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The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Reddite que sunt Caesaris, Caesaris; et que sunt Dei, Deo.—Matt 22: 21.

Vol. II.

Toronto, Saturday, April 21, 1888

No. 10.

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NOTES.

"It is gratifying," says "Laclede" in the *Montreal Gazette*, "to note how the taste for Canadian antiquities, curiosities, and historical information generally has become widespread of late. I see this from my own correspondence, from citations of much that is published in this column, with frequent discussion thereof, and—imitation is the most delicate shape of compliment—from the several newspapers which have established a column in the likeness of ours. All this is very well. We thus come to know our country and to love it, and we come to know one another and respect each other as heirs of a common glorious history."

"Magazines often make strange companions," remark *The Republic*. "In the table of contents of the *Nineteenth Century* for march the name of Henry Edward, Cardinal Manning, appears between those of Swinburne and Leonard Courteney. It is like placing the New Testament between a forbidden novel and a box of cigarettes."

Mr. Wm. O'Brien, M.P., was again arrested on his arrival at Kingstown last Saturday in consequence of the speech he delivered at a League meeting at Loughrea on the 7th inst. Mr. O'Brien's arrest has been followed by that of Mr. Dillon, M.P.

A letter from His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII, was received last week by Cardinal Gibbons, acknowledging the gift of President Cleveland on the occasion of the Pontifical jubilee. The Holy Father expressed the peculiar satisfaction and pleasure experienced on the reception of the President's offering, commissioned the Cardinal to make known the same, and added: "In fulfilling this duty, We desire that you should assure the President of Our admiration for the constitution of the United States, not only because it has enabled industrious and enterprising citizens to attain so high a degree of prosperity, but also because under its protection your Catholic countrymen have enjoyed a liberty which has so confessedly promoted the astonishing growth of their religion in the past, and will, we trust, enable it in the future to be of the highest advantage to the civil order as well. You will be pleased to add that we will pour forth fervent prayers to God for your country's constant advance in glory and prosperity

and for the health and happiness of the President and his worthy household."

In a cordial interview with the President on the 8th inst., His Eminence translated the original letter of the Sovereign Pontiff, whose words are said to have occasioned the greatest surprise and pleasure to the chief executive.

The proposed anniversary for the benefit of the King and Queen of Denmark, on the occasion of their silver wedding, brings a groan from Mr. Labouchere. "Here is another opportunity," he says, "for snobs and simpletons." Of the Battenburg incident he exclaims, "These Battenburgs seem to have been created to embroil courts and nations. If their friends had their way, Europe would be one great cockpit in order to secure to them crowns and royal or imperial rank. The Battenburg craze is evidently a curious form of disease."

Mr. Labouchere, a despatch says, is once more in uncontrolled command of the legions below the gangway. "The fact is undeniable," says one leading Radical, "that our party wants to fight, and must be allowed to fight. The sight of Tories and Liberal Unionists having their own way is more than we can endure. Flesh and blood won't stand it. The party will go to pieces unless allowed to go into action."

The new revolt in the Gladstonian party has thus far, says another correspondent, had the effect of stimulating the venerable leader to greater zeal. Gladstonians in their back seats could stand their inactive position no longer. Messages were brought to Mr. Gladstone conveying gentle hints and mild appeals. To these he paid no heed. Apathy had settled down upon him as it did in 1874, after his great defeat. Once more he turned his thoughts towards theology. Unfortunately most of his followers take no interest in theology. They do not even come to prayers, as Mr. Labouchere admitted the other night, except when they want to secure a seat.

Therefore they tried to drag their leader down from the clouds and to make him understand that Mr. Smith is the man he should be after, instead of confusing his mind with speculations on the fall of man. I believe the Parnellites took little part in this grand remonstrance. In no way do they seek to bring a pressure upon Mr. Gladstone. Their respect for his opinions and anxieties to spare him inconveniences are touching to witness. English Radicals were not so considerate. They felt the time had come to push their leader on. Mr. Gladstone received the message meekly, and instead of resigning, he is once more buckling on his armour. Five more Liberal Unionists have undoubtedly gone back to the "Old Man," and it is believed that six others have managed to scramble to the top of the fence preparatory to dropping down into the true fold. That being so, the Gladstonians do not to day talk quite so much of making up their differences with Lord Hartington's followers. Once more they are hopeful of winning back a sufficient number of wanderers to jeopardize the position of the Government. Let it be plainly understood that a large section of the Radicals and all the Parnellites would adopt almost any course in preference to making any compromise with Mr. Chamberlain. They look upon him as the prime cause of all their misfortunes, and never cease to denounce him as a traitor.

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

HISTORICAL NOTES.

THE URSULINE ORDER IN CANADA.

In a former number we gave a sketch of the House of this Order in Quebec. The following particulars relate to other Houses in Canada :

In 1697 the Ursulines of Quebec founded the Ursulines of Three Rivers, Canada, which soon became a "mother house," and even sent religious to other convents of the Order in America. The Ursulines of Three Rivers are the only known religious of their Order who conduct a hospital. The community in this work carries out a primitive idea of the institute, inasmuch as St. Angela undertook the care of the needy and distressed as a branch of her main work.

These Ursulines are abundantly blessed with subjects fitted for the task of education. Their schools number—boarders, 201; day scholars, 280. The community possesses 73 members. Their hospital contains about 18 beds.

In 1882 the Ursulines of Quebec built a convent 80 x 40 feet, on the borders of Lake St. John, and sent there seven professed nuns. The house is prosperous. Their school consists of—boarders, 40; day scholars, 80.

In 1884 the Ursulines established a convent, 80 x 50 feet, at Stanstead Plains, near the Canadian boundary of Vermont. The Quebec monastery sent nine professed nuns. They have at this date forty-nine boarders and over ninety day scholars. The house gives promise of great success. There is also a convent at Sherbrooke, Canada, where eight professed nuns carry on flourishing schools.

The community at Chatham, Ontario, was transferred thither, in 1860, from Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, where the community had laboured since 1853. These Ursulines conduct flourishing boarding, select day and parochial schools.—*Records of the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia.*

MONSIGNOR CONSITT.

At the time of Monsignor Consitt's death last year, the event was briefly noticed in these columns, and the fact that he was by birth a Canadian, though the scene of his life's work was England, was remarked. In pursuance of our desire to chronicle not only the affairs of the Church within the borders of Canada but the work of her sons in other lands, this short sketch of the life of an eminent priest is now presented to the readers of the REVIEW :

Monsignor Consitt was one of the youngest members of a large family, and was born at Clifton, in Upper Canada in 1819. When only seven years of age he was removed from Canada, to London; and after three or four years he accompanied his father and relatives to Bruges, where he commenced his education. Thence he proceeded to the Benedictine College at Douai, in France; and from Douai he was transferred to Ushaw College, which he entered on April 10th, 1833, and was placed in the same class with two boys who afterwards won distinction as the Right Rev. Robert Cornthwaite, Bishop of Leeds, and the Very Rev. Dr. Francis Wilkinson, President of Ushaw. He soon acquired a reputation in the College for being a good speaker and debater, and later on this talent was recognized by the authorities when, in 1840, he was made Professor of Elocution. This position he held till he was ordained priest in 1842. In the following year he was made Prefect of Discipline, and he retained that office till he went to the mission at Haggerston in 1845. On the formation of a small community of priests at Wooler, in Northumberland, in the year 1855, the Rev. Ed. Consitt and the Rev. James Chadwick were associated together as members. The objects of this community was to supply a want much felt in the diocese, by enabling a few zealous and learned men to devote themselves to study, and to go about from mission to mission preaching and giving spiritual retreats. In the year 1857 the

house at Wooler was burnt down, and its few inmates were dispersed. Father Consitt for some time longer worked the mission at Wooler, but the others had to find fresh fields for their labours. He passed thence to Gateshead, in 1858, and there built the present noble church. From this mission he was recalled to Ushaw in 1862, to take the chair of Moral Theology, which he retained till he succeeded the Very Rev. Provoost Platt, at St. Cuthbert's, Durham, in 1869.

Entering freely into public life in Durham, Canon Consitt took a leading position in the management of many Catholic charities; he was also elected a member of the Durham Board of Guardians, and Chairman, almost from the first, of the Durham School Board. He was the friend and confidant of each successive Bishop under whom he lived. His name was sent to Rome on the death of Bishop Chadwick, along with Dr. Bewick's. On the death of Bishop Bewick, it is a matter of notoriety that his name has been twice submitted to the Holy See as a fit and proper successor to the See of St. Cuthbert. His last literary labour was spent on his *Life of St. Cuthbert*.

