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# The Catholic Weekly Review.

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CANADA  
*Reddite que sunt Cesaris, Cesaris; et que sunt Dei, Deo.*—Matt 22: 21.

Vol. VI.

Toronto, Saturday, July 9, 1892.

No. 22

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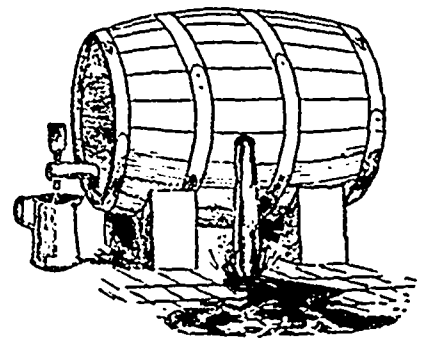
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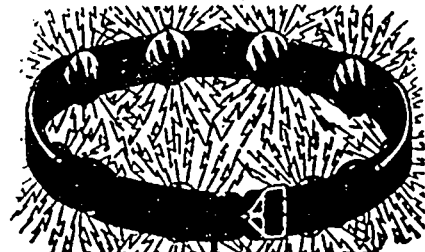
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A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CANADA

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

Vol. VI.

Toronto, Saturday, July 9, 1892

No. 22

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## NOTES.

Hon. Edward Blake arrived at Merville on Monday and was enthusiastically received.

Cyrus W. Field, the pioneer of the Atlantic cable system, is dying at Ardsley, N.Y.

The publishers of Father Lambert's "Notes on Ingersoll" announce a new edition of that famous book. Since 1883 one hundred and seventy thousand copies have been sold.

Said Mr. Gladstone at Glasgow on Saturday: "Whatever might be said of the Catholic clergy there never was a clergy that entered more profoundly into the deepest wrongs which one nation inflicted upon another, or which built its power more upon the recollection of inestimable services." Inestimable services, indeed. They preserved the faith and the faith preserved the nation.

In the present contest in Great Britain the Socialists are nowhere. Several pose as labor men, but pure Socialism has absolutely vanished.

The contest in Great Britain is now at its height, and partial results to hand show considerable Liberal gains. The *Speaker's*

estimate of the Irish electoral results is: Anti-Parnellites 75, Unionists 20, Parnellites 8. The Unionists say they are certain to have 28 and the Parnellites predict the return of 24 of their candidates. Timothy Healy offers 15 to 1 that the Parnellites will get only five seats.

Mr. Harty, M.P.P. of Kingston, presented the Portsmouth Council with a British Ensign as a reward for the electors having given him the largest majority of any of the sub-divisions.

Lord Rosebery's speech approving Lord Salisbury's foreign policy has so angered the Radicals that they are already wire-pulling to place Lord Ripon on the Foreign Office. French papers concur in the opinion that Lord Rosebery has dispelled the illusion that Mr. Gladstone's accession to power would mean the evacuation of Egypt. Those, therefore, who affect to be frightened at the idea of Mr. Gladstone's "vacillating foreign policy" may take heart.

It is more than hinted that if Bismarck do not keep very still the inside reasons for his sudden and effective eclipse will be put outside.

THERE is scarcely an exchange to hand, Protestant or Catholic, which has not an angry, or at least a deprecating, word for Rev. Mr. Baldwin on account of his outrageous attack on conventual institutions. A fellow spirit in far-off India has tried the same dirty business with about equal success. We have account of it elsewhere.

THE Knights of St. John are righteously indignant over the assertion made in a city paper that Kelly, the man with the very bad record who was arrested Monday, belonged to their order. Kelly is not one of the knights, but merely one of those who took advantage of the cheap excursion rates to visit some friends in this city.

PROTESTANT Ulster is a misnomer, and Rebel Ulster exists as such for election purposes only.

THE Emperor of Russia and the Emperor of Prussia have met and parted, and we are given to understand that their conference assures the peace of Europe, because it is in perpetual danger.

THE dead priest, Mollinger, at whom the *Globe* sneered because he did not cure himself, left treasure on earth because his people loved and revered him, but his greater treasure had long before been laid up in heaven, where neither moth nor rust could consume and where no robber, however polished, can break in and steal it from him. The misery is that the robber's polishing should have been done by the church the dead priest served so long and so faithfully.

## TWO CLEVER THINGS.

SIR WM. V. HARCOURT AS A HUMORIST.

In a speech recently Sir William Harcourt, after pronouncing Lord Salisbury the "Malaprop of Politics," went on to say that Lord Salisbury never meant to pat hypothetical rebels in Ulster on the back. Nothing of the kind. It was only a pious opinion (loud laughter). He only assured them that if they happened to rebel they might do so with perfect impunity. Wicked and unjust men have called him a protectionist. Protectionist! Not he. He is only a retaliator—a far more amiable and engaging character (laughter and cheers). You have seen in the comic newspapers a series of illustrations of "Things one would rather not have said." I think that a very admirable collection of that character might be made out of the discourse of the Prime Minister, and I should suggest that its title be, "The Malaprop of Politics" (loud laughter). First of all, a good many years ago, there was a famous Conservative surrender, when Mr. Disraeli was denounced as "an unprincipled adventurer" for giving household suffrage to the boroughs. Then there were the Irish people compared to "Hottentots." Then there were the Queen's subjects in India, who were disparaged as "black men," because a native of Hindostan presented himself as a candidate to an English constituency (cries of Shame). Then there was "the hereditary and irreconcilable foe of England"—the Irish people.

"A HOSTILE ISLAND ON OUR FLANK."

I am not going to occupy much of your time with the Ulster farouchnade (laughter). Everyone knows very well that it is an electioneering manoeuvre and nothing else. It is not meant for Irish consumption. Nobody in Ireland believes in "the last ditch" performance, cheers and laughter). Oh, no, gentlemen, the Orangemen are not going to die in a damp ditch (laughter). When they die—and I hope that time is a long way off—they will die in their own comfortable beds, which they have taken care to feather very nicely.

A great deal of this sort of nonsense was talked at the time when the Parliament of Ireland was most unjustly taken from her; and it means just as much when that Parliament is about to be restored to her (cheers). All these red and blue lights, which are burnt to illuminate the stage performance, all these excursions and alarms, all these troops of Orangemen and alarming characters who go up and down through the trap-door—they are all meant for the purpose of frightening simple and quiet people here, and elderly and respectable ladies in England who might be alarmed by this kind of talk (laughter). I was amused to see in the *Times* this morning a letter addressed to me by Colonel Saunderson, who is the commander-in-chief of the insurrectionary forces (laughter). He invites me to be present at the Belfast Ulster demonstration. I am very sorry that I am not able to go. Colonel Saunderson is a capital fellow and charming company, and I should be very glad to go with him anywhere and to accept his safe conduct next month in Belfast, which is, I have always understood, about the time of the summer solstice, apt to be a very lively place (laughter). But, unfortunately, I have a great deal to do nearer home at present, and I am likely to have more to do, I believe, next month (cheers). Besides, this immediate demonstration in Ulster is only a preliminary review of the rebel forces. Now, I have always found these sham fights and reviews rather dull and inconclusive affairs; and I must postpone my visit to Ulster until the real business begins—when the Orange oriflamme is cast to the breeze, and when the civil war is actually declared. I understand that in these days distinguished members of Parliament accept the situation of newspaper correspondents, very often at a very high remuneration. It occurs to me that under those circumstances I might, perhaps, go as war correspondent to the *Times* newspaper (laughter and cheers) to report upon the civil war in Ulster. I do not know whether it is settled yet what uniform is to be worn by the rebels against the crown (laughter). I do not know to which side I should attach myself to report the transaction, but I cannot help feeling that I might be personally safer if I were on the side of Parliament and the Crown, instead of finding myself in the insurrectionary camp. After all, the last ditch to which we should have ultimately to retire might be rather damp (laughter). Now all this spread eagle Orangeism is, I think, a little out of date (cheers). There were times when the English people were less educated than they are now, and when it was thought that if you allowed a Catholic to vote and to sit in Parliament, within a few months the Pope would celebrate High Mass in Westminster Abbey. As a fact, that has not happened (laughter). We have got a little past that now and a "no popery" cry in England to-day is as much out of fashion as ducking a witch. Now I am coming to a close. I am not going at any length into the Irish question. I have spoken upon it so fully and so often that I cannot repeat my argument everywhere. You know the basis of our policy is to give to Ireland the management of its own local affairs in the manner and on the conditions prescribed by Parliament with security for the integrity of the kingdom and the general interest of the Empire. If I spoke for an hour I could not tell you more than that (laughter). The Duke of Devonshire is really a Home Rule Paganini (laughter); he is always playing the same tune upon one string (renewed laughter).

Sir William V. Harcourt has also written the following pretty skit to the sanguinary Major Saunderson:

MY DEAR SAUNDERSON—Your letter of the 28th reached me simultaneously with its publication in the *Times*.

Nothing could be more agreeable to me than to accept an invitation, whether public or private, which would give me the advantage of your society—a pleasure equally appreciated by your opponents as by your friends. I have never witnessed a good Belfast "faction fight"—which, I believe, is about this time in season—and I am sure that under your proffered safe conduct I should find it at once an entertaining and instructive spectacle for those who, like myself, belong to the party of "Law and Order." I have, however, at present a good many engagements, and am likely to have more next month in this duller corner of the United Kingdom.

I understand that your June parade is rather in the nature of a preliminary review with a regard to future contingencies than an immediate call to arms with a view to instant hostilities. I must confess to you that I find reviews, whether in print or in the field, rather sad amusements. When your hypothetical insurrection is a little more advanced and war is actually declared, I may, perhaps, take advantage of your offer and solicit a place as spectator on your staff.

I do not know if your plan of campaign contemplates a march upon London against the Crown and the Parliament; if so, I might meet you half way at Derby, which was the place where the Liberals of the last century encountered the "loyal and patriotic" Highlanders who disapproved of the "Act of Settlement" and resolved to resist it. They were also a "powerful section" of the Scotch people, who objected to the transfer of their allegiance. I presume that might be the point where the rebel army would effect its junction with the ducal contingent from Chatsworth under the command of the Lord Lieutenant of the country. It must be a satisfaction and an encouragement to you to know that the Prime Minister would regard it as an "outrage" to oppose your progress, which will secure you a bloodless victory over the statute book. In the meantime I fear I must trust to the ordinary channels for information as to the mobilization of the Orange array. But I can assure you that I shall watch your strategy with interest, and try to alarm myself as much as I can manage.

Yours sincerely,

W. V. HARCOURT.

## SUPERSTITIOUS PRAYERS.

SOME years ago we wrote in these columns of certain prayers which are said to have been found in the sepulchre of our Lord, and which make extraordinary promises to all who make use of the formulas. We are reminded of the necessity of speaking of such things by the fact that printed copies of these and similar prayers are being sold quite extensively. Peddlars have been hawking about Italian and English copies which we have seen, and no doubt the prayers are to be found in other languages.

This is a miserable mercenary sham and can only serve to bring ridicule and contempt upon genuine devotion. As if to forestall criticism or contradiction these prayers threaten all sorts of malediction upon any person who shall dare to dispute the genuineness or value of the intended devotions. And yet they are the baldest of forgeries as they are now sold! One of them printed in a tasty manner bears the signature of our late Bishop. The very manner in which the signature is presented shows forgery—"Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmour, Cleveland, O."

