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# The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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

Vol. IV

Toronto, Saturday, Feb. 22, 1890.

No. 2

## HIS GRACE, THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

THE MOST REV. JOHN WALSH, Archbishop of Toronto, was born in the parish of Mooneain, county of Kilkenny Ireland on May 24th, 1830. From an early age he felt a great desire to enter the sacred ministry. Accordingly, after having completed an extensive preliminary course of science and classics he entered St. John's College, Waterford, where he studied philosophy and a portion of his theology with great success and distinction.

In the fall of 1852, Bishop Walsh carried out his intention of serving on a foreign mission, and left home and friends and native land. Arriving in Canada, he entered the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Montreal where he finished his course. He received the tonsure at the hands of Archbishop Baillargeon, of Quebec, who also in later years, consecrated him Bishop. On the 1st November, 1851, he was ordained priest by Bishop de Charbonnel. Brock was his first mission, in which he spent two years. In 1857 he was appointed to the pastorate of St. Mary's, Toronto, and for a short time he discharged the same office at St. Paul's. After the consecration of Bishop Lynch he was appointed Rector of the cathedral and was again reinstated as pastor of St. Mary's, where he remained until 1867, when he surrendered his charge

upon his nomination to the See of London. Father Walsh enjoyed the reputation among the clergy of being a sound and deeply read theologian, well versed in the sacred scriptures and canon law, an eloquent and flowery speaker, and *au courant* in general literature. His amiable character, polished manners, and great force and decision of character, won him general esteem. He was very much beloved by his confreres in the vicinity and gained the respect and good will of all with

whom he came in contact. His priestly life and character ratified the choice of the hierarchy of Canada, and its confirmation by the Holy See. During his twenty-two years' administration of the diocese of London the number of clergy was trebled, the number of churches quadrupled, and more than \$1,000,000 spent for ecclesiastical purposes. In November, 1879, Bishop Walsh celebrated the silver jubilee of his elevation to the priesthood, which was attended by leading ecclesiastics from all parts of the Dominion. On 23rd

May, 1881, was laid the corner stone of the magnificent new cathedral of London, the ceremony being attended by all the bishops of the Province, and on the 29th June, 1885 the stately edifice was solemnly consecrated in the presence of bishops and priests from all parts of Canada and the United States.

On the 9th September 1889 the Apostolic Brief was received at London appointing Dr. Walsh to the Metropolitan See of Toronto in succession to the late Archbishop Lynch, and on the 27th of November the new Archbishop took formal possession of the Archiepiscopal See of Toronto. The ceremonies and congratulations which attended his coming are still fresh in all memories; and need not be recounted here.



HIS GRACE, ARCHBISHOP WALSH

Although Dr. Walsh has scarcely more than entered upon the term of his administration, yet already new life has been infused into every artery of Catholic activity. That much is apparent in whatever direction we look of the Church's endeavours. His reputation as a pulpit orator had preceded him, and the simple announcement that he is to preach is sufficient to fill to the utmost of its capacity St. Michael's Cathedral. His sermons are marked by all the charm of true oratory, the dignity of thought and diction of the scholar, a wealth of illustration and argument, marshalled too in the most effective, finished, manner



## IRELAND AND THE ENGLISH CATHOLICS.

The sentence pronounced on the first transgression, if severe, was judicial. Uttered by a human tribunal, it would be intolerable, for it was for the bulk of mankind penal servitude for the years allotted to each, terminated by death. But infinite wisdom joined to it such compensations, as that no one who has tasted them would wish his lot other than it is. The sentence that man shall "earn his bread by the sweat of his brow" was not penal only. That which declares that, if "a man shall not work neither shall he eat," has two issues. If the "sweat" is given, the "bread" is the just recompense. If a man is ready and willing to work he has a right to eat.

British law in Ireland has for generations denied to the people this primary and essential right. The Irish landlord has, indeed, in the past, commonly left his serf a bare substance in ordinary times; but when pressure or scarcity came there was no reserve, and the serf begged or starved. An epitome of the whole Irish land system is found in the great Dillon estate in Mayo. This, which extends over 90,000 acres, was a century ago a waste of bog and moor. The gradual clearing of richer lands—the carrying out of the sentence, "To hell or Connaught"—gradually led to the settlement of this vast tract by squatters. The reclamation, such as it was, began, and also the rent. It is impossible to get at the earlier rent roll of the Lillon estate, but it is the general opinion, supported by the evidence of aged tenants, that fifty year ago it was between £10,000 and £11,000. It now stands at close on £30,000, the difference being the confiscated improvements of the tenantry. The process by which the advance was made can be compared to nothing but periodical blood-letting by a skilful surgeon. This does not threaten life; yet it so reduces the subject that, when the pressure of disease comes upon him, he yields at once. The late famine compelled three-fourths of the Dillon tenantry to apply to the "Mansion House" or the "Duchess" relief funds, while the noble proprietor was not heard of. It is true he was not getting his rents. How could he be when he got them ten times over in advance? If a man kills his goose he can't have the eggs also. The enormous rental yielded for so many years by this estate was largely produced by labour in England. The serf hired himself out for one half the year to pay for the privilege of living for the other on Lord Dillon's bogs. The mansion house of Loughglynn has not known the presence of one of the title for forty years, nor has any appreciable portion of the vast revenue been spent in reproductive or any other works. The honey from this vast hive of 4,500 tenants was skilfully withdrawn, to be used or wasted elsewhere, and the toilers were left to starve.

When pressure of want roused the serfs to combination and resistance, the Lord Viscount was powerless. He could not evict nor consolidate. If the tenants were wise they could have made equitable terms. But they trusted to the honour of a nobleman, and were deceived. They went into the Land Courts. Their lord asked them to withdraw the originating notices, promising them the land at Griffith's valuation. They did so; and when the combination was broken up, and the Coercion Act introduced, he broke his promise in the fashion of any common dishonourable mortal.

To repeat, the whole Irish land question is epitomised in this one estate, and it is here particularized to give Lord Dillon the publicity he merits, and the argument the solid foundation of fact. The Irish people claimed through the Land League the first of all rights—the right to live by their labour. The *Tablet* cried "confiscation," "robbery," "Communism." The Catholic people of Ireland demand to be freed from the domination of the Orange-Freemason ring which tortures them. The *Tablet* cries "sedition." It is said that it is a mere waste of time to expose this paper—that no one reads it or cares what it says. This I take to be a mistake. The paper may be intellectually contemptible. But it has behind it the great office and person of a Catholic bishop, and nothing which appears in it can be void of the significance pertaining to this connection. At lowest, the *Tablet* is the straw which shows the way the wind blows, and how it became possible to obtain from Propaganda a document

so injurious and insulting to the Irish Church and people as the late circular.

It is only too evident that obstacles enough to this union exist already. The English Catholic body seem struck with mortal paralysis—intellectual and moral. Thirty years ago it showed more activity and life and hope than now. We had then such men as Charles Langdale (*clarum et venerabile nomen*) in Catholic public life, if not in politics. Has he left no son to undertake the lapsed duties and perpetuate the noble tradition? We had Kenelm Digby painting with unrivalled learning fascinating pictures of the ages of faith, and tracing with wonderful skill the many roads of human life which lead to the city of God. Does no man of his race exist to render the pictures into realities, or show the way in one, at least, of the roads? We had the venerable Charles Waterton illustrating what manner of man it was who bore with patient dignity the ostracism of three centuries from the public life of that England his fathers had made; the Waterton of to-day seems to exhaust himself in collecting editions of a book written many centuries ago, and in endeavouring to elucidate the hopeless problem of its authorship. Then there are Welds and Maxwells, Stourtons and Scropes, Howards and Petres, with many another, of whom it may be justly said that in personal qualities they are worthy of their ancestry. What part do they take in the public life of England—what action to stem the daily advance of paganism, or to to endeavour to restore the empire to the unity of Christendom? The answer is their condemnation. There is not a single English Catholic gentleman in the House of Commons; for it may be presumed that the nondescript member for Berwick "don't count."

Yet this House of Commons is the centre and heart of our civilization. Who influences or guides it controls the destinies of the empires for good or evil. Through it alone can the impulse be given which can effectually raise or depress our national life. It is, therefore, of the first importance—it is evidently essential—that a Catholic party be formed within it, growing out of and acting with the Irish party. This could be easily formed from the English Catholic gentry, for they have wealth, and leisure, and cultivation. Two necessary qualities they have not, namely, freedom from English prejudices, and the courage of their convictions. They are, as has been said, in regard to Ireland, Englishmen first and Catholics after. They have never shown, as regards public life, that they had any conception of their duties, or the disinterestedness necessary to the earlier stages of their fulfilment. It is no excuse to say they were shut out from the representation of English constituencies by prejudice. They could have got seats in Ireland in any necessary number. At the next election twenty suitable men could get placed in the Irish representation, but they would need to be very different from those we have lately had a sample of. We don't want "clever idiots" like Lord R. Montague, nor shams like the late Sir George Bowyer. We want Frederick Lucases, if not in ability, at least in honesty and Catholic spirit. Supposing the late Dr. Ward was as eloquent with tongue as powerful with pen, what an unknown amount of good he could have done in Parliament on such questions as education! His robust and masculine understanding, displaying all that was best in the English mind, would have given him the power of a party. It will yet be recorded as evident proof of the decadence of the English Catholic body, that at the very turning-point of the history of both countries they have not given one man to do a man's work on the side of Catholic interests and public policy.

Enough there were on the other side. Mr. Gladstone, surely in this case a most credible witness, declared on bringing in the Compensation for Disturbance Bill that the lives of 15,000 Connaught peasants depended on its passing; that for them the sentence of eviction was a sentence of death. What did our English brethren in the faith care? At the head of the Catholic nobility, the Duke of Norfolk marched down to the Upper Chamber to vote the unroofing of three thousand humble homes, the quenching of as many hearths. Is his own roof-tree the more secure, his own hearth the happier, for this callous and unchristian disregard of the interests of those who are most truly "*pauperes Christi*?" Does he think he has postponed for one day the inevitable

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question: what has he, or what have his ancestors done to entitle him to levy a tax of a quarter of a million *per annum* on the industry of Sheffield? The Irish landlord stretched his claim beyond bearing. It has put him in the way of being deprived of what he is justly entitled to. And so the English aristocracy. They are riding on the very top of the law. The Marquis of Salisbury, who is as insolent and as selfish, but rather more cunning than the rest of his class, begins to hearken to the "bitter cry of oosteast London," but it will take more than words—it will take prompt heroic action—on his part, and on that of the Dukes of Bedford and Westminster, and the rest, if they are able to rescue their properties from the rising flood of lawless democracy—lawless, because it has for long been put by the feudal aristocracy out side the law.

