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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. II.

Toronto, Saturday, June, 30 1888

No. 21.

CONTENTS.

NOTES	243
CONTRIBUTED—	
The Society of St. Vincent de Paul in Toronto.....	W. J. Macdonnell 244
Montreal Gossip.....	Old Mortality 245
SELECTED ARTICLES—	
A Work for Prosperous Catholics.....	235.
The Colonel's Story—III	234
EDITORIAL—	
Splitism.....	248
The Late Archbishop.....	248
Mr. O'Connor Power's Visit	248
Protestant Unity.....	249
Mr. Goldwin Smith on Medieval Catholicism.....	249
The <i>Mores</i> Catholicæ	249
His Views on Monasticism	249
CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.....	
.....	251
CANADIAN CHURCH NEWS.....	
.....	247
SKETCH OF CARDINAL GUIDONE.....	
.....	246
POETRY—	
The King's Fool.....	24

NOTES.

The *Irish World*, Mr. Patrick Ford's paper, devoted four pages of a recent number in order to show the necessity, feasibility and desirability of Mr. Blaine's nomination. A matter so self-evident, as Mr. Ford says it is, remarks the *St. Louis Church Progress*, we should think would not require such an array of proof or evidence.

The Most Rev. Dr. Cleary, Bishop of Kingston, arrived in his episcopal city on Wednesday evening. Dr. Cleary, who was formerly parish priest at Dungarvan, Ireland, on his way back from Rome to his diocese, visited his former parishioners, and was presented with a warm address from the Town Commissioners. His Lordship, in reply, dwelt upon the wretched condition of Ireland, and said that, although he had travelled nearly all the countries in Europe since he left his diocese, he had seen no such misery anywhere. This condition of Ireland was caused by the law of foreign legislators. His Lordship advised intending emigrants to be careful that before they left their country they saw some opening or prospects of employment. They always heard of those who succeeded in foreign lands, but they did not always hear of those who failed, and there were many failures.

It is rumoured in Baptist circles that Mr. Spurgeon, equally unwilling to return to the Baptist Union and to allow his flock to be as sheep without a shepherd after his death or resignation, is about to follow the example of Wesley, Irving, and other eminent Protestant preachers, and found a new sect of his own. "We suppose," says the *Liverpool Catholic Times*, "the new religion will be called Spurgeonism, and its adherents Spurgeonites; and no doubt it will profess to be the one and only true genuine Christianity. There is, indeed, no reason in the Nonconformist theory of Christianity why there should not be as many sects as there are congregations of dissenters. By and by the English Baptists will follow the example of the Scotchman who attended no place of worship, as the Gos-

pel was not preached in any he knew of with sufficient purity, averring that he and his wife Jean were the only true believers left, and adding as an afterthought that he "was no just that sure about Jean."

A project is on foot to present Cardinal Manning with his cathedral free from debt on the 8th of June, 1890, the day on which he will keep the silver jubilee of his episcopal consecration. The undertaking is in charge of a committee of prelates and laymen, among whom are the Earl of Denbigh, the Earl of Gainsborough, Lord Herries, Rev. Lord Charles Thynne, Lord Edmund Talbot, Sir Charles Clifford, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Sir Charles Russel, M.P., Sir James C. Mathew, and Mr. Wilfrid Meynell. The committee in its address says: "The name and work of Cardinal Manning are venerated and appreciated all over the Catholic world. His pastoral care in the training of the clergy, his zeal for the cause of Christian education, and his provision for preserving the faith of the children of the poor, are the lasting monument of his episcopate. Not only has he preached unweariedly Sunday after Sunday in the various churches of the diocese, but he has bequeathed a store of precious writings to posterity. It has been his especial solicitude to place the means of hearing mass and approaching the Sacraments within easy reach of all. He has been a great philanthropist, active in all national works of charity, and he has made a vigorous crusade against drunkenness, which has extended beyond these realms."

The bestowal of the convent medal on the young girls who have studied etiquette and amiability as the *Freeman's Journal* says "since last September," and the conventional custom of closing the schools with an amateur theatrical entertainment, come in for ironical comment from some of our exchanges. The former it is urged had better go. They cause jealousy and sins against charity. There is good sense as well as good humour in what the *Catholic Citizen* of Milwaukee has to say of the stage business:—But who says that the entertainment pretends to exhibit the work of the school? Parents dear come to be amused somewhat this warm weather. The clothier and the haberdasher do a thriving trade in graduation costumes. Parents only care to see their hopefuls parade the rostrum, well-dressed and healthful. This is not the season for problems in arithmetic. To attempt to puzzle the amiable youth during this warm weather with questions in geography and figures is cruelty to animals. Let the boy read the essay he has been preparing for the past month, and which he can go through so easily that he need not think what he is saying. See precocious baby girls reel off phenomenal music, and think of the training power of the "good teachers" who got them ready for this wonderful exhibition. Some of us are *blase* on school commencements and exhibitions, and Crump is unreasonable. But there are parents who can sit it all through and have their sympathetic feelings worked upon more powerfully than if the stage were occupied by Booth and Barrett in a great emotional drama. And all these children take their parts well, and their parents ought to be proud of them, and the teachers deserve credit. Of course they do.

The Church in Canada.

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

THE SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL IN TORONTO.

(An address read before the Society.)

I.

You have often been told that the Society of St. Vincent de Paul was commenced in Paris in the year 1833—you are more or less familiar with the causes to which it owes its origin, but you may not have heard when it was first brought to Canada, and under what circumstances it was first introduced into this city. As the Society is likely to become a permanent institution in Toronto, a few recollections, chiefly personal, tending to illustrate its early local history, may not be uninteresting.

A young physician, Dr. Joseph Painchaud, who had made his studies in Paris and while there had become a member of the Society, was the first to establish a Conference in the city of Quebec. The 19th of July (Feast of St. Vincent de Paul) was, in the year 1846, a gala day in that city. An elaborate programme informs us that Grand Mass was chanted at eight o'clock, in the Cathedral; that the music was both vocal and instrumental; that blessed bread was distributed, and that a collection for the poor was taken up by six of the principal citizens of Quebec. In the evening, at seven o'clock, a general meeting of the members was held in the chapel of the *Congreganistes*. Eight other Conferences were founded immediately afterward in the same city, and five in the city of Montreal.

During the sojourn here of the General Government, in the year 1850, I was accosted one day by a gentleman of benevolent aspect, who asked me to call at his lodgings upon particular business. Anticipating nothing of importance, and not knowing that my friendly interlocutor had been commissioned by his confreres of Quebec to establish in Toronto a branch of a society of which, up to that time, I had never heard, I attended. I listened to his persuasive arguments, unlike Cæsar, I went, I heard, and I was conquered. Here is the final result of our interview, as recorded in the Minute Book.—

"At a meeting, held in the sacristy of St. Joseph's Chapel, in the Cathedral of St. Michael, at 7 o'clock, p.m., 25th Sunday after Pentecost, being the 10th day of November, 1850, for the purpose of forming a Conference of Charity, to be united to the Society of St. Vincent of Paul, were present:—George Manly Muir, Thomas Hayes, Charles Robertson, Denis Kelly Feehan, Samuel Goodenough Lynn, William John Macdonell.

