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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.

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NOTES.

From the *Weekly Register* of London Eng., we learn that the improvement in Cardinal Newman's condition has been steadily maintained. His days have been brighter and his nights better; and though the weakness cannot be expected to disappear, his condition generally is favourable and satisfactory. On Wednesday last week he received the Holy Father's blessing by telegraph, and the Pontiff has since privately expressed the pleasure with which he has received the better bulletins. Great numbers of letters and telegrams of inquiry and sympathy were received at the Oratory during the week; and among those by or for whom inquiries have been personally made are Mr. Gladstone and the Marquis of Ripon. Messages, the *Register* states, exchanged on Wednesday between the Ex-prime Minister and the venerable Cardinal were very gratifying to both.

Mr. Beatty-Kingston, of the *Daily Telegraph*, is the prince of interviewers; but the successes which are recorded in his volumes "Monarchs I Have Met," have been out matched, from the interviewer's point of view, by his conversation a few weeks ago with the Holy Father. He had the honour, he writes, of being received in special and private audience by the Sovereign Pontiff, who deigned to converse with him at considerable length and upon subjects alike of special and general interest. He writes that venturing to ask His Holiness if the German Emperor's recent visit had proved satisfactory, he replied: "I cannot say that I am either satisfied or dissatisfied with the Emperor's visit. . . . He came to see me; it was an act of courtesy, and I was glad to receive him. I had much to say to him; but just as I was beginning my discourse he interrupted me by calling in his brother, in order to present him to me. After that I had no further opportunity of speaking privately with him." With regard to the *modus vivendi* with Germany, the Sovereign Pontiff professed himself favourable in many respects. "From the German Government," he said, "I have obtained many valuable concessions. Bismarck is a reasonable man; he can be convinced, and I have found him willing to accede to just requests. His son, too, who had a long audience of me on the evening of the 17th, seems very sensible and earnest. With our Episcopacy and clergy in Germany all is going smoothly and satisfactorily. The vacant offices have been filled up with the accord of Church and State alike, and to the contentment of both. Of our Religious Orders which had been expelled from Germany, three have been authorized to return to their spheres of duty—the Franciscans, Dominicans, and Benedictines. We are in negotiation about the withdrawal of the prohibitions affecting our Educational Orders; but there is great difficulty."

The above, allowing for certain invincible differences between the Italian and English idioms, the correspondent states is the exact purport of the chief statements to which Leo XIII. deigned to give utterance in the course of his conversation with him. He adds that the Holy Father was fully aware of the capacity in which he approached his august person, and that no restriction whatever, express or inferential, was imposed upon him as to the publication of any word spoken by him on the occasion. For the paternal kindness with which Leo XIII. received and conversed with him he has no words wherewith to express his acknowledgment.

In manner as well as appearance, he states, the reigning Pontiff offers a striking, and in more than one respect advantageous, contrast to his immediate predecessor, Pius IX., of whom, during his long Pontificate, he twice had audience. He says: "The late Pope, when I knew him, was a vigorous old man of burly presence and jovial manner, liking to question rather than be questioned, and displaying a marked predilection for *le petit mot pour rire*—of his own saying, of course, for what layman would dare to make jokes or even say "good things" to a Pope? Leo XIII. is slightly built, fragile-looking, exceeding grave in manner, and dignified of bearing. His features are strongly marked but finely proportioned; his cheeks and lofty brow are almost colourless—"sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought." When his face is in absolute repose its expression seems to betoken that he is reflecting profoundly, but mournfully. When lighted up by one of his peculiarly fascinating smiles, however, it beams with gentle benevolence and tender loving-kindness. Altogether, it is one of the most interesting, attractive, and memorable physiognomies I have ever yet contemplated. That Leo XIII. is one of the most amiable as well as intellectual of living potentates no one who has seen him smile and heard him speak can doubt. But consciousness of power and strength of will are no less manifest in the glance of his bright eye and the tone of his clear voice, than is geniality of temperament."

The *Telegraph* and the *Times* comment on the interview in leading articles. Not by the Catholic world only, the former thinks, but by innumerable people over whose consciences the venerable personage herein depicted holds no acknowledged sway, will share with those of a different Church the pleasure of contemplating Leo XIII. as he is seen in private audience, genially and unreservedly chatting.

The *Times* says that in the interview there is a great tokening. It says: "The turn of the Man of the Pen has come, and a representative of the Press has been received by the Pope with an intimacy of honour which could not have been exceeded in the case of King, Kaiser, or Ambassador."

The honour, it adds, shown to the English press by Pope Leo XIII. is of happy augury. "The power of the spiritual ruler of so many millions of men cannot be gainsaid, and anything which tends to a better understanding between the Church and the world must be of enormous advantage. As a great step towards the doing away of misunderstandings, and, in due time, the decay of bigotry and uncharitableness, and this not on one side only, we hail with complete satisfaction the compliment paid by the Pontiff to the Press, and the substitution of the Journalist for the Kaiser."

THE SUSTAINMENT OF PROTESTANTISM.

This righteous rule is simply set aside in the treatment of Catholics and their religion. Instead of the *onus probandi*, as it is called, the burden of proof, lying with the accuser, it is simply thrown upon the accused. Any one may get up of a sudden, and may say what he will to our prejudice, without producing any warrant at all for the truth of his charge. He is not called upon to establish his respectability, or to state his opportunities or methods of knowing; he need not give presumptive proof of his allegation; he need not give his authorities; he need only accuse; and upon this the Protestant public turns round to the poor Catholic, and asks what he has to say in his defence, as if he had anything to defend. There is a saying that "a fool can ask more questions than a hundred wise men can answer," and a bigot or a fanatic may be quite as successful. If a man presented himself this moment and said to me, "You robbed a person in the street of his pocket-book some ten years ago," what could I possibly say, except simply, "I did not"? How could I prove it was false, even if I took on myself to do so, till I was informed of the town, or the year, or the occasion, or the person on whom the pretended offence was committed? Well, supposing my accusers went on to particulars, and said that I committed the crime in Birmingham, in the month of June, in the year 1840, and in the instance of a person of the name of Smith. This, of course, would be something, but no one would say, even then, that it was enough, that is, supposing I had to reply to him on the spot. At the very moment I might not be able to say where I was on the specified day, and so I could only repeat, as emphatically as I was able, that the charge was utterly untrue.

Next, supposing me to ask his reasons for advancing it;—How he knew it was I? did he see me? or was he told by an eye-witness? and suppose he were to decline to give me any information whatever, but contented himself with saying "that I was shuffling and evasive, for the thing was quite notorious." And next, supposing that I suddenly recollected that, up to the year 1845, I had never once seen Birmingham in the course of my life; yet on my stating this, the accuser were to cry out that I should not escape, in spite of my attempt to throw dust in his eyes; for he had a score of witnesses to prove the fact, and that, as to the exact year, it was a mere point of detail, on which any one might be mistaken. And supposing, on this un-supposed allegation, a magistrate, without witness brought, or oath administered, or plausibility in the narrative, in spite of the accuser's character, which was none of the best, in spite of the vagueness of his testimony, were to send me to prison—I conceive public opinion would say I was shamefully treated.

