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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Reddite quæ sunt Cesaris, Cesari; et quæ sunt Dei, Deo.—Matt 22: 21.

Vol. III

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No. 38

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The utterances of Congress on these, and other points, it is anticipated, will be of great interest and importance.

The Government offices in St. Gabriel St., Montreal, were on Tuesday morning last, the scene of a notable gathering called to witness an historical event—the payment of the grant of \$400,000, voted to the Society of Jesus as a compensation for their estates. The Quebec Premier was surrounded by his colleagues Hon. Messrs. Gagnon and Rhodes, Mgr. Labelle, and the representative of the Holy See, the Rev. Father Turgeon, S.J. Cardinal Taschereau was represented by Mgr. Tetu. The Premier had issued special invitations to all the members of the Legislature residing in Montreal as well as to members of the Legislative Council.

Notes.

His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau, accompanied by his secretary, Mgr. Marois, and Mgr. Paquet, Rector of Laval University; Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax; Rt. Rev. Dr. Howley, Vicar Apostolic of Newfoundland; Archbishop Duhamel, of Ottawa, and Bishop Lafleche, of Three Rivers, are among the Canadian prelates who have left for Baltimore to attend the Catholic Centenary.

"We ventured to hint many months ago," says the *Weekly Register*, "that among Catholic members of the Conservative party who could not follow their leaders in opposition to Home Rule was the Marquis of Bute. He has now made the declaration over his own name, in an article in the *Scottish Review*, and in a sense even more sweeping than many a Gladstonian member would accept." It gives it no small pleasure, the *Register* says, to see Lord Bute show the courage of his opinions, in the first place because it has been always obvious that a dislike of the Catholic Church was the main motive of the opposition to Home Rule, which makes it natural for Conservatives, who are Conservatives, should find themselves unable to co-operate with their political friends on this question; and in the second place of Lord Bute's great ability, great wealth, and conspicuous position.

The Catholic Congress which opens at Baltimore on Monday next, will be the first general gathering of the Catholic laity in the annals of the Church in America. The Congress will remain in session two days; and the programme of its proceedings have already been published. The various subjects have been allotted to the most learned and competent men for discussion. The views of the Congress, it is probable, will be expressed by means of resolutions, and we may expect from it some vigorous and weighty pronouncements upon many questions of great Catholic moment which are pressing forward for solution, such, for example, as the needs of the Catholic Press, and the vexed educational questions.

Before the deed of settlement was signed Mr. Mercier addressed the assemblage. Having expressed regret that a more eloquent voice than his own had not been found to express the feelings which were paramount in his heart, he proceeded to declare that he was sincerely devoted to the British Constitution, and would defend it to the end. After briefly reviewing the negotiations Mr. Mercier concluded as follows: "I thank Providence, and God is my witness, that throughout this entire affair I have been guided by the purest of motives; and I make the most fervent prayer that peace may reign everywhere, not only among Catholics, but among Protestants also, and that all may unite in proclaiming the advent of civil and religious peace. There is no doubt but this is the desire of the great majority, and as regards the agitation which has been raised, and which, it appears, still exists in certain quarters, I have nothing to say. I make no charge against those who may think differently from me. Having rendered justice to the religious authorities I must say nothing to disturb the peace of this great day. We believe we did right; if others think otherwise let them take the responsibility of their acts. History will relate in its pages, when passion has calmed down, who were right and who were wrong. However, above us all stands an impartial Judge before whom all must appear, Catholic and Protestant, French and English. He will judge us all with more equity than men may sometime have done."

Father Turgeon, in his reply said it was not his purpose to defend his Society, because it stood in no need of defence. "But speaking," he said, "as I do now, as a French-Canadian, I may say that our history has been written in blood upon the soil of our native land." After referring with pleasure to the Jesuits' Estates legislation, he said: "You can tell the public we are loyal to the Crown of England, as our history proves; and that the last drop of blood which shall be shed for it in this country, may yet be shed by a Jesuit." The speeches of Mr. Mercier and Father Turgeon will appear in full in our next number.

AN ARTIST'S IDYL.

BY THEOPHILE GAUJIER.

It was in the midsummer of 18—that a lad of sixteen or seventeen years, but so small he appeared much younger, might have been seen in the Province of A—driving before him two or three dozen sheep. The youthful shepherd had that thoughtful, sad expression peculiar to those who spend much of their time in solitude. Romances had not turned Petit Pierre's head, for such was his name. He did not know how to read, nevertheless he was a dreamer. Day after day he would lean against a tree, his eyes wandering over the horizon in a sort of ecstatic contemplation.

What was he thinking of? He did not know himself. He saw the sunrise and sunset, the different tints of the foliage, the shadows of cloud and mountain, without taking heed thereof, but they influenced him nevertheless, and he thought it weak-spirited, almost an infirmity, to be thus influenced by water, woods, and sky. He would say to himself, "There is nothing so wonderful in all this; trees are not rare, neither is the earth, why should I stop to look at an oak or a hill, forgetting everything? Without Fidele I would have lost more than one sheep, and the master would beat me. Why am I not like the others—big and strong, always singing—instead of spending my time looking at the grass, my sheep?" One might have almost thought that Petit Pierre was in love—but he was not—sylvan shepherds are not so precocious, and this Corydon had hardly yet noticed a Phyllis.

Entering a meadow covered with fine grass, dotted here and there with clumps of trees, altogether a picturesque spot, Petit Pierre threw himself on a rock, and, leaning on his stick, looked not unlike a shepherd of Arcadia, while he gave himself up to his thoughts. His dog, sagaciously judging the sheep would not go far from a spot where the pasture was so inviting, with his head on his paws, and his eyes fixed on his master, lay at his feet motionless. The sheep disported themselves in their happy, heedless fashion. It was a charming, peaceful picture—so a young girl thought as she entered the meadow from another side.

"What a lovely spot for sketching!" she cried, taking her drawing materials from her maid, who was with her.

Throwing herself on a little knoll, regardless of her fresh white robe, and arranging her drawing materials, she began with a firm hand to sketch the scene before her. A great straw hat cast a transparent shade over her lovely features; a glimpse of her sunny hair, in a round knot at the back, made her not unlike one of Ruben's pictures.

Petit Pierre, absorbed as he was, had not at first noticed the arrival of this charming apparition. Fidele had raised his head, but seeing nothing particularly antagonistic, returned to his former sphinx-like attitude. When Petit Pierre glanced finally on the dainty white figure before him, he suddenly felt as if his heart had stopped beating. To overcome this emotion he rose to his feet, and whistling to his dog, left the spot.

But that had never entered into the young girl's calculations, who was about putting in the young shepherd with his flock as an indispensable accessory. She threw down her album and pencil and flew in the direction of Petit Pierre, and insisted on his returning to occupy his former position on the rock.

"You," she said, laughingly, "must stay in this position until I tell you that you can go—this arm a little more forward, and your hand a little to the left."

As she spoke, with her white, delicate hands she placed and arranged Petit Pierre in the position to suit her.

"What beautiful eyes he has, Lucy, for a peasant's eyes," she continued, with another laugh to her maid.

The model arranged to suit her, the light-hearted young girl returned to her drawing, which was soon finished.

"You can get up now and go, but it is only fair I should reward you for the fatigue I have caused you, remaining still so long, like a rustic saint."

The shepherd, very shamefacedly, very slowly, came to the young girl's side, who slipped a piece of gold into his hand.

"That is to buy a new vest for the Sunday fetes," she added.

The shepherd glanced furtively on the half-open album stood transfixed with amazement, without closing his hand where the new twenty franc piece glittered. The scales fell from his eyes; a sudden revelation came over him. In a half-stupified voice he said, following the different portions of the drawing.

"The trees, the stones, the rock, the dog—and I am here, the sheep, too, on this paper!"

The young girl, amused at his admiration and naive astonishment, showed him other drawings—lakes, chateaux, rocks—then, as it was growing dark, she rose, and with her maid disappeared on the road to a great chateau.

Petit Pierre followed her with his eyes as long as a fold of her gown remained in sight. The humble shepherd began to have a confused idea what it meant to watch the trees, the clouds, the landscape. The emotion he experienced on seeing anything beautiful assumed different proportions. He was neither then a fool nor an imbecile. He had seen on the chimney piece in the cottages images of Genevieve de Brabant, and the Mother of Sorrows, with her seven arrows embedded in her heart, but these coarse daubs, in yellow, red, or blue, unworthy of the savages of New Zealand, never awakened an idea of art in his head. The drawings in the album of the young girl, with their crayon shading and precise forms were something entirely new to Petit Pierre. The pictures in the parish church were so black and smoky one could distinguish nothing. Besides that he hardly dared to raise his eyes to them from the porch where he knelt.

That night Petit Pierre dreamed he was in a valley more beautiful than anything he had ever seen, while the beautiful vision that had drawn him in the afternoon came smiling toward him, saying:

"It is not sufficient to look—you must work."