"Mr. Muir read the opening prayers of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. The following motions were then made and carried:—

"1st. Mr. Muir moved, seconded by Mr. Macdonell—That a Conference of Charity be formed in this city under the protection of the Blessed Virgin and of St. Vincent of Paul, and that it be called "The Conference of Charity of our Lady of Toronto."

"2nd. Mr. Muir moved, seconded by Mr. Robertson—That the following persons do unite themselves into and form the said Conference, namely:—Mr. Thomas Hayes, Mr. Charles Robertson, Mr. Samuel Goodenough Lynn, Mr. John Elmsley, Mr. Wm. John Macdonell, Mr. Denis Kelly Feehan, and Mr. George Manly Muir.

"3rd. Mr. Feehan moved, seconded by Mr. Lynn—That Mr. G. M. Muir, who is a member of the Council of Canada of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, be the President of this Conference.

"4th. The following persons, being nominated by the President, signified their acceptance of the following offices:—Vice-President, Thomas Hayes, Secretary, William John Macdonell, Treasurer, Charles Robertson, Assistant Secretary, Denis Kelly Feehan; Assistant Treasurer, Samuel Goodenough Lynn.

"Mr. President, in the absence of Mr. John Elmsley, notified the latter's acceptance of the office of Keeper of the Vestibule.

"5th. Mr. Hayes moved, seconded by Mr. Feehan—That

this Conference adopt for its guidance the rules and regulations of the Society of St. Vincent of Paul at Quebec.

"6th. Mr. Hayes moved, seconded by Mr. Feehan—That the Conference is desirous of participating in the indulgences and other spiritual blessings granted by the Church to the Society of St. Vincent of Paul.

"7th. Mr. Hayes moved, seconded by Mr. Feehan—That Mr. President be authorized to communicate the foregoing resolutions to the Council of Canada of the Society of St. Vincent of Paul, and to solicit our admission into its ranks under the denomination of "The Conference of Charity of our Lady of Toronto."

Thus was founded the Conference of "Our Lady of Toronto"; it was aggregated to the Society on the 6th January, 1851. The resolutions just read, though moved by various persons, were drawn by Mr. Muir; they are models of their kind, and, as such, deserve to be copied by any Conference seeking connection with the Society. The original members were, it will be seen, seven in number; this gave occasion to the Rev. Mr. Tellier, a Jesuit Father then residing here, jokingly to liken them to the seven deadly sins. Of these pioneers, one only remains in Toronto; Mr. Muir was for many years President of the Superior Council of Canada, at Quebec; the others have long since crossed "the bourne whence no traveller returns."

The removal of the Government to Quebec, in 1851, led to the resignation of the Presidency by Mr. Muir, on the 31st August. On the 14th of September following, in the sacristy attached to the altar of the Blessed Virgin Mary in the Cathedral, Mr. Macdonell was elected his successor, by 11 votes out of 16. The retirement of Mr. Muir was by no means acceptable to the new President, who apprehended, as its consequence, the utter collapse of the Society. From causes easily understood at the time, but now difficult to explain, the Conference was obliged to lead a wandering life:—the meetings were held sometimes in what was then known as Stanley Street Schoolhouse (now the St. Nicholas Home), sometimes in one sacristy, sometimes in the other, sometimes in the gallery of the Cathedral, sometimes in its crypt, but most generally in its north-western porch, at the issue of High Mass. Perseverance, blessed by Divine Providence, gradually overcame this and other drawbacks, and on the 23rd January, 1853, it became necessary to found a Conference at the eastern end of the city, attached to the church of St. Paul; on the same day, Mr. Feehan was elected President of the new Conference, which was aggregated on the 19th December following. Mr. Feehan did not long retain the Presidency; he was succeeded in June, 1854, by the late Mr. Wm. Paterson, who retired in January, 1860, in favour of Mr. J. G. Moylan, on the resignation of the latter, Mr. Paterson was re-appointed and retained office till the nomination in September, 1868, of Mr. J. J. Mallon, the present incumbent.

In accordance with the usual practice of the Society, the formation of a second Conference gave occasion to the organization of a Particular Council, to unite the existing Conferences, and to provide for further extension. The election of a President for the Council was conducted in strict conformity with the rule prescribed for such a proceeding; it was held in the private chapel of St. Michael's Palace, on the 26th February, 1854, on which day Mr. Macdonell was chosen by the united Conferences by a vote of 13 out of 24.

Mr. Macdonell retained the Presidency of the Conference of Our Lady till the 13th June following, when the position was taken by the late Mr. John Wallis, who held it till his death in 1859, when he was succeeded by Mr. Robertson, on whose resignation, in 1863, Mr. Macdonell resumed the office, but was soon afterward relieved by Mr. Patrick Hughes, who but a year or two ago resigned and was succeeded by Mr. Patrick Curran, who is still in charge.

The erection of St. Mary's Church, Bathurst street, gave rise to a Conference in the western part of the city; it was organized 28th October, 1854, and aggregated, under the title of St. Patrick, on the 13th June, 1859. There being already one Conference in the city under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, it was thought that a second under a similar title might cause confusion: but when St. Patrick's Church, Dummer street, was built, everybody admitted the propriety of designating the Conference of the new parish by the name of its patron; the authorities at Paris were consulted, and with their

consent the old Conference of St. Patrick was from February, 1864, and is still known as the Conference of St. Mary. Its first President was Mr. James McMahon, who retained the office for several years; he was succeeded by the late Mr. James Nolan, on whose death Mr. Thomas Barry was appointed; Mr. Barry resigned in 1878, and was succeeded by Mr. Patrick Cosgrave. The position has since been ably filled by the late Mr. Francis Rush, and by Mr. Martin Burns, who is still in office. This Conference, like that of Our Lady, has been subjected to strange vicissitudes; its meetings have been held in the church porch and in the church itself; in this schoolhouse and in that schoolhouse, up stairs and down stairs; nevertheless, it has survived all difficulties and has done a fair share of good work.

The next Conference in order is an offshoot of the zeal of the late Capt. Elmsley, who was one of the original members; the Conference of St. Basil, in the northern section of the city was organized 7th January, 1857, and aggregated 31st October, 1859. Capt. Elmsley presided till failing health forced him to relinquish the charge; he was succeeded in April, 1863, by Mr. Robertson, who resigned in 1875 in favour of Mr. Richard Baigent. Mr. Baigent was succeeded by Mr. Remy Elmsley, who after some years was succeeded by Mr. Michael O'Donnell, the present occupant of the position. Those of you who were present at the General Meeting, held in St. Basil's, in April, 1865, must retain a lively remembrance of the very impressive address then made to the Society by the Rev. Mr. Soulerin, Superior of the Basilians, on the eve of his departure for France, where he died in October, 1878.

W. J. MACDONELL.

(To be continued.)

MONTREAL GOSSIP.