But further, supposing when I was safely lodged in prison, some anonymous writer, in some third-rate newspaper, were boldly to assert that all priests were in the practise of stealing pocket-books from passengers in the streets; and in the proof thereof were to appeal, first to the notorious case of a priest in Birmingham who had been convicted of the offence, and then to the case of a second priest which was given in detail in some manuscript or other in the royal library of Munich, and occurring some time or other between the seventh and seventeenth centuries; and suppose upon this anonymous article or letter, petitions were got up and signed numerously, and dispatched to the Imperial Parliament, with the object of sending all priests to the treadmill for a period not exceeding six months, as reputed thieves, whenever they were found walking in the public thoroughfares;—would this answer an Englishman's idea of fairness and humanity?

Now I put it to the experience,—I put it to the conscience of the Protestant world,—whether such is not the justice which it deals out to Catholics as a matter of course. No evidence against us is too little; no infliction too great. Statement without proof, though inadmissible in every other case, is all fair when we are concerned. A Protestant is at liberty to bring a charge against us, and challenge us to refute, not any proof he brings, for he brings none, but his simple assumption or assertion. And perhaps we accept his challenge, and then we find we have to deal with matters so vague or so minute, so general or so particular, that we are at our wits' end to know how to grapple with them. For instance, "Every twentieth man you meet is a Jesuit in disguise;" or, "Nunneries are, for the most part, prisons." How is it possible to meet such

sweeping charges? The utmost we can do, in the nature of things, is to show that this particular man, or that, is not a Jesuit; or that this or that particular nunnery is not a prison; but who said he was? who said it was? What our Protestant accuser asserted was, that every twentieth man was a Jesuit, and most nunneries were prisons. How is this refuted by clearing this or that person or nunnery of the charge? Thus, if the accuser is not to be called on to give proofs of what he says, we are simply helpless, and must sit down meekly under the imputation.

At another time, however, a definite fact is stated, and we are referred to the authority on which it is put forward. What is the authority? Albertus Magnus, perhaps, or Gerson, or Baronius, with a silence about volume and page; their works consist of five, ten, fifteen, twenty or thirty folios, printed in double columns. How are we possibly to find the needle in this stack of hay? Or, by a refinement of unfairness, perhaps a wrong volume or page is carelessly given; and when we cannot find there the statement which our opponent has made, we are left in an unpleasant doubt whether our ill success is to be ascribed to our eyes or to his pen.

Sometimes, again, the crime charged on us is brought out with such startling vividness and circumstantial finish as to seem to carry its own evidence with it, and to dispense, in the eyes of the public, with the references which in fairness should attend it. The scene is laid in some fortress of the savage Apennine, or in secluded Languedoc, or in remote Poland, or the high table-land of Mexico; or it is a legend about a priest of a small village in Calabria, called Buonavalle, in the fourteenth century; or about a monk of the monastery of St. Spirito, in S. Filippo d'Argiro, in the time of Charlemagne. Or the story runs, that Don Felix Malatesta de Guadalupe, a Benedictine monk of Andalusia, and father confessor to the Prince of the Asturias, who died in 1821, left behind him his confessions in manuscript, which were carried off by the French with other valuable documents, from his convent, which they pillaged in their retreat from the field of Salamanca; and that in these confessions he frankly avows that he had killed three of his monastic brothers of whom he was jealous, had poisoned half-a-dozen women, and sent off in boxes and hampers to Cadiz and Barcelona thirty-five infants; moreover, that he felt no misgivings about these abominable deeds, because, he observes with great naiveté, he had every day, for many years, burnt a candle to the Blessed Virgin; had cursed periodically all heretics, especially the royal family of England; had burnt a student of Corinna for asserting the earth went around the sun, had worn about him, day and night, a relic of St. Diego; and had provided that five hundred masses should be said for the repose of his soul within eighty days after his decease.

Tales such as this, the like of which it is very easy to point out in print, are suitably contrived to answer the purpose which brings them into being. A Catholic who, in default of testimony offered in their behalf, volunteers to refute them on their internal evidence, and sets about (so to say) cross-examining them, finds himself at once in an untold labyrinth of embarrassment. First he enquires is there a convent of St. Spirito in the Sicilian town specified? did it exist in the time of Charlemagne? who were the successive confessors of the Prince of the Asturias during the first twenty years of this century? what has Andalusia to do with Salamanca? when was the last *auto da fe* in Spain? did the French pillage any convent whatever in the neighbourhood of Salamanca about the year 1812?—questions sufficient for a school examination. He goes to his maps, gazeteers, guide-books, travels, histories, — soon a perplexity arises about the dates, are his editions recent enough for his purpose? do their historical notices go far enough back? Well, after a good deal of trouble, after writing about to friends, consulting libraries, and comparing statements, let us suppose him to prove most conclusively the utter absurdity of the slanderous story, and to bring out a lucid, powerful, and unanswerable reply; who cares for it by that time? who cares for the story itself? it has done its work, time stops for no man, it has created or deepened the impression in the minds of its hearers that a monk commits murder or adultery as readily as he eats his dinner. Men forget the process by which they receive it, but there it is, clear and indelible. Or supposing they recollect the particular slander ever so well, still they have no taste or stomach for entering into a long controversy about it, their mind is already made

up; they have formed their views; the author they have trusted may, indeed, have been inaccurate in some of his details; it can be nothing more. Who can fairly impose on them the perplexity and whirl of going through a bout of the controversy, where "one says," and "the other says," and "he says that he says that he does not say or ought not to say what he does say or ought to say? It demands an effort and strain of attention which they have no sort of purpose of bestowing. The Catholic cannot get a fair hearing: his book remains awhile in the shop windows, and then is taken down again. So true is this from the nature of the human mind, that, even though my present audience is well disposed, not hostile, to Catholicism, I should scarcely venture, in these lectures, to enter into any minute investigation of this or that popular calumny, from my conviction that I should be detailing matters which, except in the case of the very few, would engross without interesting, and weary without making an impression.

Yet I think I may be able still, or at least I will try, without taxing your patience to the utmost, to bring before you two or three actual specimens of the mode in which the accusation against Catholics is conducted; which may serve to give you some insight into the value of the Tradition which king, lords, and commons are so zealous in upholding. The mighty Tradition flows on, replenished and refreshed continually by rivulets, which, issuing from new foundation-heads, make their way, in faithful and unfailing succession, into the main stream. I am going to put my finger on three of these small fountain-heads of the Tradition, which, as I have already complained, are not commonly accessible; they shall not be springs of vulgar quality, but they shall represent the intelligence, the respectability, and the strong sense of English society. The first shall be a specimen of the Tradition of Literature, the second of the Tradition of Wealth, and the third of the Tradition of Gentlemen.—*Cardinal Newman's Lectures on the Position of Catholics in England.*

HERE AND THERE.