Monsignor Consitt was known and respected as one of the foremost of the English Catholic clergy, and his death last year removed one who could ill be spared. He it was who planned the great pilgrimage to Holy Island, which event, however, he did not live to see. R. I. P.

MONTREAL GOSSIP.

The theatrical entertainment, given by the English-speaking boys of St. Mary's College, was, as are all the entertainments of St. Mary's College, a great success. The play, a translation of *Vildac*, was well put on the stage and well acted. Mr. Joseph Walsh, as the old and deeply wronged Count *Vildac*, frequently moved the audience to tears, while Mr. Clarke, of Baltimore, as *Zozo*, was equally powerful in exciting them to laughter. *Brûle-Moustache*, the recruiting sergeant, was well sustained by Mr. James Barry, who drilled his raw recruits with great success. The orphan boys, Arthur and Frank, played by Masters Willie Hingston and Dunstan Gray, were very pretty and pathetic, and no less charming was their little friend Joseph, Master D'Arcy Quinn, a grandson of poor D'Arcy McGee.

The orchestra of the Gesu was in attendance and discoursed sweet music throughout the evening. Financially, the affair was a success also, as the hall was well filled, besides which a large number of extra tickets were purchased by friends of the young amateurs who were unable to be present.

It would be difficult to imagine a more extraordinary sight than that of the Volunteer Brigade who, armed with brand new pick axes, turned out last Monday to assist in cleaning St. James Street. Ex-Cabinet Ministers, existing M.P.'s, society men and business magnates were to be seen working with all the energy of the proverbial "new broom," while afar off stood the "Colossus of Roads," in the person of Alderman Laurent, angrily protesting the illegality of the proceeding. Illegal it may have been, effectual it certainly was, and now a large force of men are working hard, and we venture to hope that our street cars may be running again by the end of next week.

"Jim the Penman" at the Academy, is drawing crowded houses nightly. The play is the more popular on account of the connection which the talented author, the late Sir Charles Young, had with Canada. In these days of successful trickery and overbalancing success, such characters as "Jim's" are not rare, and the play makes one say with renewed fervour, "*No nos inducas in tentationem, sed libera nos a malo.*" Which reminds me of something good I saw recently in a French paper. It seems that a tailor here named Malo had a debtor who persistently evaded payment. Wearied with repeated dunning, the exasperated creditor sued the defaulter, who was found by the emissary of the law on his knees devoutly reciting his *Pater-nosters* and dwelling with emphasis on the "*Libera nos a Malo.*"

We read of religious orders of all sorts—there are even communities of colored women now in the Southern States, who undertake the instruction of young girls of their own dusky race—but it was for Montreal to originate a novitiate for deaf

and dumb nuns. This novitiate is attached to the institution for the training of deaf mutes, under the care of the Sisters of Providence in St. Denis street, and there, on Monday morning, the transferred solemnity of the Feast of the Annunciation, six deaf mutes took the holy habit, or, as they say in England, "were clothed." Monseigneur Fabre presided at the ceremony and spoke very prettily of the young novices, His Grace's address being translated into the language of signs by a sister who stood slightly behind the platform.

The peaceful, contented expression of the newly received "Little Sisters of Our Lady of Seven Doulours," was beautiful to behold. What a priceless blessing is that gift of perfect peace! How is it that so few possess it? Surely God has it in store for us all, and yet we worry and fret and doubt and fear as if the ordering of our lives were in the hands of our enemies, or even in our own!

"Peace I leave with you!" From the days departed
Floats down the blessing, simple and serene,
Which to His followers, few and faithful hearted,
With yearning love, thus spake the Nazarene.
"Peace I leave with you."

The sudden death of the Reverend Father Raynel, S. J., is a very grave reminder to us all that here we have no "abiding place." The Rev. Father passed through the church on his way to visit a sick man at half-past eight on Friday morning. He returned shortly after nine and went up to the Infirmary, where sinking into a chair, he complained of great uneasiness. The Infirmary, alarmed, summoned a priest who, coming, gave him the Holy Viaticum out of the pyxis which he had brought home from the sick call. In less than five minutes his soul was before God.

The remains, clothed in priestly vestments, were brought into the Gesu, where in the evening the members of the Third Order of St. Francis, of which Father Raynel had been the director, met to recite the Office of the Dead.

It was a never-to-be-forgotten scene; the beautiful church dimly lighted with faint gleams of gas and flickering tapers that shone over more than seven hundred ghostly forms in cowl and cincture, kneeling in nave and isle, the while in strange murmuring chaunt they intoned their supplications for him who, only a few short weeks ago, had bestowed on some of them their brown habit, and on others the white cowl of probationship. There, silent and still, he now lay before that altar, the steps of which he had so often ascended to make intercession for the living and the dead, his nerveless hands grasping the crucifix, his *spes unica*, his pale face, framed in its silvery locks, peaceful with the possession of the fulness of knowledge.

There he lay throughout the shadowy hours of the night, and those who loved him kept vigil near him, and in the morning light came the good Archbishop to offer the funeral mass. With the stately prayers of the Church, and the grand music of the choir, with gleaming candles and swinging censurs, they paid the dead Father the last earthly honours, and then he was taken away and laid to rest in a humble grave on a green hillside, in the little cemetery of his order at Sault-au-Récollet. Besides being charged with the Third Order of St. Francis, Father Raynel was also director of the Society of the *Bona Mors*. It is worthy of remark that he, who for so many years had laboured to promote the devotion calculated to obtain the grace of a happy death for his spiritual children should himself, without pain and without fear, be summoned to heaven while the echoes of the invocations of his last Mass were still resounding in the golden courts.

OLD MORTALITY.
BITS OF TRAVEL.

No. 3.—COLOGNE AND THE RHINE.

I mislaid my notes as to what became of the little German tutor. A French woman with great powers of speech and a multitude of hand-boxes insisted on coming into our carriage at Verviers in opposition to our party, and we were vanquished and discomfited lot until she got out again at Louvain. It was to the German as some national disaster—a set-off against Sedan; and he did not recover during the remainder of the journey to Cologne. That every one else enjoyed this was an additional blow to him, so that we had all but relapsed into silence when the towers of the grand Dom appeared in view.

Cologne is a city of not many more inhabitants than Toronto. It dates back to the first century and is perhaps the most Roman of towns outside of Italy. The burgomasters, up to the last century, wore the consular toga, and the town banners were an imitation of the Roman standards. It was here that Trajan received the imperial purple, and here that Silvanus was assassinated. To a Catholic it is of great historic interest. The treasury of the cathedral contains the bones of the Magi—the three Eastern kings, who came to offer their offerings to the infant God. The Church of St. Ursula and the 11,000 virgins, and other churches date upwards of a thousand years back. This city was a See in the fourth century; it was here that the first Christian king of the Franks was crowned. This and much more can be had of the guides and the hand books, but it is not about history that the present article is concerned.

We arrived at about seven on Saturday evening, and on reaching the principal hotel found that it was full. The proprietor, with great courtesy, sent a porter with me to the next best one, which was on the corner of the cathedral square and enjoyed an outside view that compensated for many internal defects. It has occurred to me since that this hotel was constructed on a balancing of external greatness and internal insignificance. If you climbed two flights—a stairs and a ladder—there was the prospect of the grandest gothic church in Christendom by looking out through the roof; and if your room had but one pane, and that as a skylight, did you not thereby inhale the only genuine Eau de Cologne from the 60 different places licensed to sell it in the city below? If I had not come that day from Antwerp and Brussels I would have looked out at the Cathedral all night instead of going to bed; but I adjusted the roof as it looked stormy and unpoetically turned away from the wonderful cathedral. I had the excuse and the satisfaction that I could see it whenever I arranged the skylight for that purpose.