So saying, she placed on his knees a board, drawing paper, and a sharp pencil, and stood over him while he began to trace a few lines, but with so trembling a hand that the lines ran into each other. Petit Pierre would have given anything not to have been so awkward—everything he drew grew into irregular and ridiculous zigzags. His anguish grew greater than he could bear, until the lady, seeing his misery, put a stop to it by placing in his hand a pencil whose point flashed like fire. Petit Pierre's difficulties vanished as if by magic. Out of confusion came order, trees throw out bold and hardy trunks, the trees looked natural, and plants with their foliage were true to life. His instructress, leaning on his shoulder, followed his work with an air of approval, saying from time to time:

"Good, very good! this is the way—go on!"

This dream made a great impression on Petit Pierre. From that day he seemed a different person—his head and his heart alike seemed on fire. He had suddenly awoken to consciousness of the talent within him, and determined if possible, to make something of himself.

Taking a coal from those smouldering on the hearth, Petit Pierre began his studies in charcoal on the outside walls of the cabin instead of on paper or canvas. What should he begin with? Make a picture of his best, or rather only friend, Fidele! For this orphan's family consisted only of his dog. His first effort, it must be confessed, resembled a hippopotamus more than a dog. By dint of trying over and over again—fortunately Fidele was the most patient model in the world—the hippopotamus was succeeded by a crocodile, then a calf, and finally a figure that resembled nothing so much as a member of the canine race. To describe the satisfaction that Petit Pierre felt when he had accomplished this would be difficult. Michael Angelo, when he had given the last touch to the Sistine Chapel, and laid down, with his arms crossed upon his breast to contemplate his immortal work, never felt a dearer or deeper joy. "If that beautiful lady could only see Fidele's portrait!" cried the little artist.

To do him justice, it must be said that this blindness lasted only a short time. He soon learned how unfinished was the sketch, how different from the real Fidele. The next time he tried to draw a sheep, and did a little better; he was gaining experience—but the charcoal broke in his fingers and the rough boards were very exasperating. "If I had paper and pencils I could do better, but how can I get them?"

Petit Pierre forgot he was a capitalist. Suddenly he remembered, and one day confiding his flock to a comrade, marched resolutely to town, and, boldly entered a store, asked for the necessaries for drawing. The astonished merchant gave him several kinds of paper and pencils. Petit Pierre, elated at having accomplished this heroic and difficult task in buying so many strange objects *retourna a ses moutons*, and without neglecting them, consecrated to drawing all the time that ordinary shepherds gave to play on the pipe, carving crooks or making snares for the birds or foxes.

Scarcely realizing the influence that guided his steps he often led his flock to the spot where he had posed as a model for the young girl, but he did not see her very soon—"the beautiful lady," as he called her, more radiant than ever in his dream, with the golden pencil in her hand. Though he did not realize it, she was the mine of inspiration to him.

One day he heard a horse galloping full speed along the road. Fido barked long and loud, in another moment he saw the lady of his dream on a runaway horse. While she tried in vain to restrain him with curb and bit he ran only the faster, and turning suddenly threw her violently to the ground before Petit Pierre, who had run as quickly as he could, was able to reach her. He found she had fainted. Paler than the unfortunate lady, Petit Pierre saw where the rain had collected in the hollow of a fallen tree. Throwing some of this water on her face, he discovered red drops slowly oozing from her forehead. She was wounded. Petit Pierre drew from his pocket a poor little ragged handkerchief, and reverently wiped away the blood now mingling with her hair. Then she recovered consciousness and looked at Petit Pierre with a vague sort of recognition that went to his heart.

Suddenly the noise of approaching wheels was heard, the rest of the party appeared, and after many exclamations raised her and put her in a carriage and drove away, leaving Petit Pierre alone with his stained handkerchief to remind him of the event.

The season grew late, the inhabitants of the chateau returned to Paris, and though Petit Pierre had only seen at a distance the white gown and straw hat that he recognized after the accident, still he felt very lonely. When he was saddest he took the handkerchief that had stanching the unknown lady's wounds and kissed the stain. It was his only consolation. He drew a great deal and made rapid progress, for he had no master, no method came between him and nature, he drew whatever he saw. His drawings were rude and uncouth, but full of originality and expression. He worked solitary and alone, under the eye of God, without advice of a guide, only his own sad heart to inspire him. Sometimes in his dreams he saw again the beautiful lady with the golden pencil and flaming point, and with her by him drew wonderful pictures, but in the morning everything vanished—pencils were obstinate and Petit Pierre used up all his bread crusts rubbing out.

One day he drew an old moss covered cottage. From the chimney blue smoke ascended between the branches of a spreading oak. The husbandman, his daily work over, stood on his door step smoking his pipe. In the interior sat a woman rocking a cradle with her foot while plying her needle. This was Petit Pierre's *chef d'œuvre*. He was almost satisfied with himself. Suddenly there fell a shadow on his paper, the shadow of a three-cornered hat that could only belong to the parish priest. He it was, looking on silently at Petit Pierre's work, who blushed to his ears, detected in such employment. The venerable cure was a tender hearted, good man. When he was young he had lived in cities, and had a taste for some knowledge of the fine arts. Petit Pierre's work appeared to him very remarkable and to promise a most brilliant future. The worthy priest was touched with the solitary pursuit, this unconscious genius, "wasting its sweetness on the desert air," was patiently reproducing the work of the Creator.

(To be continued.)

THE CHURCH OF THE ROSARY.

PROCESSION OF THE ROSARY.

During the month of October, on the Feast of the Rosary, an impressive ceremony took place at the Mother House of the Ladies of the Congregation, near Ville Marie, Montreal. This splendid new convent is less familiar, perhaps, to many than the adjoining school buildings, once known as Monk's lands and the residence at one time of Lord Elgin. It is a vast structure of gray stone, with a dome visible at a great distance. The interior is finely adapted for the needs of the large community inhabiting it, and though simple to austerity in its appointments, is, nevertheless, most imposing. Each year the procession of the Rosary takes place there. The statue of the Queen of the Rosary is carried through the house by several gentlemen, the nuns, the domestics, and some other lay people who come thither from the city, following it, reciting the Rosary aloud, while a hymn is sung at the end of each decade. The various chapels throughout the house serve as resting places. At each a pause is made, a hymn is sung and a decade of the beads said. The ceremony concludes with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the temporary chapel. Adjoining the convent the nuns are building a splendid church on the old conventual plan. The altar will be in the centre, the community church behind and that of the lady in front of it. It is designed as a special temple of reparation to the Sacred Heart, but it is under the invocation of our Lady of the Rosary. This title was adopted at the instance of Archbishop Fabre, and it was a coincidence that it was the first church so named after the promulgation of the papal decree touching on the recitation of the Rosary during the month of October. Another coincidence was, that immediately after the naming, the beautiful statue of the Queen of the Rosary, now annually carried in procession, was brought to light under the following circumstances. The late Bishop Carberry, of Hamilton, when visiting the convent, chanced upon this statue in a very out of the way nook, where it had fallen into species of neglect. Some of the older nuns remembered that it had been brought from Rome about eighty years before, but none of them attached any special value to it, the more so that in the lapse of time, its colours had grown dim and faded. Bishop Carberry understood its real value and its entire significance, having about it all the various emblems of the Rosary. Through the kindness of a friend it was restored and repaired, and its really beautiful face and general impressiveness are now fully appreciated. It occupies a conspicuous place in the chapel.

However, the church of the Rosary was begun, and through the generosity of the faithful everywhere, in the United States and Canada, bishops, priests, and laymen, it has already attained fine proportions. On the temporary altar stands the statue of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, at the feet of which innumerable petitions are placed. So many have been granted, and sometimes under circumstances so wonderful, that it is really astonishing to read the number of thanksgivings recorded in the nuns' book. Many a dollar and upwards has been sent as a return for some great boon in the spiritual or temporal order. The fifteen pillars of the church are named for the fifteen decades of the Rosary. On these and on the walls are to appear the names of benefactors, little children who have contributed their mite being represented in the ornamentation by a lily or a rose bearing their name. There are many beautiful ideas connected with this church, the chief, of course, being that it is designed as a work of reparation for the whole of America, and to avert from it the terrible disasters, of which the world is constantly being witness. Little books, containing a complete account of the work, its aims and its progress, can always be had from the religious of the Congregation, and are full of interest to Catholics everywhere. Mass is already celebrated in the edifice, and a few more years will witness the grand opening of the Church of the Rosary, perhaps, upon Rosary Sunday, when the annual procession will end with Benediction there.

A. T. S.

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UNREASONABLENESS OF UNBELIEF.

Lecture by Rev. Father Drummond in St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton.