Brighter days are dawning for the anti-papists of this province. The imbeciles who hold to Maria Monk and Chinquy have now here in Toronto a chance of exposing that most nefarious phase of Romanism, the kidnapping of young girls and their immurement in a dismal convent cell. I learn from a daily paper of the 12th inst. that a young girl of 13 has been (as the paper verily believes) captured by those horrid nuns. I trust the matter will be all "shook to rags" right here in Toronto where we know the parties concerned and where proper evidence of the misdemeanour can be had if it is to be had. The paragraph is, no doubt, by this time doing duty in all the anti-Catholic journals of the outside world where contradiction is impossible, just as similar ghost-stories from abroad have done duty in Canada. But I want this matter settled here where we can have *connaissance de cause*. If there is anything to it let the *Mail* and, for instance, Dr. Wild come right on and do their proving. If they can't prove the allegation I would suggest that in future the *Mail* print all such items in its "Sports and Pastimes" column.

The ministers are badly bothered about "Robert Elsmere," a novel by a Mrs. Ward, who has had the wit to construct a character which quite exceeds their powers of analysis. Her hero becomes an agnostic and the ministers are looking for valid reasons why he should not have become such and are not finding any or at least many. Professor Clark, of Trinity University, took the book for his theme at St. Stephen's Church a week ago and made such statements as should make his friends blush or weep for him. It appears Elsmere rejected Christianity because he could not admit its miracles, and the Professor gets over this by the assertion that miracles "are not the chief proof of Christianity." This is (as against Elsmere) an abandonment of the Christian position. Our Lord Himself appealed to His miracles. "If ye believe not in me, believe in the works I do." Prof. Clark contends that the very existence of Christianity to-day is proof enough of its divinity. Can he mean that that subsistence of Christianity through so many periods and difficulties is

not in itself a miracle? Does he know what miracle means? He is no better philosopher than all his kind are theologians. This defender of the faith, this Christian apologist, goes the length of making terms with infidelity in these words, as reported in the daily journals: "Of one thing he felt sure, that those who had abandoned a part of the truth (the italics are mine) were better than those who believed in a Gull, dead orthodoxy." What does he mean? One is overpowered by such flagrant blasphemy. The man who abandons any part of truth is an imbecile or a traitor.

The *Globe*, commenting on the late presidential contest, prosecutes a line of argument which it long ago took up; namely, that we here in Canada have a personal interest in Irish affairs. The Irish element in the United States undoubtedly has a controlling influence over the administration of that country. The very extravagance and, if you will, senselessness, of the Sackville-West episode proves it for the hundredth time. So long as we are an English possession, so long as the Union Jack floats from our fortresses, so long shall we be interested in Irish affairs, so long shall we have a right to demand that what we have the courtesy to call the "Mother-country," shall not imperil our interests here by continuing to exasperate the ruling power in the neighbouring republic. The *Globe* has the right end of the argument when it says: "An Englishman must be fonder than we are of laughter if he can make merry over so much evidence of the tremendous influence upon the United States of those who are, and have reason to be, passionately hostile to the Mother-land. The struggles of the wretched Irish of Ireland seem to amuse Mr. Balfour and his associates, but the Irish of America may well make the stoutest of them quake.

"It is all nonsense to allege that the Irish influence dies for three or four years after the election of a President. The policy of both U. S. parties is constantly modified and often directed by consideration of the Irish vote. And this will infallibly continue to be so till England shall have followed the lead of her noblest statesman and conceded to her long harried sister the boon and the right of self-government.

"Do we assail Old England in saying this? God forbid. Have Canadians no right to interfere in the politics of the Mother country? No right! Why, we are at this moment in a serious peril, by no fault of our own, because of the Balfouring of Ireland. In this country Irishmen have freedom, and privilege, and influence, and welcome in the highest degree. This Dominion and its Provinces have again and again implored the Imperial Government to concede to Ireland the blessings which have drawn Canada to Great Britain in a true union of hearts. But the Pharos of Downing Street will not let the people go. Wherefore we Canadians, who are better than blameless in the matter, stand liable to enormous losses of money and to worse dangers still.

The *Labour Reformer*, of this city, is leading "Labour" a pretty dance. I am not sufficiently conversant with its *clientele* to be able to say whether its editorials meet their ideas or not. If they don't they (the readers) should expostulate. If they do we shall shortly have as nice a lot of anarchists among us as even the ghost of Parsons could sigh for. Here are some samples of its kind regard for Christianity. "Mouthing of creeds and declaring of dogmas will no longer satisfy hungry millions. . . . The Church must cease to play the mummer's part.

"Out of the light, ye priests, nor fling
Your dark, cold shadows o'er us longer!"

Bir-r-r-rh! It is good for "the Church" (what does the fellow mean by "the Church"?) that the *Labour Reformer* has not yet taken to issuing special editions (in the shape of dynamite bombs) to be gratuitously distributed behind church-doors of a morning. EFFENDI.

Dr. Stewart, a well-known Scotch physician, has been received into the Church. He is a connection by marriage of the Duke of Norfolk.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR CHILDREN?

1st. We ought to teach them the Catechism.

I believe in the Catechism—Butler's Catechism. It is sufficient theology for the uneducated—it is perhaps as much as the learned layman need carry around with him. It is comprehensive, it is concise, it is not too much to bear; it is sufficient protection for ourselves, it is armour and ammunition against the ordinary assailant. Our children should know it before they know the multiplication table; they should be taught it at home, and at school, and at the church on Sunday. An intelligent child can learn it all before he is eight years old, and if it is well drilled into him he will know it during life and know it at the end of eighty years. He will find faith and morals in it; it will be his adviser, his teacher; the standard for his mode of life, the guide for his salvation.

The child ought to learn it well *at home*. When he comes to value its teachings with the intelligence of a man, it will be a pleasure for him to remember that in that respect, if in no other, his father and mother were Christians. It will be a pleasant thing to remember that they were not careless of their first duties to him. It will sanctify his recollection of his parents, perhaps long since gone to their account; it will irradiate the fireside of his youth; it will induce him to do his duty towards his own children. It will soften his recollection of a hard parent, to will add an additional charm to the memory of a loving one. If youth is the season of poetry and happy dreams what can be sweeter in after life than to think that we were started on the way fairly equipped for the hard, unpoetic struggle? What can be more appropriate than to set out the little ones armed with a knowledge of the one thing necessary? If all human knowledge were yours to give would you hesitate to exchange it for the knowledge of things divine, so wonderfully contained in the Catechism? Alas we are all so wrapped up with the present world and its learning and wisdom that we forget how little advantage human knowledge will be in the permanent world that is to come. Human knowledge takes a secondary place with a Christian man—he knows that he cannot safely postpone what may not be learned till death overtake his child; that no one was ever or will ever be damned for not knowing the multiplication table, but that many have doubtless been lost by not acting on what is to be learned in the Catechism, and he understands why the Church puts religious education ahead of secular education. He understands, too, why the Church claims education for herself, so that the knowledge that is necessary may not be postponed—may not be thrown aside altogether. Secular education is well in its place but it is not entitled to the first place; it is the first care of the world—its god, in a way—it serves the purpose of human life after a fashion, but it is of little or no use in that world to which we are all hastening.