Bishop Gilmour never signed his name in such a manner, and besides, any person who knew would say at once that he never gave the least sign of approval, much less his signature, to any such prayer.

Another printed sheet pretends to be a "Letter of Jesus Christ," and to contain revelations made by Him concerning His Passion. Even the language of this sheet is very bungling and suggestive of an awkward, ignorant origin, but when we see it stated in black and white that this sheet was "blessed by His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., at Rome, the 20th of June, 1887," we recognize that those who disseminate such stuff have not even the excuse of innocent ignorance. They are malicious forgers playing upon the credulity and the pockets of the uninstructed.

Here is a quotation from this wretched print: "Those who do not believe that this letter is written by divine work, and dictated by the sacred mouth of God, and who will keep it hidden from other persons, will be cursed by God and condemned on the day of Judgment, etc." The author evidently appreciated the benefit of advertising and wanted it done cheaply.

Apart from the external evidences of rank forgery, the intrinsic character of these pretended devotions ought to render them suspicious at once. They promise too much.

The Church presents to us many authorized and valuable devotions and we ought to be cautious in accepting anything which does not bear the manifest approbation or toleration of ecclesiastical authority. Far from meeting with any malediction on account of such prudence we can only deserve commendation and reward.—*T. P. Mahar, D.D., in Cleveland Universe.*



## THE CLEANSING OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

Happy is that house which the Mother of God deigns to visit!—Engelgrave.

So on one day of happy, waiting peace,  
When Mary knew the joy that was to be,  
And felt within the awful sense that He  
Was come the world from horror to release,  
And make the thralldom of the demons cease,  
She hastened from her home, with lilies three,  
The hopeful, dear Elizabeth to see,  
In raiment blue and white, like sky and fleece,

As through a lamp of crystal falls a light,  
So from her eyes the Wonder of God's will  
Shone through Elizabeth upon her son,  
And he was cleansed, immaculate, all white,  
And him his mother knew, in one swift thrill,  
The sinless prophet of the Sinless One!

—Maurice Francis Egan in *Ave Maria*.

## MR. BLAKE'S MISSION.

There is no doubt that a representative Canadian of Mr. Blake's high character and Parliamentary experience would prove a most valuable aid to the cause of Home Rule at present. As a Canadian he knows the blessing of self government enjoyed by his country, and he can tell Englishmen that its effect has been to make his country more loyal than ever to the home government. Whether that has been a good or a bad thing for Canada is another matter, it unquestionably has been good for England.

The true sentiments of Canada on the Irish question have not been expressed by its paid and titled agent in Great Britain, Sir Charles Tupper. Mr. Blake, a very different type of statesman, refused the cheap honor of knighthood long ago, and he is not to be bought by baser bribes. Should he take a seat in Parliament, it will be as a genuine Liberal, not as a sorehead like Prof. Goldwin Smith, nor a nincompoop like the Marquis of Lorne who writes heavy articles on Dominion affairs on the slightest provocation and the slenderest knowledge of his subject.

Mr. Blake can, if he choose, enlighten the English people on the true "loyalty" of the Loyal Orangemen in Canada as indicating the spirit of their brethren in Ulster. He can tell how they have been the most noisy, turbulent and untrustworthy element of the community, from the time when Dickens execrated their brutality, saying that only one flag, and that the Orange flag, could shield such murderous ruffians, down to the time when they insulted the Prince of Wales, mobbed William O'Brien and fomented strife and bigotry in the Northwest. He can show how the Irish Catholics of Canada are and always have been peaceful, law-abiding, prosperous and contented, filling the highest offices of the State and filling them with honor to their race and profit to their adopted country.—*Boston Pilot*.

## MOZART'S "TWELFTH MASS."

To the Editor of *Arcadia*:

Sir, I noticed a few years ago in "Laclede's Ephemerides" an assertion that the so called Twelfth Mass of Mozart was not by this author. I asked for his authority, but his only reply was that everybody who "knew" knew that it was not by Mozart. Now, can you throw any light on this subject, and give me the name of the true composer? I have spoken about it to several musicians, and they all declare their ignorance on the subject.

June 26, 1892.

AMICUS.

The Mass commonly known as Mozart's Twelfth was published in score by Simrock, at Bonn, in 1821, and by Novello for organ and voices. In July, 1826, Ritter Ign. von Seyfried opened a controversy in the *Carlita* in regard to the work, enumerating various instances of weakness in part writing and tonality, and pronouncing the composition spurious. To this communication the publisher of the Mass replied, through the same journal, that he had received the MS. from Carl Zulehner, who would, doubtless, explain how it had come into his possession, a challenge, however, to which Zulehner made no response. Jahn, the great authority in matters pertaining to Mozart, agrees with von Seyfried, and Koel adds, "This Mass is declared by all connoisseurs to be decidedly spurious." As regards the true authorship, there is a theory that it is the work either of August Eberhardt Muller or of Wenzel Muller, on the testimony of the violinist Jansa, who recognized it as a Mass in which he used to sing as a boy, then known as "Muller's Mass." Perhaps a more plausible conjecture is that Zulehner was himself the author. He was well acquainted with Mozart, worked for Simrock, and, from what is known of him, he would seem to have been quite capable of attempting to palm off his own composition as that of a greater man.

The writer of the article in Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," from which the above is condensed, says further: "It seems as if we had a Mass in C minus the Kyrie, and as if a Kyrie from some other source had been prefixed to complete it. It is interesting to note that the only really strong movement in the Mass, the great fugue "Cum Sancto Spiritu," which is well worthy of Mozart,

is expressly stated by Simrock, in his answer to Seyfried, to have been performed long before the publication of the Mass, in the chapel of the Elector of Cologne, in a Mass of Mozart's: and he gives no such testimony of any other part of this Mass. It may, therefore, be possible to cling to the belief that this single movement is genuine." —[Ed.]

## THE REBEL LORD.

The following escaped us at the time but is good yet . . .

The English papers are indulging in a good deal of fun at the expense of Lord Salisbury. *London Truth* has a humorous account of an imaginary sentence passed upon him for inciting the Ulster men to rebel. The Lord Chief Justice is supposed to address the Premier thus: "I have hesitated long, Salisbury, as to what punishment I should give you, for you have shown marks of considerable education and force of character, and still you have been guilty of what I cannot but regard as a very grave offence indeed. Suppose—a thing by no means impossible, or, indeed, improbable—some of the hot-headed Orangemen, acting on your advice, had rebelled, and had taken the lives of Nationalists, you would have been guilty, morally, of these murders. You would have taken part in them, and really have been a party to them—nay, your conduct would have been worse than theirs, for you have had the meanness to urge others to incur risks from which you yourself shrink. I do not wish to send you to penal servitude, although I could. I think it possible you acted in heat, and without considering the very grave consequence of what you were doing. If you desire to prevent Home Rule, you are going the wrong way about it. You are setting right minded men against you; you are turning away all sympathy from any wrongs which you may honestly think Orangemen have. You were warned by your associate, Sir Henry James, that the advice that you tendered to them was base and disgraceful, but you spurned this advice. For the sake of the law, for the sake of yourself, you must not be encouraged to think that you can do these things with impunity. I must pass a severe sentence. The sentence of the court is, that you be imprisoned and kept to hard labor for eighteen months." It is added that before the prisoner was removed from the dock he was allowed to shake hands with the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Johnstone of Ballykilbeg, Mme. Louise Michel and Mr. Mowbray, who loudly expressed their sympathy with him, but that on their raising shouts of *vive l'anarchie*, the ushers interfered, and, by the direction of the judge, turned them out of court.

## THE ENGLISH ELECTIONS.

That the Conservatives will lose possession of the House of Commons and that a Liberal administration will succeed to Lord Salisbury's, seems as nearly certain as any political event of the future. But a great deal will depend upon the size of the majority, for if the tenure of the new administration were to depend upon the Nationalist contingent its hold upon office would be exceedingly precarious. The Nationalists are so bitterly at war among themselves, that they cannot be counted on to furnish steadfast support to any administration, however, friendly to Irish interests. If Mr. Gladstone were to come back with a slender majority, in which the balance of power was held by the Nationalists, his control of the administration would probably be brief. The response which he made to the eight-hour delegation which waited upon him recently is reported to have been unsatisfactory to the representatives of the labor interests; but there is something morally impressive in the singleness of purpose with which he adheres to the one issue of Home Rule for Ireland and refuses to take up with other questions which might for the moment increase his popularity only to prove elements of weakness afterward. Six years ago his opponents made no secret of their expectation that he would not survive to lead another campaign against them, and with brutal candor they speculated upon the chances of his desecase. But now, at the age of 83, with his natural powers but little abated, and as fiery and vigorous an antagonist as ever, he confronts them with the same demand for fair play for Ireland, and he has the Liberal hosts at his back.—*Boston Journal*.

## FACTS AND FIGURES.

A reliable record of the world's progress, giving invaluable information on hundreds of subjects, historical, religious, mercantile, household and farm. Facts, statistics, hints and hints are dealt with. Everyone should have a copy. Sent on receipt of a three cent stamp, by T. Milburn and Co., Toronto, Ont. Don't delay as the supply is limited.

St. Benoit, County of Two Mountains, Feb. 1st, 1882.

Mr. S. Lachance.—Sir, a thousand thanks for *Dr. Sey's Remedy* which I bought at your Drug Store, it is a medicine which is worth ten-times the price you sell it for. With a single bottle I cured myself of an affection of the stomach which prevented me from working. I have in addition cured three of my children who suffered from bile and indigestion. It is the best purgative I have ever seen.

Widow JOSEPH LEDUC

## LOCAL.

The Ontario Mutual Life is making magnificent progress. It is one of the best of our Canadian Companies, and its staff have, by their skilful and judicious management, well-deserved all the success they have obtained.

## St. Helen's, Brockton.

The annual pic-nic of this church took place at Sunnyside on Dominion Day, and was well attended. A good programme of games for very fair prizes was gone through. Messrs. McCann and Wallace gave an excellent tight-rope exhibition, and Signor Lamara, the contortionist, did everything but turn himself inside out. The Weston Brass Band (an excellent aggregation) played in the best of tune and time. A string band, under the direction of Mr. G. J. Timpon, helped the light footed of the assemblage over the boards with the newest music. The Weston Band proved they could do more than blow by defeating in tug of war a team from the Bolt Works and another from the Sunnyside Boat Club. Fireworks from Professor Hand's establishment followed, then an auction of articles left unsold on the variety table was conducted by Mr. Harry Piper, and afforded an infinity of amusement.

## Knights of St. John Reports of Progress.

The Supreme President read his annual report. It stated that the past year had been the most successful in the history of the organization, successful beyond the most sanguine expectations of a year ago. Confident hope was expressed that the Knights would soon become one of the greater organizations on the continent. He recommended the incorporation laws of New York as the best protection of the order. The success attained had been largely due to organizers onlisting the enthusiastic sympathy of the clergy in the diocese or parish in which attempts were made to organize new commanderies.