The announcement of the lecture by Rev. Father Drummond, S. J., of Winnipeg, on "The Unreasonableness of Unbelief" was sufficient to crowd the church to overflowing. At 20 minutes before the hour for commencing the service there was scarcely a seat to be had in the body of the church, and at 7 o'clock the aisles, choir loft and every bit of standing room was occupied. In an eloquent and thoughtful address of one hour and fifteen minutes' duration the venerated gentleman went closely into the question he had in hand. Following is a synopsis of his remarks:

My dear friends, your presence here in such large numbers is sufficient guarantee that you consider the subject one of importance. I am going to speak to you on the unreasonableness of unbelief, and propose dealing with the subject upon arguments which are admitted by all Christians. Unbelief is one of the great dangers of our age, but we must not magnify the danger. We Christians are accused of giving up our reason for faith, and I am going to show that it is the highest privilege of reason to do so. There are two distinct classes of unbelievers, the dogmatic and aesthetic. The dogmatic unbelievers are those who say "There is no God," and who delight in profaning and ridiculing the Bible. These are the bullies of unbelief. The aesthetic unbelievers I may call the dudes of unbelief. They are the most fashionable of unbelievers, however. But classes are, to use the words of Matthew Arnold, an aesthetic unbeliever, "Devoid of sweet reasonableness." The dogmatic class includes such men as Voltaire, who spent their lives in trying to make people believe that there is no God. This class may sometimes gather great crowds by the loud talk at public meetings where such men as Bob Ingersoll speak, but they are not much to be feared, for their reasoning is not good. Then there is the class which is always questioning and criticizing Providence. One of this class, it is related, felt drowsy and lay down beneath an oak tree, where he reasoned to himself "Why did God put that little acorn on the great oak, and that great pumpkin on the slender vine? If I had made them I would have put the great pumpkin on the great tree and the little acorns on the slender vine." Having thus reasoned he fell asleep, but an acorn fell from the tree and struck him on the nose. He awoke and was compelled to say, "After all God did know; where would I have been if He had put the pumpkin upon the tree?" God thus used the little acorn to teach the unbeliever, and He could, if He chose, bring speedy vengeance upon all blasphemers and unbelievers, but He does not need to. There is more difference between the greatest genius that ever lived and God than the same genius and a common worm of the earth. Yet the greatest genius did not need to crush the worm to show his power. Being almighty and eternal, God can wait, for both the man and the worm must die, but God can never die. Few men now-a-days pay much attention to the dogmatic class, but when that class say, "There is no God," "There is no proof of a God," I would ask how they know. Have they visited all places, the sun, the moon, the stars? If not they cannot assert dogmatically that there is no God, for they do not know that the footsteps of God may be seen in some distant star. My most important dealing to-night, however, will be with the aesthetic class, to which class belong the men who have studied all the "ologies" and therefore say, "There is no God, because they do not know o.e." They call themselves agnostics—an appropriate name, for the word means in the Greek know nothing. Others among the aesthetic class call themselves positivists. They say they do not believe anything that they cannot see, hear, smell, taste or touch. When confronted they will admit they cannot see, hear, smell, taste or touch their own brains, but they say they know they have brains, because their brains produce intelligent thoughts. They then are compelled to reason. My quarrel with the positivists is that they mean to do a great deal for the good of the universe, and they say "Christianity did a great deal of good in its day, but its time is past and we have a greater thing to do." The advancement of the race, they say, will go on until all the race is happy. They

call upon men to deny themselves for the sake of posterity. I would like to see the man who would deny himself for the sake of promoting the happiness of the people who shall live 8,000 years hence. Such a motive will never influence a man to do good. If you want a man to do something beneficial you must promise him some reward—not for posterity, but for himself. Christianity says, do what is right and you will have an unfading and eternal crown. Millions upon millions have found that motive sufficient. There is no such motive in unbelief. Of the agnostics of the present day the leader is Herbert Spencer. The majority of mankind must always be workers, therefore religion must be something intelligible and based upon common sense. Spencer bases his belief upon the theory of evolution, which he defines in a way that can be understood only by the learned, but which means the change of something "nolowish" and "untalkaboutable" into something "lowish" and "talkaboutable." Evolution has always been admitted to a certain extent, but in the last century the idea grew that one species could change into another—that the oyster could change into a fish, the fish into something else and so on until the quadruped was reached, then the quadruped could change into the monkey and the monkey into a man. The only one who had any degree of success in explaining evolution was Darwin, and all that he could do was to say that by careful crossing of pigeons 100 different varieties—always pigeons—had been obtained, and that if varieties could be changed why not species. I have read Darwin's works very carefully, and find that he never made a direct statement of any evolution being possible. He uses such terms as "It seems almost probable," "it seems pretty clear," but he never says "it is clear" or "there is no doubt." The speaker here gave Darwin's theory of how the giraffe may have come from the horse. When we ask for proofs the honest theorist says "There are none; no man can be present at the transformation, as it takes millions of years to accomplish such an evolution." They say, however, that they have so many hints in science that they think evolution may be possible. Even if it were possible evolution does not dispense with the necessity of a creator. Then evolutionists and agnostics say that we Christians believe too easily. That is a case of the pot calling the kettle black, for we Christians have reasons for our beliefs, while they have only guesses to go upon. So, with nothing proven, these unbelievers start out to destroy the church. They believe everything that scientists tell them, quite forgetting that learned men make great mistakes sometimes, and that scientists change their mind and have grave differences of opinion. Even Spencer changed his mind sufficient to admit an "infinite energy from which all things proceed." Dear friends, is not this "infinite energy from which all things proceed" the Christian's God? Then they argue that the human race is always in a state of progress and improvement. If they mean in mechanics we will admit that it is, but the Egyptians over 4,000 years ago had attained a perfection in mechanics that cannot be equalled to-day. If they speak of higher development of mind and moral character we have not advanced, but receded, and that is why so many men take up such ideas as agnosticism. We have made no advancement in logic since the time of Aristotle, 2,100 years ago. There was as clear-headed and deep thinkers 200 years ago as there are now, while in morality, the greatest test of human progress, we are lamentably in rear. We have advanced in railways, in telephones, in telegraph and phonograph, and we have also advanced in murder, theft and fraud. If we adopt agnosticism we would end in savagery, because we would have no sense of duty. We can have no sense of duty unless we believe in a higher power which will reward us if we do right and punish wrong. Duty means obedience, and obedience implies fear, love and wonder, none of which antagonism can have. To have fear you must have an omnipresent power. There can be no love for the universe unless God's hand is in it, nor does the universe afford wonder unless you see the hand of a creator. You see a watch and you know there must have been a watchmaker. You see the wonders of the universe, the marvels of creation, small and great, on this earth; you see the stars, the sun, the moon, and you say it is only reasonable that there must have been a creator with infinite knowledge. There must have been a first cause.

Scientific men would have us believe that a small chain must have had a maker, but the great chain of the universe made itself. Again agnostics say we found our faith on testimony alone. Of course we do, and is not everything almost founded on testimony of others. We buy our goods on the testimony of others. If we did not no one could believe anything except what he himself saw. Of course we accept the testimony of others in all things, and we are generally right in doing so. Agnostics do not apply to religion the common sense they apply to the things of life, but religion is the highest common sense. It is necessary to have only common sense to prove the existence of a God. We have the testimony in secular history of Christ's coming but agnostics say the people of those days were so credulous they would believe anything. History shows they were not credulous. I believe most agnostics are not sincere; they look at one side only, which is an evidence of insincerity. A few years ago a famous society was formed in London, the Metaphysical Society, to which, among others, belonged Spencer and Cardinal Manning. In an address to that society Cardinal Manning asked the society to investigate miracles performed in France within the past thirty years, but the unbelievers of the society said it was not worth while examining them, which shows their insincerity. They will not examine both sides. Still these men claim to be leaders of thought. They build upon theories that cannot be proven, while Christians build upon facts. Reason points to a supreme power. When Jesus Christ came into the world the world was a seething mass of corruption. Into such a world went twelve men, not learned, who said they had witnessed the resurrection of Jesus and they died for the cause they had undertaken. If they had not proof of what they preached they were fools, but if they were fools how could they have brought about a reformation in the world. In conclusion I will say that great men are not loved after death, yet there are hundreds of thousands of men and women living to-day who love Jesus Christ, and who would gladly die for His cause if need be. He who can inspire such a love must be the only and beloved, the infinite and eternal God.

SOME THOUGHTS IN NOVEMBER.

Old Sir John Mandeville—the first of English travellers to write a book, but not unhappily the last,—says very touchingly: "Wherefore, I pray to all the readers and hearers of this book, if it please them, that they will pray to God for me. I shall pray for them. And all those that say for me a *Pater Noster*, with an *Ave Maria*, that God forgive me my sins, I make them partners of all the good pilgrimages and all the good deeds that I have done, if any be to His pleasure."