The next day was the feast of the Assumption, and the ceremonies at the Cathedral were very imposing. At the seven o'clock Mass I heard for the first time a male German choir singing what people call a musical mass, and singing it without the organ accompaniment. The organ played a bar or so before each part of the Mass, and after that the choir sang the *Kyrie*, or *Gloria*, right through to the end without any assistance from the majestic instrument in the adjoining gallery. The opening chord resounded through the vast and double-columned aisles, returning and dying away in the immense groins of the arched vault above. It indicated a slow and solemn movement, befitting the grand edifice and suitable to the stately and devotional music that immediately followed it. I should have preferred the Gregorian chant, but as it was, the music was appropriate to its surroundings. There were no jigs from the organ master and no heat-rendering solos from the choir. The organ neither distracted the piety of the worshippers nor helped to cover up the disasters of the chorus. There were no disasters—the whole service was an aid instead of a hindrance to piety as is so often the case elsewhere. If an American or Canadian choir with its Sunday's performance, looking forward to the Monday's papers for its reward, were to practice their idea of Church music in Cologne, the burgomaster would drive them out of the city next morning. However, it is fair to say that in the large American cities, and possibly in Montreal, the organist is permitted to lock himself up on Friday, and practice all the distressing runs and fugues and roudades with no one present except the leader of the choir; so that on Sunday he will stop playing at the end of the *Kyrie* and other parts to let one put up a short prayer without dancing to it. In small places like Toronto and Hamilton, with the reporter in the church, one must expect the organ to play without intermission till the people rush away from it at the end of the service—the galop or *pot pourri* pursuing them out of the gates—while the soprano and tenor compliment each other on the clear robust tones on which each took the high A. Then the names are given to the press, on the principle that if God was not praised the soloists at least must not be forgotten. This is a shameful digression and on a threadbare subject. No people deserve more regard than choirs, because they listen to themselves on practice nights as well as on Sundays.

All this is a long way from Cologne and its grand Dome, its bridges of boats, its perfumery and its historic and legendary interest. After the service was over I waited for part of the

next Mass. It is usual to see a goodly congregation near one altar while the sight-seers are going around other parts of the church. Except in the upper part of the nave there are no seats; there are none in the aisles, but beades in authority traverse the church and preserve the decorum that visitors do not always manifest in strange churches. At the corner of the north transept and the nave, at a height of perhaps forty feet, is a wonderful wood carving of St. Christopher—the giant saint—the Christ bearer, as his name indicates. He is represented with the Child on his back, crossing a stream as in the legend. He seems to start out from the pillar, and you would fancy the next stride would bring him and his holy burden half ways to the adjoining pillar. The Germans are wonderful in wood carving, as, for instance, this statue and the pulpit in the Antwerp Cathedral. In the latter the Expulsion from the Garden of Eden is worked out in wood—not done as on a flat surface—but Adam and Eve and the Angel are there carved out substantively in wood and resting on the floor, supported and adorned by trees and elaborate foliage. There is, perhaps, nothing in the world to equal these two carvings.

While I was turning away from a contemplation of this work of art and trying to photograph mentally the general view of the interior of the church, I was gratified beyond measure to see my old friend, Father Teefy, of Toronto, come along through the wilderness of columns and pillars, and looking quite astonished to find any one that he knew at the seven o'clock Mass at Cologne. For my own part I would have not been surprised if St. Christopher had stepped down and joined us in the muffled conversation we had behind a pillar. As it happened we came on the same train from Louvain, and while he was probably dining with the Archbishop of Cologne the evening before, I was ascending the spiral staircases of Fritz Obermeit to an altitude only equalled by his hotel bill. As I had to leave by the nine o'clock train for Frankfort, we hastily arranged behind one of the pillars (where, indeed, you could hold a small meeting) to meet in a couple of days later.

If it were not for this unfortunate digression about music I might have said something about our rambles through Cologne; how we got lost and had to pay a guide two marks and a cigar to get us back to the hotel; how, under the presidency of the clever little student from Leipsic, we discussed the music on the Rhine from our hotel window, and stood speechless before the lofty spires of the Cathedral.

VIATOR.

ARCHBISHOP RYAN'S RETURN.

A MEETING WITH CARDINALS NEWMAN AND MANNING.

On his recent return from the Eternal city, the Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, was tendered a reception by that representative Catholic body, the Catholic Club of Philadelphia. One extract from his Grace's address, recounting the experiences of his visit, is of especial interest, the account of his meeting with Cardinals Newman and Manning. His Grace said:

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

Before concluding these remarks, I feel that I ought to allude, in passing, to two very remarkable men whom I met during my sojourn in Europe. I saw and visited, for the first time in my life, the great Cardinal Newman. I went to Birmingham from London for this express purpose. Four years ago, when in Rome, I had occasion, in the course of an audience with the Holy Father, to mention the name of Cardinal Newman, and I ventured to say to His Holiness that, great as was his Pontificate, in some respects the greatest thing he had done was to create Dr. Newman a Cardinal; because it showed to the world what many people outside the Church were unwilling to admit, that a great, original, pure, fearless man could occupy the highest position in the Catholic Church. The Holy Father then said to me that he rejoiced that he had created Dr. Newman a Cardinal, and added that he wished he could hope that twenty years more might be added to the life of that great man. The Holy Father is a man who could understand and appreciate a great and fearless character like that of Dr. Newman, a man who is as humble as he is great, and who by many has been misunderstood.

The Cardinal is in his eighty-eighth year, and, though his body is bent down with the weight of years, his mind is clear

and luminous, and retains all the sparkle and solidity of a precious gem. He is a living illustration of the fact that the mind does not grow old like the body. If the body be not diseased the mind will continue to exhibit strength and freshness. It is only when the instrument is out of order that the skilled musician is unable to display his ability.

My visit to Cardinal Newman recalled to my mind an incident illustrative of his humility, told me nearly forty years ago. Soon after his admission into the Congregation of the Oratorian Fathers, a priest, who was particularly anxious to see the great man, visited the Fathers and was invited by them to dine. At dinner he requested a brother priest to point out the great Newman. "Do you see that man who is waiting on the table like a servant, going round and handing the bread to each of the Fathers?" "Yes," was the reply. "That is Dr. Newman." Such is the man whose fame had filled the world. His true Christian humility, united with his greatness, made him attractive before he became a Catholic. His virtues shone more conspicuously after he became a Catholic, and in his old age I found him equally worthy of admiration. He came forward leaning on his staff, and spoke with an air of deep humility and with that caution which follows great experience and profound learning. He was as tender and beautiful in his manner as the most refined woman. He was full of knowledge and of gentleness. The impression which Cardinal Newman made upon me was that he was all that I had expected him to be, and that is saying much.

CARDINAL MANNING.

I had occasion also to spend an evening with Cardinal Manning, whom I had met more than once before. He is in his 80th year, and, physically and intellectually, is as active as he was many years ago. He is remarkably American in his plain tastes and in his sympathy with the masses. Some of the aristocratic Londoners, especially the Tories, have almost given him up as a hopeless case, as one whom they cannot convert. He goes around in a little, plain, one-horse vehicle and attends meetings everywhere. Where anything is to be done for the good of the Church, or of his suffering fellowman of whatever faith, there is the great Cardinal. He is, I am glad to find, a warm, influential friend of Ireland. His influence in Rome in behalf of Ireland is most salutary. Being an Englishman, he is listened to attentively, as he is known to be a lover of his own country as well as of Ireland. It is because he has studied the history and the condition of Ireland that he loves that country. Indeed, the English converts are, generally speaking, among the best friends that the Irish race has. I remember that after celebrating Mass in a little church not far from the Cardinal's house (the Church of St. Edward), I saw in the congregation a rather distinguished looking man who, as I was afterwards informed by the Pastor, was the Marquis of Ripon. This gentleman came to Mass every morning in all kinds of weather, and approached the Sacraments more than once every week. He, at one time, stood at the head of the Free Masons of England, and was Viceroy of India, and enjoys the profound respect of the people. He, too, as you know, is a devoted friend of Ireland.

THE CATHOLIC COLOURED MISSION OF WINDSOR ONTARIO.

We publish below a letter of recommendation from the Prefect of the S. congregation of the Propaganda in favour of the Catholic Coloured Mission, of Windsor, Ont.

Dean Wagner informs us that he has now \$5,000 on hand towards the erection of the building required for the successful prosecution of the mission's work. However, to prevent financial embarrassment, nothing can be done in the way of building until the mission fund has reached \$10,000. He has lately received \$2,000, from Europe and hopes to receive two or three thousand more from the same quarter. All well-wishers of this holy undertaking are requested to make one more grand effort, so as to enable its promoter to begin, at an early date, the proposed mission buildings:

To the Rev. Theodore Wagner, Priest of the Diocese of London.

