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# The Catholic Weekly Review.

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. III

Toronto, Saturday, Sept. 14, 1889.

No. 31  
30

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## Notes.

The latest aberration of the "No-Popery" sentiment in this Province, is the formation of a Protestant Life Insurance Company, the prospectus of which has been lately issued in this city. The concern is to be known as "The Protestant Life," and it is to have for its motto "One Flag! One Law! One Country." (Why not One Language?) In the advertisement of the company the names and titles of its Directors are given as follows:

James L. Hughes, Esq., Pub. Sch. Insp., Toronto.  
 Edward F. Clarke, Esq., M.P.P., Mayor, City of Toronto.  
 Wm. Bell, Alderman, Toronto.  
 Rev. Wm. Galbraith, LL.B., Toronto.  
 John Ferguson, M.A., M.D., Toronto.  
 Rev. Wm. R. Parker, M.A., D.D., Toronto.  
 Capt. John Gaskin, Alderman and ex-Mayor, Kingston.  
 Wm. Sparling, Esq., Insurance, Toronto.  
 Col. Fred. C. Denison, M.P., Toronto.

Col. Denison is named as President, and Mr. Dalton McCarthy appears as Solicitor. This is putting the anti-Jesuit agitation to a business purpose with a vengeance.

Archbishop Cleary, of Kingston, in his address to the Convention of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union which met in Kingston last week, referred to the struggle of the Irish people for the right of self government. "We never gave up, nor will we give up the fight," he said, "and may God allow the day to come that Ireland will be a nation. No English Rule, no Balfour, no Governor-General of Canada, and no power on the face of God's world can stamp Irish sentiment out of the Irish heart. He had upheld it and will uphold it even if the breath had to leave his body. Englishmen say that the Irish are not capable of managing a nation, that they have no brains, that they have no judgment, but let such people come to America, to New York or to any of the most thriving places on this earth and they will find the most prominent and leading men Irishmen. Give them a chance. They are full of genius, and all they want is fair play."

The ruffianly fellow, Fulton, has been in England for some months past carrying on his trade as a vilifier of Catholic priests and nuns. A cable dispatch from London to the New York *Herald* a few days ago, says that at a lecture in Brighton he spoke of the Blessed Virgin as "not much of a Virgin." The lecture was presided over by a clergyman named Gregory. Fulton's ribald profanity was brought to the attention of Mr. Gregory's ecclesiastical superior, the Anglican Bishop of Chichester, who "called upon Mr. Gregory to disavow any agreement with Fulton's statements." Fulton should confine himself to the Music Halls and the London "Arrys." They are more likely to appreciate him

At the Convention which met in Kingston last week, of the delegates of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union of America, a motion to drop the prefix "Irish" from the title of the organization was introduced and defeated. That it was defeated is scarcely surprising. The representatives of the organization in rejecting the proposed alteration, were actuated, we may be sure, by a very proper and natural desire to avoid anything which might be construed as reflecting upon, or lacking in attachment for, the Irish name. But nevertheless, while we can fully enter into their sympathies, as the union is a purely American one, it is only proper that it should be relieved of its foreign designation. We agree with the *Catholic Mirror*, of Baltimore, that the "Catholic Benevolent Union of America," is a much better and truer name in every respect for this strong and useful organization.

Mr. Balfour's Bill for the establishment and endowment of a Catholic University for Ireland is regarded by his admirers, and by some who are not his admirers, as a shrewd trick by which to dish both the Liberals and Parnellites. Conjectures are rife as to what the Irish party will do about it, and how it will affect their relations with their Liberal allies, on the one hand, and the Irish Bishops on the other. Much will depend, of course, upon the definite shape which Mr. Balfour's proposal may take, but there would be nothing inconsistent in the Parnellites accepting the Government proposal, and voting on it with the Tories, for the reason that Mr. Parnell's principle in Parliament, as he has more than once declared it, is to take whatever he can get as "an instalment of justice," and to keep on demanding until full justice is obtained. In the matter of higher education the Catholics of Ireland have been seriously handicapped, because, unlike non Catholic institutions, their colleges have received no Government assistance. The proposal, in itself, will in all likelihood be acceptable to the Irish clergy. In supporting it, though, the Parnellites will have to separate themselves from the nonce from their Liberal allies, who oppose, of course, State grants for denominational purposes.

## A MARSII-MARIGOLD.

*Catharine Tyman in Catholic World.*

Sedge and rushes everywhere — a land of sedge and rushes. A wild stretch of bog country, whose glimmering pools caught the blue of the sky, yellow flag lilies, tall amid their long leaves, the sea within hearing breaking on a treacherous ridge of hidden rock, the sea-gulls wheeling and crying, all the place golden with June light, and backed by a cone-shaped mountain, whose eastern side was always dark once the sun rose high in the heavens. An uncertain place, this bog land, where one might put his foot on a plot of velvety green or brown, to sink ankle-deep in water.

That, however, was a mistake for a chance visitor to make.

Lance, otherwise Lancelot, Armstrong knew the place well, it was his fourth season to come shooting here, and the red and white cattle themselves did not know better how to keep to the solid causeways which traversed the bog than he did. He had discovered this corner of the world almost by accident. The first year he had come with his chum, Jim Revere, and they had been lodged royally by the postmistress of Raheen, Mrs. Murphy, over whose thatched cottage the roses clambered with the yellow jessamine and the blue passion flower. Their bedrooms were up in the roof, and in the elm outside a thrush had reared her brood. The fare their hostess gave them was, if the truth must be told, a little monotonous, but hungry young men coming home from a long day's fishing or shooting were not likely to quarrel with golden and white eggs on rosy bacon, with home made bread and sweet, fresh butter, with tea and cream, and honey from the hives outside the window. Jim Revere was a busy man now, having taken upon himself the burden of a wife, so he only returned here at intervals, running down for a day and a night sometimes to keep his friend company in Arcadia.

He knew more about Lance Armstrong than anyone else did. Perhaps he was the only one who knew of the young man's strange and unreasonable discontent with his lot. To be the nephew of a bachelor uncle with £10,000 a year and an estate is not a bad thing, and Lance Armstrong had other advantages to boot. He was a big, brown young man, with honest gray eyes and a face full of energy and capacity. He was very popular in society, liked immensely by men, as he had been by his fellows at school and at college, and also by women, at least by those whose liking was worth having. He himself had a very kindly heart to all God's creatures, children and dogs instinctively made friends with him, servants adored him, even his gouty old uncle, Sir Andrew, was a little less irate with him than with other people. That may have been for a certain tender consideration he had for old or ailing people, being part of his chivalry to the weak and delicate. I have said nearly all women liked him; he was not very much of a drawing room man, and was scarcely ever known to say a gallant thing, but any woman who was capable of feeling could not but be conscious of the honour he rendered her sex. He had strange and unfashionable views about women, he was as deferential to a faded spinster or a dowager as to the young beauty of the season; and for men who spoke lightly of women or trifled with them he had a great hearted contempt. "Why, my God!" he said one time, hearing of a man who had played fast and loose with a woman, "I would as soon hurt a child." And though the men who heard him smiled, they did not like him the less for it.

Yet he was discontented. A physiognomist would have told you why. With his brawny frame and his brave heart, his clear brain and his large, capable hands, Lance Armstrong was cut out for one of the pioneers of the world, he should have been opening new countries and exploring pathless waters, making roads and laying down railways where the white foot had never trodden before; and here he was, living in inglorious ease and letting all his faculties run to rust. He had gone through the form of being called to the bar, which he need not have done, but it was some outlet for his superabundant energies. And he had learned a good deal of engineering and kindred subjects.

So the years had gone, and he was now twenty eight, four years older than when he had first seen Sheila Donovan leisurely following her father's cows home from the bog, with

a book under her arm and Trusty, the sheep-dog, by her side, for the cows needed none to drive them home for the milking. She was a slender child of sixteen then, in straight dresses and a pinafore, with heavy boots, and a hideous brown holland sunshade obscuring her pretty head. Lance, coming down the causeway, had stopped to ask her some questions, under the tilted sun bonnet he could only see a pretty white chin and a red mouth, but as she looked up to answer him she showed him the bluest pair of eyes he had ever seen. "By Jove!" he said to himself, "what blue eyes the child has!" She answered him intelligently, and with a certain grave self-possession which no little lady could have bettered, and then went on her way. After that who shall say how this unequal friendship grew?—only every day both were in the bog lands, the only human creatures who were there, where the loneliness was made more profound by the cry of the curlew and the pipe of the plover. It somehow seemed quite natural that when he crossed the little cowherd's path he should stop to speak to her. Then an interest sprang up, dating, perhaps, from the day he took the tattered volume from under her armpit to find it was poetry, of all things in the world. She did not confine her reading to that, she had some old-fashioned romances and books of travel very sawdust on which to feed the eager brain and imagination, but coloured, perhaps, by her own thoughts. She went to school to the nuns every day, and only came of afternoons to the bog. They had taught her to read and write and sew, and from association with them she had no doubt acquired that manner like a little lady's which had surprised him so much. Having found out this taste of hers for reading, he good-naturedly ransacked his store at his lodgings — mainly engineering books and treatises on the physical sciences, with the merest sprinkling of more entertaining literature. He selected a few books for her from those, rejecting some with a certain simple conscientiousness. He was as careful for this peasant child as if she were his own little sister. Then on his next run up to Dublin he provided himself with a larger assortment, and when she had read them, devouring them with passionate delight and eagerness, they discussed them together. Soon he found his way to the farm house, and came to be received there on the same footing of respectful friendship as that which the little girl gravely accorded him.

The house was more picturesque than Irish farm-houses usually are. It was low and thatched, with dark little roof, but a noble kitchen. Outside there was an orchard at one side of the house, with a sanded path running by the windows, and monthly rose-bushes, bearing their fragrant burden all the year, grew against the white wall. The other side of the house looked into the farm-yard, not a model of tidiness by any means, but picturesque with its warm, golden stacks against old elm and beech trees, and its confusion of wandering kine and pigs and poultry.