The Supreme Secretary, Timothy Nolan, read his annual report. Thirty-four commanderies had been organized during the year with about 1,200 members. The membership now amounted to 9,994, an increase during twelve months of 1,583. The total membership of the widows' and orphans' fund was 1,684.

Supreme Treasurer George J. Mathison presented his annual report. During the year ending on the 15th June, the receipts of the Widows' and Orphans' Fund had been \$9,220 and the disbursements \$9,000. The receipts for the General Fund for the same time had been \$2,382 and the expenditure \$2,056.

Pittsburg was chosen as the next place of meeting, on a vote of 133 against 88 and 7 for Indianapolis and Saginaw City respectively.

## The Conferring of the Doctorate on Rev. Father Flannery.

The conferring of the degree of Doctor of Divinity on Rev. Father Flannery was made the occasion of cordial congratulations by his myriad friends. Addresses were presented on behalf of the priests of London, on behalf of the parish of St. Thomas (so long the field of Father Flannery's zealous labors) by the Sodality, and by the school. The priests address was as follows:

*To the Rev. Wm. Flannery D.D. Pastor of St. Thomas, Ont.:*

REV. AND DEAR FATHER. It is with unfeigned pleasure your conferees, the priests of this diocese, have heard that the services you have rendered the Church, both by pen and tongue, have received a fitting recognition. For years you have been, in the pulpit and through the press, one of the foremost champions of the Church in the Dominion of Canada, and many a time has the enemy quailed under the lash of your powerful arguments, duly seasoned with keenest satire. Your latest achievement and decidedly most effective victory in the field of Christian Apologetics, was, undoubtedly, your irresistible campaign against the traducers and revilers of one of the most honored and honorable religious bodies in the Catholic Church—the great and world-famed Society of Jesus. In this instance you have truly surpassed yourself, and among all the defences uttered in the pulpit or presented through the public press yours has certainly won the palm. We are grateful to the good Fathers of the Society of Jesus for their acknowledgment of your labors in the defence of the rights of the Church in general, as well as of the masterly statement you have made to the English-speaking world on this continent, of the claim of this society to be recognized as the strongest pillar and firmest bulwark of the holy Catholic Church. The title of Doctor of Divinity, bestowed upon you under unusual circumstances by the great Jesuit University of Georgetown, D.C., in recognition of your eminent services, as just enumerated, casts a lustre on the whole clergy of the diocese of London, and we are all happy to think that one of our number has legitimately won for himself the proud distinction. May you wear the honor for many years to come, and may it serve you as an incentive to continue the good and meritorious work of fighting the battles of our dear Lord's mystical spouse, the holy Church of God upon earth!

In behalf of the priests of the diocese of London, Ont., Revs. E. B. Kilroy, D.D., J. T. Wagner, P.P., Dean, D. Cushing, J. P. Molphy, M. J. Brady, Jos. Bayard, P. Corcoran, M. J. Tierman, Philip Brennan and N. Gahan.

The address of his parishioners recalled the many good works inaugurated and carried out by Father Flannery during the past twenty-two years and testified to the universal esteem in which he is held. It was signed on behalf of the congregation of the parish of St. Thomas by J. F. Amyot, D. J. Donahue, C. W. Regan, S. B. Pooock, D. Coughlin, J. S. Graney, Joseph Doyle, John Butler, D. Coughlin and Jno. King.

Dr. Flannery replied to all the addresses collectively as follows.

## DR. FLANNERY'S REPLY TO ALL THE ADDRESSES.

MY LORD, REV. GENTLEMEN AND BELOVED BROTHERS—It is very difficult for me—as I am convinced it would be a subject of much difficulty for any one under the circumstances—to find suitable words that would adequately express my feelings of gratitude to you all on so solemn, and to myself personally, so trying an occasion. To you, my Lord, am I especially indebted for the honors this day conferred, and of which I feel so entirely undeserving. When it was intimated, without my knowledge, to Your Lordship that commendatory letters should be sent to the University by the Ordinary of the diocese, Your Lordship did not hesitate one moment to forward the necessary documents, accompanying them with an urgent request, that the honor of D. D. should be granted. Wherefore I consider Your Lordship, if not the prime mover of all this matter, as the one person to be especially thanked for the pleasure which both priests and people enjoy to-day, and for the dignity conferred on my unworthy self. But Your Lordship has been an old-time attached friend, and through good report or evil report, have always sustained me in every difficulty when appealed to for help or for counsel. I now publicly thank Your Lordship, and pray that God may long spare you to reign over a happy and prosperous diocese.

To my confreres and colleagues in the ministry I am indebted for this flattering address and testimonial, which, although wholly undeserved, are a proof of the kindly feelings and sympathetic relations that exist to-day, as they have for the last quarter of a century subsisted most happily between us. I feel proud to declare it, that no diocese in the world is found where priests are more firmly united. We are of different nationalities; some are natives of the soil, other some from different European nations, but where has it ever been known that any dissension or misunderstanding ever arose amongst us on account of diversity of nationality? It must be a source of much gratification to all the people of this extensive diocese, as it is of consolation to the worthy and venerable Bishop who presides over them, to know that the priests who labor under him are one and all actuated by a true spirit of Apostleship; that they are one in the ministry, as our Blessed Lord prayed that they should be one; and so far they have never, ever for one day, been divided by sectional or clashing interests of any name or kind.

Gentlemen of the committee, I return my warmest thanks for the beautiful address and valuable testimonial with which you have honored me. If I accepted the title of D. D.—and I do accept it with fervent gratitude to the bestowers—it was chiefly because it would reflect honor on the whole parish, and that I knew your feelings of gratification on this occasion would be more intense by far than my own. We were always one in joy and sorrow, in labor and triumph.

What you have said about the work done in the parish is true, but you have left out in your address the praise that is due the great and good Bishop who initiated and urged on every useful undertaking, who is now Archbishop of Toronto, and to the generosity of your own sympathies and contributions in helping me to prosecute the work and pay to the last farthing for all improvements made and all deeds accomplished. I can to-day but thank you for this grand manifestation of your approval of my ministrations, and hope that no cloud may ever rise to, as the poet says, *dim a heaven so purely bright*, or in any manner loosen the bonds that for so many years have kept us together, and made of us but one happy and united family.

To the societies of the Sacred Heart and Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, and to the children, who all rejoice with me to-day, all I can say is that they are my chief sources of happiness and my reward for whatever labors I have wrought amongst you. They are my crown and my joy. The ladies societies are a source of edification and a means of preservation for the whole parish.

To the good and pious Sisters of St. Joseph my fervent thanks are due for maintaining those pious sodalities by counsel and the bright example of every Christian virtue. To them, to Your Lordship, to all my people, I return heartfelt thanks, and pray that by the graciousness of God's heavenly assistance I may always be worthy of the honor conferred upon me, and that I may always be deserving of the esteem, confidence and love of the loyal, faithful and generous congregation entrusted to my pastoral charge.

## St. Joseph's Church.

Father O'Reilly's 15th annual pic-nic and garden party will take place on Saturday, July 16th, in Gooderham's Grounds, Queen Street East, just at the Railway Crossing. The suburban train and the street cars will convey persons wishing to be present right to the grounds. Gates open at 2 p. m. Tickets 25 cents.

## MILLCREEK CHRONICLES.

## IV.

## A LADY OF QUALITY.

Out from the village some distance lived Mrs. Bellingham. The house itself was one that every few years underwent a complete change in colour, for being rough-cast it was easy to paint, and painted it was. The house itself was large, very large indeed when one thought of the weak old lady whose home it was. The lawn in front was most beautifully kept as became the property of a descendant of an old and wealthy New England family. It was a large lawn, planted here and there with many varieties of evergreen, whose regular shapes were made more pleasing by the rich velvety light that moved stately about in patches as the needles of the trees swayed in the breeze. Skirting the lawn was a wide bed of flowers, and always in the summer season passers-by would pause in their walks to remark the beauty of the flowers themselves and think, perhaps, of the possible wealth and comfort of the owner. They did not know, how could they, that their own lives of toil were happier than hers.

While Sammy Winters was still a little fellow Mrs. Bellingham, in one of her drives, had occasion to make use of him. While he walked beside her invalid chair she became interested in his disposition, and when the journey was at an end dismissed him with a coin larger than he had ever before called his own. Soon after she sent for him again, and Sammy, in the most buoyant mood imaginable, went. When he arrived at the door of the big house he knocked. The door was very thick, he thought. Not being admitted, he knocked again. Faring no better, he waited a good while and then walked past the windows to make his presence known to any who were watching for him. But he did not raise his eyes to the window. When he got back he wondered what the two door knobs were for, and, making an excuse for any reproof, he pulled one of them. It was the wrong one. Then he discarded the excuse as being insufficient, and before he could think of a better, pulled the other and nearly lost his balance as the bell pealed out behind the door. His courage had scarcely risen again before Jane, the tall, angular maid-of-all-work, appeared in her little white cap.

"Could he see Mrs. Bellingham? Of course he might, Mrs. Bellingham had been waiting him for the last ten minutes. She would insist upon his being punctual hereafter. Was he quite sure he had used the foot mat before they ventured upon the bread crumb carpet? No, Mrs. Bellingham did not like boys who kept their hands in their pockets, or who whistled in the house, or drummed with their fingers. Ah, she was here now. And this was the boy who was late." And Jane left Sammy alone with the lady, and among the old portraits staring at him from their gilt frames. And Sammy's hands and pockets and fingers and mouth began to feel all out of place, and in his confusion he reached for his hat, which on his head was never straight. But Jane had taken it long ago.

Presently Jane brought in some fruit and Sammy's composure returned with his appetite. Then he began to read to the lonely old woman. Many times afterwards he did the same. His stipend was to be a penny for each time he came. That was beside fruit and cake.

One afternoon when the sun was shining and when there had not been an east wind to stay her in the house, the invalid went for a drive with the horse. Jane went, too. Sammy was left to keep the house. He wandered from one room to another, looking long at the old portraits, creeping on tip toe through the great dark hall, seeing as many sides of the ornaments as he could without touching them. Once he tapped a note on the piano and started quickly, facing the door where he feared some one would surely be. Then he looked at the bookcase which had been left open for him. Some of the smaller books he looked through. But there were three great black volumes of Shakespeare which he only looked at. He had an idea that all wisdom was bound in those three. By such visits as these, Sammy, in the course of time, came to know more of, and be more to, the lonely lady of the great house than any in Millcreek, save only Jane, but Jane was maid there before Sammy was born.

The Bellinghams did not always live in Millcreek. When she and her husband were young their home was down in New England. That was at a time when the descendants of the stern old settlers were taking on the refined manners that have distinguished the people their large cities since.

She had the firm will of her ancestors, nevertheless, and when her determination to marry her cousin was reached, all recognized that the marriage would take place. Not quite, all, though, for most of her relatives, as unyielding as herself, opposed the union, and never believed she would so oppose them until the day when she fearlessly took her place beside him forever. For her part she was not fully conscious of the opposition to her marriage until the month or so that followed. During this period they were made so uncomfortable that without ado they folded their tent and came away to the new life.

Had she been superstitious she would have been cast down at this perhaps, for on the morning of her wedding a strolling minstrel, with his pipe, stopped before the house and played the air to which his little girl sang a song whose melody was sweet and sad, but whose import was depressing. Long afterward she heard it again.