The old knight's bones are dust, for they were laid away nearly five hundred years ago; but the voice of his simple faith speaks from the past. Firm was he in the belief of the communion of saints; and, if he be still among those helpless souls whom we remember in this month, let his appeal, embedded in the old black-letter of his volume, be not unheeded. But how real it makes this old traveller,—how near it draws us to him across the great gulf of five hundred years!

How will it be with us in less time than five hundred years? Will there be any voice pleading for us from out the record of our works? Death is the only certain thing in life, as we all know; and yet how few of us really feel that it is so! And, after death, to most of us will as surely come probation "until the foul crimes done in our days of nature are burned and purged away." If death is sure, this is no less sure. No power can deprive us of our part with all the Church suffering of the universal Sacrifice of the Mass,—no power can limit the saving merits of the unbloody Sacrifice every time it is offered up; for it is supremely Catholic, and he who, of his charity, offers a Mass for his relative or friend joins all waiting souls by another link to the golden chains about the feet of God.

How real death, and that which will come after death, ought to be to us, since we have not only been told of death, but have seen death's hand on those who stood by our side! Good and true as these were, we do not imagine that they were undefiled enough to enter at once into the presence of the living God. We cover their graves with garlands; we

never speak of them without a sigh; we say life is not the same to us,—but when November comes we do not give them special thought or prayer! And yet we know as certainly as we know anything that it is our prayers they crave.

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. . . .
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they raise not hands in prayer
Both for themselves and those that call them friend?"

Last year we grudged nothing to the friend that has since left us. And if any sacrifice could bring him back, we say fervently that we would make it. To change the allusion of the Spanish poet, "all things are illusive except the pearl of prayer deep in the heart,"—

". . . perla escondida
En lo mas hondo del corazon."

Last year we would have travelled miles to be near him were he ill. We should have spurned the thought that any mere inconvenience could keep us from him were our presence needed. Had he not grappled us to him with a thousand hooks of steel during a thousand days? A father, a brother, a friend,—it matters not which; it may be that we have lost all. How, now that the time has come for showing our gratitude, do we keep our promise?

Who dares to say that to give this dear soul solace,—to repay it for the love it had for us,—to keep the pledges we made to it,—we would not cross the sea a hundred times? And yet when it comes to the mere matter of crossing a few streets, of rising a little earlier in the morning, of having some Masses said, we hesitate, we procrastinate, we forget!

There are the mocking *immortelles* of last year, scarcely changed in color, hung on the railings around his grave: there is the memorial, on the carven letters of which no moss has had time to grow; there are all the remembrances of the dead mutely speaking to us at every turn. They cry out to us of the great fact, but we do not hear,—we have "ears and hear not." In that future which shall come as surely as next November, shall we, in our purgation, be heard?

The cry from out the old tomes containing the simple record of the travels of Sir John Mandeville is the cry of our friends who have gone before. They can not help themselves, but they can help us. A *Pater* and an *Ave*, a Mass, the Rosary, a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. "I pray to all . . . that they will pray to God for me!"—*M. F. Egan in Ave Maria.*

ATROCINUS LAWS.

A Catalogue of Persecutions Aimed to Destroy Catholicity in Ireland. An "English Protestant" writing to the *Liverpool Daily Post*, gives the following summary of the terrible penal laws which were in full force in Ireland a hundred years ago, and many of which were in active operation within the memory of people still living. It was in execration of those infamous enactments that Thomas Davis, the poet of Young Ireland, wrote his famous song, "The Penal Days," in which he emphasized the fact that

"They bribe the flock, they bribe the son
To sell the priest and sell the sire,
Their dogs were taught alike to run
Upon the scent of wolf and friar."

Here is the "English Protestant's" enumeration of the principal penalties imposed in the code thus referred to upon the mass of the Irish people in their own native land:

1. Catholics could not sit in either House of Parliament.
2. Catholics were excluded from all state offices.
3. Catholics were excluded from all municipal offices.
4. Catholics were excluded from the bar.
5. Catholics were excluded from the universities.
6. Catholics were excluded from the army (except as private soldiers.)
7. Catholics were excluded from the navy (except as common seamen.)
8. Catholics were deprived of the franchise.
9. Catholics were not permitted to possess swords or fire-arms.

10. Catholics were not permitted to possess a horse worth more than £5.
11. Catholics were (except sailors, fishermen and day laborers) banished from Limerick and Galway.
12. Catholics in business were subject to special tax called quarterage.
13. Catholics' houses could be appropriated by the militia.
14. Catholics were bound to make good damage done by robbers and hostile privateers.
15. Catholics (except in linen trade) could not have more than two apprentices.
16. Catholics were not allowed to buy land from a Protestant, to inherit from one, or to receive it as a gift.
17. Catholics could no lease a farm for life; utmost 91 years.
18. Catholics' not profits on leased farms restricted to one-third, and if more was earned and not declared the farm passed to first Protestant who denounced the Catholic tenant.
19. Catholic landowners could not bequeath property; must be divided equally between all the children; but if eldest son joined Anglican church he became entitled to the whole estate.
20. No Protestant woman worth £500 might marry a Catholic without forfeiting her estate to nearest Protestant heir.
21. Priests celebrating marriage between a Catholic and a Protestant liable to penalty of death.
22. Marriages of Catholics to Protestants declared null and void.
23. No Catholic to act as a guardian of a child.
24. Catholic orphans to have Protestant guardians and be brought up in Protestant faith.
25. Catholics forbidden to open schools or teach in a school.
26. Catholic parents sending children to the continent to be educated to forfeit their estates.
27. Catholic chapels not to have steeples or bell.
28. Observance of religious festivals not sanctioned by the state punished by heavy fines.
29. Any person converting an Anglican to Catholicism to forfeit his estate.
30. Catholic priests on joining the English church made pensioners
31. Catholic priests to sign a register and to take the oath of abjuration (abjuring the authority of the Pope.)
32. Catholic bishops, deans and heads of religious orders banished, and price offered for disclosure of retreat of those who disobeyed the law of unregistered priests.
33. Irish cattle trade with England suppressed.
34. Irish trade with British colonies suppressed.
35. Irish woollen trade with the continent suppressed.

THE FAR-FAMED PROPAGANDA.

The *Irish Tribune* of Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, gives the following exceedingly interesting sketch of the famous Propaganda College:

It is one of the most interesting features of this great educational establishment that so many different languages, races and nations are represented within its walls. A few facts will best serve to illustrate the polyglot character of the Propaganda College. In December, 1871, the list of students comprised three Danes, six Syrians, two Germans, two Maronites, fourteen Greeks, two Englishmen, three Swiss, three Belgians (intended for the Mongolian mission) two Melchite Greeks, three Africans, two Bulgarians, four Illyrians, three Albanians, eight Americans, two Dutchmen, three Nova Scotians, and three Newfoundlanders; in all 113 students. It is given as a reason why the same list included no Chinese that the Chinese missions, taking advantage of the liberty afforded them by the treaty of Peking, have established native seminaries in China itself. Again, a notice of the College to be found in the *Catholic Annual* of 1883 gives the number of Propaganda students as about 130, speaking thirty-two languages. While a still more recent account of the Polyglot Academy states that twelve of the speakers were natives of Asia, three of Africa, sixteen of Europe and one of Oceania. Finally a recent catalogue of a distribution of prize-winners comprised two Slavonians, seven Americans,

ten Irishmen, two East Indians, one Dutchman, one Swiss, three Scotchmen, one Chinaman, two Danes, one Syrian, five Armenians, three Egyptians one Spaniard, one Greek and one Illyrian.

"In the matter of discipline and disciplinary regulations there is little difference between the Propaganda College and others of a similar character. In addition to other and less stringent obligations the Propagandists, at a suitable period of their scholastic career, take the oath which was first formulated in 1660 by Pope Alexander VII. in the Bull *Cum circa juramenti*. By the terms of this oath they bind themselves to receive Holy Orders whenever the Congregation of the Propaganda shall deem them worthy, to return to their native land when they leave the college, there to labor for the salvation of souls, and to write to the Congregation once a year if living in Europe, and once every two years if living elsewhere, concerning the country in which they are residing, the duties they are performing there, and their modes of life. They likewise bind themselves not to join any religious body or order without permission of the Holy See.

A few words may be added concerning the arrangements of this great establishment which are in every way worthy of the object which has been instituted. Its chapel, which is dedicated to the Magi, the first among the Gentiles who received the true faith, is adorned with busts of its principal benefactors, such as Cardinals Barberini, Galamini, Weldini and Cornard who left their property to the college, and Mgr. Vives and Mgr. Sevenier. It likewise contains several monuments, one of them being in memory of Cardinal de Tournon, Legate of the Holy See in China, who ended his life in that country.