Tom Donovan, Armstrong found to be as interesting as his daughter, a splendid old fellow endowed with that nobility which somehow seems not unfit for one who has lived all his days face to face with nature. He was a big, burly old man, with a beautifully clear-cut face and large blue eyes; such a face could scarcely have belonged to a peasant of any other country in the world; only he remembered that here in Ireland it is the genuine old Celtic blood that runs in the veins of the peasantry. Your ploughman may be the descendant of kings, while your lord of the manor is very probably the son of a line of shop-keepers.

However, Tom Donovan's face was exceptional as the man was exceptional. His wide brows spoke truly of the clear sense behind them. He had used it well, for, despite all his difficulties, he was far more solvent than his brother-farmers; not wealthy, though; that would be too much to expect of an Irish farmer. He had one advantage over his fellows. Mr. Munroe, the Scotch agent on the estate, was himself an enthusiastic farmer, and not a bad fellow, despite his hard-headedness, and in Tom Donovan he found the one Irish farmer of his experience who had any idea of new methods, and was sufficiently in touch with the times to use them. Your farmer is a person of slow growth and little imagination, and very distrustful of new things, so that it happens that farming even in its most advanced shape has as yet scarcely emerged from the night of barbarism. But Tom Donovan's revolutionary tendencies made a friend of the agent for him,

and he got a good deal of advice and assistance from him, and he read the new agricultural treatises and manured his land, and spent his hard-earned money in the purchase of the best implements and the best seed, till, as he said himself, there wasn't a bonnier farm to be found in Ireland, let alone England, for Tom had a poor opinion of English soil. He was perhaps a little too advanced for his wife, a ruddy, comfortable, bustling house-mother, with none of that distinctiveness from her class which marked the father and daughter. However, she was an excellent farmer's wife, and made the goldenest butter in the county, while she was an authority on all that relates to pigs and poultry, calf-rearing and churning, though in a difficulty she was not averse to calling in the aid of "the fairyman" with his magic spells, a person for whom Tom had the profoundest contempt.

These made up the component parts of the household in which, as the summers went by, Lance Armstrong found himself year after year more warmly regarded. He would sit in the long summer evenings out of doors with the farmer, both men pulling at their pipes, and the elder pouring out stories with which his mind seemed endlessly supplied, now the old bardic stories, again some tragic tale of the Irish Rebellion, which in those hills above had fought out its death-struggle. Or it would be by the warm hearthstone in winter, with the turf fire smouldering, its darkness lit here and there by a little train of red light. And afterwards Armstrong was not too proud to share the family supper of bacon and eggs and floury potatoes, with creamy milk, and a litte whiskey and water for the men. Indeed, no thought of privacy ever entered into his intercourse with the Donovans. He grew to have a very warm affection for the old man, and a great belief in his wisdom - a simple wisdom, which sprang as much from single honesty of intention as from clearness of mind. Indeed, very difficult problems of life and conduct would this young university man propound to the old farmer, and he seldom failed to find light from a nature which had no complexities.

As for Sheila, Mr. Armstrong came to be identified with her with all the pleasant things of her growing girlhood. Association with a gentleman, a gentleman at heart as well as outwardly, did much to ripen the work the nuns had begun. And it was easy for little Sheila to be a lady. The daughter and only child of a man whom nature had made gentle, and of a woman who was honest and good and who would not let the winds of heaven blow too roughly on her nestling, the child had known little but gentleness in as much of her life as was not solitary. From Lance Armstrong came the contents of the well-filled book-shelves in her bedroom in the sloping thatch; her writing-desk was his present on one of her birthdays; the photographs and pictures which made her retreat like a lady's room he had brought her from time to time. Her parents had no misgivings at all about the friendship, nor had Father Matt, the parish priest who had christened her, and knew every thought of her innocent heart. Armstrong was able nearly always to impress his own honesty upon the minds of others, he was so trustworthy.

(To be continued.)

#### A PROGRESSIVE PEOPLE.

In the French Province of Quebec, with a million and a half of population, not less than thirty colleges, seats of classic learning, have just thrown open their doors to seven thousand of the flower of the country's youth. The proportion of girls receiving a refined convent education is much larger, one of the teaching orders of nuns having under its tuition six thousand pupils. And this, forsooth, is the people which excites the *Mail's* spleen for its backwardness and incorrigible stagnancy. If we consider the quality of the training given in the various colleges, it is not a mere business education, nor a one or two year smattering of Latin and less of Greek, sufficient for a Toronto or McGill matriculating examination, but a gradual and well balanced development of the mental faculties extending over a period of six years, by means of grammar, study of the classic authors, prose and rural composition in the ancient and modern languages, mathematics, and eloquence, all crowned by a course of philosophy which will afford a safe and unshifting anchorage for the convictions of

a life time. Forth from the colleges go every year a number of well equipped young men to recruit the ranks of the clergy, liberal professions and administrative service of the country; to become one day their useful members as well as ornaments. Those who have assisted at the Parliamentary sessions at Ottawa have remarked the comparatively large number of French-Canadians who took a prominent part in debates. There was among them no lack of men who were able to seize the strong points of questions that came up for discussion, set them forth with eloquence, expose the sophisms and weak side of arguments. Likewise in the departmental service, in the Cabinet itself, whilst other elements were ever shifting, the French-Canadians stood firm and constant. They were able to grasp the business of their bureau or department, master its every detail and render themselves indispensable in the public administration. What had become of the country without the Cartiers, the Langvins, the Merciers, the Lauriers, and the men trained under them? On the other hand what a few of our home educated English-speaking Canadians ever rise above a third or second-class clerkship. An American has lately attributed the anti-French agitation not to their backwardness or language, but to their intellectual progress as well as natural growth. The "habitant" may be a quaint, priest-riden sort of individual, but his sons fill the professions and civil service departments, of which they become the able occupants and bright ornaments.

The truth is there are two standards by which to judge a nation's progress. There is a material progress and an intellectual progress, there is the money standard and the standard of useful and noble achievement. Progress for the *Mail* means locomotives, electric-lights, telephones, mowing and threshing machines. Its standard is the dollar standard. But there is something mightier than the mighty dollar. Knowledge is power. Not a smattering of knowledge, not the knowledge of newspapers, novels and magazines, but knowledge acquired by serious study and with method; that has been wedged into the expanding faculties, and entering has enlarged them more, and becomes itself deep, broad and penetrating. There is a higher order of knowledge than that derived from the use of the dissecting knife and the observation of fossils and the study of laws which direct the application of steam and electricity. Physical science does not range beyond the confines of sense, but there is an order of knowledge, a science, which reaches beyond to eternal and immutable principles, which grasps the absolute, and from its high and unvarying standpoint investigates facts and the laws which govern them and their application to daily life.

A "priest ridden" people is necessarily an intellectual people, because the truths of religion and faith, which it is the priests' duty to teach, belong to the very highest order of truth. He must dispose the mind for their reception, and the mind in turn is lifted by that very reception to their own high level. There can be no more efficient instrument of early intellectual training than the study of the catechism. It is Cardinal Newman who contrasts the average Irish boy with the English boy, and says whilst the former's mind is open to the comprehension of abstract truths with their relations, the latter is incapable of a reflective thought. He may be the noblest animal on earth, he is after all but an animal. The difference he explains by the intellectual training the Irish boy receives in his course of catechism. The Church herself demands of her priests before they undertake the scientific study of the truths of faith, a full course of Aristotelian philosophy, than which the experience of ages has found no more efficient instrument of intellectual development. Father Barry is wrong in his "Wanted—A New Gospel." It is not a new Gospel that is wanted, but an age capable of understanding the old Gospel. At a time when, as he complains, churchmen's minds were given to subtleties, the Jesuit, De Lugo, composed his treatise on "Justice and Contracts." The truth is, when the human mind, in the Reformation, revolted against the teaching of the Church, it fell from the highest order of truth to the study and observation of matter. It fell down upon earth and became materialized. The nations that shook off the yoke of the Church entered on a new line of material progress. The fruits of it, bitter as well as sweet, we are to-day reaping, though the sweetest

of them can never compensate for the loss of that higher order of truth and mental perfection they departed from. What are the creations of our day compared with those which were the outcome of the priest-ridden ages, with those of an Aquinas, a Dante, a Shakespeare, of a Raphael, a Michael Angelo, a Rubens, of a Columbus, a Richelieu, a Ximenes. The ages of Faith can point with pride for all time to the Dome of St. Peter's, to the spires of Cologne, while the Reformation, the Revolution can only boast of its Eiffel Tower. The mind of the Middle Age produced a Plantin's workshop; the glory of the nineteenth century is the machinery hall. Whilst we gaze with wondering eye and bewildered sense on the triumphs of material progress let us not forget that they serve but to perfect the animal within us. Let us not lose sight of that higher order of truths and mental learning which alone perfects the man. Whilst we educate the business faculties to lay hold of the dollar, let us not neglect that higher intellectual training which lifts up soul and heart to eternal truth and brightest happiness.

Montreal, Sept. 9th

J. J.

### GOOD-BYE TO THE SAULT \*

THE JESUIT NOVIATE.

Written for the CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW.

*Au revoir, not Adieu, dear refuge to you,  
Sweet spot of contentment and love,  
Again, do I pray, that returning some day,  
Once more in your stillness I'll rove,  
What greatness you've wrought, what lessons you've taught,  
I shall cherish wherever I go—  
And my soul shall still burn, for a day to return  
To the dearly loved shrine at the Sault*

*May Heaven's own peace, in your cloister increase,  
May the blessings of happiness shine,  
Like the glorious blaze of Divinity's rays,  
Round your humble and purified shrine!*

*May the Saviour's great love, from His mansions above,  
Fall fair as the crystals of snow,  
That feathery and white drop from regions of light,  
And in purity rest on the Sault.*

*More precious than gold are the treasures untold  
That are hid in your silent abode,  
And a halo of grace illumines the place  
Where perpetually dwelleth our God.  
The turmoil and din and the blackness of sin,  
Your corridors never shall know;  
But glorious and bright be the heaven-born light  
That shall constantly flash on the Sault.*

*The man doomed to fight in the battle of right  
With temptations unnumbered around,  
Can feel a relief, though the moment be brief,  
As he walks on your sanctified ground.  
And he leaves it with pain, in the hope that again,  
Ere his days shall be numbered below,  
That returning to rest in his home over blest,  
He may kneel once again at the Sault.*

*May tyranny's hand never strike at the band  
Of soldiers that Christ has array'd,  
In this fortress of love, where His word from above,  
Is respected, is honoured, obeyed!*

*May the standard of God, wave over our sod,  
In the flush of prosperity's glow,  
May our country behold that banner unrolled  
By the garrison now at the Sault!*

*Au revoir, not Adieu, Oh! be faithful and true;  
May no wickedness cause you to fear—  
In your phalanx is strength that in glory at length  
The standard of Christ shall uprear  
Like dew from above, may the treasures of love—  
Refreshment and pleasure bestow  
If Humility mook at last refuge would seek—  
In Obedience, 'twill be at the Sault.*

19th July.  
Sault-au-Roccollet, P.Q.