If our children cannot be taught the Catechism at home we can see that they learn it at school, and if not at school, then at the Church on Sunday. Everyone is not able to go to a school where catechism is taught, but everyone can go to church. There is no excuse for that for anyone. It is a rare case where a man may not be assured that his child is learning this little book, but it is not at all rare to find that with all these means he takes little heed about it. But he is the person and home is the place; if he acquits himself well in that particular he has done the first thing he ought to do for his child. The child is then in a sense educated—he knows that without which all other education is foundationless—he has that with which he can afford to disregard the loss of all human learning. Like all that the Church regards as essential it is simple, easily acquired, and universally obtainable; in a measure like the blessed water with which the one essential sacrament may be administered. This is the training up of the child in the way he should go—it is the directing of his steps towards that world into which he may drop at any moment. This duty falls on the parents in particular, on the Church in general. What would be said of a church which is to be the guide to another world if it relinquished its right to

direct the education of its children in that direction? There can be no true education that is not founded on religion; the church that would give over its claim to education would be a church without religion—an institution of this world simply.

Now this, our first duty, is not a very difficult one, but it is all-important; and if we neglect it how can the discharge of all other less important duties make up for its loss? Who can guarantee time and inclination to learn religion after the arts and sciences are mastered, or guarantee the freshness and innocence of youth to receive it.

The point I wish to make in this paper is sufficiently obvious, but incidentally I would like to impress what Catholics do not always insist on—and that is the relation of the Church to education. If any man will say that this world is more important than the next there is no use arguing with him; the Church, he will more likely admit, is to pilot him along; but he will contend for the sort of baggage he is to carry. Well, the Church does not put limits to that, except that it assigns certain things of its own choosing, and in effect says if you have these you can take all else that you like. What is regarded as necessary is very little—for the rest, the baggage, intellectual or otherwise, is of our own choosing. Every one will say, give the children a good education—the best that can be got, that will stand to them when all else fails. But in the modern popular sense of education, especially in Ontario, this is no better than a pagan idea. Teach them the Catechism before they go school, and take care in the school, in the college, in the university, that their religious education is at least on a par with their secular learning. Now, what should the secular training be?

A LAYMAN.

THE CROSS IN NEW CRUSADES.

Supporting Cardinal Lavigerie in his crusade, and doing all that in his power lies to save the children of Africa, we see Cardinal Manning, of England. Tender as is the love of his great heart for the oppressed of every clime, it would be strange indeed if he could hear unmoved the terrible story of the poor negro's wrongs. But it would indeed be stranger far if he could be cold and indifferent in the presence of the woes of another race of slaves, the slaves of his native land, the drink-slaves of England. And so it has come to pass that to the uttermost bounds of the earth there has been borne the fame of the Archbishop of Westminster as another Cardinal crusader, the leader of a mighty movement for the liberation of England's myriad slaves of drink, and for the overthrow of their enslavers.

In all the wide world no one, perhaps, knows better than Cardinal Manning the power of the terrible demon of drunkenness, none better than he can attempt to number the slaves of this dread monster, or to tell the misery of their bondage. In the presence of evils great and terrible, and seemingly without remedy, Cardinal Manning could not look idly on. Dismayed by no difficulties, deterred by no obstacles, for many years he has struggled for the liberation of a people. To redeem the slaves of their own weaknesses, the slaves of appetite, the slaves of drink and hell, the great Cardinal leads the van of the battle. Many has he snatched as brands from the burning and enlisted as fellow-soldiers in the combat; with them he has banded thousands of others who have never been the slaves of drink—a noble army battling in a noble cause.

Great is the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster in the mitre that adorns his venerable brow, in the pallium that hangs upon his tireless shoulders, in the crimson robe that marks him prince of the Church; but greater far is he as father of the poor, the friend of the lowly, the liberator of the drink-enslaved, and the scourge of the enslaver. Upon the head of this sainted priest of the Most High the snows of eighty winters have fallen, but his heart has not grown old nor has his courage failed. With a firm grasp he bears the crusader's banner, and in clear, trumpet tones bids the best and most devoted of Eng-

land to rally round him. 'Tis sad to think that ere many years have gone by this glory of the Church and of humanity must pass away. But in the hour when his Lord shall bid him lay down his arms and prepare for rest eternal, around the dying bed of this soldier of the cross there will come as guardian angels, whispering of joy and victory, memories of the thousands whom, by precept and example, by word and work and prayer, he has led out of the bondage of the demon of intemperance into the liberty of the redeemed of Christ. In his dying hour a people's prayers and tears will be for him, a ransomed host will plead for him before the throne of God.

With the broad charity and the burning zeal which the spirit of self-sacrifice ever brings with it, Cardinal Manning and his Leaguers of the Cross, not content with struggling for the redemption of drink's slaves in England only, look with longing eyes and stretch out helping hands to Ireland. There they see thousands of a brave and generous race, whose courage and resolution all the cruel despotism of England could never subdue, yielding themselves body and soul slaves of accursed drink. For, alas! in the land where the sainted Father Mathew lived, laboured, and died, too many of the people of his love have forgotten his sublime teachings. Whilst many are battling amid the applause of a world to strike from the limbs of Ireland the chains forged by England, few, very few, alas! are they—and few the plaudits which they receive—who bear aloft in the Green Isle the cross of the total abstinence crusade, and strive to free their countrymen from shackles heavier far than England's cruellest ingenuity could ever forge—shackles fashioned by men of their own blood and lineage and forged in the furnaces of hell. May God in His mercy look upon this long-suffering people and raise up to them of their own race another redeemer from their greatest curse, another liberator of the drink-slaves, another Father Mathew.

It were wearisome indeed to go in spirit to the many other lands where intemperance rears its "horrid front" and holds its victims in bondage. Yet the story of the "Cross in New Crusades" would be but illy told were we to forget its battlings in our own dear country. "Look out, O angel, sentinel on the watch-tower of the republic, and tell us what thou seest!" "I see," answers the watcher, "a goodly land, fairer than which the sun never shone upon! It is a templed land. Upon many a spire, pointing heavenward, I see the cross, the Master's sign and mine. I see this holy emblem, too, upon many an abode of veiled nun and surpliced priest, upon many a home of innocence and penitence, of piety and learning, of infancy protected and old age sheltered. I see, too, the glory of the cross lighting up the lives of toilers of every walk of life, and making the paths of the lowliest bright and beautiful. I see a people enjoying the blessings of liberty, sanctified by law, with none to molest them or make afraid. But this, alas! is not all; for, lo! there riseth before me another and a dreadful picture. I see a demon in the land; it is the demon of drink. His temples dot the earth, exceeding in number far those of the Living God. The evil one, too, hath his ministers, who keep and serve his temples and drag victims to his altars—and the number of these victims what tongue can tell? I see childhood prematurely withered and grown old in want, misery, and crime. I see bright boys and fair young girls tripping blithely down the road to drunkards' graves. I see wrecked and wretched manhood, once the hope of the nation and the glory of the Church. I see once lovely and loving womanhood bartering virtue and happiness for rum, and dying as only drunkards die. I hear the wails of want, the moans of misery, and the sobbing of despair, mingled with pleas for help and pity. But the slave-masters only mock their victims and cry at them: 'Drink! drink! oftener and deeper drink! Drink and forget your misery! Drink and be happy! Give us the miserable pittance wherewith you and yours might be fed and clothed and housed. Give us your all, it matters not whether it be the fruit of honest toil or the wages of sin and shame. Give us your all, it will gild and adorn our temples, it will feast us and ours sumptuously every day, it will clothe us in the richest and finest,

it will buy for us "the first places at feasts, and the first chairs in the synagogues and salutations in the marketplace," it will make us great among the greatest and rulers among the rulers of the people.'" In answer comes back the bitter, despairing cry: "Lost! lost! lost! Is there none to help us, none to save, shall we perish forever?" The watcher's voice grows husky and his eyes grow dim with tears; his heart fails him and he is silent.

