defensive position. "Our first claim," he said, "is that of divine origin; that we are a continuous branch of the Church founded by Christ and His Apostles. Connected with this claim is the question of the antiquity of the Church of England, about which much ignorance prevails, and consequently much misrepresentation is boldly put forth. Such, for example, that it is not older than the Reformation, when it was created by Act of Parliament." Whatever the mode of its introduction into Britain, whether by the preaching of St. Paul, or through intercourse with the Romans, or any other such reason, at all events his Lordship states that "no fact is more certainly established than that Christianity found its way into the country at a very early date, and that the British Church had a vigorous existence for more than 300 years, being fully organized, using the Gallican liturgy ascribed to St. John, receiving visits from Gallican bishops, sending its own bishops to the general councils of the Church, and being eminent for missionary enterprise." There was, however, one glory predicted of the Christian Church which Dr. Sweatman confesses the Church of England not to have realized—that of unity. It is too true that "the beauty of the (Anglican) Church is marred by divisions," but in the renewed life and light of to-day she is doing her best to repair that great error of the past." It even seemed, his Lordship added, as if it were to be the special glory of the Church of England that she should be the reconciler of the divisions of Chris-

tendom, a task for which her "apostolic constitution," "her maintenance of the primitive faith and practice in all their fulness, purity and scripturalness," especially qualified her.

It is plain that Dr. Sweatman has taken his note from the late Church Congress held at Manchester. For if his words mean anything they amount to a repudiation of Protestantism. Protestantism as Protestantism is what the Anglican authorities are now mainly exercised to explain away. Not so long ago they were wont to regard the Church of Rome as the Anti-Christ and Babylon of the Apocalypse. Now they are many of them glad to regard it as the largest and chiefest branch of the true Church of God, of which they claim the the Greek Church to be the second, and the Church of England to be the third branches. It is what is called the Branch Theory. So far from holding in abhorrence the Church of the Dark Ages before the Reformation, they now claim it to be identical with their own; and that the Church of England, after the Reformation, was one and the same continuously with the Church of England before that time. This is what is known as the Continuity Theory. Finally, in support of this new position they claim that her bishops are true bishops, and their ministers true priests, that they have been validly ordained, and that they have preserved in an unbroken succession all the powers of the priesthood which Christ gave to his Apostles. This is the claim of Apostolic Succession; and these three theories—the Branch Theory, the Continuity Theory, and the claim of Apostolic Succession—make up the latest and most advanced form of belief in the Anglican communion. This three-fold claim of Anglicanism, announced at the recent Church Congress, —and repeated by Dr. Sweatman in Toronto,—has been met by the authoritative representatives of the Catholic Church in England with a three-fold denial. When they recollect for a moment the great men of their own communion, men of keen intellect and of immense erudition, who threw up everything under the overwhelming conviction that the Church of England was historically a delusion, and the Reformation a great wrong, the validity of their position must be to sincere Anglicans, we should judge, a vague and a painful uncertainty. Fortunately the question is one not so much of theology as of history. It is, briefly, whether the Church which existed in England up to the Reformation was Catholic and Roman, or that form of religion which is taught and professed by the Church of England. There are two reasons which make the question easy to answer. The first is that no one can mistake the difference between our doctrines and those of the Church of England. The second is that history furnishes us a clear and certain picture of what the Church was before the Reformation.

A Roman Catholic believes in the real presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, and in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. He believes in Confession. He pays honour to Our Blessed Lady and the saints, and has recourse to their prayers. He believes in Purgatory and prayers for the dead. More than this, he recognizes and obeys the Pope as the Vicar of Christ and the Head of the Church. The Church of England, on the other hand, teaches in her thirty-nine articles, to which her ministers are obliged to sign their assent before they can officiate or preach in her churches, the very reverse of these Catholic doctrines. She denounces the Mass as idolatrous; Confession, the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and

the Saints, the belief in purgatory, and prayers for the dead, each are anathematized; while, with respect to the Pope, he is declared to have no authority in the realm, and his jurisdiction is held to be "utterly abolished" in England. Between these two beliefs, said an English priest, the Rev. Father Moyes, speaking on the subject recently, "there is about the same plain difference as there is between yes and no, between black and white, between light and darkness," and of the Church of the pre-Reformation he added:

"We have the books of doctrine and devotion written by her divines. We have the mass books used at her altars. We have the sermons preached from her pulpits. We have the primers and prayer-books used by her people. We have the record of what was said and done in the chronicles of her monks and historians. We have full authoritative declarations of her doctrine and practice in the decrees which were made by the councils of her bishops or by the convocations of her clergy. We have happily thus a teeming abundance of evidence, and the sun in the heavens at noonday is not more clear than the knowledge which the records of this country give us as to what was the belief and what was the practice in the Church here in England from the earliest times up to the Reformation."