Its vast library, which possesses about 50,000 volumes, and for which the college is under large obligations to Cardinal Borgia, contains commentaries on the Bible, the London Polyglotta, the *Editiones principes*, the volume on Mexican antiquities, and a collection of catechisms, grammars and dictionaries in most of the known languages of the world. And lastly the museum, known as the Borgia Museum, from the name of its founder, Cardinal Stephen Borgia, possesses not a few treasures of priceless value. Among them are numerous manuscripts in Arabic, Syrian, Chaldean, Armenian, Turkish, Hebrew, Coptic and Sanskrit. It contains, besides, the celebrated Mexican Code, the maps of the New World on which Pope Alexander VI. traced, having been requested to do so in capacity of arbitrator, the line of demarcation between the Spanish and Portuguese possessions, a rich collection of Chinese books and paintings, a planisphere of the tenth century, and numerous other curiosities. Additions, moreover, are constantly being made to its treasures, and only recently the Sacred Congregation addressed a circular to the bishops and missionaries under its jurisdiction, requesting them to forward to it from their various missions documents and other objects which may throw a light on the acts, customs, and especially upon the religious belief of those among whom they reside, as well as anything whatever which may be usefully on such subjects as geography, ethnology and natural history.

THE CRONIN TRIAL.

We submit the following passages from Judge Longnecker's opening address to the jury in the Cronin trial to the thoughtful consideration of our Irish readers. They show, in no exaggerated light, to what extent, and with what success, Irish politics in America, have been made the sport and plaything of scoundrels and adventurers, who have sacrificed the best interests of the Irish people, kept back by years the triumph of their cause, and plundered the funds made up of the hard earned mites of the exiled children of Erin.

"Now, there is no question that that organization was created for the purpose, as I say, of freeing Ireland by war, and a great many patriotic Irishmen who looked across the waters and saw the suffering of their people in their native land went into the organization in good faith, believing that some day they would set Ireland free and give her a republican form of government. At that time there was an executive board composed of one member from each district, but in 1881,

in Chicago, this organization met in national convention, and they selected on that board Alexander Sullivan, Feeley and Boland, and they reduced the executive board to five men. Thus, three men, it will be seen, constituted the majority of that executive. The members of this executive board had the right to do and to command, and no one had the right to disobey. *Whatever they said must be done. The members had to do it; they were sworn to do it, and the laws of that organization arose above the government and everything else.* As soon as Alexander Sullivan, Feeley, and Boland took charge of the executive board they began to send out their circulars and began to adopt a different form of work in this order.

If they directed a man to go and kill another man in England, it had to be done. The order was supreme. In 1884 they adopted a figure, which they called the triangle, to designate the controlling board. The members did not dare know who the executive members of this board were. *It was the closest corporation that ever existed, and you can readily see why it was that they should carry out what they did without its coming to the surface.* In 1884 they adopted that symbol, and they had then begun what they call their active work. They detailed men from different parts of the country belonging to the order to go and do special work. They were sent to England under assumed names. No one could know that Mr. Brown or Mr. Flannigan was detailed to go and do certain work except the persons detailed. When a man was sent to England he was given an assumed name by this board, who pretended to have an agent in England, and he was ordered to report there for funds. He went there, and I say to you that somebody there made known who the man was and what he was detailed to do, and he was immediately arrested and thrown into prison. *To day the prison doors in England are locked against twenty or more men who were sent there by that board.* This was done for the purpose of enabling them to steal the funds which had been accumulated for legitimate purposes, as they thought. They had to make an excuse for using the funds of this order, and that went on until at last they made their last report, which was intended to scare the order by stating that English detectives were among them, and it was decided that they should not have their annual convention, but instead it was recommended by those in favor of the triangle that they should have sole control of the matter. A meeting was held by those who favored that triangle and they destroyed every vestige of work they had done; they destroyed their books and then sent out a circular showing that the order was indebted to them \$18,000, notwithstanding when they took hold of it they had a fund of \$250,000 in the treasury. That created considerable dissension. Men would not stand that, and they drew out and started a new organization of their own. Camp after camp was started by those who were opposed to these three men, and who were opposed to the triangle which had diverted the organization from its legitimate object and had sent men to prison, committed crime upon crime, and squandered and stolen the funds of the organization."

FATHER MATHEW AND FRED DOUGLASS.

No statesman, nobleman, poet, orator or painter, received a kindlier or warmer welcome from the apostle of temperance, than did Frederick Douglass, known at that time as the Fugitive Slave. In speaking of it afterward Mr. Douglass said; "There were two hundred and fifty persons present. It was decidedly the brightest and happiest company I ever saw anywhere. Among them all I saw no one that seemed to be shocked or disturbed at my black face. I think it would be difficult to get the same number of persons together in any of our New England cities without some nose growing deformed at my approach. On the morning after the soiree Father Mathew invited us to breakfast with him at his own house—an honour quite unexpected and one for which I felt myself quite unprepared. I, however, accepted his kind invitation and went. As I approached, he came out of his house and met me, about thirty yards from his door, and with a face beaming with benevolent expression, he exclaimed: 'Welcome, welcome, my dear sir, to my humble abode!' at the same time taking me cordially by the hand, and conducting me to the door. Upon entering the house Father

Mathew introduced me to his friend, Mr. William O'Connor, an invited guest and an ardent admirer of Father Mathew. During our conversation Father Mathew said he was once asked by a very rich distiller, rather imploringly, how he could deliberately plot the ruin of those who had their wealth invested in distilleries. Father Mathew gave him the following appropriate, though peculiar, reply: 'A very fat old duck went out early one morning in pursuit of worms, and after being out all day she succeeded in filling her crop, and on her return home at night she had the misfortune to be met by a fox, who at once proposed to take her life to satisfy his hunger. The old duck appealed, argued, remonstrated. She said to the fox: 'You cannot be so wicked and hard-hearted as to take the life of a harmless duck merely to satisfy your hunger!' She exhorted him against the commission of so great a sin, and begged him not to stain his soul with her innocent blood. When the fox could stand her cant no longer, he said: 'Out with you, madame, with all your fine feathers; you are a pretty thing to lecture me about taking life to satisfy my hunger; is not your own crop now full of worms? You destroy more lives in one day, to satisfy your hunger, than I do in a whole month!'"

Such was Theobald's answer to the point that distillers, brewers, saloon keepers, etc., had the right to prosper on the ruin of others.

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

When Bishop Carroll was consecrated in 1760, the whole United States contained not quite 4,000,000 inhabitants.

In England the two dioceses of Livermore and Salford contain about 500,000 Catholics, or one third of the entire Catholic population of the country.

A compromise has been effected between the Vatican and Russia through a special delegate of the Czar. All difficulties have been amicably arranged and a *modus vivendi* has been established.

It should be the pride, as it is the duty, of every good Catholic to sustain the Catholic press and circulate the Catholic paper of his own diocese. The Review has hundreds of such friends who could thus increase its circulation if they would only make the effort.

The following is the official list of the papers to be read before the coming Catholic Congress at Baltimore, Nov. 11 and 12 next:—"Catholic Congresses," John Gilmary Shea, L.L.D., New York; "Lay Action in the Church," Henry F. Brownson, Detroit; "What Catholics have done in this Country in the last 100 years," Richard H. Clark, L.L.D., New York; "The Catholic Press," George D. Wolf, of the *Catholic Standard*, Philadelphia, Pa.; "The Rights of the State in Education," Hon. Edmund F. Dunne, Florida; "Sunday Observance," Manly Tello, of the *Cleveland Universe*, Cleveland, O.; "Church Music," Prof. Homan Allen, Chicago. The following papers are expected to be submitted to the joint committees in Baltimore, November 9, and to be read at the Congress:—"Temperance," John H. Campbell, Philadelphia; "Catholic American Literature," Conde B. Fallen, St. Louis; "Charities," Peter L. Foy, St. Louis; "Societies," Henry J. Spaunhorst, St. Louis; "Papal Independence," Charles J. Bonaparte, Baltimore. Rev. Father Van Gorp, S. J., of Gonzaga College, Spokane Falls, Washington Territory, will attend the Congress, accompanied by Seltz, of the *Cœur d'Alene* Indians, and a boy from the Indian school as an interpreter. Chief Seltz will represent the Indians of the "Far West." The Committee on Organization has completed the arrangement with the various Passenger Associations of the country. A fare and one-third on the "certificate plan" has been granted to those attending the Congress from all points in the territories of the Central Traffic Association, the Southern Passenger Association, and the Trunk Line Association. The New England district, the State of Michigan, and the States beyond the Missouri are excluded from the reduction,

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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IN CANADA.

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All advertisements will be set up in such style as to insure the tasteful typographical appearance of the Review, and enhance the value of the advertisements in its columns.
Remittances by P. O. Order or draft should be made payable to the Business Manager.

LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

St. Michael's Palace, Toronto, 20th 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 ARCHBISHOP OF HALIFAX.

HALIFAX, July 11, 1888.

DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

I have been very much pleased with the matter and form of THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW. The high moral Catholic tone, the fine literary taste displayed make your paper a model of Catholic journalism. May it prosper much so long as it keeps to its present line.

Yours very truly,

C. O'BRIEN,
Archbishop of Halifax.

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. CARRHERY,
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOV. 9, 1889.

Between Prince Murat haggling with his intended wife over the sum she is willing to allow him for gambling money and club dues, and Miss Caldwell quarrelling with a man old enough to be her father about the price she should pay for the right to share his title, we must agree with our contemporaries that there is not much to choose—notwithstanding Miss Caldwell's gift of \$800,000 to the new Catholic University.

The belief is not without foundation that the fishery dispute between the United States and Great Britain will be submitted to arbitration. The American Secretary of State, Mr. Blaine, has expressed a willingness to adopt that course. Whenever the question becomes advanced to the arbitration stage it is believed that the matter of jointly soliciting Pope Leo XIII. to serve as arbitrator, will be seriously considered. So far as the United States and English Governments are concerned he would almost certainly be the choice of the high parties if they could be sure the request would be agreeable to him.

There may be circumstances, it was shown in a former number of this Review, under which the principle of "religion in politics" is justifiable—such circumstances as have existed in European countries, as, for example, Germany and Ireland. Whether it be justifiable or not can only be determined by the circumstances of the time and the hour. A contemporary, the *Catholic Columbian* answering the question When is it justifiable? says: "When any fanatic attempts to

divide political parties on religious lines; when any enemy of the public endeavours to set Baptist against Methodist, or Presbyterian against Catholic, or Episcopalian against Hebrew; when any zealot seeks to light the fires of religious rancor or make a mockery of the proud boast of America that it is a land of religious liberty. That kind of religion in politics ought to be condemned by all citizens, irrespective of creed or race."

We have already acquainted our readers with the drift of Mr. Justin McCarthy's article in the *Contemporary* on the Irish University Question. "The Irish party," Mr. McCarthy writes, "do not care three straws about the Government University Bill for Ireland. Of course, they would be glad to have what they are entitled to—a Catholic University placed on an equality with the University of Dublin. They know that they will get it in the end, and they would rather wait for their own Parliament to give it them." Mr. McCarthy has thus to say about Mr. Chamberlain: "Why had Mr. Chamberlain associated himself in past time with the Irish members and promised to fight for them? There was a time when he believed he was going to be appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland, and, greatly to his honour, he invited a number of the most advanced of the Irish representatives to confer with him as to the mode in which he should govern Ireland. Will Mr. Chamberlain deny that? Mr. Sexton and others came, to whose views Mr. Chamberlain actually assented; Mr. Healy was there; I am not sure whether Mr. William O'Brien was there; and I was there myself. Mr. Chamberlain's change comes from disappointed ambition, from impatience, because he has been longing to step into the shoes of his great leader—shoes which were never made to fit him. Well, he has gone from his party, and I hope that under no conceivable conditions will he ever be accepted by that party again."

A PATRIOTIC CANADIAN.

Principal Grant of Kingston, in his speech at the Caledonian Society celebration in Montreal a few days ago, made the following patriotic and generous reference to the position of the French and English races in Canada:

"The speaker then turned to the lessons to be learned from our environment. They were only one of several races engaged in the work of making Canada. Therefore it would not do for them to be Scotchmen only. They were only one, and not even the first. That place belongs to our French-Canadian fellow-citizens. They first won Canada from the forest and the savage and they have sanctified the soil by the tears and blood, the devotion and heroisms of ten generations. Their Valhalla is crowded with the figures of knightly men and saintly women, of martyrs faithful to the death and of explorers dauntless as they who sailed in quest of the Golden Fleece. In the presence of Cartier and Champlain, of Maissonneuve and Doulac, of La Salle and Verandraye, of Lallement and Brebœuf, of Montcalm and Levis, they stood with uncovered heads. This race is still full of the old virility. All Canada honours judges like Dorion, poets like Frechette, orators like Chapleau and Laurier, patriots of the stamp of Joly, and writers like Chauveau and the Abbe Casgrain. These add new lustre to the old glories. As long as the race produces such representative men as these the extension of Canada will only give it room for new triumphs. On us and on them alike is one sacred obligation. We must

be more than Frenchmen; more than Scotchmen. We must be Canadians. There can only be one Canadian nation and all the races that have made Canada their home must contribute to its making. Dreams of anything else are folly, and attempts to realize these dreams treason. Against treason all true Canadians must unite. The game of secession has already been tried on this continent, and the results of the experiment should be enough for all time. Let us teach our boys and girls Gaelic or French, but if it were only that they may beat they "slow Saxon" we should teach them English too. Our outlook must include all interests and all classes, and make allowance for the prejudices and room for the virtue of others. Let them put their foot down upon the demagogues who would form a Scottish vote or seek for places in cabinets or post offices on the ground that they are Presbyterians. They want no Scottish barnacles, at any rate, no sham representatives. Let them gain positions by brains and service, and let the best men win, no matter what their nationalities. A high regard for national honour, saving common sense, a wide outlook and a generous recognition of the claims of those who work with us on behalf of the commonweal, and add to these lowland endurance and highland fervour, and what more was needed to make a country?"

We asked in a former issue what the promoters of Imperial Federation thought of the present course of Mr. D'Alton McCarthy, the President of the League in Canada, and if they regarded it as likely to conciliate the French Canadians and draw to the movement the support and confidence of the general public. We venture to think that until the movement is led in Canada by men, like Principal Grant, of breadth of view, and of wide and generous sympathies, it will not make much progress. It is unfortunate, we think, for the cause of the Federationists in this country that the McCarthys, Denisons, and O'Briens, have come to be so prominently identified with it. Hard-headed men must not be blamed if they find themselves unable to believe that the men who can set themselves to the work of stirring up discord and disunion in their own Dominion, are precisely the sort of men to be entrusted with, or followed in, the work of promoting Imperial unity.

CIVIL WAR PROGRAMME.

Mr. D'Alton McCarthy in the speech which he delivered at Stayner on the Twelfth of July last, declared himself to be in favour of a radical revision of the Constitution, and the abolition of certain, if not all, of the privileges—such, for example, as the official recognition of their language—solemnly guaranteed to the Lower Canadian people by treaty. In this speech Mr. McCarthy pretty plainly outlined, it will be remembered, in what manner he and his friends would deal with the question of the racial and religious relations of the peoples of Quebec and Ontario. The sum of Mr. McCarthy's conclusions was stated somewhat in this wise: that Canada is a British colony, and that the sooner the French Canadians are "made" British subjects (so said Mr. McCarthy) in thought, language, and sentiment, the better would it be for the country. "If the present generation," he is reported to have said, "do not settle the question by ballots, it will be by the next with bayonets." In commenting upon his speech at the time, we said in reference to this declaration that the words, had they been used by any one else, had been those of a demagogue. Uttered at such a time, and meant for the ears of Canadian Orangemen, it was idle to deny that they must prove to be fruitful of mischief,

although we saw no reason to regard any too seriously Mr. McCarthy's prediction that the question might yet be brought to the arbitrament of the bullet. Before that could come true, making every allowance for the ability of a man like Mr. McCarthy to make mischief in a country composed, as is this, patriotism, we said, must needs first have died out in the people.

Aside from all this, however, there is one consideration suggested by that sentence in Mr. McCarthy's speech which hints at civil war as an ultimate method, if the worst come to the worst, for securing the changes in our political relations with the people of the next province, which he, and those who think with him, seek to encompass. Long ago the discussion of everything immediately relating to the Jesuit Question was threshed out in all its bearing; but there is a remoter aspect of the question, and a purely speculative one, into which the case is thrown by Mr. McCarthy's threat, and which we do not remember to have seen considered even by the *Montreal Gazette*, which throughout this long discussion has shown a grasp and knowledge of the subject unequalled, in our judgment, by any other journal. We have reference to the subject in its Imperial bearing. Supposing Mr. McCarthy to be so successful in his excitations against the Jesuits and French-Canadians as to stir up a civil war between the provinces, that gentleman could find his only pretext for such a course in some specific act of Quebec legislation—such as Mr. Mercier's Jesuits' Estates Act—or in the extension of the Church, or in the expansion of the French-Canadian and the language of the French Canadian. The right of the Quebec Legislature to pass a certain act he would deny; the power of the Church he would seek to curb; the use, or at any rate, the recognition, of the French language, he would set about to abolish. In doing so he would come into conflict with the constitutional rights of the French-Canadian people. These he would first deny; and then, by civil war, proceed to strip them.