The weather here of late has been of the sort that inspired Douglass Jerrold to wish that he "could take off his flesh and sit in his bones." The heat has been damp and heavy—so much so that mushrooms have begun to sprout under the asphalt on Phillip's Square. Quite a large group of those fungi have forced up the paving under the shop windows of Mr. Dyer's Medical Hall. It is not the first time that disturbers of the city have been of mushroom growth.

The summer fires are commencing with vigour. On Friday night and Saturday morning the alarm bells kept ringing almost continually, and the poor firemen, what with work and weather, were well nigh exhausted.

A most impertinent fraud has been successfully practised here by some mendacious tramp of the genus *colporteur*. Three little maids, not very long "from school," whose demeanour, as well as the cut and fashion of their hats and tippets, proclaimed them pious in the superlative degree, waited upon a reverend father one day last week, and presented for his inspection a large and handsome Bible which one of them had recently been beguiled into purchasing. The work, which was in French, was well bound, well printed—and bore upon its introductory page the approval of a certain Cardinal with the date 1701. Whether the eminent gentleman ever lived, or whether he ever wrote the letter is uncertain,—but what is certain is that the Bible is simply a protestant translation, without notes, and without the five books of the Old Testament which our separated brethren are pleased to call the "Apocrypha."

This work has been sold from door to door in the French *quartiers* and will probably be included in the next returns of the "Bible Society."

What harm they do, those French Evangelizers! Such a bright, pretty girl came the other day to the house of a friend of mine, to adjust an unruly sewing machine. Upon being asked her name she gave one of unmistakably French-Canadian sound. "Are you a Catholic?" asked the lady. "Oh! dear no, madam, what makes you ask that?" "Your name is a Catholic one," was the reply. "Oh! yes, but when I was little my mother died, and my father put me to the Sabrevoix school—and we are none of us Catholics now—we are going on splendid. I have three little brothers at the Sabrevoix school. One of them is going to be a minister."

The damsel did not know to whom she spoke, for the lady turned upon her with horror and dismay, and gave her a talk-

ing to such as she had not had for many a day. "Excuse me, ma'am," she said, "if I had known you was a Catholic, I would not have said nothing about it."

In contrast is the consoling fact of numerous conversions to the Faith. One, that of a young lady—a convert from high Anglicanism, has made quite a sensation in her own circle of friends. Her father has closed the doors of the paternal mansion to her, and she is at present homeless, save for the never failing hospitality of the religious house, wherein she first caught a gleam of the "kindly light," and where, on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, she made her first communion. How strange it is a man's children may profess the tenets of any of the numerous sects, and still retain a place by the domestic hearth—but once the sign of the cross—peculiar to Calvary and Rome, is made on the brow—all is changed—and one's foes are those of one's own household, over the door of which is written, "Jew, Turk or Atheist may enter here but not a Papist," suggesting its most opportune of answers, "Yes, such is true, and mark it well, the same is written on the gates of hell."

"*Donnez, donnez, un beau jour,*" sang the boys of St. Mary's College last Thursday morning, as large drops of rain pattering on the window panes threatened to spoil the sport of their promised happy day, for they were going on a pilgrimage—a pilgrimage of the sort in which the peas in their shoes are boiled. But the Blessed Virgin, who is a loving mother in the matter of answering good children's prayers for fine weather, came to their rescue, and the sun broke out from the drifting clouds as the steamship "Berthier," with over two hundred happy boys on board, let go her grapplings and glided down the river. Each boy was provided with a ticket on which was printed in French:—"A. M. D. G. St. Mary's College, Montreal, Pilgrimage to the Sacred Heart at Boudierville on board of the 'Berthier,' Thursday, 21 June, 1888. P. DE RETURN TICKET—IRREPROACHABLE CONDUCT. L. D. S." Above this was a nice engraving of the Sacred Heart. On the reverse side was the programme for the day. The party left the quay at half-past six, arriving at Boudierville at half-past seven. After Mass and Holy Communion in the beautiful Church of that riverside hamlet, they adjourned to breakfast, which was served in the "town hall." At half past nine they re-embarked and steamed off to Ile Grosbois, where the remainder of the morning was passed in games and fun of various description.

Then after luncheon came the trip to Varennes, where the pilgrims wended their way through the shady streets to kneel before the shrine of *la bonne Sainte Anne*.

At half-past one the "Berthier" left for Saint Sulpice. As they neared the wharf, cheers rent the air, guns were fired, the church bells pealed—and what was better still, the whole parish was assembled with waggons, buggies, buck-boards and all sorts of vehicles to drive them three miles back to the village Church. Such fun as there was, such a scramble for seats—and then the start, and the terror of the nervous horses, as fire flashed from many an old gun—guns that had possibly done duty at the battle of Chateauguay. As boys have no fears, all went well, but it was hard to say which were the happier, the entertained or the entertainers.

In the Church of St. Sulpice was given benediction of the lessed Sacrament, and at half-past three the "Berthier" started on her homeward trip, reaching Montreal at seven, in time for a grand dinner at St. Mary's College. And then two hundred very happy but very tired boys went to bed, to dream of their day of unclouded pleasure and innocent fun.

Those who had the pleasure of the late Dr. Fortin's acquaintance, sincerely regret his death which occurred last week. He was a loyal Canadian, a man who has left a record of work faithfully done, and his name will be forever associated with the district of *Le Gaspésia*.

Since the year 1852, when he assumed command of *La Canadienne*, his best efforts have been devoted to promoting the interests of that section of the Dominion, and as long as the tick of the telegraph is heard in the Magdalen Islands, their late representative should be remembered by the seafaring dwellers in that remote archipelago.

And in Ottawa, too—how well I remember his assistance at the Princess Louise's theatricals, where his powerful voice was

always so well appreciated. And in the House of Commons, when there was a question of killing time, what so welcome as those stentorian tones rolling forth: "*Briyadiere, vous avez raison!*" But he is gone, his mighty voice is dumb, his giant form sleeps in his native Laprairie, and we with kindly recollection pray: *requiescat in pace.*

OLD MORTALITY.

THE COLONEL'S STORY.

III.

The story of this miraculous cure soon spread, and, as is usually the case, was greatly magnified. It was reported that the strange doctor had the power to raise the dead. The authorities sent for Villafana and subjected him to a rigid examination.

"You have been denounced as an impostor and a magician," he was told; "on the other hand, the poor people look upon you as a holy prophet. The strange power, you claim, you have never used for evil, so we cannot condemn you; but you are giving us trouble. The age of miracles has gone by, and so has that of witchcraft, yet the superstitious will always make you better or worse than you are. Under the circumstances the most prudent thing you can do is to leave the country."

The hint was as good as an order. Villafana left Mexico and sailed for the West Indies. He landed at Kingston, Jamaica.

There his acquaintance with my grandfather began. My aunt,—she was then a child of ten years,—was lying at the point of death. The best medical talent in Kingston had been called in consultation, and the verdict of the assembled faculty left no hope. My grandmother was almost distracted. An old coloured servant, seeing her despair, told her of a Spanish doctor who lived in the sailors' quarter, and was said to have made some wonderful cures among the poor people. Old Sophy knew of one case, an aged negress, paralysed of all her limbs for over five years, whom the strange doctor had made well and hearty after a few weeks' treatment. Why not send for him? He might cure Miss Eliza. My grandmother caught at the suggestion. "Pshaw! it must be some quack," remarked her husband, when she broached the matter to him; "but since you wish it, my dear, I will see him."