Thus it was they settled in Millcreek, which was very young in those days, so young that their means were ample to make them the first family in the place. For many years they struggled on, improving their circumstances. Two children were born to them, who grew under the watchful care of their mother. As the years passed their fortunes improved, until at last the old house was built, and the grounds were laid out; and Mr. Bellingham was still a young woman.

Then there was a turn in the course. She fell ill, and for months lived among the shadows that lit about the valley between time and eternity. When the spell passed she was a weakling forever. Then business became dull, and the fortunes of the house that had prospered so long began to decline. After a few years more Mr. Bellingham went away, seeking in other places to repair the losses he had suffered. His wife was too ill to go with him, so remained to care for the big house and the lawn and its flowers and trees. That was when Jane came.

To complete the force of the stroke, the second of her sons died. After that prosperity came again. The new business her husband had engaged in proved successful, and the old house and the worldly comforts of its mistress were made secure. Thenceforth all the ardor of her own nature, and all the careful watchfulness of Jane's were lavished upon her remaining son, Ralph. Every day and every hour of the day her care was for him, until, as time wore on, she knew little and cared nothing for things not pertaining to his welfare. He grew up delicate, refined, solicitous for his mother's happiness, but, as was natural with one who had never been allowed to match himself with other boys, and whose slightest wish was Jane's duty and his mother's object in life, he was also abnormally sensitive and imperious.

It was when he had grown up and gone away that Mrs. Bellingham, feeling the barrenness of her life, began to lean upon Sammy. He read to her, drove with her, listened to her admonitions, and with plenty of cake and fruit in prospect and surrounded by the novelties of a wealthy home, was content to sit long while she poured out reminiscences and day dreams concerning Ralph. Sammy grew to be quite in awe of the absent darling. So perfect did he consider him, indeed, that it never occurred to him to aim at like perfection in himself. The mother's dreams had lifted Ralph so far above the things of earth that Sammy could not associate him with anything he himself had ever known or was likely to.

One day Ralph came home to be married. He brought with him a happy, winsome girl, who looked glorious enough in her wedding finery to satisfy one of the critics at least. Sammy Winters was the one. It would be idle to attempt explanation of Mrs. Bellingham's contradictory emotions. On the morning of the wedding a woman, well advanced in years, was singing through the streets to the music of a violin in the hands of her son, music-born, like all Italians. Hearing of the wedding, she went to the Bellingham homestead in high hopeful search of profit. This was her song:

A violet under a thorn brake grew;  
Violets blue and white thorn blossoms,  
The tree rose stern on a hillside bleak,  
And the violet, wee, and timid, and meek,  
Crept under its boughs, a home to seek;  
Violets blue and white thorn blossoms.

On a morn in June the buds peeped out,  
Violets blue and white thorn blossoms,  
The tough, thorn boughs, all upward pressed,  
But a twig down bent to the sweet green nest  
Drove a lance through the violet's modest breast;  
Violets blue and white thorn blossoms.

Jane gave the singer a coin. Mrs. Bellingham sat at the window, silent. It was the same song, perhaps the same singer, of her own wedding day. That was the only jar in the day's festivities. None knew of it but the mistress of the big brown house; even with her it was merely a memory. She would not have thought if any one had pointed it out, that her life had been other than bright. That was because she was morally exact, and, in spite of her physical infirmity, always hopeful. For the same reason, neither would she have borrowed sorrow for her son.

But if she could have known that in a year or two the new wife would have dragged her son hopelessly into debt, that her son would have been urged on by his proud, sensitive nature into deeds of weakness and crime, what would she have thought of her life and of his? What matters the asking? When at last her strength failed completely, she refused to pain him by sending the information until two days before the end of her life. The next day they told her he was coming. That night he was arrested, desperate, forsaken. That night she closed her eyes to sleep and wait. She never awoke. In joy and travail her life had run. And its end was like unto the whole.

CYRIL.

## DUNNVILLE DOINGS.

GENTLEMEN,—I had a headache for a long time, and seeing Burdock Blood Purifiers advertised, I got a bottle, and it not only relieved me at the time, but I have not been bothered since with headache and I think I have seen the last of it.

MINNIE HICKS, Dunnville, Ont.



## The Catholic Weekly Review.

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

Commended by

The Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto.

The Most Rev. C. O'Brien, Archbishop of Halifax.

Rt. Rev. T. J. Doering Bishop of Hamilton.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, Toronto

The Late Archbishop Lynch.

The Late Rt. Rev. Bishop Carberry, of Hamilton.

The Late Rev. Father Dord of "St. Patrick's" Montreal.

And by the leading clergy of the Dominion.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1892.

### ARCHDIOCESE OF KINGSTON.

The Archbishop of Kingston has notified his clergy that he will dedicate the Church of St. Brendan, in Rockport, directly opposite Alexandria Bay, on Thursday, 14th inst., and the Church of St. Bridget, in Burgess, Lanark Co., on Sunday, 17th inst. He will hold Theological Conferences with all his clergy in Kingston on Wednesday, 20th, and Thursday, 21st. On the evening of Wednesday, he will proceed to Portsmouth, accompanied by the clergy, to lay the corner-stone of the Church of the Good Thief, close by the penitentiary. This will be a \$20,000 stone church, the entire front, side tower and window frames of which will be of finely chiselled stone. The St. Brendan, who will be titular of the Rockport church, is the famous Irish Abbot who is credited with having discovered this Western continent (after a long and perilous trans-Atlantic voyage) in the 6th century.

### TOLERABLE.

That is what we Catholics are, especially when a fine body of men from across the line are viewing the proceedings; we are just barely tolerable. And the Orangemen who tolerated that magnificent Catholic display of two weeks ago are *so much* to be commended for their admirable toleration of us. We join heartily in both admiration and praise of the Orange leaders who had first the wit, and secondly the strength, to hold their party down. But the reason of it leaks out at every pore. As the *News* says:

"Had there been even the appearance of a riot on the occasion of the recent visit of the Knights of St. John the reputation established by Toronto as the convention city would have been ruined."

And again:

"The fame of Toronto has been spread to every city in the Union and, in consequence of all this, our material interests cannot fail to be greatly advanced."

And the *Telegram* says:

"The citizens do not realize the extent of the obligation they are under to Ald. Bell. . . . Not a few would have liked nothing better than a row while the convention was in progress. . . . But Ald. Bell is a man of sense, and he desires to see the good name of Toronto maintained. Therefore he used his great influence to restrain the hot heads in the Orange Order."

There you have it in plain letters. Not that they hated Rome less but that they loved Toronto more. Still that is a great deal. As the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, so may we hope that the sense of shame they showed in presence of outsiders for their ordinary treatment of us, may prove a beginning of better conduct.

### COLUMBUS' MEMORY DEFENDED.

The old calumny asserting the illegitimacy of Columbus' son, Ferdinand, had again started on its rounds but was promptly

killed by severe investigation of its antecedents. It is now labeled and filed properly among the lies and errors of history. The genealogy of the lie is somewhat complicated but is interesting:

- "Humboldt took it from Washington Irving.
- "Washington Irving took it from Navarette.
- "Navarette took it from Spotorno.
- "Spotorno took it from Cancellieri.
- "Cancellieri took it from Napione.
- "Napione took it from the procurator Freytas.
- "Freytas took it from the bibliographer Nicolao.
- "Nicolao took it from his dull brain."

### HAVE IT CALL AT TORONTO.

The *fac-simile* of Columbus' *caravelle* (the Santa Maria), which Spain is sending to the Chicago Exhibition, will come by way of the St. Lawrence. The authorities should endeavor to have the queer little craft call in here. Thousands who will never have a chance of seeing her in Chicago would be able to form some idea of the magnificent heroism of the man who braved an unknown world of water in such a cockleshell. We have a brief description of the boat elsewhere.

### A CASE IN POINT.

We reproduce elsewhere an article by Rev. T. F. Mahar, D. D., on unlicensed prayers. We have no word weighty enough to describe the religious fakirs who make a business of imposing on the innocent faith of our people such horrid travesties on religion as are referred to by Dr. Mahar. They are to be found in all directions with their prayers and their promises, in print and in manuscript. Our people should know that every fly-sheet or pamphlet of the kind which does not bear the *Imprimatur* of the Ordinary of the place of publication has no authority, and the distribution of such is formally forbidden. No one should allow motives of charity to move him to receive any of those superstitious prayers from begging devotees. If they want to beg let them beg without using Catholic piety as a disguise.

The case in point is that we have noticed in several of the churches of the city a framed form of prayer "dictated by our Blessed Lord Himself to Sister Mary of St. Peter in 1843." It bears no mark of episcopal approval, and on that ground at least (neglecting all its intrinsic faults) the publication is of worse than no value.

### IS DR. DOUGLAS A PERVERT?

The *Daily Sun*, (St. John, N.B.) the editor of which is himself a Methodist and a prominent one, says editorially: "The position of Dr. Douglas as a minister of the Gospel does not absolve him from criticism when he makes a deliverance on public men and public affairs. Probably he does not ask or expect such immunity. If he does he will not get it. He can, if he chooses, call Sir John Thompson to account for leaving the Methodist body. OTHERS MAY CALL DR. DOUGLAS TO ACCOUNT FOR HIS OWN CHANGE OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF." That the Doctor should have stepped from one to another of the Protestant denominations would not seriously affect his reputation with either of the parties concerned. So slight are on one side the ties that bind, so flimsy on the other the tests that exclude, that he might have made the change even more than once without exciting much comment. It is only when a man becomes a Catholic that you have something tangible. We imagine, therefore, that neither the Doctor nor the Doctor's friends will be perturbed by the assertion that, in all but degree, he was guilty of the crime he denounced so vehemently.

THIS WILL SETTLE IT.

The *Times* says Lord Tennyson has written the following to a correspondent under date of June 28: "Sir, I love Mr. Gladstone, but hate his Irish policy." This gives the Orange cause another champion to match Tyndall. Both he and the poet-laureate are very much out of their element in an election fight. A charitable suggestion is that Tennyson comes into it in order to discover if any terms are used on such occasions which he cannot match with that little rhyming dictionary of his; and Tyndall to evaluate, if possible, the increase in tension of the circumambient ether caused by the bad language used.

THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The strength of parties in Great Britain and Ireland as shown by the representatives in the House just dissolved is shown in the following table:—

	C.	L.U.	L.	N.	Total
London .....	44	2	13		59
English boroughs .....	95	15	56	1	167
English counties .....	130	29	75		234
English universities .....	4	1			5
Wales - Boroughs .....	2	1	8		11
Wales - Counties .....	1	1	17		19
Scotland - Boroughs .....	1	6	24		31
Scotland - Counties .....	8	9	22		39
Scotland - Universities ..	2				2
Ireland .....	14	2		86	101
Ireland - University .....	2				2
	303	65	215	86	670
	369		301		
Ministerial majority .....					68

Though there are 670 members there are only 643 constituencies, as a number of constituencies, boroughs and universities return two members each. The allocation of members is shown in the appended table:—

	Constituencies.	Members.
London .....	58	59
English boroughs .....	147	167
English counties .....	234	234
English universities .....	3	5
Welsh boroughs .....	10	11
Welsh counties .....	19	19
Scotch boroughs .....	30	31
Scotch counties .....	39	39
Scotch universities .....	2	2
Irish boroughs .....	15	16
Irish counties .....	85	85
Irish university .....	1	2
	643	670

THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN.