The English aristocracy, titled and untitled, have enormous interests at stake. The world around them moves with ever-increasing velocity, and they keep fiddling away, as did the French *noblesse* of the last century. With numberless practical questions calling for treatment and solution, their chief organ is filled with abstractions, such as essays on the "Days of Creation," the origin of the word "Mass," or the guilt or innocence of Mary of Scotland. Very interesting, no doubt, to a community in a satisfactory condition; the merest trifling in face of such dangers and necessities as beset the Catholic Church in England. They might have a formidable party in both Houses of Parliament, looking after the administration of the poor-law, the care of Catholic orphans, the education question, and others equally pressing, while they are absolutely without voice or representation. They debate about Catholic action or inaction, and finally decide for the latter—their chief organization, the Catholic Union, showing how "not to do it" in an incomparable manner. We have suggestions of Catholic Liberal associations to form a tail to the Whig party, and of Conservative ditto to form ditto to the Tory party—one genius going the length of gravely proposing for the latter the device of Tiara, Crown, and Bible, and for principal aim the giving of an active support to the "present union of Church and State in England." This is "our common Christianity" with a vengeance. There is to be seen a good deal of intellectual activity rarely directed to any useful purpose, and liberality sometimes more scandalous than edifying. Thus the late Earl of Shrewsbury (O'Connell's "pious fool") spent £100,000 on religious buildings at Alton and Cheddle, rather monuments to his own glorification than as judicious expenditure for Catholic purposes, while he could refuse a sovereign to a good Scotch priest begging for a congregation of labourers. The late Sir W. Stewart, of Murthly, spent £30,000 on a private chapel, while a few miles from his castle lived four hundred Irish Catholics without church, or priest, or school. The Marquis of Bute gives years of labour to the translation of the Breviary, and months to writing a life of St. Mungo. Excellent and praiseworthy works, but the noblest ambition that ever inspired human activity was not open to him, namely the reconstitution, in Christian order, of the society of which he is so prominent and powerful a member. This, his first and greatest duty, is so little in his mind that, with an almost total want of Catholic middle-class and university education before his eyes, he gave lately an enormous sum (curiously reported at from £10,000 to £60,000) to the Presbyterian University of the wealthy city of Glasgow. Such an act as this may well give rise to doubts as to the reality and permanency of his conversion, and to gravest fears for the future of a body of which he is one of the principle "leaders." All this goes to prove that our English friends, like some nearer home, "have come to terms with modern civilization." The outcome of recent long discussions is to leave the Church gagged and bound, silent and degraded, before her enemy—the world. Not one of the interlocutors gave a thought to the fact that there was a powerful Catholic element here which would form the surest basis for any public movement. Like the French Legitimists, the English Catholics seem to be incapable, as regards public affairs, of anything but talking and praying—excellent things when well done, and associated with prudent and courageous action; mere delusion without.

For this incapacity, this nullity of public action, they have not one excuse. They have for leaders two men whose

appearance marks an epoch—one, chief of living men in the order of thought, the other as great in that of action. Of the latter especially, the English Catholic body is not worthy. If the Irish people had the advantage of the leading wasted on people who will not follow, they would realize, as far as imperfect humanity can, and in a time incredibly short, that ideal which springs from a close and active union of the natural and supernatural.—*Letters of an Irish Catholic Layman.*

## Men and Things.

One of the Cardinals named at the last Consistory, Cardinal Schonborn, Archbishop of Prague, was originally a soldier in the Austrian army. As a cavalry officer he greatly distinguished himself at Sadowa in 1866. After the war he left the army to enter a seminary.

The Right Rev. Dr. Bagshawe, Bishop of Nottingham, in a letter to the *York Young Men's Society*, expresses his deep regret that their rules exclude politics. In giving his reasons for taking this view, he remarks that the world is ruined because Catholics have not combined in political action against Freemasons and enemies of God.

In the non-Catholic press there seems to be an impression that Molokai is the only place where Catholic priests and nuns devote their lives to the care of lepers. As a matter of fact, besides those in the Pacific, there are leper hospitals founded and conducted by Catholic missionaries and religious in Trinidad, Madagascar, Japan, China, and India.

Here is the programme of the American pilgrimage to the Holy Land. The pilgrims assemble in New York, and leave that city on February 19th, sailing by the Red Star Line to Antwerp. The pilgrimage will visit Lourdes on March 5th, Rome on March 15th, and reach Jerusalem on March 29th. The leader of the pilgrims will be a Canadian priest, the Abbe Provencher.

According to the *Pall Mall Gazette* a prelate in attendance on the Pope writes:—"The Pope is looking extremely well, has quite lost his cough, and has received a great many people this week. At the very hour the Roman papers were informing their readers that His Holiness was at his last gasp he was seated in my presence taking a basin of broth and drinking his usual small glass of native wine. Prince Boncompagni was with us, and the Pontiff, who had been talking with great earnestness and regret over the illness of the Duke of Aosta, suddenly rose from his chair, and looking out of the window towards the Quirinal, said, 'There is a great sorrow in store for the King.' He had barely uttered these words when a telegram was put into his hands. It was from the Duchess of Aosta imploring his benediction for the dying Prince."

The *Tablet* says:—"We should be sorry to appear to say anything harsh about the illustrious German historian who has lately passed away unreconciled to the Church. But the statements of the leading Vienna Catholic paper, the *Vaterland*, borrowed as they are from the German Catholic organ, the *Germania*, seem to imply too serious a lesson for a Catholic paper to pass it over. Of course we leave to the Austrian and German journals the true responsibility of their statements, but this is what we read in them:—"The secret why the grace of returning to the Church was not granted to a man who had certainly deserved so well of her, may, perhaps, be guessed. *Scientia inquit*, says the Apostle, and in Dollinger's case the truth of this word has once more been proved. Placed before the alternative of choosing between the Papal infallibility and his own, he had not the humility to bow to the former. Now humility, too, is a grace which must be sought by prayer. But it was just in this—in prayer—that he failed. The great savant had already for long before the definition of the Infallibility, laid aside his breviary and had limited himself to saying Mass on Sundays. Such is the explanation." If this be true, the lesson to be deduced is an old, but none the less a solemn one, to all of us."

\*It is hardly necessary to name Cardinals Newman and Manning.



## HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP FABRE.

THE MOST REV. CHARLES EDWARD FABRE, whose portrait we are happy to present to our readers, comes of a stock which has won distinction in our recent history. His father, the late, M. Edouard Raymond Fabre was one of Montreal's most respected business men, and was honoured by his fellow citizens by being raised to the mayor's chair in 1849-50. On his death M. Fabre left five children, to inherit his virtues and the public esteem that is the meed of a well spent life. One of his daughters became the wife of the late Hon. Sir George Etienne Cartier, while of his sons the eldest chose the sacred function of the priesthood and another entered on the career of journalism and politics. The latter the Hon Hector Fabre, C. M. G. ex-Senator, has for years past, represented Canada in the French metropolis with ability, and acceptance the fruits of which have been enhanced by the publication of a journal especially devoted to Canadian interests. His Grace the Archbishop was educated partly at St. Hyacinthe, Que., and partly in France. He received the tonsure from Archbishop Affre on the 17th of May 1845 and returning to Canada in 1850 was admitted to the priesthood by the late Mgr Prince sometime coadjutor to Bishop Bourget. The young priest was appointed cure of Sorel, the duties of which office he discharged for nearly two years. In 1852 he became parish priest at Pont Claire where he remained until 1854 when he became one of the clergy attached to the *arche*. On Christmas Day 1855 he was nominated to a canon, and on the first of April 1873 he was appointed bishop of Gratiopolis (*in part*) his consecration, at the hands of Archbishop Taschereau, taking place at Quebec on the 1st of May following. In 1875, on Bishop Bourget resigning he succeeded to the bishopric of Montreal, taking possession on the nineteenth of September in that year. On the 8th June 1886 he was elected first archbishop of Montreal receiving the pallium on the 27th of July 1886. By a brief of the 10th May, 1887, His Holiness Leo XIII. considered it advisable to dismember the old ecclesiastical province of Quebec and constitute three new ones in its stead—Quebec, Montreal, and Ottawa. That of Montreal comprises the dioceses of Montreal, Sherbrooke, and St. Hyacinthe. Archbishop Fabre is esteemed and beloved by his own people, while his private virtues and public spirit have won him the respect of the entire community.



HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP FABRE

The Jesuits, we fear, keep Senator Blair from getting sound sleep "o' nights." He has been striving for a long time to get an appropriation from Congress of \$7,000,000 wherewith to turn the schools of the country over to federal control; and now, he laments that he would have succeeded if it were not for the Jesuits. Remarking upon this, the *Alta California* says: "This is the first good thing that has been said for the Jesuits this year."—*Pittsburg Catholic*.

## EARNESTNESS IN THE CATHOLIC PULPIT.

It may be conceded that two more remarkable or more unlike pulpit orators than Archbishop Ryan and Archbishop Ireland have never been heard within the walls of the same temple. The suavity and unction of the one finds an antithesis in the ruggedness and intensity of the other. The one represents the elegant learning, the gracious ease and the melodious periods of the school of Fenelon. The other stands forth the representative of tremendous force, of irresistible argument, of sublime belief in the achievement of the apparently difficult, impossible or remote. Each commands a superb diction. Each is absolute master of himself on his feet. Each possesses that rare and magical gift—living prudence of tongue by which emotion imparts its fire to logic and whose heavenly energy carries into the human soul the

deepest lessons of religion with the charm of human skill. The pulpit of the American Catholic Church may well be felicitated upon the gifts and blessings two such orators confer upon her new century.