REV. SIR,—From a letter lately addressed to me by the Bishop of London, I have learned with unfeigned satisfaction that you have opened in your Parish a Catholic School for the education of coloured children. It has also given me

much pleasure to hear of the abundant fruits this same school has already produced during the first six months of its existence, since not less than forty children and a number of adults have received baptism, and have been admitted into the fold of the Catholic church. I have therefore good grounds to hope that the good work of educating the coloured children, so happily begun, will go on daily progressing more and more, and will produce fruit still more abundant. Wherefore, whilst addressing you my congratulations, I would also encourage your pious zeal to persevere in carrying on a work so meritorious.

Meantime, I am sorry to hear that, because of the poverty of the people, and the otherwise limited resources of your Parish, you have not been able yet to build a church and a school house suitable to the requirements of this portion of your population. But I hope that the charity of the faithful, to which you propose to have recourse, will not fail you, and that many, anxious to secure for themselves the heavenly reward promised to the cheerful giver will not hesitate to devote a portion of their earthly goods to procure the salvation of souls.

Meanwhile I pray God that He may have you in His holy keeping. Yours devotedly,

JOHN CARDINAL SIMEONI, Prefect.

† D. ARCHBISHOP OF TYRE, Secretary.

Rome, 14th December, 1887.

THE OLD SEMINARY, MONTREAL.

Yesterday your correspondent waded—for no other word is applicable—down to the seminary to call upon the great Parisian orator, Monseigneur Soule, who is preaching the Lenten sermons in the church of Notre Dame. I wonder if many readers of *The Empire* have much idea of the scene daily enacted in the entrance hall of the old seminary on Notre Dame street, where I waded while my card was being carried to the foreign bishop? Everybody knows the old stone gateway, black with age, through which so many feet have passed on countless errands of joy and sorrow, policy and peace, mercy and supplication, for generations. Over the paved courtyard, from which the melted snow has been drained, through the door, never barred from daylight to dark, and you find yourself in a large hall, one side of which is partitioned off into two little rooms, one for the porter proper, another, an æsthetic apartment, got up with plush and pictures, apparently the sanctum of the secular official, who is a link between the rev. head of the temperance societies and his pledge-taking followers. The opposite side of the hall has two doors opening into corridors and has also a curious glass partition, behind which is a little retreat, walled all in glass, and furnished with an office desk, three wooden chairs and a bench round two sides. The only ornaments of the main wall are a Louis Quatorze clock, which is an object of envy to many a collector, and a life size three-quarter length portrait of Rev. Mr. Olier, the founder of the seminary. On a bench between these two objects of art I took my seat and watched the proceedings, which are every day the same. Round me sat poor people of all descriptions—aged, infirm, crippled, consumptive—women bowed down with a weight of care, men worn out with hard work or weakened to disease, sorry objects many of them. As the beautiful clock chimed a given hour there came from the door leading to the cloister a tall, old priest, with curious heavy-lidded eyes and a very impressive face. This was the *aumonier* or alms distributor of the seminary, the Rev. Mr. Gibaud. Proceeding to the glass partition he opened a *quichei*, or sliding pane, and stood ready to hear the tale of woe of all who should come to him. One after another hobbled up to this audience, each received from the priest a few words of sympathy, advice and encouragement, and also a more substantial alms in the shape of a written and signed order, entitling the recipient to coal, wood, groceries, warm clothing, boots, bread or meat, such as the case might be. The Sulpicians are a community, but not an order; they take no vow of poverty, although they practice that virtue with some austerity, and many of them are individually wealthy, besides being members of a wealthy body. They look upon themselves as stewards to whom is entrusted the administration of God's gifts, and the good which they do with their money is almost immeasurable. Besides the private

charity of each member, the seminary, through its *aumonier* expends no less than \$40,000 annually in alms. This is not counting the support of the parochial schools, in which the seminary pays the board of each teaching brother or sister, nor the annual grant for the maintenance of the poor little orphans in Gay street Grey Nunnery, nor the expenditure in connection with the home for girls out of employment, nor the sums laid out for various other branches and institutions, the mere enumeration of which would well nigh fill a column. Out of the window in the glass wall, by the hand of the good priest, little by little, this large sum is daily doled, not indiscriminately, but after a careful hearing of each case, and sometimes with a word of stern reproof to the would-be impostor or lazy suppliant. I am not quite sure whether the not inconsiderable sum yearly expended in paying the rent of poor families is included in the above estimate.—“*Lorraine*” in *the Empire*.

TO HENRY EDWARD MANNING,

CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.

Suggested by three portraits recently published in *Merry England*

Within the halo of thy golden hair,
Seated on golden sand : with one sea-shell
Pressed to thy childhood's ear, as if to tell
To thee some great sea-secret hidden there.
In manhood, next ; at work beneath the glare
From noon-day sun, and midnight moon that fell
On clouds and stars—thyself a star as well,
Amidst the clouds that filled the troubled air.
Last, with the shadow of a coming crown,
At sunset, settled on thy saint-like brow ;
And ever, day by day, reflecting down
Gold gleams of light on loving hearts below.
Great, Good Archbishop ! from thy Minster See,
Bless us, for God—as we bless God for thee.

—John Croker Barrow, in *Merry England*.

CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

Subscriptions amounting to \$150,000 have been secured in Baltimore and Washington for the new national Catholic University.

The students of Ottawa college will give a public performance of Bulwer Lytton's great play “*Richelieu*,” on Tuesday evening, the 1st of May.

It is said on good authority at Rome that the idea of appointing a papal nuncio in America has been abandoned by the holy see.

The Bishops of England assembled for the usual deliberation or Synod, at Westminster, on Tuesday, the 10th inst., Cardinal Manning presiding.

On Palm Sunday, the Empress of Austria and the young Archduchess, with the ladies and gentlemen of their suite, attended mass at the Jesuit Church, Farm Street, in London.

Miss Dora Grant, a near relative of the late General Grant, was received into the Church last Monday, at the Passionists, in Paris, by the Very Rev. Father Watts-Russell, C. P.

Speaking of the extraordinary physical powers of Cardinal Manning, who is now in his 80th year, the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Easter Monday says : “Cardinal Manning yesterday at the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington, performed another of those astonishing *lours de force* which render it difficult for his flock to believe that he is really an older man than Mr. Gladstone. The Cardinal, attired in full pontificals—cope of cloth of gold and jewelled mitre—held in his left hand his gold crosier or episcopal staff during his long sermon, which lasted exactly fifty-five minutes. He held his congregation also, which was even more remarkable than the holding of his crosier. Since the German Emperor died Cardinal Manning is almost the oldest of the illustrious elders of our time, and yet in sympathy, in intelligence, and in active interest in the affairs of this world he puts to shame the youngest amongst us.”

The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

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Remittances by P.O. Order or draft should be made payable to the Editor.

LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

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

GENTLEMEN,—

I have singular pleasure indeed in saying God-speed to your intendant journal, THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW. The Church, contradicted on all sides as her Divine Founder was, has 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 LYONS, II,
Archbishop of Toronto.

FROM THE LATE BISHOP OF HAMILTON.

HAMILTON, March 17, 1887.

MY DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

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

Believe me, yours faithfully,

JAMES J. CAGNEY,
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1888.

There is something of charity in what Cardinal Newman has said in explanation of the attitude which Protestants assume towards the most Blessed Mother of our Redeemer—an attitude of hate even unto reviling and blasphemy—that “mere Protestants have seldom any real perception of the doctrine of God and man in one Person.” They speak only in a dreamy, shadowy way of our Saviour's divinity: for the most part they are without any definite and dogmatic ideas. Either they will assert that the subject is not to be enquired into, because that it is too subtle or technical, or they will speak of Christ, not simply and consistently as God, but “as a being made up of God and man, partly one and partly the other, or between both, as a man inhabited by a special divine presence.” “Sometimes,” his Eminence adds, “they even go on to deny that He was the Son of God in heaven, saying that He became the Son when He was conceived by the Holy Ghost; and they are shocked, and think it a mark both of reverence and good sense to be shocked, when they hear the man spoken of simply and plainly as God. They cannot bear to have it said, except as a figure or mode of speaking, that God had a human body, or that God suffered; they think that the ‘Atonement’ and ‘Sanctification through the Spirit,’ as they speak, is the sum and substance of the Gospel, and they are shy of any dogmatic expression which goes beyond them.” Such being the ordinary notions which obtain among Protestants concerning the divinity of Christ, what wonder that Protestants, having only these false, or, at best, partial Christian conceptions, fail in instinctive veneration for the Blessed Virgin, His Mother? They have no comprehensive or intelligent no-

tions of devotion. The eye of faith in them is dimmed, not deadened. They are in a state of spiritual atrophy. They cannot recognize those “who have the traces of heaven upon them.”