"Look out again, O angel guardian of the land, and tell us is there no hope for these!" "I look afar off," cries the watcher, and joy is in his bearing and hope is in his words. "I look afar off, and see an army advancing, men, women, and the little ones of Christ; and they bear a great white standard luminous with the cross. With songs of prayer and praise they come, and at their head march bishops and priests of God, 'lovers of their brethren and of the people of Israel.' As they draw nigh, the hosts of the drink-demon prepare to give them battle. What will the issue of the struggle be, for the soldiers of the cross are few and their foes are legion? But the crusaders seem not afraid; even the little children march with the bearing of warriors of tried courage and of firm resolve; and as I gaze, the halo of the cross shines around about its champions—presage of victory."

Again speaks the angel and again in sorrow: "The battle rages and victory hangs in the balance. Yet, I see a vast number of men and women, sealed with the sign of Christ and enriched with His powers and graces, looking idly on, indifferent spectators of the combat. They stretch out no strong arm to aid the warriors of the cross, no helping hand to uplift the fallen brethren for whom the crusaders are battling. And oh!—'tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Ascalon'—I hear from the midst of this listless throng the voices of some who mock and jeer at those who bear the cross. Truly, will it not be more tolerable in the day of judgment for the drunkard than for these?"

And the angel guardian of this fair land, turning to the writer and to the readers of these lines, says in tones of mingled sweetness and power: "Will any of you dare to scorn and insult those who carry the cross in this, the greatest crusade that the world has ever looked upon? Will any of you have the heart to stand idle lookers-on at perishing brethren and reach out no hand to save them? Will not each of you enlist under the cross of the total abstinence league, and do valiant battle for your own soul and your brother's, for your country and your God?"

What shall the answer be!

REV. M. F. FOLEY.

CANADIAN CHURCH NEWS.

The railway between Quebec and Ste. Anne de Beaupré is almost ready for traffic, and on Sunday last the first passenger train went over the line. Although not quite completed the passage between Quebec and Saint Anne's and return was made in an hour and a half.

Five Redemptionist Fathers arrived in Canada from Belgium on the 20th October by the steamer "Vancouver" of the Dominion Line. Two of them have gone to reside in the monastery of their Order at St. Anne de Beaupré, and the other three—including the Rev. Father Lamontague, the former parish priest of Notre Dame des Anges—have gone to Montreal.

A new conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society was organized last Sunday at the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Sherbourne St. The following are the officers: President, Mr. Patrick Hughes; First Vice-President, J. O'Gorman; Second Vice-President, Commander Law; Secretary, M. J. Hynes; Treasurer, J. J. Cosgrave. Hospital Committee—James A. Mulligan, J. McDermott.

M. Dumont, the author of "*La France Juive*," which created such a sensation in France just a year ago, has announced another book which will bear title "*La fin du Monde*."

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LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

ST. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 29th Dec., 1886.

GENTLEMEN,—

I have singular pleasure indeed in saying God-speed to your intended journal, THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW. The Church, contradicted on all sides as her Divine Founder was, 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

MR 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. CANNERY
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOV. 24, 1888.

The coarse personal attack on the editor of this journal which appeared in last week's *Irish Canadian*, it would be scarcely becoming to notice. The proprietor of the *Irish Canadian* may be a puissant figure among tap-room politicians, but to enter upon a controversy with him would, in our humble opinion, be altogether demeaning. He can affront no respectable man either by his insinuations or insults; and, for ourselves, what we should wish *not* to deserve were his praises.

By an oversight in the "making up" of our number last week the conclusion of the article on the Ritualists, which materially affected its sense, was omitted. For the Ritualists we said there was this much to be said in their favour, that they taught a belief in the existence of a visible Church and maintained the principle of authority against private judgment; that they have besides led many to a belief in the Real Presence and in the use of the Sacraments, and so prepared them to accept, without difficulty, many Catholic practices. Following this, this paragraph should have been added:—

But if the English Cardinals, and many of our prelates have, for these reasons, had a kind word for the Ritualists, they have not failed to attack their position. The reason is very simple. There can be no such thing as *approximation* to the Church. Doctrine and practice must be founded on principle, and if it is so founded it must bring people into the Communion of the Roman Church. No imitation of the devotion and ceremonies, or teaching, of the Catholic Church can bring them any nearer to her. The most advanced Ritualists are really in the same spiritual position as the "lowest Evangelical" or Dissenter, and it is a duty to say so. Dr. King, whose case is to be judged by the Archbishop of Canterbury, is, we should judge, a man of zeal and of earnest convictions, and who knows but that in his case, as in the case of the distinguished men who have preceded him, such an Inquisition as that before which he has been summoned may be all that is needed to convince him of the fundamental errors on which the Ritualist's position is founded.

"THE MAIL" ON CARDINAL NEWMAN.

It had been said so often as, we had thought, to have almost have passed into a truism, that to intelligently comprehend our age a man must know well, not merely Carlyle, Darwin and Martineau, but must know as well the life and the writings of John Henry Newman, since that, when the history of the nineteenth century came to be written, no influence would be found to have been more potential or more persuasive than his. Certain it is that such is the point which has been especially emphasized in all the literature of the past forty years which at all touches upon the Oxford or Tractarian movement, that counter-Reformation from which dates a distinct epoch in English history. "The world will be better able to estimate a century hence," said Lord Beaconsfield, speaking many years afterwards of Dr. Newman's secession from the Church of England, "the force of the blow under which the Establishment still reels." Mr. Gladstone was of the same opinion. "A great luminary," he said, "drew after him a third part of the stars of heaven." Testimonies to this effect might be multiplied without number.

Mr. Froude has summed up his influence 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 retirement 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 has 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. Of the magnitude of the phenomenon itself no reasonable person can doubt. Two writers have affected powerfully the present generation of Englishmen. Newman is one, Thomas Carlyle is the other. But Carlyle has been at issue with all the tendencies of his age. Like a John the Baptist he has stood alone preaching repentance in a world which is to him a wilderness; Newman has been the voice of the intellectual reaction of Europe, which was alarmed by an era of revolutions and is looking for safety in the forsaken beliefs of the ages which it has been tempted to despise."