JOSEPH K. FORAN.

\*Pronounced "So."

### NECESSITY OF AUTHORITY IN RELIGION.

In the prevailing confusion of the present time it cannot be too often repeated or too earnestly insisted upon that what all men need is authority in religion. We want not only to know that Almighty God has given us a revelation of His will, but, also, and especially, to be assured as to what that revelation, that will, is. It is absolutely necessary that we should not only have the law, but an authoritative interpretation of that law, to decide differences of opinion and to settle disputes about its meaning. In short, the law without an interpreter is a nullity. There is just as much necessity for a judicial tribunal—a final court of appeal—in spiritual as in civil matters. Otherwise, we are all at sea as to what the will of God is and exposed to all the evils of spiritual anarchy and confusion. And why should we not have authority in religion as well as in other things? Men talk of free-thought, liberty of opinion, the right of private judgment, as if there were absolutely no higher authority to which we owe allegiance than that of their own fallible, and oftentimes weak, wayward and erratic intellects. In fact, speak to them of the necessity of authority in religion, especially of an infallible authority such as Catholics claim, and they are up in arms at once; they repudiate the very idea; they exclaim against the absurdity of submitting to the dictation of any external authority, especially an authority claiming to be infallible. The very idea seems to be abhorrent to them, and they indulge in the freest and most outspoken expressions of contempt for what they designate as the "tyranny of Rome" and the "obsequious severity of the Romanists."

Now, while great allowance is, no doubt, to be made for the influence of education upon the mass of Protestant people, who have never been taught to realize the necessity of authority in religion, and who are incapable of rising above the influence of their traditions and associations, yet, we must confess, it is a constant source of wonder and astonishment to us that the intelligent, the intellectual, the leaders of thought among our Protestant friends, should be so slow to apprehend, and so loth to acknowledge the absolute necessity and imperative obligation of obedience to a supreme, inerrable, judicial authority in spirituals. One might well suppose that the very condition of harassing doubt and uncertainty in which they are necessarily involved, would be a powerful stimulus to them to seek some adequate mode of relief, and predispose them to receive any theory of authority that should be presented to them with a semblance of truth, with the greatest avidity.

Surely it is not a precious privilege to doubt. It is hard to conceive what comfort and satisfaction there can be in beating about in a wild sea of uncertainty, without chart or compass, and, consequently, with no certainty of reaching the desired haven. Every intelligent person, except the enthusiast of one idea—if, indeed, he can be called intelligent—who has ever undertaken to construct a religion for himself, even out of the manifold materials at hand, must have found how extremely difficult it is not only to satisfy others, many of whom, perhaps, are engaged in the same pursuit with himself, but even to satisfy himself. However firmly he may be convinced of the certainty of his conclusions one day, the next, if he be a thoughtful and a reading man, is almost sure to show him some defect in his theory, and, therefore, good reason for changing his opinions; and he has no certainty that this process will not go on, from day to day, as long as he lives.

Is it not strange that such men should not after a while discover the unreasonableness of their pursuit? Why can they not some time be awakened to the consciousness that, as we must have authority in science, in law, in physic, and even in the common concerns of life, so we must have authority in that which transcends all other subjects in interest and importance—religion?

Now, the Catholic Church claims to have such an authority, and it gives most excellent and satisfactory reasons for it. We are not going to repeat those reasons here. We simply state the fact as an *a priori* reason why our Protestant friends especially those who have begun to realize the irksomeness of their position and to long for some solid foundation for faith, should look into the subject and examine the truth of the Catholic claims.—*Catholic Review, Brooklyn.*

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## ENCYCLICAL LETTER OF THE HOLY FATHER,

ON

### ST. JOSEPH, THE CHURCH'S PATRON.

We publish below a careful translation of the recently issued Encyclical Letter of the Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., on the patronage of St. Joseph and the Mother of God during the stress of the present times:—

TO OUR VENERABLE BRETHREN THE PATRIARCHS, PRIMATES, ARCHBISHOPS AND OTHER ORDINARIES, IN PEACE AND UNION WITH THE HOLY SEE.

Although we have already many times ordered special prayers to be offered up in the whole world, that the interests of Catholicity might be insistently recommended to God, none will deem it matter for surprise that we consider the present moment an opportune one for again inculcating the same duty. During periods of stress and trial—chiefly when every lawlessness of act seems permitted to the powers of darkness—it has been the custom in the Church to plead with special fervor and perseverance to God, her author and protector, by recourse to the intercession of the saints—and chiefly of the Blessed Virgin, Mother of God—whose patronage has ever been the most efficacious. The fruit of these pious prayers and of the confidence reposed in the Divine goodness, has always, sooner or later, been made apparent. Now, Venerable Brethren, you know the times in which we live; they are scarcely less deplorable for the Christian religion than the worst days, which in time past were most full of misery to the Church. We see faith, the root of all the Christian virtues, lessening in many souls; we see charity growing cold; the young generation daily growing in depravity of morals and views; the Church of Jesus Christ attacked on every side by open force or by craft; a relentless war waged against the Sovereign Pontiff, and the very foundations of religion undermined with a boldness which waxes daily in intensity. These things are, indeed, so much a matter of notoriety that it is needless for us to expatiate on the depths to which society has sunk in these days, or on the designs which now agitate the minds of men. In circumstances so unhappy and troublous, human remedies are insufficient, and it becomes necessary as a sole resource, to beg for assistance from the Divine power.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN AND ST. JOSEPH WE SHOULD MAKE OUR SPECIAL INTERCESSORS.

This is the reason why we have considered it necessary to turn to the Christian people and urge them to implore, with increased zeal and constancy, the aid of Almighty God. At this proximity of the month of October, which we have already consecrated to the Virgin Mary under the title of Our Lady of the Rosary, we earnestly exhort the faithful to perform the exercises of this month with, if possible, even more piety and constancy than heretofore. We know that there is sure help in the maternal goodness of the Virgin, and we are very certain that we shall never vainly place our trust in her. If on innumerable occasions, she has displayed her power in aid of the Christian world, why should we doubt that she will now renew the assistance of her power and favour, if humble and constant prayers are offered up on all sides to her? Nay, we rather believe that her intervention will be the more marvellous as she has permitted us to pray to her for so long a time with special appeals. We entertain another object which, according to your wont, Venerable Brethren, you will advance with fervor. That God may be more favourable to our prayers, and that He may come with bounty and promptitude to aid His Church, we judge it of deep utility for the Christian people continually to invoke with great piety and trust, together with the Virgin Mother of God, her chaste Spouse, the Blessed Joseph; and we regard it as most certain that this will be most pleasing to the Virgin herself,

#### DEVOTION TO ST. JOSEPH SPECIALLY ENCOURAGED.

On the subject of this devotion, of which we speak publicly for the first time to-day, we know without doubt that not only are the people inclined to it, but that it is already established and is advancing to full growth. We have seen the devotion to St. Joseph, which in past times the Roman Pontiffs have developed and gradually increased, grow into greater proportions in our time, particularly after Pius IX., of happy memory, our predecessor, proclaimed, yielding to the request of a large number of Bishops, this holy patriarch and patron of the Catholic Church. And as, moreover, it is of high importance that the devotion of St. Joseph should engraft itself upon the daily pious practices of Catholics, we desire that the Christian people should be urged to it above all by our words and authority.

#### WHY ST. JOSEPH WAS MADE THE PATRON OF THE CHURCH.

The special motives for which St. Joseph has been proclaimed Patron of the Church, and from which the Church looks for singular benefit from his patronage and protection, are that Joseph was the spouse of Mary and that he was reputed the Father of Jesus Christ. From these sources have sprung his dignity, his holiness, his glory. In truth, the dignity of the Mother of God is lofty that naught created can rank above it. But as Joseph has been united to the Blessed Virgin by the ties of marriage, it may not be doubted that he approached nearer than any to the eminent dignity by which the Mother of God surpasses all created natures. For marriage is the most intimate of all unions which from its essence imparts a community of gifts between those that by it are joined together. Thus in giving Joseph the Blessed Virgin as spouse, God appointed him to be not only her life's companion, the witness of her maidenhood, the protector of her honour, but also, by virtue of the conjugal tie, a participator in her sublime dignity. And Joseph shines among all mankind by the most august dignity, since by divine will, he was the guardian of the Son of God and reputed as His Father among men. Hence it came about that the word of God was humbly subject to Joseph, that He obeyed him, and that He rendered to him all those offices that children are bound to render to their parents. From this two-fold dignity flowed the obligation which nature lays upon the heads of families, so that Joseph became the guardian, the administrator, and the legal defender of the divine house whose chief he was. And during the whole course of his life he fulfilled those charges and those duties. He set himself to protect with a mighty love and a daily solicitude his spouse and the Divine Infant; regularly by his work he earned what was necessary for the one and the other for nourishment and clothing; he guarded from death the Child threatened by a monarch's jealousy, and found for Him a refuge; in the miseries of the journey and in the bitterness of exile he was ever the companion, the assistance, and the upholder of the Virgin and of Jesus.