It would be interesting to know if Mr. McCarthy has ever asked how such an event would be viewed by the French and the English Governments. We say the French and the English Governments for the reason that, while the limits of provincial jurisdiction for Quebec, as for the other provinces, are defined in the British North America Act, the lingual and religious rights of the Quebec people are preserved to them by an Imperial covenant, the *Treaty of Paris*. The last article of that Treaty (art. XXVI.) reads:

"Their sacred Britannic, Most Christian and Catholic, and Most Faithful Majesties, promise to observe sincerely and *bona fide* all the articles contained and settled in the present treaty; and they will not suffer the same to be infringed directly or indirectly by their respective subjects; and the same High Contracting parties generally and reciprocally guarantee to each other all the stipulations of the present treaty."

The question is one, of course, *coram judicibus*, but we are of opinion that Mr. McCarthy will not have proceeded very far with his civil war programme before the Imperial authorities interfere to quell what, in the Canadian sense, would be sedition, and, in the Imperial, a breach of international amity.

THE CATHOLIC VOTE.

THE REVIEW continues to receive many assurances of the timeliness and effectiveness of its recent article on "The Catholic Vote;" nor has the good impression which it created been confined to solely Catholic sources. The *Montreal Gazette* of the 1st inst. comments upon it as follows:

It is refreshing in these days, when systematic efforts are being put forth to divide political parties on religious lines, to read the manly and out-spoken article in the last number of the *CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW* on the subject of the Catholic vote. The writer takes for his keynote the words of Archbishop O'Brien of Halifax: "We will hope that a distaste for journals that trade on the religion nationality, aye, and prejudices, of Irishmen, will supervene." and the equally admirable sentiment of Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland: "The less we have of sectionalism or nationalism among us the better. The sooner we recognize the fact that we must coalesce and blend the better for the future." The targets at which the shafts of the *REVIEW* are winged is "that virtuous and incorruptible publication," the *Irish Canadian*, which "scouting with keen predatory sense the approach of an election," makes haste to again urge that the Catholic vote be offered at auction. The plan of campaign as outlined by the latter journal is a coalition of the whole Catholic vote for the purpose of securing representation in the governing bodies of the country from the municipal councils up to the Federal Ministry, and the pretext for so dangerous and suicidal a course is the plan that the Catholics of Ontario are an oppressed and down-trodden body, systematically debarred from the duties of citizenship, owing to their creed. The *REVIEW* is unflinching in the use of vigorous Saxon in its trenchant criticism of the game of these "political banditti" who are endeavouring to organize a sectional vote to advance personal interests, and it is a pleasure to read such manly utterances as this:

"Our Catholic people have been unwilling to degrade themselves to the level of mere mercenary hirelings whose support is to be had for the shilling; and though the demagogues of the *Irish Canadian* have more than once done their worst to cajole and betray them, to their honour be it said, they have maintained their independence as citizens, they have refused as a body to take the bribe from the last bidder, or to be dragged by the heels by the knaves who are not above making out of politics an unsavoury penny when need be. In a word the Catholic public has made no attempt to keep step with the tune of the *Irish Canadian*."

There is no need in this country of a Catholic party, continues the *REVIEW*, because Catholics are as free as other Canadians, and enjoy the full measure of the rights of citizenship; their civil rights are not denied, nor is their liberty of conscience threatened; and the existence of a Catholic party formed for purposes of political rapacity would be to concede all that has been latterly urged in some quarters against Catholics, and to fashion a weapon for their own destruction. A frank utterance of this kind is timely. The source is above suspicion of hypocrisy, for the *REVIEW* is representative of the highest intelligence in Catholic circles and in favour with the dignitaries of the Catholic church. There ought to be no standing ground in this Dominion for class politicians and sectarian politics, and happily for the peace and welfare of the country, the men who would create such distinctions have never been allowed to long obtain a foothold. If events within the last three or four years have seemed to countenance, even to reward with a measure of success, the wiles of demagogues who play upon sectionalism or nationalism, we have faith enough in the ultimate sound sense of the people to believe that triumph thus achieved can be but transitory, and that the Nemesis, even though delayed for a season, is none the less certain to overtake them.

A REPORT OF DEBATE.

"Like the impatient steed of war
He sniffed the battle from afar."

The complimentary remarks passed by this *REVIEW* upon the letters of Father Egan, recently published in pamphlet, appear to have excited the spleen of a writer in the *Catholic Record*. That journal is made to say in its last issue that it was more than astonished to read the following paragraph in our issue of the 26 ult.:

"While on the subject of Father Egan's polemic we feel compelled—in no censorious mood, and with everything of unwillingness—to observe that, looking back over the stormy period of several months past, we have not noticed many such signs of life in the clergy who are our rightful leaders. With the exception of the valuable historical data published by Father Jones of Montreal, Father Drummond's exposure of Dr. Littledale's mutilation of the Jesuit Constitutions, and

Father Egan's disposal of Rev. Mr. Percival, our friends the enemy have had the field to themselves."

"The idea of a Catholic Review," says the *Record*, "admitting such ignorance of facts and polemics is, as already written, more than astonishing; it is proposterous, but, we would hope, not malicious." It is regrettable, we think, that in quoting the above paragraph, our contemporary should have been at the pains—necessary, perhaps, for its purpose, which was to accuse this *REVIEW* of being a "Clerical Censor"—to omit the clauses italicized in the above, and the several sentences which followed, which would have made it clear that we had reference to the non-participation of the clergy in but one department of activity—the department of literature only. That it does so, we venture to think, is also "astonishing," though, if we may employ its own phrase, "we would hope not malicious."

Our contemporary is mainly incensed at our "ignorance." Have we never read or heard, it asks, that "the first voice raised in Ontario in defence of the much maligned Jesuit Order was raised in St. Michael's Cathedral, on the 15th February, 1889, by the Rev. Father Flannery of St. Thomas, and some of his remarks quoted by orators in the House of Commons during the never-to-be-forgotten debate on the Jesuits' Estates Act?"

That "on the 16th March, a two column letter in defence of the Jesuits appeared in the *Catholic Record*, an able letter of the Rev. Father Flannery in reply to the two column attack made against the Jesuits by the Ven. Dean Innes of this city?"

That "Father Flannery's letter was copied into the *London Free Press* and the *Advertiser*, two extensively read dailies?" and

That "a controversy occurred in St. Thomas between the Rev. Mr. Austin and Rev. Father Flannery, which we have published in pamphlet form, and which has been distributed very extensively throughout the Province?"

To this we answer that we beg the Rev. Father Flannery's pardon. We are forced to confess that, in the light of the above information, our statement would have borne some little amplification. There were "a hundred Richmonds in the field." We were wrong in saying the enemy had it to themselves. We make the fullest amend within our power, and rectify our mistake at once by stating:

1. That "the first voice raised in Ontario in defence of the much maligned Jesuit Order was raised in St. Michael's Cathedral, on the 15th February, 1889, by the Rev. Father Flannery of St. Thomas,"
2. That "some of his remarks were quoted by orators in the House of Commons during the never-to-be-forgotten debate on the Jesuits' Estates Act,"
3. That "on the 16th March a two column letter in defence of the Jesuits appeared in the *Catholic Record*, an able letter of the Rev. Father Flannery in reply to a two column attack made against the Jesuits by the Ven. Dean Innes,"
4. That "Father Flannery's letter was copied into the *London Free Press* and the *Advertiser*, two extensively read dailies,"
5. That "a controversy occurred in St. Thomas between Rev. Mr. Austin and Rev. Father Flannery," which has been published in pamphlet form and distributed extensively throughout the Province,
6. That, in addition, the Rev. Father Flannery is author of the song "The Devil's Dozen"—a pretty thing, lately

set to music, and a unique contribution to the Canadian hymnology;

7. That, further, the Rev. Father Flannery is editor, or associate editor of the *Catholic Record*.

If there is anything of sarcasm in the situation, we beg leave to submit that it is not of our making.

DEATH.

OULLAHAN.—Of your charity pray for the soul of D. J. OULLAHAN, Esq., who died the 15th inst., aged 64 years, at his residence San Francisco, Cal.—R. I. P.

Men and Things.

Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's name is familiar to Catholic readers, he and his wife, Lady Anne—a granddaughter of Lord Byron,—being devout Catholics. At their country home—Crabtree Place, in England,—they have a private chapel, in which Mass is said every day. Lady Anne is a little woman, who seems smaller by the side of her tall daughter; she has followed her husband among the Arabs and through many foreign lands. It is remarkable that the only descendants of Byron and Scott should be Catholics.

The first sod of the St. Francis branch of the Temiscouata Railway at Edmundston, N. B., was turned on the 29th ult. Referring to the event the *St. John, N. B. Gazette* says: "The St. Francis Railway, the first sod of which was turned on Wednesday, will be an important branch of the Temiscouata Railway. It is to extend from Edmundston twenty miles towards the St. Francis River, opening up the parishes of Madawaska, St. Hilaire and St. Francis, in which there is much valuable land. To Hon. John Costigan belongs the credit of organizing this important line. It will receive a subsidy from the Dominion Government."