That he is the especial representative of a great spiritual and intellectual movement; that he has been a leader of religious thought; that he has played a notable part in what Mr. Lilly does not hesitate to term "perhaps the most important department of the annals of our century"—all this is very well known to our readers. We mention this much—and many readers will wonder at our being at any pains to point out what is pretty much regarded as evident—merely because the *Mail* a few days ago in an article strongly steeped, as are so many of its articles, in the spirit of infidelity, argued that Cardinal Newman, though the foremost and most picturesque figure among the Catholics of England, had not made any abiding mark upon Catholic Europe. The Continental clergy, the *Mail* claimed, "were afraid of the tendency of his intellect to scepticism," for although in a recent answer to critics who had made similar insinuations the Cardinal had said he thanked God that in his own place and in his own measure he could adopt the words of St. Polycarp before his martyrdom, namely: "For four

score years and six I have served my Lord, and he never did me harm, but much good; and can I leave Him now?" nevertheless, in the judgment of the orthodox theologians of the *Mail*, "his writings very frequently convey the impression that he became a Roman Catholic lest he should have been driven by the force of his reason to become a sceptic." Further than this it states that the Cardinal "says in one place that it is a question whether atheism is not as philosophically consistent with the phenomena of the physical world as the doctrine of a creative and governing power; in another he regards the argument from design as inconclusive; in a third he confesses the validity from a purely scientific aspect of things of Hume's argument against miracles, and so on;" and it points to the famous passage in the *Apologia* where he looks out into the world and considers it in its length and breadth, its various history, the many races of men, their starts, their fortunes, etc., and reaches the conclusion that "were it not for the voice speaking so clearly in my conscience and my heart I should be an atheist, or a pantheist, or a polytheist."

In England, the *Mail* thinks, where "a more or less substantial theism or deism has survived," this sort of argumentation may be pursued without risk; but that on the Continent, where men "challenge the existence of God," Cardinal Newman's alternative that a man must be either a Roman Catholic or a sceptic is a dangerous weapon. That is to say, instead of providing the Continental Atheists with an argument for God, he assumes that like himself they hear His voice in their hearts and consciences and proceeds to take His existence for granted, which, from the point of view of the *Mail* and the Atheists, is simply begging the question. For these reasons it concludes that "the reputation of this remarkable man will therefore probably be confined in the main to his native land, and limited there to the small band of Anglo-Catholics who have recognized him as their master. "For his influence upon modern thought has been practically nil."

Now it would be difficult to find compressed within so small a compass a more bewildering mass of misrepresentation than in the paragraphs above quoted. The *Mail* avers (1) that Cardinal Newman has confessed that it is a question whether Atheism is not as philosophically consistent as the doctrine of a Creator and Governor of the universe; (2) that he regards the argument (Paley's, we presume) from design as inconclusive; (3) that he confesses the validity of Hume's arguments against miracles; and (4) that he postulates that reason is at best a poor help-mate, and divorced from faith, a positive enemy of truth. Now let us examine these statements in the light of what Newman has written.

The *Mail* states, first, that the tendency of his intellect has been towards scepticism. The Cardinal has himself traced for us in the *Apologia*, the history of his religious opinions. In it he tells us that he was brought up from a child to take great delight in reading the Bible, but that he formed no religious convictions till he was fifteen, when he fell under the influences of a definite Creed, and received into his intellect "impressions of dogma which through God's mercy have never been effaced or obscured." He was a theologian even in his teens. He rested (*Apologia*, p. 56) in the thought of two, and two only, supreme and luminously self-evident beings—himself and his Creator. No change from this ever took place in him. The Movement which resulted in his conversion to Cath-

olicism, so far from being forced upon him, as the *Mail* unblushingly asserts, as his only alternative against scepticism, was entered upon, he has told us, for the maintenance of the dogmatic principle. "My battle (p. 95) was with liberalism; by liberalism I meant the anti-dogmatic principle and its developments;" and he adds, "The main principle of the Movement is as dear to me now as it ever was. I have changed in many things; in this I have not. From the age of fifteen dogma has been the fundamental principle of my religion; religion as a mere sentiment is to me a dream and a mockery. As well can there be filial love without the fact of a father, as devotion without the fact of a Supreme Being. What I held in 1816, I held in 1833, and I hold in 1864. Please God I shall hold it to the end."

From the time that he became a Catholic he tells us that he has had no further history of his religious opinions to narrate. And he adds in explanation (p. 264) "In saying this I do not mean to say that my mind has been idle, or that I have given up thinking on theological subjects, but that I have had no changes to record, and have had no anxieties of heart whatever. I have never had one doubt. I was not conscious to myself, on my conversion, of firmer faith in the fundamental truths of revelation; I had not more fervour; but it was like coming into port after a rough sea, and my unhappiness on that score remains to this day without interruption." In view of these professions *ex animo*, we submit that the *Mail's* statement that the tendency of the Cardinal's mind is in the direction of scepticism, amounts to a slander.

Second, the *Mail* states that the Cardinal has confessed that it is a question if unbelief be not philosophically as consistent as the idea of a governor of the universe. In making a statement of this sort it should have supported it with some reference. We have searched with some care through His Eminence's writings, and have failed to find any such startling admission. It is utterly opposed to everything that he has written, and it is scarcely possible that any declaration of the sort would be passed over by the Cardinal's biographers and polemical critics. The reader may safely refuse to believe it. The *Mail*, in treating of Catholics, is apt to be afflicted with acute mental obliquity; and in a matter of fact of this sort has no claim to our credence.

Third, the *Mail* avers that His Eminence admits the scientific validity of Hume's argument against miracles; that is, that it is impossible to fancy the order of nature interrupted, and that no human testimony could be of such force as to prove it. Now Cardinal Newman far from admitting this what he really has said is this: "I will accept," that is for purposes of argument, "the general proposition; but I resist its application." (*Grammar of Assent*, p. 298.) "Doubtless," he says, "it is abstractedly more likely that men should lie than that the order of nature should be infringed, but what is abstract reasoning to a question of concrete fact?" "The question is a great complex argument, which, so far, can be put into propositions, but which between, and around, and beyond these, is implicit and secret, and cannot by any ingenuity be imprisoned in a formula or packed into a nutshell." In another passage he is plainer still. Lest he appear in any way to be shrinking from a determinate judgment on the claims of these miracles which Protestants are most shocked at he "distinctly avows" (*Apologia* Appendix, p. 344) his belief in them "putting out of the

question Hume's hypothesis of unknown laws of nature, which is an evasion from the force of any proof." In view of these quotations it must be plain that the *Mail* has been guilty, to a painful degree, of misrepresentation.

The *Mail* is also inaccurate in its fourth statement, that the Cardinal regards the argument from design as inconclusive. The Cardinal declares Paley's argument as "clear, clever and powerful" (*Grammar*, p. 412); all that can be said is that the method of argument he adopts is different. And as in its four other statements so in its fifth; the *Mail* effects another misrepresentation. For so far from holding as a main postulate that reason is at best an infirm helpmate, and so "outlaws" what the *Mail* calls modern science, the Cardinal holds quite otherwise. "I know," he says, (*Apologia*, p. 269) that the unaided reason, when correctly exercised, leads to a belief in God, in the immortality of the soul, and in a future retribution."