Now the divine house which Joseph ruled with the authority of a father, contained within its limits the scarce born Church. From the same fact that the most holy Virgin is the mother of Jesus Christ is she the mother of all Christians whom she bore on Mount Calvary amid the supreme throes of the Redemption; Jesus Christ is, in a manner, the first-born of Christians who by the adoption and Redemption are his brothers. And for such reasons the Blessed Patriarch looks upon the multitude of Christians who make up the Church as confided specially to his trust—this limitless family spread over the earth, over which, because he is the spouse of Mary and the Father of Jesus Christ, he holds, as it were, a paternal authority. It is, then, natural and worthy that as the Blessed Joseph ministered to all the needs of the family at Nazareth and girt it about with his protection, he should now cover with the cloak of his heavenly patronage and defend the Church of Jesus Christ.

#### POINTS OF LIKENESS BETWEEN THE TWO JOSEPHS.

You well understand, Venerable Brethren, that these considerations are confirmed by the opinion held by a large number of the Fathers, to which the sacred liturgy gives sanction, that the Joseph of ancient times, son of the patriarch

Jacob, was the type of St. Joseph, and the former by his glory prefigured the greatness of the future guardian of the Holy Family. And in truth, beyond the fact that the same name—a point the significance of which has never been denied—was given to each, you well know the points of likeness that exist between them; namely, that the first Joseph won the favor and especial good-will of his master, and that through Joseph's administration his household came to prosperity and wealth; that (still more important) he presided over the kingdom with great power, and, in a time when the harvests failed, he provided for all the needs of the Egyptians with so much wisdom that the king decreed to him the title "Saviour of the world." Thus it is that we may prefigure the new in the old patriarch. And as the first caused the prosperity of his master's domestic interests and at the same time rendered great services to the whole kingdom, so the second, destined to be the guardian of the Christian religion, should be regarded as the protector and defender of the Church, which is truly the house of the Lord and the kingdom of God on earth.

#### ST. JOSEPH A FIT PATRON FOR ALL CLASSES.

These are the reasons why men of every rank and country should fly to the trust and guard of the blessed Joseph. Fathers of families find in Joseph the best personification of paternal solicitude and vigilance, spouses a perfect example of love, of peace and conjugal fidelity; virgins at the same time find in him the model and protector of virginal integrity. The noble of birth will learn of Joseph how to guard their dignity even in misfortune, the rich will understand, by his lessons, what are the goods most to be desired and won at the price of their labor. As to workmen, artisans, and persons of lesser degree, their recourse to Joseph is a special right, and his example is for their particular imitation. For Joseph, of royal blood, united by marriage to the greatest and holiest of women, reputed the father of the Son of God, passed his life in labor, and won by the toil of the artisan the needful support of his family. It is, then, true, that the condition of the lowly has nothing shameful in it, and the work of the laborer is not only not dishonoring, but can, if virtue be joined to it, be singularly ennobled. Joseph, content with his slight possessions, bore the trials consequent on a fortune so slender, with greatness of soul, in imitation of his Son, who, having put on the form of a slave, being the Lord of life, subjected Himself of His own free will to the spoliation and loss of everything.

#### ENCOURAGEMENT FOR THE LOWLY.

Through these considerations, the poor and those who live by the labor of their hands should be of good heart and learn to be just. If they win the right of emerging from poverty and obtaining a better rank by lawful means, reason and justice uphold them in changing the order established, in the first instance, for them by the Providence of God. But recourse to force and struggles by seditious paths to obtain such ends are madnesses which only aggravate the evil which they aim to suppress. Let the poor, then, if they would be wise, trust not to the promises of seditious men but rather to the example and patronage of the Blessed Joseph and to the maternal charity of the Church, which each day takes an increased compassion on their lot.

#### A SPECIAL PRAYER TO ST. JOSEPH FOR OCTOBER.

This is the reason why trusting much to your zeal and episcopal authority, Venerable Brethren, and not doubting that the good and pious faithful will run beyond the mere letter of the law we prescribe that during the whole month of October, at the recitation of the Rosary, for which we have already legislated, a prayer to St. Joseph be added, the formula of which will be sent with this letter, and that this custom should be repeated every year. To those who recite this prayer, we grant for each time an indulgence of seven years and seven Lents. It is a salutary practice and very praiseworthy, already established in some countries, to consecrate the month of March to the honor of the holy Patriarch by daily exercises of piety. Where this custom cannot be easily established, it is at least desirable that, before the feast-day, in the principal church of each parish, a *triduo* of prayer be celebrated. In those lands where the 19th of March—the Feast of St. Joseph—is not a Festival of Obligation, we exhort

the faithful to sanctify it as far as possible by private pious practices, in honor of their heavenly patron, as though it were a day of obligation.

And, in token of heavenly favors, and in witness of our good-will, we grant most lovingly in the Lord, Venerable Brethren, to your clergy and to your people, the Apostolic Blessing.

Given from the Vatican, April 15th, 1889, the 11th year of our Pontificate.

LEO PP. XIII.

#### CATHOLIC PROGRESS.\*

The subject covered by the above title, is so large and comprehensive that it is clearly impossible to treat it in all its bearings. Some of these it were presumption in me to attempt. Thus, Catholic progress in its highest sense would mean the progress of the interior life of Catholics in England. Holiness is at all times and in all places a note of the Church. But it must be conceded that there have been times and places when and where it has been more largely developed among individual members of the Church. Are we, then, better than our forefathers, looking at the whole body of Catholics in England? Only Almighty God knows. But, as the question presents itself to human intelligence, doubtless there is something to be said on each side. It is a question, however, on which very few, even among bishops or priests of the widest experience, can form any clear opinion. Again, as to the external signs of zeal and devotion. It would be possible, no doubt, for one who had the means at his command to tabulate statistics. It would be possible for such an one to collect estimates not only of the numbers of those who belong to the Religious Orders and the various Confraternities and religious associations for good works, and to see what proportion they bear to the whole Catholic population, but also to observe with tolerable accuracy how many in any given number of years had fulfilled their Easter obligations, and (with less certainty) what numbers had assisted at the various services on Sundays and other days at all our churches and chapels. Further, he could as far as possible ascertain what at different periods had been the sale of devotional books and other objects of piety, and what was the character of those works which at one time or another commanded the largest sale. Thus it might be possible to estimate with tolerable accuracy at two different periods—say twenty years apart—what was the proportion of merely nominal Catholics and of really earnest ones. Our Protestant fellow-countrymen are quite alive to the distinction. I remember once dipping into the autobiography of a Protestant gentleman once well known in the sporting world. In it I came on the—to me—astounding fact that the author, when he married his wife, knew she was a Roman Catholic, but did not know she was a Jesuit! And then he proceeded to explain that a Jesuit, according to his use of the term, differed from a mere Roman Catholic by being very particular about going to Mass on Sundays and days of obligation, abstaining on Fridays, frequenting the confessional, and generally showing respect for the priesthood. In this sense I hope the proportion of "Jesuits" has increased among us since this book was published. That would be one kind of Catholic progress. Another way in which the subject might be treated would be to consider whether or not the number of Catholics in England is increasing faster than the rate of increase of the whole population. This question was handled from the Protestant side in the *Quarterly Review* not long ago. The writer triumphantly established to his own satisfaction that, though Catholic churches and schools were increasing, the proportion of Catholics to the whole population was falling off. I fancy I recognized the author by his style, and, if I am right in my belief, he is one who would be very sure to present his facts unfairly, not to say untruthfully. I should require very strong confirmation before accepting his conclusions. Twenty-two years ago, the late Bishop Ullathorne told me that, since he had administered the Birmingham Diocese, the proportion had been nearly stationary, but there had been a slight increase. I hope, and I think it probable,

A paper read by Mr. Hastings Keko before the Catholic Young Men's Society, London.

that, taking the whole of England, the increase has been larger. If so, that is another kind of Catholic progress. One kind of progress, to which I have already just alluded, is undeniable. There has been a large increase in the number and size of our churches. There has been a great improvement in their style. Fresh schools, upper, middle class, and elementary, are constantly being opened; and I think we may say with pardonable pride that, considering all the circumstances, their efficiency is credible and generally recognized. But there is still another kind of Catholic progress which I think future historians of the Church will refer to as peculiarly characteristic of the present day. This is what I will term "political and social progress." There is no doubt that Catholics are very differently viewed by the mass of their fellow-countrymen from the way in which they were looked at forty, or even twenty years ago. Perhaps the position of things may be summed up by saying that far fewer non-Catholics actively hate us; fewer still openly show their hatred; a much larger number respect Catholics as such; and even though they have no idea of becoming Catholics themselves, there are few who do not profess to see, and probably really do see, much that is admirable in the system of the Church. No matter which political party is in power, a British Cabinet is hardly complete without at least one Catholic Minister. English constituencies consisting chiefly of Protestants elect Catholic Members of Parliament. Protestant votes are freely given for Catholic guardians and School Board and County or Town Council members. Members of the Royal Family attend at Catholic weddings when the nuptial Mass is celebrated. An association is formed, headed by the Prince of Wales, to do honour to the memory of a saintly priest. On the other hand, the misrepresentations of the anti-Catholic lecturers receive little sympathy or support. The nefarious business of the ex-priest, or the "escaped nun" who pretends to expose the "horrors" of confessional or convent is in a bad way, suffering from more than ordinary depression of trade. In every rank and class it causes less dismay than formerly for Protestant to hear that a relation or friend has married a Catholic wife or husband, and has himself or herself become, or is about to become, a Catholic. It is easier than it once was for Catholics to obtain a place as clerk or servant in a good place of business or family. Let us now glance at the causes of this change which has come over the spirit of the country. First, there is the growth of toleration. This is a good thing in itself. I am aware that our Protestant friends mostly think that they have a monopoly of it, and that there is not, and never has been, any toleration among Catholics. Also I think perhaps some among ourselves think it un-Catholic to be tolerant, and confound toleration with indifference. I maintain, on the other hand, that there has always been a spirit of toleration shown by some of the best and wisest of Catholics, and a shocking want of it displayed by many non-Catholics, particularly Puritans and a certain type of infidels. These incidents may suffice. Among the letters of Clement VII. is one to the Caliph Saladin, written in a personally friendly spirit, recognizing the good in him, terming him a "child of Abraham," though outside the fold of the Church. At a later period, when Ferdinand and Isabella proscribed Judaism in Spain, the Pope invited the Spanish Jews to Rome, without interference to the exercise of their religion. The first general proclamation of toleration in England since the Reformation was made by the Catholic king, James II.; and though it has pleased Macaulay and others to assume that it was not genuine, I am convinced from the study of the document and the general circumstances that it was honestly intended. The fact is, that it has always been possible for Catholics to be more or less tolerant, according to the bent of their individual minds coupled with various outside influences. It is quite impossible for consistent Puritans to be tolerant. English Protestants for some two centuries were under strong Puritan influence. Now they are growing out of this, and therefore, they are rapidly becoming tolerant towards us, and ready to believe good of us. Secondly, there is, I am sorry to say, the growth of indifference. Those who have almost or quite abandoned dogmatic belief without having crystallized into dogmatic unbelief, naturally see little difference between Protestantism and Catholicism. This is an