Sophy was summoned and made to tell all she knew of the whereabouts of the Spanish doctor—such was the only name by which she could designate him. My grandfather drove to the sailors' quarter, and with no little trouble succeeded in discovering Villafana. The first impression was far from favourable; the Spanish doctor had all the appearance of an escaped patient of a lunatic asylum. On the drive home, however, my grandfather was greatly surprised at the depth of learning and soundness of judgment revealed by his companion. He did not know what to make of him.

On entering the sick chamber where my grandmother sat, anxiously expecting their coming, the doctor bowed, and cast a glance towards the bed, but did not go near it.

Catching the imploring look of my grandmother, he said to her in a tone of sympathy:

"Poor mother! What anguish you have suffered. But grieve no longer; you shall soon see your child in good health. Your physicians have mistaken the disease. It can be cured."

My grandmother burst into tears, and exchanged a look of despair with her husband. This man had not come near enough to see the child's face; he had not touched her; surely he spoke thus only to deceive her.

"You mistake, dear madam," remarked the doctor, who seemed to read her thoughts, "there is not a shadow of a doubt in my mind. I know your daughter's disease, and I know the remedy for it."

To dwell on the details of the treatment would be uninteresting. In a few days my aunt was well. Mere gold could not have cancelled the debt of gratitude contracted by the happy parents. A strong feeling of friendship had sprung up between my grandfather and the doctor during those few days. The two men understood each other. There was congeniality of heart and soul between them, and they became friends for life. My grandfather urged the doctor to take up his abode with him as a member of the family. The old man demurred; his patients needed him; it was his wont to give consultations at his rooms: sometimes he took in some poor wretch and

kept him there until he could say to him, "Go thy ways, thou art cured." Grandfather overruled all these objections. There was a wing to the house with a private entrance; there the doctor could establish an hospital if he saw fit; but he must be one of the family, have his seat at the family board, and his place in the family circle. He yielded. Dr. Villafana was a singular personage. He was of middle height, with a spare frame, and always dressed in black garments of a clerical cut. His gray hair, as fine as silk, floated back from a lofty and intellectual forehead. He wore his white beard very full, which gave him a patriarchal air; but his bronzed features and bushy black eye-brows, his large, deep-set, dark eyes, now gazing dreamily, now beaming with tenderness, and anon shining with a strange light, made an undefinable impression on one who saw him for the first time. He was so careless in his dress as to appear almost slovenly; but woman's influence soon corrected this. Surrounded with loving care, the old wanderer felt as though he were in the midst of his own family; his heart, so full of the love of mankind, yearned, perhaps unconsciously, for those dear ties of home and kindred he had renounced so many years ago.

He became the idol of the household, especially of the children, for whom he had always some toy or cake, an inexhaustible fund of stories, and the most amusing inventions. He was generally regular and abstemious in his habits. However sumptuous the feast spread before him, his breakfast consisted of a single cup of chocolate and a glass of water; his dinner of a plate of soup and one glass of wine. This taken, he would draw back his chair, light his cigarette—a great privilege in those days, when smoking in a lady's presence was not tolerated—and converse during the remainder of the meal.

Villafana had retained from his seafaring experience a singular affection for the poor sailors, and when a ship entered the port he never failed to visit their boarding houses, to inquire if any were sick or in want. On such occasions he was sometimes induced to drink a glass of grog with the jolly tars. The effect of this was to make him more talkative, less unwilling to speak of himself and of his past life; even then he never volunteered confidences, but was more easily drawn out.

Grandfather had questioned him freely regarding the strange power he had of recognizing a disease at the first glance, and simultaneously the remedy that would infallibly cure it.

"I cannot explain this, my dear friend," the doctor would answer; "it is a gift of God. As I look at a patient I see him internally better even than if his body was cut up before me on the dissecting table. I see the part diseased and intuitively the medicine that will cure it. If the disease be incurable, which is seldom the case, I see this also, and I could tell how many days, hours and minutes the patient will live. Sometimes the medicines I prescribe are in accord with my knowledge of medical science; but at other times they are entirely at variance, and yet I know they are the right ones for all my books may say to the contrary. I cannot say exactly when this power manifested itself. It came to me gradually, I believe. The discovery of the poisoning of the king was the first spontaneous manifestation of which I was aware. It was irresistible. The whole scene rose before my eyes, I saw the crime committed, and I could not have helped speaking out, if my head had been on the block."

(Conclusion next week.)

PEN PICTURE OF CARDINAL GIBBONS.

Cardinal Gibbons, the Primate of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States, leads a very quiet and uneventful life. His elevation to the cardinalate has not changed him in the least. His rooms in the archiepiscopal residence on Charles street are fitted up with almost painful simplicity. He enjoys the distinction of being the youngest of the cardinals. He is not a young man in the strict sense of the word, for he has already passed his fiftieth birthday, but he is young in comparison with his venerable colleagues in the College of Cardinals.

Cardinal Gibbons is an American from the soles of his feet to the crown of his head. He was born in Baltimore July 23, 1834, within a stone's throw of the place where he now resides. He was ordained June 30, 1861. In 1868 he was appointed Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina. Four years later he was installed Bishop of Richmond. In 1877 he was made Coad-

jutor Archbishop of Baltimore, assuming on the death of Archbishop Bayley the full archbishopric. On June 29 of last year the red cap was conferred upon him.

In personal appearance the Cardinal is slender and delicate. His features are clear cut, and his kindly manners make friends wherever he goes. As a writer he ranks very high. No one who has ever read the "Faith of Our Fathers" can help being charmed with his style. The book is made up principally of sermons delivered while on missionary tours in North Carolina, and, it is said, has met with a larger circulation than any other similar Catholic work ever published. More than 100,000 copies have been sold.

While Cardinal Gibbons was a priest in the small parish of Elkridge, near Baltimore, small-pox broke out in the village and all the people who were able deserted the town. One old negro, who was on the point of death, was left by his friends and family with neither food nor medicine. Father Gibbons hastened to the dying man's bedside, where he remained until the last. No one else could be procured to carry the corpse to the grave, and Father Gibbons acted as undertaker as well as minister. Having obtained a coffin he placed the body in it, in some way or other dragged it to the grave, performed the last rites of the Church, and buried it.

There is another incident in the life of the Cardinal which he rarely touches upon, but it has frequently been told in Baltimore and never denied. While Bishop of Richmond he was defendant in a suit relating to some Church property. When he was called to the stand the plaintiff's lawyer, after a number of vain endeavours to involve the witness in contradictions, questioned the Bishop's right to the title of Bishop of Richmond. The defendant's lawyer objected to this as irrelevant, but the Bishop said that if allowed half an hour to obtain papers he would answer the question. This was allowed. The Bishop left the court-room, and in twenty minutes returned with a document which he proceeded to read with great solemnity, all the more solemn as the paper was written in Latin. The plaintiff's lawyer pretended to take notes industriously, bowing his head once in a while, as if in acquiescence, and seemed perfectly convinced at the end. When the reading was finished he announced that the Papal bulls just read were entirely satisfactory, at the same time apologizing for his expressed doubts. The next day it leaked out that the Bishop, unable to find the Papal bulls at his residence, had brought to court and read a Latin essay on Pope Leo the Great, written by one of his ecclesiastical students and forwarded by the president of the college as a specimen of the young man's skill in Latin composition.