With all respect to Bishop Sweatman, serious men will hardly mistake puerile fables for arguments. The Catholic faith so entered into and filled the life of England in the pre-Reformation times that its spirit and impress have been left upon every page of its history and literature. And if there were no history and no literature, the ruined cathedrals, the despoiled chapels and abbeys, which mark the land, would tell their own silent story of the extirpation of faith, and the sacrilege and greed of the Reformers. To believe in Dr. Sweatman's branch theory, it is necessary first to believe that Christ can teach one doctrine in one branch of His Church, and the opposite in another; while to grant his claim to continuity we should have to reject the sworn statement of every bishop for more than 500 years. We should have to reject the history, the literature, and the visible evidences which remain of the traditions and beliefs of the past generations, all of which speak to us in truth of the old Church, against which no man can prevail.

THE NATION'S BANE.

Much as the nation has to fear from the drunkard, it has much more to fear from the drunkard-maker. But a few years since the liquor-traffic, creator of drunkards and fosterer of drunkenness, was a child in weakness; to-day it is a giant in strength, mighty, unscrupulous, and traitorous. Who can deny the influence of this traffic in this land? Its voice is powerful in the halls of Congress, in our State legislatures, in our city councils. The force of aroused and indignant, intelligent public opinion has in some places driven the unwilling legislators to enact measures for the stricter regulation of the liquor business, and in some others the popular voice has suppressed the traffic altogether. Yet all know how extremely difficult it is to secure the enforcement of any laws that are not to the liking of the liquor interest. What Cardinal Manning has lately said is as true in our great cities as in those of Great Britain:

"The next cause of utter wreck is, I will not say intoxicating drink, but the drink trade. This is a public, permanent, and ubiquitous agency of degradation to the people of these realms. That foul and fetid housing drives men and women to drink, and that drink ren-ews

their dens seven-fold more foul and fetid, is certain. The degradation of men, women, and children follows by an inevitable law, but only those who are trying to save them have any adequate knowledge of the inhuman and helpless state of those who have fallen into drunkenness. I am not going to moralize upon drunkenness, I will only say that the whole land is suffering from the direct or indirect power of the drink trade. In times of depression only one interest still prospers—its profits may be slightly lessened, but its gains are always large and safe—that is, the great trade in drink, which enriches half a million of brewers, distillers, and publicans, with the trades depending on them, and wrecks millions of men, women, and children. This one traffic, more than any other cause, destroys the domestic life of the people. The evidence taken by the Housing Commission expressly shows that in the overcrowded rooms in Dublin the moral wreck wrought in London is not equally found. A counteraction or preservation is there present and powerful. This I can affirm also of a large number of homes in London. The same is affirmed on evidence in Glasgow. Nevertheless, these exceptions only prove the rule. The drink trade of this country has a sleeping partner who gives it effectual protection—Every successive government raises at least a third of its budget by the trade in drink. Of this, no more need be said. It changes man and woman into idiocy and brutality. It is our shame, scandal, and sin; and unless brought under by the will of the people—and no other power can—it will be our downfall."

In recounting the causes which seem to threaten the permanency of our institutions, no one forgets the dangers arising from the conflict between labour and capital. But some do forget one of the most powerful indirect agencies that have brought about this conflict—intemperance. The best and truest friends of the workingman acknowledge in shame and sorrow that much of the misery and degradation, in which many a wage-earner and his family live, is due to drink. While as a matter of fact labour has oftentimes just reason to complain of the tyranny of capital, it has oftener just reason to complain of the tyranny of rum. Great strikes, that have involved thousands, have taken place because the worker's pittance was cut down a few cents per day; yet many of these very men willingly give up daily a much larger sum to the laziest and most bloated of capitalists—the saloon-keeper—deliberately pay him to ruin themselves and their families. Would to God that our working men our country's pride, could be made to realize that intemperance is their bane and the grog-seller their deadliest enemy! Never were truer words spoken than these of the honest and fearless leader of the Knights of Labour: "When I know," says Mr. Powderley, "that, if free from the shackles of intemperance, the workmen of America would hew out for themselves a name and a place in the world which was never dreamed of in past centuries, it makes my heart sick that one of them should ever raise to his mouth the glass that damns both body and soul."