One of these men is an orator from his cradle, Archbishop Ryan; the other is an orator of original stress and unique personality, who has conquered his high place in the pulpit and on the platform not by the aid of frequent drill in the closet, not in consequence of natural graces, not by studying forensic principles or practising before preceptors—the glorious Archbishop of the Northwest has made himself an orator, overcoming by sheer will-power natural diffidence and physical embarrassment such as few men would ever think of converting into instruments of oratorical success. As God raises up for the Church some endowed with unusual powers in every age, so there will come hereafter preachers equal to Archbishop Ryan and Archbishop Ireland. But God wills it that others shall strive to develop the latent if less gifts whose dedication to His work was the chief purpose in conferring them. The pulpit

of the American Catholic Church to-day is deficient in the supreme quality of Archbishop Ireland's oratory—earnestness. It is his passionate sincerity, his sublime belief in the destiny of Truth, his self-consecration to its promotion which have made him foremost among the first promogues in the working Church. It is he whom our young men—young men for action, in religion as in battle—should study.

There were those in the Baltimore Cathedral who remember Archbishop Ireland when he shuffled upon the platform, hesitated for his words, ungainly, uncouth, his brain tormented with its accumulations of facts and his heart tortured with the agony of sin unchecked and wrong carried systematically on by the connivance of the State and private greed. The masterful composure in which to-day vehemence and clearness are equally marked qualities, he acquired only by persistent and resolute speaking in public. The secret of his success is to be sought, not in the arts of the rhetorician, but in the sincerity of his heart. He spoke not for the sake of speaking, but because he had something to say which he believed him-

self and was determined to make others believe. There was no man who sat beneath his fervid strains who did not yearn for even a tittle of his extraordinary earnestness, his fascinating strength. There is no Catholic preacher who may not, and ought not, strive to follow his example.

When Daniel Webster, after committing to memory classic bursts of others' lips, arose in his place to deliver them, his legs trembled, his tongue went to the roof of his mouth, and he repeatedly sat down shamed. When he had an argument to present in his own words, the spirit of eloquence leaped in his thought, and he spoke with that fulness of resource, that ever-increasing impressiveness which speedily led him to the first place at the American Bar. Archbishop Ireland had, doubtless, like experience. The men who merely mouth the thoughts of others leave brief stamp upon their hearers. The men who think out to the end, who think clearly and comprehensively upon their theme, the men who above all are sincere to themselves, are the men who move others to action. Few, indeed, may recall with the daring hope of emulating, the artistic beauty, the exquisite polish, of Archbishop Ryan, whose pulpit method is tranquil as the mountain lake which casts back the pure and splendid reflection of the lights of heaven. But the man who heard Archbishop Ireland ten years ago, and heard him a fortnight since in Baltimore, knows that sincerity and determination can go far towards making a lover of God an orator worthy of his Master. *N. Y. C. Rev.*

**THE PRESBYTERIAN CREED REVISION.**

*Passed over the wires last week:*

(Special dispatch.)

New York, Feb. 6. The Presbyterian conference has settled its case of libel against the Pope. The Presbyterian conference called the Pope Anti-Christ in the year 1643 and has been keeping it up for the last 247 years. No damages or compensation whatever were given His Holiness. The conference considered that for them to admit the truth once in three centuries was ample remuneration.

(Special by the Styx cable.)

**BEELZEBUB TO SATAN:** "What's the commotion among the Presbyterians?"

**SATAN TO BEELZEBUB:** "They are sending us back a lot of their theological phraseology." (Collect.)

(By the fast Gehenna mail.)

**MOLOCH TO LUCIFER:** "Send immediately a posse of imps to the seventh furnace. John Knox is becoming uncontrollable and raises a terrific howl over the action of the Presbyterian conference in taking the name of Anti-Christ off the Pope. Put a special guard on Rev. Fulton."—*Milwaukee Catholic Citizen.*

If Lady Butler can finish her eviction picture by March she will accompany Sir William Butler to Alexandria; otherwise the painter will remain in Ireland till it is finished. The picture, while portraying the woes of an eviction, deals even more with landscape than with figure.

**HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP O'MAHONY**

We have peculiar pleasure in presenting to THE REVIEW's readers an engraving of one who has endeared himself in a hundred ways to the hearts of the Catholic people of Toronto, by the kindness of his heart, the qualities of his mind, and his untiring zeal for religion. the Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Mahony, Bishop of Eudocia (*i. p. i.*) and rector of St. Paul's in this city. Bishop O'Mahony came to Toronto some ten years or more ago, as auxiliary to the late Most Rev. Dr. Lynch. Nor could the late Archbishop have selected for this responsible and honourable position, one in whom all the sterling qualities of the bishop and the man shine more conspicuously or more brilliantly. Bishop O'Mahony possesses in an eminent degree all the attributes of a truly great man. To say less than this were to speak only half the truth. To a fine



HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP O'MAHONY

personal appearance His Lordship adds the manner and the courtly bearing of the scholar and the gentleman. There is about him a strength of mental, and until, alas, overwork undermined it, of physical culture that is only to be found in men capable of conceiving and executing grand projects, and we are of the opinion that, apart from the spirituality of his nature, much of the success which has rewarded his labour and his preaching may be attributed to the possession of this gift of mental and personal strength. He is a hard worker, spending himself generously and unsparingly in the interests of religion, and striving, with a large measure of success, to infuse into the Catholic manhood around him much of that indomitable enthusiasm and pride of faith which are a part of his very being. He is an able and scholarly speaker, impressing upon his hearers in language full of magnetism the sincerity of his convictions and the divinity of the truth he unfolds.

His name in Toronto will be linked for all time with the beautiful new Church of St. Paul's, one of the noblest temples of

Divine worship in Canada, a sermon in stone which will speak for all time of the zeal and self sacrifice of the people of St. Paul's and their venerable Bishop. **LE CURÉ.**

The *Germania*, speaking very reverently of what was good in the late Dr. Dollinger, gives this explanation of what seemed inexplicable to most of us:

"Placed before the alternative of choosing between the Papal infallibility and his own, he had not the humility to bow to the former. Now, humility, too, is a grace which must be sought by prayer. But it was just in this in prayer—that he failed. The great *sanctus* had already, for long before the definition of the Infallibility, laid aside his Breviary."

"If this be true," the *London Tablet* adds, "the lesson to be deduced is an old but none the less solemn one to all of us."

It was the Presbyterian pastor's little daughter (in these creed-revising times) who asked, Papa, do you believe in a personal Santa Claus?



## A TRADITION OF TADOUSSAC.

In the Springtime of his manhood and his young life's first romance,  
He left his friends and home in the pleasant land of France;  
And with the hope of conquest filling the heart within his breast,  
And never a backward glance, he sailed into the West;  
His mail the black robe of the priest, his crucifix the sword,  
His conquests—the souls he led captive to the Lord.

More than a hundred years ago, a striking event occurred at the lonely mission and trading-post of Tadoussac, where the river Saguenay enters the Lower St. Lawrence. It made so profound an impression on the people that, after a lapse of all these years, the name of Pere de la Brosse has but to be mentioned to some old *habitant*, and—whether he hails from L'He Aux Coudres, Baie Saint Paul, or Tadoussac itself—you will be told the story of the death of that well-beloved priest and missionary, with a simple faith as refreshing as it is rare in this sceptical century of ours.

It was the 11th of April, 1782, and the loneliness of the long Winter months had given way to the stir and traffic which the breaking up of the ice brought to the trading stations along the coast. A long line of bark canoes drawn up on the beach, and a village of wigwams on the hillside, told that the Indians had arrived with their spoils from the Winter hunting grounds. Here came the hardy traders and agents of the great fur companies, and here too came the Pere de la Brosse. He was an old time missionary of the Society of Jesus, keeping up the work of other days, though his Order had now been suppressed for several years, and he and his comrade could look for no long continuance of their work.

It was his harvest time for God, and all that April day he was seen in the chapel, praying, confessing, and—best-loved task of all—baptising the little Indian children, as though no shadow of approaching death lay heavy on his soul.

When evening came he went as usual to pass a couple of hours with some friends. They noticed no change in his usual cheerful manner until he arose to leave them. Then, indeed, the solemnity of his manner filled them with a sudden dread, even before he bade them farewell in touching words.

"I am bidding you adieu, my friends, adieu for eternity! You will see me no more on this earth. To-night at midnight you will hear my chapel bell; it will announce my death. If you do not believe me, come and see for yourselves, but do not, I beg of you, touch my body. Go to L'He Aux Coudres to-morrow and bring M. Compain (the priest) here to bury me. You will find him waiting at the end of the island. No matter how stormy the weather is, have no fear; I answer for the safety of those who make this voyage."

Awe-struck at his words, in such apparent contradiction to his hale and hearty appearance, his friends refused to believe him. But with an air of authority he again said that, before the dawn of another day, they would know the truth of his words; and so he left them.

Anxious and wondering, hoping against hope, they sat awaiting the midnight hour. Ten o'clock came—eleven—midnight, and loud and clear the chapel bell, tolled by no mortal hand, rang the funeral peal.

All arose as one man, and ran towards the chapel. They entered, and by the dim light of the Sanctuary lamp saw the black-robed figure of their "good Father." His white head was bowed between his clasped hands; he lay dead upon the altar step.

Soon the news spread through the settlement, all business was suspended, and from early dawn whites and Indians flocked to the chapel. The tears and sobs of the one, and the deep silent grief of the others, showed how well they loved him.

The day was ushered in with such a terrific storm that no man dared to launch a boat. At last one of the officers of the post called for three men to accompany him, reminding them of the last words of the dead priest. Full of faith they bravely embarked, and quickly was the stormy passage made, that about eleven o'clock the same morning the Cap Aux Oies was rounded, and in an incredibly short time they came in sight of the island and of the man they sought.

From afar off M. Compain saw them, and as soon as his voice could reach them he called out: "Pere de la Brosse is dead. You have come to seek me for his burial."

He, too, had heard, as he sat reading the previous midnight, the tolling of his own church bell. Filled with astonishment, he hastened to ascertain the cause; but though the solemn peal rang out in the silence of the night, no ringer's hand was on the rope.