Opposed to their bald and unchristian ideas is the simple belief of the Catholic Church in a God who, in St. John's words, “became man,” who was born a man, and whose mother was the Blessed Virgin Mary. And this confession that He was conceived by the Holy Ghost, and born of the Virgin Mary, to whom it was announced by the message of an Angel that she was chosen to be the instrument of the Divine Will, is a declaration of our belief in His divinity and manhood. “The confession that Mary is *Deipara*, or the Mother of God,” to again quote Cardinal Newman, “is that safeguard wherewith we seal up and secure the doctrine of the Apostles from all evasion, and that test whereby we detect all the pretences of those bad spirits of Antichrist, which have gone out into the world.” And hence it was, that, as time went on, as he tells us, and the bad spirits and false prophets grew stronger and bolder, that the Church, guided by God, could find no more effectual and sure way of expelling them than that of using this word *Deipara* against them; while, on the other hand, “when they came up again from the darkness and plotted the utter overthrow of Christian faith in the sixteenth century, then they could find no more certain expedient for their hateful purpose than that of reviling and blaspheming the prerogatives of Mary, for they knew full sure that, if they could once get the world to dishonour the Mother, the dishonour of the Son would follow close. The Church and Satan agreed together in this, that Son and Mother went together; and the experience of three centuries has confirmed their testimony; for Catholics who have honoured the Mother still worship the Son, while Protestants, who now have ceased to confess the Son, began then by scoffing at the Mother.”

Bearing this well in mind, therefore, the malice, however painful and degraded it be, which Protestants manifest at the mention of the proposal to erect a monument in honour of the Blessed Virgin, on the summit of Mount Royal park, Montreal, can cause us not the slightest inquiet. The erection of such a statue is denounced as an “indecentcy;” “it would be a standing insult,” says the *Mail*, to the Protestant minority; “it would be peculiarly objectionable,” says another journal, the *Week*, in that it would be “a declaration of that veneration for the Virgin,” which it pronounces as “little short of a gross and superstitious idolatry.” All such expressions will be recognized as the working of a system which is simply unchristian. A Catholic people, inhabiting a Catholic city, which nearly two centuries and a half ago was dedicated to God, and placed under the patronage of His immaculate Mother, conceive the idea of reverently commemorating those holy and historic associations, A handful of heretics denounce and petition against the proposal. It would outrage their feelings, they tell us. They, they are careful to say, have nothing of veneration for that Holy Mother whom Catholics honour as “the defence of many truths, the grace and smiling light of every devotion.” They do not like her. That is the *rationalis* of their religion. Whether such reasons will prevail with Archbishop Fabre and those who have mainly to do with the matter, we have no means of knowing; one point, however, may be worth while observing. The opposition the project has encountered proceeds, apparently, from the extraordinary presumption that this is a

Protestant country. Apart from the relative proportions of Protestants and Catholics to the population, which we believe are about equal, there are other considerations. The imprint of Catholicity is over the face of the country. It is seen in the names given by the early navigators and missionaries to the great rivers, and in the nomenclature of the old provinces. The early progress of the country was parallel with the history of the Jesuit missions. The Church is in Canada to the manor born. She has grown into her place by a tranquil influence and a natural progress. There is in her no principle of decay. "Shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart," writes M. Thibault in *La Revue Canadienne*, "let us march united and strong towards our great destiny. Lift up the standard of St. John the Baptist and St. Patrick. The future is ours." That this fact is making itself felt witness the *Mail*, that *vox clamantis in deserto*.

Dealing with things only as they are, though, the Province of Quebec is grandly, gloriously Catholic. "The root of all greatness, national or individual," writes Mr. W. S. Lilly, ("What Can History Teach Us?") "is a great thought: or a great action, which is merely a great thought actualized. The ideal is the moral life of the world. The highest of all ideas is the Divine, and it is precisely as that idea has life in the minds of peoples that they have been truly great." As a people cherishing the sublime ideas of peace, of purity, of holiness, and of hope so typified in her who was the handmaid of the Most High, the reverent design of our brethren in Montreal will be carried ultimately, if not immediately, let us trust, to accomplishment, and the monument of the Blessed Mother, as some fair tree, be seen, "stretching forth her fruitful branches and her fragment leaves, and overshadowing the territory of the Saints." As the Antiphon speaks of her—"In Sion was I established, and in the holy city I have rested, and in Jerusalem was my power. And I took root in an honourable people, and in the glorious company of the saints was I detained. I was exalted like a cedar in Lebanon, and as a cypress in Mount Sion; I have stretched out my branches as the terebinth, and my branches are of honour and of grace"—so may she stand forth and speak to us of the Eternal, "not like earthly beauty, dangerous to look upon, but like the morning star, which is her emblem, bright and musical, breathing purity, telling of heaven, and infusing peace."

The pastoral of the Archbishop relating to the coming Separate School Trustee election has been criticised by the *Globe* as establishing a claim—the right of the Church to define the limits of her own jurisdiction—"which has never been practically admitted without consequences of enormous injustice to the community, so careless of individual and collective liberty." The *Globe's* knowledge of its subject, we are of opinion, admits of some amplification. If it will read the chapters on "Conscience" and "Divided Allegiance" in Cardinal Newman's famous *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk*, it will come across this careful pronouncement respecting the possibility of a collision of jurisdictions: "The circumferences of State Jurisdiction and of Papal are for the most part quite apart from each other; there are just some few degrees out of the 360 in which they intersect." "If, instead of letting these cases of intersection alone," continues His Eminence, "till they actually occur, I must answer what I should do if I found myself in the position intersected, I answer distinctly that

did the State tell me in a question of worship to do what the Pope told me not to do, I should obey the Pope." An instance in which he should in conscience act with the civil power and not with the Pope, he adds, never can occur, "and since it cannot possibly happen in fact, there is no harm in saying what I should (hypothetically) do if it did happen. I say, then, in certain (impossible) cases I should side, not with the Pope, but with the civil power." We have dealt with this bug-bear of undivided allegiance, at odd times, pretty fully. Next week, perhaps, we shall refer to it again.

We print this week, pursuant to our steady purpose of keeping before the eyes of our readers the Catholic temperance movement, a portion of Bishop Ireland's lecture on "The Saloon," delivered last week in Chicago. Last week we printed a second letter from the Rev. Father Foley on the "Catholic Press and the Liquor Traffic." Our contemporary the *Irish Canadian*, commenting on a communication which appeared in these columns respecting the lack of temperance organization amongst the Catholics of Toronto, observed in a late issue. "It must be confessed that Catholics do not take so deep an interest in this great question as they ought to; but much of the apathy shown by them in the matter is attributed to the fact that temperance does not form a frequent text in the Catholic pulpit. If the Catholic clergy took the question in hand, the Catholics of this city would not long rest under the reproach of not having a single temperance society in their midst. Until the Clergy grapple with the death-dealing whiskey bottle its resultant vice will go on, and many of their flock will repent at leisure of their drunken folly. The enemy is abroad and rampant; and the victims are falling more thickly every day. The laity are prepared to wrestle with him, and only wait the co-operation of their spiritual guides." It would be unfair to say that the clergy, as a whole, are wanting in interest in the great work of temperance reform among Catholics, but it is unfortunate, that we have no Father Foley or Bishop Ireland among them.

A Charity Sermon will be preached in St. Basil's Church on Sunday, 29th inst., by Rev. Father Doherty, S. J., Rector of the Church of Our Lady, Guelph. There will also be grand musical Vespers by St. Basil's choir, under the direction of Rev. P. Challandard, C.S.B. The collection will be in aid of the poor assisted by the St. Vincent de Paul Society and the Ladies Sewing Society.

PROTESTANTISM AND THE POOR.