evil viewed in its ultimate effects, but it is an evil from which we are for the present reaping some benefit. Thirdly, there is the great question of Disestablishment which is beginning to loom within the horizon of practical politics. Inside the Established Church and outside, the desirability of Disestablishment is a moot question. Partisans on both sides would like to enlist our aid, and are ready to make much of us—for the moment, at all events—if we will help them. No opinion is here pronounced one way or the other; I only note the fact. Fourthly, the extension of the franchise has made all actual or potential voters more important. The Catholic interest has to be reckoned with by both sides in politics, and cannot safely be ignored or insulted.

So far our review of Catholic progress has been optimistic and rose-coloured. And yet in what I have said it is to be feared that I have been leading straight up to the "dangers ahead," of which I have still to say something. If I have made my meaning clear, you will have seen that Catholic progress for some time past has largely consisted in Catholics and Protestants being brought closer together. Now, this is a process which cuts two ways. If it has often had the good result of making the Protestant approximate towards Catholicism, it sometimes has the evil result of causing the Catholic to approximate towards Protestantism. In short, I conceive the two great dangers ahead are the growth of indifference, and consequent leakage. Indifference is quite different from toleration. To recognize that Protestants and other non-Catholics may have a conscience and be acting up to it—in other words, that, being mostly descended from Protestant ancestors through three centuries, they may very well be excusable on the ground of invincible ignorance—this is toleration. To say or to act as if it did not matter whether people were Catholic or Protestant, or nothing at all—this is indifference. He was a born Catholic who wrote in the last century:—

For creeds and forms let senseless zealots fight;  
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

But he was also one who sought the society and patronage of Protestants and Freethinkers. If these evil communications in his case produced such an un-Catholic tone of mind, the danger is increased now; for the very reason that there has been so much Catholic progress, and that Catholics cannot now very well be ignored or insulted; also because most Protestants having learned just enough about us to know we are not the monsters they formerly thought, are inclined to be friendly. By all means let us reciprocate, only not so as to sacrifice one jot of our Faith or practice. But I find a good many Catholics who associate much with Protestants catch the fashionable tone of indifference. To them nothing "matters." It doesn't matter if a man eats meat on Friday, if he oversleeps himself on a Sunday morning, or is too tired on a holy day of obligation to get up for Mass before his hours of work begin. It doesn't matter if he looks into a Protestant church with a Protestant friend, or if he reads anti-Catholic books just out of curiosity. It does not matter whether he marries a Catholic or a Protestant, and if the latter which Church it is in, or even if it is at the registry office. It does not matter in which religion his children are brought up. Least of all does it matter to such a Catholic if in the struggle for existence he accepts the chance of permanent employment somewhere far away from the nearest mission, and on that ground ceases to practise or think of his religion. Thus indifference is at the root of most of the leakage from the Church which is always going on. If those who begin with indifference do not themselves openly leave their religion their children do. Catholic poor children are allowed to go to Board schools. Catholic paupers are not entered in the Union books as Catholics. Catholics of better worldly position make mixed marriages without proper precautions for safeguarding their own and their children's faith. England is full of examples of this kind; so is America. Indeed I was told in the States by an eminent ecclesiastic that English and Irish emigrants are far more careless in this respect than German Catholics. Such evils have a natural tendency to increase. If not checked it is probable that some future chronicler will have to tell the tale not of Catholic progress but of Catholic retrogression.



## The Catholic Weekly Review.

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IN CANADA.

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

LETTER FROM HIS GRACE THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO.

St. MICHAEL'S PALACE, Toronto, 29th Dec., 1888.

GENTLEMEN,—

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

I am, faithfully yours.

JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,  
Archbishop of Toronto.

FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF HALIFAX.

HALIFAX, July 11, 1888.

DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

I have been very much pleased with the matter and form of THE CATHOLIC WEEKLY REVIEW. The high moral Catholic tone, the fine literary taste displayed make your paper a model of Catholic journalism. May it prosper much so long as it keeps to its present line.

Yours very truly.

J. C. O'BRIEN,  
Archbishop of Halifax.

FROM THE LATE BISHOP OF HAMILTON.

HAMILTON, March 17, 1887.

MY DEAR MR. FITZGERALD,—

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

Believe me, yours faithfully,

JAMES J. CARBERRY,  
Bishop of Hamilton.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPT. 14 1889.

### PUBLISHERS NOTICE.

The Review has sent out to all subscribers in arrears their accounts for subscription, and we regret to again have to appeal to them to pay these bills promptly. The duty is a disagreeable one, but as the income of a paper is derived almost solely from the price of subscription it becomes necessary to remind over due subscribers that on the prompt payment of their bills depends our own punctuality in meeting the very heavy current expenses and maturing obligations of the paper. The price of a paper, always a small matter to the subscriber, amounts to the thousands, in the aggregate, to the publishers. The frequency with which some of the foremost religious papers in the country are compelled to make appeals of this kind testifies to the widespread prevalence of the evil. The best papers have at times been killed by the "unremitting kindness" of their readers.

We published last week the *Weekly Registers'* deservedly severe criticism of Mr. Edward Clifford's "Life of Father Damien." Mr. Clifford introduced into his book, in the most wanton and unjustifiable manner, a number of offensive references to the Catholic religion. Mr. Clifford must have peculiar notions of good taste. He writes a life of a great Christian hero; and he deems it becoming to obtrude upon the reader his personal objections to, and his great distaste for, that martyr-missionary's religion. The *Weekly Register* having taken him to task for his breach of good manners, he replies to it, not by expressing regret that he has borne false witness against his neighbour, but by an irrelevant platitude about "honest criticism." Mr. Clifford's style of writing is not "criticism," nor, if it were, was a life of Father Damien the right place for it. But now, however, that the excellent life of Father Damien, edited by his brother (a reference to which will be found among our book notices) is in the reach of the public, Mr. Clifford's book, like his amateur theology, may be forgotten.

### CATHOLICITY AND ART.

The London correspondent of the *New York Mail and Express* visited Alma Tadema's studio the other day and had a long interview with the artist. In the course of his remarks, the great painter is reported as having said: "The lower classes don't seem to take much interest in art matters. They used to, but they don't now. When they had a Catholic religion, a religion of art, a plastic religion, they could take an interest in art, and they did. It was their duty to admire the beauties of their cathedrals and churches. But Protestantism and Quakerism has stopped all this. The plastic religion is gone, and in its place we are told that it is a sin to go to a museum or art gallery on Sunday. Germany sacrificed her art to the Reformation. She is now given to music, and it is the same everywhere."

Tadema's words are a testimony to the influence upon Art of the Christian Church. It was under her beneficent patronage that it attained its highest perfection. She drew to her service the greatest masters. The Ages of Faith were the Artistic Ages. The Art of to-day is tainted with the animalism of the age. The pictures of to-day do not, as did the great productions of the past, introduce us to saints and angels, and to faces such as Michael Angelo thought "must have been seen in Heaven before being painted upon earth." Art is no longer infused with that love of the supernatural which shone out from the works of the Masters, and which furnished them with their noblest conceptions. In the hands of the devotees of the day it has lost the character of a spiritual instrument. Now it speaks to us of Nature. Then it spoke to us of Nature, and of Nature's God, exalting the sentiments, and guiding the wandering imagination from earth towards Heaven.

Like Literature, Art has a religious worth and unworth. It was when it was inspired by Catholicity that it scattered those wondrous works in which were presented to the eye and to the mind the most elevated mysteries, and by which, in this life, a presentiment was made felt of the felicity of the of the future; works which though "wrought by human hands were not of human thought," and which

.....Express't

All that ideal beauty over blessed  
The mind with, in its most unearthly mood.  
When each conception was a heavenly guest—  
A ray of immortality—and stood  
Star-like around, until they gathered to a God."

### THE COLLAPSE OF THE AGITATION.

We published last week the letters of the law officers of the Crown in England in reference to the constitutionality of the Jesuits' Estates legislation. Since they were first given through the *Canada Gazette* to the public, the anti-Jesuit agitation has collapsed like a house of cards, and the amateur statesmen who fostered and organized it, stand forth in a very ridiculous light to the country. Although essentially a crusade against Catholicism, and an attack upon provincial autonomy, the ostensible pretext of their propaganda against the Jesuits' Estates legislation has been the unconstitutionality of the measure in question. "The policy of the legislation," says the *Montreal Gazette*, "the real point of discussion has been studiously ignored, and the form of the act the history and theology of the Jesuit Society has been attacked with a vehemence rarely exhibited by amateur statesman and self-constituted authorities. It mattered nothing to these crusaders that the Dominion Government and House of Commons had no more concern, in this instance, with

the doctrines and character of Jesuitism than with any other theology taught, or that the allowance of the act in no way affected its illegality if it in any way exceeded the jurisdiction of the Legislature. Callous to these plain facts, incited by an extraordinary burst of intolerance, and animated largely by partisan motive, a coterie of ambitious men succeeded in arousing for a time a remarkable resentment against Ministers and Commoners who, on sober thought and cool reflection, had failed to discover good cause for disallowing the *Estates Act*, or any limitation of the remedies for wiping it off the statute book in the vote against the O'Brien resolution." And what is the upshot of the matter? That the Attorney-General and Solicitor-General of Great Britain, the legal advisers of the Crown, speaking for the British Government and the Queen—for under the English constitution, the opinion of the law officers, in matters of this sort, is the opinion of the Cabinet, and the opinion of the Cabinet the opinion of the Sovereign—pronounce the legislation to have been constitutional, within the powers of the Provincial Legislature, and as furnishing no grounds for a reference to the Privy Council. In the light of their decision it is no longer to be contended that the Queen's supremacy has been assailed by this legislation, or that it recognizes a civil authority in the Pope in the administration of the public affairs of the Dominion. As a matter of fact, the agitators must now either abandon their work or change the base of their operations. In any event the agitation must peter out. "Of the derogation of the Queen's supremacy," says the *Gazette*, "we shall hear no more unless from men who desire to parade themselves as simpletons; of the exaltation of the Pope above the Sovereign the orators of the Equal Rights movement will keep silent; of the strict constitutionality of the act no longer sensible men will doubt, and the agitation conceived in partisan political malignity and born in bigotry must either disappear or stand forth in its true colours. In either case the sting has been extracted. An acknowledged and open crusade against Roman Catholicism would be speedily crushed out by the strong common sense of the vast majority of Canadians."