Then, distinct to his ear, came these words: "Pere de la Brosse has just died at Tadoussac—with the tolling of the bell his soul passed away. Go you to-morrow to the end of the island; a boat will come there to bring you to perform the burial rites."

And meanwhile, at Chicoutimi, Ile Verte, Trois Pistoles, Baie de Chaleur, and Rimouski—all missions founded by the good Father—the bells rang out his funeral knell at the very hour that he gave up his soul to God.

So long as his body lay buried under that humble altar at Tadoussac, never an Indian passed up or down the broad river, but he drew up his bark canoe on the beach and went to tell the simple story of his joys and griefs to *le bon Pere* who had been their friend and Father for more than thirty years.

But all this has passed away. The little chapel still stands, though the remains of the beloved founder were removed to the handsome new church at Chicoutimi. It was a pity, perhaps, but he has his best shrine in the hearts of that faithful people who have kept longer than any other to the traditions and simple lives of their fathers.

—KATHLEEN.

## MADONNA.

Our Lady of the gracious brow and tender eyes,  
Madonna of our hearts, whate'er thy guise,  
Thy power has never faded, Mother mild,  
The world is on thy breast, a little child,  
Vainly it masquerades with purpose bold,  
Feigning to be embittered hard and cold;  
Let but thy veil fall, Star of Christmas night,  
And tired feet climb the old ways into light  
And comfort, and a blessed, peaceful rest.  
The world is ~~not~~ a little child upon thy breast.

Alice Ward Bailey, in *Catholic World*

## Book Reviews.

*Sadlier's Catholic Directory.* Almanac and Ordo for the year 1890. Toronto, Montreal and New York, Messrs D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

This standard work of reference needs no word of introduction. It is as full and complete as in other years. The mass of information compiled in it is almost bewildering. The reports are in many points more thorough even than heretofore. We observe that in the ecclesiastical summary of the United States, the total Catholic population is set down at 8,277,039. It is added, however, that the figures from which the total is formed are in some cases conjectural and certainly low, and that the real Catholic population must exceed ten millions. The price of the Directory is \$1.25.

*History of the Catholic Church in Scotland,* by Alphons Bellesheim, D. D., translated with Notes and Additions by D. Oswald Hunter Blair, O.S.B., Monk of Fort Augustus. Edinburgh and London, William Blackwood & Sons.

The third volume of Father Hunter Blair's translation of this masterly work has now been issued by the publishers. The period covered by the third volume is that from the Revolution of 1560 to the death of James the Sixth, 1560-1625. The fourth and remaining volume will bring the history down to the present day, and the work, when completed, will remain for long the standard authority upon the subject. The former volumes were noticed at some length in this Review upon their appearance; of the third it is enough to say that it is distinguished by the same wide knowledge and painstaking research on the part of the author, and the same literary gracefulness and excellence on the part of the translator, whose notes and additions are again invaluable. The letter-press, as befits so noble a work, is very beautiful; the paper of the best quality, the margins wide, the type large and clear. Indeed the Messrs. Blackwood have turned the work out with an excellence in all respects, which it would be difficult to surpass.



## General Catholic News

The Republic of Chili will shortly appoint a permanent representative at the Vatican.

The Italian Bishops have published a collective protest against the proposed law on the Opere Pie.

Miss Charlotte G. O'Brien, daughter of the Irish patriot, Smith O'Brien, has been received into the Church.

Bath photographers have been selling Sister Rose Gertude's portrait by hundreds, since her departure for Molokai.

Archbishop Corrigan has requested the priests in the Archdiocese of New York to abstain from introducing the electric light into their churches, on account of its manifold dangers, as exemplified by the Lynn and Boston fires.

The influenza has reappeared in Italy, and amongst the serious illnesses arising from this cause last week were those of Cardinal Parocchi, Cardinal Hohenlohe, Mgr. Jacobini, the Secretary of the Propaganda, and the Very Rev. Father Bernard, of Andermatt, the General of the Capuchins.

Cardinal Gonzalez y Diaz, the Archbishop of Seville, one of the most learned living writers on philosophical subjects, has asked the Holy Father's permission to resign both the episcopate and the cardinalate, and retire to the monastery of Geana, where he began his religious life as a Dominican. Permission to retire from the archbishopric has been granted, but he is to remain a Cardinal.

The Jesuit fathers opened a mission on Sunday last in St. Mary's church. There was a special service for women in the evening, when Father McCarthy preached an eloquent sermon. Two other Jesuit missionaries, Father Murphy and Gillespie, who arrived from New York, opened a mission in St. Basil's parish. The mission in St. Michael's closed on Sunday evening.

A pastoral letter from Archbishop Duhamel was read in all the Catholic churches of Ottawa on Sunday last. His Grace expressed regret for the recent outrages at Hull and said that such outrages cannot be countenanced by the Church in Canada. The pastoral also enjoins the faithful to use their influence to prevent a recurrence when Miss Wright again visits Hull.

In answer to a cablegram of condolence to His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. on the death of his brother, Cardinal Pecci, His Grace Archbishop Fabre has received the following:—

ROME, February 18, 1890.

To His Grace the Archbishop of Montreal:

The act of filial piety which you have performed towards the Holy Father on the occasion of the death of his beloved brother is most agreeable to His Holiness, who thanks you and gives you with all his heart the apostolic benediction.

CARDINAL RAMPOLLA.

On Sunday last the St. Patrick's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society of Montreal celebrated its golden jubilee. Fifty years ago the society was founded by the Rev. Father Phelan, who afterwards became Bishop of Kingston. Formed with comparatively a handful of members, to-day the society numbers its thousand of pledged total abstainers, and the benefit branch is over 200 strong. The celebration commenced with the members assembling in their hall and proceeding to St. Patrick's church to attend early Mass. His Grace Archbishop Fabre was the celebrant. The sermon on the occasion was preached by the Rev. Father McCallen.

The new astronomical observatory which Leo XIII. has caused to be set up within the Vatican precincts is nearly complete. The eminent astronomer Padre Denza has been requested by the Pope to take the direction of the new observatory, but up to a few days ago he was unwilling to do so.

The *Standard* learns now, however, that he has yielded to the repeated invitation of His Holiness, and will shortly be installed as director. The whole has been established and completed on a princely scale, and with regard to all the latest exigencies of modern science. The great equatorial telescope, which it was at first proposed to order at Leipsic for a sum of 75,000 francs, has been purchased instead at Paris, at a cost of 100,000 francs. The observatory will be inaugurated next month.

Among the letters of sympathy received by Sir Daniel Wilson President of Toronto University, after the destruction of the University buildings by fire was the following from Archbishop Walsh:

St. Michael's Palace.

DEAR SIR DANIEL:—As a former senator of the Toronto University, and as a Canadian citizen interested in the institutions of the country. I hasten to express my profound sorrow at the destruction of the great University buildings, and my earnest sympathy with yourself and the other gentlemen of the University faculty in this sad catastrophe that has come upon you so suddenly. The ruin of this great temple of learning will spread sorrow over the province and indeed over the Dominion at large, and will bring pain to the hearts of thousands of Canadians educated within its walls. I hope however that phoenix-like, it will soon rise from its ashes in renewed grace and beauty, and that the glory of the new house will be even greater than that of the one that has passed away.

Believe me to be very sincerely yours,

JOHN WALSH.

Archbishop of Toronto.

Rev. J. F. McBride, for the past four years parish priest of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Sherbourne-street, who has been transferred to the parish of Dixie, was last Thursday evening made the recipient of an address and purse of \$200. The address was signed on behalf of the congregation by Thomas Long, William T. Kiely, B. B. Hughes and M. O'Connor, and in addition to these the following gentlemen assembled at the Grove at 9 p. m.: Jas. A. Gorman, Jas. O'Neill, Richard Baigent, P. Hughes, John Herbert, Hugh Ryan, Joseph Hughes and Vincent Hughes. Following is the address.

REVEREND SIR,—With heartfelt sorrow the congregation of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes have heard the announcement of your departure from amongst them.

For the past three years, since the formation of the parish, we have been truly edified by the energy and zeal you have manifested in its organization, by assisting in the promotion of every good work for our spiritual welfare. The establishment of the various societies tending to that end bear ample testimony to your work and the spiritual fruits that must result from the labors performed by the members will not only prove beneficial to the members themselves but also be a source of happiness to you.

The many instructions you have given us on the dogmas of our holy religion and the useful and lucid explanations of the festivals of our holy church have sunk deeply into our hearts, and from them we will receive special benefit for years to come. The ministrations of our youth at the holy altar under your guidance have been to us a source of great edification, as their every act and movement seemed to breathe piety and veneration for the sacred mysteries that were being offered up.

The rendition of our church music by the choir organized and placed under careful training by you has upon all occasions tended to increase our piety and fervor, and to-day stands pre-eminent among the choirs of the city.

And now, Reverend Sir, we are compelled to bid you "farewell," to say that last word which brings sorrow and pain to those about to separate, but before doing so we ask you to accept this small testimonial as a slight token of the esteem and love which each and every member of the congregation of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes bears for you and to request a remembrance of ourselves and families in your pious prayers, and especially when offering up the holy sacrifice of the altar, while we in turn will petition the Most High to shower His gracious favors on you in the new field of labor to which you have been called.

Father McBride was very much affected and in reply thanked the donors for their generous gift and the kind words made use of in the address.

## JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL NEWMAN.

The secession of Dr. Newman dealt a blow to the Anglican Church under which the Establishment still reels. — *Lord Beaconsfield.*

In my opinion his (Dr. Newman's) secession from the Church of England has never yet been estimated among us at anything like the full amount of its calamitous importance. It has been said that the world does not know its greatest men; neither, I will add, is it aware of the power and weight carried by the words and the acts of those among its greatest men whom it does know. The ecclesiastical historian will perhaps hereafter judge that this secession was a much greater event even than the partial secession of John Wesley, the only case of personal loss suffered by the Church of England since the Reformation, which can be at all compared with it in magnitude. I do not refer to its effect upon the mere balance of schools or parties in the Church; that is an inferior question. I refer to its effect upon the state of positive belief, and the attitude and capacities of the religious mind of England. — *Mr. Gladstone.*

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN is one of the most remarkable men of the present century. He is remarkable both on account of his great intellectual gifts, and on account of the vicissitudes of his long and eventful career. During the best part of three score years he has been at all times a notable factor in the history of the religious movements of the age. Mr. Austin, an acute critic, has accurately described him as "the man in the working of whose individual mind the intelligent portion of the English public is more interested than in that of any other living person." Whether as Oxford preacher, or Anglican reformer, or Tractarian disputant, or Catholic controversialist, or Roman Cardinal he has continually filled a large place in popular interest. Whatever people may have thought of his creed, they never had two opinions about his vast mental endowments. As theologian, dialectician, philosopher, historian, critic, poet and preacher, he has made a great and enduring mark. Skilful in controversy, earnest in all matters of belief, pure and high-minded in every action of his life, sincere when the world, with all the captiousness of the *odium theologicum* deemed him insincere, he has filled with a noble record the long chapter of his fourscore years. To most Englishmen his features, through the agency of the camera, are familiar enough. They will readily recall his keen, ascetic face, as aquiline in character as that of the great Conde—a face worn with the deep furrows of one who has thought much, and troubled much, and, perhaps, suffered much. Still more will they recall the various episodes of his life—his early fame as a preacher his identification with a movement which was then thought, and is still thought by many, to have had for its effect, whatever may have been its aim, the introduction of a Romeward spirit into the Church of England; his ultimate secession to Rome; his influence over a large body of waverers when the Catholic fever was at its height; his controversies; the honours conferred upon him in his old age; and his quiet sequestered life at the Edgbaston Oratory. They will recall, too, how the sense of bitterness caused by his secession—the sense of betrayal, so to speak—long since gave way to a feeling of respectful confidence when his true character was laid bare, and the world came to recognize that every action of his life had been inspired by the deepest and holiest convictions of conscience. "It is not necessary," says one of the most appreciative of his biographers, Mr. Henry Jennings, M.P., himself a Protestant, "that one should be a communicant in the Church of Rome to cherish an admiration bordering on reverence for the eminent Oratorian. No man in this world—not even the self-mortifying saints of the Roman hagiology—ever led a holier life in the sense of purity, and piety, and devotional earnestness and conscientious zeal. Few men have ever handled the weapons of polemical warfare with a more consummate skill. Not very many have rivalled him in the productiveness of his intellectual life, or in the variety of his intellectual gifts."

John Henry Newman was born in London in the year 1801. His younger brother, Francis, starting from the same point, and influenced at the outset by much the same training, arrived at conclusions diametrically opposed to his own. While the one drifted to religious liberalism, to pure Theism in fact, the mind of the other was gradually schooled to the opposite pole of Faith. How the result came about in the case of the more celebrated of the two may be read in that remarkable work, "*The Apologia*," an autobiography in which the Cardinal

unveils his life, his opinions, the influences which had operated upon him, and the changes he had undergone, with a candour that has caused it to be compared to the "Confessions" of St. Augustine. During the early part of his childhood Newman lived with his father in Bloomsbury Square. It is not a little remarkable that one of his early playmates should have been Benjamin Disraeli. According to one writer "on most Saturday afternoons in the last year of the first decade of the present century, two boys, aged respectively nine and five, might have been seen playing in the gardens of Bloomsbury Square, London. The boys, both natives of the Square, offered the most complete contrast to each other in appearance. The younger, whose head was profuse with long, black, glossy ringlets, was a child of rare Jewish type of beauty, and full of life and activity. The other was grave in demeanor, and wore his hair close cut, and walked and talked and moved in a way which in young people is called 'old fashioned.' He was of pure English race and Puritan family. The names of these children denoted these differences as much as their appearances. The one was Benjamin Disraeli, the other John Newman." Both of these lads had a great future before them, on becoming Prime Minister of Great Britain, and the other a Roman Cardinal.

Young Newman first went to a private school and thence to Oxford, where he graduated with honours in 1820, and was soon after elected to a fellowship of Oriel. The influences under which he was thus brought were of the most intellectual kind. Newman's academical career assumed at once, both on account of his splendid gifts, as well as through the associations of Oriel, the promise of conspicuous brilliancy. University tradition tells of his wide scholarship, his omnivorous reading, his retentive memory and his clear methodical intellect. In 1824 he took orders and was appointed to a curacy in Oxford. His first sermon was preached from the text "Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening;" and it was not perhaps an altogether undesigned coincidence that the last sermon he preached at St. Mary's before resigning from the Anglican Ministry, should have been from the same text. He soon gained a reputation as a preacher. His style was wonderfully lucid, his language coloured with the rich glows of a picturesque imagination. Of action and dramatic effect he had none; but what he lacked in the Demosthenic qualification of an orator he made up for in a voice of singular and persuasive sweetness. We get many beautiful descriptions of the man from his contemporaries, and the impressions left upon their minds by his preaching. "There was a stamp and seal upon him," says Mr. Gladstone "there was a solemn sweetness and music in the tone, there was a completeness in the figure, taken together with the tone and the manner, which made his delivery singularly attractive." "A sermon from him" Mr. Froude has said "was a poem, formed on a distinct idea, fascinating by its subjects, welcome—how welcome!—from its sincerity, interesting from its originality even to those who were careless about religion; and to others who wished to be religious, but had found religion dry and wearisome, it was like the springing of a fountain out of the rock." Another of his contemporaries, Canon Oakeley in his Notes on the Tractarian Movement "gives a graphic picture of Newman as a preacher. "His delivery of Scripture" he writes "was a sermon in which you forgot the human preacher: a drama in which the vividness of the representation was marred by no effort and degraded by no art. He stood before the sacred volume as if penetrating its contents to their very centre, so that his manner alone, his pathetic changes of voice, or his thrilling pauses, seemed to convey the commentary in the simple enunciation of the text. He brought out meanings where none had been even suspected, and invested passages which in the hands of the profane are often the subject of unbecoming levity, with a solemnity which forced irreverence to retire abashed into its hiding places."

His appearance about this time is graphically described by Mr. Froude: "He was above the middle height, slight and spare. His head was large, his face remarkably like that of Julius Cæsar. The forehead, the shape of the ears, and nose were almost the same. The lines of the mouth were very peculiar, and I should say, exactly the same. I have often thought of the resemblance and believed that it extended to the temperament. In both there was an original force of character which refused to be moulded by circumstances

which was to make its own way, and become a power in the world; a clearness of intellectual perception, a disdain for conventionalities, a temper imperious and wilful, but along with it a most attaching gentleness, sweetness, singleness of heart and purpose. Both were formed by nature to command others, both had the faculty of attracting to themselves the passionate devotion of their friends and followers, and in both cases, too, perhaps the devotion was rather due to the personal ascendancy of the leader than to the cause which he represented. It was Caesar, not the principle of the Empire, which overthrew Pompey and the constitution. *Credo in Neumannum* was a common phrase at Oxford, and is still unconsciously the faith of nine-tenths of the English converts to Rome."

The story of Dr. Newman's conversion has been too often told in these columns to need repetition. That story is the history of the Tractarian Movement, which has been aptly termed the Counter-Reformation. It was in October, 1845, that he was formally received into the Church, and it would be difficult to exaggerate the sensation which the announcement caused. A distinguished band of friends and sympathizers followed him. Never had so large a body of the English clergy seceded since the Reformation. The Movement, in fact, drew from the Church of England all that was intellectually distinguished within her communion. "A great luminary," said Mr. Gladstone, "has drawn with him a third part of the stars of heaven." The effects of this memorable change of creed cannot be fully realized even now. Its force has not yet been spent. Mr. Froude has summed up the consequences of it, as they appear to the impartial observer, in the following passage: "To him, if to any one man, the world owes the intellectual recovery of Romanism. Fifty years ago it was in England a dying creed, lingering in the halls and chapels of a few half-forgotten families. A shy Oxford student has come out on its behalf into the field of controversy, armed with the keenest weapons of modern learning and philosophy; and wins illustrious converts and has kindled hopes that England herself, the England of Elizabeth and Cromwell, will kneel for absolution again before the Father of Christendom. Mr. Buckle questioned whether any great work had ever been done in this world by an individual man. Newman, by the solitary force of his own mind has produced this extraordinary change. What he has done we all see; what will come of it our children will see."

Shortly after his reception, Dr. Newman established, at the suggestion of Mgr. Wiseman and the Holy Father, a house of the Oratorians at Birmingham and the school which has since achieved, largely through the eminence of its founder, a world wide distinction. There Dr. Newman has spent the last forty years of his life, with the exception of a few years in Dublin whither he was sent by the Holy Father

to found the Irish Catholic University. There he has worked, and studied, and prayed with unflagging industry and never-wavering devotion; and from thence has emanated those great works which are among the masterpieces of our literature.

Space does not permit us to speak of the great controversies waged by the Cardinal, notably that with Mr. Gladstone, in which he defended the loyalty of Catholics from the charge formulated by Mr. Gladstone that, by the definition of Papal Infallibility, their loyalty and civil allegiance were placed "at the mercy of another"—His Holiness, Dr. Newman's reply, Mr. Gladstone, with a tacit acknowledgment of defeat, and with the generous frankness of his nature, described as "the work of an intellect sharp enough to cut the diamond, and bright as the diamond which it cuts."

In 1877 Dr. Newman was elected Honorary Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and in 1879 he was raised to the Cardinalate.



HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL NEWMAN

Who could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition, gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisles of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then, in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music—subtle, sweet, mournful? I seem to hear him still saying: "after the fever of life, after weariness and sicknesses, fighting and despondings, languor and fretfulness, struggling and succeeding; after all the changes and chances of this troubled, unhealthy state—at length comes death, at length the white throne of God, at length the beatific vision."—*Matthew Arnold.*

his friend and former pupil, the Duke of Norfolk, at whose town mansion great receptions of all that is most eminent in intellect, and distinguished in society had been given in his honour; or to sit for his portrait to Mr. Oulless or Mr. Millais, and to have the sad, wistful, far away look of those expressive features immortalized on canvass. Now and then, too, he has officiated at the consecration of a new church, or preached in aid of some Catholic cause. But for the most part his days have been spent in study, in quiet contemplation, and in unobtrusive simplicity. The Prince of the Sacred College has never ceased to be at heart a plain Father of the Oratory. There he lives in the ripeness of a rare old age; vigorous in mind, devout in spirit, and content to know as some compensation for years of misconception that his fellow-countrymen understand him at last.