If our working men could be emancipated from the slavery of drink, from the thralldom of the saloon, they would never as a class have to bow to capitalistic tyranny, and labour troubles would soon cease to be a disturbing factor in the land.—*Rev. M. F. Foley, in Catholic World.*

A CANADIAN VIEW OF THE RELIGIOUS STATE OF FRANCE.

Translated from *La Verite* for the CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW.

I have now spent two Sundays in France, one in Paris, and the other here, (Louze, Haute Marie). What sad days they have been, indeed. I would prefer avoiding this heart-rending subject, but consider it a matter of duty to speak, in order that we may draw a salutary lesson from the pitiful state of France.

Mgr. Fèvre has no curate, so that on Sunday there is only a High Mass celebrated. Well! at this High Mass

there were present about forty women and young girls, a few school children and *two men*, besides the two singers, the beadle, Mgr. Fèvre's nephew and myself, out of a population of from 700 to 800 souls. The others were at work in the fields. Nevertheless they are not an impious people; they do not by any means entertain a hatred of religion: at bottom they must have some faith left, for they generally ask for the priest when death approaches. They even still retain certain religious practices: for instance, on the Feast of All Souls, they will come to Mass, they will ask for prayer for their departed friends, and as a general thing do not neglect to have their children baptized and prepared for their First Communion. In another country parish, which I have been told of, the parishioners, who are not any better attendants at Mass than those at Louze, will crowd the church on Good Friday to venerate the Cross. This is what they call "Making their Easter duty."

The people at Louze behave very politely to their parish priest, salute him with great respect, and are always ready to render him a service, so that it is not hatred of the priest that keeps them from church. It is an inexplicable indifference which nothing can overcome. It is scarcely necessary for me to say that Mgr. Fèvre is as zealous a pastor of souls as he is a laborious writer. He is not one of those priests who shut themselves up in their sacristies. While knowing how to command respect, he mixes freely with his people, has always a pleasant word for them, takes an interest in their labours, shares their joys and sorrows, in fine, he is all things to all, as St. Paul would have him. Always at his post, he performs the duties of his calling with scrupulous fidelity. For instance, on last Sunday he continued a series of sermons, commenced a few weeks ago, on the proofs of the Divinity of the Church. He preached to those empty benches with as much care as if there had been a large auditory. And certainly his instruction—short, solid and clear—was worthy of a better fate.

And I must say that parishes like Louze are the rule, and not the exception, throughout France. We French-Canadians should profit by this sad experience of our ancient mother-country; we should cast out from our midst the germs of the malady which is destroying her. Have we the wisdom to do so?

J. P. TARDIVEL.

MEN AND THINGS.

Mr. Wm. Ludwig, the famous Irish baritone, was tendered a banquet a few nights ago by the Irish citizens of Boston. Mr. Ludwig, in the course of his response, said: "As for my musical studies, to which the chairman has so pleasantly referred, I can say that I have always loved the music of my native land, for no music appeals like it to my nature. Music, they say, is the first faculty of the Irish. Let us all help to cultivate that faculty, and let our priests, statesmen and newspapers help to revive an interest in ancient Irish Music, which music elicited praise from Cambrensis, the Venerable Bede and Haydn."

During the past few days there has been little or no change in the condition of Cardinal Newman, whose state is happily as satisfactory as can be expected. Dr. Jordan still pays a daily visit to his illustrious patient, and Father Neville remains in constant attendance.

By the lamented death of Miss Kathleen O'Meara, better known to the outer world by the *nom de plume* "Grace Ramsay," the English Catholic colony in Paris loses one of its most conspicuous members; and English readers, Protestant as well as Catholic, all the world over, a popular and graceful author.