#### THE MANITOBA TROUBLE.

The *Manitoba Official Gazette* made its appearance last week for the first time in a new character. The announcements were printed only in English. The circumstance, we presume, may be taken as an evidence that the Government of Mr. Greenway is determined to yield to the demands of the demagogues who are hard at work stirring up strife in that Province. There, as here in Ontario, the agitators have two planks in their platform, the abolition of the Separate Schools, and the discontinuance of the use of the French language. Mr. Greenway has met their demands in regard to the latter.

The gravity of Mr. Greenway's action rests not so much in the action itself, or in any important consequences attaching it, for, as we quoted *Manitoba journals* last week to show, the use of the French language in that Province has fallen largely into disuse, and may be discontinued in the Courts and in official business as an unnecessary expense, but rather in the manner of Mr. Greenway's action.

There is a right way and a wrong way of doing all things. How is it in this case? By the Act which established Manitoba as a Province the French language was given the same status as the English in all public business. At the time this was necessary for the proper administration of government. As such it was the law of the land. Since then the French-speaking element in the North West has remained

almost stationary, while the English-speaking people, on the other hand, have gone on increasing. The result is largely due to the movement of immigration. It has long been apparent that in due course of time the English would be the only language used in the transaction of the public affairs of the Province; in fact it has been said that, even now, were a start being made anew in the North West, there would be as much reason for making German an official language as the French. But while the change was thus one which might have been expected to come inevitably, and, we will add, imperceptibly, there was no reason requiring it to be compassed, as Mr. Greenway has done, suddenly and illegally. The question is one largely of courtesy, and courtesy demanded that the privilege granted to an important element in the Province should not be taken from them without full deliberation, and without first ascertaining the will of the Legislature of the Province. As the matter stands the course taken by the Greenway Government, which, to begin with, was needless, looks like a slight upon the French people of Manitoba, and like an effort to curry favour with the fanatics who are abroad in that Province.

#### THE FRENCH-CANADIANS.

Mr. Tarte, the editor of *Le Canadien* has addressed to *Imperial Federation* a forcible rejoinder to an attack upon the French-Canadians which recently appeared in that journal from the pen of a correspondent in this country. The attack was of a kind to which Canadians of French origin, and indeed, Canadian Catholics generally, have for some time past been made all too accustomed. It held them up to view in their individual characters as creatures of prejudice, and as the slaves of ignorance and of a superstitious creed; and, in their corporate character, as an aggressive and rapacious faction, grasping for their own ends the helm of state. To these unwarrantable and untruthful assertions Mr. Tarte replies in a letter, the strength and fairness of which will be admitted by anyone at all familiar with the simple facts of our political history. Mr. Tarte points out that there does not now exist, and that there never has existed, an alliance between French and Irish Catholics, as apart from Canadians of other creeds, for the purpose of aggrandizing political power by common action; while he appeals to history to testify to the unswerving loyalty of French-Canadians since they became British subjects. The confederation of the provinces, he reminds us, was the work of a cabinet of which Sir Etienne Tache was the leader, and of a parliament in which Sir George Cartier commanded an absolute majority. The mass of the French-Canadians voted for, and helped to carry this political change which laid, deep and broad, the foundations of our young nation; and they have remained ever since unalterable in their loyalty and attachment to the Crown of Great Britain. Mr. Tarte points out an important fact, in this connection, which some people are prone to forget, and that is, that "the Catholic religion is not incompatible with the quality of a British subject and with loyalty to the Crown. The age of intolerance in which the Roman faith was a disability, and a badge of inferiority in England, has passed away, never to return." As to the assertion that the French-Canadians form a concrete political body, with aims and aspirations of their own, and incompatible with loyalty to the Dominion, Mr. Tarte points to the actual composition of parties.

"Is there," he asks, "a French party in Canada? Are the political party lines based on the respective nationalities? No. The French-Canadians divide among themselves just

as their English fellow-citizens divide—on questions of political economy, of tariffs and of administration. French-Canadians and English-Canadians belong promiscuously to the Liberal party or to the Conservative party. And one of the most striking actual proofs of the incorrectness of the assertions of 'Civis Britannicus,' that we are not with the Canadian nation, is to be found in the fact that, at this very moment, the Liberal party in the Dominion Parliament, composed for the two-thirds of English Protestant members, have chosen as their Leader a French Canadian and a Catholic, the Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, the representative of one of the most French electoral divisions of the country, Quebec East."

There is of course in Quebec, as there is in Ontario, a small and an unimportant party of fanatics, and, as the *Gazette* of Montreal has lately very truly said, with journals like *La Verite* and *L'Etendard* on the one side, and the *Toronto Mail* on the other, it is an easy matter to stir up race passions and religious resentments. Quotations from such publications, paraded as the opinions and aims of the French on the one hand, and of the English on the other, are of effect precisely in proportion as their true worth is unknown. They are simply the opinions of cliques, and are not to be mistaken as expressing the sentiments of enlightened and patriotic Canadians.

"The *Mail's* work," says Mr. Tarte, "consists in the easy but dishonest tactics of carefully collecting the sayings of irresponsible journalists and writers, the exaggerations of such and such second class politicians, of this or that isolated member of the clergy, perfidiously grouping them together, and then telling the English public: 'Here is what the French-Canadians think and desire!' Among us, as everywhere else, there are hot-heads and fanatics who say or write absurd things. Is a nation to be judged on the basis of the opinions of this class of individuals? Is it legitimate to draw from a particular fact or from a political incident or accident, conclusions against the public morality, the sentiment and loyalty of an entire people?" And yet it has been by just these methods that so much of prejudice and ill-feeling between the Provinces has been created.

#### POETICAL SCEPTICISM.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll in delivering, a few days ago, a funeral oration over a prominent Freethinker of Boston, described the dead man as a courageous rebel against the horrible "religion of New England," namely, Puritanism. "He was kind," he said, "compassionate and tender, and could not fall upon his knees before a cruel and revengeful God. He could not bow to one who slew with famine, sword, and fire, and Jehovah had no attribute that he could love." The *Freeman's Journal*, commenting on the words, says truly that others have felt like Col. Ingersoll and the late Mr. Seaver, among them a greater than either of these gentlemen, Orestes A. Brownson, who did not make the mistake of confounding the cruel and repellant creed of Calvinism with genuine Christianity.

In the course of his funeral tribute Col. Ingersoll gave a fine example of the emotional atheism, the dreamy, poetical scepticism with which Freethinkers of Mr. Ingersoll's school, now-a-days, aesthetically embellish their unbelief. The passage is one of great beauty and eloquence. We read that:

"He believed in the religion of free thought and good deeds—in a religion for every day. He lived for this world. If there be another he will live for that. He did what he could for the destruction of fear, the destruction of the im-

aginary monster who rewards the few in heaven, the monster who tortures the many in perdition. How little, after all, we know of what is ill or well. How little of this wondrous stream of cataracts and pools, this stream of life that rises in a world unknown and flows to that mysterious sea whose shore the foot of one who comes hath never pressed? How little of this life we know—this struggling ray of light 'twixt gleam and gloom—this strip of land by verdure clad between the unknown wastes, this throbbing moment filled with love and pain, this dream that lies between the shadowy shores of sleep and death. We stand upon this verge of crumbling time, and we lose, we hope, we disappear. Again we mingle with the dust, and the 'knot intricate,' forever falls apart."

We cannot quarrel with Col. Ingersoll, or with men of refined natures, and of delicate sympathies, for merely thinking in this wise. We agree with our contemporary, the *Freeman*, that they are hardly to blame for their revolt against the lifeless machine which strangles their best aspirations. Where they are to blame is in their refusing to examine "the living, all-embracing Catholic Church, whose inextinguishable beauty, vitality, and completeness is such a standing miracle that, as Cardinal Manning points out, it alone is sufficient to vouch for her truth."

After all what are these thoughts of Mr. Ingersoll upon Life and Death but vibrations of "the still sad music of humanity,"

That music of our nature, day and night,  
With dream, and thought, and feeling interwound,  
And inly answering all the senses round  
With octaves of a mystic depth and height,  
Which step out grandly to the infinite,  
From the dark edges of the sensual ground.

The Holy Father directs that during the coming month of October the Rosary be said as prescribed by him in former years, and that, in addition, a prayer to St. Joseph be offered to obtain peace for the Church, during these trying times, through his powerful intercession.

"The entire country," says the *New York Review*, "will heartily sympathize with the 10,000 brakemen who have petitioned for the introduction of automatic couplers and brakes on freight cars. There ought not to be any necessity for such a petition. If the labour societies were less troubled with politics and more sincere in advancing their own interests a majority of States would by this time have required the railway companies to use the brakes and couplers. Four hundred and fifty brakemen are killed every year, and four thousand seriously injured by the use of the link and pin in coupling."