LE CURE.

At first he was reluctant to accept the princely position. The Holy Father treated him with all the delicate consideration due to his venerable age and commanding influence, but pressed the offer on his acceptance, and Dr. Newman felt it his duty to obey. The choice was a popular one. All felt that justice had been done to the ablest and most notable of the Church's champions, and Protestants especially, who knew what prospects he had given up for conscience sake when he quitted the Anglican Communion, were not sorry that Rome had recognized his super-eminent qualities. Replying on his return from Rome, to an address from his own congregation at the Oratory, he said that the Holy Father had expressed a wish that he should not separate himself from his old duties at Edgbaston, and that it was a consolation to him to know that he should be there to the end, and should die as he had lived, the Father of the Oratory and the priest and pastor of the Oratory Mission.

And here we must leave him. "His life since his elevation to the Cardinalate," thus concludes one of his biographers, "has been singularly uneventful. Now and then he has made a journey to London to visit

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, Feb. 22, 1890.

## Commendations.

FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

ST. MICHAEL'S PALACE, TORONTO, Feb. 11th, 1890.

THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW, published in this city is, in our opinion, a good Catholic journal, sound and elevated in tone, and remarkable for literary excellence. We wish it a wide circulation amongst the Catholics of this Archdiocese. Of course, in commending Catholic journals Bishops do not mean to hold themselves responsible for all their opinions and utterances. It is only for communications bearing our signature, or that of our secretary, as such that we would hold ourselves responsible.

† JOHN WALSH,  
Archbishop of Toronto.

FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF HALIFAX.

HALIFAX, Oct. 9th, 1889.

To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW, Toronto.

DEAR SIR,—I enclose two years' subscription to your admirable paper. It is a pleasure to find that the promise of your youth is being more than fulfilled. On this continent we have many so-called "Catholic" newspapers; but I have yet to see the one I could so heartily commend as yours. Sound in principle, refined in tone, fearless, yet judicious in laying bare our weak spots, your REVIEW is a bright exemplar of what a Catholic newspaper should be. With the increase of its circulation we will hope that a distaste for journals that trade on the Religion, Nationality, aye, and prejudices, of Irishmen, will supervene.

Yours faithfully,  
† C. O'BRIEN,  
Archbishop of Halifax.

FROM THE LATE ARCHBISHOP LYNCH.

ST. MICHAEL'S PALACE, TORONTO, 29th Dec. 1887

I have singular pleasure in saying God-speed to THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW. Your journal will do a very great service to Truth and Religion by its publication. Wishing yet all success and many blessings.

I am, faithfully yours,  
† JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,  
Archbishop of Toronto.

FROM THE LATE BISHOP OF HAMILTON.

HAMILTON, March 17th, 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. CARRERY,  
Bishop of Hamilton.

FROM REV. FATHER DOWD, MONTREAL.

ST. PATRICK'S MONTREAL, Jan'y 25th, 1887.

DEAR SIR.—I have just read the prospectus of THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW, and as a mark of my approval of the principles announced, I send you my subscription for two years. In rigidly excluding partisan politics you meet the prevailing evil of the day in Canada and elsewhere. In the reputed Catholic journals of this country, politics seem to have assumed the first rank: the Church and its interests must be content to occupy the second place. This infatuation of the day, by mixing up good Catholic reading with virulent abuse of our best public Catholic men, has done much injury to religion by discrediting its most faithful and able defenders,

thus diminishing their influence for good, and, what is worse, vitiating the Catholic taste and judgment of the country. I therefore accept your REVIEW as a boon of great value to religion in our Canada.

I have no fear that in your efforts to provide intellectual food for the educated you will forget the wants of the great mass of our good Catholics. This can be done by copious extracts from the best Catholic journals of Europe and America. A careful and brief analysis of the political events that are passing at home would perhaps make your REVIEW more acceptable to a large number of your readers, without infringing upon your wise resolution to exclude all partisan politics. I make no excuse for offering these suggestions as they come from my anxiety for the complete success of your most important enterprise.

With best wishes, I remain, your obedient servant,  
P. DOWD, Priest.

FROM LAVAL UNIVERSITY.

We greatly appreciate your excellent publication.

MGR. HAMEL, Editor *Canada Francais*.

FROM VERY REV. DEAN O'CONNOR.

To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW.

PERTH, 22nd Jan'y, 1889.

Your excellent REVIEW is truly a credit to Canada and to all connected with its publication, and therefore my sincere hope is that you are receiving that share of patronage which your enterprise and labours are so eminently entitled to.

Yours sincerely,  
J. S. O'CONNOR, Dean.

FROM MONTREAL.

MONTREAL, Nov. 3rd, 1888.

DEAR SIR,—I know of no better special paper than your REVIEW. I like your principles, your style, and your "made up," and I trust that you will become a power in the Church and the land.

JOHN TALON-LESPEANCE.

## THE REVIEW'S FOURTH VOLUME

WITH its issue of last week THE REVIEW entered upon its fourth volume, and we mark the event by the publication this week of a special, and what we hope will prove to our friends a welcome, number. At all events we shall be indulged if, looking back for a moment, we say a word in regard to an undertaking that has grown to some magnitude. And first of all let us say that it is a source of some pleasure to those who, for now three years, by an unstinted expenditure of money and labour, have sustained it, to find THE REVIEW enjoying the *prestige* and influence which attach to it to day, among the better class of Canadian publications.

THE REVIEW was called into being for a special purpose: to provide a journal of Catholic principles and sentiment which should compare, in the quality of its contents and in point of literary treatment and excellence, with the best non-Catholic periodicals. It was, in a word, to make THE REVIEW an organ and promoter of Catholic progress, a journal which would keep its readers in touch with whatever best was thought and said, that the undertaking was conceived and successfully projected.

To what extent it has succeeded in this endeavour, the public are the best judges; this much it may claim at least: that it has remained faithful to its principles and steady to its object. There is however, one point in which THE REVIEW has been successful beyond its best friends' expectations; and that is in drawing to, and indentifying with, itself whatever is conspicuously intellectual, progressive, and influential in the Catholic life of the country. The commendations (which we publish elsewhere) and the proprietorship of THE REVIEW sufficiently attest this. We believe that it has been conducted

with the care and the seriousness that befits it, and although circumstances have at times called for plain speaking, we have a consciousness that no bitterness of thought, or personal rancour, or desire to wound, has sullied its pages.

The present number is but the promise of future excellence. Issued from our own office, and representing a good deal of labour in its production, it is a source of pride to all connected with it. The work of producing a Catholic paper is a difficult one in communities as Protestant as ours is; the Israelites had not a harder task when they had to make bricks without straw. *THE REVIEW*, however, seeks with confidence that larger and larger co-operation of Catholics necessary to its continuance in prosperity and well-doing.

The apportionment of our space necessary in the preparation of the present number has necessitated the holding over of the usual amount of Editorial matter.

The following analysis of the Papal Encyclical, of which we published some portions last week, will be found useful by many:—

1. The opening words of the Encyclical are *Sapientiae Christianae*.
2. Man's end is God, his duty to tend to God.
3. The end of the State and the family is the same as that of the individual.
4. But many men and States turn from God—a condition needing remedy.
5. The remedy lies in the observance of duties.
6. Catholics have special duties to perform.
7. They must love the Church, the representative of God's Kingdom.
8. But the opposition to the Church is bitter.
9. Hence faith must be carefully cherished.
10. But faith has duties which in these days call for special observance.
11. All must defend the Faith.
12. All must, therefore, learn the Faith and communicate it to others.
13. Authority must not, however, be encroached upon.
14. A perfect union is also required.
15. Union implies an obedience and submission to authority.
16. Now obedience is indivisible and must be perfect.
17. The Church is a perfect society, and is separated from politics.
18. Nevertheless her aims are identical with the State's true aims.
19. In public life two vices to be avoided—false prudence and temerity.
20. Both work grave injury to the Church.
21. God, however, will never desert the Church.
22. Charity on all is particularly enjoined.
23. Fathers of families are warned to educate children religiously.
24. The Pope concludes with general exhortations and the Apostolic blessing.

The recent law suits which have been brought against Dr. Barnardo in England to recover the custody of Catholic children, have occasioned no little stir in religious circles, for they bring out clearly the fact that there is in operation amongst a certain section of Protestants, a deliberate system of proselytizing Catholic children. Under the guise of phil-

anthropy thousands of Catholic children, it is apparent, have been brought up as Protestants, in Protestant institutions, and deported to Canada where they have been placed under the care and influence of Protestant ministers and teachers. To such an extent have the efforts of the proselytizers been successful that the Bishop of Salford, who is now working with heroic zeal for the protection and rescue of the children of his diocese, a few Sundays ago addressed this touching reproach to himself: "He must look back," he said, "upon the first years of his life in the diocese as years marked with sorrow and reproach, which he should never cease to feel. Hundreds and thousands of their poor children had lost their faith through proselytizing who might have been saved had he been more alive to the necessity."

An interesting series of papers has lately appeared in the *Week* of this city, from the pen of S. E. Dawson, of Montreal, upon the subject of the English minority in Quebec, and the practical working of Church and State in that Province. The writer does not hesitate to say that there is much ignorance among the residents of other Provinces, and especially Ontario, in regard to the true conditions of things in Quebec; and that many have arrived at conclusions concerning very difficult subjects without taking the trouble to study them. If the people of Quebec really believed all these prognostications of impending religious conflict in which outsiders are fond of indulging, beyond any doubt they would be alarmed. But they do not believe them. There has been no such conflict in the past, and there is not the least occasion for one in the future; for in Quebec party lines have never yet been drawn on religious issues.