The *Catholic Knight* of Cleveland, Ohio, says:—

The Knights of St. John were given a right royal reception in Toronto last week. The city contributed about \$1,500 towards entertaining the delegates and furnished carriages for a drive through the city and suburbs. The parade was held on the same day on which the Orangemen held their preparatory parade for the celebration of the 12th of July. Notwithstanding the fact that Toronto is noted for the number of Orangemen in it, and that their following is very large, the Knights held their parade unmolested, and the only act of violence committed was by some unknown party who struck an Orangeman during their own parade in the evening. Here is practical proof that their former bitter anti Catholic feeling is being subjected to common sense. . . . The Knights will remember with pleasure their visit to Toronto. It has been productive of much good all round.

The *Knight* does the Orangemen of Toronto altogether too much honor. They did better than usual, because they could not do much worse. When, some months ago, the project of bringing the Knights here was first mentioned, the Orange faction was moved to its core. It passed resolutions to the City

Council, and to everything else in sight which might have an influence adverse to the holding here of the Convention. To the honor of Toronto as a corporation, be it told, that their resolutions went unanswered and their rancorous talk unheeded. Toronto is several sizes bigger, and a very great deal better, than its Orange bosses. An occasion such as this convention is, in its way, a census of public opinion. We find by it, not indeed a decrease in the animosity of Orangeism to the Catholic body, but a sign of the increase of an element in the Protestant population which is awaking to the fact that it has been too long led by an organized band of shouters against Popery, whose care for Protestant interests is about as one to seventy-nine to its own care for nice, well-paid civic situations or nice, well-paying city contracts. The Orangemen of the city simply could not do otherwise than be civil, for the whole town insisted on Toronto's reputation being maintained.

A GREEN-POSTER DODGE.

A variation of the green-poster dodge is being attempted in the United States by the Know-Nothings. An elaborate set of "Instructions from Rome" is being industriously circulated for the purpose of creating an anti-Catholic feeling in the elections. The instructions are a glaring forgery. We could scarcely believe, when we first saw them, that so daring a thing could be attempted. They are being denounced by all the United States Catholic papers, but they will be alive and well twenty-five years from now, serving the turn of some lying demagogue.

THE MOTIVES IN THE BRITISH ELECTIONS.

An extremely well informed European correspondent gives his idea of the questions whose solution will weigh with British electors in the present contest. They are, he thinks, only two—"Home Rule" and "Labor." He says:

I do not think that such questions as Church disestablishment, or the greater power of the Bishops or of convocation to repress the transcendentalism of the Ritualists, or the justice of denominational education, or indeed any question of the kind, will take a foremost place in the programme of the candidates. I believe that two grand questions will turn the scale, first, Home Rule for Ireland, and next, the rights of labor versus capital. These two questions have long taken the lead in popular literature, especially in the powerful organs of the two great parties. As I walk along the streets during the present week, I am assailed with gratuitous pamphlets and leaflets, on one or other of these two momentous questions. It is assumed that the whole country is thinking about them. As to the rights of labor, we may never see the end of that controversy: but it would indeed be a blessing to greet the day which should see the end of the controversy about Home Rule, which should render to Ireland what, as Cardinal Manning said, was "beyond the domain of politics: it was a simple matter of justice."

WILL HE PLEASE STICK TO THIS FOR JUST TWO WEEKS.

The *Telegram* says: "Admirable are the fairness, the decency and the freedom from trickery which mark all the arrangements for a general election in England. There is no juggling with the writs, no scoundrelism on the part of revising officers, no crimes by county judges. The British elections may not be altogether pure but they are altogether fair."

THEY ARE PATRIOTIC.

The men who made speeches from that rude hustings under the maples were lay and clerical, learned and unlearned, but their words breathed that patriotism which is drawn in at the mother's breast, is honored at the fireside, glorified in the world at large, that patriotism which is akin to religion itself. You shall travel far and wide in Ontario and hear nothing like it.—*Correspondence News.*

The occasion referred to was simply a St. John the Baptist pic-nic down in Quebec Province. The only thing remarkable about this particular pic-nic was that the *News* man happened to be there.

MAURICE F. EGAN.

PROF. MAURICE F. EGAN denies the report that he is to be editor-in-chief of the new Catholic paper soon to be started in Chicago. He will remain at Notre Dame University. He assures the Catholic world that if there is honor in conducting a Catholic journal he has had his share, and that if it is rather a burden he has borne the burden long enough.

HOW THEY WOULD TREAT HIM IN INDIA.

A REVEREND editor in India made some vile remarks about religious orders of women, scarcely worse than those made by Rev. Mr. Baldwin in presence of his bishop and his brother ministers. Here is what the *Bombay Gazette* had to say of him :

"Until he has apologized, he must be kept at arm's length by all people of cleanly life and thought, who live in charity with their neighbors, and think it worth while to keep their tongues from evil speaking, lying and slandering."

They who wantonly insult women seldom have manhood enough to say they are sorry, even when universal execration makes them so. We are glad to see that here, as in India, Protestants have been as ready as Catholics have been, to express their disgust at such atrocious insinuations as those made by Mr. Baldwin.

CHOICE PULPIT UTTERANCES.

UNDER this heading in a Toronto weekly we find the following:

Rev. Dr. Parker, the successor of the late Rev. Dr. Spurgeon, is a jay; and Rev. Dr. Talmage should stay in Brooklyn when he wants to preach rot," &c., and . . . "Wonder what these two jays thought of themselves," &c.

Not at all. It is not taken from a Catholic weekly. They never go so low down. It is all from a Protestant paper.

PROTESTANT ULSTER.

We, two weeks ago, showed that "Protestant Ulster" is a misnomer. Here is another illustration of the fact. The figures used in our last article were taken on the authority of an Irish monthly. The figures used below are the official figures of the census of 1891, and they tell the same story.

Taking the whole province, the census of 1891 shows that the Roman Catholics number 744,859, while all others are put down at 874,955. Taking Belfast alone, the population is returned at 273,114; of this number there are 70,234 Roman Catholics, all others 202,880. Excluding Belfast from the whole Province of Ulster, we get the following result . . .

	Catholics.	Protestants
All Ulster . . . . .	744,859	874,955
Belfast . . . . .	70,234	202,880
Ulster (minus Belfast) . . . . .	674,625	672,075

In Londonderry the Roman Catholics are in a majority, the figure being 18,340, all others 14,860; in Newry, too, of the 13,691 people forming the population of the borough, 9,055 are Roman Catholics, all others only 4,636.

UGANDA.

We have refrained from noticing the horrible outrages perpetrated by servants of the East African Company on Catholic missionaries and converts until official reports could be available. Lord Salisbury, interpellated in the British House regarding this awful affair, assured the world that British justice would be done unsparingly. The former accounts of the murderous assault are now circumstantially repeated and confirmed by other evidence. Under the British flag a Catholic mission has been attacked, and nothing but the safeguard thrown about it by the flags of Italy and Germany saved it (after many precious lives had been sacrificed) from extinction.

London despatches of the 6th inst. show that the French Government have grave fears of similar trouble in Algeria from the same causes, and have addressed a serious note to the British Government intimating that if it do not regulate its religious

propaganda in Algeria "the position of France will be painful," which can be taken to mean that France will be under the painful necessity of making quite sure that her subjects in Algeria are safeguarded from the murderous assaults from which British protection could not (or, at least, did not) save them in Uganda.

COMPLIMENTARY.

To W. F. McLean, Esq., M.P., *Railroad Rate Reformer* :

There is an English road which gives a six mile trip for a penny.

WHAT A COMPARISON!

AN editorial in the *Evening News* dated June 25th, and headed "No Intolerance in Toronto," concludes: "The fact that a "double demonstration, Orange and Catholic, could take place on "the same evening, over the same streets, and without the appearance even of disturbance, is the best advertisement Toronto "could have, and a most effective illustration of the superiority "of this city over such centres of bigotry as Montreal, where the "majority has not yet learned to allow full justice." The *News* designates Montreal as the "centre of bigotry," and alleges that "full justice" is not allowed to Protestants, because in that Catholic city Orangemen are denied the luxury of insulting Catholics by parading the streets shouting "To Hell with the Pope," "Arise ye sons of William rise, we'll kick the Pope before us," etc. What comparison is there between the Knights of St. John and the Orange order? Is it fair for one moment to institute such a comparison? Suppose the Knights of St. John, or any Catholic society, had marched through the city of Toronto shouting "To hell with the Queen," "We'll murder the Protestants every one," "We'll kick the Queen before us," would the loyal people of Toronto tolerate such ruffianism? Would they think it intolerant to suppress such a procession? Certainly not. Yet this is precisely what the Catholics of Montreal have done; merely prevented such ruffianly insolence. Catholics never dream of wantonly insulting Protestants, even in Montreal, where they are vastly in the majority. Notwithstanding the frequency of such insults to Catholics in Toronto organs like the *News* will grind out over and over again, "We have no intolerance in Toronto." But the *News* knows well what will take in "Toronto the good," and that is what he will deal out, when Catholics are concerned, without any regard to justice or truth. Are Catholics all but excluded from office in Montreal as Catholics are in Toronto? The *News* man has an idea that the relaxation of the penal laws should amply satisfy all the yearnings of Catholics, and, having liberty to live and say their prayers in peace they should not feel any squeamish sensitiveness about the insults by which Orangemen, in the name of Protestantism, choose to amuse themselves. Toronto has this time done much to redeem itself, but from its past record it will take something more than a mere assertion on the part of the *News* to convince the outside world that there is no intolerance here. The mistake these people fall into is to suppose that no one but Protestants have any rights, or should have any feelings. From the manner in which they talk and write one would fancy that heaven itself is a British colony, that Christ and his apostles had lived in England and had deputed the Orangemen in apostolic succession to teach the world what the English Government thought suitable for them to teach, and that it is a great stretch of Protestant tolerance to allow any one to live except on their terms.

The people of Toronto, the corporation, and the press as a rule, have done themselves credit this time, by their kindly treatment of the Knights of St. John, notwithstanding the disapproving murmurs of the Orangemen. The respectable and intelligent Protestant people of Toronto are tired of Orange rule, and it is quite evident they will not long submit to it.

## ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE.

## ANNUAL MEETING.

The 22nd Annual Meeting of The Ontario Mutual Life Assurance Company was held in the Town Hall, Waterloo, Ont., on Thursday, May 26th, 1892, at one of the clock p. m. As usual on such occasions a large number of prominent and representative policy holders were present from various parts of the Dominion, all of whom manifested a deep interest in the proceedings.

The President, Mr. I. E. Bowman, M. P., having taken the chair, supported by the Manager, Mr. Wm. Hendry, on motion Mr. W. H. Riddell, the Secretary of the Company acted as secretary of the meeting. Having read the notice calling the Annual Meeting, on motion the minutes of last annual meeting were taken as read and adopted, whereupon the President read

**The Directors' Report :**

GENTLEMEN, Your Directors have much pleasure in submitting the following Statements to you as their report on the financial position of the Company as at the 31st December, 1891 :

During the past year 2019 policies were issued for assurance amounting to \$2,694,950, being an increase of 316,800 over the previous year.