The last number of the *Review* brought our readers the close of "The Romance of a Jesuit." The wide interest which it attracted, and the pleasure which it gave to every class of the *Review's* readers, of which we continue to receive many assurances, lead us to begin the publication this week of a new story "A Marsh-Marigold," by a gifted Irishwoman, Miss Katharine Tynan. From this forward, in deference to the desires often expressed of many and valued readers, a short serial story will be made an important feature in these pages, and the same care will be exercised in the selection, and the same rigorous regard paid to literary excellence, as obtains in all other departments of the paper. The story begun this week is a simple, but touchingly beautiful one, and we venture to think that all who read it will be charmed with it.

## IN THE ETERNAL CITY.

## II.

All the people of Rome are Catholics, or call themselves so. The number of out-and-out infidels is small. But among the liberals there is an ugly spirit towards the clergy—a censorious, envious, begrudging spirit. They seem to be intensely religious; they have the canons of asceticism on their tongue, and the lives of the early Christians are as familiar as nursery tales, but somehow, they begrudge any one wearing the garb of religion even fresh air and sunlight. But the Pope is a scandal in their eyes. They want him to be like his Master who fled when they wished to make him king. They forget that our Lord complained that the foxes had their holes and the birds of the air their nests but the Son of Man had not whereon to lay His head. They forget that our Lord came here to die for the redemption of the world; but that the Popes have a mission to live among men, to teach all nations and to command obedience. They would like that the Popes carried their cross and they are ready to act the part of crucifers. They resent very passionately the interference of Catholic Conventions in the affairs of Italy. We, on the contrary, resent the interference of Italy in the affairs of the Church.

We care not whom they make Pope. The Catholics of the outside world have no part in the election of a Pope, and are not responsible for his shortcomings as a temporal ruler. The moment he becomes Pope, that moment he becomes the property of the Catholic world, and Christendom commands that proper respect be paid its august head.

The common sentiment of Christianity makes the precincts of a church sacred. Moreover, when a priest is ministering at the altar, his function is to be regarded as the most privileged of functions. The Catholic Church desires a sacred spot on earth whereon she may lay her head secure from violence or molestation. People talk of the "temporal power." It is not exactly the word. The Church wants for her chief bishop "independence." He must not be bound by obligations of any sort to prince, king, or potentate; he must be free.

I have been at great pains to ascertain the political complexion of the Roman people. I have not discussed the subject with adherents of the Holy See, but with the Liberals and with trades people. I find among the majority of the people who lived in Rome under the popes, a strong loyalty to the sovereign pontiff. All the Roman princes, and they are the heavy landowners, are strong *papilini*. The old families are true to the core. The little shop-keepers talk of the "good old days under the popes," and wonder if they will ever return. Rome had 165,000 people under papal rule; now she has about 400,000. The majority of the present population is anti-papal, as witness the dedication of the Giordano Bruno statue. The money to pay for that statue was all raised fifteen years ago; but the committee could never get the ordinance through the municipal assembly empowering them to occupy a public street with their burly lump of blaspheming bronze. Last year the city government was sufficiently hostile to the Vatican to permit the outrage. I should judge that two-fifths of the present population of Rome is papal.

Three-fourths of the people of Rome do not go to church on Sunday. They are on a vacation. Under the popes they were not only obliged to go to church, but had to go to Holy Communion once a year. The Italians are accustomed to a paternal form of government, and the union of church and state. Just now church-going is not encouraged by the powers that be, and they are like scholars when the master is out. But I don't think the Italians will fall away from the faith. While I was pained to find the churches empty on Sunday I was much edified at the stream of visitors to the Blessed Sacrament on week days. I have given Holy Communion in Mary Major's on three occasions and I never saw such evident faith in my life. The fact is there is enough church room in Rome to accommodate a million of people. There are masses in every one of the 870 churches every half hour, beginning with six o'clock and ending at twelve. The people are running in and out all the forenoon and there is never much of a congregation at any one time. There is no preaching in Rome for this reason.

They are going to erect a statue to Beatrice Consi next year, and we shall have another outburst of atheistic fury. This unfortunate girl certainly killed her father, but whether the conduct of the Pope in the matter was entirely blameless may be questioned. There is a story here that His Holiness came very near leaving Rome in June. His palace is filled with spies and we have seen the soldiers of Humberto keeping watch on the walls overlooking the Vatican Gardens. It is well Leo did not accept French intervention, as there would be devastation of churches and murder of the clergy in Rome. In forty-nine all the churches of Rome would have been destroyed were it not for Mazzini who said they would have them before twenty years. If the Pope leaves Rome and war is ever made to restore him, St. Peter's will be destroyed. And we may say here, that the church could better spare it than a dozen other temples in the Eternal City. St. Peter's is a monument; not a church. We never felt a particle of devotion in it, and our opinion is one-half the statues in it would look better in a museum.

Rome is a very moral city. That credit all travelers give it. The people of Rome, and I might say the Italians in general, are a very polite people and I have fairly fallen in love with their grace of manners. One finds it everywhere. It is a pleasure to meet and converse with them, but in business they are importunate and beg and cajole one to buy, even when told that nothing was desired. The servants are all polite and respectful, but they think every American owns a bank and only the good will is needed for them to make the rest of mankind rich.—*Rev. D. S. Phelan in Western Watchman.*

## Book Reviews.

*Thoughts and Counsels*; by Rev. P. A. Von Doss, S.J., translated and adapted by Rev. Augustine Wirth, O.S.B., New York, Fr. Pustel & Co.

This excellent work is intended for the consideration of Catholic young men. It is a book of "good thoughts, and salutary counsels." And the need of such work is obvious. The books and newspapers of the day impart to young people much that is pernicious. On all sides, in their reading and in their daily intercourse with the world, they are made acquainted with worldly thoughts, with erroneous thoughts, with godless thoughts. The purpose of the author of this work has been to put before young men thoughts and counsels which are assuredly for their good and their true happiness, here and hereafter. The volume is divided into four books, entitled "The Return," "Conformation in Good," "Progress," and "Consummation," under which are contained in all nearly two hundred short, suggestive talks to young men on the lessons and duties of daily life. Although the work is a translation from the German, it might have been written in English. The language like the thought, is direct, convincing, and simple.

Of devotional works of this sort the *Imitation* of Thomas a Kempis, stands at the head. It perhaps will never be equalled. But it is perhaps not everyone who can fully appreciate that marvellous volume of meditations. Next to the *Imitation* we have come upon no better devotional volume than Father Von Doss's "Thoughts and Counsels;" and we can unreservedly recommend it to parents and guardians, to the directors of young men's societies, and to young men in general. We can also recommend it to the heads of Catholic colleges. The practice common in many of our colleges of reading out aloud during meal hours, and in the morning, chapters of dry devotional books, for purposes of meditation, has been vigorously condemned in recent times as a practice admirably designed to superinduce, in the healthiest student, an attack of dyspepsia. We are of opinion, though, that if for the dull treatises so often employed on these occasions, were substituted some work of this description, the practice and the hour would prove more attractive.

Father Von Doss's book—a work of over six hundred pages—has been put out by the publishers in an attractive form, and is sold at the low price of \$1.25.

*Life and Letters of Father Damien*, edited, with introduction, by his brother, Father Pamphile, London, the Catholic Truth Society

We welcome this authentic life of the great Christian hero who is known as the Apostle of the Lepers. Of Father Damien much of late has been spoken and much written. His devotedness has been everywhere made known, and his labours in the glorious cause of Christian charity have excited world-wide admiration. Of what manner of man Father Damien was, of what was his work, we may learn in these simple letters, which were, most of them addressed to his mother and brothers. Nothing more than the publication of these letters could be desired by those who hold in reverence the martyr-missionary. It is proper that Father Damien's life should be made known to the public free from the bespatterings of praise at the hands of any biographer, and free also, let us add, from the impertinences, and gratuitous religious opinion, which one such patronizing biographer, Mr. Edward Clifford, has introduced into his narrative.

*The Roman Hymnal*, compiled and arranged by Rev. J. B. Young, S.J., choir master of St. Francis Xavier Church, New York. New York; Fr. Pustel & Co.

We are indebted to the publishers for a copy of the Fifth Edition of this excellent publication, which is a complete manual of English hymns and Latin chants for the use of congregations, schools, colleges, and choirs. The wish has been often expressed the various Bishops (among others by the late Cardinal McCloskey and the Bishops of the Province of New York, in a pastoral letter of September, 1888.) that the Catholic people should be accustomed to sing together; that in our schools the children should be taught the elements of music, and that choral singing should become almost universal in our churches. The object Father Young has had in compiling this Manual has been to aid the people in complying with these requests, by placing in their hands a collection of Hymns and Chants containing all that they may be expected to sing in church, and so arranged as to require the least amount of rehearsal. One of the principal difficulties in the way of congregational singing, Father Young says, is the scarcity of English hymns suited to large numbers of voices, and intended for use in the church; and this deficiency he has endeavoured to supply by drawing largely on the grand old hymns of Catholic ages, which are full of devotion, the repetition of which never wearies. In the Hymnal all the High Masses of the Gradual, and all the Vespers which may occur on Sundays and Holidays have been given in full. All the Chants in the Manual are taken from the books lately approved by the Sacred Congregation of Rites; the Psalms have been written out according to the principles of the best modern as well as ancient writers on Psalmody. The music of all the hymns and chants accompanies the words. To obtain perfect chanting, it only remains for the teacher to insist upon a correct pronunciation of the Latin text. The Manual serves, besides, all the purposes of a prayer-book, containing daily prayers, and devotions for Mass, Meditations, Litanies, etc. It is handsomely and conveniently bound in gilt and red edges, and we are glad to see in its fifth edition.

#### CATHOLIC AND LITERARY NOTES.

There are about 220,000 priests in the Church.

A splendid college for the Christian Brothers has been blessed at Oakland, California.

The League of the Sacred Heart claims a membership of 20,000,000 men and boys.

The disease from which the Most Rev. Patrick Riordan, Archbishop of San Francisco, suffers, is nervous prostration.

Rev. Frederick Rooker, of Albany diocese, has been appointed Vice-Rector of the American College in Rome. He is a convert.