Having followed the *Mail* thus, in so far as it has dealt in any definite statement, we need make only one observation in passing. In not providing Continental Atheists and modern scientists "with an argument for God" it accuses Cardinal Newman of begging the question. Apparently the *Mail*, which is the chief engine of unbelief in our midst, has overlooked one remarkable passage in the Cardinal's writings. In the chapter on Revealed Religion in which the evidences of Christianity are noted, he begins with this explanation: "I do not address myself to those who in moral evil and physical see nothing more than the imperfections of a parallel nature; . . . who consider that knowledge is virtue, and vice is ignorance, that sin is a bugbear, not a reality; that the Creator does not punish except in the sense of correcting; that vengeance in him would of necessity be vindictiveness; that all we know of Him, be it much or little, is through the laws of nature; that miracles are impossible; that prayer to Him is a superstition; that the fear of Him is unmanly; that the only intelligent worship of Him is to act well our part in the world and the only sensible repentance to do better in the future; that if we do our duties in this life we may take our chance for the next. These opinions characterize a civilized age, and if I say that I will not argue about Christianity with men who hold them, I do so, not as claiming any right to be impatient or peremptory with any one, but because it is plainly absurd to attempt to prove a second proposition to those who do not admit the first."

These opinions which the Cardinal will not argue about are those as every reader knows, which the *Mail* has been endeavouring to indoctrinate in our community: It matters little to those who love Newman that in its judgment his influence has not been great upon modern thought, by which it means anti Christian thought, infidelity. Nor does it account what it may think as to the extent to which his reputation shall endure in our history; for the intelligent world long ago decided that his words are imperishable, and that his name shall live forever. The most they will confess to is a not unnatural amount of ill-temper that the *Mail* should attempt to besmirch as a sceptic that renowned and venerable man to whom, from very childhood as he has himself told us, "every breath of air, and ray of light and heat, every beautiful prospect, has been, as it were, the skirts of their garments, the waving of the robes of those whose faces see God."

There are two vacancies now in the Royal Society of Canada caused by the deaths of John Charles Dent of this city, and J. M. Jones, of Halifax, N.S. They will be filled at the next annual meeting, which will be held in Ottawa during May, 1889.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN IN SONG.

There is, perhaps, no force more potent than that of example. He who would have others observe certain practices must first observe them himself. It is the old, old story of the father-crab that would have his son walk forward. "As the human countenance smiles on those that smile, so does it sympathize with those that weep," says Horace. And, therefore, it is a difficult matter to be a teacher, especially of morals.

"But good my brother,
Do not as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny road to heaven,
Whilst like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read."

Such is the language which the immortal Shakespeare makes one of his loveliest creations say to one who has just been giving her copious advice. And I regard Chaucer's exquisite lines,

"But Christe's lore, and His Apostles' twelve,
He taught, but first He followed it Himselfe,"

one of the highest encomiums that could be said of any one—it is the gem, even of that magnificent diadem with which he crowns the brow of his saintly Parson.

Now, what we have said, we would apply thus: It is certainly a strange fact, but no less true on that account, that while Protestants are all the time speaking of *Mariolatry*, such is their nomenclature, we find poets professing that creed constantly introducing prayers to this same Blessed Virgin in their works, not for the purpose of holding them up to ridicule, but of beautifying their poems, and of inducing us to hold in higher esteem the lips that utter them. If it be idolatrous to invoke the Mother of God, why make a heroine perpetrate so great a sacrilege and why record her blasphemous words? When Thomas Ingoldsby, in one of his legends, describes our requiem service, he makes it as ridiculous as possible—he is a Protestant—and appeals to Protestant prejudice; but when Walter Scott, in the concluding stanzas of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," describes the same service, and adds:

"And ever in the office close
The hymn of intercession rose;
And far the echoing aisles prolong
The awful burden of the song—
Dies Ira, Dies Illa,
Solvat sæclum in favilla;
While the pealing organ rung
Were it meet with sacred strain
To close my lay so light and vain,
Thus the holy Fathers sung"—

he rises above sectarian feeling and appeals to man's common humanity—he describes our funeral service, even as he would have us describe his, were we called upon to do so.

COLERIDGE.

In the "Ancient Mariner" we find several invocations to the Blessed Mother of God, although we can find no necessity for them; they might just as well have been addressed to the Throne of Mercy.

"And straight the sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother, send us grace!)"

we find in one place. We would here say in passing that, in a very celebrated passage, reference is made to another Catholic devotion—

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony."

In another place we find his glittering eyed hero exclaim in a transport of relief:

"To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven
That slid into my soul!"

Now, if Coleridge regarded the invocation of saints in general, and of the Blessed Virgin in particular, as a vain and unscriptural thing, did he not do a great wrong to picture it in such beautiful colours?

WALTER SCOTT.

The mere mention of this poet's name in this connection recalls his beautiful hymn to Mary, since married to the equally beautiful melody of Schubert. We give them in full:

"Ave Maria! maiden mild!
Listen to a maiden's prayer!
Thou canst hear though from the wild,
Though canst save amidst despair.
Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,
Thou banish'd, outcast, and reviled—
Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;
Mother, hear a suppliant child!
Ave Maria!

"Ave Maria! undefiled!
The flinty couch we now must share
Shall seem with down of eider piled
If thy protection hover there.
The murky cavern's heavy air
Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled;
Then, Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;
Mother, list a suppliant child!
Ave Maria!

"Ave Maria! stainless styled!
Foul demons of the earth and air,
From this their wonted haunt exiled,
Shall flee before thy presence fair.
We bow us to our lot of care,
Beneath thy guidance reconciled;
Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer,
And for a father hear a child!
Ave Maria!

What can be more beautiful! And yet this is idolatry! At least so says our Protestant critic. Have no fear, gentle reader, that we shall undertake to answer him. The burden of the proof lies with him. Let him issue an *expurgated* edition of the "Lady of the Lake," and let us judge by the sale whether his prayer is regarded as a thing of beauty or as a blasphemy.

LORD BYRON.

We think it proper, before concluding this paper, to present another prayer to the Blessed Virgin. We refer to the Ave Maria of the unfortunate Lord Byron. Byron followed Scott like

"Another morn
Risen on midnight."

He was decidedly the most brilliant poet of the century, leaving far in the distance all rivals for fame. But he wrote many things that he should have left unwritten, and left unwritten many things that a man of his talents might easily have written. But of this at another time. The hymn we refer to stands out like a beautiful oasis in a desert of vileness and filth. We quote it below:

"Ave Maria! blessed be the hour!
The time, the clime, the spot where I so oft
Have felt the moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer.
"Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!
Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love!
Ave Maria! may our spirits dare
Look up to thine and to thy Son's above!
Ave Maria! oh, that face so fair!
Those downcast eyes beneath the almighty dove—
What though 'tis but a pictured image strike—
That painting is no idol; 'tis too like."