The total number of policies in force at the close of 1891 is 11621, covering assurance for \$14,931,807.38 on 10,501 lives.

The premium income for the year is \$456,706.65, and we received for interest on investments the sum of \$90,913.16, making our total income \$547,619.81.

The total assets of the Company have now practically reached two million dollars, and our surplus to the credit of policy holders is \$155,559.23.

The Executive Committee has again carefully examined the investments and found the securities all in good order.

You will be called on to elect four Directors in the place of B. M. Britton, Q. C., of Kingston, F. C. Bruce, Esq., of Hamilton, John Marshall, Esq., of London, and J. Kerr Fiske, Esq., of Toronto, all of whom are eligible for re-election.

I. E. BOWMAN,  
President.

Copies of the Financial Statement for the year 1891, containing a detailed account of Receipts and Expenditures, of Assets and Liabilities, certified by the Auditors, having been distributed, the President moved the adoption of the Reports. He pointed out that the increase of new business over 1890 was \$316,800, while the expense ratio was less than the previous year; that the total amount of assurances on the Company's books, Jan. 1st, 1892, was nearly \$15,000,000, a net gain for the year of \$1,221,000, that substantial gains were made, not only in the items above referred to, but in Cash Income, in amount paid to policy holders, in Reserve for the security of policy holders, in total assets and in surplus over all liabilities, while the death losses were much less than the expectation and the lapse ratio was only about two thirds of that of the previous year. He congratulated the members on the steady and healthy growth of the Company and on its high financial standing, second to none in Canada. He was pleased to see so many policy holders and agents present, showing the deep interest taken by them in the prosperity of the Company. Concerted and harmonious action between the Head Office and its agents, which happily existed, and a faithful conservation by all of the Company's interests in all matters affecting its welfare, would ensure a continuance of the gratifying success that has marked its career during the past twenty-two years.

Mr. R. Melvin, 2nd Vice President, supported the motion. He cordially endorsed what the President had said concerning the undoubted prosperity of the Company, and the large share the agents had in bringing it about. The decline in the lapse rate was a noticeable feature of the year's operations and taken in connection with the low death ratio, afforded convincing proof of the wise and prudent selection of risks. The falling off in the interest rate on recent investments as compared with former years, though common to all companies, would, he hoped, be counterbalanced by savings from mortality and rigid economy in every department of the business, thus enabling the Company to continue its liberal distribution of surplus as in past years. Others having spoken the various Reports were unanimously adopted.

On motion Mr. Geo. Wegenast, Waterloo, and Mr. Charles Leyden, Hamilton, were appointed scrutineers. The balloting resulted in the re-election of Messrs. B. M. Britton, John Marshall, Frances C. Bruce and J. Kerr Fiske for the ensuing term of three years.

Messrs. Henry F. J. Jackson and J. M. Scully, having been re-elected Auditors, and the customary vote of thanks to the Board, the Officers and Agents, having been tendered and responded to, the meeting was brought to a close. The Directors met subsequently and re-elected I. E. Bowman, President; C. M. Taylor, 1st Vice President, and Robert Melvin, 2nd Vice-President of the Company for the ensuing year.

## A TRIP TO NORTH CAROLINA

## THE SACRED HEART IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Over the mountain tops the sun is climbing with southern brilliancy, down through the trees he pours, and gleams in golden streaks through my shuttered windows. I rub my sleepy eyes, and see by the clock it is half-past five, high time that I should be up and doing. My first emotion is one of joy, even before I remember what it comes from, as is often the case, the last thought at night is usually the first in the morning. Then it slowly dawns on me the cause. I jump from my cot, now all animation; my encounter with the soap bubbles this morning is short and decisive: tub and dressing are the work of moments. I throw wide the outside shutters—the windows are never closed day or night—and step out on the piazza. How beautiful it is, fresh, sweet, enchanting; who would lie a bed with such a feast awaiting him. Through the trees the mountains do their very best to look down on me, and I return the compliment by admiring glances which seem to please them, for the more I smile the bluer, loftier, lovelier, they appear. I trot round the piazza, down the deep steps, and set off for a climb up the hills; not a sound anywhere save the cowbells away in the woods, which keep up a steady jingle, not a human being in sight, up amid these mountain solitudes men are few and far between. The village street lies beyond the woods still slumbering. Nature has a bright, joyous, awakening air, birds, flowers, and forest seem to cry out in one glad voice "*Vivat cor Jesu.*" It is the feast of the Sacred Heart, and I am on my way to the temporary

"chapel" that has been taken for the summer to give the people a chance of hearing Mass. The few Catholics scattered through the mountains are hard to be got at, they are miles apart, and seldom is there an opportunity for a priest to come among them. This month, however, glad tidings come to them. The good Bishop has generously granted a petition for weekly Mass through the summer, beginning to-day, by special request. To do this he must needs send one of his hard-worked Fathers from the Abbey, who, with the dust of the schools thick around him, comes forth to preach, teach, persuade, shrive, win, console and toil among those hardy mountaineers, winding up his journeyings each week with the Sunday's work in fashionable Asheville. This is the vacation of a North Carolina missionary. This is the rest he takes through the summer! Those brave Benedictine monks came to Belmont six short years ago, poor in money, friends and pupils, to find only a frame hut and a poor log chapel, innocent of paint inside and out. The altar decorations were pictures cut from pious books and magazines, the candlesticks and stations of the Cross being of the rudest kind. The first act of the Lord Abbot and his young monks was to arm themselves with paint buckets and brushes and begin ornamentations. Their trials and vicissitudes, could you get them to tell them would fill volumes. How they began with thirteen pupils, to-day they have over a hundred. How bacon and hominy were for months their only fare. How the Lord Abbot himself milked the cows for a whole week until he had instructed a negro boy to take his place. A magnificent College to-day replaces the old log building, and the foundation stone was laid last month for the finest church in the South to take the place of the little frame Cathedral of North Carolina. The sun is mounting higher meanwhile, and I tramp along the road through the forest, the underwood is so dense that I lose my beloved mountain tops, but now and then catch a passing glimpse of a cosy farmhouse through the pines. It is so pure, unworldly, heavenly, up here all atone with God and the mountains, and I think of the great gift awaiting me at the end of the road, the first Mass of the Sacred Heart in these solitudes. Who would believe it that our Lord would crown all His blessings to us by this much longed-for, much prayed-for, favor. *Vivat cor Jesu.* I echo with rejoicing nature this morning. A turn in the road brings me in view of a Swiss chalet on the hills, its red roof shining through the trees, its picturesque gables and angles might have just been transported from the Alps, so beautiful, so old world, the effect. Through the open gate, up the rugged, steep avenue, I reach the steps. The windows opening to the ground are flung back, through the first I enter and find myself in the chapel. How shall I tell you of it; the room is medium sized, one side being all windows, another the altar. My first impression is great branches of oaks of different kinds barked against the walls, between which peeps a mass of soft white; up above a picture of the Sacred Heart, sweet, plain, pleading; below, a large crucifix flanked by feathery plants and roses, burning candles between. The whole effect, from the open windows with the mountains as a background, will live in my dreams forever. At that moment the Father arrives, and what a greeting he receives, an old Irish patriarch meets him on the steps with a genuine coad mille a faulthe with great reverence, a big Saxon giant, the village blacksmith, seizes his hand and kisses it with deep respect, while the good monk comes in the doorway, bright and joyous as a schoolboy home for the holidays. What a beautiful spirit these Benedictines seem to have, always working, always smiling. The confessions begin, and we go in and out through the open windows into the next room. I wish I could give you some idea of that Mass of the Sacred Heart; it is like a bit of the first Christians, a glimpse of the Catacombs, a taste of the Penal days of Ireland, when they gathered by stealth for the Mass in the mountains. Priest and people are absorbed in that one great sacrifice. Down the long, wide corridor and through the open door comes rising and falling "*There's no Heart like Thine, Sweet Lord,*" and the mountains take up the strain and echo back their great glad *Vivat cor Jesu.* Every one goes to Holy Communion, for all it is their Easter Communion, for some it is their first in five years, for others ever, more—the Sacred Heart has gathered them all in. Poor souls, they are so far off when the Mass is said, and some have walked long distances this morning in order to be in time. The Father says a few words on the Feast, and asks them to thank God for His many gifts to them, and implores them to beg of the Sacred Heart this morning to give them a living, loving, burning Catholic faith. By the door, in her Sunday cap and gown, drinking it all in, her black eyes rolling with deepest interest, sits Aunt Mattie, wife of the coloured Baptist preacher. After Mass she comes to me radiant, and asks if she may not come now every Thursday and bring her husband and some coloured ladies, her neighbors, and "*oh the Father,*" she adds, "*he is just too lovely, he acts so nice, speaks so pretty, and looks so beautiful!*" It is the first priest the poor old soul has ever seen. If Aunt Mattie is pleased how much more the others; their fervent "*God reward you,*" to the Father as they bid him farewell, comes from hearts filled with gratitude and joy. We can only add the earnest wish that the little mustard seed planted to-day in the name of the Sacred Heart may in God's good time grow into a mighty tree.

D. G.

(To be concluded.)



## CHARACTERISTICS OF THE TEACHING OF LEO XIII.

Concluded.

(2) A second way in which the Pontiff teaches the world (and here we shall find the same characteristics in all that Leo XIII. has said or done) is by teaching governments the first principles of political justice, which are necessarily, as we have seen, grounded on certain truths; which truths are, in turn, grounded on infallibility. The Pope is not infallible upon politics, but he is infallible as to those first principles of Christian justice which are harmonious with the (infallible) truths of Christian doctrine. Now, let us take a glance at France, Germany, Italy, and Russia, in their recent attitudes towards the authority of the Holy See; and trace the characteristics of the Pontiff's teaching, in his wonderful moral victories over four governments. Poor France, in 1880, was under the heel of Paul Bert, Jules Ferry, and other Godless doctrinaires and self-seekers. Religion was the butt and scorn of the miserable government. Then spoke the Head of the Catholic Church. You are mad, he said, in substance to the French government, to make war upon those honorable institutions,—convents, monasteries, seminaries, pastorates,—which have been the bulwark of your civilization for a dozen centuries, which have been the nurseries of your religious and secular knowledge, and from which the fine arts have received their warmest aid. "As to the Jesuits," added the Pontiff, "not only are they guiltless of all offence, but deserving of all praise for their exalted merit." And no sooner did the Pontiff speak, than the French clergy, combining heartily with his lofty teaching, and ranging themselves under the standard of his divine authority, stuck so manfully to their rights and to their duties, that all Europe was forced to express its admiration; so that even the infidel press became abashed into moderation; and the London Protestant *Times*, cried "shame." Thus Moral Force,—and we may well call this the characteristic of all Pope Leo's political conflicts with bad governments,—calmly combated material or brute force; right, winning the applause of even the wicked; and truth softening the temper of even the infidel.