Bishop Keane has succeeded in selecting the required number of divinity students—fifty-five—for the opening of the new Catholic University at Washington.

The Rev. Fathers O'Connor, Kelly, Convey and O'Reilly have arrived in Dubuque, Iowa, U.S., from All Hallows College, Ireland, to take missions in that diocese.

Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, will deliver the oration on the occasion of the unveiling of the Archbishop Hughes Monument at Fordham College, on September 23rd.

Rev. John Ignatius Stuart, O.S.B., is canvassing among the Catholic communities of America to raise money to pay off a debt on his church of St. Gregory the Great, in Stratford-on-Avon, the birth-place of William Shakespeare.

Among the numerous adults who were confirmed during Archbishop O'Brien's pastoral tour in Nova Scotia were twenty-seven converts, who had been prepared and received into the Catholic Church by Rev. Father McMenamin.

Rev. Father Quinlivan of St. Patrick's Montreal will leave shortly for Paris, Father Quinlivan will be absent for about a year.

A new Catholic Church is to be erected on the corner of King and Pearl Streets Hamilton.

Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland, has been selected by Cardinal Gibbons to preach the sermon at the dedication of the new Catholic University of Washington, on November 13.

The new church of the Sacred Heart, in Ottawa, now being erected by the French members of St. Joseph's parish on Theodore street, was dedicated on Sunday morning last by Archbishop Duhamel, assisted by Father Forget as deacon and Father Gratton as sub-deacon. Father Langevin, O. M. I., afterwards preached a sermon in French.

The church is partially built, but a temporary roof has been erected, and service will be held until spring in the basement. When completed the church will cost about \$100,000.

Father Gendreau will be parish priest and Father Forget his assistant. St. Joseph's church will be used by the English parishioners, Father Pallier continuing as parish priest.

Harold Frederic cables from London to the *New-York Times* ament the big strike:

Cardinal Manning's appeal to the dock directors will receive attention. Both Protestants and Catholics here look up to him as a guide to be trusted in every emergency. Years ago he was proclaimed "the Protestant Pope." To-day he receives the high honor of being the one Catholic official of major or minor grade who has openly expressed his opinion.

In spite of the miserable ingratitude manifested toward the Holy See by the rabble at Rome, the Sovereign Pontiff continues his splendid charity in behalf of the poor and needy of the Eternal City. There is very little reason to doubt that at least a portion of the Papal ams finds its way into the pockets of undeserving wretches whose voices contribute to swell the anti-religious clamor provoked by infidelistic political masters.

The celebration of the centennial of the establishment of the Catholic hierarchy of the United States, which will occur in Baltimore in November next, will be participated in by archbishops, bishops, priests, and lay representatives from every State in the Union, Canada, and Mexico. A delegation from Rome will most probably be present, as Pope Leo XIII, notwithstanding the perils environing the Church in Italy, is deeply impressed with the vast progress of Catholicity in the United States and evinces the most paternal interest in its prosperity.

The congress, in connection with the centennial, will be a conference of the representative men of the laity for an interchange of views. The executive committee of the congress is composed of Bishops Ireland, Foley, and Harkins, City Comptroller Onahan, of Chicago, and Mr. Brownson, son of the great Catholic publicist, Dr. Brownson, of Detroit. This committee met last week at Detroit to arrange the work of the congress and select topics and name those to whom the reading of

papers is to the assigned. There will be no session of the congress on Wednesday of the Congress week but all visitors and their entertainers will proceed to Washington, where the formal opening of the new university will take place. Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, will deliver the oration. Cardinal Gibbons, assisted by the several pastors, is making arrangements for the entertainment of the distinguished visitors, but as yet this part of the work has not been fully completed.

—The right Rev. D. J. O'Connell, rector of the American College in Rome, says a dispatch from Baltimore dated the 4th inst., will accompany the Papal delegate to the centennial celebration of the establishment of the Catholic hierarchy of the United States which will be held in Baltimore in November. Mgr. O'Connell is well known here. He was Secretary of the Plenary Council which was held in this city in 1884. About six months ago he was selected by the prelates of the Baltimore Province to succeed the Right Rev. John J. Keane, the rector of the Catholic University, as Bishop of Richmond. The Pope would not approve the selection, it is said, because he desired Mgr. O'Connell to remain in Rome. The Monsignor is highly regarded by the Pope.

### Irish Affairs.

#### THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY PROPOSAL.

Of the proposed Irish Catholic University Bill, *United Ireland* says:—As to the position of the Irish Party on this question let our good friends the English Radicals be under no misapprehension. The position of the Irish Party is exactly what it was when they squelched the scheme at a time when it was being made the basis of an underhand negotiation between Rome, Lord Salisbury, and certain Unionist Bishops in Ireland, who were ready to sell their country to Mr. Balfour for this mesur of pottage—If they only had their country in hand to sell. The grievance of the Irish Catholics in this matter of University education exists, and is glaring. The Irish members will certainly not resist any genuine effort made above board in Parliament to redress their grievance, no matter by whom the effort is made. On the contrary, they will accept it with welcome, and try to make it as genuine as possible. But there their position ends. They do not expect or ask any assistance from their Radical friends in the matter. They do not quarrel with Radical resistance to the scheme. They endorse the principle announced by the Radicals that this is one of the questions that ought to be settled by an Irish Parliament. They only wish they had the Irish Parliament

to settle this and many another question in. But, in the meantime, wanting the Irish Parliament, they must only take all the reforms the English Parliament is ready to offer, and the English people must reckon the forcing of such questions upon the attention and time of the English Parliament as one of the penalties entailed upon them by denying to the Irish people a Parliament of their own.

Two well known clergymen lately missed their train, upon which one of them took out his watch and finding it to blame for the mishap, said he would no longer have any faith in it. "But," said the other, "isn't it a question not of faith, but of works?"

#### THE BEST TESTIMONIAL

yet published for any blood medicine is the printed guarantee of the manufacturers of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which warrants that wonderful medicine to benefit or cure in all cases of those diseases for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be returned. It cures all diseases arising from torpid liver and impure blood and their names are legion. All Skin, Scalp, and Scrofulous affections, Eruptions, Sores and Swellings, Salt rheum, Tetters, Erysipelas and kindred diseases, are among those in which the "Discovery" effected marvelous cures.

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The *New York Tablet* attempts to justify interference by professional Irish-Americans with the free action of the people of Ireland in shaping their own political movements, by alleging that inasmuch as the friends in this country of the people of Ireland have assisted that people with contributions of money, therefore those friends have a right to decide upon what action the people of Ireland should take.

The people of Ireland need our sympathy and assistance, but, emphatically, they don't want or need interference or dictation from us. It would be utterly preposterous, if contributions of money, great or little, would give a faction of professional, political Irish Americans in the United States, or Canada, or Australia, the right to interfere in the political affairs of the people of Ireland. Ireland had as well, or probably better, have her affairs managed or mismanaged by the British Parliament at Westminster, as to have them at the mercy of a parcel of irresponsible Irish Americans, or Irish Canadians, or Irish Australians.—*Catholic Standard, Phila.*

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	CLOSE.	DUE.
	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
G. T. R. East .....	6.00 7.30	7.45 10.30
O. and Q. Railway ..	7.30 7.45	8.00 9.00
G. T. R. West.....	7.00 8.20	12.40 7.40
N. and N. W.....	7.00 4.40	10.00 8.10
T. G. and B.....	7.00 3.45	11.00 8.30
Midland.....	6.30 3.30	12.30 9.30
C. V. R.....	7.00 3.20	9.00 9.20
	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
		12.50
G. W. R.....	2.00	8.40 2.00
	6.00 4.00	10.30 4.00
	11.30 9.30	8.20
	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
U. S. N. Y.....	6.00 4.00	9.00
	12.00 9.30	11.30 5.35
U. S. West States	6.00 9.30	9.00 7.20
	12.00	

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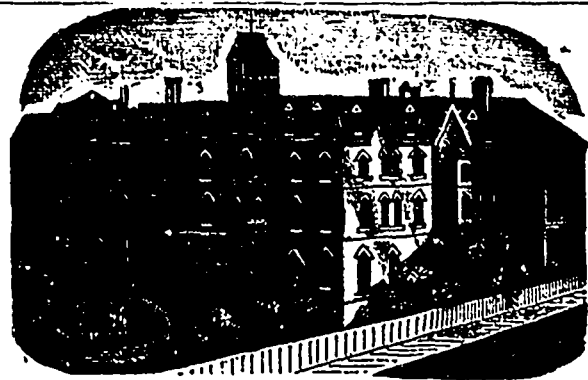


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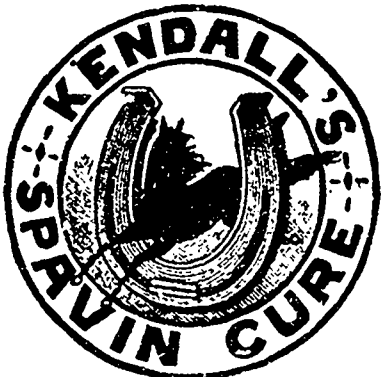
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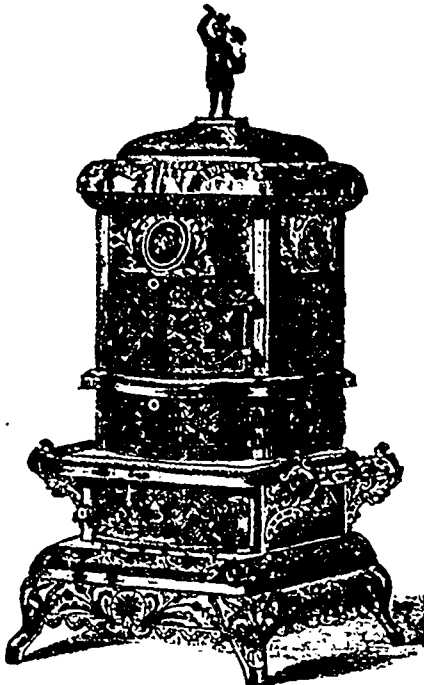
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