The fact is that these gloomy predictions are built on the flimsiest foundations: "There are," we read, "no doubt a small number of mediævalists in the Province who are always stirring up trouble, and they write a good many pamphlets, but it is a mistake to quote from them as if they represented the mass of current opinion. While these are mourning that the Church in Quebec is enslaved by the State, the Protestants in Ontario lament that the State in Quebec is enslaved by the Church. Quotations from the writings of such extremists are taken too seriously in Ontario, but even the worst of these are not so strong or so offensive as some of the extreme Protestant utterances. I am sure that the memory of the reader will recall many harsh and bitter things said and written by more relatively representative persons among Protestants—said, no doubt, hastily, under the stimulus of public speaking, but which a due consideration for the feelings of others would have suppressed or modified."

There is a very common delusion outside the Province of Quebec, the writer goes on to say, concerning the docility of the *habitant*: the "simple" *habitant* of popular Protestant literature being a purely mythical person, as anyone will find out when he first tackles a specimen in the flesh. "The number of suits," we read, "which have been taken out against *cures* by the 'docile' *habitant* is very large. Suits about tithes, about pews, about kneeling in church, about repairs of churches, about all sorts of ecclesiastical things may be found abundantly in the reports. In fact these 'fabrique' cases are an important branch of practice, and the 'simple' *habitants'* acquaintance with the technicalities of the civil law is quite phenomenal." "*Luigi*," and the

*Franco-parleur*, and the *Nouveau monde*, and the *Comedie Infernale* and the *Source du Mal*, and other extinct volcanoes of the mediæval outbreak of 1870-80, are only useful as showing what certain authors personally consider desirable. If any one wants to know the actual facts concerning the Church in Quebec he must seek them in the statutes and in the decisions of the judges upon cases submitted by the "docile" *habitant*.

There is another false notion abroad, namely, that the priest in Quebec has immunities not enjoyed by the ministers of Protestant churches. The "simple" *habitant*, however, knows his civil law better than that, and to him are due some useful decisions. For instance, the Chief Justice, Sir A. A. Dorion, said, in an important case: "At the argument it was contended on behalf of the appellant, that he was not amenable to this court for what he had said in the pulpit. I must express my dissent from such a doctrine. A priest enjoys no immunity and cannot free himself from the responsibility attaching to the use of slanderous language, whether in the pulpit or elsewhere." And in another case it was held that a priest is responsible to the civil tribunals "like all other citizens." There are decisions also of Quebec courts voiding elections on account of undue influence by priests, and the law upon that point is so clearly settled that candidates are not anxious to have the *cure* of a parish too decidedly in their favour.

One of the closing passages of the article deserves to be quoted in full. "It should be remembered," says the writer, "that the French as a race are not open to the charge of intolerance. The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes was not registered in Canada, and although it was contrary to law for Protestants permanently to settle here, there were Protestants coming and going and I never yet met a case recorded of a Protestant being molested as such. Beyond all manner of doubt the French *habitant* is tolerant. The introduction of Protestant missionary societies into the heart of Catholic districts shows that. No doubt the missionaries may have had rebuffs to submit to; but reverse the case: suppose that in Quebec, missionary societies were established for converting Ontario to a 'saving faith,' and suppose they were to select the most intensely Protestant parts of that Province and open schools for children, and distribute Roman literature in which John Wesley, John Knox, or King William III., should be identified with Anti-Christ or the Man of Sin, or some other similar person in the Book of Revelations, it is not likely that such missionaries would meet with a cordial reception. Yet the *habitant* is very warmly attached to his religion, quite as much so as any other class of persons, quite as much so, for instance, as the Boston mob who burned the Ursuline Convent at Carlestown. And the Ursulines are cloistered nuns whose rules forbid them to go out, and could not, therefore, have given any wanton offence." If, the writer adds, there are in Quebec any persons who look with disapprobation upon these traditions of tolerance and who would bring out Old World quarrels and plant them here anew, their views, however noisily advocated, are not congenial to the French-Canadian nature, and need cause no alarm. For of all men the French-Canadian is not likely to go back on his history. "Such," concludes the writer "are the religious traditions of the Province of Quebec. Is there any province, nation, or people upon the face of the earth from whom it has anything to learn in the matter of mutual toleration or of Christian charity?"

#### THE ORANGE INCORPORATION BILL.

The passage, without debate, of the second reading of the Bill for the incorporation of the Orange Association, is one of the surprises of the session; a surprise not because of anything alarming in the legislation asked for—for the Bill itself is an innocuous measure—but in the light of certain admissions which fell from Mr. Clarke Wallace, who introduced it. Mr. Wallace is the Grand Master, we believe, of the organization, and spoke therefore, it is to be presumed, as one having authority. In moving the second reading of the Bill Mr. Wallace—we quote from the *Hansard Reports*—said:

"One of the objections made to the Orange Order being incorporated, and one of the strong objections made when it was last before the House, was that the association was political. Well, Sir, that is an assertion which I am not called upon here particularly to affirm or deny; but if annexation to the United States is threatened in this Dominion, if our institutions under which we live so happily and, taking every thing into consideration, so contentedly and so prosperously, are threatened, or if the connection between Canada and the rest of the British Empire is threatened, you will find, Sir, that the Orange institution is political, that it will be prepared to take sides, and give no uncertain sound if any of these evils are threatened to this country."

Continuing, Mr. Wallace made reference in the words following to the opposition which the measure encountered in the Commons in former years:

"Now, I will refer to one more particular before I close. During the last Parliament, when the question was before the House of Commons, a member of the Opposition, for a purpose which I cannot but consider an ignoble one, strongly opposed the Act of incorporation. That purpose, as I conceive, was to spread wider those differences of religion and, what is more: than difference of religion, those animosities which occasionally creep in among the adherents of the different religions of Canada. The hon. member for West Durham (Mr. Blake) was fairly successful in the impression he made in the House of Commons, but when those members who voted against the Bill went back to the country they were not so successful in being returned again to this House. I have in my hand a list of members who strongly opposed the Bill for Orange incorporation during that Session, and I am pleased to know that they are replaced in this House by gentlemen who, I believe, are prepared to support the Bill to-day."

Now, putting aside all considerations as at once occur to the mind against granting legal recognition to a Society which directly tends, in all its workings, to perpetuate memories and animosities, which no patriotic man could wish to have a place in this country; conceding even, as we are content to do, that the passage of the Bill, under the circumstances of the hour, was even expedient and prudent—and we yet venture to submit that the circumstance of two such statements as we have quoted passing the House without challenge or criticism, forms one of the extraordinary incidents of the Session. What do these words mean? That the Orange Society is a special organization, one of whose chief objects is to watch the relations of the people of Canada to Great Britain. Then, obviously, its existence is either a reflection upon the loyalty of the great majority of Canadians, or a menace to their liberties. Is it to be understood that in the event of Canadians desiring to exercise, as it is thought by many they may some day, the fullest measure of self-government, the Orange Society will interfere? And if so could not Mr. Clarke Wallace have been induced by some member of the House to change the colour of a feather of his Orangeism? As it is, Parliament incorporates a special Society to guard its own loyalty and that of the people! This Review goes into the hands of a number of Ministers and Members of Parliament. Does not, we ask, the dignity of the Government and Parliament of Canada demand an explanation or retraction of Mr. Wallace's language?



## = Poems of Pope Leo XIII. =

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PUBLISHED WITH THE APPROBATION OF HIS HOLINESS

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The beauty of this publication, in typography and binding, could scarcely be surpassed. The paper used is of the heaviest and most expensive quality, the type large and clear, the margins wide, and the letterpress throughout, as befits a work of its importance, artistic and beautiful.

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## ARCHBISHOP WALSH AT ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

Sunday last was the occasion of the first official visit of Archbishop Walsh to St. Mary's church, his old charge in Toronto. The people took the opportunity of presenting an address to their former pastor. The presentation was made after the women's special missionary service, and the entire church was crowded with ladies. The address was beautifully engrossed and illuminated, and will be appropriately framed.

The address was read by Mr. D. Kennedy, and was as follows:

To His Grace the Most Reverend John Walsh, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto:

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE.—The people of St. Mary's Parish hail this long-expected opportunity of your Grace's first official visit as Archbishop to St. Mary's church to tender to your grace the expression of our most sincere joy and happiness at your elevation to the archiepiscopal see of Toronto, bearing in mind the long and many years that you were our esteemed and well-beloved pastor, and the cordial and affectionate relations that existed between us as pastor and people when it was our privilege to have received innumerable acts and to have listened with rapt enthusiasm to the words of eloquence you so often addressed to us from the pulpit of St. Mary's church.

We desire to indicate that though you were absent from our midst you were always present in our recollections, that our affections towards you were never diminished, and now that we feel a pardonable pride in being in a position to bid your grace a thrice hearty welcome back to Toronto as its metropolitan archbishop.

Your grace, when it seemed pleasing to the will of God and the Holy See to transfer you from us to a higher sphere of labor and of merit in Christ's vineyard and place you over a neighboring diocese as its chief pastor, we were deeply sensible of the loss we were sustaining, yet we bowed with Christian resignation to the will of God and our ecclesiastical superiors, meanwhile entertaining the hope that we realize to-day, namely, that you would at some future day return to us as a father would return to his children after a lapse of many years.

How the diocese of London improved year by year, as well in its spiritual as in its material interests under your wise ecclesiastical and paternal care, is a matter too well known for us to dilate upon. The many churches you have erected, bearing aloft the cross, the emblem of salvation, pointing proudly heavenward, and the numerous institutions of education and charity founded by you are lasting monuments of your zeal and administrative ability, but the crowning work is the grand and majestic cathedral of London, which, as regards its magnificence of style and beauty and architecture stands unrivalled in Ontario.

Your grace, we now congratulate ourselves on your arrival amongst us as chief pastor, and we wish you long and happy years to reign over this great archdiocese.

We ask your graces benediction for ourselves and families. (Signed) L. J. Cosgrave, E. Rush, James Way, D. Kennedy, R. G. Byron, J. A. Gormanly, P. Burns, C. Flanagan, J. W. Kennedy, J. Clarke, V. M. Risch, W. J. Louney, J. Carolan, P. Herbert, M. J. Burns, J. C. Smith, W. Fraser, R. Thompson, M. Nolan, T. J. Johnson, T. K. Rogers, Ph. DeGruchy. St. Mary's church, Toronto, 19th Feb., 1890.