The Protestant Church cannot handle the poor at all. The Catholic Church is the only religion that is attempting to do it. The poor in the Protestant churches not only lose their morals, but they lose their religion and become "unchurched." This is the record of Protestantism among the poor. The Catholic Church holds the faith of the poor and is working to preserve and strengthen their morals. Eliminate the Catholic ethical system from our American cities to-morrow, and who will not appreciate this consequent moral deprivation? Will Protestantism be able to take its place and prove equally efficient? We have nothing to indicate that it can. But, on the contrary, we have much such unexceptionable testimony as that of Editor Stead, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who has noted the remarkably superior chastity of the Catholic poor of London as compared with the non-Catholic poor living in the same tenements.—*Catholic Citizen, Milwaukee.*

Current Catholic Thought.

THE RESURRECTION.

Why is it that, at Eastertide, we naturally think of Lazarus? Because he recalls the unfathomable riddle of resurrection. To die, to sever body and soul—one buried in the earth, the other flown—where? and then to come to life once more! It takes the breath away. Of all the New Testament miracles this is the one of which no explanation is vouchsafed.

When Lazarus left his charnel cave
And home to Mary's house returned—

was it demanded how the mystery was brought about?
No. All that could be said was:—

Behold a man raised up by Christ!
The rest remaineth unrevealed,
He told it not; or something sealed
The lips of that Evangelist.

And yet we may not be appalled. There is rejoicing in this return from death and the unknown. This world of ours puts on new beauty for the nonce, and how sweet to be back with those we love! Ah!

From every house the neighbours met,
The streets were filled with joyful sound;
A solemn gladness even crowned
The purple brows of Olivet.

And when the Sabbath was passed, Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James and Salome * * * * * came unto the sepulchre at the rising of the sun. And, when they looked, they saw that the stone was rolled away. And they saw a young man sitting on the right side, and he saith unto them, * * * "Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth? He is risen. He is not here." *Surrexit; non est hic.*

And to-morrow, if we attend the service of Easter morning, we shall have our share in the exhilarations of the festival. No matter whose *Credo* we may happen on—Palestrina's, Allegri's, Caccione's, Cherubini's, Fauconnier's, Gounod's, or that of the spurious N. Mass, wrongly ascribed to Mozart, we shall follow the grand recitative, step by step, telling us that He was born, waxed in goodness, preached, brought all blessings, and that He was crucified for us, suffered under Pontius Pilate, died and was buried. Whereat all kneel and bend the head in adoration. Then comes the outburst of the pent up spirit and the cry of victorious reaction.

While the trill of the violins, the sweep of the violas, the bubbling of the flutes, the shriek of the hautboys, the blaze of the trumpets, the boom of the cellos and the thunder of the double basses, one hundred voices, in wave upon wave of unison, and in a *crescendo* that rises to the very throne of heaven, exclaiming, *Resurrexit*—"He is arisen"—while the curtains of the unseen world are thrown aside above the illuminated altar, and the spiritual eye is bathed in the glories of eternal light. "This is the day which the Lord hath made. Let us rejoice and be glad therein."—"Laclede" in *Montreal Gazette*.

UNION WITHOUT UNITY.

There is a gratifying feature about the efforts towards "Christian union" made by our non-Catholic brethren. They go to show that the pleaders for the cause of union are thoroughly alive to the fact of the utter disintegration of Protestantism, and its consequent inability to cope with modern infidelity. The advocates of union manifest that they have still an idea, confused though it be, of the unity which Christ wished to make an essential feature of His Church—one fold and one shepherd; one body, one spirit, one Lord, one faith, one baptism.

How far they are removed from this unity, which is certainly not merely ideal, but practical and actually realized in Christ's Church, the more seriously disposed among them cannot but see with regret. Hence the universal cry for "Christian union." Now, we would not have them think that Catholics would have any objections

to their rallying whatever little moral forces are left them, to stem the tide of infidelity. We know that many enlightened and well-meaning Catholics in England are opposed to the disestablishment of the Anglican church in that country, on the plea that it serves as a break-water, albeit weak, against the flood of modern paganism. But what no Catholic can fail to see, is the impracticability of such union.

For, what can be the basis of such a union? The most earnest advocates of "Christian Union" seem to overlook the fact that there is no other foundation than that laid by Christ on the Apostles and Prophets, Himself being the chief corner-stone—that foundation delineated by the Divine Architect when He said to St. Peter: "Thou art the rock, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Christ Himself has established unity based on the authority of St. Peter and his successors, and it is a vain attempt for man to attempt to remodel the structure which He has reared. All efforts at artificial union being merely human, must necessarily come to grief.

Our Protestant friends may cry "union," but there is none. They may extend to each other the right hand of friendship, and even the kiss of peace but there is no peace. They must content themselves with the union of polite neighbourhood and good fellowship, until they return to the true fold from which their fathers have strayed. Till then they can only agree to differ. But those who are earnest in their search for unity must individually seek it, where alone it is to be found, in the bosom of the One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church. —*Union and Times*, Buffalo.

BISHOP IRELAND ON THE SALOONS.

Alcoholic beverages are insidious and dangerous potions, to be handed by their votaries, on peril of body and soul, with extreme caution. As a matter of fact, the caution often fails, and alcohol damns to horrid misery innumerable victims. The draught must be, indeed, moderate and infrequent that will not cloud the mind, unsteady the limbs and stir up passion. Alcohol, demon-like in cunning and malicious intent, courts admission into the mouth amid smiles and promises. It flatters and caresses to distract the prey from its perfidy, and, meanwhile, it sinks its fangs into palate and stomach to create an irritation which its own fluid alone can temper; it shoots its venom through every nerve, which in ceaseless vibrations will afterwards clamour for a renewal of its fatal touch. The craving for alcohol, begotten of alcohol, ever waxes stronger; the moment comes when it is a wild passion, a fierce madness. It commands and obtains the most fearful sacrifices. In slavery to it woman forgets honour; the father in hellish laughter casts to the vendor of liquor that solitary dime that would stay the starvation of the child; the husband pawns the coat of the dying wife. The power of alcohol is mysterious. The muscular giant cruches in terror before its shrine; youth yields up freshness of mien and hopes of fortune, and mocks for its sake a mother's tears and a bride's love. Old age at its bidding puts on the garment of idiocy, and closes its earthly journey in disgrace and sin. Intelligence will not ward off its arrows: poet, orator and statesman go forward chained to its chariot into Mametine gloom. Piety does not withstand the fury of its breath. The very cedars of Lebanon have been laid low, the royal oaks of the forest have been uncrowned and flung into the deep valley of ignominy and death.

The evils wrought by alcohol are dreadful. There is no other element in the material world equalling it in evil-doing. There are poisons more potent, but they kill quickly, while alcohol gnaws away life slowly, so as meanwhile to pile upon its victim the full weight of sorrow and sin. Observe its accursed work—tearing up by the roots all virtues, bringing into action the latent passions, breathing particular vigour into the viles; and most beastly, closing out heaven's light from the mind, which expires in dense darkness, and heaven's grace from the soul, which loses all semblance of its creator. It reaches out over the body its clammy hand, wresting from it strength and firmness,

planting deeply in the blood channels the seeds of disease and death. O spirit of wine be thy name demon, for demon thou art!

This the first in-statement of alcohol's havoc. The drunkard becomes for it an entrenched camp, from which in concentric circles it hurls ruin upon men and women, who, refusing its domination in their own hearts, are yet, despite themselves, brought under its vengeance. The home is made desolate. How sacred the home! It is God's appointed treasury of pure and sweet love. There happiness bubbles forth from ever-living springs; virtue germinates and blooms in native soil, watered by propitious dews from the skies. The homes of the land are the social units of which the aggregate is the nation. The nation in its wider sphere of action is the reflection of its homes. The poisonous breath of alcohol passes over the home; it is the passage of death. The drunkard's soul exhales hatred and sin; hearts of wife and mother break in anguish; the ceaseless teardrop of sorrow glistens on the eye-lid, and the veil of gloom and despair darkens their faces. Infancy is joyless; the atmosphere of shame and crime leavens the whole nature of sons and daughters, and the putrid miasma thickens the air, which other families and the nation at large must breathe. Alcohol's hellish work goes beyond the drunkard's home. There is physical and moral contagion; other homes are smitten, and alcohol lifts up its sceptre within their enclosure. The drunkenness of an employee endangers an entire industry; that of a trusted guardian of public interests ruins fortunes and destroys precious lives. Poverty is begotten, the sober and industrious are taxed to relieve it. The producers diminish, the drones increase, the course of general prosperity is retarded. Crime stalks forth, suggested and emboldened by drink; and robberies and assaults, and murders and wreckages of holy purity make up the record of its riotings.