The cardinal adapts himself to all classes and conditions of men. He can sympathize with the woes of his poorest parishioner with just as much sincerity as he discusses art and literature with men who stand at the head of both. The cardinal was one of the prominent figures at the recent constitutional centennial in Philadelphia. A reception was given in his honour by the Catholic Club. The cardinal there met the President of the United States and nearly every member of his cabinet, the general of the army and the admiral of the navy, the governors of at least thirteen States with their respective staffs, and a score of other national, State, and local celebrities, together with any number of archbishops, bishops and priests. He had an appropriate word for every one. He talked war with Gen. Sheridan and war ships with Admiral Luce. He surprised Secretary Bayard with his knowledge of foreign affairs, and showed Gov. Beaver that he was well up on everything relating to William Penn and Pennsylvania. During the evening the Cardinal was thrown into contact with a group of reporters. Here he appeared at his very best. He possesses an insight into journalism which very few persons outside of the profession have. His particular knowledge of the local papers was what pleased most of all. He knew the names of the proprietors of nearly all the papers, and in an off-hand manner referred to the political opinions of each and the kind of people they catered to. The cardinal's health is comparatively good at the present time, and it is understood that he contemplates writing another book on the doctrine of the Church.—*New York Sun*.

"The CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW, that masterly exponent of Catholic doctrine and dauntless defender of Catholic rights."—*Annals of St. Anne de Bauprè*.

THE KING'S FOOL.

The king one day, in a generous mood,
Presented to his fool
A cap of wondrous beauty rare,
But first laid down this rule:

"When you can find a greater fool
Than thou, O Clown," he said,
Present it him with my compliments
And place this on his head."

The King was taken ill one day,
And feeling death was near,
He sent a summons for his fool,
Who quickly did appear.

"I'm going on a journey soon
From which I'll no'er return,"
The king said, speaking low and sad,
"The way I've yet to learn."

"Thou you've no preparation made
In all these years, O King?"
The fool said, woud'ring, to his lord,
"Now give me leave to bring

"An article which you once gave
To me, in gracious mood
With words to find a greater fool—
Now, pray, don't call me rude

"If I obey your majesty,
And carry out your rule,
To place this cap with compliments
Upon a greater fool.

"I've sought, in 'ood, but never found
Till now a greater clown,
This cap becomes your excellency,
Far more than does your crown."

CANADIAN CHURCH NEWS.

Mgr. Paquet, rector of Laval University, is about to leave for Rome.

Imposing services were held at the Church of Notre Dame on the occasion of the Te Deum, or three days' retreat, in honour of the recent beatification of Jean Baptiste de La Salle, the founder of Christian Brothers' schools. There was an immense congregation present, and the service was very impressive. After mass, relics of the saint were venerated and exposed before the congregation.

His Lordship Bishop Walsh of London addressing the congregation of his cathedral, announced that while in Europe he had made arrangements for the beautifying of the interior of the cathedral, by the purchase of stained glass windows for the sanctuary and transepts. He had also given orders to have executed the Stations of the Cross, in oil, life size, by one of the most famous artists of Rome. A beautiful altar of the Blessed Virgin, made from Irish marble and granite, will be supplied from Dublin.

Among the "Golden Wedding gifts" to Dr. Windthorst which, in accordance with his desire, instead of being accepted personally, will go to the Church now being built at Hanover, is a magnificent high altar offered by His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. The Centre party presented a beautiful reading-desk, while the German Catholic press placed at Dr. Windthorst's disposal the sum of £5,000, which he immediately transferred to the credit of the Hanover Church Fund. The Annual assembly of the Catholics of Germany will be held from the 2nd to the 6th of September, inclusive, at Friburg, in the Province of Brisgau, where the assembly of 1875 took place. The Prince of Leuchtenstein will preside over the assembly.

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

ST. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 29th Dec., 1885.

GENTLEMEN,—

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

I am, faithfully yours,

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

FROM THE LATE BISHOP OF HAMILTON.

HAMILTON, March 17, 1887

MY DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

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

I believe me, yours faithfully,

JAMES J. CANNERY
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1888.

The exposure of the Di. s De Bar spiritualistic frauds should not be taken as evidence that all spiritualism, or, as its votaries now wish it called, spiritism, is fraud and sham. Clever people adroitly imitate diabolical manifestations, which lose thereby nothing of their real character. If the devil could exert an infernal providence, he would himself dispose it so. He would be a gainer, as often as an element of uncertainty was introduced into such seances. Conscience would be stilled, and his own chosen ones would the more admire his skill and power. In the same way, masonry uses the cloak of humanitarianism and benevolence to shroud its designs. We know that the devil would simulate an angel of light to gain souls. We need not wonder that he should sometimes play the spiritualistic clown, so he can play the devil still.

Writing in the *London Weekly Register*, Miss Rosa Mulholland, the well-known novelist, pays the following tribute to the memory of our late well-beloved Archbishop:

"The late Dr. Lynch, Archbishop of Toronto, laboured long as a Vincentian Father in the College of Castleknock and as a missionary throughout this country. As a Vincentian Father he went to America, there to be withdrawn from his missionary toils and appointed to the Bishopric of Toronto, by Pope Pius IX., in the year 1859. For many years Dr. Lynch stood seige with his people against the intolerance and persecution of the Orangemen of Toronto, where the houses of the Catholic inhabitants were constantly attacked and plundered, their churches profaned and desecrated, and their Bishop and priests subjected to insult. The patience and fearlessness of the Archbishop gradually overcame the chief difficulties of his position, and during the latter part of his life he and his

flock were allowed to live comparatively unmolested. He was much beloved both in Ireland and in the country of his adoption."

It has leaked out that the mission of Mr. John O'Connor Power, ex-M.P. for Mayo, who turned up in this country somewhat unexpectedly a few weeks ago, is in connection with a forthcoming emigration scheme of Lord Salisbury. Like more than one other renegade Irishman, since his abandonment of his Nationalist principles, Mr. Power's conversion into a London carpet-bagger has been rapid and complete. Formerly a Fenian, he is to-day a paid agent of a Coercion Government.

His presence in Winnipeg is understood to have been in connection with the purchase of large tracts of land for Irish emigrants, to be purchased, we presume, with a money grant from the Salisbury government. Lord Salisbury having described his theory of Irish government as one of "Manacles or Manitoba," Mr. Power's reported mission is not devoid of probability.