The archbishop in reply acknowledged the kindly welcome, while he said that any kindness that he could receive in St. Mary's parish would not be unexpected. Just as a parent thinks the loveliest of children are his own, so it is with people in their earliest intimacy with a pastor. This is a characteristic of the Irish race and of the English and Scotch, too. He was very happy in being among the people of St. Mary's as the archbishop of Toronto. He felt sure that the sentiments expressed in the address were the sentiments of the whole of the people of the parish, among whom he had spent the best and happiest years of his priesthood. He spoke of various incidents connected with his priesthood in the parish. He added that his most sacred feelings were connected with that time. Looking around him to-day, looking on their beautiful church and schools, he could see that his successor, their vicar-general, was well worthy of the charge of St. Mary's.



## THE DISAPPEARANCE OF JOHN LONGWORTHY.

M. F. EGAN IN AVE MARIA.

## VII.—A Quiet Dinner.

It took Mary sometime to forgive Esther's disloyalty to Miles; and the next day the girls argued about it over their dinner, which was such a dinner as young women take when none of the male folk are at home—a collection of odds and ends that Miles would have despised. Miles expected to go to Albany on some important political business that day, and he was busy seeing his friends, so his sisters enjoyed the luxury of having no care as to what they ate or drank. It was Friday, too—a day on which their brother's temper was apt to be trying, and a day on which the housekeeper's way is almost as hard as that of the transgressor.

"I'm glad it is Friday," Esther said; "and Friday evening. You have two whole days to yourself, dear old girl!"

"It is pleasant. It's too bad you have some pupils tomorrow. I know the constant banging of the piano gives you headaches. I'll be able to finish your new gown if I keep at it—and if you'll run down town in the afternoon and get the trimming."

"Thank you, Mary," said Esther, looking over her teacup with brightening eyes. "I was afraid I should have to do without it. I wish we could afford a dressmaker for everything, as some girls do."

"But we can't," answered Mary, with a pleased look, which Esther's approbation always drew forth. "I must contrive to turn my silk again."

"Why?" demanded Esther, in a tone that would have befitted some dire calamity. "Why? I am sure you saved up all summer for a new black silk. I don't see why you shouldn't have it—particularly as I've mine. It looks so selfish for me to be always having new things. Why?"

Mary hesitated.

"Why? why? why?" asked Esther. "If you weren't naturally so ladylike, you'd be a scarecrow in the dowdy stuff you wear. There isn't a girl in St. Mary's parish who could wear what you wear and look nice. What are you going to do with the money now? Is it a new lamp for the sanctuary—it was that last time—or is it the O'Connors again? I hate those O'Connors!" cried Esther, brandishing her teacup. "When Miles isn't fleecing you, they are. Last year the old man had rheumatism and couldn't walk; and then the twins fell sick at intervals all winter; and then the eldest boy had to have an outfit to start in life as a car conductor."

"Hush, Esther!" said Mary, coloring a little. "You don't know how poor they are—you don't know how they suffer."

"I know how I suffer when I see you in old clothes!"

"Don't speak of the suffering poor in that way," said Mary, with a look of real pain. "You don't know what it is!"

"Don't I?" answered Esther, turning up her teacup, and going through some mystical ceremonies with the leaves. "Dear me! There's a gentleman coming. I hope it is Mr. Fitzgerald. But it can't be—he was here last night. Now, tell me, Mary, is it the O'Connors or Miles?"

"Miles must go to Albany. It is absolutely necessary."

"And you must give him fifty dollars!"

"My dear Esther, he must go. It is necessary. There is a caucus or a lobby or some assembly or other, and all the aldermen are going, and the Governor insists that Miles shall be there. Otherwise Miles would not have mentioned the subject to me."

"Oh, I know the story!" remarked Esther. "The last time the President sent for him, and you put off the silk dress then to oblige Miles and—the President, of course."

"How unkind you are, Esther! Miles, for his age, is one of the greatest political factors in this—"

"Oh, yes! he told me the same thing. But a political factor must be a regular—logarithm to draw fifty dollars from me. I'll tell you what Miles is"—and Esther's eyes sparkled a trifle shrewishly. "He is P.-I.-G. He'll spend your hard-earned money in swaggering about with a crowd of disreput-

able office-seekers. They talk about the danger of the roof of the Assembly at Albany falling. I wonder it doesn't overwhelm the horrid wretches that go there to drink and make laws that nobody wants."

"You don't understand," observed Mary, with dignity. "Miles tells me how hard he works when he is there. But you are very severe on him. I didn't like the way you talked about him last night. If Mr. Fitzgerald has a more gentlemanly air than Miles, you must remember that Miles never was graduated at St. Francis'; his health was never good, and he required a great deal of care."

"I remember," said Esther, dryly "when you and I were well enough to go to school in a driving rain, poor, dear Miles pleaded weak eyes, or had fainting fits until after nine o'clock, when he recovered miraculously. Nobody encouraged us to have weak eyes. And when I tried a fainting fit *a la Miles*, you know what happened,—I had my ears boxed!"

Mary laughed in spite of herself.

"Mr. Fitzgerald is very pleasant, I know, Esther. But I think it is wrong to compare him with Miles, our own brother—"

"Who swallows our silk dresses in the shape of bad whiskey at Albany."

"O Esther!" Mary went to the iron-barred window of the basement dining-room, and stood with her back to her sister. She was "hurt," as Esther phrased it to herself.

"Well, we'll drop Miles for the present, though I'll give him a piece of my mind when I see him."

"Don't," said Mary earnestly, turning, with the suspicion of tears in her eyes. "Don't. We must make home pleasant for him. We must never be harsh to him; it might drive him to drink."

"Drink would have the worst of it, then," responded Esther. "To change the subject,—I have an idea Mr. Fitzgerald will be very attentive and ask us out somewhere. I should like to go to the theatre occasionally, and Miles never thinks of asking us."

Mary was aghast at this. She intimated that it was unladylike to begin to speculate on the "attentive" qualities of such a new acquaintance. But Esther was undisturbed; she insisted that Mary must consider probabilities.

"Well, I should not go," Mary said, having endured a certain amount of badgering. "Mr. Fitzgerald would only ask me out of courtesy as your satellite; and you could not go, because you would have no chaperon."

"Chaperon!" repeated Esther, indignantly. "What girl in our neighborhood troubles herself about a chaperon? Mary you've been reading the 'society column' in the *Sunday Sun* until it has gone to your head!"

"The girls in the neighborhood have adopted a good many innovations in the last ten years, but that makes no difference now. We have never been of them, and that is the reason people call us old-fashioned. Miles, at whom you sneer, doesn't know what a chaperon means, but a man like your Mr. Fitzgerald will have little respect for a girl who does not keep up with the usages of good society."

"Dear me!" said Esther, with an affectation of disappointment. "But, after all, if you won't go, and we have no old lady chaperon, I can always hire a messenger boy."

The door-bell rang. Esther flew upstairs like a bird. She enjoyed exercise greatly when it was not obligatory. She reported to Mary:

"It is a note from Mr. Fitzgerald, asking you to give the little envelope he thinks he left here last night to the messenger. I took it off the mantelpiece, and, do you know, there was a five hundred dollar bill in it! Just think! The messenger was the most gentlemanly man! He gave me a receipt for the money. Here it is, signed 'Rudolf Bastien.'"

Mary looked at it carelessly. "It's lucky the envelope was not swept out this morning."

"A young lawyer who drops five hundred dollar bills about carelessly is most interesting," said Esther, mischievously. "I begin to see the necessity of a chaperon."

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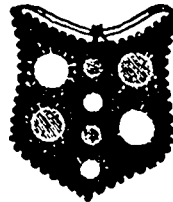
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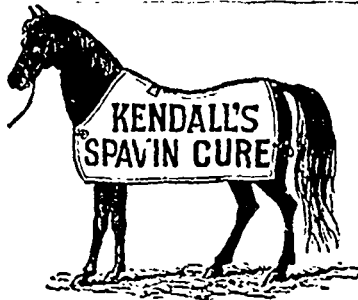
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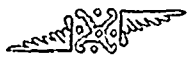
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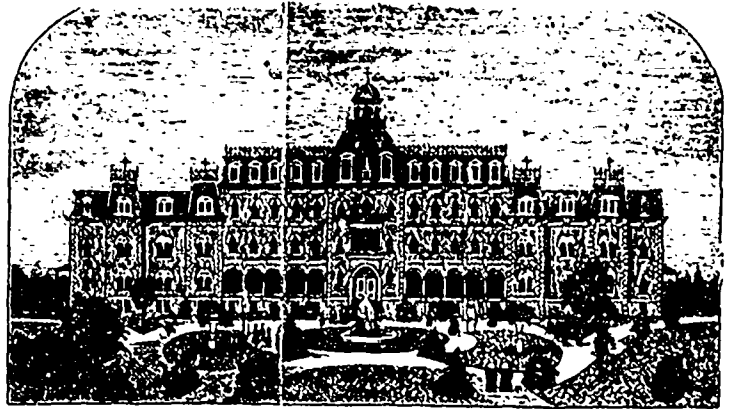
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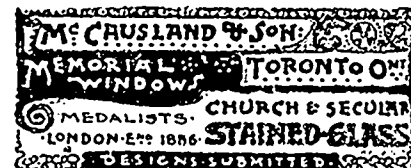
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	a.m.	p.m.		a.m.	p.m.
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O. and Q. Railway..	7.30	7.45	8.00	9.00	
G. T. R. West.....	7.00	3.20	12.40	7.40	
N. and N. W.....	7.00	4.10	10.00	8.10	
T. G. and B.....	7.00	3.45	11.00	8.30	
Midland.....	6.30	3.30	12.30	9.30	
C. V. R.....	7.00	3.20	9.00	9.20	
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	
			12.50		
G. W. R.....	2.00	9.00	2.00		
	6.00	4.00	10.30	4.00	
	11.30	9.30		8.20	
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	
U. S. N. Y.....	6.00	4.00	9.00		
	11.30	9.30	10.30	6.45	
U. S. West States	6.00	9.30	9.00	3.44	
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