Alcohol's evil fruits are not limited to earth. Drunkenness is a heinous sin, which, unrepented of, forbids the doors of Paradise to open. It is a sin-making sin and nearly all the doings of the soul which it has subdued are so many sins. The Christian who loves the Saviour and for His sake loves souls redeemed by Him, stands appalled before the dread ravages of alcohol in the spiritual world.

Citizens of America, know and realize the danger! Evil-bearing alcohol floods your land; its murky and noxious billows are dashing against your homes, and their angry crests rise to the very summits of the pillars upon which are set your free republican institutions.

Intemperance decreasing! How can it decrease? How can it but increase? Is there not an organized conspiracy for the promotion of intemperance? Are not the very agencies, whose function it is to repress it, paralyzed by its power, and even pressed into its own service? I am touching upon our great cause of alarm. Nothing of the kind belonged to the past.

The saloon-keeper is alcohol's soldier; he is America's danger and disgrace. Do not, I pray you, go off into the regions of the abstract, and dream of the possible saloon-keeper—the law-abiding citizen, engaged in licit bartering, honest and honourable in his dealings with his customers. Study him in actual life.

Alcohol, we have said, is a dangerous potion, to be handled with extreme care. From whatever cause, hundreds of thousands have for it an insatiable craving; if access to it is free and easy, they will swallow it to their utter ruin, and that of their families. Should we not expect in a Christian, civilized country, that, what with the dealer's conscience, and the law's protective aegis, conditions would surround the traffic to avert, as far as prudence could, consequences too disastrous! Care is taken in the sale of other dangerous articles of commerce. There is a limit to the supply, and strict rules are prescribed for the salesmen. I will give the facts, known to you as well as to me, in the case of alcohol—the facts as ordinary occurrence shows them. Saloon-keepers are everywhere, wherever the craving for alcohol exists, or wherever it may be created. The merchant finds them next door to his store, the labourer across the street from

his work-shop during the day, near his shanty and tenement-house in the evening.

They track the crowd to places most sacred; with peculiar predilection they erect their stands near the schools, churches and cemeteries. The principle governing their trade? To make money. Little they reck the misery drink causes, if they are thereby enriched. They deal it out to the tottering inebriate; to the youth surely entering on a life of sin and shame; to the working-man whose family are enduring famine; to the woman, whose virtue dies as she lifts the poisoned cup to her lips. The saloon-keepers are aware that their customers will be the next morning in prison cells, that wives and children are invoking curses on the heads of those who rob them of their protectors, but what does it matter to them? The glasses are still filled and the dollars rolled into the till. Late hours at night, all day Sunday, when all is elsewhere rest and silence, they ply their business. There are attractions of all sorts to draw men to the saloon; there is excitement of all sorts to awaken or increase the appetite for drink. There are saloon-keepers' organizations, the leaders in which are the brewers and the distillers, for the purpose of continually widening out the drink-traffic and breaking down what opposition may be made to it.

But are there not laws forbidding in this traffic at least things openly nefarious, and throwing some protection around the victims? There are some laws; the saloon-keeper laughs at them. In America there is a class of men rebellious to all law, glorying in their rebellion, defying the people to curb their power—the saloon-keepers. And this shameless rebellion against law is in order to flood the land more freely with alcohol to make drunkards, ruin families, fill jails and poor-houses. A newspaper, the organ of the liquor dealers, pointedly asked the other day why temperance speakers attacked men who are doing business, just as others in the grocery or the clothing business. The reasons, I reply, are very plain. No other business entails woe and sin, as the liquor trade, and no other business is lawless in its methods, and defiant before the country, as the liquor traffic.

And to secure impunity in their lawlessness and to prevent the enactment of new laws, and a wish on the part of the country to enforce any, the saloon-keepers and their leaders are at work to control the politics of the Republic. The charge needs no proof; but the people need to be awakened to the meaning of the fact.

PROTESTANT METHODS OF CONTROVERSY.

We desire to prefer a charge in this article, and we are anxious to do so in as clear and plain-spoken a manner as possible without sinning against any canon of good taste. We accuse the Protestants of this country of maintaining a disgraceful system of warfare against the Catholic Church. It is time that an earnest protest should be made against a mode of promoting religious opinion which brings discredit on the name of Christianity. Its leading characteristics are falsehood and fraud. "Bear false witness against your neighbour," the reverse of the English Commandment, appears to be its foundation principle, if the term *principle* can be applied in such a connection. In the eyes of the persons who adopt this method of controversy nothing is sacred. Whenever private character can be assailed without the risk of libel or slander these chartered detractors have, without the slightest regard for truth, indulged in vilification. The more helpless and defenceless the victims, the grosser and more shameful have been the imputations made against them. To nuns, who cannot, of course, reply to their accusers, the most shocking crimes are from day to day attributed, and the horrible charges are scattered in printed sheets broadcast throughout the country. They are repeated in sermon and speech, lecture and conversation, until thousands of persons are led to believe implicitly in statements which are the purest fiction. Another unsavoury practice amongst Protestant opponents of the Catholic Church is that of reviling whole nations because they profess the Catholic faith. The bright side of the character of a Buddhist they are quick enough to discern,

and they gaze on it with fond and lingering eyes. But the Catholic Spaniard, or Italian, or Frenchman, or Irishman they nearly always depict as a man of many vices and no virtues. In fact, these venomous bigots are mastered by their hatred of the Catholic Church to such a degree that they do not hesitate to become partners in a conspiracy for branding individuals and nations for infamy.

The Protestants who are primarily responsible for these disreputable tactics do all that is possible to degrade the taste of their co-religionists. They minister to the most depraved appetites, and they are never in want of agents to carry out their designs. Amidst the flotsam and jetsam of society are to be found invariably individuals who are willing to pervert their talents for payment. Thus it is that we almost constantly see posing as public lecturers, under the auspices of Protestant associations, persons who pretend to possess an intimate knowledge of the lives and habits of Catholics, and who are ready to tickle the ears of Protestant audiences with foul misrepresentations. Sometimes it is a woman who, putting aside all feminine delicacy, postures before the public as an "ex-nun." She describes herself as the victim of some terrible plot on the part of her fellow nuns from whose clutches she has succeeded in escaping by a lucky accident or a clever strategy. She pictures the convents as a perpetual scene of sensual gratifications and she absolutely revels in the use of words which should not be so much as named among Christians. At other times it is an "ex-priest" who is brought before credulous Protestant assemblies to make "revelations about Rome." He, too, has a decided leaning towards subjects specially attractive to the purit.

Again, it is an "ex-monk" who gives to Protestant gatherings his testimony of the iniquities of Rome. He tells his sympathetic auditors that he has spent many years in a monastery, and that he was there brayed as in a mortar. He is not particular about the consistency of his stories. For instance, he now paints the monks as excessive and fanatical in their austerities; whilst in a few moments he speaks of them as abandoned voluptuaries. But his contradictory assertions are received as Gospel truth by listeners who never refuse to accept any tale, no matter how absurd or incredible, so long as it tells against Rome. At the present time a fellow of this description named Widdows, who has been lecturing in various parts of the country on "the ways of the Romans," is in custody charged with the repetition of an abominable crime of which, it has been more than once stated, he was formerly guilty in Canada; and another pretended "convert" to Protestantism—George Frederick Willfred Ellis—is awaiting trial for having, by means of forged ordination papers purporting to bear the signature of the Bishop of Salford, secured the position of Anglican rector of Wetheringsett, in Suffolk. On the specific charges brought against both these persons we shall not comment, for they are still *sub judice*, but we may fairly say that Widdows and Ellis are average specimens of the individuals who profess to know from experience how dreadful is the wickedness of Rome. No one can be found who is above suspicion.

To fair controversy we certainly have no objection, and we can make allowances for bitterness and even exaggeration. But we cannot understand how honourable men can lend themselves to a propaganda which panders to the vilest tastes and depends on libel and slander. There are, we freely grant, a large number of respectable and intelligent Protestants who have no sympathy with this form of propaganda. They do not, however, exercise their influence sufficiently. For the honour of their religion, if for no other motive, they should publicly dissociate themselves from the fraternity whose stock-in-trade consists of disgusting "revelations about Rome." It will, we are sure, be readily admitted that Catholics, in seeking to expose the weakness of Protestantism, have not stooped to a method of opposition so dishonest and unseemly, though numerous opportunities of doing so with effect have presented themselves from time to time. They are well aware that God's truth cannot be promoted by the ways of the prince of darkness.—*Liverpool Catholic Times*.