To the representative of an Ottawa paper, who solicited his views on Irish politics, Mr Power, we observe, declared himself to be in principle a Home Ruler, and that his withdrawal from the national side was due to a difference of opinion between himself and Mr. Parnell in respect to the details of the movement. Mr. Power for some time past has been apparently at pains to rehabilitate himself politically, but unfortunately for Mr. Power, those who remember his Parliamentary record place very little faith in the sincerity of his professions of repentance. Having no place in their affections or confidence, the Irish people, we may be sure, would be quite ready to admit the partial efficacy of Lord Salisbury's Manitoba emigration scheme, if only Mr. Power were among the first to settle and to stay there.

The return of the Protestant Synod season, and the publication in the papers of the angry divisions of opinion which characterize their deliberations, bring out the fact that for a collection of sects each singing, in the inspiring lines of the "Christian Soldier,"

"We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in faith and doctrine,
One in charity."

there is an astonishing amount of elasticity about their notion of unity, and an astonishing amount of uncertainty, not to say variety, about their doctrine. It must be clear to anyone who will follow with any care the proceedings of their various church parliaments, that Protestants are not one body, nor bound together by any principles that they feel themselves bound in common to maintain. Like the tall Yankee at the battle of Yorktown, each fights on his own hook. A hard headed person finds it impossible to look upon them other than as a heterogeneous mass of individuals holding no principles in common, and having no element of unity. And as to refuting them,—the refutation of one amounts to little, so long as there remains another who has not been personally refuted. There is not a point against Protestantism that some eminent Protestant has not conceded, and not an article of the Church that some eminent Protestant has not defended. And yet the controversy goes on as ever. Their methods are very simple. Driven from one principle, they fly to another; driven from that, and they return to the first.

Mr. Goldwin Smith's letters, "A Trip to England," which have been recently issued in pamphlet form, will be read, we fancy, by Catholics with something of disappointment, despite the fact that they contain much that is historically and descriptively instructive, and that they are clothed in a singularly beautiful diction. They contain much that is beautiful, and much, it could have been wished, that Mr. Smith had not written. In the first chapter, Mr. Smith speaks appreciatively and reverently of the old churches and cathedrals, the glorious monuments that remain of the *Mores Catholici*. The Conqueror having landed, "England," he says, "now becomes for four centuries and a half a member of Catholic and feudal Europe, a partaker in crusades, and a tilting-ground of chivalry. The informing spirit of this period, and the basis of its peculiar morality, is the Catholic religion, having its centre in the Papacy, which triumphed over national independence with the Norman, by whom its sacred banner was borne at Hastings. Of mediæval piety we have glorious monuments in the cathedrals and the great churches. Nothing so wonderful or so beautiful has ever been built by man as these fanes of mediæval religion, which still, surviving the faith and the civilization that reared them, soar above the din and smoke of modern life unto purity and stillness. In religious impressiveness they far excel all the works of heathen art, and all the classical temples of the Renaissance. Even in point of skill they stand unrivalled, though they are the creations of an age before mechanical science. Their groined roofs appear still to baffle imitation. But we do not fully comprehend the marvel, unless we imagine the cathedrals rising, as they did, out of towns which were then little better than a collection of hovels, with but small accumulation of wealth, and without what we now deem the appliances of civilized life." "In thinking of the cathedrals," he continues, "we must not forget the old parish churches, legacies, most of them, of the Catholic Middle Ages, often very fine, and always speaking pleasantly to the heart, especially when they fill the air with the music of their Sabbath chimes or of their wedding bells. But among these, since the revival (*sic?*) of Anglicanism, the hand of the restorer, or rather, of the rebuilders, has been so busy that in some districts it is easier to find churches in an ancient style than an ancient church.

The cathedral and parish church belong to the present as well as to the past. Indeed, they have been recently exerting a peculiar influence over the present, for there can be no doubt that the spell of their beauty, and their adaptation, as places of Catholic devotion, to the Ritualistic rather than to the Protestant form of worship have had a great effect in producing the Neo-Catholic reaction of the last half century. Creations of the religious genius of the Middle Ages, they have been potent missionaries of the mediæval faith."

But there is a part of mediæval Catholicism, Mr. Smith goes on to say, which belongs entirely to the past, the monuments of which present themselves only in ruins. "Asceticism and Monasticism were discarded by the Reformation. Nothing but the wrecks remain of the vast and beautiful abodes in which they dwelt. Of the monastic ruins the most perfect and interesting is Fountains Abbey, near Ripon, and on the estate of Lord Ripon, who, as a convert himself to Roman Catholicism, has exemplified the lingering influence of what Macaulay calls 'an august and fascinating superstition.' The ruins of Glastonbury are alluded to as also most interesting, not only

on account of the grandeur which the fragments of the Church bespeak, and the sumptuous hospitality represented by the abbot's kitchen, but because as Professor Freeman has said, "founded by the Briton, enriched by the Englishman," it is the one great religious foundation which 'lived through the storm of English Conquest, and in which Briton and Englishmen have an equal share.'" It brings us back to the realm of King Arthur, and we find ourselves musing again over the *Idyls*. It is impossible, Mr. Smith admits, not to be touched by these ruins, or to forbear a protest of the heart against the destroyers of so much loveliness.

"But there is nothing except the architectural beauty to regret." The monasteries he thinks had done their work during the times of feudalism and war, as places of refuge for the gentler spirits, as houses of such culture as there was, and centres of civilization. But the various orders to which they belonged, these denote to him only so many attempts "to rise to an angelic life" (surely an exaggerated statement) followed, as he is pleased to put it, "by the collapse of the wings of abstinence and contemplation on which the mortal strives to soar above his mortal state." As a class, he says, these houses had become "the strongholds of reactionary superstition, the ramparts of intolerance, and the great obstacles to the progress of humanity." That Mr. Smith should enter into or appreciate the spirit of devotion and, so far as the things of the world were concerned, of *negation*, which were of the essence of Monachism, would be too much to expect. Yet it is regrettable that a man even of his prejudices, should make a series of so singularly audacious assertions. At the time he speaks of he admits in the letter from which we are quoting that the monasteries still offered hospitality to the wayfarer. "They still fed the poor at their gates, and as we look upon the ruined portal arch we may see the weary traveller dismount and the bedesmen gather beside it. Their hospitality and their charity preserved their popularity in districts where as in the north, inns were few, and in a time when public charity did not exist." The monastic principle was one of reaction from the secular life, and therefore in Mr. Smith's view, superstition. That Mr. Smith should have nothing but a sneer for that life of monasticism and asceticism, which serious men embraced to be quit of the contact and sway of the moribund world into which they were thrown, and to obtain in exchange for the mart and the craft of gain "the sweet soothing presence of earth, sky, and sea, the hospitable cave, the bright running stream, the easy gifts which mother earth, *justissima tellus*, yields on very little persuasion" serves as an impressive reminder that ingenious art do not always refine the character, and that a familiarity with history and humane letters may yet leave a man something of a savage. To judge by his writings, he is an instance not of the effect of classical training on the mind and character, but of the failure of such training to exercise its natural effect. His scholarship, minute and elegant as it is, is rather an external adornment hung about him, than a germ within the mind bringing forth flowers and fruit. His acquaintance with history and letters has supplied him with illustrations and parallels for the adornment of his subjects, but the essential thought is usually thin and poor.