Two or three sentences must suffice as to Germany; for the very thought of that conflict is like a volume. The dogma of infallibility had incited Dollinger and other rebels to try to create a schism in the Church; the Franco-German war created a new, vast Protestant power, which was in alliance with all the heretical sects in the world; Bismarck and the Falk Laws were in such enmity to the Catholic Church, that twelve hundred and twenty five parish priests were either imprisoned or banished in one year; when, just as the persecution was at its worst, Leo XIII. affirmed before all Europe that such a disgraceful course of injustice must cease. "Does the Pope think," retorted Bismarck—the stalwart champion of brute force *versus* moral right—"that I am a sort of man to go to Canossa?" Within three years of that van retort, the Falk Laws were repealed; Prussian Poland, whose Catholicity had stood firm, came in for a share of religious and political freedom; while, only a few years later, Bismarck was dismissed: the Pope remaining the most honored figure on earth. Moral Force! If the victory over Bismarck had been the only episode of his pontificate, it would have sufficed to mark Pope Leo's characteristic.

One item only shall be given in regard to Italy. It shall be the conflict which was stirred by the seizure of the Collegium Urbanum, or the mission house of the Propaganda in Rome, by the perfidious usurpers of the Papal States, who, after vowing that the Propaganda should be forever unmolested, took possession of the Villa Montalto in Tusculum; and by this act of fraud incurred the odium of all Catholics, and shortly afterwards of the whole civilized world. Pope Leo at once forwarded to all the courts of Europe a detailed statement of this intolerable wrong, branding it as so infamous that he could only describe it as "the dictates of an Occult Force," and, at the same time, informing the Italian government that he "reproved and condemned everything it had done." Half the newspapers of Europe agreed with the Pope that this appropriation was an unpardonable robbery, even the London *Times* calling it "a stupid attempt to paralyze the right arm of the Papacy." A stupid attempt indeed! That right arm is now more vigorous than is rebellious Rome. Moral Force!

Lastly, the Czar Alexander II. practised such heathenish cruelties against Catholics, that the English Protestant House of Commons was startled out of its self-possession by the official communications which was put before it. Leo XIII. wrote a terrible rebuke to the Czar. The persecution was at once countermanded. Moral Force!

(3) One word only shall be added as to the Pope's purely social teaching, as distinct from his ecclesiastical and political teaching. It is true that all three teachings are combined, since all are based, as has been shown, on one "philosophy," yet society is naturally disposed to listen to the "Holy Father" more than it listens to the "Supreme Pontiff," to "God's Vicar." It might be true to say that the Pope teaches society in every pronouncement which he makes upon every subject, since either Doctrine or Morals (on both of which he is infallible) must be comprehended in all Pontifical Counsels. True, there is no direct decision on Doctrine or on Morals, in such

cases as the arbitration between Germany and Spain, the gaining of a concordat from Portugal, or the conciliating of the Emperors of China and Japan, any more than in the creation of a Hierarchy in Herzegovina, or the founding of a National College for the Armenians. But though there is no direct decision on faith or on morals, there is the assertion of Principles for the guidance of human conduct, and these Principles are based on Faith and Morals.

Now, very briefly, the characteristics of the Pope's Social or General Teachings, in regard to this insistence on Principles have been the making it obvious (1) that One divinely appointed Authority must antedate every perfectly assured truth; (2) that human principles and divine principles must be identical in point of morality since human principles can be based *only* upon divine principles; and (3) that Moral Right is the sole dictator to Material Force, and must ultimately, in the very nature of things, overcome it. This may be a rude, imperfect statement of the Pope's Teaching, yet it may suffice for our apprehension of its characteristics. The union of the human and divine wisdom has been the keynote of Leo XIII.'s "popular" teaching, so that whereas the world will have it that religion is one thing, but human justice, natural propriety, quite another thing, the Pope has taught us that there is *no* wisdom, *no* justice, *no* principle which can be dissociated from its First Parent, God. A profound but very beautiful philosophy! Politics, science, sociology, may go wandering about in search of their first principles—or, as they have often done, may dictate first principles to the Church of God—but Leo XIII. has replied to them: "You must all go back to the beginning, back through Principle, Truth, Authority, to Almighty God. God is the beginning and the end. Man can no more construct a philosophy without God, than he can construct a beautiful Gothic cathedral upon a wave. The real cause," has said Leo XIII.,—and he has said it a hundred times in different ways,—"why the world is in such dire confusion in its politics, in its diplomacy, in its innumerable social relations or mutualities, as well as in its religious beliefs and practices is, that it will separate the creature from his Creator, as though Nature and God were two gods, instead of affirming as the merest postulate of common sense, that the human mind is a created child of God, and is as absolutely incapable of thinking truth *without* God, of formulating first principles *without* His teaching, as an effect is an impossibility without a cause, or a ray of the sun an impossibility without the sun. But how, where, is the Divine Truth to be imparted? Leo XIII. has answered a hundred times—as all his predecessors also answered in their day. He who is infallible on the doctrines of the faith is infallible on the first principles of morality. And since on faith and morals *all* wisdom must be built, the Holy See is the corner-stone of wisdom. This is about the sum of the Papal philosophy. And the characteristic of the present Pope is that he has taught the *unity* of that philosophy; as it were, the synthesis of divine and human truth.—*A. S. Marshall in Donahoe's Magazine.*

## THE PEACE OF EUROPE.

The meeting of the two Emperors at Kiel simply means that the two sovereigns alike want peace and friendship to exist between their two nations. A glance at the European Parliaments shows that the adversaries of peace are everywhere in a small minority, and, as Russia is without a Parliament or visible public opinion, it is represented by the will of the Czar. It is gratifying to see that this monarch went to Germany to shake hands with the ruler of that great country, evidencing thereby the existence of normal relations between the two neighbors. The world is, in great need of peace, but no less of evidences of the security of peace, and the Czar's visit is certainly one. The meeting signifies once more that neither of the two camps into which Europe is divided wants to enter into a sanguinary combat, and that the leading personages strive to exercise a calming influence. It is self-evident that the maintenance of peace has become much easier since the last changes in Europe, for since these transformations the conviction has taken root that every country would risk more than it could gain by war, and though it is not yet the time for putting off their heavy armor, or even for lightening it, the rulers who alone can give the signal are filled with a sense of responsibility, and they recognize it as their duty to hold down popular passions, which might lead to a general conflict. It is, in short, the conservative tendency which characterises the general situation, and the Kiel meeting evinces the resolution of the two Emperors not to place the enormous armies which they have at their disposal in the service of national passions.—*Vienna Fremdenblatt.*

## Monthly Prizes for Boys and Girls.

The "Sunlight" Soap Co., Toronto, offer the following prizes every month till further notice, to boys and girls under 16, residing in the Province of Ontario, who send the greatest number of "Sunlight" wrappers: 1st, \$10; 2nd, \$6; 3rd, \$3; 4th, \$1; 5th to 14th, a Handsome Book; and a pretty picture to those who send not less than 12 wrappers. Send wrappers to "Sunlight" Soap Office, 13 Scott St., Toronto, not later than the 29th of each month, and marked "Competition"; also give full name, address, age, and number of wrappers. Winner's names will be published in the *Toronto Mail* on first Saturday in each month.



## A ZEALOUS PRIEST GONE TO HIS REWARD.

At the request of friends in Ontario we reproduce from the St. John, N.B., *Daily Sun*, the following memoir of Rev. J. J. O'Leary, recently deceased:

Sorrow and mourning have come, and that quite unexpectedly, to the parishioners of Grand Falls, Victoria Co., N.B. Little did they anticipate when, only some fifteen months past they were presenting an address to the good priest, who for nigh twenty-five years had been their most faithful guide and friend, that they would so soon, alas! so soon, be called upon to mourn his death. Then was all joy and gladness, now all is sorrow and gloom and mourning.

The Rev. John Joseph O'Leary was born in Ireland, whence he came in his boyhood with his parents to New Brunswick. After teaching school for some time in St. John city he entered St. Michael's College, Chatham, and afterwards finished his theological course in the seminary of St. Sulpice, Montreal, and was ordained to the priesthood for the diocese of Chatham. In 1867 Father O'Leary was appointed parish priest of Grand Falls, a position which he continued to fill up to time of his demise, to the constant spiritual and temporal welfare of those committed to his charge, including the Indians at the mouth of the Tobique river. For the past few years the reverend gentleman's health had been failing, but no immediate fatal result was feared. Towards the end of the past month of May he resolved to go to Montreal for medical advice and attendance in the Hotel Dieu hospital of that city. But disease had made far greater inroads on his system than he or any of his friends had imagined, and on the first of June he breathed his last, fortified by the sacraments and all the reassuring comforts which Holy Church could bestow. His remains were taken to Chatham by his coadjutor, Rev. Father O'Keefe, and interred under the high altar of the Cathedral, on the fourth ult. The news of their dearly beloved pastor's death came, as may be imagined, as a terrible shock to his parishioners, as well as to his hosts of friends in different parts of the Dominion. If the deceased had one characteristic more prominent than another it was his ever readiness to assist and comfort those in trouble, even when, perhaps, pre-existing circumstances or occurrences would seem to make such action unlikely. Zealous in the work of his Master, he never lost an opportunity of furthering the causes of religion, education and temperance. The new Church of the Assumption at Grand Falls, now nearly completed, as well as the parochial residence there, will remain to after-times as memorials of his zeal. The reverend gentleman was a devoted student, while his genial and hospitable disposition endeared him to all with whom he came in contact.

Father O'Leary's character is well portrayed by the poet, E. S., in the following lines:

Yea, weep for awhile; let the hot, slow tears fall sadly,  
Since Jesus wept by the grave where Lazarus lay;  
For now by a new-made grave stand many weeping—  
Hush! Let us grieve; speak not of solace to-day.

When the time to be healed shall come we will not refuse healing,  
Gently and sweetly shall memory come to us then,  
Bearing with hands wide-folded the fragrant amaranth,  
Flowerets of deeds done never for praise of men.

Fair white roses of love, and balms of compassion,  
Tendrils of pity that cling to the homeless and poor;  
Violets of graceful humility, seeking the shadow,  
Passion flowers plucked from the cross where He learned to endure.

We will lovingly whisper of deeds done in secret and silence,  
Of wretchedness sought in the haunts where the wretched hide;  
Of sorrow relieved, of sorrow foreseen and averted,  
Of Christ-like sympathy, ceaseless, and priceless and wide.

Beauteous his life was, and beauteous, too, was the passing  
From life that now is to the life that forever shall be,  
We mourn him, they welcome, the angels who dwell in that city,  
And sing to the sound of the harp by the crystal sea.

May his soul rest in peace.