CANADIAN CHURCH NEWS,

Mons. Soule, of Paris, arrived in Ottawa on Friday, and is the guest of Archbishop Duhamel.

Mr. Paul Feval, son of the celebrated French novelist of that name, is on a visit to Canada. He arrived in Ottawa on Saturday night and is a guest at the Colloge of Ottawa.

Montreal will shortly have the presence of two more religious Orders. The Franciscans, it is understood, will found a monastery there.

Under the auspices of his Eminence Cardinal Taschereau a colony of Catholics from France is being established in Canada on reservations designated. The Archbishop of Paris is fervently forwarding the project. Already 500 families are on the way to occupy the locations allotted them, and great numbers will soon follow them.

MR. HENRY LABOUCHERE.

Around Mr. Labouchere, as around all distinguished figures, a great wealth of legend has clustered. Stories are told of him and by him which would make the cream of biography. Those wanderings in Mexico, why they are an Odyssey in little, told with a colour and humour with which we can scarcely credit Ulysses. No doubt the adventurous lord of Ithaca told many good tales in the firelight. But after all he never tasted the wild delights of wandering with a travelling circus in Mexico nor of taking part in a "pronunciamento," nor of riding for his life after breaking a *monte* bank with half a dozen of the most murderous Greasers that ever were raised within sight of the Rio Grande at his heels. In Europe and in America, in the Old World and the New, in Washington and the "pleasant land of Mexico," and by the sweet waters of the Bosphorus, and in many another city in either hemisphere, Henry Labouchere has left a memory behind him for cool, unconquerable audacity, for unflinching brilliancy, for unfathomable cynicism. Yet these qualities have been made too much of at the expense of the real nature. The cynicism is not native; it is put on at the masquerade of life as gentlemen of the last century sported vizards at a Ridotto. But the kind heart, the generous nature, the unflinching advocacy of weak, oppressed, and unpopular causes which have nothing on their side save justice, and above all that quality among the best of all human qualities of being a friend to his friend, these are the distinguishing notes of a varied character even to the outsider. How good a friend he has been to Ireland, Ireland best knows.—*N. Y. Sun*.

WATERING THE BISHOP.

A Catholic Bishop gave one of his priests in a rural district of Australia the servicable gift of a horse. To commemorate the circumstance the young priest named it after the donor, and "Saddle 'the Bishop,'" "Feed 'the Bishop,'" "Water 'the Bishop,'" and so forth became familiar phrases in his household. Some time afterwards the children of the parochial schools were ready for confirmation, and a day was fixed by the diocesan to confer this sacrament of the Catholic Church upon them. The priest, who was the soul of hospitality, invited the principal official persons in the district to meet the prelate after the ceremony. It was a sweltering day in the Australian midsummer, and just as the distinguished company sat down to the table the door opened slowly, and the priest's groom put his head into the room and whispered:

"Might I have a word with your reverence?"

"Oh, not now, Mike, don't you see that I'm engaged with his lordship? Come to me after dinner."

The prelate considerably suggested that Mike should beheard on the spot.

"Well, Mike, his lordship will permit you to tell what you want at once."

"It's a horrid hot day, your reverence; I was thinking whether I oughtn't to throw a bucket of water on 'the Bishop!'"

AMMONIATED BREAD.

Ammoniated baking powders—that is, baking powders in which carbonate of ammonia is used as an ingredient, and which exhale an odor of ammonia when heated—are classed by many eminent physicians and sanitarians as superior to all others. Professor Hassell, of London, who is recognized as highest authority on the subject of food hygiene commends in the strongest terms the use of carbonate of ammonia as a leavening agent, stating its great advantage in its perfect volatility, which permits it to be, by the heat of baking, entirely thrown into leavening gas whereby the bread is raised. The experiment with heat would seem to indicate the superior, not the inferior, value of such baking powder. The little heat which is imparted to it when held over a gas jet, lamp or stove, suffices to resolve the carbonate of ammonia into leavening gas and throw it off. The first heat of baking, therefore, will effectually develop all the gas, thoroughly leaven the loaf and dissipate the gas producing ingredients of a powder of this kind; and this is the highest test of a perfect baking powder. Where other alkalis alone are used they are not infrequently retained, unresolved, through the whole process of baking, and remain an unwholesome ingredient in the finished bread. The carbonate of ammonia cannot be used as a substitute for cream of tartar. —N. Y. Weekly Tribune.

His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, Vicar General Routhier and Father Gondreau, left Ottawa for Quebec on Monday.

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AN ORANGEMAN.

Once in Dublin, when Father Mathew was giving the pledge to a large number of persons, one man upon whose head the good priest had just made the sign of the cross, said: "Father Mathew, here am I, an Orangeman, kneeling to you, and you blessing me." "God bless you, my son, I didn't care if you were a Lemonman," was the reply Father Mathew made as he passed on, amid an audible laugh from the kneeling crowd.

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It is generally admitted that a good Cyclopedias is a desirable possession for every home. As to which Cyclopedias is the best for popular use, the "Doctors disagree." Evidently the matter of choice should depend somewhat upon the use for which it is intended. A customer of ALDEN'S MANIFOLD CYCLOPEDIA writes to the publisher as follows:

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"Certainly," said he, "I use them every day."

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The fifth volume of ALDEN'S MANIFOLD CYCLOPEDIA, which has just been published, more than sustains the good reputation of the previous issues, being, especially, more full in its vocabulary, and the entire workmanship, both literary and mechanical, being of a higher grade. It is certainly not only a wonderfully cheap, but a thoroughly excellent Cyclopedias for almost any conceivable use except that of a "trousers's press." The publisher will

send specimen pages free to any applicant, or specimen volumes may be ordered and returned if not wanted—50 cents for cloth, 65 cents for half Morocco; postage, 10c. Reduced rates are offered to early purchasers; the price for the set of 30 vols., cash being received before May 1, 1888, being only \$8.85 for the cloth; 15 cents a volume extra for half Morocco; postage as above.

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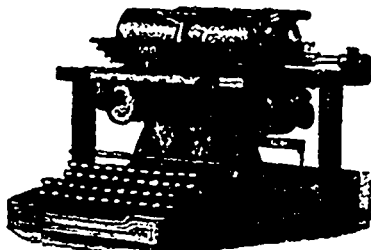
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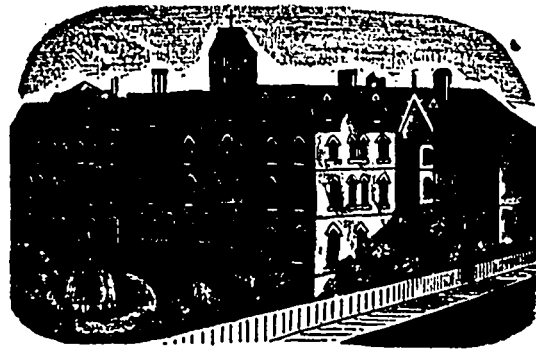
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All letters with stamps enclosed as requested above,
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1st. — \$250	The next 20, \$10 each.
2nd. — 100	The next 40, 5 each.
3rd. — 50	The next 415, 2 each.
4th. — 30	The next 830, 1 each.
5th. — 20	

After 50 thousand letters have been received, the
 senders of the next eleven hundred letters will re-
 ceive gifts as follows:

1st. — \$125	The next 10, \$15 each.
2nd. — 135	The next 15, 10 each.
3rd. — 75	The next 40, 5 each.
4th. — 50	The next 470, 2 each.
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 gifts as follows:

1 and 2..... \$100 each	The next 5, \$20 each
3, 4 and 5..... 75 each	The next 15, 10 each
6, 7 and 8..... 50 each	The next 30, 5 each
9, 10, 11 and 12. 25 each	The next 60, 1 each

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 will receive gifts as follows:

1..... \$100 each	The next 10, \$20 each
2..... 75 each	The next 15, 10 each
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The next 45..... 25 each	The next 470, 1 each

Any person may send any number of times for any
 of above collections.

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 printed list of the names of all persons who are en-
 titled to the gifts.

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 object is to introduce my stock, and build up a trade
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