He has, superadded, a logical apparatus which works in a narrow groove. Mr. Smith has worked in rich mines but is he mentally richer? The barbarian bedecks himself with pearls; but he is still a barbarian.

A WORK FOR PROSPEROUS CATHOLICS.

We are glad to see that the rich Catholics of America are at last awaking to the duty that rests upon them of helping with bountiful subscriptions Catholic works. Heretofore, it was the Catholic poor that built, paid for, equipped and endowed every Catholic undertaking. Now, two or three spirited Catholic young women having set a good example, it has been taken up by men richer than they, who find that it is a blessed thing to be their own executors, and that there is a real human, as well as Christian, pleasure in aiding a meritorious and productive Catholic enterprise.

It is to be hoped that the example so nobly given in the case of the Catholic University will be followed in other directions and in other channels of Catholic work. There are many avenues of Catholic enterprise in which the toilers need help, if not endowment.

Who, for instance, will be the first to place ample, if not extravagant, capital at the command of the Catholic press, not by way of endowment or subsidy, but for temporary use to develop its own rich resources to their paying point?

Among the host of rich men and women devoted to Catholic interests in America, there ought to be some willing and wise enough to see what a benefit a prosperous Catholic press can be to the advancement of the Catholic cause.

It is, in a word, the University of the People. More than that,—it is a work of the present hour, able to aid and teach the millions of the nineteenth century. If it be good, wise, generous and Catholic, as undoubtedly it is, for some whose tastes are inclined in that direction, to give millions for the higher education of a few hundred graduates of the twentieth and twenty-first centuries, it is similarly good, wise and practical to give thousands to create a machinery that will diffuse among the people of to-day, in a shape that they can use and profit by, the Catholic lessons of the past ages.

That wealthy Catholics should do this has been suggested before by no less an authority than Leo XIII., who, in laying down the lines on which the Catholic contest should be waged, prescribed as the weapons: organized Catholic education—from the university and seminary to the primary school—organized Catholic societies, and an organized Catholic Press.

That great Pontiff, in bidding the Catholic world organize its press on an efficient basis, laid special stress on the duty of wealthy Catholics employing their capital in its service. He knew that without capital the struggle of the Catholic press is a fruitless one; with capital, it is different. Supplemented by brains, experience and energy, even the Catholic press offers ample reward for the use of capital:

"Let all who truly and from their soul desire that religion and society, defended by human intellect and literature, should flourish, let them study by their liberality to guard and protect these productions of the Catholic press, and let every one, in proportion to his income, support them by his money and influence, for to those who devote themselves to the Catholic press, we ought by all means bring helps of this kind, without which their industry will either have no results or uncertain and miserable ones."

That is the advice of Leo XIII., who declared that "a Catholic newspaper in a parish is a perpetual mission."

It is an advice that has been solemnly adopted by the hierarchy of America. "Upon you singly and individually," say the Fathers of the Third Council of Baltimore, "must practically depend the solution of the question whether or not the Catholic press is to accomplish the great work which Providence and the Church expect of it at this time." It is an advice which, if it has not been adopted by rich Americans, who never stop to think what a blessing they could make of their wealth in using it to spread Catholic opinion, it is perhaps because no one has felt called upon to tell them how great a work the Catholic press is doing, what a still greater work it could do if it had the use of capital, and what an honest profit they could realize, not by the mad project of starting new ventures, that would cost fortunes to attain even the small success of existing papers, but by aiding those already

successful to become still more prosperous. In this case, to them that have much let much be given, so that they can do much more.

Why the Catholic press should not have told this for itself is intelligible enough. It is clearly one of those cases in which men who are doing a great work in which many besides themselves are or ought to be interested, feel a shyness in making what will seem to many a plea for their own bread and butter. That suspicion may have deterred them, yet it is a most unjust one, for most assuredly there is not a Catholic paper in the land which would deserve or could use capital, which is not directed and produced by talent that need never want profitable and honourable employment in America.

We rise now, under the impulse of an experience which we shall presently explain, to say that one of the highest duties Catholic Americans of means can perform is to adopt the suggestion—nay, we may rather call it the command—of Leo XIII. to organize and sustain the Catholic press. Those who comply with that suggestion, receive from him his warmest and heartiest blessing. It is a duty, moreover, which can be performed without loss, and with pecuniary profit as well as spiritual benefit.

Now, what urges us to write this? Whether it will benefit us or our brethren matters little, provided it awakens Catholic thought as to the importance and absolute necessity of vitalizing the Catholic press, by giving, where it can be profitably done, the use of ample capital.

Not many weeks since, in a great Catholic gathering, we met for the first time a young American bishop, whose diocese is an empire in size and extent, through which in all directions there are scattered isolated Catholics. For months at a time this bishop is on horseback, riding through forest and swamp, to pick up his stray sheep. Many of these are so distant from civilization that they can only see the face of a priest once in a year or two. In the course of our conversation, we had to thank this Good Shepherd for the very large number of subscriptions that he had sent us. "Yes," said he, "the money which I sent you for the paper came to me from the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. In the circumstances of my diocese and of my people, I did not know a better use to make of that money than to send poor people who will be months and perhaps years without seeing a priest, a paper that will instruct them, teach them the faith, and keep it alive and active in them."

While this was perhaps the most precious compliment ever paid to any of the works of this office, we remembered it not so much for the satisfaction that it has given us, and the encouragement that it must be always to us to persevere in so useful a work, but as a text to point out what use can be made of a properly conducted Catholic press in building up, keeping together, and vivifying the Catholic body.

There are isolated Catholics in the swamps and forests of our northern villages, towns and cities, as well as in the south.

In the light of that testimony of this missionary bishop, we again understand "The Apostolate of the Press." We appreciate what Leo XIII. meant in declaring that a Catholic paper is a perpetual mission. We can with more confidence repeat the extraordinary declaration of the modern Apostle of Northern Africa, his Eminence Cardinal Lavignerie, Archbishop of Tunis, who, three years ago, wrote that "to found or sustain a Catholic journal, planned to illuminate and strengthen souls, is as necessary as to build a church."

Had the paper which deserved such a practical testimony of its services in propagating the faith been able to interest Catholic capitalists in its work, what might it not have accomplished! It is now so successful that it need feel no hesitation in disclosing the fact that when it was started its actual cash resources were exceedingly small. Fortunately, its conductors knew their business perfectly in all the details, secular, mechanical, literary and journalistic, that contribute to the success of a well-planned and highly organized newspaper. They had a high ideal for their project. It had the fortune to have the favour and the confidence of the American hierarchy. Its merits and its utility soon won it unusual favour. It is to day a

missionary for the good cause in every section of America.

We repeat, what could it not have done, what could it now do, if it had adequate capital? Where it now circulates its tens of thousands, it would readily circulate its hundreds of thousands, or even that million that Father Feith, of Texas, and the Jesuits of New Mexico wish us, and that we seriously aspire to.

Let us sum up now in a few words some truths that we believe ought to be considered by Catholics of wealth and good-will:

I. The Catholic press, properly conducted, is a useful work, of acknowledged service to the Church, and one that Leo XIII. and the American hierarchy have commended to the support of all Catholics, but particularly of the prosperous.