The *N. Y. Freeman's Journal* says of Mr. Eugene M. O'Neil, proprietor and editor of the *Pittsburg Dispatch*, one of the most influential dailies of Pennsylvania, that "Eugene M. O'Neil, proprietor and editor of the *Pittsburg Dispatch*, one of the most influential dailies of Pennsylvania, has been in town. Twenty-five years ago he landed at this port with the worldly possessions of a pair of corduroy trousers and the will to rise. He began work on the *Dispatch* as a reporter, after a short New York training, and rapidly rose until he occupied the editorial tripod and owned the newspaper. He is a fine specimen of the brains and pluck of the Irish race."

A late number of the *Irish Monthly* contains a sketch by the editor, of Kathleen O'Meara, earlier known as "Grace Ramsay," whose death a year ago cut short a career in its outward phase industriously devoted to popular Catholic literature; in its inward part, profoundly religious, filial and joyous. Cardinal Manning, who knew her intimately, wrote to her sister: "I had hoped for many more years of that bright and holy life which has taught so many the true way of charity to God and His poor." "That bright and holy life," the biographer continues, "had lost its brightness under the shadow of the grief of her mother's death. . . . All her labours, all her successes, she referred, after God, to her mother. How often in the bosom of her family, when she returned from a walk, would she kneel by her mother and kiss her hand as she used to do when a child!" No sweeter glimpse could be given of a womanly nature.

On the 16th ult. the death took place in Dublin, after a brief illness, of Lord FitzGerald, Lord of Appeal in Ordinary for Ireland. He was one of the distinguished Catholics educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He made a great reputation at the Irish Bar, and early in his career entered Parliament as Liberal Member for Ennis. Three years later (1855) he was appointed Solicitor-General for Ireland, and in 1856 Attorney General. In 1860 he was appointed to the Bench.

From this time, of course, he was before the public only as a Judge; but his reputation extended far beyond his Court. He was learned and temperate; his fairness was admitted; his dignity was such as to enhance the Bench of which he was a member. He was the principal Judge in the great State trials of January 1881, when Messrs. Parnell Biggar, Dillon, Sexton, Egan, and others were indicted for "seditious conspiracy." Personally Lord FitzGerald was everything that was charming. Of a keen intelligence, but genial and courteous in the extreme, his society was eagerly sought for. He had a plentiful supply of Irish humour though he fortunately never posed as a humourist on the Bench.

The death of the late Lord FitzGerald has occasioned public reference to some interesting facts concerning his father's connection with the rebellion in Ireland known as Emmet's Rebellion. On November 22, 1803, David FitzGerald was committed, with Robert Holmes and others, to Birmingham Tower, Dublin Castle, on a charge of high treason. Having managed to visit Philip Long, one of the leaders of the rebellion then in Kilmansham Prison, young FitzGerald had chanced to meet in one of the corridors Robert Emmet, who shook him warmly by the hand and inquired anxiously for Long. Soon afterwards FitzGerald came again, and placed a plan for escape in Emmet's hands; but a week later Emmet suffered death on the scaffold for the crime of loving Ireland "not wisely, but too well." Young FitzGerald, who was only seventeen, was rescued by his friends with difficulty. Lord Clare, when asked not to refuse bail to "that child FitzGerald," exclaimed: "Child, indeed! If we had many of such children it's a short time I'd be here!" It is remembered that the late Lord FitzGerald forbore to condemn a number of young men, brought before him for trial for raising their hats respectfully when passing the spot in Thomas Street where Robert Emmet laid down his young life. He "saw nothing in uncovering on the spot in feeling for the fall of one so young, so enthusiastic, so romantic."

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

There will be 15,000 persons in the line of the torchlight parade in Baltimore, on Tuesday evening, November 12, in honor of the Catholic centennial.

In reporting the condition of his diocese, Bishop McQuaid was asked by Pope Leo XIII. whence he had drawn the means to accomplish what he had done? His reply was short and prompt. "Holy Father, the Priests are zealous and disinterested; the people are ready and generous."

Rev. E. J. O'Dea, of the Cathedral of Portland, Oregon, is the possessor of three interesting photographs of the late Father Damien, the martyr of Molokai, showing the handsome young missionary priest prior to his residence among the lepers, and later the remarkable changes made by his great labors and loathsome disease.

"The campaigns in the political world," says the *Catholic Review* of New York, "is just now at its height. The orators of the great parties are heard pleading in eloquent tones for good government and their respective candidates. The brains and energy put into the fight by those interested is worthy of notice and perhaps admiration. All this just now suggests a campaign by the great and gifted of the faith in favour of Catholic literature. Papers are said to languish, magazines to make no headway, our books to have but few readers. This is generally admitted, yet no remarkable uprising is noticed against the present sad condition of things. Direction is needed as to the measures to be taken to secure the desired results. Would it not be well to give points from the pulpit on the subject? Is it not the duty of teachers to tell their pupils that there are Catholic papers published? When these students become men of the world perhaps they will think it the correct thing to read these publications and thus post themselves on the news of the Catholic world."

A RONDEAU OF EVENTIDE.

At Eventide, when we are prest
By shadows, and seek any rest
That twilight brings at waning day,
Ah! well with us if we can say
For aye we sought and found the best.

God's hand all nature has caressed
Till beauty is his love confessed
Till bud and bloom his love display
Through Eventide.

Why should we not pursue our quest,
For such good things as bear the test
The things worth loving bear away?
"Full life, full life," we sometimes pray,
Full life to higher life addressed,
Till Eventide!

—Meredith Nicholson in Catholic World.

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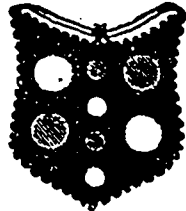
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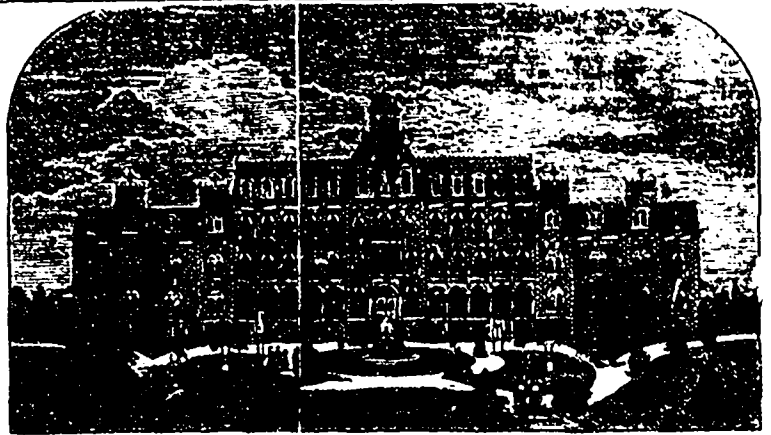


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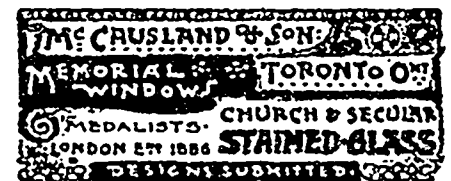
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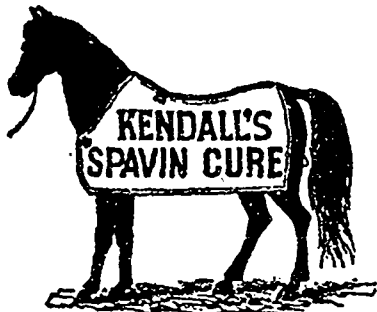
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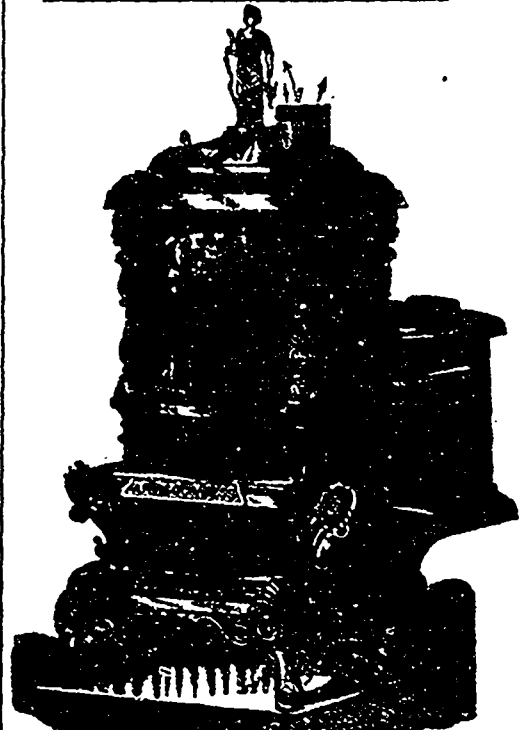
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