## ULSTER AND HOME RULE.

Loyal Ulster loudly asserts that it has been Union enriched, made abundantly "prosperous and progressive" by the infamy against which it fought and bled, against which even the baby Orange lodges protested emphatically. The records disprove the assertion. The facts are all the other way. The mad rush to secure the spoils is proof conclusive contra. Either Ulster was not prosperous and progressive, or else its action in cutting out the poverty-stricken provinces from the relief which they solely had brought within reach stamps it with a character for meanness and spiteful malignity which not even its worst enemy would ascribe to it. Under every head, and they have been worked out to the extent of some threescore, to which the test of official figures can be applied, Ulster is shown to be third in point of wealth, and even Connaught outpaces it under several heads. The proofs have been published time after time, but as there are none so blind as those who will not see, self-satisfied Ulster goes on proclaiming a supremacy which is as non-existent as its loyalty, or as its exclusive Protestantism. Were it not for the fact that the linen

trade monopoly poured into the lap of Belfast from twenty to thirty millions of public money, double the amount of all the capital sunk or employed in the trade at the present time, were it not for the further most material fact that the site of the town lapsed from the landlord, became the property of some citizens at an agricultural rent, Ulster would be almost nowhere as compared with the other provinces. Belfast would be but beggarly clachan. Belfast is not self-made, it is the accident of an accident—a pack of cards and loose living helped to make it. What headway could the boasted energy, enterprise and business aptitude of Belfast's citizens have made against primogeniture, entail, the dead hand, the blight in general of all absorbing landlordism?—*United Ireland, Dublin.*

## JOSEPH'S TEMPTATION.

*Concluded.*

ALL this passion raging in his heart, he had walked with such fierce speed and energy, that when his eye rested on the roofs of the barrack buildings, he found himself breathless almost, and with a sense of exhaustion, more the result of his emotion than of the unusual exertion he had been making. It was then that, leaning against a tree to rest a little before proceeding on his way, he asked himself the questions already recorded, and shrank, as conscience answered them. Instinctively he put his hand in his bosom and drew forth his rosary—Gaspard's rosary—which, in compliance with his brother's dying request, he carried always about him. As he looked down at the crucifix praying as he had so often prayed before, for strength to trample on the passion which was convulsing his spirit he was startled by a greeting at his side. It was the voice of Father Lucien, who, advancing from the opposite direction, had approached him unperceived.

"You have heard—you know?" cried the young man.

The priest looked at his agitation with surprise. "I know," he replied, "that all but one of the bandits who landed on the coast last night have been taken. But that one is still free, and until he is captured, it will not be safe to go into the mountains unarmed. I came to warn you and some other people; but I see—" he glanced at the pistol, which Joseph, when it was given him, had thrust carelessly into his girdle.—"you are prepared."

"Do you, Father, know that he is among the ones captured?"

"Do you mean Celso?"

"Yes."

The priest shook his head. "Whoever told you so was mistaken," he said. "I saw the miserable men as they were marched into the guard-house a few minutes ago, and he was not one of them."

"Gustave Linier, who was with the *gendarmes*, told me he recognized him. Knowing that we always go to Gaspard's cross on this day, Linier, like yourself, thought it well to warn me. He came over the mountain, and met us as we were on our way."

Father Lucien did not speak for a moment, but stood with bent brows, in deep thought.

"I did not look particularly at their faces," he at last said. "Yet it seems to me that if this man had been among them, I should have noticed him."

"Let us go on and find out," said Joseph. "Perhaps I misunderstood Linier, perhaps it was he who eluded the *gendarmes*. Is that case—"

His hand fell on the pistol.

"You would do what?" asked the priest in a slow, calm voice.

"Hunt down an outlaw!" responded the other fiercely.

"Can you deceive God? Can you even deceive yourself, with such a plea as that?"

Joseph clasped his hands with a despairing gesture. "Let us go and see!" he exclaimed. "I want to know! I must at least know!"

The priest did not restrain him. They walked slowly on to the barracks, some hundred yards or so before them; and by the time they reached the gate which gave entrance to the walled enclosure at the rear of the buildings, the young man had regained his composure of manner.

But when they entered the arched portal, the hearts of both stood still at the sight presented to their view. A small group, composed partly of *gendarmes* and partly of civilians, stood in front of a tree to which a man, with his arms pinioned behind him, was bound by a large rope passing around his waist. A fierce, desperate-looking man—bare-headed, haggard, unkempt—the upper part of his clothing half-torn off, exposing a throat on which the veins stood out like ridges, and a brawny chest heaving with impotent rage and defiance.

In the first instant, neither Father Lucien nor Joseph recognized the intended victim as Filipe Celso—so changed was he since they saw him last. They only perceived that the whole party stood with merciless looks and levelled muskets—diverted momentarily by their own entrance, from sending a soul into eternity, and their countenances expressed merely the surprise and horror natural under the circumstances.

"What is this!" cried the priest sternly, addressing the *gendarmes*, with a peremptory gesture. "You, ministers of the law, leading yourselves to this lawless proceeding?"

The soldiers, though with somewhat sullen air, obeyed his motion—lowering their weapons; but one of the civilians started forward impetuously, and without noticing the Father, exclaimed with blazing eyes:

"Ho! Joseph Paoli, you are in good time to see your work done by another. You spared the murderer of your brother!—but I!—I, too, am a Paoli, and I spare not the slayer of my kinsman! I pay the debt of vengeance!"

He bent his head, taking sight, and his finger was on the trigger of his musket. But it rested there, motionless from surprise and a sort of awe, as Joseph with one bound placed himself before the prisoner, covering the latter's body with his own. Standing thus, between death and the man for whose blood his soul, as he once said, had hungered and thirsted—hungered and thirsted unceasingly, from the moment of his brother's death to the moment then passing—he turned his head, facing the group, and throwing out his hand deprecatingly, yet with a look of authority which even his infuriated kinsman was impelled to respect.

"My cousin Francois," he said quietly to the latter, who was a much older man than himself, "how know you that this man killed my brother?"

"By your own assertion—here!" was the reply, as the speaker took from the hand of one of the *gendarmes*, and held up to view, a soiled and crumpled paper. "Here," he went on, with flashing glance and nostrils dilated with scorn, "in this paper taken from the person of the assassin, here you call him the murderer of your brother. *And you have let him live!*"

"Yes," responded the young man, "I have let him live. If you read the letter you must know the reason why."

The elder Paoli threw back his head with a gesture of ineffable disdain.

"I know no reason," he said, "which could compel a Corsican, who deserves the name of man, to forego his vendetta."

The taunt did not move Joseph. He had just passed through an instant of such supreme anguish and struggle that the petty pricks of human vanity and human reproach were unfelt. In the few pulse-beats of time during which the priest spoke to the soldiers, and Francois Paoli to himself, there had come upon him, with all the strength and violence of a last assault of the evil one, the culminating temptation of his three year's conflict. "You have fulfilled your promise. Do not interfere. Let Francois execute justice!" cried the voice of the tempter.

But his long combat against sin, his agonies and his prayers, "had ascended for a memorial in the sight of God." And the Mother of Mercy, to whom he had so unceasingly cried for help, and the guardian-angel whose assistance he had failed not ever to implore, did not desert him now. Even in his extremity the moment of deliverance came. Like a flash the grace of God descended upon him, bringing light to his darkened soul, strength and peace to his travailed spirit. He stood transformed: no longer the trembling slave of human passion, but the true "soldier of Christ," who, after long and bitter conflict, had at last overcome nature.

"Once I thought as you do," he said calmly, in reply to his cousin's last speech; "but—"

He paused an instant—then in a few but strong words he told, as he stood the shield of Gaspard's murderer, of Gaspard's death—of Gaspard's firm belief that Colenso's act was not deliberate, but the unpremeditated impulse of a half-frenzied man—of his own promise to his dying brother, and the fierce fight that had been raging in his heart, until his final victory only the moment before.

They listened, the group of men, at first with stern and contemptuous looks. But it is seldom that words which come from the heart of a speaker do not go to the heart of his hearers. The rugged countenances softened gradually: Joseph saw that all danger of violence was over. Stepping a little apart from the prisoner, he turned to him and said simply:

"Filipe Colenso, at last I can say, 'I forgive you.' May God have mercy on you."

"Amen," responded the priest firmly.

And even Francois Paoli's implacable spirit did not dissent from that amen, but perhaps echoed it silently—as his glance rested on the bandit with something like interest, if not pity. For the fierce dark eyes that had lately looked death so defiantly in the face were dim now with tears of soul-saving contrition.—*Catholic Home Almanac.*

Hon. Edward Blake

All admirers will not say success to his cause, but in every other respect, may health, happiness and triumph always abide near the Great Big Canadian in the Bad Old Hat.—*Evening Telegram.*

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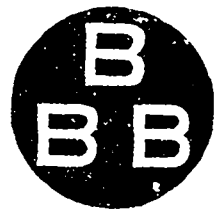
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THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY.

The Capital Prize \$15,000 Won By A Poor Girl.

The Capital prize \$15,000.00 4th of May Drawing, "Province of Quebec Lottery" was won by Miss May Donovan, 113 Dufresne Street, Montreal.

Dame Fortune was not blind, for once. This fortune could not have fallen into better hands.

Miss Donovan belongs to a poor but highly respectable family. The father, now dead, was one of the good parishioners of Reverend J. J. Salmon, parish priest of St. Mary's, Craig Street, who takes pleasure in recalling the merits of this good man.

The mother left a widow, dependent mostly for a living on her daughter's daily labor. She, bestowing on her mother all the care that her feeble resources permitted and very often she wished to be able to do more. It was for this end that she deprived herself in order to buy a lottery ticket, not however without adding a fervent prayer. Her hopes were not in vain as we may see.

She presented herself this morning at the Lottery's Office accompanied by her mother and Reverend Father Salmon.

The prize was paid her at once as the two following certificates may show.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY.

CERTIFICATE of the bearer of Ticket No. 18458 \$15,000.00 DRAWING OF MAY 4TH, 1892.

I the undersigned do hereby certify that on presentation of my ticket No. 18458 which drew the first capital prize \$15,000.00 at the Drawing of May 4th instant of the Province of Quebec Lottery, I have at once been paid.

Witnesses AIME MATHIEU LOUIS PERRAULT MARY DONOVAN, 113 Dufresne St., Montreal.

CERTIFICATE OF REVEREND J. S. SALMON.

I the undersigned, Cure, of St. Mary's Church, Craig Street, Montreal, do hereby certify that the above prize has been paid this day in my presence to Miss Mary Donovan.

Witnesses AIME MATHIEU LOUIS PERRAULT JOHN J. SALMON, P. P. St. Mary's "LA PRESSE," Montreal, 6th May, 1892.

The Province of Quebec Lottery

AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE

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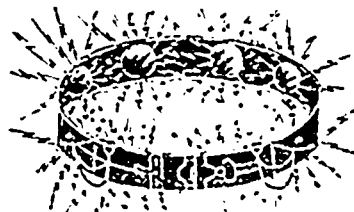
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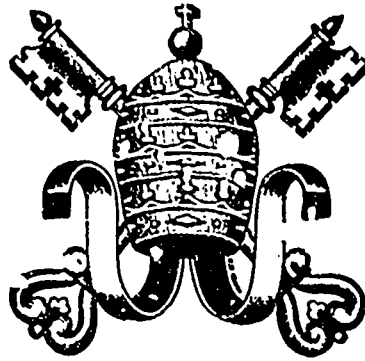


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English mails close on Monday and Thursday at 4 and 10 p.m., and on Saturdays at 10 p.m. The following are the dates of English mails for May: 2, 3, 5, 7, 9, 12, 14, 16, 19, 21, 23, 25, 27, 30.

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