For ourselves, we know of nothing more exquisite; and we cannot but feel that the author of this tribute to the Mother of God should have led a better life and come to a nobler end. But let us not constitute ourselves as judges of the dead.—E. J. H. in *Baltimore Mirror*.

The Superior General of the Franciscan Order has presented to the Pope a petition for the Canonization of Joan of Arc, the French heroine. In presenting the case, he draws attention to the fact that the Franciscans were the first to encourage Joan in her mission; they always assisted and defended her; and one of them was, during her campaign, her confessor and chaplain.

MEN AND THINGS.

Mr. J. L. Toole's many friends will regret to hear that his daughter and only surviving child has died of typhoid fever in Edinburgh. It was understood that the young lady was affianced to Mr. Justin Huntley McCarthy, M.P.

— Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, of Toronto, who is seeking in California the restoration of his health, is sojourning at the cathedral residence, Los Angeles.

Miss Mary Anderson is again delighting New York audiences. Notwithstanding the fatiguing evening's work and the comparatively late hour at which she is able to retire for rest, she never fails to attend 7 o'clock Mass every morning. She goes in a dress plainer than a shop girl's and can only be distinguished by the rapt earnestness of her devotion. A lily in the dramatic garden of passion flowers.

The inscription to be placed on the tablet over the tomb of the late Dr. O. A. Brownson at Notre Dame, Ind., reads as follows:

HIC JACET.
ORESTES, A. BROWNSON,
QUI, VERUM, FIDEM, HUMILITER AGNOVIT,
INTEGRAM, VIXIT, VITAM,
CALAMO, LINGUAQUE,
ECCLESIAM, AC, PATRIAM,
FORTITER, DEFENDIT,
AC, LICET, MORTI, CORPUS, OBIERIT,
MENTIS, OPERA, SUPERSUNT,
IMMORTALIA,
INGENII, MONUMENTA.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* furnishes the following particulars of the social life of Cardinal Newman. "Cardinal Newman inhabits two rooms, one of which is his study and the other his bedroom. No visitors are allowed to enter his apartments, but the Fathers have free access to their superior at any time. About servants he is very particular. One James Cuswell was his favourite—a regular Handy Andy, faithful, but rough and ready. The Cardinal goes to bed at 10 p.m., gets up at 5 a.m., winter and summer alike. He says his "office" till 7 a. m., breakfasts at 9 a.m., and goes back to his room, where he conducts his correspondence, his devotions, and has his studied dinner at 1.30. For the last two years the Cardinal has never gone out in the afternoon. At 5.30 he obeys the voice of the Vesper bell. After Vespers, which last about fifteen minutes, there is a theological discussion and some conversation, and at 7 the Cardinal retires to his room for the night."

It is pleasant to know that not one single word of the Cardinal's public utterances will be lost to the world. The Fathers of the Oratory have always engaged a shorthand writer to take verbatim notes of the Cardinal's sermons. One of the Birmingham reporters has usually done the work, but has done it under considerable difficulties. The nimble pencil of the reporter has always been one of His Eminence's pet aversions, and if he had known that his words were being taken down he would never have preached. So a little deception had always to be practised, and a special seat was placed for the shorthand writer where a convenient pillar made him secure from the Cardinal's observation. What works the Cardinal will leave behind him no one quite knows, but it is believed that they include a volume in which the autobiographical revelations of the *Apologia* will be largely supplemented. "I have so much to do and there is so little time," he once complained. Every day he has given himself in the solitude of his little study to that work, and has laboured at it until far into the night.—*London (Eng.) Star*.

Sir Charles Russell, ex-Attorney-General, and Mr. Parrell's leading counsel, is an Irishman, and consequently

never dull. He is the leader of the bar *par excellence*, and probably the most brilliant all-round advocate who ever donned a gown. His addresses to a jury in a big case are always well worth hearing; and, as a politician, he is able, comprehensive and hard-hitting. His career has been a long series of signal successes, from the time when he commenced life as an attorney's clerk. His forensic ability is extraordinary. In a libel action he is perfection, and he knows a great deal about a horse. He is so well briefed that he is obliged to run about from court to court daily from half-past ten till four, when the judges rise; and it is curious to note how one case will droop when he goes to attend to another until his return, when the court revives as though by magic. He is a kindly man and a typical Irish gentleman. He does not smoke, but snuffs. He is fond of whist. Sir Charles's eloquence is qualified by his delivery. He has a well known trick of driving a point home to a jury which is imitable by any other advocate. He begins to lead up to it with his right hand in his tail pocket, under his gown. Thence he extracts a snuff-box, transfers it to his left hand, opens it,

takes a pinch between the finger and thumb of his right, and with the box still in his left hand, and the pinch still *in transitu*, he makes his point unerringly, so that it reaches his hearer's minds at the precise moment at which the pinch reaches its destination. Then with an inimitable flourish of a red and yellow bandanna the oratorical effort is complete. But to be properly appreciated it must be seen. The "juniors" Sir Charles Russell has under him before the special commission are two very interesting young men. Mr. Lionel Hart, who is a little over 30, is engaged to be married to a daughter of Mr. George Lewis by his first wife. Mr. Hart is of the Hebrew race. Mr. Arthur Russell, who was recently called, is a son of Sir Charles. He is as strong a politician as his father, as one or two speeches in support of Home Rule at the Hackney "Local Parliament" show.

Mr. Luke Rivington, recently received into the Church, has taken the first steps to qualify himself for entry into the priesthood. He has received minor orders at the hands of the Bishop of Amycla.

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Ottawa, February, 1888



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

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

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

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

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

By order,

A. GOBBEL,

Secretary.

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

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

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1 Real Estate worth	\$5,000 00	\$5,000
1 Real Estate worth	2,000 00	2,000
1 Real Estate worth	1,000 00	1,000 00
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10 " " " "	300 00	3,000 00
20 Furniture Sets	700 00	6,000 00
60 " " " "	100 00	6,000 00
207 Gold Watches	50 00	10,000 00
1000 Silver do	10 00	10,000 00
1000 Toilet Sets	5 00	5,000 00

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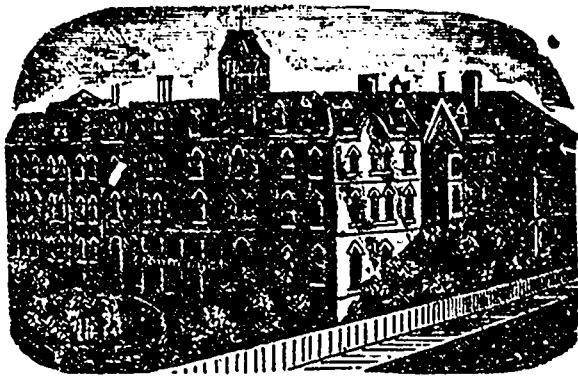


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THE WORKS for the construction of the
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By Order,
A. F. BRADLEY,
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Department of Railways & Canals,
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