II. The real difficulty in the way of the Catholic press attaining its full usefulness is lack of sufficient working capital. All the people are not so indifferent in reading and rewarding our press, as is so often charged. Sufficient numbers will always support a good paper that is brought to their notice.

III. Talent to make good papers is abundant. Money to make them and to make them known is not so plentiful.

IV. Were this money forthcoming, not as gift, subsidy or endowment, but for reasonable time at interest, there are several meritorious publications that would speedily rise to prosperity and enlarged usefulness, while at the same time necessarily creating Catholic opinion, diffusing Catholic principles, and exercising in countless ways "the Apostolate of the Press."

We recall here the help that is given to the non Catholic religious press by their co-religionists. One of the most brilliant and prosperous of our Protestant exchanges was carried for years by a well-known Western manufacturer until it had attained success. We remember that some years ago a New York gentleman wrote in one week two cheques for \$75,000 each, to aid in the development of two Protestant weeklies. Similar generosity is shown by "our friends the enemy" abroad. The result is they have a splendidly equipped and prosperous press. Catholics, on the other hand, ignoring the opportunities and the wants of the Catholic press, allow their papers to sink or swim, just as if Pope, Bishops and experience had not told them of the absolute importance to themselves and to the Church of a first-class Catholic press.

But where are these wealthy Catholics? Well, we have a few millionaires, many centenaires, and a multitude of the prosperous among our readers. Should any of them think that the advice of Pope Leo XIII. concerns them, we shall be glad to tell them how they can give practical aid to the Catholic press in a way that will profit them much.—*Catholic Review, Brooklyn.*

THE DANGER BEFORE US.

We have already alluded to the importance of housekeepers paying more attention to the kind of baking powder used in leavening their bread. This is a matter to which we cannot draw attention too often, because it is something which involves the most serious consequences to the general body of mankind. Temperance apostles tell us—and there is ample foundation for the statement—that there is disease, both moral and physical, in the intoxicating cup; and in the same way there is disease, slow perhaps, but certain, in the lime and alum leavening agents employed in many of the homes on this continent.

No punishment is too severe for those manufacturers who place these poisonous alum and lime baking powders before the public with the assurance that they are pure and wholesome articles. In the belief of the truth of such statements such baking powders are largely used in the preparation of food, and in this way the poisonous ingredients are taken into the system without a suspicion of their presence. By and by come spells of headache, distress in the stomach, loss of appetite, a fluttering of the heart: the child is seized with an apparently causeless cough. The coating of the stomach is destroyed, perhaps; one of the vital organs is rendered almost useless; the kidneys are attacked with Bright's disease. The health of the child is irreparably broken down; the adult becomes a chronic invalid. These are the doings of the

modern cheap baking powders that are composed of lime and alum, or that contain sulphuric or phosphatic acids.

In view of these facts surely all housewives should exercise the care that is, we know, not exercised by some in the selection of a proper brand of baking powder. She who does not do so, whether the neglect is the result of ignorance or recklessness, cannot free herself from the responsibility for the health, perhaps life, thereby endangered. No housewife need be ignorant of the quality and composition of the article which she uses to leaven her bread, biscuit and cake. The official reports of the government chemist, who are certainly unprejudiced, have been published and show very clearly the quality and strength of all the baking powders in the market. The Royal Baking Powder, which is accessible at every hand, is reported absolutely free from lime, alum, phosphatic acid, or any injurious ingredient. It is further stated by the most eminent authorities on food hygiene that food leavened with it is more wholesome than when raised by any other method. Its use is therefore to be commended. It is to be regretted that no other baking powder, when there are so many in the market, some of which will find their way into use, is free from all these substances. The official analysts assure us, however, that all except the Royal contain either lime or alum. The housekeeper who regards the health of her loved ones should not only order the Royal, but make personal examination to be sure no other brand is sent her in its place.

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

The Marquis of Bute will during the remainder of his life give \$500 annually to the conference of St. Vincent de Paul.

Cardinal Gibbons' new book will, it is said, be addressed to the average American who so far has seen the Church only from the outside.

Count Moltke-Huitfeldt, minister plenipotentiary of Denmark, in Paris, has been received into the Catholic Church. The conversion of the head of the chapter of the Lutheran cathedral at Copenhagen is also announced.

Dr. Pusey's brother, recently deceased, has left among his papers some remarkable correspondence with Cardinal Newman and other leaders of the Oxford party. It has been handed over to Dr. Liddon for perusal, and some of it will appear in his "Life of Dr. Pusey."

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the ordination of the editor of the *Western Watchman* has been noticed with congratulations in the entire Catholic press. "Father Phelan," says the *Freeman's Journal*, "is the wittiest man among us. He has the art of saying clever things habitually. If he wounds more deeply than he intended, he never hesitates to make generous amends. May he live long and prosper! Speaking of the Catholic press, we are reminded of a personality which secludes itself behind the work it does, of which genuine humility and profound faith are the prominent traits. It is that of Mr. George Dering Wolff, editor of the *Philadelphia Catholic Standard*. Mr. Wolff's editorials are careful, well-informed, written in admirable English, and extremely earnest. And—this is unusual in editorial writing—much practice has made Mr. Wolff's pen stronger and keener. He is a convert from the Dutch Reformed Church, which he left with his assistant in the ministry, Mr. Edward Otis Forney, of Washington, D. C. Mr. Wolff is a regular contributor to the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, which is edited by Mgr. Corrigan, and which has achieved a rank equal to the highest possible expectations."

The Catholic convert is usually free from the "shadow of reproach." When a distinguished Protestant knocks for admission to Rome it is never necessary to appoint a committee to investigate his sobriety, his honesty, or his purity. His moral character is usually high and impregnable among the sects he leaves. And this fact makes his conversion significant to thoughtful Protestants. The fact generalized ought to be food for recurring meditation among the seekers after truth.—*Catholic Citizen, Milwaukee.*

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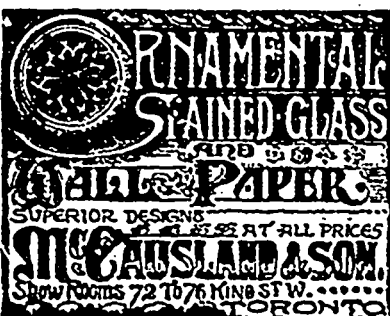
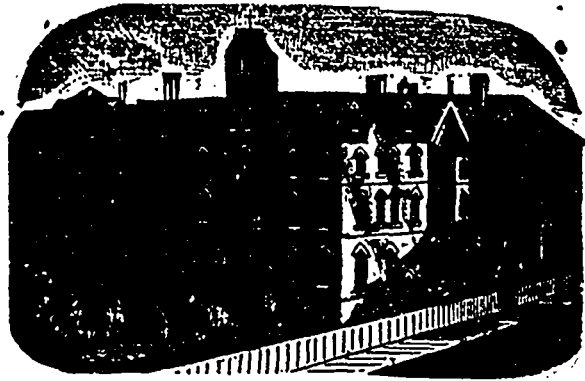
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By Order, A. GOREIL, Secretary.

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