I was very glad to stumble upon a familiar name the other day in the list of distinguished visitors arriving in London. Sir John Pope Hennessy has taken up his quarters in Claridge's Hotel, which affords a convenient

centre for the machinations of the most indefatigable of Colonial Governors. What particular hot water Sir J. P. is likely to get into next, no one knows but Sir J. P. himself; but I suppose his action against the *Times* is enough to occupy him at present.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Sir Charles Russell is a resolute, shrewd sportsman of the finest type, and his very relaxations tend to keep him always above his work. It seems strange that an Irishman should come over here and quietly take his place at the head of our great exclusive Trades' Union. Sir Charles accomplished the feat simply because he has a mighty brain, and a kind of tact which is almost as valuable as his subtle, analytic intellect. He is the finest specimen of the born lawyer that our generation has yet seen, and it is a pity that his time is not divided between the races and the law courts. Before a jury his style of eloquence tells with curious precision, and I have sometimes been tempted to think that he is really worth his three hundred guineas per day to a litigant. It may seem hard to hand over one hundred guineas to one person for one quarter of an hour's work, but there is only one Patti, and there is only one Russell.—*Man of the World*.

AT THE DOOR.

A hand tapped at my door, low down, low down.
I opened it and saw two eyes of brown,
Two lips of cherry red,
A little curly head,

A bonny, fairy sprite, in dress of white,
Who said, with lifted face, "Papa, good night."

She climbed upon my knee, and kneeling there,
Lisp'd softly, solemnly, her little prayer;
Her meeting finger tips,
Her pure, sweet baby lips,
Carried my soul with hers, half unaware,
Into some clearer and diviner air.

I tried to lift again, but all in vain,
Of scientific thought the subtle chain;
So small, so small,
My learning all;
Though I could call each star and tell its place,
My child's "Our Father" bridged the gulf of space.

I sat with folded hands at rest, at rest,
Turning this solemn thought within my breast,
How faith would fade
If God had made
No children in this world—no baby age—
Only the prudent man or thoughtful sage.

Only the woman wise, no little arms
To clasp around our neck; no baby charms,
No loving care,
No sinless prayer,
No thrill of lisp'ing song, no pattering feet,
No infant heart against our heart to beat.

Then if a tiny hand, low down,
Tap at the heart or door, ah! do not frown;
Bend low to meet
The little feet,
To clasp the clinging hand; the child will be
Nearer heaven than thou—nearer than thou.

—Lillie E. Barr.

A CHRISTIAN AND A GENTLEMAN.

The Catholic public reads in the secular papers of a quarrel between Bishop McQuade, of Rochester, and Father Lambert, a well-known priest of his diocese, author of "Notes on Ingersoll." And the Catholic public hardly knows what to think of it. Bishop McQuade was one of the pioneers of the Catholic school movement. That, aside from his high office in the Church, he is an able man, appears from his contributions to the periodical literature of the country. Father Lambert's "Notes on Ingersoll" is, without question, the most popular and most widely circulated book ever written or published by a Catholic in this country. Its value as a weapon against infidelity has been recognized by Protestants as well as Catholics, and, if we are correctly informed, it is being simultaneously published by several book firms.

Considering, therefore, that this is a painful misunderstanding between two men who are doing, and are able to do, great service to the Church, we must say it is to be profoundly regretted.

The character of the Christian and the gentleman is so rare a combination that perhaps occurrences of this nature are not wholly avoidable. The virtues of forbearance, liberality, breadth of mind, generosity of disposition, tact, judical fairness, forgiveness and self-restraint are as salutary for the prince as for the peasant. Absent,—there is explosion; present,—there is peace and accord.

Take the instance of the Knights of Labour: If any other man had been at the head of that organization except T. V. Powderly, or, if some other prelate than Cardinal Gibbons had determined the attitude of the Church, we might have had unpleasant and unnecessary consequences. The Church might have been made to appear in the eyes of many honest workmen as on the side of the rich. Its condemnation of the Knights of Labour might have seemed an evidence of hostility to the fair treatment of the working class. But in Powderly the organization had a head willing to make its constitution agreeable to the Catholic prelates and desirous of making the order one in which Catholics could conscientiously enter. And Cardinal Gibbons displayed the mildness and sympathy of a gentleman as well as the foresight of a prelate in determining the right attitude of the Church.—*Milwaukee Citizen*.

WHO LISTENS?

Bold, bad Bob Ingersoll in his replies to Cardinal Manning, published in the *North American Review*, astonishes the ecclesiastical forum with the manners of the stump.

Cardinal Manning has commented on the fact that "the Pope speaks to many people in many nations; that he treats with empires and governments," and that "neither from Canterbury nor from Constantinople such a voice goes forth."

To which Ingersoll answers:

"How does the Pope speak? What does he say?"

"He speaks against the liberty of man—against the progress of the human race. He speaks to calumniate thinkers, and to warn the faithful against the discoveries of science. He speaks for the destruction of civilization.

"Who listens? Do astronomers, geologists, and scientists put the hand to the ear, fearing that an accent may be lost? Does France listen? Does Italy hear? Is not the Church weakest at its centre? Do those who have raised Italy from the dead, and placed her again among the great nations, pay attention? Does Great Britain care for this voice—this moan, this groan—of the Middle Ages? Do the words of Leo XIII. impress the intelligence of the Great Republic?"

Many astronomers, geologists and scientists will never listen to anything outside of their speciality. They ignore what is said in the parliaments of the world and care for that only which comes from the laboratory. The great social problems are nothing to them; the finest poetry and the most magnificent prose that may be written, they never read. If they treat religion and the other world and the utterances of great religious leaders in a similar manner it signifies nothing against the Pope but everything against themselves. Much of France may not listen to what the Pope says, but it does not demonstrate that the reading of Zola and the worship of Sarah Bern-

A great deal has been said about the rich presents sent to the Holy Father on the occasion of his jubilee; and about the vast sum of money he received. The Cardinal Dean of the Sacred College was speaking to him a few days ago, and the Holy Father remarked that not a penny of what was presented remained with him. It was all gone—everywhere all over the Christian world.

hardly is evidence of a higher degree of intelligence than that which concerns itself with the affairs of the soul. Neither do the rabble of Rome listen, nor the bondholders of England, who rob the Egyptian fellahen, nor the landlords of Great Britain who oppress the peasantry of Ireland. The Rev. Fulton does not heed the Pope, nor does the "intelligence of the Great Republic, as represented" in the preachers, hear him. What does all this prove? These people might not hear Christ if he came among them to-day. Certainly their prototypes in the days of Herod did not.

But there is a religious community of 200,000,000 people who hear the Pope, and they conserve the hope and strength of Christianity.—*Milwaukee Citizen.*

BOOK REVIEW.

Catholic Home Almanac for 1889. New York: Benziger Bros.

It is sufficient praise of Messrs. Benzigers' admirable Catholic almanac and annual to say that that for 1889 in illustrations and letter press is quite up to the standard of other years. Short stories and biographical sketches are contributed by well-known Catholic writers. Among the engravings is one of the late Archbishop of Toronto, accompanying which is a notice of his life, compiled from the Archbishop Lynch memorial number of this REVIEW.

Almanacs for 1889

The Catholic Home Almanac

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Hot Water Heating Apparatus, Cayuga, Ont." will be received until Tuesday, 23rd inst., for the construction of a Hot Water Heating Apparatus at the Cayuga, Ont., Post Office Building.

Plans and specifications can be seen, and form of tender and all necessary information obtained at this Department and at the Office of Messrs. Snyder & Snyder, Cayuga, Ont., and after Friday 9th inst.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
A. GOBEIL,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, November 5th, 1888.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to the Parliament of Canada at its next session for an Act to incorporate a Company to be called "The Assets and Debenture Company of Canada," with power to buy, sell and guarantee, and advance money upon Debentures or other securities; to buy and sell and advance money upon stocks, shares and assets of any description, and to guarantee payments of principal or interest or both, and to act as agents in all such matters, and for such other powers as may be incidental to the business of such corporation.

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LIST OF PRIZES.

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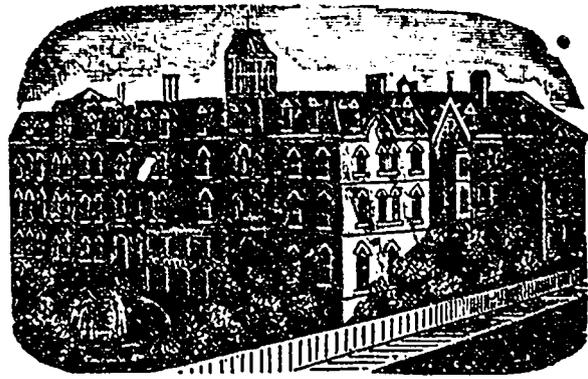


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